

# When This You See, Remember Me

A Genealogy of the Descendants of

Lt. Richard Sutton

and

Elizabeth Foster

of Ipswich, Essex Co., Massachusetts

to the 11<sup>th</sup> Generation,

being the

15<sup>th</sup> Generation in America

Saul M. Montes-Bradley II



## LUCY ANN SUTTON

Little is known of Lucy Ann Sutton's first years but what can be gleaned from her reminiscences published in 1888 in the *New York Observer*, and from notes left by some of her children. From them, we learn of a comfortable home steeped in New England values and not devoid of the little luxuries their sober Christian philosophy permitted. Her mother was one of those matrons capable of boundless generosity and a charitable disposition that she maintained unflinchingly throughout her life. During the War of 1812, her father Richard joined the Portland Artillery Company and also acted as a privateer. As British ships were expected to attack Portland at any time, Captain Sutton sent his wife and children to the care of his brother William in Danvers. Lucy spent considerable time there until her marriage in 1827 and subsequent departure for South America.

While much has been written about Nathaniel Hawthorne, there seems to be very little understanding of the difficult times that followed his father's death. Thus, Mrs. Manning's lack of an active social life has earned her a reputation among many biographers of being a recluse. From Lucy's own recollections, however, we can understand that her behavior was a consequence of the economic distress that followed the death of Capt. Hawthorne in Surinam, and not a character trait. The following was published by Lucy Ann in the *New York Observer* on 4 Aug 1887 under the pen name of *Vieja*<sup>142</sup>:

It was during this period in Danvers that Lucy visited relatives with her mother, including her mother's aunt Miriam (Lord) Manning in Salem. Aunt Mary was the mother of Betsy (Manning) Hawthorne and Nathaniel Hawthorne's grandmother.

"The reminiscences of my early life recall distinctly my first acquaintance with Nathaniel Hawthorne. When I was nearly ten years of age, my mother took me on a visit to her Aunt Manning in Salem<sup>143</sup>. This aunt was grandmother to Nathaniel. His mother, Mrs. Hawthorne, was formerly Betsey Manning; she was now a widow with her three children living with Mrs. Manning. The two unmarried daughters, Mary and Priscilla, with the brothers Robert and Samuel, composed the family living in Herbert Street.

On the day of our arrival, and while my mother was resting, Aunt Mary took me by the hand and led me to the sitting room, where Nathaniel was reading aloud. Mrs. Hawthorne kindly noticed me, and then Aunt Mary said to Nathaniel: "This is your cousin, and I want you to be very polite to her." He extended his hand with the book in it toward the table and said: "She can play with my dominoes"—the blocks for the game were scattered about the table. His mother said something in a low voice about "brushing up." In leaving the room with his Aunt Mary, I heard him say: "I wish she were a boy." His mother said to me: "Never mind, my dear, he is rather shy of little girls; but he will play with you by and by."

I did not see him again until the next morning after breakfast, when he said to me, "If you want to ride, come with me to the carriage house."

<sup>142</sup> Old woman. She was 83 years old at the time. This work was reprinted by Manning Hawthorne in "A Glimpse of Hawthorne's Boyhood, The Essex Institute, Historical Collections, Vol. LXXXIII, Salem, Mass., 1947, pp. 178-184.

<sup>143</sup> Mary (Lord) Manning, sister of Lucy's grandfather, Samuel Lord 3<sup>rd</sup>.





**Lucy Ann (Sutton) Bradley**

1804-1888

*Photo from the Author's collection*



I looked for my bonnet. "No matter for that, it's right out here," said he, and I followed him into an old building and a room, the sides of which were filled with carriages and coaches of all description—broken, worn and mouldy. This was a surprise to me, and I was asking whose are they, and what are they here for? When he climbed into one and said, "Come." There were no steps, but with his help I succeeded in mounting, and I found very comfortable seats. "This is what I like," he said, as he began rocking so furiously that I begged him to stop. He did so, and then he answered some of my questions.

His Uncle Sam had a livery stable, and this carriages belonged to him, but all the people who used to ride in them were dead, and now their ghosts came and peeped out at him when he was riding; but he was not afraid of them, because his mother said he must have exercise, and she would not allow him to go out with the horses. "Don't you like to rock so?" he asked. "Yes, but slowly," I replied.

I made several visits after that to the carriages, for I was spending a year with my uncle in Danvers, and I went often to Salem. In doing so, I had to pass "Gallows Hill," where the witches were hanged<sup>144</sup>, and the graveyard where they were buried. Nathaniel would inquire, "Did you see a witch?" and tell me of those he had read about. When he found that I was not frightened, he drew out his book and began to read from "Child Harold." "Why Nathaniel," I asked, "do you read Byron?" "Why not?" asked he. "I don't know, only my mother would not allow me to read it." "Well," he asked, "what do you read down-East?"

He always spoke of Portland with contempt of the dear old town. I mentioned "Miss Edgeworth," "Pilgrim's Progress," "The American Museum," and that I read Shakespeare with my father. "Shakespeare!" he exclaimed; do they read plays down there? I thought Mr. Payson would not have his people go to the theatre or dances." Dr. Payson<sup>145</sup> had not been long settled in Portland, but there had been a great revival there. Nathaniel must have heard this talked about by some who were not Christians. I told him that Mr. Payson was right, and then repeated some sentences from plays, and he told me the story of the "Merchant of Venice."

In returning to the house we found his mother waiting, for he had exceeded his time nearly an hour. "Oh, mother!" was his first salutation, "this down-easter knows Shakespeare." I felt a little indignant that he felt so meanly of Portland and retorted, "I would rather be a down-eater than live in Salem witchcraft." This produced a smile from his mother, but he never called me "down-easter" after that, and the next morning we read from "The Tempest" and he was quite amiable for the remainder of my visit. I had learned to understand him; when he was quiet or disinclined to play, he was thinking over his lesson, or preparing little surprises for his mother. I depended upon him for amusement, and the house seemed dreary without him.

<sup>144</sup> It is possible that one of those unfortunates, Susannah (North) Martin, was Lucy's own 4<sup>th</sup> great-grandmother.

<sup>145</sup> Rev. Edward Payson (1783-1827) for many years the principal at the school in Portland, from 1807 to 1811 Junior Pastor and then until his death the Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Portland, becoming an icon of the Second Great Awakening there and built him a reputation throughout New England. Rev. Payson's ardent style is said to have frequently left many in his audience in tears, and his eloquent sermons, collected in three volumes, continue in print these many years later. (see: Edward Payson, *The Complete Works of Edward Payson*, Harrisonburg, Va., 1846. Reprint, 1987; also: Asa Cummings, *A Memoir of the Rev. Edward Payson*, New York, American Tract Society, 1830)

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It was a cheerless home. The rooms had but little furniture of the plainest kind. No carpets or curtains. Mrs. Hawthorne and her family lived upstairs, practicing the greatest economy by taking their meals up there. I was always pleased to go up into "grandma's room." She was always in bed, her room was carpeted, and more like my own home than any other part of the house. Top sit in her easy chair at the side of her bed and listen to her stories of my mother when she was a little girl, and the time she was nearly lost in a snowstorm in Ipswich, was a delight to me. She was always ready to listen to my questions, but answered very few.

Aunt Mary was the only cheerful one in the family; she was a nurse as well as housekeeper, and when she came to wait upon her mother I always said "good-by" and left the room. The last time I thus took leave, she said to Aunt Mary "Don't let the child be harmed."

A few months later my mother was in Danvers, and took me with her to spend a few days in Salem. Nathaniel did not go to the carriage house now, but went daily to the roof of the house to read aloud and to declaim. On the last day of the visit, I heard Nathaniel call me, I went to the skylight opening in the roof, and looking out, saw him with his back braced against the chimney, book in hand. He called me to come; I told him I was afraid because the roof was sloping. He called back, "Just like the girls."

That evening I was taken to Danvers and did not visit Salem for many years. Nathaniel was preparing for college, and his sister Elizabeth was assisting him. He had a room in the third story, and she in the second story directly under his, the window of each opening into a garden, or what had once been a garden; it was now a tangled mass of vines, herbs and weeds, a few feet of grassy turf here and there discernible.

I have thought, when reading some of his works, that he might have drawn weird images from these shadowed vacancies. The brother and sister communicated with each other by means of a small basket, in which they put their papers, let down from Nathaniel's window and drawn up again.

Some changes had been made after the grandmother's death. Mrs. Hawthorne took her meals with the family. I did not meet Nathaniel at the table, and from some remarks learned that he did not wish to meet his Uncle Robert, as he was dissatisfied with his arrangement for his collegiate course. This uncle was his guardian, and he had proved a generous, noble-hearted brother to Mrs. Hawthorne, and a kind friend to the family. As Nathaniel went to college, I knew that all was amicably settled with his uncle.

I never heard him allude to school life, or mention any boy companions. In neither of my visits did I meet a boy or girl of our own age. His aunt Priscilla married a widower, Mr. Dike, who had a son and daughter, and he must have had some intimacy with them; but I never met them together. I believe that his surroundings favored his love of isolation, and made him the author of "The Marble Faun."

He loved to tease his aunt Mary. On one occasion, a relative of the servant, Jane, was visiting her and taken sick. Their family physician was called, but a young assistant came; he was gentlemanly, understood the case, gave her medicine, and when he came the next day, he inquired, "How many times did she cascade?" This was heard by the family, and caused great amusement. It was talked about at the table, and the young man was called such names as are bestowed upon ignoramuses. Aunt Mary defended him, called him "a nice young man."



Nathaniel and Elizabeth were very busy talking it over, and soon showed a letter they had been writing to Aunt Mary, professing admiration and asking permission to call upon her, and signed it "from one who met you in the sick room." Jane was to come to the front door and knock while we were at supper. Nathaniel was to go to the door and bring the letter to Aunt Mary. This was all done as planned. Nathaniel took the letter to the candle, and reading the direction, handed it to his Aunt Mary. She took her glasses, read it, and rising, was about to leave the table. We all sat silent, but observant, when Nathaniel asked, "Who is it from, Aunt Mary?" "From you, I think," answered she, "and now you may wait on the table, while I prepare to receive your visit."

We felt that the laugh was upon the plotters. Nathaniel went straight to her, took her arm in his and walked to the sitting room, where he nobly confessed his part and all was forgiven. This was my last visit to the home in Herbert Street. Nathaniel entered college and I left the States.



**10½ Herbert Street in Salem**  
*Boyhood home of Nathaniel Hawthorne*  
*Photo by the Author, c. 2006*

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