

The Literary Club  
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### **Like Father, Like Daughter?**

Her life in tatters, separated from her alcoholic and abusive husband, her only son Francis dead at age 6, Rose Lathrop gathered old family letters and scribbled vignettes of happier times. She cobbled them into a volume titled “Memories of Hawthorne.”

The year was 1897, a time of momentous change in the life of Mrs. Lathrop. She needed the proceeds from these memories of her father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, to begin recasting his legacy into one of her own.

Hawthorne, America’s most famous novelist, had been dead 33 years, but still the shadow lingered of the father Rose had idolized. She, his little “Pessima,” was only 13 when he died. He had given her that nickname because he found her high tempered, impatient and bristly. Later in life others judged Rose as fierce in determination as Hester Prynne, her father’s heroine par excellence.

She was the third and last child born to Nathaniel and Sophia Hawthorne. Her father was 47 when she arrived. Her older, more beautiful sister Una – named for Spenser’s character in the Faerie Queen and the model for little Pearl in The Scarlet Letter – would die an early death after a heartbreaking, half-mad end. Even though her older brother Julian did try his hand at penning 20 quickly forgotten novels, he would be better remembered for the prison time he served in later life for using the mails – and the Hawthorne name – to sell worthless shares in a silver mine.

Although Rose herself aspired to follow her father's trade, she remembered him once standing over her as she tried to compose, "dark as a prophetic flight of birds," strangely warning her never to let him hear of her writing stories.

Rose came along after her father's standing in American literary life was well established. It was a legacy already steeped in the cultural and political tides of the young nation.

If the physical laws of critical mass were to find expression in a literary reactor, surely there could have been no livelier place to look in early 19<sup>th</sup> Century America than that golden triangle of Boston, Concord and Salem.

Born on America's 27<sup>th</sup> birthday into a seafaring clan, Nathaniel Hawthorne fit comfortably within that triangle. He was the son of one of Salem's first families, even though he added a "w" to the family name so as to gain separation from a great-grandfather's dark role in the town's infamous witch trials. He attended Bowdoin College in Maine with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and with Franklin Pierce, who would become the nation's 14<sup>th</sup> President and his most enduring friend. After college, he spent more than a decade secreted away in an upper room in Salem, living the life of a recluse as he struggled with his notebooks and his "scribblings," as he called them, to find a vocation. "I have made a captive of myself," he told Longfellow. To escape "all the fopperies and flummeries" of society, he was eventually attracted as a charter member to the Utopian experiment at Brook Farm, which ended in early failure but gave him the plot for The Blithedale Romance. And when he finally succumbed to marriage in his 30's, it was to Sophia, one of the Peabody sisters of Salem. The educator Horace Mann became his brother-in-law, even though they would remain at loggerheads over the cigars

and brandy that Hawthorne relished and Mann wanted outlawed. Sophia's other remarkable sister, Elizabeth, would become America's first woman publisher and a pioneer of the kindergarten movement. From Ralph Waldo Emerson, the young Hawthornes rented their honeymoon cottage, the Manse, not far from the Concord bridge where the first shots of the Revolution were fired. Emerson and Hawthorne became friendly, but not friends. Henry David Thoreau was a neighbor, and he and Nathaniel would sometimes talk into the night about the earth and its fullness. Herman Melville came into this extraordinary setting for a time, seeing Hawthorne as a father figure to whom he dedicated Moby-Dick. There were the Transcendentalists, including the brilliant Margaret Fuller, whom both he and his wife admired, and Ellery Channing, the poet with the "delicious eccentricities," as Rose would later recall. And who could ignore those other neighbors, the Alcotts, the ne'er-do-well Bronson with his family that inspired Louisa May's Little Women. Bronson, said Rose, was a guest at times more unwelcome to her parents "than the *enfant terrible* of the drawing-room."

However, for all of this glittering company intersecting his daily life, Hawthorne remained an enigma – shy and remote, icy on the outside but empathetic within, and despite it all, capable of making and keeping friends. To his children, he was a loving, caring *pater familias*, albeit sometimes an aloof one. When evenings came, he would emerge from seclusion to read to them from the novels of Sir Walter Scott or Victor Hugo or to play whist. Despite his best efforts, he was unable to support his family with his pen, which left them on the edge of poverty. Finally Hawthorne was able to find a source of steadier income, thanks to a political sinecure at the Salem Custom House arranged for him by Frank Pierce and others. Despite these stresses and strains, he was

able to sustain a fairy-tale marriage with Sophia and once told her that “nobody would think that the same man could live two such different lives simultaneously.”

A biographer concluded he was “a man of dignity, of mordant wit, of malicious anger; a man of depression and control; a forthright and candid man aching to confess but too proud, too obstinate, too ashamed to do so; a man of disclosure and disguise, both at once, keen, cynical, intelligent. . .”

It was his acute psychological sense, that superb ability to chronicle the human heart that marked Hawthorne’s genius as indelibly as did the scarlet letter emblazoned on Hester Prynne’s breast. This sense sharpened his understanding of the evil and loneliness in the world about which he wrote, and the complexity of divining truth in the tangled everyday lives of men and women. Although he found little attraction in organized religion, he returned again and again to the central theme of so many of his stories: sin and its consequences. Henry James found his focus simply “man’s conscience.”

Rose Hawthorne arrived at the peak of her father’s career. The Scarlet Letter appeared the same year Rose was conceived and The House of Seven Gables was published just before she was born. By that time, he had already captured the fancy of readers in America and England, becoming a celebrated name in the world of letters, even though his growing fame still did not return adequate dividends for the family coffers.

Little Rosebud was only two when in 1853 her father thought he had escaped the “miserable pinch” of his financial affairs by securing the newly elected President Pierce’s appointment as U.S. consul to Liverpool. Despite its bureaucratic trappings, the job was a prestigious and possibly lucrative assignment overseeing American interests at one of

the world's busiest shipping ports. So the family pulled up stakes so long rooted in their modern-day Athens of New England and sailed out of Boston harbor aboard the steamer *Niagara*. Seven years were to pass before they returned.

While abroad, they spent their first four years around Liverpool and London, but after government service ended, they traveled from Lisbon to Paris to Rome and Florence and back to England. They were exposed to an Old World culture far removed from their Puritan moorings. They drank in the charms of the Isle of Man, viewed the ruins of a Druid castle, strolled the Vatican Gardens and visited the court of the Portuguese king. The children sat with sketchbooks in the Roman Forum. Rose skipped rope in the Boboli Gardens and hiked the twisted, ancient streets of Rome hand in hand with her father as he thought out the structure for his last major novel, The Marble Faun. In Florence, a wealthy friend gave them a summer's lodging in a sprawling old villa with a medieval tower that once imprisoned the reform Dominican friar Savonarola. For the first time in their lives, the children attended a traditional church service, this one in an English cathedral, although their Puritan mother found the Anglican communion "fat, lazy, cold, timid and selfish." They met scores of interesting people, including Alfred Lord Tennyson; the sculptor Hiram Powers, and Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who befriended them and came to their aid in Italy when Una fell critically ill and was not expected at one point to make it through the night.

After spending so many of their formative years shuttling from one European capital to another, their father eventually concluded that the Hawthorne children badly needed a stable home, and that meant returning to America, to Concord, to their Wayside home.

But so much had changed. America teetered on the brink of civil war and once Hawthorne was back at his writing desk, he found himself decidedly at odds with the prevailing abolitionist sentiment around Boston. He was viewed as a Copperhead, even a racist by some. At heart, he was too closely aligned with Franklin Pierce's Southern sympathies, especially after he dedicated his 1863 book of English sketches, Our Old Home, to Pierce, a man seen by many as a failed President. Nonetheless, he refused to budge in his loyalty to Pierce, even after the war broke out and a secret cache of correspondence between the ex-President and his friend Jefferson Davis was discovered. Because Hawthorne was such a literary force, Washington officials invited him on a tour of the war front, but their effort backfired when he wrote an acerbic anti-war account of the trip titled "Chiefly About War Matters by a Peaceable Man." The article infuriated readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it was published.

As the war ground on, Hawthorne's literary output declined and his health drooped. By 1864, he was an obviously sick man. In early May, after examining his fellow Saturday Club member, the senior Oliver Wendell Holmes concluded that "the shark's tooth is upon him." Despite the exhaustion that burdened him, the frail Hawthorne insisted on being taken for a trip in a bid to restore his health. His friend Pierce agreed to accompany him. As the carriage arrived at the Wayside gate to get him, Rose recalled seeing her father "like a snow image of an unbending but an old, old man . . . (standing) for a moment gazing at me." Less than a fortnight later, in the early morning hours of May 19<sup>th</sup> at the Pemigewasset Inn in Plymouth, New Hampshire, Pierce found that his dear friend had slept away in an adjoining room.

Rose was deeply affected by the loss of the father she idolized. Her mother enrolled her in a Massachusetts boarding school for mostly wealthy girls but the independent-minded Rose resisted the regimented life. She pleaded for her mother to waive compulsory chapel attendance for her. She complained about her family's lack of money and her inability to buy the same clothing and go to the places her classmates did.

Her mother was frantic as well over the family's ongoing financial pinch. Their circumstances worsened when she discovered that her late husband's publisher had drained his royalty account with curious bookkeeping practices and that what should have been a handsome return on his books had shrunk to almost nothing.

So she concluded that everyone would be better off if the family again embarked for Europe, this time to Dresden where she believed they could live more comfortably on spare rations and her daughters could profit from the cultural advantages there. "My mother bore every reverse nobly," Rose wrote. Five years after their father's death, the children were helped financially through generous \$500 bequests each received from the estate of Franklin Pierce, who died in 1869.

In Dresden, the Hawthornes became reacquainted with the Lathrops, a family of American expatriates whom they had first met in Liverpool a decade earlier. The Lathrops had two sons, George and Francis, whose ages paralleled those of Rose and her sister.

Three years in Dresden failed to cure Sophia's financial worries, however. So for yet one more time a move seemed required, this time to England. But within six months the soggy climate proved fatal to the frail Sophia, leaving her two daughters grieving alone in an alien land. Their brother Julian, who had attended Harvard and stayed in the

U.S., asked his friend George Lathrop to go from Dresden to England and accompany his sisters back home. Hardly had he arrived in England, however, when George and Rose announced their engagement. It was a stunning turn of events for both families. After all, Rose was only 20 and George was a year younger. They had no money and no careers, even though both aspired to writing. Julian called the proposed union “an error, not to be repaired.” Yet on September 11, 1871, the young couple was wed in a ceremony in St. Luke’s Anglican Church in Chelsea. In December, they returned to New York to move in with George’s mother at 29 Washington Square in Greenwich Village.

In the new year George was able to connect with a position at the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was hardly in a league with his late father-in-law, but he did have enough literary talent eventually to be named an associate editor under William Dean Howells, which required a move to Boston. Meanwhile, Rose was also getting some stories and poems published. Unsurprisingly, though, their marriage was shaky, as were their finances. Friends chipped in to help them but they were doing little to help themselves. George started hitting the bottle and Rose’s high temper didn’t make matters any better. Perhaps self-consciously, she has a character in one of her stories say: “Love is different from what I supposed and I don’t like it.”

In 1876 Rose gave birth to a son, Francis Hawthorne Lathrop, amid hopes that his arrival would mark a turning point in the troubled marriage. She confided her concerns to her Aunt Lizzie Peabody and wondered whether a move to the more tranquil, familiar surroundings of Concord would help. Her formidable aunt knew the territory and discovered that the Wayside, the Hawthornes’ old home, was available. It even held many of the same pieces of furniture Rose knew from her childhood there. So the young

family moved in, kindling memories of the one stable period in Rose's nomadic life. George relished having a son as well and the family flourished for a time. Tragedy, however, struck in early 1881. Little Francie was stricken with diphtheria and was dead within days. He was buried near his grandfather's grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. The parents were heartbroken, Rose so much so that she entered a long period of mourning and depression for in that same year she had also lost her sister Una and her beloved Aunt Lizzie. Her own life would never be the same.

For one thing, Rose could not bear to return to the Wayside. It now held far too many memories. She tried to escape her sorrow by once again pulling up stakes and moving – to other Boston suburbs, to New York, back to England to see old friends. Nothing seemed to help. Eventually she and George returned to live in New York, where they resumed their literary efforts. Rose managed to get poems and short stories published in *Harper's*, the *Atlantic* and *Ladies Home Journal*. She and George became part of a glittering community of artists and writers, somewhat on the strength of the Hawthorne name. In a salon that gathered for Friday evening suppers at the home of the Richard Watson Gilders, they rubbed shoulders with the likes of Rudyard Kipling, Walt Whitman, Augustus St. Gaudens and Madam Mojeska. Gilder was the editor of the new journal, *The Century*; a poet of some note, and an influential arbiter of matters cultural in America. Sporting an eagle-wing mustache, he had fought at Gettysburg and then had stolen his wife Helena away from Winslow Homer. By all accounts, Rose was a favorite in that company of cultural celebrities, a red-haired beauty who wore a signature yellow wardrobe and spread her charm with an outgoing personality and characteristic spunk.

It was at the Gilders' salon that she became friends with Emma Lazarus, a successful and established poetess. The two women were of the same age and possessed similar talents. They had much in common, including their admiration for Ralph Waldo Emerson. What held a special attraction for Rose was the work her new friend was doing to help poor Jewish immigrants coming to America. She was inspired by Emma's poem, "The New Colossus," whose lines would find their way in 1886 to the base of the Statue of Liberty: "*Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.*" Rose could hardly have imagined where this inspiration would lead in her own life.

After Emma had spent several years traveling in Europe promoting the Zionist cause, she was reported back in New York but Rose had not seen her. When Rose was at the Gilders' home one evening, she inquired about her friend, only to be told – in a whisper -- that she was gravely ill. When Rose visited her bedside the next day, she learned that Emma was suffering from that forbidden disease – cancer. The popular belief of the time held that cancer was contagious and its victims were thus stigmatized as akin to lepers. Emma Lazarus, who would live only a matter of months, had the means to receive every available treatment but getting this first-hand exposure to the devastation of the disease left Rose shocked and wondering about the destitute who were similarly afflicted and cast into the bleak isolation of the poor house to die.

Remembering her father's "fine-grained appreciation of suffering," her mind wandered back to one of his sketches in Our Old House relating how, in a Liverpool workhouse, a "fastidious gentleman" encountered an awful-looking child who followed him, wanting to be held. Hawthorne had written: "It could be no easy thing for him to

do, he being a person burdened with more than an Englishman's customary reserve, shy of actual contact with human beings, afflicted with a peculiar distaste for whatever was ugly . . . So I watched the struggle in his mind with a good deal of interest, and am seriously of the opinion that he did a heroic act and effected more than he dreamed of toward his final salvation when he took up the loathsome child and caressed it as tenderly as if he had been its father." Hawthorne's notebooks published after his death unveiled the truth of the Liverpool incident. It was Hawthorne himself who was that fastidious gentleman and who had lifted the defaced urchin. Rose thought these were the greatest words her father ever wrote, and they came back to her now as she grieved over Emma Lazarus and pondered the cancerous poor of New York.

An idea was forming in her mind, but when she tried to discuss it with George, he was preoccupied and no more was said, at least at the time.

Meanwhile, their marriage was going from bad to worse. Although George's writing career was advancing, his drinking was making inroads into his health. Rose found herself excusing his frequent absences as they were forced by their chaotic financial condition to move from place to place, including back to his mother's in Washington Square. Yet Rose remained intent on salvaging the marriage. When George suggested they move to New London so he could better tackle some difficult work he faced, she readily acquiesced. The new surroundings seemed to help revive their marriage and they began to enter the more normal social life of the Connecticut town. They found especially interesting one of the couples in their new circle, Alfred and Adelaide Chappell. Adelaide came from a prominent New York family and Alfred had studied for the Episcopal ministry. Their own religious odyssey had led them to the

Catholic faith. It was a conversion story that fascinated the Lathrops. Soon Rose and George, too, were examining their own spiritual moorings. To this point they had been lukewarm believers, he an Episcopalian and she a nominal Unitarian. Now they began reading extensively and accompanying the Chappells to religious services, which brought back to Rose her childhood memories of the Catholic presence she had witnessed in Rome. Soon they were meeting with Father James Young, himself a convert and a member of the Paulist order, which was pioneering a more open attitude toward the outside world. By 1891, the Lathrops had decided to formally join the Catholic church. Their decision attracted widespread attention, given their own prominence and the anti-Catholic sentiment of the times. They were seen by some as embracing a religion of lower-class immigrants, but George defended the step they had taken, arguing in an article that it was based on reason and not some whim of the heart. For her part, Rose's decision echoed the words of Hilda, a character of her father's from *The Marble Faun*: "Why should not I be a Catholic, if I find there what I need, and what I cannot find elsewhere?"

The prevailing religious attitudes in late 19<sup>th</sup> Century America were directed less to the hereafter and more to the here and now. As someone put it, there was "less of Original Sin and more of Love Thy Neighbor." The nation's growing idea of democracy encouraged a concern for improving the lot of society's less fortunate, a notion that was creating a spreading fire within Rose Hawthorne. She threw herself into church projects, as did George. Rose particularly was in demand on the lecture circuit, speaking about social justice and the need for charity toward the poor.

Within a year of joining the church, the Lathrops were asked to write a history of Washington's Visitation Academy (still located next to Georgetown University, by the way) and of Jane de Chantal, the French widow and mother who founded the religious order that ran the academy. The resulting Story of Courage, published in 1894, was largely the work of Rose, who seemed deeply moved by the insights she gained into the life of these nuns and their founder.

Despite the Lathrops' surge in religious fervor, their domestic situation was no better. There were hints that George's untamed alcoholism was leading to abuse of his wife and perhaps even risk to her physical wellbeing. Within a few years Rose resolved to leave him for good. She received a church-sanctioned separation in 1896.

At age 43, a radical change was coming over her. Like Dante, she was entering the Dark Wood of her life's journey, searching for meaning and a future. She was rapidly evolving a plan to devote the rest of her days to caring for incurable cancer victims. She would give her life over to God. No longer would she be a familiar figure in the glitter of the New York social scene. She would dispose of all of her possessions in order to live with the sick poor. She would care for them night and day without pay. Regardless of race or creed, she would take them in – only women at first, but men as well later on. “The creatures of the tenements and prisons,” she would explain, “are our brothers and sisters.”

Although there were many obvious influences contributing to this remarkable shift – the loss of little Francie, the example of Emma Lazarus, the Peabody sisters' legacy of service, the permanent separation from George, the conversion to a new faith – Rose herself explained the main reason in a later New York Times article: “The first

influence came from the attitude of my father's mind toward both moral and physical deformity and corruption . . . ,” she wrote.

She would recall his encounter with the child in the Liverpool workhouse but doubtless could remember as well his 1837 short story, Dr. Heidegger's Experiment, a farcical search for the fountain of youth in which Hawthorne discovers that giving life to others instead of grasping it for oneself is one way of transcending mortality.

Or, even more to the point, there was his well-known tale, The Birthmark. Aylmer, the man of science, gazes at his wife Georgiana and sees not her great beauty but the birthmark on her cheek, which he resolves to remove. In the process of doing so he takes her life. Hawthorne “foresaw the lethal dangers of the Promethean quest for human perfection” and his insights would now take root in the reality of his daughter's startling vocational choice. She saw in the disfigured men and women suffering from horrible cancers what Aylmer could not see in the mark on his beautiful Georgiana.

Flannery O'Connor, an author who knew a thing or two about extracting meaning from the grotesque of modern life, once compared the Hawthornes, father and daughter. She wrote: “If he observed, fearfully but truthfully; if he acted, reluctantly but firmly, she charged ahead, secure in the path his truthfulness had outlined for her.”

Rose's first step in charging ahead with her new life was a spiritual retreat, followed by enrollment in a three-month nursing course at the New York Cancer Hospital. At first the hospital staff viewed her as a social butterfly, doubting her true grit, so they tested her by having her assist in bandaging the grotesque lesion on the leg of one of their patients, a Mrs. Watson. Rose didn't flinch.

Once she had mastered the essentials of care for the incurable wretches whom no one else would take in, she rented a few rooms on Scammel Street in the immigrant slums of the Lower East Side of Manhattan – two dark bedrooms, a tiny kitchen and a pantry. It was the start of work that would occupy all her energies for the remaining 30 years of her life. She sent word through the crowded neighborhood teeming with crime and desperate squalor that she was open for business. While laboring long days to care for several dying women who found their way to her flat, Rose, in order to raise funds for her nursing, worked into the night to ready for publication the book of Memories of her father.

In many ways, hers was a forerunner of today's hospice movement. Rose became friend and protector to those who came to her. She did the necessary but often distasteful tasks to make them comfortable in their last days, changing their dressings, bathing them and sharing the modest rations of her larder.

She was a resourceful woman and parlayed her former connections into sources of help. She looked up old newspaper friends and offered interviews to call attention to her new life. Many were shocked but as word spread, she started attracting a few benefactors. What she also needed was a strong right hand. She had the drive and the vision, but she needed a calmer, more grounded voice to give her balance. Her appeal for help came to the attention of a young painter, Alice Huber, who had told friends that “when I find a work of perfect charity, I will join it.” Alice, the daughter of a Louisville doctor, had attended St. Catherine's College in central Kentucky, had studied at the Cincinnati Art Academy and was trying to make her way teaching and painting in New York. Alice had no way of understanding until later the significance of having attended college in a place

that was only a cow pasture removed from the very spot in Kentucky where a group of women had formed the first Dominican religious community in the U.S. She and Rose were an instant match. These two women would remain the closest collaborators for the next three decades.

A month after Alice joined her, Rose received word that her husband George was dying in Roosevelt Hospital. She rushed to his bedside, only to arrive a half hour too late. Despite all of his shortcomings and the sorrows of their tangled marriage, Rose felt George's passing perhaps more keenly than she expected. Her diary expressed her grief: "As I stood beside his body soon after death, the beauty, the nobility and exquisite gentleness of his life . . . spoke plainly to me of his virtues. . . My own soul was trembling in the dark uncertainty of all unworthiness."

Freed from the remaining bonds of marriage, Rose decided to adopt the dress of a religious and sought her archbishop's permission to found a community she wanted to call the Servants of Relief. She was held back. The clerical authorities wanted time to see whether her commitment would last. She was tested at every turn. As she roamed the streets, urchins in the neighborhood threw stones, broken bottles, even dead rats at her. A cop on the beat warned her, "They hate you and want you to leave." But Rose Hawthorne was, if anything, a fiercely determined woman and on September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1899 she was given the green light to form a new community of the Dominican order, to wear a sister's habit and to take the religious name of Sister Mary Alphonsa. Her Servants of Relief became a reality.

The ensuing decades were never easy, the work always intense. Rose herself remained the impatient leader. She was an indefatigable beggar and builder. Each

passing year brought more of the “Lord’s sick and poor”; more selfless young women willing to become sisters and dedicate their lives to their care; more doctors and nursing volunteers to provide expertise, and more benefactors to assure that the material needs would be met. She tapped the celebrity crowd from her former life for financial help. Among them was that mocker of religion, Mark Twain, who had met Rose at an 1874 party at William Dean Howells’ home in Cambridge and was now moved by what he read of her work. The nature of that work inspired others, including Dorothy Day, who would later credit Rose’s example for her own radical commitment to the poor.

Shortly after being awarded an honorary degree from Bowdoin, her father’s alma mater, Rose Hawthorne died in her sleep on July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1926, the anniversary of her parent’s wedding. However, the foundation she built endures to this day. The order she founded is known throughout the Catholic world as the Hawthorne Dominicans. They have never deviated from Rose’s vision and mission. They continue to operate “free homes” for impoverished and incurable cancer victims in major U.S. cities. Rose didn’t want them called hospitals. In their 110-year history, her Servants of Relief have through their selfless dedication given comfort and peace to well in excess of 100,000 men and women during their final time on earth, never asking for a penny in return and rejecting government aid of any sort. Before she died she told her fellow sisters that “if they find a cure for cancer, care for something else.”

In a final irony, Rose Hawthorne – this Papist descendant of Puritans who burned and banished the women of Salem for their heretical beliefs -- was proposed in 2003 to be raised to sainthood in the Roman Catholic Church. Her cause for possible canonization is

now undergoing the lengthy and rigorous scrutiny that her church applies to such exalted recognition.

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It's perhaps a fanciful postscript to wonder how Nathaniel Hawthorne, a tepid believer haunted by his ancestors' Puritan prudery, would view a daughter's life so enkindled with faith; how he, who could only love humanity in the abstract, would react to his "Pessima," so zealous in creating a lasting network of care for the sick poor. Perhaps, in the astute view of Flannery O'Connor, Rose became the living embodiment of her father's moral imagination. O'Connor explained: "By reason of the fear, the search, and the charity that marked his life and influenced his daughter's, Hawthorne gave what he did not have himself." What he did have he gave to the world in the form of a literary canon that has seen few equals in American letters. Certainly no other literary figure in the nation's history has endured for so long and yet whose prophetic voice comes down to each generation with such compelling freshness. As one critic has aptly noted, "Once read, his stories never vanish."

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