

American Men of Letters

BY DR. EDWIN MIMS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Emerson and Hawthorne were neighbors in Concord, but, so far as any influence that either had on the other, they might as well have lived in different worlds. Emerson was a prophet whose vision swept the future; Hawthorne was a romancer whose imagination found its home in the past. That was a happy conception of Dr. Moncure D. Conway's, that if Michael Angelo had lived in Concord he might have taken the two men as models for his impressive figures, Morn and Twilight. Emerson's family was one of the original Puritan families, but there had been a constant growth in liberalism and culture. In Hawthorne's family there was an arrested development, if not actual decline: the witch-burning pride of Salem had transmitted its gloom and severity to successive generations—a curse not unlike that of the Pynchons in "The House of Seven Gables." Emerson in his buoyant idea of the unfathomed night of man paid little enough heed to the shadow that of Salem—a sea-coast town that retained the characteristics of the ancient times—a place full of traditions and legends, charged with the spirit of the past. If the reader would see the full force of this point, let him read the introduction of the "Scarlet Letter"—a chapter which has kept many from reading the story, but which is essential to the understanding of the author. Here in Salem he spent his lonely boyhood, here for twelve years after graduation at Bowden College he lived in the haunted chamber where he "writ and burnt and writ again," and whence he took his solitary strolls through the antiquated streets and along the seashore from Salem to Marblehead. And here, after a few years of varied life in Boston and Concord, he returned to write his greatest work. The spell was on him—the "strange, indolent, unjoyous attachment" for his native town.

A more important consideration, however, was his own natural temperament. Hawthorne was a detached figure in the New England renaissance. He had but little sympathy with the transcendentalism of Emerson, the passionate anti-slavery propaganda of Whittier, the intense nationalism of Lowell. He had few points of contact with the cultured communities of Cambridge and Boston. He joined the Brook Farm community and lost \$1,000 in the experiment, but his lack of sympathy with its ideals is set forth artistically in "Blithedale Romance." He lived for a number of years in Concord, but the endeavor to bring him into the clubs and societies of the village resulted in many failures.

At any meeting he attended he generally set apart, "abnormally shy, sensitive and dreamy." His aloofness from contemporary life—from all but his own family—is symbolized in his liking for the haunted chamber in his Salem home, the garret of the Old Manse, the towers of "Way-side," and the fine villa near Florence. He tried hard at times to live on terms of intimacy with his brothers, the sons of toil, but failed in the main. No man in the country was more bewildered as to the meaning of the civil war than he. And where should his imagination turn rather than to the shadowy region of early New England tradition and history? "No author," he says in the preface to "Marble Faun," "without a trial can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, in broad and simple daylight. Romance and poetry, if they are to be wellflowers, need soil to make them grow." This difficulty felt by all American writers from Irving to Henry James, Hawthorne happily surmounted by calling to life a past that was becoming remote to the generation intent upon the glories of a new age—he became the spokesman of vanished generations. I do not mean to say that he himself was a Puritan; he realized how far removed he was from "the sober garb, the general severity of men, the gloomy but undimmed expression, the scriptural forms of speech, the richness, and the Puritan ancestors as saying reproachfully to him: "What is he? A writer of story-books! What kind of business in life,—what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation,—may that be? Why the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" And yet, he adds, "strong traits of their nature have interwined themselves in mine." As an artist he lived in that past, he understood the Puritan point of view. "Puritanism was to him a dreadful memory," says Professor Woodberry, "which so fastened on his mind as to obtain new life. . . His world of imagination was the old Puritan countryside, seen in spectral uncanny, Danseque ways. Even when he made Rome the background of his most ambitious, though not most successful, romance, there is still the bleak air of the New England coast blowing shrilly through the pages; the splendid ruins and cathedrals and masterpieces of art cannot detach him from his ancestral New England.

What, it may be asked, is the central note of Puritanism, that is sound ed throughout Hawthorne's tales no less than in his romances? In "A Virtuoso's Collection" he tells how he came upon a huge bundle, like a peddler's pack, done up in sackcloth, and very securely strapped and corded. "It is a Christian's burden of sin," said the virtuoso. "O, pray let us open it!" cried I. "For many a year I have longed to know its contents." Look into your own con-

science and memory," replied the virtuoso. "You will there find a list of whatever it contains." "Nearly all of Hawthorne's characters are struggling along on the way to the Celestial City with this burden of secret sin, and many of them realize that they can never arrive there because of sin. They are never at ease in Zion; conscience is strongly—almost abnormally—developed in them. Hawthorne is the master in depicting secret sin, and "those sad mysteries which we hide from our nearest and dearest, and would fain conceal from our own consciousness even forgetting that the Omnipotent can detect them. . . There is an hour to come when all of us shall cast aside our veils." Was there ever a better commentary on whatsoever a man soweth that shall he and all his posterity also reap than the "House of Seven Gables?" Hester Prynne's guilt embossed on her bosom is bad enough, but Arthur Dimmesdale's long agony of remorse is far more terrible. He says: "People of New England, ye that have loved me! behold me here! At last! At last! I stand upon the spot, where seven years since I should have stood, more than the little stretch of earth that have crept hitherward, sustains me at this dreadful moment. Lo! the scarlet letter which Hester wears! Ye have all shuddered at it! Wherever she walks hath been it hath cast a lurid gleam of awe and horrible repugnance round about her. But there stood one in the midst of you, at whose breast of sin and iniquity I have not shuddered! It was on him! God's eye beheld it! The angels were forever pointing at it! The devil knew it well and peeted it continually with the touch of his burning finger! He hid it cunningly from men and walked among you with the mien of a spirit, mournful, because so pure in a sinful world! Now at the death-her, he stands up before you! He bids you look again at Hester's scarlet letter. He tells you that with all its mysterious horror it is but the shadow of what he bears on his own breast. Stand any here that question his judgment on a sinner? Behold! Behold a dreadful witness of it!"

This, then, is the everlasting truth in the old Puritanism. With all its defects there is a certain given energy in it that makes it mighty to save. Hawthorne has put into art the spirit of the old journals of the early settlers. He has seen the meaning of Cotton Mather's "Magnolia," or Samuel Sewall's diary, or Wigglesworth's "Day of Gloom." He romances are another version of the grim earnestness of "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Paradise Lost." Good and evil are as far apart as the poles; the day of judgment is here and now in every human heart; the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth; there are the fundamental and elemental principles set forth in varying forms of art.

Perhaps the most characteristic of Hawthorne's shorter sketches is "The Celestial Railroad," in which he satirizes the modern tendency to dispense with the rigid ideas of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Smooth-it-away is the interpreter of the new method of reaching the Celestial City and the incidents along the way—"parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighborhood setting forth towards the Celestial City as

cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour." "Formous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders as had been the custom of old, all snugly deposited in the baggage-car," Apollon now no longer the enemy of the soul, but the chief engineer of the lightning express to Heaven; instead of former guides, such guides as Mr. Live-for-the-world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart, Mr. Scaly-conscience, Mr. Take-it-easy, Mrs. Filmy-faith, who combine to make the journey a delightful excursion. The train is detained for such a long time in Vanity Fair that the place begins to seem like home; the two pilgrims with cackle shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burdens on their backs have time to catch up with the fashionable passengers and are derided even more than when they started. At the end of the journey, however, it is found that the Celestial Road does not have access to the River of Death, while the pilgrims are welcomed by a host of shining angels with exulting strain and halcyon choruses. As in nearly all his stories and romances, does Hawthorne represent the Puritan conception of life—the sense of evil, sin and suffering. Of what avail are wealth and luxury, culture and reason, if sin still has its hold upon the hearts of men? He would have the men of the new light realize that "unless they hit upon some method of purifying that foul cavern (the heart), forth from it will re-issue all the shapes of wrong and misery—the same old shapes or worse ones." "In the tomb of every heart," he says, "is a tomb and dungeon, though the lights, the music and revelry may cause us to forget their existence and the buried ones or prisoners whom they feed."

It must always be remembered, however, that Hawthorne was an artist. His "Artist of the Beautiful" is one of the finest commentaries on his own work and also on Poe. He bids by the way, who had but little sympathy with the "heresy of the didactic" was one of the first to praise Hawthorne, whose "Twice Told Tales" he said belonged to the highest regions of art, and were characterized by inventive, creative imagination and originality. "He has the purest style," continues Poe, "the finest taste, the most available scholarship, the most delicate humor, the most touching pathos, the most radiant imagination, the most consummate ingenuity."

There could be no higher praise than that. The criticism calls attention to characteristics of Hawthorne that cannot be developed for lack of space. The variety of Hawthorne's work has scarcely been emphasized enough. Especially would I call attention to the charm of his personal essays, where the light touch is everywhere in evidence. If you would know a Hawthorne different from the one set forth in this sketch, read such delightful autobiographical essays as "The Old Manse," "The New Adam and Eve," and "Buds and Bird-Voices," or such simple and charming sketches as "The Threefold Destiny," "A Select Party," and "The Great Stone Face," one of the strange paradoxes of his elusive personality is that, while he is often felt to be morbid and gloomy, he has written the "Wonder Book," which is the delight of a band of children who "make a kind of halo

round his figure." And finally—to suggest a still greater surprise to those who know Hawthorne only as a reserved, morbid man, his life by Julian Hawthorne tells one of the finest love stories—before and after marriage—that can be found in the literature of the world.

A YOUNG ARTIST'S SUCCESS.

Miss Evelyn B. Longman, of Ohio, to Make the Bronze Doors for the United States Naval Academy—Her Design Won First Prize Offered by Col. R. M. Thompson, of the Naval Academy. It is perhaps not generally known that the bronze doors for the new chapel of the United States Naval Academy, of Annapolis, are to be the work of a young woman—Evelyn B. Longman, of Ohio, has won the contest and secured the contract. Col. R. M. Thompson, of the Naval Academy class of 1888, donated \$15,000 for a memorial bronze door. In order to secure the most appropriate design and also to encourage the younger sculptors the competition was placed in the hand of the National Sculpture Society. The award of first prize to Miss Longman's design was unanimous. The competitors names were placed in sealed envelopes and not opened until the awards were announced. The jury was composed of Capt. Colvercross, of the United States Naval Academy; Ernest Flagg, architect of the Naval Academy; Walter B. Chambers, architect; Charles Graefey, sculptor, and Daniel C. French, sculptor and secretary of the jury.

The second prize was given to A. A. Weisman, the third to Paul Norquet. The fourth to Bruno Louis Zimm. The model offered by Miss Longman, while breathing the spirit of war, tells subtly of peace and its blessings. Miss Longman was born in Winchester, Ohio, in a log cabin, about thirty years ago. After studying for three years with Lorenzo Taft in Chicago, she came to New York, where she has been a pupil of Daniel C. French.

For the St. Louis fair she made a figure of Victory, which ornamented the dome of Festival Hall and she has just completed a memorial for the Lowell Cemetery. The Wells Memorial is called Louisa Marion Wells, and it represents the peaceful ending of labor.

The money was left in the will of Miss Wells, who was a weaver in the cotton mills of Lowell to be used for a monument to her memory. It is of a fine grade of Tennessee marble and stands twelve and a half feet high with two figures somewhat larger than life. The angel of Death is bending over a strong female figure clothed in simplest garments, the broken strings of cotton lies across her lap; one hand still holds the bobbin. The inscription reads: "Out of the fibre of her daily tasks she wove the fabric of a useful life."

Miss Longman was in Europe last summer and is now ready to begin the doors.

LONG TENNESSEE FIGHT. For twenty years W. L. Hawley, of Tenn., fought nasal catarrh. He writes: "The swelling and soreness inside my nose was fearful, till I began applying Bucklen's Arnica Salve to the sore surface; this caused the soreness and swelling to disappear, never to return." Best salve in existence. 25c. at R. H. Jordan & Co., Drugists.

Veterinary Science at Happy Dale

BY MIKE DARE.

Happy Dale, Dec. 7.—Country cows suffer much at the hands of quack doctors. Several weeks ago, when I returned from the city, I found that Joe Dunn, a local cow doctor, had treated my good cow, Flora, for the loss of a cud, the hollow tail and the hollow horn.

I hardly recognized Flora, she was so gaunt and her tail so bedecked with rags and her horns so beamed with blood. My heart went out to the old creature, for Robert and Ann, in doing what they deemed a kindness, had had her operated on for the trio of diseases that are wont to set upon rural kine, literally destroying her with attention; she was pitiful to behold, as she lay there, helpless upon the ground, in the middle of the barn lot, moaning. The old darkeys were as sad as if they had lost a dear kinsman.

"O, Marse Mike, I've gut sad news fur you," said Robert, when he met me at the station, "my cow, Flora, 'is Shaggy dead?" I inquired, fearing that our famous little Georgia foxhound had met with some mishap.

"No, but ole Flora's powful sick. She's got her cud an' got de hollow horn an' de hollow tail all. Me an' Ann sot fur Uncle Joe Dunn, de cow doctor, an' he done all he know how fur her but she ain't doin' no good. She's in great misery."

"When did she become ill, Robert?" I asked.

"De very day dat you left, sir. She quit drinkin', an' eatin', an' 'gin to fall off in her milk. Me an' Ann des didn't know what to do."

"What did Dr. Dunn say?" I inquired with the accent of the doctor.

"Well, he say right straight dat she had de hollow tail, cause he feel it an' se'd dere wuz no bone in it."

"I feared the worst."

"What did he do for her?"

"He told me to call in de niggers an' throw her down, so dat he kin split her tail an' see ef he wuz right; de 'low dat he wuzn't certain dey by feelin' de tail. We done lak he say an' sho' nuff she had it."

"What did you do for it?"

"Uncle Joe axed Ann to fetch him some salt an' pepper an' when he gut it, he mixed it up good an' poured it in de hollow place an' den tied up her tail. Yes, sir, an' when we let her up she 'peared to be better 'cause she wuz mighty peart like."

"If I had not been so fond of de old cow I should have laughed, for I had seen many a cow's tail split and filled with salt and pepper by cow doctors and knew just what it meant. The poor old creatures have to be peart, as Robert suggested, for salt in a sore place is calculated to stir any sort of living thing."

Robert proceeded and it is well enough to print his side of the story: "Den she drunk water. She went to de trough three or fo' times."

"But when we gut up yistiddy mornin', she wuz wusser dan she wuz de day befo'. We sot fur de doctor ergin an' he said sho' mus' have hol-

ler horn, too, an' sho' nuff she did. Uncle Joe ketcht her an' felt her horn. When I seed him lay his han' on de horn I knowed she had it, fur he shuck his head an' look sad."

"Yes, Robert, she sho' is gut de hollow horn," I told Uncle Joe to me, "her horns is right coils. Dey ain't nuthin' left to do but 'de horns."

"An' gut de gimlet an' we bo'd de horns."

"Well, did dat help her any?"

"Yes, sir, she wuz pearter fur some time. She drunk some mo' water but wouldn't eat nothin'. An' milk ed her but didn't gut but er little bit."

"Dis mornin' she wuz wusser. We sot fur Uncle Joe ergin an' he say, dat ef we couldn't git her cud back she would die. He 'low dat ef de cud wuz dere she wou'd eat some an' sit strong."

"Did you give her a cud, Robert?"

"We done de bees we cud'. An' gut er dish rag fur Uncle Joe an' he slip it up in her mouf an' hold it dere to see ef de cud wou'd come up, but it ain't come when I left. Uncle Joe say dat's de way to fetch de cud back."

I listened to this recital with interest. It had been many days since I had heard of a sick cow. In the rush of city affairs one forgets the homely things of country life. That is the reason that there is so much wickedness in the towns. If a man lives in the country, where he can see a mournful funeral procession go by every now and then, he will be a better citizen. In the city, the average person goes for years without being impressed by a funeral. Death to the healthy man is for the other fellow. I had forgotten about hollow horns, hollow tails and cuds, just as I had about the certainty of death.

The story of Dr. Joe Dunn and my dear cow brought back the cow doctors of my boyhood days.

Flora died. She was in toils for several days. Robert and Ann were as faithful and as kind to her as they knew how to be and believed that they were doing the right thing when they called in the famous cow doctor.

When I drove into de yard I saw the cow lying, stretched at full length on the highest point in the lot, and heard her groaning pitifully. Her eyes were beginning to wall and other signs of death appear. I went and looked her over, but soon saw that I could not relieve her suffering in any way. She was doomed. I did not say so to the negroes who had attended her in her sickness, but I thought that she might have had a chance had Dr. Dunn been in Europe or some other foreign land. I do not think that the splitting of the tail, the boring of the horns, and the attempt to restore the lost cud caused her to die.

They helped to bring about dissolution.

We waited until the body was cold and then hitched Sam and Bill, two big mules, to it and dragged it into the valley, between Big and the little Fork, and there left it for the vultures, the dogs and the possums to feast upon.

We have no milk at Happy Dale.

A Communication From CHAS. M. STIEFF

The great Southern Piano manufacturer advises that no order for the Artistic Stieff Piano can be filled before Jan. 1st, 1907, from the factory.

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