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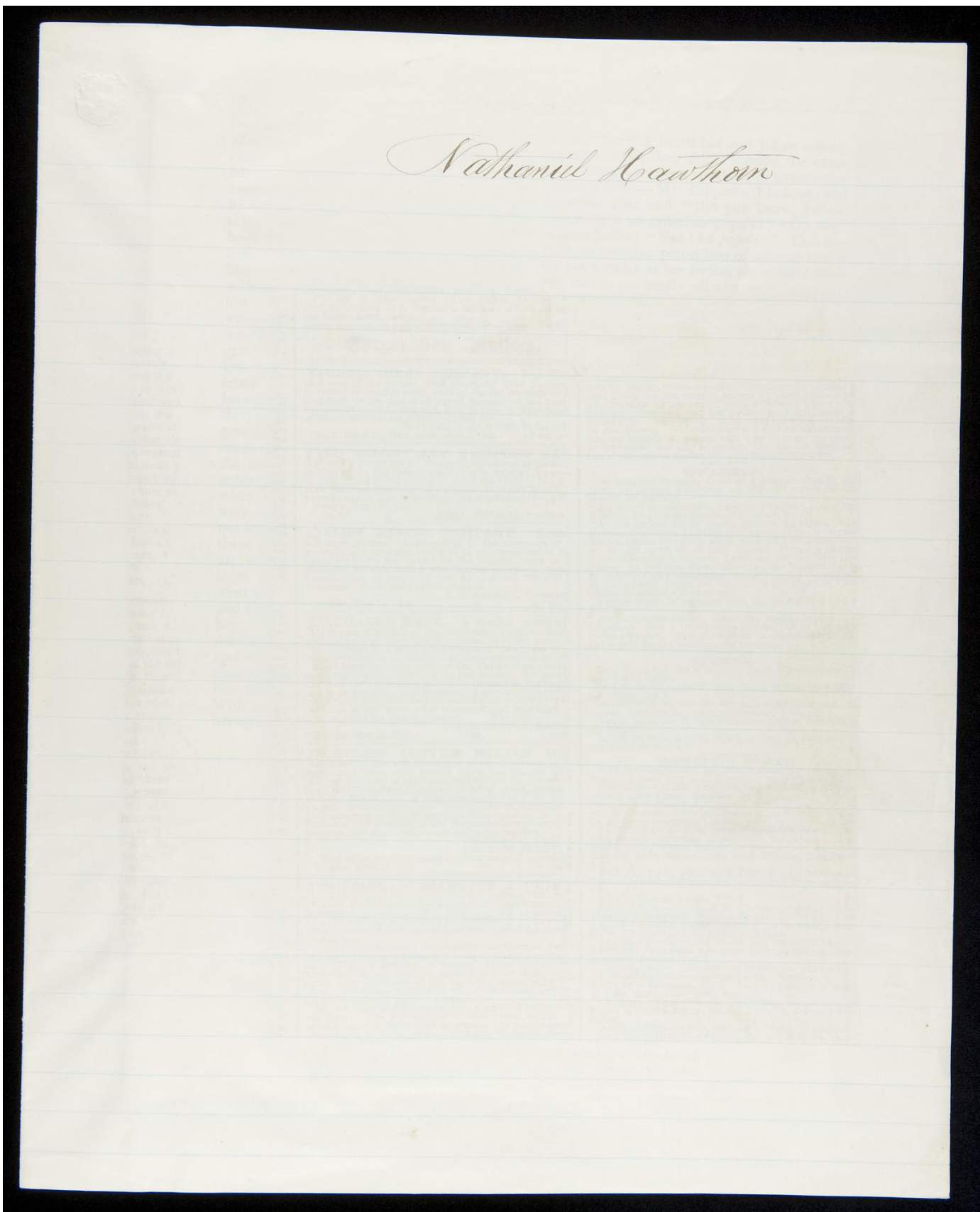
<b>Title</b>	[Letter to Crossman, Andrew J.]
<b>Call Number</b>	YCAL MSS 204
<b>Published/Created Date</b>	1860 October 10
<b>Collection Title</b>	Nathaniel Hawthorne collection
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Caption: 1860 October 10

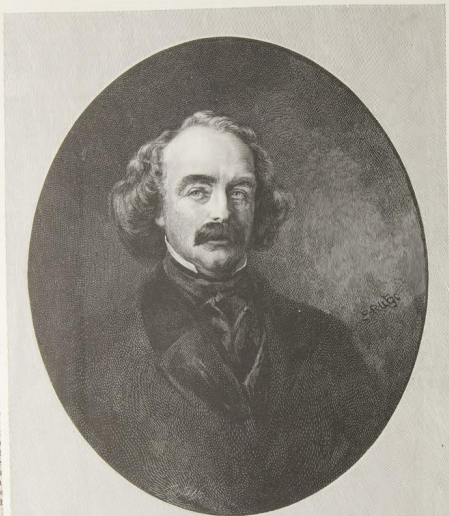
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Caption: 1860 October 10

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ENGRAVED BY EMANUEL LEUTICZ. OWNED BY MRS. A. H. DODD. ENGRAVED BY H. G. TETTER.  
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Cornwall (Mass.) Oct 10<sup>th</sup> '60

Dear Sir,

You will please to excuse the delay in answering your note of 11<sup>th</sup> ult., it having been sent to Cornwall, New Hamp. Mine, and forwarded to me only this morning.

I do not happen to have at hand any autographs which you would be likely to consider valuable.

Respectfully Yours,  
Nath<sup>l</sup> Hawthorne.

Andrew J. Coffman, C<sup>y</sup>.  
Young Orchard.

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**Boston Journal.**

THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 19/47

**Death of Nathaniel Hawthorne.**

The public will bear with great surprise and regret the death of the distinguished author, Nathaniel Hawthorne, which occurred this morning at Plymouth, N. H., where he had been stopping in the course of a journey for the benefit of his health, in company with ex-President Pierce. Although suffering from general debility, he retired as well as usual last night. Gen. Pierce found him dead in his bed about three o'clock this morning, having previously looked in upon him about two o'clock. They had proposed to make a pleasure trip to the North and West as far as Santa Fe Springs, to be about some weeks. They had reached Plymouth on the way last evening. Although Mr. Hawthorne had been a sufferer from ill health for a long time, none of his friends supposed his situation to be dangerous.

Mr. Hawthorne was born in Salem, in this State, July 4, 1804, and was, therefore, at the time of his death, within a few weeks of being sixty years of age. His education on the paternal side were mostly shipmasters, and his father, engaged in the same service, died at Havana when Nathaniel was but six years old. The latter at the age of ten, on account of feeble health, was sent to live on a farm belonging to his family on the borders of Lake Umbagog, Maine. He returned to Salem for a year to complete his preparatory studies for his school at Andover, where he graduated in 1825, in the second class with Henry W. Longfellow and George B. Coker. After leaving college he spent several years in Salem, leading a studious, reserved life, and writing occasionally for various periodicals. In 1827 he published in Boston an anonymous romance, which he never afterward claimed, and which no others were ever able to identify.

In 1827, his various sketches were collected and published under the title of "Twice-Told Tales." The volume, however, attracted but little attention, and it was some time before the rare and original genius of the author was appreciated by the public. But in 1842 a new edition was called for, and a second volume was added.

In 1836, Mr. Bancroft, then editor of this paper, appointed Mr. Hawthorne a writer and reporter in the Chamber House. It made a cautious change in

his life, but he discharged the duties of his place well, and was said to be a favorite with the editors. He was displaced on the coming in of Harrison's administration, and went to live with the Brook Farm Association, of which he was one of the founders. But he seems to have tired of the project, for he left before the year was out, and returned to Boston, where he resided till 1844.

In this year he married, and went to live in that home in Concord which he has invested with such enduring charms in his "Mosses from an Old Manse." He dwelt there three years, when, by Mr. Volk's appointment, he became Surveyor of the Port of Salem, in which capacity he served three years, and then relinquished his responsibilities in the introduction to the "Scarlet Letter."

From 1849 to 1852 he lived in Lenox, Berkshire county, and after the latter date made his permanent home at Concord, except during his consularship at Liverpool and subsequent travels in Europe, dating from 1852 to about 1859. The first work which gave him his great and probably lasting reputation as a novelist, was the "Scarlet Letter," published in 1850. The works which succeeded were in order as follows: "House of the Seven Gables," 1851; "Blithedale Romance," 1852; "Life of Franklin Pierce," 1852; "The Marble Faun," 1860.

Besides these were several books for children, containing stories and sketches. His last published work, entitled "Our Old Home," issued last year, was a collection of sketches of English scenery and associations, first contributed to the *American Monthly*. He had long been engaged at intervals on a new novel which, by his death, is left in an unfinished state in the hands of his publisher, Mr. James T. Fields.

We need attempt no analysis of the genius of Mr. Hawthorne. No American author of the past or the present is now better understood in all his peculiarities, or is more warmly appreciated. He was thoroughly original in thought, style and tone, and he will always occupy a place in literature as distinct as Sterne or Charles Lamb. The peculiarities of his novels is something so subtle and prevailing that it can only be attributed to the very essence of the author's mind. As a writer of pure and powerful English Mr. Hawthorne had to a superior among his contemporaries. As an essayist he was delightful, and many enjoyed his genius in this capacity who did not sympathize with all his romances in the time of fiction. He was truly, like him all in all, one of the bright lights of American literature.

**DREAMLAND.**

ckwheat-cake, and gazing out, "Mama! I hope of her? I heard her and Julian talking together about their father's smile, the other day. They had been speaking of some other person's smile—Mr. Tappan's, I believe; and presently Una said, 'But you know, Julian, that there is no smile like papa's!'" "Oh, no," replied Julian, "Not like papa's?" "Una has such an intuitive perception of spheres that I do not wonder at her feeling about her father. She can as yet hardly tell why she is so powerfully attracted; but her mother can sympathize—and knows very well.

Do not wait an hour to procure the two last numbers of the "Literary World," and read one speaks the right word of him. I have not before heard it. I have been wearied and annoyed hitherto with hearing him compared to Washington Irving and other American writers, and put, generally, second. At last some one dares to say what in my secret mind I have often thought—that he is only to be mentioned with the Swan of Avon; the Great Heart and the Grand Intellect combined. I know you will enjoy the words of this ardent Virginian as I do. But it is funny to see how he does not know how this Heart and this Intellect are enshrined.

That my mother and father enjoyed their next home at the Wayside, there are immediate letters to prove; but if they had not tasted their eyes upon a vision of beautiful spaces, it might have been less delightful to return to the haunts of friends, and a hollow among hills. One grandeur of the distance they do not leave behind at Lenox—the sunsets to be seen over the meadows between the Wayside and the west are spaciously revealed, and splendidly rich.

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

**DREAMLAND.**

It is a land not far from us, where souls May sometimes walk in sleep—a dim, vast land, Older than Egypt, full of rivers spanning, With mist; broad meads it hath and moon-lit knolls, Whereon the purple asphodel unrolls, And many a pale death-flower; wide open stand Its gates all night, whence dreams in riotous band Press, thronging to the couch of sleep, till tolls The matin bell; then, nimble as a thought, All vanish, save some luckless elf in nets More fine than Queen Mab's eyelash tripped and caught. O strange, mad sprites, whom fantasy begets, Ye bring the dead back, ye do strong hearts break For some lost treasure, some sweet memory's sake.

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