VERMONT HISTORY

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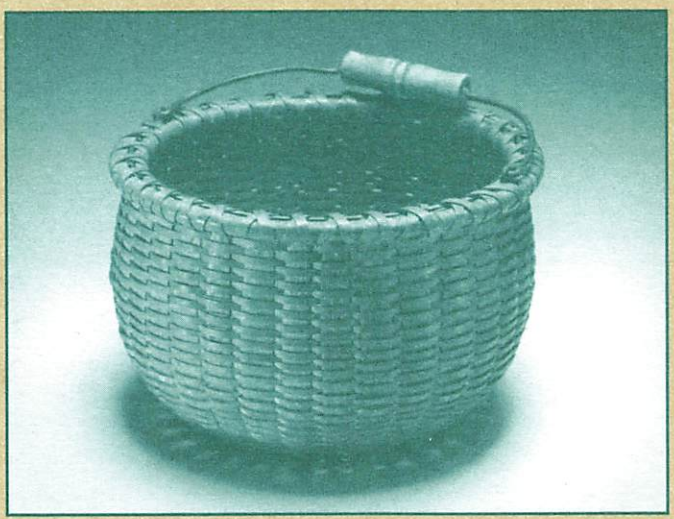

The Journal of the Vermont Historical Society

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VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Explore many aspects of Vermont's rich heritage through the Vermont Historical Society, winner of the prestigious 2007 National Medal of Honor from the Institute of Museum and Library Services. Whether you're interested in a Vermont family, town, event, or person, you can research many topics in the library and museum collections of books, manuscripts, photos, maps, and artifacts from every geographical area and every chronological period in the state's history. Visit the award-winning *Freedom & Unity* museum exhibit at the VHS museum in Montpelier, next to the State House, and learn what it means to be a Vermonter. Throughout the state, Vermont's past can come alive for you at presentations and programs that change lives and build better communities.

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VERMONT HISTORY

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Book Reviews

About the Cover Illustrations
Thoughts on Basket Makers

At the end of 2009 the Vermont Historical Society became the fortunate recipient of a basket made during the late 1800s by Seymour Lamson Morehouse. The basket was given anonymously in honor of Linus Leavens who has been researching Morehouse's family history for years, trying to discover how the basket maker learned his craft. Morehouse baskets are made from ash, with uniform and beautifully proportioned lines. The VHS's new acquisition is signed on the bottom, "Seymour Lamson Morehouse/His Make/Westford Vermont." Morehouse was born in 1822 and spent most of his life in Chittenden County in Westford. At the end of his life he lived with his son in Calais. He died in 1908.

Documented Vermont-made baskets, from a time when baskets were a common but necessary household and work item, are rare. Baskets signed by the makers are rarer. Basket makers, like coopers (barrel makers) and blacksmiths, worked in most communities of any size until the early twentieth century. Examples of the thousands of baskets they produced, ranging from small thimble holders to large potato baskets, would have been found in every house and barn.

When Morehouse was recorded in the U.S. census (1860 and 1880), he gave his occupation as laborer. In Hamilton Child's *Chittenden County Directory, 1882–1883* (p. 526) he is listed under the heading of Basket Makers. A review of other Child's county directories and gazetteers from the 1880s under Basket Makers revealed a total of forty-three men and one woman. Of those basket makers, two names are known to me as members of basket making families: Switzer (or Sweetser) and Obumsawin (or Obomsawin). The Switzer/Sweetser family worked in Morristown and Waterbury, and the VHS owns baskets donated by the family that they made in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Their work has been documented in Allen Eaton's *Handicrafts of New England* (1949, p. 51) and by the VHS in *News and Notes,* 24:3, [May–June, 1973]). The Obomsawin family is a well known Western Abenaki family that made and traded baskets in the Champlain Valley into the

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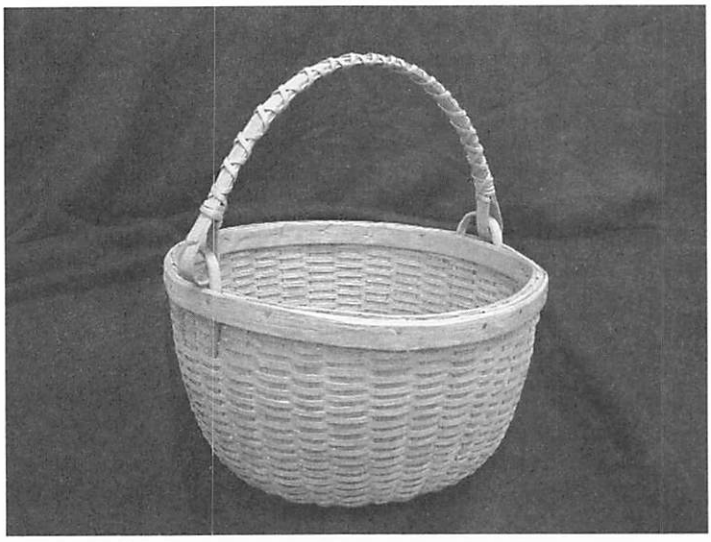

Ash Basket made by Belle Sweetser Perry, 1918, Waterbury, Vermont.

mid twentieth century. Several examples of their work are owned by local historical societies and family members.

What about the other forty-two basket makers? Certainly many of their baskets were used up, broken, and discarded. But the names from the 1880s directories are intriguing, especially the lists with multiple members from the same families, such as the Harlows from East Barnard, South Pomfret, West Randolph, and East Bethel; or the Moses family from South Tunbridge. Are there documented examples of their work that survive? I'd be interested in learning about any information readers may have about Vermont basket makers.

JACQUELINE CALDER, *Curator*

Front cover photograph: Ash basket made by Seymour Lamson Morehouse, circa 1880, Westford, Vermont.

Back cover: Signature by Seymour Lamson Morehouse on bottom of basket.

VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Thomas Anburey at the Battle of Hubbardton: How a Fraudulent Source Misled Historians

Hubbardton awaits researchers who can read the historical record without any reference to Travels through the Interior Parts of America, *starting over with what was recorded soon after the battle, even if details are occasionally unclear and contradictory. A little sparkle, but a lot of confusion, will leave the story.*

By ENNIS DULING

Thomas Anburey's *Travels through the Interior Parts of America,* published in London in 1789, contains the most readable eyewitness account of the Battle of Hubbardton, fought high in the hills of western Vermont, July 7, 1777. The two-volume work is a series of letters written to "my dear friend" by a British volunteer in the 29th Regiment, who became an officer in the 24th Regiment.[1]

Calling the correspondence "the rapid effusions of a confessedly inexperienced Writer," Anburey wrote that he had published the letters because of "the entreaties of some of the most respectable Subscribers to the Work." More than six hundred in all, the subscribers are a guide to the British upper class. General John Burgoyne himself,

ENNIS DULING of East Poultney is the communications director and editor of the alumni magazine at Castleton State College. He is a member of the board of directors of the Mount Independence Coalition. A graduate of Gettysburg College, he is currently completing a history of the American Revolution on the Yankee frontier, focusing on Seth Warner.

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the Earl of Balcarres, Harriet Ackland, engineer William Twiss, artillery officer James Murray Hadden, and many more from the ill-fated expedition that ended at Saratoga, attested to their interest in Anburey's work.[2]

From September 1776 through October 1781, Anburey toured Canada, observing the landscape, the people, and the wildlife; sailed south on Lake Champlain with Burgoyne's army; fought at Hubbardton; was taken prisoner when Burgoyne surrendered; and then as part of the Convention Army, the troops captured at Saratoga, saw America from New England to Virginia and back again.

The book was popular in Britain; it was quickly translated into French and German and has never gone away. Anburey's letters were reprinted in North America three times in the twentieth century, and his observations are found in nearly every history of the northern campaign of 1777. Today the book is online, with searchable text and page images, at the Library of Congress's "American Memory" collection.[3]

In letter thirty-one, July 12, 1777, Anburey wrote first of the American retreat from Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, which began on the night of July 5–6. In his account, after repairing and crossing the communication bridge connecting the two forts, the British found four Americans stationed at a cannon "dead drunk by a cask of Madeira." A curious Indian picked up the slow match and a spark ignited the cannon, but the gun was elevated and "no mischief ensued." Anburey then described chasing the fleeing Rebels on "a very hot and sultry day, over a continued succession of steep and woody hills." At five the next morning (July 7) the British surprised the Americans, who were still cooking breakfast. Major Robert Grant of the 24th Regiment—a "very gallant and brave officer"—was killed when he climbed on a stump. He was "struck by a rifle ball, fell off the tree, and never uttered another syllable."[4]

Anburey reported that the Rebels perpetrated a "breach of all military rules." Nearly sixty Americans clubbed their muskets—barrels down in a sign of surrender—and approached a party of grenadiers, who held their fire. At ten yards, the Rebels raised their weapons, fired a devastating volley, and then ran.[5]

In his description, Anburey focused on the grenadiers, who cut off the Rebels' access to the road to Castleton and then tried to block their retreat "by a very steep mountain to Pittsford." In a key passage Anburey wrote, "That you may form some idea how steep the ascent must have been, the men were obliged to sling their firelocks and climb up the side, sometimes resting their feet upon the branch of a tree, and sometimes on a piece of rock; had any been so unfortunate as to have missed his hold, he must inevitably been dashed to pieces."[6]

Two hours after the fighting stopped, Anburey was high on the mountain when officers examined the pocketbook of slain American Colonel Ebenezer Francis, who commanded a Massachusetts regiment comprised of men from Maine, which was governed from Boston until 1820. A Rebel hiding in the woods shot Captain John Shrimpton as he held Francis's papers. The grenadiers remained on the summit of the mountain until five o'clock in the afternoon. In descending, they were amazed at how high they had climbed: "For my own part, it appeared as if I should never reach the bottom."[7]

In letter thirty-two, Anburey completed his account of the battle. "The confusion of the enemy on their retreat was very great, as they were neither sensible where they fled, nor by whom they were conducted, after Colonel Francis was killed, when they took to the mountains." He included details of injuries: although Lord Balcarres's clothes were torn by thirty balls, he was only touched slightly on the hip, but Lieutenant Haggit was shot in both eyes and Lieutenant Douglas, already wounded, was hit in the heart.[8]

In volume two, Anburey returned to memories of Hubbardton. In May 1778 a party of British prisoners-of-war on a relaxed parole somewhere outside Boston stopped at a house to buy vegetables. An old lady asked if any of them knew her son, Colonel Francis, or had any of his possessions. Captain Ferguson produced Francis's watch and said, "There, good woman, if that can make you happy, take it, and God bless you."[9]

The tale was so touching that in 1859 Francis's granddaughters, Elizabeth Bowditch and Sarah Mason, presented the pocket watch and a copy of Anburey's book to the Massachusetts Historical Society. The silver watch, engraved with a floral design, probably of French manufacture, remains part of the society's collection.[10]

The Trouble with Thomas Anburey

At publication, *Travels through the Interior Parts of America* was greeted with some skepticism. *The Monthly Review* was duly impressed by the subscribers, but noticed an anti-American bias as well as a passage that was copied from the *Annual Register,* a yearly record of history, politics, and literature that began in 1758. *The Critical Review* went further and found, "From a careful comparison we can pronounce this work, in its most essential parts, to be an ill-digested plagiarism from general Burgoyne's Narrative, and from the Account of the Prosecution of Colonel Henley." The reviewer found borrowings from Andrew Burnaby's *Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America, in the years 1759 and 1760* and Hector St. John de Crèvecoeur's

Letters from an American Farmer. But these early misgivings about Anburey made little impression, and the book became an indispensable source on Burgoyne's expedition.[11]

It was not until the mid twentieth century that a scholar undertook the tedious work of comparing Anburey with other eighteenth-century travel books. In a 1943 study, Whitfield Bell, later an editor of *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin* and librarian of the American Philosophical Society, found plagiarism from more than a dozen sources, although (correctly) not Crèvecoeur. Bell pointed to Burnaby, the Marquis de Chastellux, Peter Kalm, Jonathan Carver, Samuel Peters, and—as they concluded in the eighteenth century—*etc., etc., etc.* "And had it seemed worth while to search for more borrowed passages more could have been found," he wrote, already citing more than sixty examples. Copying was commonplace in eighteenth-century writings. But Anburey's borrowings were wholesale; this was not petty theft, but grand larceny.[12]

Outside of the book and scattered references in British military records to Thomas Anbury (with no *e*) and Ensign Hanbury, nothing is known of the man. Hanbury, no first name but unquestionably the same gentleman volunteer, was commissioned as ensign in the 24th Regiment on August 10, 1777, through orders issued in Canada. That commission appears in Burgoyne's Orderly Book for September 2, 1777. A signature for Thoˢ Anbury of the 24th Regiment can be found on the British officer Parole of Honor, Cambridge, December 13, 1777. He retired from the service on January 23, 1783.[13] Although reprints of *Travels through the Interior Parts of America* and sketches of the author often describe him as *Lieutenant* Anburey, there is no evidence that he was promoted higher than ensign.

Although Anburey claimed that the letters were "the actual result of a familiar correspondence," he certainly did not write them at the time. It is hard to imagine that he had access to an extensive library during a military campaign and subsequent imprisonment; in any case, numerous sources were published originally in London after the dates on his supposed letters, one book as late as 1787. "My dear friend" is an abstraction, not believable as a friend or a real person. Epistolary books, both fiction and nonfiction, were popular in the eighteenth century, and Anburey adopted a genre that appealed to readers.

Anburey is a genial guide to North America. Even commentators who recognize the plagiarism maintain that he participated in the events he described. The reviewer for *The Critical Review* argued that the trip over Lake Champlain is "the most entertaining, and is undoubtedly the most original part of the whole work."[14] The author of a 1922 study of Revolutionary-era travels through Virginia, Alfred Morrison, was also

captivated by Anburey's account, but had his doubts: "And it is not at all impossible that the work was wholly a compilation, done skilfully at London."[15]

Bell imagined that Anburey "found his memory inadequate to the task" of writing and so padded his recollections. "What remains of Anburey's own are a few anecdotes, some pictures and sidelights, and some judgments," Bell concluded, but he did not say how to detect which observations are trustworthy.[16]

And Sydney Jackman, editor of a 1963 Canadian abridgement of volume one, accepted Bell's case against Anburey but believed that "at least the earlier parts are largely drawn from personal experience and owe little or nothing to others. The remainder of the work is certainly less authentic." Jackman concluded that from the Battle of Saratoga on, the plagiarism was extensive. Even so, he saw "great charm" in a book that might be an "idealized memoir of each and every member of the Convention Army."[17]

However, none of the writers who have previously addressed the problem of Anburey's plagiarism recognized his indebtedness to Father Pierre de Charlevoix's *Journal of a Voyage to North-America.* A comparison makes it clear that the early part of Anburey's book has no great claim to originality. At a minimum, he lifted lengthy sections on trees and the timber industry in Canada, bear hunting, beavers, rattlesnakes, passenger pigeons, and Indians. Anburey even mimicked Charlevoix's conclusion to one letter. The priest ended his comments on beavers by writing that he had been told his carriage was ready; Anburey, claiming to be in Montreal, was interrupted in his similar description of beavers by news that "the pacquet is going to sail."[18]

But even if all the plagiarism were eliminated, how reliable would the remainder be? Anecdotes may be impossible to prove or disprove. One must decide based on the reputation of the source, common sense, and knowledge of human nature and history.

Anburey can be judged by his descriptions of unchanged geography. According to him, Lake Champlain is so wide at its widest that "you are not able to discern the opposite shore." The three-quarters of a mile narrows at Split Rock, across from Thompson's Point in Charlotte, is "just wide enough for our large ships to pass through." Then there is his perplexing description of the settlements along the lake: "There are several plantations on each side, but they are more numerous on the south, the north side being lofty rocky mountains."[19]

In the end, Anburey remains a mystery. Was he Ensign Anbury of the 24th Regiment, cobbling together his story to please his betters? Or was he a London hack, borrowing the ensign's name just as he borrowed

innumerable sources? Are surprising details unique observations, exaggerations, or fiction?

Anburey and Hubbardton

The Battle of Hubbardton poses a critical test of Anburey's reliability, for his anecdotes and observations have become a key source in attempts to write an accurate, engaging history of the battle.

For much of his account of the pursuit from Ticonderoga and the Battle of Hubbardton, Anburey copied from Burgoyne's *A State of the Expedition from Canada,* which is a transcript of the general's defense before the House of Commons plus supporting documents. Burgoyne was not at Hubbardton and his description of the battle, sent to Lord George Germain, secretary of state for the colonies, and included in the appendix of *A State of the Expedition,* was based on a now missing report from commander Simon Fraser, who was later killed at Saratoga.[20]

Burgoyne's report to Germain reads, "Some stragglers of the enemy were picked up, from whom the Brigadier learned, that their rear guard was composed of chosen men, and commanded by Colonel Francis, one of their best officers." Anburey rephrased slightly: "On our march we picked up several stragglers, from whom General Fraser learnt that the rear-guard of the enemy was composed of chosen men, commanded by a Colonel Francis, who was reckoned one of their best officers."[21]

That example is harmless, but Anburey could also twist quotes, causing mischief for historians. Burgoyne's official report is clear about the beginnings of the battle: "At three in the morning he [General Fraser] renewed his march, and about five his advanced scouts discovered the enemy's centries, who fired their pieces and joined the main body."[22]

Anburey began by copying and then enlivened this incident at the expense of the Americans: "At three in the morning our march was renewed, and about five we came up with the enemy, who were busily employed in cooking their provisions." Then he returned to the thread of his plagiarism: "Major Grant . . . attacked their picquets, which were soon driven in to the main body." It makes little sense as written, and even less when one knows the straightforward source Anburey was revising; but the quote, implying that the Americans had neglected to post sentries, has harmed the reputation of brigade commander Colonel Seth Warner of Vermont.[23]

In his account Anburey is in two places at the same time: climbing Pittsford Ridge with the grenadiers and on the main battlefield on today's Monument Hill, where he personally hears German Major General Friedrich Von Riedesel "pouring forth every imprecation against

his troops, for their not arriving at the place of action time enough to earn the glories of the day." Most of the section on the German role in the battle is lifted from Burgoyne's account, but Anburey can be confusing, as if he was revising so quickly that he was unable to create a consistent narrative.[24]

Anburey's major contribution to the history of the battle is the struggle for Pittsford Ridge, what Burgoyne called Pittsford Mountain. Burgoyne reported, "The grenadiers scrambled up a part of that ascent, appearing almost inaccessible, and gained the summit before them, which threw them into confusion." Anburey copied the sentence nearly word for word, except he dropped the puzzling but perhaps significant "part of that" ascent and added "great" confusion and the summit "of the mountain": "The grenadiers scrambled up an ascent which appeared almost inaccessible, and gained the summit of the mountain before them; this threw them into great confusion." To illustrate the steepness of the mountain, he next told of the harrowing climb in which a fall might have ended in death.[25]

But Pittsford Ridge is nothing like Anburey's description. From Monument Hill where Fraser stood, forested Pittsford Ridge appears far more forbidding than it is on foot. Due east of the battlefield visitor's center, the slope is such that today a logging road climbs to the top. A few hundred yards south, a sharp spine blocks an easy ascent, but a hiker can scramble up (to use Burgoyne's words) and then down again before continuing toward the ridgeline. By any route, someone reaching the ridge will be breathing hard, but never in danger of being dashed to pieces.[26]

Throughout, Anburey's anecdotes are suspicious. In his account, Major Grant was killed by an American rifleman, but only the German jägers (light infantry; literally, hunters) had rifles at Hubbardton. Then there is the pretend surrender that allowed the Americans to fire an unanswered volley. It is hard to imagine how, in the heat of battle, they could have organized and timed this ruse; it is harder to imagine professional British soldiers letting their guard down so completely.

Finally, in the fight on Pittsford Ridge, the grenadiers—the crack troops in the British army—forgot all their training in the manual of arms in their haste to fire. Instead of using their ramrods, some "struck the butt end of their piece upon the ground," supposedly sending the cartridge down the barrel of the musket. Like the greenest militia, others kept cramming as many as five or six cartridges into their firearms without discharging them.[27]

The geographic impossibilities continue. Two days after Hubbardton, Fraser's brigade marched hurriedly toward Skenesborough (today's

Whitehall, New York). Anburey told of the difficulties in crossing a creek, which could only be the Poultney River. The pioneers felled trees for a bridge, and the soldiers crawled over one at a time. Major Shrimpton, who was wounded at Hubbardton (and was *Captain* Shrimpton just a few pages earlier in Anburey's account), nearly fell before the man behind caught him by his clothes.[28]

The scene is absurd. On the road from Castleton to Skenesborough there was a ford, passable in rainy weather, west of today's Fair Haven. In fact, the Poultney River has many easily fordable spots and could not slow an army in July. The makeshift bridge was unnecessary and impractical. The story is another invention.[29]

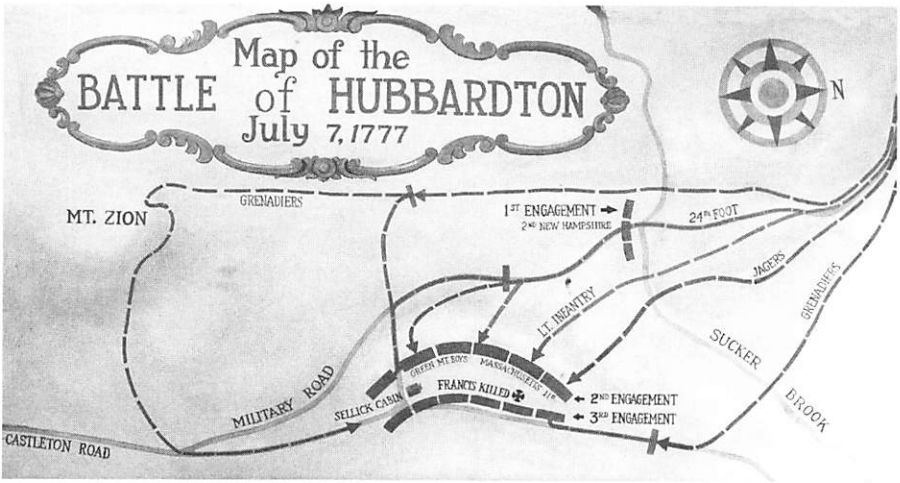
Thomas Anburey and the Historians

Nineteenth-century accounts of Hubbardton were simple: The battle began in the early morning; the outcome hung in the balance until the arrival of the Germans; Francis was killed; and Warner ordered a retreat over the mountain.[30]

Hubbardton became more complicated with the publication in 1928 of Hoffman Nickerson's *The Turning Point of the Revolution, Or Burgoyne in America,* which became the leading history of the Saratoga Campaign for much of the twentieth century. By the time of his death in 1965, Nickerson, who was a staff officer in both world wars, had written military histories from the Roman Empire through World War Two.[31]

But Nickerson was taken in by Anburey. He was certain the battle began around 4:40 a.m., Anburey's 5 a.m., adjusted a little based on an American account that the battle began "just as the sun rose." Having posted no sentries, the Americans were completely surprised. In trying to make sense of the grenadiers' mountaineering, Nickerson moved the location of this action away from Pittsford Ridge. A half-mile southwest of the battlefield and today's visitor's center is a rocky outcropping that fits Anburey's description far better than the wooded slope to the east. Mount Zion, as it is called today, rises some four hundred feet above the valley. In *The Turning Point of the Revolution,* Nickerson imagined that a climb over Mount Zion by the grenadiers was decisive. His details came straight from Anburey: "So precipitous were the crags that they had to sling their muskets and scramble up with the aid of both hands, supporting themselves on branches, tree roots, and projecting bits of rock. Indeed, the danger such inexperienced cragsmen were in from falling seems to have been as vivid to them as that which they ran in fighting."[32]

The supposed exploits on Mount Zion never made sense. There was enough room in the valley between Monument Hill and Mount Zion



Map of the Battle of Hubbardton, July 7, 1777. Visitor's Center, Hubbardton Battlefield State Historic Site. This map shows the grenadiers' imagined climb over Mount Zion. Photo by Ennis Duling, courtesy of the State of Vermont Division for Historic Preservation.

for the British to flank the Americans, so that a trek over the mountain would have been a long, arduous, and pointless detour. For men armed with muskets, Mount Zion offered no advantage and no threat.

Despite logic, Nickerson established the importance of Mount Zion, and other historians followed his lead. In 1960 the Vermont Board of Historic Sites asked Colonel Richard Ernest Dupuy, a military historian who had served on Eisenhower's staff during World War Two and was the press officer who notified the world of D-Day, to research the battle. His unpublished manuscript, "The Battle of Hubbardton: A Critical Analysis," was the first lengthy study of the battle in the twentieth century. In it, he imagined the moment in which Fraser's "military eye" instinctively noted that "the key to complete victory lay on that craggy knob on the right front (Mount Zion)." A shortened version of Dupuy's research, still stressing the importance of Mount Zion, appeared in *Vermont Life* in the summer of 1963. The early displays at the battlefield were influenced by Dupuy as well. Today one large map showing the grenadiers' supposed sweep across Mount Zion remains in the visitor's center on Monument Hill, although it hangs in an out of the way corner of the entrance hall.[33]

But during the 1970s dissatisfaction with the Mount Zion scenario grew among those responsible for protecting Vermont's heritage. Finally,

Director of the Division of Historical Preservation William Pinney asked Colonel John Williams, editor of the State Papers of Vermont, to research the battle. Williams had fought in Italy in World War Two and in the Korean War before serving at Norwich University and with NATO. He had the military background and historical knowledge to rethink the battle.

Former director of the Vermont Historical Society Edward Hoyt wrote a lengthy critique of Dupuy's analysis, maintaining that the conclusions about Mount Zion were "without foundation." Anburey plagiarized, Hoyt said, but parts of the work were original, although exaggerated. "His account of the ascent of the steep mountain, for example, was apparently original, since he himself was engaged in it." But Anburey's description "lends a specious credence to the conclusion that he could only have been referring to Mount Zion."[34]

In 1988 the Division of Historical Preservation published Williams's seventy-five-page *The Battle of Hubbardton: The American Rebels Stem the Tide.*[35] For Williams, the battle was "a classic example of a rear guard action."[36] The Americans, although burdened with sick and wounded, were prepared and fought well. The battle did not start at the crack of dawn, but after 6:30 with the height of the action after 7 a.m. There was no mention of the false surrender, the grenadiers embellishing upon the manual of arms, or the coincidence of Francis's watch.

But like Nickerson and Dupuy before him, Williams accepted the belief that Anburey's description of the fight on the inaccessible mountain was key to understanding the battle. Instead of an invented struggle for Mount Zion, he believed that a second crucial phase took place on the ridge. The Americans were "trapped in a virtual cul-de-sac" as the grenadiers seized the heights, and the Americans had to fight up and over the mountain to make their retreat, not merely fade into the vast forest. The fighting ended with "a running battle through the woods and along the ridgeline." Colonel Francis was killed somewhere high on the ridge by fire from the grenadiers, not on Monument Hill by German riflemen, as tradition and General Riedesel had it.[37]

Williams's version of the battle was adopted for the narration of the electric map at the visitor's center, dedicated in 1990. In other parts of the new exhibit, Anburey was quoted prominently.

But despite the efforts in Vermont to omit the grenadiers' climb over Mount Zion from accounts of Hubbardton and substitute a struggle for Pittsford Ridge, the Nickerson/Dupuy interpretation of Anburey appeared in Richard Ketchum's *Saratoga: Turning Point of America's Revolutionary War.* Published in 1997, *Saratoga* is clearly the leading history of the campaign for our time, as Nickerson's was earlier. Ketchum

—a resident of Dorset, former editor at *American Heritage,* and author of many books, including works on Bunker Hill and the battles of Trenton and Princeton (with more works on the Revolutionary War to follow *Saratoga*)—weighed Anburey against other sources.

Ketchum realized that the Americans had placed sentries and that the battle started much later than sunrise. But once again, Americans—in Ketchum's account they are from Warner's Regiment—pretend to surrender and then open fire. The grenadiers fight for possession of "a rocky precipice that commanded the road to Castle Town" and the grenadiers "haul themselves up the rocky face, clinging to bushes and bracing their feet on the branches of trees." The grenadiers run down the slope of Mount Zion to seize the road to Castleton and block the American retreat.[38]

Hubbardton without Thomas Anburey

Hubbardton awaits researchers who can read the historical record without any reference to *Travels through the Interior Parts of America,* starting over with what was recorded soon after the battle, even if details are occasionally unclear and contradictory. A little sparkle and a lot of confusion will leave the story.

The signature detail of the American retreat from Ticonderoga and Mount Independence—those drunken men, their Madeira wine, and the unfired cannon—suddenly is gone. We are left with the surprise of a more reliable British officer, William Digby, that the Americans did not mount a gun to defend the bridge.[39]

Any lingering doubts about the time the battle started are resolved: around 7 a.m., certainly not at sunrise. Major Grant is just as dead, but there is no reason to believe he was shot while standing upon a stump and no need to explain that a prominent source was mistaken about riflemen. There is no evidence of the Americans clubbing their muskets in pretend surrender, or the British being so naïve as to fall for the trick. The grenadiers still cut off the American retreat to the south, but they don't scale a precipice, forget their training in the manual of arms, or remain on the summit for hours after the battle. Colonel Francis is killed by German rifle fire, not by the grenadiers on the ridge. The watch in the Massachusetts Historical Society is just another eighteenth-century timepiece, not proof of a charming coincidence.

Eliminating Anburey's anecdotes is the simplest part of the challenge. Far more difficult is dealing with his hidden influence. He has wormed his way into so many accounts that it is often hard to tell where a viewpoint worth consideration ends and Anburey takes over. Even two very late American eyewitnesses—Ebenezer Fletcher, whose memoir was

published in 1813, and Joseph Bird, whose observations first appear in a study written nearly a century after the battle—present this problem. Was their memory helped along by *Travels through the Interior Parts of America*?[40]

More than details will change, for among all the supposed primary sources, Anburey did the most to denigrate the American effort. Without him, other voices may be heard more loudly. A few days after the battle, Lieutenant Hadden, who was not at Hubbardton but knew what fellow officers were saying, wrote, "[Fraser's corps] certainly discover'd that neither they were invincible, nor the Rebels all Poltroons; On the contrary many of them acknowledged the Enemy behaved well, and look'd upon General Reidesel's fortunate arrival as a matter absolutely necessary." And two years later the Earl of Balcarras, who commanded the British flanking movement at Hubbardton, told the House of Commons, "Circumstanced as the enemy was, as an army very hard pressed in their retreat, they certainly behaved with great gallantry."[41]

In 1777 Hubbardton was a landscape of recent clearings, girdled and dying trees, heaps of unburned tops and brush, and fields of stumps. This frontier settlement of nine families, most of whom had fled, was the first sign of civilization that the retreating Americans had encountered since leaving Mount Independence. The settlement in Hubbardton was the frontier of Vermont, the frontier of New England.

Late in the afternoon of July 6, 1777, colonels Seth Warner, Ebenezer Francis, and Nathan Hale met in a cabin owned by John Selleck and discussed what to do next. A half-mile away the sick and stragglers lay exhausted in a clearing by Sucker Brook. Today a visitor to the battlefield can stand at the site of Selleck's cabin, and see to the south a view that is almost the same as it was in 1777, mountains upon mountains stretching toward Bennington. It is a good place to begin to rethink the Battle of Hubbardton.

Notes

[1] Thomas Anburey, *Travels through the Interior Parts of America in a Series of Letters by an Officer* (London: William Lane, 1789). References in this article are to the Arno Press facsimile (New York: Arno Press, 1969).

[2] Anburey, "Preface," v–vii and, "Subscribers to the Work," ix–xxvii.

[3] Twentieth-century editions include New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1923, and New York: Arno Press, 1969. Sydney Jackman, ed., *With Burgoyne from Quebec: An Account of the Life at Quebec and of the Famous Battle of Saratoga* (Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1963) is an abridgement of volume one. Library of Congress, American Memory, "American Notes: Travels in America, 1750–1920," http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/lhtnhtml/lhtnhome.html is the 1923 edition; search for Anburey in the Author Index.

[4] Anburey, *Travels*, 1:323–327.

[5] Ibid., 1:330–331.

[6] Ibid., 1:327–328.

[7] Ibid., 1:331–332.

[8]Ibid., 1:335, 339.

[9]Ibid., 2: 208–210.

[10]Massachusetts Historical Society, Control File # 0091.

[11]*The Monthly Review; or, Literary Journal* (London: R. Griffiths, 1789), 81:61–67. *The Critical Review, or, Annals of Literature,* 68 (1789): 112–113.

[12]Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., "Thomas Anburey's 'Travels Through America': A Note on Eighteenth-Century Plagiarism," *The Bibliographical Society of America* (1943): 3–16. The quote is on page 8.

[13]Eric H. Schnitzer, park ranger and historian at Saratoga National Park, was most helpful in explaining British military records and providing key source material. References to Anbury/Hanbury can be found in Guy Carleton, *Orderly Book,* 10 August 1777; War Office 65, Army Lists, British National Archives, 1777, 1778; John Burgoyne, *Orderly Book*, 92; "British officer Parole of Honor," 13 December 1777, Boston Public Library, transcribed by Eric Schnitzer; and War Office 25/212, 23 January 1783, British National Archives.

[14]*Critical Review,* 68: 166.

[15]Alfred J. Morrison, *Travels in Virginia in Revolutionary Times* (Lynchburg, Va.: J.P. Bell Co., 1922), 24.

[16]Bell, "Anburey's 'Travels,'" 8, 15.

[17]Jackman, *With Burgoyne,* 13–14.

[18]Pierre de Charlevoix, *Journal of a Voyage to North-America* (London: R. and J. Dodsley, 1761) as reprinted (Ann Arbor: University Microfilms, 1966). For comparison see Anburey, *Travels,* 1: 86 and Charlevoix, *Journal,* 1: 145 for the timber industry; Anburey, 1: 87–90 and Charlevoix, 1: 245–248 for trees; Anburey, 1: 237–241 and Charlevoix, 1: 183–186 for bears and bear hunting; Anburey, 1: 242–249 and Charlevoix, 1: 151–169 for beavers; Anburey, 1: 275–277 and Charlevoix, 1: 262 for passenger pigeons; Anburey, 1: 386–389 and Charlevoix, 1: 243–244 for rattlesnakes; and Anburey, 1: 74–78 and Charlevoix, 1: 116–120 for Indians. For similar endings, see Anburey, 1: 249 and Charlevoix, 1: 169. There are undoubtedly other examples.

[19]Anburey, *Travels,* 1: 274, 298.

[20]*A State of the Expedition from Canada as Laid Before the House of Commons by Lieutenant-General Burgoyne,* 2nd edition (London: J. Almon, 1780), xxx–xxxiv as reprinted by Arno Press, 1969. Although Fraser's original report is lost, it can be imagined through a letter he wrote to a friend, Simon Fraser to John Robinson, 13 July 1777, *Proceedings of the Vermont Historical Society,* 4 (1898): 139–147. Burgoyne's report to Germain can also be found in *The London Gazette* (25 August 1777); and *The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Chronicle for the Year 1777* (London: D. Henry), 47: 400.

[21]Anburey, *Travels,* 1: 326; "Appendix," *A State of the Expedition,* xxxii.

[22]"Appendix," *A State of the Expedition,* Ibid.

[23]Anburey, *Travels,* 1: 326–327.

[24]Ibid., 1: 328–329.

[25]"Appendix," *A State of the Expedition,* xxxii. Anburey, *Travels,* 1: 328. The "almost inaccessible" mountain can also be found in George F. G. Stanley, ed., *For Want of a Horse: Being A Journal of the Campaigns against the Americans in 1776 and 1777 conducted from Canada by an officer who served with Lt. Gen Burgoyne* (Sackville, N.B.: Tribune Press, 1961), 111 and S. Sidney Bradford, ed., "Lord Francis Napier's Journal of the Burgoyne Campaign," *Maryland Historical Magazine,* 57 (December 1962): 301. Like Anburey, both are based on Burgoyne's narrative.

[26]The impressions of what is steep and what can be climbed without danger are those of a 62-year-old man.

[27]Anburey, *Travels,* 1: 333–334.

[28]Ibid., 1: 342.

[29]Henry Sewall of York, Maine, noted the Poultney River ford on the Castleton-Skenesborough road in August 1776 after his regiment had difficulty in crossing Otter Creek, south of Rutland. "The Diary of Henry Sewall," *Bulletin of the Fort Ticonderoga Museum* 11 (September 1963) 2: 78.

[30]For examples that show variations on a simple theme, see Charles Neilson, *An Original and Corrected Account of Burgoyne's Campaign and the Memorable Battles of Bemis's Heights* (Albany: J. Munsell, 1844), 26–27; Daniel Chipman, *Memoir of Colonel Seth Warner* (Middlebury, Vt.: L.W. Clark, 1848), 51–52; Hiland Hall, *The History of Vermont from Its Discovery to Its Admission into the Union in 1791* (Albany: Joel Munsell, 1868), 256.

[31]Hoffman Nickerson, *The Turning Point of the Revolution, Or Burgoyne in America* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1928).

[32]Nickerson, *Turning Point,* 150–151. "Just as the sun rose" can be found in Ebenezer Fletcher, *Narrative of the Captivity & Sufferings of Ebenezer Fletcher of New Ipswich* (1813; 4th edition, 1827) as reprinted (Books for Libraries Press: Freeport, N.Y., 1970), 12.

[33]R. Ernest Dupuy, "The Battle of Hubbardton: A Critical Analysis" (1961), 12–13, manuscript in the Vermont Historical Society; Dupuy, "The Battle of Hubbardton: The Revolution's only

engagement fought in Vermont," *Vermont Life* 7 (Summer 1963), 4: 2–5, 56–57. Other variations on the Mount Zion scenario include Harrison Bird, *March to Saratoga: General Burgoyne and the American Campaign, 1777* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1963), 40–41; Rupert Furneaux, *The Battle of Saratoga* (Stein & Day, 1971), 79–80; Max M. Mintz, *The Generals of Saratoga: John Burgoyne & Horatio Gates* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1990), 150–152.

[34] Edward A. Hoyt, "Critique of Dupuy's Battle of Hubbardton" (1982–1983), can be found in the John Williams Papers, Vermont Historical Society.

[35] John Williams, *The Battle of Hubbardton: The American Rebels Stem the Tide* (Vermont Division for Historic Preservation, 1988).

[36] Ibid., 5.

[37] Ibid., 30, 38. Max von Eelking, *Memoirs and Letters and Journals, of Major General Riedesel, During His Residence in America,* William L. Stone, trans. (Albany: J. Munsell, 1868), 1: 116.

[38] Richard M. Ketchum, *Saratoga: Turning Point of America's Revolutionary War* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1997), 201–202. A recent work, John F. Luzader, *Saratoga: A Military History of the Decisive Campaign of the American Revolution* (New York and California: Savas Beatie, 2008), has much to contribute to discussions of the actual battles of Saratoga. The account of Hubbardton, however, relies heavily on Nickerson, hence Anburey.

[39] James Phinney Baxter, *The British Invasion from the North: The Campaigns of Generals Carleton and Burgoyne from Canada, 1776–1777, with the Journal of Lieut. William Digby of the 53rd, or Shropshire Regiment of Foot* (Albany: Joel Munsell's Sons, 1887), 208–209, as reprinted (New York: Da Capo Press, 1970).

[40] Fletcher, *Narrative.* Fletcher was a sixteen-year-old recovering from the measles at the time of the battle, which began in his account as the Americans were surprised at sunrise while cooking breakfast (p. 12). Bird was an old man when interviewed by Henry Hall of Rutland, who was born in 1814. Hall's notes are lost, but an article with Bird's polished quotes, "Battle of Hubbardton," can be found in the John Williams Papers, Vermont Historical Society. Bird can be read as describing an extended fight on Pittsford Ridge. (Williams, *Battle of Hubbardton,* 29–30.) Disappointingly, his memory may have been influenced by the official British map of the battle and by Anburey's account.

[41] James M. Hadden, *Hadden's Journal and Orderly Books: A Journal Kept in Canada and Upon Burgoyne's Campaign in 1776 and 1777,* Horatio Rogers, ed. (Albany: J. Munsell's Sons, 1884), 95, as reprinted (Freeport, N.Y.: Books for Libraries Press, 1970); Burgoyne, *State of the Expedition,* 39.

African Americans in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh, Vermont, 1790–1860

Black Vermonters were, by definition, oddballs—a tiny minority who chose the country over the city. How did they fare in this rural environment? What sort of work did they find in Vermont's agrarian economy? Did they own farms or homes? Were they able to marry and raise families? Were their children educated in district schools? Did they participate in town meeting? Did they belong to local churches?

By JANE WILLIAMSON

Historians have spent several decades uncovering the lives of African Americans—enslaved and free—in the North. But from overviews of the "first emancipation" and the northern free black experience to more focused studies of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, it has been an almost exclusively urban story.[1] This is partly a legacy of northern slavery, which was concentrated in coastal cities, but it also reflects the choices of newly freed people, who voted overwhelmingly with their feet and migrated cityward.[2]

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One northeastern state—Vermont—has been left almost totally out of this picture.[3] And why not? It remained mostly devoid of European settlement 130 years after the first enslaved Africans landed in the British colonies. When the other northern states were ending slavery within their borders at the end of the eighteenth century, much of Vermont was still a frontier. Lacking an historic enslaved population *and* a city—coastal or otherwise—Vermont was destined to have a minuscule African American community.

That northern free blacks overwhelmingly chose urban life over rural is indisputable. Cities offered more opportunities for employment and the personal and social advantages of life in communities of color. The countryside, meanwhile, provided little prospect of success for former slaves who lacked the capital to purchase farms and become productive members of the agricultural economy. And many were no doubt eager to establish new identities as free people elsewhere.[4]

For some few, however, that "elsewhere" was Vermont. Black Vermonters were, by definition, oddballs—a tiny minority who chose the country over the city. How did they fare in this rural environment? What sort of work did they find in Vermont's agrarian economy? Did they own farms or homes? Were they able to marry and raise families? Were their children educated in district schools? Did they participate in town meeting? Did they belong to local churches?

For this initial investigation, I chose an area in Vermont's Champlain Valley that included all of Addison County and the adjoining Chittenden County towns of Charlotte and Hinesburgh. I was aware of some black families that had lived in the area and this work would build on my own and others' research. I turned for information to the usual public records, beginning with the eight federal censuses from 1790 to 1860. They supplied the basic data that would form my universe. Nineteenth-century censuses are well known for errors and undercounting, and I found plenty of both, but they remain a necessary and invaluable source. I analyzed the gross population data by household type, number of independent households, and total population for each town to establish an overview. The results are presented in the first section below.

I then compiled census data into a roster listing every independent black household, a total of 104 names, and began to search for these men, women, and families. Community life in antebellum Vermont took place at the level of the town, both privately and publicly, and town clerks recorded all manner of town and individual business—in theory, at least. The lax record keeping of the nineteenth century and the loss of many documents over the years have left a patchwork of sources that limits our knowledge of ordinary Vermonters, black *and* white.[5] Still, I

was surprised at how much I learned from the dusty pages in town vaults. Two other sources, church and probate court records, also proved frustrating. Local congregations maintain information on church membership, baptisms, marriage, and death, and many of these records have also disappeared over the years. A fire in the Addison County Courthouse in 1852 means that probate records, which could provide wonderful insight into family economics and relationships, occupation, and domestic life, are virtually nonexistent.

Population Data

Table 1 shows the number of black Vermonters in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh by type of household from 1790 to 1860.[6] A few numbers appear anomalous and suggest the likelihood of census taker error, which, of course, was common throughout the nineteenth century. For example, the census recorded whether African Americans lived in white or independent "colored" households, and no independent households were listed in Vergennes in 1810, the only year in which that was the case. The number of independent black households listed in Ferrisburgh jumped to ten that year with a total of forty-one individuals, the largest number in any year. The two towns are contiguous, so the Vergennes households may have been counted in Ferrisburgh by mistake. Similarly, 1830 lists only five African Americans in white households in the entire region, a fraction of the number in every other census. Again, many must have been missed. Finally, in 1810 the census takers for Charlotte and Hinesburgh did not bother to list African Americans separately, regardless of household type, providing only an aggregate number at the end of the tally for each town.

The number of African Americans in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh increased steadily in the early decades—when the state's population was growing exponentially—but peaked at 161 in 1810. Black residents were not evenly dispersed throughout the county, however; some towns had no residents of color at all during the period (and thus are not included in the table), and others did only temporarily. Only three Addison County towns—Ferrisburgh, Middlebury, and Vergennes—counted black residents in every census. Together, these three towns accounted for more than half the aggregate number of blacks in the county during the period. When Bristol is added to the numbers for Ferrisburgh, Middlebury, and Vergennes, the four towns accounted for two-thirds of African Americans in Addison County during the period. Charlotte and Hinesburgh also had relatively substantial black populations, with Charlotte counting African American residents in every census and Hinesburgh in all but one. As a proportion of the population

statewide, black Vermonters never accounted for even .5 percent from 1790 to 1860. The percentages among Addison County towns, however, varied widely. In 1790, for example, African Americans made up 7 percent of residents in Vergennes and 2.5 percent of those in Ferrisburgh. These relatively high percentages are partly artifacts of the extremely

TABLE 1 African Americans in White (W) and Independent Black (IB) Households, Addison County,* Charlotte and Hinesburgh, 1790–1860

	1790		*1800*		*1810*		*1820*		*1830*		*1840*		*1850*		*1860*	
Town	*W*	*IB*	*W*	*IB*	*W*	*IB*	*W*	*IB*	*W*	*IB*	*W*	*IB*	*W*	*IB*	*W*	*IB*
Addison	2				1		3				2				1	
Bridport			1		1	15	1	16								
Bristol							1			10	1	15	1	31	3	26
Cornwall						1					1		2		1	
Ferrisburgh	12		5	5	7	41	5	6		10	4	10	2	4	3	14
Leicester							2	5					1			
Lincoln												14	1	4	1	5
Middlebury	2		8		5	1	13	12		17	2	13	4	14	2	7
Monkton				6					1		1	7				
New Haven			1			3	1	4		10	1	9	2	4		
Orwell*													1			
Panton							2	10		6	1	9		5		9
Salisbury								4	2		1					
Shoreham	1	4	1	10	7	10	4	3	2		1				1	
Starksboro			1													
Vergennes	8	6	17	10	21		8	15		25	4	13	11	20	9	7
Waltham					1		2				1					
Weybridge	1									4						
Whiting	1		1										1			
Subtotal	27	10	35	31	43	71	42	75	5	82	20	90	26	82	21	68
Total	37		66		114		117		87		110		108		89	
Ind HH	27%		47%		62%		64%		94%†		82%		76%		76%	
Charlotte	3		13	3	15		2	9		16	3		1	9	2	13
Hinesburgh			4	5	32		4	21		19	1	18	2	16	3	28
Subtotal	30	10	52	39	...		48	105	5	117	24	108	29	107	26	109
Total	40		91		161		153		122		132		136		135	
Ind HH	25%		43%		...		69%		96%†		82%		79%		81%	

*Several towns had no black residents during the period and were not included; Orwell was part of Rutland County until 1850.

†This percentage is surely too high, as there were probably more than five African Americans in white households in 1830—a case of census taker error.

small populations at this early date, especially in Vergennes, which had a population of 200 in 1790. Although it started high, the percentage of African Americans in Vergennes declined at every census, from 7 to 5 to 3 to 2 and finally 1 percent in 1860, as the white population grew. Middlebury provides a counterpoint: It also had relatively large numbers of African Americans, although rarely as many as Vergennes, but it never had a high *percentage* because the white population was so much larger. Middlebury was the commercial center of the county and the largest town by 1810. Its highest proportion of African Americans —.9 percent—came in 1820, when its total population was 2,535, three times that of Vergennes.

Table 1 also compares the number of African Americans in black-headed households with those living in white homes. The proportion of independent black households increased substantially at every census until 1840, when it declined slightly and then leveled off at more than three-quarters. Although eventually most African Americans lived in independent households, once again the total numbers are very small. The number of independent black households increased from a low of two in 1790 to twenty-seven in 1830, but then declined. Rarely did a single town count more than five black households in a single census. Vergennes had eight in 1830, and Hinesburgh had seven in 1860, but three of the eight households in Vergennes were part of one extended family (Storms).

African Americans living in white households were not recorded by name until 1850, so many remain untraceable. We can, however, get some sense of who they were by looking at aggregate data (see Table 2). First, they lived what must have been a lonely existence; most were alone in white households (and often the only person of color in town) in all but two censuses, 1800 and 1810. Census takers began to record the sex and age of African Americans living in white households in 1820. The breakdown by sex was about equal in each census, with slightly more men in 1820 and 1860 and slightly more women in 1840 and 1850. The number of young children dropped significantly after 1820, when children younger than fourteen accounted for one-third of blacks in white households. Without age breakdowns for 1790 to 1810, however, there is no way to know if this marked a trend or if 1820 was anomalous. It is important to remember that the comparisons in Table 2 are based on extremely small numbers, and a difference of just one in either direction translates into several percentage points.

Persistence[7] is an important measure with an obvious impact on the size of the African American population over time. Although African American persistence declined at every census until 1840, it was not out of line with the overall rate. Vermonters were, after all, a famously

TABLE 2 Number, Sex, and Age of African Americans in White Households, Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh, 1790–1860*

	No. in Household		*Sex*		*Age*		
Year	*One*	*≥Two*	*Male*	*Female*	*<14*	*14–26*	*≥27*
1790	19 (63)	11 (37)	NR	NR	NR	NR	NR
1800	21 (40)	31 (60)	NR	NR	NR	NR	NR
1810	18 (42)	25 (58)	NR	NR	NR	NR	NR
1820	42 (87)	6 (13)	26 (54)	22 (46)	17 (35)	19 (40)	12 (25)
1830†							
1840	18 (75)	6 (25)	11 (46)	13 (54)	1 (4)‡	8 (33)‡	15 (63)‡
1850	20 (69)	9 (31)	14 (48)	15 (52)	1 (3)	19 (66)	9 (31)
1860	23 (92)	2 (8)	14 (56)	11 (44)	4 (16)	14 (56)	7 (28)

*Numbers are given first, followed by the percentages of the total.

†Only five African Americans were listed in white households in the 1830 census, very likely an error and too few to make meaningful comparisons.

‡Age ranges reported varied from census to census, and those given here for 1840 differ slightly from the column heads; they are <10, 10–24, and 25 and older.

mobile lot. Two-thirds of those African Americans first listed in the 1800 census were present in 1810, 58 percent remained in 1820, and one-third lived in Vermont to their deaths. Half of those first listed in 1810 remained in 1820, 40 percent of those listed in 1820 were counted in 1830, and one-third first listed in 1830 persisted in 1840. The rate then reversed, increasing to 59 percent from 1840 to 1850. In his study of Addison County, Jeffrey Potash found considerable out-migration before 1800, although losses varied from town to town. Forty percent of Cornwall's residents left every five years in the early years of statehood, and the growth of large-scale sheep farming contributed to "sizable population loss" between 1820 and 1840. One historian writing about Vergennes before 1820 asserted that the period could be summed up in one word: transience. Only 30 percent of households listed in the 1810 census remained in 1820, although the total population changed hardly at all.[8]

One thing that might have affected persistence among African Americans in the early years was warning out. Selectmen were allowed to "warn out" any newcomers they thought might become chargeable to the town and did so frequently until 1817, when the law was changed. Joanne Pope Melish reported that some New England towns used warning out as an "explicit strategy" to rid themselves of unwanted blacks and that the practice intensified after 1820. People of color accounted

for 50 percent of those warned out of Rhode Island in 1800, for example.[9] This was not the case in Vermont. I found nine African American heads of household warned out of five Addison County towns. Those warned out did not have to leave immediately—or at all, necessarily—and four remained in the towns that had warned them out, according to the next census. Others had just moved to nearby towns. Only Nimrod Greenleaf moved very far, from Ferrisburgh to Bennington.[10] So it seems that warning out had a negligible impact on African American migration.

Property and Occupation

Land was the great attraction of Vermont in the decades after statehood. It drew thousands from southern New England, and the state's population more than tripled from 1790 to 1810. The fertile soils of Addison County's Champlain Valley were especially attractive to landless laborers and the sons of farmers who were not going to inherit viable holdings at home. The majority of these rural white New Englanders acquired property and established farms.[11] What were the land-owning prospects for the small number of African Americans in this great migration? Black household heads owned property throughout the period, and the number increased at every census; the highest percentage of landowners, 56 percent of all African American households, came in 1850 and 1860. Landowners lived in the towns with the greatest African American population, with one exception. Charlotte, Ferrisburgh, Hinesburgh, Panton, and Vergennes all had black property owners. Middlebury, on the other hand, had only one from 1790 to 1860, and he was a farmer in a remote location.

One of the two independent black household heads recorded in the 1790 census owned land; Cull Payne purchased fifty acres in Shoreham in 1786 and owned it for the next thirty years. Two more of the twelve household heads recorded in 1800 owned land. William Ferris purchased land in Ferrisburgh in 1793 and again in 1794, but sold it three years later. He was listed in Ferrisburgh in the 1810 census, but was gone by 1820. Two other early black landowners were also short-term residents. Anthony Edwards purchased 50 acres in Ferrisburgh in 1807 and sold them in 1812 for $550. Edwards more than quadrupled his investment, suggesting that he was speculating like so many others at this time. Noah Morris also bought land in Ferrisburgh, but sold it within a year and made only $10.[12]

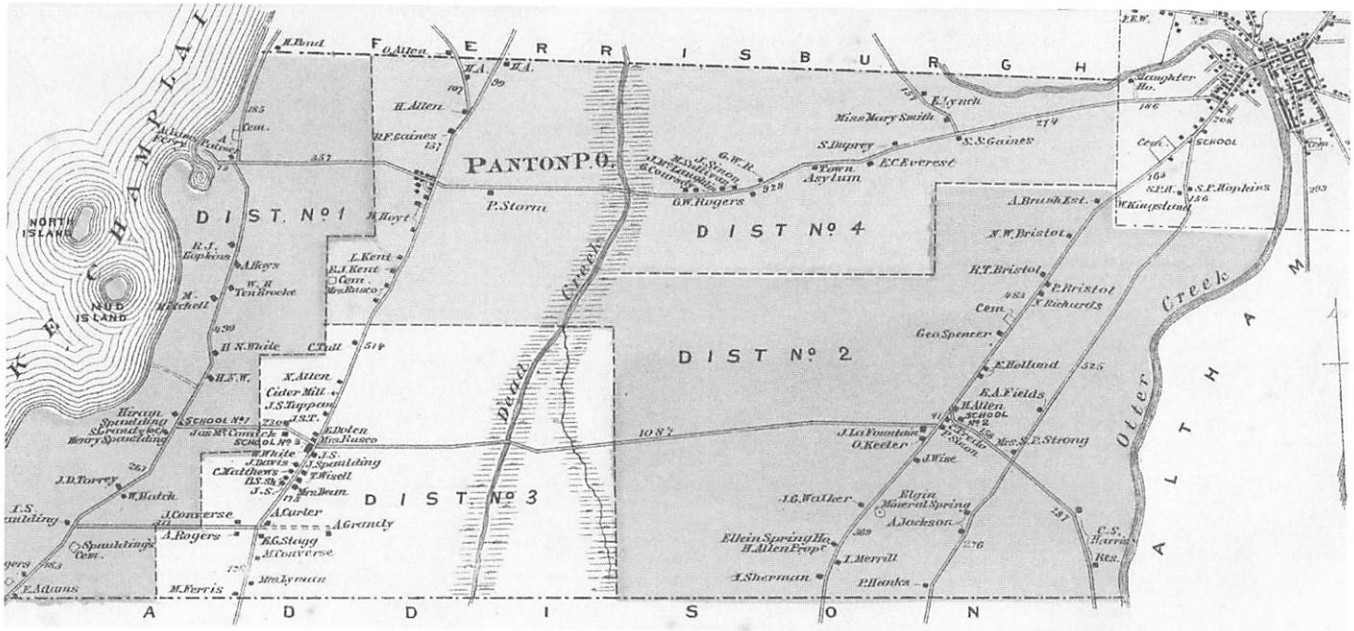
Shubael Clark, one of the landowners listed in the 1800 census, represented a different pattern. With his purchase of 100 acres in Hinesburgh in 1795, he established a farm that his extended family would

occupy until the Civil War. The Clarks were joined a few years later by Samuel and Prince Peters, who purchased land nearby and also put down roots for their children and grandchildren.[13] A third black farmer, Primas Storms, purchased land first in Ferrisburgh and then in neighboring Panton. His eight children inherited the Panton land, but most lived in the adjoining village of Vergennes, where they owned their homes and were not farmers.[14] These men and their descendants accounted for the majority of black landowners in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh during the period.

Amos Morocco also owned land, but he was more mobile. Although he was not listed in the Charlotte census until 1830, Morocco had purchased land there in 1811 and can be found in all the extant Charlotte grand lists from 1812 to 1827. He sold his Charlotte land in the late 1830s and was counted in the 1840 census in Lincoln, a hill town fifteen miles south, where he purchased ninety acres. The Moroccos stayed in Lincoln long enough to be listed there in 1850, but were selling off their land in pieces throughout the 1840s. Amos's widow, Rhoda, had moved to the nearby village of Bristol by 1860, where she, too, owned property and had members of three other black families living with her. Another black farmer, Prince King, arrived later, purchasing a seventy-acre farm in Middlebury in 1841. Although King stayed on his land for more than forty years, he did not marry and did not have children to inherit his property.[15]

Most of these early purchases were made without the benefit of mortgages. Shubael Clark used a mortgage to acquire a second 100-acre property in 1796, this one just over the Hinesburgh line in the adjoining town of Huntington. Prince Peters and Prince King also had mortgages on their farms and paid them off. Only a quarter of land purchases made by these black Vermonters before 1830 carried mortgages, but more than half did after that.[16] Black landowners also used their property to secure loans. Primas Storms's son Philip borrowed $150 from his African American neighbor Rachel Robinson in 1836, using his Vergennes house lot as security; the note was not repaid until after his death nearly twenty years later. Rhoda Morocco mortgaged her land in Lincoln twice in the early 1850s and repaid both loans promptly. Several members of the Storms family used their Panton land to secure loans. Susannah Storms relied on it for security in old age; in 1841 she deeded the property to Joseph Rogers, in whose Ferrisburgh household she then resided, "in consideration of a good and comfortable maintenance during my natural life survival."[17]

According to Jeffrey Potash's definition of a subsistence farm for an Addison County family of five,[18] these black landowners built viable



Map of Panton, Vermont, showing property of Primas Storms, from Atlas of Addison Co., Vermont *(New York: F. W. Beers & Co., 1871).*

TABLE 3 African American Farm Ownership in Addison County, Charlotte and Hinesburgh, 1790–1860

Name, Town	*Year**	*Land†*	*House*	*Cows*	*Steers*	*Horses*	*Pigs*	*Sheep*	*Oxen*
Subsistence, family of 5‡	c. 1800	*15–25*	*Yes*	*5–6*	*2*	*3–4*	*5–6*	*6*	*NR*
Shubael Clark, Hinesburgh	1830	40	NR	5	4	2	NR	50	2
Hiram Clark, Hinesburgh	1860 AC	70	NR	2		1	1	0	0
Lewis Clark, Hinesburgh	1834	45	$200	3	0	3	NR	65	2
Lewis Langley, Hinesburgh	1860 AC	60	NR	2		0	1	0	2
Prince Peters, Hinesburgh	1830	40	$77	3	0	2	NR	20	0
Jos. Peters, Hinesburgh	1839	30	$25	2	0	2	NR	34	0
Edw. Williams, Hinesburgh	1860 AC	40	NR	2		2	1	8	2
P. Storms, Ferrisburgh§	1814	40	Yes	NR	NR	NR	NR	NR	NR
Amos Morocco, Charlotte	1824–26	15–30	$50	2–4	NR	1–2	NR	10	0–2
Prince King, Middlebury	1860 AC	50	NR	3	2	2	2	0	2

*The year of the grand list from which data were taken or the 1860 Agricultural Census (AC).
†Improved acres only.
‡The minimum Jeffrey Potash estimated as a subsistence farm for a family of five.
§No grand lists survive in Panton, where the Storms family owned land for most of the period.

farms (see Table 3). Most of them had more than the fifteen to twenty-five improved acres he specified, but they had less livestock than he called for with one exception. Overall, they had fewer cows, horses, and pigs but more sheep. Some raised significantly more sheep, indicating their participation in Vermont's thriving Merino wool economy. They clearly opted to devote some energy to producing a crop for sale on the market. Lewis Clark, for example, had sixty-five sheep in 1834, and although this was a small flock by Addison County standards, it was more than ten times the six needed for subsistence. It may also explain how he acquired a house valued at $200 in 1834.

Most Vermonters made their living by farming, but some worked at other trades—as merchants, millers, and laborers. The census provided occupational information for fewer than half of the African American heads of household (44 percent) in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh from 1790 to 1860. In some years the census did not include that information and in others enumerators failed to record it. About a third of black household heads were listed as laborers, day laborers, or farm laborers. No doubt many of those without occupational data listed also worked as seasonal and temporary hands on Vermont farms. The Robinson family, whose farm today is Rokeby Museum, employed several African American laborers whose work is recorded in account books in the museum's collection. Mingo Niles, for example, was associated with the Robinsons for more than thirty years and had charge of their vegetable garden every year. The Robinsons also employed Aaron Freeman, whose family had owned land and farmed in Charlotte, and Jedidiah Emery, who lived in Lincoln and Bristol.[19] Many young farm laborers—black and white—lived in their employers' households, and they were identified by name in the 1850 and 1860 censuses. Seven young black men were listed this way in 1850 and five in 1860.

It's hard to know how precise the census occupational terms are. "Day laborers" worked at the most menial jobs and lived with the insecurity of a daily search for employment. "Laborers" may have worked by the day or on the farm, but also held mill or factory jobs. In the 1860 census, for example, six of the seven men listed as laborers lived in the industrial towns of Bristol and Vergennes, where they may have held jobs in one of the mills, tanneries, or other small industries clustered at the site of waterpower. A few of these laborers seem to have made more than a subsistence living. Although he was listed there in the 1850 census only, William H. Howard owned a home in Vergennes valued at $275 in the grand lists from 1847 to 1851 (the median home value in 1850 was $450). Primas and Pamelia Storms's sons Philip and Joseph both owned their homes in Vergennes. Their brother John, on the other

hand, was more marginally employed "as a hewer of wood and drawer of water," classic day laborer activities, according to his obituary. His death notice also described him as "unfavorably situated for mental advancement,"[20] suggesting that he was mentally disabled, which no doubt limited his opportunities. Neither Mark Roberts of Bristol nor Samuel Titus of Vergennes owned their homes, which would certainly have been the norm for African American laborers.

Three black heads of households were identified specifically as working in manufacturing trades or as mechanics: Brewster Bennett of Shoreham and Leicester, Cyrus Dolby of Middlebury, and Andrew Santee of Bristol. Andrew Santee first appeared in the Bristol census in 1830 and four years later paid $300 for property that included the "trip hammer shop and privileges thereto, it being the same trip hammer shop now occupied by said Santee." Santee was not only a skilled artisan, but was also able to purchase the shop he worked in along with the house that went with it. He remained in the Bristol Census in 1840, after selling part of his property—what was described as a house lot—in 1838, but was not listed in 1850. Thus despite having a trade and owning his own business, Santee was relatively transient.

Neither Cyrus Dolby nor Brewster Bennett owned property. Cyrus Dolby lived in Middlebury, where he was counted in the 1840, 1850, and 1860 censuses. He was identified as both a farm laborer and a mechanic, and his death record described him as a "tinker."[21] Middlebury, with its waterpower and mills in the center of town, made a good home for a man with Dolby's talents. He must have found work at the Weybridge paper mill, as he and his family lived in the Paper Mill School District in 1840. His listing as a farm laborer suggests that demand for his mechanical skills was not steady enough to support his family and that he took farm and other odd jobs as necessary.

A few young men who did not yet head their own households worked in other occupations that may have offered a chance to rise above the level of unskilled laborer. Andrew and Joseph Storms, sons of Joseph and Betsey, were working in Vergennes as steamboat cooks in 1850, and their brother Philip was employed as a clerk for Charles Bradbury, a Vergennes flour merchant. Twenty-one-year-old Abial Anthony worked as a barber in the R. W. Adams Hotel in Middlebury in 1860. Clerking for a merchant required reading, writing, and math skills, and possibly more, and could be the path to something better, if promotions were forthcoming. And barbering was one of the primary occupations of middle-class African Americans during the period.

Free blacks in the North were "no more skilled than the slaves they replaced," and historians have reported a range in level of skill depending

Mingo and Phebe Niles, pencil sketches by Rowland Evans Robinson, undated, Rokeby Museum.

on location. White workers' fear of competition often rendered black workers' skills a moot point, however, as they successfully barred them from employment.[22] This conflict played out mostly in northern cities, where the African American population was concentrated and the opportunity for skilled employment was greatest, but the small number of artisans and other skilled workmen in Addison County may be evidence of its impact in rural Vermont.

Seventeen of the 104 heads of household listed in the 1790 to 1860 censuses were women. Four of these women were widows of male heads, and another eight who had children in their households may also have been widows. Only one female household head—Rachel Robinson of Vergennes—had her occupation listed. She was a domestic servant as, no doubt, were most of the other women. Mary Ann Henry, for example, who was listed in Charlotte in the 1850 census, worked for the Robinsons at Rokeby, as did Phebe Niles, wife of the family's gardener, Mingo Niles; both women are recorded in household account books and family correspondence.[23]

The majority of black women did not head their own households, of course, so another way to discover their occupations is to look at those listed in white households. African Americans living in white households were not identified by name until 1850, and that census did not record occupations for women, but the 1860 census did. Eight of the eleven

women enumerated had their occupations identified, and all worked as servants. Presumably, some of the wives of black household heads also worked for wages—we know that Phebe Niles did, for example—but this information was rarely recorded.

One black woman apparently attained a measure of success. Pamelia Storms, who was counted in the Stevens Hotel in Vergennes in 1850, worked there as a cook. The *Vergennes Vermonter* described her as "proverbially the best cook in all the region" and asserted that "not a few of the choice dishes discussed at the Stevens Hotel were the result of her culinary experience and skill."[24] Pamelia Storms also owned property, although she was never listed in her own household in the census. She inherited land in Panton when her father Primas died in 1842, and she owned a house—and for a short time, two—in Vergennes. Her will provides further evidence of her economic success; she left Merino wool and silk dresses and shawls to her sisters-in-law and friends.[25]

Although three of the seven female landowners were widows who inherited land at their husbands' deaths, others, like Pamelia Storms, were single. Pamelia's sister Susannah also inherited land in Panton and owned property in Vergennes. Rachel Robinson purchased a house next door to Philip Storms's East Street home in Vergennes in 1834 and lived there until her death thirty years later. She was included in Vergennes grand lists from 1844 to 1869, but her home was modest. It was one of only six homes valued under $100 in the 1850 grand list.[26]

Marriage and Family

Most male black household heads in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh were married. The early censuses did not specify relationships among those enumerated, but when a man and woman of marriageable age were listed in a household, I counted them as married. Together, the confirmed and "probably" married accounted for 70 percent of heads of households. Only eight African Americans were listed in one-person households from 1790 to 1860.

Finding a marriage partner was probably not easy in a community that had such a small African American population and in which interracial marriage was socially taboo. An interesting bit of evidence turned up in a letter in the Rokeby Museum correspondence collection. George Robinson, son of Quaker abolitionists Rowland Thomas and Rachel Gilpin Robinson, wrote home from Savannah, Georgia, in 1847. Twenty-two-year-old George had a message for Aaron Freeman, who was then nineteen years old and working as a hired hand on the Robinsons' farm. "Tell Aaron I could get him a very nice wife here, either a little black, a good deal black, or as black as tar, as we

have all varieties."[27] This passage suggests not only that Aaron was having trouble finding a young woman to court, but also that he discussed it with George and George's older brother, Thomas, to whom the letter was addressed.

Aaron Freeman did find a wife, but not until ten years later. He married Rachel Williams, daughter of Edwin and Phoebe Williams who farmed in Hinesburgh, in 1857 when he was twenty-eight and she was seventeen.[28] The uncommon difference in their ages and her relative youth seems to confirm that black Vermonters faced some difficulty in forming families. It also suggests that the inability to marry and form families not only resulted from, but also *contributed to* the small (and, over time, declining) black population in Vermont.[29]

Some African Americans in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh did not find black marriage partners; eight of the male heads of household had white wives. Vergennes, in particular, was home to two or three interracial families continuously from 1820 to 1860. William H. Howard and his wife, Adalin, for example, had two children and, as noted above, owned their home in Vergennes. Still, despite this apparent success, they were there only long enough to be counted in the 1850 census.

The extended Storms family, with a total of six independent households in 1840, accounted for four of the eight interracial marriages. All but one of Primas and Pamelia Storms's five sons married white women. Their oldest son, Joseph, came of age in 1810 and was married to Betsey Myres before 1820. Brother Henry was married by 1840, to a white woman named Sarah, and lived on family land in Panton. Primas Jr., the youngest of the Storms sons, married Anna Ayres in the 1840s. Unlike his brothers, John Storms married later in life; he came of age in 1824, but did not marry until the 1850s. The 1850 census counted him in Vergennes with his elderly mother and sister. Also living with them was Mary Keller, a young white woman born in Ireland, who may have been a domestic servant. By 1860, John had a white wife named Mary and an infant son named Primas, and the family was living in Rutland. Only Philip, Primas and Pamelia's second son, married a black woman; her name was Rebecca.

If tracing African American male heads of household is difficult, tracing women, whether black or white, is even harder. Betsey Myres, wife of Joseph Storms, is the only one of these women to emerge, if dimly, from the shadows. She was the daughter of John and Chloe Myres of Ferrisburgh. John Myres owned 50 acres of land and a house, but no outbuildings, taxed at $5.50 in the 1814 grand list. Betsey's father-in-law, Primas Storms, also included in Ferrisburgh's 1814 grand list, owned a similar property—40 acres, a house, and no outbuildings—but his taxes

were only $2.00. John Myres and Primas Storms were both in the lower ranks of Ferrisburgh property owners.

Betsey Storms's four sisters-in-law remain mostly unknown. Primas Jr.'s wife, Anna Ayres, had her maiden name recorded, but I have been unable to identify her family of origin. Mary Keller, an Irish immigrant, has also remained elusive. Perhaps her marriage to an African American man twenty years her senior was the happy ending to an unexpected May–December romance. Or was it evidence of her (and his) limited options or—even worse—an unintended pregnancy?[30] Neither Sarah nor Rebecca had their maiden names recorded in any documents unearthed so far, so their pasts remain hidden.

Shubael and Violet Clark of Hinesburgh had several daughters—Almira, Phoebe, and Harriet—who might have married the Storms sons. Marriage across communities was common, indeed necessary. But Almira Clark married William Langley of Rutland, which is even further from her home than Vergennes. Phoebe married Edwin Williams, who may have been a fugitive slave, and, after her death, so did her sister Harriet. The Clarks' oldest child, Lewis, accounted for another of the eight interracial marriages; his wife, Ruth Brown, was white.

Although they were a minority, these interracial couples were not unique, and seem to have been the inevitable result of a small African American population living among whites. Unlike other New England states, Vermont did not prohibit interracial marriage. According to James and Lois Horton, New England was unusual in the number of marriages between black men and white women.[31] And all of the Addison County marriages from 1790 to 1860 were of black men and white women, suggesting that African American women may have faced even greater odds. Two of the Storms's daughters never married. And Pamelia Storms, the Stevens Hotel's legendary cook, did not marry until she was forty-five years old. Her husband, Lewis Langley of Hinesburgh, was eleven years her junior, and they were married for less than a decade.[32]

Some African Americans lived in extended households of kin and non-kin. Although this was no doubt a common practice throughout the period, the census did not record this information until 1850. That year there were seven such households. Jedidiah and Harriet Emery of Bristol, for example, had John, Mariah, and Emma Freeman in their household. And Phebe Niles and her daughter, Cyntha, formed an all-female household with Rachel Robinson in Robinson's East Street home in Vergennes. Phoebe Knight headed an interracial multi-family household in Vergennes in 1860; two laboring families, one African American and one Irish, made their homes with her. Rhoda Morocco headed the largest extended household recorded in this period. In 1860

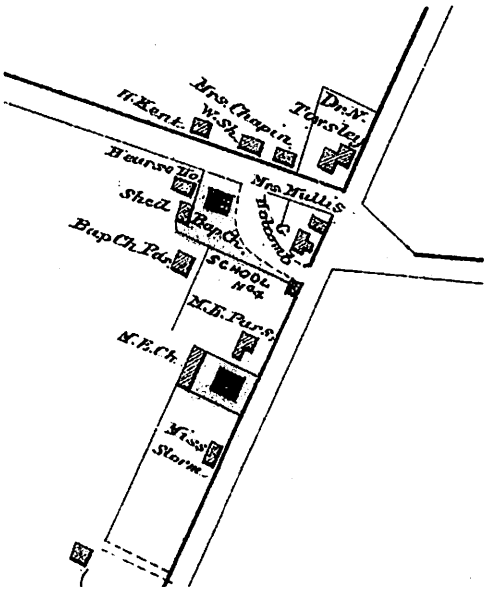
her Bristol household of sixteen included two entire families (Alonzo and Angeline Day's family of four and Eugene and Julia Crosier's family of six), four Brinton children ranging in age from three months to eight years, and thirteen-year-old Edward Nelson. An interesting arrangement turned up in the land records in Shoreham, where Sharper Allen lived in a house he had built on land owned by Cull Payne.[33]

Community and Civic Life

The franchise—the proud mark of citizenship—was denied people of color in many northern states, but not in Vermont. And the right to vote in town meeting was one of the most significant and treasured aspects of Vermont life. Strange then, that it was among the least often recorded in Addison County town records. Theoretically, all adult men who wanted to participate in town business took the Freeman's Oath and were then qualified as voters. But lists of these men were kept rarely and randomly, regardless of color. Shubael Clark and his sons and sons-in-law had their swearings-in recorded in Hinesburgh town records, as did several members of the Peters family. Four of Primas and Pamelia Storms's sons—Joseph, Philip, John, and Primas, Jr.—all voted in Vergennes town meetings regularly from the 1830s to 1850s. Indeed, Philip Storms not only voted, but was also elected pound keeper twice, in 1834 and 1835.[34]

John Jackson was sworn a freeman in Charlotte in 1844, and Aaron Freeman was so sworn in 1848.[35] Jackson owned land in Charlotte, but Freeman did not, although his family had owned land and lived in Charlotte since the end of the eighteenth century. Officially, all black male heads of household from 1790 to 1860 were free to vote. How many did cannot be ascertained from town records.

African American parents certainly understood the importance of education, and their children were free to attend school in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh. Records of district schools in Charlotte, Bristol, Middlebury, Ferrisburgh, and Panton show that many did, including those from even the poorest families. The 1850 and 1860 censuses also recorded many black children as "at school." The Vergennes schools would have counted four Storms children among their pupils in 1840 and 1850. Susannah Storms recognized the importance of education when she leased a small parcel of land—"on which the Stone School now stands"—to the town of Panton for as long as the school remained active. This school would have educated two of Susannah Storms's nieces and nephews in 1840 and four in 1860. Perhaps some of the interracial marriages noted above had their beginnings in these integrated classrooms.



Detail from inset, map of Panton, Vermont, showing locations of the Stone School, the Methodist Church, and the property of Miss Storms, from Atlas of Addison Co., Vermont *(New York: F. W. Beers & Co., 1871).*

Annual reports from 1845 to 1853 for School District 13 in Ferrisburgh present an intriguing possibility. The reports list four or five African American students every year. The odd thing is that the census listed their parents in other towns. Mary Ann Henry, for example, had two children listed in every one of these reports, but according to the 1850 census she lived in Charlotte. Similarly, Jedidiah Emery had a daughter in this school, but resided in Lincoln, if the census is correct. The clerk of School District 13 was Rowland T. Robinson, the primary leader of radical abolition in Vermont; one wonders if he made special arrangements to enroll black students in this school.[36] Both Mary Ann Henry and Jedidiah Emery worked in the Robinson household during these years.

The signatures on many documents and a few extant letters also testify to a broad level of basic literacy, or sometimes more, among black Vermonters. Andrew Storms, Joseph and Betsey's youngest child, was across the state attending the Academy in Chelsea, Vermont, in 1855. He wrote to Vergennes attorney Fred Woodbridge for help collecting on a note so that he could pay his tuition for another term.[37] Loudon Langley of Hinesburgh wrote several letters for publication during the Civil War, in which he served with distinction. Langley was both eloquent and passionate in his missives to Vermont's *Green Mountain Freeman* and *The Weekly Anglo-African,* published in New York.[38]

The church was an essential center of community life and sociability in New England throughout the nineteenth century, and Vermont was no exception. Church membership also served as a badge of respectability and a source of mutual aid when needed. The African American population in Addison County was too small to support a church of its own, but some belonged to local white congregations. Many towns had Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist congregations or sometimes a "union church" of two or three denominations. Once again, loss of records presents a barrier to full understanding, but I found that some African Americans were active church members.[39]

Primas Storms and his daughter Susannah joined the Panton Baptist Church in 1807, apparently during a revival. A church committee "visited" Primas in 1820 for absence from worship services, and he lost his membership for the same reason six years later.[40] And although records of Panton's Methodist congregation have not survived, town records show that Susannah's brother Henry Storms donated the land on which the church stands, so he no doubt was a church member.

The Clarks and Peters of Hinesburgh were also Baptists. Shubael and Violet Clark were accepted as members in the Hinesburgh Baptist Church in 1815, and many of their children were also baptized in the church. Shubael was clearly regarded with respect, as he served on numerous committees. His daughter and son-in-law, Almira and William Langley, brought a letter of recommendation from their congregation in Rutland when they moved to Hinesburgh and were also welcomed as members.[41]

African Americans also belonged to Addison County's Congregational Churches. Several members of the Storms family belonged to the Vergennes Church. Philip, his wife Rebecca, their children, and his sister Pamelia were all baptized in the late 1830s, a time of revivalism, as were Rachel Robinson and Mary Ann and Nancy Walters, from another local African American family. Andrew Storms, son of Joseph and Betsey, was baptized in 1851. Harvey F. Leavitt, who was called to minister at the Vergennes Congregational Church in 1836, also served as president of the Vermont Anti-Slavery Society during most of its existence.[42] Records of the Middlebury Congregational Church document seven African American members from 1806 to 1838, all of them women. The black congregants included Phebe Colvin, who was accepted in 1821 and later married Mingo Niles.[43]

Black and White Together?

The degree to which African Americans were integrated into community life in antebellum Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh

—school, church, town—was significant, especially when compared with northern cities. Certainly the evidence gathered here bears little resemblance to the separate galleries in churches and other public venues, legal prohibitions against voting and intermarriage, inferior segregated schools, and squalid housing that historians have documented in cities throughout the North. Leonard Curry's study of free blacks in America's fifteen largest cities, for example, chronicles a relentless round of discrimination, poverty, segregation, and harassment bolstered by occasional outbreaks of mass violence.[44]

African Americans clearly sought the support, protection, and comfort of the urban black community throughout the nineteenth century. Historians have suggested that the anonymity it provided acted as a buffer against day-to-day white hostility. But the size of the urban black population also contributed to the problem: The larger, more visible, and successful the black community, the greater the perceived threat among whites and the more pressing the need to strike back. Although Vermont put up few official barriers—it did not prohibit voting or intermarriage, nor did it mandate segregated schools—the evidence presented here suggests that by keeping white fear at bay, the small size of the black population made segregation unnecessary.[45]

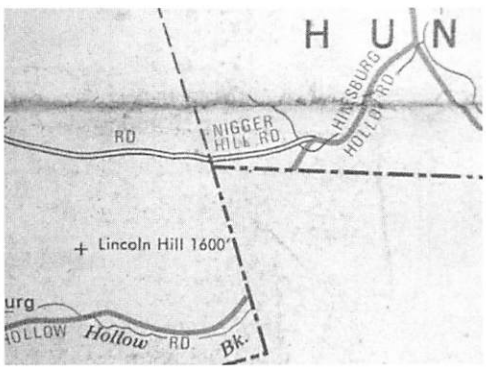
African Americans in Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh were clearly not invisible to their white neighbors, but they were too few to raise an alarm. Racial prejudice was the norm in Vermont, as it was everywhere in the United States, but the need to act it out in harsh or violent ways was reined in by the small size of the black population. As long as whites felt no serious threat, their need to control their black neighbors was kept in check. Thus, for example, when abolitionist speakers of the 1830s and 1840s were pelted with stones and eggs in Middlebury or Vergennes, the "mob" could not move on to attack black neighborhoods and institutions, as happened in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, because there were none to attack.[46] In this way, the size of Addison County's African American population was both a blessing and a curse. Too small to call down the wrath of whites, it was also too small—and, critically, too scattered—to create a viable community.

Historians have defined the "black community" as one that was large enough to support a church and some sort of mutual aid society.[47] If all 161 African Americans who lived in the area in 1810 had made their homes in Vergennes, let's say, then they might have gathered for worship or organized for self-help. But their small numbers were scattered through twelve towns that year, leaving most with few or no neighbors of African descent nearby. Although it was spread out, the black population was not evenly dispersed. There were a few what we might

call "clusters," small concentrations made up primarily of one or two extended families: the Clark, Peters, Langley, and Williams families in Hinesburgh; the Freeman, Jackson, and Morocco families in Charlotte; and the extended Storms family in Vergennes and Panton. Although they persisted through several decades, these family enclaves were not the germ of something larger or permanent. They did not continue to attract new families and expand, but slowly declined, as children and grandchildren moved away.

Ephemeral though they were in the long term, that these clusters were recognizable to their white neighbors is clear from their place names, some of which remain to remind us of their former inhabitants. The Freeman and Morocco families, for example, lived in a part of Charlotte known then as "Guinea" and recalled today by Guinea Road. A Chittenden County map distributed by a local bank as late as the 1980s showed "Nigger Hill Road" where Lincoln Hill Road crosses the town line from Hinesburgh into Huntington. And some Ferrisburgh residents still recall "nigger orchard," where the Storms family first settled.[48]

These place names suggest the kind of prejudice that black Vermonters faced in the nineteenth century. Barriers need not be legal or official to be effective, and this is where the value of public records breaks down. They tell us that four Storms brothers voted in Vergennes town meeting over several decades, but not whether they were jeered or cheered for doing so; that Cyrus Dolby's three children attended school in Middlebury, but not if their classmates shunned or welcomed them. A stunning example of white prejudice was recorded in the abolitionist household of Rowland Thomas and Rachel Gilpin Robinson. Although the Robinsons were thoroughgoing Garrisonian abolitionists, none of their four children shared their views. Their second son George, who never married and lived at home with his parents, was particularly



Detail from map of Chittenden County, distributed by the Howard Bank, mid-1980s.

resentful and outspoken. He expressed a sort of rank-and-file racism that, for George, had the extra advantage of spiting his parents.

George Robinson's sentiments were recorded in letters to his absent brother Rowland Evans Robinson in 1858 and 1859, concerning household help hired by his mother. Two white domestic workers had left and been replaced by African Americans, Sarah and Clara, in December 1858. "So you see," wrote George, "the Black Star is decidedly in the ascendant, whereby the damned niggers are more than ever impressed with the idea that we can't keep house without them . . . the rest of the family being as firm in the colored persuasion as ever." George bemoaned Sarah's departure in January 1859, "so we are out of a maid. I suppose the next move will be to get Mary Ann or Frances, unless by chance, they find one somewhere that can out-stink even them." Mary Ann was Mary Ann Henry, whose work for the Robinsons was recorded in family account books and who headed an independent black household in Charlotte; Frances was her daughter. George was obsessed with the racist notion common at the time that African Americans smelled badly and more so than whites. He said of Frances in February 1859, "I think her odor improves finely, for I can't pass within four feet of her without holding my breath."[49]

Familiarity definitely bred contempt for George Robinson, but not so for the neighboring Rogers family. This evidence comes from a diary kept by Quaker Mary Rogers on an almost daily basis from 1841 to 1848. Unmarried middle-aged siblings Mary and Joseph Rogers lived with their elderly father on their farm in Ferrisburgh. Also living in this white household, as she had almost continuously since 1816, was Susannah Storms, Primas and Pamelia Storms's oldest child. Susannah had come "to help mother" for a time in 1815 and then "came home to live with [us]" the following year. "Susa," as Mary usually called her, may have joined the Rogers household as a domestic servant, although this is not clear.[50] Whatever Susannah Storms's arrangement with the Rogers family had been, in 1841 she deeded her family's Panton land to Joseph Rogers "in consideration of a good and comfortable maintenance during my natural life survival." Then fifty-three years old, Susannah evidently wanted to protect herself should she become sick or disabled as she aged. The arrangement was dissolved four years later when Joseph Rogers deeded the land back for "$1 and relinquishment of any claim she may have had."[51]

Mary Rogers's diary is a remarkable document. Susannah Storms figures on nearly every page and seemed to have been an equal and fully participating member of both the household and the community. When she was sick, neighbors came to sit up with her, as did Mary and some

members of her own family. Susa visited various white neighbors and sat up with them when they were sick. She and Mary occasionally rode to Vergennes together to shop, deliver cheese or wool, or visit. The main focus of Mary Rogers's diary, however, was household labor, which she and Susa seemed to undertake on an equal footing along with one or two other women who did not live in the Rogers household. They laundered and ironed clothes, prepared and preserved food, cleaned house, and sewed. Susa seemed to have had a special knack for spinning and making cheese.

Susannah Storms was not the only person of color welcomed in the Rogers household. Her own relatives, naturally, were among the African American visitors. Susa's white sister-in-law Betsey and her two children stopped for dinner on their way to a religious camp meeting, for example. And Amos Morocco, an African American farmer then living in Lincoln, stopped for dinner and to stay the night on numerous occasions. The scene Mary Rogers depicted was one of comfortable and natural interaction among neighbors, regardless of race.

So which was it—grudging, nasty racism or neighborly acceptance? Both, of course. The attitudes of white Vermonters covered a wide spectrum in the nineteenth century. Most may have clustered at one end with George Robinson, but others held opposite views. Of course, the cross-racial experiences of black and white Vermonters would have been utterly different. Association with their black neighbors was a matter of choice for white residents of Addison County, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh, and most would have shunned it. African Americans, on the other hand, faced unavoidable daily contact with the majority white population in every aspect of their lives—work, school, church, store, street. And for black Vermonters, these daily interactions no doubt ranged from friendship to tolerance to hostility, which they would have done their best to navigate. Those who became respectable in the eyes of whites—the church goers and property owners—no doubt found greater acceptance than struggling day laborers.

More Questions

This initial investigation proved more promising than I anticipated and raised some intriguing questions that should be answered for the state as a whole. Many black emigrants in the early years were born enslaved in Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and New York. Some came to Vermont with owners and then gained freedom; others came on their own after emancipation.[52] Can we learn more about the transition from bondage to freedom from these experiences? What about the post-Revolutionary hope for improved race relations? One historian

found that blacks lived in more "urban" settings, even in rural upstate New York, moving from farms to towns after emancipation.[53] Were black Vermonters also concentrated in the larger villages and towns? The majority in Addison County resided in Vergennes, Middlebury, and later Bristol, but many also lived in Ferrisburgh, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh—all farming communities. And were black families in the larger towns clustered together in neighborhoods or scattered? How many African Americans across the state were able to acquire farms? Were black farmers accepted into the "network of obligation" on which rural families depended? Joanne Pope Melish argued that emancipation may have made African Americans free men, but that their white neighbors would never allow them to become freemen—fully functioning citizens.[54] Are the cases of voting documented in Vergennes, Charlotte, and Hinesburgh typical for Vermont? Were black Vermonters in fact allowed to become freemen? Was interracial marriage as common throughout the state? How were these relationships formed and how did these couples and their children fare over time?

One issue that deserves particular attention is harassment. I found no incidents like those suffered by the Prince and Brace families in Windsor and Rutland Counties—the two Vermont counties with the highest proportion of African Americans at every census.[55] Abijah Prince and Jeffrey Brace both achieved freedom after the American Revolution and eventually settled in Vermont, where they purchased land. Both had white neighbors who waged campaigns of physical and verbal harassment in an effort to drive them off their land. Lucy Terry Prince fought her family's case all the way to the Vermont Supreme Court. The Braces were less successful and eventually sold out to their tormentor in Poultney and moved to Franklin County. And the Braces faced an even more dangerous attack when a member of the Manchester Selectboard attempted to indenture two of their children against their will. Remember, the Vermont Constitution countenanced childhood slavery at this time. Lucy Prince's courage and eloquence in standing up to the white establishment earned her a celebrated place in Vermont history (and memory), and Jeffrey Brace published his autobiography.[56] How many other African American families were similarly hounded and harassed but left no record of their trials? That I uncovered no incidents in Addison County, Charlotte, or Hinesburgh should be interpreted with caution, and the search should definitely not stop here.

Notes

I am grateful to Amy Godine, Gary Nash, James Brewer Stewart, Amani Whitfield, and Kari Winter for comments on various drafts of this paper, and to *Vermont History* reviewer Elise Guyette.

[1]Arthur Zilversmit, *The First Emancipation* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1967); Leon F. Litwack, *North of Slavery: The Negro in the Free States, 1790–1860* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1961); Leonard P. Curry, *The Free Black in Urban America, 1800–1850* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1981); Robert J. Cottrol, *The Afro-Yankees: Providence's Black Community in the Antebellum Era* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1982); James Oliver and Lois E. Horton, *In Hope of Liberty: Culture, Community and Protest among Northern Free Blacks, 1700–1860* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997); James Oliver and Lois E. Horton, *Black Bostonians: Family Life and Community Struggle in the Antebellum North* (New York: Holmes & Meier, 1999); Gary B. Nash, *Forging Freedom: The Formation of Philadelphia's Black Community, 1720–1840* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1988); Gary B. Nash and Jean R. Soderlund, *Freedom by Degrees: Emancipation in Pennsylvania and Its Aftermath* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991); Shane White, *Somewhat More Independent: The End of Slavery in New York City, 1770–1810* (Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1991).

[2]The most detailed presentation is Gary B. Nash, "Forging Freedom: The Emancipation Experience in the Northern Seaport Cities, 1775–1820," in: Ira Berlin and Ronald Hoffman, eds., *Slavery and Freedom in the Age of the American Revolution* (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1983).

[3]Several works have begun to fill this gap: Kari Winter, ed., *The Blind African Slave* (Hanover: University Press of New England, 2004); Elise Guyette, "The Story of Lincoln Hill, 1790–1870: From the Dustbins of History into the Classroom" (Ph.D. diss., University of Vermont, 2007); and Gretchen Holbrook Gerzina, *Mr. and Mrs. Prince* (New York: HarperCollins, 2008).

[4]Nash, "Forging Freedom," 10, 72; Nash and Soderlund, *Freedom by Degrees,* 182, 187; White, *Somewhat More Independent,* 155.

[5]The land, school, vital, and town meeting records referenced here are maintained in town halls. "Grand lists" record information on and assess the value of land, buildings, and livestock to determine taxes owed; the exact data recorded varied from year to year. Vermont town clerks kept incomplete records throughout the nineteenth century. The Vermont Legislature enacted stricter rules for recording vital statistics in 1857, and improvement is evident after that in some towns. Survival of records is also a problem; some towns have no school records, for example, and others no extant grand lists. The only town records that were well kept and remain complete are land records, and for families that owned land and persisted through several generations, they often answer many questions. Despite these shortcomings, I was able to find information on many of these African American families. For residents of Hinesburgh, I relied heavily on Elise Guyette's doctoral dissertation, "The Story of Lincoln Hill, 1790–1870: From the Dustbins of History into the Classroom."

[6]This table and those that follow were constructed from federal census data, available on microfilm and through a number of online databases.

[7]I gauged persistence at the state level, which seemed a fairer measure. I checked to see if household heads listed in only one Addison County census were listed elsewhere in Vermont in subsequent years. I found that seven had moved within the state, and most had not gone far, settling in adjoining Rutland County.

[8]P. Jeffrey Potash, *Vermont's Burned-Over District: Patterns of Community Development and Religious Activity, 1761–1850* (Brooklyn: Carlson Publishing, 1991), 54, 83, 104; Kenneth Degree, *Vergennes in the Age of Jackson* (Vergennes, 1996), 14.

[9]Joanne Pope Melish, *Disowning Slavery: Gradual Emancipation and "Race" in New England, 1780–1860* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1998), 190–191.

[10]Alden M. Rollins, *Vermont Warnings Out, Vol. 1–Northern Vermont* (Camden, Maine: Picton Press, 1995), 26, 37, 54, 56, 60, 61, 62, 64, 65, 77, 79. Selectmen had one year to issue the warning to new residents, thus establishing the town's lack of responsibility for their welfare should it ever become an issue. Many were warned out but not actually expected to leave.

[11]Michael Sherman, Gene Sessions, and P. Jeffrey Potash, *Freedom and Unity: A History of Vermont* (Barre: Vermont Historical Society, 2004), 131–133.

[12]Cull Payne: Shoreham Land Records, Volume 2, 221; William Ferris, Jr: Ferrisburgh Land Records Volume 8, 151, Volume 3, 169, Volume 4, 225; Anthony Edwards: Ferrisburgh Land Records, Volume 7, 567 and Volume 9, 233; Noah Morris: Ferrisburgh Land Records Volume 9, 253, 286.

[13]Guyette, "The Story of Lincoln Hill," 49, 69.

[14]Land transactions of the various members of the Storms family are too numerous to list here; sales relating to their land in Panton alone include more than fifty deeds recorded in five different volumes of land records.

[15]I am grateful to Amy Mincher, who shared her considerable research on Prince King. King had a white housekeeper named Miranda (or Amanda) McHurd in his household in the 1850, 1860, and 1870 censuses. Whether she was his housekeeper or his common-law wife is open to speculation, but there was clearly a strong bond between them. Each prepared a will leaving everything to the other in 1876 and 1877, Addison County Probate Records, Volume 44, 110–116 (King) and Volume 35, 572–575 (McHurd).

[16] Sellers held nearly all the mortgages I found. A deed conveying the property was followed by a second deed recording the mortgage and detailing how the loan was to be repaid. This is in contrast to practice in the Connecticut River Valley. Randolph Roth found that African Americans living east of the Green Mountains "remained poor because they were denied credit" and that 60 percent of mortgages were held by town "capitalists," *The Democratic Dilemma: Religion, Reform, and the Social Order in the Connecticut River Valley of Vermont, 1791–1850* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1987), 23, 25. Mortgage holders included Shubael Clark (1796), George Hazard (1806), Joseph and Philip Storms (1815), Lewis Clark (1821), Prince Peters (1824), William Langley (1826), Joseph Storms (1840), Prince King (1841), William H. Howard (1846), Henry Langley (1851), Lewis Langley (1851), and George Walter (1865).

[17] Philip Storms, mortgage deed ($150) to Rachel Robinson, July 8, 1836, Vergennes Land Records Volume 5, 317. Rhoda Olive Morocco, mortgage deed ($66) to Joseph Richardson, December 21, 1850, Lincoln Land Records, Volume 7, 199 and Rhoda Olive Morocco, mortgage deed ($58.34) to Stephen M. Colby, April 19, 1853, Lincoln Land Records, Volume 7, 421. Susannah Storms, mortgage deed to Joseph Rogers and William Hazzard, March 17, 1841, Panton Land Records, Volume 6, 259.

[18] Potash, *Vermont's Burned-Over District*, 82.

[19] Rowland Evans Robinson, "Mingo: A Silhouette," in: Rowland E. Robinson, *Out of Bondage* (Rutland, Vt.: Charles E. Tuttle, 1936), 65–69; Robinson Farm Account Book, 1833–1892, Carton 1, Volume 5: Mingo Niles, 30, 1838–1841; Jedidiah Emery, 40; Robinson Farm Account Book, 1845–1852, Carton 1, Volume 6: Aaron Freeman in 1846, 1851.

[20] "Death of 'Jack' Storms," *Vergennes Vermonter*, 7 August 1868.

[21] Middlebury Marriages, Births, Deaths, Volume II, 1857–1886, 180.

[22] Ira Berlin, "The Structure of the Free Negro Caste in the Antebellum United States," *Journal of Social History* 9 (Spring 1976), 301; Horton and Horton, *In Hope of Liberty*, 117–118; Patrick Rael, *Black Identity and Black Protest in the Antebellum North* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2002), 28. Gary Nash has argued that fewer colonial slaves were trained as artisans "than historians have sometimes supposed." He also makes the relevant point that "it is impossible to know" the exact number of skilled slaves, "Forging Freedom," 15.

[23] Robinson Farm Account Book, 1845–1852, Carton 1, Volume 6: Mary Ann Henry, December 10, 1843, July 10, 1844, September 5, 1844, and July 27, 1845, Rokeby Museum, Ferrisburgh, Vermont.

[24] "Death of 'Jack' Storms," *Vergennes Vermonter*, 7 August 1868.

[25] Pamelia Storms was listed in the Vergennes grand list from 1844 to 1858 with property valued as high as $279. Her will—under her married name of Pamelia Langley—was dated October 9, 1865, and is recorded in the Chittenden County Probate Court. I want to thank Elise Guyette for sharing a copy of the will.

[26] Rachel Robinson's house was assessed at $93 down to as low as $40 over the years; the median home value in Vergennes in 1850 was $450.

[27] Aaron Freeman's work at Rokeby is documented in farm account books, see note 19. George G. Robinson to Thomas R. Robinson, Jr., Savannah, Georgia, 7 March 1847. Robinson Family Papers, Rokeby Museum, on deposit at the Stewart-Swift Research Center, Henry Sheldon Museum, Middlebury, Vermont.

[28] Rachel Williams was younger than most brides, and the age difference between her and her husband was greater than usual. The Hortons say in their study of Boston that black men married in their late twenties and women in their early twenties, and that the typical difference in age was about two years. Horton and Horton, *Black Bostonians*, 21.

[29] In his statistical portrait of African Americans, Clayton Cramer says of the small and declining population in Northern New England, "This suggests that free blacks were failing to marry and raise families." *Black Demographic Data, 1790–1860* (Westport, Conn: Greenwood Press, 1997), 36.

[30] Mary Keller's status in the Storms household is unclear. In 1850 John Storms headed a Vergennes household that included his ninety-six-year-old mother, his sixty-seven-year-old sister, and sixteen-year-old Mary Keller. Was she employed as a domestic or did she merely board with the family? I assume that she is the white Mary Storms listed as John's wife in 1860, as both women were born in Ireland. She was probably older than sixteen in 1850, however; her age was recorded as forty-two in 1860 and forty-six in 1870.

[31] Horton and Horton, *In Hope of Liberty*, 49.

[32] Vergennes Marriage Records Volume I, 997.

[33] Sharper Allen: Shoreham Land Records Volume 5, 130 refers to "my now dwelling house standing on land of Cull Pain."

[34] Vergennes Town Records, Volume B, 1814–1844, 225, 239, 261, 265–66, 271, 283, 285, 290, 299, 310, 318, 326, 334, 342, 350, 362; Vergennes Town Records Volume C, 8, 14, 20, 30, several unnumbered pages.

"A constant companion": The 1860 School Diary of a Vermont Farm Girl

Mid-century was a time of transformation for young women when education rendered them capable of earning wages in the larger world. This diary documents Alice Watts's struggles for an education, balancing this goal with her mother's labor needs on the Peacham farm and her brother's preaching for her commitment to God. She records on these diary pages her Bible reading and describes her worries, complaints, and self-evaluation.

Edited and annotated by LYNN A. BONFIELD

When fourteen-year-old Alice Watts journeyed in September of 1859 from her parents' home in Peacham to attend Castleton Seminary, she hoped to trace her older sisters' footsteps on the path to becoming an independent woman. Chastina, Sarah, and Clara, born from 1824 to 1830, were the first women in Alice's family to earn money outside the farmstead. Sarah worked at the Lowell textile mills, and her more scholarly sisters became teachers.[1] They were representative of the mid-century transition that saw women

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expanding their role in the community. Because Alice was a quick learner, the family saw teaching as a goal for her as well, but her mother was adamant that training toward that goal did not relieve Alice of her family responsibilities.[2]

The Watts farm was located in the hill town of Peacham in Caledonia County in eastern Vermont. Settled in 1776, Peacham was mainly an agricultural community with a population in 1860 of 1,247. In the section called East Part, Lyman Watts, a Peacham native, purchased a farm in 1830, which by 1860 had grown to 125 acres with a good orchard. According to the town grand list, the farm had two horses, twenty-eight sheep, and twenty-two cattle. The cape-style house, twenty-eight by thirty-six feet, had a shed and back room added in 1846 and other improvements to the kitchen and the milk room a year later.[3] To maintain the farm required constant hard work from everyone who lived there. In 1860 the household consisted of Alice's parents, her grandmother, her older brother, her younger sister, the nine-year-old son of a deceased sister, several older brothers who stopped for short periods, various hired hands, and often the schoolteacher from the district school. The men worked long hours in the fields and barn; the women, in the house, dooryard, and dairy. Alice, the oldest girl still at home, was expected to help her mother keep the house clean and orderly, prepare and serve the meals, bake bread and other goods, make sausage, wash and mend the clothes, maintain the vegetable garden, milk cows twice daily, make butter and cheese for family use as well as sale, dip candles, cut out and sew clothes, knit socks, and perform countless other jobs. Alice's mother, Roxana Walbridge Watts, supervised all these tasks, but at age fifty-seven she tired easily and looked more and more to her younger daughters for help with the endless work.

For this reason Roxana found it difficult to agree to sending Alice away from the farm. Without her, the only help Roxana had was from her youngest child, Ella, age twelve. Roxana explained in an October 1859 letter to one of her older daughters how it happened that Alice was allowed to depart. She described the circumstances as starting with the plans set out by her stepson, Lyman, a graduate of Middlebury College, who had been offered a job earning four hundred dollars teaching languages and mathematics at Castleton Seminary, about ten miles beyond Rutland.

> When he engaged to go, he made arrangements with the Principal that he could have Alice go with him and have her Tuition free and board for what it actually cost. This was all arranged before we knew anything about it and he then wrote to his Father to get his consent to have her go so . . . It was quite an expense to rig her up to go so far

> from home, she will probably not stay more than 6 months but he wants her to stay the whole year She is a first rate scholar and Lyman thinks she must go to school untill she can fit herself for a high school teacher but I dont mean to have her. So you see that it is not my lot to have any help and have to trudge alone and do the most of my work.[4]

The mother of nine children and two stepchildren, Roxana had always been eager to see all her children achieve a good basic schooling, first at the district schoolhouse located across the road from the family farm on East Hill and then at Peacham Academy at the Corner, the central village two miles west. She once described Alice, born in 1845, as "rather a wild girl, but she is an extra schollar and that is almost all she is worth for she dont want to work much."[5] As Alice grew older and was expected to take on more of the house work, family tension mounted. From her mother's point of view, a bright adolescent girl—moody and dreamy—was almost useless, and Roxana planned to correct this. But fate intervened and instead Alice went off to Castleton in the fall of 1859, leaving Roxana with all the work and little help.

Once Alice settled in at school, she resumed letter writing, one job her mother assigned her with success from an early age. She regularly wrote home and to relatives in California and in what was later called the Mid-west. In one of these letters, written in early November, she summarized her situation at Castleton Seminary to her almost same-age niece in Wisconsin:

> I have been here four months; came here first of Sept. This quarter is seven weeks longer and so that time must elapse until I see Peacham again . . . I am studying Algebra Latin French and Music had the same studies last quarter. Mother does not know I am taking Music and if you write her before I go home, please say nothing about it. Perhaps you would like to know more particularly about Sem[inary] life. It is very pleasant in some respects and very vexatious in others. Pleasant because we feel that we are improving in some respects, and vexatious because everything is so annoying we have to go to our teachers for permission to do every little thing, to go down street, to leave the park, are marked if we whisper or enter other rooms in study hours and every little trifling thing. Are obliged to attend church all day Sunday except in sickness &c. There are 217 girls board in the Sem and more than that number of day scholars so we have jolly times occasionally of course. There are six teachers and all very good ones.[6]

One of these good teachers was her brother, Lyman S. Watts. All the teachers boarded at the Seminary, so he kept a close eye on Alice and daily conversed with her.[7] Holding strong evangelical beliefs and preparing for the ministry, he sought to encourage Alice in her religious commitment. Lyman may have decided that his lectures needed to be reinforced with daily reminders, and thus at the end of 1859, he gave

Alice a diary.[8] On January 1st, 1860, Alice began her almost life-long habit of keeping a diary. Lyman had begun a diary in 1857 when in his senior year at Middlebury College, and in his first entries, he clearly stated his purpose: "Commence this diary especially to promote growth in grace. I . . . desire that I may be honest with myself and God at all times. . . . Feel great need of self examination . . . am resolved to live more as one who expects to give account."[9] He reported participating in prayer meetings, attending lectures, and listening to sermons. Lyman may have instructed Alice to follow this pattern, for in her first entry she announced her plan to "keep strict account of my progress" reading the Bible. She soon noted her desire to read three Bible chapters a day, two in the Old Testament and one in the New. At this rate she would read the entire Bible in one year.[10]

Many New England girls in the nineteenth century made it a daily practice to read the Bible, and they often kept track of their progress in their diaries. Some, like Alice, struggled with their religious convictions. Lyman, a Congregationalist, aimed to prepare Alice for "conversion," meaning commitment to God and a complete reorientation of personality to acceptance of God. The conversion experience was deemed necessary before Christians could stand up before the congregation and attest to their religious commitment. Lyman's continual lecturing to Alice exacerbated his sister's guilt at being "a lost sheep" and her fear of missing salvation. A sensitive girl, Alice was hard on herself. She struggled, as recorded in her diary, to emphasize her spiritual progress and her attempts at improving her character.[11]

Another young Vermont woman whose diary reflected these religious conflicts was Nancy Taft of Barre. In the summer of 1838 she kept a brief diary while working at a teaching position. Like Alice, she castigated herself with phrases such as "sense of wickedness of my heart" and even called herself several times "the stupid creature." She hoped "that I might spend my time wholly devoted to God."[12] Both Alice and Nancy found a diary a good place to articulate their conflicts with religious beliefs.

The practice of keeping a diary, according to historian Jane H. Hunter, contributed to the development of the "enhanced sense of self."[13] Alice accepted this purpose as she began her diary with the plan to have it describe her path of self-improvement, even progress toward becoming a Christian—the self she wanted to be. Instead, by the third day of diary keeping, she began to use it for more than character building. She saw it as a friend, "a constant companion," with whom she could share worries, complaints, and self-evaluation, even self-criticism. Her sense of self was not only her religious struggle and search for identity but also

her desire for acceptance, even love, from the people around her. Her daily concerns rather than the path to improvement became the focus of her diary.

On January 3, Alice received a letter from her mother with the news that she was needed at home. By the end of January, Alice had packed her things, said tearful good-byes to her classmates at Castleton, and returned to Peacham. Once at home, as is so often observed in women's diaries, Alice made little mention of daily work around the house. She suffered from headaches, colds, and menstrual cramps; she took cough medicine and unidentified "little pills." Like many diarists of the time, her health was a constant theme, and she wrote of being sickly. To her family, she appeared moody and depressed. Maybe as a result of her unpleasant behavior, or perhaps simply due to the family's commitment to education, her father enrolled her in the Peacham Academy for the spring term. Chartered in 1795, the Caledonia County Grammar School, known as the Peacham Academy, had a good New England-wide reputation and was where Alice's older sisters and brothers had studied. Most weeks Alice left for school, two miles away, on Monday morning after helping her mother with the wash, and returned to the farm after Friday classes, giving her the weekend to help at home. When the term ended in May, Alice again fell under her mother's supervision, but even then she did not seem to devote full time to domestic chores. Amidst the summer's "cleaning house" and "lessons in cookery," she visited friends, climbed Devil's Hill, rode horseback, picked strawberries, read novels, played backgammon, and wrote letters to Castleton friends and family members. During the summer, Alice's entries show more intensity toward her religious struggle, maybe because she had fewer activities to report.

In addition, Alice served as scribe for her father, who was elected one of three listers who evaluated the real estate and personal property of the four hundred and sixteen taxable Peacham residents. Taking advantage of Alice's fine writing skills, her father had her record these figures as he prepared the town's grand list.[14] Writing as many as eight hours some days, Alice completed the task by the end of the summer, and her work can still be seen today in the annual grand lists available in the town office.

One of the summer's outings was a trip in August to St. Johnsbury, the county seat located about twenty miles from the farm, to attend the Vermont Teachers' Association meeting. The teachers passed a resolution that Alice surprisingly did not note in her diary: "That when qualifications are equal and equal services are rendered, male and female teachers should receive equal compensation."[15] Although Alice wanted

to be free of domestic duties, she had not yet recognized the fight for women's salary equality in her chosen profession.

By early September, she was back at the Peacham Academy where her brother, Lyman, had been appointed principal. Once classes began, she roomed during the week near the Academy with him and her younger sister, Ella. No longer did she have the valued companionship of her close classmates and favorite teachers who had graduated or left in the spring. Once more she was cocooned in her family and felt the loss of independence she had previously enjoyed at Castleton and, to a lesser degree, at the Peacham Academy.

In November, in one of the few entries noting affairs outside her immediate world, Alice predicted the election of Abraham Lincoln as the country's president. She showed little excitement, although the landslide vote in Peacham for Lincoln, 138 votes out of 186, must have been celebrated in the town.[16]

As the end of the year approached, Alice's entries became increasingly infrequent, fading out entirely in mid-December. In her final entry, she looked back asking, "Have I made any improvement in any thing this past year?" She answered, "I doubt not" and added that she felt she was still in a "slippery place." These closing comments may have been a recognition of her failure to keep her diary as a record of character improvement and Christian commitment rather than a description of daily activities and small concerns. She also might have been acknowledging that her unspoken desire for independence remained unfulfilled. She still faced the tugs by her mother for her to learn domestic duties, presumably for her future as a housewife and mother, and by her brother to follow Christian teaching and commit herself to God. The main theme of her 1860 diary was the struggle between her personal desire for an education and the family and cultural expectations she experienced daily. Alice Watts is representative of the transition farm girls made as they strove toward fulfillment and independence.

Transcription of the 1860 Diary of Alice Watts

In transcribing this diary, the editor has followed the standard documentary editorial practice of retaining the original spelling, capitalization, and punctuation. To improve clarity, added words and names appear in brackets. Speculated words are in brackets with a question mark. The date line for each diary entry has been standardized to the left margin in brackets. See the Appendices for full names and vital dates for family members and students and faculty at Castleton Seminary and Peacham Academy.

Alice Watts, 1863, three years older than when she kept this diary. Photograph by Gage's Portrait Gallery, St. Johnsbury. Private collection.

[Sunday, January 1, Middlebury] At Castleton. Many friends, warm and true, I doubt not, have wished me "Happy New Year"—and may I so conduct myself that I shall not regret the actions of my life in 1860. Attended church this afternoon; for first time in five weeks. Have commenced reading the Bible again, and may this little book keep strict account of my progress. My Diary will be a constant companion for this present year (Providence permitting) and I expect to find much pleasure in writing upon its now unsoiled pages. May it not be a record of sorrow or shame, but of pleasure, happiness and improvement.

[Monday, January 2] My little book can receive the record of no very magnanimous deeds performed to day. I have recited in Algebra and French, after trying hard to get excused from the latter. Have written two letters,[17] and to morrow must write two more. Have omitted one thing, almost unpardonable; viz; to thank Sarah Perkins for her nice little New Year's present.[18] Intended to go into my Latin class to morrow: but may not. How fast this term has gone! Only three weeks more, and then "Home again once more" for Alice.

[Tuesday, January 3] Have spent the most unhappy day, that I have known in Castleton. Mother wrote me to come home: Sadness was caused more by the suddenness of the request than any other reason; have written home to beg a few "days of grace" and I sincerely hope they may not want me. Have recited as usual to day: Miss Johnson a friend of last quarter called on us this evening. Second class in Shakspeare read to night Called on Miss [Sarah] Perkins to night: also assisted Lottie & Libbie in Arithmetic.[19] It is snowing fast this evening.

[Wednesday, January 4] Another day has passed as usual: the same dull routine. Attended exercises as usual; and the prayer meeting in Mrs. [Frances] Knowlton's room.[20] It was fully attended: more so than generally as nearly all of the girls were present. Read Shakspear an hour in class. Had a new part assigned me; viz Polonius. Was Horatio at the last reading. Instituted a vain search for my lost articles of clothing A school girl's life is monotonous unless

one can use books for fun and study likewise. Such chances will never come but once and it behooves us to "improve them well."

[Thursday, January 5] There is a lamentable dearth of any thing to write in here. Must be rather egotistical to night and write entirely about myself. For one year I have told people my age as "Fourteen" but if I am spared until the morrow shall call myself "Fifteen." Well, I only hope I may better improve the next year (should I live to enjoy it) than I have the past year "old 59." A kind friend says " 'tis the last time you'll write in your fourteenth year" How true, yet sad it seems. She gave me a little ash leaf candlestick saying playfully "to light your path next year." I'll always remember her Lena [Ehle].[21]

[Friday, January 6] My birth day. Am fifteen. How short seems the time when I was but ten, and wished I was as old as I now am. Have been sick all day, and bodily, my birth-day has passed rather unpleasantly; but friends have been kind and I have spent the day more agreeably than otherwise. My dear friend and room mate presented me with a useful as well as valuable gift and a comical little toy—a whip—which has chastised me many times to day.[22] My brother [Lyman S. Watts] is at a party in the village at Mr. Moulton's. Hope he may enjoy himself. Have been absent from school exercises of all kinds.

[Saturday, January 7] Attended exercises in chapel this morning. Several gentlemen from Middlebury were present, who frightened the lady readers nearly out of their wits. Mr. [Carlos] Sherman staid with my brother [Lyman S. Watts] last night, and to day I went down and saw him.[23] Mr. [Stephen] Knowlton talked like a saint in meeting to night. Have recd no letters to day; wanted some very much however. It is raining to night, and there is a prospect of a stormy day to morrow. Miss [Mary] Hawthorn (our nearest neighbor) is sick this afternoon.

[Sunday, January 8] Have not attended church to day; as it was rainy and very disagreeable walking. Attended Bible class this eve.[24] We have commenced to read Job. What a model man he was; "one who feared God and eschewed evil," Yet "whom the Lord loveth, him He chasteneth."[25] To night is the Monthly S[abbath] School Concert. Could not go, but would like to. Mr. [John] Williams is with my brother this eve.[26] Last night it rained quite hard, and it is very warm now Lena has gone to meeting and I am all alone. Must read my Bible and grow better. Would like to be at home to night. Imagine I would not talk but a little.

[Monday, January 9] Have'nt any thing to write to night; for to day has been more than usually melancholy and sober. Has been very warm all day and so pleasant. The little boys enjoy it; for they have coasted so much down the Sem[inary] Hill that a foot passenger's life is hardly safe. Walked as far as the store to day. Enjoyed it very much. Mrs. K [Frances Knowlton] gave us of the second table a certain lecture on propriety Hope we shall all profit by it, but doubt it. Shall receive a letter from home to morrow, and then shall know whether or not I can stay the rest of the quarter.

[Tuesday, January 10] Got a little "fache" [French word meaning angry] in Algebra class to day, and therefore acted as I ought not, and in a manner that I am now ashamed of, and sorry for. My letter from home did not come to day, so I am still left in suspense as to whether I can stay "yet a little longer." Assisted the girls in Arithmetic and Algebra some If to day is an index of

October, we certainly shall have a mild time for it has been very pleasant and warm. September will also. Have not walked out to day.

[Wednesday, January 11, entry in schoolgirl French translated to English] It was very nice today; yesterday it snowed and also rained. We read Shakespear tonight and Mr. Knowlton gave me the character of Hamlet. He criticized me very much, and I was quite upset and angry also at myself. I have been to all my classes today; but I did not have a single good lesson. I have not received any news from home today and I am afraid that my parents are ill. Mr. Charles sent me another letter and I was very glad to see it. I wish that I could see him but it is not possible now.[27]

[Thursday, January 12, entry in schoolgirl French translated to English] Tonight I received some news from my sister [Clara Walbridge Rogers] in California and her family.[28] She is fairly well but angry that she has [not] received any letters from home and has waited a long time to hear. I was in the park today and had a very good time. I am very sleepy and have to go to bed now.

[Friday, January 13] Have been writing a composition this evening, an imaginary one, in rhyme How I'll succeed is more than I know, but cannot do any better than "my best." Have been in Miss [Tavo] Baker['s] room this evening and had some fun.[29] Had no letter from any one to day, guess I am about forgotten by every one. Quite cold to day and oh! what a wind. Cannot read my three chapters in the Bible to night as Lena is hurrying me to bed. She goes Monday. Dear girl, how sad it will be then for me especially.

[Saturday, January 14] My poor, little soiled book you are sadly neglected. Look at the oil upon the corners. "Accidents will happen" even to the most careful. Had very good chapel exercises this morning. Went to the book store got a little book for Lena. We of the "Third Hall" will miss her sadly. Sad for me for I never expect to see her again. Have had no letters to day. Think my friends must have deserted or forgotten me Must read in my Bible and retire.

[Sunday, January 15] Attended church this forenoon. Dr. [Willard] Child preached.[30] Sab[bath] S[chool] teacher was gone, and a stranger heard the lesson. Read in my SS book in the afternoon Went to Bible Class this evening. Lena, the dear girl goes at 6 o'clock to morrow morn How lonesome it will be. Could not read in the Bible to day for there were so many in to say "good by" that I could not consistently. Pretty way to ease conscience, that.

[Monday, January 16] As Lena said last eve, I must write in my diary "she's gone." Poor, dear girl! Oh! I so much hope she may have a pleasant journey and free from all trouble. I got her last kiss. Dear girl. I once thought it would be impossible to love any one as I do her. Have been the happiest with her, that I ever was. No letters, and no prospect of any. Must read 8 chapters to night Miss Newman, one of the girls stays with me to night. A little more than a week, and I'll see Peacham. It is all gas to talk of the "frailty of school-girl attachments" for I know it to be false.[31] Au revoir.

[Tuesday, January 17] Not much to write to day. Received the long looked for letter from home Mother is sick and Grandma has burned her hands by falling on her stove. Lib [Goodwin] is there yet or I do'nt know what they would do.[32] Answered Dustan's [Walbridge] letter to night. Miss [Emma] Lee got a letter from Lena; at Saratog[a.][33] Got her Ambrotype copied, to day and now can see her. Have written Some on my composition, but it is not yet finished. Must read write and retire. Au revoir.

[Wednesday, January 18] Read Shakespeare in class to night We finished the play. I read Laertes and Fortinbras. Attended prayer meeting this eve. No letters. Girls are all busy and fearful in expectation of examination days, which are close at hand. I was absent from class so much during my sickness, that I expect to fail, and shall be disappointed if I do not. Worked the dreaded 31st in Algebra on the board to day.[34] Poor Lena is riding now for dear life, I expect.

[Thursday, January 19] Have had some dispute with my brother [Lyman S. Watts] to night concerning keeping late hours. Told him I must study, and he as persistently said I should not. Have not decided whether to do right or go to studying. AAG's birth day.[35] Wrote to her a long time since, but have not yet received an answer. Walked with the girls to night down to the depot. Libbie & Sarah Perkins called on me this eve. Must go there Sat.[36] Examination has not yet excited any dread or fears in my mind, but some of the girls are nearly crazy.

[Friday, January 20] Am some tired to night, as I stood nearly two hours, listening to the rehearsal for the concert. Read Miss Heman[s]'s Poems[37] to night in Miss Baker's room. I suppose this is the last Friday night I shall spend in the Sem[inary] for some time, perhaps the last. Mrs K gave back my composition to day. Suppose I shall read to morrow morning. There were many corrections in it, and I was obliged to copy it. Not a letter yet. Six more nights in Castleton Girls apprehend mischief brewing, as they have seen enough to excite suspicion.

[Saturday, January 21] Miss [Carrie] Needham had my ambrotype taken to day; as she wanted it very much. Read my composition this morn in public. It has thawed rapidly to day, and is very bad in the streets. Roads are full of water. Went to Dr [Joseph] Perkins' this afternoon and staid in the evening. Had a very pleasant time; good supper nuts &c. Played dominoes. No letter from Warren B. yet; so we will go home by B[ellows] Falls. Took my ear jewel to Preston's to day, to have it mended.

[Sunday, January 22] Attended church all day, for the first time in many weeks. Dr Childe preached this morning from Psalm 51..13 In Matthew this afternoon. Had a very good Bible Class. Read the last chapter of Job. Commenced to write to Lena but have not finished. Mrs K, Carrie Adams, and Lyman talked with me concerning my religious feelings. Oh! if I was only half as faithful for myself as others are for me, I would be a Christian very soon Miss [Mary] Hawthorn stays with me to night. Au revoir.

[Monday, January 23] Have been to Mr. [Hervey] Higley's this evening with Lucy Blake.[38] Had a very pleasant and agreeable time. Ate corn, apples, &c Only two nights more in C[astleton]— French is examined to morrow. I fear that I shall fail, and so shall not be disappointed. Received a paper from Annie Hoxie to day, but no letters.[39] It has been very pleasant to day, warm and beautiful. I ought to write to Lena to night, but am now tardy as 'tis after bells.

[Tuesday, January 24] Can write but little here to night, only that I defer my three chapters, until I go home or, rather, until to morrow. Was examined in French to day Missed two questions. Went to Kimball's concert to night. Ticket .20 cts. Very pleasant sing. Wrote to Lena to night.

[Wednesday, January 25, Rutland] Franklin House, at Rutland. Left the Town Hall at C[astleton]—about an hour ago, while [George] Mietzke and Abbie

[35] Charlotte Town Records, Volume 3, 124, 154.

[36] I am grateful to Jennifer Staats for calling these school reports to my attention. They are housed in an unmarked document box in the Ferrisburgh Town Clerk's office.

[37] Andrew Storms to F. E. Woodbridge, 2 April 1855, Weeks Collection, Stewart-Swift Research Center, Henry Sheldon Museum, Middlebury, Vermont.

[38] James Fuller, "The Letters of Louden S. Langley," *Vermont History* 67 (Summer/Fall 1999): 85–91.

[39] Substantial records of the Congregational and Baptist Churches in Charlotte survive, but I could identify no black members in either congregation; both sets of records in possession of the Charlotte Congregational Church. I found almost no records of Methodist Churches during the period; a transcribed list of members in North Ferrisburgh in 1842–1843 showed no African American names.

[40] Records of Panton Baptist Church, Book I, 1794–1817. Pages are not numbered, but entries can be found readily by date; Susan Storms, October 3 and 18, 1807, and Primas Storms, December 5–6, 1807. The records of Primas Storms's discipline are August 31, 1820, and September 2, 1826; records in possession of Panton Baptist Church.

[41] Guyette, "The Story of Lincoln Hill," 59–61.

[42] Records of Vergennes Congregational Church, Volume I, 1793–1846, 207, 209, and 230; Volume II, 1846–1862, 186, 190, 192, 200, and 219; records in possession of Vergennes Congregational Church.

[43] Records of the Middlebury Congregational Church, Volume I, 1790–1853, 17, 20, 22, 24; records held by Stewart-Swift Research Center, Henry Sheldon Museum, Middlebury, Vermont.

[44] Curry, *The Free Black in Urban America*; Litwack, *North of Slavery*; Horton and Horton, *Black Bostonians.*

[45] Emma Lapsansky stresses the importance of black success in "'Since they got those separate churches': Afro-Americans and Racism in Jacksonian Philadelphia," *American Quarterly* (Spring 1980): 54–78. The Hortons also comment on the relationship between the size of the black population, its perceived threat, and white hostility, *In Hope of Liberty,* 9, 28, 103, 209. See also Melish, *Disowning Slavery,* 134, 137.

[46] Leonard L. Richards, *"Gentlemen of Property and Standing": Anti-Abolition Mobs in Jacksonian America* (London: Oxford University Press, 1970). Richards sees anti-black violence as an outgrowth of anti-abolitionist violence, an assertion Melish disputes, *Disowning Slavery,* 199.

[47] Horton and Horton, *In Hope of Liberty,* ix, 149–150; Nash, *Forging Freedom,* 73 ; Harry Reed, *Platform for Change: The Foundations of the Northern Free Black Community, 1775–1865* (East Lansing: Michigan State University Press, 1994).

[48] William Wallace Higbee, *Around the Mountains: Historical Essays about Charlotte, Ferrisburgh and Monkton* (Charlotte, Vt.: Charlotte Historical Society, 1991), 26, 65, 122. Higbee says of Guinea, "so called on account of the numerous colored folks who answered to the name of Morocco."

[49] George Robinson had a drinking problem as well, and it was a continual source of conflict with his parents. For letters quoted, see: George G. Robinson to Rowland Evans Robinson, 26 December 1858, 9 January 1859, 30 January 1859, 21 February 1859, and 27 March 1859, Robinson Family Papers on deposit at the Stewart-Swift Research Center, Henry Sheldon Museum, Middlebury, Vermont.

[50] Mary Rogers kept her diary in ten small booklets made of paper folded and sewn. She seems to have been copying over old notations and in the middle of 1842 (Volume 2) began adding entries from 1811 to 1816, when she was a student at Nine Partners, a Quaker boarding school in Dutchess County, New York. Her entry for April 24, 1816, says, "Susannah Storms came home with me to live with us and she staid with us till the [blank] of 2nd month 1828 and I think she was never absent more than three weeks at a time all the while that was only once a year when she would go home to do some work for herself she would go home and be gone once in a while two or three nights at a time sometimes only one day but not often." Susannah Storms was listed in her own household in Ferrisburgh in the 1830 census; what her living arrangements were and why she left the Rogers household, I have not discovered. Mary Rogers Diary, Volumes 1–10, Rokeby Museum, Ferrisburgh, Vermont.

[51] Vergennes Land Records, Volume 6, 259, 372. Mary Rogers commented on this in her diary, although she did not explain why Susannah took this step. "Susa gave Joseph & William Hasard a deed of her land and went to Panton to carry the deed to be recorded & went and informed her parents what was done and Joseph went and brought her things from there in the evening." Mary Rogers Diary, Volume 1, 17 March 1841, Rokeby Museum, Ferrisburgh, Vermont.

[52] A few black Vermonters arrived as slaves in white households; how they gained their freedom remains obscure in most cases. Mingo Niles, for example, was born enslaved in Rhode Island and moved to Ferrisburgh as part of the Champlin family. He was living independently by 1810. Primas

and Pamelia Storms and three of their children were enslaved by Platt Rogers and came with him to Vermont, but were listed in their own household in 1800. Town histories report that Rogers intended to free the family at his death, but that the task was left to his children. I found nothing in the record to support or refute this, as no will or estate papers survive. One wonders what these men intended by bringing slaves into a state that had outlawed adult slavery. Did they expect to keep them in bondage somehow? Or were they prepared to grant them freedom? Ferrisburgh records document the freeing of two slaves, Frank Negro and Harry Collins, in 1797. Abel Thompson entered quit claim deeds to both men, relinquishing "all right and title I have or ever had to said Frank or his service of time as a slave." Ferrisburgh Land Records, Volume 4, 171, 172.

[53] Kathryn Grover, *Make a Way Somehow: African American Life in a Northern Community, 1790–1965* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1994), 27.

[54] Melish, *Disowning Slavery,* 119–120.

[55] The University of Virginia Library maintains a web page with tables and maps showing the African American population in each county for 1820 to 1860 at: http://mapserver.lib.virginia.edu/php/newlong2.php.

[56] Gerzina, *Mr. and Mrs. Prince*; Winter, *Blind African Slave.*

[Kent] were playing their duet. I hated to come and leave the girls very much, but the one is gone and so I did'nt care so much. Almost failed in Algebra this morn—yet not quite. Wish I could see Annie Hoxie to night. I guess we would have some fun. Have a cold to night and my throat is some sore. My Bible is packed away and I cannot read, but I can pray, which I feel as much like as anything.

[Thursday, January 26, Peacham] "Home again, once more"[40] Arrived here about three hours ago. Rode up in the cold, wind &c, and when I got here, was nearly starved and frozen. Left Rutland at 4½ oclock this morning. Got to B[ellows] Falls at about 9. Took breakfast in the eating room at the depot. Left there at half past 12, and got to Barnet at 5 o'clock. Every body and thing seems old and familiar. I am sleepy and shall not read to night; so I am minus nine chapters.

[Friday, January 27] Attended a "spelling school" at our old school house, this eve.[41] It is sad to see how some of my friends and old schoolmates pay so little respect to a teacher as to have no decency in manners or language towards him. C[harles] Brown is dead and Father and Mother have gone to Cabot to funeral, and also to some business affairs.[42] Can not read to night but mean to make it all up tomorrow.

[Saturday, January 28] Went to "singing school" to night at the Hollow conducted on the do-re-me-fa-sol principle.[43] Got very tired and cold. Came home found Father & Mother here, back from Cabot, and Brown's (not John) funeral.[44] Father is to be one of the commissioners, I think. Our school has not kept to day. Lyman is practising chopping some, and I guess rather too much for comfort. Heard from Lena She gets to Homer to night I think Wrote from Covington, Ga.[45] Have read six chapters, so I am now minus nine, which I must read tomorrow.[46]

[Sunday, January 29] Went to church in "old Peacham" for the first time in six months. I always liked Mr. [Asaph] B[outelle]'s style of preaching, but it seems singularly stale and insipid now, after hearing Dr Child discourse theology so long. Dr Packer preached this afternoon.[47] His style was different from either of the above mentioned divines, but to day I could see nothing to admire in his discourse unless it was "the truth" which is more tasteful to me than formerly. What a brute I am! Worse even "than the heathen," as Lyman truly said in S[abbath] S[chool].[48] Every one seemed glad to see me, and I did not know before, that I had so many friends. Am minus 3 now.

[Monday, January 30] Am glad that I shall not have to write that I am behind in reading the Bible, for to night I have caught up. Washing day. Helped do "house work" and am some tired to night. Went to the corner with Father to day; got a calico dress and some other fixings. Got more cold and am quite hoarse now. Fear I may have a cough, which I very much dread. It is very cold weather now, although there is poor sleighing. How my back aches!

[Tuesday, January 31] Seem bound to have a cold all this vacation, or at least, to try it. Am some tired to night yet I did nothing through the day unless to help Mother some. Father went to Cabot as commissioner to C Brown's estate. K Goodwin came out to day after Lib [Goodwin]. Aunt [Ruth Parker] is sick and so she was obliged to go home. There was a singing school to night at the Hollow but as it has snowed all day, thought I would not go, and so did not.

[Wednesday, February 1] Went to Mr [Jacob] Way's this afternoon and took tea.[49] Isaac [Watts] Ella [Watts] & myself went to the Hollow, to Uncle's [Asa Sargeant].[50] Had a very pleasant time Lyman met us there. Jennie [Sargeant] was gone, but came in before we went home Read two chapters in the O[ld] T[estament] but omitted the one in the new [Testament] Got a new dress to day of a peddler.[51]

[Thursday, February 2] Just finished a letter to O[ctavia] G Baker Father has got home from Cabot. He brought home a good many things from [Charles] Brown's estate. It has been warmer and pleasanter to day than it was yesterday. Julian [Rix] has been quite unwell, so much so that Mother feared he would have a fever, as his symptoms seemed to indicate that.[52] Our German is back again to night.[53] Have four chapters to read and then must retire. Am very tired, more so than I have been for a long time. Sewed some on a skirt for myself. Prospects are rather dark as to going back to C[astleton]—

[Friday, February 3] Lounged about all the morn. Started for Harvey's in Barnet at 2 o'clock. All were gone, and so Lyman and myself went to Wm Gilfillan's. They were all gone, also, and so we spent the afternoon at L[eonard] Varnum's.[54] Had a very pleasant visit. Intended to spend the evening at Uncle Elijah's [Sargeant] but the young folks near us got us up a "surprise party" and so we passed the evening pleasantly at home.[55] Dustan came home, and it is the first time I have seen him.[56]

[Saturday, February 4] Guess it is not decided to let me go back to C[astleton]—with Lyman, but stay at home. No one knows how much I love the dear place. Perhaps if my parents did, their decision would be different. That $70. paid for my bills, will cause me more unpleasant thoughts than any other, save that dreadful ever-present overwhelming thought which causes me so much misery and which I do not get rid of.[57] If I could be rich, for two years only. Vain, fruitless, foolish wish! But I know the folly of getting riches, save for some good purpose. Have not read any chapters to day.

[Sunday, February 5] Have been almost sick to day. Have the head ache and in fact an ache all over. Did not go to church. Lyman is at the Corner, addressing a meeting. John Morse came here and staid to supper.[58] Dustan went to Water St. to night. Cold is no better, and if any thing worse.

[Monday, February 6] Cold no better; perhaps worse. Has thawed considerably to day and the roads are improved for travelling. Haven't done much, but there has been enough to do, in fact. Am afraid Mother has done too much. Dustan came home to night, to go to Danville with us in the morning.

[Wednesday, February 8] The opposite page [February 7] must remain a blank through the year; as I was at Danville and so did not write or read in the Bible. Have read the six chapters to night. I went out with Dustan and Ella with Lyman and we had a very good visit. Had honey, corn, chicken pie, bake chicken &c. Am having fine times coughing now, as it nearly uses me up. Pretty bad off. Came home to day and had a nice ride it was so warm and pleasant. Aunt is almost sick, Uncle [Thomas Parker] good natured as ever, and Lib the main spring of the whole.

[Thursday, February 9] Sewed to day on my dress. Canada folks have not come Lyman went to Temperance Lecture to night at the Corner Have written to Lucy [Blake] and Lib [Staples] and received a letter from M[ary]

Hawthorn with my sash enclosed It is very warm to day, but my cold is no better, if anything it is worse.

[Friday, February 10] There has been a dress maker here to day, working upon our dresses[59] It has stormed and blowed all day, and to night is very blustering My cold is worse. Got a $1.00 bottle of "Weeks Magic Compound" for my cold.[60] Hope it may do good but doubt it. John Morse came here to dinner. Have begun a letter to Carrie M. N[eedham]—but shall not finish it now, as it is time to retire.

[Saturday, February 11] To night am unwell bodily with my "old complaint" but mentally I feel much better only a little sad. Received a letter from Tavo. She wrote a very affectionate message, and it makes me feel that I have at least one friend. Sadness is caused by the thought that I can not go back to C[astleton]—with most of the girls. What a plague poverty is! Wish some good fairy would aid me just now. Have begun to take some Homeopathic medicine for my cough which is not better.

[Sunday, February 12] Did not arise "this morning" until afternoon. Have read and reread Octavia's letter. What a good kind girl she is. Lyman has just been preaching to me concerning religion. I am terribly wicked and never expect to be any better No, I expect to, truly; but there seems no prospect. Could not go to church to day

[Monday, February 13] Feel better bodily this morn. My cold is no better but I do not cough any now. Mr & Mrs Nutt came here from Bradford this afternoon Have written a long letter to Miss Baker—little OG. Several girls owe me letters. Sewed on my dress some but not much. Mrs Brownell is coming to morrow again

[Tuesday, February 14] St Valentine's day, according to ancient reckoning. Have been at home all day, and sewed considerable; so much that my finger is pretty well pricked Ike Ella and Julian went to the Hollow to a singing school. Lyman is also gone Father looked for a room for me to stop in this spring. Engaged one at Capt Blanchard for me and perhaps Arabella [Sargeant] will room with me.[61]

[Wednesday, February 15] O, were it possible now for me to do any thing to enable me to do as my wishes, speak any sacrifice would be comparatively easy. What a blessed thing a good education is! The prospects are not very bright in that direction yet "all is for the best." Have sewed to day and one dress is done; the other nearly. Has been pleasant to day, but is much colder to night. My cold is much better thanks to Homeopathy doctrine.

[Thursday, February 16] Scolding and fretting from Mother; impatience from me; remonstrance on Lyman's part and an insight into "how we got our education" by Father are the regular exercises of the day. Mrs Brownell has gone home and Mrs Wheeler is here in her place. It has snowed all day, and is blowing hard now. Rooms are secured at Blanchard's for our accommodation this spring,[62] unless the folks scold so much there is no going any where, which is a very probable result. Have not read my chapters to day. Negligence!

[Friday, February 17] Went to Mr [Nathaniel] Hardy's to night and spent a short time with Abbie.[63] From there went to Uncle Elijah's where we had quite a pleasant visit. Francis [Sargeant] was up, alone, and I rode home with him. It is very cold and I got very chilly, tho't I was freezing several

times Lyman tipped over, and I came near being "spilled out." Roads are drifted some and it is bad travelling

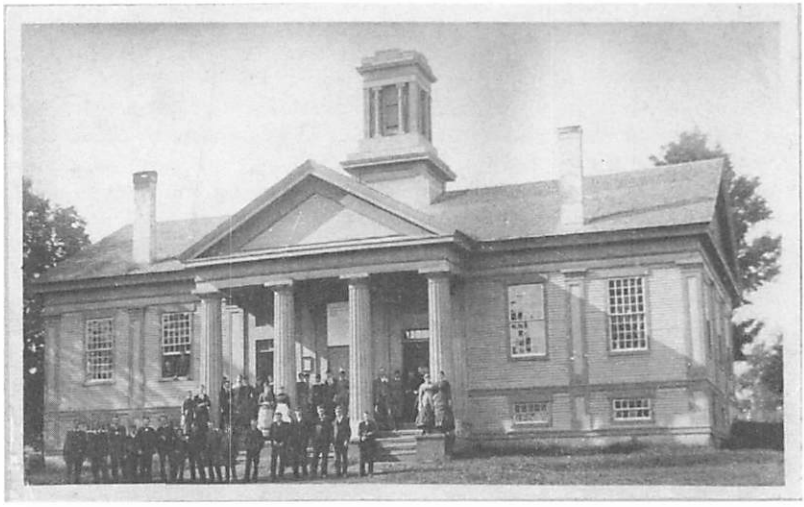
[Saturday, February 18] [ink spill] That looks neat I must confess! Carelessness! Helped bake to day. Dustan came home, to night, and I have done nothing. No letters Is snowing now, and there is the prospect of a storm.

[Sunday, February 19] It stormed so badly that none of us went to church but Lyman. Wind blows quite hard now. Lyman talked over old times with me, and I cryed so that my eyes ache

[Monday, February 20] I've just been looking over my diary, at what I wrote in C[astleton]— See, now, the folly of acting as I have, about writing in it. It has seemed a task often and oftener acquitted as such. Hope I shall better improve, both communications and penmanship Cousins from Uncle A[sa Sargeant]—s came up and spent the evening with us. Have been packing and picking up things to go to the Corner tomorrow.

[Tuesday, February 21] Am, and have been cross and willful all day. Obstinate as a mad person CCGS. commenced to day its spring term.[64] Went out but exercises occupied but a short time. Have a much pleasanter room than I imagined. Weather has been warm. Went to singing school, to night. Were but few present, and had rather an uninteresting sing. Lyman goes to morrow Left my dress with Mrs Brownell to fix. Did not read my bible to day, so I have another –3 down.

[Wednesday, February 22] Room at the Corner; 9 o'clock Cousin Belle [Sargeant] is sleeping by my side now. Have been reading Corinne to night.[65] Studies for this term will probably be Latin French & Philosophy.[66] It has rained hard this eve, and did some through the day. It has seemed as long as three weeks to night and twice as lonesome. Lyman started for Castleton this



Peacham Academy as it looked in 1843–1886. Private collection.

morning. Is in Ludlow probably at this time. Have minus six chapters to night.

[Thursday, February 23, entry in schoolgirl French translated to English] I am my father's very bad girl, and in fact the whole world's. I was at school today and I did all my lessons fairly well but not very well. I read five pages of Corinne this evening and I liked it very much. I hoped to read two pages in an hour, but it is very difficult. It rained today and the roads are full of water. I have not read in scriptures for three days. It is certainly very wicked of me. I read six chapters and I have only three more.

[Friday, February 24] At home: Have burned my fingers, and neglected to read my chapters so I am minus six now. It is very icy and the roads awful to travel. Was home to supper and it seemed good It is ten o'clock and surely is my retiring hour

[Saturday, February 25] Cousin William Watts and wife came here this after noon[67] and I have not read or studied any. Guess my lessons will come out minus next Monday. Went up to Way's to night Have not read in the Bible. I'm an awful wicked thing, not to. Minus 9 chapters ce soir.

[Sunday, February 26] Went to church all day. Mr B preached from Heb 11..30 in the forenoon. It was rather touched with slavery and politics. Went to Mr Way's this eve, with Cousin William & wife & Isaac. Had a pleasant visit but it was hardly a Sunday call. It has been very cold to day and I was nearly frozen when we got to the meeting house. Have only read my five regular chapters and am as before minus 9.

[Monday, February 27] Can hardly call this to day as the clock sounded 12 "midnights holy hour" while I wrote the first word. It is awful wicked in me to "sit up" so late but I got engaged with "Corinne" and read late then learned my Latin lesson. Alice Packer was in here to night. Got my "express" from New York to night; Ella has the best prize 6.00 for which I am truly thankful. Have neglected the Holy Book to read a novel. What infatuation! Sad indeed Minus 9

[Tuesday, February 28] Warm all day and rainy at night Wet under foot and is very bad travelling. Dustan came up from Water St and spent the evening with me. Belle is at home or rather at singing school to night. Have not studied much to night and therefore trust there may be clemency show[n] in classes to morrow Minus six to night

[Wednesday, February 29] Has rained to day as usual, and if it was bad under foot yesterday it is awful now. Went over to Mr Lee's with Miss [Mary] Ladd and we three got our French lesson out. Got a letter from Abbie Kent to day. It made me not homesick but almost sick of home. How much I love Castleton and long to be there. Have read six chapters to night and I have minus three, which I must make up to morrow.

[Thursday, March 1] Have read the amount that I was behind in reading in the Bible. Has rained to night hard Got my French lesson but no other to night. Sent letters to LM Howard and Lyman this morning. Got a real loving forgiving kiss from Miss [Lucy] Perry to day. She is a dear good soul and I like her much. Wish I could hear from OGB[aker]—It seems to me that she might write me soon

[Friday, March 2] Have but little to write and that little must be quickly written. Recited in Latin, only to day, as this afternoon the school was adjourned

to attend "preparatory lecture" in the church.[68] Alice Packer came here this evening. Belle has gone home, and I must stay alone. Got a letter from Tavo, and answered it a little while ago. She writes splendid letters and I wish I was only half as smart and good as she.

[Saturday, March 3] At home. It is cold and the wind blows very hard. Helped bake to day, after coming home Roads are awful from here to the Corner. Have not read my chapters to night and must put down –3 again. Had hoped that might not be again this year but I am at it again.

[Sunday, March 4] How poorly I have improved this Holy Sabbath—God and my own conscience hear abundant proof. Have read in the Bible as usual and some in "Sketches of Life," but nothing in it has done me any good.[69] I am farther from being a child of God than I was one year ago. Then I was first awakened and for one year has the spirit of God striven with me. But I continually grieve it, and will not give up wor[l]dly pleasures for true and lasting happiness. God help me. If another Sabbath could but find our rejoicing in His love I shall be sufficiently happy.

[Monday, March 5] At our room again. Has snowe[d] some to day, but is cl[e]ar and the moon shines so brightly, making the snow sparkle. It seems as if I must be out and leave books and sleep to themselves Left word with [John M.] Martin to send for a Corinne and so perhaps I shall have one sometime.[70] Dustan came and said "good bye" as he leaves in the morn for down to B[rattleboro]—

[Tuesday, March 6] Exercises as usual to day. Such a beautiful night! Moon light has been, and is now, enchanting. Girls have been to singing school at the Hollow, but I dared not walk so far No letters, but perhaps there will be some in the morning Dustan left to day. It is nearly 11 o'clock and I must retire, but O how I want to hear from Lena.

[Wednesday, March 7] Sleepy, oh how sleepy. Have caught myself dozing over this stupid Latin verb every other minute for an hour or so This eve and last present a great contrast. Last eve it was beautiful moon light Now the wind howls, it snows and is otherwise disagreeable. Well, good night to lessons, and I am so sleepy I cannot read—

[Thursday, March 8] About 11 o'clock and I have only studied enough to read three or four Latin sentences. Have sewed on my sack all the evening, since the Misses [Margaret and Marietta] Clark went home.[71] A peddler down below bothered us an hour or so and so I am behind with every thing. My hopes for to morrow are all centered upon waking early in the morning. Minus 6— Recd a letter from Lyman

[Friday, March 9] Can just see enough to say that I am alive but very sleepy. Corinne came to night Went to a second Congress at the Academy.[72] Awful going and I am sick. Didn't get any letters. Must go to bed. Finished my sack, and learned some poetry, and am minus 9—chapters.

[Saturday, March 10] At home. Folks all in bed and I ought to be. Walked over from the Corner to day, and I am some tired as I have not used my pedestrian powers much lately. Recited some of Mrs Heman[s]'s poetry "No more" in the Academy.[73] Have not read to night and am minus 12— Have studied some and tried to write on the discussion but could not do much

[Sunday, March 11] Dear little book! truly my duty to you is and has been much neglected. You show marks of haste and ill storing. Could not go to

church to day, so I staid at home and listened to an animated discussion of conscience and evil genius, as to whether I must read some stories. Conscience conquered and to night it has again although it seems as if there was no other time for the exercise "Remember the Sab. day to keep it holy" saved me, I trust. Have read in the Bible and am now on a level with time again.

[Monday, March 12] Almost 11 o'clock. How this evening has gone. Messrs [Roney and William] Harvey brothers and [Clark] Bovee came up here staid an hour or so. Were all perfect strangers. Such impudence! Great fools! Am very sleepy and have not got a single lesson but I have studied some on Latin Can not read to night.

[Tuesday, March 13] Have written to Abbie Kent to night and also a note to Lyman. Had poor lessons and have a prospect for more to morrow, as I have not studied a word to night. Must however Minus 9—

[Wednesday, March 14] Went to first meeting of Literary Society.[74] Did not enjoy it for I thought of other things. Great God! Will thou not bless me this night. Minus 5—

[Thursday, March 15] Beautiful day! So pleasant and I have been happy. Strange word for me and sounds unfamiliar. I can hope just a little that I am a child of God and beloved by him. I shalt be happy I am confident. Went to see Hattie [Guy] this evening.[75] Had a very good visit, and Hattie is my friend She said so—and I believe it. Eyes ache badly to night and I am sick. Am minus 3 chapters now.

[Friday, March 16] Have lounged about on the little settee in the corner, all day. Could not go up to school and have been down stairs only once. Have been pretty miserable but feel much better to night. I have some kind good friends yet, for to day got a letter from Lena and this evening Isaac has just brought me two more—one from Miss Lee and from Sarah Perkins. Good letters both of them It was kind for them to write Jennie Cowles and "my mother" came to see me to night.[76] "Second Congress" met as usual Am minus 3.

[Saturday, March 17] At home. Feel pretty smart to night but had trouble in going up to school it made my head ache so badly. Such a beautiful day. Walked to the school house tonight and really admired Nature very much. Had some sap and intend to "sugar off" enough to eat to morrow.[77] Am minus 6 chapters—going down hill again.

[Sunday, March 18] At home as usual. Did not go to church to day Has been a beautiful day but I have illy improved it. Am well to day, and have had some sugar—first in 1860. Hope I may get up early to morrow as my lessons will be minus if I do not. Have read my portion in advance and also those in arrear to night.

[Monday, March 19] Have studied hard all the evening but my lessons are unlearned Well, I do'nt wonder that memory refuses to perform her office and that I dont "get crazy." Is very bad travelling now. Lizzie [Way] & Augusta [Martin] called in the evening—Belle has gone out. I must write a composition before Friday. Wish I might dream out a good one. Drooping eyelids and dull lamps warn me to retire.

[Tuesday, March 20] Have written to Dustan to night. Got a letter from Lyman to day. No news. Eunice is married to night[78] A friend is staying with me. Have got my lesson and read

[Wednesday, March 21] Literary Society met again to night. I recited some poetry—and next week must read the paper. Had a very good meeting—discussion was quite interesting. Milton [Blanchard] died to day—at about 10 o'clock this forenoon.[79] I cannot realize it. It does not seem possible yet so it is. Skeptical and proud! Poor fellow! May he be happy hereafter is my earnest prayer. Did not read to night and am minus 3

[Thursday, March 22] Got a letter from Tavo and a note from Kittie to day Gould Whitelaw & cousin Joseph [Sargeant] called in this eve. Has been very cold and snowy—and the wind blows.

[Friday, March 23] Got a letter from Dustan to night Went to Congress and staid long enough to hear myself appointed one of the "Editresses" for the next week. More work. Have written to Lena to night and have not read in the Bible so again Minus 3

[at bottom of the page] X[80]

[Saturday, March 24] Went to singing school to night. It was a perfect bedlam and put me in agony some of the time Abbie [Hardy] came up to see me this afternoon—had a very good visit. Came home to day in a sleigh. Have not read in the Bible to night and am again Minus 6

[Sunday, March 25] Poor Milton's funeral. The unfriendly cold earth has a new treasure and a dear one is forever removed from the sight of his friends. God comfort the mourning Could not go to funeral and did not wish to either. Can feel his loss just as much. Have read in the Bible to night and wish I could say "My Lord and my God."

[Monday, March 26] Went to a Panorama of New York City to night, in the chapel[81] Had such times. Pretty good however. Rode over this morning from home. Roads are very bad. Can not read tonight. Minus 3—

[Tuesday, March 27] Has been very pleasant to day Wrote the editorial for the Literary Society this evening. Girls came for assistance and so I must help them. Have not studied a word and my Latin lesson remains to be learned, if it is nearly 10 o'clock. Bother on that Society. Now for Latin. Minus 3—as usual

[Wednesday, March 28] Just finished a letter for Lyman. Read a paper at the Literary Society which met as usual to night. Head aches—am nearly used up—but must go to bed. Minus 6—

[Friday, March 30] Read the "North Room Echo"[82] at the Academy to night, and soon as possible went to see Jennie Cowles and Miss Perry. Had a nice visit, got home 9½ o'clock. Doors were locked and I start[l]ed Belle from pleasant slumbers to let me in. Came from Uncle Asa's this morning. Is very warm and the roads are bad. Have not read to night. Last night I forgot to write in here so another blank page.

[Saturday, March 31] At home. Came over on foot this morning. Roads are better than one week ago. Am tired and have written over two hours for father this evening.[83] Ache all over and my throat is sore. Got a letter from Abbie Kent to day. Returned my library book. Can not read to night.

[Sunday, April 1] It is wicked for me to spend Sabbath as I have this one. O God! forgive it though I ought not to be forgiven. "April fool" Has rained and snowed Did not go to church. Have read 8 chapters in Acts to night but am still minus a number of chap.

[Monday, April 2] Have written two letters to night. Augusta [Gregory] and

Dustan will be happy recipients Had good lessons to day for a wonder! Have a bad cold Has been very cold to day worse than winter. Am alone Belle is not coming after this and I am "Monarch of all I survey"[84] Eyes ache Can not read.

[Tuesday, April 3] 10 o'clock. Dear little book—so many pleasant yet sad memories are connected with its purchase. I have not fulfilled my duty with it. Will reform however, with help. Got a letter from Lyman this morning. Is well Has been very cold to day. Studied this evening on Latin but have not learned my lesson. Copied a piece for LS [Literary Society]. Have been reading some to night—and now have –9 chapters in the Old T[estament] to make up while I am +7 in advance in the New. Bon soir.

[Wednesday, April 4] Literary Society met again this eve. Went up, but the meeting was not interesting as some of the others have been. Have not studied this evening and shall have poor lessons for morning Trust to wake earlier. Wrote to Sarah Perkins to night Warm and pleasant to day and it has seemed almost a task to study in doors. –9 +6 X

[Thursday, April 5] At home. Went to Congress to night came home through the mud and water with Isaac[85] No school until next Monday—Good! Has rained and is very foggy now but worse –11 +5 Got letter from Carrie Needham

[Friday, April 6] Is hardly proper for me to write in this to day for it is now tomorrow Annual Fast Day.[86] Went to Uncle's [Sargeant] this afternoon and to Varnum's in evening Had a pretty good time So pleasant as it was coming home! Such beautiful moonlight. –13 +4

[Saturday, April 7] Went to the woods and enjoyed a "sugaring off." Was very pleasant. Miss [Lucy] Perry called—rode up to the door this afternoon. Have learned two lessons for a wonder but <u>that composition</u>. Made some <u>cake</u> to day—my first attempts in culinary business for a long time. –15 +3 I am very negligent not to read but—

[Sunday, April 8, Easter Sunday] Has rained and snowed, and I could not go to church to day. But worse than staying at home is the manner in which I have spent the day viz reading newspapers—trashy flimsy concerns O I am <u>so</u> wicked. To spend this holy day in such a way, and not take time to read the Bible. May God help me to do differently is my sincere prayer. Enable me to live more holy and "<u>nearer to Thee</u>."[87] –10 +1

[Monday, April 9] Aching almost sightless eyes—a brain minus any lessons for tomorrow—a tired body and an uneasy conscience will be my description of Alice to night. It is 10 oclock Went to Miss Perry's room with some other members of the "LS". Made some assignments for the last meeting. Came from home this morn—Is very bad going. If I could dream out another composition. Trust I shall. Will read then I am –9 OT [Old Testament].

[Tuesday, April 10] Have finished that much-dreaded composition and can retire with an easier conscience but ever so much shame. I make a fool of myself every day but dont see as I can well avoid it. What a windy night. This morn it was beautiful the sun rise birds &c. But now the wind howls and seems as desolate as I feel. "I do not care to sleep" but it is nearly 11 and I must Got no letter to day, but some papers for father. Must read –9 OT.

[Wednesday, April 11] Came home from a "sugar party" at 10—read those fables in an hour and am now ready to retire. Wrote to Miss Lee to day, and

took it to the P[ost] O[ffice]. Handed my composition to Miss Perry to day. Have had good lessons for me.

[Thursday, April 12] Just finished a letter to day Went to "Literary Society" this eve. Had a not very good meeting but passed however. Were interrupted by some boys from without. -5

[Saturday, April 14] At home came from Mr Hardy's this morn. Is very cold and the wind blows hard Have written six hours or more for Father— Did not write yesterday, nor read and do not to night

[Sunday, April 15] At home. Have written to Clara [Walbridge Rogers] to day—the first letter on the Sab[bath] for a long time Did not go to church to-day Has been very windy indeed Will [Brown] & Lyman [Brown] were here to supper[88] -2 -2

[Monday, April 16] 8¾ o'clock. Have partly learned my Latin lesson, read in the Bible and am now about to finish a letter to Kate at C[astleton]. Begun it this eve and must finish. Did not have a letter last week—something unusual Came from home this morning Has been very cold and windy to[o] windy. Eyes are some tired to night but better than last week.

[Tuesday, April 17] Attended a concert by the brass band from Marshfield held in the Academy. Was pretty good. I have not read to night but will in the morning if I live

[Wednesday, April 18] Went to the Literary Society Got engaged—angry—excited &c Did nothing but dispute No letters either— Am sleepy and must retire Trusting the Providence to awake me early tomorrow.

[Thursday, April 19] Have just finished a letter to Lyman— Went to lecture at the Academy by Dr. Crosby from Wells River.[89] Subject birds. Was very good Has been very beautiful to day—so warm and pleasant Striking 10 o'clock

[Friday, April 20] At home. Went to congress and read Jennie's [Cowles] part of the paper—she being sick Came home with Isaac Did not attend examination but read the Atlantic Monthly with Miss Perry & [C. O.] Thompson.[90] Went to Dea. C's [Chamberlain] to night.[91] Have not read.

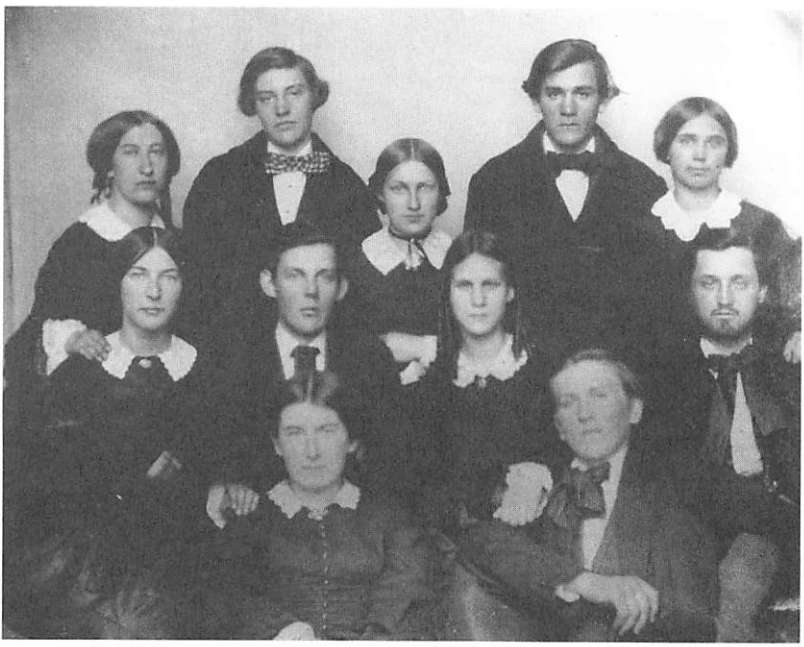
[Saturday, April 21] Frank [Gould] and Miss Perry called up to day while I was writing for my life. Have written 8 or 9 hours to day for Father. Em Harvey came over—went back Got two letters from Lib Staples & Dustan— Did not read to day -2 days

[Sunday, April 22] Attended church to day Heard two good sermons from Jn [John] & Hebrews Feel sick almost and must soon retire Have read 6 O[ld] T[estament].

[Monday, April 23] Did not go out to school this morning as Mother was sick and I staid at home to help. Have written on that old [Grand] List again until it is nearly done. Went up to Mr Way's a while Studied Latin some— Do not read to night

[Tuesday, April 24] At the corner again. Have been to the rehearsal to night performed my lot poorly, rest did well. Am kind of sick and shall soon retire even if my paper is unfinished and my lesson unlearned— Do not read to night

[Wednesday, April 25] Literary Society met again grand parade. Fiddlestick [Esdy's?] the fair attended Stay at Dea C's with Laura to night. Head aches and am sick—vraiment Do not read Heathen. [Four crosses pencilled across bottom of the page]



Alice's Peacham Academy classmates. Daguerreotype, ca. 1857. First row: Augusta Martin, Joseph Merrill. Second row: Jennie Cowles, Francis Cowles, Tirzah Guy, Hinkley Hamilton. Third row: Flora Blanchard, Elsie Choate, Martha Stevens. Fourth row: Francis Sargeant, Frank Gould. Private collection.

[Thursday, April 26] Have been to ride with Frank Went by the pond to Mr. Abbott's. Such a beautiful road The prospect is enchanting. Is pretty cold to night and I am not very sick but some Have read four fables. I am a wicked wicked girl to study all the time and neglect reading but I must retire now—eyes ache Do not read.

[Friday, April 27] Have just got home from a ride with Frank & Elsie [Choate].[92] Went to "Congress," heard the paper got the key and went to music room where Elsie played some for me. Started for home and met Frank who took us to ride. Such beautiful moonlight. Enchanting! Had pretty good lessons to day for a wonder. It has been windy but is pleasant to night. One week more, and the term closes. Shall be sorry after all Get no letters from anyone Should think Tavo might write. –4+7

[Saturday, April 28] At home again. Had a horse back ride to night. Have written two letters—to Carrie Needham, and Martha [Way]. Came home this forenoon. Has been a beautiful day—warm Do not read to night.

[Sunday, April 29] Staid home from church to day—all the rest went. Has been a very beautiful day so still and quiet. How good the Lord is to give us

Sabbaths But I do not improve them, I do so wickedly. God help me to do better. Got a letter from Miss Lee to day. I read 13 chapters in O[ld] T[estament] –3 N[ew] T[estament] now

[Monday, April 30] At the Corner again. Have been down to Water St. to night—called on Mrs. [Eliza] Lynds—had a pleasant chat.[93] Went to the P[ost] O[office], but no letters. Well I ought not to complain. It is beautiful out to night—so warm and pleasant. Would like to ride Shall probably in the morning Have been collecting Got $6.50—pretty well. Do'nt read to night.

[Wednesday, May 2] I see another blank page—to continue so through the year Yesterday I went to Jennie's [Sargeant] wedding at Uncle's—from there to Barnet and saw them off.[94] Got home at noon—well tired out. Went to ride at night and staid with Elsie after attending meeting Went to Convention this afternoon[95] then "collected." Have seen all but three— Had lots of calls to night— Frank G has just gone. It is a splendid evening—clear moonlight, would like to ride. Have not read to day.

[Thursday, May 3] Am as tired as I care to be to night. Have been to "Devil's Hill."[96] Splendid prospect but not so good as "Bird Mountain" in Ira. Have got $10.00 from the girls—and must start at 5 o'clock to morrow if I can be ready— Must prepare for it. Do not read.

[Friday, May 4] Went to Montpelier with Frank to day and selected a present for Miss Perry. Got very tired on the way, but got ample paid for going To night bade "good-bye" to scholars and teachers. Mr. T[hompson]—talked so nobly—it is too bad we must leave him—or he leave us Was very sorry to say "good bye" to Miss P—but it could not be avoided. I am very weary and will retire. Got a letter from Tavo. Do not read.

[Saturday, May 5] Came home this morning at 11 o'clock. It has been very lonesome and I know what is my destiny for the summer—to work and bear scolding. I am very hasty and impatient but I can not stand such talk and long for companionship Dustan came in to night Is Mother's birthday[97] Have not read any.

[Sunday, May 6] Attended church to day. Mr. B[outelle] preached from Rev. 6..2. Good sermon. Was communion to day. Solemn ceremony! I wanted to join with them to show to the world my faith and hope in Christ—but was not fitted.[98] Heaven help me I will be—want to feel that I am a christian and have a share in that great love which he showed for all. It was very warm to night and very pleasant. How I would like to see Miss Perry. Read 7 chapters O[ld] T[estament]—

[Monday, May 7] Have been out to the Corner this afternoon—it hardly seemed natural. I was so lonesome, but after all I'm at home and must stay contented. Went up to Mr. [Simon] Blanchard's to night.[99] I have worked a little to day—just enough to know how it will seem all summer. Well, my lot is an easy and happy one compared with many others and I must strive to do good and see if home cannot be made a little more pleasant and fewer scenes of disagreement occur! Have read three chapters O[ld] T[estament].

[Tuesday, May 8] Have just got a letter from Augustus [Walbridge]—short, and full of business. Began a pair of stockings to day. We have been washing and I worked until I was tired enough any way. Got some sleeve buttons—and had my head examined. My motto (according to Will [Brown]) is to "hold

back" for I progress too rapidly.[100] [French words translated to English] I have read four chap[ters]—O[ld] T[estament].

[Wednesday, May 9] Wrote to my brother this morning Have been sewing to day and reading Longfellow a little Got very much interested in his writings. Have nothing to write to night—but I have just read "See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh."[101] God help me to ever remember & feel that. 4 chapters read.

[Thursday, May 10] Why am I so weak, and delaying always the important subjects of which I think so much. I feel to night as if I could give up every thing—renounce all for Christ—at least I think so—but if I could repose this freely to night—I should but mock such feelings on the tomorrow. I do want to be good, and I know my behavior is very displeasing to dear Savior who loves me so tenderly. God help me to live for thee 4.

[Friday, May 11] Got a letter from Miss [Laura] Tenney and one from Lyman to night. May God bless the instruction given in each to my dismal welfare 5.

[Saturday, May 12] Not much to write, only I am tired as it is 9½ o'clock must retire. Have been writing to Lyman to night. Made some pies to day. Warm and pleasant I do not succeed as well as I had hoped in my efforts at self control, but will hope for the best. Have succeeded better than usual though. Have read but not by course so am –3 again.

[Sunday, May 13] Attended church to day. Mr. Bradford preached from 1 Cor. 13..1–3 and 2 Cor.[102] Have been thinking to night and I will not live in this way longer—I must feel differently. Augustus came to day.[103] Read for to day.

[Monday, May 14] Dustan and Augustus left this afternoon. Have sewed some to day. Went down to see Elvira [Sargeant] to night with Abbie [Hardy]. She is sick and I am too, feel pretty miserable. Have read one fable and so neglected my Bible –3 to day. Am 21 chapters behind in all

[Tuesday, May 15] Am trying to solve some of the mysteries of house keeping now. Have tried it some to day and feel its effects in almost every bone. It has been cooler than for some time, to day, but no rain. Have not heard from the P[ost] O[ffice] this week, and owe so many letters, I am ashamed to wait for more. Am trying to live differently, to lead a better life and thus feel "nearer My God to Thee." I need strength from Him to do it, and dear Savior grant me that strength. –20

[Wednesday, May 16] Am tired to night. "Cleaning house" does not agree with me, I know. Have been out to the Corner and called on Elsie, Hattie [Guy], and Ellen [Cowles] saw none of them, but had good chats with the rest of the folks. It has almost rained to day, but not quite succeeded. Have read my fable and am getting to like Latin very well. –20

[Thursday, May 17] Have worked in the yard nearly all day, and am pretty well tired out, now Rode off with Abbie [Hardy] to night and did not get back in very good season. Have not read my fable to day, and none in the other Book. –23. Just two weeks ago to night I was on "Devil's Hill" How fast the weeks pass, and to me they are the most important of my life, and yet filled with indecision— Terrible! Fearful!

[Friday, May 18] Another day gone! Have wrought some, read and studied some, and thought more. Frank & Elsie came over tonight and stayed a short time. Elsie leaves to morrow. Have read a fable "and so forth." –20

[Saturday, May 19] Went to "quilting" this afternoon.[104] Had a pretty good time. It has rained some to day, and all Nature seems to profit by it. Every thing is fresh green and beautiful. –23 My little book fares hardly now. I must not so neglect it, for it has been a faithful companion of '60.

[Sunday, May 20] Mr. Wellington preached two excellent discourses from Heb. 11..4 and Matt 5..16.[105] Saw Elsie again and said "good-bye" for the last time.[106] I will not (so help me God) live all my life an alien from Thee. I will come and accept one for the love which Christ bore for me, Suffering and dying that I might live. God aid me by thy Spirit to live near and for Thee, and help me to control my fiery passions is and shall be my earnest prayer –19

[Monday, May 21] It has been cold to day. Was quite a frost last night so that this morning many plants and other fresh things were touched by it. Have worked some to day and am tired. Dustan came home to day. Elsie went this morning. –22

[Tuesday, May 22] Made some pies to day; am getting to be quite a cook Finished the fable this eve and shall begin History soon Like latin better than I ever expected to. Has been pleasant to day—but not warm yet. Told stories with Dustan to night –25

[Wednesday, May 23] Have written to Tavo to night. Head aches considerably on account of varnish[107] Very pleasant to day. I can not think what to write in my book to night so I must give you my benediction and retire. –24

[Thursday, May 24] Had a horseback ride to night short but stirring. Nellie went admirably. Stopped to see Lu and Lib. Has been pleasant as usual to day. I have taken to knitting as if my life depended on it.[108] –21

[Friday, May 25] Wrote to Miss Perry to night Got my ambrotype. Is very late. Do not read.

[Saturday, May 26] Went out to the Corner on foot, this morning. Got a letter from Lyman to night. It is cold and windy now, and seems like rain Have begun to take little pills again. Hope they may do me good. –12

[Sunday, May 27] My God, Thou who aidest us poor weak sinful mortals to abide by resolutions made in Thy fear, and with reference to Thee, help me, and strengthen me to live more to and for Thee. Increase my faith and love, remove all lingering doubts, and enable me to control my passions so that I may bear patiently with the errors and weaknesses of others. Bless me, even me, O my Saviour, and grant me more of Thy Spirit for Christ's sake. Wrote a note to Lyman.

[Monday, May 28] Am tired enough at least to go to bed. Washing days are sore times for me. Make me sore at least. I read yesterday for to day.

[Tuesday, May 29] Am sick to day—have done nothing but knit. –3

[Wednesday, May 30] And sick again to day. Got two letters from Abbie Kent and Sarah [Perkins] Am getting to be a great knitter. Has rained to day. –6

[Thursday, May 31] Have had more to write for the "Grand List" of Peacham Have worked considerable to day for me. Have been reading Hiawatha[109] aloud this evening, and so neglected my other Book. –9. Am pretty well now.

[Friday, June 1] Has rained finely to day Commenced a letter to Elsie but it is not yet finished Frank & Merritt [Hunt] rode up to night and we made

arrangements for the "company letter."[110] This is the worst week I have known this spring for—shame upon me—I've been ashamed to confess my Maker before men. Can God forgive me yet, after all the wickedness I have shown Him? "Yea, for He will abundantly pardon."[111] What blessed consolation. –7

[Saturday, June 2] Went to the Hollow afoot to day—got some tired. It has been a very pleasant day, and we had a beautiful sunset to night. Crimson purple and blue, delicately blended Frank and Francis [Sargeant] rode over and I sent Elsie's letter with the "partnership letter." Such splendid moonlight. –10

[Sunday, June 3] Went to church to day. Mr. Boutelle preached from John 8..36—a very excellent discourse. Was very warm and we took a walk with cousin Joe [Sargeant]. How wickedly I have spent this holy day God knows—and I know that as soon as I search for Him with "the whole heart" He will forgive such—and help me to do better –10

[Monday, June 4] Went to the Hollow to day. Got my dress cut. Stopped to tea at Mr. Willey's. Commenced another of "Grace Aguilar's" stories to night[112] Dustan has gone away again. –10

[Tuesday, June 5] Have done a heap of house work to day—an abstruse science truly, but a field for great exertion. Mother had an "old folk's party" to day. June training day.[113] –9 Daisy.[114]

[Wednesday, June 6] Went to the P O this morning and got a letter from Tavo. Dear good girl! Found my first clover to day and mean to preserve it until next year if I live! O! may my wish be realized—more than realized if I may be permitted. Aunt [Ruth Parker] went home to day. –7. Clover.

[Thursday, June 7] One month to day Miss [Laura] Tenney wrote me but her letter yet remains unanswered. Carried Em home to day and gave Alice a short ride. Ironed to day and got well tired out. It is raining now and I hope we may have a good rain. Got my dress done to day. –3

[Friday, June 8] "Cleaning house" is hard work as my aching limbs might amply testify. Has been much cooler to day than for several days past. Walked up to Mr. Way's a few minutes completed my call. Got a locket of Will, and commenced my other stocking. Two important events in my life. I know it is wicked but –3.

[Saturday, June 9] Another week has passed and soon another Sabbath will dawn. But am I any nearer being a Christian than ever? Great God! I know I neglect Thee—know I am ungrateful and unthankful for all these blessed privileges but Thou wilt yet have mercy. O! it is terrible to delay by trusting in Thy mercy. Forgive it Lord for Christ sake. Mr. [Uriah] Miner died to day[115] –6

[Sunday, June 10] Attended church to day. Mr. B preached from 2 Chron. 16..9 and Canticles 6..10. Very good discourses they were. Had been terribly windy and rained some to day. Got some new question books for Sab[bath] School. "There is no peace on earth saith my God for the wicked" but "Incline your ear and hear" for "whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out" and "my yoke is easy and my burden is light"[116]

[Monday, June 11] Am just home from Mr. Hardy's Made a call took a walk and then came home. Has been very pleasant but windy to day. Wrote to

Miss Lee. Am having a nice sore finger for company.[117] Mr. Miner was buried to day. Did not go to the funeral— -3 Clover Red

[Tuesday, June 12] Had a short ride to night with the cavalier as usual.[118] Abbie [Hardy] came up to see me to day and had a pleasant visit with her. Finger does not ache quite so badly as this morning—but bad enough in all conscience -6

[Wednesday, June 13] Hot—Hotter—hottest has been the state of the weather to day. Listers have been here and 'twas so hot getting meals for them. My finger grows worse all the time. Sent letter to Miss Lee this morning -9

[Thursday, June 14] Nothing to write to night Got no letters now from any one. -12

[Friday, June 15] The handiwork of that mysterious God who "rides upon the storm And thunder when he please" has been most strikingly displayed this afternoon.[119] Thick, black clouds, the hollow muttering—then deep bellowing—the lurid flash succeeded by sheets of water descending from the heavens have all been seen & heard. Thanks to God we were uninjured though many others suffered. It has been a refreshing shower at least, and caused quite a freshet. -12

[Saturday, June 16] Just finished a long letter to Lyman in answer to one I received to night. It has rained somewhat considerable to day, and the men have all been busy fixing the roads and bridges devastated by yesterday's shower -9 To Ezra 7th

[Sunday, June 17] Attended church to day. Had to go around by Mr. [Ephraim] Clark's as the bridges are carried away.[120] Has rained some. Mr. Boutell preached from "The Word has made flesh and dwelt among us" but the text I have forgotten. This Sabbath has not been spent wisely or profitably but God forgive my sins— My daily prayer shall be "Lord be merciful to me a sinner" then "seek and ye shall find"[121] -5 To Nehemiah 6th

[Monday, June 18] Dustan appeared unto us again to night with Abbie [Hardy] My finger has been so sore I have not done much to day. Has been very pleasant cool and no rain— -8

[Tuesday, June 19] My earthly comfort has broken and my finger now is free from pain—for a wonder. It ached badly all day and I could not work much with it but am very tired any way. There was a thunder shower last night, but as I was sleeping soundly failed to disturb me. -11 "Do all things without murmurings and disputings."[122]

[Wednesday, June 20] Another rainy day, a large share of the time. Have sewed some considerable for me, and a sore finger. The latter is much better. I never spent a day so wickedly—so desperately God of mercy take not the Spirit from me now though I have painfully grieved it when I need its influences the most of any time. Increase its power O God and help me to resist no longer -14

[Friday, June 22] Came up from Mr. Hardy's this morning just after breakfast. Staid there last night and so missed another page in my book Ironed some to day. Got a letter from Elsie. -20

[Saturday, June 23] Went to the Hollow to night on foot and got very tired Got a letter from Lyman again. It is very late and I must retire—

O Alice [written several lines down from the entry]

[Sunday, June 24] Did not attend church to day. Was sacrament at Barnet at Goodwillie's church.[123] Isaac went down. Answered Lyman's letter. O, my God! I have read in Thy Word and my heart is just a little softened, moved by Thy great goodness. I beseech Thee to deepen that feeling. Make me more and more serious, and for dear Jesus' sake let this be a week of good to my soul Make me a humble child and follower of Thee, and pardon my many wicked sins for His sake. Amen. To Job 6th

[Monday, June 25] Another week in June is minus another day and Monday will soon be numbered among "the things that were." Took a short horse back ride down to Mr. Hardy's to night. Frank came over and brought a letter from Elsie. Sent Lyman's letter this morning

[Tuesday, June 26] "The night is cold and dark and dreary; It rains and the wind is never weary"[124] Took lessons in the culinary line to day to my satisfaction and disgust. Got a letter from Sarah P[erkins] to night

[Wednesday, June 27] Have not heard from the P[ost] O[ffice] to day. Wrote a long letter to Tavo and a note to Miss Mankin. Listers have been here to day. Wrote some to night for Father. Dustan came from Water St. to day Has a letter from John [Way]. Minnesota folks are well and prospering. Boutelle called a few moments

[Thursday, June 28] Kept house to day. Abbie [Hardy] came in to night and I went down to Uncle's [Sargeant] with her. Have written to Sarah Perkins to day. Wrote for Father some also

[Friday, June 29] I am writing with my feet in a pail of hot water. Ironed this forenoon and wrote for Father the rest of the day. Went up to Mr. Way's to night.

[Saturday, June 30] Sarah Perkins birth day. May many a happy day like this be granted her, with friends nice and devoted. Another month has gone—on hurrying wings It seems so short in time since June commenced. Has the month been improved? Conscience answers "No," my own tongue answers "No," and every thing else the same. God grant that July may be better spent. Frank & Elsie rode over—a short time only— E. is now at home on a visit

[Sunday, July 1] Must write at random to night. No candle. Went to church to day. Came home with a head ache –5 [entry in large letters since she had little light]

[Monday, July 2] Grievous sickness and hurt to be borne has kept me on the bed all day. Am somewhat relieved to night— –8

[Tuesday, July 3] In haste again. Preparations have been made for the "glorious fourth." Expect to go to Danville if well. –11 God be merciful to me a sinner.

[Wednesday, July 4] "Glorious fourth"—yet not as glorious to day as some Went to Danville, staid until after dinner, came to the Hollow, and went to the pond and around it Had just a decent time but hardly passable. Was a pleasant day—just right to ride. After all I have cheated myself of my reading. –14 [Albert] Clement and wife came down to day.[125]

[Thursday, July 5] Not a loud word has passed my lips to day—it has been impossible to utter one on account of a severe hoarseness. Whispered through the day—Abbie [Hardy] came up to night. Has rained to day. Do not read.

[Friday, July 6] Must write a word any way though I dont feel much like it. Throat has been better to day. Went strawberrying to day for the first time this season do not read –20 God forgive me for thus grieving Thy Spirit—

[Saturday, July 7] Took a horseback ride to night— It has been very pleasant to day and I had a good ride. Have not had a letter all this week—for a long time. A whole week of July has passed and I am no nearer Thy Kingdom of Christ's Love, than even before. God, God of mercy, guide my feeble prayers to Thee, and watch over my steps that they may be for Thee –14

[Sunday, July 8] Have not attended church to day—staid at home and went berrying. Was it wrong my God? I have not kept this day holy unto Thee, my own conscience says thus, and Thou knowest it. I can only cry "God be merciful to me a sinner." I know I need mercy and that without it I should fall instantly. Help me to give up and leave all for Thee and make all necessary sacrifices to obtain Thy favor, willingly.

[Tuesday, July 10] Did not write any yesterday but spent the day in the usual manner. Took lessons in cookery of Mother to day—took a walk with some ladies before tea, and a long horse back ride with Abbie [Hardy]. Staid up at Mr Way's until 10 o'clock

[Thursday, July 12] I am getting sadly negligent as concerns writing in my companion. Sent a letter to Elsie this morning and got one from Sarah Perkins to night. Have ironed to day and went down to Mr. [Robert] Gilfillans' this eve.[126] Has been a very pleasant day and week thus far. Got a letter from Carrie Needham yesterday and a note inclosed from Tavo. Begun to take little pills again to night.

[Friday, July 13] Got a letter from Clara [Walbridge Rogers] to night. News rather more encouraging but still sad[127] Played backgammon with Ike to night Rained some to day

[Saturday, July 14] Went to the Hollow to night Have written to Lyman Tried to cook to day but couldn't. –3

[Sunday, July 15] Went to church to day. Mr. B preached two good sermons. The meeting was fully attended. The truth that "I love them that love Me, and they that seek Me early shall find me" has sounded in my ears all day.[128] In vain does Satan try to drive it from my thoughts. I will think and I know God causes it. I yet "hope in the Lord" though often I am "cast down and disgusted." Lord help [me] or I perish. And permit me to live this coming week for Thee as I will try, by God's blessing to live.

[Tuesday, July 17] Got a letter from Augusta [Gregory] to night. I was sick last eve and did not write or read my Bible—so I was wicked Have worked hard these two day—hard for me. Was a thunder shower last night –6 Got a new dress of a peddler

[Wednesday, July 18] Made hay caps to day.[129] Commenced a letter to Abbie Kent. Went down to see Vir [Sargeant] and Abbie [Hardy] to night.

[Thursday, July 19] Must write a line or so Wrote to Abbie [Kent] and Abbie [Hardy] came up to see me to night. Rained this morning. M[argaret] H[arvey] was married.[130]

[Friday, July 20] Lena's birthday. Wilt thou think of her once & kindly? Have I not? Memory has oft recalled that dear absent friend. O! that I might hear

from her soon. Commenced a letter to day, but it is unfinished. Went away after berries but got nearly "used up." Has been very hot to day

[Saturday, July 21] Lyman came home to night News from the dear "old Sem[inary]" love from the girls, a bouquet from Sarah [Perkins] &c It made me very sad, but I try to feel all has been for the best. Unbelief often says "not so" and I can seldom still its voice; but I will try God help me. He will for He has said "I love them that love me and they that seek me early shall find me"

[Sunday, July 22] Went to church to day at the Academy. Dr. Thompson from Ct. preached an excellent discourse from 1 John 5..5. There was no afternoon service until 5 o'clock when Thompson spoke again from [blank] 8.32.[131] I attended closely as my unsteady mind would permit to the Truth. May God send his spirit and a blessed work of grace follow from those two sermons. Saw COT[hompson] and spoke with him.

[Monday, July 23] [C. O.] Thompson and Frank came over this morning—stopped a few minutes. So noble—handsome and pleasant! Just my idea of a man. Such an one as I could live love and pray for all my life. His lady must be a happy one. I may never see him again—but "I will never forget his precepts"[132]

[Tuesday, July 24] Our usual work for Tuesday came and was got through with— Nothing to write. A cold windy day Dustan sick. Have read "Shirley"[133] "Cleanse Thou me from secret faults" Got Lizzie's [Perkins] regards from Mrs. [Frances] K[nowlton]—by Lyman

[Wednesday, July 25] Went to see Abbie [Hardy] and Vir [Sargeant] with Lyman. Made a short call. Has been very pleasant but cool to day. Berries are getting ripe—saw some on the way Dustan has been sick to day.

[Thursday, July 26] Went to the Corner this morn and helped "cleanse the sanctuary" Got very tired and lame. Abbie [Hardy] & Sylvia [Sargeant] came up and A—stayed all night. –3

[Friday, July 27] Ironed to day. Been reading Shirley. Abbie [Hardy] was here all day –5

[Sunday, July 29] Another holy Sabbath has passed to swell the number so fastly increasing. An unimproved day my conscience says. I am almost a willing subject of Satan make hardly any objections to following him and thus fixing more surely my guilt Crimes of the blackest hue stain my life, my best action[s] are condemnatory but Lyman's prayer aided by Thy Spirit has taught me so little I will try to trust in God's mercy. Help me Father to live near and for Thee.

[Monday, July 30] Hard work as usual on washing day. Has been very pleasant all day. Mr & Mrs [Seymor?] came here after tea stayed a short time

[Tuesday, July 31] Sent a catalogue to [Leona?] to night. Had a fine shower to day. Is cool and beautiful now. Clear sweet moonlight bathes everything in a flood of mellow azure light So calm and refreshing Dustan went to Newport to day.

[Wednesday, August 1] Cousins Vir Sylvia & Belle called to night. –3

[Thursday, August 2] Went to see Abbie [Hardy] with Ella. Stayed a short time. Has been very pleasant Ironed to day and am pretty well tired out now –3

[Friday, August 3] Went to the Corner this afternoon—and listened to Mr. Morgan the "children's minister."[134] He was uninteresting than otherwise would have been monoton[ous] had it not been that he preached the Truth. Was very warm in church Got a letter from Miss Lee—

[Sunday, August 5] Attended church. Mr. Cady preached excellently. Text Eph. 3..10–11 Afternoon Mr. B preached from Coll. 1..18–19.

[Monday, August 6] My affection for thee revives occasionally my own book. I am tired, bodily, and much more weary mentally, yet cannot complain. It is more than I deserve. O, my God! Is there yet mercy for me? Shame on thee Alice, thou knowest there is! Father, reveal Thy character to me by the Spirit, and may I trust and be forgiven. I will not say "all thy waves and billows are gone over me" though I am tempted to sometimes.[135] Make me more like Thee, Dear Savior, and give me strength to control my passions and resist temptations

[Tuesday, August 7] Have been "sick" to day. Abbie [Hardy] called in the same predicament. Mrs. Brown & Sanborn were here—

[Thursday, August 9] Went to the Hollow after my dresses to night. Is very warm to day.

[Friday, August 10] There is a thunder shower—a conflict of the elements—without, but a more desperate one within my breast God, who alone can help, settle that conflict aright.

[Saturday, August 11] Has rained to day. Sewed on my dresses until very late. –3

[Sunday, August 12] Attended church to day. Mr. Shaw preached from John 15..7. In afternoon from Rev. 3..20.[136] He is not an eloquent preacher, but lengthy and uninteresting. Saw Elsie and went down home with her at noon. Got my S[abbath] S[chool] lesson to night.

[Monday, August 13] "The day is cold and dark and dreary— It rains—and the wind is never weary"[137] Emphatically true. Wrote to Augusta [Gregory] to night

[Tuesday, August 14] Another rainy day. Have been very busy all day and sewed late. –3

[Wednesday, August 15] Went to St. Johnsbury to day for the first time. It was a muddy ride but otherwise pleasant. Heard Prof [S. W.] Boardman in the afternoon Miss [Caroline] Bickford and I stay at Mr. Hawes'. Went to the Menagerie this eve. Staid till 9 o'clock then came back and saw a torch light procession who serenaded J[ustin] S Morrill[138]

[Friday, August 17] Got a letter from Sarah Perkins to night

[Saturday, August 18] Wrote to Carrie Needham and Miss Lee to night.

[Sunday, August 19] Went to church to day. Mr. Cady preached from Luke 15..10. A very good discourse I feel it to be time in my own heart. Mr. B preached in the afternoon. –7

[Monday, August 20] Am tired enough any way Have worked real hard for me to day. Am practicing cookery now-a-days. Is a cold windy night. –7

[Tuesday, August 21] Washed to day. I worked quite hard, but am rested now, so I feel quite smart Is another rainy day and cold night –6

[Wednesday, August 22] Went to the Corner this morn and got some cavities in my teeth filled.[139] Has been very warm all day. Mother had company –9

[Thursday, August 23] Attended a party of Mr Way's to night. Had a pretty good time –3

[Friday, August 24] Went to the Corner to night Made a few calls. Miss [Annette] Rogers & Mother came up from Newbury this morn.[140] Has been cold and damp but pleasant after all. –3

[Saturday, August 25] Rainy all day nearly. Took a short ride with Abbie [Hardy]— Lodoskey [Spencer Watts] & Phebe [Spencer] got home from Ill. to night. Lyman went to the Depot.[141] –18

[Sunday, August 26] Went to church to day Cannot remember Mr. B's texts. Came home with a head ache, and suffer intensely with it. –23

[Monday, August 27] I am somewhat tired now, and the thought of rest seems pleasant. I cannot endure myself—I make so many resolutions, and keep none of them. Surely my iniquity is great. –26

[Tuesday, August 28] Went berrying to day Had pretty good luck Vir [Sargeant] came up— Is beautiful moon light "perfectly splendid" –23

[Wednesday, August 29] Went up to school this afternoon and to Mr. [Ebenezer] Spencer's after tea. Saw the girls. Came home by moonlight –26

[Thursday, August 30] Phebe came down to night I went almost home with her –29

[Friday, August 31] Rained some to day. Ironed this morning. Canvas is being held now at the Corner[142] –26 To Eccl. 1—

[Saturday, September 1] It is one year ago to day since I reached Castleton How short! I trust I have not wholly lived in vain but have accomplished little good at the most I slept with C[arrie] M. Needham one year to night –18

[Sunday, September 2] Was not at church to day Augustus came home to day. Is a very cold windy time. –15

[Monday, September 3] Washed to day. Am quite tired of work, yet like it better than I expected –14

[Tuesday, September 4] First day of school. Am at the Corner. There have been 41 scholars to day.[143] It is very warm J[ohn] M Martin was elected Representative—[144] –14

[Wednesday, September 5] Nothing to write to day Went to school of course. No letters. –14

[Thursday, September 6] School as usual. Nothing extra –17

[Friday, September 7] Came home to night. Miss [Lucina] Albee, Lyman and I took a short ride this eve.[145] –20

[Saturday, September 8] At home. Ironed this forenoon, and have been up in the woods black-berrying. Found them quite thick. Lodoskey came down this afternoon –23

[Sunday, September 9] Went to church. Mr. B preached but je [French word meaning I] have forgotten the texts –20

[Monday, September 10] Came out from home this morning. –23

[Tuesday, September 11] Attended school as usual. –26

[Wednesday, September 12] Has rained all day. Dustan came in this evening. Got a letter from Lena to night –29

[Thursday, September 13] Cold as Iceland to day. I have contracted a severe cold some way. Called on Misses [Lucina] Albee & Blake. –30 I am getting behind pretty awfully

[Friday, September 14] Took a short ride with Lyman and Miss Rogers to night.
[Saturday, September 15] Went home this morning Worked a little and played more –36 Dustan and Abbie [Hardy] came in the evening[146]
[Sunday, September 16] Did not attend church to day. I spent the day very unprofitably and wickedly I know. –22 To Isa. 44
[Monday, September 17] Came from home this morning. Has rained some –35
[Saturday, September 29] Alice, one thought for "little Abbie" to day my birthday[147]
[Monday, October 1] Snowed to day, most awful cold Warm in morning and cold in evening of Oct. 1, 1861[148]
[Saturday, October 6] Augustus came home to day. His birth day[149] Rainy again
[Sunday, October 7] Did not attend [church]
[Monday, October 8] Dustan's wedding night[150]
[Monday, October 22] In Geometry—have the 5. Prop Book III..— Panorama eve at the Academy
[Thursday, October 25] Dustan's birth day[151]
[Sunday, November 4] Went to church
[Tuesday, November 6] Election Day. "Abe" will get it. Abbie's [Hardy Walbridge] birth day[152]
[Wednesday, November 7] Rainy. Rejoicing at St. Johnsbury. Light from a bonfire and noise of cannon[153]
[Saturday, November 10] Rained like suds all day Trimming school house in morning. Went to Water St. with Father
[Sunday, November 11] Did not attend church to day. Is rainy.
[Monday, November 12] 5 o'clock in morning Studying French. foggy & misty. Am not sleepy at all—
[Sunday, December 9] Attended church. Sermon in the morning from the text "Be not afraid, only believe." Why am I not different and why do I not feel faith & trust, and perfect confidence in leaving all with my heavenly Father? Unbelief and doubting and neglect of prayers, together with a great dislike for certain of my fellow mortals. O God! With Thee is the power to change even this hard heart and soften it toward Thee. I wait thy pleasure O God.
[Tuesday, December 11] Got a letter from Lena. Precious girl—how much I love her. God bless you, ever Lena
[Monday, December 31] Permitted by a Father Life with its busy cares has permitted me once more to think. Another year gone on hurrying wings! It seems so short a time since I first got this book and commenced writing in it. Friends have departed "Some to the bridal and Some to the tomb" I thank God none of my own family have been called from me, but that in health and strength they all live. To Thee is the praise.
Memoranda. But how is it? Have I made any improvement in any thing this past year? In some things I doubt not I am improved but in that great respect which I had rather improve or would be improved, I am sadly going down hill, and conscious that I stand in a slippery place.[154] God, help me, forgive me and aid me for the Future.

Memoranda. Now, I confess my faults and short comings, but I do feel that I can come to my Savior with more confidence, and that I feel no less an interest than I did twelve months—one year ago. I am waiting for the dawning of 1861, and will commence by prayer if God lets me live, that I may lead a prayerful life trusting all and reposing peacefully in my Savior's arms where is safety alone. God bless me for Christ's sake—Amen

Epilogue

Alice labeled her diary "a constant companion," but by the last months of the year, her entries became highly intermittent and terse. She made no account for the many blank pages, a sudden change from her role as faithful diarist for nine months. She seemed to have abandoned her Bible reading, or at least recording it. Even the wedding in October of her brother, Dustan, and close friend, Abbie Hardy, was noted briefly and without joy. Maybe Alice felt that Abbie had used her to get close to her brother, or maybe Alice felt slighted that Abbie had not included her in her confidence, especially as it became clear that a cause of the quick marriage was her pregnancy. Possibly, Abbie's marriage disappointed Alice, who thought they were like-minded supporters of education leading to independence, for Alice at Castleton thought that Abbie might join her there. Since Alice seemed to admire most highly those friends who headed off on their own to teach—Lena at Castleton and Elsie at the Peacham Academy—Abbie's decision to marry and follow the known duties of domesticity and motherhood may have caused Alice to question her own future goals. In any case, Alice never again was close to Abbie, even when Dustan went off to the Civil War and left Abbie and their daughter in Peacham.

Within four months of Alice's last entry, the Civil War began, changing life throughout the country and in the farm community of Peacham. Mothers, wives, sisters, and relatives of the many young men who went to war became busier than ever as they took on additional farm and family duties. For Alice, another big change occurred in 1862. Her mother and grandmother died nine weeks apart. Alice nursed them in their illnesses, and she took over the household work. She wrote to her niece that she became "boss and all hands in the housekeeping line."[155] Domesticity limited her independence, but when her brother, Isaac, returned from war, she went off to Mount Holyoke Seminary in the fall of 1865. There, as she had found at Castleton Seminary and Peacham Academy, she favored social relations with her classmates over school lessons. She stayed only a year and then returned to the domestic routine at the Watts farm, intermittently teaching in the local district schools and at the Peacham Academy—at least fulfilling one of her

life's goals. Her questions about religion, which dominated her diary, also seemed settled as she joined the Peacham Congregational Church in 1866, at last committing herself to being a Christian.[156]

In November 1868, Alice married Charles A. Choate, the older brother of Elsie, her former classmate, and a boy she had known all her life. They moved to West Barnet to a farm mortgaged from his father. They struggled to make payments and accomplish all the work needed to make a living from the land. Over the next fourteen years, Alice gave birth to seven children, four living to adulthood. She grew weaker with each pregnancy and died at age thirty-seven in 1882, a month after the birth of a son they named Isaac.[157]

One of the more scholarly duties Alice performed as she aged was diary keeping, which she did with style, humor, and regularity. The 1860 diary appears to be her first, and nine others have been preserved by the family. As poor health and increased family responsibilities took over her schedule, she penned her last diary entry in 1878. Her husband, Charles, took over the task of recording the daily chores and the work of the hired hands on their farm. Alice's diaries, and also her letters to relatives in Minnesota, Illinois, Wisconsin, and California fill in the picture of a Vermont farm girl learning to accept her lot in life during a time when women's education allowed some to become financially independent. Alice was not one of them. Education eventually made little difference in her daily life, but because of the skills education gave her, she left for future generations the diaries and letters that document this period of transition for women in America.

Appendix A
Members of Alice's Family Mentioned in the 1860 Diary

In this family of stepchildren and half-sisters and half-brothers, each referred to the other as simply "sister" or "brother." Each called Roxana "mother" and Lyman "father."

Mother	Roxana Brown Walbridge Watts (1802–1862)
Father	Lyman Watts (1801–1875), Roxana's 2nd husband
Grandmother	Olive Lamb Brown (ca.1769–1862), Roxana's mother
Siblings	Martha Walbridge Gregory (1822–1846)
	Chastina Walbridge Rix (1824–1857)
	Sarah Walbridge Way (1827–1909)
	Clara Walbridge Rogers (1830–1917)
	Lyman S. Watts (1832–1872)
	Dustan S. Walbridge (1832–1864)
	Charles Watts (1835–1875)
	D. Augustus Walbridge (1835–1881)

Siblings (*cont.*)	Isaac (Ike) N. Watts (1842–1881)
	Alice Watts (1845–1882)
	Ella Watts (1847–1915)
Nieces	Augusta Gregory (1843–1903)
	Martha Way (1850–1877)
Nephew	Julian Walbridge Rix (1850–1903)
Uncles	Thomas Parker
	Elijah Sargeant (1805–1875)
	Asa Sargeant (1807–1889)
Aunt	Ruth Watts Parker (1806–1873)
Cousins	Joseph (Joe) Sargeant (1833–1910)
	Mary Jane (Jennie) Sargeant (1835–1920)
	Elvira (Vir) Sargeant (1837–1865)
	William Watts (1839–1900)
	Sylvia Sargeant (1840–1916)
	Francis Sargeant (1841–1927)
	Arabella (Belle) Sargeant (1843–1941)
	Lyman Brown
	Willard (Will) Brown (died ca. 1880)
	Albert Clement
	Elizabeth (Lib) Goodwin

Source: Lynn A. Bonfield and Mary C. Morrison, *Roxana's Children: The Biography of a Nineteenth-Century Vermont Family* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995).

Appendix B
Castleton Seminary Classmates and Teachers Mentioned in 1860 Diary

Lucinda S. Albee, East Hardwick [2]
Carrie Adams
Octavia (Tavo, OG) G. Baker
Lucy Blake
Rev. Willard Child, President [1,2]
Lena E. Ehle, Bennington [1]
Mary A. Hawthorn, Salem, N.Y. [1]
Rev. Hervey O. Higley, Corporation [1,2]
Annie Hoxie
Abbie W. Kent, Enosburgh [1]
Miss Emma A. Lee, Instructor, Oil Painting, Water Colors, Drawings, etc. [1,2]
Mrs. Frances L. Knowlton, Associate Principal; Instructor, English Literature, Rhetoric, etc. [1,2]

Mr. Stephen Knowlton, Principal; Instructor of Philosophy [1,2]
Mr. George A. Mietzke, Instructor of Instrumental and Vocal Music [1]
Carrie M. Needham, Whiting [1]
Dr. Joseph Perkins, Medical College [1,2]
Elizabeth Perkins, Castleton [1]
Sarah F. Perkins, Castleton [2]
Carlos S. Sherman, Corporation [1]
Elizabeth (Lib) Staples, Danby Corners [2]
Mr. Lyman S. Watts, Instructor of Classics and Higher Mathematics [1]
Mr. John K. Williams, Instructor of Classics and Higher Mathematics [2]

Sources: [1] *Catalogue of the Corporation, Officers and Students of Castleton Seminary for the Year ending July 20, 1859* (Rutland: Geo. A. Tuttle & Co., 1859) and [2] *Catalogue . . . for the Year ending July 17, 1861.* No catalogue has been found for 1859–60.

Appendix C
Peacham Academy Classmates and Teachers Mentioned in 1860 Diary

Lucina S. Albee, East Hardwick [3]
Clark Bovee, Danville [3]
Laura Chamberlain (1843–1924), Peacham [1,2,3]
Elsie A. Choate (1842–1926), Peacham [1,2,3]
Margaret Clark (died 1881), Peacham [3]
Marietta Clark (1844–1906), Peacham [1,3]
Ellen Cowles (1843–1871), Peacham [1,2,3]
Jane (Jennie) E. Cowles (1841–1916), Ryegate [1,2,3]
Frank Gould (1841–1920), Peacham [1,2,3]
Hattie E. Guy (1842–1892), Peacham [1,2,3]
Abbie Hardy (1842–1917), Peacham [1]
Roney Harvey, Groton [3]
William Harvey, Groton [3]
Merritt S. Hunt (1842–1920), Peacham [1,2,3]
Mary H. Ladd, Peacham [2,3]
Charles J. Lynds, Peacham [2,3]
William H. Lynds, Peacham [2,3]
Augusta J. Martin (1842–1921), Peacham [1,2,3]
Alice D. Packer, Peacham [1,2,3]
Miss Lucy A. Perry, Preceptress [2]
Annette L. Rodgers, Newbury [3]
Arabelle (Belle) B. Sargeant (1843–1941), Peacham [1,2,3]
Elvira (Vir) C. Sargeant (1837–1865), Peacham [1]

Francis E. Sargeant (1841–1927), Peacham [1,2,3]
Sylvia J. Sargeant (1840–1916), Peacham [1]
Miss Laura Tenney, Preceptress [1]
Mr. C. O. Thompson (1836–1885), Principal [1,2]
Ella L. Watts (1847–1815) [3]
Isaac (Ike) N. Watts (1842–1881) [1,2,3]
Mr. Lyman S. Watts (1832–1872), Principal [3]
Lizzie S. Way (1845–1874), Peacham [1,2,3]
Oscar L. Whitelaw, Ryegate [2,3]

Sources: [1] *Sixty-Second Annual Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Caledonia County Academy, Peacham VT., for the Academic Year 1858–9* (Hanover, N.H.: Dartmouth Press, 1858); [2] *Sixty-Third Annual Catalog . . . 1859–60* (1859); [3] *Sixty-Fourth Annual Catalog . . . 1860–61* (1860).

Notes

In preparing this diary for publication, the editor is grateful to Karen Sanborn, Castleton State Library, and historian W. Boyd Barrick for photocopies of Castleton Seminary catalogues and identification of faculty and students. Thanks also to those who read the diary and made suggestions: Elsie Freeman Finch, William M. Ferraro, Allen F. Davis, Marilyn S. Blackwell, Deborah Duncan Hudson, and the late Mary C. Morrison. David E. L. Brown, retired Congregational minister and historian, helped identify religious passages and scripture, and Jean Pauline translated the French entries. Most vital dates for Peacham names are uncredited from Jennie Chamberlain Watts and Elsie A. Choate, *People of Peacham* (Montpelier: Vermont Historical Society, 1965).

[1] For a more complete story of the family, see Lynn A. Bonfield and Mary C. Morrison, *Roxana's Children: The Biography of a Nineteenth-Century Vermont Family* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1995). School teaching had become the way for women with scholarly accomplishments to earn wages outside the family. Nancy F. Cott, *The Bonds of Womanhood: "Woman's Sphere" in New England, 1780–1835* (New Haven, Ct.: Yale University Press, 1977), 32–33. By 1861, seventy-five percent of Vermont teachers were women, and most were "young, unmarried daughters of respectable farmers." Margaret K. Nelson, "Vermont Female Schoolteachers in the Nineteenth Century," *Vermont History* 49 (Winter 1981)1: 9, 16, 26.

[2] When Alice's older sister, Chastina, wrote to relatives in Wisconsin, she bragged that Alice at three and a half years old "spells everything she hears & sees almost, and is a real little rogue." Chastina Walbridge, Peacham, to her brother-in-law, Hubbell Seth Gregory, Janesville, Wis., 6 August 1847, Walbridge-Gregory Family Papers, California Historical Society. Hereafter cited as Walbridge-Gregory Papers.

[3] Peacham Grand List, 1860, Town Office. Lyman Watts was one of thirty-eight property owners with real estate valued more than $2,000, and one of thirty-four residents with personal property more than $1,000. He had no mortgage on his farm. Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 9.

[4] Roxana Walbridge Watts, Peacham, to Sarah Walbridge Way, Northfield, Minn., 13 October 1859, Private Collection. For background on Castleton Seminary, founded in 1787, whose purpose became the preparation of teachers, see *Report of the Proceedings Commemorating the One-Hundredth Anniversary of the Establishment of a Chartered School, Known at Different Periods as The Rutland County Grammar School, Castleton Seminary and State Normal School in Castleton, Vermont, 1787–1887* (Rutland: The Tuttle Company, 1888). In 1961 it became one of the Vermont State Colleges. Robert F. Forest, "The Development of Castleton State College, 1959–1979," *Vermont History* 50 (Fall 1982)4: 197. Alice's mother represented the farm women of her generation who valued education for their girls but needed their labor to maintain the household. In addition, older women had lived a life of female sacrifice and expected their daughters to do likewise.

[5] Roxana Walbridge Watts, Peacham, to Clara Walbridge Rogers, San Francisco, 30 December 1857, Private Collection.

[6] Alice Watts, Castleton, to Augusta Gregory, unidentified place in Wisconsin, 5 December 1859, Walbridge-Gregory Papers.

[7] Lyman S. Watts, Castleton, to Sarah Walbridge Way, Northfield, Minn., 31 March 1860, Private Collection.

[8] *Daily Miniature Diary for 1860* (New York: Published Annually for the Trade). The volume is slightly smaller than 2½" × 4" with a black leather cover. In Alice's handwriting on the binding page: "Miss Alice Watts pour votre frere aime. Castleton Sem No 40. Third Hall. Jan 1st 1860." The diary is preserved in a private collection.

[9] Lyman S. Watts, Diary, 21 January and 15 February 1857, Private Collection.

[10] This schedule may have been common practice, as a New York schoolgirl calculated in 1853 that if she read three chapters a day, she could complete the Bible in one year. *Diary of Caroline Cowles Richards, 1851–1872* (Canandaigua, N.Y.: Privately printed by Caroline Richards Clarke, 1908), 14.

[11] E-mail, 3 December 2007, David E. L. Brown to editor on subject of Congregational conversion. Joan Jacobs Brumberg, *The Body Project: An Intimate History of American Girls* (New York: Random House, 1997), xix–xxi, points to the nineteenth-century emphasis on spiritual rather than physical concerns like their looks. At this time the important character improvements were "attention to self-control, service to others, and belief in God." Historian Randolph A. Roth noted that during the great revival, including in Peacham in 1831, the devout attended "weekly prayer meetings, special youth societies and Sunday schools, protracted meetings . . . and camp meetings . . . to win souls and improve morals." Although the fever roused by evangelicals subsided through the years, it lingered as some young people continued to struggle for worthiness through Christianity. Lyman S. Watts fit into this category and his insistence that Alice follow this path is seen in her diary. Roth, *The Democratic Dilemma: Religion, Reform, and the Social Order in the Connecticut River Valley of Vermont, 1791–1850* (Cambridge and New York: Cambridge University Press, 1987), 189, 201–03, and his article, "Can Faith Change the World? Religion and Society in Vermont's Age of Reform," *Vermont History* 69 (Winter 2001): 7–18.

[12] Nancy Taft, Diary, 4 June–10 August 1838, Vermont Historical Society.

[13] Jane H. Hunter, "Inscribing the Self in the Heart of the Family: Diaries and Girlhood in Late-Victorian America," *American Quarterly* 44 (March 1992): 51, 63.

[14] Ernest L. Bogart, *Peacham, the Story of a Vermont Hill Town* (Montpelier: Vermont Historical Society, 1948), 223.

[15] *Caledonian*, St. Johnsbury, Vt., 17 August 1860.

[16] Bogart, *Peacham*, 321.

[17] One of these letters was written 2 January 1860, Alice Watts to her brother, Augustus Walbridge, Lyndon Center, Private Collection. "It is bitter cold weather here now, enough to freeze one if he only steps out. Isn't it fun to get up in the morning, room cold as all out doors, with not a stick of wood to start a fire, dress, and go down four long flights of stairs to route up Pat? Then you ought to hear the curses, threatenings, which we are assailed with, for coming so early! That's an exact description of the way we have to do more than half the mornings." For a biography of Augustus, see Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children*, 135–142.

[18] Appendix B lists Castleton Seminary students, faculty, and administration. Unfortunately, no catalogue was located for the year Alice attended, 1859–60. Further information comes from W. Boyd Barrick, "Vermont's First College: A Chronicle of the First One Hundred Years of Castleton State College, 1787–1887," typescript, 1988, Special Collections, Middlebury College.

[19] Her mother once bragged about Alice's math ability. Letter, 30 December 1857, Roxana Walbridge Watts. "Mr Barnard the preceptor visited our school last Saturday her techer sent her up to the Blackboard to work out a sum in Greeleafs Algebra and one in Arithematic. She done them out and Mr B commplemented her verry highly for it."

[20] Mrs. Frances L. Knowlton was one of the ten instructors listed in the *Castleton Seminary Catalogue, 1858–59*, teaching English Literature and Rhetoric. Her husband, Stephen Knowlton, was principal. Barrick, "Vermont's First College," 108.

[21] The quote was a version of Psalms 119:105, "a light to my path." Lena E. Ehle, listed in the senior class in 1858–59 catalog, returned in the fall of 1859 to take Ornamentals, which included music, painting, French, and other extra subjects. Letter, 5 December 1859, Alice Watts.

[22] Lena's birthday present to Alice showed how well her roommate knew her, having heard Alice repeatedly call herself "wicked," as seen in this diary more than a dozen times. These presents were taken lightly, as intended. Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children*, 177.

[23] Castleton often hired recent Middlebury graduates, Barrick, "Vermont's First College," 17–18, but neither Moulton nor Sherman is listed in Middlebury catalogs. Carlos S. Sherman is listed as part of the Corporation in *Castleton Seminary Catalogue, 1858–59*.

[24] Ibid., "The whole school read daily, by divisions, in the Bible, in connection with the morning worship in the Chapel. There is also a Bible exercise of one hour every Sabbath morning, which all the students are required to attend." By 1860, this Bible exercise may have been moved to Sunday evening.

[25] The first quote is from Job 1:1; the second, Hebrews 12:6.

[26] John K. Williams (1835–1918), an 1860 Middlebury College graduate, probably replaced Lyman S. Watts on the Castleton faculty, as Lyman left to become principal of the Peacham Academy

in the fall of 1860. *Middlebury College Catalogue,* 23, 157. Williams became a Congregational minister and served as pastor of the Peacham Congregational Church, 1889–1909. Bogart, *Peacham,* 473. John M. Comstock, *The Congregational Churches of Vermont and their Ministry, 1762–1942* (St. Johnsbury: The Cowles Press, 1942), 231.

[27] Mr. Charles may be Charles Choate (1838–1902) of Peacham, who was teaching in Haverhill, N.H. and sent several letters once Alice returned to Peacham. This is the only mention of him in the diary.

[28] Clara Walbridge Rogers moved to San Francisco in 1853 and married Russell Rogers in 1856. The family regularly sent letters to her, mainly written by Alice. For a biography of Clara, see Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 79–95.

[29] Alice is probably referring to Octavia G. Baker, who is not listed in the *Castleton Seminary Catalogue, 1858–59.* Alice exchanged letters for years with Tavo Baker.

[30] Rev. Willard Child (1796–1877) preached at Castleton, 1855–1864. Comstock, *Congregational Churches of Vermont,* 50, 172.

[31] For emotional attachments among Victorian young women, especially in boarding school settings, see Cott, *Bonds of Womanhood,* 160, 176–177; Carol Lasser, "'Let Us Be Sisters Forever': The Sororal Model of Nineteenth-Century Female Friendships," *Signs* 14 (Autumn 1988): 158–181; Martha Tomhave Blauvelt, *The Work of the Heart: Young Women and Emotion, 1780–1830* (Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press, 2007), 610, 220; Catherine E. Kelly, *In the New England Fashion: Reshaping Women's Lives in the Nineteenth Century* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1999), 70. Since the publication of Carroll Smith-Rosenberg, "The Female World of Love and Ritual: Relations between Women in Nineteenth-Century America," *Signs* 1(Autumn 1975): 1–29, historians have charted the social relationships of women, ranging widely from friendship to lesbian themes for students, teachers, mill workers, sisters-in-law, and others.

[32] This family letter has not been located. Olive Lamb Brown had lived with her daughter's family since 1844, when her husband died. Lib, whom the family referred to as a cousin, was the adopted daughter of Thomas and Ruth Watts Parker of Danville, although she seemed to have kept her birth name, Elizabeth L. Goodwin. She often helped at the Watts farm; no wages were ever listed. Notes by Elsie A. Choate (1880–1959) in Watts folder, Genealogy Files, Peacham Historical Association. On 25 December 1866, Goodwin married John Bishop, Jr. of St. Johnsbury. *Caledonian,* 4 January 1867.

[33] Lena Ehle was traveling to a teaching position in Georgia. Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 178. Another young woman from a Vermont family traveling to the South in this period was Caroline Seabury, who referred to herself as a "Yankee teacher." Suzanne L. Bunkers, editor, *The Diary of Caroline Seabury, 1854–1863* (Madison: University of Wisconsin Press, 1991).

[34] The 31st algebra is an advanced mathematical formula that scholars proceeded to by solving simpler arithmetical rules. Vermont schools used "Greenleaf's Arithmetics and Algebra" textbooks published by Benjamin Greenleaf, as listed in the *Peacham Academy Catalogue, 1858–59.*

[35] Augusta Gregory was the daughter of Alice's oldest sister, Martha Walbridge Gregory, who had died in 1846, shortly after Alice was born. Augusta and her father lived in Wisconsin. Since the girls were close in age, they wrote often to each other, which Alice's mother encouraged. Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 35–38.

[36] Alice was a frequent visitor to Sarah and Elizabeth Perkins's home in Castleton. Their father, Dr. Joseph Perkins, was connected with the medical college at Castleton.

[37] Letter, 2 January 1860, Alice Watts wrote that she had hoped to receive a book of Mrs. Hemans's poems for Christmas. Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835) was a popular English poet of the nineteenth century whose poems on the beauty of nature must have appealed to Alice. The editor thanks the staff of the St. Johnsbury Athenaeum for preserving copies of nineteenth-century poetry, novels, and magazines, including *The Poetical Works of Mrs. Felicia Hemans,* New Edition (Philadelphia: Grigg and Elliot, 1845).

[38] Rev. Hervey O. Higley (1839–1912) was listed in Comstock, *Congregational Churches of Vermont,* 192.

[39] Annie Hoxie, a student at Castleton Seminary, became ill and left in the fall term 1859. Annie Hoxie, unidentified place, to Alice Watts, 27 December 1859, Private Collection.

[40] Home was her father's farm in Peacham, Vermont, where she was born and had always lived. Although she does not note it, her brother, Lyman S. Watts, traveled with her. They took the railroad from Rutland to Barnet with a change in Bellows Falls. They would have been met at the Barnet depot and carried by horse and buggy the seven miles to the Watts farm.

[41] Alice referred to the one-room schoolhouse on East Hill, located across the road west of her father's farm. In 1860 Peacham had twelve school districts with 350 scholars enrolled. Harold M. Long, "Early Schools of Peacham," a paper read at the Peacham Historical Association meeting, 29 August 1971, transcript in Association's collections, 5. Spelling schools were a popular community entertainment as well as educational exercise, as scholars competed until there was a winner, the best speller at the event.

[42] *North Star,* Danville, Vt., 4 February 1860, reported the death by pulmonary consumption in Cabot on January 26 of Charles C. Brown, age 38 years. He was a relative of Alice's mother, and Lyman Watts served as a commissioner of the estate.

[43] Singing schools in the Peacham area were conducted in 1860 on the do-re-mi-fa-sol principle and were popular among young adults in addition to improving church choirs in the area. James A. Keene, *Music and Education in Vermont 1700–1900* (Macomb, Ill.: Glenbridge Publishing Ltd., 1987), 10–35, and Bogart, *Peacham,* 450.

[44] By slipping in the name "John," Alice must have been referring to the abolitionist, John Brown (born 1800), who was hanged 2 December 1859. Although Alice was not in Peacham at the time of the execution, she would have heard that "when the news was received in Peacham of the death of John Brown, [Leonard] Johnson tolled the bell in the Congregational Church for an hour." Bogart, *Peacham,* 220. Except for noting that the minister spoke of slavery in his sermon on February 26, this was the only time Alice referred to slavery in her diary.

[45] None of Lena Ehle's letters have been located, although she and Alice remained life-long friends.

[46] Alice kept close track of her Bible reading. At the end of each diary entry, she marked the number of chapters she was behind. She rarely seemed to be ahead.

[47] Asaph Boutelle (1804–1866), pastor at the Peacham Congregational Church, 1851–1865, was only the third minister there since its founding in 1794. Comstock, *Congregational Churches of Vermont,* 101, 166. D. Packer (died 1875) served as pastor at the Peacham Methodist Church, 1859–1861, 1864. Bogart, *Peacham,* 473–474.

[48] When in Peacham, Lyman S. Watts taught Sabbath School, and he occasionally conducted the meeting in the Congregational Church. He had not yet attended the Andover Theological Seminary. For a biography of Lyman, see Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 145–157.

[49] Jacob Way (1804–1890) and his family lived on East Hill near the Watts farm, and the children became close friends, especially Alice and Lizzie.

[50] Peacham Hollow, later called East Peacham, was the name of the valley between Peacham Corner and East Hill where Asa Sargeant and his family lived. Asa was a brother to Lyman Watts's first wife, Esther Sargeant (1803–1836), and his children were considered cousins by the Watts and Walbridge children.

[51] Peddlers rode from house to house selling wares. Alice purchased material to be made into a dress.

[52] Julian Walbridge Rix, born in Peacham, moved in 1853 at age two years old to San Francisco with his mother, Chastina Walbridge Rix. After her death in 1857, he returned to Peacham to be raised by his grandmother and to receive a good New England education. For a biography of Chastina, see Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 63–78; for Julian, 98–114.

[53] The German was probably a peddler.

[54] When Barnet friends at Harvey's Lake were not at home, Alice and Lyman visited their neighbor, Leonard Varnum (1838–1917), on East Hill. Daphne C. Quimby, "People of Peacham Addendum," June 1971, Peacham Historical Association.

[55] Elijah Sargeant, another brother to Lyman Watts's first wife, lived with his family on East Hill. His children were considered cousins to the Watts and Walbridge children. All had been school mates in the East Part district school.

[56] Dustan Walbridge had gone to the California gold mines in 1851 and returned to Vermont in 1857 with no gain. Since then he had worked at his wheelwright trade in Minnesota and around Vermont, including Brattleboro and Lyndon. When he was at Water Street, later called South Peacham, he worked for Harris Lynds, who was a blacksmith and carriage maker. *Caledonian,* 13 January 1860, ran an ad for this shop, which continued throughout the year. Alice was noting that this was the first time she had seen Dustan since returning from Castleton. For a biography of Dustan, see Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 122–134.

[57] Roughly the sum of seventy dollars, which Alice figured for her expenses for the spring and summer quarter, included, according to the *Castleton Seminary Catalogue, 1858–59:* $7 for tuition, $54 for board, $2.50 for lights, $1.75 for fuel for spring quarter, plus transportation to and from Peacham. Alice did not take into account additional clothes or incidental expenses, which her parents would have noted. Seventy dollars in 1860 would be worth almost $1,869 in 2008 according to www.measuringworth.com. The misery Alice alluded to probably was her continual struggle with religious commitment.

[58] *Caledonian,* 6 January 1860, listed John Morse as county commissioner in charge of liquor licenses. As Lyman S. Watts was probably involved in the Young Men's Temperance Society, which nominated candidates for the office of commissioner, he may have been meeting with Morse on this issue.

[59] Bogart, *Peacham,* 378, listed two Peacham dressmakers named Brownell, Caroline and Carrie, possibly the same person.

[60] Weeks Magic Compound was advertised in *Caledonian,* 13 January 1860: "A sure and sovereign remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Hooping-Cough, Sore throat, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Influence fever and Ague. . . . Manufactured and Sold Wholesale and Retail by E. B. Magoon & Co., St. Johnsbury."

[61] This is an indication that Alice was to enroll in the spring term of the Peacham Academy, where the students who did not live nearby boarded with families at Peacham Corner. Alice and her cousin, Arabella Sargeant, were to share a room.

[62] According to the *Peacham Academy Catalogue, 1859–60,* board was "in private families for $2.00 per week, including rooms, lights, fuel and washing." Bogart, *Peacham,* 397. Alice needed accommodations for sleeping from Monday through Thursday, as she returned home for the weekend. She did her own washing and probably took her food with her for the days she was away from home.

[63] Abbie Hardy, a close friend to Alice, lived at the Corner with her parents. Family letters indicate that earlier Dustan Walbridge had been courting Abbie. Isaac N. Watts, Peacham, to Alice Watts, Castleton, 17 September 1859, Private Collection. By mid-November, Dustan announced that he and Abbie had "the most perfect understanding between us now . . . That we will be good friends, and nothing more." Dustan Walbridge, Peacham, to Alice Watts, Castleton, 13 November 1859, Private Collection.

[64] For a history of the school officially named the Caledonia County Grammar School, see Lorna Field Quimby, *Peacham Academy 1795–1971* (Peacham, Vt.: Peacham Academy Alumni Association, 2005).

[65] *Corrine; or, Italy,* by Madame de Staël, birth name Anne Louise Germaine Necker (1766–1817), was published in 1807. Alice attempted to read the original French but when she purchased a copy, she bought an English translation. This romantic tale of love and loss and female independence appealed to her. She misspelled the title throughout her diary.

[66] Alice took the "Common English" course including arithmetic, grammar, geography, bookkeeping, physiology, reading and spelling, with tuition listed at $3 a term. Additional fees were charged for Greek or Latin, Music, French, Painting, and Penmanship. *Peacham Academy Catalogue, 1859–60.*

[67] William Watts, the son of Thomas Watts, the brother of Alice's father, and his wife, Mary Ann Burbank Watts of Irasburg, had married 8 December 1859. The editor thanks Stephen Bloom for the charts of descendants of the Bailey and Watts families.

[68] During the mid-nineteenth century, pastors often gave a "preparatory lecture" during the week before communion service to help church members prepare their hearts and minds appropriately for communion. E-mail, 16 June 2008, David E. L. Brown to editor. These lectures, usually Bible instruction, were sometimes offered during the week for those who found it hard to get to the meetinghouse on the Sabbath. T. D. S. Bassett, *The Gods of the Hills: Piety and Society in Nineteenth-Century Vermont* (Montpelier: Vermont Historical Society, 2000), 175.

[69] "Sketches of Life" was first published in *Harper's Magazine,* November 1850, without an author identification; later attributed to Timothy Shay Arthur (1809–1885), American editor and reformer.

[70] John M. Martin (1804–1877) was one of the six merchants at Peacham Corner. *Walton's Vermont Register, 1860.* He was the father of Alice's classmate, Augusta.

[71] A sack was a loose garment worn by women. Margaret and Marietta Clark, classmates of Alice, were friends from East Hill.

[72] Congress was the name given to the Peacham Academy's Friday afternoon exhibitions, sometimes called lyceums. Bogart, *Peacham,* 402.

[73] Hemans, *Poetical Works,* 467. "No More," an eight-verse poem of "farewell" and "dying," ended with, "To learn in joy; to struggle, to despair—No more!" and included a mournful expression of another author Alice admired, Madame de Staël, who wrote, "Jamais, jamais, je ne serai aime comme j'amie," [*sic*] translated by Hemans to read, "Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn For human love—and never quench that thirst."

[74] Bogart, *Peacham,* 400, reported that the Peacham Academy put out the first school paper, "The North Room Echo," with Isaac N. Watts as editor and Emma J. Paul and Alice M. Watts as editresses, listing no date. On 23 March, Alice wrote that she was appointed one of the "Editresses," dating the school paper as 1860.

[75] Hattie Guy, a classmate of Alice's, lived at Peacham Corner with her family.

[76] Alice referred to the Academy's preceptress, Miss Lucy A. Perry, as "my mother."

[77] "Sugaring off" meant drawing the molten sugar from the evaporator, or more likely a pan, and placing it in wooden pails to harden. Vermonters often celebrated the season with a party of friends. Bogart, *Peacham,* 452.

[78] Eunice H. Martin (born 1838), an older sister of Alice's classmate, Augusta Martin, was married to Norman W. Bingham of Irasburg. *Caledonian,* 30 March 1860.

[79]Milton B. Blanchard (1836–1860), an East Hill neighbor, went to California during the gold rush and was unsuccessful, unlike his brothers, Palmer and Phineas, who each made a "pile." Milton returned to Peacham in 1859 in poor health. For a description of the Peacham boys and men who went gold digging, see Lynn A. Bonfield, "Ho for California! Caledonia County Gold Miners," *Vermont History* 74 (Winter/Spring 2006): 5–47. A one-line obituary for Milton appeared in the local newspaper, *Caledonian,* 30 March 1860, and gave his age as twenty-four and his father as Capt. Simon Blanchard. Engraved on his stone in the Peacham Cemetery are the words: "Cheerful and happy in life Peaceful and calm in death."

[80]Alice marked an X in her diary on the first day of her menstrual period. Some months she wrote that she was "sick" when she started her period; see January 6, February 5, March 9, etc. Janice Delaney, Mary Jane Lupton, and Emily Toth, *The Curse: A Cultural History of Menstruation,* rev. ed. (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1988), 116, pointed out that nineteenth-century women used euphemisms such as "sickness" to indicate menses. Others used cryptic marks, such as X. Brumberg, *The Body Project,* xxvii.

[81]*Caledonian,* 30 March 1860, announced the showing of Bullard's Panorama of New York City. "This painting always attracts crowds wherever it is exhibited." The Peacham viewing for this panorama was at the Methodist Church, often called the "chapel" by local residents.

[82]See endnote 74. Apparently the scholars read their papers rather than handwriting them, as they did later for the school newspaper.

[83]*Caledonian,* 9 March 1860, reported that Lyman Watts was elected an auditor for Peacham, but as the functions he carried out were described in the diary, it is obvious that he was a town lister, not auditor. He called on Alice to serve as his scribe as he dictated the value of real estate, animals, bank savings, stock owned, and personal property of each resident. This annual evaluation led to the town's grand list, a public document in Vermont available in the town office.

[84]William Cowper's "The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk" (1792), first lines: "I am monarch of all I survey, My right there is none to dispute; From the center, all round to the sea, I'm lord of the fowl and brute." These words inspired other nineteenth-century young women; see Caroline Cowles Richards (1842–1913), who quoted them in her diary, May 1858, upstate New York. Richards, *Diary,* 97.

[85]This is the first indication from Alice that her brother, Isaac, attended the Academy with her. In the Watts family, the boys did not board at the Corner but walked the two-mile trip to school every morning after completing chores and returned home in the afternoon to do chores. Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 180.

[86]Good Friday before Easter is Fast Day, when adults refrained from eating. Vermont Governor Hiland Hall proclaimed April 6 as "a day of public Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer. Let us on that day, abstaining from all unnecessary labor and amusement, assemble in our respective houses of worship, and with hearts filled with gratitude, give thanks to the Almighty for the manifold blessings that in His mercy, He has seen fit to shower on us." *Caledonian,* 16 March 1860.

[87]This popular hymn was written in 1841 by Sarah Flower Adams (1805–1848), English poet and hymn writer.

[88]Will and Lyman were cousins from the Brown family of Alice's mother.

[89]Dr. Crosby was probably Dr. Thomas Russell Crosby (1816–1872), Dartmouth class of 1841, who was a "close observer of nature," especially birds, according to his obituary in his class folder in the Rauner Special Collections Library of Dartmouth College. The editor is grateful to Sarah Hartwell, reference librarian, Dartmouth College, for help in identifying Dartmouth students.

[90]Charles O. Thompson served as principal of the Peacham Academy,1858–60 and again 1862–64. Bogart, *Peacham,* 473. He was a Dartmouth graduate who later became principal of the polytechnic school at Worcester, Mass. *Caledonian,* 26 March and 2 April 1885, obituary called him "a brilliant and cultivated man." They read the recent issue of *Atlantic Monthly,* a popular magazine published by Ticknor & Fields of Boston and edited by James Russell Lowell (1819–1911). The *Caledonian,* 17 February 1860, reported that this issue contained many "good stories," "interesting articles," and "articles of a scientific nature."

[91]Ezra C. Chamberlain (1799–1877), a prominent man in Peacham, was a deacon in the Congregational Church. His daughter, Laura, was Alice's classmate. The family lived at Peacham Corner in the house known as the Governor Mattocks House. Jutta R. Scott, *Historic Homes of Peacham* (Peacham Historical Association, 2007), 42.

[92]Elsie Choate and Frank Gould were cousins and both were good friends to Alice.

[93]Eliza Walker Lynds (1825–1909) and her husband, Harris Lynds (1821–1900), a blacksmith, lived at Water Street, later called South Peacham. Their sons, William and Charles, were Alice's classmates. Alice was probably collecting donations for a gift to give Miss Lucy Perry, who was leaving the Academy.

[94]Alice's cousin, Mary Jane (Jennie) Sargeant, married Phineas Blanchard (1834–1886) at the home of her parents, where most marriages at this time took place as a communal celebration.

Vicki Howard, *Brides, Inc.: American Weddings and the Business of Tradition* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 2006), 1–2, 13. Alice and other wedding guests stayed with the newlyweds until they boarded the train at Barnet going to their new home in Illinois. It was common practice at the time for relatives and friends to stay with the newly married couple into the evening of the wedding day. Ellen K. Rothman, *Hands and Hearts: A History of Courtship in America* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1987), 81.

[95] Alice attended the Missionary Convention in Peacham, May 1–2; *Caledonian,* 27 April 1860.

[96] Devil's Hill, situated in the southwest part of Peacham, is a local viewing spot for seeing to the south and west, Groton and Orange County, and to the east, Peacham and Barnet. *Caledonian,* 11 October 1867, reported that in June 1860 a group of local ministers pronounced a name change to "Mount Carmel." The same month a group of folks from Peacham with the Peacham Band strolled up the hill, had a good time, and left calling it "Eagle Mountain." None of these names stuck; it remains "Devil's Hill." Bogart, *Peacham,* 450, dated the Peacham Band as being first organized in the 1880s.

[97] Roxana Brown Walbridge Watts was fifty-eight on this day.

[98] Only those who had publicly accepted Christ were admitted to the Table for Communion.

[99] Simon Blanchard's farm was on East Hill and his children were friendly with the Walbridge/Watts family. Phineas V. Blanchard, who married Alice's cousin earlier this month, was the ninth child born to Simon and Betsey Spencer Blanchard; Milton Blanchard, who died earlier in the year, was their tenth child out of a total of eleven.

[100] Will Brown, son of Simon Brown, a brother of Alice's mother, was a follower of phrenology, the study of the conformation of the skull as indicative of mental faculties and character.

[101] Quote from Hebrews 12:25.

[102] The visiting minister was Moses Bradford (1799–1878) from Barnet. Comstock, *Congregational Churches of Vermont,* 167.

[103] Alice's brother, Augustus Walbridge, was working in Lyndon at his wheelwright trade fulfilling an order for one hundred sleighs. Augustus Walbridge, Lyndon, to John S. Way, Northfield, Minn., 28 April 1860, Private Collection.

[104] A "quilting" in New England meant a gathering of women to help quilt together the three layers making up the quilt. The label "quilting bee" was not adopted in New England until later in the nineteenth century. Lynn A. Bonfield, "Four Generations of Quilters in One Nineteenth-Century Rural New England Family," in Lynne Z. Bassett, editor, *What's New England about New England Quilts?: Proceedings of a Symposium at Old Sturbridge Village, June 13, 1998* (Old Sturbridge Village, 1999), 39.

[105] Horace Wellington (1815–1899) was a minister from St. Johnsbury. Comstock, *Congregational Churches of Vermont,* 229.

[106] Alice's friend and classmate, Elsie A. Choate, left Peacham to teach school, probably in Ryegate. She taught in several neighboring towns during the next few years. Jane E. Cowles, Ryegate, to Alice Watts, Peacham, 19 July 1862, Private Collection.

[107] The family may have been varnishing the floors, resulting in fumes, causing Alice's headache.

[108] Knitting was one of the skills most young women learned. For Alice, this became useful during the Civil War when she tried to knit two hours a day, making "footings" for the Union soldiers. Alice Watts, Peacham, to her niece, Augusta Gregory Mills, unidentified place, 6 January 1864, Walbridge-Gregory Papers.

[109] *The Song of Hiawatha,* written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882), was published in 1855. On May 9, Alice wrote in her diary of reading Longfellow.

[110] Classmates Frank Gould and Merritt S. Hunt came to visit Alice, probably to discuss writing a joint-letter to their friend, Elsie Choate, who had taken a teaching job away from Peacham.

[111] Quote from Isaiah 55:7.

[112] Grace Aguilar (1816–1847), an English writer, was well known for two novels, *Home Influence; A Tale for Mothers and Daughters* (1847), and its sequel, *The Mother's Recompense* (1850). Both books had been published in two volumes each as part of "Collection of British Authors" by Bernhard Tauchnitz, 1859. Aguilar wrote in the preface to the first novel that "her sole aim . . . has been to incite a train of serious and loving thoughts towards God and man, especially towards those with whom He has linked us in the precious ties of parent and child, brother and sister, master and public."

[113] June Training Day began in Vermont around the War of 1812 as a day for men of military age to train in martial skills, although it had become mainly a day of frolic and fun. Bogart, *Peacham,* 214–215, 248–250.

[114] Alice probably wrote the word "Daisy" to indicate seeing the first daisy of the season.

[115] Uriah W. Miner died at age fifty-two when a roof fell as he was taking down a building. He had served as Peacham auditor and superintendent of common schools. *Caledonian,* 9 March and 15 June 1860.

[116] Quotes from Isaiah 48:22, Psalms 78:1, John 6:37, and Matthew 12:30.

[117] The sore finger was probably caused by steady sewing on her dress, a common annoyance for women who spent long hours pushing the needle through thick material.

[118] Her cavalier was probably classmate Frank Gould, who traveled around Peacham on horseback.

[119] Alice misquotes Isaac Watts's words in his hymn "Marching to Zion." The fourth verse: "The god that rules on high, And thunders when He please, Who rides upon the stormy sky, Who rides upon the stormy sky, And manages the seas, And manages the seas." www.cyberhymnal.org

[120] With the direct route to Peacham Corner impassable, Alice would have reached the four corners in the Hollow, now called East Peacham, and turned left past the Clark farm, riding almost to West Barnet before turning north to the Corner.

[121] Quotes from John 1:14, Luke 18:13, and Matthew 7:27.

[122] Quote from Philippians 2:14.

[123] The Presbyterian church in Barnet was often referred to as the Goodwillie church, as two generations of Goodwillie men preached there: David (1749–1830), and after 1826, his son, Thomas (1800–1867). Wells, *Barnet,* 454–458. The sacrament or Holy Communion took place rarely, usually twice a year.

[124] Verse from Longfellow's "The Rainy Day." Alice substituted in the first line the word "night" for "day."

[125] The visitors were Albert Clement, the son of Sarah Brown Clement, sister of Alice's mother, and his wife. They must have traveled from Dunham, Lower Canada, where the Clement family lived.

[126] Robert Gilfillan (1798–1891) purchased the farm west of the Watts's farm from Thaddeus Stevens, whose mother, Sarah Morrill Stevens, lived there from 1821 until her death in 1854. Peacham Land Records, Town Office.

[127] Although the family has preserved many of the letters written from San Francisco by Clara Walbridge Rogers, this one has not been located. From other letters written at the time, it is clear that Clara and her husband were struggling financially in California.

[128] First quote from Proverbs 8:17. Other quotes are Alice's prayers.

[129] A haycap, known especially in New England, was a covering for a haystack made by pieces of common sheeting, according to Frederic G. Cassidy and Joan Houston Hall, *Dictionary of American Regional English,* Vol. II, D–H (Cambridge, Mass.: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1991), 928.

[130] Margaret W. Harvey (1831–1870) married Charles C. Heaton of Thetford. *Caledonian,* 27 July 1860.

[131] Dr. William Thompson of East Windsor Hill, Connecticut, the father of former Academy principal, Charles O. Thompson, preached at the Peacham Congregational Church.

[132] C. O. Thompson returned in 1862 to serve a second time as Peacham Academy principal. Quimby, *Peacham Academy,* 52. Alice's entry ends with modified quote from Psalms 119:141.

[133] The novel, *Shirley,* by English author, Charlotte Brontë (1816–1855), was published in 1849.

[134] *Caledonian,* 27 July 1860, reported that Rev. S. Morgan would conduct a Sabbath School meeting at Peacham on August 3rd with a plea to send contributions to the Vermont Domestic Missionary Society. His full name was Stillman Morgan (1800–1880). Comstock, *Congregational Churches of Vermont,* 206.

[135] Quote from Psalms 42:7.

[136] The minister was probably John B. Shaw (1798–1865) of Fair Haven. Comstock, *Congregational Churches of Vermont,* 219.

[137] See endnote 124. This time Alice quoted the Longfellow poem correctly.

[138] Alice went to St. Johnsbury, the county seat about twenty miles from the farm, for the first time since she returned from Castleton in January. She and Caroline E. Bickford (1832–1903) attended a meeting of the Vermont Teachers' Association and heard Professor S. W. Boardman of Middlebury College speak on the "Dignity and Importance of Teacher's Work." By chance the Van Amburg menagerie was in town, which gave Alice an opportunity to see an elephant and other animals. In the evening she witnessed the "Torchlight Procession" and serenade honoring Justin S. Morrill (1810–1898), Vermont representative to the U.S. Congress, who came to speak to the teachers. *Caledonian,* 17 and 24 August 1860. In addition to supporting education, Morrill's attempts to pass legislation to increase tariff rates on wool pleased local farmers.

[139] I. D. Kilbourne maintained a dental office in St. Johnsbury and provided his services to the surrounding towns, traveling to Peacham when needed. Kenneth E. Neiman, "The Story of Dentistry in Caledonia County, Vermont," 1981, St. Johnsbury Athenaeum, Manuscript Box 2. The editor thanks Shara McCaffrey for directing her to these manuscript boxes.

[140] Annette Rodgers was the sister of Clara Walbridge's husband, Russell Rogers (he changed the spelling of his name), in San Francisco. Roxana Walbridge Watts, Peacham, to Sarah Walbridge Way, Northfield, Minn., 12 September 1860, Private Collection. Roxana told her daughter that

Russell's mother, Lydia Rodgers Bolton, and sister "visited here this summer." Annette Rodgers, a Peacham Academy student, was awarded a premium at the Caledonia County Agricultural Fair in St. Johnsbury for "Best oil painting." *Caledonian,* 5 October 1860.

[141] Sisters Lodoska and Phebe Spencer, raised on the farm northwest of the Watts farm, were visiting family. In 1858, Lodoska (1835–1918) married Alice's brother, Charles, and moved with him to Monticello, Illinois. Phebe (1841–1942) joined them to help with their first child, William, born in 1859. Letter, 12 September 1860, Roxana Walbridge Watts. Lyman met them at the depot in Barnet. For a biography of Charles, see Bonfield and Morrison, *Roxana's Children,* 52–60.

[142] At mid-nineteenth century, some Congregational churches began the practice of "Every Member Canvass" to encourage church members to pledge whatever their means permitted for the support of the church. The canvass was often held in August, when farmers might know how much cash they might expect to have on hand during the year, although some pledges might have been livestock, produce, or wood, the latter often part of the payment Peacham pastors received. Canvassing church members was a departure from allowing the rich and powerful to pay the bills and benefit from their conspicuous beneficence. E-mail, 16 June 2008, David E. L. Brown to editor. Asaph Boutelle received a unanimous call from the church and began his duties on 19 January 1851 at an annual salary of $500. It was probably during his tenure that the canvass began. By July 1856, the system of annual subscribers was in place, when forty-three subscribers pledged "the same sums which they had hitherto paid annually for the support of preaching." In 1860 the Congregational Church had 252 members. Bogart, *Peacham,* 181, 433.

[143] Letter, 12 September 1860, Roxana Walbridge Watts reported that her son, Lyman S. Watts, was principal of the Peacham Academy in the fall, and her youngest children, Isaac, Alice, and Ella, attended. The girls boarded at Peacham Corner school nights while Isaac walked to and from school daily. "We pay $1 per week for each of the girls or at least for 5 days in a week and I have to do the washing for them all Isaac goes from home."

[144] Peacham's representative to the state legislature in 1858–59 was Lyman Watts. Bogart, *Peacham,* 466. In this election, *Caledonian,* 7 September 1860, reported: "In Peacham the regular Representative nominee of the caucus was elected by the skin of his teeth, there being a split in the party, and the democracy going for the bolter." It is unclear what caused the split, but merchant John M. Martin was elected.

[145] Lucina S. Albee was enrolled in the Peacham Academy, and she may have been asking Lyman and Alice about transferring to Castleton Seminary, which she did.

[146] This may have been when Alice finally realized that her close friend, Abbie Hardy, and her brother, Dustan Walbridge, were seriously courting.

[147] As the handwriting is not Alice's, this note may have been placed in the diary by Abbie Kent, Castleton classmate, before Alice left the seminary.

[148] Alice must have added this 1861 weather report when she looked at her diary a year later.

[149] Alice's brother, Augustus Walbridge, a wheelwright, was twenty-five on this day. He came home after months of making sleighs in Lyndon.

[150] Alice gave no information about the celebration or even if she attended the wedding. Comparing this entry to the one describing the May 1st wedding of her cousin, Jennie Sargeant, it is obvious that Alice found no cause for celebration of Dustan and Abbie's wedding. *Caledonian,* 12 October 1860, reported they were married by Rev. Asaph Boutelle.

[151] Alice's brother, Dustan Walbridge, was twenty-eight on this day.

[152] Dustan's wife, Abbie Hardy Walbridge, was eighteen on this day.

[153] *Caledonian,* 9 November 1860, bore the headline, "The Glorious Result," and proclaimed that "the nation has given its verdict, let the people rejoice." In the following issue, 16 November, the newspaper reported that the "republicans of Danville Green manifested their enthusiasm and joy over the election of Lincoln, by firing one hundred guns, the ringing of bells, and a jollification generally." This was probably the gunfire Alice heard.

[154] "Slippery place" is from Psalm 73:18.

[155] Alice Watts, Peacham, to Augusta Gregory Mills, unidentified place, 30 November 1862, Walbridge-Gregory Papers.

[156] *Manual of the Congregational Church, in Peacham, Vermont* (Jericho, Vt.: Roscoe Publishing House, 1890), 22. According to the Records of Congregational Church, 1866, Book #6 in the Peacham Historical Association, Alice Watts joined 2 September 1866, "Profession of faith."

[157] *Caledonian,* 29 September 1882. Her obituary listed the deaths since 1870 of her father, four brothers, two sisters-in-law, and three children.

Got Up By Philaura B Stebbins

The line of writing, quilted over what looked to be the quilter's everyday handwriting, appeared to read: "got up by Philanin B Stebbins." This delightful but curious means of attribution, coupled with the quilter's exotic first name, compounded the mysteries of the unfamiliar quilting and odd pattern.

By ELI LEON

The many-pointed, red-and-white star-in-circle quilt shown on the next page first captured my eye at a California flea market in 1983. I'd never before seen a solitary star in a giant circle like this and unhesitatingly paid the twenty-eight-dollar asking price. I hadn't yet noticed the odd number of points in the star, the invisible signature line at the quilt's center, the maker's exotic first name, or her curious means of attribution, but I was nevertheless entranced.

The woman selling this treasure claimed to have purchased it in the early 1970s at America Hurrah, an avant-garde antique store in New York City that has since gone out of business. Judging by what turned out to be the upside-down placement of the sleeve used to hang it, its sellers weren't aware of its signature line. Nor was I, until I got home and studied it more closely.

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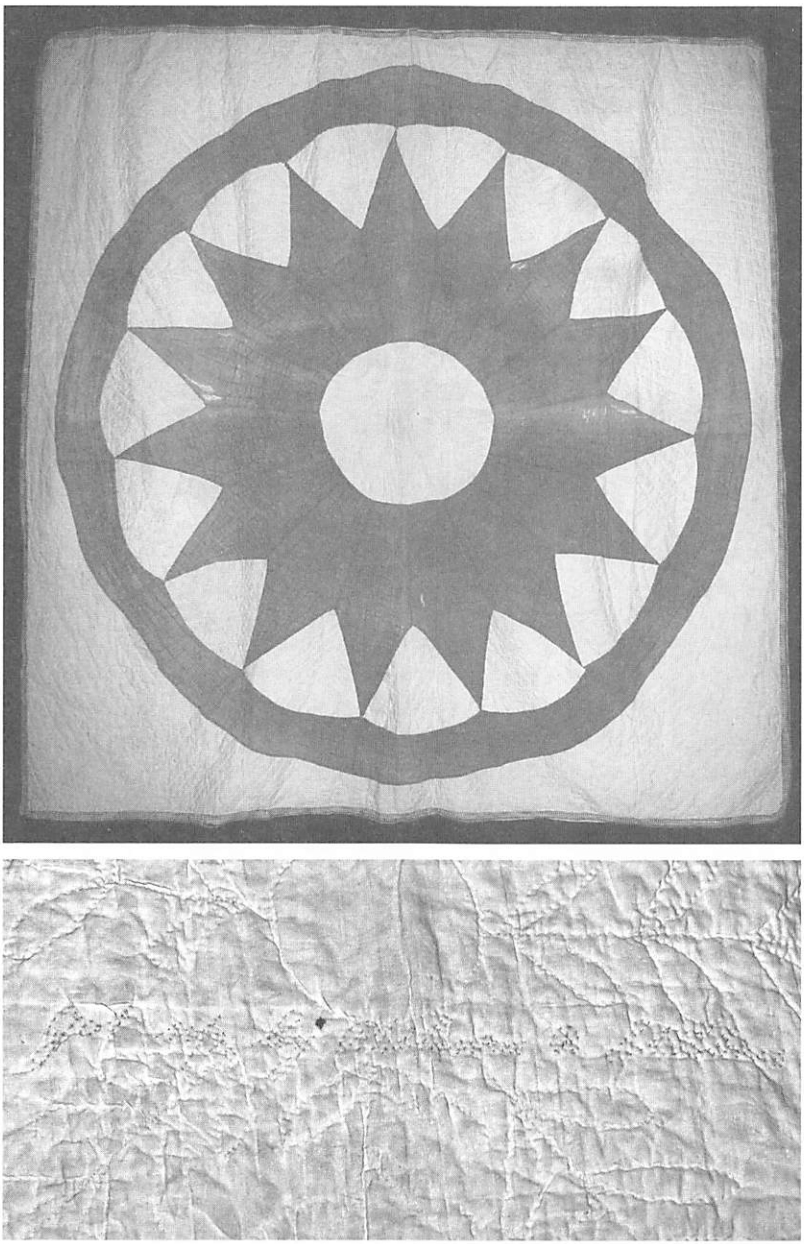

Fifteen-point star quilt by Philaura B Stebbins, ca. 1862–1896, with detail of signature line. Photos by Nita Stull, courtesy of the author. A full-color image is accessible at the Vermont Historical Society website: www.vermonthistory.org/quilt.

The fifteen-pointed star-in-circle has a second circle at its center surrounding the only elaborate quilting in the piece. The folksy quilting in this center circle consists of eight stick-figure stems—each with six leaves—emanating from a third, quilted circle and a quilted signature line (see figure detail). Stitched in pale pink on a white ground, this signature line is virtually impossible to read. The hanging sleeve, as stated above, was mounted at the bottom of the quilt, indicating that the centrally located but hard-to-spot attribution had apparently hung upside-down for the last decade or so. This, of course, would have made it even more unreadable.

By holding the quilt in front of a bright light, however, I was able to make the stitches on the back show through to the front, doubling the amount of visible stitchery. The line of writing, quilted over what looked to be the quilter's everyday handwriting, appeared to read: "got up by Philanin B Stebbins." This delightful but curious means of attribution, coupled with the quilter's exotic first name, compounded the mysteries of the unfamiliar quilting and odd pattern.

Despite the difficulty one has in reading the signature today, I don't believe its concealment was intentional. This woman placed her name at the quilt's center and arranged the fanciest quilting around it. Whereas the color of quilting thread over most of the quilt is white on white or pink on red, the signature line alone is pink on white. I'd guess that all of the pink thread was originally red, that nowhere but in the signature line was a red/white contrast set up, and that the quilter had done so because she intended her name to be seen.

Once I'd discovered the odd signature, the odd quilting, the odd pattern, and the odd form of attribution, I was even more determined to find the quilter. Idiosyncratic names can be a godsend to census research. To my dismay, however, "Philanin B Stebbins" did not show up in any U.S. census. "Stebbins" is a common-enough English and American surname, but "Philanin" appeared to be unknown in the part of North America (i.e., the United States) to which I had census access.

That, however, was 1983. Starting anew in 2007, with additional records available at my local Regional Family History Center, I found several Philanins in an 1852 Québec census. One had the last name of Bourdan. If Philanin Bourdan married a Stebbins (of which there were many in 1852 Québec), she might very well have gone by the name of Philanin B (for Bourdan) Stebbins. Might this indicate that the quilt was French Canadian? Might some of its other peculiarities have French-Canadian antecedents? Perhaps the America Hurrah folks had actually purchased the quilt in Canada? If so, maybe the trip was memorable. The quilt itself certainly was. With any luck, at least one of them would remember it.

Endless scrolling through reels of out-of-focus French-Canadian marriage records, however, yielded no sign of a Stebbins/Bourdan wedding. By now, furthermore, I had contacted the proprietors of the out-of-business America Hurrah, who were certain they'd never seen this quilt before and had never shopped for quilts in Canada. I'd also approached the curators of several Canadian museums, wanting to know if "got up by" might be a Canadian or French-Canadian usage, or if a fifteen-pointed star had any French, Canadian, or French-Canadian significance. None, I was told repeatedly, that anyone could think of.

Then the ground shifted. After being informed that the name Phil*amine* was popular in nineteenth-century French Canada, I remembered that, back in 1983, when I held the quilt to the light to read the signature line, the final letters in the first name had been especially hard to make out. So I tried searching for Phila* B Stebbins (where the asterisk serves to include a spectrum of possibilities, an option I hadn't been aware of in 1983, and which was exactly what I needed). I found no Phil*amine* but, in Newbury, Vermont, a Phil*ama* B Stebbins in 1870 and a Phil*aura* Stebbins in 1880, listed as born one year apart, while a Surviving Civil War Widow's Schedule for 1890 Newbury included a Phil*ura* B (widow of Horatio N) Stebbins.

Nineteenth-century census takers and the people they interviewed often lacked precise information, and both the informants' birth years and the spelling of their names might vary considerably. Uncommon names in particular might differ from census to census. It became evident (see below) that the name "Philaura" had repeatedly set off this spell-as-you-wish phenomenon, and that these three listings were simply variants of the same person's name. Hard as it was for me to believe, I had in all probability—after all these years—found the lady I was looking for.

Both Philama B. Stebbins, in 1870, and Philaura Stebbins, ten years later, lived a door or two down from sawmill owner Thomas Corliss and family. Given the rarity of the quiltmaker's name, it was extremely unlikely that this was a coincidence. Moreover, there was no Philaura or Philura Stebbins in 1870, no Philama or Philura in 1880, and no Philama or Philaura in 1890. Obviously, what looked like their simultaneous poppings in and out of the same house weren't conveying the true picture; the first two, at least, had to be the same person. Luckily, however, not even this smidgen of speculation was necessary. When I googled "Philaura B" from my home computer, I gained access to a 1902 *History of Newbury, Vermont,* which included a detailed write-up of the Corlisses.[1] This book, to my great surprise, had only been digitized and put on line a few months before I resumed my research. But

there she was, Philaura B. Corliss, one of Thomas's younger sisters. She'd married three times, first to John E. Smith, next to Daniel Lord, and finally—some time before she was found living alone next door to her oldest brother—to Horatio Nelson Stebbins.

Another book, *A Genealogical Record of the Corliss Family in America* (1875), outlines the tragic 1842 marriage of Phil*landra* B. Corliss and John E. Smith, both from Newbury, Vermont.[2] They (or maybe just John) lived in Lowell, Massachusetts. They'd had two children, Albert A., who died in 1845, and Mary J., who was "stolen" in 1847. But there was more. John, listed in the Massachusetts Vital Records as *single* and in the Federal Mortality Schedule as a laborer, died of consumption in 1850 at the age of thirty. Philaura had lost her entire immediate family. If John really was single in 1850, there must have been a divorce, for which no record has so far been uncovered. If they had informally broken up, though, John may have misled the authorities about his marital status.

So I now knew where the quilt had been "got up" and more than I ever expected to find out about its maker, including a host of ways to represent her name. Revisiting the actual signature, I saw that "Philaura" was indeed an excellent fit. Other information in the Corliss write-up and the Internet sites it led to added to my expanding quilt-maker image. Philaura had ten sisters and brothers. Her maternal grandfather was a German doctor. Her father was from a military family. But yet another tragedy: Atlanta Corliss, a sister older than Philaura by one year and most likely her closest sibling, died when Philaura was nineteen.

Not that there aren't a good number of loose ends: The symbolism behind the fifteen-pointed star, for example. A sixteen-pointed star would be relatively easy to construct, but how does one go about making one with fifteen points? If the maker had gone out of her way to achieve this particular number of points, I conjectured, she would most likely have had some reason to do so.

Was Vermont the fifteenth state to enter the Union? No, it was the fourteenth. Was Lincoln our fifteenth president? No, our sixteenth. Did Philaura come from a family of fifteen? Yes, in a special way of counting. Her two parents had eleven children and she had two of her own. If she were to stick to these closest blood relatives, fifteen would be the starring number! I'm inclined to believe that this is what the fifteen points stand for, but have no supporting evidence. If a New England tradition can be found of making the number of points in one's star quilt correspond to the number of people in one's family, however, the matter would be pretty much settled.

I did finally find a ten-pointed star-in-circle block pattern in Barbara Brackman's *An Encyclopedia of Pieced Quilt Patterns* (#3450) that shares several features of the Stebbins pattern (outer circle, petal-shaped points, central circle).[3] Philaura might very well have been adapting this pattern, or a related one, to a larger, "pointier" star, and could conceivably have ended up with fifteen points by accident. In my experience with discarded quilt sections, however, when the points in a star fail to meet properly, they won't add up to a different whole number than originally intended but will overlap (or underlap) considerably. Furthermore, although Philaura's star sections do incorporate some minor variability, there's no indication of adjustments made to get the points to fit.

And then there's that "got up" phrase. While this was a broadly used nineteenth-century colloquialism for turning something out in a specific style (an outfit, for example), using it to sign a quilt appears to have been idiosyncratic. Not one of the quilt historians I've so far contacted can recall coming upon such an attribution on a quilt.

The outstanding material to surface about this quiltmaker, of course, is the procession of overwhelming tragedies that befell her. In addition to her sister's death when she was nineteen, losing the two children and husband from her first marriage, and losing her second husband, her final marriage was terminated by the Civil War. Horatio's first wife had died in 1861. He and Philaura, both in their forties at the time, were married January 30, 1862—nine months before he enlisted in the Union army. That next year, Private Stebbins died in Washington, D.C. Philaura had lost a third husband. No further details of her middle marriage have surfaced, but it probably came to an untimely end and was apparently childless. A Philusa (becomes Philura once the writing is scrutinized) Smith was living with an innkeeper couple in Wheelock, Vermont, in 1850, not too far from Newbury; and a Filma B. Lord was working as a housekeeper in nearby Topsham in 1860. Neither was living with any children, suggesting that Philaura did not have any more children and had lost her second husband by 1860. Basically, this woman's life was immeasurably grim.

The quilt, however, has a thoroughly cheerful quality. The overall design is bold and lively; both it and the signature line flow with great spontaneity. How can this be? Is it possible for such harrowing losses as Philaura sustained not to have left unsuppressible fault lines in her personality?

One pleasant possibility is that this quilt was made at the high point of her third marriage. Since she signed it with the last of her married names, we know it was completed after the 1862 wedding. Perhaps it was made in the period before Horatio's enlistment, which was quite pos-

sibly the happiest time in Philaura's life. This is primarily wishful thinking, of course, but it's hard to imagine her making such an exuberant star after yet another husband's untimely death.

With any luck, further technological advances will open additional inroads. Bits of Philaura and Horatio's hair, or other DNA-retaining residua, might be lodged in the quilt's interior. Pinpointing the exact year in which an undated quilt was made over a century after the fact would ordinarily, of course, be too much to expect. If surviving traces of bodily secretions could be identified as Horatio's, however, this quilt might very well have been made in 1862. Before that, as noted above, Philaura's name was not Stebbins. After that, Horatio had disappeared into a hellacious battleground from which he was never to return.

Philaura, however, lived on. She didn't marry again but remained a Stebbins to the end (1896), living alone next door to her brother for most, perhaps all, of her remaining years. With no DNA evidence to the contrary, it is possible, of course, that she made this quilt late in life. Although red-and-white quilts, very common from the 1840s through the 1860s, may have decreased in popularity in the latter part of the century (quilt scholars are not in agreement on this point), examples from the 1890s can of course still be found. The quilt may not have been made for several decades after the Civil War. At the moment, there's no way of telling.

Notes

[1] Frederick P. Wells, *History of Newbury, Vermont From the Discovery of the Coös Country to Present Time* (St. Johnsbury, Vt.: The Caledonian Company, 1902). http://books.google.com/books?id=HAo1AAAAIAAJ&dq=history+of+newbury+vermont&printsec=frontcover&source=bl&ots=5NmSHojRzY&sig=uwmlXHYDoPvRQNK3b8HcdGiss2o&hl=en&ei=vZZGS6y7Ec_DlAfZgvkN&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=3&ved=0CA4Q6AEwAg#v=onepage&q=&f=false

[2] Augustus W. Corliss, *A Genealogical Record of the Corliss Family in America* (Yarmouth, Me.: n.p., 1875). http://books.google.com/books?id=H3gtAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA202&lpg=PA202&dq=A+Genealogical+record+of+the+Corliss+Family+of+America&source=bl&ots=LT27DbeAuS&sig=3EZQDmkvIwy_agXPprTiBStelsc&hl=en&ei=k5dGS4bYI5TllQe2t9wN&sa=X&oi=book_result&ct=result&resnum=4&ved=0CBIQ6AEwAw#v=onepage&q=&f=false

[3] Barbara Brackman, *Encyclopedia of Pieced Quilt Patterns* (Paducah, Ky.: American Quilter's Society, 1993).

A Riverton Retreat: Royal Charter to State Forest

A piece of Riverton, Vermont, evolves over the course of two centuries from empty land in the Royal Charter, to the site of a grand cottage peopled by diverse occupants including a tycoon's family, a Hungarian hostess, and composer Béla Bartók, to empty land once again, now preserved as state forest.

By SYLVIA PARKER

Real estate records are always indexed by land location, explains the town clerk.[1] People, boundaries, usages, and structures change over time but the land remains through all. Such is the case with a particular locale in Riverton, Vermont. The 1785 lotting map of the area chartered by the royal governor of New Hampshire before the Revolutionary War shows perfectly rectangular divisions of said land.[2] A later 1873 map of the same area shows rivers, ponds, springs, railway, roads, ledges, quarries, cemeteries, a century's worth of buildings, and implied property boundaries considerably different from the perfect rectangles of the lotting map. The house built on the site of interest in this article has been known sequentially as the Erhardt Cottage, Mountain View, and the Hay House. Its history is shaped by the many people who have lived, worked, and visited there, including one of the twentieth century's most famous composers, Béla Bartók. It no longer exists. Two centuries after the town's royal charter, its location now lies

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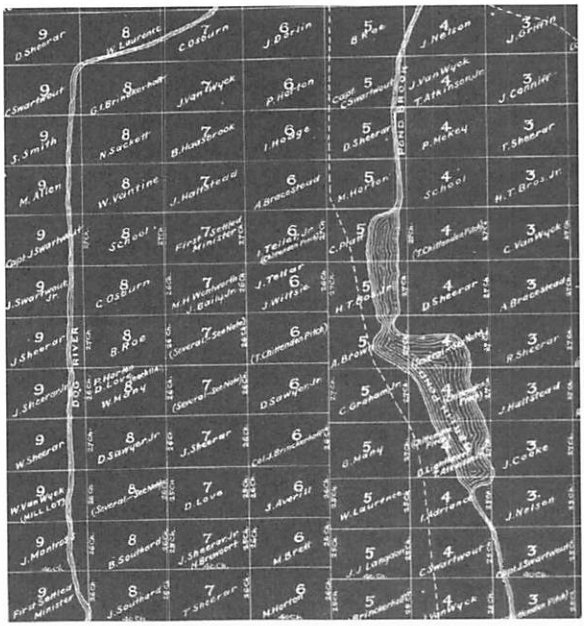
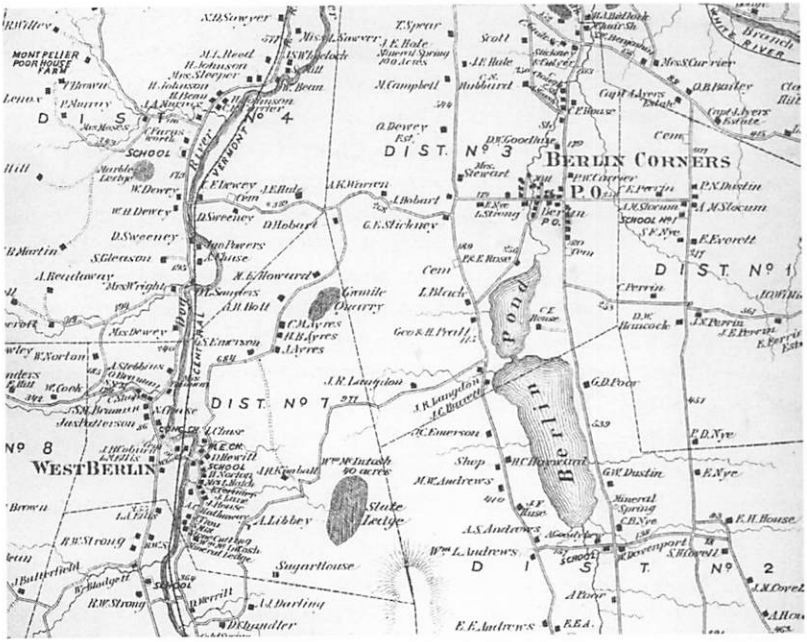




Top: 1785 Royal Charter, map of Berlin, Vermont. Bottom: 1873 Beers Atlas, map of Berlin, Vermont. (Courtesy of Vermont Historical Society)

within the Boyer State Forest on Crosstown Road, the connector between Berlin Corners and West Berlin, the latter colloquially known as Riverton.[3]

By the time of publication of the 1873 Beers Atlas, generations of Emersons had lived and farmed and owned land in the area. The Emerson place is labeled by name on the map. Their graves in the West Berlin Cemetery mark their presence in local history long ago.

In 1893 Wilbur Fisk Hascall, a fine organist and composer from Boston,[4] and his wife Etta May bought the Emerson farm, away up in Vermont, far from the madding crowd. The next year they purchased yet more land from the Emersons, creating a property of hundreds of acres along today's Crosstown Road stretching from the house down the hill nearly to the village of West Berlin. The farm became known as the "Hascall Place." Although nothing is recorded of their use of the property, it quite likely represents the rising appreciation among out-of-state folk for Vermont's rural character and natural beauty. The Hascalls were in their prime of life at the time of their initial purchase, he in his forties and she in her thirties. Its later sale the year after his death at age 71 suggests the possibility that they may have enjoyed their Vermont place summers during his working years and onward into retirement.

A decade after their initial purchase of Vermont land the Hascalls sold some of the property, the acreage closest to West Berlin, to the daughter of Chicago railroad and business tycoon J. W. Doane.[5] Fannie Doane Erhardt and her husband Justus Erhardt purchased this land in 1904.[6] Her sister Julia Doane Dresser and husband George E. Dresser purchased adjacent land in 1910, also from the Hascalls. Deeds thereafter refer variously to the Hascall, Erhardt, and Dresser lots.

The timing of the Erhardt purchase is suggestive. Fannie suffered the deaths of her first husband, her father, and her mother all in a span of two years.[7] Her marriage to Justus Erhardt within a year of these losses, in 1902, was surely a welcome turning point in her life. The newly married Erhardts soon bought country land in Vermont and built a cottage at the bend in the road west of the old Emerson house on the 1873 map, just up the hill from the village and its convenient train station.[8] They, her siblings, and numerous guests summered there from 1904 to 1937. The road on which it is located, officially named Crosstown Road, is known locally to this day as "Erhardt Hill."[9]

For wealthy city people, the structure was appropriately called a "cottage." Compared to their lavish mansions elsewhere, and to other Vermont country homes of the fabulously rich such as the Rockefeller and Webb estates in Woodstock and Shelburne, the Erhardt Cottage was modest.[10] Yet it certainly contrasts with the style of ordinary Vermont

1913 view of the cottage looking up from Crosstown Road. (Courtesy of Berlin Historical Society)

homes. In the words of a later owner, it was "built by a man who was reacting against the typical Vermont farmhouses with their cramped little rooms, close ceilings, tiny windows—built, you might say, in defiance. . . . White and tall, it stood solitary on the hilltop, built in the form of a cross with its four wings set on a broad terrace surrounded by open fields and deep woods, a panorama of mountain ridges stretching around it in a semicircle as far as the eye could see."[11]

Photos dating from 1913 to 1947 show its enormous size and its patterned shingles in the gable peaks typical of turn-of-the-twentieth-century décor. A large porch stretching the full length of the house overlooked the Northfield and Green Mountain ranges in the distance. Above it was a smaller upper-story balcony. A small outbuilding housed the generator and pump that provided the most modern conveniences such as lights and indoor plumbing.[12] A bit farther away was a barn for carriage and horses.

The interior is described by local residents who remember it in detail: The large front room was like a dance hall with a beautiful fireplace,

hardwood floors, multiple patio doors, a library, and crystal chandeliers. An elegant double staircase led up to numerous bedrooms on the second floor and another fireplace. Its furnishings included a grand piano downstairs, an upright piano upstairs, huge chairs and sofa, a dining table big enough to accommodate a crowd, an enormous glass coffee table, and books and music.

The Erhardts, and soon Fannie's sister Julia Dresser, must have enjoyed their country cottage immensely. Family photos taken in the neighborhood show the five Doane siblings sitting together in the grass, Fannie and Julia playing with their distinctive spotted dogs, the two of them with their horse-drawn carriage, an outing with their husbands to a nearby farm. One photo suggesting the style of summertime activity pictures elegantly dressed ladies, fine riding horses tended by men in white shirts and neckties, and a table-clothed buffet of refreshments beside the enormous cottage.

A man whose relatives lived farther up the road[13] tells tales from his mother, who knew them in the 1930s when she was a child. She remembers that horses were ever-present and very important to the family.[14] She recalls Mr. Erhardt as a handsome man always concerned with his physique. He often jogged along Crosstown Road. The living room was full of body-building and weight-lifting equipment. She remembers

The five Doane siblings at the cottage. (Courtesy of James Sumner)

Fannie Doane Erhardt and Julia Doane Dresser. (Courtesy of James Sumner)

fondly that the Erhardts would buy the Sunday newspaper and invite her down to the cottage to pick up the funnies and take them home. Saturdays, Mrs. Dresser's chauffeur would pick up the neighborhood children and take them to the movies in nearby Montpelier. There were often guests at the cottage, including famous actors, actresses,

A visit to nearby Emerson farm. The barn no longer exists. These are probably George Dresser, Justus Erhardt, and Julia Dresser. (Courtesy of James Sumner)

1930s view of the cottage; Bartók's room is in the upper far wing, not seen. Ditta's room is in the upper left wing, its balcony not seen. (Courtesy of James Sumner)

and musicians.[15] Sometimes her grandmother would go there to cook, and she would go along too and sleep in a bedroom upstairs. Later a Mr. Doane (probably the brother of Fannie and Julia) lived there, sometimes staying when the rest of the family was away. She remembers walking to school in Riverton (officially West Berlin) at the bottom of the hill. After school, Mr. Doane would set up an ice cream stand for the local kids walking back up the hill toward home.[16]

By the mid-1930s the elderly Mrs. Dresser seemed the chief resident of the cottage (along with a staff of cook, chauffeur, and helpers). She is remembered as being in bed much of the time, usually giving orders but not being active herself. Her health declined and she died in 1936 leaving her brother, Mr. Doane, who stayed on a while longer.[17]

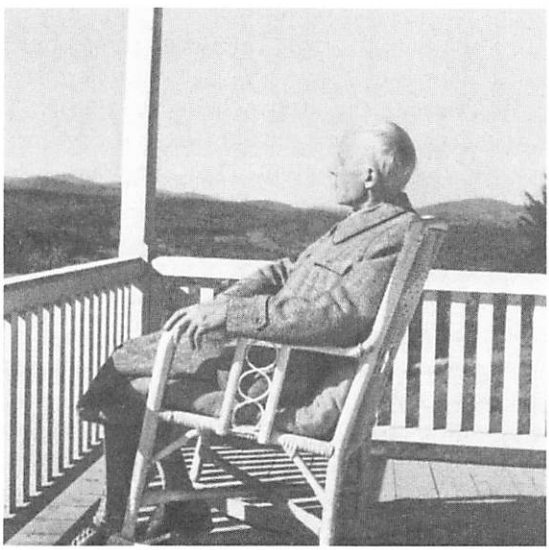
After a third of a century of residence by the Doane family, the cottage passed in 1938 to the ownership of Hungarian-born Agatha Illes, an accomplished pianist and music teacher in New York City. It became her "Mountain View" summer residence and the vacation destination of her many visitors, particularly music acquaintances. Thus it continued its role, in the view of one local Vermonter,[18] as a bed-and-breakfast for the rich and famous.[19] Guests, often eight or ten at any one time, would arrive at the Riverton train station[20] and be brought up Erhardt Hill just above it to the cottage with its beautiful views, healthful country setting, and relaxing atmosphere.

Local folks today remember Miss Illes well.[21] She was eccentric, warm, smiley, a bit theatrical, and spoke with a distinctive Hungarian accent.[22] One Riverton resident recalls that she always honked her horn driving around curves, so everybody knew when she was on the road.[23] Another enjoyed working at the cottage summers as a teenager, along with her mother, cleaning, cooking, and serving meals.[24] She remembers that she and other workers there would fight over the good jobs like dusting the furniture in the gorgeous parlor and preparing rooms for guests. (But Miss Illes's own room up in the attic was pretty messy, she says, with clothes thrown all over the floor.) She recalls that there were often unusual foods. Miss Illes especially enjoyed an odd sour buttermilk-like drink, and one Hungarian guest spoke of potato dumplings filled with prune jam.[25]

The cottage had its moment of greatest glory, one might say, in the summer of 1941 when one of the twentieth century's most famous composers, Béla Bartók, spent a month there. He and his concert pianist wife Ditta Pasztory had emigrated to the United States the year before, escaping the imminent occupation of their native Hungary by Adolph Hitler's army. Their first contact in America was a former piano student of Bartók's at the Budapest Academy of Music, now an established

concert pianist in New York City.[26] This Ernö Balogh and his wife invited the Bartóks to a welcoming dinner at their home. They invited another Hungarian friend as well, Agatha Illes. Years earlier, as an elementary piano student at the Budapest Academy, Agatha had stood in awe of the almost mythical Professor Bartók. Now in New York at her friends' house, she recognized the same famous Professor Bartók.[27] She and Bartók's wife Ditta immediately developed a fondness for each other, and Agatha helped her new friend find an apartment and furnish it, mostly very cheaply at auctions, to the pleasure and amazement of both Bartóks. As she helped them gradually settle in and adapt to life in the new country, she and Ditta became closest of companions, so close that when the Bartóks' teenage son Peter arrived in the United States a year later, he recalls his mother asking him the first night to call Agatha Illes right away, sounding "as if I had known her all my life."[28]

Agatha invited the Bartóks to her Mountain View retreat in Vermont that first summer. Bartók had always spent summers in the mountains, usually the Alps, where he enjoyed hiking, fresh air, natural scenery, and the opportunity to compose music. Thus this invitation to the mountains of Vermont was appealing. The Bartóks' visit to Riverton in the summer of 1941 is chronicled in Agatha's book *The Naked Face of Genius.*



Béla Bartók on upper-story balcony, 1941. (Photo 246 from Béla Bartók: His Life in Pictures, *Boosey & Hawkes, 1964)*

His naturally taciturn character, homesickness, worry over the war, and the onset of his terminal illness (leukemia) which was not yet diagnosed, made Bartók perhaps a finicky guest. He was a shy man, aloof, quiet, serious, uncompromising, of impenetrable character, a lover of nature and the honest peasant way of life, and a disciplined self-reliant composer. His son Peter says, "When not sleeping, talking to a visitor, having a meal, taking a walk, etc., he knew of no activity other than work."[29] In Vermont that summer of 1941 Bartók worked diligently on preparing his now famous Rumanian folk music collection for publication.[30]

His wife Ditta and Agatha, both Hungarians as well as accomplished musicians themselves, were kindred spirits eager and able to accommodate his quirks. Arriving together in Riverton a while before his visit, Ditta and Agatha selected the best room in the house for him, upstairs with its own fireplace and windows on three sides. They found a large harvest table in the library and its leaves in the barn and had it moved into his room, along with a small piano (to the annoyance of the caretaker, who couldn't imagine what all the fuss was about).[31]

Bartók did not broadcast his presence in Vermont. "But there are still people in Riverton who remember well the little, oldish man who spoke in such an odd fashion, and who used to wander along the wood roads, leaning heavily on a stout stick and wearing a limp straw hat in all kinds of weather."[32] Nearby Vermont residents had the good fortune to meet him in various ways. One woman remembers being invited to Miss Illes's house to hear a twelve-year-old prodigy play the piano and only several years later realizing the musical greatness of the shadowy, frail man in the background. Another woman, a local piano teacher, recalls Bartók coming to play her fine piano.[33] Nevertheless, he was aloof and cold to two visitors from New York City, friends of Agatha's who had driven two days to meet the famous composer at her cottage.[34] And when four other friends of hers, two European concert managers and their wives, arrived for a week, he ate alone in his room and refused to speak with them.[35]

Meticulous in all of his activities from collecting insects, to refashioning old bits of pencils and paper clips for further use, to researching folk music, to composing, Bartók was critical of American casualness. Newfangled ways of doing things, and any kind of carelessness, bothered him. Thus he criticized the cook: "Is that the way you make bread? . . . In a cold porcelain bowl, with a cold metal spoon, right in the middle of the afternoon . . . when it should be done at dawn . . . in a deep, long, wooden trough . . . kneaded into a swelling, rising, softly breathing heap, not by a metal tool but by the hands of a woman to impart

that flood of life-giving warmth to our daily bread."[36] By contrast, when they visited an elderly Spanish couple from the old country who lived on a nearby farm, Bartók "helped himself to one bowlful of buttermilk after another and ate big pieces of corncake, and hard sourish bread thickly spread with butter" and praised the Spanish woman for "a wonderful treat."[37] He was distressed at visiting the neighboring farm of Agatha's caretaker, which he found ill tended and dirty: "you mean to tell me . . . that these wretched animals, these poor helpless beasts are housed in that barn through the cold winter? . . . every day I will feel through my own body the horror and torment of their existence."[38] He celebrated the breakdown of the generator one evening, having "struggled night after night against the terrible drum-beating of that machine!"[39] He criticized Agatha's failure to farm her land, using it instead only as a summer vacation retreat. In her own defense she replied that her "fields were returning to wilderness, as they, and half of Vermont, had not been worked in many years, perhaps since Civil War days. Farms are constantly being abandoned, and then picked up by helpless summer people such as I keeping a little garden at best and forgetting what lies beyond it."[40]

Bartók left Riverton abruptly following an ill-timed air raid drill when he, his wife, and Agatha were visiting the Rock of Ages granite quarry.[41] The siren reminded him of real air raids in Europe and haunted him with visions of the horror occurring in his homeland. He returned to

Ditta, Agatha, and Béla Bartók at Rock of Ages granite quarry, 1941. (Courtesy of Peter Bartók)

New York City, leaving Ditta to finish the rest of their planned vacation. He never returned to Riverton. His advancing illness, still undiagnosed, led to his summering on doctor's orders in the famous tuberculosis cure cottages in Saranac Lake the next, and final, four years of his life.[42]

Ditta and Agatha continued as fast friends. Each summer Ditta would take vacation time to visit Vermont. The Bartóks' son Peter also visited in the summer of 1943 after his discharge from the U.S. Army, into which he had been drafted during the war. He recalls that his mission then was to capture a cat, a later sibling of two beloved kittens born on his parents' first visit to Riverton: "I arrived late at night on a train and people directed me up the hill; when I saw a house on a hillside, I tried it, the door was open, and when I walked in, a cat [one of Agatha's many] greeted me. I knew then it was the correct house. I tried a light switch, that started the generator and woke up Agatha.... [Earlier she had] arrived with a lot of baggage, one of them a basket with the cat in it, and the boy porter was curious, lifted up the basket lid and the cat jumped, ran away, and was in territory unfamiliar to him.... I built a cat trap, with salmon as bait, and surely, on the second night the cat was in the trap. He was frightened, tried to escape, but I pulled him out of the trap. Once I held the cat to my breast, his muscles suddenly relaxed and he no longer tried to free himself; I was recognized."[43]

Sometime in her decade-long ownership of Mountain View, Agatha Illes met Stephen Fassett, a New York radio personality, music lover, recording engineer, and owner/director of Fassett Recordings in Beacon Hill, Boston.[44] They were married at the cottage on a beautiful September day in 1947 by a neighbor up the road, Riverton's own Reverend Arthur W. Hewitt.[45] Their wedding was also attended by another friend and neighbor, Sue Boyer, who would later become owner of the property. Agatha and her new husband took to summering at his cottage in West Falmouth, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod, rather than Vermont. They sold Mountain View four years after their marriage.[46] During the next decade she wrote a fine book (dedicated to Ditta) about her acquaintance with Béla Bartók, *The Naked Face of Genius.*

Alas, a house neglected in Vermont quickly suffers the ravages of weather and careless tenants. The new New York owner did not occupy the cottage or tend it as its previous owners had. An absentee landlord, he was perhaps unaware that the large family to whom he rented took appallingly poor care of the cottage, damaging it and its contents, even throwing a piano and chandeliers down the stairs. In 1960 the filthy rundown property was purchased by neighbors Donald and Sue Boyer, owners of the old Emerson house seen on the 1873 map.[47] They had no

Wedding of Agatha Illes and Stephen Fassett, 1947. Sue Boyer is on the far left. Rev. Arthur Hewitt stands behind the groom. (Courtesy of Berlin Historical Society)

particular need for the cottage, but eagerly added the potential pasture land to their ever-increasing estate on Crosstown Road.[48] Eventually Mr. Boyer evicted the slovenly Mountain View tenants and began to use the cottage instead for storing hay for the feeding of his large herd of cattle. Thus it became known as the "Hay House." Soon hippies moved in of their own accord. When it became evident that they were further damaging and endangering the property, stealing, and carelessly building fires in the fireplace despite the flammable hay stored close by, Mr. Boyer decided to ask the Berlin Fire Department to burn the cottage down. It was common practice in those days for firemen to set controlled burns for firefighting practice. Mr. Boyer conveniently exchanged his problem of what to do with an unwanted structure for the fire department's desire for a drill. The once glorious cottage was burned to the ground in the mid-1960s by a combined effort of volunteer fire departments from Berlin, Northfield, East Montpelier, Calais, and Woodbury.[49]

As a widow, Sue Boyer willed much of her extensive acreage upon her own death to the Vermont Department of Forests, Parks, and Recreation. The Boyer State Forest came into existence in 1986.[50] The land

Boyer State Forest in 2008. The large maple tree on the right is the small one on the right in the 1930s photo. (Photo taken by the author)

on which the cottage once stood has now returned to its original condition. Its bare hillsides have grown up again to trees. Only the level ground on which the cottage once stood is open, mowed by the State to preserve the deer yard. With careful searching, one can make out the location of the old foundation.[51] The entrance driveway at the bend in the road atop Erhardt Hill remains,[52] as well as forest paths trod upon by the many visitors of yore. Music echoes forth from the birds rather than the pianos. Woodland creatures are nowadays the only residents, as in the days of the Royal Charter two centuries ago.

Notes

The author thanks the following for conversations and remembrances about the properties and people in this article, in alphabetical order: Berlin Town Clerk Rosemary Morse; neighbors and townspeople Evelyn Berglund, Marilyn Bruce, Paul Gillies, Stephen Green, David Mercier, Elizabeth and Gary Richardson, Norma Ryan, and James Sumner; Berlin volunteer firefighters Bill Clifford, Bob Simon, and Brice Stygles; Berlin Historical Society President Norbert Rhinerson and Secretary Richard Turner.

[1] Land parcels are also cross-referenced according to buyer's name, seller's name, and transaction date. Records of all transactions in this article are on file in the Berlin Town Office and are available to the public.

[2] Copies of the 1785 surveyor's map of the town of Berlin are held in the Vermont Historical Society Library and the Berlin Town Office. Vermont, not a state until 1791, was disputed territory at

the time of this 1785 map, claimed by both New Hampshire and New York. The town of Berlin was chartered by New Hampshire's Royal Governor Benning Wentworth on June 8, 1763.

[3]The postmark was changed in 1918 to Riverton to avoid confusion between the two post offices at Berlin Corners and West Berlin. An August 29, 1970, Barre *Times-Argus* article by Rev. Arthur Hewitt says the name Riverton was suggested by Fannie Erhardt.

[4]*Who's Who in New England: A Biographical Dictionary* (Chicago: A. N. Marquis and Co., 1916), 518. Wilbur Fisk Hascall and his wife Henrietta Mary are listed in "Descendants of Squire Hascall," 83, on the website familytreemaker.genealogy.com.

[5]"Death of J. W. Doane; Railroad Financier and Head of Big Coffee Firm a Victim of Heart Disease . . . He is survived by his widow, two sons, A. E. and J. W. Jr., and three daughters." *New York Times,* 24 March, 1901. John Wesley Doane and his children are also listed in "Descendants of Squire Hascall," 78. One wonders if it is possible that the Doanes and Hascalls might have been acquainted as cousins (see note 4), thus leading to their common interest in property in faraway Vermont.

[6]"The marriage of Mrs. Fannie Doane Rumsey, daughter of the late J. W. Doane of Chicago, to Prof. Justus Erhardt of Boston, took place Aug. 29," *New York Times,* 7 September, 1902. Justus Erhardt is listed in the 1914 *Harvard University Alumni Directory,* page 256, as "Erhardt, Justus: [Inst. Tech. Bologna (Italy) 1888. Ed.]."

[7]John Turner Rumsey (Fannie's first husband) died 9 Jun 1900; John Wesley Doane (her father) died 23 Mar 1901; Julia Ann Moulton Doane (her mother) died 7 Jan 1902. http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com

[8]Information in the Berlin Grand List suggests that the cottage was built in 1905, the year after the Erhardts' initial land purchase.

[9]The road is sometimes erroneously called Earhart Hill after Amelia Earhart, who was matron of honor at the 1931 wedding of Porter and Susan Adams, later residents farther up the road. Porter Adams had served in Washington as president of the National Aeronautic Association. Sue was his secretary, and they had many aviation friends. Adams became president of Norwich University in nearby Northfield in 1934, and in 1935 invited Amelia Earhart to speak there. After his retirement from Norwich in 1939, Porter and Sue Adams bought the old Emerson house on Crosstown Road (from the Smiths, who ran a bed-and-breakfast there named Lotus Lodge). There is no evidence that Amelia Earhart ever visited the Crosstown Road house, and her disappearance in 1937 makes this highly unlikely. But the rumor that the road is named after her persists locally. Extensive documentation about Porter and Sue Adams is available in the Special Collections of Kreitzberg Library at Norwich University. After Porter Adams's death, Sue married his personal assistant Donald Boyer. They continued to live in the same house, nowadays referred to as the "Boyer House."

[10]Seen in photos in the private collection of James Sumner, other Doane country (or perhaps seaside) estates were mansions of much grander appearance and scale. Their Vermont "cottage" is indeed humble in comparison.

[11]Agatha Fassett, *The Naked Face of Genius* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1958), 113, 89.

[12]According to later owner Agatha Illes, the town had promised electricity but not actually provided it as of 1941. To this day, power comes down Crosstown Road from one power company and up the road from another, but still does not reach the Erhardt Cottage property located between the two services.

[13]James Sumner. He is a descendant in the Hewitt family, longtime owners of the former Ayers property seen on the 1873 map opposite the old Emerson place. His grandmother and Rev. Arthur Hewitt were siblings. See notes 41 and 45, below.

[14]Her father, an orphan from Boston, had been brought to Vermont by the Doane family to tend horses. After he came to Vermont, he met the neighbor girl up the road and married her; they are the parents of the reminiscer here and the grandparents of James Sumner. Horses were of more than casual interest to the Doanes: "Thomson, Conn., Jan. 16.—White Heart, a famous Kentucky thoroughbred, owned by Mrs. Julia Doane Dresser, broke a leg by a fall while out on the track yesterday and had to be shot. The horse had seventeen blue ribbons to his credit." *New York Times,* 17 January, 1914.

[15]Housed in the Harvard University library, the Rogers Memorial Collection contains "An autograph album from 1876 and a scrapbook from 1911 compiled by Julia Doane, a Chicagoan with connections to the theatrical and musical communities. Both items feature actors and other theatrical figures of the late 19th century." http://oasis.lib.harvard.edu

[16]James Sumner says that his mother, the schoolgirl in this story, told Mr. Doane that she didn't have any money but he gave her ice cream anyway. Later, it was quite a surprise when Mr. Doane presented a bill to her father!

[17]There seems to be no local recollection by the 1930s of a Mr. Dresser. An October 28, 1927, deed of sale transferring the old Emerson farm from Hascall to the Dressers and Erhardts specifies

"Julia D. Dresser and George E. Dresser personally appeared [in Connecticut] and acknowledged this instrument." George Dresser's death date is unknown. Mrs. Dresser apparently spent her last years in Vermont without him.

[18] David Mercier.

[19] The neighborhood by this time also featured other lodges frequented by literary, intellectual, and musical guests—Lotus Lodge (the former Emerson place) and Cedar Lodge (the southernmost of the three former Ayers houses across the road from it, no longer in existence).

[20] The train station no longer exists, replaced in the 1960s by the Riverton fire station. Rail service was absent between 1952 and 1980, but now is provided by Amtrak. The new railroad station is at Montpelier Junction, five miles north of Riverton.

[21] Her name is often pronounced locally as "Miss Ellis."

[22] Elijah Stommel, "Echoes of Agatha and Her People," unpublished document housed in the offices of the Berlin Historical Society, date approximately 2000.

[23] Gary Richardson.

[24] Norma Ryan.

[25] The guest was Hungarian composer Béla Bartók, reminiscing over foods from the old country. Fassett, *Naked Face,* 120.

[26] Ibid., 18.

[27] Ibid., 14 –15.

[28] Peter Bartók, *My Father* (published by Bartók Records, P.O. Box 399, Homosassa, Florida 34487, 2002), 90.

[29] Ibid., 31.

[30] The Rumanian project occupied Bartók from the 1920s to the end of his life and was not fully published until twenty years after his death. A huge collection containing documentation, scholarly discussion, and transcriptions of hundreds of melodies, it is now available as: Béla Bartók (Benjamin Suchoff, ed.), *Rumanian Folk Music* (The Hague: Martinus Nijhoff, 1967). Bartók did no composing of new music while in Vermont. In a two-year lull in composition while he left his homeland and settled in the new country, he had not yet embarked on his last great masterworks, the Concerto for Orchestra, Solo Violin Sonata, Viola Concerto, and Third Piano Concerto.

[31] "Matthew, neighboring farmer and honorary caretaker of my house since the day I bought it and even before, for I had inherited him from the previous owner." Fassett, *Naked Face,* 91. This caretaker was surely Raymond Norton, with his name changed in her book. Mary Fassett, cousin of Agatha's husband Stephen Fassett, speaks in a December 2, 2008, private communication with the author of her experience at the cottage after Agatha and Stephen's wedding: "There was a weird ghost of a caretaker named Raymond who walked in on me evenings when I was practicing [piano]. I was staying as cat-sitter while the newly weds went somewhere." Mary Fassett stands at the far right in the wedding photo.

[32] Miriam Chapin, "Béla Bartók in Riverton," *Vermont Life* 16, Summer 1962: 46.

[33] Earline V. Marsh, "Bartók in Vermont," *Times Argus Country Courier,* 12 June, 1991, 3A.

[34] Fassett, *Naked Face,* 173.

[35] Although he knew both languages, he feigned no knowledge of German (perhaps due in part to his intense anti-Nazi sentiment), and so little English as to be tired by trying to speak it. Fassett, *Naked Face,* 176.

[36] Ibid., 131 –132.

[37] Ibid., 163. The elderly Spanish neighbors were named Mr. and Mrs. Gonzales in Agatha's book (pronounced Canallis by local Vermonters). They were actually Cipriano and Floripes Canales, then owners of the old Kimball place on Darling Road seen on the 1873 map.

[38] Ibid., 128–129. The author believes this refers to the Norton farm, no longer in existence, but at the time adjacent to and up the road from the former Emerson place.

[39] Ibid., 169.

[40] Ibid., 146.

[41] The photo of Bartók with his wife and Agatha was undoubtedly taken at the granite quarry. Note the large square-cut stone blocks. It has been speculated that the photo was taken instead in front of the home of Rev. Arthur Hewitt, a neighbor and friend farther up Crosstown Road (the former Ayers property on the 1873 map); that stone wall, however, is built of smaller field stones, as can still be seen today behind overgrown bushes.

[42] He lived in the cure cottage of Mrs. Margaret Sageman, 32 Park Avenue, the summers of 1942, 1943 and 1944. In summer 1945 he stayed at the cottage belonging to Max Haar, 89 Riverside Drive. The Haar cottage is now preserved by Historic Saranac Lake as the "Bartók Cabin." In 2004 the Hungarian deputy minister of culture "presided in a ceremony to install a brass plaque in the cabin, inscribed with a portrait of Béla Bartók and the words, 'In the summer of 1945 Béla Bartók, the great Hungarian composer, found peace and inspiration in this place and here completed his last works,' " *Adirondack Daily Enterprise Weekender* 23 –29 June, 2006, 1, 4, 7.

[43] Private communication from Peter Bartók to the author, 30 June, 2007.

[44] Stommel, "Echoes of Agatha."

[45] Rev. Hewitt owned the Ayers property seen on the 1873 map, opposite the old Emerson place. He named its northernmost house, the one in which he lived, "Highland Manse," and it is still known by that name today. In the photo he stands behind the groom, and Sue Boyer stands at the left of the picture.

[46] To Samuel Monoson of New York City. The transaction took place in New York, but its record is kept in the Berlin Town Office.

[47] Sue and Agatha had become friends, surely in part through their mutual love of music. Sue was herself a pianist, and among her cherished possessions were three pianos. She later became beloved benefactress of the Vermont Philharmonic Orchestra.

[48] According to caretaker Gary Richardson, the Boyers' goal was to provide ample open pasture for the cattle, which numbered about 100 head of registered Black Angus at the herd's largest. In the course of creating their beautiful private estate, Mr. Boyer had burned down the decrepit barn that so upset Bartók, as well as other structures he did not need.

[49] Probably 1966 or 1967, according to local firefighters who participated in the burn. The date is not recorded because controlled burns were very common in those days and not worthy of official documentation, newspaper coverage, or photos.

[50] Information about the Boyer State Forest is available at the Vermont Department of Forests, Parks, and Recreation in Waterbury. Its establishment was not without controversy. Letters attest to the town selectboard's worry over the loss of potential tax base and residents' desire for preservation of the rural countryside. As with many governmental acquisitions, approval by both the governor and the legislature was required for the state to establish the forest and to assume its management and consequent expense. A small portion of the Boyer estate became available for purchase in 1986, and the author and her husband now live in a house they built there in 1987, opposite the old Emerson house on Crosstown Road, just up the hill from the former Erhardt/Illes cottage.

[51] Its GPS location is N 44°12′27″, W 72°37′34″.

[52] Actually the entrance has been moved slightly downhill to accommodate a drainage culvert under Crosstown Road at the point of the old entrance. Time of placement of the culvert is unknown. The driveway now enters the property on the downhill side of the big maple tree, then curves up to meet its old path beside the cottage and thence to the barn.

Book Reviews

Champlain: The Lake Between

By Caro Thompson, filmmaker (Colchester, Vt.: Vermont Public Television, 2008, DVD/CD-ROM, $19.95).

The release of this documentary was timed to coincide with the 400th anniversary of Samuel de Champlain's arrival on the banks of Lake Champlain. Its maker, Caro Thompson, is a veteran of many educational and documentary films, a number of which were made for Vermont Public Television. *Champlain: The Lake Between* is among her best work. It will continue to find audiences, especially in elementary and secondary classrooms, for many years after Champlain's quadricentennial celebrations are a distant memory.

Champlain tells a multicultural story. Its central actor is Samuel de Champlain, portrayed as a highly competent explorer and diplomat who, through sheer will and determination, built a French empire in Canada. Such actions as encouraging Native Americans to become French citizens paint him in a sympathetic light. On the other hand, some of the movie's commentators depict Champlain as having transformative goals; dismissive of Natives' traditions and philosophy of sustainable land use, Champlain is described as on a mission to "build an empire" and "subjugate the people" he found there. While the movie paints a portrait of Champlain as a complex man, his disruptive impact on the region's political balance is made clear. The movie explores the changes Champlain brought to the traditional conflict between the Iroquois and the Montagnais. On the famous 1609 battle between war parties from those two nations, the commentators' consensus is that Champlain misread the event by seeing it through European eyes: Champlain took the Iroquois

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offer of battle at face value rather than as a ritualistic show of force that would be resolved in negotiations between chiefs. Champlain's lethal musket shots marked the beginning of a new era in the region's history.

The film goes on to explore the history of the French at Lake Champlain over the following century and a half, but its story is as much about the indigenous people who lived on both sides of Lake Champlain as it is about Europeans. The central dynamic of the movie is French impact on the conflict between the Montagnais and their allies on the east side of the lake, and the Iroquois nations on the west side. According to the movie, Champlain's arrival marked "a turning point" in the lives of these people. The movie lingers over the paradoxical nature of Champlain's attempt to build amicable relations with the Montagnais: Such acts of friendship required him to make war with their enemies, with tragic consequences for all sides. New France's later alliances with the Abenaki to the south of Québec are explored, as well. Situated precariously close to the edge of New England settlement, the Abenaki are described by one commentator as unfairly not accorded a "similar heroism" for resisting New England's expansion as history has given New Englanders for defending their frontier settlements.

As much as disruption, however, the movie explores how traditional Native American lifeways persevered long after Champlain's arrival. Perhaps the movie's greatest educational value is in its exploration of Native American culture and practices. Through historical reenactments in dress and technology accurate to the era, *Champlain* examines Native practices in such areas of life as agriculture, the construction of long houses, and child rearing. The differences between the traditions and habits of the Abenaki, Mohawk, and Montagnais are also explored. Dartmouth Professor Colin Calloway is one among the many commentators who emphasize the differences between Native nations, calling Indian-to-Indian commercial interaction "truly international exchanges." Much also united them, however: The movie's narration describes Indian use of the land as operating on a "regular, nature-driven schedule." To European eyes, however, their land was an "uninhabited, untouched wilderness," and the movie points to the voracious European appetite for beaver pelts as the primary engine in the disruption of traditional relations between Native American nations surrounding the lake.

Thompson chose her on-camera commentators superbly. The academics to whom she turns for both detail and sweep come from a variety of disciplines, and from both sides of the American-Canadian border. The region's historical sites and museums are also well represented. Particularly moving is the commentary provided by contemporary representatives of the region's Native American tribes. These tend to refer to

the Natives of the historical times as "we," giving a sense of how these long-ago events still resonate among the descendants of those who experienced them.

The movie is accompanied by a CD-ROM titled "Lake Champlain Voyages of Discovery: Classroom Connections." This CD contains excellent learning resources that will be useful to educators from the elementary to the collegiate level. Among these resources are a set of maps, a variety of educational activities for different learning levels, and recommendations for field trips, books, and websites for further research. *Champlain: The Lake Between* received a number of airings on Vermont Public Television in 2009. Those who saw it were fortunate to have experienced the well-rounded, fair, and nuanced depiction it gives of the history of New France and the Native peoples who experienced the changes European contact wrought. The movie's enduring value is likely to be in the classroom, however. It tells a complex yet easy-to-follow story, and is often a true visual treat; students are especially likely to find its battle scenes compelling. *Champlain* is highly recommended for a place on the shelves of classrooms throughout Vermont, New York, and Québec.

PAUL SEARLS

Paul Searls is an assistant professor of history at Lyndon State College. He is the author of Two Vermonts: Geography and Identity, 1865–1910 *(2006).*

[*Editor's note*: In 2009, Caro Thompson received an Emmy Award for Historical or Cultural Program in the Boston/New England Region for *Champlain: The Lake Between*; she also received the Vermont Historical Society's Richard O. Hathaway Award, given annually to an individual who is recognized for making an outstanding contribution to the field of Vermont history.]

Lake Champlain Voyages of Discovery: Bringing History Home

By Giovanna Peebles, Elsa Gilbertson, Rosemary A. Cyr, Ellen R. Cowie and Robert N. Bartone (Vermont Division for Historic Preservation, 2009, pp. 56, $5.00 for shipping and handling or free on the website www.voyages.vermont.gov).

Many bright children catch the history bug through reading colorful accounts of the adventurous archaeologists who unearthed the

treasures of Egypt or revealed the tragic site of Pompeii. How cool would it be to live in some dusty country where there are thousands of years of artifacts to uncover? A lucky few might stumble upon a projectile point or a nineteenth-century bottle dump in their own backyards; but for most, archaeology is something that happens far away. Why bother to look here in Vermont?

The Champlain Quadricentennial served as a great stimulus for reopening questions about what archaeology and history might have to tell us about earlier lives lived along Lake Champlain. One of the most exciting projects to come out of this renewed interest was a joint venture called *Lake Champlain Voyages of Discovery: Bringing History Home*, the brainchild of Vermont State Archaeologist Giovanna Peebles, Regional Historic Site Administrator Elsa Gilbertson, Historic Sites Operation Chief John Dumville, and partners too numerous to name. Funded by the Institute of Museum and Library Services (IMLS) and other agencies, the project engaged archaeologists from Vermont and the University of Maine at Farmington, local teachers, and over a hundred volunteers in one of the largest citizen-archaeology projects ever attempted in the region. The call for volunteers went out in the summer of 2007, firing the imaginations of scores of people who never thought they would have a chance to roll up their sleeves and go on a dig. The goal was "to reveal the unwritten shoreline history" of the DAR State Park, on the shores of Lake Champlain in Addison. Under the careful tutelage of the professional team, they spent three weeks carefully sifting through a site that had been home to indigenous people, the French, the English, and the Americans over many centuries.

The results of their efforts—and much more—have been published in this attractive little volume. The history of the lake from geological time to the early nineteenth century is told in a clear, quick, and entertaining manner, lavishly illustrated by full-color drawings, maps, and photographs on almost every page. In fifty-six pages the authors manage to provide an entertaining and informative look at what we know about life on the lake before Champlain, along with a running commentary on how we know it.

The narrative races through the Ice Age and the global warming that followed, through the peopling of the Champlain Valley and the three great periods of Native life (Paleoindian, Archaic, and Woodland), stopping long enough to share Abenaki creation stories and clear accounts of stone tool making.

Once Champlain arrives on the scene, adding to the richness of the historical record, the narrative gets down to its real purpose: a detailed examination of life on the Addison shoreline of the lake from 1609 to

1830, focusing on Chimney Point and DAR State Park. Casual readers of Vermont history have long been intrigued by stories of the French seigneuries, the long strip lots Louis XV granted to his faithful *intendants* to encourage French settlement and control of Lake Champlain. Most accounts briefly mention these French settlers and the burning of their homes in the 1759 evacuation following the English defeat. (The remaining French chimneys provided the current name of Chimney Point.) This booklet tells the fascinating story of how the French lived and died here in more detail than has been readily available previously.

The final section of the narrative describes the citizen archaeology project, bringing us along as the team excavated two cellar holes in DAR State Park, long thought to have formed the original sites of the first log cabin dwellings of the John and Agnes Strong family, whose next-door mansion is still maintained by the DAR. It is a fascinating story, enriched by the wonderful historical account of the Strongs recorded in Abby Hemenway's *Gazetteer*. Many questions have long been raised about these cellar holes. Were they originally the sites of French cabins, burned and rebuilt by the English? Did the Strongs really live here? What can we learn about the daily lives of these early settlers—their households, the food they ate, what they wore? Through the efforts of this dedicated team of amateurs and professional archaeologists, many of these intriguing questions are answered here.

The book is a delightful read for the general public as well as a solid, engaging resource for teachers. The cover features a stunning photograph of the Champlain Bridge, which will be gone by the time you read this. It serves as a valuable reminder that our heritage can be lost forever through underfunding. State historic sites, like Chimney Point, are not only tourist destinations—they are extraordinary cultural resources that we hold in trust for the future. This book reminds Vermonters of all ages of the rich legacy left by those who came before us. Let's rededicate ourselves to protecting it for their sakes and for our children.

JAN ALBERS

Jan Albers is the Executive Director of the Henry Sheldon Museum in Middlebury and the author of Hands on the Land: A History of the Vermont Landscape.

A Century in the Mountains: Celebrating Vermont's Long Trail

Edited by Tom Slayton (Waterbury Center, Vt.: The Green Mountain Club, 2009, pp. 192, $38.95).

Many who read books about Vermont history will be familiar with the 1985 illustrated history, *Green Mountain Adventure: Vermont's Long Trail,* by Jane and Will Curtis and Frank Lieberman. And many who have hiked any portion of Vermont's Long Trail will be familiar with the beauty, challenges, and sense of history that one encounters along its length. *A Century in the Mountains: Celebrating Vermont's Long Trail* provides Vermont historians and trail enthusiasts with a wonderful contemporary companion to *Green Mountain Adventure* as well as an attractive and thoughtful collection of photographs and essays, all of which capture some measure of what it feels like to stroll through the beauty of the trail and the depth of its history. This book was a joy to review and it will prove to be a pleasure to own for years to come.

A Century in the Mountains is edited by former *Vermont Life* editor, Tom Slayton—for decades, one of Vermont's leading observers and commentators—and it contains ten essays by eight different authors, including a foreword by environmental writer Bill McKibben and an afterword by Green Mountain Club executive director, Ben Rose. Together, the book's authors blend history with contemporary issues and experiences to create a volume that transcends the categories of "illustrated history" or the sometimes denigrated "coffee table book." The book's ability to do this—to mix past and present in both word and image—is perhaps its greatest strength. In one of its most moving passages, author Katy Klutznick captures this neatly, writing, "The one thing I know about the Long Trail is this: the human hands that created it one hundred years ago reach out and touch those of us who cherish it today, making us all feel that much more connected, that much more alive" (p. 106). One cannot help but walk away from this book feeling this connection and feeling fortunate to be a part of it, either as a hiker or as a casual reader of Slayton's edited collection.

The book begins with a very brief foreword by McKibben in which he suggests the value of experiences along the trail to the growth and perpetuation of environmental stewardship. Following this, Tom Slayton provides as succinct a summary as one is likely to find of the trail, its builder and steward (the Green Mountain Club), and the distinctiveness

and importance of the Green Mountains. Among other insights, Slayton's essay emphasizes the environmental ethic that has developed in conjunction with the trail's history, at the scale of both the trail itself and the state of Vermont.

Slayton's introduction is followed by a chapter by Reidun Dahle Nuquist chronicling the history of the Green Mountain Club (GMC). Nuquist's chapter is organized sequentially from the club's beginnings in the 1910s to the present, including a section on the post-1980s history of the Long Trail Protection Fund—a history that today's Long Trail hikers benefit from but may know less about than the trail's more distant and storied past. Subsequent chapters include a lively and informative chapter by Slayton examining the routines, food, equipment, ethics, and hiking styles of Long Trail hikers past and present; a short chapter on women hikers by Laura Waterman, co-author of the well-known history of northeastern hiking, *Forest and Crag*; and a personally inflected set of thoughts by Katy Klutznik on the meanings and emotions motivating many hikers on the trail. Following these are two delightful chapters on the lives and work of GMC shelter caretakers and trail keepers (both by Val Stori, who writes with the benefit of experience in both); a perhaps more traditional, yet still very enjoyable chapter on the natural environment of the trail; and a detailed account of late-twentieth-century conservation and co-operative stewardship/management initiatives on the trail. The book ends with Ben Rose's afterword, in which he lays out some of the future challenges facing the trail and the GMC.

Some historians, including those familiar with the key insights into GMC history outlined by Hal Goldman in the 1990s, may find *A Century in the Mountains* entirely uncritical, both in the literal and academic sense of that word. But the book makes no pretense at being anything other than a celebration (as its title suggests). And while there is certainly a place for critical self-reflection and academic critique in historical writing and contemporary non-fiction, there is also a place for celebration, particularly when it relates to something as treasured and well loved as the Long Trail. For this reason, there will certainly be a welcome place on the bookshelves of many Vermont historians and Long Trail enthusiasts for this celebration of Vermont's footpath in the wilderness.

BLAKE HARRISON

Blake Harrison teaches in the Department of Geography at Southern Connecticut State University and is the author of The View from Vermont: Tourism and the Making of an American Rural Landscape *(2006).*

If Stone Could Speak / Se la pietra sapesse parlare

Directed by Randy Croce (Minneapolis: Labor Education Service, University of Minnesota, 2007; DVD, appr. 67 minutes, English and Italian with subtitles, $20.00).

The story of the Italian stoneworkers in Vermont around the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth constitutes only a small part of the history of Italian migration to the United States, but, as is often the case with small stories, it is rich, compelling, and evocative. In his documentary, *If Stone Could Speak,* Randy Croce, coordinator of Labor Education Services at the University of Minnesota in the Twin Cities, gives the viewer a comprehensive overview of the story of the Italians in Vermont and presents many of its captivating facets, allowing us to bridge the distance between then and now.

Starting in 1884, a steady flow of Italian stone workers, coming for the most part from the foothill communities of Piedmont and Lombardy and from the towns around the marble quarries of northwestern Tuscany (of which Carrara is the most famous), migrated to Vermont to work in the booming stone business. As Croce points out, during the second half of the nineteenth century the railway system was completed, connecting Vermont and its quarries and sheds to the rest of the country and its markets. Redfield Proctor, an energetic and entrepreneurial lawyer and politician from Rutland, was at that point owner of virtually all of the marble in Vermont. He had the stone, the means of transportation, and big ambitions for his Vermont Marble Company. What he lacked, he realized, was a highly qualified labor force. Through business partners in Carrara he headhunted the first Italian stoneworkers, who were attracted to Vermont to teach their skills. These first men paved the way for many other Italian stoneworkers, the *scalpellini*, who migrated to Vermont from Italy or from quarry towns within the United States to work marble, mostly in Proctor and Rutland, and granite in Barre.

If Stone Could Speak focuses on the latter and, through beautiful images, video clips, and interviews made in the United States and in Italy, explores what this migration has meant not only for the receiving end, Vermont, but also for the people and the communities in Italy that these migrants left behind. Croce touches upon many topics that on the one hand are specific to the story of the Italian stoneworkers in Vermont, and on the other are shared by all migrants: The sense of the value of one's skills and work; the importance of political ideals and involvement; the enriching and challenging process of creating, both physically and affectively, a new home; and the issue of identity for first-, second-,

and third-generation Italian Americans. These elements are, naturally, all connected and provide us with a rich and three-dimensional picture.

One of the protagonists of the documentary is Angelo Ambrosini, son of a *scalpellino* who, like so many others, died in his forties of silicosis. This lung disease was caused by the inhalation of silica dust that filled the sheds, especially after the introduction of pneumatic tools in the 1890s. He made his wife promise that their son would never become a stonecutter. After the Second World War, however, Ambrosini decided to follow his father's footsteps. (In 1938, with the introduction of suction devices in the sheds, the problem of silicosis was solved overnight.) He was taught by Angelo Bardelli and Orazio Marselli, part of a new, smaller migration wave of Italian *scalpellini.* In the 1950s they had received special visas to come to Vermont, where the number of skilled stonecutters had been dwindling. Ambrosini, in turn, mentored Gary Sassi, whose family owned a finishing shed. In an engaging interview, Sassi recounts how he had always dreamed of becoming a sculptor and, one day, own the Celestial Memorial Sculpture Studio, his family's shed. When he was nineteen he decided to go to Italy for three years to study art. He speaks eloquently about how important it was to be there, to breathe in art at almost every street corner, and then to come back to Vermont and work alongside Angelo Ambrosini. Thus Croce shows how, across decades and continents, in constant communication and exchange between Italy and the United States, the skills that pushed the first Italian stoneworkers to leave their hometowns are still part of the fabric of Vermont.

The material presented in this documentary is so compelling and fascinating that one would want *If Stone Could Speak* to last longer, and to touch, for instance, also upon what happens in the same years on the other side of the Green Mountains, in Proctor, the heart of the marble industry. That town was involved in the same kind of business as Barre, but had a markedly different migration and integration story. This, however, is not really a criticism as much as a regret for the constraints of time. Croce is clearly fond of his protagonists, and this infuses the documentary with warmth and heartfelt sympathy that, though never over-romanticized, make the viewer feel close to these migrants and their story.

ILARIA BRANCOLI BUSDRAGHI

Ilaria Brancoli Busdraghi is an historian who wrote her thesis on the Italian stoneworkers in Vermont for her Laurea *from the Seconda Università di Roma, Tor Vergata. She teaches in the Italian Department at Middlebury College.*

[*Editor's note*: Randy Croce was co-winner, for his film, *If Stone Could Speak,* of the Vermont Historical Society's 2008 Richard O. Hathaway Award, which recognizes an individual who makes an outstanding contribution to the field of Vermont history.]

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Bullock-Prado, Gesine, *Confections of a Closet Master Baker: One Woman's Sweet Journey from Unhappy Hollywood Executive to Contented Country Baker.* New York: Broadway Books, 2009. 226p. List: $24.00. Author operated a bakery in Montpelier.

*Farfan, Matthew F., *The Vermont-Quebec Border: Life on the Line.* Charleston, S.C.: Arcadia Publishing, 2009. 127p. List: $21.99 (paper).

*Feeney, Vincent E., *Finnigans, Slaters, and Stonepeggers: A History of the Irish in Vermont.* Bennington, Vt.: Images from the Past, 2009. 242p. List: $19.95 (paper).

Ketchum, Richard M., *Down on the Farm (Up in Vermont): A Love Story.* Manchester Center, Vt.: Shire Press, 2009. 249p. Source: Northshire Bookstore, P.O. Box 2200, Manchester Center, VT 05255. List: $21.95 (paper). Farm life in Dorset, Vermont, by noted writer.

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

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* Lawson, Kenneth E., *A Fire at the Pond: The December 27, 1813, British Raid in Derby.* San Juan, Puerto Rico: The author, 2009. 19p. List: $5.00 (paper).
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* Lewis, Thea, *Haunted Burlington: Spirits of Vermont's Queen City.* Charleston, S.C.: Haunted America, 2009. 94p. List: $19.99 (paper).
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* Paterson, Katherine, *The Day of the Pelican.* Boston: Clarion Books, 2009. 145p. List: $16.00. Albanian refugee family in small Vermont town.

Reimann, Liisa, *A Brief History of Appletree Point Farm in Burlington, Vermont.* Montpelier, Vt.: New England Preservation Collaborative, Inc., 2008. 52p. Source: Appletree Point Historical Society, 91 Cumberland Road, Burlington, VT 05408. List: Unknown.

Saunders, Richard H., *Pastoral Vermont: The Paintings & Etchings of Luigi Lucioni.* Middlebury, Vt.: Middlebury College Museum of Art, 2009. 47p. Source: Middlebury College Museum of Art, Mahaney Center for the Arts, Route 30, Middlebury, VT 05753. List: $29.95 (paper).

* Skiffington, Kerry K., *Bristol, Vermont: Historically Speaking.* Charleston, S.C.: History Press, 2009. 158p. List: $21.99 (paper).
* Slayton, Tom, ed., *A Century in the Mountains: Celebrating Vermont's Long Trail.* Waterbury Center, Vt.: Green Mountain Club, 2009. 190p. List: $38.95.

Thompson, Leon, *Not Too Awful Bad: A Storyteller's Guide to Vermont.* Yarmouth, Me.: Islandport Press, 2009. 159p. List: $15.95 (paper). Includes popular history.

* *Vermont Connection: Vermont as Portrayed on the Stamps of the United States of America.* No location: Vermont Philatelic Society, 2009. 13p. List: $7.50 (paper).
* Wakefield, Alice Webster, *Sunsets over Lake Champlain: The Good Old Days in the Queen City of Burlington, Vermont.* Burlington, Vt.: The author, 2009. 132p. List: $19.95 (paper).
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