

## Hawthorne in Raymond

*A June 15, 1986 talk given by Professor Melinda Ponder of Boston College at the annual meeting of the Nathaniel Hawthorne Society held at the Hawthorne House in Raymond, ME. The original spelling "Hathorne" is used for the family name. This talk gives literary and historical references throughout which are listed at the end.*

I want to welcome you to the Hawthorne Meeting Hall and express the gratitude of the Hawthorne Society to the Hawthorne Community Association for the preservation of this building which was originally built for Hawthorne's mother and her three children in 1818. We are certainly delighted to be holding our meeting here today. I feel a special honor at speaking within the walls where Hawthorne once lived. Indeed, I believe it is the first time that the Society has held a Conference session in one of Hawthorne's homes. Our visit today to Raymond brings us to the place where Hawthorne recalled having been happiest (Fields, 113), a distinction which he did not give to Salem, Brunswick, Boston, Lenox, or Concord. I hope that our being here in this landscape and reconstructing Hawthorne's experience in it when he was a boy will help us understand why Raymond, Maine loomed so large in Hawthorne's imagination and what it contributed to his development as a writer.

Hawthorne's own description of his life here suggests its importance to him. Writing a brief summary of his life for R. H. Stoddard who was compiling material for an article on him in 1853, Hawthorne wrote:

When I was eight or nine years old, my mother, with her three children, took up her residence on the banks of the Sebago Lake, in Maine, where the family owned a large tract of land; and here I ran quite wild, and would, I doubt not, have willingly run wild till this time, fishing all day long, or shooting with an old fowling piece; but reading a good deal, too, on the rainy days, especially in Shakspeare and "The Pilgrim's Progress," and any poetry or light books within my reach. Those were delightful days; for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings, and nine tenths of it primeval woods." (Julian Hawthorne, I, 95- 9 6)

Hawthorne's memories were thus of the family ownership of large spaces of land, of "running wild," of being left free to fish, shoot and read. His delight was in the landscape itself, its "wildness," and primeval forests.

The township of Raymond, then called Raymondtown which included the present town of South Casco, was an area of fifty-nine square miles, roughly 31,377 acres of land, which had been given in payment to men of Salem and Beverly, Massachusetts, who had fought against the French and Indians in the 1690 Expedition to Quebec (Phillips, 7-10; Knight, 2- 9). (The entire expedition of 1690 had been led by Sir William Phips, later a governor of Massachusetts, whose life eventually provided Hawthorne with material for biographical sketches.) The descendants of these soldiers, called proprietors, began selling hundred-acre farmlots to families of Beverly and Salem, Massachusetts, and it was this land that Hawthorne's Grandfather Manning had begun buying in 1795 when he purchased several hundred acres (William Manning, 714-715). At the time the Mannings owned a busy stagecoach company based in Salem, and the investment in the Maine property was to be both a source of future income and ownership of land to which the Mannings themselves might move.

When the Mannings had first begun buying land in Raymond, settlers were still arriving on horseback to clear their hundred acre lots. By 1800, Raymond's population had reached four hundred and thirty eight people (Knight, 42). When Hawthorne's grandfather had died in 1813, he had bought, over the years, 9,533 acres of land and had sold 5,767 acres (Jones, II). Because Manning died intestate, his children, including Hawthorne's mother, became entitled to a share of the annual profits from these land holdings (Jones and Loggins, 222). Hawthorne's relatives probably had watched their investments grow just as the Pyncheons in The House of the Seven Gables kept track of their wealth: "Where old land-surveyor had put down woods, lakes, and rivers, they marked out the cleared spaces, and dotted the villages and towns, and calculated the progressively increasing value of the territory" (CE 11, 19)

Grandfather Manning bequeathed to his heirs both a sizable estate and his dream of cultivating the wilderness and shaping a new community. Among his books (valued at fourteen dollars at his death), may have been the early copy of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, with "its thick leathern cover" which had "floated down to (Hawthorne) from a remote ancestry" and which, Fields tells us, Hawthorne nearly wore out with forty years of industrious reading (62). Arcadia, the pastoral tradition, might well have appealed to a man who invested his money miles away from crowded urban Salem in a virgin wilderness. Hawthorne surely was aware of how the Mannings visualized their holdings in Raymond. They thought of their land in Maine as the land of bountiful plenty, "the almost uncultivated woods," which could be transformed by human skill into a pastoral paradise (Robert Manning to PM, July 18, 1814, E.I.). Hawthorne's mother came to share the contagious enthusiasm of her brother Robert who had written from Maine, "Besides the loss of the society of our friends, which all the charms of Raymond cannot repair, we have to regret being deprived of many conveniences, which we enjoyed in Salem however we are well satisfied with our bread & milk & contented with our situation, which you know is the very essence of happiness .... I intend writing N[athaniel] a long letter, & one to Louisa about the many romantic views on which she could employ her pencil...." (RM to PM, July 18, 1814). As well as an investment, Raymond was to the Mannings a landscape of "romantic views," a source of visual pleasure to be captured by an artist's eye and skill.

In 1816, when Hawthorne was twelve years old, the Hathornes traveled from Salem to Raymond for an extended stay. The trip would have been an adventure in itself in stage-coach lumbering through miles of dark forests, its large iron wheels making ruts in the narrow dirt road. At Newburyport, the Hathornes would have left the Manning stage-coaches and crossed the Merrimack River on a chain bridge, a "bold undertaking" (Bentley, IV, 44). (It was here, at an island inn, that Grandfather Manning had died on his way to Maine in 1813.) Their next stage-coach would have continued to Portsmouth and then rattled on to Kennebunk. The next day the Hathornes would have had to stop in Westbrook before they arrived in the important seaport of Portland (Casco Committee, 97). The following day, they would have made their final stage from Portland on through the tall Maine forests to Raymond, on the shores of Sebago Lake.

As they neared Raymond, the stage-coach would have bumped along as its horses slowed down to negotiate a sharp bend in the road known as "Gay's Pinch." At this bend, Farmer Gay's hundred-foot timber lengths, which were being hauled to Portland to be made into ships' masts, had gotten trapped or "pinched" in the bend of the road because they were too long (Knight, 104). Beyond Gay's Pinch, as the road began to descend, the Hathorne children could have watched out the stage-coach windows for a glimpse of magnificent twenty-mile long Sebago, then called the great Sebago pond with the White Mountains barely visible beyond it.

Then the Hathornes would have lost the view of the lake as the horses climbed another hill. High above the road to the right, stood a huge boulder, later known as "Pulpit Rock." Then, after crossing a small brook and climbing another hill, the stage-coach turned down a road which angled to the west towards Sebago. The Hathorne children might have strained to glimpse a

sight they could remember from their earlier visits, the Dingley mills at the edge of wide Dingley Brook. Finally, the stage-coach would have climbed a slight incline to the top of a knoll where Mrs. Hathorne's house would be built two years later. There, beyond the rushing stream was the Dingley house. And across the lane stood Richard Manning's lovely home with its gracious front entrance, now the MacVane's house. Manning, Hawthorne's uncle, had moved to Raymond permanently both to oversee the Manning property and to act as the agent for the proprietors back in Salem. He had married Susan Dingley of Raymond, whose grandfather, Joseph Dingley, had been Raymond's first settler. Her father owned the Dingley mills on Dingley Brook.

The arrival of the Hathornes in 1816 was pictured by Hawthorne's imaginative Aunt Priscilla Manning who had remained in Salem: "How does all our family at Raymond? for there I hope you have arrived ere this, Susan (Richard Manning's wife) enjoying the delightful satisfaction of being at home, Betsy (Hawthorne's mother) solicitously enquiring if she shall there fix her abode, Elizabeth (Hawthorne's older sister) surveying those scenes, with which her imagination has been so charmed..., Nathaniel and Louisa, visiting the Lambs, admiring the streams and with you, discovering all that is interesting around you" (PM to Robert Manning, June 1, 1816) . Again, the Maine property is described in terms of its landscape, a place whose charms and interest were waiting to be discovered by the Hathorne children.

Susan and Richard Manning's house was a large square hip-roofed house with gracious proportions. At either edge of the granite steps below the front entrance was a hand hammered foot scraper. Above the front door was a large fan-shaped window which was ornamented with a sunburst design-- its center was a small wrought-iron "sun" whose rays radiated outwards on the glass. Once inside the wainscoted front hall, the Hathorne children could have heard the door being barred behind them for the night, as a large bar was lowered into place across the side shutters and elegantly carved door frame.

To the left was the sitting room or library. Here Hawthorne could have shared his Uncle Richard's great pleasure in newspapers, journals and books. Richard often wrote to the Mannings in Salem requesting them to send him reading material. He once wrote asking for "the Cottage Girl a Novel, Anecdotes Historical & Literary, Herriott's Travels in Canada, & Witchcraft or the art of fortune telling" (Richard Manning to Robert Manning, May 16, 18 14, E. I.). "Don't Laugh at my whims," he had added after this last request. At the windows of this room were "Indian" shutters, possibly used for protection against the bitter cold winds of the long Maine winters. The window glass which Richard had chosen had been hand-made in Belgium.

Aunt Susan's parlor across the front hall was even more formal. Its walls were covered with a dado of pumpkin pine boards running from the floor to the windowsills and capped with a chair-rail, hand carved in a diamond shaped pattern. The wallpaper above the chair-rail had come from England, its design block printed on large sheets and stitched together. Richard Manning's taste and desire to live in a beautiful house were apparent; even in the wilderness, he had found a master craftsman-to plane the smooth woodwork and make the perfect bead-like border over the fireplace.

Down the hallway behind the door was the wide kitchen, with its large fireplace where the cooking pots hung from cranes. A deep beehive oven had been built into the edge of the fireplace wall where the bread was baked after its flour had been ground at Susan's father's mill at the foot of the hill. In the hallway, the children could have heard Richard's stately tall clock strike the hours. Brought by wagon to Raymond, its case was polished mahogany, its face enameled and elaborately trimmed with gilt ("Tall Clock"). One of Richard's most valued possessions was a drawing which his sister, Maria, had made shortly before her death in 1814. Priscilla had framed it and sent it by sleigh for him to have in Raymond (PM to Richard Manning, Oct. 23, 1815, E.I.)

Richard Manning's artistic taste was evident in every detail of his home. The molding along the risers of the long front stairway was ornamented with decorative scrollwork. Each scalloped curve had been cut by hand. The downstairs floors, where guests came, had been made of selected cut boards, carefully laid to match, but the upstairs floors were made of random width planking whose size indicated the size of the tree from which they had been cut, and were as wide as ten inches. Richard and Susan Manning would have slept in the formal front bedrooms. The southwest bedroom got the late afternoon sun and looked down toward Dingley Brook while the darker, chillier bedroom on the southeast side of the house was more somber.

Over the kitchen, behind a door paneled as a "Christian" door in the front and a country door in the back, the servants' quarters. This area, which had its own set of back stairs up from the kitchen below, was probably where the weaving was done, since its exposure took advantage of the long summer twilight hours. Hawthorne and his sisters could run out the kitchen door to the large barn, now empty of its stock of winter hay. Among the ploughs and oxen-yokes was the lathe which had been used for all the decorative wood in Richard Manning's house. In a few years the lathe would be set up again to fashion the wood for Mrs. Hathorne's house which would be built in a style similar to that of her brother's home. On beyond the barn was the family graveyard in the field overlooking Dingley Brook, its tombstones a constant reminder of the brevity of life.

Hawthorne could have seen that his uncle's home was very different from his Grandfather Manning's austere and functional house in crowded, noisy Salem. Richard had succeeded in creating a home in Raymond filled with grace beauty in the midst of a vast land being cleared for farms which would have appealed to Hawthorne with his lifelong fascination with architectural structures.

Susan and Richard Manning made the Hathornes welcome in Raymond, and, with his father's fowling-piece at his side, Hawthorne, nearly twelve years old, was soon busy exploring the worlds down the paths from the Mannings' house. If he walked down the hill to the west, he would have passed the Dingley mills -- the gristmill with its grinding millstones and meal trough, and the lumbermill with its large saws and the hogsheads being steamed and then taken apart and laid up as staves to be shipped as shooks (Knight, 67). In Cuba, the casks would be reassembled, filled with molasses, and ship- to such towns as Melrose and Medford for the rum industry (Knight, 68). Over the hill, and around the bend to the North, Hawthorne would have come to the inviting waters of huge Sebago Lake. There, in a sheltered bay where Dingley Brook flowed into the lake, the Dingleys launched their boat to ferry their goats and sheep out to the nearby Dingley islands where the waters of the lake protected them from hungry bears and wolves. In the little inlet, Hawthorne could have watched the loggers riding their gigantic rafts of logs along the lake to the mills at Presumpscot. Several miles farther to the north was the outlet of the Songo River, which Longfellow, who also spent his childhood in Maine, remembered:

Nowhere such a devious stream  
Save in fancy or in a dream,  
Winding slow through bush and brake,  
Links together lake and lake. (Pickard, 10-11)

If Hawthorne ran down the path which went over the hill to the west from the mills, he had the whole Raymond Cape to explore. A large land area which extended out into Sebago Lake, it was full of farms on land which had been cleared. The settlers in Maine often cleared the land by cutting down the trees and then burning them. The eerie redness of the sky caused by such fires is described by Hawthorne's narrator in "Young Goodman Brown", "Thus sped the demoniac Brown on his course, until, quivering among the trees, he saw a red light before him, as when the

felled trunks and branches of a clearing have been set on fire, and throw up their lurid blaze against the sky, at the hour of midnight" (CE X, 84).

The stumps of the trees which remained in the ground after their trunks were cut had to be pulled out of the fields by oxen. These "earthy roots"(CE 1, 345) of upturn trees were sometimes used to make fences, as were the hundreds of stones, also pulled out of the ground. The walls made from the stones were certainly more picturesque than the stump fences whose ugliness gave rise to the local expression, "Homely as a stump fence!" Hawthorne wrote in 1836 of another "vivid picture" which he remembered clearly from the Raymond landscape:

The first habitations of the hardy settlers of our country were constructed of the ruins of the forest, which had fallen beneath their axes. The log-house was a rude, but comfortable dwelling, homely and substantial, like the characters of those who built it. In our memory, there is a vivid picture of such an edifice, which we used to visit in our boyhood, while running wild on the borders of a forest-lake. It had a little square window, the size of four panes of glass; the chimney was built of sticks and clay, like a swallow's nest; the hearth was a huge, flat, unhewn stone; and the fire place where sat an old Revolutionary pensioner and his dame, occupied nearly the whole breadth of the house. (Turner, 143)

Out on Raymond Cape, Hawthorne could climb along the rocky shoreline of Sebago, whose name meant "big stretch of water" to the Indians (Casco, 9). As frightening as the limitless ocean to a child, it was also magnificent with the vastness of Addison's and Burke's sublime. High above the water, the trees filtered the sunlight onto the lichen-covered boulders below. Under the giant pines was a layer of pine needles and among the rocks were huckleberries, sweet enough to eat by August. As Hawthorne's sister Elizabeth later remembered, "The walks by the Sebago were delightful, especially in a dry season, when the pond was low, and we could follow, as we once did, the windings of the shore, climbing over the rocks until we reached a projecting point, from which there was no resisting the temptation to go on to another, and then still further, until we were stopped by a deep brook impossible to be crossed; though he could swim but I could not and he would not desert me" (Stewart, 318-319).

Hawthorne thrived out of doors in Maine; he grew "tall and strong" (Stewart, 318-319). He learned to fish, sometimes with his little sister Louisa tagging along. Twenty-five years later when he was at Brook Farm, she wrote to him, not you remember how you and I used to go a-fishing together in Raymond? Your mention of wild-flowers and pickerel has given me a longing for the woods and waters again; and I to wander about as I used to in old times ... " (Julian Hawthorne, I, 122).

If Hawthorne walked along Dingley Brook towards its source, he came to Thomas Pond, one of his favorite spots, according to Elizabeth (Stewart, 318). A mile beyond Thomas Pond was Panther Pond, named for the wild animals which still occasionally roamed its banks. On Panther Pond the boys could watch the plaster mill which used limestone made in kilns like those in Hawthorne's story of "Ethan Brand" and those in the Estabrook Woods near his later home in Concord, Massachusetts (Knight, 68).

Hawthorne also would have enjoyed visiting his uncle's general store. Built on a rise of ground just east of his house, it was stocked with various staple items such as calico, sugar and a great deal of rum (Knight, 87). This store and the Dingley mills were the gathering places for the farmers and teamsters. Here Hawthorne could watch Washington Longley's amazing displays of the drumming skills which he had acquired, along with his drummer's uniform, in the recent War of 1812 (Pickard, 110). He could spend a rainy day listening to the stories being swapped by the old-timers of Raymond as they mystified him with tales of such unexplainable events as the spiders whose web saved the life of a little girl from blood-thirsty Indians (Knight, 101, and Casco,

9-10). Stories were told about other local characters. Everyone knew of Betty Welsh, the first girl born in Raymond, who, while picking berries one day, had killed a rattlesnake and a woodchuck. After finishing her berry-picking, she extracted the rattlesnake's oil to use for cooking and fixed the woodchuck for the family dinner (Dillingham, 20-21). Another local story was of Eli Longley. While en route to western frontier with its reputed good weather, Longley awakened one spring morning in Pennsylvania to find the ground covered with frost, and so had returned to Maine to live more contentedly (Knight, 54). Hawthorne also would have heard many discussions of property and boundary disputes, inevitable where so much land was being surveyed and cleared (Knight, 39).

While Hawthorne could spend six days of the week hunting, fishing, reading, and listening to stories being swapped, Sunday would have been different. Elizabeth recalled that her mother required her children to "pay some regard to Sunday" and urged them to read only religious books" (Stewart, 319). Mary Manning, Hawthorne's aunt, sent books from Salem so that her sister could start a Sabbath-school.

In October of 1816, before the cold Maine winter set in, Hawthorne was taken back, to Salem with his Aunt Mary and Grandmother Manning. Betsy Hathorne, left behind in Maine with her two daughters and separated from her son, developed a cold and became extremely ill, requiring several doctors. She was diagnosed as being consumptive and wished that she had returned to Salem with the others. Her sympathetic brother Richard probably realized the real strain which contributed to her collapse, as he wrote to Robert, "I thought at first that she was worried about Nath. as she was very lothe to part with him" (RM to RM, Nov. 19, 1816, E.I.). Having already lost her husband, she would certainly have been "lothe" to part with her twelve-year old son for a long period of time. He must also have suffered from the separation, and, by February, 1817, Betsy Hathorne and her daughters were temporarily back in Salem.

Meanwhile, Robert Manning worried about the family financial affairs. The summer of 1816 had been a cold one in New England, known as "1800-and-froze-to-death." In Maine, there was frost every month of the year and the value of the Manning farms and land may have seemed less secure. Then, in August of 1816, another threat to the Manning financial base appeared when a steamboat company was formed which could compete for passengers with the Manning stage-coaches, with "incalculable effects" (Bentley, IV, 405). The following year, Robert Manning decided to begin construction of a second Manning home in Raymond, this one large enough for the four Hathornes and any other Mannings who wished to move from Salem.

While the Hathornes visited Salem during the summer of 1818, construction on their new house continued in Raymond, under Robert's direction. It was set on a knoll opposite the Manning house overlooking Dingley Brook. However, Hawthorne, now back in Salem with his mother, was ambivalent about returning to Raymond where he knew he could not remain permanently because of its lack of a good school. He was finding beautiful areas near Salem which could rival even Sebago, as he wrote in an irritating tone to Robert:

All the family are well, and I hope you are the same .... [Grandmother Manning], Louisa, & I, Mr. and Mrs. Dike, Aunt Priscilla, John, & Mary have been to Nehant, we had a very pleasant time, fish are very thick there. Is not the house almost finished?

I think I had rather go to dancing school a little longer before I come to Raymond. Does the Pond look the same as it did when I was there? It is almost as pleasant at Nehant as at Raymond. I thought there was no place here that I should say so much of (CE XV, 107).

However, Hawthorne's attachment to Salem would disappear by the next summer after he had finally moved into the new house where he lived very happily with his mother and sisters in their first real home.

By September, 1818, when the steamboat experiment in Salem had failed—only two passengers chose to ride it to Boston - (Bentley, IV, 547), and the stage-coach business must have seemed more secure, the new house was nearly completed. Louisa wanted to return to Maine, writing in her exuberant style to Uncle Robert, “--- I love berries very much, have you many berries this year, I wish I was down there to eat some with you” (LH to RM, Aug. 11, 1818, Bowdoin). The Hawthornes finally moved into their first house in November of 1818, after drying it out by keeping fires burning in the fireplaces for a week (EMH to PMD, Nov., 1818, Bowdoin). Its cost had been \$2407.10, according to Richard's account books (E.I.). Elizabeth wrote to their Aunt Priscilla of their satisfaction: "The chimneys of the new house draw smoke very well, we are more pleased with it every day" (EMH to PMD, Nov., 1818, E.I.).

Hawthorne enjoyed the house only briefly; by mid-December he had been sent with his friend, Jacob Dingley, by Uncle Robert thirty miles away to Reverend Caleb Bradley's school in Stroudwater, near Portland. Hawthorne was later thankful of the brevity of his formal schooling, writing, "One of the peculiarities of my boyhood was a grievous disinclination to go to school, and (Providence favouring me in this natural repugnance) I never did go half as much as other boys, partly because, much of the time, there were no schools within reach" (Julian Hawthorne, 95). Stroudwater was a rural crossroads with tanbark-paved streets; its houses sat high above the Fore and Stroudwater rivers (Cantwell, 42-44).

Hawthorne's teacher, Rev. Bradley, was an unpleasant person; his autobiographical sketch reveals his stinginess. Although it was customary for a minister to repay the marriage fee to the first couple he married, Rev. Bradley "held fast" to what had been given to him, refusing to honor the custom (Bradley). He complained of his work -- "The ministerial duties were many, and well might I exclaim, 'who is sufficient for these things' "(Bradley). He complained of insufficient compensation for his military service, and of modern-day Sabbath schools, and, after he wed his second wife, the Widow Partridge, he joked, "I married this old Partridge myself" (Bradley).

Hawthorne did not enjoy his time at Bradley's, but he may have felt a certain satisfaction later when he could use story material from his stay at Stroudwater. He probably immortalized the stinginess of the household in his story, "A Vision of the Fountain," a story about a boy who boards with a minister's family, by describing the cold parlor, around whose tan-bark fire the minister's family sit in the darkness (Pickard, 46).

Hawthorne also wrote a vivid account of the ordeal of legendary Hannah Duston, a revered ancestor of Rev. Bradley who had begun his autobiographical sketch by announcing proudly, "I, the writer of these pages, am a great grandchild of two wonderful women, the noted Hannah Duston, who scalped ten Indians and Mrs. Hannah Bradley who scalded two to death with boiling soap" (Bradley). Hawthorne, in his article on "The Duston Family," elicited sympathy only for Mr. Duston, who knew that his wife was a match for "a whole tribe of Indians" (Turner, 132). Hawthorne must have chuckled as he condemned Rev. Bradley's great grandmother, the "bloody tigress," and her murder of the Indian children:

Would that the bloody old hag had been drowned in crossing Contocook river, or that she had sunk over head and ears in a swamp, and been there buried, till summoned forth to confront her victims at the Day of Judgment; or that she had gone astray and been starved to death in the forest, and nothing ever seen of her again, save her skeleton, with the ten scalps twisted round it for a girdle! (Turner, 136-137).

By the middle of February of 1819, Hawthorne was very homesick in Stroudwater for his mother, and returned to Raymond three weeks earlier than expected, with "doeful complaints no momma to take care of him ...." (Robert Manning to Miriam Manning, March 9, 1819, E.I.). He spent what was to be his last winter in Raymond skating and tracking bears on the great expanses of frozen Sebago Lake. He learned that the long Maine winters were deadly as well as beautiful. In March of 1819, a nine-day blizzard on Raymond Cape killed 'Samuel Tarbox and his wife, orphaning their five children. Mr. Tarbox had gone to get food for his family but could not make his way through the huge snow drifts to his house. He sank down exhausted in the snow, but his wife heard his calls for help and covered him with her shawl while she attempted to stagger through the howling winds with the food for her starving family. They were both frozen by their own front door (Raymond Scrapbook). (In Raymond, the local expression for such a terrible blizzard is still a "tarboxer"). Hawthorne watched the burial of the Tarboxes from Capt Dingley's house and wrote to Robert Manning of the tragedy. Betsy Tarbox, only three years old, was adopted by Susan and Richard Manning who had no children of their own. Over the years the Hawthornes and Mannings sent Betsy their greetings and little gifts.

Just three years after his arrival in the stage-coach with his mother and sisters for his first long visit, Hawthorne wrote enthusiastically to his uncle Robert in Salem of how Maine looked in May of 1819:

The grass and some of the trees look very green and the roads are very good there is no snow on Lymington Mountains. The fences are all finished and the garden is laid out and planted. Two of the goats are on the island and we keep the other one for her milk .... I have shot a partridge and a hen hawke and caught 18 large trout out of our brooke (CE XV, 111)

And then he added wistfully, "I am sorry you intend to send me to school again. Mother says she can hardly spare me."

Nearly fifteen, Hawthorne was back on Herbert Street the Mannings in Salem by June 23, 1819, having left his father's fowling-piece, his fishing rod, his sisters and mother far away in their new house in Edenic, Maine. He did not know when he left that his Uncle Robert would keep him in Salem for two years before letting him return to Raymond. Even then, he could spend only one day there on his way to enroll in Bowdoin College. Although he had chosen to attend Bowdoin partly because he would be able to spend his six-week vacations in Raymond with his mother, Hawthorne was disappointed in this too, because, as her health worsened, his mother moved back to Salem, leaving her house to her brother Richard's care. Elizabeth later observed that, in spite of how much the Hawthornes had all loved Raymond, "by some fatality we all seemed to be brought back to Salem, in spite of our intentions and even resolutions" (Julian Hawthorne, 101).

Raymond then became a vivid memory for Hawthorne, a place he recalled with great love. He had enthusiastically experienced its landscape--the wilderness with its sublime elements of vastness, grandeur, darkness, solitude, obscurity, and the sounds of wild animals. His sister Elizabeth later wrote Fields of their first-hand knowledge of such a landscape:

...on a cold winter evening when the moon was at the full, we walked out on the frozen Sebago to a point which we were afterwards told was quite three miles from our starting place, and that we were in danger from wild animals. Perhaps we were, for bears were occasionally seen in that vicinity. Nathaniel said that we would go again the next evening and he would carry his gun. The next evening it fortunately snowed; for we should not have been allowed to go, and there would have been a struggle for liberty. (Stewart, 322)

Hawthorne remembered such adventures as well, sharing them with his son, as Julian later recalled:

Mr. Hawthorne has told his son many of his boyish experiences on the great Sebago Lake: how he used to skate there in winter, and how, one day, he followed for a great distance, armed with his fowling piece, the tracks of a black bear, but without being able to overtake him. He was a good deal of a sportsman, and had all the fishing and hunting he wanted; but he was more fond of the idea or sentiment of the thing than of the actuality of it and often forbore to pull the trigger, and threw back the fish that he drew from the river or lake. (101)

It was in Raymond that Hawthorne first enjoyed the "tangled and gloomy forest," "the darkened gloomy pines" with the wind sweeping through the tops (CE X, 352, 354), and a brook surrounded by "giant trees and boulders of granite" (CE I, 186), which found their ways into the settings of his later tales and romances.

In addition to experiencing the sublimity of the landscape, Hawthorne felt its beauty as well. His idyllic life at the Old Manse brought back the happy memories of his boyhood, as he wrote to Margaret Fuller (CE XV, 671). The beauty of a Concord snowstorm recalled the images in his memory of Raymond, as Sophia wrote to her mother:

This morning was very superb, and the sunlight played upon the white earth like the glow of rubies upon pearls. My husband was entirely satisfied with the beauty of it .... He shoveled paths ... and sawed and split wood, and brought me water from the well .... Then he read aloud part of "The Tempest" while I sewed. In the evening he told me about his early life in Raymond. (Lathrop, 65- 66)

The cluster of associations in Hawthorne's mind--the sublime and beautiful snow-covered landscape and a woman who loved him and encouraged his literary ambitions --suggests the ultimate significance of Raymond to Hawthorne. It was only in Raymond that he and his sisters could live in a home created by their mother. Away from the seven Manning uncles and aunts in Salem, with their constant worrying and rigorous standards, Hawthorne and his sisters seemed to flourish under their mother's gentle guidance. A beautiful, refined, quiet woman "of singular purity of mind," Betsy Hathorne was caring and thoughtful, remembered by her niece as welcoming visits from children, taking great pains to please them, and making them nice things to eat (Fields, 43; E. Manning, 505). Much to Louisa's delight, her mother understood her concern for animals, as Louisa wrote her uncle, "There is a little squirrel runs about in our yard in the day time and sleeps in the shed at night. Mother says she hopes he will stay here all winter." (LH to Robert Manning, Jan. 6, 1819, Bowdoin). A sensitive and shy woman, Betsy Hathorne was delicate and frail, suffering from frequent illnesses and poor health.

Hawthorne and his mother were linked to each other by strong bonds; her beauty was mirrored in his handsomeness, and he resembled her, also, in his "sensitiveness and capacity for placid enjoyment," as well as in his "gentle manners, reserve and thoughtfulness" (E. Manning, 503). His resemblance to his father surely endeared him to his mother even more. She gave her children the freedom that Hawthorne later associated with Raymond. Not much of a disciplinarian, she was later teased by Hawthorne after he first became a father:

Mother hinted an apprehension that poor baby [Una] would be spoilt--whereupon I irreverently observed, that having spoilt her own three children, it was natural for her to suppose that all other parents would do the same; when she knocked me into a cocked hat, by averring that it was impossible to spoil such children as Elizabeth and me, because she had never been able to do anything with us. I believe to be very true. There was too much gentleness in her nature for such a task." (CE XVI, 30-31)

Her gentleness and sensitivity to Hawthorne's mind resulted in her important encouragement of his imaginative development. Julian later credited her with fostering Hawthorne's artistic growth. He wrote that it was Mrs. Hawthorne, who,

...in spite of her unworldliness, had some wise views as to education, [and] gave him books to read of romance, poetry and allegory, which largely aided to develop the ideal side of his mind. Too much weight can hardly be given to the value of this imaginative training in a boy who united a high and sensitive organization to robust bodily powers. It provided him with a world apart from the material world. (6-7)

It was in Maine that Hawthorne was left alone to listen, read, and dream, probably more than he had been in Salem. He later wrote of the value of these quiet hours:

It is only a solitary child--left much to such wild modes of culture as he chooses for himself while yet ignorant what culture means, standing on tiptoe to pull down books from no very lofty shelf, and then shutting himself up, as it were, between the leaves, going astray through the volume at his pleasure, and comprehending it rather by his sensibilities and affections than his intellect --- that child is the only student that ever gets the sort of intimacy which I am now thinking of, with a literary personage. (CE V, 122)

The value that Mrs. Hawthorne placed on a child's early experience with literature is probably reflected in Hawthorne's own attitude toward young readers; in his preface to A Wonder Book, he writes:

[The] Author has not always thought it necessary to write downward, in order to meet the comprehension of children.

He has generally suffered the theme to soar, whenever such was its tendency, and when he himself was buoyant enough to follow without an effort. Children possess an unestimated sensibility to whatever is deep or high, in imagination or feeling, so long as it is simple, likewise. It is only the artificial and complex that bewilders them. (CE VII, 4)

Hawthorne's sister, Elizabeth, also perceived that the time he spent in Raymond was important because of its effect on his imagination. She wrote to Fields of the value of the intellectual and psychological freedom Hawthorne experienced in Maine: "His mind developed itself. Intentional cultivation would have spoiled it. He used to invent long stories, wild and fanciful..." (Stewart, 318-319). The happiness in this period of his life that Hawthorne recalled to Fields, his sister attributes to the activity of his imagination. "I think, too, that his boyhood was very happy for his imagination was agreeably occupied, and his feelings were in all things considered..." (Stewart, 325).

Hawthorne's days of reading, dreaming, listening to stories and exploring the Raymond landscape bore fruit on his return to Salem. He began to think of becoming a writer, using first his letters and then his "Spectator" newspaper to experiment with his literary skills. He plunged into volumes of historical romances and Gothic novels which supplemented the classical literature he was translating with his tutor in Salem as he prepared for his Bowdoin entrance examinations. Finally, he wrote in March of 1821 to his mother in Raymond of his hopes of becoming a writer, obviously expecting an understanding response from her:

What do you think of my becoming an Author, and relying for support upon my pen. Indeed I think illegibility of my handwriting is very authorlike. How proud you would feel to see my works praised by the reviewers, as equal to proudest productions of the scribbling sons of John Bull. (CE XV, 139)

Raymond thus had given Hawthorne time and reason to dream of becoming a writer. It also gave him days of running free in a wilderness landscape whose details he could describe in his most

powerful works as tangible settings, "images" of the "moral wilderness" of his characters (CE I, 183). Indeed, he may have found New England's Puritan history especially useful as literary material, because, aside from its thematic merit, it called for settings in the kind of "primeval woods" so deeply etched in Hawthorne's imagination as the place of his happiest memories.

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