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"Many Things Take My Time": The Journals of Susan Warner

Edited and with an Introduction

by

Jane Weiss

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in
English in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, The City
University of New York

1995

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This manuscript has been read and accepted for the Graduate Faculty in English in satisfaction of the dissertation requirement for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

15 Sept 1955
Date



Chair of Examining Committee

15 Sept 1955
Date



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THE CITY UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

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Introduction

On Saturday, Feb. 7, 1863, Susan Warner wrote on a leaf of unlined paper, "Alas, I am a little too busy for journal. I get tired, and many things take my time." In spite of the demands on her time, Warner managed to write in a journal a few days each week at several significant points in her life. Four notebooks--three from her childhood and adolescence, one from the 1850s--and 8 loose sheets of paper from 1863 have survived and are currently in the Constitution Island Association collection in Highland Falls, New York.

Susan Warner published the bestselling novel The Wide, Wide World in 1851, an event which, as Henry Nash Smith points out, in effect invented the concept of the best-seller. However, The Wide, Wide World was no passing fancy of the mass market. It remained in print continuously for 80 years after its first appearance, in 106 editions, and was translated into at least seven languages. Warner then produced some thirty additional well-received novels and children's books before her death in 1885.

Although Warner's novels are often categorized as domestic, sentimental or educational fiction, these labels, however convenient we may find them, misrepresent to some extent her themes and material. Her novels were indeed domestic in the sense that they took place, for the most part, within middle-class homes rather than in forests, on the frontier or in business offices; and Warner examined her ordinary houses, gardens and farms under the microscope. But no novelist ever

hated housework more; Warner is probably unique among the domestic novelists in never having found anything good to say about housekeeping. Warner wrote almost exclusively about the hearth and the parlour but she did not celebrate them. Nor could she accurately be called sentimental: although Warner treated individual emotion seriously, she did not, after her first few novels, romanticise her characters or glorify their tears or heart-pangs.

The most accurate categories for Warner's fiction are probably those which her contemporaries applied to it; they identified her as a religious novelist, and as a realist. Warner structured her novels around theological and often doctrinal themes. Over the course of her career she moved from offering Christianity as a tool of personal survival to an analysis of Christian ethics and social behavior inspired by the "Holiness Movement" of American Methodism. All of Warner's novels after 1865 center around the questions, "What is a true Christian?" and "How should a Christian live?" The heroine of Warner's first novel was entirely subject to the will of others, but Warner structured her later novels to examine the obligation of Christian men and women not solely to those in authority over them, but also to their dependents and their community. Methodism, and perhaps personal inclination, led Warner to conclude that genuine Christianity entailed, not just submission to one's superiors, but service and support for those in need, a life of acting out the Golden Rule rather than merely the avoidance of sin. The Holiness Crusade of the mid-nineteenth century provided Warner and many others with a model of

Christianity that emphasized social reform over individual guilt or virtue.

However, unlike many religious authors of her time, Warner did not use allegory or extensive symbolism to articulate her questions or positions. Her characterisations, settings and plots were rigorously realist, eschewing not only unlikely events or exceptional people, but even tropes such as extended metaphor or the pathetic fallacy. Although her characters invariably discuss the moral meanings of natural phenomena, interpret the scenery or elucidate the symbolism of flowers, moonlight, Niagara Falls and so on, Warner herself seldom incorporated such metaphors into the texture of her stories. Indeed, she went to remarkable pains to evoke the randomness of daily life. While the narrator explicitly compared the heroine's emotions to a violent thunderstorm in Diana, for example, Warner set Diana's emotional ordeal in the midst of a calm evening in a comfortable house on Staten Island; in Willowbrook, in contrast, the heroine watches a literal tempest while relaxing with a clear conscience in a homey cottage.

With few exceptions, too, Warner deliberately set her stories among middle class people in undramatic and rather unromantic settings: Canaan, New York; Old Saybrook, Connecticut; Philadelphia. Unlike Catherine Sedgwick, whose novels she thought "dismally poor," Warner took pains to avoid romantic language and sensational occurrences in her portrayal of ordinary places. In that respect she may be classified as a pioneer of American realism, anticipating authors such as Sarah Orne Jewett, Mark Twain, Henry James and Mary Wilkins Freeman. James at least acknowledged this debt; in 1865 in an essay in The Nation he

compared her use of local color and realistic detail favorably with that of Flaubert (345).

Although Warner's depictions of rural life might have won her a permanent place in the evolving canon of American literature, her religious themes--which took for granted the primacy of Protestant doctrine and denominational distinctions--did not wear well in the mid-twentieth century. Along with those of many nineteenth-century American women writers, Warner's works fell into obscurity in the United States in the 1940s before re-emerging in the mid-1980s in the course of debate about the place of women writers in the canon of American literature.

Ann Douglass inadvertantly began the rehabilitation of Warner's reputation in 1976, identifying The Wide, Wide World, Queechy and Daisy as examples of "feminized religion," which Douglass felt fostered a "sentimental society." (The Feminization of American Culture 1976) Though disparaging, Douglas's recognition of Warner's cultural influence served to elicit responses from critics eager to defend voices excluded from the canon. In Women's Fiction (1978) Nina Baym discussed Warner's first three books in depth, identifying Warner as the finest exemplar of the domestic writer, a "literary talent unmarked by the alleged 'feminine' excesses of overblown imagery and inflated diction" while "Warner's subject and the angle from which she approaches it are relentlessly and deliberately feminine." (144) Jane Tompkins's Sensational Designs, appearing in 1985, devoted a chapter to the social and political subtexts of The Wide, Wide World, speaking of the novel's "tremendous original force", the "millennial aims" of the author, and praising Warner's rejection of escapism and fantasy. "Unlike their male

counterparts," Tompkins wrote, "women writers of the nineteenth century could not walk out the door and become Mississippi riverboat captains, go off on whaling voyages, or build themselves cabins in the woods. . . 'escape' is the one thing that sentimental novels never offer. . . The storms and winds of Warner's novel are those that nineteenth-century readers actually encountered in their lives." (174-185)

Warner has since become in critical discourse almost a metonymy for 19th century popular fiction. The Wide, Wide World has received passing mention in New York and Victoria Magazine articles, and scholarly studies such as David S. Reynold's Beneath the American Renaissance (1989) and Lawrence Buell's New England Literary Culture (1987), a phenomenon noted rather grimly by D.G. Myers in The New Criterion in 1988. Several articles have addressed Warner's fictional strategies and thematic concerns in greater depth. Susan Williams has examined the authority Warner claimed through the act of penning her novel; Isabelle White and Mary Hieatt have explored the political and religious implications of the female-centered theology expressed in The Wide, Wide World. American women novelists of the nineteenth century have of course received increased critical attention in recent years, and Joanne Dobson, Martha Banta and Ann Shapiro have testified to the importance of both the domestic novels as defined by Baym and the broader category of sentimental romance as inscriptions of women's most urgent concerns.

Less for any lack of intrinsic interest than because they are no longer readily available to scholars, Warner's later novels and her theological and personal writings have received far less attention than The Wide, Wide World and Queechy.

Because they reached a smaller audience or no audience, Warner's other writings do not so neatly epitomize the politics of the best-seller and its exclusion from the literary canon; nor do they fit smoothly into existing theoretical approaches, or American literature curricula. Using uncomplicated imagery to present complex theological and political arguments, they mix the detailed realism of the local colorists with the explicit, essentialist Christian sensibility that many modern fans of Sarah Orne Jewett and Mary Wilkins Freeman find hard to take. But Warner's later novels, religious writings and journals epitomize the merits of the "sentimental" or "domestic" writers even more intensely than does The Wide Wide World. Unlike canonical writers (even newly recognised ones such as Elizabeth Stoddard), Warner did not write specifically to celebrate unique individuality or rebellion against authority. Instead, her later novels chronicled the disappointments, frustrations and small accomplishments of women (and men) for whom autonomy or individual heroism has been given up as a lost cause and whose fulfillment, instead, lies in altruism.

Even more than the novels, Warner's own life--preserved through time, in her journals and her house on Constitution Island--provides an extraordinary glimpse of female, domestic experience. When I first came upon Susan Warner's works I was researching nineteenth century women's writings in much the spirit that Baym describes in the introduction to Women's Fiction, hoping "to hit upon even one novel that I would propose to set alongside The Scarlet Letter." Like Baym, I soon found myself less concerned with finding a female Hawthorne than with

the appeal of Warner's matter-of-fact descriptions of domestic life in 19th century New England.

Nonetheless, upon contacting the Constitution Island Association (Constitution Island is the home of the Warner sisters, now an historic restoration administered by the United States Military Academy) I was startled to learn that the organization's members, without exception, were more interested in the house itself than in Susan Warner's literary achievements. It was hard for me to understand why anyone could find Warner's life more interesting than her books. It was the literature, I thought, that made her exceptional if anything did; her life, despite its dramatic moments and picturesque location, seemed to me painfully narrow and mundane.

When I visited Constitution Island after reading many of Warner's books, I approached it as a shrine, as one might visit Stratford on Avon or the Jane Austen House at Chawton. I wanted symbolism. I looked for the secret of Warner's inspiration in the "Revolutionary War sitting room," and I was disappointed that the house did not look appreciably writerly, or resemble the Southern Gothic mansions in Daisy or the romantic, remote farmhouse in The Letter of Credit. (As Mabel Baker points out, Warner rarely described the Warner house in her books.) But working for several summers as a docent in the house gave me an unexpected insight into the intertextuality of Warner's life and her novels. I came to see the house not qua museum of a impressive writer, but qua house--a house without central heat or running water, with a wood cookstove and heavy iron pots, a house with an awkward narrow staircase (at least one tall visitor per tour slammed his head into the low ceiling between the old second

floor and the Warner addition), with a roof needing some repairs and with sticky windows. I felt a point of contact with Warner's life each time I opened or shut the windows, thinking of all the times she must have struggled over the same task. As I worked in it, the house seemed eloquent less by virtue of its difference from other houses--i.e. because a distinctive personality had lived in it--than because it was not very different from other nineteenth century houses, miraculously preserved into the present; and this was the same quality that I had responded to in Warner's novels.

Like her house, Warner's journals foreground the merits of the domestic novel, presenting a record that is significant precisely because Warner was not so different from other nineteenth century women. As Judith Fetterly, Lucy Freibert, Barbara White and others have attested, the domestic novel incorporates the texture of women's experience into descriptions and plot events. But a journal adds another dimension of texture because, like a house, it feels more "real." It offers just that kind of record that has traditionally been omitted not only from history but from literature. In Read This Only To Yourself: The Private Writings of Midwestern Farm Women, Elizabeth Hampsten writes that traditionally, "women are noticed for not being like other women . . . The most common artistry of women is occasional and impermanent: food cooked, clothes sewn, letters written. They are consumed, worn out, thrown away, and they go out of style or out of date if kept too long. So it is understandable that the usual focus of history upon chronology and change should leave women out, for it is difficult to write about events that do not happen, of about conditions of living that hardly change.

Women, by their own account, do all they can to keep stable the lives of others in their care; they work so hard to see that as little as possible "happens" that their writing obliges us to look deeper, to the very repetitive daily-ness that both literature and history have schooled us away from." Warner's journals depict no transforming love affairs, no last-minute rescues, not even a unifying theme--just her daily chores and the private thoughts they prompt. Stripped of even the minimal drama of the domestic novel, these journals evoke very specific times and places with words that epitomize the elements of literary domesticity: piano lessons, menus, garden tools, train schedules, candles, rows across the river, Sunday School classes.

It might be argued with some reason that the value of the journals is therefore historical, rather than literary. Certainly, those readers who will value them will do so because they vividly recreate a past time, whether authentic or hypothetical, offering an experience of time travel to New York City in 1832 or Rhinecliff in 1863, rather than the ahistorical construction of a unique imagination. In that sense, their appeal is undoubtedly historical and not universal. But there is an enormous qualitative difference between the experience of reading a history book and reading a diary. Somehow it matters to us that a particular person wrote these particular words.

Data of historical use can of course be extracted from diaries; an historian working at Historic Hudson Valley was nonplussed to learn that Warner (or anyone) took stibium, a substance derived from antimony ordinarily used in manufacturing explosives, to treat a bad cold. ("Are you sure that's what she took?" he asked. "Oh, yes," I told him, "and she thought it a

wonderful medicine.") The Constitution Island docents were intrigued to hear about Warner's admiration for a minister she met in Rhinebeck, either Albert or Andrew Hunt (neither Warner's journals nor those of the brothers, now in the Methodist Archives, solved the mystery). But Warner's expressions of anxiety over the cost of candles and longing for riding lessons--the feelings the journals contain--serve to recreate the past for modern readers more intimately, more experientially than would the isolated facts that might be extrapolated and placed in a conventional history.

Nor are the journals of interest solely as a biographical record. The textual features of the actual texts--the journal's numbering of the days, the occasional evocative phrases or author's chosen images, and even the gaps of missing days, months and years, have an eloquence of their own, as Thomas Mallon and Margot Culley have pointed out. Too, the episodic narrative of a diary and the characterization that emerges are pleasures of the genre. One has to have an interest in (and maybe a nostalgia for) the past to enjoy these journals, but as we read we are not only learning about the historical period; we are engaging in a literary encounter with it. In "Toward Conceptualizing Diary," Felicity Nussbaum discusses the tension between the privacy (genuine or assumed) implied by the diary form, and the desire to inscribe and thereby make permanent one's experience in verbal form. Valerie Raoul argues that far from being historical record, many diaries are political literature, an attempt to reconfigure the world creatively: "Any event or non-event may be considered worthy of comment. Subjects usually considered too trivial for inclusion in 'a book' are the mainstay of diaries,

which frequently focus on the domestic scene. What is normally considered marginal in a man's world becomes central, and the flow of anecdote plus comment resembles the 'bavardage' which Verena Aebischer describes as typical of women's discourse . . . the lack of plot and sustained characters, which distinguishes the diary-form from that of the traditional novel, paradoxically brings it closer to that of postmodern fiction, in which structure and consistency are overturned in favor of self-reflexive textuality." In reading Warner's journals, the reader does not simply learn about metatextual historical events; rather, she is invited to collaborate in the imaginative construction of Warner's experiences and surroundings.

Read as literary material, Warner's diaries differ even more dramatically than do her novels from the classic works of American fiction. But it is not adequate to dismiss them as fodder for the historian. Nineteenth century American classics present heroes who are extraordinary--challenging their fates, rebelling against society, empowered by exceptional beauty, strength, brilliance. We may admire these fictions, and even identify with them to an extent. But such fictional characters remain exceptions to the rules--exempted by their authors from the house or yard chores, grocery shopping and church singing that occupy real people. Warner's literary gift, in her journals even more than in her novels, is to discard heroic fantasy. Her descriptions of piano lessons, housework and Sunday school, "weaving" plots for novels and mailing out the Little American to subscribers, feeding the cow or having the minister to tea, all celebrate the lasting value of those historically bound, ordinary lives.

Editorial Principles

My transcription is based on the autograph manuscript of Warner's diaries. It should be noted that with the exception of heavily modified excerpts appearing in Anna Warner's 1909 biography Susan Warner, these journals have never appeared in print. The current project has therefore required the production of a documentary edition of the texts. The following edition is, however, not a documentary edition but a diplomatic edition, modified in format and pagination, with annotations.

The intended audiences of this edition are twofold. One purpose of a new edition of the journals is convenient study of Warner's diaries for scholars of Warner's life and literature, so that the original manuscripts may be spared excessive handling. (N.B. the journals cannot be photocopied in their original form!) The dramatic increase in Warner scholarship in the last five years has made this task an urgent one.

However, another, more significant audience is the one which I have discussed more fully in my introduction: readers with less professional interest in Warner scholarship, but whose reading is inspired by what might be called literary appreciation of nineteenth-century journals and diaries generically. As Thomas Mallon and Margo Culley so eloquently assert, a substantial community of readers exist who enjoy diaries primarily for the subjective, emotional experience of communion with the past. Such readers might well treasure the actual diary artifact more than any transcription of it, regarding it as a relic. More pragmatically, the physical features of a diary--its cover, paper stock, binding, the pen and ink used for writing in it--have practical significance for the scholar of material culture.

Elizabeth Hampsten and Nancy Grey Osterud have thoroughly demonstrated the historical information to be gleaned from a diarist's unique orthography, punctuation and spacing, as well as the potentially enjoyable textures such idiosyncracies can impart for a reader. Yet paradoxically, the unfamiliar accidentals of a documentary edition or the rigors of Warner's handwriting in the case of a facsimile might pose a formidable barrier to these same readers.

The first community of readers would be served by reproducing Warner's text as faithfully as possible to the actual form of the manuscripts, including accidentals. For the convenience of scholars who will be using these transcriptions in lieu of the original texts, line length, punctuation, spelling, and peculiarities of handwriting and spacing should be reproduced from the original. Indeed, even for the convenience of an editor of any subsequent edition, a diplomatic transcription is an essential step.

However, to make the texts accessible for more casual readers of diary literature, it is profitable to modify the diplomatic transcription in several respects. While Warner's spelling, occasional grammatical errors and punctuation often effectively relay her emotional state, other orthographic details may be difficult to reproduce and draining to decipher. Line lengths and pagination diminish in importance for these readers. And ideally, apparatus should be kept to a minimum for a reader-friendly text.

The medium for the current edition--a microcomputer with a standard typewriter keyboard--imposes its own, annoyingly arbitrary limitations. Even for the diplomatic transcription,

Warner's pagination can not be retained, but must be indicated by some substitute means (i.e. a number in brackets in the left-hand margin); irregular characters or code must be added by hand or indicated in some other way; the keyboard can not reproduce Warner's long single dashes; crossed-out text, insertions and spacing can be imitated, but can not be duplicated precisely; nor, of course, can the expressive peculiarities of the author's penmanship, changing over time, be retained in print.

I have therefore produced a modified version of the diplomatic text, in the intention of making Warner's journals as accessible as possible. The following are the modifications I have made in the final edited text:

Pagination and line length: The final edited text does not reproduce Warner's original pagination or line length.

Punctuation: I have retained Warner's punctuation in all cases with the exception of substituting double dashes, preceded and followed by spaces, for Warner's long single dashes.

Spelling: I have retained Warner's spelling (which in any case poses no problems for a modern reader) including apparent errors. However, I have substituted ss for the obsolete character *f*.

Abbreviations: I have glossed Warner's abbreviations, a few of which are highly idiosyncratic, in footnotes.

Self corrections, excisions and insertions: Crossed out words when legible in the original text have been indicated with a single "strikeout" line through the words, although Warner's deletions varied, including erasures, single lines through words, Xs and loops. Insertions have been indicated as superscriptions, in imitation of the manuscripts' form. Illegible, conjectural

and other problematic material are indicated in square brackets, with an identification such as "one word in code" or "illegible."

Description of the Texts

A. Bound book with cardboard covers and leather spine, 6" 7 1/2" 102ff, thick paper (slightly yellowed), large legible hand written in black ink faded to brown; originally 14 signatures of 12 ff: 1st signature cut out, 7 ff of 2nd signature cut out, 3rd signature intact, 11ff of 4th signature cut out, 5th signature cut out, 3ff of 6th signature cut out, 7th signature intact, 4 ff of 8th signature cut out, 5ff of 9th signature cut out, 3ff of 10th signature cut out, 2ff of 11th signature cut out, 6ff of 12th signature cut out, 1f of 13th signature cut out, 14th signature intact. Remaining pages numbered 1-102. Contains entries from 7 September 1832--26 December 1832 and 16 May 1833--18 July 1833.

B. 5" 8" exercise book, soft marbled paper covers, 40ff sewn in one signature along center. Pages ruled on both sides. Legible script in black ink (slightly faded). Contains entries from 8 July 1834--15 March 1835.

C. 5" 8" exercise book, soft marbled paper covers, 40 ff sewn in one signature along center fold. Pages ruled on both sides. Legible script in black ink (slightly faded). Contains intermittent entries from 15 March 1835--4 December 1839. Last 8 ff in French.

D. Bound book with hard marbled covers and leather spine, 6" 7", 117ff, pages ruled on both sides, legible script in black ink (faded); originally 12 signatures of 12ff, 1st signature intact, 2nd signature intact, 3rd signature ff 7 and 9 cut out,

4th signature intact, 5th signature intact, 6th signature ff 7, 9, 11 cut out, 7th signature ff 4, 6, 11 cut out; 8th signature ff 1, 3, 4, 7, 9, 11 cut out; 9th signature ff 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 12 cut out; 10th signature f 11 cut out; 11th signature f 8 cut out; 12th signature ff 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 cut out; contains entries from 13 September 1850--25 August 1851 (also contains bookkeeping and clippings of reviews of books from 1850s).

E. Loose unlined paper, 6" 8 1/2" 8ff containing entries from 1 January 1863--18 April 1863.

Journal of 13 April 1832--15 November 1833

When Susan began her first journal in 1832, she was living in a house at 461 Broome Street, between Mercer and Greene Streets. On the evidence of her descriptions, it was a rather suburban neighborhood at the time. Entries refer to "upper and lower piazzas," a stables, "the greenhouse," and extensive gardens, and the entry of 18 April 1833 described the children enjoying "a tumbler of milk warm from the cow"! The almost pastoral New York City of Warner's childhood would vanish within the next few years. Looking back in 1884 in one of her last novels, The Red Wallflower, Warner reminiscently described New York in the first quarter of the century:

New York was not quite so large then as it is now. It is astonishing to think what a little place it was in those days; when Walker Street was not yet built on its north side, and there was a pond at the corner of Canal Street, and Chelsea was in the country; when the 'West End' was at State Street, and St. George's Church was in Beekman Street, and Beekman Street was a place of fashion. The city was neither so dingy nor so splendid as it is now.

By 1832, Walker Street was no longer New York's northern extreme, but Susan still described Bond Street as the "upper part of the city." Most of the city's hotels, restaurants and stores lay well below Canal Street, and the theater district centered around Park Row.

The Broome Street household consisted of Henry Warner, his sister Frances Leffingwell Warner (referred to as Aunt Fanny),

Susan, her sister Anna (five years younger than Susan) and, in the winter months, Susannah Bogert, their maternal grandmother, who spent the summer at her estate in Jamaica, New York. The household's servants usually included a cook, "waiter," chambermaid and gardener. Although the nervous breakdown of one young woman fascinated Susan, in general she noted the servants' comings and goings without much interest, since she was expected to do certain chores--sweeping, ironing or polishing brass knobs --in any case.

Susan also described a stay at a country residence, Gowan Hill, in the Gowanus section of Brooklyn--then a thoroughly rural village, although only a few miles from downtown Manhattan, and served by ferries. Gowan Hill does not seem to have been a permanent Warner family property; perhaps Henry rented it to escape from the epidemics that swept the city each summer, or acquired it as a speculative venture. The area south of Brooklyn Heights, like the Broome Street neighborhood, would be transformed within the next several years; but in 1832 it was still sufficiently remote that Susan complained she could not go to church because there was none within walking distance.

In this journal, Warner still expressed herself very much as a child. Although she chided herself for idleness by writing, "I am now old enough to do better," she gravely recorded cutting out paper dolls, sweeping and polishing furniture and "watch[ing] the little bird on her nest" as activities along with Rollin, Mosheim, Hume and her other assigned readings. Even at thirteen, however, Warner displayed her interest in words and storytelling. She recorded a lengthy dialogue between Julia Ward and herself in novelistic style and took pains to vary her language even when

repeating the content--complaints about the weather or her lack of "useful" activity--in entry after entry. Warner would incorporate her description of the City Hall Hotel fire into her 1882 novel Nobody--the only episode to be taken directly from her journals for use in a novel.

The journal records the Warners' social activities from a child's point of view, although Susan noted the labor that family parties entailed for Aunt Fanny. She listed an impressive roster of callers at Broome Street and Gowan Hill without inflection or comment, and described new dresses, shoes, hats and other goodies with naive enjoyment. Even her description of hiding her music so that she would not have to play the piano at a party seems more indicative of little-girl shyness than of the painful self-consciousness that would all but cripple Susan as an adolescent.

The journal of 1833 is unique for its depiction of times of relaxed intimacy shared with her father. On 16 April, she recorded giving her father's library its annual dusting and cleaning, using one dustcloth divided between the two of them. On 8 May she described repotting plants in the greenhouse.

In the summer of 1833 the family went on an extended visit first to Thomas Warner at West Point, then to the Frary household in Hudson, and at last to Jason Warner's farm in Canaan, New York, where Henry had spent his childhood. Although Susan repeated her chronic self-reproach for her "idleness" and complained of the "stupidity" of the local population, she also reveled in free play with her cousins. Nutting, sailing toy boats in a brook, and walking in the woods appear in several of Warner's novels as evocations of the joys of childhood. It is perhaps surprising that Warner never made use of another event--

staying up late chatting with Chloe Warner--in any of her books. Perhaps camaraderie with a kindred spirit of her own age and sex was too exceptional in her experience to become part of her fictional vocabulary.

Journal

New York

Friday, April 13th.

I have had chills and fever, and feel quite weak today, though better than I have been. Aunty and grandma wanting me to lie down, I did so, but did not get asleep. It is very seldom that I can get asleep in the daytime. Afterwards we took a ride round Washington Square, and in the upper part of the city, and then home. It is a delightful day, and very warm. I feel better than I did early this morning, and have eaten quite a hearty dinner of mutton, and currant jelly, such as it is. I shall not be able to go to my lessons to morrow, but I must begin again on Monday.

Saturday, April 14th.

I have not been on my peregrinations to day, as I was not quite strong enough, so I have lost three lessons. Indeed I have taken only one lesson this week. I have not read any in Rollin, or Mosheim this week.¹ I shall not get through in a year at this

¹ "Rollin" probably referred to Charles Rollin, 1661-1741, author of The Method of Teaching and Studying the Belles Lettres (1726-28), The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes, Persians, Grecians and Macedonians (1729), The Roman History from the Foundation of Rome to the Battle of Actium (1739) and other works. Johann Lorenz Mosheim (1694-1755) wrote An Ecclesiastical History, Ancient and Modern, translated into English in 1802-3.

rate. We have taken another ride today, up as far as the old state prison, and then through Bond Street into the Bowery, down which we came home. I have read today in Entertaining Knowledge,² and in that only, as yet, I believe. Little Anna is gone to dancing school; what a pity I could not go with her. I have played to day a reasonable, or rather, unreasonable quantity with the Ark, and so forth. I am none the better for it, though I hope not much the worse.

Monday, April 16th.

Yesterday was Sunday, and as the weather was bad, and as I was not quite well I did not go to church, nor indeed did any of us excepting grandma. I spent the day rather idly; the more shame for me though to be sure I was not well. To day I have played battledoor and shuttlecock, and graces, read scatteringly in Hume,³ played half an hour on the piano, lounged about, and altogether I have not been very profitably employed. It is a very disagreeable day, raining & thundering & lightning. I hope it will not continue so long.

Wednesday, April 18th.

Yesterday I spent pretty idly, for I occupied some time in making a dolls cape, and did very little which was usefull. I did not

² The Library of Entertaining Knowledge: Published Under the Superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. London and Boston, 1830-1833. This work consisted of sixteen volumes on various historical, scientific and other topics, including Insect Architecture, The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties, and Description and History of Vegetable Substances.

³ David Hume, 1711-1776. Susan was perhaps more likely to have read his History of Great Britain (1754-61) than than the philosophical writings.

play on the piano an hour, nor did I do any of my other lessons. Grandma went to Jamaica yesterday morning to see about her affairs, and we expect her back this evening. To day I have not spent much better than yesterday, though I have exercised, and sewed some on my muslin, and read a little in Entertaining Knowledge. Mr Lemercier called to day to see what was the matter with me that I did not come to my lessons. The weather continues cloudy as it did all yesterday. I wish it would clear up by tomorrow, so that I might go to my lessons, I have lost so many. Father and Aunty would be glad if I were to give up playing sedentary plays altogether; he has prohibited my playing them for these two or three days past, it is not improbable that I am the better for it.

Thursday, April 19th.

I do not think I have been much more usefully employed to day than I was yesterday or the day before. I have played on the piano, but not an hour. I have not done any of my lessons, but I have played battle-door and shuttlecock, and not played those sedentary plays long, which father and Aunt Fanny dislike so much. I have read some in Hume, and in Entertaining Knowledge, and I have also played backgammon, both with Anna, and Aunty. Grandma did not come back last evening, but we expect her tonight. Father is gone to West Point to stay a few days. The weather is still unpleasant. I do wish it would clear up.

Saturday, April 21st.

Must I say again that I did nothing worth mentioning yesterday? I am afraid the fact is so; at least I cannot call to mind anything very useful. I did just what I have done for several days past. I played on the piano, played nonsense some, read

some, played battle door and shuttlecock, and after dinner had begun to tell stories when grandma came home and by telling about the transactions at Jamaica put the story out of my head. However she was very much fatigued, and though she was better this morning she still felt the effect of her exertions. Last evening Doctor Bogert and Mr Clark came in, so I did not read very much. It was not quite pleasant yesterday though not as stormy as it has been, but to day is delightful, neither too warm nor too cold. I went to Mr Meetz's⁴ this morning but neither to Madam Jumels⁵, nor to dancing school. Miss Miller was not at Mr Meetz's. Afterward we went to Mrs Clarks. This afternoon I have been reading aloud a little in Hume.

Sunday, April 22nd.

I have not spent this day as well as I ought. Father came home early this morning, but was too tired to go to church; besides having a headache, so that Aunty, Anna & myself had to go without him. Grandma also was too tired to go. After we got home I was so listless, that Aunt Fanny actually got me to play battledoor and shuttlecock, when Mr ^H Bogert⁶ came in with one of his little boys, and sat awhile. Afterwards I glanced a little at

⁴ Raymond Meetz is listed in the 1832 Longworth's New York Directory as a Professor of Music, living at 83 Leonard Street.

⁵ Betsy Jumel, the flamboyant wife of Stephen Jumel, lived in the Morris-Jumel mansion in upper Manhattan. However, she also owned a town house on Broadway at Liberty Street. Newly widowed in 1832, it is possible that she was giving French lessons in the period before her marriage to Aaron Burr in 1833. (Griffe 210)

⁶ Henry K. Bogert is listed in the 1834-35 Longworth's New York Directory as a merchant located at 107 South Street. His home address was 465 Broome Street.

Memoirs of Legh Richmond.⁷ After dinner I looked at Entertaining Knowledge a little while, and then cut some little sofas and chairs out of card. Then I read three chapters in the Bible. I find that I have spent a most unprofitable week, and as unprofitable a Sunday. The more shame for me. I am now old enough to do better.

Monday, April 23rd.

I do not think I have been either very idle, or very industrious to day. After breakfast I practised half an hour or more, and then wrote two or three lines of my corrected translation into a writing-book. I read a little in Hume, and after a while I went, together with Aunty and Anna, to Cousin Cornelia's. We found Miss Sands there. Little Cornelia was quite unsociable, and hardly spoke to us, but kept by her mammy continually. We did not have a pleasant walk at all, for it was so windy. Soon after we got home I began to draw, and I copied two little figures. After dinner I cut one or two little things out of card,⁸ and then told stories with Anna. What edifying employment!

Tuesday, April 24th.

This morning Aunt Fanny went to Gowan Hill to see about affairs, and do what was necessary to be done. After she was gone I practised, or played on the piano a while, and then went to Mr Meetz's, with Anna. Mr Meetz offered to sell me a piano which was there, for a hundred and fifty dollars. Then Anna and I went

⁷ This was apparently the Memoirs of Wilberforce Richmond, The Second Son of the Rev. Legh Richmond, 1831.

⁸ The "little things" referred to were homemade "cardbabies" or paper dolls. The Warner House Collection contains a handsome set drawn by Susan some years later, with a doll and several outfits in the style of the late 1830s.

to Cousin Cornelia's for grandma, (who had gone there when we went to Mr Meetz's) and came home. Coming down Broadway, grandma went into a baker's shop, and bought some gingerbread, and buns. When we got home, we found little Mary Clark here, and she staid a while and was very good-natured, till her mammy began to play with Anna, and then she became jealous, cried, and went home. In a little while Mr Stephens and his daughter, and old Mrs Rhinlander came in, and not long after Mrs Taylor, Mrs Lawrence with little Augusta, and Miss Bogert. When they went away I learnt some sentences, and then painted till dinner. After dinner I went to Madam Jumels. The Miss Flandins were there, and I walked home with one on each arm. Jane gave Anna a bottle of Cologne, and notwithstanding all I said, she would give me one also.

Thursday, April 26th.

Yesterday I had no lesson to go to in the morning, so I had plenty of time to study, but instead of that, lazy thing that I was, I put it off till to day, and as the books are all packed up, and as I have not learnt any lessons, I can not go to Madam Jumels this afternoon. Yesterday we went to dancing school. The girls were quite rude, that is some of them. And I am sure we got very little good in our cotillion, myself not excepted, for we took hardly any pains with our steps. When we got home we found Aunty had come back, for she staid at Gowanus all last night. I went to Mr Meetz's this morning. While I was there Father came in to see that piano. I hope he will buy it. I waited till after half past twelve, and Mr Meetz not coming I went home without getting my lesson. When I got home I sewed and painted till dinner, after which I painted a little more, and

then told stories, I don't know how long. Shortly after, Miss Fenno, and Miss Mary Cowing came in. Tomorrow we expect to go to Gowan Hill.

Gowanus. Wednesday, May 2nd.

Last Friday we came to Gowan Hill as we intended. It was quite a pleasant day. Mr Meetz slipped in before we went, and father told him that he would take the piano. The next day, however, was cloudy and unpleasant, insomuch that we forebore to send for the piano all the morning, but in the afternoon we ventured, thinking it perhaps would not rain. It did not arrive till candlelight, but we were well satisfied with it when it came. Sunday we of course could not go to church as we had not horses, and besides, the weather was still unpleasant. I played psalm tunes on my new piano, read some in the "Lady of the Manor,"⁹ but did not spend the Sunday as well as it might have been. Monday the bad weather continued, but I played on my piano, and occupied myself with other employments, which however I do not remember very accurately. Yesterday Annie was quite unwell. I played on the piano and read some in Hume. To day I have read some in Rollin, and must read a little more before evening. I have also painted a little.

Saturday, May 5th.

⁹ Mary Martha Butts Sherwood, 1775-1851. The Lady of the Manor: Being a Series of Conversations on the Subject of Confirmation Intended for the Use of the Middle and Higher Ranks of Young Females. London, 1823. The Lady of the Manor described an ideal Christian noblewoman who instructed the young ladies of her parish prior to the Anglican rite of confirmation. The instruction took the form of protracted anecdotes or novellas, some continuing for more than 100 pages. The work included five volumes of over 350 pages apiece.

What a lazy girl I am. I have neglected to write, ever since Wednesday, and I cannot remember my occupations for so long a time. However I must try. Yesterday I read five or six pages in Rollin, and should probably have read more, if I had not come to the end of my volume. The day before yesterday, I read twenty three or four pages, at intervals, for grandma was looking over some of her things, and I was every now and then, looking off my book at them. Last evening, when father came home, he told us of a dreadful accident that happened near the ferry. Some new built stores, being completely crowded with bags of cotton, sheet iron, and such things, tumbled down, and formed one complete mass of rubbish. There were from ten to twenty men in the store at the time, who are most probably killed. To day, after breakfast I cut some little things out of card, and afterwards sewed some on my pillowcase, telling stories all the time. Then I played some thirty ^{or} forty minutes on the piano, and I expect to paint some presently.

Monday, May 7th.

Yesterday we had to stay at home again, for it is too far to walk to church, and we have not yet got horses. I read the "Lady of the Manor," part of the time, and we walked round the lawn, and went to the garden, and to the barn; the first time in several months. When we got back to the house again, we found dinner ready. After dinner Aunty boiled some molasses over the fire, and grandma worked it. I read one chapter in Mosheim, and a pretty uninteresting one it was, upon church government. But I did not read any in the Bible till after tea, and then I read only two chapters. I have today, read twenty pages in Rollin. After breakfast I read some in the Cyclopaedia, and then played

on the piano a while, then gave Anna a music lesson, if it can be so called, and then we went out. I got a broom, and went to the bathing-house to sweep it. Afterwards Kitty brought down a big chair, to put in the aforesaid place, and I brought a little one. How pleasant it will be for Anna and me to sit there when the hot weather comes, and sew, read, or tell stories, just as our fancy leads us. I have drawn a little today also. Father is gone to deliver his discourse to day.

Tuesday, May 8th.

This morning before breakfast as I was upstairs reading by my book-drawer, Anna ran out of the little room and said something to this effect, O here is Uncle Thomas coming up the walk. He was indeed, and we were very glad to see him. After breakfast I played La Parisienne for him, and he thought it very pretty. He also thought my little costumes pretty. Father did not feel well enough to go to town this morning but he went after dinner.

Friday, May 11th.

We had fine fun last Tuesday evening, for Uncle Thomas was here, and Anna told him so many riddles and such funny ones, that we had a good deal of merriment, all of us except father, who sat as grave as a judge, except that he once smiled at a certain funny riddle. The next morning however Uncle Thomas went away.

Yesterday it was so warm that we coaxed and begged till we got grandma to consent to our going to the bathing house. We went, and while there I read twelve pages of Rollin and eat ten prunes. In the afternoon father brought home his new horses. I hardly think them as pretty as the old ones.

Monday, May 14th.

I have neglected to write ever since Friday. Why is this? When I was in town I used to feel pleasure in writing in my journal, instead of putting it off from day to day. Yesterday morning I read the "Lady of the Manor" till I cried over it. Then I went to Aunty's room and read some of father's poetry, and had quite a talk with her. We then came down to dinner. Afterward I read more in the "Lady of the Manor," and then went out with father and Annie. In our way we got some flowers, and when we came in, we dressed our heads with them. Anna's flowers stuck out on all sides of her head. I read four or five chapters in the course of the day. Catherine was sick yesterday afternoon, and father has dismissed James for getting drunk.¹⁰ This morning we had breakfast at about half past six, and after breakfast I made my bed, then wiped the breakfast things while Anna washed them, and then swept the drawing-room. I then went upstairs and put some chamomile flowers into a bottle for Aunt Fanny, and afterwards sewed and told stories, then played some on my piano, but I have neither read Rollin, or drawn to day, as yet.

Wednesday, May 16th.

Yesterday I put off reading Rollin so long that I had not near finished when father came home, and I have not read any of it to day yet, though it is twenty minutes past three. I have played on the piano a little today, and have told stories a great deal. I have sewed also, and have drawn a little figure much to my liking. Some of my occupations are very insignificant, and I have told stories and sewed such a large portion of this day,

¹⁰ Evidently servants.

that the history of the other part takes up very little space. It is a fine day, except that the wind blows hard.

Thursday, May 17th.

Yesterday I read nearly nineteen pages in Rollin. This morning after breakfast Anna and I went out and watched the ants in certain little ant-hills, and could see very plainly the little bits of earth in their mouths or mandibles, which they brought out of the hills. Afterwards we picked up some sticks and stones off the grass, and dragged them away in a little wagon. When we came in we looked over our little treasures in the wardrobe. Two men came out to fix the glasses today. Then I played on the piano and gave Anna her lesson. After a while I painted some, and we had dinner. Aunt Fanny had a chill today. Father came home quite early. I have yet to read Rollin, but that I shall do immediately. I have not sewed any to day, having no work fixed.

Sunday, May 20th.

Day before yesterday Aunt Fanny had another chill, and I thought I had one myself, for I felt like it. However I took some tincture of rhubarb that night and the next morning, and quinine, yesterday, so I have escaped today. Yesterday I felt pretty good-for-nothing, and occupied myself part of the day with arranging grandma's shells. To day I have read in Pilgrims Progress,¹¹ and in Q Q, and in the "Lady of the Manor." I have also since dinner taken a nap. Father went to Albany this morning, and we do not know certainly when he will be back. It now wants a quarter of six, and yet I have not read one word in

¹¹ John Bunyan, 1628-1688. The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come, 1672-1684.

my Bible to day. It is a shame, and yet last Sunday was not much better, but I will not do so ~~another~~ ^{next} Sunday if I live.

Tuesday, May 22.

This morning I washed and wiped the tea-things, sewed, and began to make a pin-cushion for Aunt Fanny, practised some, and read part of my 20 pages of Rollin. I have painted some also.

Saturday our hens and chickens were over in the next field, when a man came up and shot one of them, and threw it over the hedge. The wind blows hard to day. Father has not come home. What would I not give if he were here to read Rob Roy¹² to us. It is not a pleasure to me now to write my journal; at least not as great a one as it used to be in town. However I must not give it up.

Friday, May 25th.

I have been for these one or two days past occupied almost constantly by making pincushions, except when I was reading Rollin or playing on the piano; and even those two things have been somewhat neglected. Today I have practiced, read and sewed some, read part of my 20 pages aloud, and drawn. I do not much like to write my journal, and yet I half wish to do so. But I have so little to say that it is quite tiresome. My employments are so much alike every day.

Tuesday, May 29th.

After breakfast I made my bed; then from 40 minutes after 8, to half past 9, sewed. Watched the little bird on her nest till 25 minutes past ten. From half past 10 till 25 minutes past 11 played on the piano. Did nothing very particular till 5 minutes past 1, at which time I sat down to read Rollin, but I do not

¹² Sir Walter Scott, 1817.

know when I left off. From 4 to 10 minutes past 5, I painted. While I was painting Mr, and Mrs Clark came in.

Sunday, June 10th.

I certainly have no particular wish to write just now but I also have no particular thing to do, so I may just as well as not. What have I done since I wrote last? I have translated Numa Pompilius,¹³ read Rollin, (the former three pages a day, the latter twenty,) sewed, told stories, painted, read to myself in Knickerbocker,¹⁴ Entertaining Knowledge, and I don't know what else besides. I have been to town too to spend a day with Mrs Clark. Yesterday I had a touch of fever and ague, and also Solomon came. I feel rather slim to day. Father has sold Leon. Aunt Fanny has had something of a chill today. I have read today in the Lady of the Manor, and, also two or three chapters in the Bible aloud with Anna.

Monday, June 25th.

What a long time has elapsed since I last wrote. It is a week ago last Saturday that Miss Dare came over to spend the day. We played bagatelle, and looked over grandma's pictures, and in the evening we all rode home with her. About that time I was rather troubled about the Cholera, but I do not mind it as much now. Last Tuesday Mrs Frary¹⁵ came here, and stayed till Saturday afternoon. Wednesday, and Thursday little Anna had a touch of

¹³ Jean Pierre Claris de Florian, 1755-1794. Numa Pompilius, Second Roi de Rome. Paris, 1786. Susan was reading it in French.

¹⁴ Washington Irving, 1783-1859. Dietrich Knickerbocker's History of New York, 1809.

¹⁵ Nancy Frary, Susan's aunt and Henry and Frances's sister

fever and ague, and on Friday, Grandma and Mrs Frary went to New York and spent the day there. Anna had no chill that day, but she had one or two turns of nosebleeding. Yesterday we all went to church with the exception of Anna, but we did not go in the afternoon. When dinner was over I went up to my room, and lay down upon my bed to read the Lady of the Manor. I read a good while, and then got up and mashed maple sugar. I went down into the garden with father and Anna, and eat strawberries. After tea I read a chapter in the Bible aloud to father and it then growing dark, I began to talk, but could not draw him into conversation, so we sat awhile silent. At last Father began to talk, but it was about my lessons or music, and as I did not very much fancy the subject, we sat some time more in silence, till at last we went down to prayers and then to bed. Father is going to take a certain old writing-desk down to Brooklyn this morning to have it mended up for me, and I shall be very glad to have it.

Saturday, June 30th.

This is aunty's birthday. I am as lazy as I need be and rather more. I have not done much worth telling. I have not even read Rollin, though we have done dinner. Yesterday Cousin Cornelia with her little baby and Aunt Thurston came out to spend the day. I rose at 5 o'clock or before, and we had breakfast quite early. After breakfast I rubbed all the chairs in the drawing room myself, then shelled peas, and picked over the strawberries together with Anna. When they went away I felt rather tired. This morning I lay so long in bed, that I had to eat breakfast alone, they having finished. My writing-desk came home to day, and it is very nice. By the by I have half a mind to write to

Sarah Grace.¹⁶ And here I shall conclude my journal for the day, not knowing when I shall write again.

Sunday 1st. July.

This morning Uncle Thomas came. I did not get up very early; nevertheless I went down stairs before they sat down to breakfast. We all went to church in the morning, but Uncle Thomas went to town. Mr Carrol¹⁷ did not preach, and Miss Cunningham told Aunt Fanny that he had the Cholera. I read none in my bible till evening, and then only one chapter. I must not do so next Sunday.

Monday, July 2nd,

This morning I wrote to Sarah Grace, and afterwards shelled peas. I also read my Rollin, and played on my piano some. After dinner I played with Anna.

Tuesday, July 3rd.

The Cholera is in New York; Father told us so last night. I do not feel very much afraid. I have played on the piano a little to day as usual, and read some in Rollin. I have played with Anna today, and have been pretty listless or lazy a great part of the day.

Wednesday, July 4th.

They are firing great guns at a great rate this morning, though I believe they are not going to have as great doings as usual on account of the Cholera. The lawyers are to suspend business till

¹⁶ A Mr. Samuel Grace is listed in the 1832 Longworth's New York Directory as residing at 349 Bowery.

¹⁷ The 1834 Longworth's New York Directory lists Mrs. Sarah Carroll as the widow of Lawrence Carroll, residing at 133 Thompson Street.

September; therefore Father will have a longer vacation than I ever remember him to have had. Exactly a week from today is my birthday. My letter for Sarah has been given to her uncle. I hope she will come. I got up pretty early this morning. I have read no Rollin, but Father has asked me questions upon part of a volume, and I have marked a pair of stockings, cut little things out of card, played with the ark, and read to myself in Idle hours employed.¹⁸

Thursday, July 5th.

There were some pretty rockets last evening and we had a good deal of amusement in looking at them. After breakfast I read my twenty pages of Rollin, and after a time recited some french to Father.

Saturday, July 7th.

I will write a little to day though I have something else that I want to do. Yesterday I read Rollin, marked a pair of fathers socks, and wrote some french translation, but practised very little. This morning I got up quite early and wrote some translation.

Sunday, July 8th.

I have looked at some old coins today with Anna and Grandma. I have also glanced over part of the story of "The Beautiful Estelle" in the Lady of the Manor, but I did not read all of it, for it is so melancholy. Yesterday I wrote two notes, one to

¹⁸ Idle Hours Employed; or the New Publication: A Selection of Moral Tales. New York, 1827.

Miss Julia Ward,¹⁹ and the other to Miss Mary Stephens, inviting them to spend my birthday with me. Little Anna was not quite well last evening, and she says she feels rather weak to day.

Tuesday, July 10th.

Tomorrow is the long expected day, and perhaps no one will be here. It is not good weather to day, and that may prevent Sarah from coming. However if I am disappointed I must bear it as well as I can. Father made us a nice swing in the garret yesterday, and Maria S. came yesterday morning.

Saturday, July 14.

My birthday came and went, but brought no visitors with it. Mary Stephens sent me a note to say that she could not as they were going out of town. Miss Ward sent no answer at all, and so my birthday passed like any other day, except that I had four pretty presents. Father's was a very useful and pleasing book, Aunt Fanny presented me with a very pretty pair of blue bead bracelets with very neat clasps, Grandma gave me a pair of scissors, a pair of compasses, and a pretty little half foot ivory rule, which articles used to belong to my Grandfather Bartlet. And Annie gave me a straw coloured belt. Father brought home two books, and gave me the choice of them. One was Guy's Pocket Cyclopaedia, the other, Sports and Pastimes of the People of

¹⁹ Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910, the daughter of Samuel Ward, a banker, and Julia Cutler Ward. In 1832 the Wards lived at the corner of Bond Street and Broadway. Julia Ward married Samuel Gridley Howe in 1843 and later became known as a poet and essayist. Her most famous work is the lyrics for "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"; she also wrote several anthologies of poetry, travel narratives, plays, and her memoirs.

England.²⁰ At first I thought the latter more amusing, and chose it, but before evening I found out that it was of no use, and that after I had read it once, it would not be good for much except amusing visitors. Aunt Fanny found out that I did not much like it, so she spoke to Father, and I changed it for the other, which I like very much. But to crown all I gave to Aunt Fanny a beautiful locket, which is entirely my own present to her she means it to contain the hair of Uncle George, and Uncle Jason. Father was not well yesterday, and it troubled me some, for I did not know what was going to be the matter with him, but he is more comfortable this morning. Maria went away Thursday afternoon.

Saturday, July 21st.

Some time has passed I see since I last wrote, but indeed there is so little variety that I don't much love to write. A few days ago my dear father was quite sick, and Aunt Fanny was very much troubled about him. He is now however, pretty well, and I hope he will continue so. Yesterday afternoon we went to drink tea at Mr Lot's. We spent perhaps, as pleasant an afternoon as could have been expected. I have been unwell myself, but I am tolerably now.

Sunday July 22nd.

Yesterday afternoon Mr Meetz came here with little Charley and Clara. He is going to give me a lesson here, once every week, and says I shall have to work. Now, at any rate I shall have to practise. We have not been to church today. Father, Anna, and I, have taken a nice walk about the premises this afternoon. We

²⁰ by William Strutt, 1747-1802.

went down into the lower field, where Father picked some wild roses and elder flowers for us; then we went through the locusts to the garden, but did not go into it, and we went to the pear orchard. John has put a hen with her chickens into a coop in order that we may feed them, which we have just now done. Mary wanted to go to town today, but Father and Aunty dissuaded her from it, because of the Cholera.

Friday, July 27th.

We took a pleasant ride this afternoon. We went the shady road. Mrs Ratcliffe and her daughter called just before we set out.

Saturday July 28th.

I have neither practised nor read Rollin to day but I have written some of my translation. Mr Hoyt and Cousin Louis stopped this afternoon on their way to Rockaway. We sent some ginger-cakes to little Cornelia.

Sunday July 29th.

None of us went to church to day. I read some in the Lady of the Manor, and I read several chapters in the Bible. Father felt weak and not good for much this evening.

Monday, July 30th.

I occupied the greater part of the morning in pounding and grinding corn for my chickens. I have not practised any to day nor read Rollin, but I have written some translation. We intended to go ride this afternoon, but it looked so much like a thunder shower, that we thought it was not best.

Tuesday, July 31st.

[two lines in code]

Wednesday, August 1st.

[two lines in code]

Thursday, August 2nd.

I have been sewing more than usual to day. I am going to finish a patchwork counterpane which my mother began many years ago. There is a great deal to be done to it, but I do not despair of finishing it in a year at least, unless my liking for it cools very much. I began last evening. [three words in code]

Sunday August 5th.

I have been much occupied since Thursday with my counterpane. Grandma, Aunt Fanny, and Anna had agreed to take a ride on Friday afternoon, but the horses acted so ill, that they got out again and would not go. It is rainy to day, and of course we have not been to church.

Monday, August 6th.

We heard that poor Bidy was dead.

Saturday, August 25th.

Some time has elapsed since I last wrote. And what have I been doing? Very little useful. Little practise, less french, and not much history. Let me now do better. Practise an hour every day, and french regularly. I have today finished the fourth volume of Rollin after having been three months about it. Uncle Thomas came here last evening, but went away again this morning.

Monday, August 27th.

Aunty has been quite sick. The night before last was a very uncomfortable one to her, but she is better this morning. We sent for Doctor Ball last evening. He bled her, which I believe did her good. We did not go to church yesterday, but in the afternoon Father, Anna, and I went to Mrs Beekmans, and to Mrs

Polhemus's.²¹ The day before yesterday was quite cold, and it was not very warm yesterday.

Saturday, September 1st.

Yesterday was Anna's birthday, and a happy one it was. She had expected nothing, and in consequence, was both surprised and pleased by her presents. Grandma first gave her the box that Cousin Louis brought for her, and she would I dare say have been perfectly contented, had she received nothing else. After breakfast Grandma presented her with the doll, and she was delighted, but when I brought down the bedstead the child was nearly overcome, and she almost cried. I was somewhat excited myself. Maria and Cornelia Polhemus came to spend the afternoon with her, and Mrs Polhemus came for them, but a shower came on and she was obliged to stay till it was too late for father to read aloud to us. Yesterday it was pretty warm, to day it is quite cold again. The day before yesterday Mr Meetz came and gave me a lesson.

Sunday September 2nd.

Grandma allowed me to read some of my mothers letters. I found one among them to me. We did not go to church. I read 5 chapters in the Bible.

Monday Sep. 3rd.

Father went to town today; he has not been before for a long time. He brought home the 5th volume of Rollin for me. One hour

²¹ A Cornelius Polhemus is listed in the 1832 Longworth's New York Directory as residing at 75 Hester Street.

of practise, and 5 problems on the Globes today.²² Not very difficult. I have made a little card box, to day.

Friday Sep. 7th.

A few days ago Father sent down to Brooklyn and got a nice plank, for which he has made supporters, and put it up in the garret and it is a nice horse. The garret is quite a play room. We have now got there, a swing, horse, and hook and ring, all of his making. There is also a jumping rope which hangs up there. Anna goes down to the barn for eggs everyday, and sometimes twice a day, and she gets a good many. Father has finished 'Boswell's Life of Johnson', and is now reading aloud 'The Pursuit of Knowledge under difficulties.'²³

Wednesday Dec. 26th.

I read no Rollin to day, but I have had my music lesson. I read some in one or two annuals, and have not been very industrious. Uncle Thomas went away this afternoon. It snowed some this morning and then rained. I have little more to say, it has been a very insignificant day. Really my journal is a collection of nothings; I go out or I come in, one day is fair and another foul; it is ~~really~~ a great cry and little wool. as at the shearing of pigs.

Thursday Dec 27th.

²² The Globes were a handsome set of terrestrial and celestial globes, currently in the Warner House collection. The globes were made by James Wilson of Albany, one of the first American globe manufacturers, and are dated 1828 and 1826 respectively.

²³ James Boswell, 1740-1795. The Life of Dr. Johnson, 1790. The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties was a volume of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge written by G. L. Craik and published in 1831.

I read 19 pages of Rollin this morning, and played or practised an hour and a quarter, part before dinner, and part after. I played also, something like half an hour after tea, and read 8 pages more of Rollin. Father has a lame knee, so lame that he did not go down to his office this morning, but had a fire made in his library. I had quite a romp with Anna, this afternoon.

Friday Dec 28th.

I read something like 27 pages to day, but I believe I have not practised 2 hours. Father has staid at home also today. This has been an uppleasant day enough; I don't mean in weather. I have not much to say.

Saturday Dec. 29th.

Father went to his office to day as his knee was better, but he rode. Maria and her girl are here today making a blue silk frock for Anna, and very pretty it is.²⁴ There is a cape to it, which has two rows of yellow satin piping round it, and two rows round the neck, and the sleeves. I read twenty seven or eight pages of Rollin to day, but I was a long time about it. I began to read, down in the basement room, and sucked an orange at the same time. Then I went up into the parlour, and was there till near 2 o'clock before I finished it, but I cannot say that I was very industrious. I got up once or twice to get things out of the closets, and I thought of other things, and did not by any means give my attention to it as I ought to have done. Just as I had finished reading, Grandma came in and sat down, whereupon I got up, went up stairs and dressed, and went down into the basement room, but before long Grandma came down again, and said

²⁴ Maria was a dressmaker who came in semi-annually.

I believe, that she had gone up to hear me practise, or something like it. ~~After~~ For ^a little while I did go up to practise, but I had been at the instrument but a very few minutes before Miss Eliza Bogert came in. I left the piano and as Grandma and Aunt Fanny came up, I began to read to myself in "A Compliment of the Season," a little annual. If I had begun to practise immediately after she went away I might have played nearly or perhaps quite, an hour, before dinner, but instead of that I kept on reading till after three o'clock, ~~at least I think as late~~ so that I played ^{only} ten minutes, and then went down to dinner. After dinner the men came with the curtain poles ~~rods~~ and ornaments and I practised none ~~then~~. Before tea I played a very little, and after tea a little more, but I have not made up my two hours. I went to one of the library closets for gingercakes, this morning, and while taking them out of the jar, placed the keys of those closets on one of the shelves, and when I had got my cakes, forgot the keys, shut the door, and so locked them in, for those doors when once shut, are locked. I began to work a moccasin last night ~~and this morning~~ for Anna.

Sunday, Dec. 30th.

All of us staid at home today, except Grandma. Father did not like to walk so far, with his lame knee, and Anna was hardly well enough, so Aunt Fanny staid with her, and would have done so, even if Father and I had gone. I read 2 chapters in my Bible to day. I went upstairs into Aunty's room after dinner, where Anna was lying on the foot of the bed, for she did not come down to dinner. There I brought my little keepsakes, and she got hers. I fixed and gave her some tea and toast, which Kitty brought up

after dinner, and when she got up I dressed her. I learnt some catechism this evening, and read some in the Lady of the Manor.

Monday Dec. 31st.

Miss Robinson has been here this morning, and has put up the curtains. Mr Meetz did not come, but why he staid away I know not. I read some Rollin, but did not finish it, which I was to have done. I practised none all day. I have got a bad cold; how, I dont exactly know. Miss Eliza Bogert drank tea with us. The conversation ran part of the time upon braces to keep shoulders back, moccasins, plumb cake, the sayings of little Augusta Lawrence, and those of Anna, and so forth.

1833

Thursday, Jan. 1st.

We have had a nice time to day. This morning we found in the basket, two black fur mufflers, one for Anna, and the other for me, from Grandma; Goldsmiths England²⁵ for me, and Evening Entertainments for Anna, from Father, and a nice little basket for me, and 'Compliments for the Season' for Anna, from Aunt Fanny. After breakfast we gave Aunty her presents. Father first gave her the worktable, Anna then, the cards, card case and plate, and lastly I presented her with the cloth. After a while I dressed and went into the parlour. I took my little tablet and put down the names of all the gentlemen that called, but there were very few, for it has been a rainy day. I had an unpleasant

²⁵ Oliver Goldsmith, 1728-1774. The work Susan received may have been either The History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son, 1764, or English History, 1771.

night enough last night, I was so restless, and wakeful, and hot. I was glad enough to see the dawning of the light. I have been quite unwell to day also with my cold.

Wednesday, Jan. 2nd.

Mr Meetz has not been here to day. My cold is not very much better. However I dressed and went into the parlour. Miss Wickham from Jamaica called to see Grandma, and Miss Ward, with Miss Julia Ward, and Miss Louisa, her younger sister ~~and~~. Miss Julia and I, seated ourselves on the couch, and talked away in fine style. Our subjects were, practising, drawing, my invitation of last summer, the Cholera, and other things. I believe I will put down part of our conversation, as well as I can remember it, though I may not get the very words that were used.

Miss Julia. 'Is yours a fine piano?'

S. 'Not particularly fine, but I like it very well.'

Miss J. 'Are you fond of music?'

S. 'I don't love to practise'.

Miss J. 'I have a grand piano and that makes practising somewhat pleasanter. How long have you taken lessons?'

S. 'It is three years this last fall, since I began to learn, but I have lost a good many lessons, and all last summer I took but one lesson'.

Miss J. 'You must play quite well.'

S. 'O no I don't . How long have you learned?'

Miss J. 'Five or six years.'

S. 'O you must be quite a grand performer.'

Miss J. 'No I am not. Mr Meetz is your teacher?'

S. 'Yes, old Mr Meetz. Raymond Meetz,

not Julius Meetz. Who teaches you?'

Miss J. 'Mr B----. Do you draw?'

S. 'I have never learned.'

Miss J. 'But you draw?'

S. 'Yes, some little things just to please myself, but I have never learned.'

Miss J. 'O well let me see some of them Anna show me some of your sisters drawings.'

Away went Anna, and got my costumes, but as she was going, I happened to cough.

Miss J. 'The cough came just as you were going to tell her not to get them. O they are beautiful, so well shaded, did you draw them?'

S. Yes I drew them by eye.

Miss J. 'Anna have you nothing more?'

Anna. 'There is one thing more.'

Miss J. 'O go and bring it.'

S. 'There is nothing more Anna, what do you mean?'

Anna. Yes there is.

S. No, Anna don't you get it. There is nothing more, I never drew anything even as well as those are done.

Miss J. 'Yes bring it Anna.'

And away she went to be sure and soon returned with a little box of paltry card babies. Then there was some little laughing or pulling and Miss Julia praised them up so much, and called them "specimens of untaught genius," or something like it, but at last, they went away. These scraps of talk are not quite correct, nor in their exact order, but something to that purpose was said. [several words crossed out] ~~right~~. I did not go down

to tea this evening but I lay upon the bed in Aunty's room, and read a little in the Lady of the Manor.

Thursday Jan. 3rd.

Last evening after I had gone to bed, my ear began to ache, and though not very severely, yet it was unpleasant enough. Aunt Fanny put several roasted onions or ~~rather~~ ^{at} least their hearts, into my ear, and at last I got up and came into Aunt Fanny's room, and slept there all night. I was pretty comfortable after I got there, as my ear grew better. I have spent the greatest part of today in Aunty's room where there has been a fire. Grandma and Anna went out, however, and got some grapes. Aunt Fanny took down the back parlour curtains yesterday morning, and she intends to take down those in the front parlour. She does not like the way in which Miss Robinson put them ^{up}, and made them, and she is very busy altering them.

Friday, Jan. 4th.

Aunt Fanny, Grandma, and Anna went out today, and paid some calls. Just as Aunt Fanny was getting ready to go, Miss Weed came in, and sat awhile. Mr Meetz came before she went away, and I took my lesson. While the ladies were gone, and I alone, several people called, but did not come in. Mrs King and her daughters, Mrs Lawrence, Mrs Taylor, and Miss Bogert. This evening I finished the sixth, and last volume of Rollin. I slept in Aunty's room last night also.

Saturday, Jan. 5th.

Here it is, the fifth of January, but much more like May. It is a delightful day, so warm and mild. I began [2 words in code] to day. I attempted four or five lines. Aunt Fanny has put up, and arranged the curtains this morning, and they look much better

than they did before. I believe though, she tied them up last evening. I slept in Aunty's room last night, too, but this is the last time. I practised none till evening. I have not much to say. My cold is somewhat better, but my cough is not gone.

Sunday, Jan. 6th.

I did not go to church this morning, nor did any of us except Father. I wrote some, and read one chapter in my Bible. I went to church in the afternoon however and heard a sermon that I like very well. The text was, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' (Jeremiah) It was something like a New year's sermon. I read some in the Lady of the Manor. Anna is not well today, indeed this evening she is quite sick. Mr William Ward²⁶ called this evening before tea, to see Grandma.

Monday, Jan. 7th.

Mr Meetz came to day and gave me a lesson. Two or three more lines of [one word in code]²⁷ to day. It is difficult enough. I have cracked some nuts this afternoon. Anna is quite sick. They sent for the doc ~~Tuesday~~ tor this evening. Grandma and I, set out to take a walk when Mr Meetz had gone. We went as far as Leonard Street, but I then would go no further. On our return we stopped at Cousin Cornelia's, but they were all out.

Tuesday Jan. 8th.

I have played some to day on my piano, I have occupied myself a little while with [word in code]. Nothing very remarkable has happened, and I have nothing to say.

²⁶ A William G. Ward is listed in the 1832 Longworth's New York Directory as a broker living at 632 Broadway.

²⁷ In Susan Warner, Anna Warner translates this code word as "Latin."

Wednesday Jan. 9th.

Anna is much better to day. Mr Meetz came and I had my lesson. Mrs H. Bogert called this morning, and Mrs Clark, with little Mary, Miss Robinson and her mother. These two went out to the greenhouse with me. Miss Harriet Bogert, and Mrs Lawrence, Mrs Johnson, and one of her daughters, and Mrs Francis also came. Aunty saw none of them; she was down in the basement room making blancmange, cruller and a bread pudding. [word in code] to day as usual.

Thursday Jan. 10th.

This morning I got my grammar [two letters in code] lesson, and played an hour, and read one or two pages of Goldsmiths England. Mrs. ^D Codwise²⁸ called and was forced to sit some time in the parlour waiting for Grandma, who was not dressed when she came. Aunt Thurston came too, but did not stay very long, and she did not see Grandma who was down stairs making apple dumplings. After dinner I took a walk with Father up Broadway, and when I came back, went with Grandma to Cousin Cornelia's, for a few minutes. I have been reading history this evening; Goldsmiths England.

Friday Jan 11th.

I have learnt my gram [two letters in code] mar lesson to day, and read 10 pages of Goldsmiths England. I played an hour on the piano also. Mr Meetz has not come to day. Anna is improving in

²⁸ David Codwise and Henry Warner met in 1821, while Henry was travelling to New York to begin his apprenticeship with Robert Emmet. Codwise and Warner remained friendly. Codwise is listed in Longworth's New York Directory for 1835-1836 as an attorney with an office at 6 1/2 Wall Street and a residence at 8 St. Mark's Place.

health. She came down stairs to day. Maria and her girl are here. They were to have come yesterday, but something or other prevented. They are making Aunty's cloak.

· Saturday Jan 12th.

Maria is here to day, and her girl. I learnt my grammar [two letters in code] lesson in the basement room, and a while afterwards went up into the parlour and read 10 pages of Goldsmith. I then played or practised, an hour. This practising is unpleasant work enough, especially in cold weather, and in a cold room, for the room was not over warm then; and to drum for an hour upon a piece that I don't consider pretty, and get my fingers and my toes cold, is certainly not very delightful. However when a thing must be, there is no use in worrying about it.

Sunday Jan 13th.

Father, Aunty and I, went to church this morning, and heard a very good sermon from Mr. Mason²⁹. After we came home I read some in the Lady of the Manor. We went again in the afternoon, but heard a poor sermon, from somebody, whose name I do not know. I read in the Lady of the Manor after I got home again. Mr Cornelius Bogert, and Mr H. Bogert called this afternoon. Grandma went to Cousin Cornelia's this morning, and did not come home untill after tea. Doctor Bogert and Cousin Louis came in with her. Father went out this evening. He went to see Mrs John King. Aunty wore her cloak to day, and a very pretty one it is.

Monday, Jan 14th.

²⁹ This may have been either Cyrus Mason, pastor of the Brick Meeting House Church, or Erskine Mason, whose church was at Bleeker Street and Broadway.

Mr Meetz has been here to day. My lessons were not quite done by dinner time, so I read part of my history after dinner, and then, all of us but Grandma, went over to Cousin Cornelia's. We saw Miss Thurston, and I think she is rather pretty, but I could not see her face very well, for she held a newspaper before it most of the time. Found Miss Sarah Carroll and Sarah Grace here when we came back. Aunty made cruller this morning.

Thursday Jan. 15th.

When I had finished my grammar [two letters in code] lesson this morning, which was not very early, Aunty and I went out, and in the first place, to see Miss Miller. She seemed glad indeed, to see us. From thence we went to Mrs Lawrence's, but they were all out. Then we proceeded to Mrs H. Bogert's. We saw her, and asked her to come and drink tea with us on Thursday evening, which she agreed to do. We went then to Miss Carroll's. Miss Sarah was out, but we went up stairs and saw Miss Emily, who has been sick, and Sarah Grace, whom we also invited to come with her Aunt Sarah, for Miss Emily is not able to go out. We then came home, but found little Annie, with a bad headache. She soon got better however. Aunt Thurston and Cousin Cornelia stopped this morning, before we went out. After tea I played some on the piano and read one or two pages of history.

Wednesday Jan. 16th.

I learnt my [one word in code] lesson in Aunty's room, and dressed and went down in the parlour. Mr Meetz came, and gave me a lesson. A very pleasant lesson too. Miss Mary, and Miss Harriet Bogert came in while I was playing, and Grandma took them all over the house and I went also. After they were gone I read history. Aunty and Anna went out today. Since dinner I have

been cracking nuts, and Grandma has been pickling oysters for tomorrow evening. I washed a few apples also.

Thursday Jan. 17th.

I learnt my Latin lesson this morning, but did no other of my lessons. Father bought four china fruit baskets, pure white without any gilding. Grandma has been making whip syllabub. Aunty has been about a good many different things. I have been here there, and everywhere. I cannot enter into details.

Friday Jan. 18th.

Yesterday after dinner I went up into Aunty's room. After a while, before either Anna or I had begun to dress, Sarah Grace arrived. I ran down, said 'how d'ye do', and then ran up again to dress, leaving Anna with her. She however was obliged to come up in a little while. When I was dressed it was near dark; we went down to Sarah and talked or looked at the annuals for some time. At last the candles were lighted, and Aunty came down, and it drew towards the time for the people to come. Cousin Lewis was the first, Mrs Taylor, Miss Lawrence, and Miss ^{H.} Bogert and Miss Mary Bogert soon followed, and Aunt Thurston, Cousin Cornelia, and Miss Thurston were not far behind. It was not long before all the rest were arrived. Mrs Clark, Mrs H. Bogert, Mr Clark, Doctor Bogert, and Mr H. Bogert, Miss Sarah Carroll could not come. I staid in the front room where they all were for some time, but finding it pretty dull, and that little notice was taken of me, I went to the back room, where were Anna, and Sarah Grace. I did not find it very delightful there either. However at last coffee and cake was handed round. I did not have a very delightful evening. We danced one cotillion, but it was dull work. Anna waltzed sweetly with Sarah Grace. At last supper

time came, and we all proceeded to the library. Sarah Grace, Anna and I seated ourselves on the of the fire nearest the door. The room was pretty full. However justice was done to the supper, which, was really excellent. I was pretty moderate, for I eat some pickled oysters, and a little blancmange. Sarah Grace eat stewed oysters, blancmange, and quince jelly, and I am not sure but she eat pickled oysters also. When all were satisfied, we returned to the parlour, and before long one after another went away, and at last we were left alone. I must not forget to mention that I played my piece twice over, the second time especially for Mr Hoyt³⁰, who came before supper. This morning I washed up a good many things for Aunty, and did make up my lessons before dinner, except that I took my music lesson, as Mr Meetz came. This evening I got my Latin lesson, and read one or two pages of history.

Saturday Jan. 19th.

I got my Latin lesson this morning, but did nothing else before dinner. Aunty and Grandma begged me so much to go out with them, that at last I consented. We went up to Bond Street to see Miss Ward, and Mrs Francis. We found that the latter was sick, but we went into the parlour to warm ourselves, for it was very cold. Presently Miss Ward came in, and she sent up for the young ladies. Miss Julia played a piece for us, and I had to do the same thing. Miss Ward shewed us some of the rooms, which are beautiful. After dinner I read in the Spectator. I played half an hour before tea and as much after.

³⁰ Mr. Jesse Hoyt is listed as an attorney and counselor in Longworth's New York Directory for 1932, with an office at 24 Wall Street and a residence at 26 Mercer Street.

Sunday Jan 15 m. to 8. 20th.

All of us but Anna went to church this morning. Mr Mason preached. The text was (Jeremiah 21-23.) Father and I went in the afternoon. A continuation upon the same text. I have read in the Lady of the Manor to day, but none in my Bible as yet. Grandma went over to Cousin Cornelia's, this morning, and has not yet, come back. The weather is warm, but damp.

Monday Jan. 21st, 20 m. to 9.

I learnt my Latin lesson in pretty good time, comparitively, this morning. Mr Meetz came, and gave me my lesson. I read 9 or 10 pages of history also. I have read some in Entertaining Knowledge this evening It has been a damp foggy day. Things go on as usual.

Tuesday, Jan. 22 8 o'clock.

I learnt my Latin lesson before 12 o'clock this morning. I did nothing very useful after that, untill 1 o'clock, at which time I sat down to practise. I was thus occupied until 2 o'clock. I after wards took up my history, but instead of beginning at my ten pages for the the day, I spent some time in looking at other parts of it. At last however, I recollected myself, but did not quite finish it before dinner. After I had done my reading in the afternoon, Grandma, Anna and I, went over to Cousin Cornelia's, but we did not see Miss Thurston. Cousin Cornelia has been quite unwell. Before tea I played half an hour at the piano, and I have played nearly as much since tea. ~~(It was fog and damp dark to day in the morning but it has cleared up this afterneen)~~ It has been a damp dark day; though it showed some signs of clearing this afternoon, it is still cloudy. Aunt Fanny made cruller this morning, and Father did not go to his office

today, because he was quite sick with a toothache. It began yesterday, and was then very violent, and it still continues ^{to} ache, though not quite so badly.

Wednesday Jan. 23rd.

I learnt my Latin lesson this morning and took my music lesson, but I did not read my history. Mr Meetz gave me not a very long lesson. After dinner, Grandma, Anna and I got ready, and posted off to the dancing school. We stopped at Cousin Cornelia's for Aunt Thurston and Miss Thurston, who were to have joined us, but Miss Thurston was hardly well enough to go, so we proceeded without them. I was not quite easy enough however, I felt rather agitated, notwithstanding I have been there so often before. At last we arrived and went up in the dancing room, which was pretty full. We sat there sometime before Mr Charvand saw us. I meanwhile was uneasy enough, till I took my lesson, after which we came home without waiting for the cotillion. I read some in the Spectator this evening. Father did not go to his office to day for his head is not yet well. It has been a damp dark day.

Thursday Jan. 24th. 15 m. past 8.

I learnt my Latin lesson in Aunty's room this morning, for Mary has been drying the clothes in the basement, as she has not had an opportunity of hanging them out, because of the weather. I played an hour on the piano, and read part of my ten pages before, and the remainder after dinner. Father has staid at home to day also, though he is much better. This has been another disagreeable day, damp and dark Anna and I had Grandma's coats spread out on the parlour floor to day. Aunty made blancmange last ^{night} ~~evening~~. I have read some in the Spectator this evening.

Friday Jan. 25th. 15 m. after 8

My Latin lesson was learnt as usual this morning, down in the basement room. Father went to his office, but came immediately home again, and was in the parlour when Mr Meetz arrived. He gave me a very good lesson today. I afterwards read part of my ten pages, and the rest after dinner. I have read a little in *Stories for Emma*³¹ this evening, and played half an hour on the piano. It has snowed all day, but has not been very cold; indeed it rained a little once or twice.

Saturday Jan. 26th.

I learnt my Latin lesson this morning, but I was a good while about it; longer than I need have been. I also played or practised an hour, but read no history. Aunt Thurston came in this morning with little Cornelia. Aunt Fanny, Anna and I went to dancing school this afternoon. Miss Thurston was not well enough to go. My head felt something like aching part of the time. I played near half an hour this evening, and recited Latin to Father. Miss Robinson called this morning, but Aunt Fanny was engaged. I went up into the parlour however and received her. This has been a fine day, but rather cold.

Sunday Jan. 27th.

Aunty, Anna and I went to church this morning. Father staid at home, not feeling very well. We went in the afternoon also. In the morning the text was, (Matthew V.20) in the afternoon, (Acts XVII.30). Grandma went to Cousin Cornelia's in the morning and staid till after tea. It has been a fine day.

³¹ Stories for Emma was published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, n.d.

Monday Jan. 28th.

I got my Latin as usual to day, and took my music lesson, and read part of my history before, dinner. Aunty, Anna, and I went walked out after dinner. We first went to Browers below Chambers St, for Aunty wished to have Anna's moccasins made, but he would not do it, as he was not accustomed to making them. We then went back to the corner of Broome St, where I left them and came home, but they went as far as Lafayette Place, and round it. I found Grandma had gone out, when I reached home, and as Father and I were sitting in the parlour, Aunt Thurston came in, and soon afterwards Aunty, Anna and Grandma. Aunt Thurston staid to tea, so I did not finish my history. Miss Sarah Carroll called this morning. It has been a fine day, but cold, and it was windy this morning.

Sunday Jan. 29th.

Latin as usual and history, and practise, I dont know how much. This afternoon Grandma, Aunty Anna, and I went out, and first down to Brognor's, where I was measured for a pair of dancing shoes, and Aunt Fanny left the moccasins to be made for Anna. We then went to Miss Carroll's, and saw Miss Ludlow, Miss S. Carroll, and Sarah Grace. I was almost dark when we got home. The weather was rather pleasant when we went out, but it had changed for the worse when we came back.

Wednesday Jan. 30th.

I was a ~~good while~~ not as long as usual about my Latin this morning, and I took my music lesson, and read the greatest part of my history, before dinner, after which we went to dancing school, Aunty, Anna, and I. We found Aunt Thurston, and Miss Thurston there. Aunt Thurston went away, before I took my

lesson, and left Miss Thurston with us. We staid to a cotillion, and Anna and I had opposite to us, one of the smallest children there, on which account I was not pleased. When the cotillion was finished, and before we went down to the dressing room, a woman came from Cousin Cornelia's for Miss Thurston, and brought the unwelcome news that it rained. We went down stairs, and such a hurlyburly, I have seldom seen. The crowd was great, because of the weather, which prevented the girls from going ~~home~~ immediately away. Miss Thurston, as soon as she got ready, went home, but we waited a good while for somebody to come for us. At last however Father arrived with John, and we all got home safe in spite of the the rain. We had tea at eight o'clock. It has not been a very pleasant day, though the weather has been mild.

Thursday Jan. 31st. 20 m. past 8.

I learnt my Lattin down in the basement this morning, and then went up in Aunty's room, where I marked one stocking, and read my history aloud to her. Afterwards I took the papers out of her hair, and arranged and combed it. At length I came down into the parlour, and played on the piano from 3 o'clock, to 20 m. to 4, when I went to dinner. After dinner I played 20 minutes more, and after tea half an hour. I has snowed the greater part of the day.

Friday, February 1st. 25 m. past 7

I learnt my Latin in Aunty's room this morning, but I was rather longer than I need have been about it. I then dressed, came down into the parlour, and read my ten pages of history. Mr Meetz did not come today, so I played an hour on the piano. I marked on stocking after dinner, and recited my lesson to Father. I have

read some in the Spectator this evening. Aunty made doughnuts this morning. It has been quite a fine day.

Saturday Feb. 2nd. 8 o'clock.

I had a very short Latin lesson to day. When I finished it, I read part of my history, and then went up into Aunty's room, where I spent an hour very unprofitably. I dressed to be sure, and took the strings off my dancing shoes, but I was pretty idle from 12 to 1 o'clock, at which time I came down into the parlour, and read some more of my history, but did not quite finish it. While reading Miss Thurston came in, in order that I might show her some steps. She staid such a little time, that I could not do much. I played an hour, and then came dinner. As soon as dinner was over Grandma, Anna, and I went to the dancing school. On our way we called for Miss Thurston, who joined us, as Aunt Thurston did not go to day. I had quite a pleasant afternoon. We did not stay to the cotillion, and Miss Thurston went away before I took my lesson. Aunt Fanny and Father went to Mrs H. Bogerts this evening, by invitation. It has been quite a pleasant day.

Sunday Feb. 3rd.

We all went to church twice to day. The text in the morning was, (Deut.y. XXIX.19) in the afternoon (Jude, ^{me}.4). I have read in the Lady of the Manor as usual. Grandma went over to Mr E. Southern's church as usual today, but dined at Mr Henry Bogert's. I have little to say. Miss Eliza Bogert called after dinner.

Monday Feb. 4th.

It was rather late when I had finished my Latin to day. I dressed myself, and before very long, the Miss Codwise's came in. Neither Grandma nor Aunt Fanny were then dressed, but both set

about it, and in the mean while I went into the parlour After a while they came down. A while after ~~seen~~ the ladies went away I sat down to practise. I was thus employed an hour. Mr Meetz did not come today. After dinner Aunt Fanny, Anna and myself went over to Cousin Cornelia's. We found Miss Thurston had gone out, so I could not then give her a dancing lesson, as I had intended. After some time she came home, and Aunt Fanny thought going home, Aunt Thurston invited Anna and me to stay without her, which we concluded to do. After tea Miss Thurston and I went up stairs, and danced for nearly one hour We went home about 9 o'clock, and had a very pleasant evening. We found only Grandma when got home, for Aunty and Father had gone out. However Anna went to bed, and I eat a couple of doughnuts, and a tumbler of milk, for I eat very little at tea.

Tuesday Febuary 5th.

Latin as usual, practise, and history. I marked one stocking this afternoon Miss Thurston was to have come here this afternoon, to take a dancing lesson, but she has not. I have read in Spenser³² this evening.

Wednesday Feb. 6th 5th.

Mr Meetz has been here today; and I have learnt my Latin lesson. Grandma went with us to dancing school this afternoon; Miss Thurston was not there. Maria and her girl have been here all day. Aunt Fanny and Father went to Miss Miller's this evening; Anna and I were invited, but it was thought best, for us to stay at home. Miss Robinson came here, and went with them.

³² A six-volume set of Spenser's complete works, published in 1831, is in the Warner House collection. In Queechy, the heroine is described reading The Faerie Queene as a child.

Thursday Feb. 7th.

I learnt my Latin this morning, played an hour, and read some history. We drank tea at Cousin Cornelia's this evening. Miss Thurston has been sick, and did not come down to tea, but Anna and I went upstairs and sat with her some time. She came down stairs a while after tea and we danced to show her the figures of a cotillion. It has been a cold windy day.

Friday Feb. 8th.

Mr Meetz has been here today, but I have a bad cold; it was coming on ^{all} yesterday. I learnt my Latin also this morning. I have little to say. Katherine has left us today forever.³³

Saturday Feb. 9th.

Latin as usual, and I practised nearly an hour just before dinner. I did not begin to do my lessons untill 12 o'clock for I read some time after breakfast, and then went into the parlour and rubbed one of the chairs well, and dusted some of the others. By this way of proceeding, it was late when I begun my duties. Aunty went with us to dancing school this afternoon. Miss Thurston was not well enough to go. It has been a mild, fine, day.

Sunday Feb. 10th.

We all went to church to day. It was communion sunday. The text this morning was (Hosea V. f.c. 15). A stranger preached this afternoon, and I do not remember the text. After church this afternoon we took a walk up town. Grandma has been absent all day as usual. It has been a mild, delightful day, more like spring, than anything else.

³³ Katherine had been a chambermaid.

Monday Feb. 11th.

I learnt my Latin as usual to day, and Mr Meetz came and gave me a lesson, but I have not read ten pages of history. It has snowed some to day. I have read in Spenser, this evening.

Tuesday Feb. 12th. 20 m. past 8.

I did not begin my Latin until after 12 to day, and I just finished it, and practised an hour by dinner time. It has not snowed to day, but it has been damp, and warm enough for the snow to melt. This has not been a well spent day, by any means.

Wednesday Feb. 13th. 20 m. to 8.

I learnt my Latin in Aunty's room this morning, but I was a great time about it, and just finished it by dinner time. Mr Meetz came this morning and gave me my lesson. We did not go to dancing school this afternoon, because of the weather. I went up into Aunty's room and learnt my geography lesson, and came down and rubbed two of the back parlour chairs, with ^a waxed cloth, and another for polishing. Since tea I have played half an hour on the piano, and recited my Latin which was not by any means well got. It has been a dark, dull, cloudy day. It snowed a little, and rained, and hailed. The walking was very bad and the weather very unpleasant.

Thursday Feb. 14th.

I went up into Aunty's room this morning, and ciphred for some time. At length I dressed and went down into the parlour, where I did one sum in division, and with Anna, tried to remember how to perform a certain trick with cards. After a while I went about my Latin, but not being very industrious, time slipped away, and the dinner hour arrived, before I had finished my lesson, or practised any. After dinner Father examined me on my

arithmetic, and I rubbed one of the chairs in the parlour, and my music stand, with wax. This evening I have been employed in writing some translations of Latin, and I have played a little on the piano. Mrs Taylor, and Mrs Lawrence called this afternoon. Aunt Fanny and Anna walked out a little way, and brought those ladies home with them. It has been a pleasant day.

Friday Feb. 15th. 15 m. to 8.

Instead of a Latin lesson to day, I had to write down translation of Latin, which I did partly in the basement room, and partly in the parlour. Mr Meetz came to day and gave me my lesson. After he was gone, and I had finished my writing, I went up into Aunty's room, where I read some in Turkish History,³⁴ and did a little of my geography lesson. It was cloudy this morning but before dinner time it began to snow, and has snowed merrily since that time, at least I dont know that it has stopped. Aunty and Anna went out this morning, and got back before it began to storm. A new chambermaid has come to day. Her name is Mary Jane Gillet, or something like it.

Saturday Feb. 16th.

I wrote my translation today instead of a Latin lesson, and practised an hour. Aunty went with us to dancing school this afternoon. Miss Thurston was not there. It has been a fine, mild day, and in consequence, the walking has been none of the best, as the snow has melted.

Sunday Feb. 17th. 10 m. to 9.

We all went to church to day. The text this morning was, (Deut. XXXII. 29.) It has been a fine day, but the walking was bad.

³⁴ Another volume in the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

Grandma ~~has been~~ went to Cousin Cornelia's this morning, as usual, and did not come home untill after tea.

Monday Feb. 18th.

I wrote my Latin as usual this morning, and Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. It has not been a ^{very} pleasant day, ~~and has even rained part of the time~~ Things go on as usual, and I have little to say. Aunt Thurston came in this morning, and Grandma went with her to look at houses. While she was away, as I was writing my Latin in the parlour, with my papers and books spread out on the table, Mrs. King, her two daughters, and another Miss King, came in. Aunty came down, but they did not stay very long.

Tuesday Feb. 19th.

Latin, at least writing translation of Latin, as usual, and I practised an hour. This evening I have been employed with arithmetic. It has been an unpleasant, rainy day, so we have not been out. I mended one of Father's gloves this afternoon.

Wednesday Feb. 20th.

Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson as usual. Grandma went with us to dancing school. Miss Thurston was not there. Father and Aunty went to Mrs Lawrence's this evening by invitation. Aunty looked very well. She wore the silk dress that Grandma gave her, and a very pretty bobbinet cape. Her back hair was simply braided, and a gold comb set in it, and she wore a gold chain. I have read some this evening in The Pearl.

Thursday, Feb. 21st.

Maria ~~and~~ ^{with} her girl have been ² here to day. She has made a new, and very pretty silk dress for Aunty. Latin, or rather writing translation, as usual. Practise also though I don't exactly know how much. Aunt Thurston called this morning ^{and} it

has been a pleasant day. Miss Harriet, and Miss Eliza Bogert, this afternoon.

Friday Feb. 22nd.

Mr Meetz came, and I took my lesson. I wrote translation also this morning. Miss Eliza and Miss Harriet Bogert drank tea with us. Grandma stopped there this morning, and asked them to come. We had a pretty pleasant evening. Father went out however, to a party, at Mr Denning's. It has been a pleasant day.

Saturday Feb. 23rd.

I wrote my translation in Aunty's room this morning, and dressed and went out with Grandma, Aunty and Anna. We ~~proceeded~~ went to Manual's, where Anna and I had our hair cut. When we got home it was dinner time. Aunty went with us to dancing school, but Miss Thurston was not there. Annie and I wore our silk frocks.

Coming home we stopped at Cousin Cornelia's. I played an hour this evening at two sittings, for I missed my hour this morning, and also my arithmetic. Grandma bought me a pack of cards this morning. It has been a very fine day, and it was quite warm this morning.

Sunday Feb. 24th. 10 m. to 8

We all went to church this morning, and Grandma with us, but she went to her own church this afternoon, and the rest of us staid at home. The text this morning was (Jeremaiah VIII.L.C.9.)

This afternoon I have read some in the Lady of the Manor.

Grandma has not yet come back from Cousin Cornelia's, where I ~~suppose~~ she went after church. It has not been a very pleasant day

Monday, Feb. 25th.

Mr Meetz has been here to day, and I have had my lesson. Writing translation as usual. I have not much to say. A new chambermaid came to day, Harriet is her name.

Tuesday Feb 26th.

I wrote my translation as usual, and played the greater part of an hour, and then went up stairs to see Manual dress Aunt Fanny's hair. After dinner I played enough more to make up the hour. This evening Aunty and Father went to Cousin Cornelia's, by invitation. Aunty's hair looked very pretty indeed. After they were gone Grandma and I played three games of picquet.

Wednesday Feb. 27th.

After my Latin lesson was done this morning I went up into Aunty's room, where I staid with Anna while ~~they~~ Grandma and Aunty were away, for they went out to make some calls. While they were gone Mrs O. Kneeland, and Mrs Ogden Haggerty called, and Mrs William Ogden.³⁵ Mrs Sullivan also called, and as Aunty and Grandma were not at home she desired to see Anna and me, so we went down, and she sat some minutes, and we talked away in fine style. Anna had something of a headache to day and was not well enough to go to dancing school, and Aunty staid at home with her, but Grandma went with me. I had a very good lesson, though there was but one more in my class beside myself. Coming home we stopped at Cousin Cornelia's.

Thursday Feb. 28th. 20 m. past 8

³⁵ Susan Ogden is listed as the widow of William Ogden in the 1832 Longworth's New York Directory; she lived at 70 Varick Street. Ogden Haggerty is listed in the same directory as a merchant with an office at 169 Pearl Street and a residence at 34 Warren Street.

I was a good while about my Latin this morning, and when it was done I went up into Aunty's room, where I did a long sum in arithmetic. After dinner I played half an hour on the piano, and then watched the man who dressed Aunty's hair. She had flowers put in it, and it looked very pretty. Aunty and Father went to the theatre this evening. I played half an hour on the piano after they went away. It has snowed some to day.

Friday March 1st. 8 o'clock.

Mr Meetz has not been here to day. I learnt my Latin lesson, and played an hour on the piano. I read some in Shakespear. I have played some time on the piano this evening. It has snowed merrily the greater part of the day. I have not much to write. Grandma has a sore throat; Aunty has a stiff neck, and I don't feel particularly lively.

Saturday March 2nd. 10 m. past 8.

I learnt my Latin lesson this morning and read some in The Pearl. Just before dinner I practised an hour. This afternoon I went up into Aunty's room with Anna, and till dusk ^{we} played cards, jackstraws, and alphabet. Since tea I have played half an hour on the piano, and ^{have} played cards a little with Anna. It has been a blustering ~~sleppy~~ ^{windy} day. For a while this morning it snowed but that did not last long. We did not of course go to dancing school, in such weather.

Sunday March 3rd. 15 m. past 8.

Father went to church this morning, but not this afternoon, and Aunt Fanny, Anna, and I have not been at all to day. I read three chapters when Father had gone this morning and Anna and I had a game of romps, which to be sure is not exactly the thing for Sunday. I also wrote some. After dinner Aunty, Anna, and I

went upstairs, and I spent a good while in combing and arranging Aunt Fanny's hair. Then I read some in the Lady of the Manor. Grandma has been absent all day as usual. It has been very cold today, though clear.

Monday March 4th.

My Latin lesson I learnt in Aunt Fanny's room to day. Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. It has been a cold and clear day. Every thing goes on as usual.

Tuesday March 5th.

I have been terribly idle to day. I only finished my Latin lesson a little while before dinner, and no practice was done untill after dinner, when I played a little, but was interrupted by Aunt Thurston's coming in. She staid to tea, and it was some time after 8 when she took her leave. We eat some nuts after she was gone, and I played no more on the piano of course. Aunty made gingercakes this morning. Miss Robinson called to day.

Wednesday March 6th. 15 m. past 8.

To day I learnt my lesson in Aunty's room, and finished the greater part of it by half past 11. I then sat down and practised an hour. Soon afterwards Mr Meetz arrived, and I took my lesson. Mrs Legerd came in while I was playing. We went to dancing school this afternoon. Aunty went with us. It snowed a good deal last night, and for some time this morning the storm continued, but after breakfast it cleared off quite pleasant.

Thursday March 7th.

I have not been particularly industrious to day. I have played some on the piano, and occupied myself I don't know how long with Latin. This evening after tea, Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Harriet, and Miss Mary Bogert came in, and staid till long after 9 o'clock. I

cut papers a good part of the evening. After a while Mr. Cornelius Bogert came in, and we had some nuts and porter.

Friday March 8th.

I have been rather an idle girl to day. I played an hour on the piano, and afterwards Mr Meetz came and gave me a lesson. After dinner I took my Latin (for I did not finish my lesson before dinner,) but I had not done much when Anna came in, and said that Aunty, and she were going over to Cousin Cornelia's. I then went up stairs and fixed myself and went with them. After some time Grandma came round, and also Father, and we staid to tea. I amused myself a good while with The Keepsake, a beautiful annual. It was 9 o'clock when we got home.

Saturday March 9th. 15 m. to 9.

I got the greater part of my Latin in Aunty's room to day, and a little of it in the parlour. I played an hour on the piano. While I was so occupied Aunty went out with Father to make some calls, and Grandma went out also, and left Anna and me alone. When I had done playing I went up stairs and dressed, and came down again and played with Anna upon a map of Charleston. Aunty went with us to dancing school after dinner. I have played half an hour on the piano this evening.

Sunday March 10th. 15 m. past 8.

We all went to church twice to day. The text this morning was, (Ezekiel xvlll.30 l.c.) in the afternoon, (Hebrews, 111.1.8.) Grandma went to Cousin Cornelia's as usual, but came home before tea. I have read in the Lady of the Manor to day. The weather was pleasant this morning, but rather chilly this afternoon. I have read none in the Bible to day, as yet.

Monday March 11th.

I learnt my lesson in Aunty's room to day, and played three quarters of an hour, soon after which Mr. Meetz came and gave me a lesson. After dinner I hemmed one side of a pocket handkerchief. Miss Sarah Carroll with Sarah Grace came in, and staid to tea. After tea some people came who wished to see father, so we went up stairs into Aunty's room, where Sarah Grace, Anna, and I, played cards. After some time we had some nuts and porter, after and then Miss Carroll went home. She borrowed Roxobel³⁶ of me, and took it home with her. Anna has not seemed very well to day. It has been a pleasant day.

Tuesday March 12th. 15 m. to 9.

I learnt part of my Latin lesson in the basement room this morning, and then went up stairs and practised an hour. I then finished my lesson, after which Anna and I looked at the pictures in three large books of father's. Then I played another half hour. This afternoon I have amused myself by cutting out, fixing, and partly painting, some little things of card. I have hemmed one side of a pocket handkerchief this evening. Two cartloads of Father's books have been brought from his office to day. Aunt Thurston stopt in a little while this morning. It has been a dark damp day; I dont know that it did not rain some this afternoon.

Wednesday March 13th.

I learnt part of my Latin lesson in Aunty's room this morning, and played an hour on the piano, after which Mr Meetz came and I took my lesson. Aunty and Grandma went out this morning. When

³⁶ Mary Martha Butts Sherwood, Roxobel. London, 1830-31. A two-volume novel describing the influence of Henry Airsley, a dwarf of perfect Christian character, on a rural English village.

Mr Meetz had gone Anna and I went up into Aunty's room, where I finished my lesson and then played cards with Anna. Aunty went to dancing school this afternoon. It was pleasant weather this morning, not quite so much so this afternoon.

Thursday March 14th.

I learnt part of my Latin lesson, and practised an hour, after which we all went out. We went up to Miss Miller's, where Aunty, Anna and I stopped, but Grandma went on. We saw Miss Annacantha Miller, but none of the others. We then went up to Miss Ann Ward's, where we found Grandma. After a while we went together with Miss Ward, to Mr. W. Wards. The lady of the house was not at home, but Miss Ward would have us see the baby. So we went in, and sat some time before the baby was brought down. It was rather a pretty baby, except its eyes were too prominent and staring. We then came home.

Friday March 15th.

Last night, or rather this morning, for I suspect it was after 4 o'clock, I had a chill, and not a very slight one, ~~considering it was~~ ^{for} the first. I did not get up until some time after breakfast, and then I went into Aunty's room where I have been all day. Father gave me permission to read what ever I pleased, so I have read in Guy Mannering,³⁷ a good part of the day. I took some salts and magnesia this morning. Uncle Thomas came this afternoon.

Saturday March 16th.

I have occupied myself to day with reading Guy Mannering. I am much better, to be sure, but some weakness still remains. I

³⁷ Sir Walter Scott, 1815.

have painted a little, at intervals. Aunty went to dancing school with Anna. I slept in Aunty's room last night.

Sunday March 17th.

Father, Uncle Thomas, Aunty and Anna went to church this morning, and I was left alone, in Aunty's room. I wrote some, and read some. I felt weak this morning, but this evening I am quite smart. Grandma went away as usual this morning, but came home before tea. None of us went to church this afternoon. I have read in Anna Ross,³⁸ and in the Lady of the Manor. I slept in Aunty's room last night.

Monday March 18th.

Part of my Latin lesson I learnt in Aunt Fanny's room this morning, and dressed myself, and went down into the parlour. At length Mr Meetz came and I took my lesson, at which Uncle Thomas was present. I finished my lesson before dinner. ~~It has~~ After dinner I practised half an hour, and then Anna and I went up into Aunty's room, where we played cards. This evening I played another half hour. It has been a pleasant day.

Tuesday, March 19th. 10 m. to 9.

This has been a delightful day. I learnt part of my Latin lesson in the basement room, and then dressed, went into the parlour and practised an hour. Aunty, Grandma, and Anna went out this morning. When they were gone, I got a flannel rag out of the rag-bag and washed the wooden box which John made for me. Afterwards I took my books and sat down in the parlour. Mr and

³⁸ Grace Kennedy, 1782-1825. Anna Ross: A Story for Children. 1824.

Mrs H. Kneeland³⁹ called, and also, Cousin Cornelia, Miss Harriet Bogert, and little Cornelia. These last came in, and sat a minute or two. At length Grandma and Aunty, and Anna came home, and I finished my lesson. This evening Professor Davies, and his brother called. After they were gone I had a tumbler of milk and a piece of bread.

Wednesday March 20th. 16 m. to 9.

I learnt my Latin lesson in the basement room, this morning, and then went up into Aunty Fanny's room, dressed and after a while came down into the parlour, and began to practise, but presently Mr Meetz came in, and I took my lesson. Afterwards I went again up into Aunty's room, where I played "tit, tat, toe," with Anna, and then hemmed a little on my pocket handkerchief. After dinner I played a little on the piano, and going up stairs cut some little things out of card. I have played some more on my piano this evening, and Father played on his violin for Anna to dance. Uncle Thomas has just gone; he will go up the river tomorrow morning, but wished to attend to some affairs down town, and so will not come back to sleep here. It has been a rainy day, and even now it rains a little.

Thursday March 21st. half past 8.

We had done breakfast this morning, but were still in the basement room round the fire, when who should come in, but Uncle Thomas. The boat did not arrive last night, and of course he could not go. We sat so long talking, that it was not very early when I went to my lesson, and I had not near finished when I went

³⁹ Henry Kneeland is listed in the 1832 Longworth's New York Directory as residing at 34 Warren Street.

to practise. I practised an hour, and ~~±~~ finished my lesson before dinner. This evening I have played some more on the piano, and indeed I played half an hour after dinner. Uncle Thomas has gone this afternoon, he did not come up to dinner. It has been a dark foggy day.

Friday March 22nd.

This morning the weather was so fine, that we had no fire made in the parlour for some time. I learnt my Latin lesson to day as usual. Mr Meetz came, and I took my lesson. After he went away we had a fire made, for it clouded over, and was not, in the end, the fine day which the morning promised. Miss Sedgwick⁴⁰ called this afternoon. This evening I went up stairs, when only Harriet was there, after Anna had gone to bed, and sewed some on a little thing which I am making of card.

Saturday March 23rd.

I played an hour on the piano this morning, but did not finish my Latin lesson. Miss Ward and Miss Julia Ward called to day and sat some time. Before they went away, Grandma went out to make some calls with Aunt Thurston, and Cousin Cornelia. Aunt Fanny went with us to dancing school this afternoon. We staid to the cotillion. Anna danced, but I did not. She had little Miss Sedgwick for her partner.

Sunday March 24th. 8 o'clock.

⁴⁰ Probably Catherine (Kate) Maria Sedgwick Minot, niece of Catherine Maria Sedgwick. In a letter to Kate Sedgwick Minot dated 13 July 1851, Catherine Sedgwick praised The Wide, Wide World but reminded her niece of her unfortunate introduction to Susan Warner as a child: "You were repulsed by her reserve and her frightful long long neck."

We all went to church twice to day. The text this morning, (John V.44.) this afternoon we had a dull sermon from a stranger The text, (Matthew V.1.6.) Grandma went away this morning as usual and has not yet come back. The weather was very delightful early this morning, but it grew rather colder afterwards.

Monday March 25th.

I learnt part of my Latin lesson this morning, and after a while went into the parlour, and began to practise. I had been so employed about 25 minutes, when Mr Meetz came in and gave me my lesson; I just finished my lesson by dinner time, but I was not very industrious. After dinner Anna and I went up into Aunty's room, where there was a fire, and I occupied myself the whole afternoon with making a little thing of card. After tea, I played a quarter of an hour on the piano, and then went up stairs again, with Anna. I sewed on my little basket of card, untill after ten o'clock, when I finished it. Aunt Thurston came in, and sat some time this evening, but I only ran down once to see her, and then stayed hardly a minute. Miss Brunson and her sister called this morning.

Tuesday March 26th.

I learnt part of my Latin lesson this morning, played an hour on the piano, and finished my Latin lesson by dinner time. As usual I might have been more industrious. After dinner I played half an hour on the piano, and then Anna and I went up into Aunty's room, and played on a map of Charleston of grandma's, and on the slate. Aunty and Grandma went out this afternoon. The evening I played another half hour, and then read in Sanford and Merton.

After a while Mr and Mrs Hallett⁴¹ came in, and staid untill some time after 7 o'clock. This has been a fair day, though windy, and cold.

Wednesday, March 27th.

I played half an hour on the piano to day, and Mr Meetz came but I did not finish my Latin lesson before dinner. After dinner I finished it, and Grandma and I went to dancing school. I took off my things, and we went up into the room, but I was not there long, before I percieved that none of my class were there, beside myself. It would not have been very long before my class would have been called. I did not much like this, and so I persuaded Grandma to come home again. We stopped at Cousin Cornelia's and saw Aunt Thurston, and the little baby. This evening I played half an hour on the piano. Father bought a new pair of horses to day, and very pretty ones they are. Their colour is black and they are very prettily formed horses, but they are very young. Anna ~~is~~ has been quite sick to day, but she is better this evening. She has had a chill, and also a bad cold.

Thursday March 28th.

I practised an hour this morning, and finished my Latin before dinner. After dinner I looked over some volumes of the Encyclopaedia, with Anna, and played cards with her. After tea Anna and I went up into Aunt Fanny's room, and played cards

⁴¹ William P. Hallett, a clerk of the Superior Court. The 1832 Longworth's New York Directory lists his residence as 36 Beekman; the 1833 directory lists his residence as 463 Broome Street.

for some time. When I came down Father was out. I read some time in the Tatler, and then played a little on the piano. Miss Harriet Bogert called to day.

Friday March 29th.

This morning before I had risen little Annie came into our room ~~to~~ that her clothes might be tied, and told us that Mary the waiter had a fit. She fainted away, or became insensible, as she was dressing, and it was a long while before they could restore her. They sent over the way for Doctor Weed, and he came and gave her an emetic. It was merely an Hysterical fit, and she became better after a while. I did some Arithmetic, and practised the greater part of an hour, and Mr Meetz coming, I took my lesson. Afterwards I learnt my Latin lesson. After dinner Anna and I looked over some volumes of the Encyclopaedia. Mary came down into Aunty's room this afternoon, and sat there all the evening, but some time after tea, she became very nervous, and started or twitched a good deal in her sleep.

Saturday, March 30th.

Mary sat in Aunty's room last night untill one o'clock, and was quite sick, but she was somewhat better this morning. I learnt my Latin lesson much sooner than usual, (to be sure it was short and easy), and then rubbed over some of the chairs in the parlour. I also swept the two lower piazza's, and dusted the blinds. I then dressed, and played bagatelle with Anna, and practised an hour. I read some in Parents Assistant.⁴² After dinner I read more and after tea cut the leaves of a volume of

⁴² Maria Edgeworth, The Parents' Assistant, or Stories for Children. 1796.

Encyclopaedia. We had tea very late. Mary is much worse, and is nervous as she was last night.

Sunday March 31th.

Neither Anna nor Aunty went to church to day but Father and I went both morning and afternoon. In the morning the text (Ephesians IV.18.) ~~I have forgotten~~ this afternoon Mr Mason did not preach. The text, (Luke X.27.1.c.) Grandma has been away all day as usual. Mr. Kneeland⁴³ called this afternoon. It has been a fine day.

Monday April 1st.

~~This morning before breakfast Anna called John into the kitchen, telling him that Father wanted him. Aunt was making cakes there. When John came in, 'Fool, Fool' said Mary. Anna intended a April Fool, but got behind Mary and left her to say it. Little Mary is better. I got my lesson sooner than usual to day, and then did some things about, in the parlour. Aunty went to Gowan hill to day with Father. While she was away Mr Meetz came and I took my music lesson, and then Grandma Anna and myself went out. It was warm, and we only went down broadway to a confectioner's shop, where Grandma bought us two ounces of chocolate drops, one one ounce of citron, and one of almond candy. Aunty and Father came home before dinner. Aunt Thurston and Cousin Cornelia called this morning but did not stay very long. It has been a fine, warm day.~~

Tuesday April 2nd.

⁴³ Probably either Henry Kneeland or Charles Kneeland, who are listed in the 1832 Longworth's New York Directory as sharing a business address of 70 South Street. Charles Kneeland's home address is listed as Chambers Street.

I learnt my Latin this morning and went up, and dusted the two parlours. I practised an hour, and hemmed half of one side of a handkerchief. Before dinner I played another half hour. Miss Miller called this morning, and I had to play for her, and she praised my playing, in fine style. This afternoon we walked down to Miss Thompson's to see about some hats. Grandma left us when we came up to Broadway, and we walked home without her. We stopped at Miss Pattons, and sat some time.

Wednesday April 3rd.

After breakfast this morning Aunty and Anna went out, and were absent a good while. I finished my Latin lesson by the time they came home. They stopped at Cousin Cornelia's on their way home, and brought little Cornelia home with them. But soon afterwards Anna began to feel unwell, and she had to give up playing, and go to bed. She had one of her sick headaches, or something like it. I played with little Cornelia a good deal, and she staid to dinner and was very contented. Some time after dinner Hannah came for her and she went home. Mr Meetz came to day and gave me my lesson. The weather has been cloudy, and unpleasant to day.

Thursday, April 4th.

Anna is somewhat better to day. I learnt my Latin lesson in Aunty's room, and practised some as usual. I began a necklace for ~~her~~ ^{Anna's} doll. This evening Cousin Cornelia, Miss Thurston, Miss Fanning and Mr Hoyt came in.

Friday April 5th.

This morning Aunty and Father went to Gowan Hill. Anna is much better. I sat by her in Aunty's room, a great part of the morning, and after a while she removed into Grandma's room, and sat upon my bed. Before this, however, Grandma went to church,

for it is Good Friday. Harriet and I made some hot port wine sangaree for Anna. Mr Meetz has not been here to day. I finished my Latin by dinner, and played some on the piano. Aunty and Father came home to dinner. Miss Patton called this afternoon, and also Cousin Cornelia, with her little baby. They went out to the green house.

Saturday April 6th.

Anna is so much better as to be able to come down stairs. I learnt part of my Latin in Aunty's room. After one o'clock we went out to ride, Father having sent up a hack. We went down to Miss Thompson's and then away up Broadway, and down the third avenue home. I read a little in the Atlantic Souvenir⁴⁴, and this afternoon in a Treatise on the Horse. It has been a fine warm day.

Sunday April 7th.

All of us went to church except Anna, this morning but only Father and I went in the afternoon. This ~~morning~~ afternoon grandma went away as usual and did not come home untill after tea. It has not been a very pleasant day; the wind blew considerably this afternoon. When Father and I came home from church Aunty and Father went out and took a walk, and Anna and I staid in Aunty's room with Harriet. The greater part of the evening we sat there, and I read aloud some in Insect Architecture.⁴⁵

Monday, April 8th.

⁴⁴ The Atlantic Souvenir: A Christmas and New-Year's Offering was published in Philadelphia from 1826 through 1832.

⁴⁵ A volume of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, edited by J. Rennie.

I rubbed the sideboard this morning, both inside and out. Mr Meetz came and I took my lesson, and finished my lesson before dinner. After dinner we took a walk up Broadway. Grandma left us to go to Mrs Lawrence's, staid there to tea, and did not come home untill long after 8 o'clock. It rained some this morning, but cleared off towards dinner and the afternoon was most delightful.

Tuesday April 9th.

I learnt part of my Latin Lesson this morning, but did not finish it. We took a ride this afternoon, and Father went along. All this evening I have been quite unwell, and feel very much like a chill.

Wednesday April 10th.

I have had considerable fever the greatest part of the day, and have been quite sick, but I am somewhat better this evening.

Thursday April 11th.

I am better to day, but weak as a kitten. Aunty Anna, and Grandma went out this morning, and left Harriet to stay with me, and I looked over Grandma's pictures.

Friday April 12th.

Maria and her girl are here to day. I am still weak, though better. Uncle Thomas came here this afternoon. Mary McCarr left us to day.

Saturday April 13th.

It is a year to day since I began my journal. Maria and her girl are here to day. I have read some in Aikins British Poets, and have lounged about, cut calico and papers for my patchwork, and have not done much that is useful.

Sunday April 14th.

Father and I went to church this morning. It was communion day. The text, (Romans III.25-26.) We did not go this afternoon. Grandma went away as usual this morning, but came home before tea. Uncle Thomas went away this afternoon. It has been a fair day, but the wind has blown pretty hard. I have read in Travels of Tayerman and Bennet.

Monday April 15th. 15 m. p. 8.

After breakfast this morning I cracked a loaf of sugar, and rubbed the knobs of my worktable, with whiting. I then rubbed over the tops of the chairs in the parlour, and played half an hour on the piano. After a while I sewed some on my patchwork, untill Mr Meetz arrived, when I took my lesson. After he went away I sewed some more. I finished to day the Latin lesson I began last Tuesday. Fathers book cases were brought home this afternoon, and very pretty they are. Aunt Thurston came in this afternoon and staid to tea, and has not yet gone away. It has been a fair day, but not very pleasant out. Mary the cook has left us to day. Harriet will take her place, and we have engaged a new chambermaid.

Tuesday April 16th. 15 m. p. 9.

I rose quite early this morning, and as soon as I was dressed, went down into the library, where I found Father, and we immediately fell to work. I got a large dusting cloth from Grandma last night, which, torn in two was sufficient for both of us. Father wiped out the bookcases, while I finished sorting the books, and then we wiped and dusted the books, and Father put them in the cases as they were ready, and so we were very busily employed untill breakfast, a while before which however Anna came down, and helped. After breakfast we went up again, and before

long finished it, and got all the books into their respective places. I then swept and dusted our room, and the upper piazza's. At length Hannah came over with little Cornelia to spend the day. We took her down into the basement, where after some time I made them a feast, consisting of sliced ham, bits of biscuit, a little parched corn, and molasses and water in Anna's little cups and saucers. She had two or three rides in the course of the morning, upon the horse, which she seemed to like very well, and she was very contented till long after one o'clock, when she asked to go home. However I found means to divert her attention, and she was again contented, untill her mother came in, and she at last determined to go home with her. I played an hour on the piano this morning, and half an hour after dinner, and hemmed a little on a handkerchief. It has been rather cold to day, though fair and clear. A new chambermaid came to day. Her name is Ellen Roberts.

Wednesday April 17th.

I was busy with my patchwork a while both before and after breakfast, and then I went up stairs to put the parlour in order. I made the fire, set the chairs in their places, dusted round a little, and rubbed the mantelpiece with one or two oiled rags. Afterwards I played near three quarters of an hour on the piano, and Mr Meetz coming, I took my lesson. Before dinner I learnt my Latin lesson. In the afternoon I parched some corn, but not very well, for it did not pop much. I read some in a book of Domestic Cookery, and going upstairs play a game of back-gammon, and part of a game of chess with Anna. It has been a rainy dull day.

Thursday April 18th.

I rose early this morning, and after breakfast, I arranged things in the parlour, made the fire, rather better than I did yesterday, dusted both parlours ^{and} swept out the entry and the lower piazza's. I played an hour on the piano, and afterwards went out with Grandma. We first went to Cousin Cornelia's, where we saw Aunt Thurston, and after a while, Cousin Cornelia and her little baby. We went to Mrs Lawrence's, and to a store in Canal street, after which I came home, but Grandma stopped at Cousin Cornelia's, and staid there to dinner. As I stood at our door after I had rung the bell, Sarah Grace came along, and I made her come in. She staid only a minute however, and went off again. We waited a long time for father to come to dinner, and at last he arrived, and Sarah Grace too. She ~~went~~ had gone home, had got her dinner, and had then come back to spend the afternoon. As soon as we had eaten dinner we ran up stairs into the parlour where we ^{had} left her, and presently we all went out into the garden. We rode on the horse, ran about, watered plants which Father set out in the ~~gardens~~ beds, went in and played cards, and then went out again. Anna and Sarah drank a tumbler of milk warm from the cow, and as I sent John to the bakers for a pound cake, Aunty let me have sixpence that he might get some madeira nuts in his way. After tea we went up into Aunty's room, where we played cards, and were beginning to play jack straws, when I brought up the bowl of nuts. At last Sarah went home having John to attend her.

Friday April 19th.

This morning I made Grandma's bed as well as my own, and swept the upper piazza's, afterwards, Ellen having made the fire and cleaned the grate in the parlour. I went down and dusted both

parlours, and swept out the entry and the lower piazza's. I took my music lesson, and afterwards Anna and I took a walk by ourselves. We went down as far as Brower's where I was measured for a pair of shoes, and on our way home we stopped in a eandy confectioner's shop, and bought an ounce of chocolate drops, the same of candied ginger, and also of candied orange peel. I learnt a Latin lesson to day, that is, after a fashion. This afternoon Anna and I have been watering plants which Father set out. It has been a fine day.

Saturday April 20th.

I made the fires this morning, dusted the parlours, and swept the entry and the lower piazza's. I have not practised much, and I learnt but a part of my Latin lesson. Three little miss Sedgewick's came to see Anna this morning. We took them out to the green-house, and to the horse, with which they were well pleased. They staid a good while, and seemed ~~very well~~ not very glad to go home. This afternoon Anna and I went with Grandma to see Miss Eddy, and we also went to Miss Ward's, and to Mr Sam. Ward's, Miss Julia tried to persuade me to go to riding school. It has been a fine day.

Sunday April 21st. 10 m. to 9.

We all went to church this morning, but only Father and I went in the afternoon. Grandma has been away all day as usual. Anna and I rode upon the horse for some time after dinner. It has been a pleasant day. Text this morning, (Ezekiel. XVIII.25.) this afternoon, (Psalm XVIII. 26. 1.c.)

Monday April 22nd.

I did not dust the parlours this morning, but I swept the entry and the lower piazza's. Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. I

have not been particularly industrious to day. When Mr Meetz had gone, we all went out. We called on Mrs Clark, and Aunty bought herself a pair of shoes, and a pair of gloves, and a pair of gloves for me.

Tuesday April 23rd.

This morning I played an hour, and afterwards we went out. First we visited Mrs Hallett, and then we went up Broadway to Fourth Street, and away down to the lower part of Washington Square, to call on Mrs Murray. She was not at home, so all we had to do, was to trudge back again. I felt a good deal exhausted when we reached home, but I got better after a while. I learnt my Latin lesson after dinner. It has been a fine warm day.

Wednesday April 24th.

Mr Meetz came to day and I took my lesson. About the same time Miss Patton came in, and staid untill I stopt playing, when she went away, but I played a little afterwards. This afternoon and evening I learnt my Latin lesson.

Thursday April 25th.

This morning I went out to the carriage house with Anna, where we staid some time cutting straws for plaiting. After we came in, I practised an hour, and learnt my Latin, then dressed, and went down in the basement with Anna, and we plaited straws, untill the carriage came, when we put on our things, and drove off. We wished to go to Mrs Keys's, but were not able to go down Broadway farther then Dey street, because of the crowd collected before the City Hotel, which caught fire this morning. We therefore went down Dey st. to Greenwich st. thinking to get round in that way, but we could not pass, for they were bringing up the hose from the river, so we turned about and made the best of our way

back, and then we went down John st. to Williams st., through which we went, did at last come into Broadway at the bowling green. We saw the Miss Blodgets, for whom we had taken all this trouble and having dismissed the carriage, walked home. This afternoon Anna and I have been plaiting straw, and I have been reading this evening in Entertaining Knowledge. It has been a fine day, though not so warm as some we have had.

Friday April 26th.

Maria and her girl are here to day. Mr Meetz came and I took my lesson. This afternoon Anna and I went out to the carriage house and began to cut straw for plaiting Presently Grandma came out there, and asked me to go with her to choose a dress for myself. At first I refused, but afterwards I changed my mind, and went. We got a very pretty gingham, and coming home we bought a loaf of Graham bread.

Saturday April 27th.

Maria and her girl are here to day. I played an hour on the piano, but no more. We had a fire in the library this afternoon, as indeed we have had for one or two evenings past. Aunty, Father and Anna went out and took a walk this afternoon. While they were gone Mrs and Miss Patton came in, and staid a long time; we too them and Cousin Lewis (who came in while they were here,) into the garden, but we did not stay out long for it was rather cold. At length they all went away, and Aunty, Father, and Anna came home. I learnt part of a Latin lesson this afternoon.

Sunday April 28th.

We all went to church twice to day. It has been a very fine pleasant day. Grandma has been away since morning as usual. We

have been in the library all to day, and very pleasant it is there.

Monday April 29th.

Mr Meetz has been here to day, and I have taken my music lesson. Aunt Thurston came in while I was so doing, with little Cornelia. She sat awhile, and then went home, but left little Cornelia here. She rode upon the horse, stroked the cat, and played with the doll in the corner under the piazza, just by the steps. She was so much pleased there that she would not come in the house untill near dinner time. When she had finished her dinner however, she asked to go home, but was diverted from it for a while, when at last Anna and I got ready and went home with her. We staid there a good while. I have learnt no Latin to day.

Tuesday April 30th.

I played an hour to day and learnt my Latin. Anna went over to Mr Hallett's this afternoon, and Aunt Fanny took a ride with Father in the gig. I have been reading in Entertaining Knowledge; a part of it which I have read before, the revolution of 1830, in which I am much interested.

Wednesday May 1st.

This morning I put the library in order, and then did some other little things; turned the raspberry into a dish, got out the champagne glasses, and lastly went upstairs and dressed, for we expected two gentlemen to dinner. I should not forget to say that Mr Meetz came, and I took my lesson. At last the company came, Mr Holly and Mr Sullivan. Aunty did not appear at dinner; she was too busy preparing it. Some time after dinner we had coffee handed round, and the gentlemen took their leave. I read

some time after they went, and finished the revolution of 1830.
No Latin to day.

Thursday May 2nd.

I put the library in order, and played an hour on the piano this morning, and learnt my Latin lesson. Aunt Thurston came over this afternoon, and staid to tea, which we had in the library. Miss Thurston called after tea with Dr Bogert, to say good bye, for she goes tomorrow morning. I have to day begun reading Curiosities of Literature. This afternoon Anna and I went round to Mrs Lawrence's, carrying some jelly, and a beautiful bunch of flowers, to Mrs Taylor. Coming home, we stopped at Cousin Cornelia's, but all were out.

Friday, May 3rd.

Mr Meetz came to day, and I took my lesson, but learnt no Latin. Miss Ward called to day, and invited Grandma to come to her house to dine, and the rest of us to come in the evening to drink tea, and she asked me to bring my notes with me, as I cannot play without them. Grandma went at the appointed time, and after dinner Aunty got ready to go with us there, for she would not go herself. We first went down to see Miss Robinson. On our way we met Sarah Grace, and she at Aunty's request turned about and went with us. We sat there some time, and at last proceeded to Miss Ward's, leaving Sarah at her granfathers by the way. When we arrived nobody had come, except ourselves and grandma, and it was some time before they did come. I took my piece of music, but when the company came, I would not play. I hid my piece behind some books on the pier-table, and there it remained untill we went home. I did not have a very pleasant evening; I hope I shall not be caught in such a scrape again.

Saturday May 4th.

I have learnt no Latin to day, but I took a singing lesson this morning from Mr Bagioli. I was alone when he came Aunty, Grandma, and Anna having gone out, and it was awkward enough. However, they soon came in. In the afternoon Mr Da Ponte came and gave Father and me an Italian lesson. Little Miss Hallett came over and drank tea with Anna this afternoon.

Sunday May 5th.

We did not go to church this morning. I got ready, and then had ^{to} waited a good while for Father, so that when he came down it was late, and we determined not to go. Father and I went in the afternoon, but heard a dull sermon from as dull a preacher. Grandma went away as usual this morning, but returned before tea. Uncle Thomas surprized us this afternoon. We were sitting in the library where we had a fire, when I heard a ring at the door and looking out when the door was opened, I saw Uncle Thomas. We had a pleasant evening enough.

Monday May 6th.

Mr Meetz came to day and I took my lesson, at which both Father and Uncle Thomas were present. I also learnt a part of my Italian lesson. Uncle Thomas did not dine with us, but went down before dinner, as he was going up in the 5 o'clock boat, and had one or two places to stop at.

Tuesday May 7th.

Mr Bagioli came to day and I had my lesson, I finished my Italian ~~lessen~~ also, and in the afternoon Mr Da Ponte came and Father and I had our lesson. I have not practised the piano much to day. Father wrote a piece for Miss Denning's Album, which being a good way of preserving it, I shall put down here--

'Who would not register his name
Upon a page so fair;
Ambitious less of vulgar fame
Than of a record there?

The world, howe'er it now may smile
Will soon that grace withhold;
We bask in summer suns awhile
Then freeze in winters cold.

The world is heartless; Its regard
Gives pleasure, but not rest;
Remembrance is the charmed reward
That soothes the aching heart.

To be remembered is to climb
Above life's changing sphere;
Triumphing over death and time,
Immortal even here.

Then Lady! though the world forget me,
A waif on its drear coast,
Yet do not thou--oh, do not let me
Be quite to memory lost.

Wednesday May 8th.

Mr Meetz came to day, and I took my lesson. It has been quite warm to day, so much so that I felt unlike doing anything usefull a good part of the morning. This afternoon Father Anna and I

were out at the green-house a good while. Father and John put some of the plants into larger pots, and changed the earth about the roots. Miss Harriet Bogert called this morning.

Thursday May 9th.

Mr Bagioli came to day and gave me a long lesson, much longer than Mr Meetz does. This morning after breakfast I rode upon the horse with Anna, and dusted the library. Mrs Haggerty and Miss Harriet Bogert called. Mr Da Ponte sent word that he could not come to day, which is fortunate enough, as Father has been so busy, that he has learnt no lesson. Mrs H. Bogert came in this afternoon, and went out to the green house, but did not stay long.

Friday May 10th.

Mr Meetz came to day and I took my lesson. I have learnt some Italian to day. Aunt Thurston called this morning. Aunt Fanny, Grandma and Anna went out to day, but I did not. Anna and I played cards a little but not much this afternoon.

Saturday May 11th.

Mr Bagioli came this morning and I took my lesson. Mr Da Ponte came also this afternoon. Anna drank tea with little Elizabeth Hallett this afternoon. I ironed a few sheets and handkerchiefs for Aunty to mark, but I have not done much that is usefull.

Sunday May 12th.

Father and I went to church twice, but Aunty and Anna did not go at all. We heard an excellent sermon in the morning, from a stranger, and as poor a one in afternoon from another stranger. Grandma has been away all day as usual.

Monday May 13th.

Maria and Sarah are here today. Mr Meetz came and I took my lesson. I have hemmed some on my handkerchief, but have studied very little. I have practised singing some, but have not done much worth telling of.

Tuesday May 14th.

Maria has been here to day with Sarah. Mr Bagioli came and I took my lesson; Father however had an appointment this afternoon so we could not take our Italian lesson. I hemmed a little on my handkerchiefs, but did little that was usefull, and did not study much. Grandma and I went out this afternoon, unknown to the rest, and Grandma bought Anna and me two pretty baskets. Aunt Thurston drank tea with us.

Wednesday May 15th.

Sarah is here today, but Maria is not. Mr Meetz came and I took my lesson, but we did not go to Mr Da Ponte, though Father was at liberty, because I was not prepared; that is I had not learnt my lesson. Ellen Roberts our chambermaid left us today, and in her place we have got Rose who lived with us two or three years ago. Lydia Richards the waiter has gone also.

Thursday May 16th.

I took my singing lesson today, and with Anna blanched some almonds which Aunty gave us. This afternoon Anna and I packed the baskets which Grandma gave us, with a variety of things we wish to carry to West Point, whither we expected to go tomorrow, but I dont know but we shall have to defer it untill the next day, because it rains, and will very likely be cloudy to morrow.

Friday, May 17th.

The weather was cloudy this morning, but it cleared off after a while, notwithstanding which, we did not go, as Aunty was not

quite prepared. The things are packed up however and we hope to go tomorrow morning. This afternoon we all walked out, as Aunty wanted to get some things and got home late. Rose has gone away this evening, leaving us without anybody, for she has only this afternoon made known that she would not go to West Point.

~~Wednesday~~ Thursday July 18th.⁴⁶

I learnt my lesson to day, but sewed none. I have taken some care of the baby, which I do every day. Father came down from Canaan to day. We cannot go there untill next week. A Miss Willy drank tea with us. After tea Father and I went down the street to a book-store, where Father bought me a piece of music, and a book for himself.

Friday July 19th.

Father went down to New York this morning. I have played on the piano, learnt my lesson, and played with the baby. I have not much to say. I have also read aloud to Aunt Nancy in Entertaining Knowledge.

Saturday July 20th.

I painted some certificates for Ellen this morning, which occupied me for some time. I learnt my lesson and read aloud to Aunt Nancy. The baby also occupies a little of my time; but I have not done much that is useful.

Sunday July 21st.

⁴⁶ The entries from July 18 through July 27 were written in Hudson, New York, where Susan, Anna and Aunt Fanny were visiting Dr. Robert Frary, Nancy Warner Frary and their children, George, Ellen and "the baby," Fanny.

I have not been to church to day, nor has Aunt Nancy. I have not read much in anything, but the baby occupies some of almost every day. She is better than she has been. I have little to say.

Monday July 22nd.

I have sewed none to day, but I have learnt my lesson and played with the baby. Aunt Nancy and I, went out after tea and first way up the street, and then down to the music book store, where I bought a piece of music, borrowing the money from Aunt Nancy.

Tuesday July 23rd.

No sewing to day, but I got my lesson, and took care of Fanny. I ought to have sewed more since Aunty went away, but I have done hardly any. I am also not particularly fond of my Latin. Little occurs worth noticing.

Wednesday July 24th.

I got no lesson to day, it was so hot, and I felt so little inclined towards it. Neither have I done any sewing. I walked up street with Aunt Nancy this evening after tea. I have played with the baby also.

Thursday July 25th.

I learnt my lesson this morning, and cut out a set of curtains for Ellen's doll's bedsead. When dinner was over Uncle Robert took us a ride of 12 or 14 miles, and it was a delightful ride; a great part of the way through the wood, and the scenes were so beautiful. We stopped at a dutch tavern, where there was the queerest looking baby I ever saw. Our ride lasted 2 or 3 hours, but I was not much tired.

Friday July 26th.

I have learnt no lesson to day, for I have been very much occupied with making the curtains for Ellen, and I have finished

them. They are very pretty. I shall equip her little bedstead as I did the one for Anna. Father arrived from New York this afternoon. He will go out to Canaan tomorrow morning and I can either ~~go with~~ accompany him, or wait till next week, when Aunt Nancy will go. I may do as I please, but I am quite undecided, which is a very unpleasant state.

Saturday July 27th.

At length I decided to go with Father, and we started before 9 o'clock. The day was delightful, the stage easy, and we had a pleasant ride. We found the house not yet in order, but a good deal has been done. Cousin Sarah Warner came in and staid to tea. I sewed a little, but have not done much useful.

Sunday July 28th.

George came up this morning after breakfast, and he cracked a parcel of butternuts, while Anna and I picked out the meats. We afterwards went up the hill with Father, and when he went into the house, we staid at the spring, and George cleared it out, threw pebbles and stones on the bottom of it, and fixed harbours. We afterwards read a few chapters aloud, and after dinner went up to the spring again, where we spent a little while. I had a pleasant day, though indeed it was not exactly spent as Sunday ought to be.

Monday July 29th.

This morning I cut the edge off some of the paper for the east bedroom. Father put down the matting on the west parlour, and Aunt Fanny tacked the carpet on the east parlour. Anna and I went up the spring, and sailed boats awhile. I sewed a very little, to day.

Tuesday July 30th.

I cut the edge of some of the hall paper, this morning, and made one or two boats. It was cloudy and rainy this morning, but it cleared off somewhat after dinner and Anna and I, went and sailed boats. I had a letter from Grandma this afternoon. Aunt Nancy has not come, perhaps on account of the bad weather, but I shall expect her to morrow.

Wednesday July 31st.

Though it has been a fine day, Aunt Nancy has not come. Father made us a nice swing under an apple tree to day. Father, Anna, and I went up on the hill this evening. The landscape looked beautifully. We sat a few minutes upon the rock, and came home. What a lovely place this is.

Thursday August 1st.

Aunt Nancy came to day, with Fanny and Ellen. Uncle Robert went back to Hudson after dinner, and Father went with him; not to come again in a week or ten days. I have not read a great deal today, nor sewed. George came out with Aunt Nancy, and we had a nice time.

Friday August 2nd.

No sewing, little reading, and not much useful to day. One thing annoys me much. Sabrina and Hetty (a girl come to help her in harvest time), call Aunt Fanny by her christian name, and will come into the front room and sit down, just as if they were equals. This worries me, and makes me angry, though Aunty says it is foolish.

Saturday August 3rd.

I ironed almost all the things that were to be ironed, this morning, and I was some time about it. In the afternoon we went to the spring and sailed boats. George was along, but we did not

have much fun. We played cards some this evening. George told us a pretty trick which, by way of preserving it, I shall put down here. [5 1/2 lines in code]

Sunday August 4th.

None of us went to church to day. George and I went with little Fanny, up to the wheat-field beyond the barn. After we came back Ellen, George, Anna and I, read 5 chapters in the Bible aloud to each other. We went up in the field and sat there awhile cracking butternuts on a large stone. Little Fan was with us. We had no dinner to day and after tea Aunt Nancy went with us, and we took a nice walk up over the hill, and it was very pleasant though the grass was wet under our feet from rain, and the sky none of the clearest.

Monday August 5th.

To day my lessons were to have begun, but through my laziness or procrastination, they have not. This must not be again. I have written a letter to Father and I walked out with the baby, got her to sleep, and sat by her cradle while she slept, reading Moskau, which I like much. This evening we walked up to Uncle John's, as they call him, and Fan crossed me coming home, by not wanting to walk with me.

Tuesday August 6th.

I got my Latin lesson to day, though not as well as I could wish. I sat by Fanny when she slept, and put cotton into Ellen's bedquilt, ready to quilt. I also fixed a frame for it, with four sticks. I rubbed the handles of three doors with vinegar and water and rotonstone. I have not much to say.

Wednesday August 7th.

This morning I put Fanny to sleep, and till she awoke, I sat by her marking figures on Ellen's bedquilt, and rubbing the knobs of a beureau, which I made to look beautifully. After dinner I swept the east parlour, and put Fan to sleep again, sat by her a little while, went down stairs and opened my lesson books, but we were then called to tea. I did not learn my lesson, and only looked over one or two lines. I have quilted a little to day.

Thursday August 8th.

I learnt my lesson to day, and quilted a little. Mrs Whiting and her daughter Harriet drank tea with us. They are rather dull kind of people, at least the daughter is.

Friday August 9th.

I wrote to Grandma this morning, and learnt my Italian lesson. I have neither sewed nor read much. This afternoon I took care of the baby for some time. Uncle Thomas came last night.

Saturday August 10th.

This morning Uncle Thomas and I made an Eolian harp. It took us a good while. Father arrived in the morning stage. I have not done much useful.

Sunday August 11th.

Father, Anna, George (who came up yesterday afternoon) and I went to church this morning at the Corner.⁴⁷ The singing was very poor, the weather warm, and the sermon tolerable. Before tea Anna and I read two chapters aloud to Father, and after tea we all took a delicious ramble over the hill. The evening was delightful, and the views beautiful. We saw the Catskill

⁴⁷ i.e. Canaan Four Corners, the most densely populated center in the Village of Canaan.

Mountains from one or two places. We went pretty high, and in steep rough places, and I for one enjoyed it very much.

Monday August 12th.

I recited some to Father this morning and took care of Fanny. I copied in my journal book, and read in Entertaining Knowledge. Father left us this morning, for Albany. Fanny has been with me a good deal to day, for Aunt Fanny and Aunt Nancy have been pretty busy.

Tuesday August 13th.

I got Fanny to sleep this morning and sat by her a while sewing. I have learnt no lesson to day. This afternoon I read, and took care of Fanny, and at last ironed a while. Uncle Thomas went fishing to day and got a parcel of fish.

Wednesday August 14th.

This morning I wrote, and took care of Fanny. I ironed some time both in the morning and in the afternoon, and met with most disagreeable visitors in one or two bees, by whom I was stung in four places. The fright however was the worst part of it. I have not done a great deal except ironing.

Thursday August 15th.

I have taken care of Fanny, and have sewed some to day. I also learnt my Latin lesson. Nothing particular has happened and I have nothing to say.

Friday August 16th.

I learnt my Italian Lesson to day, but have not sewed a great deal. I took some care of Fanny, who has become quite fond of me. George came up this afternoon. We played cards and other things this evening.

Saturday August 17th.

I rubbed the table and writing-desk this morning, and the handles and knobs of the doors in the hall. George, Ellen, Anna and I, then went to the apple orchard, and brought home a parcel of apples. After dinner we began to get ready to go to town to drink tea, but the horse broke one of the thills of the wagon, so we had to give it up. This was something of a disappointment to me. We went to the field by the barn, where we cracked one or two butternuts, and after tea we walked up to Mrs. C. Whiting's.

Sunday August 18th.

Last night Uncle Thomas came back, to take Aunt Nancy to Hudson, for Uncle Robert is unwell. We went with him to the apple orchard and got a basket of apples for Aunt Nancy to take home with her. She went about 12 o'clock, and all her children. The house is comparatively quite empty. This afternoon Grandpa went with us to a field on the hill where we found a good many blackberries.

Monday August 19th.

I cracked a loaf of sugar this morning, and then churned. I brought the butter myself without any help. This afternoon we went up in the blackberry field. Sabrina was along, and we got a good many. I learnt my lesson to day.

Tuesday August 20th.

This morning I rubbed a bureau, ^{first} with vinegar and water, then with wax; and I rubbed the handles of the doors upstairs. Anna and I told stories a little by Aunty's permission. I have not learnt my lesson, but I looked into a number of Entertaining Knowledge.

Wednesday August 21st.

I got my lesson to day, and sewed some. I and Anna churned this morning. My journal has rather dwindled of late. I have not much to say. We told stories some when I was sewing.

Thursday August 22nd.

I ironed a while to day, and sewed and told stories. In the afternoon we went to the black berry field, and got a parcel of berries, though not without a good deal of trouble. Over and through briars, stones and thistles; in as rugged paths as any I ever saw. I like it however, and I don't know but it does me good. I have learnt no lesson.

Friday August 23rd.

I churned this morning and brought the butter all by myself, though it was rather long in coming. I sewed and talked stories and made one or two pair of earrings for Anna's doll. Every thing goes on as usual.

Saturday August 24th.

I made a pair of earrings for Anna's doll this morning, and rubbed the knobs and handles of the doors in the entry, and three brass candlesticks. I sewed and we talked some. Mrs Hall called this afternoon. When she was gone we went to the Long meadow, where we got some delicious blackberries, and to the Little orchard beyond from whence we brought home a basket of apples. I read a little in Moskau this evening, but I have learnt no lesson.

Sunday August 25th.

We have not been to church. Anna and I played with the kittens, and Aunt Fanny cracked some butternuts for us, and she went up on the hill with us this evening. I read one or two chapters in the Bible.

Monday August 26th.

I looked over two or three lines of Italian this morning, and churned. I brought the butter myself, with no help. I sewed and we told stories some of the time. This is a favorite amusement with me. I don't know what quiet one I love better. I have little to say.

Tuesday August 27th.

I learnt my Latin lesson this morning, and mended a pair of stockings. I also sewed some and talked stories. This afternoon Sabrina, Ernestine (a girl who came to day to help Sabrina) and I went to the blackberry field, and got a good many berries with a little trouble. I have read some in Moskau.

Wednesday August 28th.

I have looked over my Italian to day and have sewed some. I have also told stories. My time passes happily, but I have little to say worth writing.

Thursday August 29th.

I learnt my lesson to day, and rubbed the handles of the doors with rotonstone. I sewed and talked stories awhile. George came home this afternoon from Hudson.

Friday August 30th.

I ironed this morning some time, and learned my lesson. I sewed and talked stories some. Father surprised us all by his appearance this afternoon, having come from Albany. This evening some of the Whiting folks called.

Saturday August 31st.

It has rained part of to day; I have learnt no lesson to day, but I have recited to Father. I sewed and talked stories with

Anna and we went into the barn and cut some straw for braiding. George came up this afternoon.

Sunday Sep. 1st.

We went into the field to day and cracked butternuts, and we got some apples. Anna and George took quite a ramble without me. We read two or three chapters in the Bible to Father. I brought up the kittens, and watched them some. This evening Cousin Douglas Warner came in and staid a good while, at least till I for one was quite tired of his company. It has been a fine day, only the wind has blown furiously.

Monday Sep. 2nd.

Father left us this morning after breakfast. I have learnt no lesson to day, but I darned stockings a little. We were a good deal surprised this afternoon by the appearance of Aunt Nancy and her family, whom of course we were very glad to see. I have not done much usefull.

Tuesday Sep. 3rd.

No Latin to day and not much useful. Uncle Robert, Aunt Nancy, and Aunt Fanny went to the Corner to day to a Temperance meeting. Meanwhile I had charge of Fanny, whom I put to sleep, and I sat by her reading in Moskau. George came up this evening and we told stories.

Wednesday Sep. 4th.

This morning we rode round to Uncle Lupton's, and to John C. Warner's; at both which places we stopped. After dinner we rode round the big pond. Uncle Lupton and his wife, -- Joseph Warner, his wife and child, -- Uncle John, his wife, and their two daughters, Joanna and Harriet, -- Christopher Whiting and his wife came by invitation and drank tea. Harriet Whiting and I,

with the children walked up to the little orchard. She seems rather stupid; at least she is not an agreeable person to talk to; she does not show much vivacity, and I don't much like her company. The evening accordingly was not particularly delightful. No lesson.

Thursday Sep 5th.

I have learnt no lesson to day. I got Fan to sleep, and read some in Moskau, but I cannot boast of my occupations. We drank tea at Aunt Olive's. The ride was the pleasantest part of it, for I have not much to say or do on these occasions.

Friday Sep 6th.

Uncle Robert, Aunt Nancy, little Fanny, and I took a ride this morning. We visited Mr. Curtis, and sat some time there. We had a very pleasant ride. We drank tea at Uncle Lupton's. It was dull enough. I have learnt no lesson to day.

Saturday Sep 7th.

We went this morning to Pittsfield, which is about twelve miles from grandpa's. Our ride was delightful. We dined there, and came home by a different way from that in which we went; and we rode through Lebanon. I have learnt no lesson to day, and have not done much useful.

Sunday Sep 8th.

We have not been to church to day. George cracked a parcel of butternuts, and Anna, Ellen and I, picked out the meats. I have read one chapter in my Bible, but the day has not been spent very well by me.

Monday Sep. 9th.

Uncle Robert went back to Hudson to day, so our rides are over. I have ironed a while this morning, but have not learnt my

lesson. I got Fan to sleep and finished Moskau. I have lately neglected my lessons very much. This is not at all as it should be.

Tuesday Sep 10th.

I cannot say much for myself to day. I play with, or take care of Fanny, sometimes sew, but I have not lately learnt my lessons. Uncle James and his wife drank tea with us this evening. They are nice people. I told Anna and George a story out of my head this evening.

Wednesday Sep 11th.

I got Fan to sleep to day, and read a little in Charles 5th.⁴⁸ Aunt Olive drank tea with us this afternoon. We went out in the meadow and dug out stones, and we are going to make a little house or grotto there.

Thursday Sep 12th.

I ironed a good deal to day, and read in Robertson's Charles V. My day having been principally spent in ironing and reading, I have little to say.

Friday Sep 13th.

Father came here to day. I have not done much worth telling of. I have learnt no lesson, I have not read much, nor have I sewed much. I have copied off my letter for Grandma.

Saturday Sep 14th.

Father, Aunty, and Anna expected to go ^{home} to day, and waited a good while for the stage, but when at last it came, they could

⁴⁸ William Robertson, 1721-1793. The History of the Reign of the Emperor Charles V., with a View of the Progress of Society in Europe, from the Subversion of the Roman Empire to the Beginning of the Sixteenth Century, 1769.

have no place ⁱⁿ it. I sewed and talked stories some, but I have not read much. This evening when George came up, we played cards a little, and I told them a story. Aunt Nancy, Fan, Ellen, Anna, and I, went on the hill a little way this afternoon.

Sunday Sep 15th.

None of us have been to church to day. I read one or two chapters in the Bible; we roasted and ate some corn and Father went with us up on the hill. After tea Aunt Nancy went with us to the fall of the brook, and then ^{we} walked down the road a little way.

Monday Sep. 16th.

Early this morning Father, Aunt Fanny, and Anna left us for New York; not in the stage; they went with a man who was going to Hudson. I have taken some care of Fanny, and have written receipts for Aunt Nancy. Mrs Brown, ^{and} Miss Ann Hall drank tea with us this evening. Chloe Warner came here today; Emmeline's sister.

Tuesday Sep. 17th.

I have read history some to day but ~~the greatest part of the morning has been filled with drawing~~ have not done much useful; a common case with me. We drank tea at Mrs Hall's this afternoon.

Wednesday Sep 18th.

I have read no history to day. I have drawn all the morning, or the greatest part of it. and have, with George, split and braided straw this afternoon. It has been a rainy day.

Thursday Sep 19th.

I have drawn again all the morning, and have not read any history. I have split some straw this afternoon, and Chloe,

Ellen and I took a walk in the woods, a very pleasant one. I have little to say.

Friday Sep 20th.

Today I have not felt good for much, for it has been very warm, which after the cold weather makes me feel unpleasantly enough. Accordingly I have not done much. I have read some history, have sewed a very little, and have, in short, been idle. This evening, after all had gone to bed, Chloe and I sat up so late talking, that when at last we rose up to put away our things, the noise we made brought Grandpa out of his room, for he did not know but somebody might be trying to get into the house.

Saturday Sep 21st.

I have ironed a little to day, have read a little history, and have got Fanny to sleep twice. When tea was over, George, Ellen, and I went up in to the woods to the head of the spring, where we staid some time, and then to the Hermitage. And now my journals at Canaan are nearly over, for Uncle Robert has come this evening, so our stay here will not be long. I am sorry, but it cannot be helped. I dont want to go yet from this place, but I must do so.

Sunday Sep 22nd.

Aunt Nancy, Uncle Robert, and George went to church this morning, leaving me in charge of the baby. After a while we, that is Chloe and I, went up to the orchard, and being joined by Emmeline and Ellen, we went up to the head of the spring. We sat a while and then came home. I put Fan to sleep and the folks returned. I read one chapter in my Bible. George cracked some butternuts on our large stone in the orchard, and Chloe and I picked out the meats. After tea we went again with a basket, and picked it

nearly full of apples. We visited the east rock and came home some time after sundown. We found Uncle John and his wife here. When they went away we had some floating island, which I beat in the morning, and Chloe and I sat up long after the rest had gone to bed, talking over the fire.

Monday Sep 23rd. ⁴⁹

This morning we left Canaan. I had rather a tiresome ride of it. I have nothing of consequence to say, ~~but that~~. I was very sorry to come, and rode the first 4 or 5 miles with a full heart.

Tuesday Sep 24th.

I unfortunately left my Charles V, which I was to have read before Father's return, at Canaan. I have read in the Rural Repository⁵⁰ some time to day and have not done much useful. I hope I shall not stay here very long.

Wednesday Sep 25th.

I have not much to say. I have read, but in the Rural Repository, and I have not sewed much. I have however written a letter to Anna, as I received one from her yesterday.

Thursday Sep 26th.

I have sewed and read a little to day. We took a ride this afternoon. I hope Aunty and Father will soon come and take me home.

Friday Sep 27th.

⁴⁹ This entry through the entry of 13 October were written in Hudson, New York, 25 miles southwest of Canaan.

⁵⁰ The Rural Repository devoted to Polite Literature, such as moral and sentimental tales, original communications, biography, travelling sketches, poetry, & amusing miscellany. Hudson, New York: 1824-1850.

I have occupied myself as usual with reading, sewing, and taking care of the baby. We drank tea at a Mr. Mosely's this afternoon. We had a good tea and a good ride, the rest was stupid enough.

Saturday Sep 28th.

I have been writing receipts for Aunt Nancy to day, and have read some aloud to her. George came here from Canaan. My time has not been very profitably employed lately.

Sunday Sep 29th.

I looked over a hymn book this morning, and helped beat some floating island. This afternoon Aunt Nancy and I went to church. Aunty went again in the evening, but I staid at home and took care of Fan. I read two or three chapters in the Bible aloud to her when she came back.

Monday Sep 30th.

I have written a little, read a little, have taken care of Fan, and have done nothing besides worth relating. I am getting rather home-sick.

Tuesday Oct 1st.

I am very idle here, I do nothing at all that is useful. One day tells for all. I have nothing to say.

Wednesday, Oct 2nd.

I have read sewed and lounged about as usual to day. I hope this will soon end. I look for Aunt Fanny daily, but she does not come.

Thursday Oct 3rd.

The same old story. I have been idle as usual. Still I expect, and still they linger. A little sewing, but not much useful.

Friday Oct 4th.

I have done the same to day that I have done for days past. Mrs Frary is quite sick, she fainted away this evening, and is very feeble.

Saturday Oct 5th.

I dont know what to make of it. I thought they would come but they have not. I have not sewed, read, or done anything usefull much.

Sunday Oct 6th.

This morning before we were up they came. Annie and I were glad enough to see each other again. They came up in last nights boat. I have been rather unwell to day. None of us went to church. Father returned home this evening. I have done nothing worth writing.

Monday Oct. 7th.

Aunt Fanny went to Canaan this morning. I sewed some time, and wrote a letter to Father, and told stories some. Anna did not go with Aunty. I have nothing to say.

Tuesday Oct 8th.

It has rained some to day. I have been half sick with a cold, and so have not sewed much, nor have I done anything else usefull.

Wednesday Oct 10th.

Aunty has come back to day. I have sewed a little and have written receipts. I am in hopes we shall go home tomorrow, but that is not certain.

Thursday Oct 10th.

Father does not come. I have done nothing useful. I have been very idle, and somewhat impatient.

Friday Oct 11th.

I have nothing new to say. I have been idle as usual, and anxious for Father's arrival.

Saturday Oct 12th.

This day has passed like the others, excepting that I had a real romp with Anna and Ellen this afternoon. I have done nothing worth telling.

Sunday Oct 13th.

Father arrived this morning, and I was very much rejoiced. It has rained this morning, and none of us have been to church.

Monday Oct 14th.

Last night we came on board the De Witt Clinton and here we are safe at home. Aunt Nancy and little Fan being along. I have played some and read some, but nothing useful.

Tuesday Oct 15th.

I have played on the piano, and have read in various things. Father began reading again this evening. Aunt Thurston and Cousin Cornelia called this morning, and little Nell staid to dinner.

Wednesday Oct 16th.

Nothing new has occurred. I have read and played on the piano as usual. Uncle Thomas came this evening.

Thursday Oct 17th.

Little Nell came over and spent the day. I have made a dress for Anna's new doll, and have occupied myself as usual. Uncle Thomas went away this afternoon.

Friday Oct 18th.

I have learnt no lesson to day, and I have been rather idle. I sewed a little this evening, but I have not practised much nor have I done any thing worth relating.

Saturday Oct 19th.

Aunt Nancy and I, having Marianne to carry the baby, walked down to ^{see} The Hoxie's this morning. After a while Aunt Fanny and Father came for us, and we took a long ride. This evening we drank tea at Cousin Cornelia's, and I had a very pleasant evening, being much amused with the conversation, for the Miss Carrolls were there. I have little to say.

Sunday Oct 20th.

It rained to day so we could not go to church; I read some in the Lady of the Manor.

Monday Oct 21st.

It has been a rainy day. Mr Meetz called but gave no lesson. Looked over one or two problems on the Globes, but have not done much useful.

Tuesday Oct 22nd.

Learnt a French lesson. I began Anacarsis.⁵¹ Hope I shall finish it in an year. Not much practise. Things go on as usual.

Wednesday Oct 23rd.

Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. Learnt my French lesson. Father finished Ivanhoe⁵² this evening. I have not been as industrious as I might have been. Father my two Aunts, and myself took a long walk down to Maiden Lane this afternoon.

Thursday Oct 24th.

⁵¹ Jean-Jacques Barthelemy, 1716-1795. Travels of Anacharsis the Younger in Greece, 1788. Susan was reading it in French.

⁵² Sir Walter Scott, 1819.

Father, Aunt Fanny and I rode down to Miss Thompson's this morning and got me a new hat. Found Miss Hoxie here when we came back. She staid till after dinner I practised and learnt my French lesson, but have not been very industrious.

Friday Oct 25th.

Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. I learnt my French lesson, but have not done much useful. This is a common case. Father went to Providence [illegible]

Saturday Oct 26th.

Uncle Robert has come, and I cannot say I was glad to see him. He will stay a few days, however. I learnt a little French as usual, and played a little on my piano.

Sunday Oct 27th.

Aunt Nancy and I went to church twice to day. Anna accompanied us in the morning. Nothing happens worth relating

Monday Oct 28th.

Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. Father before he went away got a new novel from the library. I have read a good deal of it aloud, and, of course, like it very much. Aunty read a little in the beginning, but I have read the most of it. A little French and practise, but nothing new.

Tuesday Oct 29th.

Father came home this morning, but without Grandma. She is in bad health, and it is doubtful whether she will come at all this fall. French as usual. Anna and I drank tea at Cousin Cornelia's. Father brought me, from the folks at Providence, a china inkstand, and Anna and I two little things. Uncle Thomas, came here this afternoon.

Wednesday Oct 30th.

Mr Bagioli came this morning, and gave me a lesson, as did also Mr Meetz. We have finished the novel we have been reading.

Thursday Oct 31th.

Practised but no French to day. Uncle Thomas has gone. Uncle Robert, Aunt Fanny and Aunt Nancy went to the theatre this evening.

Friday November 1st.

All went out to day but me. I had to stay at home for Mr Meetz who came and gave me my lesson. Mr Bagioli came this evening. I have not got much French to day.

Saturday Nov. 2nd.

All went out this morning and I staid with Fan, whom I put to sleep. ~~After~~ ^{When} they came home Aunt Nancy and I went round to Canal St. After dinner, Aunt Nancy, Uncle Robert and Fan went off to Hudson. Anna spent the day at Cousin Cornelia's. No French till evening, and not much then.

Sunday Nov. 3rd.

We all went to church this morning, but Anna and I staid at home in the afternoon. I wrote a good deal to day, and employed myself with my red book.

Monday Nov. 4th.

I wrote and practised this morning, And Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. Mrs Carroll, and Miss Sarah Carroll called. I learned my French this afternoon. Uncle Thomas came down this afternoon.

Tuesday Nov 5th.

We have taken a ride this morning. I got a pair of shoes, and a silk dress, or at least they were got for me. I practised some after we got home, and wrote. Mr Bagioli came this evening and

gave me my lesson. Father began to read *The Black Dwarf*⁵³ this evening.

Wednesday Nov. 6th.

Maria and her girl are here to day, and have been making up my new silk dress. I practised and wrote, and Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. It has been a dark, and somewhat disagreeable day. Everything goes on as usual.

Thursday Nov. 7th.

I wrote this morning, and practised some, but not as much as I should have done. Miss Ward called. Little Cornelia came over and staid to dinner. I did not learn as much French as I should have done. Mr Bagioli came this evening and gave me my lesson. Uncle Thomas has gone.

Friday Nov. 8th.

Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. I have not been very industrious, and I have nothing to say.

Saturday Nov. 9th.

I cracked two dishes of nuts this morning, and then went twice to Cousin Cornelia's. I practised, and learnt a little French, and then we took a ride. Aunt Thurston went along. Little Cornelia spent the rest of the day with us.

Sunday Nov. 10th.

We all went to church to day twice, and I have little else to say. This is too bad, but so it is.

Monday Nov 11th.

⁵³ Sir Walter Scott, 1816.

Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson. We went to see Miss Ward, but she was out. Aunt Thurston went with us, for we rode; I then went home, but the rest took a ride.

Tuesday Nov 12th.

A little French. My cold would not let me take my singing lesson this evening. How dull my journal is. I have nothing new to say.

Wednesday Nov 13th.

~~Maria and her girl made my cloak. I had worked on my worsted basket and~~ Mr Meetz came and gave me my lesson.

Thursday Nov 14th.

Maria and her girl have been here all day making my cloak. I worked on my worsted basket, and ~~take~~ could not take my music lesson.

Friday Nov 15th.

Uncle Thomas arrived here this morning. Aunt Thurston drank tea with us this evening. I have not learnt my French lesson to day, but Mr Meetz came and gave me my music lesson.

Journal of 8 July 1834--15 March 1835.

The second journal, written in a machine-made notebook with ruled pages and a blue and brown speckled cover, continues Warner's record of her feminine private education. Her voluminous and polyglot readings, ranging from the theological writings of Lord Kames to Barthelemy's Travels of Anacharis the Younger in Greece and always including generous amounts of the family favorite, Sir Walter Scott, are a recurring motif through the journal, which is set at West Point, in Canaan, New York, and at the Broome Street house in New York City.

Warner at fourteen and fifteen was on the cusp of adolescence and her writing was growing more mature. She began to display more interest and attention to her journal, writing longer descriptive entries and coming up with evocative turns of phrase, such as her account of "sitting on the threshold of the glass doors of the library" on a hot July night. She recorded her enjoyment and amusement at rereading her journal after some time had passed, and composed elaborately poetic entries describing the scenery of the Hudson Valley. Her ear was not yet flawless; after rhapsodizing about the delicacy and drama of a waterfall after the manner of a Sublime poet, she added gravely, "The only thing I find fault with is the mist, but as that is a necessary attendant on a cataract, the whole is perfect."

Warner began to manifest some of the classic adolescent traits: complaints of boredom, lassitude and displeasure at her weight. She indicated her physical timidity, recording her fear of wasps and thunderstorms, a growing physical awkwardness,

hypersensitivity and disabling shyness around strangers. She recorded a quarrel with her Uncle Thomas about music, and her misery at his criticisms, and noted that her anxiety made her appear rude.

Despite her vivid depiction of Aunt Fanny's exhausting labors and her own occasional boredom among "stupid" country people, Susan continued to draw an appealing picture of her stay at Canaan among a lively group of cousins. Although she no longer scrambled up hillsides with ease, she was still young enough to enjoy a pleasant collection of country activities--shelling peas and cracking sugar, feeding sheep (which she described as "quite a pretty sight"), cracking butternuts and, entry after entry, "talking stories." On 20 August 1834, just over a month after she turned fifteen, she wrote, "I have put my hair up to day myself, & I think I shall now keep it so. It does seem strange when I think that my next birthday will be my 16th. I don't like the thought of being even a few years older than I am now; I am so happy as I am; just enough of a child."

The journal ends with the return to Broome Street and the new society season. The social milieu presented here is superficially reminiscent of Wharton's Old New York, but Warner wrote from a markedly different perspective on society protocol. It is an unlikely glimpse of elite New York Society--Susan's boredom and confusion at a busy family Christmas party, her observation of her aunt's hysteria with malicious enjoyment, and disappointment over Christmas presents, politely concealed from her family. But she thoroughly enjoyed a night at the opera with her music teacher to see Rossini's Siege of Corinth, "in a delightful private box"; she was "enchanted with my evening, with

the opera" and, perhaps, with the delights of young womanhood that she believed lay just ahead.

Tuesday July 8th.

No French or Italian or practice. The weather is oppressive. I have busied myself a long while with Botany, and I have talked stories, and read in Goldsmith's England, and drank lemonade, which is pleasanter than anything else one can do in this weather. I shall be delighted to get away from the city, which I hope we shall do in less than a fortnight. [six words in code] through [one word in code]. I could not take my lesson, for my cold.

Wednesday July 9th.

No lessons. Mr Meetz came. The weather is as hot, but not as oppressive as it was yesterday. I have occupied myself with Botany, and sewing and talking stories. Father brought me home two beautiful books for my dried flowers. There go 4 dollars of my hundred. Miss Penelope Minturn⁵⁴ called this evening. I like her for her kind, though stiff manner. I am sure she means what she says, and that is more than can be said of many, perhaps of most, of our acquaintance. I spent the evening reading in Ivanhoe to Aunty, and in Goldsmith's England to myself.

Thursday July 10th.

Anna and Father went over to Long Island for currants this morning. I wrote some time. I afterwards helped pick the currants; not for the sake of being useful, but because a thunder

⁵⁴ Benjamin G. Minturn and Edward Minturn are listed as merchants in the 1834-1835 Longworth's New York Directory. They shared a residence at 462 Broome Street.

storm came on just then, and I did not care to sit alone. Anna made me some glue, and I pasted some of my flowers & leaves into one of my new books. I like this business very much. How long I shall like it is another matter. Though Aunt Fanny says I may take for my motto, 'All things by turns, and nothing long,' I do not think I shall give this up. No studies or practise to day.

Friday July 11th.

Once again I am happy -- at rest, which has not been quite the case for some time. I have worried not a little, and have suffered not a little; but my trouble is over, ^{for} my tooth is out. It has been a strange way of spending my birthday, but that is no matter now. I am fifteen years old! in my sixteenth year! How strange it seems. I was never happier in my life than in the past year; or rather I never enjoyed myself so much; for I have always been happy. We visited Miss Carroll to day, and the Hoxies and Aunt Thurston; all of whom we saw. I have pasted flowers some time. We brought little Nell home with us. I have not taken my lesson to day. I feel tired and headachy, and no wonder, after the siege I have gone through. After tea I walked in the garden, and played on the piano.

Saturday July 12th.

We are dull and grave enough at present, and have been so some time. Father is laid up with toothache, which has lasted nearly a fortnight. He has suffered and still suffers a great deal from it. Of course this casts rather a gloom upon us. Uncle Thomas when he was here complained of our dullness and gravity; and there was some truth, too much, in what he said. I was sad enough then, but now the load is off my mind, & I am happy. I wrote some time this morning, and finished Goldsmith's England.

It is more than a year since I began it; for such was my dislike to history, when compared with other books, that I neglected it whenever I found anything which promised more amusement. Aunt Fanny and Anna went out shopping but I declined accompanying them. I sewed some afterwards, while Anna read aloud in Ivanhoe. Mr Bagioli came. I wrote to Uncle Thomas this afternoon, because we could not go up, as we had intended. After sundown I sat on the threshold of the glass door of the library for some time, and enjoyed satisfaction & contentment that I have not felt for a long while.

Sunday July 13th.

The day has been very sunny; of course we could not go to church. Father is much better, & I am very glad, for my own sake as well as for his, for it is most doleful to see him look as he has done for a fortnight past. I have written some to day, and have looked into the 'Lady of the Manor', that old standby for Sundays. However I have read it till I am tired of it, & it ^{must} be set by for some time before I read it again as I used to do. Anna and I read a little in my journal & [one word in code] this afternoon, and we had not a little fun. But she was the source of the amusement, as she always is. I do hope it will clear off, that we may not be prevented from going to West Point on Wednesday. I have enough to do, however, before that time. How delightful such a little bustle is. Uncle Thomas came this evening in consequence of my letter. We spent the evening in the parlour talking.

Monday July 14th.

I have sewed a long time upon my cape. Mr Meetz came, & I took my lesson; the last, I suppose, that I shall have in a good

while. For that, I am not sorry. Mr Meetz gives me few pieces that are calculated to make me love practising, and in hot weather especially, practising is not agreeable. Mrs Spencer called this morning and brought back Aunty's Album, that Mr Hoxie took months ago, to draw something in it. It is very hot to day. I pasted one or two flowers. This evening I sat at the library door for some time in the beautiful moonlight. Father and Anna joined me after a while.

Tuesday July 15th.

I have sewed on my cape, & darned stockings to day till I am tired of it. We are in fine confusion, for we expect to go tomorrow, and it is very hot. There is a pleasant breeze however, & we have need of it. I have nearly packed my box of books, & I have washed pencil drawing, & I have still some things to do. I am a little tired. I took my lesson or rather part of it, mended pens, filled my ink stand, & c. This evening I sat a while at the window, & at the library door.

Wednesday July 16th. West Point.

We are here at last; and, O how glad am I. Last night I would not go to bed till 11 o'clock, and partly, perhaps, on that account, I have felt miserably the greatest part of the day. The voyage was extremely tiresome to me, & I had as usual, a good deal of excitement, which makes one feel worse than any thing else. We arrived at last without accident, save that Aunty lost a basket containing many little necessary things. It went on to Albany. I was so tired that I actually fell asleep after we arrived; a very uncommon thing for me to do in the day time. But I feel much better since tea, which I relished much, for we had delightful large raspberries, not such as we get at home, good

toast, & everything nice. After tea we walked down to the Hospital, in the moonlight. It was very pleasant; we saw the steamboat pass, and came home, drank lemonade, very grateful after our walk, and then went to bed. Mrs Hackley & her sister-in-law called.

Thursday July 17th.

Father & Uncle Thomas, with Anna, took a long walk this morning, -- to Buttermilk falls. I did not feel disposed to it, for the fatigue of yesterday has not quite gone off. They brought me home some flowers to dry, & I busied myself some time with them. I played on the piano a long time. This evening I looked into the Listener.

Friday July 18th.

All of us but Aunty made a delightful excursion this morning. We rowed to the other side of the river, and then walked to a certain cataract, called I believe Indian Falls. The road was very pretty, but the Falls exceeded any I ever remember to have seen. The body of water is small, and the fall is not very high; but nevertheless, extremely beautiful. The water falls into a small basin surrounded on all sides by high rocks, luxuriantly clothed with trees and shrubs of various kinds, so thick & so high that the rays of the sun scarcely find their way to the bottom. The sheet of water does not fall unbroken, but is constantly dashed into foam that rivals the snow in whiteness. The only thing I find fault with is the mist, but as that is a necessary attendant on a cataract, the whole is perfect. We sat there some time. We found several flowers on our way, & we took care to be provided with the means of carrying them. The sail on the river was delightful too; the day was fine for our purpose,

and I enjoyed it. Father went home to day. I have busied myself with my flowers, & with the Listener.

Saturday July 19th.

We have not stirred out to day. Uncle Thomas went up to Newburgh this morning, and in the afternoon instead of himself came a note, saying that he would not be back untill Monday morning, & that Mr Brown, a clergyman of Newburgh would be here to tea, & would preach for him tomorrow. Aunt Fanny was not much pleased by this news, but I fortunately cared little about it. Mr Brown came; he is a plain, good sort of man. Father came too about 9 o'clock. I have occupied myself some time with Botany to day; & I have read in 'Mrs Willard's Journal & Letters.'⁵⁵ I am at length allowed to read Scott's novels! -- Under great restrictions however. One hour a day is the prescribed term for that reading. I keep it for the last hour of the evening, & then I have not, during the day, to regret that it is over. I enjoy it of course, however limited my permission may be. I am now reading the Betrothed. Mrs Leslie came to see us this morn.

Sunday July 20th.

We all went to church this morning and heard a very good sermon from Mr Brown. I should not have known, however, whether it was good or bad, for besides the weakness of my own judgement, I became quite sleepy when the sermon commenced. Father returned to day on the two o'clock boat. I have looked into several books, none of them exactly Sunday books, but I had none that I liked that were more serious. Mr Brown went away this evening.

⁵⁵ Emma Hart Willard, 1787-1870. Journal and Letters from France and Great-Britain, 1833.

Monday July 21st.

Uncle Thomas arrived last night at 2 o'clock, which I was glad of; a stranger's company is not so agreeable. I have read, or rather looked through, a book called *The Ten Years Imprisonment of Silvio Pellico*,⁵⁶ & when I had finished it I hardly knew what to do with myself; & that is an unpleasant state to be in. After dinner Anna and I went with Uncle Thomas to return Mrs Leslie's visit, & her two little girls then went with us to walk. The walk & the visit were stupid enough. I hardly opened my lips, for what could I say? & we did not go an agreeable road. I was somewhat tired, & quite glad when we reached home. I played and sang a while after tea.

Tuesday July 22nd.

I have drawn a good deal to day. I have read some in a volume of 'The British Essayists,' which amuses me. This afternoon we called on the Miss Thompsons, two old maids, who are ridiculous, though rather amusing in their persons & actions. After tea we visited Mrs Alden, and then walked down to the Hospital, & round the camp. It was very pleasant & cool. One thing disturbs me a little in the evening; I am afraid of the gun fire. This, though very foolish, is not easy to overcome, and really it is sometimes quite disagreeable. But I suppose I should not mind it after a little time.

Wednesday July 23rd.

I drew some this morning, read in 'British Essayists,' and pasted flowers a good while. These employments have taken up the

⁵⁶ Silvio Pellico, The Ten Years Imprisonment of Silvio Pellico. An English translation of Le mi prigione. 1832.

greater part of the day. Mrs Alden came this afternoon and took us to ride. It was quite pleasant. This evening we called upon Mrs Davies, & ^{upon} the mother of Mrs Hackley, but neither of them were at home, so we walked down to the Hospital.

Thursday July 24th.

I drew a little this morning, and pasted in one or two flowers that I had left. I have read a good part of the day in British Essayists which gives me much pleasure. It has been rainy, so we have staid at home. I enjoy myself here, except when I find myself without any thing to do; which sometimes happens. I have passed my time very pleasantly, however. I have just come up from tea, which I have not enjoyed as usual, because some lieutenant who had come to see Uncle Thomas, was there. It is a misfortune to be so timid as I am. In company with strangers I can hardly speak, look, or move with comfort, comparatively, unless it is at our own home. Indeed I sometimes neglect, or perform imperfectly, ^{certain} rules of politeness, and so may be thought rude, when in fact I do not mean to be so. Mr Kinsley made us a pretty long visit this evening. Father came about 9 o'clock, and was joyfully received by all of us.

Friday July 25th.

Father, Aunty, Anna and I, took a very long, and very pleasant walk, this morning. We went down to the shore of the river, & then clambered over the stones and the rocks for as much as a mile, still keeping close to the water. We at last sat down, & waited till the steamboat passed, & then we picked our way, as well as we might, up the side of the hill till we found a regular path, which in due time took us home, very tired, and very hot. I have not got over my fatigue yet, but Uncle Thomas says I look

better for it already. Father left us again when the boat came at 2 o'clock. I forgot to say that I, or rather Father, found flowers and grasses enough to fill the little tin pail which we took care to provide. The first two thirds of our ramble were most delightful, but in the last I was much too tired to take pleasure. I have read in British Essayists, and have seen to my flowers. Mrs Wheeldon, Mrs Hackley's mother, called this afternoon. Uncle Thomas and I had a long and very warm dispute this evening about music, & minor and major. It continued till I was tired of the war of words, & at last we grew so rough that I almost came to hysterics -- & broke off the -- conversation it could not be called -- by going up stairs, and there I sat down on the steps and cried heartily, while I heard Uncle Thomas say with heat, "Why she is totally ignorant of the very ABC of music;" & Aunt Fanny softly reply, "But what can you expect from a girl of fifteen?"

Saturday July 26th.

We have not ventured out to day; it has been extremely hot, & besides we had enough scrambling yesterday, for two days at least. Indeed it has been too uncomfortable indoors to do anything. I lay down on the sofa and actually went to sleep. I have read a good deal however during the day in British Essayists, and this evening in The Betrothed⁵⁷; which I like very much, of course. Father came up again at 9 o'clock. I have hardly done anything but read and lounge; the weather has been so oppressive.

⁵⁷ Sir Walter Scott, 1771-1832. The Betrothed: Tales of the Crusaders, 1825.

Sunday July 27th.

Only Father went to church to day, It was hot, & we did not feel disposed to it. I looked out texts in the Bible for some time, & read a little in The Listener, & cut paper. After tea I sat at the window a while, enjoying the breeze and my own cogitation, & the rest were at the time walking in at the front door.

Monday, July 28th.

This morning we all took the boat & rowed over to Constitution Island. We wandered about looking at the prospect, & considering the ground; for Father actually had thought of buying it for a country place. It did not look very prepossessing, however; for nothing can be more rude and rough than the face of that Island. At length, being all very thirsty, and pretty warm, we stopped at a poor looking house, & begged some water. A good old woman invited us in, & brought us some. Her house was very neat indeed, though poor. Father and Uncle Thomas then went off to view the ground further, but we sat down in the shade to wait for them. We returned about half past 11 a little tired. At half after 4 all of us but Aunty went sailing again. We went 3 or 4 miles up the river & came down close under the shore. We had a very pleasant sail, & reached home after gunfire. This evening all but me went round to visit Mrs Alden and Mrs Wheeldon. I shut the doors & windows of the front parlour to keep out bats & insects, and sat there reading the Betrothed till they came back.

Tuesday July 29th.

I finished The Betrothed this morning, because we were to go away. When the bell rang we hurried and were hurried very much to get to the wharf in time, but after all we waited there for half an hour or more, for the first two boats were crowded, & we

thought best to wait for the third, the Albany. Father got me a book on board, 'Simple Tales,' by Mrs Opie,⁵⁸ in which I read a good deal. The motion of the boat, or something, made me feel half sick. We reached Hudson in good time and found Aunt Nancy in her new house. I walked about with Fan & talked to her a while after tea. She is a dear little baby, & very pretty indeed.

Wednesday July 30th.

Early this morning we took the stage to Canaan. The ride was not very tedious to me, for I took along a book of Ellen's, The Swiss Family Robinson,⁵⁹ & read a good part of it on the road. We found things looking rather better than I had feared; for Uncle Thomas gave us a poor account of affairs here. Sabrina has gone; that I am glad of; and the woman now here, is more respectful, & does not eat with us, that is delightful. Nevertheless, I wish Aunt Fanny were half as much pleased to be here as I am; but to be sure she has not the same reason. We, that is, Grandpa, Anna, Father & I, went out this afternoon to pick raspberries. Contrary to my expectation, I found as many flowers as berries, & so left the fruit to the others, & filled my cup with flowers instead. When we reached home I put them in water, & analyzed some of them, & wrote a while. The evening has been delightful; I was not quite comfortable in the morning from cold.

Thursday July 31st.

⁵⁸ Amelia Opie, 1769-1853. Simple Tales. 1806.

⁵⁹ Johann Rudolph Wyss, 1781-1830. The romance was published in two parts in Zurich in 1812-1813 and first translated into English in 1814.

We have really begun business to day. Aunty has been actually washing the floor of our bedroom, and doing many other things about house; & I this morning wrote, put my flowers to press, analyzed several of them, shelled peas, and cracked part of a loaf of sugar. I was after a while somewhat at a loss what to set about next, and remained some time without doing anything useful. In the afternoon we went to see Grandpa feed the sheep with salt; it is quite a pretty sight. After tea Father went with Anna & me up on the east hill, & talked about sundry improvements he meant to make, or wished to see made. Trees were to be planted on the east hill, ^{certain} old fences were to be removed, the house itself was to be placed further back, the brook was to be turned on to another channel. I wish these improvements could take place. How the face of things would be changed! Perhaps they may, some time. I began *The Abbot*⁶⁰ this evening. George came about dusk, but we had no fun during the evening. I wish I had my piano here.

Friday August 1st.

To day I wrote, swept the shed & then ironed; I am pretty well tired. I like to iron very much, to be sure, but one may have too much of a good thing. I do not know indeed what I could have done with myself if I had not been thus employed, & Aunt Fanny is half crazy with the work she is doing or has to do. She said to me this afternoon that she had sometimes been almost ready to commit suicide. I laughed at it, but it is a sad truth that such a picture of the state of her feelings is nearer the truth than any one would imagine or believe. Father, Anna and I took a

⁶⁰ Sir Walter Scott, 1820.

little ramble after tea, in the course of which Anna got one or two flowers for me. The rest of the evening I devoted to reading The Abbot. How happy I could be here, were it not for Aunty's troubles, & hardships, which, I am afraid, will not be ended, for it is almost impossible to get anyone to work here, that is not, in one way or another, worse than nobody. To day she has scrubbed the stairs & washed the hall window, among other things.

Saturday August 2nd.

This has been a pleasant, however a busy day. I worked at my [one word in code]⁶¹ a long time this morning, & then I rubbed one of the bureaus with vinegar and water, & the knobs with rotonstone & oil. This was a long & dirty job. I strung my Eolian harp which I found in the garret, put a loop on my frock & looked into the Swiss Family Robinson. I cannot recollect any other employment of the day, that deserves mentioning. We found things pretty dirty when we came, but Aunt Fanny has already put things in better order, though by dint of hard labour. George came up this evening. Father walked with us as far as the head of the brook.

Sunday August 3rd.

We have not been to church. I have been looking over psalms with reference to my [one word in code]. I have spent a good part of the day in this manner. We cracked & picked out the meats of butternuts, and we three took a pleasant little walk up on the hill, & to the spring. But somehow or other I do not run over the hill with near as much agility & life as formerly. Either I

⁶¹ Anna Warner translates this word as "book" and glosses it: "Here a shorthand name for (I fancy) some sort of a daily text book." (Susan Warner 121)

have grown lazy or timid. I creep along slowly, while George springs over everything in his way, & now up and down a steep hill without fear, & consequently with greater safety, and with far greater pleasure than I can, & even Anna gets along better than I do. Father went away this afternoon. He wished to go yesterday, & has been upon the lookout all the day for the stage, but ^{the} two that came along in the morning were filled.

Monday August 4th.

I have spent the greater part of to day at my desk, which this morning I established nicely by the window of the east room upstairs. I looked over hymns a good while, making notes for my [one word in code], & I studied my lessons, which I have begun again regularly to day. I rubbed the face of another bureau with vinegar and water. Almost every day since I have been here I have got one or two new flowers. To day Anna brought me some pond lilies, which are splendid, far more beautiful than Camelias or Cape Jessamines. I only hope they will dry well. My flowers are a great amusement to me. Aunty has been hard at work, with a Mrs Torly, actually cleaning the east room. Mrs Torly is an independent woman, whom I, & Aunty too, dislike sufficiently. Cousin Sarah & William Warner made us a visit this afternoon. 41 lines of Italian, 15 pages of French.

Tuesday August 5th.

I have looked over hymns & have studied to day much as I did yesterday. I wiped the china, & rubbed the table, and this afternoon I darned a pair of stockings. Except while doing these little things I have been, mostly, at my desk. Father told me, it is true, that I must run about two hours every day, but how can I go alone, or even with Anna? Aunty, too, says that sitting

still so much is the way to kill me, & that I shall grow thin. I had as lieve grow thin as fat however, for the other day looking in the glass I was rather surprised, & certainly not much pleased, to see how far I am from slender. But I should like to run over the hills more, if I had anyone to go with me. Miss Caroline Kingsley called this morning. After tea Aunty, Anna & I walked up to Uncle John's. 13 p. F. l. 22. I.

Wednesday August 6th.

I have not felt very well to day, & have not done very much. I have studied my lessons, & I have read to myself in a 'Present Hours' of anecdotes & little stories, and in 'Fairy Tales', & a little in a volume of 'Adele et Theodore.'⁶² I also took my Magazine, & looked for something to draw, but could fix upon nothing that exactly suited me. Two little figures I did draw, but they were only cardbabies. 10 p. French, 1.12 Italian.

Thursday August 7th.

I have studied as usual. Cousin Douglass Warner came here this morning, & staid a good while, & I had to leave my business & come down stairs which I did not particularly wish to do; and indeed his visit was so long & so little amusing that I at last went to reading. Miss Caroline Kingsley came to tea, & Douglass Warner happened to come in just at tea time, & he staid to it. Miss Caroline talked in rather a foolish style, & I thing Douglass Warner & Aunt Fanny laughed at her; at any rate I should not have liked to have been in her place. I have looked into the Encyclopaedia this afternoon. 14 1/2 pages French, 1. 8 Italian.

Friday August 8th.

⁶² Stephanie Felicite Ducrest, Comptess de Genlis, 1782.

I have worked a good while to day at dials for ciphers, & then Anna & I wrote in cipher. I have studied my lessons however, but sitting so steadily wearies me. After tea Aunty went with us to the blackberry field, but someone had been there before us, & we found only one or two. My time passes pleasantly, but rather monotonously. I sit the greater part of the day at my desk, and though I should like to run about more if I had any one with me, I do not like to go alone. I think I sit more here than I did at home, and that should not be. But what can I do? Anna continues to get exercise enough. She works in the house; that is, shells peas, churns butter, (all by herself,) & runs for water or does anything that is required of her. She has brought me most of the flowers that I have dried since I have been here. 12 1/2 p.
French, 1. 15 Italian.

Saturday August 9th.

I have pasted a good many flowers this morning, which with making the glue, & writing, took up some time. I churned a few minutes, and then watched Aunty who brought the butter and worked it. I studied Italian, no French. I have read in the Life of Nelson,⁶³ which I like very much. We took a little ramble this evening; over pretty rough ground. George came. Today we went in the meadow, & Aunty went into the brook while I sat with the umbrella to hide her from view. I read in the Abbot pretty regularly every evening. I like it very much. Anna & I have talked in cipher some time. 1. 17. Italian.

Sunday August 10th.

⁶³ Robert Southey (1774-1843) wrote the Life of Nelson in 1813.

This morning [code] amused ourselves a little while with cipher, & then George & Anna went down stairs & amused each other. I copied several psalm tunes, and worked at my [one word in code], which I am much pleased with. We went to the spring at the head of the trough, and George cleared it out in some measure, & threw stones into it because the bottom was muddy. This evening we went into the field & cracked butternuts, playing what I will call questions & commands. We spent the evening at the table in the kitchen talking, which was pleasant enough. 1.14.I. 65. F.

Monday August 11th.

I have spent the most, or at least a good part of to day at my lessons, which I now know well enough. What a change in this respect since last summer! But it may be as much because of a difference of studies as of feelings, though I would fain think it is not. My studies are very easy now, which they certainly were not last summer. I went to the spring & scraped stones & earth there, with Anna, & looked into the Encyclopaedia for a while, & studied Italian & French a long time. So here I sit, day after day with little variation. I run down to meals, & very often run up again very soon, & sit till my bones ache; either studying, or reading, or working at some nonsense. I don't think I was very more sedentary in my life, & yet what do I come here for? Exercise & Air. I might, as Aunty says, almost as well be at home. 9 p. French, 2-7 Italian.

Tuesday August 12th.

I studied pretty long to day, as usual. I read or looked into the Encyclopaedia, for I only read such parts as amuse me, & skip all dry & unentertaining articles. This evening we rambled a good way in the edge of the woods. I dont particularly love

these little walks which we take every evening, at least not always; but I know I ought to go three times as far every day; still I cannot go alone. We have not much life amongst us at present. One day is the counterpart of another. 9 1/2 Fr. 2-11-Italian.

Wednesday August 13th.

I have only studied French to day, though not a great deal. I have lately liked Italian best, for Anacharsis is rather dry at present. I have helped churn, for Anna went to the post office with grandpa, & I have darned a pair of stockings, & have drawn a cardbaby for Anna. We rambled as usual this evening. We went to the east hill, & Anna Aunty climbed up the steep side of it; no easy job. I gave it up, after going two or three feet, partly, perhaps through laziness; partly through fear. We went no where else. This evening I finished 'the Abbot.' I enjoy my hour of reading every night, very much. 20 p. French.

Thursday August 14th.

I examined flowers this morning, & made the fire, & at last went to ironing. This has occupied me a good deal of the day. I have, at intervals, looked into Robertson's History of Scotland,⁶⁴ & the Life of Nelson. Cousins James & William Warner came to see me this morning. I have learnt no lessons to day. This evening Grandpa, Aunty & I, had a long argument. Grandpa entertains sundry singular opinions about what was the state of the world before the flood; such as, that the earth was

⁶⁴ William Robertson, 1721-1793. The History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI, till his Accession to the Crown of England. 1759; with additions and corrections, 1787.

quite level, no rocks or mountains, that there were no seas to be seen, all the waters being enclosed in the middle of the earth, & that there was no rain, nor changes of climate to which he ascribes men's lives being so much longer then, than now. These & other strange opinions Aunty & I refuted long & stoutly, but Grandpa could not or would not be convinced. We debated the matter with a good deal of heat, & it was not a little amusing.

Friday August 15th.

I read only Italian to day. I wrote, & busied myself different ways; but I dont remember how. The day has been cold & disagreeable; & I did not feel very much disposed to study. I painted Anna's cardbaby, & looked after my flowers. George came up this evening, & glad was I. We sat talking, most part of the evening.

Saturday August 16th.

I have studied none to day. As George was here I gave up the day to things which we could not do when he is away. We went, after breakfast, to the orchard, & cracked butternuts for some time; & we told stories or riddles by turns. We went to the head of the trough; & George worked at one place, & I at another, for a while. Anna could do little besides looking on. We went on the hill, partly to get pine bushes for the chimney, & when we came home, eat butternuts & molasses. We drew a while, & went in the meadow, & I afterwards pasted in some flowers. Anna & George went to the Huckleberry field this morning before breakfast, & we could not think where they were gone so early. I began 'Quentin Durward'⁶⁵, this evening, & read aloud in it for some time.

⁶⁵ Sir Walter Scott, 1823.

Sunday August 17th.

We did not purpose to go to church to day, but Miss Kingsley & Harriet Whiting stopped for us, so then Aunty decided to go. There was no clergyman & of course no preaching, but they prayed & sang; and then Mr C. Whiting read a chapter in a book, I don't know what it was, but rather tiresome to me, & I fancy, to others. We staid to the afternoon service, & we came near being caught in the rain before we got home. The evening we cracked butternuts in the shed as we could not go out; & had some very pleasant chat there, as well as when eating our butternuts with molasses, in the house. I dont like Miss Caroline Kinsley much. My weeks work, is 6.22 I. 32 1/2 F.

Monday August 18th.

I studied a good while to day, but only Italian. I darned a pair of stockings, & looked into a volume of the Encyclopaedia. After tea we rode down to Cousin Sarah Warner's, & to Uncle James's. We saw the people at both places, & George, who brought a letter from father, to me. He has heard from his father too, & Aunt Nancy may be expected in a few days. We shall have no more dullness then, but no quiet either I am afraid, compared with what we have now. However almost any change is pleasant, independently of having our dear friends with us. George rode home with us. I read Quentin Durward most all the evening. 2-4 Italian.

Tuesday August 19th.

I studied French to day, but no Italian. It has been a cold, disagreeable day. I should like some warm weather again, for this is unpleasant enough. I put flowers to press, & pasted in one or two. My collection of flowers is getting very pretty. George

picked & gave to Anna a little bunch last night, both at Uncle James's and at the other house, of very pretty flowers. This evening Aunt Fanny, Anna, & I drank tea at Uncle John's. We stood on the stoop & looked at the cats, but we did not have much talk. Harriet & Miss Kinsley walked part of the way home with us, but Miss Caroline declared many times she could not climb that hill again, so she would not come any further than the brow of it. She is a goose, to say no worse of her. 22 pages. French.

Wednesday August 20th.

I have studied a good while to day, but only French, & I did not begin till after dinner; by the by, we did not have dinner, except sweetmeats, toast, butter & milk; the best dinner in the world. I pasted one or two flowers in, & busied myself in different ways in the morning. Among other things I darned stockings & talked stories, my favorite amusement. I do love it very much. Anna is not as fond of it as I am. I finished the second volume of Anacharsis to day. Douglass Warner came here this evening, & he and Grandpa talked politics till Aunty & even I were tired of it, though I was more pleasantly engaged in reading Quentin Durward. I remember nothing more, worth noticing. 27 pages. French.

Thursday August 21st.

I churned a long time this morning, & then sat by & held the cover while Aunty churned. I worked at my [one word in code], & wrote cipher, & did other things. We expected Father and Aunt Nancy to come to day, & I did not begin any study for some time. But the morning & the afternoon passed, & nobody came, & after tea I read 9 pages of French. I read or looked into the

Encyclopaedia, & talked stories some, & darned stockings. I remember nothing more. It has been so cold we have had fire in the kitchen. 9 pages F.

Friday August 22nd.

I read Italian a good while to day, no French. As Anna & I were eating our dinner, I heard talking, ran out & found Father. Of course little has been done since. We had, or found, a good deal to say on both sides. He brings the agreeable news that Aunt Nancy will come tomorrow. I have talked stories some. I have put my hair up to day myself, & I think I shall now keep it so. It does seem strange when I think that my next birthday will be my 16th. But, thank fortune, it is a good while before that time. I don't like the thought of being even a few years older than I am now. I am so happy as I am; just enough of a child. 3 pages Italian.

Saturday August 23rd.

I studied very little to day, I churned & held the cover for a good while this morning, & then we were expecting Aunt Nancy, & I did not feel much disposed to do any thing. I have been writing names, too, for our story-telling. It is half past 4, & yet they are not come. Here I have been sitting writing by my window for a long time, and almost every vehicle that passes I watch till I see that it is not the one we want. I do not feel quite as well as usual to day. 1-3 Italian.

Sunday August 24th.

They came at last. Charles Frary drove them out, instead of Uncle Robert, & Mary Whiting came with them. She went to Uncle John's, after tea. Thank fortune it is utterly impossible for her to come here. Some of us meant to go to church to day, but

the horse was not found till it was too late. I read rhymes awhile, making notes for my [one word in code]. This afternoon George cracked butternuts, & molasses this evening. We cracked a great many. The day has been delightful. Aunt Fanny & George rode down town this evening, on horseback. My weeks work, 58 p. F. 6-7 I.

Monday August 25th.

To day all but Father, Anna, Ellen & I went to Pittsfield. The day was cold and disagreeable within doors. I read some French & wrote names for talking stories. After we had eaten something in the middle of the day, we went out to walk. We climbed to the top of the hill on which we all took so long a walk last year, but now we went higher, to the highest part of the hill. We descended in on the other side, & came into the turnpike just above the gristmill. Almost all of our walk so far, was through the woods, & in very steep places; where it would be not a little difficult to descend without the help of trees & bushes. I had caught cold, & did not enjoy my walk as much as I might have done otherwise. Anna & Ellen were in high glee, and much pleased. I was rather tired by the time we reached home. We looked into the Encyclopaedia, & we played with Fan this evening. 10 p. French.

Tuesday August 26th.

To day I have studied none, & I don't think I shall have that to say very soon again, for I dont feel near as well contented with myself as when I have accomplished something in the day. I have taken a good deal of care of Fan, walked, sung & played with her, which is pleasant enough. This evening I read none, because I was occupied with her, & Aunt Nancy was busy. Charles Frary went back to Hudson to day, & George to school, so now we are alone

again. Father, Aunt Nancy & Aunt Fanny went up town this afternoon, & left me in charge of Fan. We watched the kittens playing a good while. Every one is named: Lady Grey grey, Curiosity golden, Lion black, Chub black and white, & Pig yel.

Wednesday August 27th.

I studied a while to day but only Italian. I have pasted in flowers. Fan worried me to day, because she cried to go from me to Aunt Nancy when we were out. I did not get over it half the day. I have not been particularly industrious. This evening Aunt Nancy, Aunt Fanny & I sat up till three quarters past 11, because they had a parcel of clothes to iron, & I would not go to bed till they did. The day has been cold & not very agreeable. I take more or less care of Fan every day. 2-9 Italian.

Thursday August 28th.

I studied Italian to day, & a little French. Father, the children, & I went up on the hill for pine-bushes & moss to dress the chimney. I took care of Fan & put her to sleep; and I rubbed the table & rubbed the spoons, for we expected the Whitings to tea. Only Miss Kinsley, Mary Whiting, & Harriet came. My flower-book & drawing book were brought down to be examined. 2-1 Italian. 3 p. French.

Friday August 29th.

I studied Italian, but not much French to day. I got Fan to sleep & sat by her studying a good while. At last I got tired & stupid, I suppose with the hearty dinner I had eaten, & I went out and cut straws in the barn with Ellen & Anna, & wrote & read in the Encyclopedia. Aunt Fanny rode this evening with George, who came up this evening as there is to be no school to morrow. I read none to night, for Father had my book, & besides I held

Fan a good while, as the rest were picking over beans. We had a good deal of fun with Fan. 2-9 Italian. 2 1\2 p. French.

Saturday August 30th.

I studied a while this morning while George & Anna were churning, & afterwards went in the orchard to crack butternuts. Fan was along. After we had been there some time we went up the hill to Pine Grove, by which name we have dignified a little thick cluster of pines, forming quite a shady arbour. At length I brought Fan home, leaving the rest there, & when I got home, tried for a little time to get her to sleep, but did not succeed. The children & George came home & eat butternuts and molasses, after which we went again without Fan, to Pine Grove. We chose a place hard by, to make a hermitage or grotto, which was very shady & suited us better than Pine Grove. We soon found that we wanted certain articles to work with, & so I made a tiresome journey to the house to get them. Meanwhile the rest hunted after flat stones, snailshells, moss, & acorns, to add convenience & ornament to our grotto. At last I got back with a broom, basket, hammer & knife, & we fell to work in good earnest. I picked & swept the cracks of the rock, & George made a sort of shelf in a large crack or chasm in which we might put books, or anything, & to keep it from the rain he & I with some trouble lifted to the top a large flat stone which serves as a roof to our closet. As we were returning home, we heard Aunty calling us to tea, so long we had staid. I finished 'Quentin Durward' this evening. 2-13 I.

Sunday August 30th.

All of us but Aunt Fanny, & little Fan, went to church to day, down town.⁶⁶ What we heard was sensible enough, & the singing much better than at the Corner; but the hour of intermission, spent at Uncle James's, was dull & stupid. I have worked at my [one word in code], & done sunday things; I forget what. Aunt Fanny & George rode on horseback again this evening. The people wonder & laugh a little at the long skirt she wears to ride in. I dare say there are not two in Canaan. My week's work, is 9-7 I. 15 1/2 p. F.

Monday Sep. 1st.

I have done very little to day. I put Fan to sleep, & darned a pair of stockings. Father was in his room a good part of the day, & I liked better to study where he was not, so moved my desk into the other room, but I did not accomplish much. This evening we had a real frolic. George came up & after tea we took a candle into the east room, every body, except us four, being in the kitchen. We had a good game of blind-man's buff; then How, When, & Where, & lastly we began to tell stories. We played about two hours, and I have hardly had such an exercising since I have been here. 1 p. Italian.

Tuesday Sep. 2nd.

I studied some time to day. I pasted in a few flowers, & got Fan to sleep. I forget every thing else, till we dressed & went down to Uncle James's to drink tea. Aunty & Father rode on horseback, for the little wagon could not hold us all. Our visit was

⁶⁶ "Down town" probably refers to Canaan Center, a settlement about three miles southwest of Canaan Four Corners. However, it might conceivably refer to Pittsfield, Massachusetts or East Chatham, New York.

pleasant enough. Lavinia Warner and I had some little chat about novels, & various other matters. George came home with us, & we played a while, but not as much as we did the other night. 2-17.
Italian.

Wednesday Sep 3rd.

This morning Fan was with me a good deal and I did not study much. I panted in flowers, but did not accomplish much till afternoon, or after tea. Aunty & George have gone to ride. I have begun 'Anne of Geierstein.'⁶⁷ Time passes very happily, & quickly. If my piano was here, & we could see Father often, I do think I could be very well contented here in the winter. 3-6
Italian.

Thursday September 4th.

It has been very hot to day. I put Fan to sleep, & then thought to sit by her & study; but the flies came about her so much, that I took a volume of the Encyclopedia & my fan, & sat by her to keep them away. And when she woke, the heat made me feel so good-for-nothing, that I did not accomplish as much as usual. We were dressed to go to ride this afternoon but it clouded up so much that we did not like to venture. Aunty & George went, however, but it was something of a disappointment to me. We played blind-man's-buff this evening & had much fun. 2-6
Italian.

Friday Sep. 5th.

I read Italian a long time to day, & indeed got somewhat interested in the book. My studying, if it merits the name, is

⁶⁷ Sir Walter Scott. Anne of Geierstein, or, the Maiden of the Mist. 1829.

now a pleasure to think of, a pleasure to do, & a pleasure to have done; & when I think of it I feel that there is necessity for me to press onward as fast as may be. This afternoon Aunt F- & Aunt N-, Anna, Fanny & I, went up the hill to drink tea with Mrs. C Whiting. Ellen was sent to Mrs Hall's, that there might not be such a formidable number of us; & Father had a bad headache. George did not come up this evening. 3-2 Italian.

Saturday Sep. 6th.

I intended to do a good deal to day and settled myself at my desk with Anacharsis, which I have rather neglected of late. But Father came in, I gave up the desk to him, & did not get possession of it again till a little while before we went out in the afternoon. So I have done almost nothing to day. I played with Fan, put her to sleep, & read hymns, making notes for my [one word in code]. This afternoon we proposed to visit Mrs Curtis, & we set off, Aunt Fanny on the old mare, & the rest of us in the little wagon. Grandpa did not go. But we presently found that the horse we had in the wagon was not equal to the task, & that he could not draw so heavy a load for such a distance. We therefore went no further than to Uncle James's, where we stopped & invited them to tea on Tuesday. We went to the other house also, but staid long at neither place. We came home, having lost our ride, our visit, & our honey, which we intended to get on the road. 3 1/2 p. French.

Sunday Sep. 7th.

As the day was dark & cloudy, & rainy some of the time we staid at home; which I was rather glad of. We cracked butternuts a good while this morning, & Aunty made some candy, into which the meats were put. I wrote awhile in my [one word in code], &

copied one or two psalm tunes. The day has been disagreeable enough, cold & wet. My week's work is, 12-6 Italian. 3 1/2 p. French.

Monday Sep. 8th.

I have studied a good deal to day. It was so cold that we had a fire in the kitchen, & there I read French & Italian. The day has been rainy. We played this evening & had a good deal of fun. We played Lead amongst other things, & blind-man's-buff. 1-12 I. 14 p. F.

Tuesday Sep 9th.

I have studied to day, & I put Fan to sleep, but she woke up in a few minutes. All of us but Aunt Fanny & Aunt Nancy went up on the hill this afternoon, & when we came back I darned a pair of stockings, & then dressed, for we expected the people from Uncle James's & Douglass Warner's to tea. I then put Fan to sleep. Only Lucy, Alida, & Edward Warner came. Such tea-drinkings are for the most part stupid enough. We played again this evening. 2-1 I. 15 p. F.

Wednesday Sep. 10th.

I have studied only French this day. I have nothing to say. It is a good while since I have had that to write. Every thing goes on as usual. I have taken some care of Fan. We invited the Whiting's to tea this evening but they had some other engagement. I am sure most of us were not sorry for this. 14 p. French.

Thursday Sep. 11th.

The people up the hill sent word that they would come here this evening, since they could not last night. I have studied only french, & have been a good while about that. Fanny has vexed & hurt me once or twice. I must no more expect her to love me at

all as she did a year ago. The weather is quite cold. I have left my window, & have brought down my desk, for aye. The people came; 5 of them. It was dull, as usual. We played and talked a good while with much pleasure this evening. 14. French.

Friday Sep. 12th.

I studied awhile to day, but only Italian. I fed Fan & put her to sleep, but I do not remember my other occupations till we dressed & went out to ride. Uncle Robert sent Frank with a horse & wagon yesterday to take Aunt Nancy home. She will go to morrow. We went in this wagon, & Aunt Fanny rode the old mare. We went to Mrs Curtis's, but staid there only for a few minutes. Coming home it was very cold, the wind was piercing; so our ride was not as pleasant as it might otherwise have been. We played to night, for the last time, 'puss in the corner.' 2-21. Italian.

Saturday Sep 13th.

All have gone to day, Father, Aunt Nancy, Fanny & Ellen. I have studied none. George and I went up in the field to get some corn, & I wrote out a new game I have in my head. We went to our rock to crack butternuts, but it was dull work. Poor George was too sad to take pleasure in it. After we had eaten something Aunt Fanny & George set off on horseback for Lebanon.⁶⁸

Grandpa had some errand there for George to do. Anna & I have talked stories, & I have darned a pair of stockings

Sunday Sep. 14th.

Miss Mary Whiting came here & went to church with us. George drove us down town, & we staid to both services. She came home

⁶⁸ Lebanon Springs, a slightly larger village some five miles northeast of Canaan. There was a large Shaker settlement in the area.

and staid to tea. After tea we three dent⁶⁹ on the hill to the west. We clambered up, & then attempted to go down where the hill was quite steep & slippery, which I did not accomplish without a fall. It was the occasion of more laughing than pain, however. We went to our grotto afterwards. Douglass Warner came here this evening & sat some time. My week's work is 6-11. Italian. 57. p. French.

Monday Sep. 15th.

I have studied nicely to day, both French & Italian. I have worked at our Scientifical Game. Harriet Whiting came here on horseback for Aunty this afternoon, who joined her, & George coming up at the same time, went along. They did not return till after tea; so I poured out tea. 2-21 I. 14 p. F.

Tuesday Sep 16th.

I worked so long at my Scientifical Game this morning, that I read only Italian. This afternoon Grandpa, Anna & I took a ride in the wagon, & Aunty rode the old mare. We went round the pond, & then down by the Dug Way. Our ride was quite long, & very pleasant. We played at our new game this evening with much pleasure. It is both amusing and useful, & George & I like it very much, though Anna does not. I think we should learn a good deal by playing at it every evening for a fortnight. 3-18. I.

Wednesday Sep. 17th.

This morning we rode again in the same manner as last night. We went down to the post office, & to Uncle Lupton's. We had not been at home half an hour, when Aunty came down stairs saying, 'Sue, there's your Father! It was he indeed, come for his

⁶⁹ Sic.

baggage, which has been unavoidably detained, but which went this morning. He staid a few hours, took an early tea with us, & the went off again. I have studied Italian & a little French. Mary Whiting came here & staid awhile. 4-16 I. 7 1/2 F.

Thursday Sep 18th.

I worked at our Scientifical Game and busied myself about it, for a long time this morning. I studied Italian at length, but not much French. We walked up to Uncle John's this evening, & staid a while, & we played at our new Game after we came home. I have little to say now-a-days, & how should it be otherwise? Time passes pleasantly enough, however, & I am in no hurry to get home. But that period will come before very long, -- the leaves are beginning to turn. 3-17. I. 7 p F.

Friday Sep 19th.

I have studied to day a good while, & have worked at our new game, which is much liked by George and myself. These employments have taken up most of the day. We played a while this evening as usual. I have finished 'Anne of Geierstein', & this evening I began 'St Ronan's Well.'⁷⁰ My journal is rather dull just now, it must be confessed. 2-20 I. 13 F.

Saturday Sep 20th.

I churned this morning & brought the butter, though I cannot say it was voluntarily. I studied Italian, & that only, & worked long and steadily at our game. I had a talk with Aunty, who charges me of laziness. It may be so; it seems other than she, are of the same opinion. It is a lovely evening, & Aunty &

⁷⁰ Sir Walter Scott, 1824.

George are out riding. The woods are quite parti-colored already. 4-22 I.

Sunday Sep 21st.

We went to church to day. In the afternoon intermission we went to the burying ground. After tea we three went to the orchard & cracked butternuts, & George picked a parcel of berries & made some red ink. We eat butternuts & molasses in the evening. 22-14 I. 4 1/2 p. French. Week's work.

Monday Sep 22nd.

I swept the east room this morning, & brushed out the entry. Aunty went to ride with Mary Whiting who came down soon after breakfast for her on horseback. I studied a good while. Miss Whiting & Harriet drank tea here, & Aunty then went to ride again with George. We took a pleasant ramble on the hill, & all of us, ~~when~~ went part of the way home with them. I have read in The Swiss Family Robinson. 4-5 I. 1 1/2 p. F.

Tuesday Sep 23rd.

I have studied as usual, though not much French, & I have scraped jack-straws & read in the Swiss Family Robinson. Alick & Elisabeth, Grandpa's people, have acted in such a manner that we are like to be rid of them ere long. They have had a quarrel, which came to such a pass, that I ran & told Aunty, & she Grandpa, who thereupon went down stairs, & I cannot tell what he said, but Elisabeth says she will go to morrow morning. Aunty is very glad; & indeed they are not fit to live in a decent house. 3-2 I. 2 p. F.

Wednesday Sep 24th.

Alick & Elisabeth have trudged off this morning. I brushed out the east parlour, & peeled potatoes, & c. I studied a good while

& read. Aunty has worked hard all day, except a few minutes. Mary Whiting came this morning on horseback for her, but she could not go. Douglass & Sarah Warner called, but she could not see them. Aunty & George went to ride, & I read while they were gone. When they came back, we sat round the stand & played jack-straws. A fine fire was blazing, and we had much fun. 4. I. 11 p. F.

Thursday Sep 25th.

Alick came back before breakfast this morning, & will stay here; but Elisabeth will not. Aunty was frightened when she saw her coming, for Grandpa was not at home, & she has a dreadful temper. I ran in such haste, when I saw her coming to the door, that I tore my frock wofully. I ironed a while this morning, & mended my dress in the afternoon, so did but little studying. Aunt Fanny has work enough to make her half crazy. She has gone to ride at present, on horseback, of course & till now, has hardly had a moment of rest. 2. Italian.

Friday Sep 26th.

I studied as usual. We dressed & went down town to see Aunt Olive & her daughters. When we came back we went to Uncle John's where we staid to tea. We all picked over berries for a time, this evening, & then played jack-straws, & had much fun. It is very pleasant here, but I wish Aunt Fanny were not so hard pressed. I am in no hurry to get home. The season is delightful, & we have so many pleasures. I like 'St Ronan's Well,' very much indeed; better than 'Anne of Geierstein', I think. 3-19 I. 9 1/2 F.

Saturday Sep 27th.

We three went up the road a little way to get the apples off a tree by the roadside, lest some one should steal them; they are so scarce. George shook them down, & then went up the hill for molasses, while we picked them up. Afterwards we cracked butternuts in the field, & began to talk stories, all three together. I studied Italian before breakfast, & at odd times. Aunty & George went to ride, & Miss Whiting & Harriet came here to tea. We played jackstraws, & went on the hill. After tea we had a real romp. Henry Whiting, Harriet, & we three played blind-man's-buff & puss in the corner, for a good while, & at last we got Aunty & Miss Whiting in to play What do you think of her. 4 I. 2 1/2 F.

Sunday Sep 28th.

It is cold & unpleasant, or was so this morning. We went to church, all but Anna, Miss Whiting went with us. I have read in the Christian Blossom. After tea we three went up on the hill, & there we found a number of chestnut burrs, which probably the squirrels had ~~knocked~~ ^{thrown} down. We forthwith sat down at our 'Seat', & cracked them. I dare say we had a quart of them.

Monday Sep 29th.

I read French a good while to day. This afternoon I sat watching some molasses boiling for candy. It is very cold. All the evening we three sat talking stories, & had much fun. I really have nothing more to say. 22 p. F.

Tuesday Sep 30th.

I have studied Italian a long while to day, but nothing else. I helped churn this morning, a business which I detest. Lavinia Warner & somebody else whom I do not know called this morning,

but only for a few minutes, and Mr & Mrs Talbot. We talked stories this evening. 7-5. I.

Wednesday Oct 1st.

I tuned my Eolian harp this morning & busied myself a good while with it. I studied as usual. I wrote a letter to Father, & wrote names for some time. We talked stories again in the evening; an amusement which I do love dearly; & with three it is much pleasanter than with two. These have been my principal employments; they are much alike every day, & I have not the humour to write a good deal about other matters, as I did a month or so ago. I only say now, that Aunty has enough work to make her half crazy, for never hired servant worked, or would work, as she does. 3-16 I. 10 F.

Thursday Oct. 2nd.

I have studied a good deal to day, & read in St. Ronan's Well which I like extremely. We talked stories in the evening as usual. 2-23 I. 12 F.

Friday Oct 3rd.

Anna & I churned a long time. I have played with my Eolian harp for a good while this morning, like a game. I studied Italian, but not much French. Uncle Lupton & his wife called this afternoon. 4.3. I. 5 p. F.

Saturday Oct 4th.

I played on my harp a long while, & Anna & I talked, so it was not very early when I began my studying. I ironed some time this afternoon. We talked for above three hours this evening; Aunty had bread to bake, which kept us up till within a few minutes of 12. We had a great deal of fun. We get into the farthest corner of the room, draw our three chairs as close as possible to one

another, & then put our heads together, and talk with all our might. Each of us loves this amusement very much. We transport ourselves into another world of our own making, & for my part I am very fond of it. 4-20 I.

Sunday Oct 5th.

None of us but George went to church to day. I looked over hymns a good while; then read in the Christian Observer. After an early tea Grandpa went with us three to the little orchard where we got a few apples, & from thence to the next field above, where are three large chestnut trees. George climbed into one & whipped it, & with time & patience, we succeeded in procuring rather more than a quart of chestnuts. Grandpa left us after a little while but we staid till after sundown. The day was fine, but on the hill where we were it was bitter cold. The wind blew very hard there, & I should judge we were there from two to three hours. However we all liked the fun, & ran home in very good spirits & well pleased with our expedition. We boiled & eat our chestnuts in the evening.

Monday Oct. 6th.

I occupied myself with some nonsense or other, for a good while this morning, & was at last interrupted in it by the entrance of Aunt Nancy, George & Fanny. Whether I was glad or sorry it would not be easy to decide; perhaps I felt something of both. Nothing useful, of course, was done by me after this, during the day. Uncle Robert came out with them but went back again after dinner. We three went up to Pine Grove, & staid there, & on the hill, for a while. The day was most beautiful, pleasanter far than in summer; something like that last 30th of October which we spent at Gowan Hill. I enjoyed it, & really had some thoughts of going

there with a book, but I did not. George & Aunt Fanny took a long ride this afternoon. We talked stories as usual.

Tuesday, Oct 7th.

All but I went to ride this morning; Aunt Fanny & Miss Whiting, on horseback, & the rest in the wagon. I wrote, & studied a long time, then played on my harp. I dressed & wrote a letter to Father. We talked stories in the evening. We shall not be here a week more, probably. I shall very much like to see home again on some accounts. Not that I am tired of Canaan, however. It is pleasanter than ever here, & the scenery looks beautiful, & the weather is delightful. 4. p. F.

Wednesday Oct. 8th.

I have done nothing usefull to day. We expected Mrs Curtis & her daughter to tea & there was mopping, & sweeping, & baking going on, by way of preparation. I took care of Fan, & read in St. Ronan's Well, which I finished. I like it very much; perhaps better than any one I have read here. After all, the people did not come; so our dressing & fussing were for nothing.

Thursday Oct 9th.

I read Italian to day for a while. We expected the same people to day that we did yesterday, & made preparations accordingly, but we were again disappointed. Miss Whiting came down however. We talked this evening, & I rocked Fan, & sang to her for a good while. 6-15. I.

Friday Oct 10th.

I ironed a good part of the morning, & played with Fan. This afternoon Mr & Mrs Curtis, their daughter Harriet, & Sarah Warner drank tea here. Harriet & I said hardly anything to each other till after tea, when we got together, & talked quite sociably for

some time. Aunty made me bring out my harp, once & Eolian harp, & I played 'Auld lang syne' upon it. I like Harriet Curtis very much, far better than Lavinia Warner with her airs & graces. We sat in the east room by ourselves this evening, over the fire, & talked stories at a great rate. No lessons to day.

Saturday Oct 11th.

To day being George's holiday, & the last one we were to spend here, we were determined to make the most of it, & we have done so. After I had cleaned the knives, and when the frost was off the ground we three sallied forth with a bag, in which to put whatever we might find. We picked up some sweet apples in the little orchard, and then went to the large field beyond, where with a good deal of time & trouble we succeeded in collecting 250 chestnuts, just 50 a piece for both Aunty's came in for a share. We came home, eat bread-&-butter & molasses, & started again with a basket of butternuts, which we cracked on a nice new stone, near our old place. When we had finished, (talking stories all the while,) we went to Pine Grove, & there we staid till after sundown, by which I took a slight cold, for I had nothing on my head. We attempted to tell stories this evening, but had so many interruptions that we did not proceed much. I walked & rocked with Fanny, & sang to her. Uncle Robert came out this evening.

Sunday Oct 12th.

Uncle Robert & both my aunts & Anna went to church this morning. I wrote and read in the Christian Observer. They only staid to one service, & Uncle Robert decided to go back to Hudson immediately after tea. We had one of the best suppers I have ever eaten. We had excellent fricasseed chicken, carolina potatoes, honey, eggs, cake, bread & butter, & tea. We started

as soon as our meal was ended. Both Grandpa and George felt pretty sad at our departure, but I did not feel much, till I came to kiss Grandpa for good bye. We set off at about 4, & reached Hudson at 8; we had quite a pleasant ride of it.

Monday Oct 13th.

To day I have not studied any. I have read in Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis, by herself,⁷¹ which have amused me not a little. Uncle John Whiting & his wife came here this afternoon, on their way to New York, & will stay all night. I began the Legend of Montrose⁷² this evening.

Tuesday Oct 14th.

I have finished all I care to read in the first volume of Madame de Genlis, & the second is not forthcoming, so I tried two or three books, & at last fixed upon Shakespeare. I also take some care of Fanny, who frequently calls upon me to sing to her. I have sewed some.

Wednesday Oct 15th.

I have sewed & got by heart one or two little pieces of poetry. Mr & Mrs Curtis, & Sarah Warner came in from Canaan to day on business, so they came & eat dinner here. I have begun Scott's Life of Napoleon.⁷³

Thursday Oct. 16th.

I have read in one thing & another, but have sewed none to day. Last evening, both my aunts, with Ellen & Anna went to a public

⁷¹ Stephanie Felicite Ducrest, Comtesse de Genlis, 1746-1830. Memoirs of the Countess de Genlis, Illustrative of the History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries, 1825.

⁷² Sir Walter Scott, 1819.

⁷³ Sir Walter Scott, 1827.

given by Ellen's dancing master, & the two children danced almost all evening. All but me went out this afternoon, & I was alone with Fanny in the parlour, when the door opened, & in came Father. I was surprized and rejoiced to see him. The rest were soon brought home by rain. Father told us some news, very agreeable, at least to me. He has read 'Helen,'⁷⁴ and likes it wonderfully; & the house at home is all ready cleaned!

Friday Oct. 17th.

We came down the river to day, & the sail was disagreeable & tedious enough to me. I read to be sure, but the motion of the boat made me feel uncomfortably.

Saturday Oct 18th.

I have done nothing of consequence to day. I have arranged my books, & roamed about; I scarcely feel at home yet. Mr. Meetz called.

Sunday Oct 19th.

The day being unpleasant none of us went to church. I have read in the Penny Magazine & in Q. Q. Perhaps I shall feel more at home when I get about my studies.

Monday Oct. 20th.

I have played a good deal to day & have taken my lesson from Mr Meetz. My journal may be pretty dull this winter. No matter; I will put down how much I accomplish every day. I have read part of a lecture in Blair,⁷⁵ & I have read 4-20 Italian; 9 French. When Father questioned me upon my lecture in the evening it

⁷⁴ Apparently a story Susan had written--the only one mentioned by title in her childhood journals.

⁷⁵ Hugh Blair, 1718-1799. Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, 1783.

appeared I had not given it sufficient attention. I felt unpleasantly & came to the conclusion that I was not as happy here as in Canaan, where all is quiet and happiness, at least for me. I have read in *Belinda*⁷⁶ this evening.

Tuesday Oct 21st.

I have played about two hours to day, & have occupied most of the day in studying. I have read in the Penny Magazine. Uncle John's wife & Miss Frances Whiting made us a call. 4-16. I. 10: French.

Wednesday Oct 22nd.

I have played only one hour or thereabouts to day, & have studied as usual. We rode out in the morning, down to William st, & we called upon Mrs Hackley, & then to Aunt Thurston's. 4-15 I. 10. French. I have read in the Penny Magazine & in 'Belinda.'

Thursday Oct 23rd.

I have studied as usual. I have played about 2 hours, & read a lecture in Blair. Anna took her first music lesson to day from Mr Meetz. Mr and Mrs Hackley drank tea here this evening. I have read a little in the Penny Magazine. 47. I. 11. French.

Friday Oct 24th.

This morning we rode with Father to a place called the Red House, where he went to buy a cow. It is about 6 miles from here. We had quite a pleasant ride of it. I have studied as usual, but have not read in Blair. Father has bought a house in St. Marks Place, and has advertised this one for sale! I am not sorry. We propose to move in the spring; if we live to see it. Mrs. A.

⁷⁶ Maria Edgeworth, 1767-1849. Belinda, or the Modern Griselda: A Tale. London, 1801.

Carroll, Miss E. Carroll and Miss Ludlow⁷⁷ called. 3-20 I. 10 F.

Saturday Oct 25th.

I have studied a good while to day. Aunt Thurston & little Nell came here this morning and staid to dinner, after which all but I went out to Harlem. I have read in Belinda this evening. 3-21 I. 10 F.

Sunday Oct 26th.

The day being rainy we all staid at home. I read one of Chalmer's sermons,⁷⁸ & in the Penny Magazine. My week's work. 28-12 I. 59 French.

Monday Oct 27th.

I have studied, & read a lecture of Blair, but have not practised much. Mrs. & Miss Holmes, Mrs. H. Bogert & Mrs Dr Bogert called to day. I have read in the Penny Magazine. 3-22. I. 10. F.

Tuesday Oct 28th.

I have studied & read in Blair as usual. Mrs. W. Clark called. As we were sitting round the table this evening we were surprised by the entrance of Uncle Thomas. He brought us a parcel of sugar plums, which he produced, one paper after another, & when it the 1st was exhausted, so as to give us some amusement. 4-24 I. 10 F.

Wednesday Oct 29th.

I have studied as usual. I really have nothing to say now-a-days. My journal is rather dull. My time passes quietly,

⁷⁷ The 1833 Longworth's New York Directory lists a Reverend Henry Ludlow, residing at 148 Thompson Street, and a Robert Ludlow, attorney and counsel, with a residence at 6 Leroy Place.

⁷⁸ Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847), a Presbyterian minister, wrote many discourses and essays, including Sermons Preached in the Tron Church, Glasgow (1819) and Speeches and Tracts (1822).

happily, & very quickly because it is pretty well filled up. I have read a lecture of Blair, & have read 4-16 I. 10 F.

Thursday Oct 30th.

I have read Italian & a lecture of Blair; no French. Mr. Hackley staid here. Father began to read 'Ennui'⁷⁹ to us this evening & both he & Uncle Thomas, who was present, were much pleased with it. 5-11 I. no

Friday Oct 31st.

I have studied as usual, & read in Blair, which I don't much fancy. Father went to spend the evening at Mrs. Codwise's, & Uncle Thomas Aunty & I had a long & amusing talk in his absence. 5 I. 9 F.

Saturday Nov 1st.

Study & Blair as usual. I took a lesson from Mr Meetz. Uncle Thomas went home this afternoon. 4-20 I. no French.

Sunday Nov 2nd.

The day being ^{not} rainy, ^{still} we staid at home. Anna & I looked at my journal a while, & I looked over hymns. I also read a sermon of Chalmer's. My weeks work. 28 pages I. 39. F.

Monday Nov 3rd.

Study, & Blair as usual. We took a long ride this morning in search of a cow. Aunt Thurston called. 6-4. I. no F.

Tuesday Nov 4th.

I studied and read Blair as usual. I have finished 'Paulo e Virginia'. I have been 7 months about it, which is a reasonable

⁷⁹ Maria Edgeworth. Ennui, in Tales of Fashionable Life, 1809.

time I think. 5-12 I. 10 French. Mr. Bagioli came, & I have practised a good deal besides.

Wednesday Nov 5th.

I have studied & read Blair and practiced. I really have nothing to say. What shall I do? Give up? No; I'll keep on, if I say nothing but about my lessons & books. 20. F. no I. for want of a book.

Thursday Nov 6th.

The same dull story. Study & Blair, & practice. Mr. Bagioli came. Father has not got me an Italian book yet. 10 F. Miss G. & M. Bogert called

Friday Nov 7th.

I have studied a little, read Blair & practiced one hour of singing & another of playing. We took a long ride this afternoon. Father finished 'Ennui' this evening. 6 F.

Saturday Nov 8th.

I have read French & Blair and taken my singing lesson. I also took my music lesson from Mr. Meetz, a very pleasant lesson, for I knew my piece. Anna went to Cousin Cornelia's & staid there to dinner & tea. I have read in Scott's Life of Napoleon, which I began at Hudson. I like it much. Aunty & I went down to Mrs. Robinson's this afternoon. 18 p. French.

Sunday Nov 9th.

We went to church twice to day, & called at Cousin Cornelia's. I have looked over hymns, & worked at my day book. My week's work is 11-16 I. 64 F.

Monday Nov 10th.

Study & Blair; not much practice. Father has seen Mr Charvand, & we must go to dancing school on Wednesday, which I am

sufficiently sorry for. Father began reading 'Harrington',⁸⁰ this evening. I proceed in the Life of Napoleon. We rode out, & went to see the house in St. Marks & to the Francis's. 10 Fr.

Tuesday Nov 11th.

French, Blair, & Life of Napoleon, as usual. Mr. Bagioli came. I have little love for singing & dancing lessons. We went to Mrs. Lawrence's this afternoon. 10. French.

Wednesday Nov 12th.

Blair, but no French. Anna has been sick to day, so we could not go to dancing school. I have practiced, read in Napoleon, and aloud to Anna in Guy Mannering.

Thursday Nov 13th.

French & Blair, & practice. Mr Bagioli came. Life of Napoleon. Anna is not yet well. 14. F.

Friday Nov 14th.

Maria & her girl are here. Study, no Blair, some practice. I have looked at the trainers, read aloud, & wasted some time. 10 F.

Saturday Nov 15th.

I have taken a singing lesson and a music lesson to day. Maria has been here again to day. I have read Blair, & a little French, & a little of Napoleon. Father brought me home an Italian book from Mr Da Ponte. I was disagreeably surprised at finding it to be 'Le mie Prigioni' Memoirs di Silvio Pellico, which I looked through (in English) when at West Point. After a while however I became well enough pleased with it. Mr Honsi

⁸⁰ A novel by Maria Edgeworth, published in 1817.

called this evening but did not stay a great while as Father was out; gone to a picture auction.

Sunday Nov 16th.

We did not go to church to day, the weather not being good. I looked over hymns, & worked at my [one word in code], & read one of Chalmers' sermons. Spent the day very happily. 49 F.

Monday Nov 17th.

Study & Blair, but little practice. I have read some in Napoleon, & begun Silvio Pellico. 2 I. no F. A rainy day.

Tuesday Nov 18th.

Italian, and Blair; no French. Mr Bagioli came. I read a good deal this evening in Napoleon. I have not practiced much. 2-4. I.

Wednesday Nov 19th.

I studied, & practiced some. As Anna was well & the weather good we had no excuse for not going to dancing school, so we went, much against my inclinations. I took my lesson with girls not as old, nor near as tall as myself, & not as good dancers. The older girls come different days now, but that would be too inconvenient for Anna to come two days, & Father too. Father finished 'Harrington' this evening. 2 F. 22 I.

Thursday Nov 20th.

Study & Blair. Mr Bagioli came. I continue to read the Life of Napoleon. Father began the 'Bride of Lammermoor'⁸¹ this evening, for, thank fortune, we have at last got all Scott's novels. 7-2. I.

Friday Nov 21st.

⁸¹ Sir Walter Scott, 1819.

To day iron grates have been put in the parlours, the tearoom & library, so we have been in our bedrooms in the morning. I studied as usual. We went out and paid calls. Mrs Dr Bogert, Mrs H. Bogert, Mrs Holmes, & the Miss Carrolls, we did not see; but we saw Miss Minturn, Mrs. Clark, & went to Aunt Thurston's.

3. I.

Saturday Nov 22nd.

I studied Italian. Mr Bagioli came. We went to dancing school, & Father came for us. I-22. Anna & I have begun to read Numa Pompilius together.

Sunday Nov 23rd.

We went to church morning and afternoon to day, but heard poor sermons. I read a sermon of Chalmers' this evening. My weeks work. 15-25 I. no French.

Monday Nov 24th.

Study & Blair; not a great deal of practice. Aunty & Anna went out but I did not. I go on slowly with Napoleon. 3-18 I.

Tuesday Nov 25th.

Study, no Blair. Mr Bagioli came. I have practiced some & read F. with Anna.

Wednesday Nov 26th.

Study as usual. We went to dancing school which I hate cordially.

Thursday Nov 27th.

We had a fire in the library & studied there. We had a good many calls to day. Aunt Thurston, Mrs Ward, Mrs Hackly, Mrs. Dickinson, & Mrs. D. Codwise, & Miss Robinson. Mr Bagioli came. Mr Hoxie came in this evening.

Friday Nov 28th.

Study as usual. This afternoon we walked down to see Mrs. Hackly.

Saturday Nov 29th.

Study. Mr Bagioli came, & Mr Meetz. Father went to West Point this afternoon & from there will go to Canaan. Quite dull & stupid this evening.

Sunday ~~Dec~~ ^{Nov} 30th.

We staid at home. There was an eclipse of the sun to day; there will not be another in 57 years. I should be an old woman if I live to see next. We have passed the day pleasantly enough in the library. I have looked over hymns & read a sermon of Chalmers's.

Monday Dec 1st.

I studied to day, but ~~just~~ ^{only} Italian. Miss Robinson came up this morning & went to ride with us. She staid to dinner & Miss Frisch came also to tea. We looked at the Gallery of Portraits & talked about Phrenology.

Tuesday Dec 2nd.

We were out early this morning on an unpleasant errand. Anna lay down & went to sleep after we got home so I took a lesson in her place.

Wednesday Dec 3rd.

Father & Uncle Thomas came home this morning. Maria has been here to day. We went to dancing school. Uncle T. went away.

Thursday Dec 4th.

Study & music. We have amused ourselves much with looking at the plates of a book called the Museum of Painting and Sculpture.⁸²

Maria has been here.

Friday Dec 5th.

Study & practice. We have occupied ourselves with the 'Museum & c.' We finished the Bride of Lammermoor this evening.

Saturday Dec. 6th.

We began the Legend of Montrose.

Wednesday Dec 24th.

So at last I have made a break in my journal, which I was so determined not to do. Well, at least I have not lost much. I have gone on with my studies as usual, & we have finished the 'Legend of Montrose' & begun 'Count Robert of Paris.'⁸³

Tonight we are to go to Mrs H. Bogert's which I do not at all covet. However there's no help for it so I must do as well as I can.

Thursday Dec 25th.

Last night Anna gave Aunty her Christmas present because she was in immediate need of it, -- a handsome worked lace cap. We went to Mrs Bogerts some time before anybody else, but at last they began to pour in, & I began to wish myself anywhere else. Though it was only a family party, there were a good many -- all the Bogerts & all the Kneelands, & when at last the room became pretty full, & the noise loud, I became half crazy with the light

⁸² Etienne Achile Reveil, 1800-1851. The Museum of Painting and Sculpture, or, Collection of the Principal Pictures, Statues and Bas-Reliefs in the Public and Private Galleries of Europe, Drawn and Etched by Reveil. London and Paris, 1829-34.

⁸³ Sir Walter Scott, 1831.

& the figures passing before me, & so many talking on all sides; I felt as if I could fly. At last Aunty put me by her, & I was better, but when her attention was turned from me I was worse again until I danced or rather walked a cotillion. But then came Aunty's turn, & she had the hysterics completely, & was obliged to go out of the room & stay till near supper time, & all this arose from my foolish nonsense. There was not one good thing at supper, so far as I know, but champagne & white grapes. We did not get to bed till near one. Nothing [two words in code] last night. This morning I read in one thing or another, till Father who had been out returned & I was presented with a handsome boa, and Sprague's Letters; Anna with a little book of Mrs Hemans' Poems.⁸⁴ I put as good a face upon the matter as I could, but I am afraid I did not look very gracious, for I was terribly chagrined. Father went upstairs, & I took my boa & book & went down in the parlour where I staid all the morning, swallowing my disappointment as I might. My present this year cost indeed twice as much as it did last year, but I cared not at all for my boa & very little for my Sprague's Letters, which is a serious though a very excellent book. I thought Anna's preferable. This Christmas has not passed so pleasantly as did the last, nor half so pleasantly as I had expected.

Saturday Jan 1st 1835

⁸⁴ William Buell Sprague, 1795-1876, wrote Letters on Practical Subjects, from a Clergyman of New England, to his Daughter in 1822 and Letters from Europe in 1828. Susan evidently thought better of Letters on Practical Subjects as the 1834 edition remains in the Warner House Collection. Felicia Dorothea Hemans, 1794-1835. A volume of her poems titled Early Blossoms appeared in 1808; her Poetical Works were published in 1825.

Sunday Feb 22nd.

So there is at last a break of many weeks in my journal, against which I guarded so carefully for a long time. But now I have something worth putting down & I resume. I have been very busy & did not know when to find a time for my journal, & even now I do not expect to write regularly. Week before last, on Wednesday I went to dancing school with Aunty & Anna, for though I dance no more myself I go to see Anna dance, & like it very well. After the dancing was over Aunty & Anna went home but Father & I went to Mr Meetz's to play a duet with Mrs Moulton⁸⁵ which Mr Meetz had been talking about some time. Mr Meetz came in, then Mrs Meetz & while we were waiting for Mrs Moulton they talked about pictures & so forth, & Mrs Meetz insisted I should go to the opera with her that very evening, which after some hesitation I agreed to do. Mrs Moulton came down at last but we played only part of the piece because the time failed. We took tea, & then all, (Father inclusive) set off to the opera which is very near there. We were in a delightful private box; I was very much pleased. The opera was the Siege of Corinth.⁸⁶ We went back again to the Meetz's, & eat supper there, at least Father, for I could not eat anything. We reached home between ten & eleven. I was enchanted with my evening, with the opera, & with the kindness of those with whom I went. The next day Miss Ward & her

⁸⁵ Probably the wife of Charles F. Moulton, who is listed in the 1834-35 Longworth's New York Directory. His office address was 27 Wall Street and his home was 83 Leonard Street. Mr. Meetz also lived at 83 Leonard Street.

⁸⁶ The nearest theaters to Leonard Street were the Broadway Theater at 410 Broadway, the Vernon Gardens and, perhaps most likely, the Italian Opera House at Varick and Franklin Streets. The Siege of Corinth, by Rossini, was first performed in 1831.

two nieces called & asked to tea at her house that evening. Aunty thought Anna not well enough to go, but Father & I went. There was no one there but Miss Ward, two of her brothers, & Julia Ward & a younger sister. I had a pleasant evening. Julia Ward played & sang; I could do neither, for want of notes, but of course was not sorry for that. We had a good deal of conversation about various books & authors, study, practise, masters, & so forth. Miss Julia criticised my saying "mighty pretty," & "one or t'other", and said some things which rather made me wonder, such as, that 'novels only shewed one the romance of life, not the reality', that 'there was no such thing as love in the world now, that it was all calculation, that marrying for love was quite obsolete, & that she wished she had been born a hundred years ago,' said laughingly, to be sure, but which sounded rather strangely in my ears. Since then I have practised the piano a good deal; Mrs Moulton, the opera, & Miss Julia have given me an incentive.

Tuesday Feb 24.

I think it was last Friday that Miss Miller, Miss Eliza, & one of their brothers drank tea here, with Miss Robinson. Mr Miller, Mrs Cole & Miss Robinson's brother came after tea. I played & sang though I liked it little enough. We had a pleasant evening. I have been quite busy at my Italian, but am still in "Le mie Prigioni," which I like very well. I am however in a hurry to finish it & begin Antartica, Tasso, or Ariosto, which, I have not yet determined. I have finished the first volume of Kames,⁸⁷

⁸⁷ Henry Home, Lord Kames (1696-1782) wrote Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion (1751), Introduction to the Art of Thinking (1761), Elements of Criticism (1762),

but the Life of Napoleon has been neglected some time. I have looked through Bonrissenne's Memoirs of Napoleon which was lent us by our pretty neighbor Mrs W. Clark. But I can write no more now, for I am sitting in an uneasy posture at a low table, which makes me bend over, it is growing dark, & I want to go & read Shakespear by firelight.

Sunday Mar 1st.

On Thursday Mr & Mrs Hackly & Miss Robinson dined & spent the evening with us. We had a very pleasant time, every thing went off well, & there was a good deal of merriment. I played & sang, without much trouble. Mrs Hackly does not improve much from acquaintance. I have not studied very hard this week; I come on slowly with Silvio Pellico. I have neglected singing, a good deal, & have not read Kames much. I have lately read 'Hen VIII' & 'Midsummer Night's Dream' which have amused me not a little. My piano has lately pleased me & I have improved sensibly I think.

Sunday Mar 8th.

I have not studied regularly this week; Maria & her girl were here Tuesday & Wednesday, making up a mousseline for me & I spent a good deal of time in the library, where they worked, looking at them, or idling in some other way. Silvio Pellico comes on rather slowly & Kames too. I have read in Shakespear, the Merchant of Venice, & in Guy Mannering, at dancing school. Anna has begun to practise for Mr Charvand's ball. She went Monday afternoon, & then Wednesday for the regular hour, & Thursday

Sketches of the History of Man (1773), The Gentleman Farmer, (1777) and Loose Hints on Education (1781).

afternoon again. I went the two last times & on thursday sat there a long time with cold feet, not having worn my fur shoes, & besides I was worried & vexed because Mr Charvand gave her but one part, & that in an inferior cotillion, whereas not one child there dances so well, at least in point of execution, as she does, Cold feet & worrying brought on a slight headache, & I felt poorly enough at night. We drank tea at Mrs Robinson's. I amused myself most of the evening with an annual. Next day we did not go out. Thomas told us that Ann & little Nell had stopped & invited us to drink tea at Aunt Thurston's, but had not come in nor waited for an answer. We debated whether we should go or not, but ^{as} Aunty thought it would not do for Anna, who was to go the next morning to dancing school again, we gave it up. We had rather an early tea, & had just finished, when Miss Eliza & Miss Harriet Bogert came in, & looked much surprized to see us at the tea table. We had a good deal of laughing at the explanation, for it turned out that Cousin Cornelia had sent word, she would spend the evening here, instead of the very different message Thomas had delivered, to us, & had sent to the Miss Bogerts to meet her here. In fact she appeared in a short time, we had tea a second time, or rather coffee, & it was pleasanter than if the mistake had not been made. It would have been droll enough if we had passed each other on the road, she coming here, & we going to her home. They did not ask me to play, for which I was rather sorry. Yesterday I felt poorly enough, for I had caught cold, & was not good for much. None of us have been to church to day, though the weather is beautiful. I have a cold, & Aunty did not feel like it, & Father upon the whole chose rather to stay than to drive. We have finished The Monastery, & Kenilworth, which I

don't like at all, & we have begun the Pirate,⁸⁸ which I think we shall like much, for besides the evening reading, I have looked ahead as far as to the end of the book; a common way of mine, but a very poor one.

Sunday March 15th.

Another week is really gone. I never knew time fly faster. We shall soon be very busy preparing for moving, & indeed Aunt Fanny is very busy now; what with mantua making & going to dancing school with Anna. We had Maria & her girl three days last week. The first day, Monday, I sewed a good deal with them in the library, & did nothing else except practising. Tuesday I sewed less but studied not any, instead of which I looked over a queer book, lent us by Miss Robinson, called Jacob Faithful,⁸⁹ which Anna had begun aloud to us, & a very funny thing it is. I believe I read no Italian either for Wednesday, so both Silvio Pellico & Kames come on slowly.

⁸⁸ All three are romances by Sir Walter Scott; The Monastery was published in 1820, Kenilworth and The Pirate in 1821.

⁸⁹ Fredrick Marryat, 1792-1848. Jacob Faithfull, or, the Adventures of a Waterman, 1834. Marryat became known for his maritime novels, The Flying Dutchman and Midshipman Easy.

Journal of 15 March 1835--4 December 1839.

Written in an exercise book identical to that of the previous diary, this journal contains intermittent entries from 15 March 1835--5 June 1836 and 12 February 1838--4 December 1839. Despite its gaps, this volume represents a crucial period in Warner's adolescence, covering the move from 461 Broome Street to the more fashionable new townhouse at 10 St Marks Place, another stay in Canaan, and the family's life at Constitution Island after their move there.

Susan's adolescent moodiness is much in evidence throughout the journal; she recorded storms of weeping triggered by her father's failing eyesight, criticisms from Aunt Fanny or Uncle Thomas, or nothing in particular. She vacillated between retreats into childishness--"I fairly fell to playing cardbabies"--and regret for the pleasures she was outgrowing. Describing an evening with her cousins in Canaan, she wrote, "Last night we four played a good while at various things; but we are all a year older, some things can not have as much relish, as formerly. I was sufficiently sombre yesterday; sufficiently sombre I am always, & sometimes rather too much so. I have so many black ideas."

Tall and gawky, Warner became excruciatingly self-conscious and uncomfortable in formal company. When she she managed to evade serving as hostess to two acquaintances of Thomas Warner at West Point, she described it as "a great escape"; simply being introduced formally to guests was "a thing calculated to shake my nerves not a little."

Warner's critical nature is equally evident. A minister at West Point was "a certain queer clergyman." The tea-drinkings with countrified relatives were "stupid." A guest for tea in Canaan was dismissed as "a crazy woman" and she wrote of a former friend, Harriet Curtis, "I dont like her as well as I did last fall." Especially revealing is the record of Sophia Hackley's rise and fall in Susan's affections, from her delighted description on 24 January--"the figure of Sophy in her brown cloak, grey bow, & little straw hat. O! was n't I glad to see her!" to the disdainful "Sophia has been gone some time and I believe I have n't wished her back once. Father is scarcely able to abide Mrs Hackley's presence or company any longer" on 29 May. Susan's disappointment extended to her former friend's family; she dismissed Mr Hackley's lecture as "wretched," citing her father and uncle's authority lest she be thought biased, and viciously caricatured Mr. Hackley's affectations as an aesthete. Warner never outgrew such acrid observations of others' behavior, although she learned to restrain herself from uttering them aloud; Anna said of her sister that "she had been wont to say that if she had a talent for anything, she thought it was for saying disagreeable things."

Susan apparently kept a significant portion of her journal, quoted by Anna in Susan Warner, in another form, since this notebook's entries end at June 5 1836 and resume at February 12 1838 on the same page. When the journal resumed in 1838, it was in a distinctly different handwriting--smaller, more vertical and more current--and the writer seemed strikingly changed as well, less by Henry's failing fortunes than by maturity. Although at this point the family still enjoyed solid comforts, including

horses, servants and the St. Mark's Place townhouse, Susan had begun to assume some of the responsibilities that had driven Frances Warner almost to despair, as Susan had noted in her earlier journals.

The move to Constitution Island did not, apparently, entail much deprivation at first; the family kept their servants, books and artwork, and Susan's Chickering piano in the move. But their new living quarters were comparatively Spartan, offering little privacy for a young woman. Nor was Susan fond of country life. Some of the grimness of her accounts of housekeeping may have resulted from the limitations of her French; the expressive descriptive passages she enjoyed composing gave way to lists of nouns or gerunds that could conveniently be compiled from the dictionary. But however constraining the language barrier may have been, her account of 5 November, reading, " A present on ne fait que apporter les pierres, elever des murs, tuer des cochons, creuser des puits, enterer des choux, bater des serres chaudes, couvrir des tuils de bardeaux, et faire des etables a cochons," managed to indicate her distaste for the business. In several of her novels, most notably My Desire and The Letter of Credit, she represented a stay in the countryside as a form of virtual imprisonment for her heroines; in My Desire the nineteen-year-old heroine described the landscape as "bare and stern and grim and desolate-looking. . . Nothing could make this ever anything but a wild country district; nothing would bring the world here, the world of society and art and science and travel and literature." However shy in company Susan may have been, the abrupt cancellation of her entrance into society and--as she must have realized--her expectations of eventual marriage required some

drastic adjustments. Conventional though it might be, Warner's claim at twenty that she was now a woman, no longer a child, does not seem at all unwarranted.

Sunday March 15th.

I go on with my singing lessons, but I have practised very little, for I am by no means fond of it. I had rather play than sing any time, though that is no reason for neglecting it, & I must reform. I have read the Merchant of Venice, & not much else. We had cold weather & snow the early part of the week, but Friday was delightful, & so is to day; it is at last like spring. I have been agreeably disappointed in one thing -- Anna has got a tambourine dance by herself; I am very glad of it, & I anticipate a good deal of pleasure in going to the ball, & perhaps we may persuade Uncle Thomas to come down, & go along with us. Anna had a very merry and pleasant letter from him yesterday; -- we may see him in the course of the week; how long it is since we have had that pleasure. All went twice to church to day, except myself. I read a sermon of Chalmers, & some of my mother's letters,⁹⁰ & spent the time pleasantly enough. Who is so happy as I? With the ball, Uncle Thomas, & the pictures, but more of the pictures another time. I went to dancing school yesterday afternoon, but it only tired me. I saw Mrs Meetz & Mr Meetz too

Sunday March 22nd.

It is a rainy day, so we all stay at home, & as it sometimes happens, I hardly know what to do with myself. This week I have

⁹⁰ Anna Warner quotes extensively from the letters of Anna Bartlett in Susan Warner.

not studied any; I believe, not one chapter of "Le mi Prigioni nor one page of Kames. Uncle Thomas came down on Monday. Aunty & Anna had gone to dancing school, & Father had just done dinner when he entered. He is almost more crazy with music than Father is with paintings, & cares still less about Father's hobby than Father does about his. He had not been here two hours, before the violin was brought out, & on one or two evenings he gave us far more music than we desired. But I ought not to find fault with his playing for he seemed very well pleased with mine. He staid till yesterday afternoon, & after all it was a ~~sufficiently~~ very pleasant visit. Mr Hackley & Mr Edwards dined here on Tuesday, & Mr Hackley again on Friday. Maria & Martha, her girl, have been here all the week, from Wednesday morning. I sewed a good deal one or two days. I have practised, though not a great deal, & have read part of The Taming of the Shrew, but have not finished it yet. A. comes on finely with her tambourine dance, & she had also a shawl dance with two other little girls. I went with her yesterday at a little past 9, & staid till near 2. It was a most beautiful day, quite warm, & we came home rather tired: no wonder.

Sunday, March 29th.

Not one chapter of Flavian this week. I have done little besides attending Anna to dancing school, whither she has been I believe every day of the week. She & I have been 3 & 4 hours at a time, in that dancing room. Yesterday we were there between 5 & 6 hours. Sometimes it was rather tiresome, but in general I have liked it well enough. Anna is about perfect in her tambourine dance, & indeed has been so since the beginning of the week. She has been loaded with praises from all sides, & of course we have

all been much delighted. The ball will be in ten or twelve days, & Anna is to be dressed in white; of which I am very glad. She will wear colored flowers to be sure, but ^{still} a white dress. But no more of that now. Kames of course, comes on slowly. I should like to finish it before the ball, & I should also like to cure myself of a certain trick of rubbing my fingers which gives great offence to my good friends. Whether I shall do both, or either, remains to be seen. We have not been to church to day. Father has a cold & is not very smart, & the weather was not very pleasant.

Sunday April 5th.

No Italian, & even little of Kames this week. We have ridden about, a good deal, almost every day, to pay visits, & see about Anna's dress, which by the by, is rather a costly one. It will not come to less than 20 dollars, & perhaps it will be over that. The ball is to be on Thursday, & I looked forward to it with not a little pleasure. There will probably be some 6 or 5 to go, in our party; & the more the merrier, I think. Mr & Mrs Hackley & Lt Alden dined here on Tuesday. I was asked to play and sing in the evening, but contrary to custom, I sang better than I played. I had drank champaign at dinner, though not more than usual, but it got into my head, & I was not steady or composed enough to play well. My voice however, was not at all the worse for it. We paid Mr Meetz a visit, on Wednesday, I believe it was, & we heard Mrs Moulton play. Aunty said her playing seemed like magic, & it is really marvellous. I went one or two days to dancing school with Anna, & staid all the morning, but the other days we left her there alone. Father brought me a volume of Corneille from the library, & I have read part of the comedy of

Melite,⁹¹ only part, for I find puzzling passages frequently, & get on slowly. I like it very well, & probably shall like it better when I can read it with more ease. I cannot say I have been very industrious this week, & I am afraid I shall not finish Kames before the ball. Maria is to come to morrow to make up Anna's balldress & how can I absent myself from the room where they work? I shall be there most of the time, I know. We have not been to church to day; it has stormed the greater part of the day, though now (1/2 past 4) it is clearing up. Anna & I have spent a good deal of time in singing psalm tunes. We sang till Aunty not only was tired, but gave us to understand as much. We looked at coins too, & I have read a paper in the Rambler. It is clearing off brightly, & I've a mind to take a tramp to the greenhouse, if Anna is not afraid of wet feet, so good bye to my journal for the present.

Monday April 6th.

Well might Aunty warn me about letting my thoughts dwell too much upon Anna's ball -- against anticipating. Father has received a letter from Uncle Thomas; he cannot come, because he is just under arrest! I made sure of Uncle Thomas. He said, jokingly, that he could come if he was arrested for it; & he is arrested not for, but before it, & on a most frivolous pretence which nobody but that mean Superintendant of his would have conjured up.⁹² It is sufficiently provoking. Maria has been here to

⁹¹ Melite, ou les fausses lettres; Piece Comique, 1633.

⁹² According to Mabel Baker, Superintendent Rene E. DeRussy placed Thomas Warner on "house arrest" for visiting a hospitalized cadet without authorization. Warner was reinstated as chaplain and instructor at West Point the following year. Baker, Light 23)

day, making Anna's ball dress. I have done nothing but sewing practise to day; nothing useful I mean. Anna has been at dancing school morning & afternoon.

Monday April 13th.

Last Wednesday I went to dancing school with Anna, in the morning; & in the afternoon Mrs G. Bryant & little Augusta, Miss Robinson & Aunt Fanny went also. We had part of the band there & the whole thing was gone over twice. We had a very pleasant afternoon. Mr & Mrs Hackley & Miss Robinson drank tea & went to the ball with us. It went off very well, & was over by 1/2 past 10, but there was a supper for the children & so did not get home till 11. We had a supper of ham & bread & butter, at home but nobody had looked to it before hand, & we found on inquiry that there was no champaign & but one bottle of porter in the house. Mr Hoxie was at the ball & he came home & eat supper with us. Though we got home so early, Aunt Fanny & I did not get in bed, or at least asleep, before 1 or 2 o'clock. The next day we were all good for nothing, so we (Father inclusive) rode up town to a Mr Heywards's,⁹³ where we staid nearly an hour looking at pictures. There was a St Sebastian (Vandyck) that I liked very much indeed & a St Cecilia (Domenichino) that was my next favorite, & a portrait of a child by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that every one but me liked very much. We afterwards rode round to St Mark's place to see how our stable that is building was coming on, & then we went over to Brooklyn, to Mr Haworth to see our own

⁹³ William Hayward is listed as a printseller with a shop on Broadway in the 1834-35 Longworth's New York Directory.

pictures.⁹⁴ I think we staid there nearly two hours. We looked at a great many pictures & a great many that delighted us, but I will say no more of them now. We drank tea at Cousin Cornelia's, & had rather a dull evening. Father went to West Point on Saturday but reached home this morning before breakfast again. He being away, we did not go to church yesterday, & I read a good many old letters.

Sunday April 19th.

This week I have not practised any.

Sunday April 26th.

The ball was given again Thursday evening. They had one or two practisings, & a rehearsal, to which Mrs H. Bogert accompanied me, & would no doubt have gladly gone to the ball with us, had we chosen to ask her. Nobody went with us this time. There were not half as many people there as the first time, but Anna perhaps never danced better, & she was much admired. I could not, amid my pleasure, avoid regretting on some accounts that it was the last time I should see & hear what had given me such enjoyment. It made me feel rather grave to think of it. On our return home we had roasted oysters & porter. Silvio Pellico has been utterly neglected for a long time past, & will be, I am afraid, for a long time to come. My voice has improved of late; perhaps for account of the warm weather, & I have sung a good deal. Father brought me Eaton's Botany⁹⁵ on Thursday, & flowers have

⁹⁴ The Warner House contains several eighteenth-century oil reproductions of sixteenth and seventeenth-century Italian religious paintings, including a large Saint Anthony.

⁹⁵ Amos Eaton, 1776-1842. Manual of Botany for North America, 1829.

occupied me a good deal. Miss Miller was so pleased with my book of flowers that she asked me to ~~take~~ let her take it home to show it to a certain Dr Torrey. She did so, & on sending it back, the Dr gave me eleven new plants, dried, with their names. These have I glued on paper, though not in my book, for I have begun botinising anew, on a larger scale. To hold my flowers I have made eight books, with green ribbon & pasteboard, & I must make 18 more, one for each class. Mighty pleasant work it is, too. My head has been full of it for a week or ten days. Yesterday a great number of the Museum of Painting & Sculpture came home, & there's a fund of amusement for a week. I have not finished Kames. We shall not be here another Sunday.⁹⁶ I am sure I am not sorry.

Hudson June 10th.

It is a fortnight last saturday night since we came up here. Though we had given up painting this spring, Aunty yet kept her purpose of spending a week or two here, & had written to Aunt Nancy about it, when, before she could have received the letter, Aunt N herself, to our great surprize, appeared one morning at St Mark's Place. But she came only for a day or two, so as Father had business enough upon his hands, we took the opportunity of coming back with her, & thus relieved him from the necessity of attending us. We came up on the night boat, which was anything but agreable. How we should have managed without candy & figs, I dont know, for we found no liberty on board, & ^I had a cold besides. We did not undress, though we lay down & slept for some

⁹⁶ "Here" is referring to 461 Broome Street; the removal to the new house at 10 St. Marks Place was planned for the following week.

hours; but it was not very comfortably, in a silk frock & great stiff sleeves. To crown all we got up an hour or two before we reached Hudson, & sat there in that dismal cabin during that time. But as soon as we landed our troubles were over.

Thursday June 11th.

The next day after our arrival here (Sunday) I looked through "six months in a convent", & what else I did, I dont remember. All but me took a walk in the afternoon, & brought home hand fulls of flowers. We found the "Memoirs of Hannah More"⁹⁷ here, but I did not read a great deal in it. A few days before we came up the river Father gave [one letter in code] permission [one letter in code] read Don Quixote,⁹⁸ but [one letter in code] anticipations gave [one letter in code] more pleasure than the work itself did. I had expected no small gratification from [two letters in code] I know [three letters in code]. Of course [three letters in code] on Monday morning [one letter in code] Don Quixote, but I could [one word in code] interesting [two letters in code] amusing; could seldom laugh [two letters in code], & after looking through part [two letters in code], laid [one letter in code] aside. The Swiss Family Robinson gave [one letter in code] much of pleasure. Aunt N- was [one letter in code], even [two letters in code] up [two letters in code] one day, so I began [one letter in code] read [two letters in code] St Ronan's Well aloud. This [one letter in code] very pleasant, I read [one letter in code] through, & I dont remember aught else

⁹⁷ Hannah More, 1745-1833. Memoir and Notes, 1830.

⁹⁸ Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, 1547-1616. Don Quixote, 1615. Susan was probably reading it in translation, as she makes no mention of studying Spanish.

of importance that happened the first [one letter in code]. Last [one letter in code] or Monday [one letter in code] took a ride, long, & very pleasant, except [three letters in code] was [one letter in code] as possible. [six letters in code] uncomfortable; [two letters in code] quite a drawback, [two letters in code] jolted dreadfully, [three letters in code] pretty flowers [one letter in code] our way, [two letters in code] worst [three letters in code] I cannot find above half [two letters in code] described [one letter in code] in Eaton; scarcely that. I forgot [one letter in code] say [one letter in code] Grandpa [four letters in code] one night, [four letters in code] our being here. Somehow I don't greatly take to 'Memoirs of H. More, though I suppose I ought to; & finding time hang rather heavy upon my hands, [two letters in code] I [two letters in code] go to paint card babies. I have made a good many, & spent a good deal of time at it, but now I really feel ready & willing to go to work again in earnest: to read Italian, & play a good deal. I have not seen my piano for a month & I quite pant to touch it again.

West Point. Wednesday July 8th.

Here have I been nearly a fortnight, & no journal written since we left Hudson. This is too bad & must not go on. It will be a fortnight to-morrow since we came here, & an odd time we have had of it. Aunt Nancy & her three children came two days after us. Uncle Robert did not come either with them or for them. We three children presently struck up a story which lasted until the morning of the day they left West Point. Fine fun we had of it but it is nonsensical amusement after all. I question if it is not the last story I shall ever talk. Indeed it is a chance

if we ever have an opportunity again. The greater part of one day we spent out on the rocks, picking flowers, making wreaths & telling storys. It was very pleasant. Aunt Nancy saw but little of West Point, though she was here nearly a week.

Thursday July 9th.

She came on Saturday & went the Friday after, but Uncle Thomas walked out only once with them, which put Aunt Fanny quite out of her humor, & not without reason. We went to Fort Putnam without him; he knew nothing of it till we got back. The only other place she went to see was Kosciosko's garden, when Uncle Thomas went along. I did not go, being afraid of the gunfire, but by all accounts it was not as pleasant as the walk we took by ourselves. Father, Uncle Thomas, Anna & I took a long walk, I believe the day after we came up. We, or rather they, gathered a pailfull of splendid wild flowers, which I put to press, but some of them I neglected to examine. The evening of the day on which Aunt Nancy went away we, that is Aunt Fanny, Uncle Thomas, Anna & I, walked out. We called upon Mrs Wheeldon, then went round the plain & down a rough, pretty path leading from the hotel to the dock, for we expected Father up. The evening was lovely, we strolled along remarking once or twice how delightful would be a sail on the river, & so we chanced to meet the boatman, & the bell for the steamboat had not yet rung, we agreed to sail till we should hear it. We were near half an hour on the river, & very pleasant it was, though Anna & I had one or two good frights. Once we only just got out of the way of a sloop that was coming fast upon us; & another time we mistook a towboat for the steamboat, & were terrified lest it should overtake us. But we enjoyed it all much nevertheless. When we landed, as the bell had not yet rung we

went up on the rocks above the boat house & sat there a long time, for it was nearly if not quite 11 o'clock when the boat came. Father was there, as we expected. We had a delightful evening. Mrs Wheeldon was engaged to tea on Saturday evening the 4th of July. At night we went in the garden to see the rockets on the plain; they were going up indeed on all sides. On Sunday, Father, Aunty & Anna went down to New York, leaving Jenet & me here. Quite a new thing in my history to be sure. I was a little afraid before they went, that I should be lonesome, but I have felt nothing of it. I have drawn a great many card babies & read a good part of the first volume of St Valentine's Day,⁹⁹ & spent a while every day at the piano. And we have walked every morning except Sunday, & have had company several times. Monday morning I had to go down & see Mr Alden, & in the afternoon Mr & Mrs Alden called when Uncle Thomas was out. As I was asked for I went down & managed to sit still & talk after a fashion, for five minutes. Mr Alden walked with us that evening to the burying ground. Tuesday Mrs Edwards called, & Mr & Mrs Kinsley. I was obliged to dress & go down though it was not particularly agreeable. In the afternoon we went to the Hotel to see Mrs Edwards, & meeting Mr Alden Uncle Thomas asked him along. From the hotel we went to Kosciosko's garden, & called at Mrs Alden's on our way home. Last night we took a good walk alone.

Friday July 10th.

I had a great escape last night. I had like to have had to make tea for Mr Alden & another gentleman. How I ever should have got

⁹⁹ Sir Walter Scott, St Valentine's Day, or the Fair Maid of Perth. 1828.

through it, I dont know; for though I have done great things lately, this would have been worse than all. Luckily I was not put to the trial, for a certain queer clergyman by name Mr Sunderland, came in just before tea; so the others took their leave. I did not mind making tea for Mr Sunderland. In the evening Uncle Thomas came in with four young gentlemen to whom he wished to read certain papers. There was I without Aunt Fanny to shelter me, obliged to stand up & be formally introduced to the four, one after another, a thing calculated to shake my nerves a little. However I stood it, & then got the second volume of St Valentine's Day & a lamp lit in the other room, & sat myself down to my reading, but Uncle Thomas was reading aloud & loudly, & after looking on the same page of my book for some time, I came up stairs. Neither there was I to have peace, for something like a wasp began to fly about & I could not be very easy with such a guest, so I was not sorry, as may be supposed, when the gentlemen departed, & I was allowed to come down & read in comfort. There I sat till near 11 o'clock.

Canaan August 13th. Thursday.

It is almost too hot weather to write or study, especially after such a supper as I have just eaten. It is very warm, & yet only last week we were glad to sit by a fire. It is so long since I wrote that I shall not try to give an account of all that has happened since, only I was sorry enough to leave West Point, but have been happy since I came here, as usual. I have been pretty regular with my Italian, but have done nothing else. On Monday I had 24 chapters of Silvio Pellico to read, which at my usual rate would be finished on the Saturday of next week; & when it is

done, there comes *Metastasio*¹⁰⁰, which has of late been the subject of my waking dreams. I hope I shall finish *Silvio Pellico* by the end of next week; but this weather is not very favourable, & so far I have not done very well: Tuesday, a chapter & a half; Wednesday half a chapter, the finishing of Tuesday's portion; & to day not a whole chapter.

Friday August 14th.

It is a delightful morning, with a cool breeze, & I hope to study more than I have done for these three days past. Father came up the day before yesterday, to our great joy of course. In the evening they went into the kitchen to eat something; I was sitting in the other room & heard Father say he has bought himself a pair of spectacles. I was pained for it, & started up stairs, where I cried as hard as I could for some time. When the folks came up I pulled my hair down over my face to hide my red nose & swelled eyes, but they suspected something was the matter, though I did not tell them what. I had another shorter fit after I got to bed, & fairly cried till I could no more. Last night I had another crying fit, but no matter for what. Grandpa's woman, Mrs Lathom, has gone, & he has now another that must eat with us; not sit at the head of the table though, thank fortune. We thought at one time to have Sabrina back again; that would have been a trouble to be sure. I should have been annoyed enough for I dont like her at all.

Saturday August 15th.

¹⁰⁰ Apparently referring to *Metastasio*, 1698-1782, an Italian opera composer and poet.

Yesterday I read a chapter of Silvio Pellico, besides finishing the one I began on Thursday. I was at it a good part of the day, & after I had done, & had read aloud a little to Father, I fairly went to playing cardbabies.

Tuesday August 18th.

Sunday passed without any of us going to church. Toward evening Father, Aunty, Anna, Ellen & I walked down to the wheatfield & rather beyond it. Never, I was going to say, seldom, really, have been more beautiful clear skies than this one we admired that evening. On our return home we found Miss Mary Whiting & two or three gentlemen. Henry Whiting had brought a letter from Uncle Thomas, & when they were gone & the letter was read we were truly worried enough. It announced Uncle Thomas's purpose of coming here in a few days, & of bringing with him Mr Alden! He certainly acts more like a crazy man than any thing else, now & then. We were in such a turmoil, Aunt Fanny outrageous & talking about making herself sick, or going to Hudson in order to get out of the way, & Father vexed enough, but silent, comparatively, as usual. They determined at last, to write to Uncle Thomas, absolutely prohibiting his bringing anyone with him, & to take every precaution for the letter's arriving in time This has pretty well put our fears to rest, still we watch the stages somewhat; for the letter might miscarry. I studied almost none yesterday. We took a nice ride in the afternoon, Aunt Fanny going on the old mare, & the rest of us in the wagon, for the two children had gone up to see Mary Whiting's little niece, who has been here several times. We went round the big pond, & down by the Dug Way; & Father & I, after we got home, walked up the hill to bring back the children.

Saturday August 22nd.

Father left us on Thursday, much improved, at least in looks, by his stay here. We quite admired him Wednesday; he looked uncommonly well. Yesterday I was at my window with Silvio Pellico when I saw coming in a gig, Uncle Thomas & Mr Alden. I called to the people below who came scampering up stairs in great haste, & there they sat down in utter consternation. I hope never ^{again} to see Aunt Nancy & Aunt Fanny look as they did then. They seemed to absolutely grow pale. I began to dress, Aunty said I believe she could not go down, when Uncle Thomas came up, & reassured us; Mr Alden, he said, would go back to Lebanon in five minutes; the same day, at any rate. So Aunt Fanny took heart of grace, we all went down, & he staid only two or three hours. Uncle Thomas himself departed this morning, but his visit though short was sweet, ~~that is~~ to say we had a good deal of fun, which is to be expected wherever Uncle Thomas & Aunt Fanny are. I come on slowly with Le mie Prigioni. I have read a chapter & part of a chapter to day, which is rather better than usual. The weather is very cold for this time of the year. We have had a fire in the east room to day, & the wind blows, & the sky is black with clouds. Cheerless enough, both outdoors & in. One doesn't like to have a fire, & yet cannot be comfortable without one.

Sunday August 23rd. B. B.

Last night before tea came Uncle Robert & George. Fan was absolutely mad with joy. I nev saw her or any body else in such ecstasies. She jumped about crying, the dance, the dance, the dance! Then My Father! & My George! Aunt Nancy & I roared, Aunt Fanny was not in the room, & Fan only saw them from the window at

the time. Last night we four played a good while at various things; but we are all a year older, some things cannot have as much relish, as formerly. I was sufficiently sombre yesterday; sufficiently sombre I am always, & sometimes rather too much so. I have so many "black ideas". I think I shall rejoice to get home again; to my piano, & to the pictures, & to our own house which I shall be glad to see put in order. A. B. We all decided to go to Lebanon this morning to see the Shakers,¹⁰¹ & accordingly dressed & got ready rather in a hurry, Aunt Fanny at least. We at last went down. Aunt Nancy, Aunt Fanny, Uncle Robert, Anna, Ellen, & myself were to go in a wagon made to hold four persons. I got in, but found out that would not do, so jumped out again, declining to be squeezed at that rate. I do not much regret being left, for I had no very great desire to go. The ride would have been pleasant, for the day is beautiful, fine as possible, but I am just as well at home with my books & little Fan. Fan is ^a pretty & a smart child, but I do not think she is a very good child, because she is not well managed, the which worries me enough sometimes. Uncle Thomas [one letter in code] somewhere, [three words in code] with [four words in code] Why [twenty one words in code] said [thirteen words in code] whereat they laughed a great deal.

Tuesday August 25th.

Harriet Curtis came here with her brother on Sunday, between churches, to know if Uncle Robert would go home that afternoon or the next morning. They had not returned from the Shakers', but

¹⁰¹ Large Shaker communities existed in Chatham, Lebanon Springs, and Hancock, New York.

she came in & sat a few minutes. I dont like her as well as I did last fall. Uncle Robert went home yesterday morning, but left George here; that is pleasant, he can ride with Aunt Fanny. Aunt Whiting, Joanna, & Mrs C. Whiting drank tea here last night; terribly tiresome people. Emma is rather a nice girl however; the best of the bunch. Douglas Warner called this afternoon, & will stay to tea; & after tea I hope Aunty & George will ride; they will I suppose, if it does not rain, but it is rather lowering. We four have played geography & cracked butternuts to day, & I've read a chapter of 'Le mi Prigione'. Aunty advises me to tell no more of the faults I commit, & thinks that then I shall be more apt to cure myself of them; that telling them eases my conscience, as confession eases that of a catholic. I dont know but that she is half right.

Wednesday August 26th.

I have got a cold, & have studied none to day. I don't feel very well. I have written off my translation of one of Mme de Sevigne's letters, to show to Father, which took me a good while.

Saturday September 5th.

Father came from Albany on Thursday night of last week. That was a moment of great surprize & joy, when all of a sudden I saw him, through the open door, in the kitchen. Such joy does not come often, & cannot last long. He went home on Wednesday morning, I believe. Perhaps when he comes again it will be to take us home. I am sure I shall not be sorry. I have scarcely ever been such a sobersides, as since I have been here this summer. While Father was here, on two evenings I ^{had} such a fit of the blues, & I did cry bitterly enough. Nonsensical enough, to be sure. I studied nicely two or three days this week, but yesterday I ironed, & to

day I am not in the mood. I had the nose-bleed yesterday, three times, & it bled considerably each time. I never had it so badly in my life before. I really feel weak to day in consequence. Thank fortune, I have only four ^{more} chapters of "Le mie Prigioni" to read. Emma Whiting spent the afternoon here yesterday, & Aunt Nancy & I & the children set out to walk home with her in the evening. It was a most lovely evening. All along the western horizon the sky was of a rich orange colour, which cast a beautiful tint on the landscape; & on the other side the moon, almost at the full, rose just above the trees, large, bright, & perfectly clear. It was not very warm, but mild. Aunty & George had been to ride; & they overtook us on the hill. Aunt Fanny dismounted, & first Anna, then Emma got on, & rode. We all went as far as Christopher Whiting's, & Ellen rode home. Uncle Robert came out this morning before breakfast, & will go back this evening. I have written a letter to Father this morning, to send as far as Hudson by him.

Sunday Sep. 6th.

Yesterday afternoon we all (except Grandpa) drank tea at Mrs Curtis's. I took my music book; for they have a piano there, & I played for some time. It was not a pleasant part of the time, because the room was not very light, & I could not see my notes very well. We came home most part of the way by moonlight. I never saw the moon look more beautiful. Aunty rode the old mare, & the rest of us went in the wagon, with George to drive. This is another beautiful day. Aunt Nancy, Ellen, George, & I, are going to church this morning, & Aunt Fanny & Anna propose to go this afternoon, in place of Ellen & I. I should not be sorry if I was to stay at home all, instead of half the day. I dont feel

particularly smart; I had the nosebleed again last night. -- A. I. I went to church this morning, & came back in the intermission, but Aunt Nancy decided not to go; & I could not return, so George went back alone, as Aunt Nancy had staid. I have seldom been so uncomfortable in church as I was this morning: it was so very hot. After I came home I lay down & half dozed untill Aunt Nancy came home.

Sunday Sep 13th.

We have all been to church to day, but when I woke up this morning I was glad to see it cloudy, thinking we should be prevented from doing so. The afternoon sermon was tolerable; as much can scarcely be said of the morning. Last Thursday week I had four chapters of 'Le mie Prigioni' yet to read, which ought thus to have been finished up the Saturday of last week. The last chapter is not read through! So we go, & so goes time. Yesterday I thought to finish Silvio Pellico but I did not begin in the early part of the day, & in the afternoon we went riding for honey.

Tuesday Sep. 15th.

I finished Le mie Prigioni yesterday, thank fortune. Glad enough am I. I wonder what will come next; Metastasio, or Botta.¹⁰² Like enough the first would be more agreable, & the last more useful. To day we went out to the spring to sail boats. It is not the first time, this year; but Anna got into the tantrums, & we could not enjoy ourselves much. Oh how I do want to go home.

¹⁰² Carlo Guiseppe Guglielmo Botta, 1766-1837, author of Storia della guera dell' indipendenza degli Stati Uniti d'America (1809) and Compendia della storia d'Italia, del 1534 fino al 1815 (1824).

I am pleased not a little with the prospect of things there, & no wonder.

Saturday Sep 19th.

I have read but four or five pages of french this week, but I hope to do something to day. Wednesday, I ironed a good while. Miss Mary Whiting came down in the morning & spent the day, & in the afternoon Mrs Hall, & Mrs Cort, a relation of hers, & a crazy woman, came & staid to tea. Thursday, Aunt Whiting & Uncle John, Aunt Lathrop, somebody who was making them a visit, & Emma, drank tea with us. Aunt Fanny had gone to ride, & when she came back, Miss Emma, without being asked, got on the horse, & rode round the meadow, & finally out into the road, quite to my discomfiture. I told her I did not want her to go out of the gate, & when she asked me why, I scarcely knew what to say. I looked on the ground, &, as the children told me afterwards, turned red & then white. I hope I shall never be caught so again, for I told her I wanted her in the house, & so I did in one way, but of course I meant she should take it in another, & that I hope never to do again. Yesterday I copied off my translation of one of Sevigne's letters, & George brought me from the Corner, a most excellent letter from my dear father, which rejoiced me. It made me laugh, & cry too. We went to the spring & sailed boats. I finished reading Adele et Theodore to Aunt Nancy last night. Aunt Fanny began it, but I fancy I have read the greatest part of it.

Sunday Sep 27th.

~~Anna~~, Aunt Fanny, Ellen, George & I went down town to church to day, & staid to both sermons. We had a strange preacher, but a very pleasing one.

Monday October 5th.

Here we are at home, at New York again, to my satisfaction. I dont want to leave home again in a good while. We have not done painting yet, of course no carpets down, nor furniture home, that is, new furniture. The basement room is comfortable however, so we get along well enough, & to morrow I hope for my piano. But I may as well go back to the first of the ^{last} week. On Sunday we went to church as I mentioned, & heard two delightful sermons from a Mr Cushing. It is very seldom that one meets with such a minister. Aunty & I were very much pleased. The Sunday passed happily. On Monday morning we decided to go to Lebanon, to see if Sabrina could be prevailed on to come back. Grandpa was not to go, so Aunt Nancy was to drive the little wagon with Fan, the children, & me in it; Aunt Fanny was to ride the little black mare, & George the grey mare. We dressed, George caught the horses, & had partly saddled them, when in came the men, 'They must have the horses immediately to plough,' 'They have nothing else to do.' This was not particularly pleasant, but we would not give up our ride, & George was sent to the corner to ask Grandpa's decision, but, as might be expected, that was against us. We made another trial, & sent George to borrow Mrs Hall's horse. He was absent a good while & before he came back one of the men got angry & went off; George brought back the horse, but it was now needless, since a stop was put to the ploughing with horses, so we went as we had first designed. The sky was rather lowering for a while but at length it cleared off fair enough, & our ride was pleasant, but Sabrina did not prove propitious. She is as proud as -- she is poor. I dont think she will come back after all. We persuaded Aunty to ride home through the Shaker

village, that led us a mile or two out of our way, & then we took the wrong road from the Shaker village to Canaan, which I believe increased the distance still more. It began to rain before we came to Uncle John's. We did not mind it however. Mary Whiting ran out as we passed Christopher Whiting's & asked if we should go the next day, as Father had come, she had seen him. What joy! Thursday we went out to Hudson, Friday came down the river.

Saturday Oct 4th.

We have not done painting yet, but thank fortune, we have almost done; we shall get through next week I suppose. But it is beautifully done, when it is done. I have had my piano more than a week & have made pretty good use of it. Mr Meetz came here the other day; we were in the parlour admiring, & I was with my sleeves rolled up above my elbows, having been washing china; how we did look. That day I washed all the set of white china, & Aunty wiped it; it took us about 4 hours. I have looked through the Fortunes of Nigel,¹⁰³ & looked into Shakespear, & the Library of Enter-g Knowledge. Father has begun reading Milton to us evenings; I like it; how much more than I expected.

Sunday October 11th

Monday October 19th.

The very day after our arrival, we sallied forth, & did a deal of business. We went to Chester's & chose carpets for the parlours, the library, & the basement room. We went to Cousin Cornelia's, & I scarcely remember what else we did on that day. Since then we have chosen the parlour curtains, & been to Copcut's, times without number, to see about the furniture. On the first floor

¹⁰³ Sir Walter Scott, 1822.

the furniture is to be all in crimson & drab: carpet, curtains, chair & sofa cushions, oilcloth, & staircarpet. For the back parlour, indeed, the curtains & cushions are crimson without any drab. Beautiful it will be, to be sure; but the best of all are our pictures. The only one at present in a frame ready to hang up, is the St Cecilia, & words, my words at least, cannot express its beauty. It is splendid. It is called ^a Domenichino; no matter who it is by, say I. But I forget myself--there are two others in order. One is a St Sebastian which I like very, very much, though not equal to the St Cecilia. It was in a collection that was last spring exhibited in the Academy, & is called a Murillo. The other is a little landscape by Wilson, very pretty indeed, but of course nothing like the former two.¹⁰⁴ For my part I dont care half as much for landscape as for figures. I have studied none since I came home, except that once or twice I read a little in Anacharsis. I have however arranged in my head a plan of study something like the following--at 9, practise--10, Italian--11, singing & practise--12, Euclid or Paley--1, singing & practise--2, French. How far I should follow this plan is doubtful; I hope nevertheless to conform to it in some measure. Yesterday, according to my desire, was -- rainy, I was going to say, but I mistake; it was damp in the morning to be sure, but a fine day. Except Father we did not go to church however, which is the material part of the business. I worked the greater part of

¹⁰⁴ It is not clear from Warner's description whether these were painted reproductions or originals, but the latter is a possibility. The paintings were sold in a sherriff's auction in 1849.

the day at my [one word in code]. We have got through 8 books of Milton.

Monday Oct 26th.

The painters are not yet out of the house! They will probably be here a day or two longer. How they do linger on. We shall not have our parlour carpets down this fortnight, for the doors have been sent off to be rubbed up. I have read some French the past week & practised pretty well. We went twice to church yesterday, & called at Aunt Thurston's. Last night came a certain Mr Heely, a queer mortal enough he staid till past 10, & made us roar again & again. A strange way of spending Sunday evening, to be sure. I have read no French to day, but have played pretty near two hours. Father brought home some numbers of a new work he has taken, "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture", a splendid thing, beautifully got up. I amused myself this afternoon with looking them over. We are rich in such things, I think, & assuredly we receive a great deal of pleasure from them. How are those to be pitied who have no such sources of enjoyment.

Tuesday Oct 27th.

We finished Milton last night. The basement room is to be painted to day, & the matting taken up, so here I am in the third story, & here am like to be a good part of the day -- not particularly pleasant in this weather, which is not of the warmest, especially at this early hour of the morning.

Monday Nov 9th.

I have been home I believe six weeks, & have scarcely done any thing worth doing, except near two hours a day of playing. I have done that too as a pleasure, not a duty. I have no reason to be satisfied with myself ever since I have been home. I have,

I hope, started to day to do better. I have played near two hours, held Anacharsis in hand for an hour, & ironed two nightgowns. Suppose I were to read Scott's 'Life of Napoleon', every day, from dinner till dusk. Father is reading 'Ormond',¹⁰⁵ to us at present, & we talk of 'Pope's Homer' when we have finished this. I have got no Italian book yet; It won't be Metastasio I fancy. Uncle Thomas last week made us a visit of several days. He wasn't as agreeable as usual, for his head was full of speculation. Only one morning we had a pleasant time of it; Father & Uncle Thomas had a conversation, or argument, of some length; which took its rise from the nudity of the Venus at her Toilet, & Uncle Thomas's dislike of that same. The picture is one which I like extremely, & Father likes it also, but the conversation was funny enough, & entirely kept up by Father & Uncle Thomas. Mr & Mrs Hackley & Mrs Wheeldon spent the evening here a week ago. Mr Edwards came in last evening to shew us some drawings. Mr Hackley dined here one day last week, Friday, I believe, at Uncle Thomas's invitation.

Sunday Dec 27th.

How long my poor journal has been neglected. A whole month & more. But I am determined to go on now. Anacharsis has not been attended to at all since my last journal. Ormond was long ago finished. Pope's Homer & Dryden's Vergil were both tried, but found so utterly unpalatable that we gave them both up. We are

¹⁰⁵ Maria Edgeworth wrote Ormond, A Tale, published in 1817. However, a novel by Sophia Lee, titled Ormond: or The Debauchee; Comprehending Sketches of Real Characters, and Illustrative of the Manners and Customs of Fashionable Life, was published in 1810. Henry Warner's household was more likely to have read the Maria Edgeworth Ormond.

reading nothing now. I have got my Italian books--Dante & Tasso, beautiful editions. I take up the latter first, but have read only two stanzas, which I have not found difficult. Things of more moment have befallen me. A sister of Mr Hackley's has come to spend the winter with him. We were not long in getting acquainted, & I do like her very much. Mr Hackley is teaching me, along with her & one other girl, Drawing & Mathematics. We have not indeed, got to Mathematics yet, but are preparing with Arithmetic. On the other hand I am teaching Sophia music! So I have my hands full.

1836

Sunday Jan 10.

All staid at home. Thursday evening Mr & Mrs Hackley & Sophia drank tea with us. Sophia staid all night, & has not been able to go home since till this morning she was sent for, Mr H-- not being well. We have had nice times. She & I & Anna all slept together last night. As I am now free from my troubles I hope to do something. If wishing would do any good, I would wish the winter not so far advanced, but as it is I can only make the best of what remains, & if I live I hope not to be idle. I have not yet finished my lamp mat, but am luckily in the humour of so doing. I have read but two stanzas of Tasso, & scarcely six pages of French, since I came home. Practising indeed, has not on the whole, been neglected. I arranged a plan of occupation for my hours the other night, & here it is.

Till 10. Sophia's music lesson, my mat & so forth.

10 to 11. French.

1 to 2. Drawing.

11 to 12. Music.

2 to 3. Music.

12 to 1. Mathematics. Afternoon. at the
University.¹⁰⁶ Tasso in the evening.

From past experience there might be a doubt whether this rule
will be strictly conformed to. Nous verrons.

Sunday Jan 17.

At all events I have not done much this week. I have sewed on my
mat however, & practised but how much I dont know. I have read
no French, done no Arithmetic, drawn none, taken no lesson, & I
have read, I believe, three stanzas of Tasso. My rule is one
stanza a day, but I hope to do better than that. I read one &
part of another yesterday. This week we have finished 'The
Betrothed' & begun 'The Talisman.'¹⁰⁷ The first has pleased us
much, the second pleases me more, for I have read both. Aunt
Thurston dined here one day: pretty so so. The same evening we
went over to Judge Bett's & sat an hour: that was pretty so so
too. His daughter however seems a very nice girl. I hope we
shall become better acquainted. I wonder when I shall see Miss
Sophia Hackley again. We have each written to the other once.
Mr Hackley is doing well. I hope I shall do a great deal more
this week than I did last. We have got a stormy Sunday, so I
propose to work at my Day Book.

Sunday Jan 24.

Yesterday morning I happened to go up stairs for a minute, after
breakfast & brought down the lamp out of the library to be
trimmed. On opening the door I thought Father looked over

¹⁰⁶ Susan may have audited lectures at the University of the
City of New York (later New York University), which opened its
Washington Square campus in 1832.

¹⁰⁷ Sir Walter Scott; Tales of the Crusaders, 1825.

smiling--cast my eyes round the room & opened them wide enough when they lighted upon the figure of Sophy in her brown cloak, grey bow, & little straw hat. O! Was n't I glad to see her! We made her stay all day. We sent for a sly in the afternoon & took a good ride. Sophia along of course. Indeed it was to take her that I principally wanted to go. It was very cold & the slaying was not always very good. I should not care to go again in the city. We had luckily a good sly & good horses. Little Miss Vandon Hurvel spent an evening here last week. She's a queer child that's certain. She looked round as if she had never seen anything in her life before, yet that can't be. She has not anything like the cultivation that Anna has. Mr & Mrs Edwards have quarrelled with Uncle Thomas, (not he with them) & so choose to consider us as friends no longer. That need not follow, one would think, but to be sure they could scarcely have the face to go on receiving favors from us, after what has passed. Well, I for one regret not their falling off from our list of friends. I have been pretty busy this week. I have translated, & partly copied off a letter of Mme de Sevigne; practised tolerably; ciphered but little; drawn none; have not been to the University, & have, I believe, read seven stanzas of Tasso. I said I had been pretty busy, but after all, what have I done? And how much of my life has been passed thus; in reading & procrastinating. Days fly terribly fast, & there is no time to put off, what ought to be done now, if one could only realize it. We all went to church this morning, but I staid at home in the afternoon, & it was very pleasant.

Sunday Jan 31.

On looking back into my journal I find myself so much amused that I am determined to take a new start & write regularly, in order to provide myself the same pleasure for the future. Having been a stormy day we have been at home all day. That's an ugly sentence I know, by the way. I have been occupied with my Day Book a good part of the day, & have read old letters. Thursday Mr & Mrs Hackley, Sophia, & her cousin Miss Bacon spent the day here. A very pleasant day too, though Sophia had the toothache & we had to doctor it again with brandy, vinegar & so forth. We cured it finally, but the pleasure of the day was rather marred for Sophia & me. We have gone to our lessons again once or twice. I have got a great big nose to draw. I have not done much this week. No French, not a vast deal of music, not much arithmetic, nor much drawing, & no Tasso. On Friday, I had thought to have done something, but I got up in the morning with a sickness at the stomach which hung about me a while, & left me good-for-nothing for that day. Last evening we drank tea, by invitation, at Mrs Codwise's.¹⁰⁸ I played two pieces, but there was not much satisfaction in it, for it was a most wretched piano, a good for nothing thing, without any power; thrum as I might, I couldn't draw enough sound from it. However I got along very well, & wasn't troubled by timidity. Helen Beekman was there, & the two Miss Codwises & Miss Livingston. Mrs Codwise (as Aunty afterwards told me) sent one of her nephews, when I was playing, to turn over the leaves for me, to see whether it would put me out: I lost my place, & Mrs Codwise pulled him away.

¹⁰⁸ David Codwise and Patricia Codwise had moved by this time to 8 St. Marks Place, next door to the Warners.

Monday Feb. 8.

I do mean at last, & after such an interval, to resume my very neglected journal. I took so much pleasure lately in reading my old journal, that I wish to provide the like amusement for the future. Anna & I are pretty busy just now. Mr Hackley gives us good long lessons, & sometimes we have enough to do to get ready for the afternoon. Our last lesson was the whole of the rule of three. To my joy it has not been weather to day to allow us to go to the University, so I have not plagued myself with studying. I am making an index to the Museum & worked at that for some time this morning. I played through, also, a monstrous hard piece of music. Oh what work it is, this cold weather. After dinner Father talked over the rule of three with us. He has been reading this evening; Woodstock¹⁰⁹ we are at now. I have darned a pair of stockings the whilst. I was truly in need of them, & at present I wear one of Anna's nightcaps, having but one of my own; & that was made by Sophia, at the time she was weatherbound here. We have had dreadfully cold weather lately, & at present Father & Aunty are fidgeting about the waterworks, which are frozen up; pipes burst, & water won't run. I dont fidget much about it. Winter is passing away speedily; Aunty speaks now & then about spring; but winter for me; cold & dreary though it be without, within doors I love it better than summer. I suppose because I love being at home so much better than being at Canaan. Last night I made a resolution, never to pass a day without reading some in the Bible. And I break off now to keep my resolution as far as this day goes.

¹⁰⁹ Sir Walter Scott, 1826.

Sunday Feb 21.

Is it possible that I cannot be steady enough to write regularly in my journal? But the fact is, I have business plenty on my hands at present. We are through arithmetic, & have begun algebra. I know much more about arithmetic than ever I did before, & that's one thing gained. I have begun Ferguson's Roman Republic,¹¹⁰ reading it aloud to Aunt Fanny, & if we live, our intention is, to go through Gibbon¹¹¹ in the same way. I am much pleased with the notion. I began, I believe, last Wednesday evening. As for practising, I dont do a great deal of it, but get along pretty well. I am now going on with my mat. I have not drawn much lately. I have not finished my catalogue of the plates in the Museum. We went to the University as usual on Friday afternoon, but when I was ready to come home, though it was light enough, Anna would not be persuaded to come home with me alone. Aunty would send somebody for us, she said, & untill somebody came, she was determined to wait. We waited & waited; it grew dark, & came near tea time, & they proposed that we should stay and spend the evening with Sophy, as the rest were going out. I liked the notion very well. Father finally came for us, thought we had better not stay, & home we should have gone, but Anna begged off, so we stayed. The evening was so so: but when at last we got home & entered the basement room, there was Uncle Thomas!

Sunday March 6.

¹¹⁰ Adam Ferguson, 1723-1816. The History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic, 1805.

¹¹¹ Edward Gibbon, 1737-94. History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, 1776-88.

Here's another great gap in my journal. One would think I might as well give it up altogether. But I am not quite willing to do that. Every little while I think to be more regular & then day after day it is neglected, & it would seem that Sunday is the only day on which I can find time or inclination for the business. I have enough to do, that must be acknowledged. Incited by the desire of working a very handsome cape for myself, & being obliged first to finish several things already on hand, I am in full progress with my mat, & then have a cap-ruffle & an edging to do; so I sew some time every day. Algebra gets on slowly, 'cause of the bad weather & bad walking, & drawing is in the same predicament. I dont practise a vast deal, my catalogue lags terribly, & even Ferguson goes on less swimmingly this week than last. Nevertheless among them all I have sufficient employment. Uncle Thomas staid with us till Thursday evening. It was a very pleasant visit, & a very merry. We are not quite so noisy now he's gone. Monday & part of Tuesday Sophia spent here. Wednesday evening we went to Mr Hackley's lecture, (wretched it was, according Uncle Thomas & Father, I dont trust my own judgment), Friday morning, Mrs Hackley & Sophy came in; Mr Hoxie called last night.

Sunday April 3.

If I were to go back & write all that has happened since my last journal I might almost fill my book & I wish they were all down, for it is impossible to go back so far now, & many things have transpired. I have a new piano, about which I have been in twenty minds, but I believe I shall finally settle down to liking

it.¹¹² The snow is almost gone -- to day is delightful, quite springlike. We have been to church twice, & not to hear Mr Mason; else what is a pleasure would be quite the reverse. Father has bought a pew in Dr Skinner's church, & so far we are very much pleased.¹¹³ We heard a sermon this morning that Uncle Thomas (who is here) pronounced to be the best he had ever heard in New York. I hope very much that we shall not be disappointed as we were in Mr Mason. Last Thursday & Friday we were out a great deal. One day we went to Stewart's & ran up a bill of a hundred & odd dollars in an hour or two. Silks at the rate of \$20 a dress (for Aunty & me) & 7 & 8 shillings a yard for muslins. Professor Davies & his brother drank tea here evening before last, & dined here yesterday. I have not attended lately to anything so much as my mat & my piano. The mat is not yet finished; if nothing happens I expect to finish it entirely before next Sunday. We are now reading the Fortunes of Nigel.¹¹⁴

Sunday April 10.

The past week has certainly been a happy one in my experience. Several pleasant things have occurred. Sunday evening Mrs Codwise invited us on purpose to hear a Miss Hughes sing. We went, Uncle Thomas & all, & were extremely pleased. It was just like opera singing, & not only a sweet voice, but a sweet face, &

¹¹² Anna Warner adds, "This was a Chickering--and the liking became very great." (150)

¹¹³ This was the New Presbyterian Church or "Mercer Street Chapel" on Mercer Street near Waverly Street. Thomas Harvey Skinner was appointed pastor in 1835.

¹¹⁴ Sir Walter Scott, 1822.

a most beautiful manner: not any constraint or effort, no affectation. I never saw a more engaging young person than Miss Fanny Hughes. But all my pleasure that night was not derived from her; there were Dr & Mrs Skinner, the former of whom especially, I was most glad to see. We all liked him still better (if possible) upon a nearer view. As for Mrs Skinner, it seems Father knew her some ten or fifteen years ago, but they had not seen each other in something like that time. And there was another clergyman, young, with a queer name & forever flourishing his hand, which I can't abide. I believe it was ^{on} Thursday that Uncle Thomas invited to come here in the evening, Mr Kayser & Mr Heidelberg; the former an excellent violin player, the latter a poor player on the piano, but of whom Uncle Thomas had conceived rather a high opinion. They came & staid till past 11, playing three or more pieces together & two or three were played by Mr Keyser alone. Even I played a page or two with him. I am getting more courageous. We liked Mr Keyser much, but the other is nothing, that is, his playing is nothing.

Sunday May 29.

It is a rainy disagreeable day, & of course we have spent the day at home. I wrote hymns a good part of the morning, & after dinner, being cold, went to rolling balls on the floor with the children, but we made too much noise, & Father came up to see about it. It's hard to get through a Sunday at home without books. Many things have come round since my writing last. I finished my collar, & scalloped six yards of ruffle for a cape. Sophia has been gone some time & I believe I have n't wished her back once. Father is scarcely able to abide Mrs Hackley's presence or company any longer, he dont wish her to be invited

any more; it's some time since they have been here to tea. Father, Aunty, & Anna went to Hudson more than a fortnight ago, & staid several days. I was left at home with Mrs Cord, who has been here sewing three weeks. I was not lonesome, & kept pretty busy. They brought Ellen home with them. We went to the Woods' concert last Wednesday & were much pleased -- I, very much.

Sunday June 5.

Uncle Thomas was down from West Point last week & staid several days. He is delighted with the prospect of doings at Constitution Island which Father has bought Delighted is too feeble an expression, he is rather rapturous, & talks of resigning, & building a lodge for himself somewhere just by the Island, for Father contemplates keeping the southern part of the Island, & building a fine house, making a sort of little Paradise of the grounds, & residing there eight months of the year. Uncle Thomas went away Friday afternoon, but for the greatest part of the morning he did little, except to walk the floor & talk over & over the same subject. Father after some time went up stairs, & up went Uncle Thomas too & staid some time. At length he came down to the parlour where I was alone & gave me to understand they had been cooking the same dish over again, & looking at me, he said, "You don't know what we've been talking about". I asked what, of course, but he replied, "he couldn't tell me".

Thereupon I had my thoughts, which, from what Aunt Fanny afterwards told me, I believe were just. I spoke of selling this house, in case of our plans being accomplished, Uncle Thomas seemed to think that wouldn't be; I said something as if Aunt Fanny could not be prevailed on to take charge of two such establishments, & he said "Nous verrons avec le temps. When I

had told this to Aunt Fanny, she told me, that Uncle Thomas had told her, that Father had said pretty things of Miss --, & that he thought he had some notions, I wont say of what. Nathless I dont believe in it & dont wish for it. Aunt Fanny has put some new notions in my head upon that subject. We hope to go to West Point next Thursday, to see Uncle Thomas, eat strawberries, & explore Constitution Island. We've had rain for a week or more; I hope it wont last much longer. It's lucky, however, as somebody said, that it happens while Dr Skinner is away. He's gone to the General Assembly. Mr Hackley dined here on Thursday last. Father spent most of the afternoon in shewing us his best pictures. Mr Hackley made some sufficiently absurd criticisms & observations. Uncle Thomas made some question about the appearance of Pilate's thumb in the Ecce Homo. Mr Hackley said the shading was not quite dark enough! He thought the face of Pilate was a worldly face; superficial; & so forth. He said now & then of a picture that I suppose struck him particularly, "This would be a good picture to frame & hang up", or "That would look well framed & hung up;" It was enough to make one impatient almost.

Monday. Feb 12.¹¹⁵

¹¹⁵ There is a gap here of over a year and it is clear that this entry, as well as the next, was written in 1838. In Susan Warner Anna Warner quotes at length from journal entries during the summer of 1837, but they must have been written in another notebook, since there are no pages missing from this book and entries follow on one page. This entry was written in the house at 10 St. Marks Place. Fanny Warner, the daughter of Henry's brother George Washington Warner and his wife Margaret Hopkins, was living with Henry Warner's family, perhaps as a companion for Anna.

Not well part of the day, so hindered from doing much. Gave Fanny her music lesson. Heard the children in chymistry, arithmetic, ancient geography. Omitted the dictionary, my walk, & Hume in the evening. Read Robinson Crusoe.¹¹⁶

Tuesday Feb. 13. 1838

I don't know what I did in the morning early, or whether I did anything. Dusted Father's room & the basement, & played a little. Aunty & I dressed & went out pretty early to pay calls. Despatched six of them. Came home & chose from the Penny Magazine a woodcut to copy, an old Norman peasant. After dinner we roasted apples. In the evening we read Hume, & heard the children in dictionary & chymistry. Omitted Anna's music lesson. Read Robinson Crusoe.

Wednesday. Feb. 14.

Played, & spent some time in preparing transfer work for a lace cape. After dinner we walked. Read Hume in the evening. Omitted to hear the children's lessons. Sung awhile. Very poor work.

Thursday Feb. 15.

Spent great part of the day in finishing arranging Aunty's cape. Heard the children chymistry, arithmetic, ancient geography, After dinner, gave Fanny her music lesson, & we went up stairs & played tag. Read Hume in the evening. Too busy all day to have much time to read any thing to myself. Could 'nt walk because it snowed.

Feb. 16. Friday.

¹¹⁶ Daniel Defoe, 1660-1731. Robinson Crusoe, 1719.

I went into the kitchen & made cake, with Ann's assistance & instructions. Sewed on Aunty's cape, & heard the children in Walker¹¹⁷ & chymistry, & gave them out sums. After dinner read the Mirror & played tag. My time has been pretty fully occupied, yet I have omitted Anna's music lesson & Hume & my chapter.

Feb. 17. Saturday.

Swept & dusted my room; came down & sewed on Aunty's cape, while I heard the children in Walker, & put out sums to them. After dinner, cut out work for my own cape. Read Hume in the evening aloud, as usual, & Robinson Crusoe to myself. Lay on the floor awhile according to custom, hearing Father read the Life of Scott.¹¹⁸

Feb. 18. Sunday.

A beautiful day. Went to church twice. Professor Davies called between churches. Read two chapters in Job, & a letter or two of Cowper. Sleepy in the evening till after prayers, when we had a nice talk.

Feb. 19.

Monday. Dusted my room & Aunt Fanny's, & swept down the stairs. Drew near three quarters of an hour, in which time I accomplished the nose & two eyes of my old Norman peasant. Worked at arranging a cape for myself & sewed on Aunty's. Heard the children in Walker, geography, arithmetic, & a little chymistry.

¹¹⁷ Possibly John Walker (1732-1807) a rhetorician who wrote A Dictionary of the English Language, answering at once the Purposes of Rhyming, Spelling and Pronouncing in 1781 and A Critical Pronouncing Dictionary and Expositor of the English Language in 1791.

¹¹⁸ J. G. Lockheart wrote a Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, published in 1832-37.

Gave Fanny her lesson after dinner, & played tag. Read Hume in the evening, & Robinson Crusoe to myself. Pretty busy all day.

Feb. 20. Tuesday.

Worked at my cape & Aunt's. Drew near an hour, in which time I finished my old man's face & hair. Heard the children in chymistry & dictionary, & put out sums to them. Mary Whiting came to dinner, after which Aunt F. & I walked down town with her. Read Hume in the evening. Omitted Anna's music lesson & my chapter.

Feb. 27. Wednesday.

Heard no lessons to day because I was too busy. Professor Davies & his brother & Mr Hackley being to dine here. Grated cocoanut, beat eggs, & floating island, & c. After they were gone in the evening, we all went to see Catlin's Indian Gallery, with which we were much pleased. Perfectly charmed with Osceola's¹¹⁹ portrait.

Saturday. Feb. 24.

Holliday all round. Drew awhile. Just rubbed out my old man's collar, & did it over again.

Feb. 25. Sunday.

Went to church twice. Read two chapters in Job, & two or three of Cowper's letters,¹²⁰ & one article in the Penny Magazine.

March 18. Sunday.

¹¹⁹ Osceola led a group of Seminoles in conflict with the U.S. Army from 1835-1842, fighting attempts to relocate the tribe to the area west of the Mississippi.

¹²⁰ William Cowper, 1731-1800. The Works and Correspondence, with Life was edited by Grimshawe in 1836.

As it snowed we could not go to church. Wrote texts, read in the Bible aloud with the children, & to myself. Played ball a while delightfully for exercise. Read a little in some little books of Anna's. Spent the day pleasantly.

Woodcrags.¹²¹ Aug. 15. Wednesday.

Whilst waiting for Father to come in & read, it pleases me this evening in place of something better, to write journal.

Aug. 16.

They came in just then, so I could not go on. They had been sitting in the piazza talking of Uncle Thomas's affairs. He is going from West Point before the first of next month, & knows no more than I do whither.¹²² Consequently he is low-spirited to the last degree. No wonder. Yesterday Fanny & I rowed him & Father to Coldspring. They went ashore & staid some time, & we staid in the boat & read the newspapers & talked. They were firing at the target when we came home, but we passed by between whiles. Heard the girls in arithmetic & chymistry, but as it was late & they wanted to go after huckleberries, in nothing more.

Omitted Marshall.¹²³ The girls are to write something every

¹²¹ Woodcrags was the name given by Henry Warner to the expanded house at Constitution Island. Susan and Anna Warner used the name interchangeably with "Martlaer's Rock," an old Dutch term for the promontory extending into the S-curve of the Hudson.

¹²² Thomas Warner was dismissed from West Point in the spring of 1838. In 1837 a Board of Visitors had criticized Warner's teaching, and Superintendent DeRussy and others charged that he had plagiarized sermons and been absent from the pulpit without permission.

¹²³ Possibly John Marshall, 1755-1835, the author of The Life of George Washington, Commander in Chief of the American Forces during the War which Established the Independence of his Country, and First President of the United States (1804-07) and A

week & deliver it for inspection on Saturday. I had the first productions Monday. It is excessively amusing. There was a prose piece & a verse piece from each. Fanny's were the best, for a wonder, as she never wrote any rhymes that were tolerable, in comparison, before. They are given in without names, & written some by one, some by the other, so that I cannot tell which is which. They made us so much fun. The other evening Fan & I rowed Uncle Thomas over. Father was along of course. Mr de Rham's beautiful boat was there, & set off from the dock a little before us, to come back. Fan & I pulled very hard after her, & gained upon her, Father said, but she was too far ahead for us to overtake her. However we had a delightful row. After a long & distressing drought, we are having to day a cleansing gentle rain, which is very grateful, & I hope will do our Lima beans a great deal of good. (Eveg) It has rained with intervals all day. Uncle Thomas came in nevertheless, just after we had done dinner, so he had some baked beans by himself. Heard the girls in arithmetic & gave Fanny her lesson. Omitted Marshall. I don't love it very much.

Aug. 17. Friday.

Heard the girls in arithmetic. Gave Anna her lesson. Read Marshall. Father is reading the Life of Scott in the evenings & it is one of the most charming books that ever was written. Read in Belinda. Too windy to row. We don't row much this year, compared with the last.

Aug. 18. Saturday.

History of the Colonies Planted by the English on the Continent of North America, from their Settlement to the Commencement of that War which Terminated in their Independence (1824).

Mended clothes, & heard the girls in arithmetic & punctuation. Uncle Thomas came over; he was in excellent spirits. So it is with him; one day low, & the next day high. The girls gave in four pieces this day: [one word erased] three from Anna & one from Fanny, which I at first thought the best; but on comparing it with Goldsmith, from whence the substance of it was drawn, I found that very many of the expressions also had their origin there. This will not answer the purpose at all, but by Aunt Fanny's advice I have not told her of it this week.

Aug. 20. Monday.

This has been a very busy day. Heard the girls in arithmetic, punctuation, chymistry & Marshall. Gave Fanny her lesson. Read Marshall. All hands went over in the afternoon to West Point to see Aunt Elizabeth. I don't believe we shall go over there again very soon. Aunt E- is going to New York, & Uncle Thomas is coming here I believe in a few days, to stay some time, or until he finds a permanent place of residence.

Tuesday 22nd.

Heard the girls in arithmetic & punctuation. Gave Anna her lesson. Read Marshall. Father went down this evening on the Highlander. The children always stand on the rocks & wave handkerchiefs, & he waves to them, till the boat leaves, & he can no longer be seen. There is something almost sad in it. Uncle Thomas said he saw the tears in Father's eyes as he waved, once when Uncle T. was with him.

Aug. 23.

Heard the girls in arithmetic & chymistry. No lesson to give to day, which I am always glad of. Read Marshall. Afterwards, in Chronicles of the Cannongate. In the evening Uncle Thomas came

over. Father came up late in the slow Superior. He brought a basket of peaches, & from the library, Miss Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travel.¹²⁴

Aug. 29. Tuesday.

Yesterday was busily occupied. Before breakfast we went out to saw. After breakfast we rowed Father to Coldspring. Read Marshall, & arranging my things in the cabriolet, (which arrived to day to my great pleasure,) took up a good part of the day. Omitted all the lessons. In the evening we went out to saw again. To day I have read Marshall & finished the first volume of Miss Martineau, that is, all I have chosen to read of it. It is very amusing indeed. Heard the girls arithmetic, & then was interrupted by the arrival of Henry Whiting. Last saturday I helped Aunt Fanny make mangoes.

Sep. 1. Saturday.

I am so very busy as to have either too little time or too little inclination to write journal. My days pass away very happily, -- I think nearly as much so as ever they did in my life. So very quietly, so very regularly, & I hope not without profit, do our employments succeed each other. Yesterday morning I went out with the girls to saw, & found it exceedingly pleasant. After we had lopped a good many branches we dragged them out of the wood & over the rocks. We intend to go regularly. This evening I have just been trying my hand at another new business, -- working over butter. I like it much. Uncle Thomas is moving; they quit West Point to day. Aunt Elizabeth came over last night, & we gave her

¹²⁴ Harriet Martineau, 1802-1876. Retrospect of Western Travel, 1838.

tea. I expect Uncle T. will be here for a while, with us, & maybe all of them will be here when we go to New York, but I should hope not. I do not look forward to the approach of winter, & the season of our stay in the city, with any pleasure. That is no longer home. I have taken up drawing again to day, for a wonder. The old Norman peasant again. Reconsidered his collar, & drew the front of his shirt & one hand. If I go out & saw every day it will not hurt my conscience to sit & draw. To our surprise Uncle T. & Aunt E. came over this afternoon, not having been able to go in the 2 o'clock boat. They got off at last in the James Madison, after having tea. Heard the girls in arithmetic, & forgot to hear them in Marshall.

Sep. 3. Monday.

Yesterday was so cold that I did not know what to do. In the course of the morning Father went with the girls & me to the meadow, where they have been burning the brush over some land & Father was somewhat afraid of the fire spreading too far, or continuing too long. We walked some distance over the black, hot & smoking ground & got our clean clothes in a fine condition. In the evening after tea we went to the top of the hill just west of Fort Con. where there is a beautiful level platform, & from thence down a very tolerable path to the little valley. I have never been on the top of that hill before. It is a most beautiful place. Father has named it Table rock. The eminence to the east of Cedar valley he names Toutte Crag -- that behind the future house site, to the east of Fort Con, Home Crag -- the rocky fortified point south of the open field, Old Point Comfort. I think that will do pretty well. This morning we went out & had a fine sawing time. Read Marshall. Gave Fanny her lesson, & had

a good long practise myself. In the afternoon we went out again & chopped wood for a good while, for the kitchen fire. I like it very much indeed. Omitted all the recitations. Sang scotch songs a while after I came in. Father finished reading the Life of Scott this evening. It has given me a great deal of enjoyment. Uncle Thomas came up this evening.

Sep. 4.

I went out to chop wood after breakfast & staid a good while, the girls meantime dragging branches, & wheeling sticks & rubbish. Came in & read Marshall. Heard the girls in arithmetic & Marshall. Omitted Anna's lesson. Went out again in the afternoon & spent some time chopping wood & picking up little sticks & wheeling them away. Pretty well tired by tea-time. Father began the Lay of the Last Minstrel

Sep. 6. Thursday.

Went out & chopped wood a long time, having first worked over the butter. Came in & made a flour pudding & then made the sauce to it. Heard the girls in arithmetic. Gave Fanny her lesson. Omitted Marshall. Uncle Thomas went to New York.

Sep. 7. Friday.

Went out & sawed & chopped some time. Read Marshall. The girls wanted holiday this afternoon so it was granted, & I spent a good while foolishly in reading the Surgeon's Daughter.

Sep 8. Saturday.

Worked over the butter & went out & chopped wood, but it was very warm. Heard the girls in arithmetic. Much pleased with their writings of this week. Father began the Vicar of Wakefield,¹²⁵

¹²⁵ Oliver Goldsmith, 1766.

which gave us much pleasure & laughter. It is only too short; two or three more evenings will finish it.

Sep. 10. Monday.

Yesterday Father, the girls & I went down to the meadow, & came back through the woods, & saw a black snake, which I should think did not want much of three feet in length. Father began the Paradise Lost to us. This evening we went out & sawed, & then I chopped up a great pile of branches. I worked so long that I tired myself very much & did not get over it in all the day, so I did not do much afterwards. Omitted Marshall & arithmetic. Heard the girls in chymistry & gave Fanny her lesson.

Sep. 13. Thursday.

Yesterday it rained, delightfully, & in the night; it was much needed, & has been effectual, even to put water in the well, which has been dry this great while. It cleared off brightly this morning, & before dinner we went out & sawed awhile finely, till I was tired. Read Marshall. Gave Fanny her lesson. She is improving. Omitted hearing the girls' lessons. Father began St Valentine's Day. Fille, Uncle Thomas's beautiful little black pointer, has puppies.

Sep. 14. Friday.

Have'nt accomplished much to day. Went out & chopped wood. Read Marshall. Occupied some time in reading or looking over the London Quarterly wherewith I was much amused. Heard the girls in arithmetic. Father went down to New York this evening. Made a buttonhole.

Sep. 15. Saturday.

The girls churned & I worked over 5 or 6 pounds of beautiful butter. Gave Anna her lesson which I omitted yesterday.

Examined the girls a little in Marshall, but they could not give one satisfactory answers. Went out & chopped a while just before dusk. Father came up in the evening, & we had an excellent supper of warm rusk, & peaches afterwards, of which he brought a great basket full. Drew awhile to day. The old peasants other hand & part of one sleeve & part of the other. Very well satisfied.

Sep. 27. Monday.

Sep. 28. Friday.

The journal lags, & how should it not? for I am turned housekeeper!! -- at least I skim the milk & work over the butter, & tell Mary what we will have for breakfast, & get out soap & sugar & make johnny-cake & pudding sauce now & then. And besides I am am making a frock or part of one for Aunty. I dont practise much, & I scarce read any except Marshall, but I go out to chop & to saw. Now to day for an example. Before breakfast I skimmed milk; after breakfast we rowed round to the little bay in the north side of the island whereabouts we staid while Father went to the dike. I rowed them all the way home with both oars -- a great feat -- but I had a strong tide to help me. Made floating island for dinner. Father was to go down in the Highlander, so we had to have tea early. I sewed a little idled a little, made a sweet johnny-cake for tea; after tea Father went, & I sung a little, & now here I am scribbling a page in this book which all the while I have n't much mind to, so I'll let it alone & play jackstraws I believe, & yet I am almost too stupid for that.

Oct. 3. Wednesday.

I have been quite too busy to attend to my journal. Aunt Fanny & Anna expect to go to Canaan to morrow, if Uncle Thomas comes up

to night; for we, that is Fanny & I, must not be left quite alone. I am to keep house, so I have been hearing & seeing how I am to manage various matters. Yesterday I learnt how to make paste, so that we may have pumpkin pies while they are gone. I made butter yesterday morning & then made the paste for two peach pies, under Aunty's superintendance. Late in the day we rowed round to ^{the} dike nearly, but not quite, & Father went on land the rest of the way. Father brought up a large basket of peaches saturday evening, so we have feasted. No lessons this week nor Marshall for some days. Very little practising, ditto reading -- a good deal of sewing -- some chopping; no sawing, 'cause of wet. The moss just like a saturated sponge. Father finished the Maid of Perth. I hope Uncle Thomas will come & let the folks go for there is no pleasure in waiting when every thing is ready.

Oct. 4. Thursday.

We had given him up, & had eaten our peaches, when he came. Nevertheless his coming did not better the matter, for he could not stay but till Friday, & they concluded it was not worthwhile for Father to go only to Hudson, Aunty & Anna went off by themselves this bright morning in the Albany. I begin to feel as if I should be glad to see them back again. When they were gone I locked up my keys, swept & put in order Father's study, & set things to rights generally. The house is in order, empty, & quiet as any lover of solitude need desire. However, I am not given to feeling lonely.

Oct. 5. Friday.

Really, if I was, I think I have been rather too busy to day to have any room in my head for such nonsense. Till 20 minutes past 11. I have not been quiet except a few minutes before & during

breakfast. I feel as if I had something less than a mountain upon my shoulders. I mean to keep a particular journal while they are gone, for this is the first time I have had the cares of a household, & I have been in a quandry three times to day already. I got up & skimmed the milk the first thing this morning, & debated with myself whether I would have an indian cake or griddle cakes for breakfast. Settled the question in favor of the latter as I had not butter enough for the first. After breakfast, looked over a basket of clothes, & then occurred debate the second, as to what I should do with a torn shirt of Father's. Not settled; or settled to ask Aunty. Then while Fanny was churning, dusted the parlour; then worked over the butter; then trimmed the lamp. There came the great doubt about dinner, whether I should have roast lamb again to day, or leave it till to morrow, & have codfish, & potatoes, & whether (as there was some stale bread) I should have a bread pudding, there being at present plenty of peaches. Quite unable to decide this last question, I threw on my hat & ran or walked away to Father on the road & consulted him; which consultation, as might have been expected, resulted in favor of the pudding. Came in & told Mary, & washed the raisins, & came & wrote journal. Made pudding-sauce. Practised. After dinner Father went with Fanny & me to the chestnut-trees in the open field, but the nuts are not yet ripe. Walked over the hill to the barn with Fanny. I have been going about a good deal to day. Uncle Thomas went down this evening.

Oct 6. Saturday.

I have been much more at my own disposal to day. I skimmed the milk, dusted the room, trimmed the lamp, & went out to see the

puppies, which are little beauties. Came in & ordered the dinner. Then we went out to saw. It was very warm, & after a while I was called into see Mrs Mac Dougall, but she was gone before I was ready to see her, luckily. I tucked a petticoat which I just began yesterday; put heads to needle-pins; played a little; after dinner, put tapes to one of Father's waistcoats, & Fan & I went out to saw again & had a good exercise. Father began "Vivian"¹²⁶ this evening.

Oct. 8. Monday.

Yesterday I spent very pleasantly, & didn't feel a bit lonely. We had a particularly nice lunch, consisting of peaches cut up, bread & butter, milk, & the greatest part of a cold peach pie; after which we took a long walk to the further end of the north dike across which we came back to the end of the island, & ~~baek~~ home by the meadows again. To day it is cold; last night there was a smart frost, & all our plants out! But to day William is putting them into the piazza for there they are to be this winter -- it is to be boarded up & made into a sort of greenhouse. Father went to the city this morning; we were up & had breakfast at half past 6. I had to send & get a pound of butter this morning, which I am sorry for. Fan & I were alone at dinner, but I didn't feel lonely at all; had much ado to carve the meat for myself & her. We went out & had a capital exercise with saw & hatchet. Came in & read Marshall, & then the Mirror; for why shouldn't I put down the time I lose, as well as that which I spend to any purpose? Since dinner, I cut out calico for cording, wrote part of a letter to Aunty. So cold in the evening

¹²⁶ Possibly Benjamin Disraeli (1804-81) Vivian Grey, 1826.

that I did not know what to do with myself, & sat a long time doing nothing, waiting for Father. He brought us a quart of chestnuts.

Oct 9.

Tuesday. Fanny & I churned this morning; the longest churning we have ever had with this churn; -- the weather was so cold, & from the same cause I was a great while working on the butter. I weighed it, -- 8 pounds. Then we rowed to Coldspring & back, & there Father found a letter for me from Anna, which gave me some pleasure of course. Worked & wrote in my letter. Too cold to play, too cold to draw, too cold to be very comfortable doing anything in doors.

Oct 10. Wednesday.

We went out & had a charming saw, & Father marked a great many trees for us out to the end of the breastwork. I chopped a little afterwards. No Marshall, no practise, no studies, nothing. I sewed some. Fan & I picked up chips, & we had a little fire this evening, for the stove was set up to day. Dressed to day for the first time since Aunty went away.

16 Sep. 1839.

Je veux ecrire francais un peu chaque jour, apris que je puisse le faire bien un de ces jours, et pour mieux entendue la langue cependant.

17 Sep.

Je fers forcee d'interrompre mon journal pour aller ramer, et je ne pouvais pour ecrire long-temps a present, que nous devons nous mettre a table tout presentement. Mon pere part ce soir pour se vendre a la ville. C'est bien difficile, cette ecriture; je ne

sais que dire, quand il faut le mettre en francais; mes mots ne verrient pas promptment; il faut les cherchez.

19eme Sep.

Nous attendons mon pere ce soir, et il est possible que mon oncle l'accompagne. Celui-ce s' eloigne de son patrie, peut-etre pour n'y jamais retourner. Il partiras le premier d'Octobre pour aller en France. Alors nous serons plus seuls que jamais, et il y a longtemps que nous ne nous accoutermons pas voir beaucoup des monde. Mais il est bien mise a partir, et c'est a lui a juger de ce qui fait son bonheur. J'avais dit qu'il ne se passerait pas de nous tout aussi facilement; je me le connaissais pas, il semble. Je veux mettre tout ce se passeralors que il sera ici, parceque ^{ce} sera peut-etre la derriere fois; mais le essayer de le faire, tout que je serai si lent & si mauvais ecrivis. Je suis fatigee deja. Adieu, mon journal, jusqu' un demain.

Samedi, 21ere Sep.

Il faut absolument ecrire un peu, quoique je n'ou oui pas beaucoup d'ecrire. Et que dire? Je dirai tout ce qui viendra a la tete. Je viens de lise le Tasse avec Anna. Je prends bien des plaisier a cette occupation la, et elle de meme. Je me suis tenue sur une chaise presque tout le jour, et cela est fatigant. J'ai donne ma filles un lecon de la geographie, et j'ai lit Moliere, ce qui m' amuse delicieusement. Mon pere lit Rob Roy tous les soirs. Je n'aime pas trop ces nouvelles: ils faut qu'on me puis penser d'autre chose, celon est facteuse; cependant Je veux les lire parfois, et je veux les entendre lire a nous pere. Je voudrais savoir si j'ecris bien, mais il n'y a personne ici qui peut me le dire.

26 Sep.

Que j'ai pas de tant jours ecris, et que je suis une personne pre-occupee. Tout a l'heure il faut que je lise Roxobel tout [one word illegible] aussitot qui ma tante avec lisai sa gazette; et apres cela nous serons nous coucher. Je n'ai lit presque rien aujourd'hui; j'ai fait des beurre, j'ai etudie mon italien; j'ai donne sa lecon de musique a Fannie, et eux filles une lecon de geographie. Je me suis fatiguee de tout cela.

30 Sep.

Je n'ecris pas assez souvent pour en profiter beaucoup. Je n'ignare pas que beaucoup s'en faut que j'ecrire bien, je crois que je ne le ferais pas de longtemps. Mais je veux persister; c'est le moyen de sucsser. Il a fait mauvais tems aujourd'hui. Je n'en ai ete point du tout fachee, car lorsqu'il plurit nous ne pouvons sortir. Il faisait tout froid, cependent, que nous ne savions que faire, comesse il n'y a point de feu hors de la cuisine. Ainsi j'ai ete bien faineante il ne faut pas l'etre demois. Je suis tout prete a m'endormir. Oh, qui'il fait froid.

5 Ottobre.

Il a fait aujourd'hui le plus beau temps qu'il se puisse faire. C'est le charmant mois d'Octobre, ou le ceil est plus pur, et il fait un tems plus agreable que dans aucun autre mois de l'annee.

7 Octobre.

Nous avons tous bien des affaires a present. Quant a ma tante, elle ^{en} a beaucoup trop sur les bras. Que les temps sont changes depuis ~~les~~ que nous demesnons a la un Bemise. Pour moi; j'ai tant de choses a faire, qu'a peine je peux concevoir qu'il soit possible de les faire tous. Au moins je ne les fais pas. Il y a mon chapitre, le Tasse a lirer, une lecon de geographie a donner,

une leçon d'italien à Anna, une leçon de français à Ellen,¹²⁷ deux leçons de musique par semaine à François, pratiquer la musique moi-même, lire l'histoire de France, et enfin, écrire français, outre beaucoup de choses que je n'ai pas le temps d'écrire.

10 Octobre.

Je ne savais mieux faire à présent que d'écrire mon journal. J'ai une très bonne plume, et il servira à une histoire des pensées qui m'ont ~~occupée~~ tenue trop long-temps. ~~Pour~~ A moi du bon sens, je suis le plus grand fou du monde, car je me tourmente de rien et pour rien. Cette nuit je vieillais jusque' à ce qu'il ~~fut~~ était tard; je ne sais à quelle heure je me couchai. Les nouvelles sont de mauvaises choses pour des gens faits comme moi. Le meilleur moyen c'est de ne pas s'en mêler. Je veux que mon journal soit le dépôt de mes sentimens, de mes pensées, & de ce qui se passe chez nous, surtout dans les esprits

11 Octobre.

J'ai négligé bien des choses aujourd'hui que je devois faire. J'ai été dans les nues, c'est à dire, j'ai été bien fou; mais malheureusement je ne le suis pas moins pour le savoir. J'aime fort cette écriture, mais il me donne beaucoup de peine. Mon père dit que lui et moi nous avons fait assez, et j'en conviens.

16 Octobre.

Mon oncle n'a pas encore été nous voir, et nous dire adieu; et ~~c'est~~ c'était des aujourd'hui qu'il devoit mettre à la voile. Je me sais s'il soit parti, mais j'espère qu'oui. Je n'ai pas

¹²⁷ Perhaps because of the strain of writing in French, Susan does not describe the arrival from Hudson of Ellen Frary, a cousin close in age to Anna.

grande ennui de le voir. Je pense que l'on y avait plus de peine que le plaisir.

17 Oct.

Il fait tres chaud, mais je n'ose ouvrir ⁿⁱ la porte ni les fenetres de peur des guepes qui se rependent sur la cote meridinal de la maison, on volligent tout aupres; et je n'aime point leurs aiguillons. Je pourrais ecrire beaucoup si j'avais plus de temps. Si jamais nous nous reverons en l'etat de faire ce que nous voulons, et pas autre chose, je pense que j'en averai grande joie.

18 Oct.

C'est le soir. Je n'as pas ecrire de tout le jour. Je me suis occupe a faire du beurre, a repasser des habits, et a faire d'autres choses, et maintenant il faut aller me coucher.

19 Oc.

Nous attendrons mon oncle ce soir. Il ne partira ^{pas} avant le 24. Sans doute ce sera un plaisir de le voir encore une fois. M Alden visit nous voir hier. Apres avoir pris du the, nous [one word illegible] une conversation a souhait. Il ne faut pas dire nous, car pour moi j'y prenais peu de part, mais j'y avais ^{de} grand plaisir. On parlu de Washington, de la revolution anglaise et de l'americaine, du grec, l'Homere, et de poetes divers. J'amuse fort a ecouter mon pere. M A-- s'en allu a huit heures. Je ne sais ce qu'un appelle en francais un cabinet a couter des livres. Mon oncle m'en a promis me, et je l'averai, j'espere, lundi prochain. Il est grand et rouge. Demain sera dimanche. Que les dimanches se succedere bientot les uns ~~æ~~ autres. Le temps se passe trop vite, oh trop vite. On ne peut le retarder; ce que l'on peut, c'est de le faire valoir.

21. Oct.

Mon oncle arriva hier en soir, et il s'en est alle de bonne heure ce matin. Nous n'avons en qu'un moment pour le voir, et pour l'ecouter. Avant que de partir, nous lui ^{avons} donne a dejeuner.

22. Oct.

Pour cela nous nous prenes[?] leves bien matin. Il dit qu'il nous escri^vait des lettres francaises quand il savait arrive a Paris. J'espere qu'il s'en souviendra. J'ai appris mon cabinet rouge, mais malheureusement il n'en peut etre ici c'est a dire auqu'une parti ^{bas etage} parse que tout entier il est trop haut, ainsi il en faut mettre un partir dans ma chambre a coucher. Je n'ai pas grande envie d'ecrire, a presente, et il n'y a ^{pas} beaucoup de place sur le table pour mes livres.

24. Oct.

Ma tante est ici, elle arriva hier tout impreniment, et nous rejouit fort. Mais elle ne peut rester ici que peu de temps. Elle nous laissera Ellen devant l'hiver. Voila la cloche qui sonne. Mon pere sera ici moment peu, peut etre. Nous l'attendons ce soir. Je me suis fatiguee aujourd'hui de divers travaux. Je voudrais bien voir le jour ou il ne me faudroit pas travailler. Cependent je m'en trouve mieux; il me fait des bien, je le sais. Mais quoi qu'il en soit, je n'aime ni a laver des plats, ni a nettoyer des meubles, ni a balayer des chambres, ni a mettre le couvert -- et voila mon pere.

26 Oct.

"Pensees mal d'autre, ce n'est pas la ce qui les fait; ce que le fait, c'est d'en medire." J'ai etudie cette sentence la je ne sais ^{pas} combien. C'en est la plus difficile que j'ai rencontree il y a long-temps. Je ne sais si elle est bien ou mal faite. Je

pourrais le faire autrement, je crois. "On ne hoit pas les gens a force d'en penser mal, a moins qu'on n'en medise." Encore, "Pour hoir quelqu'un, il ne suffit pas d'en penser mal, il faut en medise." Je ne sais laquelle ces trois est le meillure, je n'en rapporte a Francois et Anne.

28. Oct.

Couronne le temps se passe. Voici le commencement d'une autre semaine. J'en ai me plusieurs. Mais parlons d'autre chose. Je n'ai jamais trop lu ces journals ou l'on parle bien libressment de ses sentiments les plus intimes, de ses pensees les plus secrets. Neanmoins, peut-etre je serais bien mis d'ecrire de la sorte si j'etais tres sure que personne ne le versait, et il se peut-meme que je le passe a tout risques, mais pas a present.

29. Oct.

Ma chere tante est partie ce matin. Maintenant les soirees sont longues; il faut que en faire meilleur usage que je n'ai fait depuis quelque temps. Il est vrai que j'ai ecrit francais; mais il faut cordre aussi. Je ne dois pas laisser ~~ma tante~~ faire tout l'ouvrage a ma tante seule. J'aime mieux ecrire ou lire que de cordre ou travailler. Je pense que je fait du bon progres. J'aime a lire Sevigne. C'est un des plus beaux livres que j'ai jamais vus.

30 Oct.

Ce mois le temps a ete du plus beau; on ne peut en jourir assez. Nous avons ete ce matin a la baie septeneriale pour y mener mon pere. Il nous y a laisse seuls une heure. Nous nous sommes occupes a casser et a cerner des noix, a manger des pommes, et a ramer ca et la par la baie. Il n'y a rien de plus agreable que

d'être dans le bateau, quand le temps est beau, à faire des riens.

2. Nov.

Je veux bien écrire un peu, mais je ne suis pas tout aussi vive le soir que le matin. Il n'y a pas de remède à cela; souvent il n'en est pas possible d'écrire avant l'après-midi, et peut-être pas alors. Il faut écrire comme je peux, et non pas comme je voudrais. Notre bonne cuisinière s'en est allée à N. Y. pour deux jours; ainsi nous avons tout le travail du ménage sur les bras; c'en est trop. Ma tante est fatiguée; moi je suis stupide. Il est vrai que pour moi je ne dois pas me plaindre; je n'ai pas trop travaillé; pour ma tante il n'est pas de même. Les filles se sont couchées; mon père, ma tante et moi, nous allons avoir une tasse de chocolat.

4 Nov.

Je ne sais que dire ce soir. Diverses choses me sont venues dans la pensée, mais je n'ai pas m'en recordre à aucune; de sorte que j'ai passée une heure, plus ou moins, à écrire trois lignes. Nous avons été ramer aujourd'hui. Notre cuisinière est revenue; J'en suis très bien aise. J'enseigne le français à Ellen; c'est un petit écolier très bien. Anne et Ellen rient la moitié du temps je n'ai jamais vu de telles rierses.

3 Nov.

Je serai bien aise quand toutes les affaires du dehors seront réglées. À présent on ne fait que apporter des pierres, élever des murs, tuer des cochons, creuser des puits, enterer des choux, biter des serres chaudes, couvrir des tuils de bardeaux, et faire des étables à cochons. On se lasse d'entendu parler de tout cela à toute heure. Et en dedans il y a bien à quoi d'occuper. Mais

des qu' on lit ou qu' on ecrit, qu'importe toutes ces choses avais? On ne s'en souci plus, elles ne valent plus rien, ou peut-etre elles fait qu'on jouet le plus du delassement.

Vendredi 8 Nov.

J'ai peu de choses a ecire. Nous avions si tranquilles, il etait si serenement en evenement, que j'ai de la peine a ecire, a moins que je ne parle a moi-meme de toutes sortes de choses ridicules, et c'est ce qu'il faut faire. Je dois ecire une lettre a ma grandmere; je devoit l'avoir fait il y a quelques jours, mais je l'avais oublie.

Samedi 9 Nov.

A present il faut ecire, mais quoi? Je l'ai tout differe qu'il me reste bien par le temps. Quand meme je suis prete a commencer, peut-etre faut il etudier un quart d'heure avant que je [two words illegible] faire. Je voudrais que ce livre fut fini; cela ne sera pas de long-temps, a moins je n'ecire mieus. Il est tard, Je suis fatiguee, J'ai travaille assez. Je ne pourrai pas ecire demain; eh bien, J'ai bien autres choses a faire.

Mercredi, 13 Nov.

Hier en soir, apres que Anna et Ellen s'etient couchees, la fantasie prit ma tante de prendre du chocolat. J'apporte la poelon; elle fait bouiller le choclat; nous nous souvenons que A. & E. l'aiment fort, qu'elles seraient fachees de l'en avoir point. Francois va les en avertir. Elles se levent et s'habillent aussitot, et s'en venient en bas. Elles apportent des gateaux, le chocolat est prit, nous le prenons; nous babillons et rions assez, et apres ensuite nous allons tous nous

coucher. Ma tante ne se porte pas bien aujourd'hui, et elle s'en prend un peu au chocolat.

Jeudi 14 Nov.

Je me souviens d'avoir bien aise, il y a quatre ans, de m'avoir que seize ans. A present j'en ai plus de vingt. Les temps sont bien changes depuis, et quant a moi, je crois etre changee aussi. Alors j'etais plus heureuse, plus gaie, plus exempte de soucis que personne du monde. Maintenant, quoique je suis heureuse et peut-etre encore plus gaie qu'autrefois, je sais bien que je suis femme, et non plus enfant; et qu'il faut bien que recontre, non pas des soucis seulement, mais de vrai dolours dans la vie. M'y preparer, c'est presentment mon devoir.

Vendredi 15 Nov.

J'ai passe las pluspart de la matinee a repasser des habits. Je suis un peu fatiguee. Autre fois j'avais plus de temps qu'il ne m'en fallait; aujourd'hui je serait bien aise d'avoir tout ce que je perdit alors. Je ne sais pas comment je puis etre aussi gaie que je le suis presentement, car il est possible que nous allons etre ruines, ce qu'on appelle ruines. Peut-etre je ne sais ce que c'est la ruine. Assurement j'ai un peu d'experience de l'infortune. Mais il faut sentir son bouquet a chacun.

Samedi. 16 Nov.

Je gage qu'Anna ne diverser pas ce que cela veut dire. Je n'a pas encore ecrit a ma grand mere. Ma tante se porte mal. Mon pere est tres affaire. Pour moi, j'ai fait aujourd'hui des tartes a la citronnelle. Je lis presentment Sevigne et l'Histoire de France; ceci au matin, avant le dejeuner; cela a tout temps. Je prends bien du plaisir a l'un et a l'autre, mais je n'en lis que tres peu par jour. Nous attendons dans peu une

lettre de mon oncle. Il doit etre a Paris a present. Je ne peux ecrire plus; j'ai en toute la peine du monde a ecrire tant que j'ai fait.

Jeudi 21 Nov.

Nous sommes tous si occupes. Je n'ai jamais vu un tel temps. Je ne peux faire tout ce que voudrais. Je n'etudie pas d'Italien, je ne joue que tres peu du clavier, je ne lis pas beaucoup, je n'ecris pas meme tous les jours, je ne chante point, sinon que les dimanches. Je ne donne pas seulement les lecons regulierement. Mais, pour moi, c'est pas de chose; mon pere et ma tante en ont le pis; c'est eux qui sont a plaindre veritablement. Il fait grand froid presentement. Le temps s'est change tout d'un coup, et nous voila en hiver. Il gele fort. Je ne m'eu sourire pas. J'arrive presque aimer bien le temps froid que le chaud.

Mardi 26 Nov.

Ma chere tante est arrivee ici hier matin, justement comme nous etions a dejeuner. Elle etait seule; M. le Docteur etait alle a N.Y. Nous l'attendons ce soir, et demain au soir miserablement ils nous laisserons tous les deux. C'est bien un plaisir de voir notre chere Madame Blanchefleur, aussi est-il une peine de lui dire adieu; mais il le faut. Il n'y a presque point de plaisirs dans ce monde qui ne se trouvent pas ou precedes ou series de peines. Mon cher pere est alle a la ville ce soir; ses affaires lui donnent assez de peine. Je ne sais ce que nous allons devenir. Il fait grand froid. Les fenetres au nord sont couvertes d'une gelee blanche. La riviere n'est pas encore gelee, mais elle le sera dans peu, si ce temps si continue. J'ai un heure de ecrais qui m'incommode un peu,

Mercredi 27 Nov.

Je ne veux rien aujourd'hui, M. le Docteur arrivait hier au soir. Il nous apporte un sac de huitres, pour lesquelles nous lui sommes, fort obliges, car n'en avons point en depuis que nous sommes ici. Mais lui et sa femme s'en vient ce soir -- c'est dommage. Nous ne les revions pas quant ils portent. Il faut m'arreter, pour voir ma chere tante tout que je le pourrai. Au soir. Enfin elle est parti. Les jeunes filles Anna & Ellen sont bien affligees. Les seperations sont des choses cruelles, mais pour moi, je les sens moins que personne. J'ai un peu de peur que je ne suis trop portee a l'amour propre. Maintenant nous sommes proche de l'hiver. Eh bien! tout que j'averai de la vie et de la sante, je veux tacher de remplir mes devoirs beaucoup mieux que je n'ai fait jusqu' ici. J'ai deux defauts dont je dois me corriger -- je suis trop paresseuse, inapplique, et il me manque de la patience. J'ai grand tort de parler comme je fais souvent a ma tante, et meme a qui que ce soit qui traverse mon humeur.

Vendredi 29 Nov.

Il y a deux jours que j'ai me une petite indisposition, mais aujourd'hui je me fais bien. Je vais asseigner a Francois le dessin au pastel. Vraiment j'ai bien des affaires sur les bras. Si je puis faire attentive a toutes, il n'importe. Il parait que l'education de Francois et d'Anna ne depend que de moi seule, et maintenant, j'ai Ellen aussi; et je le veux bien, pourvu que j'ai le temps.

Samedi 30 Nov.

Je veux bien ecrire, mais j'ai peu de temps. Il est tard. Demain sera le premier jour de l'hiver. Notre automne est passee.

Lundi 2 Dec.

Mon pere est a la ville. Helas! il porte un puissant fardeau, et nous ne pouvons le soulager. Il se sustient passablement bien, mais vraiment il est des temps ou il ne le sens que trop. Loin de nous, tout seul au millieu d'une multitude entre les chagrins et des dolours qui se trouvent dans son chemin, parfois il pense mourir; ainsi qu'il nous le disait l'autre jour.

Mardi 3 Dec.

J'ai acheve de lire Roxobel tout haut. C'est un jolie petit livre. Apres cela je crois que je lisai les Contes Morals de Mlle Edgworth. Francois ne les a jamais lus, ni Ellen non plus; et quant a moi, quoique je les ai lus cent fois, je les aime toujours. Mon chere pere est encore a la ville. J'ai beaucoup de loisier aujourd'hui. Aussi ai-j'ai bien joue du clavier, etudie l'histoire, et la Tasse, et lu mon chapitre. Je n'ai point lu de francais avec Ellen -- c'est dommage. Je ne dois pas l'omettre un seul jour. J'ai ecrit assez; mes yeux sont faibles -- ils sont fatigues de cette ecriture.

Mercredi 4 Dec.

Me voila enfin a la dernier page. Je veux absolument finir ce livre ce soir meme, s'il est possible; mais j'en doute; la faiblesse de mes yeux m'incommode fort, et il me reste quinze grandes lignes a remplir. Je ferai de mon mieux. Je suis lasse de ce vieux livre journal. Aujourd'hui j'ai fait du beurre, et repasse du linge. J'ai joue du clavier; j'ai lu italien, J'ai fait reciter la moitie d'une lecon d'histoire aux filles. J'ai

lu francais avec Ellen. Elle fait du tres bon progres. Elle est bien plus habile que je ne la croyais. Nous attendons mon pere ce soir; mais il est tard, et les bateaux ne paroissent pas encore. Il y a en aujourd'hui un des plus hautes marees que nous ayons jamais vus. Je cranais qu'elle n'est fait du mal a notre digue septentrionale. Elle a surmonte la veille digue meridionale, et in onde nos prairies, au moins en parti. Je voudrais savoir ce que sont devenentes meules de foin. C'est une mauvaise affaire. J'ai achieve ma taske, et je en arrete bien volontiers.

Journal of 13 September 1850--27 August 1853

According to Anna Warner, Susan did not keep a journal during the 1840s--the period of the writing of The Wide, Wide World, the sheriff's auction, and Putnam's acceptance of her novel after it had been rejected by "virtually every New York publisher" (Baker, Light 44). She resumed in September 1850, shortly after her return to Constitution Island from a visit of three weeks with George Putnam, Jr.'s family on Staten Island.

The lavishly detailed descriptions and emotional outbursts of this journal contrast strongly with the dutiful tone and repeated complaints about idleness in Warner's childhood diaries.

At thirty-one, Warner seems to have resumed journal-keeping spontaneously, as a means of personal expression rather than as a task. Her first entry voiced her resentment and disappointment at a perceived rejection. Later entries described the family's struggles to cope with Henry Warner's increasing unreliability in the fall of 1850, and desparate speculations for the future. These problems continued throughout the winter, but Susan also described her glowing satisfaction at the publication of The Wide Wide World in January 1851. The journal included Warner's "weavings"--plot outlines and notes for her next novel, Queechy. The later entries recorded Henry Warner's continuing failures, the publication of Queechy, early outlines for The Hills of the Shatemuc and a children's story, and Warner's undertaking of her anthology of scriptural passages, The Law and the Testimony.

By 1850, after twelve years of struggle against poverty, Warner's descriptions of daily housekeeping had taken on a

panicky edge. Throughout the autumn the entries catalogue every kind of unmet need, painting a picture of New England winter as bleak as that in The Blithedale Romance. Warner writes baldly that "The Island, alas! looks to me a dismal place for us to be locked up in for the winter; without a grown servant, without books, without a piano, without church, without a friend's face . . . without ready money to go to market, without earning anything, without any brilliant prospects for the future."

Warner's worst case scenario for that winter came to pass. By November, money had become a more urgent concern than even loneliness or isolation, and virtually every entry describes the shortage of some staple item, from winter clothes and firewood to sugar and candles. But perhaps most painful to Warner were the incidents that forced her to be conscious of her poverty. She wrote furiously of Mrs. Codwise's suggestion that the Warners spend the winter in a summer cottage on Staten Island--"Does she think we have grown Polar bears, in our poverty?" and added, bitterly, "We go in and come out, and the effect rather is that we have nothing to do with the world." In a subsequent entry Warner reproaches herself for ingratitude for "all the delightful and most uncommon good things that fill our lot," but she described her painfully-achieved detachment as "like the beauty of a winter landscape -- cold and calm -- calm because there are no leaves to flutter and no birds to sing." The entries that expressed her anxiety and neediness alternated with entries that indicate a level of denial of the family's position almost to the degree of a disassociative disorder. Warner described her "strange old house" as "exactly like a house where poor people

live." Pathetically, she persisted in referring to the children of a woman renting the attic rooms as "the servants."

However, Warner's growing sense of vocation as a writer offered solace in several different ways. As innumerable critics have pointed out, to write about a situation imposes on it an illusion of distance and control; the detailed and dense descriptions of landscapes and activities imply that Warner was taking pleasure in this sort of ordering ritual, as well as exercising her skills and talent. At the end of a particularly dispirited entry in the journal, she confided, "And I -- I do n't know what I would do but for writing."

Even ostensibly fictional compositions could offer similar comfort to the author. Warner's "weavings" for Queechy engaged in dialogue with her most desperate journal entries, describing equal privation but proposing, through the mediation of the fictional heroine, a number of coping strategies. For one thing, Warner could write pityingly of her heroine's vulnerability, discouragement or unhappiness without being culpable of self-pity. But also the demands of the novel required the heroine to be brave, resourceful and faithful, and Warner may have found her character something of a role model. Some of Warner's own entries added touches of black humor to the pervasive bleakness of coping with cold and poverty--perhaps in imitation of the resilient spirit with which Warner endowed the fictional heroine.

But of course the most significant aspect of authorship for Warner was not the illusion of autonomy that writing can provide, but the fact of attention, approval and income that The Wide, Wide World unexpectedly offered Warner. She wrote of her "astonished delight" at the sight of an attractive edition of her

book, and described hearing her reviews as "wonderful pleasure." Her prayerful response to the review in the Newark Daily Advertiser--"My Lord and My God, sanctify me entirely to Thy glory"--sounds considerably more sincere than the dutiful tags about gratitude or consolation that Susan tacked on to the ends of complaints.

Authorship could not meet all of Susan's needs; later in the summer she would lament, "how cloudy life has grown -- how empty. Nay, fame never was a woman's Paradise, yet." And after a gap from 15 March 1853 until 27 August, she writes mysteriously of a temptation and renunciation: "What aches and pains and weariness of heart. . . How much long unknown pleasure, marvellous sweet and spicy to taste, how much strange hope and fear, and oh! what aching! what long aching." But the most intense emotions might eventually be converted into fiction. And Queechy's favorable reviews, a stream of letters from admiring strangers, and royalty checks provided ample incentive to develop as a writer.

Sep. 13. 1850.

Have just, that is this evening, returned from my second riding lesson. My first left me in in a high state of excitement & delight -- nothing for a very long time indeed had so fired my imagination -- & soon I was feverish with the desire to finish so enormous a pleasure & with a fidgetty uneasiness about any uncertainty that might hang over it. Sunday to my great disappointment we could not go to church, so I could not get a

word from Mr Sprole¹²⁸ as to when I might come again. I thought about it that day too much -- not the way, according to Sir Matthew Hale,¹²⁹ to have it prosper. At any rate, upon the strength of his full, free, repeated invitation, & upon the argument that he is not a demonstrative person but one who must be taken on trust, we went over on Monday. There was a funeral -- I could not ride -- & to my great mortification, nothing was said by Mr S. about any future rides. But disconcerted as I was, the former arguments & the strength of my wishes prevailed with me to go on simply, trusting one who is to be trusted I think if anybody is. I determined to go again. Winds prevented this till to-day. I went & I rode; & I came back feeling as if I should like to cry. I must wait now for somebody else to move. It is well my extravagant desires & delight have been sobered by duty - - they have just been a little more sobered. Nothing was said about my coming again, (by Mr S.) & no pleasure expected or looked in the course of the business this afternoon. When Rebecca asked him in the hall if he was going to have riding, he answered that, he had heard nothing about it. I do not know what he really felt; but if he had had enough of his undertaking his manner accorded therewith, & if he has not, it is not fair to leave a fastidious person any room to fancy & fear. Well -- it's a soberish world -- & yet my little book is just going to press,

¹²⁸ William T. Sprole (d. 1883) was the chaplain and professor of ethics at the U. S. Military Academy between March 1847 and August 1856. Rebecca Sprole was his daughter and Henry Warner Sprole was his son.

¹²⁹ Sir Matthew Hale (1609-1686) wrote, among other works, Contemplations, Divine and Moral (1676) and The Nature of Religion (1684).

& Anna's Reminiscences¹³⁰ has been offered to Appleton who wishes to send it to his brother in Phila. Two delicious pieces of good news -- two mercies to be thankful for -- & yet this horseback riding did more elate my imagination than they both. I was too eager for it I suppose -- it did seem too delightful -- & in all the circumstances. Well -- but oh! for friends to love us as we can love and have loved, yea, and do love others! I have felt a longing for something of the kind, & for more to do with the world, or with some nice extraordinary portion of it -- that first horseback ride turned my head. Turned again now: but it's a sobering process, this kind of thing; this forcible unclasping of one's will when it has laid strong hold of somewhat!

Saturday, 14th.

Went with Anna and Father to the library,¹³¹ where she had business; -- how lovely to have such a room, so furnished, for one's own private property! Coming home, met Mr. Sprole on the Dock just returned from Cold Spring. He was very pleasant -- asked how I felt after the riding, & told me of what he supposed had wrought to make the horse so sluggish as he seemed -- a galled place on the withers. My spirits rose a little, but I am not going to presume; though Anna says I will make the next move

¹³⁰ Possibly an early draft of Anna Warner's Mr. Rutherford's Children, which was set in Canaan, N.Y. and heavily autobiographical.

¹³¹ Presumably the Cadet Library at West Point. Anna later willed the family's Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington to the Academy with the request that it be hung in that library.

I will not. Father has read for the second time my patriotism¹³² paper, & likes it, he says, "exceedingly well." So that is very good. I haven't copied it yet. I felt almost a kind of pity for myself last night; -- that fever is over. God is amazingly good to us.

Oct. 30.

Aunt F. A. & I took a pleasant ramble through the woods this afternoon. Sat on the rock over Eureka & saw the Alida go down. A. had as usual her little basket & picked up hickory nuts & butternuts, & we stopped here & there to crack and eat; the sweet pennyroyal reminding one of Canaan. A very beautiful day -- the hills in very rich color -- many of the leaves are off the trees; those remaining being of an uniform warm hue, red brown, & orange; most mellow & rich where the sun catches them. Looking toward the western shore, the slopes and hollows of the hills were very much in a hazy neutral tint, but the tops & ridges showing this sun-lit coloring were exquisitely marked out by it, unless here & there where the sun could not come, & an edge of deeper & more defined shadow that stood out upon the warm mountain-side beyond. Oaks, some of them, in mingled green & brown still, hickories orange & brown. A large flat grey rock, spotted with black moss, & at the edge of it, springing from a heap of dead leaves & fruit-ripened cacti,¹³³ some branches of

¹³² American Female Patriotism: A Prize Essay. Warner submitted it to Lydia Sigourney in the hope of winning an advertised \$50 prize. It was first published in The Ladies' Wreath, a monthly magazine, in 1851 and republished as a book in 1852.

¹³³ Prickly pear cactus, rare elsewhere on the east coast, grows abundantly on Constitution Island.

the pink corydalis. Warm, or rather mild, with a somewhat chill south breeze, per favor of which the sloops walked up very prettily. Walked up & down the walk before the home a long while, weaving.¹³⁴

A & her grandfather -- G. Carleton & nutting -- Bryant's Death of the flowers -- Frank's raillery on what Mr. Carleton had been about -- Mr. C.'s reply that Mr. C. would be a better man if he were oftener about the same & c. Hall and A. & Mr. C.'s interference -- the present of birds shot, & A's taking of it.

The first party in N.Y. -- A's feeling of strangeness, & Carleton's polite kindness, & A's look and word of thanks at going away, "of concentrated grace." C.'s observations & judgment of her. The oath on board ship -- A.'s trouble -- his inquiring into the cause -- Her saying "it was not right" -- his excuse -- "But one can always do what is right" -- "The deuce you can" -- Was that all the cause of her trouble? -- then owning she was "disappointed" -- "What, in me?" "Yes" -- The pang this gave, felt for days. In Paris, the flower-market, -- the boarding-school -- the walks -- the talks -- the rose-bush -- the new rose-bud given to him -- his reflections over it; the emblem of it. Purity, delicacy, sweetness, refinement, essential &

¹³⁴ The first several "weavings" are sketches for Queechy. The "weavings" are not in narrative sequence; Warner apparently had a system of code letters to designate the various sections of the book, and worked at them in no particular order. The heroine was named Anna in the earliest versions but renamed Fleda when Warner revised (or as she says "copied") the text for publication.

unalterable, by decay or otherwise -- the lesson coming home, the resolve to be something superior to what he then was, & consequent resolve to quit Paris -- parting & A's bible --

At Lebanon Springs, his hearing of her gardening from Rebecca -- his doubts thereupon -- seeing her when out riding -- called away to meet his mother and detained in the city -- sitting behind her at a concert, & hearing her appealed to on some lingual question -- afterwards meeting at a party -- introduced under a feigned name -- recognised by A. but the recognition not revealed -- conversation -- a monthly rose in the greenhouse -- his avowing its peculiar interest from association, & the how & why -- A at that moment more resembling a Damask -- just then called upon to sing -- her manner of excusing herself to the lady of the house, the perfect lady in dignity & modesty & gracefulness --

A's early reading -- spending her allowance in books, & what books. C.'s New Year's present of Bryant's Poems.

The visit to the City friends, (before C. came to L. Springs) -- their kindness & want of kindness -- talk about Carleton, about meeting him, going to the walk to meet him, & inviting him (when she could not be present) & c. & c. A's silence & thoughts.

We are contemplating an attack upon Father in the way of a conversation, to find out what may be his purposes for the coming winter, for at present we are in a dismal state of incertitude. If we wish to spend the winter at West Point, arrangements cannot

be too soon made; if at New York, do,¹³⁵ if here, do. But till we know, nothing can be done. West Point promises, could we but get there, by far the most pleasure; New York the most advantage, in the way of work & facilities for work; the Island, alas! looks to me a dismal place for us to be locked up in for the winter, we four alone without a grown servant, without books, without a piano, without church, without a friend's face, without anybody to get wood but father, without resources to draw upon but the Bible, the Penny Cyclopaedia¹³⁶ & Imagination, without ready money to go to market, without earning anything, without very brilliant prospects for the future, unless indeed the Wide World should prove to us a richer storehouse than it has been to most people. Well -- we are strangely cool, but it may be in part because we are strangely cold. I have all but been thinking of a governess' place -- anything but living on nothing, or on borrowed money; & father has got money from Smith I know not how often lately, & even from Mr. Dikemann, to go to N.Y. with. We can't live so.

Nov. 1.

A. sent a bouquet of flowers to Rebecca, in which were the following -- Roses, Agrippina, Lamarque & Monthly, most lovely together -- Sweet Scabius, of two or three colours, dark & very rich, beautiful purplish rose, & light bluish purple -- Verbenas of nine or ten colours, or shades of colour -- Gilias, Xeranthemums, of two colours, yel. & wh. -- Sweet Alyssum --

¹³⁵ i.e. ditto.

¹³⁶ The Penny Cyclopaedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge was published in London, 1833-1843.

Mignonette -- Woodbine -- pretty well for the open air at this season.

Nov. 2.

The threatened conversation was held yesterday morning. A. left it pretty much to me. It issued in little satisfaction, beyond the two facts, that Father thinks of going to N.Y. for the winter and does not think (so far as appears) of going into any business to maintain us there. His book -- & the property here -- & some in-coming costs which will actually accrue nobody can possibly tell when -- voila tout!¹³⁷ I have been again this evening seriously debating the question of a governess's place, but A. is against it & so are several considerations. The difficulty of leaving time enough to write -- the nameless & unknown annoyances inseparable from such a situation -- (Anna imagines me tagging down Broadway with six children after me) -- the breaking up of our home circle -- & not least in my regard, the unhappy effect upon one's mind & character. I should dread that. A. advises that we go on working at home & let things come to a crisis if they will; & in that determination I believe I shall rest my mind for the present. But alas! home has ceased to be very lovely to me. How I do enjoy myself when I am away from it!

I am correcting the proofs of my book -- a great pleasure almost over. It began six weeks ago, & three of them have been spent with Mrs. Putnam on Staten Island. It seems likely now that they will not want me down there again for this business. I finished today the 267th p. of the 2nd volume. How odd -- how

¹³⁷ "His book" referred to Assorted Diction, a thesaurus and dictionary Henry compiled for some fifteen years. It was never published.

odd it is! That it should actually have come to this, after all my waiting & doubting! It is a real & my very great present blessing.

If not the purity of the rose, that of tempered steel! Conversation in A's hearing -- she in the back part of the room & unseen -- Missionaries, the sneer at their being always "very glad to come home"; C.'s indignant vindication of them -- A profane expression rebuked; the offender's angry & threatening retort -- C.'s cool & high "It is not I whom you have offended, sir." His purpose to visit the prairies of the far West -- the ladies surprise, pressing the attractions of society, & enquiring if it were for the prairies that he came to America -- No -- What for then, if neither to see the land nor the people -- to look after a valuable property which he had some hope of securing -- Had he secured it -- No -- Why -- He had seen reason to doubt whether the property were as valuable as he had expected to find it -- why had Mr. C. never married -- His ambiguous circumstances hitherto have always forbid it.

His criticism on sundry beauties pointed out, or spoken of -- called upon to give his definition or description of a beautiful face -- his description of A's -- the assertion, after they had learned that it was a child's face he had been describing, that, there were plenty of children with that kind of look -- I never saw but the one said Mr. C. dryly. -- The effect upon A who unseen had heard it; her shyness of his recognition.

The Bs. at Lebanon when Carleton was there -- coming to see A -- talking about him -- carefully avoiding to bring them together.

The ascent of the mountain in company -- C.'s silent observation. Conversation on the top, from Indians to ill-bred raillery from one of the party about the Americans' treatment of them, slavery, freedom & c. A's voice at last raised, in her quaint way, effectively, -- historical knowlege & patriotic feeling & fine wit & fine breeding --

C.'s showing the bible to A. -- telling gravely its history & his valuation of it -- concluding by saying he has resolved to give it back to its first owner's hands & not to receive it again but with her -- quietly delivering it to A. as he spoke -- her pause of confusion & hesitation, the putting the bible in his hands & immediately taking flight.

The flowers that come to the B.s -- at length the beautiful bush that came from C. to A.

A's resolute self-command about novel reading & c.

Nov. 5.

No proofs this two days, failing which I am apt to feel like a person a little thrown out of working habits by too much excitement or pleasure. Accordingly, or however it be, I have done nothing today but read the Caxtons¹³⁸ aloud to Aunty & Anna & later with them and Emmeline & Sam a long ramble in the

¹³⁸ Edward Bulwer-Lytton, 1805-1873. The Caxtons: A Family Picture, 1849.

woods.¹³⁹ Over the rough ground of this island, up one stony declivity & down another, the surface an alternation of stones & dead leaves, the ground under the last being near or far from the foot as the case might be. Anna with her little basket gathering hickory nuts, butternuts, and the superb many colored leaves of the woods. Sometimes stopping to crack and eat a nut or two which tasted strong of Canaan; and perhaps between the nuts might come up the sweet breath of a pennyroyal nearby. Thick fog enveloping the distance and softening the vicinity.

Mem. that we burn tallow candles this many weeks; our oil can being at the grocers and no money existing to fetch it thence full. That Mrs. Miller is yet unpaid for Marvin's board of a month, & Sam has not had a cent. That Father wants clothes immediately, & we proximately. That he has got ready money from Smith for his journeys to N.Y. till we do n't know on which side is the dollar amount, father having luckily done law business for him. That father has also borrowed from Mr. Dikemann, the young lawyer at Cold Spring, & found it convenient to write a note of apology for not repaying it. And that I have last night suggested the expediency of father taking an office at once, which proposition he really seemed gravely to entertain. He is in the city now for to-day & tomorrow and perhaps more.

¹³⁹ Emmeline and Sam were the children of Mrs. Miller, who was renting the attic rooms over the kitchen at Constitution Island that winter; Marvin was apparently a hired man who shared the rooms. Susan refers to Sam and Emmeline alternately as "the servants"--they occasionally helped with minor chores for pocket change--and "the children."

F./C's impetuosity & his wanting A to restrain it -- her laughter & comparison of father & the white calf -- the former dragged along by the latter in a most involuntary manner, inclining back at an angle of 45 from the calf's heels & speeding along over the ground at a very rapid rate in a novel quick step of wonderful agile execution.

S/A's asserting of something that "The Bible said so." C.'s query how she knew the Bible was true. Her simple answer about the inspired writer. His retort that some people did not believe that. "Ah, but that is only wicked men, all good people believe it." A had innocently given one of the powerful arguments for the Bible's authenticity, -- C. profoundly struck, and meditating, pacing up and down the deck. Another time, about the Divinity of the Savior -- his asking her how she knew -- her referring to the Bible's saying so -- his asking where -- her showing him Thomas's speech -- his saying that he won't believe what he can't see -- her quick reference to 'Blessed are they that have not seen & yet & c. His musing again -- how reasonable, how honorable of the Supreme Being, how happily for man, that the grounds of his trust in God being established, his acceptance of many other things should rest on that trust alone -- His next querying with A. about the divine existence -- her pointing to the setting sun, "Who made that, Mr. C.? -- C. an unbeliever no more from that time.¹⁴⁰

¹⁴⁰ Warner used this dialogue in Chapter Eleven of Queechy.

Fr/ Somebody's artful condoling to Mr. C. over the unhappy effects of A's circumstances & way of life -- his confounding her with the remark at last that he would take care it should be so no more.

Nov. 7.

Father came home, & not very bright, or with not particularly bright news. Yet nothing very gloomy either, only that he has somehow rather quieted my spirits. I got my last proof to-day, the end, as a note in the margin from the printer considerably informed me. Mr. Putnam told Father he was afraid the book would be too large still; a pleasant & inspiriting kind of remark, seeing that in the first place it is all set up, & in the second place if it were not it would be impossible to abridge it much except by horrible mutilation.¹⁴¹ So my spirits were quieted, which before, under the influence of plenty of proofs, 'The Caxtons,' the prospect of Father's taking an office, the prettiest little dinner in the world which we had taken today of coffee & graham drop cakes, & a pleasant walk up & down in the fine fresh evening air, -- my spirits, I say, were reasonably near par.

Fanny Bruen at the Skinners'; told Father that when A answered her letter she would come up & spend a day with

¹⁴¹ As published, The Wide, Wide World was heavily abridged, with several episodes and the final chapter cut from the original manuscript. However, it still came to 694 pages.

her.¹⁴² Cool; & how cool such things make me, -- & Anna; albeit she be a far less good conductor of mental calorie than myself.

Alas, my poor little book, -- art thou too big?

The beautiful landscape in the beautiful stillness this evening after sunset -- the crescent moon high in the south-west, & one bright star beneath. -- God's temple -- how fine -- how fair -- all things there obey him -- the moon & the star & every flying cloud move in the paths he has pointed out to them. Man is the only blot on the picture. There is a spring loose, and the whole machine is out of order.

Oh my book! If this should fail, I might not be able to go on writing. -- God's will be done.

Nov. 11.

Hills quite bare -- only here and there a spot of reddish brown. Yet not dreary, in the beautiful weather of these two days, -- quiet, mild, a delicious softness flung over the landscape, whether of air or light or both -- the gentleness of winter's extended hand. The European maple at the foot of the lawn is & has been for several days most beautiful; mingled green and gold its leaves are, but from a little distance only gold -- a bright glowing spot when everything else is dim, the leaves beneath it like a dash of sunlight on the ground. Weeping ash green yet; elm d[itt]o, though turning. Roses & scabius & sweet alyssum hanging their heads after so much frost -- it is time -- verbenas in good colour yet, & little johnny jumpers as pert and hardy as

¹⁴² Fanny Bruen was a friend of the family living in New York; Rev. Thomas Skinner was the minister of the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church, where Susan and Anna had become covenanted members.

if there was no such thing as frost ever in the world. A week ago the hills were yet lovely, very many of the the hills bare indeed but enough left in the yellow & reddish browns to give a rich warm cast to the hillside. And the soft November air & light are very beautifying. Yet it is chilly today withal, & I think promises snow. Anna writing & I weaving.¹⁴³ What a blessing for us both!

F. The hints to C. about the country admirer -- acted upon by him in grave and observant waiting--effect upon A. + [Mrs. C.'s proposal about the mountain, A. specially included.] -- Dialogue with Mr. C. which alarms Mrs. B. -- her consequent artful letter to A's aunt -- letter from aunt to A.

-- A. sees through it -- [then +] A.'s doubt but final cool conclusion to go --

F. J. & A. hearing the music from the ball-room -- J.'s speaking of them as 'as gay as larks.' -- A's rejoinder, of there being very little of the lark, sky-lark especially, about them -- reference to the little dampers on his piano strings as a more appropriate comparison -- 23rd psalm --

J.'s prophesy about Mr. C. when he had heard about what the B.s had to say of him when at Lebanon, A's entire silence to them on his subject, though they confessed he had made particular enquiries about her uncle's family. -- A's previous account of him to J.

¹⁴³ Anna was writing Dollars and Cents, her first novel.

F. The party to which A. intended going with Miss B. where C. was to be -- Miss B. staving her off with the allegation that it was not likely she would enjoy herself -- nothing was talked of at these parties but french and german, & c. A's calm relinquishment of her purpose.

C. The dead woodcock -- the promise not to shoot in A's company -- broken by F -- the robins -- F's levelling his gun, A's exclamation & C's striking the gun up -- the shot dog -- A's reason for thinking Mr. C. the most gentlemanly of the two -- repeated -- to his amusment & F's displeasure.

F. Conversation between Mr. B. & C. on the natural & inevitable effect of the kind of life A had led, & c. -- A coming in C gravely tells her they were just discussing a knotty question, & begs her opinion as to what is the best preparation of character for wearing rank and station well -- A's quick discernment that they had been talking about her -- consequent confusion & difficulty of answering --

A's final departure from N Y for home, alone in the steamboat & the rail-car -- reflections on the kindness of friends -- winter & cold weather -- afternoon boat to Bridgeport -- stay there overnight -- heavy fall of snow, so that the train could not move until late in the day -- stopped a little while after dark by snow again -- A's feelings -- the seat next has vacated, & presently a hand in hers & C. taking the empty place -- conversation -- the talk about the bible there -- after a while her laughing enquiry ~~whether~~ how he dared make a heavy bargain without seeing a sample -- rejoinder of both rushing into danger together -- promises to stay at Lebanon as long as she will walk & ride

every day with him -- inquiry how she has escaped the natural influences of circumstances -- her bringing him in to ~~breakfast~~ or supper after a headachy sick day at Pittsfield -- his question of her having passed a miserable day? & her answer -- the omelette & c.

Nov. 14.

No lamp-oil yet -- we are burning up our tallow & then I suppose the children may burn the oil -- We cannot indulge in chickens, because we cannot afford to feed Sam & Emmeline on them -- We are like to want bonnets & out-of-door garments, & we know not yet when or where we shall get the money -- Father is very busy; trying for a re-hearing of his Governer's cause, to obtain which he must find two sureties in the amount of \$5,000, to secure the interest accruing him the decree last April & which a sale of the property might fail to liquidate in case of the re-hearing; trying to make arrangements to sell the property, a heavy task, I fear; writing for the Observer, from which writing is to come the rest for McLean; N.B. if Cronk had not broken into the house last winter there is no telling where we should have found the first fifty dollars of our rent, which Cronk's brother paid to Father by way of damages, In all this business, & more, of course offices & references are not seen to; no telling how things will be, or where we shall be, if we live. We cannot go surely without some provision ascertained for our board. Meanwhile, I make myself pretty quiet, only I am or have been worrying about my new thread which I am afraid wants knotting. Also want of wood, & Father has no time this week nor for the first half of next, to get us any; we must depend upon Sam; & suppose there

came a snow? Tonight, & today, burning willow wood that will not burn. Anna wanting spirit, & I -- I do n't know what I would do but for writing, & yet even that doth not much rejoice me. I hope it will be better when I get at it.

F. C. obliged to return to England -- asks A. to return with him -- she cannot -- then he will leave his mother to look after her, & return as soon as possible -- thanks for his kindness -- it is not that at all, only selfishness, taking care of his own.

Mrs. C. recalled also -- nobody for A. to stay here. with -- goes along -- the house -- the garden -- the plot of monthly roses -- her somber reflections on the danger of wealth -- C survient -- does not cede her the least thanks, as she may expect, for her procedure for he knows she would never have done it but perforce; but he will thank her after she has answered one or two questions -- what, & c. the summerhouse -- laughing query whether she feels at rest now? return to the roses & subject of A.'s thoughts resumed and disposed of.

X A's rose bud in her hand -- feels herself gently encircled by two arms which lifted her up -- & A. felt then that she was at home.

In the car -- the cloak -- her demurring -- the light touch of peremptoriness in the "stand up -- stand up," which made A color as she obeyed -- the subsequent gentle assurance that she should have her way in everything but where she herself was concerned -- ~~Analogy~~ of the comfort of the fur

cloak mixed with another feeling of which it was an emblem

--

H. A. questioned about the reading by the Dr. -- lap dogs, & A's quiet adherence to her own opinion of them in spite of what "all the ladies in the land" might do -- the old Dr.'s comic fierce "I wish you was my daughter!" & remark to the others, "if A. ever takes the wrong bit in her mouth you'll be puzzled to hold her. What stuff will you make your reins of?"

F. Mrs. Bolton's giving C. the verses, & her remarks & his feeling of the care & cherishing A's short hour.

Nov. 19.

Father going down this morning -- the watch ran down in the night so we had to rise very early lest we should be belated.¹⁴⁴ It was very early, I had some time to myself before breakfast, in the dark, then the pleasant, pleasant, candlelight meal, in our little sitting-room; & plenty of time afterwards for me to do up my butternuts for Mrs. Putnam & for Anna to write to another Mrs. Putnam, Fanny, & choose out the cards for her; almost all this before we blew the candles out. Why was it so pleasant, all this early candlelight-doing? It is stirring, it promises a long day, it is cosy, the servants are not up, it is cheerful, for it wants the associations that cluster about the daylight & the evening hours; it is a new time, -- fresh and unspoiled, it is additional time, redeemed from sleep & nothingness; the sun is not up saying

¹⁴⁴ The Hudson River Railroad to New York opened in 1847, and was extended to Cold Spring by 1848.

"Work!" but the long shadows from the setting moon lie yet on the lawn saying, "It is not time yet, -- what you do now is clear gain!" Sweet early rising by moonlight! after one is up and dressed.

Yesterday afternoon came a notice from Mclean to quit the premises immediately, according to the terms of the bond, because the quarter's rent is not paid within the ten days after it became due. Happily, Father was not in N.Y. so he walked to McLean's by moonlight (which Anna was afraid to have him do) & told him how he had been disappointed. So McLean for very shame could do no more. Aunt F. was excited & worried; A. & S. pretty quiet. While Father was gone Aunty was saying something about suspense -- "if we were only rid of suspense." "But do n't you think," said A. submissively, "we ought to get accustomed to suspense?" They thought Father was away, & very likely meant to carry their threat out.

Nov. 22.

Have finished today my first chapter, I wonder how it will work out. Our Penny Cyclopaedia we have got this week, but my book is not out nor have I learned the fate of my prize essay. Not too much at once; but if I do not get said \$50 prize, I do not know when A. & S., to say nothing of Aunt Fanny, are to get winter hats and cloaks, & c. & c. We do not know yet either in the least where we shall, if we live, spend the winter. But I thank God for such pleasant work, & mean to work, as we enjoy. If we only have his blessing on our work, it will do.

F The first evening of A's seeing Mr. C. not seen by him
-- her meditations about him mingled with her forced answers

& remarks to some gossip about Stewart's store, & Stuart's, & c.

Meeting C. in the library -- talk, pictures -- A's unconscious look of inquiry whether he was strayed from his old moral and religious self -- his perfectly conscious answering look -- her being conscious at first, only of that, not at all of what the answer was -- afterward recollecting.

Nov. 25.

We cannot go to West Point this winter -- no place for us. So it lies between N.Y. and here. Father says New York; but he is not in business yet, & we cannot go till he is, & nothing is yet done about rooms. So there we are. Mrs. Sprole does not seem sorry for our disappointment on the other side, but was holding forth to Aunt Fanny at a great how we can be very comfortable here -- make a kitchen upstairs, & keep church at home -- many thanks to her! I am writing, writing; have no idea of how much worth.

H Talk about the book, A. had not seen & why (to Marion) -- why she wore two old pairs of gloves one over the other to garden in -- rest of expenses to and for eggs -- A's sleeping in the parlour evenings -- patching shoes -- picking peas before breakfast -- not affording raisins for a plum pudding -- want of eggs to make cake -- H's want of a hat -- Aunt Miriam's chicken, A's bringing it home, eating the toast and little else -- Cows missing ^{Aunty} afraid of mischief. Mir. If we should be driven down from ^{our} coffee & tea to tea with no milk in it! -- A. Wouldn't! We'd beat up an egg & put it in the coffee! Mir. We couldn't afford it. A. Could! cheaper than to keep the cows! -- soft soap,

saving beeswax -- out of candles --looking for pitch-pine to read by -- home-made candles -- A's coffee dinner the day the servants went -- Mr. Rossitur satisfied -- his wife watching sorrowfully A.'s flushed cheek -- A's want of appetite & heart -- Hugh at the sawmill, & his Bible -- his telling A it rested him, & why -- her sad feeling, pressing her hands to her heart as she went down the hill -- obliged to sit down at the bridge & think & pray before she could go home with the right face for Mrs. R. 145

Nov. 30. Saturday.

State of affairs. Two sticks of wood left, and two fires to keep up besides Father's -- tomorrow the first of Dec. & a great gouge in the axe, rendering it difficult to cut with it at all -- less than 2 lb brown sugar in the house -- d. white -- one whole sperm candle left, & a small quantity of tallow -- no oil that will burn. Father saying he had no earthly business to take him to town this week but to get us rooms -- then two days without looking at a place; -- proposing the evening before he went down to stay a day longer here for the purpose of attending to the thatching of the ice-house & the selling of the cow -- two days since he returned, and neither matter seen to. Shirts wanting, & no cotton -- cloaks & bonnets wanting, & no money.

F The Bible old authority for english -- Christmass evening. A. disappointed of some dinner at Mrs.

145 Warner used this material in Chapter Twenty-seven of Queechy, with some modification.

Little's, feeling sad, sitting at the window & watching people who did not feel sad -- little girls with clean pantalettes -- ladies with dressed heads driving by in carriages -- old man going home with penny trumpets and wheelbarrows -- man with a turkey under his arm -- bright fire, & muslin curtains drawn, in an opposite parlour not used before that winter, & lights in the bedroom above a new piano going in at a neighboring door --

The morning at the well -- talk between A. & Barby about hominy & cold potatoes, & fat to fry them in.

Hugh -- Is that your friend Mr. C.? F. I suppose so. -- Fleda he has come after you. -- F. Probably. (laughing)

Dec. 7. Saturday even.

Father brought home word that I have gained the prize for the patriotism essay. One of my first thoughts was the wish that there was somebody to tell it to. He has been too busy to go to Putnam's, so do n't know if my book is out yet. Not too many things at once. Has been rainy and sleety weather this two or three days, & poor little Sam out getting wood ever so long to-day. How to stay here or how to go to N.Y. both seem a little inexplicable. No rooms seen yet, that I have heard of -- no references actually taken. One may as well sing Vogue la galere.

Dec. 8. Sunday.

It cleared off, but a strong wind accompanied with thick wind -- clouds that brought little flurries of snow, forbade our crossing the river. The prospect of our having to stay here probably this winter & this beginning of a winter's Sundays-at-home, made me

feel rather gloomy. Father obliged to go to N.Y. tomorrow, & great want of wood; & what if a deep snow came! He went out today & got some & remarked he was afraid we would suffer before he could come back from the city.

Dec. 9.

Sky threatening snow, we went out, every one of us, Sam & Emmeline & all, up on the South Crag, & there drew bunches of dry stuff & pitched them over the rock where Sam could get them at his leisure; -- light firewood, but better than nothing. Got a fine exercise & walked afterwards. Our late dinner was just ready, coffee at the fire, a dish of liver covered up, hot graham cakes, celery, on the table, when Mr. Sprole knocked on the outer door. I looked through the window & saw it was he. None of us were dressed. Aunty in a fit of distraction, trying to get out, with no reason in the world knocked over first my desk & then Anna's chair, & then succeeded in making her escape. I went too to dress. Anna picked up desk & chair & let him in. I dressed & came down; but the whole affair had an air of sadness.

Dec. 10.

A. & I went out -- & gathered dry branches again, or do n't know what we should have done. Writing away, she and I, hard.

Dec. 11.

Father came home without my book -- was to have come from the book binder's today, but had not. Mrs. Codwise has been dwelling for two days on the proposal that we should occupy their cottage on Staten Island for the winter! There is good society there, she says! Does she think we have grown Polar bears, in our poverty? Father saw the Bruens, & at least Mrs. B & Mary --the latter went off to help Fanny, who was dressing, & Mrs. B. talked

him to death upon her own affairs -- would not give him a chance to talk of that or anything else. Nobody seems anxious to know whether we are coming to town, except dear Mrs. Murray. Those people! Anna says one can understand how Sodom might have been spared if there had been 10 righteous men in it. Out pulling branches today in the snow -- A & Sam & I.

Dec. 15.

Snowing in the morning ^{by turns} so that we feared we might not be able to go to church, but quiet & pleasant -- concluded to venture -- A & Father & I -- the rather depressing effect of going over there, walking through the people, through such a heyday of life, as A. says, & yet not touching it. We go in & come out, & the effect rather is that we have nothing to do with the world. Every human tie, out of our quartette, is so broken off and fastened off, as A. said. Five years ago, & we were hardly left at home two or three evenings in a month (with the Church evenings), & now nobody almost is anything to us.

Dec. 17.

Expected my book by Father. In the afternoon got nicely washed & dressed a little before it was time for him to be home. The pleasant moments of waiting for something pleasant, when one's business is put away or done up & one sits down to be quiet. But the engine was out of order this evening and he was late after all. He brought my books! All of us were charmed with the beautiful style in which they are brought out. One lovely red-edged copy I gave to Anna for a Christmas present. She said she had seen nothing in a long while that had so reminded her of old Christmans times as the look of those red edges.

Dec. 22.

Sunday. Perfectly quiet weather, chilly & looking snow-fashion. We went to church. But somehow it was not enlivening. Didn't have a very good sermon, that would have been enlivening. I was in a rather nice mood as to letting the world wag & not minding things, & so I went -- & so I came back, & yet whether we talked ourselves into it or however it was, somehow the infection reached me after all. We were at the house, but there was nothing to remember with particular pleasure after we came away. Our spirit-thermometers, Anna's & mine, would both seem to indicate a fall of temperature these two Sundays. I know not why, & yet how can people be much to each other that never meet? Is it human nature? Mr. S. has not been here since I came home except on that day when he wanted to send to Father to bring up Rebecca. He was on the dock, he says, a few weeks ago, thinking to come over, but the ferry-boat being ten or fifteen minutes off he would not wait. Yesterday perfectly calm & pleasant & very likely the last Sunday before the river's closing that would be so, & yet he came not. Mrs. Sprole asked us to come there Christmas day, telling Aunty also that she gave all her servants leave to go away. N.B. We do not want to go, nor mean to. Mr. S. said as we were coming away he would not ask us till he knew whether he would have a turkey to give us. Charlotte Livingstone is to come up to them the next

+ F. You are not offended with me Elfie? he said softly as he sat down & he bent over her to arrange the cloak well about her
Offended! Answered by a look ---

The arm which was passed round her to manage the disposal of her mufflings, for a second held her, not the cloak, while he whispered, Everything is yours -- except yourself.

time Mr. S. goes down. And Father stopping by the post office got a note from Mrs. Codwise really extraordinary for how little there was in it. As Anna said, it meant just this: "My conscience is uneasy; please to be humbugged." (See No. 1)¹⁴⁶ Well, I took it all pretty quietly, & yet after I got home I felt cold, & continued in a kind of cold fit most of the day. A dismal kind of feeling -- when what should be ^{the} warm moving currents of feeling seem to stand still at their sources; tears enough to wet my eyes, not to run over. O world! What a strange world it is! Anna mooted the question, whether we are easing off over her, as we did from Dr. Skinner, preparatory to a separation. This is a poor state of feeling -- & with all the delightful & most uncommon good things that fill our lot! But somehow sometimes it is like the beauty of a winter landscape -- cold & calm -- calm because there are no leaves to flutter & no birds to sing.

Dec. 23.

Warm rain & thaw last night & this morning -- rain changed to snow, & about 12 o'clock it grew a magnificent storm. We were in the little kitchen taking an early dinner to let Father go down to the city, & we watched it out of the window. The wind rose &

¹⁴⁶ Susan's parenthetical comment is mysterious. However, the first page of the notebook, written several years earlier, is an assortment of passages from the Bible on the subject of original sin.

blew high -- the cedar branches shook & tossed -- the rain had made the snow stick to them in spite of it, & the snow fell fast & thick & drove with the wind all sorts of ways. It grew cold suddenly; the pane of glass though which we were looking were dimmed in a moment. Father could not go. A falling down of the bank this side of the tunnel stopped the cars this morning and though the Armoria came up it would have been folly to go aboard her in such weather. Later in the day the snow ceased, the wind continuing & whirling it about beautifully, & the cold increasing very much.

Cows in the weather & no proper plan arranged for them. Father has been at home several days & A has spoken of it again & again, yet even this afternoon he was doing Aunt F.'s shelves & leaving the cows till evening. And then he could not get the calf pen ready for them tonight -- hay & cornstalks & iron rolling & I know not what then; -- could not put both the cows in the same place because the white one would kill the red one -- could 'nt put one in the grasshouse because she would break her neck in some deep place -- could n't in the greenhouse because there was the wood -- Father and Sam had to drive them over to the barn for the night, & if Father goes down in the morning to N.Y. they may shift as well as Sam can make them.

Anna wants titvation. Alas! -- But we are both looking well.

Dec. 30.

A lovely winter day -- a fresh new snow fallen to the depth of four inches -- Anna & I wanting exercise went out & shovelled it from a long piece of the path. The sky an intense blue, even in the south, & down to the horizon -- a little flake of a cloud

upon it -- the snow most exquisite -- very light & dry, in the early morning, sparkling as if set with millions of diamond; & the long shadows of tree & hill very blue, almost prussian blue; the ice piled up at the boat-house, & now & then the floating ice carried about by the tide making a pleasant crackling sound. We had a fine exercise -- spirited young ladies -- doing what others would not do, either from want of energy, or fear of compromising themselves. Tambouring a collar for Emmeline & one for her mother.

Dec. 31.

Didn't go out. Anna had cake to make. I made bread for Aunt Fanny & then went to tambouring. Father came at midday --brought a quantity of things for us from Mrs. Codwise -- a fine turkey, 3 coconut & mince pies, a card of iced sponge-cake -- cakes and cookies, McCheyne for me, & Rutherford¹⁴⁷ to stay a while. Dear Anna had charged Father to get McC. for me on her account -- & she had meant to please herself with surprizing me, putting it on my chair to-morrow morning for me to find there when I came down. I would have been much gladder of all these good things if I had been sure of the motive that sent them -- doubting it to be for easing of her conscience; & lacking the principle of kindness to move my gratitude I did not feel very bright, & could, I think, have cried if I had been alone. Am I growing misanthropic? Much interested & pleased with the notices of The Wide, Wide World that Father brought home -- wish I could feel

¹⁴⁷ The Works of Robert Murray McCheyne (1813-1843) were published in 1848-1849; his Sermons were published in 1848. "Rutherford" might be the theological writings of Samuel Rutherford (1600-1661) but perhaps more likely a biography of him or his Religious Letters, which were published in 1836.

sure of securing proportionally as well in my next. Also my Prize Essay came home, but Father did not get the money for it -- next week. So he did not get the desk I wanted for Annie. I felt happily among all these things, or thought I did, that Christ was the very pillar of my hope & happiness. Prayer very happy tonight.

Jan. 1.

-- It was a pretty thing, the reading of the notices of my work that Father had brought home, -- from the Eveng Post, Boston Chronotype, Commercial, & Library World. see pp. 6,7.148 The three first, which Father had copied out, were already read -- there was some delay about cutting the leaves of the other -- I had gone upstairs, & I heard such a shout! -- & coming down Anna opened the door to tell me they had given me a column & a half! & an extract!! -- It must not be read till Aunty came, who also had left the room, & Father's manifest eagerness to get & keep hold of it was such that A. relinquished the pleasure to him. Aunty & Anna so interested, excited, & I too, though taking it outwardly, perhaps, more quietly. But I lay awake & thought about it after I went to bed. Thank God for every promise of success & encouragement; & oh! for the spirit to thank him should both fail! Today quiet & pretty happy, because my mind was so, working a good part of the day at Mrs. Miller's collar, which at last finished. Cadets skating at a great rate between Gee's

¹⁴⁸ This note seems to have been added at some later date. In the scrapbook of reviews (pasted in the back of the same notebook as this journal) some later-dated reviews precede those mentioned here.

point & the railroad, even till some time after sundown.¹⁴⁹
Anna thinks it is mean in the Sproles that they have not had us over there. Nobody near us today, except the people coming & going to & from West Point; there is a large air-hole between that & this, & consequent constant crossing. We have done little to celebrate the day, beyond giving the neckerchief & a plate of cake to our neighbors, & for ourselves, eating Mrs. Codwise's pies & cakes, & drinking coffee, & as we do this last every day, it is nothing striking. But I am so quiet, or so something else, that New Year & Christmas do not even make me feel melancholy.

Jan. 6. 1851.

Father at home ever since the day before New Year -- fine weather, & not a stick of wood cut. Mr. Miller having said that he & Sam could take care of the wood Father seems disposed to let him do so; although he has to go out by night & provide wood for his own family. Still for the kitchen he & Sam may manage, but this room Mr. Miller cannot cut trees for, & what we are to do remains to be seen. Father seems to have given it up entirely. Also he did not last week prepare a shelter for the cows, & we had very cold weather -- Saturday night he said to Aunt Fanny Ugh! -- It makes me shiver to think of those poor cows! That was a severe, windy night -- next morning the red cow was dead. She had been ailing, & Aunty would have sold her for beef long ago; it was talked of & there left. I do n't know that she froze. Father said yes, Mr. Miller said no, that a cow so fat could not; but at any rate being not well the exposure may have been too

¹⁴⁹ i.e. The southern bend of the S-curve in the Hudson River.

much for her. Father staying up this morning to see McCabe about filling the ice-house. It worries us, we are so near being in want; we should have been suffering long ago but for Anna's earnings. And now we are almost out of both kinds of sugar & of candles, & have not enough money to get more, unless perhaps a pound of candles -- we shall be out before Father gets home from N.Y.

Last evening after supper Anna & I wrapped up & went out in the snow taking several turns down to the dock & up the carriage road. The hills looked exactly as if they had put on mourning -- nothing but white & black (it was after sundown) a crape-like dressing of black tree-stems upon the snowy face of the rough ~~fountains~~ ground, while on every slope & edge of the mountains the folds of the crape lay sombre enough. Curious effect --precisely as I have described it. I remarked that it was better going out in the morning now -- the sun is quite desirable to cheer up the landscape -- it was very cold & lonely & wilderness-looking. Wonder what our dear friends on the other side think of us, & how if we were there & the three Bruens here, what energetic efforts we should make to draw them sometimes into a region of light & merry-making. Not that we are dismal -- I am not -- but other people would be; & we are cold. Stood & heard the jingling sleigh bells of the West Pointers coming home from the Cruciform -- being the first Sunday in the month they were late. Stood then in the bathing-house walk & viewed, with odd moralizing reflections, the bare old house where we live. How exactly like as -- Anna was saying -- exactly like a house where poor people live. From that point of view especially -- the discolored stone end of the house, & bare front, looking as if it was not troubled

with attentions, & with a kind of uncompromising, cut loose from the world air -- it is just like us. Not ragged yet, not out of repair, though in want of paint; the very little garret window was tight in its place. But the beautiful elm at the corner, with its fine display of branches & their exquisite fringing of tiny stems & sprays, was a little out of keeping, seemed as if it might claim better company. The old forlorn willow, naked & dispoiled of two of its great branches, & hanging its head now habitually on one side, was quite at home indeed. I am not exactly enlivened. I am very unreasonable & ungrateful not. I am content & happy.

Jan. 7.

Shall I ever forget the pleasure of this evening? I had been walking up & down the path, alone, in the afternoon -- Anna could not go out -- then I came in & ironed two shirts -- then we had our nice little late dinner of toast & cold turkey & hot coffee. Then came the eving & we wrote. But we were out of lights -- not enough money to buy any unless tallow, & I didn't choose that. Aunty & I stinted in white sugar for our tea, & the brown all out. Father had but two cents more than enough to go upon! no oil -- no candles -- only one or part of one sperm, & we dared not burn that out. So when it was four or five inches long we blew it out, & sat down to titivate. We had concluded to give each other samples of our works -- & resolved to exchange chapters this very evening -- so Aunt F. put some lard in a saucer & a strip of cotton rag sticking up at one edge for a wick, & by this precious light we read, she my first, I her first & fifth, with oh how great pleasure. Then I must needs read hers to Aunt Fanny, so that pleasure was had over again, Aunt Fanny sitting before the stove

holding the saucer & coaxing the wick to behave right, which it wouldn't do, but flared up & sulked & went down & died outright, & being relighted went on in the same fashion. But I read when it burned, & stopped when it was freaky, & enjoyed it all very much. We mutually approved each other. Oh what good pleasure it was.

Jan. 11.

Saturday. Father has been in town ever since Tuesday -- came home to night. I being in a writing-fit had lighted a candle as soon as it was dark to finish the passage I was upon. Anna had a headache. We thought he had not come by the first train; he was so laden with what he had to carry that he was forced to stop, forty times, he said, on the way from Cold Spring. N.B. We had been out of lights & sparing of our last bowl of sugar this week. He brought a welcome reinforcement in various kinds -- tea, sugar, wine (for Anna), & oil -- a book lent from Fanny Bruen & notices of my work from Mr. Putnam. He is in good spirits about it Father says, & things look favorable. I thank God. I could have had no pleasanter news tonight than this, but I had not counted upon it. May I answer the goodness heaped upon me in some measure as I ought. Mrs. Sigourney, who is the lady that offered the prize has written on that she wishes to know me -- I humbly beg leave to decline & keep my incognito. Father thought he saw the book lying on the Bruen's table. And there stands opposite to me a great cannister of tea, looking comfortable; & Father & Aunty are busied with papers & c. & poor Anna having drunk a little wine is I hope sleeping away her headache; & I on account of said headache have not opened my notices yet.

(written afterwards) At last I got through with writing journal & notes, & then though A was still sleeping I must open my package. Father had told me that Mr. Putnam had had some of the W.W.W. bound up in one vol. & had put up a copy for me along with the notices. I supposed it was an inferior & cheaper way of doing it up. What was my astonished delight, after untying the knot of the cord with the patience of pleasure, to find a most elegant volume, gilt most ornamentally on the sides & back & with gilt edges! My exclamation roused Anna, & then we had the notices. Father read them, once or twice his voice almost choked off by the strength of what it was uttering. (See pp 2, 3, 4, 5 of insertions.) Well, I had an immense amount of pleasure. And poor Anna on the luxury had too, making her head worse I suppose all the while, for worse it grew afterward. And the vases, imitative of Etruscan, which F. Bruen had sent up were unwrapped & set on the Franklin & admired. In the package with my book & the notices, was a copy of "Fadette", & along with it also the first no. of Mrs. Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's heroines*.¹⁵⁰ We had wonderful pleasure. After Father went to bed, Anna's head was so bad that she could not. She reclined on the luxury & dozed till it grew easier, while Aunty & I sat over the fire & kept it alive, till Sunday came. It was about one o'clock when I went to bed. The notices were in my head all night. They kept out tolerably Sunday, which was a very good day,; but Sunday night I think I did not sleep well again for sheer excitement. Resolved to keep my new beautiful copy for

¹⁵⁰ Mary Cowden Clarke, 1809-1898. The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines, 1850.

myself, & to send my other blue two vol. one to Fanny Putnam, which did, with a copy of Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard this morning, tuesday, Jan. 14th., by Father.

Jan. 16.

Mild hazy weather, & has been so for several days. This one like October in its coloring -- a thick haze, & the warm sun-light shining through it upon the patches of snow that are left; sky not like winter at all. A. & S. in the woods -- A hacking bits of pitch-pine out of pine-stumps -- I drawing branches to chop; getting them from under an old pine tree, where the very soil was made from the fallen reddish brown leaves, a thick, soft carpet of which covered the ground, & though it the *Chimaphila maculata*¹⁵¹ springing all around. I did not know there were so many left on the island. I suppose they require such a very sheltered warm spot. Very pleasant weaving too; seeing pleasant things through the branches & the light & the snow & the pine woods. Mem. Did not recover from the effects of saturday night in several days.

Jan. 17.

Ice broken up a good deal, & crossing in boats.

Jan. 25.

Mrs. Codwise spoke to Father about the W.W.W. -- asked if he had seen it? Father said he had seen some notices of it in the papers -- she said they were reading it aloud & some young lady staying there would not give them rest about it -- there was a scene in a steamboat which said young lady recognised as like what she had experienced herself! -- knowlege of the world, & c.

¹⁵¹ Spotted wintergreen.

Afterwards, wishing to ask if Father had seen a Mr. Blunt with whom he had business, she said, have you seen Mr. Van Brunt? -- Why, said Father, you are turning a Yankee into a Dutchman.¹⁵² I was inclined to think she must by some means have possession of my secret.

Feb. 1.

Sam brought the papers to the window while we sat at dinner, & turning them over Anna found a second notice of The W.W.W. in the Home Journal. Made my dinner go off very well. Father brought word at night that the edition, of 750 copies, is almost sold. Six weeks today since published. Reading tonight part of a chapter of Anna's, the ironing & the talk with Miss Easy & Mr. Ellis. Very much pleased, & aunt F. the same; & then I think I do n't know what about mine -- c'est a dire, the present work.

Feb. 8.

I think it was this day (for I write weeks after) that Father brought me a very great budget of praise indeed from the Murrays -- Mr. Murray & all -- him especially. Miss Ogden had been remarkably interested in The W.W.W. very much engrossed with it, & Mr. M. had seen nothing of the kind in a long time that had pleased him so much. Father detailed a great deal. I longed, I longed, when I had heard of it, that my talents might all be thoroughly sanctified. The next day, Sunday, in the afternoon, A. had been copying off some hymns from Emmeline's book, & left them with me to look over. I had not read two verses of "We would see Jesus" when I thought of Anna, & merely casting my eye down the others so delighted & touched me that I left it for

¹⁵² Mr. Van Brunt was a character in The Wide, Wide World.

tears and petitions. I wished Anna might prove the author -- & after I found she was I sat for a little while with my head against her crying such delicious tears. It seemed to me as if other people find pleasure on the earth & as if Anna & I go skiing through the air to get it--more refined & pure. Thank God for this.

Feb. 15.

Father came home with no particular news & I felt rather down.

Feb. 22.

The edition is all sold out & Mr. Putnam is talking of another. Nine weeks since published; & sold with great liking. He has had repeated orders for more copies from Boston & Providence; & several people have written to know my name -- Mrs. Sigourney among them.

March 1.

My secret is out. Mrs. Bruen spoke of The W.W.W. so as to shew that she knew it; & going to Mrs. Wilkes's she broke out the first thing about it, No book in her neighborhood has made such a stir in a long time. Miss Few trying to read it aloud broke down entirely. That pleases me. Being out of print nearly it has been selling in the upper part of the city for 20s. & a bookseller let somebody as a favor have a copy for 18s. He said he had not had a book in I do n't know how long that had sold so well. I thank God for it all, & pray for my entire sanctification to his glory. A letter from Fanny Putnam, bearing the seal an owl with the motto keep dark & I'll written over it.

March 3.

Father not going till mid-day I read him Chaps. 5, 6, & 7 of Anna's book. I do not know when I ever saw him laugh so, beyond

bounds, as repeatedly in the cattle chapter. I had a very great pleasure indeed. He admired & approved exceedingly. I think he must have gone away with a sweet morsel under his tongue.

Mar. 4.

A letter from Mrs. Sigourney asking if I had received the premium for my essay. So delighted with A's book that it overshadows mine, for the present at least.

March 8.

Father brought us a quantity of paper & envelopes, 400 of the latter, 3 boxes of notepaper, & a 1/2 ream letter paper, got at the auction store for \$2....& a letter to Mr. Putnam from Prof. Gammell (see p.8 of notes) How wonderful it is. May God give me his smile -- I want that most.

July 30.

Poor journal too long neglected -- writing, & copying & other things have hindered. One gets tired, & then how write journal? But I have had a world of things I might have written -- praises from every quarter, & multitudinous. I finish the draught of Queechy I think the 13th June; & began to copy a few days afterwards. I am now only in the 9th chap. Slow work -- do n't get done one sheet of draught on average per day. I love to copy, but the whole thing has been far from interesting me like the W.W.W. I work hard at my corrections, as I did very hard at the original draught. The W's were easier work. Aunt N. and the twins left us yesterday, after a three weeks' visit -- Father is gone to N.Y. today, & we are our old trio. We feel it. A. droops, I cannot get spirit or interest to go on copying. I feel it, & oh were it not for a something above the world, that changes not with it, what would life be!

Au. 2.

Writing, writing, today, & no exercise -- that is, no row, because Mrs. Sandford came down just as we were going to get ready. I feel the want of it, I suppose, for I feel down -- down down. Copying -- finished the 9th & began the 10th -- A letter from Harriet Schuyler day before yesterday -- mighty kind & handsome -- I want or would like to ask her here, but I am grown shy of making advances. And with so many pleasures, how cloudy life has grown -- how empty. Nay, fame was never a woman's paradise yet.

Monday. Aug. 4.

Father came home from Newburgh out of spirits -- he is obliged to find two more sureties to guarantee the payment of interest accruing on this property debt, after July; in case the suit going against him the sale of this property should not prove adequate thereto; -- this in order to a re-hearing of some point in October which failed of being heard a few days ago, when Father was studying his brief in the station-house & went off to the cars in a hurry leaving his bag of papers behind him. Thence a default -- thence this new piece of oppression -- thence trouble; for to whom apply? The Murrays already bound in the same behalf, -- ask them again? or others? Copied 3 pages.

Aug. 5.

A Newark paper sent me by Mr. Putnam, with such a notice of The W.W.W.! -- above anything I have seen yet.¹⁵³ Very grateful

¹⁵³ The Newark Daily Advertiser's reviewer, "Proteus," wrote that "its extreme beauty of thought, design and execution can only be properly appreciated by the developed intellect of the adult," and "our idea of perfection is truly elevated by the perusal of this work."

indeed -- & I -- what shall I say? My Lord & My God, sanctify me entirely to thy glory. My face is in the dust, & I say, if I have done iniquity, I will do no more. Copied out next 4 pages.

Aug. 25.

Long Branch. A long break in copying & everything else but sewing, to enable us to get here. Came day before yesterday, Saturday. A fair journey down in the cars, without Father & with Fanny & Ellen;¹⁵⁴ then a hurried walk about N.Y. streets after sundry things, especially night tapers, most essential to my comfort, which after many trials, at druggist, fancy, hardware & thread & needle stores, found at last at Rushton's, corner Chambers St. Then a fair sail down in the Thos. Hunt, & the curious winding drive over the sandy ground to Howland's, where we are. Father could just see us here & run back, to go at the first opportunity to West Point. We had our dinner, & dressed. To our much disappointment Mrs. Wilkes' friend Mrs. Wharton, to whom we had a letter, is no longer here. After a little time to realize matters I was somewhat inclined to feel strange & lonely -- to wish myself home -- to think that our stay here would not be a long one. Tea made me feel better, & we went rather early to bed. My night taper burned to admiration; the air was sweet & pleasant, after a warm day; & I rested happily. Towards morning got up & looked out of the east window. It was not yet dawn, & there over the dark sea line, about an hour high was the old moon, a fine crescent, with the whole round indicated; & upon the smooth sea was such a reflection of moonlight as I never saw, -- not like that on our south bay, but I suppose from the damp

¹⁵⁴ Fanny and Ellen Frary, cousins.

atmosphere & the spray from the surf, softened to enchantment; & wherever there was light it was a dreamy light. The evening before as it fell late the spray made quite a mist along the shore on either hand, & the sun had set in the low west leaving such a crimson sky! And that unbroken hemisphere of the ocean line! Oh there is a great deal here for the eye. In the morning, a little after the sun was up, the reflection of his light on the water was glorious -- a white band of light stretching quite to the horizon which showed bright against the morning sky in comparison. Spirits restored. Are you not glad we are here, said A., & so I feel. If it only does Annie good. Thank God for her mercies. And all the joy of calling him my Father. My Father, keep me!

Ap. 23. 1852.

At Miss Cadle's. Here one week this morning before breakfast. Queechy lies here on the bed -- six copies, sent up to me yesterday. It is published to-morrow. Five thousand, Mr. P. told me yesterday, are in boxes, to be sent or already I suppose sent off, to orders. A greater start than any book ever out of his store. But he does not seem over sanguine; neither am I. He has not finished it, but rather seems to incline to the opinion that it is not so interesting as W.W.W. Minnie of whose judgment he thinks a great deal, decides that it is 'interesting' -- but not so absorbing as the former. I am not sure of anything -- except that I do not deserve it should succeed -- I am very sure of that! And of one thing more, that whether his child be at the moment pleased or no, my Father will do what is good for me. It is enough. And yet if I am disappointed I shall feel it, I know. I thought on looking at Q. a few days ago that it was decidedly

better than its predecessor -- it may be too much better perhaps.
As He will.

S's evident change -- his looking grave & thoughtful -
-& then turning to her with a curious sparkle of fun on the
background of thought & feeling, telling her that he wants a
wife & if she will take the situation he will make it as
easy a one as he can. "What an extraordinary request &
provision!" said S. laughing but with another manner of
answer in her cheeks, "What do you say, S.?" he said with a
change of tone. ~~taking her hand~~ "I can't say anything, I'm
--, -- ~~except~~ only --" she went on stammering, -- "that I
wish I was more worthy of it." 155

June 5.

The Island. Home these two weeks. Very busy sewing, & trying to
get hold of a thread again. Father has received the amount of
his claim upon Mr. Frazer, & last week went & ordered home a
stock of groceries, what has not been done in many a day, & has
written to Mr. Roosevelt about our tea-set to have it back now
immediately. How glad we were, of both. Father brought too the
water kettle I had wanted & thought I could not afford. He laid
in a supply of sugars -- 1/2 bbl. of white, & quantities of brown
& fine powdered white -- coffee, rice, hominy, raisins, spices,
macaroni, salt, hams, smoked beef, & I know not what beside -- to
the tune of thirty six dollars -- so we feel quite rich -- & I

¹⁵⁵ This "weaving" and the next seem to have been intended
for a novel or story that was not published in book form.

hope somewhat thankful. To-day A. has received a letter from Mr. Hart enclosing two notices of D. & C. I tell her not to quote me any more, that I am, as Barnum said, nowhere -- & she asks me funnily "if I am not contented with being 'a perpetual well-spring of the most tender pathos'?"

(Heaven) "Father, I think there must be something very bad about me."

"What is it, my little pappoose?"

"Why -- but please, father, do n't talk jokingly with me -- I am serious."

"I am serious, my child." --

But the father's head was bent down & his cheek softly brushed the soft cheek of the little pleader; -- it is not likely he felt very serious.

B.T. "You see", always came from the mouth of Lel with a certain confident assurance -- the head a little on one side & the eyes half closed in a sort of lazy complacency in his own position; the old philosopher doubts, where the young one shakes his sagicious head in triumph.

Sep. 16, 1852.

After sundry days of hunting through old letters & trying to get ready, began to write, actually. Beat my brains hard & worked through over half a page.¹⁵⁶ Went to Fort Putnam with the little Putnams.

¹⁵⁶ Susan is referring to The Hills of the Shatemuc or "The Graduate of Wut-a-put-o" as she refers to it in the journal.

Sep. 17.

Deserted my yesterday's sheet -- wrote of the substance of what I there wrote, upon a new one, & near finished out two pages. Went to tea at Mrs. Sprole's, with the infant Putnams.

Sep. 18.

Lost the day & wrote nothing. Fire down stairs & Father in the room & I know not what, (for I am writing a while afterward.)

Monday, Sep. 20.

Minnie & Henry being invited to spend the day with our juvenile guests, their mamma invited herself to spend the same with ourselves; consequently the statement runs thus -- & Mrs. Sprole -- a day.

Tuesday.

Got on three pages, the limit I had fixed for myself.

Wednesday.

do do do. Made up my mind that three pages a day is not getting along sufficiently fast, & that I must write my old four -- or rather, not my old four, which was sometimes five, & six, alternating with less than four; but a regular sheet's worth.

Thursday.

Wrote four. Ending the first chap. with no very definite idea what the next was to be.

Friday.

Just got to work, when a horrid man came from Phila. & ~~kept on~~ to negotiate with me on behalf of the Sat. Evng Post & staid enormously -- till toward 11 o'clock. Nevertheless wrote my task, about.

Saturday.

Wrote my four pages by half past one, have written a letter to Harriet Schuyler besides, Thursday & to-day.

Monday Sep. 27.

Four pages.

Tuesday.

Four pages.

Wednesday Sep. 29.

Finished that chap. & began Chap. 4. Wrote in all near three pages, with dreadfully hard work. Very tired I suppose. Father came in the afternoon from N.Y. & brought a letter from Sampson Low Jr. in N.Y. desiring to see me -- one brought by him (Mr. Low) from Engl. from Chas. B. Taylor, an author, but really I am not quite certain of what; a very handsome & kind letter; -- a note from a Southern gentleman enclosing a notice of Queechy written for the next Southern Literary Messenger, & desiring my acknowledgement of the receipt of the same! -- a civil way of getting an autograph; -- a basket of peaches from Mr. Putnam & a letter, saying that it is too late to bring out a 'juvenile' by Christmas, but that he would like to print two or three of them for spring publication, & that February would be a good time to begin printing the larger work! Reasonable! Resolved to let the juveniles alone till I get my draught of this done. And besides all these, English copies of Glen Luna¹⁵⁷ & two more of The W.W.W. Glen Luna very beautiful. Excited, rather, with all.

Thursday. Sep. 30.

Not very well I think; in want of exercise, so not in fine writing trim. Wrote slowly & little, before dinner, having begun

¹⁵⁷ The English title of Anna Warner's Dollars and Cents.

late, but the coffee made up three & a half pages. Wrote to Mr. Low asking him to spend a day here. Alas! Took a good row this afternoon.

Friday.

Wrote, with much ado, at least with some ado, almost my four pages. Took a good row, but unable to do almost anything else. Wasted this evening in light reading.

Saturday.

Accomplished but three pages, & those by the hardest. Can that be worth much, which it is so excessively difficult to produce. What do I want? Rest, I think, sometimes; & perhaps spirits -- spirit for my work at least. I am glad now when I get through my task & can come down stairs to my German & music & reading. At least I am where I can get them, but when I go to row in the afternoon it must be done so early that it swallows up nigh all. Went again this afternoon. To write with such labour depresses me. Not finished the fourth ch. yet.

Monday, Oct. 4.

Three pages, not without difficulty -- got too tired to go on, & after dinner was still too tired. So stayed at three.

Tuesday.

About 4 pages. With more ease & pleasure.

Wednesday.

Up late & began to write very late, yet about finished, or nearly, my four pages. Anna is a going again, to my gladness. I do not know at all what work I am making -- but there seems need enough that we should both work, for there is little prospect of much coming in from other sources. We have both been talking a little, privately, about winter arrangements in the city, & it is

not easy to come to perfect conclusions. Only it seemeth to me that we should do ill to stay here, & that we cannot go to any boarding-house whatever.

Thursday.

Four pages. Finished ch. 5.

Friday.

Did not feel very well & began very late, yet did my task. Read German afterwards. Made Bible notes this evening. But I get so tired! Yet I am unwilling & it seems inexpedient to change four for three.

Saturday.

Very flat-spirited in the morning -- dead-spirited -- insomuch that I had little mood to write & actually lost an hour or so for sheer want of life. Felt better when I got going, but after all was not able to finish my task. Ought to have finished my 6th ch. but stopped short of that. A little more than three pages. Very tired this afternoon.

Monday, Oct. 11.

Four pages & finished Saturday's quota. Spent the evening writing three notes. Long getting to sleep.

Tuesday.

A little done over, or not very well. ~~Lay~~ ^{Sat} with my head on the luxury cushion & dozed instead of writing. But mended enough to get through three pages. Writing downstairs to-day. I think I get too tired in my long pull up stairs alone by myself.

Wednesday.

Not very well yet, as appears by my work. Only two pages.

W. talking of the theory of beauty (vide Note Book) -- saying that the perfection of beauty was in those two words -- Jesus Christ. E. putting her head down in some distress. W., after a little, asking her why. "Because I do not understand you! she said bitterly. "This is life eternal" & c. -- A silence, & her bitter asking, Can't you tell me anything more? -- a great many things, said he smiling; & at the end of them all you will know no more than you do now. -- I beg your pardon, (her knowlege of precepts to which she refused compliance -- the promise that whosoever will do his will shall know of his doctrine & c.) When should she begin, & c. W. subsequent taking the first ch. of Matthew & going on, in the way of making discoveries both in it & in herself. 158

Thursday.

Not quite myself, but better. Three pages. Finished chap. 7. Expected Mr. Low, who did not come. Had a good exercise in the woods, cutting & clearing away.

Friday.

Three pages. Then had to go out in the woods. Pulled branches & went about, here & there, till found by Sam who brought the intelligence that a gentleman had been at the house an hour or an hour & a half. Everybody had been out hunting for us. Home I came. We had locked up everything, so that Mrs. Miller had had to let the stranger in by the tea-room door. I was in a calico

¹⁵⁸ This "weaving" was used in Chapter Thirty-five of The Hills of the Shatemuc, in a modified form.

working dress, merino sacque, worsted cap, white handkerchief round my neck, clump shoes & very old kid gloves. So I unlocked the door & came in to receive Mr. Low, & then went off to change my wood trim. Wasn't much pleased with his Englishship. Thought he did not appreciate his privileges, at first especially; & I suppose it might puzzle him to know what to make of us. The rug had been turned upside down, for fear of fire; one desk on the table, another on the luxury; & we, A & I, carrying candles in & out of the tea-room. An under-bred man. But he is willing to engage, nay he did engage, to take, if I would wish it, a vol. from me & pay me for each ed. of 3000 the sum of L 50 -- the books to be sold at half a crown. He promised to take it without seeing it. But I do n't think I'll give it him. Paid me L 20 for that first little ed. of the W.W.W. He only staid to tea.

Saturday.

4 pages & a bit more. A fine walk in the woods.

Monday, Oct. 18.

Got through two pages, by the help of a broken morning. Evening, got hold of something, & wrote pleasantly another page & a half.

Tuesday.

All of one page! Dull -- unable to write. Had to write a note to Mr. Low from whom I received an extraordinary letter, taking for granted my acceptance of his propositions, & saying my work (unwritten & un-agreed-for) should be announced in Eng. for early publication! He sent me Mr. Tayler's "Thankfulness -- which is -- a little thing with not much in it.

Wednesday.

Four pages. But too tired in the evening to do anything. Not with writing so much as with working in the woods these two days, a little too much.

Thursday.

Four pages and a half. Writing a good piece of it in the evening. A piece that I like.

Friday.

Went over the river & returned the Miss Thompsons' call. Wrote near three PP, what I like. Not over well, I think, I mean, myself personally.

R. A loose pin upon the Mosaic of society -- the pattern all made up without him. -- W. Which pin has got your plan?

-- What do you mean? -- Simply that as there cannot be too many pins, ~~leese~~ one out of plan must be such by a derelict of duty. -- What is my plan? -- To do so & so, & serve God in it. -- How possible & c.? -- A man that looks on glass & c.¹⁵⁹

Sat.

Wrote only a few finishing words of Ch. 9 before dinner. After dinner began Ch. 10 -- in the evening took a great start & finished nigh five pages & a half!

Monday Oct. 25.

Two pages -- & a letter to Mr. Tayler of England.

Tuesday.

¹⁵⁹ This "weaving" was used at the end of Chapter Twenty-seven in The Hills of the Shatemuc, with some modifications.

Four pages, & a letter to Mr. Carter. Great working in the woods these days. But German, & music even, go to the wall.

Wednesday.

Wrote none till after dinner. Yet finished four pages. Going out in the woods takes a great deal of time, Anna writing too on her part, & chacune ne sait ce que fait l'autre. Pasting a few texts.

Thursday.

Mending frock & making notes, & it is now a quarter past ten, & we are going out. That is the way the world goes at present.

Friday.

A page & a half. Then Cherry Wilkes & no more.

Saturday.

Writing to Mr. Watson, & sending it & Mr. Carter to be mailed. By the by, Father brought me yesterday a letter, very kind & promising, from Mr. Watson; the second ed. (his first) of W.W.W. is nearly gone & orders given to the printer to prepare for another. An answer from 'Robert Carter & Bros.' accepting my tender of the Bible book.¹⁶⁰ So that is good, & I am very, very glad. If it have but His blessing.

Monday Nov. 1.

More than three & a half pages -- which will do, considering.

Nov. 2.

Not a page. I forget what was the matter. Texts, partly, perhaps.

Wednesday.

Three & a half pages. begin Ch. 11.

¹⁶⁰ The Law and the Testimony.

Thursday.

Three & a half pages.

Friday.

About four, by writing late in the evening. Busy this week with texts.

Saturday.

Two & a half. Little of the texts either. Tired, I believe. Father came home yesterday. He has engaged rooms, for us, three on a floor, with bath-room & kitchen privileges, in East Sixteenth St. Unfurnished, & we to keep ourselves, & for \$100 from now till May.¹⁶¹ Pleased with the prospect. But oh! the business on our hands.

Monday Nov. 8.

Tired, I suppose. Only, not, half a page -- & nothing great in the way of texts. Pleasant letter from Mrs. Prentiss¹⁶² thanking for the jelly & saying she wants to see us dreadfully. Evening, Annie & I exchanged chapters! I did not so much wish to read hers yet, but she would not mine without. Mine much approved. Not so striking, but more promising, they say, than the first ch. of Queechy. Hers I approved too. It does not try to do very much, but that is done strongly & like herself. I put

¹⁶¹ Anna Warner described the "tea-room" they arranged in a closet in their rented rooms in New York: "We hung up our crimson, set coffee-pot and cups on a small table in the closet, with one of our old-fashioned silver candelabra and its three lights; while the other--and the cake basket--took a stand in another crimson corner. I stood by the tea table, making my coffee and tea . . ." She recalled entertaining up to thirty guests on Saturday evenings. (SW 371-2)

¹⁶² Rev. Prentiss succeeded Thomas Skinner as the pastor of the Mercer Street Chapel.

her somewhere between Sterne & Charles Lamb; but there is one very Sterne-ish bit in this chap.

Tuesday.

Got rested, & wrote near five pages, beside doing a quantity of text-work. Well tired at the end. And then a long dispiriting talk which did not help me much; Aunt Fanny being in very low spirits, & none of us seeing where any money is to come from, for the winter or for anything, except from our poor little store which ought to be all laid away. But there will be provision. An enclosure from Mr. Putnam containing cards of invitation to informal lecturing assemblages on Thursday evenings. All of us pleased with this promise.

Wednesday.

Flagging again. A great deal of text work, nevertheless, but only two pages and a half of "The Graduate of Wut-a-gut-o," which Anna has laughingly dubbed my book. No reading to speak of; a word or two of German; hard to do anything but work.

Thursday.

About 4 pp.

Friday.

do. do.

Saturday.

A page and a half. Not very well, so only a little hindered.

Thursday, Nov. 18.

In all this week I only wrote, by snatches or otherwise, a very little; & leaving half a page of that little I have to-day rewritten the rest, making near three pages. This evening a letter from Mr. Watson, begging me to revise W.W.W. to give him an author's edition -- two rival ed. having appeared. And then

the texts, & our extended removal to N.Y. week after next -- so it seems as it poor Wut-a-gut-o must have the go-by, for a little.

Friday.

Have written more. Texts.

Tuesday, March 15. 1853.

And "the go-by" poor Wut-a-gut-o hath had. But one evening have I a little done at it. Now we are in the middle of The Law & the Testimony -- head 9 going through the press, head 10 not at all pasted, head 11 not ready for said operation ; & in head 12 I am but half way through the Bible in a new review and collection of the same. And to-morrow we are engaged to spend the day at Patterson. So just at present there is something of a press! But ahead there is some work done. The juvenile is in the fourth chapter, & my hand cannot get at it. Never was such a winter of business.

The Island, Aug. 27.

Alas! alas! -- what a set of months & days between one entry & the other! How oddly I am just taking my place again where I was then, & where I have not been since then! -- what aches & pains & weariness of heart, & final giving up of the ~~long~~ struggle only even just now. How much long unknown pleasure, marvellous sweet & spicy to taste, how much strange hope & fear, & oh! what aching! what long aching. And now I have come to the mind that God knows best; or perhaps have been brought to it perforce.

The Law & the Testimony is weeks ago out of our hands, & advertised for publication Monday week. We have not seen our copies yet, & have mooted the question whether we shall have the author's half dozen or only one apiece. I am writing Wut-a-gut-o

-- finished Ch. 18 to day -- The first vol. of the juvenile is going through the press, & another, The Christmas Stocking, is afloat in our brains, & even beginning to form itself. Nora¹⁶³ goes charmingly in the Happy Valley, but we have not ridden today, 'cause of hindrances.

"I made a posie while the day ran by," & c. (E) I think Time was in a great hurry about it. I hadn't em in my hand before they withered.

¹⁶³ A Morgan mare purchased in the spring of 1852. Anna Warner described her as "a delightful little brown 'Vermonters,' our very own." (SW 351)

Journal of 1 January--18 April 1863

Although Anna Warner quotes journals kept by Susan between 1858 and 1862, the journals have not survived to the present. The journal of 1863, which is not mentioned in Susan Warner, was begun while the Warner family wintered at the Wildercliffe estate in Rhinebeck, New York as the guests of Mary Garrettson.

Born in 1794, Mary Rutherford Garrettson was the daughter of Freeborn Garrettson, a towering figure among the American Methodists of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, and Catharine Livingston Garrettson. Freeborn Garrettson was one of the two first Methodist missionaries in the United States, and established Methodist congregations throughout the Mid-Atlantic region. Catharine Livingston, the daughter of Judge Robert Livingston, married Garrettson in 1793 over the opposition of her parents, who objected to the low social status associated with Methodists at the time; Warner later fictionalized this conflict in The Old Helmet and The Red Wall-flower. However, the independently wealthy and unassailably well-connected Catharine Garrettson managed to improve the social implications of Methodism considerably, at least in the Mid-Hudson Valley region. Wildercliffe, also known as "Traveller's Rest," entertained a variety of Livingstons, Rutherfords, Beekmans, and other "county families" in addition to the most prominent Methodist clergymen; Ezra S. Tipple called the mansion "one of the most beautiful and far-famed of early Methodism's conspicuous homes" (74) Their daughter continued both the traditions of hospitality and patronage of the Methodist Church after her parents' deaths.

It is not clear how the Warners became acquainted with Mary Garrettson. Possibly she sought introductions to Susan and Anna in response to their writings at some point in the 1850s; but a long-time friend of Henry Warner, Mrs. David Codwise, was distantly related to Catharine Livingston Garrettson, and Henry's patron, Ephiallet Nott of Union College, was connected with the Garrettson clan through the marriage of his daughter Sarah to Alonzo Potter. It is clear at any rate that the relationship between the Warners and Garrettson was established by 1861, when Susan's journal mentioned taking the sixty-four year old Garrettson on a climb up to Fort Constitution during a visit to the Island. Garrettson evidently returned the favor with an invitation to stay the winter in a cottage on Wildercliffe's extensive grounds.

The journal is notable for its description of Warner's gradual decision to change her church affiliation from Presbyterian to Methodist. Social rather than doctrinal considerations seem to have precipitated the change at the time, although Warner later embraced the active, social emphasis of nineteenth-century Methodism. Although she listed the theologians she was reading, she did not analyze them in her journal, unless her dismissal of a biography of John Calvin as "stupid" can be taken as an indication of impatience with the doctrine of election. Rather, the journal lingers on the kindness of Miss Garrettson, the warmth and sincerity of the sermons heard at the Riverside Chapel, and the challenge of managing a classful of young boys in Sunday school.

The personal attractions of two young Methodist ministers may also have swayed Warner's decision. She indicated no

interest at all in the young Mr. Osbon, a fledgling minister staying with Mary Garrettson for the winter, but revealed much more appreciation for "Mr Hunt"--Andrew Hunt or his brother, Albert Sanford Hunt--and Benjamin Adams, visitors at Wildercliff. She enjoyed their attention and, perhaps, admiration, and suffered when they departed; "the subject of friends tries me," she wrote, "& makes me a little sore, when I come in contact with some belonging to other people that I like well enough to wish for our own." Both men provided models for Rowland Rhys, the activist, missionary hero of her next novel, The Old Helmet.

Jan. 1. 1863.

Last night, we kept watch night, after a fashion. That is, we sat up -- & we sang the covenant hymn, after the clock struck 12; Mr Osbon,¹⁶⁴ Miss Garrettson, & we. It was a night of splendor -- snow & moonlight. I wd have enjoyed it more, but I knew Anna wanted to be in bed. She was very tired. New Year's Day has been pretty. Miss Garrettson took me to the village in the sleigh -- A. too tired. It was very cold going, in the teeth of a northwest wind. There I shopped -- got hardware & groceries & c. much to my comfort -- saucepans, poker, chopping bowl & what not. Left A.'s tools to be sharpened -- got the clock home. Then Caroline¹⁶⁵ went to the servant's entertainment at Wildercliff & Anna & I worked. We worked till late -- then took a little

¹⁶⁴ Elias Sillick Osbon, 1839-1911. A protege of Mary Garrettson, Osbon was only twenty-four when he was appointed at the Riverside Chapel in Rhinecliff, about two miles from Wildercliffe. Osbon apparently boarded at Wildercliffe with Garrettson during his year at the Chapel.

¹⁶⁵ Caroline worked as a maid for the Warners.

rest. The sleigh came for us between 5-6 -- & how charming! Moon high & clear, & the snowing, & the calm. We spent the night at the other house.

Friday, Jan. 2.

Thick mist last night froze on all the trees till they were thick with white vegetation -- like the growth of moss -- like white coral in distant effect. Trees of white coral, shewing upon a brilliant blue sky above; the distance, even at a little distance, was shrouded in vapour, the sun scarcely out through it or upon it; & in this veil the white trees & white world -- all Mr. Kelly's grounds & house shewed like an etherialized sphere.¹⁶⁶ Never saw anything equal to it. Miss G. had up the sleigh & took us down to the station. Such a ride! Then we worked at home till late & walked over to her house again. Read Mr. Calvin's Life & Times (stupid) & Grosse on Life in its higher forms.

Sat. Jan. 3.

Papers come -- No. 7.¹⁶⁷ We were taken a short sleigh ride round by Mrs James's -- & let down at home. Then all day A. & I worked at wrapping up papers. Sent off two great baskets full, & the evening closed with another ready to send. A very busy day. Just at evening, feeling the want of air, we went out for a walk; & went down the station road, if mayhap we might meet Father who had gone to the post office. (He came last night, after we had

¹⁶⁶ William Kelly (1807-1872) owned the estate of Ellerslie in Rhinebeck.

¹⁶⁷ The papers were the printed copies of The Little American: A Series of Stories and Sketches for Young Folks. Susan and Anna collated and mailed out each edition themselves.

left home.) Such a walk! The moon high & bright -- the evening flush in the western horizon -- the track beat firm by the driving -- the air not too cold -- the scene beautiful -- the exercise good. We walked on beyond Mr Kelly's great gate, & then met Father.

Sunday, 4th.

Resting at home, & in need of the same. Evening, came the sleigh & took us to church. A lovely ride -- weather threatening at first & then clearing & giving us bright moonlight.

Monday, 5th.

Work at home. Afternoon, went to Wildercliff -- but just at evening Mrs Barton came, so we vanished. ¹⁶⁸

Tuesday, 6th.

All day at home. I had taken a terrible cold & my throat was sore. I think I took it Monday morning when I staid up stairs in a cold room & knew I was in some danger. I was wrong -- & suffered for it accordingly. Took stibium.¹⁶⁹

Wednesday 7th.

Sick with my cold, & taking stibium -- but unfit for work of any kind. Read some, a little, in the "Tongue of Fire." It is a glorious book. Also stibium is a wonderful medicine, for by the Lord's blessing I grew very much better.

Thursday 8th.

¹⁶⁸ Cora Livingston Barton was the daughter of Edward Livingston, and Mary Garrettson's first cousin.

¹⁶⁹ Stibium was an extremely poisonous extract derived from antimony, most commonly used as in the manufacture of explosives and batteries. Susan's use of it as a cold medication is singular.

Well, except some remains of my cold in my head. Able to work again. Miss Garrettson came to tea here & Anna made rusk for tea. We had a pretty time, reading Mayhew's "Great World of London."¹⁷⁰

Friday 9th.

Work. Afternoon went to Wildercliff. Mrs. Vanderburg there -- so no reading till evening. Miss G. kept us to tea. I ran back to the cottage (walked i.e.) & left out things for Father's tea. Mr. Osbon walked home with us. Mrs. & Miss Kelly have called, but I forget what day. Also yesterday or today, Mr. Freeborn Garrettson, with a Mr. Hopkinson Smith¹⁷¹ -- I had a long talk with the latter, at the close of which he civilly gave me his card.

Saturday 10th.

Mr. Watson has sent us L 30 more on account of our dear little Books of Blessing. I may well thank the Lord! The English copy of the books came yesterday -- no, the day before -- very beautiful. Did no work today but writing letters & c. Heart-breaking, but I could not let Mrs. Prentiss go longer un-written to. Afternoon at Miss G.'s -- & as she is suddenly going to New York Monday, she kept us to tea again. It came on to storm hard with rain -- & we could not get home.

Sunday 11th.

¹⁷⁰ Henry Mayhew (1812-1876) wrote The Great World of London in 1856.

¹⁷¹ The Freeborn Garrettson mentioned is not, of course, Mary's father but her first cousin, Freeborn Garrettson Jr., who died in 1866. Mr. Smith may have been the Southern novelist Frank Hopkinson Smith, b. 1838.

Mr. Osbon came about 9 o'clock & took us to Riverside Sunday school.¹⁷² It was very icy going for a while -- I did not like it with the pony not sharp shod. A & I were on the seat of the little wagon & Mr. Osbon on a little bench set up on end before us. We got to Riverside without the horse falling. Anna had given her a little class of children -- or a large class of little children -- so little as to make a separate room for them very desirable. Or rather, two classes were provided for us and we were left to divide them. I took the larger -- a class of nine pretty well grown boys. That is eno' to tax one too in a different kind of way. As I was new, & something to examine, I had pretty tolerable attention. How it will be another Sunday I don't know. But I know where my trust for all must be. After school there was the class meeting. A. & I took no part -- except in the singing -- it was interesting, & a good meeting -- & one girl who had just found a good hope & told of it with eagerness & tears, moved me to tears of sympathy. We had a good drive home -- Catskill, most beautiful in deep blue with slopes of white. Pretty well tired. Thought best not to go to church at night. Talk with Caroline upon a ladder of faith.

Monday, Jan. 19.

Miss Garrettson went to New York last Monday morning & returned not up to this date. It was very good for A. & me to have a week of more absolute rest than going to the house every day makes possible. It was a very wet week -- torrents of rain, & mild weather. We went to see the Kellys on Tuesday -- & got no

¹⁷² Mary Garrettson established The Riverside Methodist Episcopal Church, just south of Rhinecliff, in 1859.

subsequent walk during the week. It was not good to be so shut up. We were very busy -- & at the middle of the week hit upon a new plan (A did) wh. works beautifully. We have the bell rung for us at five o'clock -- soon after get up -- she and I have a single cup of tea as soon as we get down stairs, with a bit of bread & butter, then go to work. Write in uninterrupted quiet until nine o'clock -- or so near it that it is time to see to something about breakfast. Then we are ready for anything! -- household work, visits, sewing, letters, or what-it-may-be; above all, rest. Our minds rest. It is delightful. Dinner at two. We began this Thursday. Saturday the weather changed -- & the night was very cold -- morning exceedingly cold. We feared to take the drive to Riverside in the high open wagon -- & did not. We could hardly have been quite well -- we passed the day in such an overcome state of suffering from the cold. It all but made us sick, although our little room was 'no that ill' warmed. To-day we were out & got a good walk. Mrs Vanderburg has called -- Mrs Miller -- Miss James & her aunt -- Mrs Walsh -- Mr Peck & his wife.¹⁷³

Tuesday, Jan. 20.

Miss Garrettson came home. But our papers of No. 8 had come also, at last, & A & I were busy mailing them. So we did not go over until late & staid to tea, & read. It is sweet to see her.

Wednesday. 21.

Finished mailing all the papers before dinner -- with our morning writing, too. I think we are smart. Subscribers are coming in

¹⁷³ Luther W. Peck served as minister of the Rhinebeck Methodist Episcopal Church in 1849-50 and 1862.

steadily; I thank the Lord. it seems good & very hopeful. Snow falling beautifully. Anna was a little headachy & wd not go out. I went over to Wildercliff & read a ballad, half, & began Guyot's 'Earth & Man.'¹⁷⁴ Was very tired before dinner.

Thursday 22.

Writing notes on paper business, six of them, & doing up packages for new subscribers. Six new names came yesterday. This morning I began a story on the Helmet of Salvation.¹⁷⁵ The afternoon, dear Miss Garrettson came, Thursday being her day for tea here. We had a deal of talk -- finished our ballad, & read in the Great World of London. After a wild, windy, stormy night, part of it being so, the weather has turned mild again. There is not much snow, & there is not like to be any sleighing, to speak of, from this fall of it.

Friday. 23.

Hard to get time to read or play -- & I want both. All the time from breakfast till one p.m. taken up with making suet baked dumplings, attending to various household things, & my dress wh. Caroline is at work upon -- starching my muslins, & journal. Aunt Fanny is detained still at Hudson -- nor any knowing when she will be set free.¹⁷⁶ Over to Miss G. after dinner, & gave her & ourselves a very nice reading of Guyot & Tenby.

¹⁷⁴ Arnold Henry Guyot, 1807-1884. The Earth and Man: Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in Its Relation to the History of Mankind, 1848.

¹⁷⁵ This was to be published late in 1863 as The Old Helmet. The story was very loosely based on the life of Catharine Livingston Garrettson.

¹⁷⁶ Frances Warner was detained by the illness of her sister Nancy Frary.

Saturday 24.

Our morning work is the sweetest that can be told. After breakfast, various things -- till the carriage came to take us to Mrs Vanderburg's. Mrs V. had invited us by & with Miss Garrettson to dinner -- & Dr. V. called himself this morning, to ask Father. We went before one, without him. Had a pleasant sort of a day, & gave much pleasure by reading to the two ladies in the afternoon one of the English ballads Mr Packard sent -- "Our Father's Care." The Doctor & Father came late in the day -- & I dreaded the dark ride home after tea -- but it was not very dark. Found a barrel of greenings & a basket of nuts, from Mr Kelly. It is pleasant.

Sunday 25.

Muggy weather. Mr Osbon did not go to Sunday School -- he had to preach at the village -- We expected the pony & Richard Stickler -- but Miss Garrettson sent the carriage. It was a relief -- to two tired people. We had a nice drive -- then I had a nice class, of eight or nine boys -- wide awake & pleasant. Subject, riches. But it needs all one's faculties, & it needs much more, a great blessing, to teach such a class. A nice drive home. Then a day of tiredness and resting -- little enjoyed as Sunday. I went down to read with Caroline, who wept & showed much earnest desire to gain a Christian's hope. Went to church in the evening -- Miss Garrettson not quite well, was not along. Beautiful moonlight drive -- but I was tired in church. A Sunday little enjoyed as Sunday.

Monday 26.

Aunty's letter that came Saturday spoke gravely of Aunt N's state, & desired Father's presence. So he went up today. A & I

had our morning work, & did other things thro' the day -- then went to read to Miss G. But when she heard that Father was gone, then she asked us so to stay there that we did -- only we came home thro' the mud to arrange & get things. The walk was good however, & wanted. Reading Guyot, Ruskin & Tenby.¹⁷⁷ Mild & yet chill weather these days -- mud, mud in the roads.

Tuesday 27.

Over to the Cottage after breakfast, but our sweet morning hour was lost. Studied a little, or looked for things in a book or two -- hardly study -- did desultory work -- heated irons & ironed two pair of sleeve ruffles -- then crimped one pair, & James came for us with the carriage. It was raining. A feeling of shelter, in going over in the carriage, being sent-for. A fine evening of reading Guyot & Tenby & talking. Then Mr Osbon comes home from church (meetings every evening) & we have a cup of weak chocolate -- talk, & to bed.

Wednesday 28.

Came over to the cottage after breakfast & worked, or studied, as we could. Not at the morning writing, & with the hour the spirit for that had passed. It grew to be a regular northeast blowing storm of snow -- coming down beautifully, & James came for us in the little sleigh. A beautiful thick snow-storm -- & Miss Garrettson expressed her pleasure that we were 'together.' It was pleasant.

Thursday, 29.

¹⁷⁷ John Ruskin, 1819-1900. Warner mentions The Stones of Venice (1851-53) in several of her novels.

It stormed so, Miss Garrettson proposed our working over there -- & we almost entertained the notion -- must go home first. And it cleared off, & we might expect Father. He came, bringing better news of Aunt N. We had sent our key already round to Miss Garrettson's -- so we had to go round ourselves, lest she should send for us. We gave Father tea & dinner & walked over. Staid the eveg -- read, A did, reports of Children's Aid Society -- & James brought us home in the sleigh after Mr Osbon got back from church.

Friday 30.

Papers of Number 9 came. I was very tired and did not work spryly. Came a ~~proposition~~ Miss G. to take us a sleigh ride & visit the Bownes & Mrs Miller. So we went, snatching a mouthful, for we had not had dinner. Beautiful day with soft sky, when we set out, it changed & clouded but the air was good & not too cold, sleighing is charming. We did business at the village -- visited the Bownes & Mrs Miller -- & got home after stopping at the village again, pretty late. Beefsteak & tea much needed.

Saturday 31.

At papers -- only our morning sweet writing is untouched. Then came a note from Miss G. -- would we go with her to call on the James's? So we were ready a little after two -- James came & took us up, & then we took up Miss G. It was so pretty & pleasant! Air fine, sun bright, snow beautiful, & my bodily feeling ready to enjoy. Mental feeling too. I was in happy mood, loving my work & loving the play. After a nice drive Miss G. kept us for the eveg, & we read, & sent word to Father we would stay -- & to come if he felt like it; & he came. We had tea -- then arrived a telegram from Hudson -- Aunt N, not

expected to last thro' the day. There was a train to go up -- Mr Osbon got a sleigh -- Father & we walked home over the snow in the bright bright moonlight, one of those strange walks. He got his bag & cape -- Mr Osbon came for him with a fast horse of Mr Stickler's -- he was sorrowfully gone -- & we got ready what we needed & soon were taken back by Mr Osbon on his return. Then, quiet & alone, & those poor, poor children!

Saturday, Feb. 7.

Alas, I am a little too busy for journal. I get tired, & many things take my time. Last Sunday we went with Mr Osbon to Riverside -- pleasant ride in sleigh -- but before I had got into my talk with the boys Mr O called to order & began to read aloud. Not very satisfactory -- & I had deserved it, for I had delayed studying for the lesson till the staying with Miss G. Saturday evening & night put the last chance out of my power. We stopped at the Cottage, & had tea & something to eat -- & A. made sago for Margaret -- Miss G.'s sick woman, & we rested. We were very tired. Then towards the latter end of the afternoon walked over with the sago. Went down to church in the evening -- very, very pleasant -- a good deal of religious interest in the people at present. Mrs Hopkins one of the church, made one of the prayers. She made a good one -- it did not seem unpleasant to me. The evening was most pleasant. The next morning A & I came home before breakfast to secure time, -- need enough. But Mrs Barton & the Miss Hunts¹⁷⁸ arrived at Wildercliff -- so we did not go over again -- sent a tea-cake instead. And Miss Garrettson

¹⁷⁸ These may have been the sisters of Rev. Andrew Hunt (1824-1882). Hunt became the minister of the Rhinebeck Methodist Episcopal Church later in 1863.

proposed all the party shd come here to breakfast & that we shd go there to tea to-night. We were too tired & too quiet-spirited to do one or the other -- could not -- so wrote; & A & I took a quiet walk wrapped up the last papers of No. 9, Tuesday was very cold -- the the Donaldsons called on their way to dine at the James's. Miss Garrettsen was here too. While they were here, Father, unknown to me, came home. We had not heard a word, & knew not how things were; but Aunt Nancy's funeral was Monday at 2 o'clock. She was gone before Father got to her. Aunt F. to come home Thursday. Wednesday was tremendous weather -- 12 below zero -- but I had to go over to ask Miss G. for James & the sleigh for Thursday -- I went. But it was suffering to go. A north-east wind brought the cold upon me so I did not know what to do. Our little room at home was freezing literally; Miss Miller's flowers froze on the table. Thursday, mercifully it moderated. James came with the sleigh some time after four & we rode fast down to the station. Strangely, my realization of what had happened awoke then. I felt that Aunt Nancy was gone, & Aunt Fanny coming home bereft. It was a somewhat sorrowful and somewhat apprehensive drive down. Clouds threatening. Arrived a quarter of an hour before time -- Father got the letters -- one from my friend Mr Hunter much desiring to hear from me before he should sail from Portland on Saturday. At A's suggestion I got permission & a sheet of paper & an envelope from the station-master & in his office wrote a hurried note & sent it off. Then came the train & Aunty -- & we met not painfully as I had feared or dreaded -- & James was at hand, & putting ourselves in the sleigh again we dashed home; though a thick, driving snow-storm. It was a pleasant drive; a great sense of gratitude to Miss

Garrettson & feeling of comfort in my heart, to be able thus comfortably & quietly & nicely to bring Aunty home.

Sunday, Feb. 8.

We went down to S. school. I had a good class & feeling very helpless to teach them, went on & had a remarkably good time. Telling them Bible stories in illustration of the power of faith & having their attention. The class-meeting was excellent afterwards. I never heard such sweet pleasant singing in religious meetings. Tolerably tired, but at evening went to church with Miss Garrettson, & took Caroline who is obviously in earnest in wishing to be Christian. We went to the village, & heard a remarkable sermon from a Mr Hough -- on the last judgment. I shall never forget it. Vivid, graphic, forcible, yet kept in bounds. Miss G. asked what time we had in S. S. I told her & of the class meeting. "I hope," said she, "you & Annie take part." I told her in the singing we did, but in nothing else hitherto; but that for my part I was willing.

Thursday, Feb. 12.

Too busy. Last week's record cannot now be made up. Only we had snow, & Mrs Vanderburg came one morning & took me a beautiful drive to the village; & another morning Miss Garrettson took me down to visit the Huttons & Mrs Kelly; & Wednesday she took both of us by invitation to dine at Mrs Miller's. And I know not how many times Annie & I drank tea at her house. Guyot gets on, Also I have got from Miss Haines 'Unprotected Females in Norway.'¹⁷⁹

¹⁷⁹ Helen Lowe wrote Unprotected Females in Norway: Or the Pleasantest Way of Travelling There, Passing Through Denmark and Sweden, With Scandinavian Sketches from Nature in 1857. Another title in her series of travel narratives was Unprotected Females in Sicily, Calabria and on Top of Mount Aetna in 1859.

I am reading that too. Our morning writing is delightful -- last week I was rather too much engaged in the day-times afterwards with the images & passions of my story.

Sunday, Feb. 15.

I had not properly & early studied my subject --the last six days of the life of Christ -- However, I had enough matter to have talked about -- but I had not a good time. My boys were not attentive. Anna, not quite well, did not go. There was a good Class meeting -- but I not having so good an introduction to it as last Sunday did not enjoy it quite so much. Mr Osbon called upon me -- I had given him leave. Very tired indeed.

Thursday, Feb. 19.

Last Thursday it stormed, but Miss Garrettson & Miss Bowne & Mr Osbon came to tea, & had a nice time, they testified afterwards. Last night they came again. I had made waffles and was obliged to bake them too, pretty much. We had a good time, though, altogether -- with coffee & waffles, & Mayhew & stereoscope views. A little slim this morning. Now going to dinner with Father at Wildercliff. Anna sick with a headache, & so she & aunty cannot go; A great many business notes give me a good deal of occupation.

A great gap here.

Sunday Feb. 22.

I went again without Anna to S. S. Exceeding bitter cold & windy -- so I was afraid she shd go. I managed pretty well, & the ride home was comfortable & pretty. It began to snow down hills. Beautiful! The rest of the day & eveg a driving storm.

Monday, Feb. 23.

We went down to the Festival for the Soldiers' Relief Fund at the village -- in a box sleigh. A., & I, Margaret & Kitty, Miss G.'s women, Mr Osbon & James, in our sleigh -- in Mr Sticklers' a number more & our Caroline. Beautiful moonlight night -- I almost too tired to enjoy riding so, on the back seat, holding one hand behind to keep the board from slipping off unbeknownst, & one hand at the side. Not a good way to rest. On our way home we were differently arranged -- I am not likely to forget how -- & the team of run-away horses ran into us, just as we were in the Camp meeting woods. By the mercy of the Lord, no harm was done to any of us, further than might do us good by the warning. Next day the work about house was a good deal done by ourselves. However Miss Garrettsen & Miss Bowne with Mr Osbon coming to see how we did, we begged them to stay -- & they were very willing. A made a tea-cake -- I set the table -- we had a beautiful little evening. Next day Miss G. went to Redhook. Thursday came back -- & Mr Osbon came to take us round in the cutter. I only went, for Father had gone to the Island, & Aunty wd have been alone. I staid & read all the evening. Friday waffle supper. The waffles were delicious, & coffee too -- & then we had stereoscope views. Saturday she had engaged we wd go to the Bownes, but our papers came in the morning, & Anna staid at home, glad of an excuse. Mrs Suckley, Mr Osbon & I were the party.¹⁸⁰ We had a pretty good time. Got home not till 9 o'clock -- roads so muddy.

Sunday, March 1.

¹⁸⁰ Thomas Holy Suckley and his wife, Catherine Murray Bowne, lived at Wilderstein, a neighboring estate to Wildercliffe. The Bownes Susan refers to may have been relations of Mrs. Suckley.

We both went to S. S. I have to turn myself as near as I can into a popular teacher with my boys. A good class-meeting. O how I enjoy these Sunday mornings at the little Riverside church. How I am like to miss them by & by. Weather falling -- snow & hail & rain. Very, very tired; tho't I was too tired to go to church; but so was Anna; Aunt not ready, & the double sleigh came. I could not resist it. Caroline went & I went. Miss Garrettson not along. The weather not bad -- & then a most interesting service. Six persons came forward for prayers -- it touched me much. The singing beautiful. Coming home, the night was glorious; wind changed & strong from N. W. with bright moon & white masses of clouds piled here & there in the sky. I thought I had a good time.

Monday, March 2.

Papers the order of the day. Mr Osbon kindly came according to promise to help us -- & help he did. Then we set him to go up the Rhine in the stereoscope -- & kept him to dinner. I just made an omelette & had cold beef & coffee & potatoes with white sauce -- & it was as nice a washing day dinner as need be. Late eno' we walked round to Miss Garrettson's with him & spent the evening with her.

March 21.

Too busy to write journal. I am very sorry. Can't go back now to the week before last. Last week Thursday Miss Garrettson & we spent the day at the Kelly's -- very agreeably. And Miss Kelly lent us (before that) & I read aloud to Miss G. with great

pleasure Lord Suffern's Letters from High Latitudes.¹⁸¹ This week Miss G. has been to Schenectady to see Dr. Nott, & got a very bad cold.¹⁸² I am going round there now to see her -- though I am tired. O I get so tired! & appetite rather fails. If I had no sewing & no housekeeping cares & nothing to think of except my business proper, I think I could get on. But I get very tired. We went over -- found Miss G. better -- tried to coax up the room down stairs to be warm so that she might come down to tea -- could not -- so I concluded we would not stay to give our company to the gentlemen & Phoebe, & we read awhile & came home. We had seen Mr Hunt at first going to the house -- he & his friend Mr Harrower were going to Elleslie & to stop at the Cottage on the way back.¹⁸³

We were there before them -- but they came; & as it grew cold, I proposed tea. Mr Hunt queried if it would be 'proper' -- but as Miss G. would not be down stairs, the temptation proved too much. They took off their overcoats. Luckily Anna had made delicious brown bread fresh baked, & had stewed some nice apple, & we had some excellent cold corned beef -- which we wanted, for we had not appetite to eat more than toast & tea for dinner -- & we did all of us make a supper! And we made an evening too, for

¹⁸¹ Frederick Temple Hamilton-Temple-Balckwood, Marquis of Suffern and Ava, 1826-1902. Letters from High Latitudes, Being some Account of a Voyage in 1856, 1858.

¹⁸² Ephialet Nott (1773-1866) was the president of Union College from 1804 through 1866.

¹⁸³ It is not clear whether Warner refers to Andrew Hunt or to his brother, Albert Sanford Hunt (1827-1899). Albert's diary mentioned seeing the Warners at Wildercliffe on 1 October 1863, but both brothers were frequent visitors at Wildercliff. Andrew Hunt married Phoebe Bowne in 1863.

it was nine o'clock before they went away. So that was pleasant. But o how tired I was today.

Monday, March 23.

Anna & I resolved, it would not do very well to put both of us in the little sleigh with Mr Hunt as we do with Mr Osbon -- so she staid at home, And I had the drive, alone, I had a pretty good time with my scholars -- then it was beautiful to see Mr Hunt's way of leading a class meeting. Gentle, kind, wise -- very wise -- simple as possible, -- it was a thing to witness, & remember. Coming home, I could not resist the opportunity & broached the question of my change of church -- & we discussed it, walking the horse the whole way home. Certainly the sleighing was very bad, & turning to mud. It was an interested discussion -- & Mr H. laughed at the way my Methodist friends do not pull me over the line. Very tired the rest of the day -- I staid at home in the evening -- & it was better. The day has been good. However the subject of friends tries me, & makes me a little sore, when I come in contact with some belonging to other people that I like well enough to wish for our own. The Lord knows! Let Him give me what He will, so He but give me Himself.

Monday, March 23.

I have a good time in the mornings! with my people in England. Commonly get five pages or thereabouts done. But after that I am tired & don't want to work more. Mr Hunt stopped this morning to tell us Miss Garrettsen was sick last night -- threatened with croup -- but is comfortable again. We will not go over to-day. She not being down stairs, wh. she probably ought not to be, I do not choose to 'invite' ourselves over to tea with the gentlemen. I had asked all to tea here to-night -- but supposing Miss G.

would be down stairs. Phoebe said she thought they had better not come. Of course! & now she is maybe in her room again.

Tuesday March 24.

Went over after breakfast to see her. In bed! & very weak. But she got up -- & I persuaded Phoebe to go off & take some rest of a walk while we staid beside Miss G. not talking much -- I reading to myself Bishop Janes' address to Class Leaders.¹⁸⁴ What a beautiful institution that seems to me. Anna made panader with wine wh. Mr Hunt brought from the village -- but she could take but very little of it. When Phoebe came home, we came home. The gentlemen tried to keep us to dinner, but in vain. Anna is making sago to send over. I tired & sleepy, have been doing nothing. But Sunday left a sweet kind of effect after it. Is it partly the power this good man has given him of influencing those with whom he comes in contact?

Wednesday March 25.

Rain & thaw -- too bad for us to go over. Father went. Miss Garrettsen is improving but not fast. Towards eveg Mr Osbon & Mr Hunt came to tea. We had a sort o' pleasant evening -- but not just so gay & unconstrained as Saturday's tea-drinking. Can't have it, with some combinations -- it's very stupid. Drank coffee & talked, & afterwards lay awake. Miss G.'s sickness has hindered a good deal of the pleasantness, I thought we might have

¹⁸⁴ Edmund Storrer Janes (1807-1876) was an adherent within the Methodist denomination of Phoebe Palmer's "Holiness Movement."

in Mr Hunt's being here. Now Mr Adams is expected for Monday.¹⁸⁵

Thursday. March 26.

Tired & slim. Well! Got up & wrote my quota, & more than the due. Afterwards went (by myself) through snow, slush & mud, to see Miss Garrettson. Much better -- but feeble still, & languid & inclined to doze; so I could do nothing & came away back again. Had to change my petticoats for the mud. Walked on piazza for exercise. Our appetite fails sadly -- we do not know how to eat dinner at all without tea or coffee. So we have it. 'The Children of Blackberry Hollow' came Monday -- beautiful!¹⁸⁶ We gave one set to Miss Garrettson & one to Mr Hunt. Mr H. went away this morning.

Saturday Apr. 11.

Alas, for my journal! Tired, & busy, & not very well -- & the days go. Can't gather them back now. But Mr Adams came, stopped here on his way Monday mornng -- sat and talked a long while before he went on to Miss Garrettson's. It was something to see the lighting of his face when he learned that some of us thought of going down that week. A & I went over in the afternoon, & staid to tea. Miss G. down stairs. Mr Osbon & Mr Adams walked home with us; Mr A with me. He asked me how I liked the Methodists? & now at last bade me come & join them if I liked. But he prayed that God would direct me. The next day we all went over & spent the day. A real pretty day it was. And before we

¹⁸⁵ Benjamin M. Adams, 1824-1903. A Methodist minister, Adams corresponded with the Warners and visited them at Constitution Island.

¹⁸⁶ A children's book by Anna, published early in 1863.

went over, Mr Adams came to the cottage, & for a long while he & I had a talk together -- nobody else being dressed but me. We talked about the things of Christian experience, & my own, & the higher life. It was a pretty day. It came on to be a thick snow storm; very white & beautiful without, & very pleasant & peaceful & interesting within. The next morning Mr A. was to go by an early train; & he & Mr Osbon came to a half-past-six breakfast. Breakfast was a little bit late -- & nice, with coffee & brown bread & waffles besides substantials. And so he went. We had prayers together first before breakfast; Mr A. reading the 139th psalm. I queried whether he chose that on purpose for me; whether he tho't that perhaps some secret un-given-up thing or disobedience hindered my enjoyment of the fullness of the promises. After that, I was very good for nothing the most of the day -- I don't know why. Perhaps I was a little overdone with the excitement of the two days past -- but for a few days I was very poorly ~~with a nervous inclination~~ dull & miserable. Since Last week I have been better; but I get tired & have a nervousness upon me sometimes which is not good for work, not pleasant as indicating that I am fit for it. We have not been to Sunday School since I went with Mr Hunt -- storms both Sundays, & I not well either of them. Wednesday of this week Miss Garrettson came here to breakfast with Phoebe & Mr Osbon. The ladies stayed till half past 12. It was a sweet pretty time, enjoyed all round, even by Aunty. Now we are all disarranged at the cottage -- things packing & packed -- Aunty & Anna & Father hoping to get off the first of next week. Spring has come, at last, & is blowing her sweet rainy wind round the country at this minute -- but it is a fair hazy day. Silas Cole is engaged to go

to the Island with us. And so is the news up to this point. Only I hear no word from Miss Haines & little word lately from Miss Prentiss, the only one this winter. And Mr Hunt -- who promised to send me the Methodist Book of Discipline¹⁸⁷ & laughingly said I might take it as an invitation, has not sent it, & I am disappointed.

Saturday, April 18.

Alas my journal! -- To go back. Sunday was springlike, warm & lovely. Anna was nevertheless not well eno' to go down to S. S. I went with Mr Osbon. The ride was lovely. I gave vols. of "Blackberry Hollow" to my boys -- But I do not feel that I have done well by them these lesson days of this winter. I have wanted that "burning heart" of wh. Mr Cookman spoke.¹⁸⁸ I do not feel that I have taught my boys so. I have not. So we had class, & then the ride home, And through the warm afternoon I sat a good deal of it with my Bible. We did not go to church in the eveg -- Aunty & A. too tired & I afraid to drive in a dark night alone; for Mr Osbon was to stay at the village & take an early train on his way to Conference. Monday we were all busy of course, but I mostly with writing work, packing y trunk, & c. Towards eveg Annie & I went round to the other house. There found, to my sorrow, that Miss G. wishes to go Wednesday to Conference, having that morning Mrs Miller's escort -- all the way through. So! I

¹⁸⁷ The Doctrines and Disciplines of the Methodist Episcopal Church was first published in the United States in 1778 and continuously revised thereafter. The most recent revision for Warner would have been that of 1860.

¹⁸⁸ Probably George Grimston Cookman (1800-1841), many of whose sermons were anthologised. The Golden Rule: An Address was published in 1832, Speeches on Various Occasions in 1840.

read the 'Drama of Exile.' Next morning we breakfasted with Miss G. & went to the cottage. There all was confusion & disorder, loading wagons, receiving Mr Kelly, snatching a lunch & getting off. Mr Kelly sent his carriage, which was a great help; and Miss Garrettson's John brought the farm wagon, & carried trunks. I rode as far as Mr. Kelly's gate -- made a visit there -- walked home, warm eno' too; after dinner at Miss G.'s rested awhile in my room, & went to bid Mrs Suckley goodbye. Finished my dispatches & butcher's account & c. & gave Caroline her directions. Finished also in the evening the 'Drama of Exile.' Next day we had a pleasant breakfast & peaceful journey, meeting Mrs Miller at the station. No boat to meet me -- it had set off too late, I crossed & walked over West Point with my heavy bag; but I felt peaceful & happy eno' & thankful. Satisfied to be at home now, too. Since then it has been want of order & nicety & comfort, as my notions want it; the Archers still in the house; obliged to put off Silas & Caroline's coming from Monday till Wednesday; Anna with a cold. And my mind holdeth not the calm peacefulness of Wednesday morning.

Biography of Susan Bogert Warner

Susan Bogert Warner was born in New York City on 11 July, 1819. She was the daughter of Henry Warner, an attorney, and Anna Marsh Bartlett. Warner took pride in her parents and her ancestry. The most important source for information about Susan Warner, Anna Warner's biography of her sister, depicts Henry Warner's grandparents and parents as humble subsistence farmers, and her portrait of Henry owes a certain debt to the Horatio Alger narratives so popular at the turn of the 19th century. Susan Warner offers in The Hills of the Shatemuc a fictionalized version of a similar conception: the narrative of the main characters, William and Winthrop Landholm, presumably represents Henry and Thomas's early poverty and eventual success through native talent, Christian faith and earnest dedication to self-improvement.

The actual economic status of the Warner family during Henry's childhood is less clear, and his upward mobility may not have embodied nineteenth-century mythology quite so schematically. Several facts suggest that Warner grew up in a relatively privileged household. His ancestry was, by early American standards, blue-chip: the Whitings and Warners had been listed as property owners in England in the 12th-century Domesday Book, and evidently owned considerable property when they emigrated in the seventeenth century. Warner was a distant relation of William Bradford, and William Warner--Henry's great, great, great, great grandfather--arrived in the New World on the Globe in 1637. (Stokes 215)

Perhaps more to the point, by the late 18th century the Warners' land holdings in Columbia County, New York, included several hundred acres (Canaan 46). The 18th-century houses in which Henry and his relatives grew up, still standing today, were functional farmhouses, not the grand manor houses of the Livingstons, Van Cortlands, or Van Rennsalaers. But Jason Warner's house and that of Henry's maternal grandfather, Colonel William Whiting, are substantial structures by the standards of their time. While they have of course been modified in the 19th and 20th centuries, the parts of both buildings that date to the turn of the nineteenth century include eight or more spacious rooms apiece at a time when a "great room," lean-to and garret was more typical of farmers' dwellings in the Berkshires and Hudson Valley.¹⁸⁹

Both William Whiting's and Jason Warner's terms of service in the State Legislature at Albany tend to support the assessment of their position as "county families," and demonstrate that both men were able to afford enough hired labor to free them to leave their farms for several months each year before their children were old enough to take over the work. Finally, both Henry and Thomas attained master of arts degrees at Union College without interruption--a feat that would indicate a certain margin of discretionary income, no matter what economies it entailed for the rest of the family, at a time when only six-tenths of a

¹⁸⁹ Jack Larkin points out that "In 1798, only one white American family in ten lived in a house valued at seven hundred dollars or more, which was roughly equivalent to a substantial but plain, two-story, central-chimney New England farmhouse of six or seven rooms." (113)

percent of the white male population attended college in the Mid-Atlantic region (Burke 57).

At Union College Henry became the protege of Ephialt Nott, then the president of the college. Nott apparently superintended Henry's apprenticeship to Robert Emmett, a New York lawyer with a thriving and fashionable practice. According to Anna Warner, Henry first met David Codwise, another young New York lawyer, while travelling by stagecoach from Schenectady to Manhattan. Codwise, who became a mentor to Henry, was engaged at the time to Patty Livingston, the daughter of Philip H. Livingston. Codwise eventually introduced Henry to Anna Bartlett, who was only slightly less eligible than his own fiancée. Either Ephialt Nott or David Codwise may have afforded Henry the opportunity to form a connection with the extremely prominent and well-connected family of Freeborn Garrettson of Dutchess County.

Susan Warner was born on 11 July 1819, shortly after the death of a daughter born in May 1818. Anna Warner described the birth emotionally in Susan Warner: "My darling came, to sorrowing hearts and to a childless house." Consequently, Susan was from infancy an indulged--not to say spoilt--child. Anna noted that Susan's parents and even grandparents found it difficult "to say her nay, to thwart her, or control her"; she added that Susan "had no doubt of her royalty". A letter from Susannah Bogert reproached Susan's mother for bringing the baby to adult meals--not because of the disruption for the adults, but out of sympathy with the baby's feelings:

It is such an aggravation to the poor little thing. She wants to eat, and cannot be expected to exercise much self-denial at her age. I think it injures her temper to be

fretted so much. I also think that she is scolded too much; scolding, to have effect, should be resorted to very rarely. Indeed I do not like it at any time, for so young a child.

(SW 36)

In response, Anna Bartlett apparently redoubled her efforts to avoid scolding or "fretting" either her daughter or her mother. Nor did Susan take kindly to any abridgement of her privileges after the birth of a sister, Henrietta, in 1821. A letter from Anna Bartlett Warner to her mother described the relationship of the siblings:

Susan and Henrietta have both had colds, but are now better. Susan grows more unmanageable ever day; this morning she stuck a pin in Henrietta's neck so that the ('pin' or 'point,' letter torn) remained hanging in, and she knocks her over and slaps her and throws things at her, so that I have my hands full. (SW 41)

Mabel Baker described the tone of the letter as "perplexed" (Light 9). Anna had her hands full. For the next five years, Henry Warner's law practice involved lengthy stays in Albany--evidently to pursue appeals in the higher State courts. Henrietta Warner died in 1823; in the same year, a son was born and died. Susan continued to be indulged and treasured by her parents.

By her mother's account Susan was extremely precocious. The letters that Anna Bartlett wrote her husband detailed Susan's accomplishments, quoted her remarks as a four or five year old, and included the child's drawings and notes to her father. Anna Warner's biography notes: "In all the letters of that time, of those years when loss followed loss, there is scarce even an

allusion to the sorrows." (67) Even the birth of Anna herself, on 31 August 1824, received only passing mention in the letters Anna chose to include in Susan Warner, though she did include one written by Susan to Henry describing the baby as "a beautiful little creature. She is as pretty as a little dog spotted with every color: blue and purple and yellow." Anna also recollects as an example of one of her own earliest memories, "a day when my sister drew me about in a wicker wagon, and overturned the load." (76)

Although the death of Anna Bartlett on 25 January 1826 must have been traumatic for Susan, then seven years old, Anna does not describe it in Susan Warner as an interruption of Susan's idyllic childhood. Of course, Anna--only three at the time of her mother's death--may have been unconscious of the event's impact on her older sister, and Susan's novels often depict the death of her heroines' mothers in harrowing detail. However, Anna Bartlett's death did not affect Susan's (or Henry's) material circumstances. Frances Warner joined Henry's household to "keep house" for her brother, and Henry continued to prosper, moving from one New York town house to another.

Henry's law practice appears to have been highly successful throughout the years of his marriage and Susan's early childhood, if his standard of living is a reliable indication. Warner's residences map the northward progression of old New York's fashionable center: 410 Broad Street, 461 Broome Street, 10 St. Mark's Place. Anna notes that Henry Warner "always managed to get an extra lot running back to the next street, where he could have not only carriage house but flower beds and greenhouse as well" (114). Through the Bogert connection the family enjoyed

country residences at Gowan Hill and Jamaica--not the most stylish country-house districts of the period, but pleasantly rural and convenient to Manhattan. Anna's description expressed her appreciation for its "quaint," old-fashioned comfort, but also implied that the wealth and stature of her family were firmly rooted in the past:

A pleasant old house the Jamaica mansion was: with great evergreens around the sweep, and all sorts of spring flowers in the borders: bluebells, iris, periwinkle, and daffodils. Honeysuckles over the porch (the old sweetest kind), and within, rooms full of sunshine, and of newer things that looked yet older. The round mirror between the windows, the beau-pots on the mantel piece, the dark mahogany chairs.

At one side of the breakfast room fire place stood my grandmother's carved work table and footstool, and her straight backed chair. Under the table was a small leather-covered trunk resplendent with brass nails, in which she kept her reserve force of threads and needles, tapes, buttons and pins. An old time foot stove was its near neighbor. (79-80)

Nor did the Warners eschew more fashionable pleasures. Susan's earliest journals mention visits to Madam Jumel's house, lessons at dancing school, parties lavish with "champaigne" and cotillions, and evenings at concerts or the opera.

Imperiousness and stubbornness seem to have been Susan's most conspicuous personal traits as a girl. Anna titled her chapter on Susan's early childhood "The Little Queen," and describes Susan's outings to visit her grandmother:

The old family coach, with sleek horses and colored coachman; my grandmother on the back seat; and on the whole of the front seat the little Queen. Feet against one side of the coach, head against the other; perhaps a paper of candied orange peel or ginger--or gingercakes--on her lap for light refreshment; and in her hand a volume of Plutarch's lives, in which she read steadily all the nine miles to Jamaica. (78)

The next chapter, "The Tall Girl," continues:

She was a bit of a Sybarite by nature; liking ease and warmth and bright colors (especially red, which she was fond of wearing) and dainty fare; though she was a very small eater. Quite ready always to use Mr. Hale's prescription for a long life, and do nothing herself that she could get some one else to do for her. (88)

As Mary Kelley notes in Private Woman, Public Stage, Susan's education seems to have been desultory--superintended by Henry and Frances Warner, but stressing genteel accomplishments over academic subjects. The lessons specifically mentioned in Susan's earliest diary, of 1834-35, include French, Italian, singing, drawing, dancing and piano. She evidently read history and mathematics texts according to a program designed by Henry or Fanny, listing the titles in her journal, but received little in the way of supervision or assessment. Despite the family's servants, Susan also had a number of daily household tasks such as "sweeping the parlours," "rubbing the doorknobs" and polishing wood furniture. When the family removed to Jason Warner's farm in Canaan, New York, Susan's tasks were more demanding, including ironing and food preparation.

Even her early journals reveal that Warner pursued an appropriate kind of education for a future novelist. Susan evinced fascination with language and storytelling as a child. Anna describes the young Susan's love of books as:

...a master passion...Stories first, of course; but always books, books. They say a good preacher often enjoys a bad sermon, because he transforms it as he listens; putting in what it lacks,--and I think she may have done that with many a poor volume; idealising all the people. (82)

Kelley describes Warner's childhood journals as "a picture of one fearful of idleness, attempting to hold together the pieces of an existence that refused to coalesce" among the inherent contradictions of female education in the early 19th century (88). But despite the tedium and "indolence" the diaries recorded, Warner's childhood endeavors are recognisable as the familiar apprenticeship of almost every writer. The actual experiences Warner described in her diaries made them in effect commonplace books of material for Warner's later novels; her prose style, eye for detail and ear for dialogue that the journals helped hone would also be put to use later on.

Kelley asserts that "Books and studies had never been hers either for a career or as an integral part of her existence. Rather, they had been the stuff of fantasy, of an existence without moorings" (92). Well, maybe. There is no reliable evidence that Warner seriously considered a career as a professional author before poverty made a career a necessity. However, one might hesitate to assert confidently, as Kelley does, that if Warner had married a wealthy man, she would never have written novels (Kelly 146); Warner's childhood friend Julia

Ward Howe made a conventional and successful match and wrote essays and verse with the encouragement of her husband.

In fact, Warner's diary presents all of the activities one typically finds in records of writers' childhoods, including an obvious and overwhelming fascination with books. She lists the books she has read, including brief summaries, reviews and comparisons. Moreover, it is worth noting that a fair number of Warner's favorite writers as a child were women who were neither stigmatized nor ridiculed: Jane Austen, Fanny Burney, Hannah More, Maria Edgeworth, Mary Martha Sherwood, Amelia Anderson Opie, and Catherine Sedgwick offered Warner viable, even attractive role models.

It is more significant still that although much of the journal consists of the self-castigation over "idleness" and the lamentations over boredom that Kelley analyzes, Warner also devoted a significant portion of each journal to detailed descriptive writing--of places, activities, people--and transcriptions of dialogue, the traditional exercises writers use to hone their skills. She rigorously corrected her grammar and phrasing, aiming for precision and accuracy, and she evidently made some changes simply because she felt she had come up with a more felicitous phrase.

Most significantly, Susan repeatedly described "talking stories" or "telling stories" as her favorite childhood activity, referring to the invention of stories with Anna and her cousin George as her collaborators or, more often, her audience. On August 26, 1834 while at the farm in Canaan, she wrote, "I sewed and we told stories some of the time. This is a very favorite amusement with me. I don't know what quiet one I love better."

On September 11, she wrote in her journal, "I told Anna and George a story out of my head this evening" and on September 14, "This evening when George came up, we played cards a little and I told them a story." When Susan returned to Canaan the following summer, she wrote on August 20, "Among other things I darned stockings and talked stories, my favorite amusement. I do love it very much." On October 5 she wrote, "We had a great deal of fun. We get into the farthest corner of the room, draw our three chairs as close as possible to one another, and then put our heads together, and talk with all our might. Each of us loves this amusement very much. We transport ourselves into another world of our own making, and for my part I am very fond of it." As a child Warner never explicitly refers to herself as an author or would-be author, but it seems unlikely that the thought never entered her mind, or that the possibility seemed either unfeminine or futile.

As an adolescent, Warner seems to have lost the ebullient confidence Anna described as her childhood trait, although, as Anna noted with some grimness, the "bossiness" and judgmental personality are still in evidence. As Susan matured, she became by all accounts extremely tall, awkward, and plain, with a hypercritical, charmless personality. Her journals from 1835 and 1836 indicated her increasing self-consciousness and "dark moods," fits of crying and tongue-tiedness in company. At sixteen, Susan disparaged her beloved activity, "talking stories," as a "nonsensical amusement." She continued to enjoy storytelling, but classed it with sailing toy boats and cutting out paper dolls--still pleasurable, but not appropriate to her nearly-adult status. Too, she began to express appreciation of

her privileges as a child of wealth, and a sense of superiority to the less-refined. On October 26, 1935, she wrote,

Father brought home some numbers of a new work he has taken, 'Illustrations of Modern Sculpture', a splendid thing, beautifully got up. I amused myself this afternoon with looking them over. We are rich in such things, I think, & assuredly we receive a great deal of pleasure from them. How are those to be pitied who have no such sources of enjoyment.

Warner expressed little interest in nature or the outdoors in this phase of her life. The first mention of Constitution Island in Susan's journals is dated 28 July, 1835. Her future home made a poor first impression; it looked "rough and rude," and the house was "poor-looking." Buying the island seems to have been the idea of Thomas Warner, Henry's older brother, at that time chaplain at West Point. Thomas seems to have been a charismatic but arrogant and manipulative man, much admired by his nieces, but capable of some unattractive behavior: after finding that his wife, Elizabeth McDougal, was less wealthy than he had supposed, he grimly cautioned others against marrying for money (Keyes 77). Thomas's plan was to develop the island as a luxurious and exclusive resort. Alexander Jackson Davis was engaged to draw up plans, now on display in the Warner House, for a remarkable Gothic Revival hotel building replete with "galleries" and "saloons." Henry apparently intended to reserve a small part of the island and build a private residence for his own use, while investing capital in Thomas's scheme. The property was purchased in 1837 for \$48,093.75.

However, before the development plans came to fruition, Thomas was first placed under house arrest by the Academy's superintendent for visiting a hospitalized cadet. Soon after this dispute was resolved, Superintendent Colonel Rene E. DeRussey fired Thomas from his position as Academy chaplain in July, 1837. After various employment opportunities fell through, Thomas decamped to France in 1839, apparently discarding his wife in the process. He died of cholera in Paris in 1848 and is buried in Pierre LaChaise Cemetery. Henry was left sole holder of the mortgage, and the property.

Henry's purchase consisted of some 400 acres, including both a hilly, wooded area protruding into the Hudson two miles south of the town of Cold Spring, and a large salt marsh separating Constitution Island from the east bank of the river. A narrow, unpaved causeway--usable only in dry seasons--connected the Island with Cold Spring. Also known as Martlaer's Rock, Constitution Island derived its name from Fort Constitution, established on the island during the Revolutionary War. Following the war, part of the stone fortifications were incorporated into a modest four-room farmhouse. Although Henry had intended to use the farmhouse as a caretaker's cottage, with the loss of Thomas's investment he elected instead to build an extension on to the original house, adding two wings to the back and side of the building for a total of some eighteen rooms. Henry also modified or constructed several outbuildings, including a forcing shed or greenhouse, a cellar for the storage of ice cut from a freshwater pond on the property, and a carriage house. The architecture of the additions clearly reflected Henry's intention of using the property as a gentleman's summer

residence; the parlor wing, for example, has twelve-foot ceilings and enormous windows, cleverly aligned on all four sides to provide ventilation during humid Hudson Valley summers.

In a sequence of events familiar from dozens of Victorian novels, the next few years swept away many of the Warner family's privileges and dashed most of Susan's expectations. Susan's journal dramatized her perceived change of status with some emotional language. On 15 November 1839 Susan wrote in French, "It is possible we are to be ruined--what people call ruined." Still, the circumstances of the "ruin" are less clear than Anna Warner's narrative version of the events would imply. Henry Warner moved his family up to Constitution Island late in the spring of 1838, presumably to economize on the expenses of maintaining two households and to benefit from the sale of the St. Mark's Place mansion. However, this may not have been Henry's only or main motive for the change. Susan's diary mentioned the possibility of moving to Constitution Island and selling the town house as early as June 5, 1836: "I spoke of selling this house, in case of our plans being accomplished; Uncle Thomas seemed to think that would n't be; I said something as if Aunt Fanny could not be prevailed on to take charge of two such establishments, & he said 'Nous verrons avec le temps.'"

Moreover, it is not clear that any of Henry's losses resulted from either the bank failures and stock market crash of the Panic of 1837 or the loss of Thomas's investment in the purchase of Constitution Island. If Warner had simply been reacting to a dramatic loss of fortune in 1838, surely it would have made more sense to sell both the country property, however

heavily mortgaged it might be, and the St. Mark's Place house, and remain in New York City more modestly.

Several of Susan's subsequent biographers and critics have quoted Anna's account:

Our affairs were on a steady progress downhill. From waiter and coachman and cook to the skill of our own hands (chiefly) was a broad step; oars and saw and hatchett succeeded our frisky black ponies; while from dainty silks and laces, we came down to calicoes, fashioned by our own fingers; and from new bonnets with every turn of the season, to what headgear we could get. (SW 176)

However, Anna prefaces her remarks with the warning that "I am grouping the years a little, not trying to give precise dates and limits, which indeed I could not." Evidently she was conflating a process of many years. In any event, the family's "riches took wings," as Anna puts it, only very gradually through the 1840s, and apparently as the result of a long sequence of bad decisions rather than though any one dramatic catastrophe.

The years between 1839 and 1850 are not covered in Warner's surviving journals, and it is difficult to reconstruct Warner's experiences as she matured. It seems clear that for at least part of this period, the family enjoyed a fairly comfortable standard of living. They continued to acquire the latest books, including Thackery's novels, kept several servants, and derived some income by renting part of the property as farmland. Although Anna writes poignantly about "calico dresses made by our own fingers," of course many middle-class women in New York and New England wore cotton dresses while in the country, and sewed them themselves, without inordinate trauma. Henry does not seem

to have considered selling Constitution Island--an impressive asset notwithstanding the outstanding mortgage. Some additional money was realized upon the death of Jason Warner in 1840 and the sale of Henry's share of the family property in Canaan, New York. Henry Warner maintained a New York office intermittently during the 1840s, and developed a minimal practice in Highland Falls.

However, regardless of how Henry Warner may have performed for his declining number of clients, his own affairs eventually proved disastrous. Shortly after he moved to Constitution Island, Henry attempted to drain the saltmarshes to the east of the Island in the hope of growing profitable crops of hay and wild rice. The inanity of such a scheme aside, the dykes Henry designed apparently diverted the currents of the river enough to make landing at the Cold Spring piers difficult and the Foundry Company of Cold Spring sued him in 1842 for "building a nuisance." Henry countersued, and litigation continued until 1848, at which point he was held liable for the court costs.

At the same time, Henry's remaining real estate in New York became the object of title disputes with the heirs of Samuel Gouverner's estate, and the lawsuits surrounding those disputes continued until 1850. Moreover, the mortgages on the Constitution Island property were, of course, still pressing. However gradual the decline may have been, it is clear that by the end of the decade the family was in effect impoverished. In 1849, as Anna describes it, matters came to a head.

By a bit of chicanery, certain men got hold of a mortgage on some city lots which my father still held. This they foreclosed, at a season when most buyers were out of town, and my father away; bought in the property themselves for

less than the face of the mortgage (it being worth much more), turned about, and sued my father on the bond.

Crippled by his old losses, he could not meet this new demand: it was a time of great business depression; and we were the "wheel going down hill" which is apt to distance its friends. (278)

In the summer of that year, a bankruptcy auction was held in the house itself, by order of the Cold Spring sheriff, to settle this latest debt:

Books had been separated, other things sorted out: all that we might lawfully keep was set aside; and next day, the rest was to go. (279)

"The rest" included virtually every luxury item the family possessed, including china, paintings, furniture not deemed essential, and Susan's beloved piano. Coincidentally, the printed cards for a card game designed by the sisters arrived on the day that the possessions sold in the auction were to be removed from the house. Anna described her recollection of the day's events:

"Our little Revolutionary (and revolutionized) front room was swept and dusted, stray bits of furniture were gathered in; and I ran out for a handful of flowers, to make myself feel at home. With what materials we could find we set forth two small makeshift tables, covered them somehow, got out our paint boxes, opened our package, and fell to work. (279)

Susan and Anna's efforts to earn money had begun before the sheriff's auction: they transcribed legal documents at the rate of three cents per sheet. In the winter of 1847-1848, which

Henry spent in New York while the women remained at Constitution Island, Susan and Anna decided to collaborate on their "Natural History" card game, to be called "Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard." They submitted a sample set of cards and booklet to George P. Putnam, who agreed to publish them; as described in Susan Warner, Anna and Susan colored the sets of cards by hand for an additional pittance. Susan began the first draft of The Wide, Wide World late in the same winter, with the encouragement of both Frances and Anna, who read the novel in draft form and gave it its title. Anna described the novel's inspiration rather picturesquely:

Tea was over in what we still call "the old room"; (no older than some of the others, but perhaps with less effort to look young:) and my Aunt Fanny stood washing up the cups and saucers, while my sister was near by, towel in hand. And it had doubtless been one of my headache days; for I sat idly at the other corner of the hearth, watching the two dear figures about their work. The room was very still and full of thoughts. Then Aunt Fanny spoke.

"Sue, I believe if you would try, you could write a story." Whether she added "that would sell," I am not sure; but of course that was what she meant. From the early days of her own self-confidence, no one of us had ever questioned my darling's power to do anything she chose.

My sister made no answer. But as she finished wiping the dishes, and went back and forth to put them away, the first dim notion of the "Wide, Wide World" came into her head. Very misty at first, very brief; hardly going beyond the one thought of a desolate child tossed out upon the

world; but I think the opening words were written that very night. No wonder she began it with a lawsuit! (263)

For Susan and Anna, the most significant event of the 1840s was their "conversion." They became covenanted members of the Christian church at the Mercer Street Chapel on 2 April 1841, under the supervision of Rev. Thomas Harvey Skinner. Warner's journals up to that point reveal some evidence of interest in religion, though her preferences in reading matter--Roxobel and Baxter's Saint's Rest--indicated her interest more convincingly than the dutiful complaints she recorded when she felt that her Sunday activities were not exactly what they ought to have been. Anna attributed Susan's sudden resolve to join the church formally to her suffering on account of her sense of social inferiority:

I do not know the workings of her mind through those first winter months in town; perhaps she hardly knew it herself; but one small thing brought sudden light and purpose. This I have heard her tell.

Walking up Waverly Place one day, she met an acquaintance who just then was counted a leader of fashion. And as they passed, this woman's bow was so slight and cool, that it had almost the air of a rebuff. Whether so meant or not does not matter; it seemed so to my sister. And as she walked on, with that sense of check that is so painful to a young person, all her nerves astir at the supposed slight, she said in her heart that she would put her happiness in a safer place, beyond the reach of scornful fingers. She would have something that should stand, though the whole world went to pieces. (200)

Even Anna seems to have been aware that this sort of epiphany is a little too novelistic to be the whole story. She points out that to her knowledge, Susan had always believed the Bible to be true in every respect, and concedes that the adversity of the last few years, by eroding the appeal of "the world" for her sister, had deepened a faith that was in actuality formed in childhood.

The only other sources of information regarding Susan's decision are her novels, unreliable as they are as biographical documents. Several describe a sudden conversion, often precipitated by adverse circumstances, and at least a handful of passages heavily imply that wealthy or comfortable people are less likely to feel a need for faith than the poor or desolate. However, many more of Warner's novels depict a character's already established faith deepening when some deeply-felt need goes unmet or a passionate desire has been frustrated. And some reflect perhaps the most typical nineteenth-century scenario: a religious orientation already cultivated by family or the larger culture, and deepened into active practice by the believer's own emotional impulses, explorations of formal theology, or logical reasoning. It is easy to forget in the late twentieth century that in the mid-nineteenth century, mainstream Protestant denominations provided the contexts for almost every sort of creative, intellectual or social action. Warner's need for consolation may have intensified her interest in spirituality; but the theological positions at which she eventually arrived were the product of formal study and trained logic, not raw emotions or compulsive needs.

Susan's journal of 1850-1852, begun after The Wide, Wide World was accepted for publication by George Putnam, recorded the family's most desperate time, the fall of 1850. The family's resources, apart from the Constitution Island property and donations from friends and relatives, were at last exhausted. In the journal's pages Susan described her father's haplessness, the lack of money for necessities such as candles and sugar, her hope of winning a fifty dollar prize to be awarded by Lydia Sigourney for an essay on "Female Patriotism", and half-baked plans to become a governess. Far beyond complaining about unfashionable homemade dresses, Susan wondered where the money would come from for the material for winter cloaks. The West Point community had incurred Henry's antipathy by dismissing Thomas Warner, and Susan's social circle was at this point limited to the family of Rev. Thomas Skinner, a few old family friends, and the headmistress of a Gramercy Park school for whom Susan and Anna had graded student compositions. Susan reacted bitterly to the well-meant but condescending offers from friends, such as an invitation to the family to spend the winter in a deserted summerhouse on Staten Island.

It seems clear that Susan experienced her most painful and degrading sense of poverty and social isolation several years after, not before her conversion and Church membership. When her "female patriotism" essay won its prize, Susan wrote bitterly that she had no one to tell the news to, and she expressed more interest in the money than in the award itself. It is clear, too, that Susan still viewed her reduced circumstances as shameful; on 6 January 1851, she described her house as "exactly like a house where poor people live":

. . . the discolored stone end of the house, and bare front walk, looking as if it was not troubled with attentions, and with a kind of uncompromising, cut-loose-from-the-world air -- it is just like us. Not ragged yet, not out of repair, though in want of paint; the very little garret window was tight in its place. But the beautiful elm in the corner, with its fine display of branches and their exquisite fringing of tiny stems and sprays, was a little out of keeping, seemed as if it might claim better company.

Perhaps most pathetic were Susan's diary references to "the servants," which denoted the pre-teen son and daughter of a Mrs. Miller who rented the two rooms over the kitchen with her decrepit husband.

But The Wide, Wide World proved, as Warner had written doubtfully on October 30, 1850, "a richer storehouse than it has been to most people." Respectful and appreciative reviews appeared immediately following the publication of the book in the last week of December 1850. Although she did not examine the specific content of the reviews in her journal, Susan evidently responded to the critical acclaim with glee, describing even an evening spent exchanging drafts with her sister by the light of a button lamp as "such great pleasure." More tellingly, she began a scrapbook of clippings in the same notebook, copying out several reviews by hand and including even left-handed compliments, such as a brief comment in the New York Observer which praised The Wide, Wide World as "well printed and handsomely bound." Royalties followed shortly thereafter, although Warner did not receive any remuneration from the many pirated editions in both England and the United States. The

profit from the Putnam edition allowed the family to pay off outstanding debts and replace some of the items sold in the sheriff's auction: many of the pieces in the Warner House date from the 1850s, including a large and impressive four-poster bed Susan evidently chose for her bedroom.

Susan had begun her second novel, Queechy, immediately upon the acceptance of The Wide, Wide World and the journal of 1850-1851 is filled with her "weavings" of the plot, often including fragments of description and generous chunks of dialogue, but often so reflective of Warner's own moods and circumstances as to be an outgrowth of the journal itself. Although Queechy did not become a craze in the manner of The Wide, Wide World, it sold briskly. Most critics felt that its realistic descriptions of country life improved on the first novel's strengths. In contrast to Fred Pattee's, and more recently David Reynold's contention that writers like Warner were principally concerned with the marketplace, a number of reviewers felt that Warner's writing style was both innovative and uncommercial; several reviewers mentioned the "lack of dramatic incident" and homely settings of the two novels. The Albany Register praised Warner's "sparkling, polished and vigorous style." An anonymous reviewer for the New York Tribune called Queechy "free from inflation of sentiment and pomp of language,":

The country is painted sincerely--not dressed up for effect. The writer is content with the fields and woods, the streams and fountains, the hills and plains in their natural costume, without seeking to disguise them by meretricious adornments.

Whether because of or in spite of its distinctive, realistic descriptions, Queechy was popular enough that Whiting's Pond, in Canaan, New York, was renamed Queechy Lake and is still known by the latter name. Susan used a portion of her royalties to purchase Nora, a Morgan horse for recreational riding. Anna Warner's first novel, Dollars and Cents, was published in the same year; true to its title (contributed by Susan), it refurbished the family's wardrobes and provided comfortable winter quarters in New York.

In 1853, Susan wrote a "juvenile," Carl Kringen: His Christmas Stocking, and began two more substantial works, a novel based on the childhood experiences of Henry and Thomas Warner, and a thematic anthology of Bible excerpts titled The Law and the Testimony. A typical review in the Watchman and Reflector praised the latter as "an admirable book, not only for private Christians, but also for ministers in their preparation for the pulpit, furnishing a perfect treasury of pregnant texts on the leading themes of theology." Other reviewers recognised the work as a form of theological argument; the categories and selections were not neutral, but expressive of the compiler's conclusions. One reviewer felt that the selections had been made "by a thoroughly uncritical process . . . and often with an application that is doubtful by the most learned theologians," but most critics apparently regarded Warner's theological positions with respect. The Baptist Christian Chronicle's reviewer wrote that "The most important doctrines are here the object of attention, and are made deeply impressive and instructive, while viewing them separately, and seeing what the sacred writers all united say of each." The Union Theological Seminary library acquired a

copy, validating Warner's status as a serious theological writer. All of Susan's subsequent fiction reflected this shift of focus, discarding the evocation of pathos and sensitive, tearful heroines in favor of more austere examinations of the practical implications of Christian doctrine.

At the same time, Susan's diary of the period alludes to some sort of personal crisis or temptation; an entry from the summer of 1851 complained that life had grown empty and "fame never was a woman's Paradise, yet," and the following summer, she wrote mysteriously about "strange hope and fear," and "aches and pains and weariness of heart." Warner's lament about "a woman's paradise" does not seem to have been a traditional complaint about the inconveniences attendant on fame, which were, in her case, minimized by her relative isolation and anonymity, and which she described elsewhere as "rather exciting." She seemed to be regretting through the conventional phrase some other, unavailable "woman's paradise." One biographer, Mabel Baker, speculated that "there had been a budding romance which had, for various causes, come to nothing," (Warner Family 8). Two of Warner's later novels, Daisy (1868) and Diana (1877), describe convincing, vividly-drawn romances and present male protagonists far more three-dimensional than her usual formulaic heroes¹⁹⁰, hinting at an intensely-remembered experience of some sort.

Unfortunately there is no hard evidence to substantiate Baker's hypothesis. Nonetheless, one might assume that Warner's standing as a prominent, respected religious writer would have

¹⁹⁰ Baker points out that none of Warner's other male characters can be "credited as anything but a manikin whose presence is required for structural balance." (Light 84)

enhanced her opportunities for personal attention considerably. Although a reviewer described her in 1864 as "tall and thin; her features are sharp and irregular," Susan's physical plainness would have been far less of a disadvantage for a noted author in her thirties and forties than for the self-conscious, fiercely opinionated and newly impoverished post-adolescent of the 1830s or 1840s.

Moreover, her success as an author placed Warner in a position to meet possible suitors. Henry Warner's antipathy to West Point, which had served to isolate his daughters from the nearest large community throughout the 1840s, softened over time; and a variety of people were eager to claim acquaintance with both Susan and Anna, who had enjoyed lesser but still appreciable successes with her works. Several winters in New York in the late 1850s and early 1860s afforded social opportunities, as did visits elsewhere. At some point in the 1850s the Warners developed a relationship with Mary Rutherford Garrettson, the daughter of the prominent Methodist minister Freeborn Garrettson and Catharine Livingston. Born in 1791, Mary Garrettson was disfigured by severe scoliosis, but as her illustrious parents' only heir she made her home, a spectacular estate near Rhinecliff known as Wildercliffe, a social center for the Methodist denomination--and for the large and prominent Livingston clan. The Warner family spent at least two winters, perhaps more, in a cottage on the estate. Under her aegis Susan moved among a variety of people who shared her theological interests and--perhaps more important--enjoyed the kind of long-established social position Warner continued to believe was her own element.

The sales of the novels did not, however, restore their former wealth to the Warners. Royalties came in intermittently at best, no matter how well the novels sold, and printers across the country and in England produced pirated editions of each new work. Anna Warner attributed the financial crises of the late 1850s to "hard times" and an outstanding mortgage on the property, but some uncomfortably detailed portraiture in the novels that Susan wrote after Henry Warner's death hints that Henry may have incurred further debts or squandered his daughters' income through abortive attempts to reestablish his practice or ill-advised speculations. At some point in the decade, friends of Henry's assumed the unpaid mortgage on Constitution Island; Anna Warner wrote,

Bit by bit it had been cleared away, until now the last payment fell due. . . Then one day this gentleman sent my father word that the last payment would fall due on such a time, and he could not meet it. . . Every cent we had at interest was called in and handed over; and we faced the world once more, with hands almost as empty as on that memorable day when we coloured our first pack of cards.

(376)

"So we worked!" Anna continued. "Big books, little books; now and then an article for some paper or magazine. We corrected compositions for a certain school; we wrote dictation papers for the teacher. We made our own dresses, and kept the household bills at a modest figure." Mabel Baker points out that reinvestment in the Island essentially removed the responsibility for its ownership, and responsibility for the family's finances, from Henry to Susan (Light 71). Perhaps the most significant

token of Susan's response to the burden was her largest purchase of 1858. She bought a sewing machine, one of the very first sold for home use, to lighten the chore of making the family's clothes.

During the winter of 1858-59, the family remained at Constitution Island to economise--this time with ample supplies, however, and two resident adult servants. For the first time, Anna and Susan co-authored a novel, Say and Seal, planning the plot together, but writing the chapters separately, in turn. The sisters collaborated seamlessly, and it is all but impossible to guess which author wrote any given chapter. The overall effect, however, was more in Anna's characteristic style than Susan's--sunnier and more visibly influenced by Romanticism, with softer, less realistically-drawn settings. Anna was the author of the work's most noted feature and the single most widely-known piece of writing by either Warner: the lyrics to the children's hymn, Jesus Loves Me.

At the end of January, at the invitation of Henrietta Haines, the headmistress of the "certain school" to which Anna alluded, both Anna and Susan went to New York. They stayed at the school, located at 10 Gramercy Park, until 2 February, and then engaged rooms through 1 March. The visit was, by Warner standards, a whirl of social activity, with several dinner parties among company Edith Wharton might have envied, and a series of readings of Shakespeare's plays presented by Fanny Kemble. The return home was evidently something of a letdown. Anna quoted from a now lost journal of Susan's: "A & I took carriage at ten, and drove to Chambers Street. At Cold Spring wait half an hour for wagon--a boy to drive--afraid, but go with

him. Muddy road--disagreeable--walk part of the way. Home at last safe, and very thankful. Very tired, but both bore it pretty well. Home looks very odd after New York." (389)

Although Say and Seal did not sell as briskly as they had hoped, Anna and Susan went on to co-author several other works, including the very popular Wych Hazel and The Gold of Chickaree. But Susan resumed her individual style and sole authorship with Melbourne House, begun in the first year of the Civil War. Melbourne House reprised territory familiar from The Wide, Wide World, but the modifications Warner made in her formula allowed her to discuss Christian doctrine and practice with greater sophistication. Daisy, her heroine, was not an orphan, but an heiress; her sufferings were not at the hands of an insensitive and Emersonian Aunt Fortune, but resulted from the conflict between Daisy's conception of Christian ethics and her parents' more conventional but still nominally Christian beliefs. In other words, Warner was beginning to look at the intersections of religious belief with power and authority in theological rather than emotional terms; and she was beginning to suggest that the daily practice of genuine Christianity might sometimes involve resistance to rather than submission to authority.

Warner began publishing Melbourne House serially, in The Little American, a monthly story paper put out by Susan and Anna from October 1862 to December 1864; the completed novel appeared late in 1864. One episode early in Melbourne House became familiar to millions of readers, indirectly, through the plagiarism of Martha Finley. Warner's heroine faints, and eventually breaks her ankle, to avoid carrying out her mother's request that she sing an aria from an opera on a Sunday. Martha

Finley transformed the scene, minus the doctrinal subtleties, into the famous "fainting at the piano episode" of Elsie Dinsmore, published in 1867.

In her next work, published late in 1863, Warner continued her exploration of doctrinal debate. Set in the exotic locations of England, Wales and Fiji, The Old Helmet explored the conflict between the established Church of England and Dissenters. Warner began the novel while staying at Wildercliffe, and she based the narrative very loosely on the Livingston family's opposition to Catharine Garrettson's marriage with a Methodist circuit-rider. In The Old Helmet, Eleanor has to choose between obedience to her Anglican parents' wishes and a marriage that will allow her to fulfill her vocation as a Methodist missionary. Unlike The Wide, Wide World, The Old Helmet suggested that to live as a genuine Christian, one might have to defy the authority of parents and even of clergymen. More significantly, Warner was moving from the ideal of Christianity offered by her former mentor Thomas Harvey Skinner--a paradigm stressing absolute submission to God and to all legitimate earthly authorities--to the model she saw in the Methodist circuit-riders, indicating that true Christianity would require an active imitation of Jesus in every aspect of life, not merely within the domestic sphere but in the larger society.

As someone extremely conscious of, and anxious to preserve, social class distinctions Warner felt little real enthusiasm for the populist fringe of the Methodist movement, but the more refined atmosphere of the aristocratic Dutchess County Methodist Episcopal church thoroughly suited her taste. Albert Hunt and Benjamin Adams, whom she met at Wildercliffe, had been heavily

influenced by Nathan Bangs, who urged "scriptural restraint and moderation" and complained that Methodism "had been indifferent to the cause of literature and science." (Hatch 203-204)

Although by the 1860s the breakaway Protestant Methodist sect denounced Bangs and his followers for their elitism, Warner placed herself squarely in his camp. In The Old Helmet, the hero's missionary call demanded the use rather than the suppression of his intellect and scholarship, and Warner praised her heroine's "nice tastes" and delicate white dresses. The ending of the novel, in which Warner described the missionary couple's idyllic tropical honeymoon in Fiji, swerved drastically from her usual homespun realism, but it effectively pointed the direction her theology was taking.

The charmingly exotic, gracious and and even elegant cottage in Fiji may have been preposterous, but Warner based even the more farfetched parts of The Old Helmet on as much factual evidence as she could find, prefacing the book with the warning, "The incidents and testimonies given in this work as matters of fact are not drawn from imagination, but reported from excellent authority, though I have used my own words. And in the case of reported words from third parties, the words stand unchanged, without any meddling." The Warner House library boasted several volumes on Fiji, at least two by missionaries who had served there. Still more valuable was Anna's New Year's gift to Susan in 1861, a stereoscope with half a dozen slides; the Warners eventually assembled an impressive library of "views," ranging in subject from Welsh hillsides to the Pyramids. The stereoscope, along with a bookcase of Baedekers and other travel literature,

enabled Warner to describe, if not Fiji, at any rate Palestine and Europe in subsequent novels with remarkable veracity.

Appearing in the middle of the Civil War, The Old Helmet sold slowly, although it would eventually go through some twenty-eight editions. Anna Warner described the disruptions of the war years:

"The ramifications of the work done by our war were endless. People did not buy books, for lack of heart to read them; or because the money must go to hospitals and the Christian Commission. The price of paper went up, for old linen and cotton of every sort were to take the same road. Rapeseed oil--(until then always used in our student lamp) jumped to eight dollars a gallon. The young men of the neighborhood went off to the fight; while the women helped the old men wage the warfare with weeds and needs, at home. For two or three years we could get no helper worth having. We made our own garden, and my sister and I rowed my father across the river every day, where he went up the hill to post-office and market. Hard-pressed we often were, but in those years nobody minded anything that did not touch the Country." (420)

Susan minded. A journal entry, quoted by Anna on the following page of Susan Warner, sounds resentful, not patriotic:

Aug. 14. (In town, on the way to Lenox.) After dinner A. and I went out to buy some warmer dresses than we have. But we are too poor -- could n't afford \$3.50 apiece for them. Rather discouraging. Saw the remnant of Fire Zouaves come home -- a sad sight. Not only browned and worn, they looked not happy, not bright, not good. They feel the contrast, no

doubt, between this and their going off, eleven hundred strong."

Warner began a novel depicting the conflict late in 1863, in the form of a continuation of Melbourne House. This sequel, Daisy, was inspired by Susan's observation of a family she had visited just before the war:

Politics oddly divided in this family. Mr. D. sensible and patriotic -- Mrs. D. the reverse of both. Miss S. strong for right and honor -- little M. violent against the one and the other. T. rather distressed than taking part -- Mr. R. a fire-eater -- Mr. W. desirous of entering the Federal army. (SW 419)

Daisy was perhaps the novel that most deeply satisfied Warner as an author. Although it is constructed even more casually than the majority of Warner's novels, with the episodic plotting typical of serial publication, Daisy is a complex book and an emotionally involving one. On 7 June, 1873, Warner wrote in a now lost journal, "Make myself melancholy over 'Daisy' -- don't see how I came to write such a sad book." (SW 471) The feature that saddened Warner was probably the realistic and sensual romance that Daisy presents, almost uniquely among her novels; but the theological argument developed in the novel was equally noteworthy, if less singular. Although in Melbourne House the heroine had borne a certain family resemblance to Ellen Montgomery or Fleda Ringgan, Warner managed an astonishing change of perspective in the sequel by switching to first person narration, revealing her by now cliched little angel of the house to be a moody, introspective and rather manipulative adolescent. The opening page bluntly stated her intention as a writer:

I want an excuse to myself for writing my own life; an excuse for the indulgence of going it all over again, as I have so often gone over bits. It has not been more remarkable than thousands of others. Yet every life has in it a thread of present truth and possible glory. Let me follow out the truth to the glory. (5)¹⁹¹

Daisy presented the title character's life as a series of negotiations to live up to her conception of Christian behavior in antagonistic environments: a Southern plantation, a fashionable boarding school in New York, West Point and travelling in Europe. The obstacles Daisy confronts are not for the most part personal frustrations, but encounters with ethical debates requiring decisions and action from the heroine. Upon her arrival at her family's plantation, the ten-year-old Daisy learns about slavery, and immediately concludes it to be antithetical to the fundamental ethic of Christianity: "the balance of the golden rule, to which I was accustomed, is an easy one to weigh things in; and even little hands can manage it." (85) She recognises that her family's wealth is derived from enslavement, and more painfully still, that her parents share complicity in what she recognises to be evil:

As for rest in my mind and heart, it seemed at that time as if I should never know it again. Never again! I was a child--I had but vague ideas respecting even what troubled me; nevertheless I had been struck, where may few children be struck! in the very core and quick of my heart's reverence and affection. It had come home to me that papa

¹⁹¹ The edition of Daisy referred to is Lippincott, 1885.

was somehow doing wrong. My father was in my childish thought and belief, the ideal of chivalrous and high-bred excellence;--and papa was doing wrong. I could not turn my eyes from the truth; it was before me in too visible a form.
(84)

Daisy's conclusions lead her inevitably to action--initially, attempts to mitigate the condition of her parents' slaves by gaining small privileges or giving charitable gifts, but eventually through a more decisive act. When Daisy is sent north to school, she decides to bring one of her slaves with her across the Mason-Dixon line, in effect setting her free. Her guardian, Dr. Sandford, chides her for this rash action:

"But it may be right to consider what would be Mr. Randolph's wish on the subject. If you take her, he may lose several hundred dollars worth of property; it is right for me to warn you; would he choose to run the risk."

I remember now what a fire at my heart sent the blood to my face. But with my hand in Dr. Sandford's, and those blue eyes of his reading me, I could not keep back my thought.

"She ought to be her own mistress"--I said. (183)

Dr. Sandford warns Daisy, " 'You must not take it on your heart that you have to teach all the ignorant and help all the distressed that come your way; because simply you cannot do it.' " Her response, and Warner's, is:

I looked at him. I could not tell him what I thought, because he would not, I feared, understand it. Christ came to do just such work, and his servants must have it on their heart to do the same. (187)

This moral code, Warner makes clear, does not involve grand-scale heroics but rather a series of small acts of self-denial; Daisy chooses to buy cheaper clothing for herself so that she can outfit Margaret. The doctrinal question recedes temporarily into the background in one of Warner's wonderful shopping scenes, with textures, fabrics, designs, silk pelisses and chinchilla caps all lovingly detailed by the narrator. But the submerged subtext comes to the surface again when Daisy explains her modest purchases to Dr. Sandford:

"Dr. Sandford, the Bible says, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

"Well?" said he, refusing to draw any conclusions for me.

"I have more than I want, and they have not enough. I don't think I ought to keep more than I want."

"But then arises the question," said he, "how much do you want? Where is the line, beyond which you, or I, for instance, have too much?"

"I was not speaking of anybody but myself," I said.

"But a rule of action which is the right one for you, would be right for everybody."

"Yes, but everybody must apply it for himself," I said. "I was only applying it for myself." (209)

That same question, "How much should one do?" became the focus of a series of "juveniles" commissioned by Carter, the religious publishing house that had published The Law and the Testimony, immediately after the publication of Daisy. Warner described the four-volume series, collectively titled A Story of Small Beginnings, as unusually easy and enjoyable to write. The

first volume, What She Could, described Matilda Englefield's attempts to "love her neighbors" as a working-class child in Rhinebeck. The next volume, ironically titled Opportunities, described the virtual imprisonment and startlingly explicit abuse Matilda suffers under the guardianship of her aunt after the sudden death of her mother. In the last two volumes Matilda's hopes come to fruition when she is adopted by a wealthy and loving family.

Warner minimized the undeniable fairy-tale motifs by the exercise of her trademark realistic detail; Matilda's opportunity to demonstrate the precept "return good for evil," for example, arrives when an adoptive cousin deliberately spills macaroni and cheese on a favorite crimson silk dress. Throughout the series, Warner argued that patience, discipline and self-sacrifice are means to an end, not ends in themselves. Endless patience might be necessary to "turn away anger" or "return good for evil," and "to deal thy bread to the hungry" would undoubtedly involve some self-denial, but the aim throughout, Warner suggested, should not be the perfection of one's self but rather the completion of one's Christian mission.

Perhaps this shift in emphasis partially accounts for the smaller audience for Warner's later novels. Urging readers to overcome "passion" and "self-will" was one thing since, as many recent critics have pointed out, it was making a virtue of necessity. Most middle-class women in the nineteenth century had few overt opportunities for indulging "self-will" in any case, and tantrums seldom received positive reinforcement. Urging people--male or female--to share their possessions or dedicate their time and energies to serving those in need was another

thing entirely. Of course, a Christian would still have a great deal to submit to, and to yield; but a perpetual ministry of "doing unto others as you would be done by" was the ultimate goal.

The "Holiness Movement" or "Holiness Crusade" within the Methodist Church, spearheaded by Phoebe Palmer, argued that one's redemption was contingent on "entire sanctification" (Raser 181). Palmer's The Way of Holiness (1843) and Present to My Christian Friend, On Entire Devotion to God argued that the loaded phrase "cleansed of all sin" should refer not only to the consequences of sin, but the committing of it. In effect, Christianity obligated one to evince not only willingness and faith but also "a redemption from all iniquity":

The soul through faith having laid upon that altar that sanctifieth the gift experiences continually the all-cleansing efficacy of the blood of Jesus; and through this it knows the blessedness of being presented faultless before the throne and gaining new accessions of wisdom, power and love. (Palmer 15)

"Heroic holiness," Palmer dictated, would require the Christian to devote virtually all of his or her time, resources and talents to "holy purposes"; Christians would serve as God's angels of mercy to rescue orphans, the sick, the poor or hungry. Palmer urged her followers to visit the imprisoned, establish settlement houses, and adopt orphans into their homes (Raser 211-226).

Did Warner herself put this theology into practice? The records we have now give no indication of extraordinary acts of charity. Susan's journals described her efforts to convert her servants, but did not mention, say, paying for them to attend

college or find more fulfilling work. Unlike her 1879 heroine Desire, Warner did not go out to nurse ill neighbors. Nor did she locate and outfit comfortable apartments for street-sweepers as Matilda does in Trading or endow an orphanage like Mr. Murray in Willow Brook. Shortly after her conversion in the 1840s she had worked briefly as a district visitor distributing tracts, but her transition to Methodist doctrine did not inspire a repeat performance; nor would tract distribution have fulfilled the Holiness Movement's directive to improve other people's material conditions. It is also true that a would-be Christian could read many books about doing good deeds and get a glow of charity just from the reading, without necessarily doing much of anything for anyone. Nonetheless, Warner used her fiction to represent the practice of Christianity as healing the sick, sheltering the homeless, and clothing the naked--acts intended to bring about well-being for other people--rather than as a narcissistic pursuit. Warner's deficiencies notwithstanding, her books argued increasingly forcibly that Christianity meant, not self-abnegation or unquestioning submission, but redistribution of wealth and the development of social services.

A needy arrival on her own doorstep in 1869 may have strained some of Warner's ideals. A young African-American woman known only as Bertha turned up without explanation at Constitution Island late in the winter. Anna described her as "one who, beginning with extreme waywardness and wilfulness, soon won our hearts, developing later into the simplest-hearted believer." Susan's heart was evidently somewhat slower to melt, resenting the presumption of the former slave as she had resented the hired girls in Canaan who sat down to chat with Aunt Fanny in

the front room. However, the novels she wrote after 1870 featured a variety of three-dimensional and sympathetic black characters, substantially developed beyond the virtuous caricatures in The Hills of the Shatemuc and Daisy.

Warner returned decisively to adult fiction in 1877 with the publication of Diana, which shares with Daisy the distinction of a fully-drawn, convincing romance with a man who is not a paragon of Christian morality or a substitute father. The heroine Diana, the daughter of a farmer, falls in love with Evan Knowlton, the son of the local "quality folks"; when he goes west to serve as an army officer, Diana's mother intercepts and burns his letters, and Diana, heartbroken, agrees to marry the local minister instead. The story focused on Diana's attempts to cope with the injury her mother inflicted on her, and to salvage her life within the allowable limits of conventional morality. Warner seems to have wanted to test the article of faith that no real harm could be suffered by a believer, and she depicted Diana's anguish in unnervingly convincing detail. Diana's eventual redemption is less convincing, if rather charming, inasmuch as her husband seems to have been cloned from half a dozen Warner heroes; surely not every Christian woman in Diana's situation enjoyed a saintly (and well-off) husband who would cheerfully and sympathetically wait four or five years for her love.

Warner's depiction of marriage was, of course, less solidly based on personal experience than her depiction of renunciation. Her next adult novel, My Desire, took the form of the heroine's journal, and several passages revealed the range of emotions with which Warner regarded her solitude. Through the fictional persona of Desire Burgoyne, Warner commented wryly on other

people's unappealing spouses, and revelled in the freedom of a solitary life. But one of Desire's journal entries read:

"The days are grey sometimes. I cannot help that. There is a certain want of color in them; and happy as I am, and busy, I cannot help knowing that, as a woman, a large part of my mental nature is like an unused room in a house; locked up and empty. I do not think such locked doors are ever pleasant to pass; still less is it pleasant to turn the key and go in, and see the coldness and silence of the place; and of no sort of use to speculate how it would be if furnished and lighted and warmed." (350)¹⁹²

Warner found some consolation in the extraordinary beauty of Constitution Island, in her daily activities, in her deepening respect and affection for her sister, and the companionship of a series of pets, but suffered terribly when she was deprived of any of these small pleasures. She wrote lovingly on 8 June, 1873 about her black and tan hound, Tippoo Sahib:

Slept a great deal of the morning, upstairs on my little bed, with Tip in my arms. Refreshed a little with sleep and dinner, was able to do a little bit of study and reading and writing in the tent -- but not a great deal. Then little Tip came to me and lay in my lap, and twice came up higher to lie on my arm upon my breast. And again at evening on the lounge, he crept into my arms and laid his little nose in or against my hand. (SW 471)

The following day, 9 June, the dog was shot and killed by hunters, and Warner wrote, "Anna made half sick, and O how I

¹⁹² Nisbet, 1879 edition.

wished to be away from here." Warner described the death of a baby bird she had fed on 2 August of the same year:

Feeding a little young warbler which A. found alone in the grass Thursday evening and brought in. Feeding it with flies -- a pretty business! The creature came to know us enough to turn its little head after us, expecting its food. But some pieces of hornet unadvisedly given, or somewhat else, suddenly disordered the delicate organisation, and it died this evening. It touched me; I had such a tenderness for the little thing. (SW 475-476)

Although Anna Warner also suffered from the isolation of life on Constitution Island, she seems to have resented her condition less throughout her long life. Moving from the city at the age of fourteen, Anna may have seen the change as an escape from the corsets, pressures and fuss of growing up, rather than as a lost opportunity. Small and delicate in build, Anna was far more active and athletic than her tall, big-boned sister; she loved activities that took her out of doors, including chopping wood and gardening. Except, perhaps, for her intermittent migraines, Anna never expressed any regret for her way of life, and she evinced no interest whatever in marriage. Although Susan expressed affection for her sister in her diaries from the 1850s onward and, indeed, based the heroine of her second novel Queechy on Anna, a sense of respect for her sister's spontaneity, love of nature, and independence developed more gradually.

In contrast, Warner's relationship with her father evidently deteriorated over the years at Constitution Island. In his eighties Henry Warner strained the limits of filial duty. Anna Warner described him sustaining injuries in a fall in 1872, at

which point Henry took to his bed, acquiring a handsome mechanical "invalid chair" with a convenient arm for supporting reading matter. Although some degree of infirmity must have come naturally with age, there is some evidence to suggest that his infirmities had non-physical causes. The Warner House Collection includes an impressive array of glass bottles from Henry's collection of patent medicines, which included among their ingredients generous doses of opium, cocaine derivatives and alcohol.

After some years of illnesses, real or feigned, Henry Warner died on 20 February 1875 at the age of eighty-seven. He had grown increasingly demanding and difficult, and his death simplified the Warners' housekeeping arrangements considerably. The portraits of fathers in the novels Susan wrote after his death are a strikingly critical eulogy. Mr. Copley in The End of a Coil is irresponsible, a compulsive gambler and an alcoholic; Warner's depiction of alcoholism is uncomfortably clinical and uninflected. His daughter Dolly earns a pittance by painting miniature portraits. Mr. Carpenter in The Letter of Credit is an ineffectual farmer who dies leaving his wife and daughter penniless. The self-centered and hypochondriac Colonel Gainsborough in The Red Wallflower squanders his independence in bad investments, and then complains incessantly about his compromised living conditions when his daughter teaches school to support him. Having been a dutiful daughter until Henry's death, it seems Warner had no more emotional energy to spare for remembering him charitably.

The family no longer relocated to New York City after Henry Warner's death, preferring to rent rooms in Highland Falls or

Cold Spring. In the late 1870s Susan, Anna and Frances's annual winter residence at the Squirrels, a villa just north of the Highland Falls village, encouraged closer ties to the West Point community. Susan began holding Bible readings and study sessions with officers' wives, and when cadets gradually began to attend the sessions as well, she received permission to meet formally with them in the Cadet Chapel. In the summer months, the class met at Constitution Island, gathering on the lawn in front of the house; the afternoon's activities included lemonade and cookies along with readings, analytical discussion and prayer.

Although the classes at Constitution Island were suspended by Colonel Henry Lazelle in October, 1882, along with any other cadet activities that took them beyond the limits of the Military Academy property, Lazelle was reassigned within the year and the classes resumed. On the evidence of letters sent to Susan by her former students, the classes were intellectually rigorous, occasioning considerable debate about Scripture interpretation and doctrine. Former cadets wrote asking for prayers and expressing conventional thanks, but also briskly arguing theology on a level of abstraction that might do a present-day Union Theological Seminary student credit. The debates often continued after graduation by mail. One former cadet took issue with Warner's construction of the nature of salvation. Siding with the "Holiness" faction within the Methodist movement, Warner argued that one could not "try" to be a good Christian; according to this school of thought, Jesus was the only possible agent of

salvation; one's own efforts could only be futile.¹⁹³ William M. Black wrote asking,

"Are you not in a measure denying to Christians the possibility of growth in cutting out the word 'try'? Was it not only after years of trying that you reached the strong position where you now stand, and are you not 'trying' still?" (Warner House Collection)

Warner seemed to enjoy such semantic debates and took the challenges to her terminology lightly. The Holiness Movement with which she aligned herself, and Methodism in general, valued the personal religious experience of conversion and, above all, the ongoing praxis of their readings of the Gospels over what they saw as the arcane and abstruse doctrines of Calvinism or the empty ritual of the Established Church; Warner apparently concluded that verbalizing one's beliefs in precise, technical vocabulary was a pleasant recreational activity for Sunday afternoons rather than a matter of moment. In her last novel, Daisy Plains, she satirised just the kind of Skinnerian diction used in the interview she had undergone to join his Mercer Street Church in 1841. In the dialogue, the conventionally Calvinist position was voiced by unimaginative, middle-aged men; a little girl applying to join the church offered the basic argument of Evangelicism:

Mr. McJimpsey eyed her fixedly and inquired,

"What is justification?"

"I do not know, sir," said Helen.

¹⁹³ Warner may have been impressed by Hannah Whitall Smith's The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life.

The minister and the deacon exchanged glances which seemed to express satisfaction.

"My dear," said Deacon Post gently, "Do you think you are a sinner?"

"Yes, sir; I know I am."

"Do you think that your sins are forgiven?"

"Yes, sir, I know they are."

"How can you know, child?" Mr. McJimpsey burst forth.

"Yes, that is goin' a leetle too fur," said Deacon Sawyer. "I'd like to be able to say so much myself with the same assurance."

"But you would not say it, I hope, if you could," the other went on. "Humility befits one who is yet in the kingdom of grace; assurance will do for the kingdom of glory."

"Wait a bit; let us hear," said Deacon Post. "It is written, 'A little child shall lead them.' My dear, why do you conclude that your sins are forgiven?"

"Because sir, Jesus promised." (112)

Little Helen develops her position into a compressed version of the Holiness Movement later in the interview:

"There is a point yet, my child. There is such a thing as a false rest,--a mistaken security. How do you know that yours is the true? Hey, my child? Can you tell?"

"No, sir," said Helen; "I don't know. But I do not think I am mistaken, because Jesus said, 'He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is he that loveth me.'"

"Hey? and you keep them, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is too much!" broke in Mr. Franks. "Who of us can say so much as that? We all wish to keep them, but we none of us do perfectly. A large assertion, made so lightly, shews, in my opinion, a failure to apprehend."

"I judge so," assented Mr. McJimpsey. "Do you know what you are saying, child, when you make that statement?--when you say you keep the Lord's commandments? You say you do what nobody does."

Helen looked at them both, a little puzzled. Deacon Post opened his mouth and shut it again; then opened it to speak.

"What makes you think you keep his commandments, my child?"

"Because I love them, sir." (113-114)

The sympathetic Deacon Post goes on to reiterate Warner's--and Palmer's--insistance that " 'Tain't in the Bible that we are to try. I durstn't put a word there that ain't there. In the Bible, folks air disciples, or they ain't; there's no tryin'."

Warner's last five years were among her most productive. By the 1880s her novels were no longer widely reviewed and her style was regarded as old-fashioned; the realistic depiction of middle-class life that Warner had pioneered was being imitated by dozens of writers who omitted her elaborate and now outdated dogmatic debates. But her publisher, Carter Brothers, still found a substantial following for new Susan Warner titles, and the stories continued to be popular in England although Warner received no royalties for her sales there. She managed to produce a lengthy novel every year in a series of "true stories" loosely based on anecdotes from the Livingston and other old

families' mythology. Although the material for these novels became somewhat formulaic, they also displayed the virtues of mature professionalism, with neatly constructed plots, crisply defined characters and plenty of vivid local color with occasional exotic touches. The End of a Coil (1880), Nobody (1882), Stephen, M.D. (1883) A Red Wallflower (1884), and Daisy Plains (1885) showed the influence of the "Holiness Movement," featuring perfected, devout main characters meeting life's tribulations with fortitude; curiously, The Letter of Credit (1881) presented a rebellious, stubborn, and very appealing heroine resembling nothing so much as an Ellen Montgomery with a sense of humor.

Anna wrote that Susan's health was failing in the winter of 1884-85. "I can look back now, and see not only my sister's want of strength, but also the unlikeness to herself, which marked those winter days." (SW 496) However, in the effort of caring for the wheelchair-bound and ailing Frances Warner, Susan's state of health went unattended. While in the process of revising her last novel, Daisy Plains, she suffered a stroke or cerebral hemorrhage on 8 March, 1885, and died nine days later on 16 March. She was buried by special permission in the military cemetery at West Point, in a spot overlooking the house at Constitution Island.

Appendix: Translation of French Journals

16 Sep. 1839.

I want to write French a little each day, so that I may be able to do it well one of these days, and to better understand the language meanwhile.

17 Sep.

I was forced to interrupt my journal to go rowing, and I am not able to write for long at present, for we must set the tea table shortly. My father leaves this evening to sell in the city. It's quite difficult, this writing; I do not know what to say, because it is necessary to put it into French; my words do not come promptly; it is necessary to search for them.

19th Sep.

We are waiting for my father this evening, and it is possible that my uncle may accompany him. That one is leaving his homeland, perhaps never to return. He will depart in the beginning of October to go to France. Then we will be more alone than ever, and he has a long time in which he will not see us or our belongings much in this world. But he is well prepared to depart, and it is up to him to judge of that which makes his well-being. I have said that he will not leave us all so easily; I might not know this, it seems. I want to put all that happens at the time he is here, since that will be perhaps the last time; only the attempt to do this, since I am so slow and so bad a writer. I am already tired. Farewell, my journal, until tomorrow.

Saturday, 21 Sep.

It is absolutely necessary to write a little, but I never have much to write. And what to say? I will say all that comes into my head. I come to read Tasso with Anna. I really take pleasure in this occupation, and she does too. I have been keeping myself on a chair almost all day, and that is tiring. I have given my girls a lesson in geography, and I have read Moliere, which amuses me deliciously. My father reads Rob Roy every evening. I do not like these novels too much; they make me then think of something else, which is annoying; meanwhile I want to read them sometimes, and I want to listen to them read by my father. I would like to know if I write well, but there is no one here who can tell me.

26 Sep.

How many days have I not written, and what a busy person I am. At all hours I have to read Roxobel all [illegible] also while my aunt reads her newspaper; and after that we go to bed. I have read almost nothing today; I made the butter, I have studied my Italian; I gave Fanny her music lesson and both girls a geography lesson. I am tired with all that.

30 Sep.

I do not write often enough to profit much. I am not ignorant of how much it is necessary to for me to write well, I believe that I will not do it for a long time. But I will persist; that is the way to succeed. It has been bad weather today. I have not been sorry because it rains we are not able to go out. It becomes so cold, meanwhile, that we hardly know what to do, since there is no fire other than the kitchen. Therefore I have been more hungry than it is necessary to be. I am ready to go to sleep. Oh, how cold it is.

5 October.

It has been the most beautiful weather today that it could be. The month of October is charming, where the sky is clear, and it is more agreeable weather than that of any other month of the year.

7 October.

We have too much business at present. So much for my aunt, she has a great deal too much on her hands. How the times have changed since ~~the~~ that of our household in a Bemise. For me, I have so many things to do, that I can hardly conceive that it should be possible to do them all. At least I do not do them. There is my chapter, Tasso to read, a lesson in geography to give, a lesson in Italian to Anna, a lesson in French for Ellen, two lessons of music a week for Francois, to practice music myself, to read the history of France, and finally, to write French, besides many things that I do not have time to write.

10 October.

I do not know what better to do at present than to write in my journal. I have a very good pen, and it will serve for a story of the thoughts which have ~~occupied~~ held me for too long a time. ~~For~~ As a person of good sense, I am the greatest madman in the world, because I torment myself with nothing and for nothing. Last night I was up until it was late; I do not know what time I went to bed. Novels are bad things for people made like me. The better way is to not to take them and get tangled up in them. I would like my journal to be the repository for my sentiments, my thoughts, & of all that happens among us, especially in our minds.

11 October.

I have neglected many things today that I ought to have done. I have been in the clouds, that is to say, I have been quite silly; but unluckily I am not less so for the knowledge. I like this writing very much, but it gives me a lot of difficulty. My father says he and me, we have done enough, and I am coming there.

16 October.

My uncle has not been to see us again, and we to tell him farewell; and ~~it is~~ will be for tomorrow that he must set sail. I know, myself, that he will be gone, but I hope so too. I do not have great weariness for the sight. I think that it will bring more pain than pleasure.

17 October.

It is very hot, but I do not want to open the door or the windows for fear of the wasps that hang around the south side of the house, and fly all around; and I do not like their stings at all. I would be able to write a lot if I had more time. If ever we return to the state of doing what we like, and nothing else, I think that I will take great joy in it.

18 Oct.

It is evening. I have nothing to write all day. I occupied myself with doing the butter, ironing the clothes, and doing other things, and now it is necessary to go to bed.

19 Oc.

We await my uncle this evening. He will not depart before the 24. Without doubt it will be a pleasure to see him one last time. Mr. Alden visited to see us yesterday. After having drunk tea, we enjoyed a conversation to be wished for. One mustn't say we, since for myself I scarcely took part, but I had great

pleasure in it. They spoke of Washington, of the English revolution and the American, of Greek, Homer, and various poets. I greatly enjoy listening to my father. Mr. A-- left at eight o'clock. I do not know what to call in French a cabinet to contain books. My uncle has promised me, and I will have it, I hope, next Monday. It is large and red. Tomorrow will be Sunday. How the Sundays quickly follow one another. The times pass too quickly, oh, too quickly. One can not hold it back; all that one can do is to make it worthwhile.

21. Oct.

My uncle arrived yesterday in the evening, and he is gone at a good hour of the morning. We have only a moment to see him, and to hear him. Before the departure, we have given him lunch.

22. Oct.

We took our leave of them in the morning. He said that he would write us letters in French as soon as he arrives in Paris. I hope that he will follow through with this. I have taken my red cabinet, but unfortunately it is not able to be here, that is to say in part on the ground floor, because in one piece it is too high, in this manner it is necessary to make a break in my bedroom. I have no great wish to write, at present, and there is not much room on the table for my books.

24 Oct.

My aunt is here, she arrived yesterday all unlooked-for, and we rejoice greatly. But she is not able to stay here for very much time. She will leave us Ellen for the winter. There is the bell which sounds. My father will be here in barely a moment, perhaps. We expect him this evening. I tired myself out today with various work. I do wish to see the day where it would not

be necessary for me to work. Meanwhile I find myself better for it; it does me good, I know. But however that might be, I do not like to wash dishes, dust the furniture, sweep the rooms, nor set the table -- and here is father.

26 Oct.

"Bad thoughts of others, that is not what does harm; what does harm is to speak evil of them." I have studied this sentence I do not know how many times. It is the most difficult that I have run into in a long time. I do not know if it is well or badly done. I should be able to do this differently, I believe. "One would harm people less by the force of thinking evil, than by gossip about them." Again, "To harm someone, it is not enough to think evil, it is necessary to gossip." I do not know which of these three is the best, for me to repeat to Francois and Anne.

28. Oct.

The times pass swiftly. Here is the beginning of another week. I have several of it [?]. But we speak of another thing. I have never read too much those journals where one speaks freely of the most intimate feelings, of one's most secret thoughts. Nonetheless, maybe I might still come to write in that way if I were very sure that no one would read it, and it is possible that I might do it at all risks, but not at present.

29 Oct.

My dear aunt left this morning. Now the evenings are long; it is necessary to to make better use of them than I have for some time. It is true that I have to write French; but it is necessary to sew too. I ought not to let ~~my aunt~~ to do all the work by my aunt alone. I like much better to write or read than to sew or work. I think that I make good progress. I like to

read Sevigne. It is one of the most beautiful books that I have ever seen.

30 Oct.

This month the weather has been the most beautiful; one is not able to enjoy it enough. We have been this morning to the north bay to take my father. He left us there alone for an hour. We were occupied in breaking and picking walnuts, eating apples, and rowing here and there on the bay. There is nothing more pleasant than to be in the boat, when the weather is beautiful, doing nothing.

2. Nov.

I quite want to write a little, but I am not really as lively at night as in the morning. There is no remedy for that; often it is not possible to write before the afternoon, and maybe not then. It is necessary to write as I am able, and not as I would wish. Our good cook is gone to New York for two days; therefore we have all the work of the household on our arms; it is too much. My aunt is tired; me, I am stupid. It is true that for me I ought not to complain; I have not worked too much; for my aunt it is not the same. The girls are gone to bed; my father, my aunt and me, we go to have a cup of chocolate.

4 Nov.

I do not know what to say this evening. Various things are turning in my thoughts, but I do not have any to record; the kind that I have passed an hour, more or less, to write three lines. We have been to row today. Our cook is back; I am very glad of it. I teach French to Ellen; she is a very good little scholar. Anne and Ellen laugh half the time I have never seen such laughs.

3 Nov.

I will be very glad when all the business outdoors are set right. At present one does nothing but carrying rocks, raising walls, killing pigs, digging wells, burying cabbages, building hot houses, covering roofs with shingles, and making pig pens. One wearies to hear all of it talked at all hours. And inside there is plenty with which to occupy oneself. But as soon as one reads or writes, what importance do all these things have? One no longer cares, and they do not matter any more, or perhaps they make one enjoy relaxation even more.

Friday 8 Nov.

I have hardly anything to write. We have been so quiet, it was so serene an occasion, that I have much difficulty in writing, unless I only speak to myself of all sort of ridiculous things, and that is hardly necessary to do. I must write a letter to my grandmother; I ought to have done it some days ago, but I have forgotten.

Saturday 9 Nov.

At present it is necessary to write, but what? I have already recorded all which stays with me for the time. How often I am ready to begin, perhaps I must study a quarter of an hour before I [two words illegible] to do. I would like to be able to finish this book; that will not be for a long time, unless I write better. It is late, I am tired, I have worked enough. I will not be able to write tomorrow; oh well, I have plenty of other things to do.

Wednesday, 13 Nov.

Yesterday evening, after Anna and Ellen had gone to bed, the fancy took my aunt to have some chocolate. I bring the saucepan;

she makes the chocolate boil; we remember that A. & E. liked it very much, and they would be sorry not to have had any. Francois goes to wake them. They get up and get dressed right away, and they come down. They bring the cakes, the chocolate is ready, we have it; we chatter and laugh enough, and ~~after~~ finally we all go to our beds. My aunt doesn't feel ver well today, and she has a little chocolate.

Thursday 14 Nov.

I remember having been quite glad, four years ago, to be sixteen. Now I am over twenty. The times have changed greatly since then, and as for me, I believe I am changed also. Then I was more happy, more gay, more exempt from care than anyone in the world. Now, although I am happy and maybe even more gay than before, I know well that I am a woman, no longer a child; and it is necessary to meet, not only worries, but real sorrows in my life. To prepare for them is my present task.

Friday 15 Nov.

I have spent the greater part of the morning in ironing clothes. I am a little tired. At another time I had more time than I needed; now I would be very glad to have all that I wasted then. I do not know how I am able to be as gay as I am at present, since it is possible that we are to be ruined, what people call ruined. Maybe I do not know what it is to be ruined. Surely I have a little experience of misfortune. But each one must smell his own bouquet.

Saturday. 16 Nov.

I wager with Anna not to tell that which this wants to say. I have not written my grandmother again. My aunt feels poorly. My father is very busy. For myself, I have made pumpkin tarts

today. I read Sevigne and the History of France at present; this one in the morning, before breakfast; that at all times. I take great pleasure in the one and in the other, but I only read a little each day. We wait for a while for a letter from my uncle. He must be in Paris at present. I am not able to write more; I have all the pains in the world to write so much as I have done.

Thursday 21 Nov.

We are all so busy. I have never seen such a time. I am not able to do all that I would like. I don't study Italian, I only play the piano a little, I don't read much, I don't even write every day, I don't sing at all, except Sundays. I do not so much as give the lessons regularly. But, for me, it is nothing; my father and my aunt have it worse; it is they who should really complain. It is very cold at present. The weather has changed at one blow, and we are now in winter. It freezes strongly. I do not smile at it. I come almost to like the cold weather better than the warm.

Tuesday 26 Nov.

My dear aunt arrived here yesterday morning, just as we were at breakfast. She was alone; Mr. Doctor was gone to New York. We expect him this evening, and tomorrow evening miserably they both leave us. It is a great pleasure to see our dear Madame Blanchefleur, but it is a pain to bid her adieu; but it must be. There are almost no pleasures in this world that do not follow or precede pain. My dear father is gone to the city this evening; his business gives him plenty of pain. I do not know what we are going to come to. It is terribly cold. The north windows are covered with white frost. The river is not frozen again, but

will be in a little while, if this weather continues. I have an hour to write which inconveniences me a little,

Wednesday 27 Nov.

I do not want anything today, Mr. Doctor arrived yesterday evening. He brought us a bag of oysters, for which we are greatly obliged to him, because we haven't had any since we were here. But he and his wife went this evening -- it's a pity. We will not see them for as long as they take. I must stop, to see my dear aunt for as long as I am able. Evening. At last she is gone. The young girls Anna & Ellen are quite afflicted. The separations are cruel things, but for me, I feel less than anyone. I have a little fear that I am a little too taken by self-regard. Soon we are coming to winter. Oh well! So long as I have life and health, I want to try to fulfill my duties much better than I have done until now. I have two faults that I must correct -- I am too lazy, idle, and I fail to be patient. I do a great wrong to speak as I often do to my aunt, and even to whoever might cross my temper.

Friday 29 Nov.

For two days I have been a little indisposed, but today I feel well. I go to teach Francois drawing with pastels. Truly I have plenty of business on my hands. If I am able to attend to all, it does not matter. It appears that the education of Francois and Anna depends only on me, and for now, I have Ellen too; and I like it well enough, provided that I have time.

Saturday 30 Nov.

I like writing very much, but I hardly have time. It is late. Tomorrow will be the first day of winter. Our autumn is over.

Monday 2 Dec.

My father is in the city. Alas! he carries a heavy load, and we are not able to lighten it. He bears up reasonably well, but truly there are times when he feels it only too much. Far from us, all alone in the middle of a multitude between the chagrins and the sorrows that come upon him on the way, sometimes he thinks to die; so he said to us the other day.

Tuesday 3 Dec.

I have finished the reading of Roxobel at last. It is a pretty little book. After this I think I will read the Moral Tales of Miss Edgeworth. Francois has never read them, nor Ellen; and as for me, although I have read them a hundred times, I always love them. My dear father is still in the city. I have plenty of leisure today. So I have played the piano, studied history, and Tasso, and read my chapter. I have not read any French with Ellen -- it's too bad. I should not skip a single day. I have written enough; my eyes are weak -- they are tired with this writing.

Wednesday 4 Dec.

Here I am at the last page. I absolutely want to finish this book tonight, if it is possible; but I doubt it; the weakness of my eyes hinders me greatly, and there remain fifteen great lines to fill up. I will do my best. I am tired of this old journal book. Today I have made the butter, and ironed the wash. I have played the piano; I have read Italian, I have made the girls recite the better part of a history lesson. I have read French with Ellen. She makes very good progress. She is really more clever than I thought. We expect my father this evening; but it is late, and the boats do not appear any more. There has been today one of the highest tides that we have ever seen. I am

afraid that it may do harm to our north dike. It has gone over the south dike, and inundated our meadows, at least part. I would like to know what has become of the haystacks. It is a bad business. I have achieved my task, and I stop very willingly.

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