

## Song of Consul Hawthorne. [Columbus, Ohio, The Tauser Head Press, 1965].

Song of Consul Hawthorne

By Henry A. Bright

Should you ask me, 'Who is Hawthorne? Who this Hawthorne that you mention?' I should answer, I should tell you, 'He's a Yankee, who has written Many books you must have heard of; For he wrote The Scarlet Letter And The House of Seven Gables, Wrote, too, Rappacini's Daughter, 2 And a lot of other stories;— Some are long, and some are shorter; Some are good, and some are better. And this Hawthorne is a Consul, Sitting in a dismal office,— Dark and dirty, dingy office, Full of mates, and full of captains, Full of sailors and of niggers,— And he lords it over Yankees.'

But you ask me, 'Where the dwelling, Where the mansion, of this Hawthorne?' And I answer, and I tell you, 'T is a house in upper Duke Street,— 'T is a red brick house in Duke Street. 3 Should you ask me further, saying, 'Where this house in upper Duke Street?' I should answer, I should tell you, "'T is the house of Missis Todgers,— House of good old widow Todgers, Where the noble Yankee captains Meet, and throng, and spend their evening, Hairy all, and all dyspeptic, All of them with nasal voices, Speaking all through nasal organs, All of them with pig tobacco, All of them with Colt's revolvers.' Should you ask me what they do there.— What the manners and the customs Of this house of widow Todgers,— I should tell you that at Christmas 4 Mistletoe hangs in the parlors, Mistletoe on hall and staircase, Mistletoe in every chamber; And the maids at widow Todgers', Slyly laughing, softly stealing, Whisper, 'Kiss me, Yankee Captain,— Kiss or shilling, Yankee Captain!' Slyly laughing, softly saying, 'Kiss from you too, Consul Hawthorne! Kiss or shilling, Consul Hawthorne!'<sup>1</sup> — I should tell you how, at midnight Of the last day in December, Yankee Captain, Consul Hawthorne, Open wide the mansion's front door,— Door that opens into Duke Street,— Wait to see the hoary Old Year

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1 A fib! — N. H.

5 Pass into the frosty starlight,— Wait to see the jocund New Year. Come with all its hopes and pleasures, Come into the gas and firelight.

Do you ask me, 'Tell me further Of this Consul, of this Hawthorne?' I would say, he is a sinner,— Reprobate and churchless sinner,— Never goes inside a chapel, Only sees outsides of chapels, Says his prayers without a chapel! I would say that he is lazy, Very lazy, good-for-nothing; Hardly ever goes to dinners, Never goes to balls or soirees; 6 Thinks one friend worth twenty friendly; Cares for love, but not for liking; Hardly knows a dozen people,— Knows old Baucis<sup>2</sup> and Philemon,<sup>3</sup> Knows a

Beak,<sup>4</sup> and knows a Parson,<sup>5</sup> Knows a sucking, scribbling merchant,<sup>6</sup> — Hardly knows a soul worth knowing,— Lazy, good-for-nothing fellow!

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2 A. M. Heywood.

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3 I. P. Heywood.

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4 I. S. Mansfield.

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5 W. H. Channing.

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6 H. A. Bright.

A CHRISTMAS KEEPSAKE FROM THE CENTENARY EDITION OF THE WORKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. 50 COPIES PRINTED FROM TYPE BY J. M. AND R. M. AT THE TAUSER HEAD PRESS.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, 1965. SECOND PRINTING:

300 COPIES BY OFFSET.

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