

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Boyhood in Maine

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In my boyhood days I have chased the buffalo
across the prairies, and hunted the elk in the
groves; but where are they now?
(Senachwine [Potawatomi], 1830)

As a young man yet undecided upon a profession, Nathaniel Hawthorne mused to his mother on the possibility of becoming an author, on how proud she would be to see his “works praised by the reviewers, as equal to the proudest productions of the scribbling sons of John Bull” (15: 139).¹ This patriotic possibility could only have inspired Hawthorne when years later he sat listening with his classmates to the commencement address given by Longfellow at Bowdoin College, entitled “Our Native Writers.” Longfellow’s insistence that “palms are to be won by our native writers!” was born from the same confidence that America was rich “in the treasures of nature,” whose forms “keep forever their power over the human mind.” Looking out upon the “woods and waters of New England,” well might the Yankee boast, ““This is my own, my native land”” (qtd. in Thompson 70-73). A cultural equivalent to the Declaration of Independence, this call to arms and ink wells must have pressed rather heavily upon a young romancer born on the Fourth of July. In fact, Hawthorne’s first attempt at book-length publication was entitled *Seven Tales of My Native Land*, and like its equally ill-fated, unpublished successor, *Provincial Tales*, was intended as a collection of short stories set within and celebrating New England. On a national level, Hawthorne’s auspicious birth on Independence Day serves as a symbolic reminder of the degree to which his writing career was tied up with the story of America itself. His early short stories and his first mature novel, *The Scarlet Letter*, attest to his keen interest in gleaning native historical treasure, and his biography positions him as a representative type of Anglo-America. This analogy between Hawthorne’s life story and America’s history, between the individual ontogeny and societal phylogeny, can be traced metaphorically in Hawthorne’s movement from a child of nature to an adult in civilization.

Although Hawthorne never had the prolonged frontier experience that James Fenimore Cooper had in childhood, nor undertook a tour of the West such as Washington Irving did in adulthood, he yet enjoyed life in the wilderness when his family lived in the quiet woods of Raymond, Maine. This period of Hawthorne's life has unfortunately been largely overlooked by criticism, perhaps because he himself did not weave these threads of his life into an artistic tapestry such as *The Scarlet Letter's* prefatory "The Custom-House" fashioned of his biography (and his family's history) in Salem. Like his ancestor's participation in Native American extirpation, no sustained investigation of this topic has yet been attempted, and this oversight has restricted our understanding of Hawthorne's work. This becomes especially apparent when we recognize that Hawthorne's biographical engagement with the frontier and with Native America was sustained far into adulthood, his aesthetic one throughout his life.

In a brief autobiographical account written for his friend Richard Henry Stoddard, Hawthorne describes his idyllic life at the vast Manning landholdings in Raymond:²

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 my 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. . . . Those were delightful days; for that part of the country was wild then, with only scattered clearings, and nine tenths of it primeval woods. (qtd. in Julian Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 1: 95-96)

Julian Hawthorne, the author's son, provides further illumination on this "half-wild Raymond life" in his filial biography, *Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife*. Relating one of his father's many boyhood adventures, he recounts the time when the young Hawthorne "followed for a great distance, armed with his fowling-piece, the tracks of a black bear." Fortunately for the reading public the writer-to-be was unable to overtake this particular quarry, but he otherwise "had all the fishing and hunting he wanted" (1:101). In a later work, *Hawthorne Reading*, Julian indicates that Hawthorne underwent an almost aboriginal transformation: in "the primeval forests of Maine, . . . he became a hunter and a fisherman; he consorted with Indians, and he learned the craft of the woods" (63). The specifics of Hawthorne's native consortings is unfortunately not elaborated upon, and Julian's filial reminiscing may

be as romanticized as Tom Sawyer's proposal to "go for howling adventures amongst the Injuns," but the youthful Hawthorne that emerges would be more comfortable in buckskin, more at ease with Merry Mount's Thomas Morton than criticism and Hawthorne's Puritan ancestry have traditionally allowed. Imbibing the frontier into the wellspring of his creative talent, at night Hawthorne would "listen to legends of the pioneer times told by the old women and old men who had survived them or heard their forebears describe them" (63). No doubt some of these local storytellers he met when he would skate out upon the lake in the moonlight, taking refuge in a log cabin when he found himself far from home (Fields 113). Hawthorne's sister Elizabeth, or "Ebe," would frequently accompany him on his evening treks. On one occasion they walked a number of miles, and when they were later told that they had placed themselves in harm's way of "wild animals," the news served only to encourage rather than frighten the lad: "'Nathaniel said that we would go again the next evening and he would carry his gun,'" recalled his sister. "'The next evening,'" she continues, "'it fortunately snowed'" (qtd. in Stewart 322).

Further accounts of these idylls can be had from what may possibly be Hawthorne's first diary. The circumstances surrounding this text offer a story in itself, and the apocryphal nature of this work precludes depending upon it as a window to Hawthorne's mind. First appearing serially in 1871-1873 in Samuel Pickard's *Portland Transcript* and republished in book form in 1897 as *Hawthorne's First Diary* (with Pickard as editor), the entire contents was purportedly copied from original manuscripts never made available and still unrecovered. The copyist was presumably either William Symmes, a boyhood acquaintance of Hawthorne's, or Symmes' amanuensis, one "Dickinson." Symmes happened upon the manuscript treasure by way of a soldier named Small, who in turn had taken the book from a bookcase that he had moved from the Manning (Hawthorne's maternal side of the family) home in Raymond.³ Although Symmes or even Pickard himself may be the author of this text, and although Julian Hawthorne dismissed it as "a rather clumsy and leaky fabrication," (*Nathaniel Hawthorne* 1: 93-94), Manning Hawthorne recommends that the diary's value lies more in its autobiographical data (most of which was corroborated by Robinson Cook, another of Hawthorne's Raymond friends) than in its authenticity (13-14). More generally, regardless of authorship, it sheds light on what life was like for a youth growing up around Sebago Lake in the early nineteenth century, what Robert Cantwell has called in his biography of Hawthorne the "matter-of-fact picture of life in Raymond" (451-52, n. 30).

In this diary we hear the tales of Henry Turner's slaying three bears with an axe, of March Gay and Jacob Mitchell's killing six-foot rattlesnakes, and of Hawthorne's catching an eel "two-thirds as long as myself" (Pickard, *Diary* 59-60, 58, 65). On one particular sailboat expedition upon Sebago Lake, the journalist muses:

If the Indians were very fond of this part of the country, it is easy to see why. Beavers, otters, and the finest fish were abundant, and the hills and streams furnished constant variety. I should have made a good Indian if I had been born in a wigwam. (52)

The spurious nature of the diary's provenance precludes reading this passage with too much penetration, since reverie is not subject to biographic confirmation. Still, it does reflect Hawthorne's known comments on Native American modes of production—hunters, not agriculturalists; to be an Indian is to live off the natural abundance of the land—and echoes his recorded self-perception as a "son of the forest" when he lived in Sebago's woods. This near willingness to go native is entirely in keeping with what we do know of Hawthorne's life in Maine. When stuck in Salem in 1820 to prepare his lessons for entrance to college, Hawthorne envied his sister Louisa, who still enjoyed the idylls at Raymond:

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 so happy as when I did. (15: 119, emphasis added)

What constitutes "savagizing" can be explicated by a previous letter that Hawthorne wrote in 1819 while yet in Raymond, a complaint to his well-meaning but authoritative Uncle Robert: "I have shot a partridge and a henhawke, and caught 18 large trout out of our brooke. I am sorry you intend to send me to school again" (15: 111). The "strange thrill of savage delight" that seized Thoreau when he lived at Walden had clearly sunk its teeth into Hawthorne. Thoreau professed that the temptation to "seize and devour" woodchucks raw was an expression of natural, "Higher Laws" (1: 210), but Uncle Robert could find in his young ward's savagery only a disinclination to make himself a respectable gentleman. Manning Hawthorne, writing on Hawthorne's enrollment in a dancing school while visiting from Raymond, playfully suggests that "the family had decided to teach young Nathaniel some social graces before he grew up a complete savage in the wilderness" (17).

The editorial apparatuses of *Hawthorne's First Diary* are also useful in rendering

a portrait of Raymond. One such text is a letter from William Symmes to Pickard, in which he describes a “‘charming knoll’” at Thomas Pond where he and Hawthorne would fish and throw stones: “‘Nat told me that his uncle Richard said the knoll was an Indian burying-ground. There were ridges having an artificial appearance, that he insisted were Indian graves’” (28-29). Years later, when Symmes had grown up to be a sailor and ran into Hawthorne on the streets of Liverpool (where Hawthorne was serving as the American Consul), Hawthorne said the he wished “‘some curious person would open some of the Indian graves that I feel sure are there’” (31-33).⁴ In fact, the young diarist refers to just such a person when he recounts the legend of Pulpit Rock. A Mr. West told the writer that “the devil used to preach from it to the Indians long, long ago”—at one point burying alive all of his congregation in a nearby swamp. Mr. West even claimed to have tested this myth. Sticking a pole into the swamp, he “struck the skull bone of an Indian,” whereupon he heard a yell as from fifty overgrown Pequots . . . and ran for life.” “Mr. West,” the journalist adds, “talked as though he believed what he said” (75-76).

Other inscriptions of Raymond came not from the pen of Hawthorne, Symmes, or any biographer, but from the Sebago Indians themselves. The cave that Hawthorne found a favorite boyhood retreat was set within cliffs emblazoned with native petroglyphs known as the “Images” in nineteenth-century Raymond (Pickard, *Diary* 9-10, 49-50; Manning Hawthorne 10). Little is known about these petroglyphs or their artists. Dating these pictures to pre- or post-Columbian manufacture is frustrated because they were painted over and ruined by nineteenth-century photographers eager to sharpen their relief. These pictures paint a sizable canvas of Native American culture through their numerous representations of the native people and wildlife. Among the life-size figures shown in separate scenes are an Indian paddling a canoe, another fishing, and two others hunting with bow and arrow. The images indeed overwhelm the rock face, and if native communities on Sebago were as densely populated as these cliffs, there were a great many people dispossessed by colonial usurpations.⁵

While the vast wilderness that constituted the Manning estate provided young Hawthorne with what must have seemed a *tabula rasa*, the very forest playground that he roamed so freely in was steeped in the blood of conquest. From history, Hawthorne was well aware how the Manning estate and southern Maine generally came into the hands of the English. Sir William Phips, a historical figure to whom Hawthorne would turn again and again, captured in 1690 Port-Royal from the

French and their Indian allies, then seized hold of the whole coast from Port-Royal, through the Penobscot's domain, and down to the English settlements (Hutchinson 1: 352-53). One of Sir William's captains in this exploit was William Raymond (Williamson 2: 598 n. 2), who received in consideration for his services in Indian warfare the land grant that would later bear his name (Pearson 173).⁶ The battlefield soon gave way to the real estate office, for it was from Captain Raymond's heirs that Hawthorne's maternal grandfather, Richard Manning, bought his property (Turner 15), diversifying his stage coach business by speculating on land development. Despite Hawthorne's self-portrait of his youth, there was a vast difference between native freedom and his own rustification, for he enjoyed his "savage" freedom on account of the very restrictive and "civilized" benefit of hereditary land title gained through investment.

The landholdings that Hawthorne's grandfather Richard Manning held in Cumberland County, Maine reached many thousands of acres by the end of the eighteenth century. Between 1813 and 1840 alone some 12,000 acres were sold off to various settlers—all of the deeds including the signature of Hawthorne's mother as an heir (Pickard, *Diary* 107-08).⁷ This title to thousands of acres, "unimproved" in their "pristine" state, presents a dilemma to apologists for European conquest.⁸ Hawthorne knew that much of the land for which the colonists of Europe had vociferously justified their title over that of the native inhabitants held more speculative than immediate agricultural value, and he was well aware that the Indian's possession of more land than they could till was the primary rationale used for dispossessing them in seventeenth-, eighteenth-, and nineteenth-century America alike. Arlin Turner observes that the Raymond estate "was not sold quickly, but in a way to assist and profit from the development of the region" (19). Hawthorne, then, from his own immediate family circumstances could see the fraud upon which colonization was based, could detect within the life of his country and the livelihood of his own family the lie of "legitimate" possession. Turner further suggests that if Hawthorne had spent as much time looking at his grandfather's account books the way he did his father's sea journals, "he would have found a sequence not uncommon in early America" (15).⁹ Turner's intention is to celebrate the myth of the self-made man, rising from humble beginnings to wealth and prominence, best represented by Benjamin Franklin (or, in Hawthorne's fiction, Sir William Phips and, potentially, young Robin in "My Kinsman, Major Molineaux"). But the "not uncommon" sequence that Manning's accounts map out is also the history of settlers appropriating more land than they

could possibly use. In *The House of the Seven Gables* Hawthorne critiqued the land-hungry Pyncheons, who, measuring their land “by miles, instead of acres” (2: 208), were interested in aggrandizement, not agriculture. Their greed is stymied not only by the lost Indian deed, but by a hereditary predisposition (Maule’s curse) to fatal strokes. In Tolstoy’s “How Much Land does a Man Need?” the peasant-turned-landowner Pakhom is given the opportunity to claim all the land that he could over on foot in one day; he runs himself to death. Perhaps Richard Manning, too, had run himself to death when in 1819 he died of an apoplectic stroke, riding over from Salem to his far-flung properties in Maine, known in the family as the “land of promise” (Turner 15).¹⁰

Nearly a century ago Samuel Pickard observed that “no biographer of Hawthorne has taken sufficient account of his peculiar manner of life in the Maine wilderness, in its effect upon his susceptible nature” (45). This oversight has largely remained, presumably because Hawthorne spent such a short period of time at Raymond, perhaps as little as a year.¹¹ Yet Hawthorne himself believed that his boyhood residence in the forest shaped his temperament for life, a salient feature of which was his “cursed habits of solitude” (Fields 113). Berating himself for his hermitic tendencies, Hawthorne as artist knew that solitude was nonetheless necessary for him to fashion his art. Like Wordsworth, the “worshipper of Nature” who found himself “oft, in lonely rooms” reliving pastoral memories of youth, Hawthorne could have apostrophized:

How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee
O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods,
How often has my spirit turned to thee!” (Wordsworth 113-18)

James T. Field does not overstate the case when he writes of Hawthorne’s residence in Raymond: “Here also his imagination was first stimulated, the wild scenery and the primitive manners of the people contributing greatly to awaken his thought” (45).¹² Although it would be difficult (and critically far-fetched) to construct the kind of schema from Hawthorne’s stay in frontier Raymond that Luther S. Luedtke’s *Nathaniel Hawthorne and the Romance of the Orient* has fashioned from the novelist’s residence in cosmopolitan and storied Salem, in many ways the life in Maine was equally influential. Gloria Erlich, in her analysis of the interpersonal dynamics in Hawthorne’s biography and fiction, has articulated a compelling binarism between these two New England towns:

Salem and Raymond, the geographical poles of young Hawthorne's life, were of imaginative significance for the future author whose work was to be organized by the principles of polarities. Salem was the old society, dominated by class distinctions and a historic past, a place where he felt the authority of grandparents, aunts, and uncles who kept him in school and tried to orient him toward a serious and productive future. Raymond was a frontier village, not fully emerged from the primeval forest, a place of hunting, fishing, and wild animals, where the boy could roam in freedom. . . . He spoke of it always as Mark Twain spoke of the Mississippi, as a place where a boy could follow his bent undeterred by the Aunt Sallys of the world. (68-69)

“In Raymond was all that he loved—his mother, Sebago Lake, and the wild free life” (Erich 18), but it seems that Hawthorne would rarely experience them together. Removed by his Uncle Robert to prepare his lessons in Salem, Hawthorne did return to Maine to attend Bowdoin College just as his mother moved back to Salem.¹³ Hawthorne was not untimely ripped from the bosom of nature and his mother, though he did seem haunted by what Erlich has called an unhealthy “maternal deprivation,” which lingered far into adulthood and for which his 12 to 13 years at home after college may have served as “restitution.”¹⁴ One wonders if Hawthorne ever experienced, in his own personal mythology of his “savage” life in Maine, a kind of kinship or empathy for the natives who had previously been removed from the pleasant environs of Sebago, people for whom there would be no restitution.

Whatever the emotional fallout of Hawthorne's separation from his mother or his fondness for solitude, there was another attitude that Hawthorne developed in Maine: his relationship with the wilderness. This relationship he envisioned as natural, even primitive, and this belief stayed with him throughout his days. When Hawthorne, then, in 1820 writes to his sister Louisa that he longs for the days when he would “savagize” in Raymond (15: 119), in 1853 insists to Stoddard that as a youth “‘I ran quite wild’” (qtd. in Julian Hawthorne, *Nathaniel Hawthorne* 1: 95), and in 1863 tells Fields that in Maine he lived “‘like a bird of the air’” (113), we should see a persistent self-perception of Hawthorne as a man who at least thought he had once lived like a child of nature—whatever the reality may have been. Well might Hawthorne have chimed with Charles A. Eastman's estimation of his own early Sioux life, before he was taken out of his native culture and transformed through white re-education: “What boy would not be an Indian for a while when he thinks of the freest life in the world?” (3). And as Hawthorne grew out of (or more accurately, was taken out of) this wild stage of his development, so his own life exhibits

in microcosm what Europe and America saw as the typology of social progress: savagery as the childhood of human society and (European) civilization as its full maturity.¹⁵ Hawthorne underscores the belief that “savage” freedom is the condition of childhood when at age 15 he writes to his mother, “Oh how I do wish I was again with you, with nothing to do but to go a gunning. But the happiest days of my life are gone” (15: 117). Maudlin adolescent self-pity aside, Hawthorne was captive to forces beyond his will, much like the native people and the American landscape itself. Continuing on in his personal ontogeny from wilderness to civilization, we can only wonder what sort of tales he might have written had he been a longer and more permanent denizen of the frontier wilds. In any case, a fuller understanding of his work emerges when he recognize that some of the “functional settings” of his fiction derive from his frontier life in Maine and its native landmarks at Lake Sebago.¹⁶ Some of these I will explicate in a later essay.

Hawthorne once mentioned to James T. Fields that his residence in Maine “was the happiest period of his life” (113). Given Hawthorne’s later mythologization of his romance with his wife, Sophia, however, this needs to be contextualized. After having attended earlier that day the funeral of one of his best, life-long friend’s wife, Mrs. Franklin Pierce, and himself already suffering from bouts of poor health that would dog him to his death but five months later, it is understandable that a man broken in body and spirit, his literary craft ebbing away, would think back to his boyhood days when life and the world was all before him:

“Ah,” he said, “how well I recall the summer days also, when, with my gun, I roamed at will through the woods of Maine. . . . Everything is beautiful in youth, for all things are allowed to it then.” (qtd. in Fields 113)

Robert Cantwell, in his biography of Hawthorne, indulges in similar romantic fantasy when writing of Nathaniel and his sister Ebe’s frequent childhood forays into the woods of Maine:

There was something moving in the picture of the children’s vanishing into the wilderness that reached in an almost unbroken expanse of green for three thousand miles to the west. They would never have returned to civilization if the choice had been left to them. (39)

It is tempting to imagine the two lighting “out for the Territory,” yet return they did.

And however much Hawthorne's life in Raymond "assumed in recollection the aura of lost paradise" (Miller 50), he embraced his fall into adulthood and into literary reknown as a happy one. The springtime of childhood was forever behind him, but he would return to Maine and its forests as an adolescent and leave it again as a young man when he graduated from Bowdoin College, a kind of personal "Indian summer" before he began his long and reclusive literary apprenticeship and, years later, took his place in society as a man of commerce and letters.

Notes

¹ This and all subsequent references to Nathaniel Hawthorne's work are to the *Centenary Edition of the Works of Nathaniel Hawthorne*. Ed. William Charvat, et al. 23 vols. Columbus: Ohio State UP, 1962-97.

² Stoddard published a biographical and critical piece on Hawthorne in *The National Magazine: Devoted to Literature, Art, and Religion* in 1853. Stoddard praises as the "chiefest merit" of Hawthorne's work "the tendency . . . to make men wise and better" (24). Hawthorne as positive exemplum is immediately followed by an attack on "Satanic Literature"—the "flimsy, trashy abortions from native anonymous scribblers of the lowest rank" (25-28).

³ On the authenticity of this diary, see Pickard's editorial discussion (v, 22, 40-45) and his later retraction, "Is 'Hawthorne's First Diary' a Forgery?" See also Manning Hawthorne, 13-14. The fullest (and most balanced) discussion of the apocryphal status of this work is Gloria C. Erlich's "Who Wrote Hawthorne's First Diary?" Erlich presents a convincing argument that Pickard himself fabricated the text and "rode his hoax for over thirty years and in some sense still rides it posthumously," as biographers and scholars continue to refer to it.

⁴ In "The Old Manse," Hawthorne similarly muses upon the remains of two redcoats at Concord: "I could wish that the grave might be opened; for I would fain know whether either of the skeleton soldiers have the mark of an axe in his skull" (10: 10).

⁵ I am indebted to Roger B. Ray and the Maine Historical Society for providing me with photographs of these petroglyphs. *Hawthorne's First Diary* includes a photograph of "The Images'" rock face, but the pictographs are barely visible (see insert, 10-11).

⁶ I am citing these seventeenth- and nineteenth-century histories of Hutchinson and Williamson (respectively) because these were available to Hawthorne and are ones that he probably read. For my purposes here, it is the history that Hawthorne knew that is relevant; the story of the conquest that led to the acquisition of his family's landholdings were part of what was then well-known history. For Hawthorne's reading, see Kesselring.

⁷ Pickard takes his information from the registry of deeds in Portland, Maine. Turner puts the Maine holdings at "nearly 10,000" acres in 1813 (the year of Richard Manning's death) and

states that the Mannings yet maintained some 5,000 acres in 1825 (15, 19). Pearson estimates that Richard Manning's Maine estate upon his death comprised "some ten-thousand acres of saleable land" (173). In any case, the tract was truly immense and afforded Hawthorne a vast wilderness playground.

⁸ We should recognize, moreover, the ecological and other changes wrought by Native American environmental intervention. These were largely ignored as insufficient to justify rights of possession (as opposed to rights of "mere habitancy") and continue to be overlooked even by well-meaning scholars.

⁹ Hawthorne's father died at sea when the novelist was but a boy. Among his father's belongings was his journal, which Hawthorne pored over—presumably as a way of establishing a relationship with his father.

¹⁰ The most infamous of foot-measured aggrandizements in American history is the "Walking Purchase" of 1737, perpetrated against the Delawares. See Jennings and Wallace.

¹¹ Turner indicates that Hawthorne spent "no more than nine months" here (21), but Hawthorne's letters put the period at closer to a full year (15: 91-92).

¹² This finds its original in a letter that Ebe Hawthorne had written to Fields in 1870: "His imagination was stimulated . . . by the scenery and by the strangeness of the people; and by the absolute freedom he enjoyed" (qtd. in Stewart 319).

¹³ Hawthorne's longing to "savagize" in Maine's forests was somewhat requited by his student life at Bowdoin. In the preface to *The Snow-Image*, dedicated to his Bowdoin classmate and life-long friend, Horatio Bridge, Hawthorne remembers their rustic adventures at the "country college":

. . . gathering blue-berries, 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 trouts in that shadowy little stream. (11: 4)

Bridge described the environs at Bowdoin as "a great area of pine forest" where one could wander for miles . . . without meeting a person" (10).

¹⁴ Erlich's analysis of the Salem-Raymond binarism and Hawthorne's maternal deprivation is superb, but the connection between them is problematic. If Salem was repressive, it was the burden of the Hawthorne's (earlier spelling of "Hawthorne") historical past – not the Mannings'; and the landholdings in Raymond that Hawthorne enjoyed were inextricably the realm of the Manning patriarchs and less the domain of his mother. Erlich's unspoken theoretical premise is that nature (Raymond) is metaphorically maternal, civilization (Salem) paternal. See her *Family Themes* 68-79.

¹⁵ While this biographical recapitulation of social evolution that I am presenting here is an important one in order to understand how Hawthorne saw himself and the development of

America, the racist, ethnocentric ideology upon which it is based—the typology of social progress—is one that has long ago been discredited and against which we will always need to be vigilant.

¹⁶ I am employing the phrase of Patrician Ann Carlson, whose study does not deal with the specific historical and biographical references and influences of Maine.

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