# WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE IN ENGLAND—4.

**The Poet Traveler Tracks the Famous Novelist from Ancient Ormskirk to Liverpool—Great Consular Records—Discovery of Hawthorne's Forgotten Office—Charming Reminiscences.**

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LIVERPOOL, Sept. 1.—"Tenth heaven, I am a seventeen again, and no longer a sexagenarian!"

So wrote Nathaniel Hawthorne in this city, under date of Jan. 3, 1856, after having sailed on the American steamer to arrange for his passport to Italy.

I chanced upon those exultant words of Hawthorne the other day in a twenty-year-old volume owned by an eighty-year-old man, in his hundred-year-old home, beneath the shadows of a four-hundred-year-old church, in the thirteen-year-old town of Ormskirk, Lancashire.

While the stately burgh is interesting enough on its own account, the old man in the old house by the old church became positively lovable to me, because he lived with a sort of idolatry the numerous whose memory we all treasure so precious-ly. The old church looming above the red tiles of the roofs, the dial in curious sun mounted to a detached tower and steeple the pile so gray, mellow and ivy mantled as to irresistibly suggest a gigantic tree lopped off in its lower trunk, where the huge buttressed tower stops, out of which the steeple then sends a veritable apostle a second slender tree. The tradition goes that two successive sextons dotted, desirous of raising some sacred memorial, agreed upon erecting upon Ormskirk a tower and steeple, yet, disagreeing as to starting and succeeding these were, 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 accompanied nearly forty years before.

The old man lost in former times been simply a waiter in the little Ormskirk saloon where Hawthorne had once supped. It was late day, he remembered, when he came. The latter could readily understand merely a word of the broad Lancashire Claret of the sturdy and ruddy waiter—an "honest man, plain and blunt and rational man," and could secure nobody's attention on account of the crowds. He was about to leave Ormskirk to do a set of repair at the ruddiest sextons of a long lost journey, when the attendant, who had fell drawn to him from his kindly and expressive personality, resolved to secure his entire long enough to secure Hawthorne's attention to the second church, and to show him other antiquities in the quaint old town.

On departing, the novelist had gratefully given his guide a half sovereign, and had soon said to him in his kindly, quaint way, "Save your earnings, my good man, and become independent for your old age." The old man still remembers that great place with tender delight. He was all of Hawthorne's works. They meant money and money as the old town knew it. But the days who wrote them, the books themselves, the tiny bit of gold, which is one of the most prized things in England, and the man's compassionate, kindly, sympathetic but too very him, had made this one town like Englishmen themselves of a new world about him to which to live. A halo of glory always lit up this old citizen when he looked upon it.

The magic of it all came to me somewhat as it had come to this old man. My purpose was at once changed. I felt a glowing desire to follow in his footsteps, to listen to the places he had known, to see the old town, to see the old church, to see what might still be gathered, if unsuspected should be, of the incident, locale, historical and personality from those years he passed in official life in England, so little of which had ever been revealed, and so much of which was locally and interestingly entwined into the social alliance of Lancashire.

So I took the road over which Hawthorne had come from Southport. Fourteen miles he walked, but the pleasure of it made the distance seem but an hour's tramp to me. There are five the pleasant hilly country, and then, by the long lands by the sea, ancient Scarisbrick Hall, with its fine gateway and lodge, the old lodge where he lounged on the parapet, for aged seamen, "built merely for respectable occupants," the coast with its lazy boats, the little girls, now as then, with wicker baskets on their arms, upon an errand, the Marpole inn at the little village where Hawthorne "asked for some cold roast and ale," and got instead a cupful dinner with some boiled ale, "but very mighty, but good to quench thirst," to wash it down with; and, all the way, the hawthorns gathering their prime, were just as large and as full of fragrant wealth of others' memory, this one, this one, and yonder, and yonder, and some little things to say with treasuring. Of Brunswick Terrace, where the Hawthornes lived from September, 1856, to April, 1857, still standing near the glorious Southport Sanatorium, prim, prosaic and hallowed, and still the owner of respectable "lodgers" of desperate enough to love any place away from Liverpool, of the gaudy but faithful sand, Friday, always a sort of back door on all every discovery difficulty, and to some towns in England, of the pale but cheery wife and mother who served to diffuse a tender sunshine wherever she spent, of the three lovely children, Una, Julian and Rose (or perhaps and leaking but seven years of his father's than age and lady Hose, whom she would a growing and lary passed; and finally, of the plain, dark, quiet man who came from the Liverpool station so promptly each afternoon, and walked straight to Brunswick Terrace, speaking to no one, turning not to the right or the left, looking almost not in his absorption, but who suddenly recognized with his joyous cry friend—the best hearth man that ever strolled long talks with children on the sudden, level, golden beach, or played kids and took with them among the sudsing dusky dunes of sand.

No one town had ever known this personality. The nearest was one venerable personage, an old time acquaintance of the few, who had aided in bringing to justice two shrieking burglars that had assaulted the Hawthorne apartments, and, being disturbed, had gotten away with a few articles of no great value, including Hawthorne's "best trousers, and petulant regarding the question as "proper soft" for his evident worth desire that the depredators should escape punishment. But all of those kindly old towns had a broken tooth or two to sing for the man whose more related her vocative presence had left more expressive chords than could all great and rigorous men's lives.

This and many else made me hopeful to secure at the American consulate, at 15 Chapel street, Liverpool. Here, I reasoned, 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, or holds the agency of our government in one of the greatest of foreign ports. It has its profusion plate glass, ground glass and stained glass, broad lapidaries, mahogany, soft toned silver and bells, fine old furniture, wine faces, frilled shirts, gray suits, and an unctious authority air of centuries and trained repose about it. One instinctively removes his hat and enters the throne well before attempting preliminary efforts, and feels in a few minutes of time and steps softly as being entered into the warm, high, pleasant private apartments of our friends. He is glad too, as he does all this when he has such official, for no deference is the great, warm-a real gentleman is at the objective end of it.

I was weakly hence to travel in many foreign consulates to find a more kindly or otherwise cordial than this one at Liverpool, but our consulate here, which, in the numerous recognitions of the glorious distinction conferred upon it through its occupancy by the greatest continental American now produced, should remain a veritable Hawthorne shrine is absolutely lacking of a single memento from appreciative or loving hand. One little "Gee round book," containing some of the most ardent, martyr business letters, and signed more often to "Pilling, the consul," then by the novelist, comprises every trifle to be found within the American consulate regarding Nathaniel Hawthorne.

On page 187 of this faded old book, and immediately following the last official letter, dated July 18, 1855, to his predecessor, Hon. Thomas L. Crittenden, of Kentucky, is found our first official letter by Hawthorne. He had arrived in Liverpool on the steamer Niagara, from Halifax, July 31. The next date of his taking possession of the office is not accessible, either on the consulate or in any of his biographies.

The next letter is dated Aug. 11, and his Hawthorne's most amusingly appealed. The entire series comprises the reflection in such details of consulate duty as the hunting up of outlaged Americans, the identification of dead sailors with the sealing of their effects, the trial of tourists or seamen for misdemeanors, and the like. But one of these all results a historic fact or an incident of national moment. This one is dated Sept. 1, 1854. It is an application to the mayor of Chester in behalf of a "colored boy" named A. J. Barry, who had come from Boston to secure the remains of his father, for the memorial of the hospital General Jackson's former partisan general and Kentucky's most famous, Hon. William Taylor Barry, who had died in Liverpool and was interred in St. James' cemetery in August, 1853, while on mission to Sardinia to represent the United States as minister to Spain.

The sturdy old veteran both had a wonderful fascination. I pored over it for years, discussions of the temporary cross was called, the mutilation of nations, and the incorporation of the government, and in behalf of the same nations always innocent and decently unfortunate American soldier. One bottle of all these letters was burned, and the rest, "Barry's sturdy and straightforwardness were conservative. There was no pedantry, no prefer of opinion, no assertion of their author's personality." They seemed adapted to their subjective point and stopped short there. And yet there was a tinted of the numerous home strength from all, with here and there a word and human face unexpectedly sketched, all the sweeter for their gentle pleasing.

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 routine would not permit a decided expression of opinion as to where that somewhere was. No Liverpool business man knew. The antiquarian knew not nor cared it. Literature and journalism have forgotten, if they ever knew. Yet reason had it in any of the Hawthorne biographies. But the vague tradition pointed to the old "Washington Building," a venerable pile, the lower story of the street-ward side of which formed a huge Masonic pieces, giving the name "Stone Piazza" to a traffic desfacing portion of Liverpool's chief shipping thoroughfare.

In this certain building rents of Liverpool's old commercial days I mustered with more misgivings. I groped through antique halls, wondered with, inclosures and black with age, and climbed narrow and stairways, footwork foot drop in grooves, dangerous with sudden turns and hall landings. Well described, with antique carved ornaments and slender, twisted balusters. Huge knockers were set in but, wide doors. Narrow, but vast transoms let streets of light through above them. These disclosed many a quaint metal relief or in-taglio of rude design, set with unintelligible purposes in quaint forms above doors, open beams or in the pillow and carried ceilings.

Wonderful old staircases still clung to unexpected angles and corners, and by brackets, like those supporting the skin posts of ancient inns, or for lamps and sculptured candelabras of a later though still ancient time, projected here and there on corners of the structure's sale old age. Thus up, up, up I scrambled, making hourly inquiries, from door to door, where the eldest men I ever saw seemed but wrinkle, ghostly patriarchs of known and affairs to me, for, Hopeless then, away from the attic, as the caretaker's grying wife, and then, with no one to wave I sought down again through the intricacies of halls and stairs and the remote ways to the roaring of the "Inter" in the street below.

Baiting 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 stuff, heavy, 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 thirty-five years. To me something like a sudden glory enveloped lonely desk, chairs, weather beaten Englishman and fireplace. Here, I knew, where Nathaniel Hawthorne had struggled with official life in England for four central years.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

### Queer Salutation.

Every one is familiar with the traditional salutation of the Pacific islanders, which consists in rubbing one's nose with great vigor against that of one's friend in a way decidedly suggestive of a cow scratching itself against a post. A somewhat similar form of greeting is practiced by the Kaghir of Central Asia, who take your hand in both their sets and pass it to their forehead, or rather to the place where their forehead ought to be if they had any.—David Ker in New York Epoch.

### Great Depth in the Mediterranean.

The greatest depth in the western Mediterranean are, 10,800 feet, in between Sicily, Sardinia and Africa. Recent sounding in the eastern basin has yielded a maximum depth of 15,748 feet—this between Malta and Candia.


MRS. GRAHAM'S

**Cucumber and Elder Flower Cream**

is not a cosmetic in the sense in which that term is popularly used, but necessarily from its nature, it is a soft smooth, clear, velvety skin, and it daily and gradually makes the complexion several shades whiter. It is a cure, and prevents, the effects of sun and wind and prevents wrinkles and freckles, and therefore will make you look young. It clears the skin far better than soap and water, soapsuds and lotion so the skin is good and then protects the functions of sensation. Expose the tissues, cuticles and sensation of skin that you had when a little girl. Have left, send 50 cents in stamps, and we will give a more complete description to any lady, and that satisfactorily it contains no acid, no alkali or acrid, and is perfectly safe and is guaranteed to do this or due is to be returned. **Price 50 cts.** Sold by all druggists, and sent postpaid, on receipt of price, in United States or Canada, in order, stamps or money order. Address, MRS. GRAHAM'S Cosmetique, 1 Park Place, New York.

Sample Bottle mailed free to all ladies on receipt of 10 cents to pay for postage and packing. Name this paper.

MRS. GRAHAM'S

**Face Bleach**

Cures the worst cases of Tan, Sun, Freckles, Acne, Pimples, Blotches and Eruptions. Price $1.00.

Sample Bottle mailed free to all ladies. Name this paper.

**The Druggist** in the town who first orders a bill of all or particulars will have the same added to his profit account.

Mr. Graham's Cosmetique for sale by wholesale druggists in Chicago and every city east of it.


### LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Salt Lake County, Territory of Utah.

In the matter of the Estate of James Mathews, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the Rev. Sophie Mathews, executrix, has rendered to undersigned, and filed in said court, her final account of said estate, and that Tuesday, the 20 day of October, A.D., at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Court House of said court, in the Salt Lake City, Salt Lake County, Utah Territory, has been duly appointed by the judge of said court, for settlement of said account and for hearing said petition for distribution, at which time and place any person interested may appear and show cause, if any they have, why said account should not be settled and said petition for distribution made as prayed for.

Dated September 9th, 1891.

C. S. ALLEN,
Clerk of the Probate Court.
By C. E. McCrum, Deputy.

### ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

Lucky Bill Mining Company. Location of principal place of business—Park City, Utah.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AT a meeting of the board of trustees held on the 1st day of August, 1891, at Salt Lake City, Utah, an assessment, No. 1, of ten cents per share was levied on the capital stock of the corporation payable on or before the 1st day of September, 1891, to the secretary, at the office of the company, in Park City, Utah. Any stock upon which this assessment remains unpaid on the 1st day of September, 1891, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Saturday, the 3rd day of October, 1891, at the office of the company, in Park City, Utah.

Lucky Bill Mining Company.
H. P. HUTCH, Secretary.
Residence 18 S. 2nd West Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of John Ross, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNdersigned, administrator of the estate of John Ross, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within two months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, at the law office of Rawlins & Rawlins, in the Mahogany Block, Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake.

Dated August 6th, 1891.

ELIZABETH A. ROSS,
Administrator of the estate of John Ross, deceased.

### NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST.

WHEREAS GEORGE O. EDGE AND Alice E. Edge, his wife, on September 19, 1888, executed and delivered to Edward Allen their certain promissory note of even date herewith, payable three years from date with interest at the rate of twelve per cent per annum from date until maturity, payable semi-annually, and if not paid when due to bear interest at the rate of twenty per cent per annum from date until maturity, payable semi-annually, which said promissory note was secured by a trust deed of even date with said promissory note, executed by said parties to said Edward Allen, to secure the payment of said promissory note, which said promissory note was duly assigned to the undersigned, and default in the payment of said promissory note has been made in the payment of the interest coupons thereon, and the principal thereof has become due, and the said Edward Allen, the legal owner and holder of said note, has duly elected to declare the whole of said principal and interest thereon due and payable, and has duly elected to sell the land and premises described in said trust deed to satisfy said indebtedness, and the expenses of said sale, and has duly elected to sell said land and premises at public auction, at the front door of the county court house of Salt Lake county, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, to the highest bidder for cash and to apply the proceeds of said sale, first to the payment of said indebtedness, and the balance of the sale to be disposed of according to law, and the expenses of said sale, including the attorney's fee of ten per cent on the amount of said principal and interest, as in said trust deed provided, and whereas default has been made in the payment of said principal and interest, and the undersigned, the legal owner and holder of said note, has duly elected to declare the whole of said principal and interest due and payable, and has duly elected to sell said land and premises at public auction, at the front door of the county court house of said county, in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory, to the highest bidder for cash,