WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN,

Author of "The Leavenworth Case," "Behind Closed Doors," "The Forsaken Inn," Etc., Etc.

[*Continued from last Saturday.*]

I have not told Orrin what she said, but I am rarely away from his vicinity now, during those hours when he is free to come and go about the village. I think he wonders at my persistent friendship, sometimes, but he says nothing, and is not even disagreeable to me. So I share his pleasures, if they are pleasures, expecting every day to see him run across the Colonel in the tavern or on the green; but he never does, perhaps because the Colonel is always with her now, and we are not nor are ever likely to be again.

Do I understand her, or do I understand Orrin, or do I even understand myself? No, but I understand my duty, and that is enough, though it is sometimes hard to do it, and I would rather be where I could forget, instead of being where I am forced continually to remember.

Am I always with Orrin when he is not at work or asleep? I begin to doubt it. There are times when there is such a change in him that I feel sure he has been near her, or at least seen her, but where or how, I do not know and cannot even suspect. He never speaks of her, not now, but he watches the house rising slowly in the forest, as if he would lay a spell upon it. Not that he visits it by daylight, or mingles with the men who are busy laying stone upon stone; no, no, he goes to it at night, goes when the moon and stars alone shed light upon its growing proportions; and standing before it, seems to count each stone which has been added through the day, as if he were reckoning up the months yet remaining to him of life and happiness.

I never speak to him during these expeditions. I go with him because he does not forbid me to do so, but we never exchange a word till we have left the forest behind us and stand again within the village streets. If I did speak I might learn something of what is going on in his bitter and burning heart, but I never have the courage to do so, perhaps because I had rather not know what he plans or purposes.

She is not as daintily rounded as she was once. Her cheek is thinner, and there is a tremulous move to her lip I never saw in it in the old coquettish days. Is she not happy in her betrothal, or are her fears of Orrin greater than her confidence in me? It must be the latter, for Colonel Schuyler is a lover in a thousand, and scarcely a day passes without some new evidence of his passionate devotion. She ought to be happy, if she is not, and I am sure there is not another woman in town but would feel herself the most favored of her sex if she had the half of Juliet's prospects before her. But Juliet was ever wayward; and simply because she ought to increase in beauty and joy, she pales and pines and gets delicate, and makes the hearts of her lovers grow mad with fear and longing.

Where have I been? What have I seen, and what do the events of this night portend? As Orrin and myself were returning from our usual visit to the house in the woods—it is well up now, and its huge empty square looms weirdly enough in the moonlighted forest—we came out upon the churchyard in front of the meeting house, and Orrin said:

"You may come with me or not, I do not care; but I am going in among these graves. I feel like holding companionship with dead people to-night."

"Then so do I," said I, for I was not deceived by his words. It was not to hold companionship with the dead, but with the living, that he chose to linger there. The churchyard is in a direct line with her house, and, sitting on the meeting house steps one can get a very good view of the windows of her room.

"Very well," he sighed, and disdained to say more.

As for myself, I felt too keenly the weirdness of the whole situation to do more than lean my back against a tree and wait till his fancy wearied of the moonlight and silence. The stones about us, glooming darkly through the night, were not the most cheerful of companions, and when you add to this the soughing of the willows and the flickering shadows which rose and fell over the face of the meeting house as the branches moved in the wind, you can understand why I rather regretted the hitherto gloomy enough hour we were accustomed to spend in the forest.

But Orrin seemed to regret nothing. He had seated himself where I knew he would, on the steps of the meeting house, and was gazing, with chin sunk in his two hands, down the street where Juliet dwelt. I do not think he expected anything to happen; I think he was only reckless and sick with a longing he had not the power to repress, and I watched him as long as I could for my own inner sickness and longing, and when I could watch no longer I turned to the gnomish gravestones that were no more motionless or silent than he.

Suddenly I felt myself shiver and start, and, turning, beheld him standing erect, a black shadow against the moonlighted wall behind him. He was still gazing down the street, but no longer in apathetic despair, but with quivering emotion visible in every line of his trembling form. Reaching his side, I looked where he looked, and saw Juliet—it must have been Juliet to arouse him so—standing with some companion at the gate in the wall that opens upon the street. The next moment she and the person with her stepped into the street, and, almost before we realized it, they began to move toward us, as if drawn by some power in Orrin or myself, straight to this abode of death and cold moonbeams.

It was not late, but the streets were otherwise deserted, and we four seemed to be alone in the whole world. Breathing with Orrin and almost clasping his hand in my oneness with him, I watched and watched the gliding approach of the two lovers, and knew not whether to be startled or satisfied when I saw them cross to the churchyard and enter where we had entered ourselves so short a time before. For us all to meet, and meet there, seemed suddenly strangely natural, and I hardly knew what Orrin meant when he grasped me forcibly by the arm and drew me aside into the darkest of the dark shadows which lay in the churchyard's farthest corner.

Not until I perceived Juliet and the Colonel halt in the moonlight did I realize that we were nothing to them, and that it was not our influence but some purpose or passion of their own which had led them to this grewsome spot.

The place where they had chosen to pause was at the grave of old Patience Goodyear, and from the corner where we stood we could see their faces plainly as they turned and looked at each other with the moonbeams pouring over them. Was it fancy that made her look like a wraith, and he like some handsome demon given to haunting churchyards? Or was it only the sternness of his air, and the shrinking timidity of hers, which made him look so dark and she so pallid.

Orrin, who stood so close to me that I could hear his heart beat as loudly as my own, had evidently asked himself the same question, for his hand closed spasmodically on mine as the Colonel opened his lips, and neither of us dared so much as to breathe lest we should lose what the lovers had to say.

But the Colonel spoke clearly, if low, and neither of us could fail to hear him as he said:

"I have brought you here, Juliet mine, because I want to hear you swear among the graves that you will be no man's wife but mine."

"But have I not already promised?" she protested, with a gentle uplift of her head inexpressibly touching in one who had once queened it over hearts so merrily.

"Yes, you have promised, but I am not satisfied. I want you to swear. I want to feel that you are as much mine as if we had stood at the altar together. Otherwise how can I go away? How can I leave you, knowing there are three men at least in this town who would marry you at a day's notice, if you gave them full leave. I love you, and I would marry you to-night, but you want a home of your own. Swear that you will be my wife when that home is ready, and I will go away happy. Otherwise I shall have to stay with you, Juliet, for you are more to me than renown, or advancement, or anything else in all God's world."

SWEAR THAT YOU WILL BE MY WIFE.

"I do not like the graves; I do not want to stay here, it is so late, so dark," she moaned.

"Then swear! Lay your hand on Mother Patience's tombstone, and say, 'I will be your wife, Richard Schuyler, when the house is finished which you are building in the woods;' and I will carry you back in my arms as I carry you always in my heart."

But though Orrin clinched my arm in apprehension of her answer, and we stood like two listening statues, no words issued from her lips, and the silence grew appalling.

"Swear!" seemed to come from the tombs; but whether it was my emotion that made it seem so, or whether it was Orrin who threw his voice there, I did not know then and I do not know now. But that the word did not come from the Colonel was evident from the startled look he cast about him and from the thrill which all at once passed over her form from her shrouded head to her hidden feet.

"Do the heavens bid me?" she murmured, and laid her hand without hesitation on the stone before her, saying, "I swear by the dead that surround us to be your wife, Richard Schuyler, when the house you are building for me in the woods is completed." And so pleased was he at the readiness with which she spoke that he seemed to forget what had caused it, and caught her in his arms as if she had been a child, and so bore her away from before our eyes, while the man at my side fought and struggled with himself to keep down the wrath and jealousy which such a sight as this might well provoke in one even less passionate and intemperate than himself.

When the one shadow which they now made had dissolved again into two, and only Orrin and myself were left in that ghostly churchyard, I declared with a courage I had never before shown:

"So that is settled, Orrin. She will marry the Colonel, and you and I are wasting time in these gloomy walks."

To which, to my astonishment, he made this simple reply, "Yes, we are wasting time;" and straightway turned and left the churchyard with a quick step that seemed to tell of some new and fixed resolve.

Colonel Schuyler has been gone a week, and to-night I summoned up courage to call on Juliet's father. I had no longer any right to call upon her; but who shall say I may not call on him if he chooses to welcome me and lose his time on my account. The reason for my going is not far to seek. Orrin has been there, and Orrin cannot be trusted in her presence alone. Though he seems to have accepted his fate, he is restless, and keeps his eye on the ground in a brooding way I do not comprehend and do not altogether like. Why should he think so much, and why should he go to her house when he knows the sight of her is inflaming to his heart and death to his self-control?

Juliet's father is a simple, proud old man who makes no attempt to hide his satisfaction at his daughter's brilliant prospects. He talked mainly of the house, and if he honored Orrin with half as much of his confidence on that subject as he did me, then Orrin must know many particulars about its structure of which the public are generally ignorant. Juliet was not to be seen—that is, during the first part of the evening, but toward its close she came into the room and showed me that same confiding courtesy which I have noticed in her ever since I ceased to be an aspirant for her hand. She was not so pale as on that weird night when I saw her in the churchyard, and I thought her step had a light spring in it which spoke of hope. She wore a gown which was coquettishly simple, and the fresh flower clinging to her bosom breathed a fragrance that might have intoxicated a man less determined to be her friend. Her father saw us meet without any evident anxiety; and if he was as complacent to Orrin when he was here, then Orrin had a chance to touch her hand.

But was he as complacent to Orrin? That I could not find out. I am only sure that I will be made welcome there again if I confine my visits to the father and do not seek anything more from Juliet than that simple touch of her hand.

Orrin has not repeated his visit, but I have repeated mine. Why? Because I am uneasy. Colonel Schuyler's house does not progress, and whether there is any connection between this fact and that of Orrin's sudden interest in the sawmills and quarries about here, I cannot tell, but doubts of his loyalty will rise through all my friendship for him, and I cannot keep away from Juliet any longer.

Does Juliet care for Colonel Schuyler? I have sometimes thought no, and I have oftener thought yes. At all events, she trembles when she speaks of him, and shows emotion of no slight order when a letter of his is suddenly put in her hand. I wish I could read her pretty, changeful face more readily. It would be a comfort for me to know that she saw her own way clearly, and was not disturbed by Orrin's comings and goings. For Orrin is not a safe man, I fear, and a faith once pledged to Colonel Schuyler should be kept.

I do not think Juliet understands just how great a man Colonel Schuyler promises to be. When her father told me to-night that his daughter's betrothed had been charged with some very important business for the Government, her pretty lip pouted like a child's. Yet she flushed, and for a minute looked pleased when I said, "That is a road which leads to Washington. We shall hear of you yet as being presented at the White House."

I think her father anticipates the same. For he told me a few minutes later that he had sent for tutors to teach his daughter music and the languages. And I noticed that at this she pouted again, and indeed bore herself in a way which promised less for her future learning than for that influence which breathes from gleaming eyes and witching smiles. Ah, I fear she is a frivolous fairy, but how pretty she is, and how dangerously captivating to a man who has once allowed himself to study her changes of feeling and countenance. When I came away I felt that I had gained nothing, and lost—what? Some of the complacency of spirit which I had acquired after much struggle and stern determination.

Colonel Schuyler has not yet returned, and now Orrin has gone away. Indeed, no one knows where to find him nowadays, for he is here and there on his great white horse, riding off one day and coming back the next, ever busy, and, strange to say, always cheerful. He is making money, I hear, buying up timber and then selling it to builders, but he does not sell to one builder, whose house seems to suffer in consequence. Where is the Colonel, and why does he not come home and look after his own?

I have learned her secret at last, and in a strange enough way. I was waiting for her father in his own little room, and as he did not come as soon as I anticipated, I let my secret despondency have its way for a moment, and sat leaning forward, with my head buried in my hands. My face was to the fire and my back to the door, and for some reason I did not hear it open, and was only conscious of the presence of another person in the room by the sound of a little gasp behind me, which was choked back as soon as it was uttered. Feeling that this could come from no one but Juliet, I for some reason hard to fathom sat still, and the next moment became conscious of a touch soft as a rose-leaf settle on my hair, and springing up, caught the hand which had given it, and holding it firmly in mine, gave her one look which made her chin fall slowly on her breast and her eyes seek the ground in the wildest distress and confusion.

"Juliet——" I began.

But she broke in with a passion too impetuous to be restrained:

"Do not, do not think I knew or realized what I was doing. It was because your head looked so much like his as you sat leaning forward in the firelight that I—I allowed myself one little touch just for the heart's ease it must bring. I—I am so lonesome, Philo, and—and——"

I dropped her hand. I understood the whole secret now. My hair is blonde like Orrin's, and her feelings stood confessed, never more to be mistaken by me.

"You love Orrin!" I gasped; "you who are pledged to Colonel Schuyler!"

"I love Orrin," she whispered, "and I am pledged to Colonel Schuyler. But you will never betray me," she said.

"I betray you?" I cried, and if some of the bitterness of my own disappointed hopes crept into my tones, she did not seem to note it, for she came quite close to my side and looked up into my face in a way that almost made me forget her perfidy and her folly. "Juliet," I went on, for I felt never more strongly than at this moment that I should act a brother's part toward her, "I could never find it in my heart to betray you, but are you sure that you are doing wisely to betray the Colonel for a man no better than Orrin. I—I know you do not want to hear me say this, for if you care for him you must think him good and noble, but Juliet, I know him and I know the Colonel, and he is no more to be compared with the man you are betrothed to than——"

"Hush!" she cried, almost commandingly, and the airy, dainty, dimpled creature whom I knew seemed to grow in stature and become a woman, in her indignation; "you do not know Orrin and you do not know the Colonel. You shall not draw comparisons between them. I will have you think of Orrin only, as I do, day and night, ever and always."

"But," I exclaimed, aghast, "if you love him so and despise the Colonel, why do you not break your troth with the latter?"

"Because," she murmured, with white cheeks and a wandering gaze, "I have sworn to marry the Colonel, and I dare not break my oath. Sworn to be his wife when the house he is building is complete; and the oath was on the graves of the dead; on the graves of the dead!" she repeated.

"But," I said, without any intimation of having heard that oath, "you are breaking that oath in private with every thought you give to Orrin. Either complete your perjury by disowning the Colonel altogether, or else give up Orrin. You cannot cling to both without dishonor; does not your father tell you so?"

"My father—oh, he does not know; no one knows but you. My father likes the Colonel; I would never think of telling him."

"Juliet," I declared solemnly, "you are on dangerous ground. Think what you are doing before it is too late. The Colonel is not a man to be trifled with."

"I know it," she murmured, "I know it," and would not say another word or let me.

And so the burden of this new apprehension is laid upon me; for happiness cannot come out of this complication.

Where is Orrin, and what is he doing that he stays so much from home? If it were not for the intent and preoccupied look which he wears when I do see him, I should think that he was absenting himself for the purpose of wearing out his unhappy passion. But the short glimpses I have had of him as he has ridden busily through the town have left me with no such hope, and I wait with feverish impatience for some fierce action on his part, or what would be better, the Colonel's return. And the Colonel must come back soon, for nothing goes well in a long absence, and his house is almost at a standstill.

Colonel Schuyler has come and, I hear, is storming angrily over the mishaps that have delayed the progress of his new dwelling. He says he will not go away again till it is completed, and has been riding all the morning in every direction engaging new men to aid the dilatory workmen already employed. Does Orrin know this? I will go down to his house and see.

And now I know Orrin's secret. He was not at home, of course, and being determined to get at the truth of his mysterious absences, I mounted a horse of my own and rode off to find him.

Why I took this upon myself, or whether I had the right to do it, I have not stopped to ask. I went in the direction he had last gone, and after I had ridden through two villages I heard of him as having passed still farther east some two hours before.

Not in the least deterred, I hurried on, and having threaded a thicket and forded a stream, I came upon a beautiful open country wholly new to me, where, on the verge of a pleasant glade and in full view of a most picturesque line of hills, I saw shining the fresh boards of a new cottage. Instantly the thought struck me, "It is Orrin's, and he is building it for Juliet," and filled with a confusion of emotions, I spurred on my horse, and soon drew up before it.

Orrin was standing, pale and defiant, in the doorway, and as I met his eye, I noticed, with a sick feeling of contempt, that he swung the whip he was holding smartly against his leg in what looked like a very threatening manner.

"Good evening, Orrin," I cried. "You have a very pleasant site here—preferable to the Colonel's, I should say."

"What has the Colonel to do with me?" was his fierce reply, and he turned as if about to go into the house.

"Only this," I calmly answered; "I think he will get his house done first."

He wheeled and faced me, and his eye which had looked simply sullen shot a fierce and dangerous gleam.

"What makes you think that?" he cried.

"He has come back, and to-day engaged 20 extra men to push on the work."

"Indeed!" and there was contempt in his tone. "Well, I wish him joy and a sound roof!"

And this time he did go into the house.

As he had not asked me to follow, I of course had no alternative but to ride on. As I did so, I took another look at the house and saw with a strange pang at the heart that the plastering was on the walls and the windows ready for glazing. "I was wrong," said I to myself; "it is Orrin's house which will be finished first."

And what if it is? Will she turn her back upon the Colonel's lofty structure and take refuge in this cottage remote from the world? I could not believe it, knowing how she loved show and the smiles and gallantries of men. And yet—and yet, she is so capricious and Orrin so determined that I do not know what to think or what to fear, and I ride back with a heavy heart, wishing she had never come up from the farm to worry and inflame the souls of honest men.

And now the Colonel's work goes on apace, and the whole town is filled with the noise and bustle of lumbering carts and eager workmen. The roof which Orrin so bitterly wished might be a sound one has been shingled; and under the Colonel's eye and the Colonel's constant encouragement, part after part of the new building is being fitted to its place with a precision and dispatch that to many minds promise the near dawning of Juliet's wedding day. But I know that afar in the East another home is nearer completion than this, and whether she knows it too or does not know it (which is just as probable), her wilful, sportive and butterfly nature seems to be preparing itself for a struggle which may rend if not destroy its airy and delicate wings.

I have prepared myself too, and being still and always her friend, I stand ready to mediate or assist, as opportunity offers or circumstances demand. She realizes this, and leans on me in her secret hours of fear, or why does her face brighten when she sees me, and her little hand thrust itself confidingly forth from under its shrouding mantle and grasp mine with such a lingering and entreating pressure? And the Colonel? Does he realize, too, than I am any more to her than her other cast-off lovers and would-be friends? Sometimes I think he does, and eyes me with suspicion. But he is ever so courteous that I cannot be sure, and so do not trouble myself in regard to a jealousy so illy founded and so easily dispelled.

He is always at Juliet's side and seems to surround her with a devotion which will make it very difficult for any other man, even Orrin, to get her ear.

The crisis is approaching. Orrin is again in town, and may be seen riding up and down the streets in his holiday clothes. Have some whispers of his secret love and evident intentions reached the ear of the Colonel? Or is Juliet's father alone concerned? For I see that the blinds of her lattice are tightly shut, and watch as I may, I cannot catch a glimpse of her eager head peering between them at the flaunting horseman as he goes careering by.

The hour has come, and how different is the outcome from any I had imagined. I was sitting last night in my lonely little room, which opens directly on the street, struggling as best I might against the distraction of my thoughts which would lead me from the book I was studying, when a knock on the panels of my door aroused me, and almost before I could look up, that same door swung open and a dark form entered and stood before me.

For a moment I was too dazed to see who it was, and rising ceremoniously, I made my bow of welcome, starting a little as I met the Colonel's dark eyes looking at me from the folds of the huge mantle in which he had wrapped himself; "Your worship?" I began, and stumbling awkwardly, offered him a chair, which he refused with a gesture of his smooth white hand.

"Thank you, no," said he, "I do not sit down in your house till I know if it is you who have stolen the heart of my bride away from me, and if it is you with whom she is prepared to flee."

"Ah," was my involuntary exclamation, "then it has come. You know her folly, and will forgive it because she is such a child."

"Her folly? Are you not then the man?" he cried, but in a subdued tone which showed what a restraint he was putting upon himself even in the moment of such accumulated emotions.

"No," said I; "if your bride meditates flight, it is not with me she means to go. I am her friend, and the man who would take her from you is not. I can say no more, Colonel Schuyler."

He eyed me for a moment with a deep and burning gaze, which showed me that his intellect was not asleep though his heart was on fire.

"I believe you," said he; and threw aside his cloak and sat down. "And now," he asked, "who is the man?"

Taken by surprise, I stammered and uttered some faint disclaimer; but seeing by his steady look and firm-set jaw that he meant to know, and detecting as I also thought in his general manner and subdued tones the promise of an unexpected forbearance, I added impulsively:

"Let the wayward girl tell you herself; perhaps in the telling she will grow ashamed of her caprice."

"I have asked her," was the stern reply, "and she is dumb." Then in softer tones he added: "How can I do anything for her if she will not confide in me. She has treated me most ungratefully, but I mean to be kind to her. Only I must first know if she has chosen worthily."

"Who is there of worth in town?" I asked, softened and fascinated by his manner. "There is no man equal to yourself."

"You say so," he cried, and waved his hand impatiently. Then with a deep and thrilling intensity which I feel yet, he repeated, "His name, his name? Tell me his name."

[*To Be Continued Next Saturday.*]

Thousands of Tickets to Blaine.

From 5,000 to 6,000 free tickets to Blaine have been issued, and to-day's excursion will be a stunner. Boats leave at 9:00 A. M., trains at 10:00 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.

A CONSULATE SHRINE.

Wakeman, the Wanderer, at Hawthorne's Haunts in Liverpool.

HIS GRATEFUL ENGLISH GUIDE.

Few Traces of the Great Novelist Remain Across the Water.

THE OLD OFFICES ARE FOUND AT LAST

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

LONDON, ENGLAND, Sept. 7.—"Thank heaven, I am a sovereign again, and no longer a servant!" So wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne in this city, under date of January 3, 1858, after having called at the American Embassy to arrange for his passport to Italy.

His unfaltering loyalty to his college and lifelong friend, Franklin Pierce, had been rewarded by appointment to the Liverpool Consulate, then the most valuable, in point of fees, and the most onerous and unpleasant to a man of Hawthorne's fiber, in point of residence, within the gift of our Government.

He had passed through the four years' ordeal with credit; had saved considerable money; but had accomplished no more than a batch of vagarous English notes of travel, and possibly sketched a few misty outlines of romances; and was now, after his long and irksome slavery at Liverpool, full of the elation of deliverance and the joyful enthusiasm growing out of preparations for the long vacation in dreamful Italy—Italy the eternal inspirer of dreams until Italy is known.

IN A MOLDY BOROUGH.

I chanced upon these exultant words of Hawthorne, the other day, in a 20-year-old volume, owned by an 80-year-old man, in his 100-year-old home, beneath the shadows of a 400-year-old church, in the 1,000-year-old town of Ormskirk, Lancashire.

While the moldy burgh is interesting enough on its own account, the old man in the old home by the old church became positively lovable to me, because he loved with a sort of idolatry the romancist whose memory we all treasure so preciously. The old church looming above the red tiles of his cottage roof is curiously surmounted by a detached tower and steeple; the pile so gray, mellow and ivy-massed as to involuntarily suggest a gigantic tree lopped off in its lower trunk, where the huge battlemented tower stops, out of whose edge, where the steeple rises, has sprouted a second slender tree. The tradition goes that two capricious maiden sisters, desirous of raising some sacred memorial, agreed upon erecting upon Orms-kirk a tower and steeple, yet, disagreeing as to uniting and connecting their work, they finally expended all their wealth and energies upon both, each independent of the other.

I had come to Ormskirk attracted by the antiquity of the town and the unique character of this most venerable church; and, curiously enough, while wandering about the antique pile encountered the same man whom Hawthorne had encountered nearly 40 years before.

HAWTHORNE'S HUMBLE ENGLISH GUIDE.

The old man had in former times been simply a waiter in the little Ormskirk tavern where Hawthorne had once supped. It was fair day, he remembered, when he came. The latter could readily understand scarcely a word of the broad Lancashire dialect of the "portly and ruddy women" and "yeomen with small clothes and broad-brimmed hats" and could secure nobody's attention on account of the crowds. He was about to leave Ormskirk in a sort of despair at the fruitless outcome of a long foot journey, when the attendant, who had felt drawn to him from his kindly and superior personality, contrived to escape his duties long enough to secure Hawthorne admission to the ancient church.

On departing, the novelist had gratefully given his guide a half sovereign, and had also said to him in his kind, quiet way: "Save your earnings, my good man, and become independent for your old days." The old man still treasures that gold-piece with tender delight. He has all of Hawthorne's works. They are as moldy and musty as the old town itself. But the man who wrote them, the books themselves, the tiny bit of gold which is one of the most prized things in England, and the hour's companionship which I could not but envy him, had made this one humble Englishman conscious of a new world about him.

THE WALK FROM SOUTHPORT.

I took the road over which Hawthorne had come from Southport. Fourteen miles he walked, but the pleasure of it all made the distance seem but an hour's tramp to me. There was, first, the pleasant hilly country, and then the low-lying lands by the sea; ancient Scarisbrick Hall, with its fine gateway and lodge; the old bridge where he lounged on the parapet; the aged stone houses, "built merely for respectable occupants;" the canal with its lazy boats; the little girls, now as then, watching the cows lest they should go astray; the Maypole inn at the little village where Hawthorne "asked for some cold meat and ale," and got instead a royal dinner with home-brewed ale, "not very mighty, but good to quench thirst," to wash it down with; and, all the way, the harvesters gathering their crops—were just as his eyes had seen them, until roofs of the gay watering-place showed above the sand-dunes and verdure of merry Southport.

Here the wraith I had followed from Omskirk, seemed obscured for a little in the modern brightness of the pretty and populous resort. Once before during the year, when loitering at Southport, the former presence of the man seemed to involuntarily crowd into every picture of the place which came through eyes and heart to the pencil for shaping.

SHOWING MERCY TO A BURGLAR.

No one here had ever known him personally. The nearest was one venerable pensioner, an old-time myrmidon of the law, who had aided in bringing to justice two stripling burglars that had ransacked the Hawthorne apartments, and, being disturbed, had gotten away with a few articles of no great value, including Hawthorne's boots and top coat; said pensioner regarding the novelist as "proper soft" for his evident secret desire that the depredators should escape punishment.

But all of these kindly old voices had a broken bar or two to sing for the man whose mere retired few months' presence had left more responsive chords than could all of some great and vigorous mens' lives.

This and much else made me impatient to arrive at the American Consulate, at 26 Chapel street, Liverpool. Here, I surmised, would be found a veritable store of reminiscence. From this, one could reach out in all directions, and gather, feast and enjoy. It is a very fine and stately place, our Liverpool Consulate, as befits the agency of our Government in one of the greatest of foreign ports. It has in profusion plate glass, ground glass and stained glass, nickel burnishing, brass knobs, soft-toned silver call bells, fine old furniture, wise faces, frilled shirts, gray hairs, and an unctious cathedral air of cautious and trained repose, about it.

NO MEMENTOS AT THE CONSULATE.

The transcendent luster of Hawthorne's personal identification with the Liverpool consulate, must be sought either in books, or outside of Liverpool in the hearts of men. Consul Sherman is sure he admires the genius of Hawthorne as much as anybody. Sometimes when he is not too busy he is going to look up something about the man. After one's first shock, this interest and enthusiasm are gratifying.

Moncure D. Conway, when preparing his pleasant and wonderfully analytic book, "Hawthorne," just published in the English "Great Writers," series had written to the consulate for Hawthorne reminiscences, which Conway, like myself, had innocently believed must be positively exuding from every official pore of the place. Now I had come along glowing with expectancy regarding this very same Hawthorne matter. From a business standpoint, it was quite remarkable. Indeed the matter must really be looked into.

You would have to travel in many foreign countries to find a more kindly or courteous Consul than this one at Liverpool; but our consulate here, which, in the paltriest recognition of the glorious distinction conferred upon it through the occupancy by the greatest romancist America ever produced, should remain a veritable Hawthorne shrine, is absolutely barren of a single memento from appreciative or loving hand.

THE CONSUL'S ARCHIVES.

One little "office record book," containing copies of the most ordinary routine business letters, and signed more often by "Wilding, Vice Consul," than by the novelist, comprise every vestige to be found within the American consulate regarding Nathaniel Hawthorne.

On page 197 of this faded old book, and immediately following the last official letter, dated July 22, 1853, by his predecessor, the Hon. Thomas L. Crittenden, of Kentucky, is found the first official letter by Hawthorne. This letter addressed to Colonel Thomas Aspinwall, then United States Consul at London, and dated "Liverpool, 4 August, 1853," is as follows:

DEAR SIR—I have been applied to by a man named Hector Frazier for means to enable him to reach Cardiff to rejoin his vessel, the S. V. Given. He states that he has two sums of £10 and £3 in your hands belonging to him, and wants to receive the former sum at Liverpool, to enable him to pay his way at Cardiff, and requests me to write you for it. I am yours respectfully,

N. HAWTHORNE,
By H. J. Wilding.

The next letter is dated August 13, and has Hawthorne's neat autograph appended. The entire series comprises reference to such details of consulate duty as the hunting up of estrayed Americans, the identification of dead sailors and the sealing or disposal of their effects, the trial of masters or seamen for misdemeanors, and the like.

ONE LETTER OF REAL INTEREST.

Among them all, but one recalls a historic fact or an incident of national concern. This one is dated September 1, 1854. It is an application to the Bishop of Chester, in behalf of a Kentuckian named A. J. Barry who had come from America to secure the remains of his father, for the removal of the body of General Jackson's former Postmaster General and Kentucky's Chief Justice, Hon. William Taylor Barry, who had died in Liverpool, and was interred in St. James' Cemetery, in August, 1835, while en route to Madrid to represent the United States as Minister to Spain.

The musty old record book had a wondrous fascination. I pored over it for hours, unconscious of the temporarily great who called, the certification of invoices, or the interposition of the governmental arm in behalf of the ever coatless, always innocent and eternally unfortunate American sailor One feature of these letters was impressive. Their brevity and straightforwardness were remarkable. There was no prolixity, no proffer of opinion, no assertion of their author's personality. They marched straight to their objective point and stopped short there. And yet there was a thread of the mellowest humor through them all, with here and there hard and hideous facts unpretentiously marshaled, all the sterner for their gentle phrasing.

THE OLD CONSULATE LOST.

Of course there was a tradition at our Liverpool Consulate that the veritable Consular offices occupied by Hawthorne had been located somewhere in Liverpool. Official caution would not permit a decided expression of opinion as to where that somewhere was. No Liverpool business men knew. The antiquarians have not recorded it. Literators and journalists have forgotten, if they ever knew. You cannot find it in any of the Hawthorne biographies. But this vague tradition pointed to the old "Washington Buildings," a venerable pile, the lower story of the riverward side of which forms a huge Moorish piazza, giving the name "Goree Piazza" to a traffic-deafening portion of Liverpool's chief shipping thoroughfare.

To this crumbling relic of Liverpool's old commercial days I hastened with many misgivings. I groped through antique hallways, wainscotted with mahogany and black with age; and climbed curious old staircases, foot-worn foot deep in grooves, dangerous with sudden turns and half landings.

Halting in bitter disappointment on the first landing, a door I had not previously seen stood open. Some vagrant impulse bade me enter. I found within it one desk, two chairs and a bluff, hearty, weather-beaten Englishman, the sole furnishings. But I also saw over the ancient fireplace an almost effaced symbol of my own loved land which had escaped all other eyes for 35 years. To me something like a sudden glory enveloped lonely desk, chairs, weather-beaten Englishman and ancient fireplace; for I stood where Nathaniel Hawthorne had struggled with official life in England for four mortal years.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

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