VERMONT HISTORY

VOLUME 77, NO. 1 WINTER/SPRING 2009

The Journal of the Vermont Historical Society

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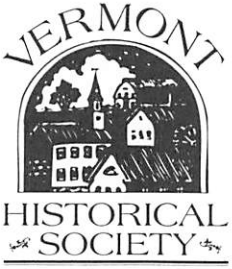
HISTORY

Vol. 77, No. 1
Winter/Spring 2009



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Web site: www.vermonthistory.org

Vermont History

ISSN 0042-4161 online ISSN 1544-3043
Articles appearing in this journal are abstracted and indexed in *Historical Abstracts* and *America: History and Life.*
The Vermont Historical Society partners with EBSCO to make the content of *Vermont History* available through subscription electronic databases.

Vermont History is published two times a year by the Vermont Historical Society. Second-class postage paid at Barre, Vermont.

The Vermont Historical Society is not responsible for the statements, interpretations, and opinions of contributors to *Vermont History.* Unless otherwise noted, all illustrations are from the collections of the Vermont Historical Society.

We invite submission of articles about the history of Vermont. Send electronic file and two printouts (double spaced) to the Editor, *Vermont History,* Vermont Historical Society, 60 Washington Street, Barre, VT 05641-4209. For styling rules, see *The Chicago Manual of Style* (University of Chicago Press).

VERMONT HISTORY

Vol. 77, No. 1 Winter/Spring 2009

Book Reviews

More About Vermont History

Compiled by PAUL A. CARNAHAN

About the Cover Illustration

In this undated photograph, an unidentified suffragist stands on a chair making a speech in front of the Vermont and New Hampshire Equal Suffrage Association tent at the Vermont State Fair in White River Junction. The Vermont Historical Society holds two major collections related to the Vermont campaign for women's right to vote: the Mary Grace Canfield papers, from which the cover photograph is drawn, and the records of the Vermont Equal Suffrage Association. Together they document a pivotal period in Vermont and United States history.

The Vermont Woman's Suffrage Association was organized in 1883 and held its first annual meeting in January 1885 at Barton Landing. The organization was closely allied with the American Woman's Suffrage Association, founded by Lucy Stone and Henry Ward Beecher to counter the more radical approach of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony and the women-only membership of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. Laura Moore of Barnet served the Vermont group as secretary from its founding until her death in 1906. The next year the group changed its name to the Vermont Equal Suffrage Association.

The group made sure that at least one suffrage bill was introduced at each session of the Vermont legislature. Leading the charge was Annette W. Parmelee of Enosburg Falls who, as "superintendent of press work" for the organization, lobbied newspapers for the cause. Her advocacy and public speaking engagements earned her the sobriquet "Annette the Suffragette." In 1917 Vermont became the first New England state to grant women full municipal suffrage; other states permitted women to vote only in school elections.

Mary Grace Canfield, another figure in the fight, moved to Vermont in 1902 when her husband became minister at the Woodstock Universalist Church. The two became involved in the suffrage movement and Mrs. Canfield began to keep scrapbooks to document the Vermont and national efforts.

Members of the suffrage association put their organizational acumen to work during the summer of 1919 after the U. S. Senate passed the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution, giving women the right to vote if ratified by three-fourths of the states. The Vermont legislature had adjourned for the year, so the women's rights group lobbied Governor

Vermont History Vol. 77, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2009): v–vii.
 ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

Percival Clement to bring the legislature back in session so that Vermont could join the growing number of states to ratify. They took out ads in the newspapers with headlines that said "'The 'Solid South'—and Vermont" and urged the public to "root for a special session."

They also printed slips of paper calling for a special session to be signed individually by members of the legislature. All of the slips, and a gold ribbon, a popular advocacy tool of the time, which says "Special Session," are in the collection at the VHS. After March 22, 1920, Vermont was poised to become the thirty-sixth and final state required to ratify the amendment, but Governor Clement would not budge. Contending that the state constitution required amendments to the federal Constitution to be ratified by popular referenda, he wrote to the association on April 26, 1920, saying "I must, therefore, deny your request for a special session." On August 18, 1920, Tennessee put the women's suffrage cause over the top, making Vermont's ratification on February 8, 1921, moot. Vermont did not amend its constitution to give women full suffrage until 1924.

Both the Vermont Equal Suffrage Association Papers, 1883–1927 (MSC 144–146; three linear feet), and the Mary Grace Canfield Papers, 1888–1937 (Doc 419; one linear foot), are located in the Society's Leahy Library at the Vermont History Center in Barre, where they may be consulted by researchers, along with other printed material about the fight for women's suffrage. Descriptions of the collections can be found on the Society's web site at www.vermonthistory.org/documents/findaid/suffrage.pdf and www.vermonthistory.org/documents/findaid/canfieldmary.pdf.

The library is also collecting records from the Vermont campaign to pass the Equal Rights Amendment to the U.S. Constitution in the 1980s. We have two substantive collections and have just received a third. Additional collections are welcome.

— Paul Carnahan, *Librarian*

Deborah Pickman Clifford
1933–2008

This issue of *Vermont History* is dedicated to the memory and work of Deborah Pickman Clifford, who died July 25, 2008, after a brief illness. Deborah was a prolific and imaginative historian, who made women's history in the nineteenth century her special field of interest. She excelled in biography and published full-length studies of the lives of her relative Julia Ward Howe, of the writer and reformer Lydia Maria Child, and of the great Vermont historian Abby Maria Hemenway. Deborah's ground-breaking research on suffragists in Vermont in the late nineteenth century deepened our understanding of the links between women's involvement in social reform and their political education that helped bring about women's suffrage in the early twentieth century. But she also studied and wrote about women who led less celebrated lives. She discovered in their letters and diaries reflections on their work, expressions of their aspirations and independence, and accounts of their accomplishments that expand and alter our understanding of women's lives in the nineteenth century. Indeed, it was Deborah's meticulous research and eye for detail that characterized her articles and books; and it was her devotion to searching through the private documents that these women created that made her work so lively, accessible, engaging, and informative.

It is fitting, therefore, that this issue includes articles that report on the lives of three nineteenth-century Vermont women by looking into and analyzing their memoirs and diaries. And it is fitting that one of the articles is by Deborah Clifford herself. In fact, this issue was planned not as a tribute to Deborah but with her cooperation and around the article that she submitted for publication. As it turns out, sadly, the article that we publish here is one of Deborah's last pieces of scholarship, the revisions completed just days before she left for a trip to Europe, and just weeks before her untimely and unexpected death.

Those of us who read Deborah's work, and who met or worked with her in one of the many activities she engaged in to promote history, women's history, and Vermont history, mourn the loss of an inspiring colleague and a spirited, warm-hearted friend.

— Michael Sherman

Remembering Deborah Pickman Clifford

The history of women has often been found in long-forgotten diaries about daily life, intimate family letters, and local folklore. That was the favored medium of the late historian Deborah Pickman Clifford of New Haven, Vermont, whose article about Mary Winchester appears in this issue. She died suddenly this summer at the age of 75 after a distinguished career as a biographer and writer. In a story about women millworkers that appeared in *We Vermonters: Perspectives on the Past,* Clifford noted that their letters "open a window into what was once a dark and unexplored corner of Vermont's history." The same could be said about her own contributions to the state. In the mid-1970s, Clifford helped open the field of women's history in Vermont to serious study.

Raised in Boston and graduated with honors from Radcliffe College, Deborah moved to Cornwall, Vermont, in 1966 with her husband Nicholas, a history professor at Middlebury College. While mothering four daughters, she completed a master's degree in history at the University of Vermont and was soon writing biographies and articles about women.

One of her own ancestors, Bostonian Julia Ward Howe, was Clifford's first subject. A poet and reformer who created the lyrics to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Howe had a significant influence on nineteenth-century culture. In *Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory: A Biography of Julia Ward Howe* (1979) and her second book, *Crusader for Freedom: A Life of Lydia Maria Child* (1992), Clifford recreated the lives of women who participated in the antislavery, woman suffrage, and peace movements. With her "Mother's Day Proclamation," Julia Ward Howe called mothers to the cause of peace and in the process initiated an enduring American holiday. The writer and abolitionist Child challenged many of the commonly held opinions about race and gender in her day. "She was just the kind of 'feisty, independent woman' I liked," Clifford remarked, "but it took more than ten years to unravel her inscrutable character."

Vermont History Vol. 77, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2009): 3–5.
 ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

When Clifford began investigating Vermont's reformers, she discovered the stalwart members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union (WCTU) and the indefatigable suffragists. Her articles appearing in *Vermont History* detailed their efforts to change Vermont law. In their crusade against the "vice of alcoholism," the WCTU's "White Ribboners" hoped to reform male drinking habits and protect families from poverty. As members of the largest women's association in the state, they learned how to organize, to give speeches, and eventually to influence politics. Meanwhile, the suffragists waged a decades-long battle with the legislature to gain equal citizenship with men.

Until the late 1970s, little information about women and their organizations could be found in standard works on the state's history. Few historians had noted the widespread influence of the WCTU, or the difficulties suffragists faced in a small rural state during their fifty-year campaign. In 1870, most of Vermont's major newspapers ridiculed the idea of women going to the polls and suggested instead that "woman" should stand clear of the "dirty pool of politics" and "keep her place in the pure, clear mountain air." Claiming that most women simply did not want to vote, they accused suffragists of abandoning both marriage and the Bible.

Deborah Clifford was not just interested in the most active women. She was fascinated with ferreting out the details of women's daily lives and piecing together tiny shards of history from obscure archives. Her pursuit of the smallest detail became essential for recreating the story of her last biographical subject, the formidable Abby Hemenway. In *The Passion of Abby Hemenway: Memory, Spirit, and the Making of History* (2001), Clifford faced the daunting task of uncovering a personality who left few records of her life other than her prodigious five-volume history of the state. Against all odds—lack of funds, male critics, fires, and poor health—Hemenway persisted in a quest to gather information about every town in the state, and to compile it as a gift "for the whole people." Clifford retraced her footsteps to understand what inspired and drove her to do it. With little hard evidence about Hemenway's thoughts and feelings, she searched diligently through the *Vermont Historical Gazetteer* for clues about her elusive subject. In the process, Clifford not only discovered a wealth of material about local women buried within the *Gazetteer*'s bindings, but also provided historians with the first critical analysis of this monumental work and its author.

Gathering women's stories formed the core of much of Deborah Clifford's work. Often ignored by other historians, folklore about everyday life provided the colorful details that illuminated her historical

narratives. For five years, she put her prodigious research talents to good use writing stories for *Historic Roots,* a magazine designed to make history come alive for adult learners. In her most recent publication, *"The Troubled Roar of the Waters": Vermont in Flood and Recovery, 1927–1931* (2007), a book co-authored with her husband, she injected local anecdotes culled from Vermonters who had witnessed the state's worst natural disaster in the twentieth century. The book was co-winner of the Richard O. Hathaway Award in Vermont history in 2008.

Beyond her publications, Clifford spent countless hours supporting community organizations, from founding the Middlebury Childcare Center to serving as trustee of the Sheldon Museum and the Vermont Historical Society. In 1981 she became the first woman to wield the gavel as president of the Sheldon Museum and took the same job for VHS, a position she held until 1985. Most recently, she served on the advisory board of the Vermont Women's History Project and was inducted into the Vermont Academy of Arts and Sciences posthumously.

Although Deborah will be sorely missed by many friends and colleagues, she has left the state an important legacy, including a collection of biographies, *More than Petticoats: Remarkable Vermont Women,* published in 2009. In addition, the VHS has established a permanent endowment, the Deborah Pickman Clifford Legacy Fund, to support her interests in both Vermont history and women's role in the state's past. To donate to the fund, contact Jane Campbell, 802-479-8516; jane.campbell@state.vt.us.

MARILYN S. BLACKWELL

Religion and Piety in the Journal of Phebe Orvis

Phebe Orvis found herself in a strange circumstance. What Orvis desired most was a husband concerned with the salvation of his soul. What she got was what she most dreaded: a husband who rejected her own spiritual calling. Her struggle to balance her husband's religious zeal with her own beliefs provides us with an alternative view of one of the most important religious movements of the nineteenth century: the Second Great Awakening.

By SUSAN M. OUELLETTE

One early December evening in 1826, Phebe Orvis thoughtfully made her way home from a revival meeting held in her neighborhood in Parishville, a town in western New York State. Vexed, she struggled between her desire to be united with her husband in a mutual bond of Christian faith and her aversion to the particular church he had chosen. Braving the rainy, cold evening alone, Orvis felt resentful of the strange circumstances that gave her what she most desired, a husband concerned with the salvation of his soul, and what she most dreaded, a husband who rejected her own spiritual calling.[1]

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Vermont History Vol. 77, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2009): 6–15.

 ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

Orvis' experience was probably not unusual in the antebellum period, especially in the Northeast. The Second Great Awakening was a social and religious phenomenon of such epic proportions that the geographic areas where it was most concentrated came to be known as "burned over" by the flame of passionate revivalists. Samuel Eastman, Orvis' husband, was typical of many men who heeded the revivalists' message. A farmer with a hundred-acre plot of good land along a well-traveled military post road, Eastman was a member of the growing middle class on the New York frontier.[2] An officer in the local militia troop, he had status among his peers and with a young wife and baby, he was concerned with the future success of his family.

Although western New York State has been generally understood as one of the more notable "burned over" districts, the flames of religious revivals flared up over much of the northeastern United States. Urban and rural areas alike were affected. Vermont was not immune, as historian Jeffrey Potash has pointed out that awakeners helped to "visibly alter the religious landscape."[3] Even before her husband's conversion, Phebe Orvis was not unaware of the religious enthusiasm of her day. As a young unmarried woman in Addison County, Vermont, Orvis attended many events in Bristol and Middlebury that featured religious speakers and topics. In September of 1820, she noted that her Uncle John Brooks attended a "camp meeting" that was organized in nearby Charlotte.[4]

In many ways, Orvis was typical of most American women who heeded the call of awakeners to ignite the revivalist fires. Indeed historians of the period generally agree that women were the majority of the population of new converts during those years.[5] Attracted to the more emotional message of the revivalist ministers, they internalized a more sympathetic view of themselves as saved individuals rather than tainted daughters of Eve. Many historians also have discovered that women, inspired by the religious renewal of the revival experience, proselytized their husbands and children; they saw this effort as part of their duties as wives and mothers.[6] Certainly as the ideology of domesticity became more widespread among American, Protestant middle-class families, wives and mothers became the moral centers of the household. Orvis was clearly part of the mainstream cultural narrative of her day.

Yet Orvis was also a product of another aspect of her early life: her status as a legacy Quaker. Historians Rebecca Larson and Barry Levy have both pointed out that the wave of domesticity and its ideal of female moral superiority originated among the Quaker households of the Mid-Atlantic States.[7] Levy holds that Quakers developed a "form of domesticity as part of their religion." Quaker women were respected as spiritual leaders in their households; Orvis would have internalized this role

early in her life. She clearly prized her faith and held fast to it even when Friends' meetings were not easily accessible.

This essay explores early-nineteenth-century female piety and evangelism through the lens of the Orvis journal. As a young unmarried woman in the small farming community of Bristol, Vermont, she began keeping the journal in 1820. This unassuming little volume contains the daily details of her work, personal experiences, and, very often, her deepest feelings. A keen observer, Orvis chronicled the mundane as well as the unusual happenings of her family, her neighborhood, and beyond Vermont as she voraciously read the newspapers, books, and personal letters that came her way. Of particular interest for this essay are the details of her personal struggle with piety and issues of faith. The journal chronicles two separate phases of her life: the period of early adulthood before marriage and then her life as a married woman on the New York frontier. Throughout the entire period she continued to struggle with her own faith, and eventually her obligation to engender piety in her husband and children. Indeed, her faith was the central reality within which all other obligations, expectations, and values were rooted.

Phase One: The Sweet Single Life

Orvis was the daughter of Hicksite Quaker settlers who came to the Vermont frontier in the waning years of the eighteenth century. Land and opportunity in the newly settled frontier of northern New England brought the Orvis family north and west. Their story is much like many of the family legends of the mobile generations in the period immediately following the American Revolution. Her father, Loren Orvis, came to Lincoln, Vermont, from western Connecticut with his brother Philander. The two men purchased land that they eventually divided into two farms.[8] In 1791, Orvis married Elizabeth Brooks, the daughter of another early Bristol settler, Samuel Brooks, from Lancaster, Massachusetts.[9] Phebe Orvis was their fourth child and their first daughter, born October 19, 1801. Elizabeth Brooks died January 1, 1802 (probably of "childbed" fever); her two-month-old infant daughter was sent to live with her parents near Bristol village.

Perhaps it was this sad beginning that made Orvis sensitive to spiritual issues. She would have learned the uncertain nature of life from her first days. Perhaps she felt a certain responsibility for her mother's demise. Certainly, she noted her mother's passing every year she kept her journal, sometimes with an extraordinary sense of loss.

> Twenty years this morn since my mother left this world. Ah! Where is she? Is not her spirit hovering o'er my head entreating her infant

> daughter to reclaim her wandering steps? yet little does she [her daughter] realize it.[10]

Raised by her grandparents, Orvis may possibly have been a daily reminder of their loss (and hers). She may also have been the child of their old age and cherished. Certainly Orvis's grandparents figured largely in any choices she made, including her marriage. There is no way to know how the rest of the family treated or remembered Elizabeth Brooks's passing. Her gravesite has been lost, so there is no physical evidence of her "memorial" arrangements and no reference to graveside visits by Orvis, her grandparents, or other members of her family. Her father eventually remarried, to another Quaker woman from the Ferrisburgh Meeting, but more than six years after the death of his first wife.[11] Shortly after his remarriage, Loren Orvis sold his hill farm in Lincoln and moved to Ferrisburgh with his new bride. Yet even when her father remarried, Orvis never lived in his home again. She remained in her grandparents' Bristol home and under their control until her marriage.

In other ways, Orvis's self-analysis is not surprising. As the child and grandchild of Friends, she was a "birthright" Quaker and joined the Monkton Meeting when she was four years old. By the time she began to keep the extant journal, she was a regular participant at Sabbath schools and at the regular meetings near her grandparents' home.[12] The Sabbath schools were apparently ubiquitous in northern Addison County and a local tradition holds that each had a library of hundreds of volumes of religious tracts. Her participation in the school sessions undoubtedly fueled her interest in education and learning as well as in her spiritual health. Certainly among Quakers there would have been no censure for her, as a female, to pursue knowledge. Even by this time when Quakers in general began to withdraw from the public and evangelical roles they pursued in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, they respected the religious and intellectual strivings of women.[13]

Orvis did not lack for inspiration from other like-minded worshipers since there was no dearth of opportunity to attend Friends' meetings in most towns of Addison County. According to the *History of Addison County* the majority of settlers who arrived at the end of the eighteenth century were Quakers; in the opinion of the author: "Those who did not belong with them were the exceptions."[14] In the first decade of settlement after 1790 meetings were informally organized and held in various members' homes. By 1801, four years before Orvis became a full member, the Friends had formally organized their society and applied to the Quarterly Meeting at Easton, New York (their "mother" meeting). Although no money for building a meetinghouse was immediately

forthcoming, a log house was constructed for that purpose in the Bristol area. The informal nature of the early years of the Society of Friends in that region meant that meetings and Sabbath schools were held in Bristol, New Haven Mills, Ferrisburgh, and Lincoln on any given Sunday. Orvis appears to have attended most Sundays, even when there were "few scholars" at the Sabbath school or the weather was inclement.[15]

Despite some speculation that regular meeting attendance had more to do with social interaction than religious obligation, Orvis paid serious attention to the texts and the testimony given at the meetings. She often recorded the text, sometimes copying it out in her journal, often with her own commentary attached. Moreover, her journal reveals a level of self-analysis that would have been worthy of a Puritan zealot. Indeed, her self-awareness often ran to self-censure: "Why am I discontented?" she would write in her journal. Then, in answer to herself, she would write: "Wickedness."[16] Self-examination revealed her shameful lack of piety; her soul was not as pure as she would have it be. Often these observations were in part an acknowledgement of the fragility of life: "So slides time away faster than we prepare for death and Eternity."[17] Usually, her observations were brief and to the point, but she could at times write eloquently. The image of life passing quickly and the chances for salvation being even more ephemeral connected in her mind to the fast flowing and sometimes dangerous, if beautiful, river near her home:

> May 22, 1822: took an agreeable walk to the river. . . . Oh how changed many of the places where I have read and sang hours, my voice reaching with the rolling waves are now no more, they have plunged the stream while I view the place of past scenes. I think the comparison may be applied to mankind. sometimes the current moves easy and beautiful but soon it rushes with impetuosity, renders the Sublimity strikingly majestic, trees torn from their native soil, are tossed to and fro, rising and plunging with the furious torrent. So is man. Sometimes his circumstances are flattering, his mind is easy, he slides sweetly along the stream of life. But alas! soon some sudden and unseen affliction hovers around him and tosses him upon the billows of despair unless his hope is rested upon the rock of salvation where he is safe [from] all harm. but if his afflictions are placed upon the fading of this world. perhaps a little property, perhaps a dear friend or relative, perhaps the partner of his joys, the companion of his bosom is torn from him. then he thinks his cup is full his burthen is greater than he can bear. thus he is afflicted, he strives to regain his former security of pleasure but the stream of time swiftly carries him down unless some kind assistance comes to his relief.

Her need to remain focused on the Divine Truth and avoid worldly concerns of property and even of earthly love sprinkle the passages of

her journal. And yet these were not the only problems confronting her. From the beginning of the journal in 1820, Orvis was also concerned with fending off unwanted suitors, falling in love with an unsuitable man, and then being carried off by her family (to keep her from that man) to the wilds of western New York. Finally, after much soul-searching Orvis agreed to marry the man her father and grandparents approved: Samuel Eastman, Jr. In early 1823, the second phase of her life began: housewife and then mother.

Phase Two: Transition to Evangelist

Orvis' marriage drastically changed her life. First, she left behind the settled and comforting environs of Lincoln, Bristol, and Vergennes and found herself living in a raw cabin on the western frontier of New York State. Second, she was now wife to a man she barely knew and with whom she would be expected to build a life. Eastman had not been her first choice and although he had pursued her, his rough ways and irreligious manner confused and sometimes frightened her. On her wedding day she wrote:

> February 5th, 1823 Pleasant. what a dreadful day is this. Miss Prime waited upon me today and this eve. and Mr. Henry Byington [was] Mr. Eastman's waiter to the marriage ceremony performed by Esq. Pier (he presented me with the dollar). Farewell to a sweet single life, I can no more enjoy you. Packed my goods ready to depart. What a change to relinquish parents and friends all for one of the other sex. Surprising and unpleasant.

Yet, she determined to make the best of her situation. The first few weeks after moving into the cabin, she spent washing and putting things to right. Her entries contain many references to being disgusted with herself and with their isolated condition. Then, she wrote:

> April 20, 1823, Oh what a wicked creature I am, neglect my maker as I do. Lord forbid that I should continue to live in sloth, may I not renounce the things of an earthly nature, and seek superior bliss? God grant that we may live no longer in such a stupid Backslidden condition but may we both run the race that is set before us with alacrity, till we arrive on Canaan's happy shore.

From this point on, Orvis begins to regain her self-reflective style. For the next few years, she was unable to attend a regular meeting. It is not clear whether there were no Quaker meetings in the area or she could not convince her husband to attend. In May 1824, her first child was born and, with it, a renewed evangelical impulse:

> May 7th, 1824, Rainy. Oh my god what a day is this and how hast though [sic] supported me through it. At half past ten A.M. didst

> thou make me the Mother of a lovely son weighing seven pounds four oz. thanks to my God it will never be a mother. since it has been thy will to restore me to my bosom friend with this little pledge of love instead of taking me from him, wilt thou grant us wisdom to bring it up in thy fear, teach him to remember his Creator in the days of his youth.

From this point on, Orvis engaged in a battle with her husband over his soul. He was not inclined to piety; his Sundays were spent fishing, hunting, or, as Orvis described, to pass the day "dull and stupid." It is not clear what tactics she used to convince him of the error of his ways, but it is apparent that she would not participate in his wanton visiting and more than once refused to cook whatever he brought home from a Sunday's hunt or fishing campaign. In addition, Eastman continued to participate in Saturday drinking with his brothers under the guise of militia training. Horrified, she wrote: "I can do nothing as long as this man of sense is drowned in Liquor. Oh Lord wilt thou not put an end to his love of ardent spirits and quicken him with thine holy fire?"[18] As their young son began to grow, Orvis worried that he would adopt Eastman's impious and irreligious bearing.

In April of 1825, regular Quaker meetings began to be held at the schoolhouse in Parishville near Orvis' home. These were often informal and dependent on a traveling minister from England named Wilkinson. The meetings persisted intermittently through the summer, but by fall, Wilkinson had moved on. Orvis was sorely disappointed.

> December 11, 1825, Stormy A.M. Pleasant P.M. one poor traveler called. I had the pleasure of giving him a meal which is highly gratifying to my feelings, to impart a trifle to the poor but still there is an aching void that lies continually in my breast. His parents are careless about the things that be his and bring their everlasting peace. no example worthy [of] his imitation and, can I bear to see the little innocent thus live? Oh God forbid. wilt thou give us a praying spirit, family religion, a pious heart and may it ere long be our meat and our drink to do the will of our Father.

Her frustration with an unrepentant husband continued to mount over the next year. The birth of her second child, a daughter, born somewhat prematurely (she called it untimely, but was not specific), seems to have deepened her frustration, fears, and resolve. An epidemic of colds that appear to have been accompanied by a severe bronchial infection, which swept through the community at the end of 1826, proved to be her husband's salvation, but not the one that Orvis expected.

When he first became ill, neither she nor Eastman was overly concerned. On the third and fourth days of his illness he insisted that she keep to her plan of going out to another neighbor's home for a quilting

bee. Over the next few days his health declined and finally after more than a week of illness, the doctor was called. The doctor was not optimistic. This seems to have truly frightened Eastman; it certainly did Orvis. They must have discussed those fears, although Orvis did not explicitly record those conversations. However, it is clear that he made a promise (presumably to both his wife and his God) to mend his ways if he recovered. When he did get well, Eastman acted to fulfill his sickbed promise. As soon as he was physically able, Eastman and Orvis attended the Baptist meeting nearby. In the weeks following, Eastman turned over a new leaf, much to his wife's relief.

> November 26th, 1826, . . . Mr E attended conference this eve. I hope the Lord has seen fit to awaken his mind in some measure. He for the first time attempted family prayer. Oh Lord may he Persevere and never omit it again in life. I thank my God that he has heard the prayer of my heart and thus far answered it. Oh that I was more engaged in his cause.

Eastman's newfound religious enthusiasm delighted his wife, but also became a problem for her as well. He was attracted to the Baptist meeting, which was experiencing a revival at the time. The minister made several visits to their home and there may have been some friction over the question of becoming members of the church. Orvis found herself in a terrible quandary:

> December 8th, 1826 Very wet and muddy indeed. Mr E & myself walked and carried my Babe to the other district, attended meeting. Heard eleven give their relations to the Church, viz; Mrs. Huldah Chase, Parker & Daniel Rose, Mrs. Elizabeth Capil [Capel], Henry Capil [Capel], Lorenzo Hoyt, Lucinda Brownell, Betsey Newton, Josepher Brownell, Patience Simonds, Martha Welch. Returned home after sunset. Went to Mr. Lee's and brought home my little boy. I was by this time very tired indeed with a violent headache. It seemed as though I could not sit up when Mrs. Lee came and insisted on my spending the evening at their house with Mr & Mrs Flower [the Baptist minister and his wife]. I told her I felt as though I could not go; however, I did. My visit was not agreeable, for it was all twitting and ridiculing the Church to which I belonged. I was accused of having a Baptist heart and a Congregational head by my husband. Another says "Samuel will bring her over to be a Baptist." Another says "what are you going to do with your children? They have not been sprinkled, etc." In the frame of mind I was then in and not being able to sit up, disappointed of an agreeable religious visit, (it being Rainy, tarried late), it seemed as if my heart would burst. I waited for my Babe to awaken as long as I could and left her for her Pa'a to bring home when the rain ceased. As soon as I came into the road I burst into tears and prayers until I reached home, that if I was in an error respecting doctrine, that God would direct me in the right way. When

> I went from home I felt in my mind if I was alone as to sentiment of that Church and all the object of my visiting this evening was thinking possibly sooner or later I might be united with my husband in a peace. possibly some light might be thrown in my darkened mind. But alas I am much farther from it than ever. I feel as if I had not a friend in the world, my nearest friend against me. But, oh, my God, may I not judge but may God forgive them for they know not what they do. I do not think they meant to injure my feelings but to make me dislike every order but theirs. But their lack of charity drove me from it more than my Bible.

Eastman was now immersed both literally and figuratively in the affairs of the Baptist church. The church at the "corners" was obviously experiencing a full-on revival; week after week large numbers (sometimes as many as two dozen) were baptized. The interested Baptist members waited expectantly for Orvis to step forward. She failed to do so. One week her sister-in-law visited and insisted upon accompanying her to the meeting. Once at the church, Orvis found that the men had conspired to convince her to be immersed that week. She flatly refused. Now, she prayed for her and her husband to come to some kind of compromise. She wrote about the sadness she felt in going her own way and yet could not bring herself to give in to her husband's demand that she follow him into the Baptist church membership.

Over the next three years, Orvis' journal chronicles their mutual struggles. Eastman wavered between devout observance of the Baptist meetings and going back to his earlier "mis-use" of the Sabbath. Orvis desperately resisted the pressure to join the Baptists and tried to find a way to continue in her own religious path. In 1829, several families of Friends (Delong and Harkness) moved to her area and they, in turn, were visited by Quakers from the Friends' meeting at Peru, New York. She was able to join in their informal meetings and to borrow religious tracts to read at home, but she remained emotionally torn between her love of her own faith, her desire for a religious communion with her husband, and her dislike of the Baptist doctrine and worship.

By the end of 1830, Orvis had given birth to her fifth child and her journal became sporadic and then ends. The story concludes somewhat unsatisfactorily with the pernicious division in the Eastman-Orvis household unresolved. It is possible that in the end, Orvis finally capitulated, since she and her husband are buried together in the Baptist cemetery in Parishville, New York. However, it is just as likely that she rejected formal membership in the church throughout her life and her burial next to her husband was a charitable act by the Baptists.

Against the backdrop of the "burned over district," Orvis' personal struggles offer another view of the Second Great Awakening and the

evangelical work of middle-class American women in their homes. Not everyone was attracted to the revivals, which in northern Vermont and New York seem to have been mainly centered in the Baptist and Congregational churches. Some of the older sects of "plain folk" did not imbibe the new spirit as easily as others, or at least in the same way, and the awakening may have divided as many homes and families as it united in the new republic.

Notes

[1] Phebe Orvis Eastman Journal, Saint Lawrence Historical Society, Library Archive, Canton, New York (hereinafter OEJ), entry December 8, 1826.

[2] Samuel Eastman, Jr. exhibits many of the characteristics of the emerging middle class in the antebellum Northeast. He owned his farm outright, served as an officer in the local militia, and eventually joined the local temperance society. He was literate, married an educated woman, and, as this essay demonstrates, joined the ranks of the evangelical Christian movement known as the Second Great Awakening. For a more detailed discussion of the development of the middle class see Stuart M. Blumin, *The Emergence of the Middle Class* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989).

[3] For a general discussion of the Second Great Awakening see Paul Johnson, *A Shopkeeper's Millennium* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1978); for a more particular look at Vermont see P. Jeffrey Potash, *Vermont's Burned Over District* (New York: Carlson Publishing, 1991).

[4] OEJ, entry September 9, 1820.

[5] See Mary Ryan, *Cradle of the Middle Class: The Family in Oneida County, New York, 1790–1865* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981).

[6] Ibid. See also Barbara Welter, "The Cult of True Womanhood, 1820–1860," *American Quarterly* 18 (Summer 1966): 151–74, reprinted in Barbara Welter, *Dimity Convictions: The American Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (Athens: Ohio University Press, 1976), 21–41.

[7] See Rebecca Larson, *Daughters of Light* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1999); See also Barry Levy, *Quakers and the American Family* (Oxford: University Press, 1988).

[8] Scott A. Bartley, *Vermont Families in 1791*, Volume 1 (Camden, Me: Picton Press, 1992), 13.

[9] H.P. Smith, *History of Addison County, Vermont, with illustrations and biographical sketches of some of its prominent men and pioneers* (Syracuse, N.Y.: D. Mason & Co., 1886), 38.

[10] OEJ entry, January 1, 1822.

[11] Marriage of Loren Orvis and Lillis Brown, October 9, 1807, Friends Meeting Record Book, held at Ferrisburgh Town Clerk's Office, Ferrisburgh, Vermont, 54.

[12] Phebe Orvis membership record, Friends Meeting Record Book, 49.

[13] See Larson, *Daughters of Light.*

[14] Smith, *History of Addison County, Vermont,* 32.

[15] OEJ entry, July 23, 1820.

[16] OEJ entry, November 7, 1820.

[17] OEJ entry, November 21, 1820.

[18] OEJ entry, March 13, 1824.

"A Lady Should Study, Not to Shine, But to Act": The Education of Mary Catherine Winchester

Mary Catherine Winchester's unpublished autobiography is the account of a woman who wanted to break out of the rural agricultural world she grew up in, to educate herself out of it, so to speak.

By Deborah P. Clifford

In August 1842, when Mary Catherine Severance had just turned twenty-one, she left home in Middlebury, Vermont, to spend a term at Castleton Seminary, thirty miles to the south. Catherine, as she was familiarly known, was driven part of the way by a cousin who had recently taken up farming. "I am thinking of getting me a housekeeper," the young man told her as they sat together in his wagon, "and you are just the one I would like." In reply Catherine laughed and said, "Oh, no, I cannot think of house-keeping. I am going to study for a long time, if possible, and then I must work and pay for it." In this account, found in her unpublished memoirs, Winchester explains

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Vermont History Vol. 77, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2009): 16–36.

 ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

that she "had other visions just then than housekeeping." Besides, her cousin's description of his farm and the work on it held little appeal. "I knew too well by experience what farm life was and I was not hankering for it."[1]

Mary Catherine Severance Winchester, born in the college town of Middlebury on August 21, 1821, was the eldest in a farm family of nine children, and, until three younger sisters were born in the 1830s, the only daughter.

When Winchester was in her eighties, her son Benjamin persuaded his mother to write an account of her life, so that his children could understand how different their grandmother's childhood had been from their own and learn of the hardships endured by children of that earlier time. The "Recollections" she produced gave Benjamin Winchester much more than he bargained for. Running to more than four hundred pages in typescript, they tell us not only about the hardships his mother had known as a child, but also detail the household chores performed by Catherine and her mother, particularly the textile work they engaged in to earn extra money. There are lengthy sections too on Catherine's marriage and widowhood. But Mary Catherine Winchester's unpublished autobiography is also the account of a woman who wanted to break out of the rural agricultural world she grew up in, to educate herself out of it, so to speak.

However Winchester's son Benjamin may have originally framed his request to his mother, she apparently took the opportunity presented to write something close to a complete autobiography, and her "Recollections" have the strengths and weaknesses of such a work. For in setting down her life, not only did she have to rely on her memory of distant events—a memory that a perusal of school and college catalogues of the time reveals as pretty spry with respect to names and dates—but she also, consciously or unconsciously, shaped the story itself. This gave her life a form and coherence that may well have been more evident in retrospect than it was during the years she was actually describing. Still, while the manuscript must be read with these limitations in mind, it nonetheless provides a fascinating and detailed picture of a nineteenth-century Vermont woman's education.

Another reason these "Recollections" are of particular interest is that, while Catherine Winchester was hardly alone in wanting to escape the drudgery of life on the farm, she uses education (and local education at that) as a way of advancing herself. Rather than becoming a Lowell mill girl, or seeking her fortune in the West, as so many of her contemporaries did, she stays in Vermont, and uses its resources to climb up in the world.

Finally, Mary Catherine Severance Winchester was clearly an unusual young woman for her time, especially in her ambition and dedication to her studies. As Catherine Kelly has pointed out, most female seminary and academy students saw little connection between the self-cultivation that characterized their school years and their future domestic existence as wives and mothers.[2]

Like the members of many northern New England families, Catherine's parents, Ebenezer and Corcina Severance, who struggled to make a living on a succession of marginal farms, cannot be fit into any clear social class. Poor but respectable, they mingled comfortably with their more well-to-do neighbors. Ebenezer Severance was a member of a large close-knit family who had emigrated from Northfield, Massachusetts, to Middlebury in the 1790s. When Catherine was a child, her grandfather, Samuel Severance, and his two brothers, Enos and Moses, occupied adjoining farms some three miles from the village center on the road then leading to East Middlebury.

After Ebenezer, the second of eleven children, married Corcina Jones in 1817, the couple occupied rooms in his father's house, but a growing family of his own led him to build a small dwelling nearby. Winchester remembered those years living near her grandparents as happy ones, recalling evenings around the fire when there was much talk of religion and wrangling over doctrine and beliefs, but also stories told by the older family members about Indians and the Revolutionary War.[3]

Corcina Jones Severance, Catherine's mother, who had grown up twenty miles or so south of Middlebury in Hubbardton, had also enjoyed little schooling. But she loved learning for its own sake. Her father, Asahel Jones, had prepared for college with the intention of becoming a Baptist preacher. But the death of his own father, a cabinet maker, had put an end to such personal ambitions, and Asahel was forced to take over running the family business.

"Everyone in my father's family was early taught to work," Catherine remembered. As the eldest daughter in a large family she could not recall when she did not have home duties to perform. As early as age three she was already sewing up the sleeves of her father's fine shirts. By the time she was eleven she had learned to spin, and described herself as her mother's principal helper. One of Catherine's chores as a child was to fetch water for cooking and drinking from a brook some distance from the house, carrying it home in two pails that hung from a neck yoke across her shoulders. The family washing was done in the same stream. Catherine would make a fire to heat the water, and then, standing in the sun on fine days, she washed until her arms would blister and

peel. In winter one of her brothers melted snow to provide water for the laundry.[4]

As Catherine explains in her memoirs, her father might have escaped many hardships "had he not been so tender-hearted." When friends and neighbors asked the affable Ebenezer to sign his name to their promissory notes, he found it hard, if not impossible, to refuse. His daughter could recall at least three instances when he "lost heavily" by other people's debts. In the spring of 1833, for example, the family moved into the Harvey Yale place, a small house that her father had been obliged to take over in partial payment for Yale's debts. Within a year, however, the family was back in their own house.[5]

Both Ebenezer and Corcina Severance took education seriously. Catherine describes her father, who had received little schooling himself, as "ever anxious to give his children the best opportunity possible for mental improvement." She also remembered how, on cold winter evenings, her mother would recite whole pages of *Alexander's Grammar,* which she had memorized while she worked.[6]

Catherine Kelly has pointed out that in many rural northern New England households of the time, family claims overruled individual ambitions, and work on the farm or in the factory took precedence over going to school, for sons as well as daughters. Catherine's maternal grandfather, for example, had relinquished his dream of becoming a Baptist minister. And, as she admits in her memoirs, in the Severance family much more was said about "hard and almost constant work—than about study of any kind." Echoing the testimony of generations of rural women, she described washing "bent over a tub as my mother and grandmother had done." Under such conditions, she found it a hard struggle to find the time and energy to pursue her education. But pursue it she did.[7]

Catherine Severance's education began when, at the age of three, she attended the summer term in her local district school. Mandated for each town by the state constitution, these Vermont common schools were controlled by the district in which they were located. A school committee hired the teacher, and costs, including firewood, were met by a "tax upon the scholar." This meant that families were charged according to the number of children they sent to school per term.[8] In most of these rural schools the summer term ran from May to September and was attended chiefly by small children whose parents wanted them out from underfoot during the busy agricultural season. As the years passed, however, Catherine was needed more for work at home, and her attendance at school was often interrupted.

In March 1834, when Catherine was twelve, Corcina Severance gave

birth to her seventh child. This meant that during her mother's confinement, Catherine did all the household work. That summer Corcina's younger sister, Cynthia, was in charge of the local school. She boarded with the Severances and helped out when she wasn't teaching. Cynthia Jones was reputedly an excellent teacher and when Corcina was able to be up and about a bit, Catherine was allowed to go to school every other day. Even on these alternate days, however, before setting off on the mile-long walk to school, she stayed home to help her mother with the cheesemaking. The work was hard, she remembered, and she didn't feel much like studying "after all I had done."[9] Catherine doesn't tell us what she studied with her aunt, but it was the last year she attended school in summer. After this her formal education consisted of occasional winter terms in district school, and several terms in local seminaries.

Catherine Winchester was fortunate to have grown up in a college town, where education, including female education, had been taken seriously from the start. As she notes in her memoirs, the presence of a college always gives an intellectual air to a town, and "incites many to obtain a liberal education who would not otherwise be inclined that way."[10] Though Middlebury College would not admit women students until 1883, in 1800, the year of its founding, plans were already underway to establish a female academy. Emma Willard, a native of Berlin, Connecticut, was among the early teachers in this school, founded in 1801, and it was while she lived in Middlebury that her innovative *Plan for Improving Female Education* (1819) was written, calling for providing women with an advanced curriculum similar to that found in contemporary men's colleges. Such an education, Willard claimed, while training some to be teachers, would better prepare women for responsible motherhood.

When Emma Willard first came to teach in Middlebury in 1807 it was one of the fastest-growing communities in the state and would soon be hailed by President Timothy Dwight of Yale as "one of the most prosperous and virtuous towns in New England." Mills and factories lined both sides of the Otter Creek, and large handsome houses were springing up around the village green. Upon her arrival Emma Willard wrote home of finding herself in "a very high state of cultivation—much more than any other place I was ever in." "The beaux here" she told her parents, "are, the greater part of them, men of collegiate education. . . . Among the older ladies, there are some whose manners and conversation would dignify duchesses."[11]

Emma Willard had long since moved from Middlebury to Troy, New York, when Catherine Severance first experienced the joys of higher learning. This enthusiasm was born during the winter terms in her local

district school, where Middlebury College students often served as her instructors.[12] She had fond memories of several of these teachers. One of them was Daniel Knapen, class of 1839, who boarded with the Severance family while he was teaching. He brought his Virgil with him and sometimes on the long winter evenings he would translate it aloud. "Oh, I did long to read it myself," Catherine recalled in her autobiography, "and was happy in later years to be able to read and teach it"—in Latin.[13] As she tells it, listening to Knapen read Virgil had been a major catalyst prompting her to further her schooling.

Kinne Prescott was another favorite teacher. He was a good mathematician, and, impressed by Catherine's facility with the subject, urged her to take more advanced courses at the local seminary. Catherine confessed in her "Recollections" that she had long wished to spend a term at the Middlebury Female Seminary, which had an excellent reputation. Sometime in 1838, before she turned seventeen, Catherine obtained her parents' permission to attend the seminary, which had continued Emma Willard's plan for providing women with a classical and scientific curriculum.[14] While she doesn't tell us how Corcina Severance felt about losing her "principal helper" for more than ten weeks, Catherine does say that her father, who was too poor to give his daughter any financial help, did arrange for her to live with the family of Dr. Zachaus Bass, the Severance family physician, and work for them in payment for board and tuition.

At least one member of Catherine's family was outspoken in his disapproval of her educational ambitions. Her Severance grandfather, upon hearing that she was anxious to study higher mathematics, Latin, and Greek, questioned their usefulness to a woman. "What good will they do you?" he asked Catherine. "My girls never studied these things and they got along all right."[15]

Catherine went ahead with her plans despite her grandfather's disapproval, going about her preparations, as she later recalled, with "great joy" and the "hope of being able to realize my long-cherished wish and the advantages which would result therefrom."[16]

What advantages these were exactly she does not say, and they were doubtless clearer in hindsight than at the time. But there seems little question that, from an early age, Catherine Severance yearned to escape the drudgery of farm life. She was also aware early on that alternatives to such a life existed for women, particularly educated women. In her "Recollections," Catherine tells of how, when still a child, she had read aloud to her mother a book on the life of the early Baptist missionary, Ann Hazeltine Judson. Beginning in 1813, this Massachusetts native and academy graduate had served with her husband Adoniram Judson

in Burma. "My eyes were often filled with tears," Catherine remembered, "as I read of her great hardships and severe trials as a missionary in a foreign land."[17] For much of the nineteenth century Ann Judson served for many American women as a potent symbol of feminine courage and piety.

Also at this time, American women educators were beginning to promote missionary work, both in foreign lands and the new western territories, along with teaching, as desirable evangelical callings for their female students. Mary Lyon, who founded Mt. Holyoke Seminary in 1837, claimed that one of her principal objectives as an educator was "to cultivate the missionary spirit" among her pupils, "that they should live for God, and do something as teachers, or in such other ways as Providence may direct." In other words there was work for women to do in "the cause of benevolence."[18]

Patricia Hill has pointed out that Mount Holyoke accomplished for women what the denominational colleges of the time were doing for young men in training them for the ministry. Not only did many Mount Holyoke graduates become teachers but a good number became the wives of young men heading for the foreign mission fields. In her memoirs, Winchester includes a lengthy sketch of Mary Lyon, in which she equates this great educator's early struggles as a farmer's daughter to obtain an advanced education with her own.[19]

In preparation for attending the Middlebury Female Seminary, Catherine needed new clothes, and to earn the necessary money, she left home for the first time and went to work as a weaver for a family in New Haven, eight miles north of Middlebury. She doesn't tell us their last name, but she describes the household as large and the job as a lengthy one. Catherine sat for long hours at the loom, weaving as much as twelve yards of cloth a day. While she did so, she couldn't help noticing that the eldest son in the family seemed "to have nothing in particular to do." An explanation for this odd behavior was provided by the young man's father, who declared that "Hiram has risen up like a giant and declared himself independent."[20]

What Catherine made of behavior that would certainly not have been tolerated in the Severance family, she does not say. Yet in her own way, she too was asserting her independence by spending as much time as she could in furthering her education.

Catherine was sixteen when she enrolled for the spring term at the Middlebury Female Seminary. At the time the school occupied a large three-story building on the corner of Seminary and Washington Streets, not far from the village center. Its catalogue for the academic year ending in August 1838 lists Catherine Severance from Middlebury as one

of the 141 students. Also attending that same year was thirteen-year-old Julia Ripley of Rutland, who later achieved national recognition as the poet Julia Dorr. Dorr later remembered the seminary's principal, Nancy Swift, as a "most inspiring teacher," who taught her pupils reverence "for all things high and holy." Dorr also recalled how, at the end of the school day, Miss Swift, dressed in golden brown or pale yellow, would stand on a platform near the door of the schoolroom and curtsey to each of her pupils as they filed past. "Could any girl help behaving well?" Dorr later wondered.[21]

Tuition charges were $3.50 per quarter, with Latin and French costing $2.00 extra each.[22] Catherine recalled taking three courses that winter: "Grammar, Parker's exercises in composition, and Philosophy." Though she later admitted that the Middlebury Female Seminary had lived up to its reputation for being a "good school" with many "fine teachers," for Catherine this first term was not a success. Dr. Bass's wife had burdened her with so much housework that she found little time or energy to spare for her studies.[23]

Dr. Zachaus Bass was a widely respected and congenial member of the Middlebury community. Devoted to his profession, he always had an encouraging word for his patients.[24] While Catherine found Dr. Bass "all that I had expected," she described his wife, Susan, as tight-fisted and "bound to get all that was possible out of her help." Catherine soon discovered that in addition to keeping the house clean, she was also responsible for all the laundry in a household of nine people, and was not allowed to leave for school in the morning until all the washing was hung on the line. The moment she returned from school, sewing was placed in her hands. Thus she never had time to study her lessons.

When Catherine returned home at the end of the term, she told her father about the difficulty she was having finding time for study, and he in turn spoke to Dr. Bass, who agreed that during the spring term, Catherine would concentrate on her lessons and pay for her room and board by weaving for the family when the term ended. He added, however, that Catherine might occasionally "be asked to do a few little things just for her health." But "the few little things" turned out to be almost as much work as before, particularly when the Bass's daughter came for an extended visit with her husband and four children. When the term finally ended Catherine had few regrets that she could now return home.[25]

Home by this time was no longer the farmhouse near her Severance grandparents. Sometime in 1838 Ebenezer Severance had been appointed overseer of the Middlebury Poor Farm, a position he readily assumed since it provided his family with a measure of financial stability. Located some five miles south of the village on the main road to

Rutland, the house became home for the Severance family, which by this time included nine children, together with half a dozen or so impoverished, mostly elderly inmates who had to be fed and in some cases cared for. This added responsibility greatly increased the burdens of housekeeping, already heavy enough when the Severance family had lived on its own.

Catherine, however, had not been in her new home for long before she left to teach the summer session in a district school in Ripton, a small community in the hills east of Middlebury. A bright and ambitious scholar, this sixteen-year-old was naturally anxious to acquit herself well as a teacher. But only five weeks into the term she broke down with what she described as a "nervous disease." The challenge of teaching for the first time combined with the increased burden of housework at the Poor Farm, had all proved overwhelming and she had to be taken home.[26]

The family doctor, presumably Zachaus Bass, ordered her not to work and for most of the next year Catherine lived quietly with her Severance grandparents—more peaceful surroundings in which to recuperate than the Poor Farm. The least excitement, she later remembered, "or anything coming suddenly would set me all in a tremble. A heavy thunderstorm accompanied by vivid lightning would so affect me that sometimes it would take two to keep me in my chair."[27]

The exact nature of this nervous disorder will never be known, but the symptoms bear a marked similarity to the nineteenth-century illness known as hysteria, which Nancy Walker has described as a "form of self-definition for women," an outward expression of the tension they felt "between their desire for autonomy and independence and the reality of their subordinate roles." Since victims of this disease were usually treated as invalids and relieved of their normal day-to-day duties, by succumbing to hysteria, Catherine, consciously or unconsciously, had found a way to opt out of her family's unremitting domestic demands. Although she makes no such admission in her memoir, Catherine was, in effect, telling her parents that for her, if not for them, school work was a priority, and if the demands placed on her were not eased, she would become a permanent invalid and of no use around the house at all.[28]

By the summer of 1839 Catherine was considered well enough to make an extended stay in Eaton, New York, the home of several of her father's sisters. One of these sisters, Aunt Azubia and her husband, William Rockwell, had been visiting their relatives in Middlebury and offered to take Catherine back home with them to live for a year.

The long journey, which Catherine helped pay for by exchanging her pet lamb for a loan of cash from her father, began with a rough ride to

Whitehall, New York, in Ebenezer Severance's two-horse "pleasure wagon," driven by Darius, Catherine's youngest brother. There they boarded a canal steamer to Utica, followed by a thirty-mile coach ride from Utica to Eaton.

While in Whitehall, a town on the southern tip of Lake Champlain, the travelers called on a number of cousins, including one young woman, Alantha Severance, who was living on her own in a single room and studying music and painting. She supported herself by teaching penmanship. Catherine herself would later study painting and teach it. What she doesn't say in her memoirs is whether this example of female artistic ambition and independence put ideas in her head.[29]

Settled with her aunt and uncle in Eaton, Catherine enjoyed a very different life from the one she was used to back home on the farm. Instead of hours spent at the washtub or making cheese, she writes of attending "pleasant parties," taking rides, and going to concerts with her young cousins and their friends.

One singular advantage of staying with the Rockwells was the presence of an academy next door. "My aunt thought it would be a great opportunity for me, provided I could stand it, to study," so Catherine took two courses there, botany and writing. Added to this were music lessons. To pay for it all, Catherine employed her now considerable skills as a seamstress, helping out with her aunt's tailoring business.

All this activity, which she greatly enjoyed, did not help Catherine make a complete recovery and for a time during this visit with the Rockwells, she spent a week living in the home of a local doctor hoping he could cure her of her "nervous disorder." He treated her with what she describes as a costly Chinese root medicine—probably ginseng—while at the same time making her take lots of rest and exercise. In her "Recollections" Catherine claims her health was very much improved by this regime, and at the end of the year she returned home eager to resume her studies.[30]

This time Catherine's parents put no obstacles in the way of her pursuit of an education. In the winter of 1841, she enrolled at the age of nineteen for a second term at the Middlebury Female Seminary. On this occasion there was no question of combining household labor with schoolwork. Instead, she and two friends, Kate McCottwe and Eliza Evarts, hired rooms in Middlebury village where they prepared their own meals, helped by a weekly supply of baked goods provided by their families. Catherine's classes at the seminary were in astronomy, history, and geometry, and with few household chores to distract her, she had plenty of time to devote to her studies. How she paid the tuition—now $4.50 a term—plus living expenses, she does not say. But Catherine had

already earned good money with her skilled needlework, and this doubtless helped to settle her debts.

This was Catherine's last term at the Middlebury Female Seminary, but unfortunately her memoirs provide no information about her classes or teachers, beyond listing the courses she took. In contrast, she tells us far more about what she learned the following year when she, along with seven of her younger brothers and sisters, enrolled for the winter term at the local Munger Street district school. By this time the Severance family had left the poor farm and returned to their old home. By Catherine's account the school had the benefit of an "excellent teacher," named David Bushnell. The son of Jedediah Bushnell, pastor of the Cornwall Congregational Church, David was a student at Castleton Seminary preparing to enter Middlebury College. Catherine's studies that winter of 1842 were chemistry, algebra, and geometry. Another young woman, May Smith, "a good scholar," took chemistry with her, but the other two subjects she studied on her own. "I could go so far and so fast as I pleased," she remembered.[31]

If it sounds strange to the modern reader that a young woman of twenty, who had already spent two terms in a female seminary, would consider returning to her district school to study advanced subjects, Catherine gives no indication that such a course was out of the ordinary. On the contrary, her account takes such an arrangement happily for granted.

In sum, like other memoirs of the time, Winchester's "Recollections" reveal much about the fluidity of women's education and its haphazard nature. As Catherine's contemporary, the Rutland poet Julia Ripley Dorr, phrased it, "We went to school whenever it 'came to hand,' whenever it was quite convenient." Dorr came from a family that was well-off, so that economic resources were not the issue in her case; but in farm families like the Winchesters, the haphazard nature of education affected sons as well as daughters.[32]

One reason Catherine Winchester writes so enthusiastically about her district school studies, compared to those she pursued at the seminary, might be that in the former her teachers encouraged her to advance in a subject as far as she was willing to go. Another was surely the attention she received from scholarly young men like Bushnell, who were patently delighted to have such an eager and able pupil in their classroom. As Catherine observes in her "Recollections," this prospective Middlebury student not only took a keen interest in her studies but "seemed happy for his own sake to be reviewing these advanced subjects."[33]

Bushnell also spoke highly of Castleton Seminary and encouraged Catherine to spend a term there to continue her study of mathematics.

This co-educational boarding school offered academy-level education to young men and women from Rutland and the surrounding counties. A great attraction for Catherine was Castleton Seminary's loan program which accepted ten "young ladies" a year "for the whole or the part of the academic course." They were required to pay $12 at the close of each term and pay back the remainder at a later time.[34] Taking her young teacher's advice, Catherine applied for and obtained one of these loans. In late August 1842, she left home to spend a term at Castleton Seminary.

The school had suffered hard times in the 1830s, until the Reverend Edward Hallock was chosen as principal in 1838, and for the first five years or so of his leadership it thrived. According to several of his old students, Hallock "gathered in the sons and daughters of farmers and mechanics from all the neighboring counties," and refined the manners of "awkward and diffident farmers' boys." "How quickly," one of these alumni noted, "the boys lost their verdancy," and the girls became "young ladies."[35]

Catherine Winchester's recollections of Castleton Seminary suggest that this school, for women at least, was pedagogically more conservative than the Middlebury Female Seminary. On her arrival at the school, Mr. Hallock, whose powers of persuasion were legendary, discouraged her from continuing her mathematical studies. "You have too much mathematics now in your head," Catherine remembered him saying. Instead, against her better judgment, he advised her to take French—an ornamental subject for which students carried an extra charge. While Winchester wrote of finding the academic experience at Castleton "somewhat disappointing," she also admitted that "there are other things to be considered in a person's education than book-learning."[36]

As she had approached the school the day of her arrival, Castleton Seminary looked very imposing from a distance. But "once inside," she later remembered, "much of the splendor and glitter departed," and "the rooms were very plainly furnished." Furthermore, Catherine soon discovered that she'd arrived too early. Classes wouldn't start for a week, and her room wasn't ready. Eventually a room was found for her to use, but she never forgot that first sleepless night on a hard, cold bed with few coverings, or the lonely and unhappy days that followed. At the end of that first week the term finally opened, the other pupils began arriving, her room was prepared, and classes began. Then "it was not quite so bad," she rather reluctantly admitted.[37]

The "Recollections" don't tell us what courses she took, but a glance at the school catalogue for that year, 1842–1843, shows Catherine Severance of Middlebury listed as a member of the "Ladies' Middle Class."

Whether the "ladies" took the same courses as the "gentlemen" is nowhere made clear. Nor do we know what Catherine studied apart from French and music. All she tells us is that the French teacher was incompetent, and the practicing rooms for music inadequate. This, despite the fact that for both these courses she incurred an extra charge. The catalogue also notes the existence of a Young Ladies Society in the school with its own library. Its members, we are told, "devote some portion of their time to needle-work . . . for some benevolent object." If Catherine joined this organization, she makes no mention of it.[38]

From the start Catherine remembered seeing herself as different from the other Castleton students, although she too had come from much the same rural background as many of them. She mentions her shabby Sunday attire as one mark of that difference, also her eagerness to learn. While she rose every morning early to study, the two students across the hall, May Phelps and Emma Houghton, would lie in bed until the last breakfast bell. These young women, Winchester writes, "did not have to plan how they could best improve every moment of their time to their great advantage. One of them often said to me, 'I wish that I did not always have to go to school.'" Here Catherine seems to be setting herself apart from, and perhaps above, those of her classmates who showed little comprehension of why they should study.[39]

It is hard to imagine that Catherine, who had spent two terms at the prestigious Middlebury Female Seminary and a year in Eaton—where she moved easily in its social world—was any less cultivated than her fellow female students. What really set her apart in a school where social refinement seemed to take precedence over academics (at least for the girls), were her scholarly ambitions. But Catherine Severance Winchester was, as her "Recollections" reveal, a very gregarious individual at heart, and in the end what she valued most about her term at Castleton was the social experience. "I found there many cultured ladies," she wrote, "who became warm friends, to say nothing of the many fine gentlemen." One of these was to be her future husband, Warren Winchester.[40]

Warren Weaver Winchester was a member of the senior class at Castleton the year Catherine was a student there. Born in 1824 in Madrid, New York, he was preparing to enter Middlebury College the following year. The seminary catalogue for 1842–43 also lists him as one of three teaching assistants. How much Catherine and Warren saw of one another she does not say. She does, however, tell her readers that, when Warren came to Middlebury College as a freshman, his reputation as an excellent teacher accompanied him from Castleton.

By this time the Severance family were living once more in their old

neighborhood where Ebenezer had purchased the Hagar place. When Catherine was offered a chance to teach the summer term at the Munger Street school, some three miles from their new home, her father urged her to take it, despite the meager pay of 75 cents per week. Catherine owed Mr. Hallock $40 for tuition and board at Castleton and a better paid position might not turn up.

Despite the low salary, Catherine not only enjoyed her teaching, she also introduced some innovations. Parents were encouraged to visit the school often. Soon, she remembered, "there was hardly a week when we did not have 6 to eight mothers attentively listening to their children's lessons." As a result, the students worked hard. She also concluded the term with a public examination and "speaking of pieces." The house was packed, and, by her account, "the students acquitted themselves nobly and their parents seemed well pleased."[41] When the term was over Catherine took home a commission to weave a carpet. She also spun twenty runs of yarn for her aunt. Payments for these tasks combined with her teacher's salary and some additional help from her father enabled her to pay off her debt to Mr. Hallock.

Sometime after Warren Winchester arrived at Middlebury College that fall, he turned up unannounced at Catherine's doorstep, looking for a teaching job. Word had reached him that she had taught the summer term at the Munger Street school. Could he be hired for the winter term, he wondered? Catherine, aware of Warren's excellent reputation as a teacher, had little trouble getting him appointed. At the same time "feeling sure that we were to have a first-rate teacher," she "determined to make the most of the opportunity," and became herself a pupil in the same school where only a few months earlier she'd been the teacher.[42]

In order to attend school that winter and help her mother at home, Catherine would rise early in the morning to do the family washing and cook breakfast, all by candlelight. Only when these chores were finished would she leave to walk the three miles to school, where she mainly studied algebra and geometry. She remembered being the only pupil who took these subjects. When a fault-finding neighbor, Harvey Yale, objected to having such advanced instruction in a district school," Warren spent an evening with Yale defending the practice. As Warren rose to leave, Yale assured him he'd make a good lawyer.[43]

"He was certainly a born teacher," Catherine later wrote, recalling her future husband's success in the classroom. Warren Winchester was equally proud of his star pupil and would invite his college friends to hear her say her lessons. Years later Warren told her how surprised these young men had been to learn that "a pupil in a country school could recite so well."[44]

This was Catherine's last term in school, but by no means the end of her education. During the remainder of Warren's years at Middlebury he acted as her tutor. When, in his junior year, he was appointed the college librarian, he kept her supplied with good books. She also attended talks he gave on noted authors, including Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shakespeare. "All of this," she later recalled, "afforded me the greatest opportunity of my life for study."[45]

Meanwhile, the Severance family had moved yet again. This time it was to a farm on the Weybridge Road, only a mile from Middlebury, close enough to the college so Warren could walk out for their weekly tutorial sessions, first in Latin, and later Greek.

While Catherine's romantic feelings for Warren Winchester seem directly influenced by his respect for her intellect, she says nothing in her "Recollections" about desiring intellectual equality with men. It is clear, however, from her admiration for women educators like Mary Lyon, that she too believed that women could use their minds as effectively as men and valued giving her sex the best possible education.[46]

Looking back nostalgically at this earlier time, Catherine Winchester cannot help rhapsodizing about her relationship with her late husband. "He loaned me books, talked, sang, and walked with me, fashioned my tastes, made clearer my reverence for nature and for God, and in a few years transformed me." "It was one of those cases," she later recalled somewhat ingenuously, "where a teacher selects a pupil who may have some ability—yet is unconscious and timid till the master teaches her accuracy and enthusiasm and she is made to think herself worth while and begins to long to accomplish something worth living for." Warren, she concluded, "showed himself worthy of my love and of my greatest admiration." Sometime in the summer of 1844, the two became engaged.[47]

Mary Catherine Severance and Warren Winchester were married in June 1848, the year after his graduation from Middlebury. There followed a year of teaching for both of them at Castleton Seminary. Then Warren enrolled in the Andover Theological School to train for the ministry, and the couple left Vermont. For the remainder of his life, except for an interlude as a chaplain in Washington, D.C., during the Civil War, Warren served as the Congregational minister in a number of New England towns. Early in her marriage, Catherine continued teaching, but once their children began coming, she stopped working outside the home. Eleven children were eventually born to the couple. Six of these were stillborn or died in infancy. Of the remaining five, only one, Benjamin, survived to adulthood.[48]

Despite the devastating loss of so many children, Catherine and Warren Winchester's marriage was, by her account, a happy one. In Warren

she had found a man who both nurtured her love of learning and gave her in her role as a minister's wife a sense of mission and purpose. She had succeeded, in Emma Willard's words, in arriving at a life of "distinguished usefulness."[49]

Catherine's marriage was also in many respects a conventional one that reflected the nineteenth-century gendered division of labor. Like other middle-class women of her day, she was chiefly responsible for the household work and childrearing, which in her case included homeschooling her children. Echoing the ideas of republican motherhood which called on women to school their families in the virtues demanded by the new nation, she insisted in her memoirs that "nothing is of so much importance as the training [mothers] give their children in their early years."[50]

But while Catherine strongly supported the role of woman as helpmeet and mother, she also held to the progressive view that educated women had a role in civil society. When her domestic cares did not overwhelm her, she ran prayer meetings and taught Sunday school in Warren's parish. She even wrote occasional sermons for her husband. In the post-Civil War years, when the Winchesters were living in Bridport, Vermont, Catherine was an active member of the local Women's Christian Temperance Union chapter. She gave occasional lectures, and served for a time as the chapter's president.[51]

Warren Winchester died in 1889 and his widow spent the remainder of her long life with her only remaining child, Benjamin, and his family. Much of the last half of Catherine Winchester's autobiography describes a two-year stay in Europe with Ben while he studied in Germany. She mentions having a dress made in Paris, thus marking the distance she had come from her rural Vermont childhood. Catherine lived to a good old age, dying in Concord, Massachusetts, in 1931 at the age of ninety-one.

As mentioned earlier, in her "Recollections" Catherine Winchester included several sketches of nineteenth-century American women whom she admired. Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke, was one. Another was Emily Chubbuck Judson, who, like Lyon, had grown up in rural poverty but managed nonetheless to acquire a decent education and had gone on to do good in the world. She made a name for herself, first as a writer of stories about young girls who left the farm to work as domestics, milliners, and mill workers. The unlucky heroines returned home to live and die on the farm, but the more fortunate found husbands who were factory owners, or better still, missionaries. Chubbock herself became a missionary when she married the renowned Reverend Adoniram Judson. His first two wives, including Catherine Winchester's childhood heroine, Ann Hazeltine Judson, had died, and in 1846 he took

Photograph of Mary Catherine Winchester late in life. Courtesy of Shelburne Museum, Shelburne, Vt. catalog # 1992-36.2

Emily Chubbuck as his third wife and carried her off to Burma, where she survived him.[52]

In common with the lucky heroines in Emily Chubbuck Judson's stories, Catherine Winchester had escaped a potential life of rural drudgery for a more refined and socially useful existence as a minister's wife. However, unlike these heroines of Chubbuck's stories, who had found husbands by leaving the farm to work in the city, Catherine had found Warren in the course of obtaining a good education. Writing from the perspective of old age, Winchester called her efforts to acquire advanced schooling a success and declared that she had "come to believe that if one really desires to get an education, there will be some way found to accomplish it."[53]

Certainly, that's the way it sounds from reading Winchester's "Recollections," which tell us how one ambitious northern New England farmer's daughter succeeded in making the best of the educational opportunities available to her, and obtained a schooling that matched that acquired by the graduates of Middlebury College. But the reader wonders if it was really as easy as Winchester says it was. Early in the memoir she does admit that her grandfather saw no reason why women needed to study higher mathematics, but he is the only family member Winchester mentions who disapproved of her educational ambitions. Surely there were others. Was her mother, for all her love of learning, really so happy to lose her principal helper around the house when she had eight younger children to care for? Winchester has us believe that once her breakdown occurred and her parents understood her deep craving for a higher education, it was all smooth sailing as she took up one educational opportunity after another, until she finally met and married Warren Winchester, the best teacher of all. Catherine writes as though from that time on she had been in complete control of the course her education took. Is this really the way it was? Or is this her view of it from the perspective of old age?

Another question raised by the "Recollections" is, how representative was Catherine Winchester's educational experience? There is little question that plenty of other women at that time educated themselves out of the rural agricultural world. Abby Hemenway of Ludlow, the editor of the *Vermont Historical Gazetteer,* is one local example. Winchester herself provides us with several other nationally prominent ones, including Mary Lyon and Emily Chubbuck Judson.

But surely the most surprising finding in these "Recollections" is Winchester's singling out for special praise, not her instructors at the Middlebury Female Seminary, as one might expect, but the undergraduates and college-bound boys who taught her in district school. As Margaret

Nelson has pointed out, having college men as teachers was one benefit to be gained from living in a college town.[54] One wonders if other young women living in the vicinity of the several colleges scattered throughout the region were able, like Catherine Winchester, to study advanced subjects such as chemistry and geometry in their district schools.[55]

Finally, Catherine Winchester wrote her memoirs during the first decade of the twentieth century, by which time a woman's education had evolved far beyond what she had known as a girl. Did she perhaps superimpose, to some degree at least, a later generation's justification for educating women over her own youthful ambitions?

In sum, Mary Catherine Severance Winchester's "Recollections" is a fascinating document, unusually detailed in its discussion of one nineteenth-century American woman's education. But more study of such individual accounts is needed if we are truly to understand the educational experiences of antebellum northern New England rural women.

Notes

[1] Mary Catherine Winchester, "Recollections of a Long Life: An Autobiography," 84. The original copy of this unpublished manuscript remains in the Winchester family and is not available to researchers, but the Shelburne Museum archives, in Shelburne, Vermont, and the Henry Sheldon Museum in Middlebury, Vermont, have typewritten copies of most, but not all, of the original manuscript. Underlined words are as they appear in the typescript. The quotation in the title of this article is from "Female Education" by Catherine Beecher (1827).

[2] Catherine E. Kelly, *In the New England Fashion: Reshaping Women's Lives in the Nineteenth Century* (Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1999), 84–85.

[3] Winchester, "Recollections," 62–63.

[4] Ibid., 62.

[5] Ibid., 23, 13.

[6] Ibid., 5, 14. Winchester is probably referring here to Caleb Alexander, *A Grammatical System of the English Language: Comprehending a plain and familiar scheme of teaching young gentlemen and ladies the art of speaking correctly in their native tongue* (Rutland, Vt., 1819).

[7] Kelly, *In the New England Fashion*, 61. See Kelly also for a discussion of how provincial communities resist the standard criteria for middle-class formation, 15. In Winchester's case it is important to note that one brother, four brothers-in-law, and several cousins attended Middlebury College. See Winchester, "Recollections," 38.

[8] Margaret K. Nelson, "Vermont Female Schoolteachers in the Nineteenth Century," *Vermont History* 49 (Winter 1981): 7.

[9] Winchester, "Recollections," 65.

[10] Ibid., 36.

[11] Glenn, M. Andres, *A Walking History of Middlebury* (Middlebury, Vt., 1975), 3; Alma Lutz, *Emma Willard: Pioneer Educator of American Women* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1964), 13–14.

[12] District schools, intended to ensure a rudimentary education for all Vermonters, had been mandated by the 1777 state constitution. By 1846 there were more than 2,000 of these independent school districts in Vermont. Most employed a single teacher who supervised pupils at all grade levels. Middlebury College arranged its calendar so that students had time off in the middle of winter to teach a term in one of the nearby district schools. See Nelson, "Vermont Female Schoolteachers", 14.

[13] Winchester, "Recollections," 48.

[14] Ibid., 50. As Mary Kelley has recently pointed out, beginning in the early decades of the nineteenth century female seminaries and academies were increasingly emphasizing "a strictly academic course of study. . . . The authorizing value for a woman's education . . . now came exclusively from a curriculum modeled on the requirements at male colleges." in *Learning to Stand & Speak: Women, Education, and Public Life in America's Republic* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2006), 71.

[15] Winchester, "Recollections," 95.

[16] Ibid., 50.

[17] Ibid., 15.

[18] Quoted in Patricia R. Hill, *The World Their Household: The American Woman's Foreign Mission Movement and Cultural Transformation, 1870–1920* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1985), 42. See Kelley, *Learning to Stand & Speak*, 73.

[19] Hill, *The World Their Household*, 42. For an account of Mary Lyon, see Winchester, "Recollections," 94.

[20] Winchester, "Recollections," 44.

[21] *Catalogue of the Trustees, Instructors and Students of Middlebury Female Seminary, For the Year Ending Aug. 10, 1838* (Middlebury, Vt.: Office of People's Press, 1838); Robert G. Steele, *With Pen or Sword: Lives and Times of the Remarkable Rutland Ripleys* (New York: Vantage Press, 1979), 15–16. For a history of the Middlebury Female Seminary, see Henry Perry Smith, et al., *History of Addison County, Vermont* (Syracuse, N.Y., 1886), 350–351; Thomas Merrill, *Semicentennial Sermon Containing a History of Middlebury, Vermont* (Middlebury, 1841), 84–85. A closing examination for the Middlebury Female Seminary's 1837 winter term, signed by one of the trustees, is the only surviving account of the school's mission. "The public may rest assured that the instructions of the various branches of learning, and the moral and religious influences exerted by the principal over her pupils are of the *best character.*" See *The* (Middlebury) *People's Press*, 21 February 1837, 3.

[22] For tuition charges see *Catalogue of the Trustees, Instructors, and Students of Middlebury Female Seminary, For the Year Ending August 9, 1839.*

[23] Winchester, "Recollections," 50.

[24] For a sketch of Dr. Zachaus Bass, see H.P. Smith, *History of Addison County*, 166–167.

[25] Winchester, "Recollections," 52.

[26] Ibid., 68–69.

[27] Ibid., 69.

[28] Nancy Walker, "'Wider Than the Sky': Public Presence and the Private Self in Dickinson, James and Woolf," in Shari Berstock, ed., *The Private Self: Theory and Practice of Women's Autobiographical Writings* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1988), 289; Carroll Smith-Rosenberg, "The Hysterical Woman: Sex Roles and Role Conflict in Nineteenth-Century America," in Caroll Smith-Rosenberg, ed., *Disorderly Conduct: Visions of Gender in Victorian America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1985), 207–208.

[29] Winchester, "Recollections," 73–74.

[30] Ibid., 77–78.

[31] Ibid., 82.

[32] Robert G. Steele, *With Pen or Sword*, 19.

[33] Winchester, "Recollections," 82.

[34] *Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Castleton Seminary. July 20, 1843* (Rutland, Vt.: H. T. White, 1843).

[35] *Report of the Proceedings Commemorating the One-Hundredth Anniversary of a Chartered School Known at Different Times as the Rutland County Grammar School, Castleton Seminary and the State Normal School in Castleton, Vermont, 1787–1887* (Rutland: The Tuttle Company, 1888), 27, 41.

[36] Ibid., 27; Winchester "Recollections," 89, 92.

[37] Winchester, "Recollections," 85–86.

[38] Ibid., 87. *Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Castleton Seminary. July 20, 1843.*

[39] Winchester, "Recollections," 87; Kelly, *In the New England Fashion*, 84.

[40] Winchester, "Recollections," 92. Catherine Kelly underscores the socializing value of the academy or seminary experience in providing girls, especially daughters of farmers who had grown up largely isolated from their peers, "with an institutional setting in which to develop friendships." See *In the New England Fashion*, 70.

[41] Winchester, "Recollections," 93.

[42] Ibid., 100.

[43] Ibid., 124.

[44] Ibid., 100–101.

[45] Ibid., 100.

[46] For other accounts of romance between a pupil and her tutor, see Lucia McMahon, "'We Would Share Equally': Gender, Education, and Romance in the Journal of Rachel Van Dyke," in Lucia McMahon and Deborah Schriver, eds., *To Read My Heart: The Journal of Rachel Van Dyke, 1810–1811* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2000). See also Kelly, *In the New England Fashion*, 86–87.

[47] Winchester, "Recollections," 102.

[48] It was during their years in Washington, D.C., where for the duration of the Civil War Warren served as an army chaplain, that the Winchesters suffered the devastating loss of three of their four living children to diphtheria. A fourth later died of spinal meningitis. Benjamin, the only child to survive to adulthood, was born in 1868.

[49] Quoted in Kelley, *Learning to Stand & Speak*, 33.

[50] Winchester, "Temperance address" given in Bridport, Vermont. See "Recollections," 361. Dianne M. Hallman, "Agnes Maule Machar on the Higher Education of Women," *Historical Studies in Education/Revue d'histoire de l'education* 13, 2(2001): 173–174.

[51] As Lisa Pichnarcik has noted, "A woman's community involvement and pursuit of occupations other than wife and mother enabled her to utilize and express her knowledge outside the home," where "she could help organize groups that had societal influences, like temperance and charitable societies." See Lisa Roberge Pichnarcik, "'On the Threshold of Improvement': Women's Education at the Litchfield Female and Morris Academies," *Connecticut History* 37:2 (1996–1997): 147. Catherine Winchester also echoes Anne Firor Scott's description of well-educated women as "agents of cultural diffusion," spreading the word that women should be educated, and "setting an example by their interest in study and learning," Scott, "The Ever-Widening Circle: The Diffusion of Feminist Values from the Troy Female Seminary, 1822–1872," *History of Education Quarterly* 19 (Spring 1979): 9.

[52] For information on Emily Chubbuck Judson, see *Notable American Women: A Biographical Dictionary* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1971).

[53] Winchester, "Recollections," 94.

[54] Nelson, "Female Schoolteachers in the Nineteenth Century," 14.

[55] Catherine Kelly makes no mention of advanced subjects being taught in district school and writes that "however uneven the training offered by . . . antebellum academies it superseded that which was available in the village common schools." Kelly, *In the New England Fashion*, 74.

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Between This Time and That Sweet Time of Grace: The Diary of Mandana White Goodenough

Mandana White Goodenough's diary tells a compelling story about a woman who gets married, has four children, and then becomes a widow. It is well written, funny, and full of personality. It is also very revealing in the details it provides about life for women in the middle of the nineteenth century in rural Vermont.

By CHRIS BURNS

Mandana White Goodenough was born on January 15, 1826, in Calais, Vermont, the second of five daughters, to Jesse and Lovisa Tucker White. Mandana kept a diary, now housed at Special Collections at the University of Vermont,[1] which explores a range of issues in the context of nineteenth-century rural Vermont life: courting and courtship, gossip and the community jury, marriage, religion, visiting, widowhood, and family and social networks. The diary reveals the choices that Mandana faced and the factors that guided her decision making.

The bulk of Mandana's diary was written between December 24, 1843, and March 27, 1846, the period in her life when she met and married Eli Goodenough (1821–1860) and became pregnant with their first

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Vermont History Vol. 77, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2009): 37–56.

 ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

child, Myron. The entries in this section record Mandana facing decisions about work and marriage, deliberating in conjunction with her parents, and with respect to the family economy and community opinion. Established in her own home and raising a family of four children, Mandana appears to have put aside the diary. There is not another entry until April 20, 1860, a little after Eli died. Thereafter her entries become more regular again beginning on December 1, 1860, when she described the family's move from Hardwick to Walden. The diary ends on April 20, 1861, with the entry, "16 years ago today I was married." The later section finds Mandana faced with decisions caused by her husband's death. Again, the family's economic status and future are overriding factors. The earlier, youthful entries are long, introspective, and filled with anxiety and emotion. The later entries are shorter and tend to just list the main events of the day.

When she began the diary, Mandana was a young, educated, single woman in a family that appears somewhat well off. Although we have no documents contemporary with Mandana's first diary entries, in 1850 her parents owned a farm worth $5,000, which made it one of the more valuable farms in Calais. The 1850 Census of Agriculture shows that Jesse White had 130 acres of improved land, $300 of farming implements and machinery, 16 milch cows, $750 worth of livestock, and that he harvested 55 bushels of wheat, 80 bushels of corn, 123 bushels of oats, and 350 bushels of potatoes. The value of his orchard products was $210, and his dairying operation produced 1,000 pounds of butter and 2,800 pounds of cheese. He also produced 500 pounds of maple sugar that year. Jesse White was a prosperous farmer, with a diverse operation but largely dependent on dairy and his orchard.[2]

Mandana spent a considerable portion of 1844 and 1845 away from home, at the Lebanon Institute and teaching school in Marshfield. This situation gave her more time to write and fewer outlets for communication. In these earlier entries, she took time to contemplate the adult life that stretched before her. The later, shorter entries find her a widowed mother of four, responsible for running a farm and household.

Margo Culley writes that, "while the novel and autobiography may be thought of as artistic wholes, the diary is always in process, always in some sense a fragment." We do not know much about Mandana's life before the diary, after her marriage, or in her later years after the diary ends. In addition, it's impossible to know all that she is writing about and especially what she has left out. Culley likens the act of reading a diary to "putting together the pieces of a puzzle—remembering clues and supplying the missing pieces, linking details apparently unrelated in the diarist's mind, and decoding encoded materials."[3] Deciphering a fuller

picture of Mandana's life from her diary is not easy, requiring careful reading of the text and other primary and secondary sources to help discover the context in which this diary was written, as well as the historical evidence it contains.

"The Future Seems Dark to Me"

In the first section of the diary, Mandana spends a considerable amount of time exploring what the future might hold for her. Typically, in the period before marriage, young women in the first half of the nineteenth century had fewer options than they might have in the modern world. It was not the norm to leave home to find work, although Mandana did contemplate that option. On February 20, 1844, when she was eighteen years old, Mandana wrote:

> The future seems dark to me; what trouble is in store for me I know not but a heavy cloud seems to hang over my mind. What is to become of me I know not. I am at times discouraged and cast down. I think the best thing for me would be to go a short distance from home and procure constant employment, but to this they would not hear a word. All of my friends think it would be a disgrace for me to go out to work, but it is far different with me, it would be my choice to go.

That the prospect of going out to work was a plausible option was a relatively recent change for young women in the United States. In the first half of the nineteenth century, work that women had traditionally done in the household became more industrialized and the need for money to purchase these new products of industry grew. Alice Kessler-Harris writes, "As the rural household carried less of the burden of production, the need for female labor in it diminished. The household contribution of daughters sank from vital to marginal significance."[4] The possibility of work outside of the home for young women did not mean that any and every job was available. The options were still restricted and were guided by cultural and religious values, labor demand, and the economic needs particular to each individual and her family. And it did not mean that every young woman worked. Kessler-Harris writes, "About 10 percent of all women took jobs outside their homes in 1840. Among these, most were young women who expected to spend an average of three to five years making a living before dropping out of the work force to raise a family. In 1840 single women constituted the great bulk of women wage earners."[5]

The prospect of going out to work may have appealed to Mandana out of a sense of adventure. Writing of the mills in Lowell, Massachusetts, Philip Foner notes, "during the 1840s, newspapers and magazines

were filled with glowing pictures of life in the Lowell mills." Mandana may have been swayed by these advertisements and by the idea of these mill towns as educated communities where "the young women who came into the mills from rural districts were interested in reading."[6] Mandana made several references in the diary to her interest in reading, although she felt conflicted about the worth of reading novels. On February 20, 1844, she wrote, "I have seen the time when I would read every novel whether good or bad that I could lay my hands on and read almost all night when I could not find time to read in the day time; this not only injured my health but my reasoning faculties."

A desire to be more independent from her family may also have been of interest to Mandana. Of her relationship to her parents she wrote on January 15, 1844, her eighteenth birthday, "The time has now arrived in my age in which girls are generally free from the control of their parents, but probably the control of my parents will not cease now." Kessler-Harris writes, "As important as the feeling of having cash in one's pocket was the sense of choice that many women experienced for the first time."[7]

The idea that she would go away to work is not seriously raised again in subsequent entries in Mandana's diary. In part, this was surely due to her family's relatively high economic status. The 1850 census shows that only two individuals in Calais had a higher value of real estate owned than Jesse White. It would not have been necessary for Mandana to leave home for economic reasons. In addition, her decision was guided by the prevailing cultural mores of the day, and the middle of the nineteenth century was a time influenced heavily by the rise of the domestic ideology or code that "prescribed expected behavior for white native-born women—they were ultimately to be full-time mothers."[8] The choices for young women were guided by both the reality and the perception of their growing importance in the domestic arena. The decision to take employment outside of the home, and what employment to take, was increasingly judged in terms of how it would prepare women for the roles of wife and mother.[9] When Mandana writes on February 20, 1844, that her friends "think it would be a disgrace for me to go out to work," the evidence is strong that this process of judgment by family and community was quite real.

One area that was open to Mandana was further education and teaching. Kessler-Harris notes, "The same moral code that denied the legitimacy of wage work provided justification for opening up educational institutions on the ground that educated women made better mothers. And it also offered a rationale for women to become teachers, missionaries, and writers."[10] The role of women as school teachers grew

in the nineteenth century as education became more important, because women teachers generally earned less than men, and women were believed by many to be better suited for nurturing the young.[11] When the diary begins, Mandana is seventeen years old, living at home, and working as a teacher. Of this job she wrote on January 1, 1844, "I am today in school, have been teaching now 2 weeks. I do not like the place very much, it is called Sodom." (Sodom is in the southwest part of Calais, and is now called Adamant.) From this entry we get a glimpse of Mandana's wit as well as her feelings toward this job.

Teaching at this time was often challenging, as schools were mainly one-room schoolhouses with classes ranging widely in age and ability. As Lynn Bonfield notes, "keeping order under such conditions was not easy, and discipline problems often disrupted the whole class."[12] At the end of Mandana's tenure at Sodom, she wrote of how difficult the job could be and how a teacher was measured by the standards of the community:

> This is the last day of my school and glad am I, for it has not been very pleasant to me, at least many things have occurred which have not added to my happiness. But it is now over and hope it will be forgotten or its effects cease. Probably some have been suited and others have not: some things which I was severely censured for by some, the Committee approved of, but my conscience does not upbraid me; if I have done wrong, I hope shall see my error. (February 17, 1844)

Thomas Dublin writes, "The quality of one's teaching was typically a public matter. Near the end of each term it was common to hold a public examination of scholars; but such events were, of course, also examinations of the teachers."[13] This community scrutiny of her performance is what Mandana is defending herself against in the above passage.

Mandana would teach school once more, this time in Marshfield from December 9, 1844, until January 31, 1845, a typical winter session. While at Marshfield, she boarded with local families, moving once a week to a new family. Her entries about her time here show that any unhappiness she experienced was more likely due to her being among strangers than to the job itself. The class size was small—eight scholars the first day, only three on a particularly snowy day—and this may have made the job more enjoyable and manageable for Mandana. On December 10, she wrote, "the scholars are merry and I almost wish to participate in their sports, at least it adds to my happiness to see them so happy to all appearance, may they ever be thus united in friendship and no root of bitterness spring up in their midst." Mandana seems to be enjoying this experience more, being not much older than her pupils she "almost" wished to join in their fun. At the same time, her reference to a "root of

bitterness" suggests some melancholy incidents may have occurred in her life.

It was common for a girl who started teaching as a teen to stop once she married. Thomas Dublin, in his study of New Hampshire teachers in the late nineteenth century found that 60 percent of women teachers had ended their teaching career by the age of twenty-four. "Most rural teachers," he concludes, "worked for a limited number of years and then married and left the wage labor force." Mandana's last teaching job was in Marshfield. Although it is unclear how she supported herself after her husband died and her children grew up, it was rare for a woman to return to teaching once widowed.[14]

Courting and Gossip

On February 18, 1844, Mandana wrote,

> How evil are the thoughts of mankind when not guided by the precepts of the gospel. What they will do when they are at [liberty?], this has been illustrated here lately. A Gentleman who was intimate here was inquired about and received a name which he would blush to own or at least he was presented in no favorable manner. These stories appear to be the invention of those who wish to injure him, their truth I intend to learn. If it is true or false, I wish to know it.

Someone who "was intimate" at the White household had obtained an unfavorable reputation and was the subject of personal gossip, demonstrating the importance of religion and gossip in the regulation of behavior in a community.

Historian Karen Hansen writes that gossip in the antebellum period "relied upon the medium of face-to-face contact that visiting afforded . . . [I]t provided a medium for monitoring as well as negotiating community opinion . . . [P]eople who gossiped potentially persuaded and influenced others and could, in effect, valorize or ostracize the subject of gossip."[15] Again and again, Mandana wrote about gossip, most of it related face to face. On January 8, 1845, she noted that the Smith family in Marshfield, whom she is boarding with, "seem to feel terrible somehow, I know not how, towards me and it is made manifest sometimes by hints, which I can not fail to understand, the 'I heard that Wm. was keeping company with one Mandana White.'" These diary entries demonstrate how people talked about one another, particularly about how females and males behaved together. A socially agreed upon code of conduct informed by religious values and regulated in part by gossip structured the community. It was very important to maintain a good reputation.

Gossip was not always accepted at face value, as is evident by Man-

dana's intention to learn the truth about the "intimate Gentleman." The fear of gossip about oneself is evident in her concern over the gossip that has influenced the Smiths. Referring to another incident, she wrote, "Slander. What is it but the destroyer of mankind. What blasts more of human happiness than slander" (June 23, 1844). As Hansen notes, "Both white men's and white women's reputations rested on their sexual behavior, their relationships with members of the opposite sex, and fulfillment of their marital and familial obligations."[16] Mandana's story of her relationships with suitors is interwoven with the greater narrative of family and community opinion.

Mandana's diary is filled with entries concerning her love life. Mandana married in 1845. In early 1844, however, she received a marriage proposal from J.C. Mallory. The event and its aftermath greatly upset Mandana. After consulting with her parents, she decided not to marry this person.

> To marry a man who has no education, to get worldly gain his only aim, is an idea I wish to abhor. I prefer before this to be an "Old Maid" and know the "Loneliness of an Old Maid's life", for I have long been called one in sports. To marry for wealth, I do despise. Love in the retired cottage to please me. I want none of the idle flatterers of the busy world to surround. I want the approving of my conscience at all times. (May 10, 1844)

Rejecting this offer from a man who only seeks wealth, Mandana declares her aim in marriage to be love. In her diary, she tries to convince herself that she has made the right choice and that she's not afraid to become an "Old Maid".

On June 26, 1845, the topic of J.C. Mallory came up again. By this time, Mandana had married Eli Goodenough, but gossip still lingers and rumors persist in the community about Mandana's past with Mr. Mallory. Mandana's Aunt Lucy has informed her of

> what Jason said when he was at her house. I am sorry for what has been said this spring for I think it has injured him much in the estimation of the people this way more than he thinks of. I can hardly help thinking but that some has been said to injure me. "He that robs me of my good name robs me of that which not enriches him but makes me poor indeed."

Mandana is still upset about the effect the gossip may have had on her good name, but her marital status and the growing distance from the events in question have lessened her concern. "So I will let it rest for the less I have to say the sooner it will be ended . . . I promised to marry Jason but the Old Folks were displeased so that he should never do any thing about it."

Eli Goodenough

The affair with Jason Mallory ended in the spring of 1844, with Mandana concerned about her reputation and willing to become an "Old Maid" if necessary. On July 28, however, a new suitor appeared, and his arrival on the scene is revealing in what it tells us about courting, particularly the role of church meetings in social life. Mandana wrote in her diary, "Have been to meeting to East Montpelier, there is something curious, I should think, on this days adventure." She described a confusing story of conflicting invitations to Montpelier from her cousin Charles and brother-in-law Lester Warren, and the roles played by her mother, someone by the name of Laura, and Mandana's sister Orrilla that eventually led to Mandana going to Montpelier with Orrilla and Lester. On the way home, Lester revealed "that he did not ask me to go with him to meeting but it was to go with Mr. Eli Goodenough, a gentleman at work on his house. I have not had any little circumstance mortify me I know not when." Later that day, Mandana and Orrilla are at her sister Elivira's, who is married to Lester, having tea with Eli, whom Lester teases, causing Eli to respond that "the next time he wanted any one to go to meeting or any where else he should ask them himself."

Church meetings were an opportunity to socialize and a public place to go on a date. Hansen writes, "Social ties were a means and an incentive for involvement in the church."[17] On August 3, 1844, Mandana wrote that Eli has come by to explain prior events and asked her to go to a meeting with him in Montpelier, which she does. On the way home, he asked her to go to another meeting the following Saturday in Cabot. Church meetings may have been an especially appropriate dating place for Eli and Mandana because Lester Warren, the man who had introduced them, was the local Universalist minister. As Hansen notes, the church "provided a ready-made community, mutual aid, entertainment, a base for organizing movements for political change, and an arena for socializing."[18]

Mandana's entry on August 9 provides insight into the anxiety she felt about courting with Eli, with elaborate reasoning for and some trepidation about accepting his offer to go to Cabot.

> Have concluded to go to Cabot with Eli as Franklin has concluded he should not go to Montpelier and so Orrilla could not go if I went and as Charles did not ask me any more than he did her I concluded to let her go and I go to Cabot. I do not know but this will be wrong but it will soon be too late to extract.

Mandana enjoyed herself on this date and her bond with Eli grew from this day forward. She left Calais shortly after, on August 28, to attend school at the Lebanon Institute.

The Lebanon Liberal Institute was run by the Universalist Church in Lebanon, New Hampshire, and existed from 1841 to 1852. Financial problems forced the school to close. The school held four eleven-week terms during the year, and attracted local youths as well as students from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont.[19] Mandana's attendance there is evidence both of her family's economic well-being and their Universalist faith. Mandana was one of forty-six girls and sixty-five boys who enrolled for the fall term. According to the *Catalogue*, "The course of Instruction is thorough, comprising all the branches usually taught in academies, and particular attention is paid to such as are fitting for College, or intending to teach." In addition to the regular course of instruction, Mandana took lessons in Greek.[20]

Eli escorted her to Lebanon, proving that he had become an important person in her life, as shown in her entry for that day: "Never before did I love a friend as I do him that I had not been longer acquainted with: I esteem his friendship much; he appears to think a great deal of me, and it was hard for us to part." Eli, like Mandana, has a dating history: "I fear he has left the company of another for me; if he has it will be too bad. I know he has left her, but know not why." Going into their courtship, both Eli and Mandana had recently finished other relationships. This is an era when romance and love had become primary considerations in marriage choice. Ellen Rothman states that by the end of the eighteenth century, "Americans were beginning to make love between men and women a necessary rather than a desirable precondition for marriage."[21] Eli and Mandana's expressions of love began in the month before she went to Lebanon, and grew while she was attending school in Lebanon, mainly through letters between them. Rothman notes that "increasingly after 1800, letters both demonstrated and deepened commitment between people who believed in the power of the written word."[22]

On September 3, 1844, Mandana wrote "I can not keep my mind on my book for I expected a letter tonight and am very much disappointed." On the 5th, when she received the letter, she wrote, "Eli expressed himself in the same tender manner concerning me as heretofore, he is very kind to me. O may nothing ever happen to mar our happiness in our intercourse and oh may it be lasting." Eli is frequently mentioned in the diary and corresponds with her regularly, more than her own family, as she emphatically pointed out in several entries. On September 22, she exclaimed, "O Eli, I can not be half thankful enough for having written to me. Thy letters have been a solace to me in my lonesome hours. They have been my stay and support. To them I go when lonesome. They tell me that one has not forgotten me if my Parents have." Karen Lystra

notes that "with almost no other means of voicing themselves across even the smallest distance, nineteenth-century lovers bridged the silence with ink and pencil."[23]

Eli arrived on November 12, 1844, to bring Mandana back to Calais. They arrived on the 14th and after staying the night he headed home, causing Mandana to pour out her heart to her diary. It is evident that their affection for each other had grown, and that the courting is now quite serious. Mandana's entry plainly betrays an anxiety over the growing seriousness of the relationship. She claimed that she does not deserve Eli's love, that he does not see her faults. Declaring her ill-preparedness for marriage, she wrote "I know I have many things yet to learn before I could appear in company so that I should not cause a husband to blush at my blunders; for many times the crimson has appeared on my cheek, the effects of ignorance when in company." Like so many other lovers, she cannot see how Eli could love her and how she will ever avoid embarrassing herself in front of him and others. That they are on the threshold of committing to marriage is clear: "to enter upon the duties of married life I must not expect all will be one calm and unclouded day, with nought to disturb the peace." Mandana wrote of her concern over being able to make Eli happy, "at marriage his fate is fixed either for happiness or misery, there is no escape. Therefore, watch and pray."

It appears that Eli proposed marriage in early December, and his courtship grew more serious from December on, leading to their marriage on April 20, 1845. On December 14, Mandana wrote,

> Eli came here this forenoon and presented me with a new trunk. When I opened it I found it contained a letter, a few sheets of paper, and a [rule?]. The letter was written out of pure love to me. It breathed forth the same spirit as its predecessors. He said he did not know as the trunk would be acceptable, but he thought the letter would, and it was. It was read before I ate my dinner and with pleasure. I was requested to burn it as soon as I read it, but I forebore. It would seem too much like sacrilege.

On December 21, Eli gave Mandana his watch, as hers didn't work, and they made plans to go to St. Johnsbury. That Mandana appreciated all of this attention and loves and respects Eli in return is clear, but she also is wrestling with the decision to get married and how to make that decision.

Evidence of her love and respect for Eli can be seen in the entry for December 29, when she wrote that Eli has not been able to come to Calais due to the weather and quotes a romantic poem by Fanny Kemble:

> What shall I do with all the day and hours
> What must be counted ere I see thy face?

How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Interestingly, Kemble's *Poems* was first published in 1844, which means that Mandana, in Calais, Vermont, was staying abreast of the current popular literature. (Oddly, Fanny Kemble was herself going through a very trying time with her slave-owning husband that would eventually lead to a very public divorce proceeding).[24] Mandana's solution for the "lowering interval" is to spend most of the day reading.

More proof of her feelings for Eli, and her apprehension over her current state of affairs is seen on January 1, 1845: "I have been in hopes to see one I love but I fear I shall be disappointed but all will be for the best I hope, at least I trust it will." In declining an invitation from William, who also has a romantic interest in Mandana, she wrote, "I did not think it would be right nor did I wish to go after what has been said and I wish to have more respect for Eli than to go in company with him at the present. Even if I had been well or able to go, I know he does not wish me to go and why not obey his wish rather than that of others." She seems to struggle with the decision but ultimately chooses Eli.

A couple of weeks earlier she had received some advice from a Mrs. Wheeler, writing on January 17 of "the best advice I ever received from mortal," which seems to help her make up her mind. The advice was "to know my own heart and then decide accordingly, to let not the idea of worldly gain influence me in the least." Mrs. Wheeler also advised Mandana to make up her mind soon, as deciding in the negative in the future "would injure both of us very much." Although the advice doesn't seem uncommonly wise, it was probably what Mandana wanted to hear and allowed her to feel stronger about committing to Eli.

Her entry on January 17 declares, "No Eli, I will not forsake thee until something more than that now brought against thee that is true is presented in the shape of faults." She appears to have been hearing some talk that Eli is not wealthy enough for her. Mandana filled the rest of the page with her reasons for choosing affection over wealth, writing, "My father has told me never marry a man on account of his property, but to look to the disposition, to the character, there to put my reliance, for wealth produces no happiness where evil passions are concerned."

William attempted one last time to win Mandana's heart, writing a letter that made her hands "tremble like a leaf." She wrote on January 25, 1845, "this letter I have received has surprised me. To be addressed in this manner by Wm. was rather unexpected after I had refused to ride with him even a half mile, and then the sugar heart and the poetry that accompaning [sic] it was rather singular considering all things. But

I shall answer it so there will be no mistake this time in respect to answer." Although she was clearly impressed by William's letter and still had doubts about marrying Eli, she does decide here to put her foot down with William.

Her courting with Eli continued with a trip from February 7 to 17 to see some of his friends, taking them as far away as Wheelock. It was common for people to take these social trips in the winter, indeed, during the next winter one of the families visited on this trip came to see Eli and Mandana in Calais. Of visiting Eli's friends, Mandana wrote on February 6, "though they are strangers to me I hail them as friends for they are his and they will seem near to me on his account." At times in the diary Mandana seems to embrace her role as Eli's partner, and at times she seems to worry about that role. That they will be married does not seem a certainty at this point. The couple had a disagreement of some sort on February 23 as Eli headed back to Cabot after a visit.

> I think that we have never parted under similar circumstances or with similar feelings before and when I enquire the cause I shrink from the answer my own conscience would give, for I know I am the principal cause. For I know I have done wrong. That Eli feels bad for it, I can not doubt. He did not upbraid me but his manner plainly told me that it grieved him to see me do thus. I have tried to please him, until now, in an unguarded hour, I have offended and strayed from the straight and narrow path. Until now I have strived to have his every wish gratified, to please him if it laid in my power, but alas! Now is the spell broke. But I think in all of this the blame rests on me, that I have cause to complain of no one but myself. I was the first to transgress and now will I mourn in silence. No complaint shall pass my lips. I will strive by my future actions to atone for the past.

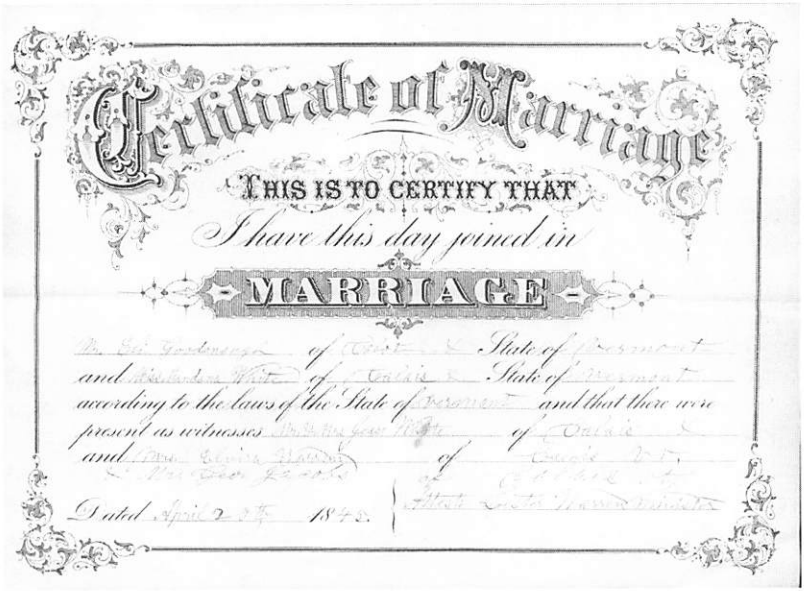
What on earth has she done? The diary offers no clue, and we are left to speculate on the cause of Mandana's distress over her own behavior. Perhaps it was some minor incident and she is distressed because their feelings for each other and the lingering question about their relationship have elevated the tension, making a minor incident less trivial.

The event that so disturbs Mandana did not, in any case, cause a permanent rift in her relationship with Eli, who returned to Calais on March 4 with his parents, perhaps signaling another formal stage in the courtship process. On March 30, Eli got consent from Mandana's father "that we may one day be united by stronger ties than now exist between us, never to be severed until death." The role of parents in courtship was generally minimal. Bringing his parents to Calais and getting consent were most likely formalities, as generally "parents exercised little control of their children's courtships."[25] While Mandana wrote about her father giving advice not to marry for money, and an earlier incident

in which her parents denied a gentleman their consent, her marriage to Eli was her decision. The earlier denial of consent may have been due to her younger age or she may have been simply hiding her lack of interest in marrying the other gentleman behind her parents' denial.

The approach of marriage was a very emotional time for Mandana. Her entry on April 6, 1845, expresses great doubt that she will ever be happy: "this morning thou arose early with the feathered songster, thou would gladly have tuned thy day for happiness, but now at near sunset, thou art in tears, thy glee is turned to sorrow." For women, the approach of marriage was often a difficult time. "Except when marriage would be followed immediately by a long-distance move, women generally made the decision to marry with far less conflict than the decision of *when* to marry. It was the timing of marriage that created the most ambivalence, distress, and self-doubt in women."[26]

It was common for the man to push for a wedding date while the woman delayed, in part because she had a great deal to do to get ready for the wedding. Rothman notes, "Because men expected marriage to enrich rather than restrict their daily lives, they were more eager than


Certificate of Marriage

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

I have this day joined in

MARRIAGE

Eli and Mandana's marriage certificate, April 20, 1845. Goodenough Family Papers, Special Collections, University of Vermont.

women to have the wedding take place."[27] Mandana wrote on April 13, "He wishes me to set the day that we will be married and he wishes it to be within a few days or weeks at least. What to do I know not. I know not what is for the best but he is very anxious and if I thought it best I would by all means do it. I wish to do as he wishes me if it is in my power and it is right."

They set the date for April 20 and Mandana spent most of the week spinning. On the 19th Eli came to her room and stayed until bedtime, and she "was glad to see him and once more to give him the hearty welcome." She was anxious however about her big day and actually wrote her diary entry at 11 p.m. by candlelight, as she was unable to sleep. On the 20th she wrote, "This evening Eli has set for the time for us to be married. If nothing happens to prevent, then my fate will be fixed." It was Eli's role to set the time and date. It is hard to tell if she was resigned to her fate or anxious that nothing should go wrong.

The wedding party consisted only of family and the ceremony was performed by Mandana's brother-in-law and Eli's former employer, Lester Warren. Mandana "has vowed to love and serve my husband for life." For a woman who wrote with great emotion and in great detail, her thoughts on her wedding are brief and unemotional, but this could be due to not having the time to write much in the diary.

Married Life

The day-to-day lives of Mandana and Eli did not dramatically change in the beginning of their marriage. He still lived in Cabot and visited her on the weekend. She was not entirely happy with this arrangement and wrote of her frustration on August 3, 1845: "I am uneasy and long for the time to come when I should be with and live with my husband, that hills and valleys may not intervene, but that we may dwell in one house and be to each other what we should be and help to bear each other's burdens." She did visit Eli in Cabot on several occasions and she befriended several people in that circle, especially Eli's sister, Sarah. This pattern of not setting up house immediately was not atypical in New England. Laurel Thatcher Ulrich details similar scenarios in her book on Martha Ballard's diary, in particular when Ballard's daughters were married and "went to housekeeping" after a period of time when they remained at home.[28]

The diary entries between the wedding and the birth of Myron Goodenough on April 18, 1846, record a large amount of visiting. A great number of people came to Calais, Mandana and Eli visited others, Mandana went to Cabot, and there were two big outings to Montpelier. The first outing was on July 15th to see "a caravan of animals." Mandana's

entry for that day reflects on a similar trip five years prior when she was with a prospective suitor. On the subject of a gift that suitor gave her, Mandana wrote, "the present that I that evening received I still keep and wear to remind me of what has been but what is not. Of what I then could have been if I had chosen it." She looks back with a certain degree of melancholy but not with regret, stating that she has attended this event with her "dearly beloved husband." The other trip was to see the State House with some visiting guests.

On October 3, 1845, Mandana wrote, "Eli has come home and moved all of his tools and now intends to stay here for a while." There is some evidence that Eli leaving his family in Cabot had a great economic impact on them. On October 13, Eli and Mandana received news that the "whole family were going to Manchester in a few weeks." Perhaps the Goodenough family was thinking about moving already, but it seems to come as a surprise to Mandana and very close on the heels of Eli moving to Calais. The effect of losing an adult male on the economies of some farm families in this period could be devastating. On October 29, Eli went to Cabot after receiving news the night before that his family had left for Manchester, "to stay at least one year and longer if they choose." When he arrived in Cabot, he found that they had all left except for his sister, who had stayed behind "to regulate the house." Where Eli's family ends up is unclear; there is some evidence that his father moved to Calais for a time, and the collection also contains letters from Eli's brothers in Alabama and Canada.

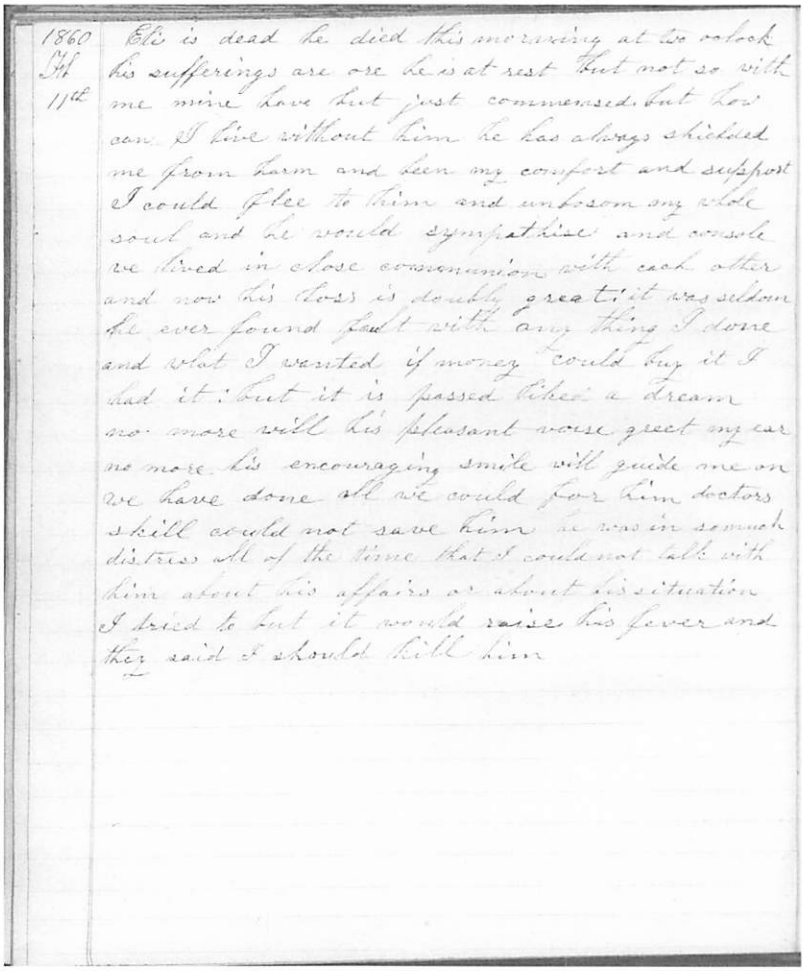
Eli and Mandana remained in Calais until around 1858, when they moved to Hardwick. They had four children together: Myron (April 18, 1846), Flora (November 26, 1849), Edward (October 13, 1851), and Charles (August 28, 1855). The 1850 agricultural census lists Eli farming in Calais with fifty improved acres, five milch cows, five other cattle, three sheep, and a farm with a cash value of $1,200. The statistics of his farm when compared with Jesse White and other Calais farmers show that Eli is just getting his operation started. By 1860, the year that Eli dies, the family farming operation has grown significantly. The 1860 agricultural census shows the Goodenough farm with one hundred improved acres, twelve milch cows, sixteen other cattle, seventeen sheep, and the cash value of the farm is $5,000. At the point of Eli's death, the family farming operation has matured, but his death is a serious blow to the future of the farm.

Widowhood

On February 11, 1860, Mandana wrote in this diary for the first time in fourteen years. She may have stopped writing because she thought it

was a girlish pursuit, because she was too busy raising a family, or she may have been writing in another diary that has not survived.

> Eli is dead. He died this morning at two o'clock. His sufferings are over. He is at rest. But not so with me, mine have but just commenced. But how can I live without him, he has always shielded me from harm and been my comfort and support. I could flee to him and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Eli is dead he died this morning at two o'clock his sufferings are ore he is at rest but not so with me mine have but just commensed but how can I live without him he has always shielded me from harm and been my comfort and support I could flee to him and unbosom my whole soul and he would sympathise and console we lived in close communion with each other and now his loss is doubly great it was seldom he ever found fault with any thing I done and what I wanted if money could buy it I had it but it is passed like a dream no more will his pleasant voice greet my ear no more his encouraging smile will guide me on we have done all we could for him doctors skill could not save him he was in so much distress all of the time that I could not talk with him about his affairs or about his situation I tried to but it would raise his fever and then said I should kill him

The page from Mandana's diary, February 11, 1860, where she records Eli's death. Goodenough Family Papers, Special Collections, University of Vermont.

> unbosom my whole soul and he would sympathize and console. We lived in close communion with each other and now his loss is doubly great. It was seldom he ever found fault with any thing I done, and what I wanted, if money could buy it, I had it. But it is passed like a dream. No more will his pleasant noise greet my ear. No more his encouraging smile will guide me on. We have done all we could for him. Doctors' skill could not save him. He was in so much distress all of the time that I could not talk with him about his affairs or about his situation. I tried to but it would raise his fever and they said I should kill him.

With a broken heart and alone with four children, Mandana was forced to go on without her husband. Lisa Wilson, in her study of widows in Pennsylvania, writes that it was and is common for a widow to dwell on the happiness of her marriage, but that "the thought of past happiness was a comfort only when compared with the present of loneliness and despair."[29]

Mandana's diary entries from this period find her depressed. On February 11, 1861, she wrote, "One year ago today Eli died and what I have felt and endured no one but my God can know in this short year. Sad and alone with the care of a large farm and four children to see to and look out for and no friends near to comfort and console. I have been alone today, no other one on the premises, and it has been lonesome indeed." Her future prospects for herself and her children have dramatically changed. She has lost her partner in life, who was also responsible for running the farm. Her children are still young, ranging in age from 5 to 14.

Wilson states that "widows became resigned to widowhood in various ways." Some relied on strength of character, others religion, and some on the love of their children.[30] Mandana's love for her children became her primary reason for living after Eli's death. On January 5, 1861, she wrote, "What has one short year accomplished for me—hopes blasted, expectations failed. I have now no bright anticipation of the future, when I pause to think, care & sorrow stare me in the face. My greatest ambition is to see my children grow to be virtuous and respectable and form good characters and how to accomplish the greatest good to them. They are my all to live for. When I can be of no more use to them, my task in life is accomplished." Almost thirty-five and widowed with four children, Mandana saw little purpose left in her life beyond raising her children.

Mandana's new role in life was to be the head of the household and manage the farm, and it became readily apparent that they needed a smaller place. The farming operation that Eli had developed was too big for her to handle on top of running the household, and the children

were not old enough to take over much of their father's work. They had only moved to Hardwick two years before Eli's death, Mandana did not have a lot of friends, and she missed her family.

On January 1, 1861, Mandana and her father traveled to Mr. Richardson's in Walden, where her father offered $2,100 for the farm. Mr. Richardson accepted the offer the next day and Mandana's father gave her $100 to pay when she took a deed on January 16. She most likely had money of her own, but her prospects for future income had been reduced by her husband's death. The move is interesting mainly in the details the diary provides on what moving a household was like at this time. Mandana sold her farm to a Mr. Foster and around February 6 prepared to move to Walden. The move took several weeks, involving both the household and the farm. It occurred in the winter and largely by sleigh, which required good sleighing weather. Too much rain and warm weather made the job more difficult, as she attested on March 3, 1861. "It rains and the snow is fast disappearing and I fear we shall lose our sleighing and I shall have a hard time of it to move."

Myron, the eldest son at 14, helped out with the move, as did Jacob, but primarily the children were in school during this period. When they are finally moved out of the house, Mandana and family headed to Calais for a visit and to take care of some business in Montpelier. Returning to Walden, they began to settle in, hiring help and moving the animals up from the Hardwick farm. Remarking on the difficulty of the transition, Mandana wrote on March 24, 1861, "I feel like a cat in a strange garet." The diary entries begin to normalize at this point, recording visits, the hiring of labor, and chores, until the diary ends for good on April 20, 1861.

Conclusion

Mandana's diary tells a compelling story about a woman who gets married, has four children, and then becomes a widow. It is well written, funny, and full of personality. It is also very revealing in the details it provides about life for women in the middle of the nineteenth century in rural Vermont. Mandana's life, like most lives then and now, consisted of a series of choices, many of them about major life decisions such as work, dating, marriage, schooling, and housing. What makes this and other diaries important pieces of historical evidence is the context in which these issues arise and the factors that guide their resolution. Mandana's decisions were influenced by economic status, religion, community opinion, and her close relationship to her parents. Her decision to marry is influenced by economic considerations and consultations with her parents, but ultimately it is decided by love. A drastically

changed economic scenario guides the decisions she makes as a farmer's widow, decisions made again with the assistance of her parents. This diary, in combination with other sources, helps us envision the social lives of individuals in Vermont during this period. In particular, this work provides insight into the internal, emotional life of Mandana as she goes away from home to teach, enters into a romantic relationship that ultimately leads to marriage, and eventually deals with the loss of her husband and widowhood. In the end, Mandana's personal narrative, while certainly containing details that render it of a particular time, serves as a wonderful reminder of many of the aspects of social life that remain constant over time.

What happens after the diary ends is difficult to determine. There is a letter from her son Myron to Mandana in 1869 asking her to come and live with his family. In the 1870 census, Mandana is with her parents in Barre, Myron is in Hardwick, and Edward appears to be in Walden. Edward marries Flora Dutton and becomes a store and hotel proprietor in Walden, their offspring residing in that location until the 1980s.[31] Mandana is listed on the 1900 census as a widowed merchant living in Walden, not far from Edward, and in her own home which she owns free from mortgage. Her daughter Flora apparently ends up in Oregon, dying there in 1934.[32] There is some evidence that Mandana lives until 1924, which would have made her ninety-eight at the time of her death, outliving her husband by sixty-four years.[33]

Notes

[1] Mandana White Goodenough Diary, 1843–1861, Goodenough Family Papers, Special Collections, Bailey/Howe Library, University of Vermont.

[2] United States, and Vermont. *Seventh Census of the United States Original Returns of the Assistant Marshals: Fourth Series: Agricultural Production by Counties*, 1850. For more information on the early nineteenth-century decline in wheat production in Vermont see Lewis D. Stillwell, *Migration from Vermont* (Montpelier: Vermont Historical Society, 1948), 153–154.

[3] Margo Culley, ed., *A Day at a Time: The Diary Literature of American Women from 1764 to the Present* (New York: The Feminist Press at the City University of New York, 1985), 19–21.

[4] Alice Kessler-Harris, *Out To Work: A History of Wage-Earning Women in the United States* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1982), 27.

[5] Ibid., 47–48.

[6] Philip S. Foner, ed., *The Factory Girls* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press), 19.

[7] Kessler-Harris, *Out to Work*, 34.

[8] Lynn Y. Weiner, *From Working Girl to Working Mother: The Female Labor Force in the United States, 1820–1980* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1985), 34.

[9] Kessler-Harris, *Out to Work*, 51.

[10] Ibid., 56.

[11] Lynn A. Bonfield and Mary C. Morrison, *Roxana's Children: The Biography of a Nineteenth-Century Vermont Family* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995), 80–81. Joseph F. Kett, *Rites of Passage: Adolescence in America, 1790 to the Present* (New York: Basic Books, 1977), 123–125.

[12] Bonfield, *Roxana's Children*, 81.

[13] Thomas Dublin *Transforming Women's Work: New England Lives in the Industrial Revolution* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1994), 216.

[14] Ibid., 211, 217.

[15] Karen V. Hansen, *A Very Social Time: Crafting Community in Antebellum New England* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994), 115.

[16] Ibid., 119.

[17] Ibid., 137.

[18] Ibid., 138.

[19] Roger Carroll, *Lebanon, 1761–1994: The Evolution of a Resilient New Hampshire City* (West Kennebunk, Me.: Published for the Lebanon Historical Society by Phoenix Publishing, 1994), 54–55.

[20] *A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Lebanon Liberal Institute at Lebanon, N.H. for the year ending November, 1844* (Concord: Press of Asa McFarland, 1844), 10–11.

[21] Ellen K. Rothman, *Hands and Hearts: A History of Courtship in America* (New York: Basic Books, 1984), 31.

[22] Ibid., 11.

[23] Karen Lystra, *Searching the Heart: Women, Men, and Romantic Love in Nineteenth-Century America* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989), 12.

[24] *Fanny Kemble's Journals* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2000), xi–xii.

[25] Rothman, *Hands and Hearts*, 28.

[26] Ibid., 70.

[27] Ibid., 71.

[28] Laurel Thatcher Ulrich, *A Midwife's Tale: The Life of Martha Ballard, Based on Her Diary, 1785–1812* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1990), 140–142.

[29] Lisa Wilson, *Life After Death: Widows in Pennsylvania, 1750–1850* (Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1992), 13.

[30] Ibid., 18–20.

[31] *A History of Walden, Vermont*, compiled by the History Committee; sponsored by the Walden Public Library (Randolph Center, Vermont: Greenhills Book, 1986), 129–130, 141.

[32] *Family Search Ancestral File for Flora Gertrude Goodenough*, retrieved November 29, 2008 from http://www.familysearch.org/

[33] *Family Search Ancestral File for Mandana White*, retrieved November 28, 2008 from http://www.familysearch.org/

Book Reviews

Country Stores of Vermont: A History and Guide

By Dennis Bathory-Kitsz (Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2008, pp. 254, paper, $14.99).

Country Stores of Vermont offers proof, if we need it, that the history of one thing is invariably tangled up with the history of everything else. In the course of the first half of this book, Dennis Bathory-Kitsz uses the lens of the country store to look, at least briefly, at issues like Vermont transportation, deforestation, sugaring, marble, granite, literacy, and how many Vermonters died in various wars. There are even visitations into the realm of poetry, with passages from David Budbill's *Judevine.*

Bathory-Kitsz reminds the reader in the opening paragraph that "we are never quaint in our own times" (p. 19), and that the life of a village storekeeper in the nineteenth century was not easy—they worked long hours for a modest living, relied on barter as much as they did cash, and were at times heartily despised by the community. "When Baxter's Store burned in 1931," we learn, "townspeople were unmoved; Baxter was not a well-loved figure in Marlboro" (p. 81). Grim and mean, Baxter is once said to have told a little girl who spilled a bag of sugar on the way home to go pick this precious commodity out of the mud, although he did give her a fresh bag. He is also said to have sold water to the fire department (p. 82) and this probably explains the community's satisfaction when the store went up in flames.

The author goes on to talk about the architecture (variable) and the economics (ditto) of country stores in different towns, and the ongoing pressure of change that can turn a traditional village store into a conve-

Vermont History Vol. 77, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2009): 57–81.
 ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

nience store—"past and present collide" (p. 100). Blessed with a trim, plain ear for solid prose, Bathory-Kitsz puts the store into the wider context of the coming of the interstates and Act 250, the first bringing growth and political change, the second driven by an interest in preserving traditional land use. "Vermont fought potential environmental and economic degradation, ultimately squeezing its first Wal-Mart into an existing building" (p. 102).

Part two of the book is a visitor's guide. After some introductory text about what goods might be found in a country store, travel in Vermont, and a guide to pronouncing place names (the sort of thing Jack McMullen could have used in the congressional race ten years ago), the book offers nine tours through towns, villages, and country stores. This section of the book has maps and driving instructions interspersed with long, boxed-off sections of text—running up to five pages—of historical, anecdotal, and photographic material. We encounter one of these sidebars in the first part of the book as well, where a ruled box is used to set off perhaps two hundred words about covered bridges. There, the effect is merely distracting; in this second part these boxes interrupt the reading and at times become an obstacle to coherence. Sadly, much of this boxed text reads as if it belongs in the first part of the book, and some of the text is actively confusing. During the course of an entry on the Hastings Store in West Danville, for example, we're told that "[t]hough the train stopped running in the 1980s and the area is becoming a park, the Hastings Store serves box lunches to the daily train tours" (p. 194). The conundrum of daily train tours in a place where apparently the train no longer runs needs at least some explication, box lunches or no. And, by the time the reader gets to the final tour, the driving directions have gone from discursive ("On the banks of Caspian Lake, Greensboro is a Victorian vacation town" [p. 194]), to short-winded, even breathless ("4. Mosquitoville Road → Schoolhouse Road → Gadley Hill Road → Groton Road" [p. 221]). The result is that the second half of the book feels hurried, perhaps even unfinished.

Despite this problem, *Country Stores of Vermont* has value as a narrative of how village culture and commercial culture evolved in tandem, and the many photographs have archival value and appeal. The book also has an appendix listing the surviving country stores, followed by a bibliography and an index, and the reader comes away feeling that Bathory-Kitsz has done a workmanlike job, especially over the first part of the book, of placing local stores in a specific context. We can perhaps hope that a second edition of *Country Stores,* if there is one, will show improved organization.

HELEN HUSHER

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Golden Wings and Hairy Toes: Encounters with New England's Most Imperiled Wildlife

By Todd McLeish (Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England, 2007, pp. 242, $26.00).

Much of what one reads about federally endangered species is written with little understanding of their biology, or of the particulars of ecology and land use history that intersect to make them the rarest of organisms. In the press we read debates about spectacularly attractive or contentious species like wolves, loons, and spotted owls. Todd McLeish, author of *Golden Wings and Hairy Toes,* skips the arguments. He assumes the intrinsic value of every species and writes to make these disappearing life-forms and their human friends real. This book is a lively and wide-ranging study of the current perilous situations of some fascinating living things. The fourteen species covered in the book were selected carefully: two plants, three insects, two fish, a turtle, three birds, and three mammals, from all over the region. Both the specialist and the general reader will get a picture of the practice of ecology in their backyards and local wild places.

McLeish, a Rhode Islander and author of over a hundred previous articles on wildlife subjects, has centered the book around his visits to the researchers who are intimately familiar with the organisms they study. Each species gets about fifteen to twenty pages; each chapter tells of an expedition, a personal experience with scientists and subjects, and weaves in plenty of general ecology and what's called conservation biology: biology that seeks to advocate for the organisms and ecosystems it studies, as well as to understand them for the sake of knowledge. The reader comes away with a pretty good picture of the many ways to get to the brink of extinction: Start with a rare or valuable organism or a scarce habitat; add a lot of humans messing up the habitat; import some invasive competitors, pests, and diseases; add the vagaries of weather disasters, oil spills, dams, climate change, and over-harvesting; stop natural processes like fires; then watch things disappear.

The subject is depressing, but somehow the book isn't. Maybe it's fun to read because it's by a guy getting pecked on the head and pooped on

by angry terns protecting their nests, or hanging on for dear life on the back of a snowmobile going fast through the Maine woods. McLeish, a serious birder, is happy outdoors, and he's quite good at describing people, places, and situations. And these are difficult situations, but the people are the kind who just won't give up trying to do something about them.

The species McLeish considers that occur in Vermont are the Bicknell's Thrush, Indiana Bat, Jesup's Milk Vetch, Atlantic Salmon, and Canada Lynx. In the case of the Bicknell's Thrush, a songbird that inhabits the highest peaks in Vermont and elsewhere in New England, and whose range extends northward to Québec and the Maritime Provinces, much of the research has been done by Vermont ornithologists. Bicknell's researchers have spent over fifteen years learning about the species. McLeish visited Kent McFarland and the Bicknell's team on Mt. Mansfield, where they get up early and stay up late banding and tracking. Threatened by global warming, acid rain, mercury, red squirrels, mountaintop development, dangerous migrations, and habitat loss in the wintering grounds in the Caribbean, Bicknell's Thrushes are birds that we now know a great deal about, and which we may lose in spite of every effort. In the meantime, one can marvel at an elusive bird with unusual mating habits and an ethereal song, who hides its nest in the thickest fir forests in some of the most beautiful places in the state. There's plenty known about the bird that doesn't make it into this chapter, but the author has done well to distill the essentials.

One of the features of this book I especially appreciate is that McLeish puts each organism in context, among its relatives, around the world, in history and in the future. There's much to learn, but it's not a dry book. Even if you don't want to know the details of the lengths of the hairs between the toes of various bats, it's entertaining to read about a night spent out catching them. And I guarantee you won't think about caviar in quite the same way after you learn more about the history of sturgeon fishing.

Small black-and-white photographs introduce each chapter. They aren't bad, but if you want a really good picture of the creature in question, you'll have to find it elsewhere. This doesn't seem like a great problem; it's not a picture book. But I did wish someone at University Press of New England had spent more time checking facts, spelling, and grammar. It's distracting to read things like "pupa" for "pupae," climactic" for "climatic," [. . .] and "morning cloak" for "mourning cloak"—a butterfly. The Chin is the highest part of Mt. Mansfield, not the Nose, and the Odonata are an order of insects, not a family. McLeish's prose is conversational; it's readable and accessible, if sometimes not quite grammatical. These are minor complaints. The errors I noticed don't change

the big picture, that this is a very good book. I hope many of my friends and students will read it, because it will give them a much clearer idea of what fieldwork is like, and why things get rarer and rarer. Though some of these species may easily be gone from New England a few decades from now, it is good to know they are here now, and to meet the dedicated people who are trying to help them survive.

SUSAN SAWYER

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Glastenbury: The History of a Vermont Ghost Town

By Tyler Resch (Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2008, pp. 128, paper, $19.99).

Glastenbury. On maps of Vermont it looks big, mountainous, isolated, empty, and maybe that you can't get there from here. Is everything as it appears on the surface of one of the state's few unorganized towns—that there's not much of a story here? As Tyler Resch's new book, *Glastenbury: The History of a Vermont Ghost Town,* reveals, this town with a population of six people as of the publication date has had a varied and unusual history. Resch uses all available resources—town records, newspapers, maps, period documents, photographs, oral history, archaeological evidence, other physical traces on the landscape, and his own personal experiences and observations—to rejuvenate this mysterious ghost and give it back some flesh and bones.

Resch tells us in the introduction that he became fascinated with Glastenbury, located in southwestern Vermont, in 1962 on his first hike into the town's ghostly lumbering village of Fayville, and has been collecting material ever since. There are twelve nicely illustrated chapters with extensive period quotes that take us from the roiling political background behind the town's charter in 1761 by Governor Benning Wentworth up to a portrait in words of the town at the start of the twenty-first century. Each self-contained chapter has its own character and pacing. Some of the story is dense and typical, such as early settlement or struggling to bring in a railroad. Some fulfills our interest in the odd or bizarre, such as two murders, including one on opening day of Vermont's first deer-hunting season in 1897. And the chapter on the charcoal-

making industry, with photographs of a working kiln and neighboring log cabins and a kiln in ruins, illuminates a once nearly forgotten aspect of industry in many Vermont mountain towns.

Solid detective work uncovers the history of the short-lived South Glastenbury summer resort, which was transformed from a logging village in 1897–98. Investors, whose names remain a mystery, updated the old boarding house into a hotel and clubhouse, turned the old company store into the Glastenbury Inn, and built fish hatcheries and grounds for croquet, tennis, and picnicking. Many happy parties took the electric railroad from Bennington to enjoy the mountain scenery, fresh air, and trout dinners. The possibilities for growth "came to a crashing disaster" (p. 75) when "the freshet of '98" washed out the railroad tracks and damaged the road beyond repair.

In the chapter "Decline, Disincorporation, and Disappearance," we meet most of the few people who lived in Glastenbury and also were its town officers from after the Civil War to December 31, 1937, when the town changed to unorganized status. We learn that Bennington notables Trenor W. Park and Hall Park McCullough purchased vast tracts of land in Glastenbury, property that eventually became part of the Green Mountain National Forest. Some interesting side stories appear in special boxed sections, but the light print is very difficult to read.

Also highlighted are several twentieth-century residents, Rowland Hazard, and noted psychoanalysts Drs. Richard and Editha Sterba. Hazard, from a wealthy and prominent Rhode Island family, was also an alcoholic, and Resch points out that he helped inspire Bill Wilson, born in nearby Dorset, and Bob Smith, born in St. Johnsbury, to found Alcoholics Anonymous. The Sterbas bought the large Hazard property. They had horses and miles of trails, and used their seasonal home to treat patients in quiet and privacy.

In the back are helpful notes with a description of sources for each chapter, a brief bibliography, and a basic index.

The history of our small towns in Vermont can be elusive, figuratively or physically buried, lost, or forgotten. In this case telling the human history of Glastenbury, a physically large town that has always been sparsely populated, is necessarily uneven, but gathering the evidence and presenting it in one place for the long term is an important service. After reading this book, readers coming across Glastenbury on a map will see not just that vast expanse of green and mountains but in their mind's eye the friendly ghostly traces of the electric railroad, charcoal kilns, lumber camps, summer resort, and of course the people who put them there.

ELSA GILBERTSON

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The Ninth Vermont Infantry, A History and a Roster

By Paul Zeller (Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Co. Inc, pp. viii, 336, $55.00).

The unfortunate Ninth Vermont is little noticed now, even among Civil War experts. The Ninth fought in only a handful of battles, and lost all but one through the faults of others. "[T]hough it fought its heart out, [it] seemed always to be at the wrong place at the wrong time" (p. 1). Yet it was a model regiment, well disciplined most of the time and well turned out for inspections. It had only been in the Union Army a few weeks when it was captured with the rest of the Union force at Harper's Ferry by Stonewall Jackson. Freed on parole—a promise not to fight until exchanged—they were virtually imprisoned at Camp Douglas in Chicago waiting for enough Confederates to be captured. Their first duty on rejoining the Army: guarding Confederate prisoners across the street from them.

All Vermont regiments suffered severely from a variety of diseases: typhoid, cholera, "chronic diarrhea," lung diseases, smallpox, and measles, among other killers. Men in the Ninth began to die almost at once, especially when they reached the unsanitary Camp Douglas. The Ninth continued to suffer at its next duty stations, in Suffolk and Williamsburg, Virginia, and eastern North Carolina. All told, 232 men died from disease, while there were just 23 combat deaths and 32 men died in Confederate prisons. By contrast, the Second Vermont had 220 combat deaths, 22 died in Confederate prisons, and there were 139 deaths from disease.

In North Carolina the Ninth participated in one battle, from which it had to flee. It was not the men's fault, or even the officers'. They were overwhelmed by three Confederate regiments. Three hundred of the 370 men who fought that day were recruits from Vermont who had arrived only the day before. Those who had muskets received them only that morning.

Outside Richmond in 1864 the Ninth finally faced major battles. In the assault on Fort Harrison, September 29–30, 1864, they even won. But at Fair Oaks a month later they were whipped again, trying to capture

supposedly lightly held trenches. Intelligence failed; Lee had filled the trenches with veteran regiments. But the following spring they had something of a reward. They led the Union Army into Richmond, and their former colonel, now General Edward Ripley, commanded the city for a few weeks.

Paul Zeller's book is a compendium of detail, probably as much as you'll ever learn about a regiment. The entire roster of 1,878 men is in an appendix. Taken from Vermont's 1892 Revised Roster, it repeats the error that has bedeviled genealogists ever since: "Residence" means "place of enlistment," not the town where the man actually lived. Particularly after 1863, men went where the town enlistment bonus was the best.

Zeller has read the pension files and service records for hundreds of men. He has even delved into court martial records. The book includes sixty-six photos of officers and twenty-eight of enlisted men, most of them rare, including some showing gruesome wounds. Fourteen maps help make sense of the geography of the Ninth's war.

Excerpts from letters and diaries of men of the Ninth tell much of the story. Since not everyone wrote home, nor did many letters survive, a few men's versions of regimental life tend to get the most attention. Valentine Barney, originally a captain from Swanton but eventually the regiment's commander, wrote his wife almost daily. The letters have survived; being interesting and literate, they tend to dominate the book. A similar body of letters from a private would be an interesting contrast. Dozens of excerpts from privates' letters are included, but often they are brief and not too expository. Civil War officers' lives were very different from their men's. They were paid more, for one thing. The lowest-ranking officer received three times a private's pay—and most of the army was composed of privates. Only in battle did line officers and men face the same conditions.

The generous helping of detail about individuals sometimes makes the story of the Ninth hard to follow. Usually when a soldier is mentioned there's a paragraph on his life story, based mostly on pension files. Zeller's account of the Battle for Fort Harrison, for example, is interrupted repeatedly by blocks of accounts of the lives of several killed or wounded soldiers. It's hard to follow the action as a result. On the other hand, these mini-biographies are wonderful for researchers, and the reason why every library should have a copy of this book. Unless one is able to go to the National Archives in Washington, where they can be read at no charge, it costs $75 to order a copy of just one pension file.

Don Wickman's recent book on the Ninth Vermont, *We Are Coming Father Abra'am: The History of the 9th Vermont Volunteer Infantry 1862–1865* (Lynchburg, Va.: Schroeder Publications, 2005), draws on similar

sources. It is a more readable account, and has more information on events but considerably less on individuals. To get a full account of the regiment, though, both books are valuable. *The Ninth Vermont Infantry* is the data resource, especially for photos, while Wickman's book is an easier read.

GRANT C. REYNOLDS

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Grace Coolidge: The People's Lady in Silent Cal's White House

By Robert H. Ferrell (Lawrence: University Press of Kansas, 2008, pp. 183, $29.95).

With this volume, Grace Coolidge joins Mamie Eisenhower, Jackie Kennedy, and other presidential wives on the bookshelf as part of the University of Kansas Modern First Ladies series. Grace makes an excellent subject for biography. She was charming and clever, with a self-deprecating wit that appears in her many letters and her autobiography. The author of this volume, Robert Ferrell, is well acquainted with the Coolidges: He is the author of *The Presidency of Calvin Coolidge* (1998) and the co-editor of Grace Coolidge's memoir.

Grace grew up in Burlington, and Vermont readers will be especially interested in the first chapter with its portrait of the city and the University of Vermont. The author describes a bustling port of the 1880s, filled with churches, machine shops, lumber businesses, and cotton mills, which gradually faded into a turn-of-the-century city dominated by the university. The college appears not as an intellectual center—for Grace, this was the least of its attractions—but as the site of a continual round of parties, dancing, sleigh rides, and sorority functions.

Ferrell has a wonderful eye for detail, and vividly traces the evolution of Grace's personality. Early on, she appears as a fun-loving college student, standing in her friend's doorway one winter night in coat and hat. "We're going coasting," she announced, ignoring all protestations of bedtime. Several years later, we see her as she glimpses her future husband through his bathroom window: He stood shaving in a union suit with a bowler on his head and she laughed out loud at the sight. In the White House, Grace appears as a gracious and well-dressed hostess,

shaking over 3,000 hands at receptions and exerting all her warmth to make up for her husband's disinterest. At the end of the book, after Calvin's death, she emerges as a bohemian in her sixties: touring Europe with bobbed hair, trousers, and a cigarette, in a car named Oliver.

Ferrell argues that Grace made two important contributions as a presidential wife. First, she set the standard of fashion for her day. She wore enormous hats laced with taffeta and adorned with roses, drop-waisted gowns of gold lace over gold tissue, and ermine stoles around her neck. She particularly favored red. She was known to spend $1,000 on dresses in a single day—nearly $12,000 by today's standards—with no quarrel from her husband, who liked her to look well dressed. The society columnists reported on her every sartorial choice, describing hems and hats and shoes with relish.

Grace's second contribution was less material but more important: charm. Her charm smoothed her husband's way in Washington; as one of her Democratic admirers put it, "Mrs. Coolidge is worth $1,000,000 a year to the Republican Party." Calvin disapproved of Grace's involvement in anything remotely political, but she opened the White House to as many visitors as she could and presided at state dinners, musicals, and formal receptions. Her efforts were much appreciated. "She is the one woman in official life," observed a contemporary, "of whom I have never heard a single disparaging remark in the course of nearly twenty years."

The book provides a domestic rather than political perspective on Calvin Coolidge. The Coolidge marriage was rocky from the start. Grace was lively and expansive; Calvin was serious and contained. He was quick to criticize, often with a cutting wit. When the cook was taken sick and Grace baked an apple pie for company, Calvin waited until the plates were cleared before asking his guests, "Don't you think the road commissioner would be willing to pay my wife something for her recipe for piecrust?" The couple's differences were magnified with the tragic death of their son Calvin Jr. from blood poisoning in 1924. The following three years were difficult ones for their marriage, culminating in Calvin's dismissal of a Secret Serviceman that he thought too solicitous of Grace. Ferrell argues that it was Calvin's realization that he could not both run the country and maintain a happy home life that led him to refuse a virtually certain bid for reelection.

For those interested in the Coolidges, this book is a welcome treat, full of revealing vignettes: It makes an excellent complement to Cynthia Bittinger's *Sudden Star* (2005). For a wider audience, one wishes for a broader lens on the subject. Ferrell encounters a difficulty common to biographers of presidential wives: Their role is both political and apolitical, and it can be difficult to tell where their importance lies. Was Grace

typical of her era? Was her interest in fashion an enduring legacy? Did her use of charm somehow transform the role of first lady? While Ferrell provides many useful comparisons to other first ladies, there is no sustained argument along these lines. This biography provides a full-bodied portrait of Grace herself; it does not attempt to use her life as a vista onto her social and cultural landscape.

WODEN TEACHOUT

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Wallace Stegner and the American West

By Philip L. Fradkin (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2008, pp. 369, $27.50).

Philip L. Fradkin, a Pulitzer Prize reporter for the *Los Angeles Times,* has composed a comprehensive biography of novelist Wallace Stegner (1909–1993). While Fradkin focuses on Stegner's career as a novelist, historian, professor, and powerful conservation advocate in the West, he also includes considerable material about Stegner's life in Vermont, a state that he grew to love over the years and chose to be the site of the scattering of his ashes after his death.

Stegner is best known for his thirteen novels, including *Angle of Repose,* which won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1972. His nonfiction works include *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West,* a detailed study of the career of the first white man to explore the Colorado River through the Grand Canyon, who later became an influential government scientist and advocate of water conservation in the West.

Fradkin devotes considerable attention to Stegner's important contributions as a university professor and teacher of creative writing. Stegner was a professor at several universities including the University of Wisconsin and Harvard before settling down at Stanford, where for over two decades he developed one of the foremost creative writing programs in the country. Over the years he greatly influenced and helped launch the careers of dozens of celebrated writers and poets. Stegner also found time to work as an editor for a major publishing house.

In 1938 a colleague and close friend in the University of Wisconsin English department, Philip Gray, invited Stegner and his wife Mary to visit the Grays' summer home in Greensboro, Vermont. The Stegners

bought land in Greensboro and gradually came to love the peaceful life and beautiful scenery of the town. Fradkin writes that "Greensboro was a place without a personal past and familiar territory for Stegner. He could make of it what he wanted. He felt safe there. New England values, as he perceived them, were his values and the values of an earlier West. Change was seemingly arrested in Vermont. He could detect the same historical cycles of development and abandonment that he wrote about in the West, but in Vermont those cycles were softened by fewer people drifting through the landscape, more families remaining in one place for generations, and the prolific vegetation. . . . Vermont did not mold Stegner. . . . It attracted him. It gave him the tranquility, stability, and friendships that enabled him to write about other places" (p. 121).

Stegner's first novel with a New England setting, *Second Growth* (1947), was a thinly disguised novel about life in Greensboro. Stegner was stunned to find that neither the summer residents nor the natives of Greensboro cared for the book and its often unflattering depictions of some residents. He made numerous examinations of the social strata of the town, including relations with the lone Jewish couple, Ruth Liebowitz and Abe Kaplan, in real life Esther and Louis Kesselman. Fradkin writes:

> Esther was the Greensboro village librarian for fifteen years. A member of the library board dropped by one day to compliment her on the fine job she was doing. "I didn't know there were Jews like you," he said. "How many Jews have you known?" asked Esther. "Jews are just people like everybody else," she said. That was one of the book's messages that didn't go down well in Greensboro (p. 122).

Even his friend Phil Gray complained that Stegner had depicted the village as a rather sinister place, to which the author replied, "Actually, if you can clear your mind of Greensboro and look at it as a novel, you'll see that three quarters of it is pure fiction, and that the other quarter is pretty much improvised from a few incidents. Actually, too, I took situations from the town, the situations that seemed to be symbolic and characteristic, and bent them to fit what I was doing" (p. 227).

Stegner's last novel, *Crossing to Safety* (1987), also located in Greensboro, is far less controversial. It is, the author notes, "about the reaffirmation of a friendship that takes place in Vermont during the course of one day." It deals with two couples who resemble the Stegners and the Grays.

Late in life, despite his ties to the West, Stegner felt that Vermont was closer to his heart. Shortly before his death he said of Greensboro: "This is a place you feel loyal about. Maybe because it's a stable community—the kind of community I had never lived in. Even the summer people here . . . are fourth generation campers." He was attracted to Vermont

because "it heals. The rest of the country—the West—when you damage it, you get a wasteland. Here we spend half our time cutting trees just to keep a view of the lake open. Then you turn your back, you come back the next year, and it's woods again" (p. 322).

Fradkin adds that Stegner loved the Northeast Kingdom because it was the "frontier of his youth—wild and rough with resourceful year-round residents who could fix anything, survived harsh winters, worked hard, had integrity, and were stickers. There was too much money to be had in California, he thought, and that resulted in a certain shoddiness of place and character" (p. 322).

Fradkin's *Wallace Stegner and the American West* may well be the definitive study of one of this country's most influential writers and teachers. Fradkin certainly likes Stegner, but is not afraid to offer an honest and occasionally critical view of the man and his work. Fradkin has traveled to all of the places that Stegner called home and is deeply familiar with most if not all of his work. The writing is lively and clear and the research is most impressive. Even Stegner would be pleased with this biography.

DANIEL A. MÉTRAUX

Daniel A. Métraux is a professor of Asian Studies at Mary Baldwin College in Virginia, a forty-year part-time resident of Greensboro, Vermont, and founding editor of the town's history journal, The Hazen Road Dispatch.

How Strange It Seems: The Cultural Life of Jews in Small-Town New England

By Michael Hoberman (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 2008, pp. xii, 253; photos by Janice Sorensen; paper, $28.95).

Michael Hoberman's *How Strange It Seems* is a well-written and thoughtful contribution to New England ethnohistory. While working on a small-town stage, he has produced valuable insights into both New England and Jewish life.

The title of the work under review is from a Judeophilic poem by Longfellow, "The Jewish Cemetery at Newport" (1852). The opening line is, "How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves." The scope of the work is the 1890s to the present. Hoberman uses Longfellow to bridge from the long-ago Puritan past to the twentieth century, what he calls the "convergence of Jewish exceptionalism and New England exceptionalism" (p. 234).

The basis of this study is fifty interviews with sixty "tradition bearers." Hoberman does not define that term beyond being oral history interviewees. They are, of course, Jews from rural New England, chiefly Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont. The index has around sixty entries for Vermont.

Hoberman does an excellent job of telling the individual stories. He describes his book as "more impressionistic than exhaustive" (p. 16). He is too modest. While not exhaustive, his work provides a thoughtful and rich context for the tales he recorded.

It begins with peddlers on the back roads who eventually settled in small towns to open retail stores on main streets. The native Yankees may have viewed this as an invasion of cosmopolites. These Jews did not have an old country homeland. However, within one generation they gained acceptance through hard work and full participation in the civic life of the community. Their children continued the family businesses and involvement in town life. Some were farmers, although this situation did not usually last beyond two generations. The agricultural lives of these Jews ranges from large potato farms in Maine to a communal farm in western Massachusetts. Most of the second generation went to college and joined the professional middle class.

By the last third of the twentieth century a different kind of identity developed. It was L.L. Bean meets Woody Allen, no relation to Ethan. Many of the Jews in this period wanted to go back to a simpler time. Rural New England seemed to offer that, along with a tradition of leaving people alone in their differences.

The term I use for the religious life of these Jews is reconformodox, *i.e.* a little bit Orthodox, a little bit more Conservative, even more Reform, and a pinch of Reconstructionism. Obviously this mix will vary from time to time, place to place, even holiday to holiday. Interfaith courtship and marriage are part of Hoberman's stories, including the availability of Jewish mates and conversions.

One surprising lacuna is the Christmas/Hanukkah revels. Given the ubiquity of Christmas and the coincidence of a minor Jewish holiday, why is there no discussion of this issue? It happens every year and for Jewish children it is inescapable. Possibly Hoberman's interviewees did not mention it. It would have been worth asking.

I found two mistakes. One is trivial: Vermont has fourteen counties not thirteen (p. 15). The other is that the community described on page 184 is not Montpelier, Vermont. It is the Upper Connecticut Valley, centered in Hanover, New Hampshire.

Hoberman's conclusion is an excellent discussion of the future of Jews in small-town New England and to some extent American Jewry

in general. He posits two alternatives, assimilation and transformation. Jews have always adapted while holding to a core. In twentieth-century America some argue the core itself has adapted. Whether the monotheists will meet the Unitarians at the altar is yet to be revealed.

I can recommend Hoberman's work as a contribution to the study of New England's tapestry, as well as a sensitive treatment of a small part of American Jewry.

BARNEY BLOOM

Barney Bloom is an assistant judge for Washington County, Vermont. He is a past-president of Beth Jacob Synagogue, an unaffiliated reconformodox worker's collective in Montpelier.

Almost Utopia: The Residents and Radicals of Pikes Falls, Vermont, 1950

Photographs by Rebecca Lepkoff, text by Greg Joly (Barre, Vt.: Vermont Historical Society, 2008, pp. xvii, 109, $42, paper $32).

Almost Utopia portrays the short-lived community of former conscientious objectors, draft evaders, and other earnest odd fellows who gathered in the late 1940s in a region known as Pikes Falls. (The neighborhood is a little hard to define because it is located in three towns—Jamaica, Stratton, and Winhall—and two counties, Windham and Bennington.) These families gravitated around the charismatic Scott and Helen Nearing, who had built a sturdy house of native stone near Bondville.

The *sine qua non* of *Almost Utopia* is the series of black and white photographs taken by Rebecca Lepkoff during the summer of 1950, a season that coincided with the time of greatest amiability and cooperation at Pikes Falls. Her photographs show close-up portraits of individuals, couples dancing joyfully on the lawn on a summer evening, sturdy men hard at work logging, and plain women preparing meals or caressing their children. A rustic little building with a tarpaper roof served as a community center; an image of it is featured in one of Lepkoff's photos on the book's cover. But according to author Greg Joly it wasn't long before near-utopia began to unravel. Scott Nearing's rigid time-management practices irritated many who tried to cooperate with him; his reputation as a "fellow traveler" and citations by the FBI caused some to fear associating with him as the Korean War intensified; and he and Helen soon departed for Maine, where he lived to age 100 and she to 91. A dispute over whether alcoholic beverages would be served at community center

events escalated into a divisive controversy. As the dark shadow of McCarthyism loomed over America in the early 1950s, Vermonters of longstanding who resided near Pikes Falls developed suspicions about the nonconformist newcomers who had tried so hard to be friendly. One woman slammed her door in the face of photographer Lepkoff "because she had been seen with those Commies, the Nearings" (p. 85).

Two other books kept coming to mind while I was reading *Almost Utopia.* One relevant volume for comparison is the classic *Social Ferment in Vermont, 1790–1850* by David Ludlum. The other is a recollection of another twentieth-century intentional community, Tom Fels's *Farm Friends,* also published in 2008 (and reviewed in this issue of *Vermont History*).

Ludlum's study includes descriptions of earlier utopian communities, attempts to enforce temperance, and the brief political success of anti-Masonry, all early-nineteenth-century phenomena in Vermont. Fels recalls the days of communes called Total Loss Farm and Packer Corners, both not far from Brattleboro, formed by recent college grads who were demoralized by the Vietnam war and sought refuge in self-sufficiency and open relationships that sometimes offended New England's standards. Like the coda in *Almost Utopia,* Fels brings the reader up to date about the cast of characters.

Flashback: During the 1830s in Vermont, as described by historian Ludlum, anti-Masonry flourished among people who feared strange foreign influences. The movement gained such strength that an anti-Masonic candidate, William Palmer of Danville, was actually elected to four one-year terms as governor; and in 1832 Vermont was the only state to award its electoral college votes to national anti-Masonic candidates for president and vice president. Fast forward slightly more than a century: Vermont Governor Harold J. Arthur is quoted in *Almost Utopia* (p. 85) as wanting to toss out all the "commies," and Congressman Charles A. Plumley calls for an investigation into "communists, fellow travelers and sympathizers" (p. 91) in the state he represents in the U.S. House, where an "Un-American Activities Committee" is in full flower. Governor Lee Emerson, who succeeded Arthur in 1951, shares those views (p. 91).

An annoying design element of this book of photographs challenges the reader to identify the subjects of the photos because captioning is inconsistent, occasionally on the page with the photo but usually hidden in a series of overleaf references. Although all photos are identified at the beginning with page references (p. vi), many pages are unnumbered.

Author Joly's well-written account of the Pikes Falls experiment helps one understand the ambiance Ludlum described a century earlier: the

tricky dynamics of a utopian community, the perils of enforcing temperance, the atmosphere of suspicion aroused by persons of different values, customs, or religious beliefs, and a national frenzy about possible fellow travelers.

TYLER RESCH

Tyler Resch is director of the history research library at the Bennington Museum and has written or edited a dozen books of regional historical interest.

Farm Friends: From the Late Sixties to the West Seventies and Beyond

By Tom Fels (North Bennington, Vt.: RSI Press, 2008, pp. 407, paper, $19.95).

The decades of the 1960s and 1970s marked a seismic shift in the history of Vermont. For our state more than for almost any other, it is critical that historians begin to come to grips with the significance of those now-mythic "back-to-the-landers" who are said to have altered the very landscape of the state, but about whom we still know so little. Until very recently, although legends and tall tales have abounded, historians have had very little real information to work with. That is one reason that Tom Fels's *Farm Friends* is such an important book. (Fels has rendered an equally important service by founding the Famous Long Ago Archive at the University of Massachusetts, a repository of the history of the western Massachusetts and southern Vermont farm communes described in his book.)

Farm Friends recounts the life stories of a group of men and women who founded a cluster of farm communes in Vermont and western Massachusetts in the 1960s. As Fels points out, those communes were among the few that actually generated their own first-hand contemporary documentation, in Raymond Mungo's *Total Loss Farm* and *Home Comfort,* and in the poetry and prose of Verandah Porche and others. More than anything else, these communes were the home of journalists, novelists, and poets. *Farm Friends,* too, is a literary reminiscence, but it offers a more distanced perspective, interweaving Fels's own memories with tales drawn from his encounters with "farm friends" over the forty years since the farms were founded. It looks back from a generation now approaching old age, across the historical distance created by the Reagan era and beyond.

Farm Friends is not primarily devoted to the commune years, which are dealt with in one early chapter, but to the decades that followed. That choice is a reflection of Fels's primary interest in assessing the meaning and impact of his life choices and those of his friends over the decades. The central focus of *Farm Friends* is on the 1970s and 1980s, when former communards moved away from the farms to a wide variety of new living arrangements, from New York lofts to reclusive Bolinas, California. An eclectic group from the beginning, Fels's friends ranged widely in later life: They were real estate lawyers and big-time drug dealers; anti-nuclear activists, environmentalists, and feminists; and always, writers and artists. Fels also chronicles his own return to the professional world, beginning with graduate studies in art history and concluding with his career as a respected freelance curator and writer.

Like many other former communards, Fels has taken other roads in the decades that followed his days on the farm, not without regret. *Farm Friends* records several decades' worth of late-night conversations, chance meetings, and stories relayed from one "farm friend" to another. These scattered and fragmented stories shift from one point of view to another, but a common thread runs through them. Together, the characters celebrated, bemoaned, revised, and reevaluated their ethical commitments: Their former rural self-sufficiency; the ethics of their post-communal choices; the value of their continued political activism; and their relationships to capital accumulation, the mainstream political system, and the law.

Indeed, because Fels is most interested in the post-farm readjustments of his cohort, a younger generation of readers may have trouble understanding the basic story of how these friends got to the communes in the first place—what brought them there, and how they lived and why. Given how much hazy inaccuracy surrounds the question of the character and even the personal morality of the "hippies" who seemed to "invade" Vermont in the 1960s and 1970s, however, it may have been a good choice to focus on where the former communards ended up. Did back-to-the-landers really become right-wing politicians and Wall Street speculators later in life? Or did they become left-wing congressmen and woodstove entrepreneurs? Local legends are deceptive. Some Vermonters harbor an unshakeable conviction that all "hippies" came to Vermont with trust funds to support them—and left with those trust funds intact. Stories like these, no matter how dubious, gain power with the passage of time. *Farm Friends* offers an antidote to such myths: a much more complex and nuanced portrait of the people, the time, and the place.

Farm Friends is sometimes bleak in its assessment. Comparing his farm adventures with *The Blythedale Romance,* Nathaniel Hawthorne's story

of failed communal living, Fels asks a grave and difficult question: Why did his generation of devoted activists and humanitarians produce so little lasting change? "How could so much of the social progress apparent on the horizon a generation ago have evaporated, if not been reversed," he asks, "in the years of our greatest energy and activity?" (p. 379). That Fels has the courage to ask such a question, however, suggests a story that is not so bleak. After all, at least one "farm friend" has survived the decades with his intellectual honesty and progressive principles intact.

DONA BROWN

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The Lamoille Stories: Uncle Benoit's Wake and Other Tales from Vermont

By Bill Schubart (White River Junction, Vt.: White River Press, 2008, pp. 200, paper, $15.00).

Bill Schubart's *The Lamoille Stories* bring back the Vermont of the 1950s and 1960s, before the decline of agriculture, increased tourism, hippie invaders, and urbanization transformed the state.

Schubart captures life in small-town Vermont as I remember it, where everyone knew everyone else—by reputation if not personally. He portrays a time when human peculiarities and failings that today might be candidates for psychological counseling and polite sensitivity were generally accepted and appreciated both as normal and as grist for storytelling, a major source of entertainment. Humor often came from pranks aimed at friends and neighbors and the perennial fun of outwitting the educated and sophisticated out-of-staters.

With naturally flowing narratives and deft use of both Yankee and French Canadian dialects, Schubart brings to life characters who are happy to dye a pig if there's money to made from "Dem pibbles in Stowe [who] pay crazy for anyt'ing." If a second-home owner shows no respect for local ways, he is a "flatlander eedjit" whose property can be landscaped with dynamite or held hostage with deceptive work until payment is made. The newcomers, on the other hand, find rural independence and self-reliance often difficult to distinguish from lawlessness and irresponsibility.

Not all of these stories are humorous. A few are poignant, even sad. They all reveal Schubart's great affection for the people and culture of

northern Vermont. Although he offers these stories as fiction, many of the characters, places, and events are real. In some, familiar local names or place names are applied to fictional characters and places. This is sometimes disconcerting to those who know the area and will approach the stories as mysteries encoded in scrambled history with real people in disguise.

The stories are a great read whether you are a life-long Vermonter or a newcomer, a city dweller or a Lamoille county local. In these times, when so much humor is found in one-liners about politics, sex, or our culture of self-indulgence, traditional rural humor is refreshing. Bill Schubart's natural voice, lively characters, and rich, yet spare, description carry us to a time and place that I believe we all miss, even if we were never there.

DAWN ANDREWS

Dawn Andrews lives in Morrisville and works with non-profit organizations.

Retrieving Times

By Granville Austin (White River Junction, Vt.: White River Press, 2008, pp. 209, paper, $15).

In *Retrieving Times,* author Granville Austin offers the story of a charmed boyhood. The book is a collection of memories of growing up in Norwich, Vermont, during the 1930s and 1940s. It is an entertaining example of autobiographical childhood memories. Unlike many examples of this literary genre, it is not based on diaries, but rather on the author's own recollections. Austin writes "The Town of Norwich, Vermont, laid its spell on me in 1932 when I arrived at age five. It has never let go. Neither have I" (p. 9). After graduating from Hanover High School and Dartmouth College, Austin received a degree from Oxford University and pursued a career in government service. He authored two political histories on the constitutions of India.

The reader joins the experiences that Austin had with those who influenced his young life. They range from school teachers, shooting and ski instructors, to neighboring farmers, close boyhood friends, as well as community characters. They are "giants" that entered his life, as mentors, each "an example for life."

He includes just enough of the history of the town to provide background for the stories he tells. The conversations he recalls include the laconic vocabulary and humor of Vermonters of that time, when "the

community's culture said that individuals should *do right* by others. Works should be done well, debts paid, and prices fair. The lines of duty were clean and square, serene and lasting" (p. 159). It was also a time of economic depression and world war, events that touched Norwich as they did almost every community.

Austin recalls the seasons of childhood in rural Vermont: Haying, fishing, and concerts in summer; beginnings of school and hunting deer and 'chucks in the autumn; sliding, skiing, and town hall dances during the winter months; and muddy roads and sugaring in their own special seasons. These are experiences he shared with friends such as "Clink" LaPorte and Bill DeVaux. They were "boys together."

Austin also includes stories of the activities of adults, such as farmer Fred Ammel, "Marsh" Fitzgerald, a skier and worker with wood, and Donald Grover, a high school math teacher. He includes stories of residents' interactions with each other and with their family members. He often writes of their lives beyond Norwich. The relationship that Norwich had with nearby Dartmouth and Hanover hospital in neighboring New Hampshire adds a dimension not found in most Vermont communities.

The author reinforces the idea that a lad's education comes in many forms and teachers may be found in all parts of a community's life. Marion Cross, known to Austin as "Miz Cross," receives special treatment. In addition to a description of her role in the Norwich school that now bears her name, he recounts a series of interviews he held with her in later years. These sections are well worth reading by those who are constantly re-inventing public schools.

It is from teachers such as these that the author "learnd." And that learning included both practical skills and character-building traits. While some of the lessons may have had limited application, the lessons of civility, patience, acceptance of others, questioning assertions, and the significance of consequences have, according to Austin, served him well in life. In a chapter entitled "A Portrait Comes Alive," the author introduces neighbor Will Bond and describes the hard life of farming Will endured. He was young Austin's friend and teacher. Austin laments that he did not prod Will to reminisce more.

The stories Austin tells are of a Norwich, and in fact a Vermont, that was changing as he grew up and has now faded with time. While there are still noteworthy characters to be found in Vermont, they have been molded in a different way, for better or worse. Austin asserts that growing up in Vermont in that earlier time was truly special. He "absorbed" those times. He writes: "I hope newcomers will mourn what they've missed" (p. 78).

Readers will find themselves recalling people they knew or wished they had known better; characters who influenced their lives in ways similar or different from those described in the book; ordinary folks, each of whom is extraordinary in his or her own way. Austin reflects in some ways all our yesterdays. He also emphasizes the importance of bonds between elders and youth and of story-telling. That bond is made more meaningful for youngsters who are open to friendships with people of all sorts. Austin was just one such youngster.

One final point that Austin would have us consider is taken from a shooting lesson he took from his father and Charlie DeVaux: "'Where will the bullet stop?' is a momentous question. If you don't know the answer, you may kill someone. More, what may be the results of a word or an action—your own or another's—on the shooting range, in the voting booth, from a favor bestowed or received, in a policy, in an idea? It's a rural question with global applications" (p. 209).

LAWRENCE COFFIN

Lawrence Coffin is a retired Social Studies teacher and president of the Bradford (Vt.) Historical Society. He writes a monthly column on local history entitled "In Times Past" for the Journal-Opinion. *Growing up in rural Vermont and New Hampshire, he was fortunate enough to have similar influential mentors in his own life.*

Vintage Vermont Villainies: True Tales of Murder & Mystery from the 19th and 20th Centuries

By John Stark Bellamy II (Woodstock, Vt.: The Countryman Press, 2007, pp. 236, $13.95, paper).

If readers of *Vintage Vermont Villainies* are shocked by the book's content, it's not as if they weren't warned. Apart from the title, there is also the subtitle "True Tales of Murder & Mystery from the 19th and 20th Centuries." And then there is author John Stark Bellamy II's comment in the introduction that he is "unapologetically captivated and hugely entertained by [murderers'] violent misbehavior and their quirks of personality" (p. x).

Despite Bellamy's sangfroid about such a distressing topic, he manages to tell the stories without providing too many of the gory details. Instead, Bellamy uses the violent incidents he explores in the book to examine questions of "who" and "why" more than "how." The result is an engaging book that delves into a darker side of Vermont than is often

seen. For all our belief that Vermont is in many ways a world apart, Bellamy reminds us that some Vermonters are capable of the same barbarities as people elsewhere.

Writing about such shocking incidents requires a degree of tact. Bellamy has wisely chosen to discuss events that occurred at least fifty years ago. "The reason," he writes, "is sheer delicacy: I do not wish to revive awful memories in the minds of those persons who were secondary victims of the crimes I chronicle" (p. x).

The twelve incidents he describes in the book took place between the 1850s and the 1950s and involved murders, manslaughters, a missing person case, and a possible suicide. Shorter versions of many of the book's chapters first appeared in *Vermont Sunday Magazine*, which is published by the *Rutland Herald* and *Barre-Montpelier Times Argus* newspapers.

Expanding the stories to chapter length has allowed Bellamy to add details. The longer format serves him well, especially when he is describing incidents that readers may know well, such as Mary Rogers's dispatching her husband, for which she was hanged (Chapter 3: "500 Clean Dollars"), or the shooting death of renowned stone carver Elia Corti in Barre's Labor Hall (Chapter 11: "Death of an Anarchist"). Bellamy provides details that few readers will have encountered before. His handling of the Corti chapter is effective because he creates a thorough portrait of the killer's trial, having evidently taken the time to read through contemporary newspaper accounts.

Indeed, Bellamy focuses much of his writing on the trials related to the incidents. Trials provide the author and his readers a picture of what authorities believed happened, as well as the defendants' version of events. While Bellamy's descriptions of the legal proceedings offer some interesting insights into how events were perceived at the time, in several sections they would have benefited from tighter editing.

Some episodes, though still remembered in the part of Vermont where they occurred, are no longer known in the state at large. An example of such an incident was the discovery in 1929 of the body of a young woman in a grove of spruce trees in Chester. George Packard, a candy store clerk in Rutland, identified the body as that of his estranged wife, Catherine. He also declared that a suicide note found with the body was in her handwriting. Only later did it become clear that he had been wrong —Catherine was very much alive, though living out of state. Packard might have been lying, Bellamy notes. He had motivation. After his wife was declared dead, he remarried and his mother tried unsuccessfully to cash in a life insurance policy she held on Catherine. Catherine's resurrection complicated life for the Packards, and for the authorities, who never did determine whose body had been found.

Bellamy also introduces readers to the 1957 murder of Orville Gibson in Newbury. Bellamy explains that Gibson was known locally as a bully, who was probably done in by a group of local men seeking retribution. No one was convicted in his death, though Bellamy adds chillingly that some older residents of Newbury or surrounding towns might know who killed him.

A book that details a series of violent crimes, or in fact details a series of anything, runs the risk of feeling monotonous, with each chapter having a certain sameness. Bellamy manages to avoid this pitfall by varying the structure of his pieces. He made the task easier for himself by carefully selecting crimes that had little in common, other than the bloody-mindedness it took to commit them. In the end, he has created a book that people who are not repelled by the topic will find compelling.

MARK BUSHNELL

Mark Bushnell writes a weekly Vermont history column, "Life in the Past Lane," for the Sunday Rutland Herald *and* Barre-Montpelier Times Argus. *He is the author of* It Happened in Vermont, *published in 2009 by Globe Pequot Press.*

The Annotated Cemetery Book II, Stowe, Vermont, 1798–1915: Four Burial Record Books

By Patricia L. Haslam (Stowe, Vt.: Cemetery Commission, 2007, pp. xii, 401, $64.00).

Genealogists and local historians have long appreciated the value of careful compilations of gravestone inscriptions. Etched in stone though they may be, these inscriptions are sometimes lost to easy perusal. Stowe's gravestone records have already been well documented in Patricia Haslam's *The Annotated Cemetery Book I, Stowe, Vermont, 1798–1998: Histories and Inscriptions* (Stowe: Cemetery Commission, 1998). In this second volume, Mrs. Haslam goes beyond the usual cemetery transcriptions and looks into the records in the town vault. Not everyone who is buried gets a legible gravestone, and some of the stones were already beyond reading when the transcriptions were done. The town's records supply considerable additional information. Not every town is so well supplied with such archives, and indeed (as the introduction to this volume points out) Stowe would be less well supplied were it not for Mrs. Haslam's prescience in photocopying one unofficial but extensive 1896 document before a town clerk cleaned house and discarded it in 1999.

The bulk of the present volume consists of easily read photographic images of every page of the relevant town record books. When necessary, Mrs. Haslam provides transcriptions. Of interest both to family history and medical history are the statements of causes of death. Starting in 1857, Vermont required certification of deaths with statements of the cause, but physicians and town clerks varied in the enthusiasm and reliability of their compliance with the law. Stowe clearly took the job seriously, and some of the records of causes of death considerably predate 1857. This book includes a glossary of terms commonly used for fatal diseases in the nineteenth century (p. 195). If a researcher is interested in someone who had lived in Stowe but died elsewhere, a search of the index of this book may be fruitful, as the aforementioned 1896 document includes some such individuals.

Town clerks are kept quite busy attending to the day-to-day needs of their communities and can be excused for not placing the highest priority on finding and preserving old documents for genealogists and other historians. Citizens of Vermont towns, equipped with some knowledge of good archival technique and transcription standards, can do posterity a tremendous favor by locating the treasures in their town vaults and historical societies and assuring that the information is not lost. Stowe's cemetery books provide a standard of excellence for this sort of preservation.

JOHN A. LEPPMAN

John A. Leppman, M.D. is a practicing physician and avocationally a student of Vermont history, bibliography, and genealogy. He is the compiler of A Bibliography for Vermont Genealogy *(2005).*

More About Vermont History

Recent Additions to the Vermont Historical Society Library

Books

Aikenhead, Steve, *Weathersfield Tales 3: A Treasury of Stories from a Vermont Village.* Summer Hill Books, 2008. 186p. Source: Town of Weathersfield, 5259 Route 5, Ascutney, VT 05030. List: $5.00 (paper).

Anderson, Robert R., *The Club History: From Opening Day 1914 to Opening Day 2000 and a Bit Beyond.* Brattleboro, Vt.: Brattleboro Country Club, 2005. 41p. Source: The publisher, P.O. Box 335, Brattleboro, VT 05301. List: $20.00 (paper).

Barnum, Gardiner, *Place Names on Vermont's Long Trail: From Wampahoofus to Devil's Gulch.* Waterbury Center, Vt.: Green Mountain Club, 2007. 80p. Source: The publisher, 4711 Waterbury-Stowe Road, Waterbury Center, VT 05677. List: $8.95 (paper).

Bessette, Earl W., *Wandering the Corners of Elgin Spring Farm.* Bristol, Vt.: Bristol Historical Society, 2004. 117p. Source: The author, RR 1, #B85, New Haven, VT 05472. List: Unknown (paper).

Bucklew, Janet L., *Dr. Henry Janes: Country Doctor & Civil War Surgeon.* Newport, Vt.: Vermont Civil War Enterprises, 2008. 127p.

*Indicates books available through the Vermont Historical Society Museum Store.

Vermont History Vol. 77, No. 1 (Winter/Spring 2009): 82–86.
 ISSN: 0042-4161; on-line ISSN: 1544-3043

Source: The publisher, 93 Leo Lane, Newport, VT 05855. List: $35.00. Doctor from Waterbury, Vt.

Carhart, Wayne, *Brattleboro: Pages in Time.* Brattleboro, Vt.: Brattleboro Area Chamber of Commerce, 2006. 70p. Source: The publisher, 180 Main St., Brattleboro, VT 05301. List: $10.00 (paper).

*Carnahan, Paul A., and Bill Fish, *Montpelier: Images of Vermont's Capital City.* Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2008. 128p. List: $19.99 (paper).

Cort-Desrochers, John, *Up from Maple Street.* Williamstown, Vt.: The author, 2008. 147p. Source: The author, P.O. Box 752, Williamstown, VT 05679. List: $15.00 (paper). Story of a French-Canadian family in St. Johnsbury.

Donelson, Brian A., *The Coming of the Train: The Hoosac Tunnel & Wilmington and Deerfield River Railroads and the Industries They Served: Volume 1, 1870 to 1910.* Rowe, Mass.: NJD Publishing, 2008. Various pagings. Source: The publisher, 43 Potter Road, Rowe, MA 01367. List: $49.95.

*Doyle-Schechtman, Deborah, *By the Old Mill Stream: A History of Quechee, Vermont.* Quechee, Vt.: Vermont Heritage Press, 2007. 226p. List: $33.00 (paper).

Dunn, Mary Lee, *Ballykilcline Rising: From Famine Ireland to Immigrant America.* Amherst, Mass.: University of Massachusetts Press, 2008. 218p. List: $28.95 (paper). Includes Irish who settled in Rutland, Vermont, area to work in the marble quarries.

*Farnham, Euclid, *The Tunbridge World's Fair.* Charleston, S.C.: Arcadia Publishing, 2008. 127p. List: $19.99 (paper).

Farrar, Ernie, and Alan E. Rubel, *Gloves: Vermont Golden Gloves, Amateur Boxing in Vermont.* Barre, Vt.: Alan E. Rubel, 2008. 208p. List: $19.95 (paper).

*Fischer, David Hackett, *Champlain's Dream.* New York: Simon & Schuster, 2008. 834p. List: $40.00.

Halifax Historical Society History Committee, *Born in Controversy: History of Halifax, Vermont, Chartered 1750.* Halifax, Vt.: Itty-Bitty Publishing, 2008. 544p. Source: The author, P.O. Box 94, Halifax, VT 05358. List: $35.00. First of two projected volumes.

Herkalo, Keith A., *September Eleventh, 1814: The Battles at Plattsburgh.* Plattsburgh, N.Y.: The author, 2007. 292p. Source: Battles of Plattsburgh Assoc., 31 Washington Road, Plattsburgh, NY 12903. List: $29.95; $19.95 (paper).

Ivker, Robert, *One Town's Terror: 9/11, Iraq and Burlington, Vermont.* Charleston, S.C.: BookSurge, 2006. 197p. List: $14.99 (paper).

Kerr, Mary K., *A Mountain Love Affair: The Story of Mad River Glen.* Waitsfield, Vt.: Mad River Glen, 2008. 221p. List: $45.00.

*Lockhart, Betty Ann, *Maple Sugarin' in Vermont: A Sweet History.* Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2008. 192p. List: $19.99 (paper).

*Medeiros, Tracey, *Dishing Up Vermont: 145 Authentic Recipes from the Green Mountain State.* North Adams, Mass.: Storey Publishing, 2008. 288p. List: $19.95.

*Miller, Peter, *Nothing Hardly Ever Happens in Colbyville, Vermont: and Other Stories and Essays.* Colbyville, Vt.: Silver Print Press, 2008. 161p. List: $22.00. Stories from Waterbury, Vt.

**Montpelier's Treasures: The Legacy of Thomas Waterman Wood.* Montpelier, Vt.: T.W. Wood Gallery and Arts Center, 2008. 32p. List: $10.00 (paper).

Nuquist, Reidun Dahle, *A Capital Section: The History of the Green Mountain Club's Montpelier Section, 1955–2005.* Montpelier, Vt.: Montpelier Section/Green Mountain Club, 2007. 81p. Source: Steve Lightholder, 40 Beacon St., Barre, VT 05641. List: $11.50 (paper).

Paige, H. Brooke, *History of the Vermont Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vermont.* Washington, Vt.: The author, 2008. 8p. Source: The author, P.O. Box 41, Washington, VT 05675. List: Unknown (paper).

*Pasanen, Melissa, *Cooking with Shelburne Farms: Food and Stories from Vermont.* New York, N.Y.: Viking Studio, 2007. 288p. List: $34.95.

Periale, Andrew, ed., *Sandglass Theater: From Thought to Image, 20 Years in Vermont.* Putney, Vt.: Sandglass Theater, 2006. 90p. Source: The publisher, P.O. Box 970, Putney, VT 05346. List: $25.00.

Quimby, Lorna Field, *Meeting House Minutes: A Compendium of Historical Information Regarding the Congregational Society of Peacham in the Year of Our Lord 1806.* St. Johnsbury, Vt.: Silver Mountain Graphics, 2007. 33p. Source: The author, 104 Thaddeus Stevens Road, Peacham, VT 05862. List: Unknown (paper).

Rogers, Alan, comp., *Stained Glass Windows: The Church of the Good Shepherd (Episcopal).* Barre, Vt.: The Church, 2007. 17p. Source: Church of the Good Shepherd, P.O. Box 726, Barre, VT 05641. List: $20.00 (paper).

*Rush, Daniel S., and E. Gale Pewitt, *The St. Albans Raiders: An Investigation into the Identities and Life Stories of the Bold and Enigmatic Confederate Soldiers who Attacked St. Albans, Vermont, on October 19, 1864.* Saline, Mich.: McNaughton and Gunn for the Blue and Gray Education Society, 2008. 96p. List: $10.00 (paper).

*Schubart, Bill, *The Lamoille Stories.* White River Junction, Vt.: White River Press, 2008. 199p. List: $15.00 (paper).

*Smith, Richard B., *The Revolutionary War in Bennington County: A History and Guide.* Charleston, S.C.: The History Press, 2008. 160p. List: $19.99 (paper).

Vermont Bowling History: Sponsored by Vermont State Bowling Association. No location: The Association, 2008. 52p.

Wilson, Robert F., *Vermont Curiosities: Quirky Characters, Roadside Oddities & Other Offbeat Stuff.* Guilford, Conn.: Globe Pequot Press, 2008. 227p. List: $15.95 (paper).

*Zeller, Paul G., *The Ninth Vermont Infantry: A History and Roster.* Jefferson, N.C.: McFarland & Co., 2008. 336p. List: $55.00.

Articles

Paige, H. Brooke, "The History of the Cabot Creamery." *Cream Separator & Dairy Newsletter,* 23, 3 (July–September 2008): 4–9.

Heller, Paul, "Pith and Vinegar: Fifty Years Ago a Folk-Medicine Book by a Vermont Doctor Became an Unlikely Bestseller." *Vermont Magazine,* 20, 6 (November/December 2008): 53–54, 56–57.

Legrand, Jos, "Among the Jostling Crowd: Livermore's Permutation Typograph." *Etcetera: Journal of the Early Typewriter Collector's Association,* 81 (March 2008): 3–5. Livermore was from Hartland, Vermont.

_____, "Analdo English Simply Invented a Typewriter." *Etcetera: Journal of the Early Typewriter Collector's Association,* 84 (December 2008): 7–9. English was from Hartland, Vermont.

Mance, Dave, III, "Hunting Camp." *Northern Woodlands,* 15, 3 (Autumn 2008): 34–38.

Randall, Willard Sterne, "The First American Victory." *MHQ: The Quarterly Journal of Military History,* 20, 2 (Winter 2008): 64–73. Capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Ethan Allen and Benedict Arnold.

Ross, John F., "Battle for Ticonderoga." *American Heritage,* 58, 4 (Spring/Summer 2008): 36–43.

Genealogy

Jenks, Margaret R., *Orwell Cemetery Inscriptions, Addison County, Vermont.* No location: The author, 2007. 63p. Source: The author, 24 Mettowee St., Granville, NY 12832. List: Unknown (paper).

Jenks, Margaret R., and Danielle L. Roberts, edited by Dawn D. Hance, *Rutland County, Vermont Probate Extracts, Fair Haven District.* No

location: M.R. Jenks, 2007. 3 volumes. Source: Margaret R. Jenks, 24 Mettowee St., Granville, NY 12832. List: Unknown (paper).

Martin, William A., and Lou Etta J. Martin, *Dennis Darling of Braintree and Mendon and Some of His Descendants, 1662 to 1800.* Murrieta, Calif.: The author, 2006. 721p. Source: The author, 40686 Via Jalapa, Murrieta, CA 92562. List: Unknown.

Russell, Ernest, comp., *Randolph, Vermont, Burials.* Barre, Vt.: Vermont Historical Society Library, 2008. 336p. Source: The publisher, 60 Washington St., Barre, VT 05641. List: $55.00 (unbound).

Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, *Baptism, Marriage & Burial Repertoire, Northwest Vermont Parishes, Vermont Catholic Diocese.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2007. Various pagings. Source: See entry below. List: $60.00.

_____, *Baptism & Marriage Repertoire, St. Ann Catholic Church, Milton, Vermont: Baptisms 1859–1943, Marriages 1859–1930.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2007. Various pagings. Source: See entry below. List: $45.00.

_____, *Baptism Repertoire, Bennington and Pownal Parishes, Vermont Catholic Diocese.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2008. 516p. Source: See entry below. List: $62.00.

_____, *Baptism Repertoire, St. Thomas Church, Underhill, Vermont: 1855–1991.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2008. 332p. Source: See entry below. List: $52.00.

_____, *Marriage Repertoire, Bennington and Pownal Parishes, Vermont Catholic Diocese.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2008. 398p. Source: See entry below. List: $57.00.

_____, *Swanton and Highgate, Vt.: Baptism & Marriage Repertoire.* Burlington, Vt.: Vermont French-Canadian Genealogical Society, 2008. 192p. Source: The publisher, P.O. Box 65128, Burlington, VT 05606-5128. List: $65.00.

Weston Historical Society, *Genealogies of the Early Settlers of Weston, Vermont.* Weston, Vt.: Weston Historical Society, 2006. Second edition. 458p. Source: The publisher, P.O. Box 247, Weston, VT 05161. List: Unknown.

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