

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
(Painted in 1840, by Osgood, of Salem, Mass.)

THE BOYHOOD OF HAWTHORNE.

SOME of the WIDE AWAKE readers may have seen the old house, No. 21 Union street, in Salem, Mass., and may have climbed the narrow stairs to the northwestern chamber where Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, Wednesday, July 4, 1804.

The house was built more than two hundred years ago by Benjamin Pickman, and came into possession of Daniel Hathorne, grandfather of Nathaniel, in 1772.

Externally it can have changed but little since Hawthorne was born. The old stone step, probably, encroaches no more on the narrow street than it did then and the gambrel roof and huge chimney still declare its age, which the modern windows and door fail to conceal.

This birthday had much of the noise and gunpowder with which Americans yearly announce their Independence, for the local papers of that time say "the people vied with each other in paying due honors to the day by the discharge of cannon, by the sound of martial music, by festivities and all the usual methods."

"The Salem cadets paraded, attended by a full band of music, and after a generous entertainment at Osgood's closed the day with a variety of maneuvers and firings, performed with spirit and energy.

"Both political parties had processions, dinners and orations. One procession moved from Washington Square at twelve, its starting being announced by seventeen guns, and at their dinner at Mr. Crombrie's tavern, the toasts were drunk under the discharge of cannon stationed at North Bridge.

"The Salem Artillery saluted the dawn with a federal discharge which they repeated at sunrise and sunset, and they escorted the procession of Federalists at 12 o'clock from Court Square to St. Peter's Church, where after the singing of an ode, prayer, and an oration by Timothy Pickering, Junior, Esq., they dined at Concert Hall and had many toasts, the first being 'The Day.' 'May it be justly considered as the most fortunate as well as glorious in the annals of American history.'"

They little knew that the birth of a child would make this day, indeed, a glorious one for the old town, and give it a world-wide fame.

East of the Hawthorne House, on Herbert street, stands the Manning House, where Hawthorne's mother, Elizabeth Clarke Manning, lived until her marriage.

The garden then extended to Union street, as shown in the picture of the two houses, so that the grounds adjoined.

This house was built by Hawthorne's grandfather, Richard Manning, about 1790, and is a large square structure, with no pretensions to architectural grace, none too large perhaps then for the Manning family of nine children, but now as an Irish tenement house, capable of accommodating several families of equal number.



HAWTHORNE'S BIRTHPLACE, SALEM, MASS.; THE MANNING HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

Hawthorne's ancestors

had followed the sea for generations and Hawthorne's father, also named Nathaniel, was captain of a merchant vessel. A relic of the family is a set of china brought home by him and decorated with his monogram, N. H. When married he took his bride to his home where his mother and sister Ruth then lived.

In this house Nathaniel Hawthorne and his two sisters, Elizabeth Manning, two years his elder, and Marie Louise, some years younger, were born. And

here they lived until in April, 1808, when the youngest child was but three months old, there appeared in Salem papers, among the deaths, the sad item :

“ At Surinam, Capt. Nathaniel Hathorne of this town, aged 33.
Master of the brig Nabby.”

Very soon Mrs. Hathorne returned with her children to her father's house, and though they afterward lived in Maine and in another part of Salem, Hawthorne so often returned to this home of his boyhood, while preparing for college and after his graduation, that he passed more years in this house than in any other.

His room was in the southwest corner of the third story, overlooking his birthplace, and from these many-paned windows his childish eyes looked out upon the old garden and the life in Salem that he afterward portrayed so vividly.

On one of these windows he scratched with a diamond,

“ NATHANIEL HATHORNE,
SALEM,
March 30th, 1826.”

Here, in later years, he wrote *Twice Told Tales*; and it is of this room he writes :

“ If ever I should have a biographer he ought to make great mention of this chamber in my memoirs, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here and here my mind and character were formed. And here I have been despondent, and here I sat a long time waiting patiently for the world to know me and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner or whether it would ever know me at all, at least until I was in my grave.”

How much more we should know of Hawthorne's youth if these walls could speak !

There is nothing in Salem more closely connected with Hawthorne's early life than the mementoes of this old house ; the little chair used by him and his

Salem Thursday December 29th 1826

Dear Uncle

*I hope you are well
and I hope Richard is too My foot is no
better Louisa has got so well that she has
begun to go school but she did not go
this forenoon because it snowd Maam is
going to send for Doctor Frettridge to day
when William Crofs comes home at 12
o clock and maybe he will do some good
for Doctor Barston has not and I dont
know as Doctor Frettridge will it is 1
know 4 weeks yesterday since I have
been to school and I dont know but
but it will be 4 weeks longer before I*

FAC-SIMILE (MUCH REDUCED) OF EARLIEST LETTER,

sisters when children, the silver porringer engraved with his grandmother's name, Miriam Manning, her large arm chair with its claw feet, his grandfather's corner chair, the mahogany card table that stood in his mother's parlor and the book shelves that hang above the old sideboard on the opposite side of the room, on which were ranged volumes of Addison's Spectator, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Johnson's Idler, Spencer's Fairie Queen, which was a special favorite, and Pilgrim's Progress, over which Hawthorne would muse for hours.

He was very fond of his mother and resembled her in his gentle manners, reserve and thoughtfulness. His father is remembered as a reticent man, warm-hearted, fond of children and a great reader, spending his leisure at sea, always over books.

The children grew up untrammelled, developing their individual characteristics; the family had no fondness for music. Hawthorne writes of himself:

"I have no ear for an organ or a jewsharp nor any instrument between the two."

There is a family tradition that whenever an outer door was opened suddenly, a scampering of cats could be heard. At one time there were three,

go again I have been out in the office
two or three times and have set down
on the step of the door and once I
hopped out into the street. yesterday I
went out in the office and had a cake
Hannah carried me out once but not
then Elizabeth and Louisa send their
love to you I hope you will write
to me soon but I have nothing more
to write so good bye dear Uncle your
affectionate Nephew
Nathaniel Hawthorne

Dr. H. Manning
Nov. 9, 1813

WRITTEN BY HAWTHORNE TO HIS UNCLE MANNING.

named "Rag," "Tag" and "Bobtail"; a favorite black and white cat belonging to a neighbor was named "Apollyon," and usually spoken of as Poll. Frequent mention is made in the home letters of a large yellow cat named "Beelzebub." In writing of an early business experience Hawthorne says:

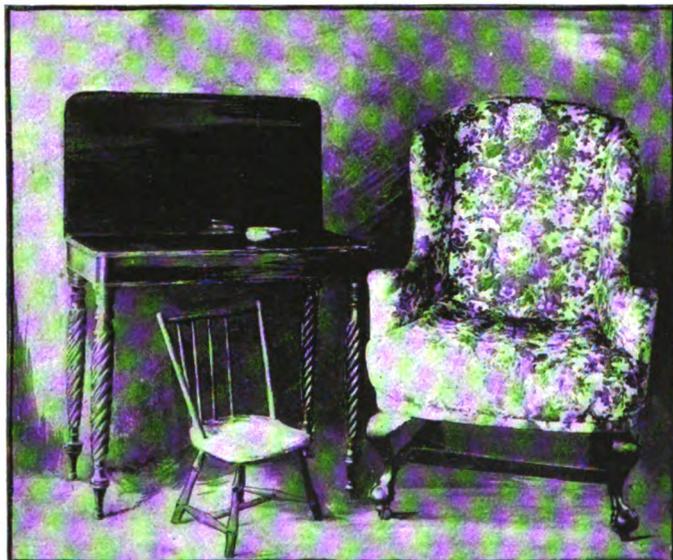
"The world is as full of rogues as Beelzebub is of fleas."

When Hawthorne was nine years old he received an injury causing a long continued and serious lameness, which was treated in a heroic manner by pouring showers of cold water from a window in the second story upon the lame foot, extended from the window below.

At the time of this accident he was attending a school taught by Dr. J. E. Worcester, who went to the house to teach him during this enforced absence. It is of this lameness Hawthorne speaks in his earliest letter, written to his uncle Robert Manning, then in Maine. This letter is here given in fac-simile, considerably reduced in size.

However this may compare with letters written by boys of the present generation at nine years of age, it certainly shows no promise of the wonderful talent developed in after years.

A manuscript verse, composed a few years later, has been found among old papers. It is entitled "Moderate Views," and is written in a painstaking way with elaborate flourishes to the initials, and framed in double lines. A fac-simile of the *MS.* is given on another page.



SOME HAWTHORNE RELICS.

(*The little chair used by Hawthorne and his sister when children. His Grandmother Manning's arm-chair, his mother's card table, and the silver porringer bearing his grandmother's name, Miriam Manning.*)

The Mannings were largely interested in the Eastern and Boston and Salem stage companies, and the handsome boyish figure of young Hawthorne, who was a great favorite, not only of his unmarried uncles but also of the numerous drivers and others connected with the business, must have been very

familiar about the stables which were on Union street not far from his home.

The vicinity of the ship-yard, the wandering down the long wharf so near, where vessels came in from the farthest Indies, perhaps the inherited love from so many seafaring ancestors, gave him a feeling for the sea that was almost worship, and he often said if he had not been an author he should have been a sailor. He was fond of telling stories of where he should travel and what he should see when older, always concluding: "And I'm never coming back again," for his childish fancies were tinged with the sadness of his father's death away from home.

Mrs. Hawthorne remained in her father's house until 1818, when she went to Raymond, Maine, where her brother Robert had built a house for her near the home of his brother Richard. The house is still standing, though somewhat dilapidated and at one time was used as a church. Hawthorne's life here greatly

developed his individuality, and was the happiest portion of his boyhood. He grew tall, strong and fond of out-door life, roaming the woods with his gun, rowing in his boat and sometimes skating alone on Sebago Lake until midnight.

Moderate Views

With passions unruffled untainted by pride.

By reason my life let me square.

The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied

And the rest are but folly and care.

How rarely through infinite trouble and strife,

The many their labours employ,

Since all that is truly delightful in life,

Is what all if they please may enjoy.

Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Salem February 13th 1817

FAC-SIMILE OF MS. POEM BY HAWTHORNE.

Thomas Pond, now called Thompson's Pond, was a half-mile east of the house, and an old man recalls playing on the flat rock at the outlet with Hawthorne.

Here they would stay for hours, fishing for perch and minnows, trying their skill in throwing stones and wondering much about a knoll near by that was said to have been an Indian burial place. It was a lovely spot; surrounded by a growth of large trees, with no underbrush, and the boys were sure the ridges were Indian graves. Here Hawthorne read aloud his early poems, two of which were founded on neighborhood tragedies; the freezing of Mr. and Mrs. Tarbox, and the drowning of Mrs. Knight and her babe.

The old man, though unable to repeat a line of the verses, remembers that he was near crying at their pathos and of saying they were "terribly pretty." He speaks of Hawthorne as a pleasant fun-loving boy who made no enemies and was fond of telling stories of ghosts and haunted houses.

Years afterward they met in Liverpool, when Hawthorne said:

"I have visited many places called beautiful in Europe and the United States, but have never seen the place that enchanted me like the flat rock at the outlet of Thomas Pond, where we used to fish.

"In an October afternoon, just when the trees put on their red coats, the view from that spot, looking to the slopes of Rattlesnake Mountain through the haze of Indian summer, was, to me, more enchanting than anything I have since seen, and I have seriously thought of inducing some artist to go to Raymond in the pleasant autumn to make for me a view from the rock where we used to play."

The residences of Mrs. Hawthorne and her brother Richard were pleasantly situated upon opposite sides of the Dingley mill stream, both houses being large, square, two-storied, and surrounded with shade trees and shrubbery.

These, with the dwelling of Mr. Dingley, his mill for sawing lumber and grinding corn, and a little country store where "West Indie Goods" and groceries were kept, comprised all of this settlement, the nearest village being two miles away.

Mr. Richard Manning had bought large tracts of land in this region, hoping to realize a fortune by its sale. He was held in high esteem by the neighboring people who always spoke of him as "Esquire Manning."

An accident in jumping from his carriage rendered him unable to walk, but he could drive, and in a wheel chair move with ease over his uncarpeted floors.

His wife was a daughter of his neighbor Mr. Dingley, and was always called Aunt Susan by the Hawthorne children.

She told them many tales of her early life in that wild region, of which none interested them more than those about Cubby, a tame bear that played like a dog with the children. One rainy night when he was left out of doors, he climbed up on the roof, then down the great chimney being drenched with water and covered with soot, crept into the bed with Aunt Susan and her little sister without waking them, and was not discovered until morning.

When he had grown to full size he one day wandered into the kitchen where

a large brass kettle hung from the crane in the open fire-place. The boiling liquid with which it was filled made much bubbling and steaming which first attracted Cubby's attention and afterward so enraged him that he hit the kettle a hard slap with his paw upsetting the contents and scalding himself so severely that it was necessary to shoot him to end his sufferings.

On the fly leaf of a journal whose authenticity has been questioned, is written :

“Presented by Richard Manning to his nephew, Nathaniel Hathorne, with the advice that he write out his thoughts every day in as good words as he can upon any and all subjects, as it is one of the best means of his securing for mature years, command of thought and language.”

The country people, as they came to the mill and store, were a constant study to him, and this journal is filled with observations about them and whatever else could be seen in his quiet life, showing that he had already developed the habit of which he writes in later years :

“To sit down in a solitary place (or a busy and bustling one if you please) and await such little events as may happen, or observe such noticeable points as the eyes fall upon around you. Were we to sit here all day, a week, a month, and doubtless a life time, objects would thus still be presenting themselves as new, though there would seem to be no reason why we should not have detected them at the first moment.”

It was this habit which caused some one to write of him :

“He is one of the few who can not only look at things, but into them and through them, and Nature always said much to him.”

Many of Hawthorne's early letters apologize for their brevity on account of having nothing to write. Early in his first year at Raymond he writes to his uncle Robert Manning then in Salem :

RAYMOND, March 24, 1819.

DEAR UNCLE :

I hope you arrived safely at the end of your journey. I suppose you have not heard of the death of Mr. Tarbox and his wife who were froze to death on Wednesday last. They were brought out from the Cape on Saturday and buried from Capt. Dingley's on Sunday.

How soon do you intend coming down? Louise says she wants to see you very much. The snow is going off very fast and I don't think we shall have much more sleighing. I hope we shall not, for I am tired of winter. You ordered me to write as well as I could, but this is bad paper. I am writing with a bad pen and am in a hurry, as I am going to Portland at noon with Mr. Leach.

Your affectionate nephew

NATHL. HATHORNE.

P. S. This paper was two cents a sheet.

Very poor paper the girls and boys of to-day would think it. A coarse, rough, square sheet, folded, for envelopes were not in use then, and sealed with a large red wafer. The postmark, Raymond, was written, and also the amount of postage, twelve and a half cents, which was, perhaps, paid with the silver ninepence then in common circulation.

In May he writes of shooting and fishing and regrets that his uncle Robert Manning, who defrays the expenses of his education, intends sending him to school again; but midsummer finds him in Salem studying, and in July he sends this letter to Raymond:

SALEM, July 26, 1819.

DEAR UNCLE:

I hope you and all our friends in Raymond are well. E. M.'s letter is received. I have begun to go to school and can find no fault with it except its not being dear enough, only 5 dollars a quarter, and not near



THE CORNER CHAIR BELONGING TO HAWTHORNE'S GRANDFATHER MANNING.

enough, for it is up by the Baptist Meeting House. I am as well contented here as I expected to be, but sometimes I do have very bad fits of homesickness, but I know that it is best for me to be up here as I have no time to lose in getting my schooling. I wish when you come you would bring Ebe [his sister Elizabeth] with you, not for her sake, for I do not think she would be half so well contented here as in Raymond, but for mine, for I have nobody to talk to but Grandmother, Aunt Mary and Hannah and it seems very lonesome here. There is a pot of excellent guava jelly now in the house and of preserved limes and I am afraid they will mould if you do not come, for it's esteemed sacrilege by Grandmother to eat any of them now because she is keeping them against somebody is sick, and I suppose she would be very much disappointed if everybody was to continue well and they were to spoil; we have some oranges too which Isaac Burnham gave G.mother which are rotting as fast as possible and we stand a very fair chance of not having any good of them because we have to eat the bad ones first as the good ones are to be kept till they are spoiled also.

I hope you will excuse this writing as school keeps late and I have not much time. I have exhausted my whole stock of news and remain

Your affectionate nephew,

NATHL. HATHORNE.

In the spring of the following year he writes to his younger sister at Raymond:

SALEM, March 21st 1820.

DEAR LOUISE—

I have received two letters from you for which I lay under great obligations. I did not know mother had been so unwell as to require a nurse. I am glad that she is recovering. All your friends in Salem are in tolerable health. I think you have improved in your handwriting very much. I am almost ashamed of my own. I hope mother is not going to wear a cap, I think it will look horribly. I wish very much to see you all; and though you and I could never keep the peace when we were together, yet I believe it was almost always my fault. I am outrageously provoked with Ebe for not writing, and this is the last time I will mention her till she does write. "Oh that I had the wings of a dove that I might flee hence and be at rest." How often do I long for my gun, and wish that I could again savagize with you. But I shall never again run wild in Raymond, and I shall never be as happy as when I did. I hope mother will upon no account think of returning to Salem, and I don't much want you to come either. Uncle Richard's letter was received. I went to a concert a few days ago.

I remain your affectionate brother,

NATHL. HATHORNE.

In a letter to his mother, written in the same month, he says:

"The lilack bushes had buds two or three days ago. . . . How does the kitten do? I hope you have not condemned her to the same fate you did her unhappy mother. I hope my gun still remains in the closet;

Uncle Robert wants to know whether Louisa's sick hen has recovered its health. Miss Manning has got a gown fixed for you. Do Louisa or Jane or any of the rest of the family want one? If they do they must speak now, for this is the last opportunity they will have. Uncle Robert is coming down when you write him that he can get down with a chaise."

In May his Uncle Robert is in Raymond, and Hawthorne evidently fears he may use the gun he left in the closet, for he writes to him :

"My gun has got a very large charge in it and I guess it will kick. . . . I am afraid you will scold at me if I stop here, but as one excuse I must beg leave to represent that I have from ten to fourteen pages of Latin to parse and translate."

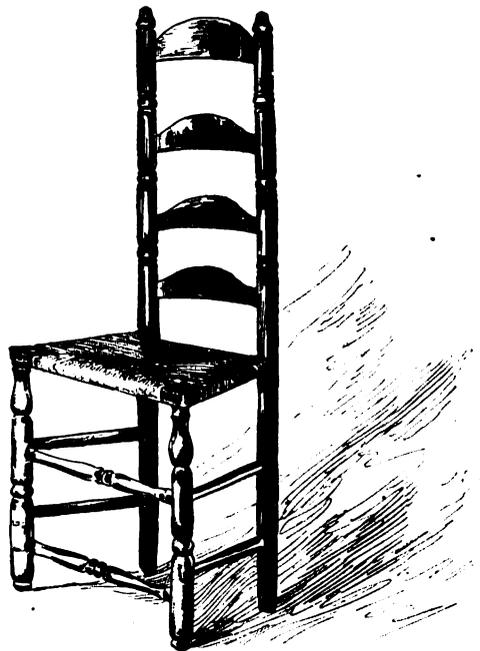
His sister Louise passes the summer of 1820 in Salem with him, at their Grandmother Manning's, and in June the Pin Society, consisting of but two members, is formed and continues its weekly meetings until August, 1821. The record of each meeting is carefully kept in a little blue-covered manuscript book, probably made by Hawthorne himself, as the edges are not cut as daintily as if done by feminine fingers.

On the cover is written irregularly :

*Herein are con
tained
The
Regulations of
The Pin Society
Nathaniel Hathorne Secretary
of Salem Massachusetts*

A fac-simile of the first page is here reproduced.

This is followed by six articles, by which it is decreed : that a meeting of the Society shall be holden at their Room on Saturday afternoons and each member who shall fail of appearance shall pay into the treasury the sum of 4 pins, that each member shall pay a weekly assessment of 2 pins, that if a sum is due and not paid, a daily interest of one pin for every ten will be charged, that in playing Battle-door the first member who misses hitting the Shuttlecock shall pay into the treasury one pin, that the Society shall lend any sum of pins to any creditable person, at the interest of one pin a day for every ten. The record of each meeting is kept minutely, stating the number of pins in the treasury, the assessments paid, and occasionally M. L. H. is fined for non-appearance. No applicants



CHAIR USED BY HAWTHORNE'S GRANDMOTHER
MANNING IN THE SQUARE PEW IN CHURCH.

for admission appear, and at the meeting of the Society on December 9, 1820 :

“By an unanimous vote of the Society, Nathaniel Hathorne Esq. was appointed Advocate to plead in all disputes which may affect the Pin Society, with the title of Honorable, and Marie Louise Hathorne was appointed second Pin Counter with the title of Accurate and each of the above members were appointed to wear caps and wooden sticks in token of their Dignity and all the inferior members of the Society shall, upon the passing of either of these important personages, compress their noses between the thumb and finger of the right hand and trumpet to the tune of Hail our Chiefs, and in default of performing this duty each offending member shall pay into the treasury the sum of 10 pins.”

At a meeting of the Pin Society on Saturday, the twenty-eighth day of August, 1821, it was voted, “that all the operations of the Society should cease until all the members of the Pin Society should decree that the said Society should renew the exercise of all its functions.” One of the reasons offered for this was “that a large proportion of the members were absent from the town; and those who remained were unwilling to meet without them.”

It is to be hoped that the meetings of this Society of two members, the keeping of the records, the speaking to each other always by their titles, and the planning for new members who never appeared, was a less dreary amusement than it seems, seen through the long vista of years. In July, 1820, Hawthorne writes his mother :

“I should like to come down with Mr. Manning to see you but I suppose it is in vain to wish it. I went to Baker's Island yesterday in a sloop after some horses. Caught some fish. . . .

Louise seems to be quite full of her dancing acquirements. She is continually putting on very stately airs and making curtisies. . . .

I have been for some time endeavoring to read what I have written above but owing to the legibility of my writing find it scarcely possible.

Sum tui amans filius

NATHANIEL HATHORNE.

CARA MATER

Non possum dicere, ne potes legere Latinum linguam. Sed scribum te nonnihl in cam et ebe leget tui Filius

N. HATHORNE.

“Do not show the above to the Doctor or any other learned man for it is nonsense.”

In August, 1820, Hawthorne issued the first number of *The Spectator*, a small weekly publication most carefully printed with pen on sheets of note paper. Only one copy of each of the seven papers has been preserved, and probably it is the only one ever made. The “Condition” read as follows :

“Published on Wednesdays. Price, 12 cts. per annum. Payment to be made at the end of the year.”

In No. 1. Vol. I. is “The Prospectus.”

“To commence a periodical publication at a time in which the Press is already overflowing with them, may appear to many to be unnecessary; and to raise it to eminence among the crowd of its rivals, is certainly a work requiring both industry and talent. The personal inducements to such an attempt must be considerable: for wealth does not lie in the path of literature, and the wreath of Genius is not bestowed upon efforts so

humble as these. Although we would not insinuate that in commencing this publication we are guided solely by disinterested motives, yet the consideration that we may reform the morals, and instruct and amuse the minds of our Readers, that we may advance the cause of Religion, and give truth and justice a wide sway has been of the greatest weight with us.

"It shall be our object in the Spectator, to accommodate ourselves, as far as possible, to all men, and to endeavor to please all except the vicious. Tho' our paper will contain chiefly what is useful, yet we shall never be averse to harmless amusement, always guarding against every appearance of impiety and immorality. To conclude, keeping in mind our duty to a higher power, we shall use our best endeavors to benefit mankind."

Each paper contained several editorial articles, one or more columns of Domestic News, several Advertisements and an original poem.

Among the advertisements is one that may have created a disturbance in his family of which his mother's unmarried sister Mary Manning was a member :

"Wanted. — A Husband, not above seventy years of age. None need apply unless they can produce good recommendations, or are possessed of at least ten thousand dollars.

The applicant is young, being under fifty years of age and of great beauty.

Mary Manning Spinstress."

Several of the advertisements are quite personal.

"Dr. Winship Brown informs his friends and the public, that he still continues in the exercise of his profession, and will be happy to receive any orders in that line. With the most anxious wishes for their future sickness he is deeply grateful for the favors he has received."

Also —

"Any person having two yards of Blue Ribbon, and who may wish to dispose of the same, at reasonable terms may apply to Marie L. Hathorne.

"Lost. — On Saturday evening last, one new cent. Any person leaving it at this office shall receive a reward of Two pins."

Pins were of much greater value then than now, and considered of sufficient importance to be advertised, specially when received, and Hawthorne might have read in the Salem papers :

"Pins. 3 1-2, 4, 4 1-2 and 5 lb. Pins, mixed do. And packets of large, of best, just received from the manufacturers by the *Freedom* from Bristol."

One editorial says :

"There is no situation in life more irksome than that of an editor who is obliged to find amusement for his Readers, from a head which is too often (as is the present predicament with our own) filled with emptiness. Since commencing this paper we have received no communication of any kind, so that the whole weight of the business devolves upon our own shoulders, a load far too great for them to bear. We hope the Public will reflect on these grievances."

Another is :

"A question. Ought not the Scriptures to be believed and their precepts to be followed? And ought not all their commands to be equally obeyed? And is not this passage to be found there? Let your communica-

tions together be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.' Are we not all 'frail worms,' 'clods of clay,' 'miserable sinners,' etc., etc., etc. And are the words Yes, Sir, No, Sir, Yes, Ma'am and No, Ma'am, applicable to things like these? We mean no personalities."



MRS. HAWTHORNE'S HOME, RAYMOND, ME. — NOW A CHURCH.

In one issue of *The Spectator* we read :

"We know of no news, either domestic or foreign, we hope our readers will excuse our not inserting any. The law which prohibits paying debts when a person has no money will apply in this case."

Under the head of Domestic News this appears :

"By a gentleman in the State of Maine, we learn that a famine is seriously apprehended, owing to the want of rain. Potatoes could not be procured in some places. When children break their leading strings, and run away from their Parents, (as Maine has done) they may expect sometimes to suffer hunger."

A later number says :

"The state of things in general was much better than had been expected. The report, which has circulated here, that the People of Maine were obliged to eat Shoe Leather was totally without foundation."



HOME OF HAWTHORNE'S UNCLE, RICHARD MANNING, RAYMOND, ME.

There is hardly space to give further quotations from the six dainty little copies of *The Spectator* which still exist, but we will copy in full one of the original poems :

At last the following communication is received, of which the editor says :

"Every reader of taste must admire the elegant Address to the Sun, in which our pages are this day honored. The lofty Sublimity, the refined Tenderness, which breathes through every line of this production are equalled in modern writings."

ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

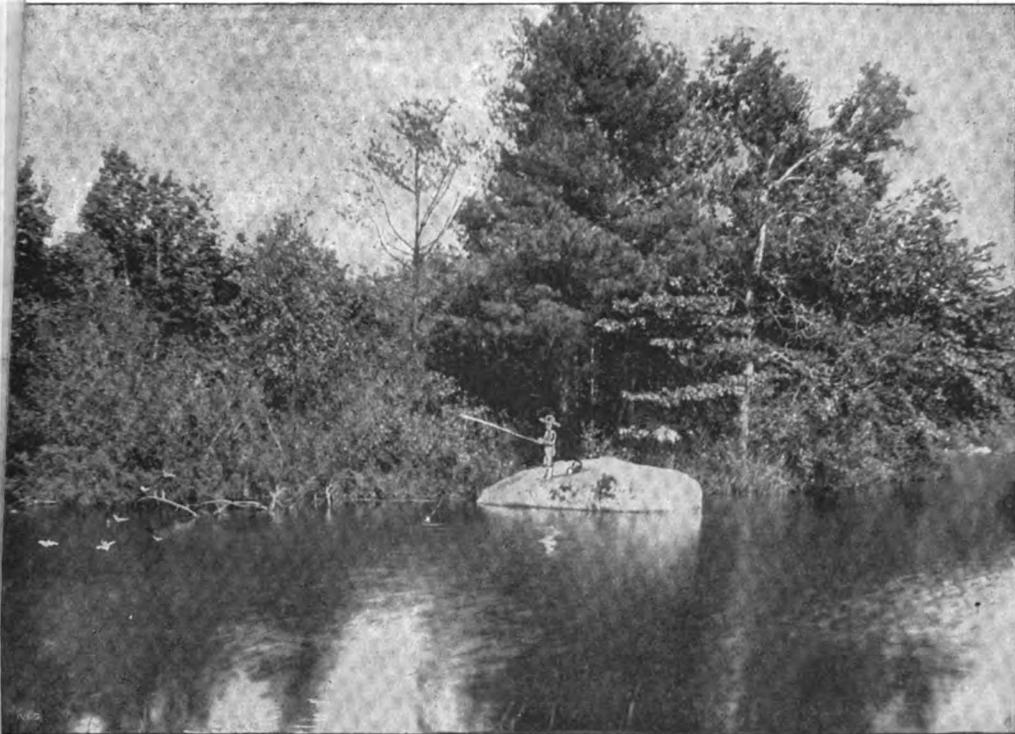
Glorious harbinger of day
When the moon its course has run
When all darkness fleets away,
Then we see thee glorious Sun.

MARIE LOUISE HATHORNE.

"There is as great lack of news as of communications."

“ Oh, I have roamed in rapture wild
 When the majestic rocks are piled
 In lonely stern magnificence around
 The troubled Ocean's steadfast bound,
 And I have seen the storms arise
 And darkness veil from mortal eyes
 The Heavens that shine so fair and bright
 And all was solemn, silent night,
 Then I have seen the storm disperse,
 And Mercy hush the whirlwind fierce,
 And all my soul in transport owned
 There is a God, in Heaven enthroned.”

It is not definitely known when Hawthorne changed the spelling of his name. A
 quaint old leather-covered copy of Sallust, the name “ Nathaniel Hathorne ”



THE FLAT ROCK, HAWTHORNE'S FAVORITE FISHING RESORT, THOMAS POND, RAYMOND, ME.

written many times with pencil and pen, and once printed with a hand stamp
 red ink, sometimes with the dates, 1821-1826, always with the same spelling
 except once, when the name Nathaniel Hawthorne is written larger and more
 decidedly. In the corner of his college diploma is written in faded brown ink,
 “ Nathaniel Hathorne,” and in a bolder manner, with black ink, above it,
 “ Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1836.”

In June, 1821, he writes his mother, still in Maine :

DEAR MOTHER—

I received your letter and am glad you are well. I believe you were never before deserted by all your children at once. Uncle Robert intends to bring Louise down with him and leave Elizabeth till I come down in September. He talks of starting next week, but I do not think he will get away so soon. Uncle William has given Elizabeth a Leghorn Bonnet of the moderate price of 15 Dollars. It is so large that the most piercing eye cannot discern her beneath it. She seems very well contented here, but prefers Raymond to Salem. I hope Dear Mother that you will not be tempted by any entreaties to come to Salem to live. You can never have so much comfort here as you now enjoy. You are now undisputed mistress of your own House. . . . If you remain where you are, think how delightfully the time will pass, with all your children around you, shut out from the world, and nothing to disturb us. It will be a second Garden of Eden.

Lo what an entertaining sight
Are kindred who agree.

Elizabeth is as anxious for you to stay as myself. She says she is contented to remain here a short time, but much prefers Raymond as a permanent residence.

The reason for my saying so much on this subject is that Mrs. Dike and Miss Manning are very earnest for you to return to Salem and I am afraid they will commission U. R. to persuade you to it. But mother, if you wish to live in peace, I conjure you not to consent to it.

Grandmother, I think, is rather in favor of your staying.

If you can read this letter, of which I have great doubts, I shall be much rejoiced.

I remain your affectionate son,

NATH. HATHORNE.

Do not show this letter.

In August he also writes his mother :

“Mr. Oliver says I will get into College, therefore Uncle Robert need be under no apprehension. I should be very sorry if ‘ineluctabile Fatum’ should prevent my seeing you before January, for as Solomon saith, ‘Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.’ If Mr. Oliver should accompany me to Brunswick it would be impossible for me to come.

I fear Elizabeth is too deeply immersed in the vortex of dissipation to wish to visit Raymond very soon.

There are few people of so much constancy as myself. I have preferred and still prefer Raymond to Salem through every change of fortune.”

The following letter, written to his uncle William Manning of Salem, gives an early glimpse of his college life.

BRUNSWICK, Oct. 9th, 1821.

DEAR UNCLE :

I suppose you have heard that I have entered college. I passed through my examination as well as most of the candidates. I am very well contented with my situation and do not wish to come back to Salem this some time. My chum is the Son of the Hon. Mr. Mason of Portsmouth. . . .

The students supply the Furniture for their own Rooms, buy their own wood, and pay two dollars a term for washing, one dollar for sweeping and bed-making, besides various other expenses.

I board at Professor Newman's with three other students.

The laws of the college are not too strict and I do not have to study as hard as I did in Salem.

A few days later he writes his mother :

“I am very well contented with my situation. I have a very good chum, and find college a much pleasanter place than I had expected, but still I shall look forward with impatience when I shall rejoin my friends ‘by absence made more dear.’”

Later in the same month :

"I continue to be well contented here, though I had much rather be at home. My chum and I live together in the greatest harmony.

I should make no objection to some money as I have had to buy Webber's Mathematics which cost three dollars.

I hope Uncle Robert will call here before he returns to Salem, as I long to see somebody from home. I do not think you write to me often enough.

I have nothing particular to write except that I shall not need a feather bed."

Hawthorne's letters give but few details of his life in college, but before me lies a blank book in white parchment-like cover, containing, in his writing, the record of a college club that will not be found in the annals of Bowdoin. The cover is reproduced here in facsimile. The Constitution and "bye laws" are as follows (the word "potato" being expressed in symbols as on the cover):

"You upon your honors affirm that you will keep the secrets of this Club and reveal none of its proceedings.

CONSTITUTION OF THE
POTATO CLUB.

We, the undersigned subscribers, being convinced that it is beneficial both to the health and understanding of man, to use vegetable diet, and considering that the Potatoe is nutritious, easy of digestion, and procured with less difficulty and expense than most other vegetables, do hereby agree to form ourselves into an association under the name of the Potato Club, and to be governed by the following rules and regulations:

Article 1st. The Government of this Club shall consist of a master of the Ceremonies, Secretary and Treasurer, of whom the first two shall be elected monthly and the Treasurer at the first meeting in each term.

The Pin Society.
Be it remembered, that
on the 10 day of June, in
the year of our Lord 1820,
we, the undersigned Sub-
scribers, have conglomerated
ourselves into a Corpora-
tion, under the name of
The Pin Society,
and have consented to the
following rules of the said
Society.
Samuel Hawthorne
W L Hawthorne

FAC-SIMILE OF THE FIRST PAGE OF "THE PIN SOCIETY."

Article 2d. It shall be the duty of the Master of Ceremonies to preside at each meeting, and preserve order in the same. He shall also assign to the members in rotation their respective exercises, the nature of which shall be here after specified.

Article 3d. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a record of all transactions in the Club, to note all absences, and delinquencies, and to extend invitations to any persons who may be elected by the vote of the Club.

Article 4th. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to have the care of all the money that may have been raised by the Club and out of the same to pay to the acting steward such a sum as shall be sufficient for each meeting. And at the expiration of his office to report to the Club the state of the Treasury. And if any money shall remain in his possession he shall be accountable to the Club for the same.

Article 5th. This Club shall meet once a week at which time an entertainment shall be provided, consisting of roasted Potatoes, Butter, Salt and Cider or some other mild drink, but ardent spirits shall never be introduced.

Article 6th. Some one of the members at each meeting shall read an original dissertation or poem, and if he omit to perform the same, after receiving due notice, he shall pay a fine of a peck of Potatoes.

Article 7th. That the original dissertation or poem shall consist of, at least, fourteen lines.

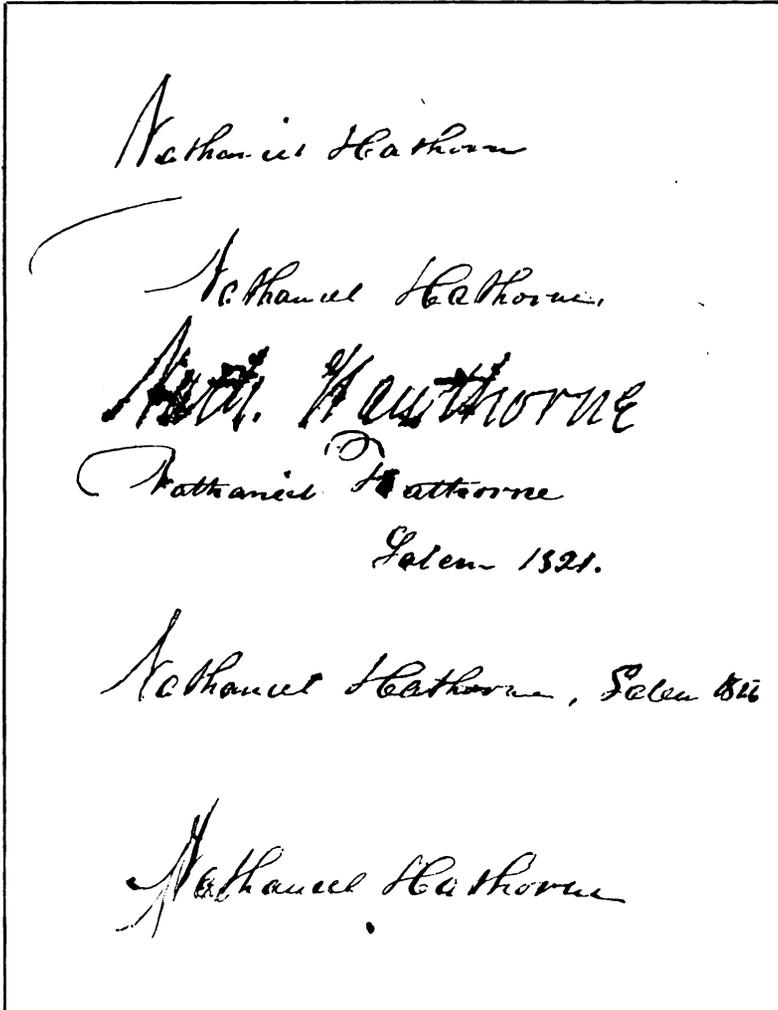
Article 8th. The Potatoes shall be delivered at the steward's room at least four hours before each meeting.

BYE LAWES.

1st. If any person break or injure any of the property of the Club he shall replace it.

2d. Any person becoming a member of this Club shall pay to the treasurer the sum of twenty-five cents.

3d. Any meeting at which half of the members of the Society are present shall be considered legal.



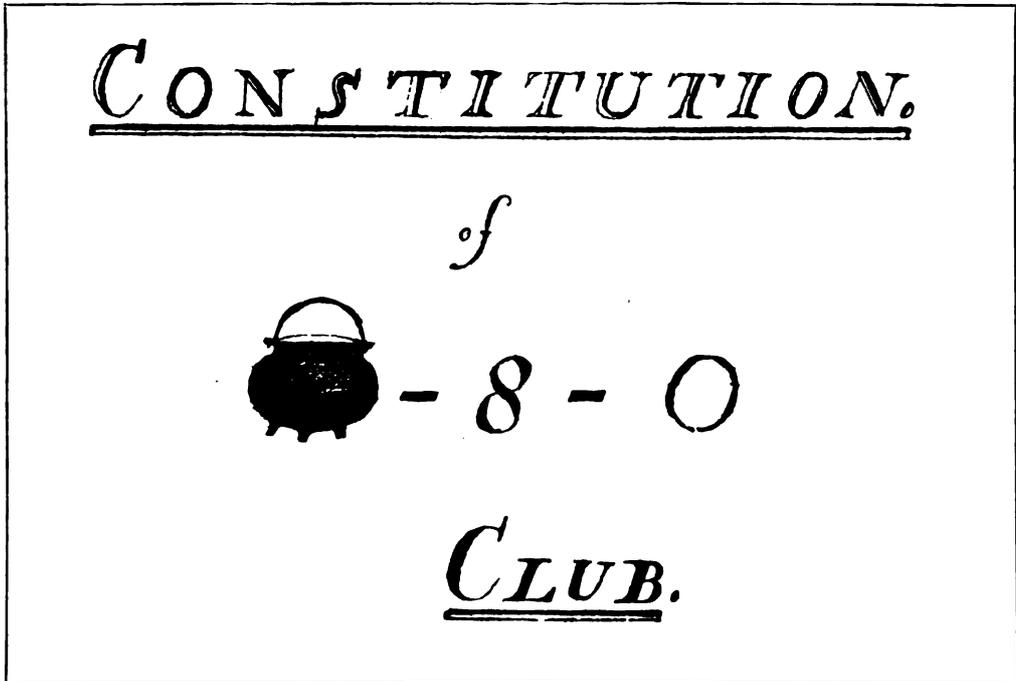
THE FLY-LEAF OF "SALLUST."

In college Hawthorne was a member of the Atheneum Society, and was private in a military company of which his life-long friend, Franklin Pierce, was an officer.

He excelled in Latin, and his English compositions were highly commended by Prof. Newman.

In the preface to *The Snow Image* addressed to his classmate, Horatio Bridge, he says :

"I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together at college, gathering blueberries in study hours, under those tall academic pines, or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin, or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trout in that shadowy little stream, which, I suppose, is still wandering river-ward, through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again — two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to



THE COVER OF THE CONSTITUTION AND "BYE LAWS" OF "THE POTATO CLUB."

acknowledge now) doing a hundred things that the faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us — still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction."

During Hawthorne's Sophomore year in college he was fined fifty cents for playing cards for money, and President Allen wrote Mrs. Hawthorne asking "co-operation with us in the attempt to induce your son faithfully to observe the laws of the institution," and implying that he was less to blame than the person he played with, which Hawthorne denies in a letter to his sister, saying :

"I was full as willing to play as the person he suspects of having enticed me, and would have been influenced by no one.

I have a great mind to commence playing again, merely to show him that I scorn to be seduced by another into anything wrong."

Mr. James T. Fields the publisher says :

"The traits of the Hawthorne character were stern probity and truthfulness, characteristics in keeping with the motto on the coat of arms of his mother's family, '*Esse quam videre.*' To be rather than to seem."

Photographs and even daguerreotypes were unknown in 1825. When Hawthorne graduated from Bowdoin, the only class pictures were silhouettes, for which he refused to sit.

The portrait here given is the earliest, painted in 1840 by Osgood of Salem, and the one of which his sister Louise writes :

“ The portrait came home a fortnight ago and gives great delight. Mother says it is perfect, and if she is satisfied with the likeness it must be good.

The color is a little too high, to be sure, but perhaps it is a modest blush at the compliments paid to your face. Elizabeth says it is excellent. It has an advantage over the original. I can make it go with me where I choose. But good as it is, it does not by any means supply the place of the original.”

Throughout his life Hawthorne is described as wonderfully beautiful, when a child with long golden curls he played in the old Manning garden, when in college with wavy hair, nearly black, and dark blue eyes, which Stoddard calls : “ The most wonderful in the world, searching as lightning and unfathomable as night,” and in later years when Fields says of him : “ In the literary circle of London, since Burns, no author has appeared with so fine a face as Hawthorne. His bearing was grand, and his voice touched the ear like a melody.”

These fragmentary glimpses of Hawthorne's boyhood give some clue to the influence that decided him to become an author instead of a sailor. Either choice would have found ample material for its growth in the quaint old town of his birth, but in his wildest fancies the boy could hardly have dreamed he would become the greatest of modern romancers.

Elizabeth Manning.

THE STORY OF JOKEL.

JOKEL, the gypsy boy, and his mother had a quarrel. It does not appear what it was about, but as he was a dreamy, indolent lad, it undoubtedly had something to do with work.

Perhaps she was out of food and had requested him to go off into the forest and shoot some game ; or, it may be that she was out of wood, and had asked him to go and gather some sticks ; or, she may have told him to hang the dinner-pot on, and fetch water, and fill it, and make a fire under it ; or, she may have ordered him to go down by the brook and pick up and bring home the clothes she had washed and left on the bushes to dry ; or, she may have said he was to stay at home for the next three days and take care of the nine younger children, while she went to the fair at Hermanstadt.