

“ I DON’T KNOW WHAT I WOULD DO BUT FOR WRITING”:
AUTHORSHIP AND THE DIARY OF SUSAN WARNER (1850-3)

by

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A DISSERTATION

Submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy
in the Department of English
in the Graduate School of
The University of Alabama

TUSCALOOSA, ALABAMA

2017

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ABSTRACT

Susan Bogert Warner is best known for her novel *The Wide, Wide World* (1850), a work of domestic fiction that was second only to Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852) in its nineteenth-century popularity. In the months before the publication of *The Wide, Wide World*, Warner began a diary in the pages of a discarded journal that had previously belonged to her aunt. This dissertation project consists of a transcription of the diary, a biographical sketch, and a critical analysis of the diary text. A literal transcription of the diary provides a primary source through which to analyze Warner's life and writing by presenting an intimate portrait of her life and mind at the beginning of her career. This diary captures Warner's journey into authorship and allows Warner the agency of narrating the three pivotal years of her early career. The diary transcription and analysis help to define how Warner sees herself as a writer and woman in Victorian America.

DEDICATION

To my mother,

who has shared with me her love of stories and her keen ability to find beauty in dailiness,
and above all else has taught me to persist.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

First and foremost, I must thank Philip Beidler, who has been a constant mentor, inspiring teacher, and reassuring director from the first day of large lecture preparations eight years ago to the final defense of this project. Thank you for seeing me through my first days of teaching, many influential classes, and two nontraditional transcription projects and for believing in my conviction to recover women's voices and bring their daily writings to a wider audience. Thanks are also due to the members of my committee: to Tricia McElroy for your wisdom about editing, transcription, and all matters of life, to Heather White for your clear guidance in each step from coursework to thesis to dissertation, to Nikhil Bilwakesh for making the nineteenth-century literary connections that I had not made and suggesting the readings to further those connections, and to Merinda Simmons for asking the insightful questions that broadened my reading of Warner.

This project would not have been possible without the gracious permission and preservation of the Constitution Island Association and the diligent effort of Hilary Dyson, who guided me through the archives and the Hudson River Valley.

I am also indebted to Bridget Smith Pieschel, who first inspired me to look more closely at women's diaries and taught me her theory and practice of transcribing and annotating these texts. Bridget, I will be ever grateful for your mentoring that has turned to dear friendship. Within and beyond academic communities, I am ever grateful for the tribe of women and few good men who have walked with me on different paths along this journey. To Joan, Kathryn, and Melanie, to

Ann, Sarah, and Louise, to Charlie, Caroline, and Neeley, to Hannah, Collyn, and Alex, and to Jennifer and Carol, I am thankful for each of you and your kindness, guidance, and friendship throughout this process and beyond.

Finally, thank you to my family who have supported me from the earliest moments. To my father, who is ever ready to engage in a debate and never bored with the tedium of academic tales. To my mother, who models strength and resilience daily and knows what I mean to say even before I speak it. To Molly, Matt, and Mary Clay, I am grateful for your constant encouragement and occasional loving jest. To Ellie and Margaret, thank you for reminding me why recovering women's voices and teaching these stories to the next generation remains important and necessary work.

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INTRODUCTION

On September 13, 1850, Susan Bogert Warner, best known as the author of the novels, *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy*, wrote the first entry in her journal, a notebook covered in a blue, brown, and tan marbled paper with leather binding and corners. This entry began a three-year chronicle of her journey into authorship. Her last entry dated August 27, 1853 ends with an announcement that *The Law and The Testimony*, an exhaustive biblical reference text compiled and written jointly with her sister Anna, had been sent off to the printer and that her attention had returned to her third novel and various “juveniles,” short stories for children. Susan’s first and most popular book, *The Wide, Wide World*,¹ was published by G. P. Putnam only a few months after her first entry. Throughout the journal, she reveals how she navigated her new found popularity, and how she struggled to embrace her new role as financial provider for the family. As she confesses anxieties both financial and spiritual, Susan records her progress through the journal in terms of pages written and hours spent writing. She also drafts *Queechy* and other works in what she calls “weavings,” intermixed throughout her personal entries. The journal also serves as receptacle for reviews and articles about her published works, which are usually pasted onto pages on the back side of the journal. Susan’s writing career continued throughout her adult life, but the three formative years captured in this diary leave a lasting impression of her development and writing process.

¹ The copyright for the first edition of *The Wide, Wide World* is 1851, but the printing of the first edition was completed early and sold for the Christmas season of 1850.

In this project, I hope to present the journal as authentically as possible given the move from a handwritten manuscript to a typed transcription. Therefore, I have chosen to limit the information presented before the journal transcription to a short introduction, a biographical sketch, and a section describing my particular transcription practice. My critical and theoretical analysis of the diary and Warner's writing follows the transcription, and my intention behind this choice follows the Feminist Press edition of *The Wide, Wide World* edited by Jane Tompkins, who leaves her critical reading for the "Afterword" of the edition. This practice most closely reflects my beliefs articulated in the following section on transcription and allows the text to stand alone with as little interjection of my voice and bias as possible.

BIOGRAPHY

Susan Bogert Warner was born to Anna Bartlett Warner and Henry Warner July 11, 1819 in New York City, the second of five children, three of whom died in infancy. After Susan's birth, the Warners moved to a country house in Brooklyn, and Anna, Susan's only surviving sibling was born August 31, 1824. During these early years, Henry practiced law, traveling for long sessions to the court in Albany, NY, and invested in the growing real estate market of New York City. Susan's biography, written by her sister Anna, quotes at length correspondence between their parents while Henry was at court that details his devotion to his daughters and wife.² Anna, Susan's mother, fell ill soon after the birth of her daughter, also named Anna, in late 1825. Susan was sent away to her grandparents' house, while Henry's sister Fanny cared for his wife. Susan's mother died on January 25, 1826, leaving behind six-year-old Susan and infant Anna. Henry moved the family back to Manhattan, and Aunt Fanny became the main caretaker of the girls.

Susan's education took place at home under her father's direction. Henry fostered Susan's love for literature, but censored her reading material and limited her time spent with books. Her juvenile journals³ hold extensive reading lists that include subjects such as grammar, history, French, geography, and literature. Chapters in *The Wide, Wide World* carry epigraphs ranging from Wordsworth to the New Testament. Susan also received lessons in singing,

² *Susan Warner* (1909)

³ These early diaries are found in the Constitution Island Association archives and have been used in numerous biographies and transcribed in Jane Weiss's dissertation, "'Many Things Take My Time': The Journals of Susan Warner" (1996)

dancing, and piano from various instructors and learned the domestic arts of sewing and embroidery from Fanny and her grandmother.

The age difference between Susan and Anna, and their father's loss of the family wealth in the Panic of 1837, led to drastically different adolescences for the sisters. Susan came of age while the family lived in Manhattan and mingled with the prominent families of the city, while Anna, too young for social exposure, remained home with Aunt Fanny. The family's prosperity waned with Henry's losses in 1837. These losses continued, and the family's financial and social prestige never recovered.

In the spring of 1838, Henry moved the family to a Revolutionary War-era farmhouse on a piece of land called Constitution Island that he had purchased in 1834 at the insistence of his brother. Their new home sat secluded on the Hudson River across from West Point—a drastic change from their home in New York City. Imagining the island as a possible site for a future summer home, Henry never intended for the family to live in the old farmhouse for any length of time, but the island became their only option as the family declined into poverty. In the years following the move, Henry invested poorly and lost a lawsuit concerning the construction of a dam in the marsh along the island. Susan, Anna, and Aunt Fanny lived on the island most of the year and only escaped the island when finances made it possible for them to winter New York City. In 1848 most of the household's belongings and furnishings were sold at a sheriff's auction. After this final blow to the Warner estate, Anna and Susan realized their need to produce and income. Anna created an educational game, which Putnam released in 1849. Both sisters colored the printed game cards by hand before sending them back to the publisher for sale. Susan began writing *The Wide, Wide World* the year of the sheriff's auction, and, after numerous rejections,

the book was accepted and published by G.P. Putnam by the Christmas season of 1850. *The Wide, Wide World* was an immediate success, with fourteen editions printed in the first two years of publication. Susan began drafting her second novel *Queechy* in the spring of 1851.

The publication and subsequent overwhelming success of *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy* ushered in a new period in the life of the Warner family. Susan and Anna wrote daily, producing novels, biblical reference books, juvenile short fiction, and religious tracts. Although the family was never far from financial insecurity, the success of Susan's first two books and Anna's novel *Dollars and Cents* (1852) allowed the family to rent rooms in New York City for many of the following winters. Because of the family's constant and immediate need for money, the publication rights to many of their novels were sold before the text was published, or quickly thereafter. This practice gave the sisters a perpetual need to write, and Susan continued to write until her death. The sisters also supplemented their income from writing with work for various schools, such as grading papers or doing dictation for teachers. Anna's biography of Susan and the detailed budgets included in Susan's journal show that the sisters were responsible for managing the household finances, but their father did not legally relinquish the rights of the island to Susan until 1859.

Amidst the turmoil of the 1840s, Susan and Anna joined the Mercer Street Presbyterian Church in New York City in the winter of 1844. Their participation in the church formed a new bond between the sisters and informed the very substance of their daily life and written work. The senior minister of Mercer Street, Rev. Dr. Thomas Harvey Skinner, and his family provided a direct tie to New York City for the sisters, and Susan often stayed with the family when she was visiting her publisher in the city. Susan's work became more and more religious as she

continued to write, and in 1860 Robert Carter and his religiously-oriented publishing house became her major publisher. Susan and Anna wrote and published consistently between 1850 and 1875, which was enough to allow the family a meager survival.

Henry Warner died in 1875, and the sisters and Fanny settled into a new routine of wintering in the town outside of West Point. Susan and Anna formed a particular attachment to the West Point cadets. When allowed by the administration, the cadets visited the sisters on Constitution Island, where Susan and Anna organized a weekly Bible study outside under a tent. By the time these Bible studies began in 1875, Susan and Anna were both well known for their writing, and they saw themselves as moral guides for the young men. For the next ten years both sisters kept writing and publishing. Susan published a major work each year and was working on her final novel *Daisy Plains* when she fell ill and suffered a stroke or hemorrhage in early March of 1885. She died on March 17, 1885 and was buried at West Point by special permission from the Secretary of War.

TRANSCRIPTION THEORY

After reading references to Warner's diary entries in various works of contemporary scholarship, I began exploring the possibilities of working with the journals. I inquired with the Constitution Island Association about visiting the Warner family's archives and first visited in the Spring of 2015. On that visit, I was permitted to photograph all pages of the extant diaries and multiple commonplace books in the collection for use in my dissertation project. After returning home and working through images of the diaries, I expressed my intention to transcribe the 1851-3 diary because of my particular interest in this period of Warner's life.

Having transcribed three other diaries in my scholarly work, I have developed a particular system for transcribing word-for-word from a split screen view with the photograph of the diary on top and the word processor below. The photographs not only allow me to transcribe remotely, but they also allow me to enlarge the image and alter the contrast to better decipher the handwriting, functions which are unavailable when transcribing directly from the physical text. Using this method, I transcribe the text from each image word-for-word. In a letter to her husband, Henry Warner, Susan's mother Anna explains that she had not edited any of four-year-old Susan's words as dictated to her, writing, "I neither added, nor altered, nor took away" (qtd in Baker 13). Anna's simple statement affirms my belief about transcription: written and oral texts should be transcribed and preserved as authentically as possible. This belief is rooted in a feminist pedagogy that values women's voices and actively works against the dominant editing practices that range from sentence-level editing to attempts to reframe women's texts within a

particular narrative structure. In *A Guide to Documentary Editing*, Mary-Jo Kline explains, “These intimate records [diaries and letters], revealing so much of the inner life of a public figure, demand the most literal textual treatment their method of inscription permits” (134). Although Kline does not specifically characterize this type of literal transcription as inherently feminist, I believe that recovering and representing a woman’s diary as closely as possible to her own original text on the page affirms the belief that a woman’s voice and intent matter and should be preserved.

I have transcribed the diary word-for-word as Warner wrote it, keeping misspellings, misplaced words, and antiquated word choice intact. Abbreviations are explained in footnotes, so as not to impede the reading and representation of the text. Capitalization and underlining is preserved. Sections of text that have been crossed out and are still legible are indicated with a strikethrough. Natural line breaks are not reflected, assuming that Warner stopped at the end of the line out of necessity, and line breaks made before the end of the line are indicated through a line break in the transcription. Page breaks are indicated with a bracketed number in the text to reflect the number given by Warner at the top of the diary page. Her frequent use of a symbol for “and” is indicated by an “&” because her choice of character is not a standard symbol. Drawn symbols such as a manicule, a hand with a pointing index finger are described in bracketed comments. These choices reflect my dedication to preserving the text as authentically as possible within the limitations of conveying handwriting through typeset.

My choice to transcribe in this fashion with as a little editing as possible allows for an honest representation of Warner’s voice and writing choices. Consider how important the restoration of dashes found in manuscripts was to Emily Dickinson’s poetry, or the omission of

certain Sylvia Plath poems by Ted Hughes in the first publication of *Ariel*. Any amount of editing or altering of a text without consent obscures authorial intention. Forcing Warner's daily writing into a narrative structure or editing the text to correct minor grammatical mistakes obscures a reader's ability to access Warner's words. My literal transcription does not discourage or negate the many possible readings of Warner's text but expands the opportunities for different readings and uses of the text. This transcription works as a primary source that allows access to Warner's diary without the need to obtain digital images of the diary or visit the archive. It is a step between archival research and transcription that involves navigating Warner's handwriting, scholarship, and criticism.

The notebook was first used by Warner's Aunt Fanny as a log of Bible verses organized by subject headings of religious tenets. By examining other examples of handwriting and considering the note in the frontispiece that reads "To Frances L. Warner from her brother," I have established that Henry Warner wrote the list of subjects and the subject headings and Fanny wrote the Bible verses under the subjects and prompts. When Warner chooses her aunt's old journal as a space for her new diary, she leaves most of the Bible verse sections intact and includes the pages in her hand written numbering system. There is one instance of Fanny's writing being crossed out and another page of her writing is covered by one of Warner's pasted pages. Otherwise, Warner did not alter Fanny's Bible verse collection. By including Fanny's writing, I am continuing a lineage of preservation begun by Susan. She valued Fanny's work enough to keep it mostly intact among her diary entries. If these sections in Henry's and Fanny's hand are omitted, the complexity of the diary text is diminished and Warner's intent is obscured.

Along with preserving Fanny's verses, I also chose to include a transcription of letters that Warner pasted into the pages of the journal, as well as those that she transcribed into the journal. I have also included the transcribed reviews that were included in the pages of the journal text, but I have not included the pasted or transcribed reviews found in the flip side of the journal. I will catalogue these reviews in an appendix and include a reading of them in my critical study. My reasoning for making this choice is two-fold. First, a majority of the reviews have been cut from their original sources and pasted on the pages of the journal, and transcribing these printed reviews would be redundant when photographs of the pages clearly and legibly represent the copy. Second, Warner purposefully separated these reviews from the narrative of her journal by starting their collection on the flip side of the notebook, therefore, physically compartmentalizing the reviews. As for the budgets or ledgers, also found on the flip-side, photographs and transcriptions will be provided in the appendix.

TRANSCRIPTION OF SUSAN WARNER'S DIARY (1850-3)

[frontispiece]

Frances L. Warner

from her brother

[written in Henry's hand]

Subjects

Sin—————page 1.

The Atonement————8.

Jesus Christ————18.

The Holy Spirit————30.

Faith—————38.

Justification by faith——50.

Predestination————58.

[1] [manicule and following prompt written in Henry's hand] Sin=which is either
original—or actual. What is the nature of each?

Original Sin]

[verses written in Fanny's hand]

Now we know that God heareth not sinners John.9.31.

If I had not done among them the works which none other man did they had not had sin.

John.15.24.

And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin, because they believe not. John.

16.8-7

[2] (Sin contin?)

Actual Sin]

[3] Sep. 13 1850. Have just, that is this evening, returned from my second riding lesson. My first left me in in [sic] a high state of excitement & delight—nothing for a very long time indeed had so fired my imagination—& soon I was feverish with the drive to finish so enormous a pleasure, & with a fidgetty [sic] uneasiness about any uncertainty that might hang over it. Sunday to my great disappointment we could not go to church, so I could not get a word from Mr. Sprole⁴ as to when I might come again. I thought about it that day too much—not the way, according to Sir Matthew Hale⁵ to have it prosper. At any rate, upon the strength of his full, free, repeated invitation & upon the agreement that he is not a demonstrative person but one who must be taken on trust, we went over on Monday. There was a funeral—I could not ride—& to my great mortification nothing was said by Mr. S about any future rides. But disconcerted as I was, the

⁴ Reverend William T. Sprole, D. D. (1809-1883) served as Chaplain and Professor of Ethics and Law at the United States Military Academy at West Point, NY from 1847-57.

⁵ Sir Matthew Hale (1 Nov 1609-25 Dec 1676) was a well-known English legal scholar who wrote among other titles *Contemplations, Divine and Moral* (1676).

former arguments & the strength of my wishes prevailed with me to go on simply, trusting one who is to be trusted I think if anybody is. I determined to go again. Winds prevented this till today. I went & I rode; & I came back feeling as if I should like to cry. I must wait now for somebody else to move. It is well my extravagant desires & delight have been sobered by duty — they have just been a little more sobered. Nothing was said about my coming again, (by Mr. S.) & no pleasure expected or looked in the course of the business this afternoon. When Rebecca⁶ asked him in the hall if he was going to have riding, he answered that, he had heard nothing about it. I do not know what he really felt; but if he had had enough of his undertaking his manner accorded therewith, & if he has not, it is not fair to leave a fastidious person from any room to [4] fancy & fear. Well—it's a soberish world—& yet my little book is just going to press, & Anna's Reminiscences⁷ has been offered to Appleton⁸ who wishes to send it to his brother in Phila. Two delicious pieces of good news—two mercies to be very thankful for—& yet this horseback riding did more elate my imagination than they both. I was too eager for it I suppose—it did seem too delightful—& in all the circumstances. Well—but—oh! for friends to love us as we can love & have loved, yea & do love others! I have felt a longing for something of the kind, & for more to do with the world, or with some nice extraordinary portion of it—that first horseback riding turned my head. Turned again now; but it's a sobering process, this kind of thing;—this forcible unclaspings of one's will when it has laid strong hold of somewhat!

⁶ Rebecca Morgan Sprole Dunster (1836-1899) daughter of William T. Sprole

⁷ Possibly an early draft of *Dollars and Cents* (1852)

⁸ D. Appleton & Company, a New York City based publishing company

Saturday, 14th. Went with Anna & Father to the library, where she had business;—how lovely to have such a room, so furnished, for one’s own private property! Coming home, met Mr. Sprole on the dock just returned from Cold Spring. He was very pleasant—asked how I felt after the riding, & told me of what he supposed had wrought to make the horse so sluggish as he seemed—a galled place on the withers. My spirits rose a little, but I am not going to presume; though Anna says I will make the next move I will not. Father has read for the second time my patriotism⁹ paper, & likes it, he says, “exceedingly well.” So that is very good. I haven’t copied it yet. I felt almost a kind of pity for myself last night;— that fever is over. God is amazingly good to us.

Oct. 30. Aunt F. A. & I took a pleasant ramble through the woods this afternoon. Sat on a rock over Eureka & saw the Alida go down. A. had as usual her little basket & picked up hickory nuts & butternuts, [5] & we stopped here & there to crack & eat; the sweet pennyroyal reminding one of Canaan. A very beautiful day—the hills in very rich colour—many of the leaves are of the trees; those remaining being of an uniform warm hue, red brown, & orange; most mellow & rich where the sun catches them. Looking towards the western shore, the slopes & hollows of the hills were very much in a hazy neutral tint, but the tops & ridges showing this sun-lit colouring were exquisitely marked out by it, unless here & there where the sun could not come, & an edge of deeper & more defined shadow stood out upon the warm mountain-side beyond. Oaks, some of

⁹ This paper is a draft of the essay “American Female Patriotism” or “How may an American Woman Best Show Her Patriotism” written by Warner for a competition advertised by *The Ladies’ Wreath* magazine. She submitted the essay to Lydia Huntley Sigourney, who served as the editor of the magazine, and was rewarded a fifty dollar prize and publication in a national magazine.

them, in mingled green & brown still; hickories orange & brown. A large flat gray rock spotted with back moss, & at the edge of it, springing from a heap of dead leaves & fruit-ripened cacti, some bunches of the pink corydalis. Warm, or rather mild, with a somewhat still south breeze, per favour of which the slopes walked up very prettily. Walked up & down the walk before the home a long while weaving.¹⁰

[drawing of a manicule indicating a weaving]

A. & her grandfather—G. Carleton & nutting—Bryant's Death of the flowers¹¹—Frank's raillery on what Mr. Carleton had been about—Mr. C's reply that Mr. C would be a better man if he were oftener about the same & c. Hall & A. & Mr. C.'s interference—the present of birds shot, & A.'s taking of it—

The first party in N.Y.—A.'s feeling of strangeness, & Carleton's polite kindness, & A's look & word of thanks at going away, "of concentrated grace." C.'s observations & judgment of her.

The oath on board ship—A's trouble—his inquiry into the [6] cause—Her saying "it was not right"—his excuse—"But one can always do what is right"—"The deuce you can"—Was that all the cause of her trouble?—Then owning she was "disappointed"—"What, in me?"—"Yes"—The pang this gave, felt for days. In Paris, the flower-market—the boarding-school—the walks—the talks—the rose-bush—the new rose-bud given to him—his reflections over it; the emblem of A. purity, delicacy, sweetness, refinement,

¹⁰ Warner refers to her plot outlines as "weavings." These sections are interspersed throughout the journal and are not written in the order of the narratives found in the published books. This first weaving shows her beginning work on her second novel *Queechy*. She follows a system of abbreviations for characters' names.

¹¹ The poem "The Death of the Flowers" by William Cullen Bryant

essential & unalterable, by decay or otherwise—the lesson coming home the resolve to be something superior to what he then was, & consequent resolve to quit Paris—parting & A.'s bible—

At Lebanon Springs, his hearing of her gardening from Rebecca—his doubts thereupon—seeing her when out riding—called away to meet his mother & detained in the city—sitting behind her at a concert, & hearing her appealed to on some lingual question—afterward meeting at a party—introduced under a feigned name—recognized by A. but the recognition not revealed [sic]—conversation—a monthly rose in the greenhouse—his avowing its peculiar interest from association, & the how & why—A at that moment more resembling a Damask—just then called upon to sing—her manner of excusing herself to the lady of the house, the perfect lady in dignity & modesty & gracefulness;

A.'s early reading; spending her allowance in books, & what books. C.'s New Year's present of Bryant's Poems.

The visit to the City friends, (before C. came to L. Springs¹²) [7] their kindness & want of kindness—talk about Carleton, about meeting him, going to walk to meet him & inviting him (when she can not be present) & c & c. A's silence & thoughts [twirling line]

We are contemplating an attack upon father in the way of a conversation, to find out what may be his purposes for the coming winter, for at present we are in a dismal state of incertitude. If we wish to spend the winter at West Point arrangements cannot be too soon made; if at New York

¹² Lebanon Springs

do.¹³ But till we know, nothing can be done. West Point promises, could we but get there, by far the pleasure; New York the most advantage, in the way of work & facilities for work; the Island, alas! looks to me a dismal place for us to be locked up in for the winter, we four alone; without a grown servant, without books, without a piano, without church, without a friend's face, without anybody to get wood but father, without resources to draw upon but the Bible, the Penny Cyclopaedia¹⁴ & Imagination, without ready money to go to market, without earning anything, without very brilliant prospects for the future, unless indeed the Wide World should prove to us a richer storehouse than it has been to most people. Well—we are strangely cool, but it may be in part because we are strangely cold. I have been all but thinking of a governess' place—anything but living on nothing, or on borrowed money; & father has got money from Smith I know not how often lately, & even from Mr. Dikemann, to go to N.Y. with. We can't live so.

Nov. 1 A. sent a bouquet of flowers to Rebecca, in which were

[a letter pasted upon page 8]

N. 1/

Dec. 20th

Dear friends—

How are you all?—What your plans?[sic]—(the cottage looks inviting at least in our estimates—would you were there!)—Do come down, and always remember how welcome you are at 27 [two illegible words].

¹³ abbreviation for “ditto”

¹⁴ *The Penny Cyclopaedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge* (1833) is an encyclopedia in eleven parts published in London by Charles Knight.

Very affectionately

Your friend

Mrs C—

[8] [manicule and Henry's handwriting] The Atonement—

What is the nature of this doctrine? Can man atone for his own sins? How are the Savior's sufferings accepted by the Father in lieu of ours? For whom did he suffer? And in what relationship to his people? Was it as their substitute?

And thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins. Matt 1.21.

[verses below written in Fanny's hand]

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost. Matt. 14.11.

To give his life a ransom for many. Matt. 20.28

For this is my blood of the new testament which is shed for the remission of sins Matt.
26.28

This is my blood of the new testament which is shed for many Mark. 14.24.

[9] [return to the Susan entry from Nov.1] following—Roses, Agrippina, Lamarque, & Monthly, most lovely together—Sweet Scabius, of two or three colours, dark & very rich, beautiful purplish rose, & light bluish purple—Verbenas of nine or ten colours or shades of colour—Gilias—Xeranthemums, of two colours, yel. & wh.—Sweet Alyssum—Mignonette—Woodbine—Pretty well for the open air this season.

Nov. 2. The threatened conversation was held yesterday morning. A. left it pretty much to me. It issued in little satisfaction, beyond the two facts that Father thinks of going to N.Y. for the winter & does not think (so far as appears) of going into any business to maintain us there. His book¹⁵—& the property here—& some in-coming costs which will actually arrive nobody can possibly tell when—voilà tout! I have been again this evening seriously debating the question of a governess's place, but A. is against it & so are several considerations. The difficulty of securing time enough to write—the nameless & unknown annoyances inseparable from such a situation—(Anna imagines me tagging down Broadway with six children after me)—the breaking up of our home circle—& not least in my regard, the unhappy effect upon one's mind & character. I should dread that. A. advises that we go on working at home & let things come to a crisis if they will; & in that determination I believe I shall rest my mind for the present. But alas! home has ceased to be very lovely to me. How I do enjoy myself when I am away from it!

I am correcting the proofs of my book—a great pleasure almost over. It began six weeks ago, & three of them have been spent with Mrs. [10] Putnam on Staten Island. It seems likely now that they will not want me down there again for this business. I finished to-day the 267th p. of the 2nd vol. How odd—how odd it is! That it should actually have come to this after all my waiting & doubting! It is a real & very great present blessing.

[manicule indicating a weaving] If not the purity of the rose, that of tempered steel!

Conversation in A.'s hearing—she in the back part of the room & unseen—Missionaries, the sneer at their being always “very glad to come home; C.'s indignant vindication of them—A profane expression rebuked; the offender's angry & threatening retort—C.'s

¹⁵ Henry Whiting Warner's book *The Liberties of America* was published in 1853.

cool & high ‘It is not I whom you have offended, sir.’—His purpose to visit the prairies of the far West—the ladies [sic] surprise, pressing the attractions of society, & enquiring if it were for the prairies that he came over to America—No—What for them, if neither to see the land nor the people—to look after a valuable property which he had some hope of securing—Had he secured — No—Why—He had seen reason to doubt whether the property were as valuable as he had expected to find it—Why had Mr. C. never married—His ambiguous, Circumstances hitherto have always forbid it.

His criticism on sundry beauties pointed out, or spoken of—called upon to give his definition of a beautiful face—his description of A.’s—the assertion, after had learned that it was a child’s face he had been describing, that, O there were [11] plenty of children with that kind of look—I never saw but the one said C. dryly—the effect upon A. who unseen had heard;her shyness of his recognition.

The B.s. at Lebanon when Carleton was there—coming to see A.—talking about him—carefully avoiding to bring them together.

The ascent of the mountains in company—C.’s silent observation. Conversation on the top, from Indians to the ill-bred raillery from one of the party about the Americans’ treatment of them, slavery, freedom, &c. A’s voice at last raised, in her quaint way, effectually,—historical knowledge & patriotic feeling & fine wit & fine breeding—

C.’s showing the bible to A.—telling gravely its history & his valuation of it—concluding by saying he had resolved to give it back to its first owner’s hands & not to receive it again but with her—quietly delivering it to A. as he spoke—her pause of confusion & hesitation, then putting the bible in his hands & immediately taking flight.

The flowers that came to the B.s—at length the beautiful bunch that came from C.
to A.

A.'s resolute self-command about novel-reading &c.

Nov. 5. No proofs this two days, failing which I am apt to feel like a person a little thrown out of working habits by too much excitement or pleasure. Accordingly, or however it be, I have done nothing to-day but read *The Caxtons*'¹⁶ aloud to Aunty & Anna, & take with them & Emmeline & Sam¹⁷ a long ramble in the woods. Over the rough ground of this island, up one stony declivity & down another, the surface an alternation of [12] stones & dead leaves, the ground under the last being near or far from the foot as the case might be. Anna with her little basket gathering hickory nuts, butternuts, & the superb many coloured leaves of the woods. Sometimes stopping to crack and eat a nut or two which tasted strong of Canaan; & perhaps between the nuts might come up the meat breath of a pennyroyal nearby. Thick fog enveloping the distance & softening the vicinity.

Mem.¹⁸ that we burn tallow candles this many weeks; our oil can being at the grocers & no money existing to fetch it thence full. That Mrs. Miller is yet unpaid for Marvin's board of a month, & Sam has not had a cent. That father wants clothes immediately, & we proximately.

¹⁶ *The Caxtons: A Family Picture* (1849) was written Edward Bulwer Lytton and published by The Cassell Publishing Co., New York. In the Preface, Lytton categorizes this text as a novel and explains that it is his "intention to imply the influences of home upon the conduct and career of youth" (3).

¹⁷ The Warner's rented parts of the house when in dire need of money and these were the tenants for the time. Sam and Emmeline were the children of Mrs. Miller.

¹⁸ Possibly an abbreviation for "memorandum"

That he has got ready money from Smith for his journeys to N.Y. till we don't know on which side is the debtor amount, father having luckily done law-business for him. That father has also borrowed from Mr. Dikemann, the young lawyer at Cold Spring, & found it convenient to write a note of apology for not repaying it. And that I have last night suggested the expediency of father's taking an office at once; which proposition he really seemed gravely to entertain. He is in the city now for to-day & to-morrow & perhaps more.

[manicule indicating a weaving]

F./C.'s impetuosity & his wanting A. to restrain it—her laughter & comparison of father & the white calf—the former dragged along by the latter in a most involuntary manner, inclining back at an angle of 45° from the calf's heels, & speeding along over the ground at a very rapid rate in a novel quick step of wonderful agile execution.

[13] S./A.'s asserting of something that “the Bible said so.” C.'s query how she knew the Bible was true. Her simple answer about the inspired writers. His retort that some people did not believe that. “Ah, but that is only wicked men; all good people believe it.” A. had innocently given one of the powerful arguments for the Bible's authenticity, — C. profoundly struck, & meditating, pacing up & down the deck. Another time, about the divinity of the Savior—his asking her how she knew—her referring to the Bible's saying so—his asking where—her showing him Thomas's speech—his saying that he would believe what he could see—her quick reference to ‘Blessed are they that have not seen & yet &c. His musing again—how reasonable, how honorable to the Supreme Being, how happy for man, that the grounds of his trust in God being established, his acceptance of many other things should rest on that trust alone—His next querying with A. about the

divine existence—his pointing to the setting sun, “Who made that, Mr. C.?—C. an unbeliever no more from that time.

F/Somebody’s artful condoling to Mr. C. over the unhappy effects of A.’s circumstances & way of life—his confounding her with the remark at last that he would take care it should be so no more.

Nov. 7. Father came home, & not very bright, or with not particularly bright news. Yet nothing very gloomy either, only he has somehow rather quieted my spirits. I got my proof to-day, the end, as a note on the margin from printer considerably informed me. Mr. Putnam told father he was afraid the book would be too large still; a pleasant [14] & inspiriting kind of remark, seeing that in the first place it is all set up, & in the second place if it were not it would be impossible to abridge it much except by horrible mutilation. So my spirits were quieted, which before under the influence of plenty of proofs, ‘The Caxtons,’ the prospect of father’s taking an office, the prettiest little dinner in the world which we had to-day of coffee & graham drop cakes, & a pleasant walk up & down in the fine fresh evening air,—my spirits, I say, were reasonably near par.

Fanny Bruen at the Skinners’;¹⁹ told father that when A. answered her letter she would come up & spend a day with her. Cool; & how cool such things make me,—& Anna; albeit she be a less far less good conductor of mental calorie than myself.

Alas my poor little book—art thou too big?

¹⁹ Both Fanny Bruen and the Skinners are family friends from New York City. Letters from both the Bruen and Skinner family can be found in the Constitution Island Archives.

The beautiful landscape in the beautiful stillness this evening after sunset—the crescent moon high in the south-west, & one bright star beneath.—God’s temple—how fine—how fair—all things there obey him—the moon & the star & every flying cloud move in the paths he has pointed out to them. Man is the only blot on the picture. There is spring loose, & the whole machine is out of order.

Oh my book! If this should fail, I might not be able to go on writing.—God’s will be done.

Nov. 11 Hills quite bare—only here & there a spot of reddish brown. Yet not dreary, in the beautiful weather of these two days,—quiet, [15] mild, a delicious softness flung over the landscape, whether of air or light or both—the gentleness of winter’s extended hand. The European maple at the foot of the lawn is & has been for several days most beautiful; mingled green & gold its leaves are but from a little distance only gold—a bright glowing spot where everything else is dim, the leaves beneath it like a dash of sunlight on the ground. Weeping ash green yet; elm do.²⁰ though turning. Roses and scabius & sweet alyssum hanging their heads after so much frost—it is time—verbenas in good colour yet, & little johnny jumpers as pert & hardy as if there was no such thing as first ever in the world. A week ago the hills were yet lovely, very many of the trees bare indeed but enough left in yellow & reddish brown to give a rich warm cast to the hillside. And the soft November air & light are very beautifying. Yet it is chilly to-day withal, & I think promises snow. Anna writing & I weaving. May a blessing be on both!

²⁰ Abbreviation for “ditto”

[manicule indicating a weaving] F. The hints to C. about the country admirer—acted upon by him in grave & observant waiting—effect upon A.—+[Mrs C.'s proposal about the mountain, A specially included]—Dialogue with Mr C. which alarms Mrs. B.—her consequent artful letter to A.'s aunt—letter from aunt to A.—A sees through it—[then+] A.'s doubt but final cool conclusion to go—

F. J. & A. hearing the music from the ball-room—J.'s speaking of them as 'as gay as larks.'—A.'s rejoinder, of there being very little of the lark, sky-lark especially, about them—reference to the little dampers on his piano strings as a more appropriate comparison—23rd psalm—[16] J.'s prophecy about Mr C. when he had heard what the B.s had to say of him when at Lebanon, A's entire silence to them on his subject, though they confessed he had made particular enquiries about her uncle's family.—A's previous account of him to J.

F. The party to which A. intended going with Miss B. when C. was to be—Miss B.'s staving her off with the allegation that it was not likely she would enjoy herself—nothing was talked at these parties but french & german &c. A.'s calm relinquishment of her purpose.

C. The dead woodcock—the promise not to shoot in A's company—broken by F.—the robins—F.'s levelling [sic] his pine, A's exclamation, & C.'s striking the gun up—the shot dog—A's reason for thinking C. the most gentlemanly of the two—repeated—to his amusement & F.'s displeasure.

F. Conversation between Mrs B. & C on the natural & inevitable effects of the kind of life A. had led &c—A coming in C gravely tells her they were discussing a knotty question,

& begs her opinions as to what is the best preparation of character for wearing rank & station well—A's quick discernment that they had been talking about her—consequent confusion & difficulty of answering.—

A's final departure from N.Y. for home alone in the steamboat & the rail car—reflections on the kindness of friends—winter & cold weather—afternoon boat to Bridgeport—stay there overnight—heavy fall of snow, so that the train would not move till late in the day—stopped a little after dark by snow—A's feel-[17]ings—the seat next her vacated, & presently a hand in hers, & C taking the empty place—conversation—she talks about the bible there—after a while her laughing enquiry ~~whether~~ how he dared make a heavy bargain without seeing more of a sample—rejoinder of both rushing into danger together—promises to stay at Lebanon as long as she will walk & ride every day with him—inquiry how she has escaped the natural influences of circumstances—her bringing him in to ~~breakfast~~ or supper—after an headachy sick day at Pittsfield—his question of her having passed a miserable day? & her answer—the omelette &c.

Nov. 14. No lamp-oil yet—we are burning up our tallow & then I suppose the children may burn the oil—We cannot indulge in chickens because we cannot afford to feed Sam & Emmeline on them—We are like to want bonnets & out-of-door garments, & we know not yet when or where we shall get the money—Father is very busy; trying for a re-hearing of his Governors cause, to obtain which he must find two sureties in the amount of \$5,000, to secure the interest accruing since the decree last April & which a sale of the property might fail to liquidate in case of the re-

hearing;²¹ trying to make arrangements to sell the property, a heavy task I fear; writing for the Observer, from which writings is to come the rest for McLean; N.B. if Cronk had not broken into the home last winter there is no telling where we should have found the first fifty dollars for our rent, which Cronk's brother paid to Father by way of damages. In all this business, & more, of course offices & references are not seen to, no knowing how things will be, or where we shall be, if we live.

[pasted page on top of page 18] No. 2 /²²

Christian Review. (Baptist) Jan. 1851.

The Wide, Wide World. By Elizabeth Wetherell. In two volumes.

New York: George P. Putnam. 1851.

We know nothing of the author of these volumes save what the volumes themselves reveal. In these, however, we have found a work of singular interest & power—a simple & touching story, in which we portrayed the purest & noblest of characters, serenely trending the pathway of Christian truth & duty through “the wide, wide world.” It belongs to the class of religious novels, but it is among the first & highest of the class. It tells how a mother's prayers are answered the beautiful life of her orphan child—how Heaven shields from harm its chosen ones—how all things conspire to reward & bless simple hearted virtue; & how piety girds, like the morning sun, every form of character, & every scene of life on which it rests. The work contains no sentiment that is not pure & just, & through the plot of the story holds the

²¹ See Baker, *Light in the Morning: Memories of Susan and Anna Warner*, pg. 29.

²² The first review to be transcribed into the diary and like the letter from Mrs. Codwise, this page was pasted over a page with four dots of wax in the corners, covering page 18.

imagination bound by its spell. The development & final issue are in accordance with the teachings of Christian truth & the laws of Divine Providence. It is a work which we cannot forbear highly to commend.

Camb. Chron.²³ We have not been able to read this work, but we learn from them who have done so that it is interesting, able, & of a religious character, though free from bigotry, the common fault of novels in which religion is introduced. The name of Mr Putnam as publisher will a sufficient guarantee to most persons, that the work is one worth publishing & worth reading.

[pasted page] No. 3/²⁴

Observer This is a work of fiction, & yet not a common novel. So is the history of a child left, in a great measure, to encounter the world in very tender years, & rapidly improving in mental & religious qualities under the discipline. The skill of the author is displayed in engaging the deep interest & sympathy of the reader in this youthful heroine. The narrative & dialogue are carried forward naturally; character in its various phases, is faithfully drawn often in few words, [word scratched out and illegible] with any attempt at elaboration; the value of a mother's instruction is unfolded, & many of the scenes are touchingly beautiful, for the very reason that they are true to nature.

²³ *The Chambridge Chronicle*

²⁴ The third and fourth page of inserted writing are one double sided insert where page 19-20 of the diary has been cut out just above the binding.

Recorder This is a tale depending for its interest on lively & truthful pictures of domestic & country life. Its production of character is striking & true to nature, & the whole work is pervaded by a healthy, religious & moral tone.

Buffalo Courier A religious novel, entitled to rank very high. The story, though simple in its conception & detail, is admirably bold, & affords the frame-work whereon to many a moral as gentle & earnest as that of old Bunyan himself. The sketching is capital, & must have been from nature. The book is a good book, & deserves an extensive sale, which no doubt it will obtain.

Tribune "The Wide, Wide World", by Elizabeth Witherell, is a regular built novel in two volumes, the principle interest of which consists [pasted page] 4/ in its lively pictures of domestic & rural life. The most prominent characters in the plot are sustained with uncommon talent for graphic individualization, the few exaggerated touches that are thrown in, serving to impress them indelibly on the memory, without destroying their naturalness. The construction of the story, on a whole, displays little fertility or truthfulness or imagination; the scenes are far-fetched, & indeed often impossible; the conversations are spun out to a tedious length; & the moral & religious reflections with which the narrative is interspersed are lugged in without regard to propriety or grace. Still the novel indicates more than common observation of life & manner, with a healthy eye for the comic aspects of character; the defects we have alluded to being probably the results of inexperience or a wayward [illegible word]. No parents could have even placed a child in the position in which we find the heroine soon after the commencement of the story, but we forgive the anomaly for the sake of Aunt Fortune & Mr. Van Brunt, whose racy

peculiarities are described with a rich unction, that is sufficient to redeem even still greater faults than those with which these volumes are pervaded.

(Copy of Mr Littell's note.)

Boston 9 Jan. 1851

My dear Sir

Enclosed is the last page of the next number of the Living Age — which I send that you may see the special notice of “The Wide, Wide World”.

I hope this book may have the success it deserves—indeed

[21] 5/²⁵

it can hardly fail to go off rapidly.

Hoping that it may be a profitable matter to Author & Publisher.

I am Yours

E. Littell.

G. P. Putnam Esq.

Correspondence.

Office of the Living Age
5 Jan. 1851

²⁵Warner returns to using the bound pages to finish transcribing this letter, indicating that these pages were empty put not the covered page 18 and the missing 19-20.

Dear Mrs. — I wish to recommend to you, very earnestly, a book which Mr Putnam has just published, in New York. It is by an author whose name is entirely new to me; & bears many marks of being a first attempt. The title is "The Wide, Wide World." By Elizabeth Witherell. In two volumes.

A man who reads so many reviews, can hardly find time to read many new books; but the favorable opinion of "my folk" was so warm, & so unanimous, that I was obliged to look at this, & after reading a few pages, easily found time for all the rest.

It is a history of a little girl, whose mother is obliged to leave her in America, while making a voyage to Europe for the recovery of her own health—& dies there. The last weeks with her mother, & the parting, will so take hold of you, that you will follow Ellen with tears, in her journey to the distant country scenes which are described with so much freshness & life.

But I have no intention of saying more about the book than to press it upon your attention. Should the public opinion agree with mine, the author may be congratulated upon her success—& will no doubt soon appear again. I shall not fail to read all that may come from her pen.

A happy New Year to you, & all my friends in Cincinnati.

[twirling line]

[page 22, continuing the entry from Nov. 14 ending on page 16] We cannot go surely without some provision ascertained for our board. Meanwhile I make myself pretty quiet, only I am or have been worrying over my new thread which I am afraid wants knotting. Also want of wood, & Father has no time this week nor for the first half of next, to get us any; we must depend upon Sam; & suppose there came a snow? To-night, & to-day, burning willow wood that will not burn.

Anna wanting spirit, & I — I don't know what I would do but for writing, & yet even that doth not much rejoice me. I hope it will be better when I get at it.

[manicule indicating a weaving]

F. C. obliged to return to England—asks A. to go with him—she cannot—then he will leave his mother to look after her & return as soon as possible—thanks for his kindness—it is not that at all, only selfishness, taking care of his own.

Mrs. C. recalled also—nobody for A to stay here with—goes along—the home—the garden—the plot of monthly roses—her sober reflections on the danger of wealth—C. servant X²⁶—does not owe her the least thanks, as she may expect, for her procedure for he knows she would never have done it but perforce; but he will thank her after she answered one of two questions—what, &c. the summer house—[^]laughing query whether she feels at rest now? return to the roses & subject of A.'s thoughts resumed & disproved of.

X A.'s head bowed in her hand—[^]feels herself gently encircled by two arms which lifted her up—& A. felt then that she was at home.

In the car—the cloak—her demurring—the light touch of per-[23]emptoryness [sic] in the “stand up—stand up”, which made A. colour as she obeyed—the subsequent gentle assurance that she should have her way in + [symbol added in the margins] everything but where herself was concerned—~~Analogy of~~ the comfort of the fur cloak mixed with another feeling of which it was an emblem—

H. A. questioned about her reading by the Dr.—lap dogs, & A.'s quiet adherence to her own

²⁶ X indicates an addition made at the end of the page and indicated by another X.

opinion about them in spite of what “all the ladies in the land” might do—the old Dr.’s comic fierce “I wish you were my daughter!”—& remark to the other, “If A. ever takes the wrong bit in her mouth you’ll be puzzled to hold her. What stuff will you make your reins of?”

F. Mrs. Bolton’s giving C. the verses, & her remarks & his feeling of the care & cherishing A. should have.

Nov. 19. Father going down this morning—the watch ran down in the night so we had to rise very early lest we should be belated. It was very early. I had some time to myself before breakfast, in the dark, then the pleasant, pleasant, candlelight meal, in our little sitting room; & plenty of time afterwards for me to do up my butternuts for Mrs. Putnam & for Anna to write to another Mrs. Putnam, Fanny, & choose out the cards for her; almost all this before we blew the candles out. Why was it so very pleasant, all this early candlelight doing? It is stirring, it promises a long day, it is cozy, the servants are not up, it is cheerful, for it wants the associations that cluster about the daylight & the evening hours; it is new time,—fresh & unspoiled, it is additional time, redeemed from sleep & nothingness; the sun is not up yet saying “work!” but the long shadows from the setting moon lie yet on the lawn saying “It is not time yet,—what you [24] do now is clear gain.” Sweet early rising by moonlight! after one is up & dressed.

Yesterday afternoon came a notice from McLean to quit the premises immediately, according to the terms of the bond, because the quarter’s rent is not paid within the ten days after it became due. Happily Father was not in N.Y. so he walked up to the McLean’s by moonlight (which Anna was afraid to have him do) & told him how he had been disappointed. So McLean

for very shame could do no more. Aunt F. was excited & worried; A. & S. pretty quiet. While Father was gone Aunty was saying something about suspense—“if we only were rid of suspense,” “But don’t you think,” said A. submissively, “we ought to get accustomed to suspense?” They thought Father was away, & very likely meant to carry their threat out.

Nov. 22. Have finished to-day my first chapter. I wonder how it will work out. Our Penny Cyclopedia we have got this week, but my book is not out nor have I learnt the fate of my prize essay. Not too much at once; but if I do not get paid \$50 prize I do not know when A. & I, to say nothing of Aunt Fanny, are to get winter hats & cloaks, &c. &c. We do not know yet either in the least where we shall, if we live, spend the winter. But I thank God for such pleasant work & means to work, as we enjoy. If we only have his blessing on our work, it will do.

[manicule indicating a sketch]

F. The first evening A’s seeing Mr. C. , not seen by him,—her meditations about him mingled with her forced answers & remarks to some gossip about Stewart’s store & Stewart’s, &c.

Meeting C. in the library—talk, pictures—A’s unconscious look of [25] inquiry whether he was strayed from his old moral & religious self—his perfectly conscious answering look—her being conscious at at first only of that, not at all of what the answer was,—afterward recollecting.

Nov. 25. We cannot go to West Point this winter—no place for us. So it lies between N.Y. & here. Father says New York; but he is not in business yet, & we cannot go till he is, & nothing is

yet done about rooms. So there we are. Mrs. Sprole does not seem sorry for our disappointment on the other side, but was holding forth to Aunt Fanny at a great how we would be very comfortable here—make a kitchen upstairs, & keep church at home—many thanks to her! I am writing, writing; have no ideas of how much worth.

[manicule indicating a weaving]

H. Talk about the book, A had not seen & why (to Marion)—why she wore two old pairs of gloves one over the other to garden in—want of sixpence to and for eggs—A's sleeping in the parlour evenings—patching shoes—picking peas before breakfast—not affording raisins for a plum pudding—want of eggs to make cake—H's want of a hat—Aunt Miriam's chicken, A's bringing home, eating the toast & little else,—

Cows missing ^{^Aunty} afraid of mischief Mir. If we should be driven down from ^{^our} coffee & tea to tea with not milk in it!—A. Wouldn't!—we'd beat up an egg & put it in the coffee!

Mir. We couldn't afford it.—A. Could!—cheaper than to keep cows!—soft soap—saving beeswax—out of candles—looking for pitch pine to read by—home-made candles—A's coffee dinner the day the servants went—Mr. Rossiter satisfied—his wife watching sorrowfully A's flushed cheek—A's want of appetite & heart-feast—

Hugh at the sawmill, & his Bible—his telling A. it rested him, & why—her sad feeling, pressing her hands to her heart as she went down the hill—obliged to sit down at the bridge & think & pray before she could go home with the right face for Mrs. R.

[26] Nov. 30. Saturday. State of affairs. Two sticks of wood left, & two fires to keep up besides father's—To-morrow the first of Dec. & a great gouge in the axe, rendering it difficult to cut

with it at all—less than 2 lb brown sugar in the house—do.²⁷ white—our whale sperm candle left, & a small quantity of tallow—no oil that will burn. Father saying he had no earthly business to take him to town this week but to get us rooms—then two days without looking at a place;—proposing the evening before he went down to stay a day longer here for the purpose of attending to the thatching of the ice-house & the selling of the cow—two days since he has returned, & neither matter seen to. Shirts wanting, & no cotton—cloaks & bonnets & dresses wanting, & no money.

[manicule indicating a weaving]

H . The Bible old authority for english—Christmass [sic] evening, A. disappointed of our dinner at Mrs. Little's, feeling sad, sitting at the window & watching people who did not feel—Little girls with clean pantalettes—ladies with dressed heads driving by in carriages—old man going home with a little oval chip box, some present for a little grandchild—children with penny trumpets & wheelbarrows—man with a turkey under his arm—bright fire, & muslin curtains drawn, in an opposite parlour not used before that winter, & lights in the bedroom above a new piano going in at a neighboring door.

The morning at the well—talk between A. & Barby about hominy, & cold potato, & the fat to fry it in.

Hugh—Is that your friend Mr. C.?—F. I suppose so.—Fleda he has come over after you.—F. Probably (laughing)

²⁷ Abbreviation for “ditto”

[27] Dec. 7. Saturday even. Father brought home word that I have gained the prize for the patriotism essay. One of my first thoughts, the wish that there was somebody to tell it to. He had been too busy to go to Putnam's, so don't know if my book is out yet. Not too many things at once. Has been raining & sleety weather this two or three days, & poor little Sam out getting wood even so long to-day. How to stay here or how to go to N.Y. both seem a little inexplicable. No rooms seen yet, that I have heard of—no references actually taken. One may as well sing *Vogue la galère*.

Dec. 8. Sunday. It cleared off, but a strong wind accompanied with thick wind-clouds that brought little flurries of snow, forbade our crossing the river. The prospect of our having to stay here probably this winter & this beginning of a winter, Sundays-at-home, made me feel rather gloomy. Father obliged to go to N.Y. to-morrow, & great want of wood; & what if a deep snow came! He went out to-day & got some & remarked he was afraid we would suffer before he could come back from the city.

Dec. 9. Sky threatening snow, we went out, every one of us, Sam & Emmeline & all, up on the South Crag. & there drew bunches of dry stuff & pitched them over the rock where Sam could get them at his leisure;—light firewood, but better than nothing. Got a fine exercise & walked afterwards. Our late dinner was just ready, coffee at the fire, a dish of liver, covered up, hot graham cakes, celery, on the table when Mr. Sprole knocked at the outer door. I looked through the window & said it was he. None of us were dressed. Aunty in a fit of distraction, trying to get out, with no reason in the world knocked over first my desk & then Anna's chair, & then

succeeded in make her escape. I went too to dress. Anna picked up desk & chair & let him in . I dressed & came down; but the whole [28] affair had an air of a kind of sadness.

Dec. 10. A. & I went out & gathered dry branches again, or don't know what we should have done, Writing away, she & I, hard.

Dec. 11 Father came home without my book—was to have come from the book binder's to-day. but had not. Mrs. Codwise²⁸ had been dwelling for two days on the proposal that we should occupy their cottage at Staten Island for the winter! These is good society there, she says! Does she think we have grown Polar bears, in our poverty? Father saw the Bruens, & dearest Mrs. B. & Mary—the latter went off to help Fanny who was dressing, & Mrs. B. talked him to death upon his own affairs—would not give him a chance, to talk of that or anything else. Nobody seems anxious to know whether we are coming to town, except dear Miss Murray.²⁹ Those people! Anna says one can understand how Sodom might have been spared if their had been 10 righteous men in it. Out pulling branches to-day in the snow—A. & Sam & I.

Dec. 15 Sunny in the morning ^{^by turns}, that we feared we might not be able to go to church, but quiet & pleasant—concluded to venture, A & Father & I—The rather depressing effect of going over there, walking through the people, through such a hey day of life, as A. says, & yet not

²⁸ As Anna Warner describes Mrs. David Codwise was as a close friend of the family who claimed to have introduced Anna's and Susan's parents. She remains a close to them even after Henry's loss of financial capital and the family's permanent move to Constitution Island.

²⁹ Mary Murray, daughter of John R. Murray, family friend from New York

touching it. We go in & come out, & the effect rather is that we have nothing to do with the world. Every human tie, out of quartette, is so broken, off & fastened off, as A said. Five years ago, & we were hardly left at home two or three evenings in a month, (with the church evenings) & now nobody almost is anything to us.

Dec. 17. Expected my book by Father. In the afternoon got nicely washed & dressed a little before it was time for him to be home. The pleasant moments of [29] waiting for something pleasant, when one's business is put away or done up & one sits down to be quiet. But the engine was out of order this evening & he was late after all. He brought my books! All of us charmed with the beautiful style in which they are brought out. One lovely red-edged copy I gave to Anna for a Christmass present—she said she had seen nothing in a long while that had so reminded her of old Christmass times as the look of those red edges.

Dec. 22 Sunday. Perfectly quiet weather, chilly & looking snow-fashion. We went to church. But somehow it was not enlivening. Didn't have a very good sermon, that would have been enlivening. I was in rather a nice mood as to letting the world wag & not minding things, & so I went & so I came back, & yet whether we talked ourselves into it or however it was somehow the infection reached me after all. We were at the house, but there was nothing to remember with particular pleasure after we came away. Our spirit-thermometers, Anna's & mine, would both seem to indicate a fall of temperature these two Sundays. I know not why, & yet how can people be much to each other that never meet? Is it human nature? Mr. S. has not been here since I came home except that day when he wanted to send to Father to bring up Rebecca. He was on

the dock, he says, a few ago, thinking to come over, but the ferry-boat being ten or fifteen minutes off he would not wait. Yesterday perfectly calm & pleasant & very likely the last Saturday before the river's closing that would be so, & yet he came not. Mrs. Sprole asked us to come there Christmass day, telling Aunty also that she gave all her servants leave to go away. N. B. We do not want to go, nor mean to. Mr. S said as we were away he would not ask us till he knew whether he would have a turkey to give us. Charlotte Livingstone is to come up to them the next

[30] [manicule written in Henry's hand] The Holy Spirit— How do you prove the distinct personality & Divinity of the Spirit? What names does he bear in the Scriptures? What attributes of Divinity ascribed to him, and what offices of Divinity does he perform?

Names &c:] [written in Fanny's hand]

I will put my Spirit upon him, and he shall show judgment to the Gentiles. Mat. 12. 18.

The blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. Mat. 12. 31.

Baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Mat. 28. 19.

He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost. Mark. 1. 8.

He saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit, like a dove descending upon him. Mark. 1.

10.

He that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness. Mark. 3. 29.

For it is not you that speak, but the Holy Ghost. Mark. 13. 11.

And it was revealed unto him of the Holy Ghost. Luke. 2. 26.

And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove. Luke. 3. 22.

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me. Luke. 4. 18.

[31] Attributes]

And I will pray the Father and he shall send you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever. John. 14. 16.

The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost shall teach you all things. John 14. 26.

When the Comforter is come he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgement. John. 16. 7.8.

[32] [Writing is scratched out in the top margin and part of the first line. Weaving begins.]

+ F You are not offended with me ^{^Elfie?} ? he said softly as he sat down & he bent over her to arrant the cloak well about her

Offended!—Answered by a look—

The arm which was passed around her to manage the disposal of her muffling, for a second held her, not the cloak, while he whispered, Everything is yours—except yourself.

[33] [return to December 22 entry] time Mr. S. goes down. And Father stopping by the post office got a note from Mrs. Codwise really extraordinary for the little there was in it. As Anna said, it meant just this:—“My conscience is uneasy; please to be humbugged.” (See. No. 1)³⁰ Well I took it all pretty quietly, & yet after I got home I felt cold, & continued in a kind of cold fit most of the day. A dismal kind of feeling—when what should be ^{^the} warm moving currents of feeling seem to stand still at their source; tears enough to wet my eyes, not to run over. O world!

³⁰Mrs. Codwise’s letter was pasted in the diary transcribed on page 18.

what a strange world it is! Anna mooted the question, whether we are easing off over here, as we did from Dr. Skinner, preparatory to a separation. This is a poor state of feeling—& with all the delightful & most uncommon good things that fill our lot! But somehow sometimes it is like the beauty of a winter landscape—cold & calm—calm because there are no leaves to flutter & no birds to sing.

Dec. 23. Warm rain & thaw last night & this morning—rain changed to snow, & about 12 o'clock it grew a magnificent storm. We were in the little kitchen taking an early dinner to let Father go down to the city, & we watched it out of the window. The wind rose & blew high—the cedar branches shock & tossed—the rain had made the snow stick to them in spite of it,—& the snow fell fast & thick & drove with the wind all sorts of ways. It grew cold suddenly; the panes of glass through which we were looking were dimmed in a moment. Father could not go. A falling down of the bank this side of the tunnel stopped the cars this morning, & through the Armoria came up it would have been folly to go aboard her in such weather. Later in the day the snow ceased, the wind continuing & whirling it about beautifully, & the cold increasing very much.

Cows in the weather & no proper plan arranged for them. Father has [34] been at home several days & A. has spoken of it again & again, yet even this afternoon he was doing Aunt F.'s shelves & leaving the cows till evening. And then he could not get the calf pen ready for them to-night—hay & cornstalks & iron rolling & I know not what then;—could not put both the cows in the same place because the white one would kill the red one—could'nt put one in the grasshouse because she would break her neck in some deep place—couldn't in the greenhouse

because there was the wood—Father & Sam had to drive them over to the barn for the night, & if Father goes down in the morning to N.Y. they may shift as well as Sam can make them.

Anna wants titivation. Alas!—But we are both looking well.

Dec. 30. A lovely winter day—a fresh snow fallen to the depth of four inches—Anna & I wanting exercise went out & shovelled [sic] it from a long piece of the path. The sky was intense blue, even in the south, & down to the horizon—a little flake of a cloud upon it—the snow most exquisite—very light & dry, in the early morning, sparkling as if set with millions of diamond; & the long shadows of tree & hill very blue, almost Prussian blue; the ice piled up at the boat-house, & now, & then the floating ice carried about by the tide making a pleasant crackling sound. We had a fine exercise—spirited young ladies—doing what others would not do, either from want of energy, or fear of compromising themselves. Tambouring a collar for Emmeline & one for her mother.

Dec. 31. Didn't go out. Anna had cake to make. I made bread for Aunt Fanny & then went to tambouring. Father came at midday—brought a quantity of things for us from Mrs. Codwise—a fine turkey, 3 coconut & mince pies, [35] cakes & cookies ^{^a card of iced sponge-cake—}; McCheyne for me, & Rutherford to stay a while.³¹ Dear Anna had charged Father to get Mr C. for me on her record—& she had meant to please herself with surprising me, putting it on my chair to-morrow morning for me to find them when I came down. I would have been much gladder of all these

³¹ possibly sermons or books by Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne (21 May 1813-25 March 1843) a minister of the Church of Scotland and Scottish Presbyterian theologian, Rev. Samuel Rutherford (c.1600-1661).

good things if I had been sure of the motive that sent them—doubting it to be for easing of her conscience; & lacking the principle of kindness to move my gratitude I did not feel very bright, & could I think, have cried if I had been alone. Am I growing misanthropical? Much interested & pleased with the notices of The Wide, Wide World that Father brought home—wish I could feel sure of succeeding proportionally as well in my next. Also my Prize Essay came home, but Father did not get the money for it—next week. So he did not get the desk I wanted for Anna. I felt happily among all these things, or thought I did, that Christ was the very pillar of my home & happiness. Prayer very very happy to-night.

Jan. 1. — It was a pretty thing, the reading of the notices of my work that Father had brought home,—from the Evng. Post, Boston Chronotype, Commercial, & Literary World.³² ^see pp. 6, 7 The three first, which Father had copied out, were already read—there was some delay about cutting the leaves of the other—I had gone upstairs, & I heard a shout!—& coming down Anna opened the door to tell me they had given me a column & a half! & an extract!!—It must not be read till Aunty came, who also had left the room, & Father's manifest eagerness to get & keep hold of it was such that A. relinquished the pleasure to him. Aunty & Anna so interested, excited, & I too, though taking it outwardly, perhaps, more quietly. But I lay awake & thought about it after I went to bed. Thank God for every promise of success & encouragement, & oh! for the spirit to thank him should both fail!

³² Warner begins collecting the reviews in the the back of the book with these reviews. The first pages of the flip side of the diary are numbered 6 and 7. The Evening Post, Commercial Advertiser, and Boston Chronotype are transcribed on page 6. The Literary World review is pasted onto page 7 along with a short notice from the New York Observer. See Figure 1.

[36]To-day quiet & pretty happy, because my mind was so, working a good part of the day at Mrs. Miller's collar, which at last finished. Cadets skating at a great rate between Gee's Point & the railroad, even till some time after sundown. Anna thinks it is mean in the Sproles that they have not had us over there. Nobody near us to-day, except the people coming & going to & from West Point; there is a large air-hole between that & this, & consequent constant crossing. We have done little to celebrate the day, beyond giving the neckerchief & a plate of cake to our neighbors, & for ourselves, eating Mrs. Codwise's pies & cake & drinking coffee; & as we do this last every day, it is nothing striking. But I am so quiet or so something else, that New Year & Christmas do not even make me fell melancholy.

Jan. 6. 1851. Father at home even since the day before New Year—fine weather, & not a stick of wood cut. Mr. Miller having said that he & Sam could take care of the wood Father seems disposed to let him do so; although he has to go out by night to provide wood for his own family. Still for the kitchen he & Sam may manage, but this room Mr Miller cannot cut trees for, & what we are to do remains to be seen. Father seems to have given it up entirely. Also he did not last week prepare a shelter for the cows, & we had very cold weather—Saturday night he said to Aunt Fanny Ugh!—it makes me shiver to think of those poor cows!—That was a severe, windy, night; —next morning the red cow was dead. She had been ailing, & Aunty would have sold her for beef long ago; it was talked of & there left. I don't know that she froze—Father said yes, Mr Miller said no that a cow so fat could not; but at any rate being not well the exposure may have been too much for her. Father staying up this monday to see McCabe about filling the ice-house. It worries us, we are so near being in want; we should [37] have been suffering long ago but for

Anna's earnings.³³ And now we are almost out of both kinds of sugar & of candles, & have not money to get more, unless perhaps a pound of candles—we shall be out before Father gets home from N.Y.

Last evening after supper Anna & I wrapped up & went in the snow making several turns down to the dock & up the carriage road. The hills looked exactly as if they had put on mourning—nothing but white & black (it was after sundown) a crape-like dressing of black tree-stems upon the snowy face of the ~~mountains~~ ground, while on every slope & edge of the mountains the folds of the crape lay sombre enough. Curious effect—precisely as I have described it. I remarked that it was better going out in the morning now—the sun is quite desirable to cheer up the landscape—it was very cold & lonely & wilderness-looking. Wonder what our dear friends on the other side think of us, & how if we were there, & the three Bruens here, what energetic efforts we should make to draw them sometimes into a region of light & merry-making. Not that we are dismal—I am not—but other people would be;—& we are cold. Stood & heard the jingling sleigh-bells of the West Pointers coming home from the Cruciform—being the first Sunday in the month they were late. Stood there in the bathing-house walk & viewed with odd moralizing reflections, the bare old house where we live. How exactly like us—Anna was saying—exactly like a house where poor people live. From that point of view especially,—the discoloured stone end of the house, & bare front, looking as if it was not troubled with attentions, & with a kind of uncompromising, cut loose from the world air—it is just like us. Not ragged

³³ These earnings came from a game created by Anna, “Robinson Crusoe’s Farmyard and the game of Natural History” that began being sold in 1849.

yet, not out of repair, though in want of paint; the very little garret window was tight in its place.
But the beautiful elm at the corner, with its fine display of bran-

[39] [manicule and Henry's handwriting] Faith—What is its nature—its object or objects—and its importance—in the economy of redemption? Is it within our controul— or is it the immediate gift of God? What is the usual & necessary inference of Christian faith upon the want & life of the sinner? What is the difference between saving faith & that whites called speculation? What are the proper evidences of Christian faith, or those where by we may know that we are possessed of this grace? And what are the proper means of attaining it?

And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief. Mat. 13.58.

O thou of little faith wherefore didst thou doubt. Mat. 14.31.

O woman great is thy faith. Mat. 15.28.

If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed &c. Mat. 17.28.

Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me &c. Mat. 18.6.

If ye have faith and doubt not &c. Mat. 21.21.

Whatever things ye shall ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive. Mat. 21.22.

When Jesus saw their faith, he said unto the sick and the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee. Mark.2.5.

[39] If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. Mark. 9.23.

Thy faith hath made the whole. Mark.10.52

What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. Mark. 11.24

He upbraided them with their ~~with their~~ unbelief & hardness of heart &c. Mark.16.14.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved but he that believeth not shall be damned. Mark.16.16.

And these signs shall follow them that believe &c. Mark.16.17.

Thy faith hath saved thee. Luke.7.50.

Fear not, believe only. Luke.8.50.

He that believeth in me, though he was dead yet shall he live. John.11.25.

He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also. John.14.12.

For the Father himself liveth you because ye have loved me, and have believed that I came out from God. John.16.27.

[40] [return to entry from January 6, 1851]ches & exquisite fringing of tiny stems & sprays, was a little out of keeping, seemed as if it might claim better company. The old forlorn willow, naked & despoiled of two of its great branches, & hanging its head now habitually on one side, was quite at home indeed. Came in not exactly enlivened. Yet I am very well content to be home, things as they are. I am very unreasonable & ungrateful not. I am content & happy.

Jan 7. Shall I ever forget the pleasure of this evening? I had been walking up & down the path, alone, in the afternoon,—Anna could not go out—then I came in & ironed two shirts—then we had our nice little late dinner of toast & cold turkey & hot coffee. Then came the evening & we

wrote. But we were out of lights—no oil—no candles—[^]not money enough to buy any, unless tallow, & didn't choose that. Aunty & I stinted in white sugar for our tea, & the brown all out. Father had but two cents more than enough to go over! only one or part of one sperm, & we dared not burn that out. So when it was four or five inches long we blew it out, & set down to titivate. We had concluded to give each other samples of our works—I resolved to exchange chapters this very evening—so Aunt F. put some lard in a saucer & a strip of cotton rag sticking up at one edge for a wick, & by this precious light we read, she my first, I her first & fifth, with oh how great pleasure. Then I must needs read hers to Aunt Fanny, so that pleasure was had over again, Aunty Fanny sitting before the stove holding the saucer & coaxing the wick to behave right, which it wouldn't do, but flared up & sulked & went down & died outright, & being relighted went on in the same fashion. But I read when it burned, & stopped when it was freaky, & enjoyed it all very much. We mutually approved each other. Oh what good pleasure it was.

Jan. 11. Saturday. Father has been in town ever since tuesday— came home tonight. I being in a writing-fit had lighted a candle as soon as it was dark to [41] finish the passage I was upon. Anna had a headache. We thought he had not come by the first train; he was so laden with what he had to carry that he was forced to stop, forty times, he said, on the way from Cold Spring. N. B. We had been out of lights & sparing our last bowl of sugar this week. He brought a welcome reinforcement in various kinds—tea, sugar, wine (for Anna), & oil—a book lent from Fanny Bruen & notices of my work from Mr Putnam. He is in good spirits about it Father says, & things look favorable. I thank God. I could have had no pleasanter news to-night than this, but I had not counted upon it. May I answer the goodness heaped upon me in some measure as I

ought. Mrs. Sigourney, who is the lady that offered the prize has written me that she wishes to know me—I humbly beg leave to decline & keep my incognito. Father thought he saw the book lying on the Bruen's table. And there stands opposite to me a great canister of tea, looking comfortable; & Father & Aunty are busied with papers &c. & poor Anna having drunk a little wine is I hope sleeping away her headache; & I on account of said headache have not opened my notices yet.

(written afterward) At last I got through with writing journal & notes, & then though A. was still sleeping I must open my package. Father had told me that Mr Putnam had had some of the W.W.W. bound up in one vol. & had put up a copy for me along with the notices. I supposed it was an inferior & cheaper way of it up. What was my astonished delight, after untying the knot of the cord with the patience of pleasure, to find a most elegant volume, gilt most ornamentally on the sides & back & with gilt edges! My exclamation roused Anna, & then we had the notices. Father read them, once or twice his voice almost choked off by the strength of what it was uttering. (See pp. 2, 3, 4, 5 of insertions.)³⁴ [42] Well, I had an immense deal of pleasure. And poor Anna on the luxury had too, making her head worse I suppose all the while, for worse it grew afterward. And the vases, imitation of Etruscan, which F. Bruen had sent up were unwrapped & set on the Franklin & admired. In the package with my book & the notices, was a copy of "Fadette", & along with also the first no. of Mrs Clarke's *Girlhood of Shakespeare's heroines*.³⁵ We had wonderful pleasure. After Father went to bed, Anna's head was so bad that

³⁴ These appear earlier in the transcription.

³⁵ *La Petite Fadette* (1849) was written by French novelist Amantine-Lucile-Aurore Dupin (1 July 1804-8 June 1876) who wrote under the pen name George Sands. *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines in a Series of Tales* (1851) was written by Mary Cowden Clarke (1809-1898).

she could not. She reclined on the luxury & dozed till it grew easier, while Aunty & I sat over the fire & kept it alive, till Sunday came. It was about one o'clock when I went to bed. The notices were in my head all night. They kept out tolerably Sunday, which was a very good day; but Sunday night I think I did not sleep well again for sheer excitement. Resolved to keep my new beautiful copy for myself, & to send my other blue two-vol. one to Fanny Putnam; which did, with a copy of Robinson Crusoe's Farmyard this morning, Tuesday Jan. 14. by Father.

Jan. 16. Mild hazy weather, & has been so for several days. This one like October in its colouring,—a thick haze, & the warm sun-light shining through it upon the patches of snow that are left; sky not like winter at all. A. & S. in the woods—she hacking bits of pitch-pine out of pine stumps—I drawing branches to chop; getting them from under an old pine tree, where the very soil was made from the fallen ^{reddish brown} leaves, a thick soft carpet of which covered the ground & through it ~~when~~ the Chimaphila maculata springing all around. I did not know there were so many left on the island. I suppose they may require such a very sheltered warm spot. Very pleasant weaving too;—seeing pleasant things through the branches & the light & the snow & [43] the pine woods. Mem. Did not recover from the efforts of Saturday night in several days.

Jan. 17. Ice broken up a good deal, & crossing in boats.

Jan. 25. Mrs Codwise spoke to Father about the W.W.W.—asked if he had seen it? Father said he had seen some notices of it in the papers—she said they were reading it aloud & some young lady staying there would not give them rest about it—there was a scene on a steamboat which

said young lady recognized as like what she had experienced herself!—knowledge of the world, &c. Afterwards wishing to ask if father had seen a Mr Blunt with whom he had business, she said, Have you seen Mr Van Burnt?—Why, said Father, you are turning a Yankee into a Dutchman. I was inclined to think she must by some means have possession of my secret.

Feb. 1. Sam brought the papers to the window while we sat at dinner; & turning them over Anna found a second notice of The W.W.W. in the Home Journal.³⁶ Made my dinner go off very well. Father brought word at night that the edition, of 750 copies, is almost sold. Six weeks to-day since published. Reading to-night part of a chapter of Anna's, —the ironing, & the talk with Miss Easy & Mr Ellis.³⁷ Very much pleased, & Aunt F. the same; & then I think I don't know what about mine—c'est a dieu, the present work.

Feb. 8. I think it was this day (for I write weeks after) that Father brought me a very great budget of praise indeed from the Murrays—Mr Murray & all—him especially. Miss Ogden had been remarkably interested in The W.W.W. very much engrossed with it; & Mr M. had seen nothing of the kind in a long time that had pleased him so much. Father detailed a great deal. I longed, I longed, when I had heard it, that my talents might all be thoroughly sanc-[44]tified. The next day, Sunday, in the afternoon, A. had been copying off some hymns from Emmeline's book, & left them with me to look over. I had not read two verses of "We would see Jesus"³⁸ when I

³⁶ Pasted into the reviews in the back of the journal

³⁷ Characters in Dollars and Cents (1852)

³⁸ A hymn first published in *Dollars and Cents* (1852) and later in *Hymns of the Church Militant* (1855)

thought of Anna, & merely casting my eye down the others so delighted & touched me that I left it for tears & petitions. I wished A. might prove the author—& after I found she was I sat for a little while with my head against her crying such delicious tears. It seemed to me as if other people find pleasure on the weather & as if A. & I go skiing through the air to get it,—more refined & pure. Thank God for this.

Feb. 15. Father came home with no particular news & I felt rather down

Feb. 22. The edition is all sold out & Mr Putnam is talking of another. Nine weeks since published; & sold with great liking. He has had repeated orders for more copies from Boston & Providence; & several people have written to know my name—Mrs Sigourney among them.

March 1. My secret is out. Mrs Bruen spoke of The W.W.W. so as to show that she knew it; & going to Mrs Wilkes's she broke out the first thing about it, no book in her neighborhood has made such a stir in a long time. Miss Few trying to read it aloud broke down entirely. That pleases me. Being out of print newly it has been selling in the upper part of the city for 20s. & a bookseller let somebody as a favor have a copy for 18s. He said he had not had a book in I don't know how long that had sold so well. I thank God for it all, & pray for my entire sanctification to his glory. A letter from Fanny Putnam, bearing the seal an owl with the motto Keep dark & I'll written over it.

[45] March 3. Father not going till mid-day I read him chaps. 5, 6, & 7 of Anna's book. I do not know when I even saw him laugh so, beyond bounds, as repeatedly in the cattle chapter. I had a very great pleasure indeed. He admired & approved exceedingly. I think he must have gone away with a sweet morsel under his tongue.

Mar. 4. A letter from Mrs Sigourney asking if I had received the premium for my essay. So delighted with A's book that it overshadows mine, for the present at least.

March. 8. Father brought us a quantity of paper & envelopes, 400 of the latter, 3 boxes of notepaper, & a 1/2 ream letter paper, got at the auction store for \$2, . . . & a letter to Mr Putnam from Prof. Gammell. (see p. 8 of notes)³⁹ How wonderful it is. May God give me his smile—I want that most.

July 30. Poor journal too long neglected—writing & copying & other things have hindered. One gets tired, & how then write journal? But I have had a world of things I might have written—praises from every quarter, & multitudinous. I finished the draught of Queechy I think the 13th June; & began to copy a few days afterwards, I am now only in the 9th chap. Slow work—don't get done one sheet of draught on an average per day. I love to copy, but the whole thing has been far from interesting me like The W.W.W. I work hard at my corrections, as I did very hard at the original draught. The W.'s were easier work. Aunt N. & the twins left us yesterday, after a three weeks' visit—Father is gone to N.Y. to-day, & we are our old trio. We feel it. A. droops, &

³⁹ This letter is transcribed among the reviews in the back of the book. See Figure 3

cannot get spirit or interest to go on copying. I feel it, & oh were it not for a something above the world, that changes not with it, what would life be!

[46] Au. 2. Writing, writing, to-day, & no exercise—that is, no row, because Mrs Sanford came just as we were going to get ready. I feel the worst of it, I suppose, for I feel down—down down. Copying—finished the 9th & began the 10th—A letter from Harriet Schuyler⁴⁰ day before yesterday—mighty kind & handsome—I want or would like to ask her here, but I am grown shy of making advances. And with so many pleasures, how cloudy life has grown—how empty. Nay, fame never was a woman's paradise yet.

Monday. Aug. 4. Father came home from Newburgh out of spirits—he is obliged to find two more sureties to guarantee the payment of interest accruing on this property debt, after July; in case the suit going against him the sale of this property should not prove adequate thereto;— this in order to a re-hearing of some point in October which failed of being heard a few days ago, when Father was studying his brief in the station-house & went off to the cars in a hurry leaving his bag of papers behind him. Thence a default—thence this new piece of oppression—thence trouble; for to whom apply? The Murrays already bound in the same behalf?—ask them again? or others? Copied 3 pages.

⁴⁰ A family friend and contemporary of Susan's. Many of her letters are collected in the Constitution Island Archives.

Aug. 5. A Newark paper⁴¹ sent me by Mr Putnam, with such a notice of The W.W.W!—above everything I have seen yet. Very grateful indeed—& I—what shall I say? My Lord and my God, sanctify me entirely to thy glory. My face is in the dust, & I say, If I have done iniquity, I will do no more. Copied not near 4 pages.

Aug. 25. Long Branch. A long break in copying & everything else but sewing, to enable us to get here. Came day before yesterday, saturday. A fair journey down in the cars, without Father, & with Fanny & Ellen; then a hurried [47] walk about N.Y. streets after sundry things, especially night tapers, most essential to my comfort, which after many trials, at druggist, fancy, hardware & thread & needle stores, found at last at Rushton's, corner Chamber St. Then a fair sail down in the Thos. Hunt, & the curious winding drive over the sandy ground to Howland's, where we are. Father could just see us here & run back, to go with the first opportunity to West Point. We had our dinner, & dressed. To our much disappointment Mrs Wilkes' friend Mrs Wharton, to whom we had a letter, is no longer here. After a little time to realize matters I was somewhat inclined to feel strange & lonely—to wish myself home—to think that our stay here would not be a long one. Tea made me feel better, & we went rather early to bed. My night taper burned to admiration; the air was sweet & pleasant, after a warm day; & I rested happily. Towards morning got up & looked out of the east window. It was not yet dawn, & there, over the dark sea line, about an hour high was the old moon, a fine crescent, with the whole round indicated; & upon the smooth sea was such a reflection of moonlight as I never saw,—not like that on our south bay, but I suppose from the damp atmosphere & the spray from the surf, softened to

⁴¹ Pasted in the back of the journal

enchantment; & wherever there was light it was a dreamy light. The evening before as it fell late the spray made quite a mist along the shore on either hand, the sun had set in the low west bearing such a crimson sky! And that unbroken hemisphere of the ocean line! Oh there is a great deal here for the eye. In the morning, a little after the sun was up, the reflection of his light on the water was glorious—a white [48] band of light stretching quite off to the horizon, which showed bright against the morning sky in comparison. Spirits restored. Are you not glad we are here said I. & so I feel. If it only does Anna good. Thank God for his mercies. And oh the joy of calling him my Father. My Father, keep me!

Ap. 23. 1852. At Miss Cadle's. Here one week this morning before breakfast. Queechy lies here on the bed—six copies, sent up to me yesterday. It is published to-morrow. Five thousand, Mr P. told me yesterday, are in boxes, to be sent or already I suppose sent off to orders. A greater start than any book ever out of his store. But he does not seem over sanguine; neither am I. He has not finished it, but rather seems to incline to the opinion that it is not so interesting as W.W.W. Minnie⁴² of whose judgment he thinks a good deal, decides that it is 'interesting'—but not so absorbing' as the former. I am not sure of anything—except that I do not deserve it should succeed—I am very sure of that! And of one thing more; that whether his child be at the moment pleased, or no, my Father will do what is good for me. It is enough. And yet if I am disappointed I shall feel it, I know. I thought on looking at Q. a few days ago that it was decidedly better than its predecessor—it may be too much better perhaps. As He will.

⁴² G. P. Putnam's daughter

[49] [manicule indicating a weaving] S's evident change—His looking gave & thoughtful —& then turning to her with a curious sparkle of fun on the background of thought & feeling, telling her that he wants a wife & if she will take the situation he will make it as easy as one as he can.—“What an extraordinary request & provision!” said S. laughing but with another manner of answer in her cheeks, “What do you say, S.?” he said with a change of tone. ~~taking her hand~~ “I can't say anything, Mr—, — ~~except~~ only —” she went on stammering,—“that I wish I was more worthy of it.”

June 5. The Island. Home these two weeks. Very busy sewing, & trying to get hold of a thread again. Father received the amount of his claim upon Mr Frazer, & last week went & ordered home a stock of groceries, what has not been done in many a day, & has written to Mr Roosevelt about our tea-set, to have back now immediately. How glad we were, of both. Father brought too the water-kettle I had wanted & thought I could not afford. He laid in a supply of sugars—1/2 bbl. of white, & quantities of brown & fine powdered white—coffee, rice, hominy, raisins, spice, macaroni, salt, hams, smoked beef, & I know not what beside—to the tune of thirty-six dollars—so we feel quite rich,—& I hope somewhat thankful. To-day A. has received a letter from Mr. Hart⁴³ enclosing two notices of D. & C. I tell her not to quote me any more, that I am as Barnum said, nowhere;— & she

[50] [manicule and change to Henry's handwriting] Justification by Faith—

⁴³ John Seely Hart (28 January 1810-26 March 1877) educator and editor for American Sunday School Union. Records of his letters can be found in the Constitution Island Archives.

What is the nature of this doctrine? Can we be justified by works without faith? If not what is the real virtue or importance of good works in the sight of God?—

[51] Works]

[Fanny's handwriting] For by thy works those shalt be justified, by thy words those shalt be condemned. Matt. 12.37.

The tree is known by its fruit. Matt. 12.33.

[52] [returning to June 5th entry] asks me funnily “if I am not contented with being a perpetual well spring of the most tender pathos’?”

[manicule indicating a weaving] (Heaven.) “Father, I think there is something very bad about me.”

“What is it, my little pappoose?”

“Why—but please father, don't talk jokingly with me I am serious.”

“I am serious, my child”—

But the father's head was bent down & his cheek softly touched the soft cheek of the littler pleader;—it is not likely he felt very serious.

[manicule indicating a different weaving] B. T. “You see,”—always came from the mouth of Lel with a certain confident assurance—the head a little on one side & the eyes half closed in a sort of lazy complacency in his own position; the old philosopher doubts, where the young one shakes his sagacious head in triumph.

Sep 16. 1852 After sundry days of hunting through old letters & trying to get ready, began to write, actually. Beat my brains hard & worked through near half a page. Went to Fort Putnam with the little Putnams.

Sep. 17. Deserted my yesterday's sheet—wrote of the substance of what I then wrote, upon a new one, & near finished out two pages. Went to tea at Mrs Sprole's, with the infant Putnams.

Sep. 18. Lost the day & wrote nothing. Fire down stairs & Father in the room & I know not what, (for I am writing a week afterward.)

Monday, Sep 20. Minnie & Henry⁴⁴ being invited to spend the day with our juvenile guests, their mamma invited herself to spend the same with ourselves; consequently the statement runs thus—
+ Mrs Sprole—a day.

Tuesday. Got on three pages; the limit I had fixed for myself.

Wednesday. do do do. Made up my mind that three pages a day is not getting along sufficiently fast, & that I must write my old four—or rather, not my old four, which was sometimes five, & six, alternating with less than four; but a regular sheet's worth.

Thursday. Wrote four. Ending the first chap. with no very definite idea what the next was to be.

⁴⁴ G. P. Putnam's children

Friday. Just got to work, when a horrid man came from Phila. I ~~kept~~ ~~to~~ negotiate with me on behalf of the Sat. Eveg Post. & staid enormously—till toward 11 o'clock. Nevertheless wrote my task, about.

Saturday. Wrote my four pages by half past one. Have written a letter to Harriet Schuyler besides, Thursday & to-day.

Monday Sep 27. Four pages.

Tuesday. Four pages.

Wednesday Sep. 29. Finished that chap. & began Chap. 4. wrote in all near three pages, with dreadfully hard work. Very tired I suppose [54] Father came in the afternoon from N. Y. & brought a letter from Sampson Low Jr.⁴⁵ in N.Y. desiring to see me—one brought by him (Mr Low) from Engl. from Chas. B. Taylor,⁴⁶ an author, but really I am not quite certain of what;—a very handsome & kind letter;—a note from a Southern gentleman⁴⁷ enclosing a notice of Queechy written for the next Southern Literary Messenger,⁴⁸ & desiring my acknowledgement of

⁴⁵ British publisher, Sampson Low, Son & Co.: Established in 1848 by Sampson Low Jr. (1822-1871)

⁴⁶ Charles B. Taylor of Otley Rectory Ipswich, England; letter recorded in the Constitution Island Archives

⁴⁷ Jno. Esten Cooke of Clarke County, Virginia; letter recorded in the Constitution Island Archives

⁴⁸ Pasted in the back of the journal

the receipt of the same!—a civil way of getting an autograph;—a basket of peaches from Mr Putnam & a letter, saying that it is too late to bring out a ‘juvenile’ by Christmas but that he would like to print two or three of them for spring publication, & that February would be a good time to begin printing the larger work! Reasonable! Resolved to let the juveniles alone till I get my draught of this done. And besides all these, English copies of Glen Luna⁴⁹ & two more of The W.W.W! Glen Luna beautiful. Excited, rather with all.

Thursday. Sep. 30. Not very well I think; in want of exercise, so not in fine writing trim. Wrote slowly & little, before dinner, having begun late, but after coffee made up three & a half pages. Wrote to Mr Low asking him to spend a day here. Alas! Took a good row this afternoon.

Friday. Wrote with much ado, at least with some ado, almost my four pages. Took a good row; but unable to do almost anything else. Wasted the evening in light reading.

Saturday. Accomplished but three pages, & those by the hardest. Can that be worth much which it is so excessively difficult to [55] produce. What do I want? Rest, I think, sometimes; & perhaps spirits—spirit for my work at least. I am glad now when I get through my task & can come down stairs to my German & music & reading. At least I am where I can get them, but when I go to row in the afternoon it must be done so early that it swallows up nigh all. Went again this afternoon. To write with such labour depresses me. Not finished the fourth ch. yet.

⁴⁹ The British publication of Anna’s novel *Dollars and Cents*

Monday, Oct 4. Three pages, not without difficulty—got too tired to go on & after dinner was still too tired. So stayed at three.

Tuesday. About 4 pages. With more ease & pleasure.

Wednesday. Up late & began to write very late, yet about finished or nearly, my four pages. Anna is going again, to my gladness. I do not know at all what work I am making—but there seems need enough we should both work, for there is little prospect of much coming in from other sources. We have been talking a little, privately, about winter arrangements in the city, & it is not easy to come to perfect conclusions. Only it seemeth to me that we should do ill to stay here, & that we cannot go to any boarding-house whatever.

Thursday. Four pages. Finished ch. 5.

Friday. Did not feel very well, & began very late, yet did my task. Read German afterwards. Made Bible notes this evening. But I get so tired! Yet I am unwilling & it seems inexpedient to change four for three.

Saturday. Very flat-spirited in the morning—dead-spirited—insomuch [56] that I had little mood to write & actually lost an hour or so for sheer want of life. Felt better when I got going, but after all was not able to finish my task. Ought to have finished my 6th ch. but stopped short of that. A little more than three pages. Very tired this afternoon.

Monday. Oct. 11. Four pages & finished Saturday's quote. Spent the evening writing three notes. Long getting to sleep.

Tuesday. A little done over, or not very well. Lay ^{^Sat} with my head on the luxury cushion & dozed instead of writing. But mended enough to get through three pages. Writing down stories to-day. I think I get too tired in my long pull up stairs alone by myself.

Wednesday. Not very well yet, as appears by my work. Only two pages.

[manicule indicating a weaving] W. telling of the theory of beauty (vide Note Book)—saying that the perfection of beauty was in those two words—Jesus Christ. E. putting her head down in some distress. W., after a little, asking her why. “Because I do not understand you! she said bitterly. “This is life eternal” & c. —A silence, & her bitter asking, Can't you tell me anything more?—A great ~~deal~~ many things, said he smiling; & at the end of them all you would know no more than you do now.—I beg your pardon, (her knowledge of precepts to which she refused compliance—the promise that whosoever will do his will should know of the doctrine & c.) When should she begin, &c. Her subsequent taking the first ch. of Matthew & going on, in the [57] way of making discoveries both in it & in herself.

Thursday. Not quite myself, but better. Three pages. Finished chap. 7. Expected Mr Low, who did not come. Had a good exercise in the woods, cutting & clearing away.

Friday. Three pages. Then had to go out in the woods. Pulled branches & went about, here & there, till found by Sam who brought the intelligence that a gentleman had been at the house an hour or an hour & a half. Everybody had been out hunting for us. Home I came. We had locked up everything, so that Mrs Miller had had to let the stranger in by the tea-room door. I was in a calico working dress, merino sacque, worsted cap, white handkerchief round my neck, clump shoes, & very old kid gloves. So I unlocked the door & came in to receive Mr Low, & then went off to change my wood trim. Wasn't much pleasure with his Englishship. Thought he did not appreciate his privileges, at first especially; & I suppose it might puzzle him to know what to make of us. The rug had been turned upside down, for fear of fire; one desk on the table, another on the luxury; & we, A. & I, carrying candles in & out of the tea-room. An under-bred man. But he is willing to engage, my he did engage, to take, if I would wish it, a vol. from me & pay me for each ed. of 3000 the sum of £ 50—the books to be sold at half a crown. He promised to take it without seeing it. But I don't think I'll give it him. Paid me £ 20 for that first little ed. of the W.W.W. He only staid to tea.

Saturday. 4 pages & a bit more. A fine walk in the woods.

[58] [manicule and change to Henry's handwriting] Predestination—

What is the extent of the Divine sovereignty? Has it left anything to chance or uncertainty? Does not the doctrine of election grow out of ~~this~~ of the Divine sovereignty of predestination? What does the Bible teach us about this sovereignty of predestination, & particularly respecting the election of part of mankind to eternal happiness?

[Fanny's handwriting] It shall be given to them for whom it is prepared. Mark 10.40.

The Son of man goeth as it was determined &c. Luke.22.22.

None are lost but the son of perdition

[59] Election]

Many are called, but few chosen. Matt. 20.16

It shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father. Matt.20.23

But for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened. Matt. 24. 22.

They shall deceive the very elect. Matt.24.24

And they shall gather together his elect from the four corners of the earth. Matt. 24.31.

Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundations of the world. Matt. 25. 34.

Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. Matt. 25.41.

And shall not God avenge his own elect. Luke. 18.7.

[60] Monday, Oct. 18. Got through two pages, by the help of a broken morning. Evening, got hold of something & wrote pleasantly another page & a half.

Tuesday. All of one page! Dull—unable to write. Had to write a note to Mr Low from whom I received an extraordinary letter, taking for granted my acceptance of his propositions, & saying my work (unwritten & un-agreed-for) should be announced in Eng. for early publication! He sent me Mr Taylor's "Thankfulness"—which is—a little thing with not much in it.

Wednesday. Four pages. But too tired in the evening to do anything. Not with writing so much as with working in the woods these two days, a little too much.

Thursday. Four pages & a half. Writing a good time of piece of it in the evening. A piece that I like.

Friday. Went over the river & returned the Miss Thompsons' call. Wrote near three ^{^pp.} ; what I like. Now over well, I think, I mean, myself personally.

[manicule] R. A loose pin upon the Mosaic of society—the pattern all made up without him,—W. Which pin has got your plan?—What do you mean?—Simply that as, there cannot be too many pins, ~~loose~~ one out of place must be such by a derelict of duty.—What is my plan?— To do so & so, & serve God in it, —How possible &c? — A man that looks on glass &c.

[61] Sat. Wrote only a few finishing words of CH. 9. before dinner. After dinner began Ch. 10— in the evening took a great start & finished nigh five pages and a half!

Monday Oct. 25. Two pages—& a letter to Mr Taylor of England.

Tuesday. Four pages, & a letter to Mr Carter. Great working in the woods these days. But German, & music even, go to the wall.

Wednesday. Wrote none till after dinner. Yet finished four pages. Going out in the woods takes a great deal of time, Anna writing too on her part, & chacune ne sait ce que fait l'autre. Pasting a few texts.

Thursday. Mending frock & making notes, & it is now a quarter past ten, & we are going out. That is the way the world goes at present.

Friday. A page & a half. Then Mary Wilkes & no more.

Saturday. Writing to Mr Watson, & sending it to Mr Carter to be mailed. By the by, Father brought me yesterday a letter, very kind & promising, from Mr Watson,⁵⁰ the second ed. (his first) of *W.W.W.* is nearly gone & orders given to the printer to prepare for another. An answer from 'Robert Carter & Bros.' accepting my tender of the Bible book.⁵¹ So that is good, & I am very, very glad. If it have but his blessing.

Monday Nov. 1. More than three & a half pages—which will do, considering.

Nov. 2. Not a page. I forget what was the matter. Texts partly, perhaps.

Wednesday. Three & a half pages. begin Ch. 11.

⁵⁰ James Watson (1789-1874) published *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy* in England. A letter from him to Warner can be found in the Constitution Island Archives.

⁵¹ Robert Carter & Bros. publish *The Law and The Testimony* in 1853.

[62] Thursday. Three & a half pages.

Friday. About four, by writing late in the evening. Busy this week with texts.

Saturday. Two & a half. Little at the texts either. Tried, I believe. Father came home yesterday.

He has engaged rooms, for us, three on a floor, with bath-room & kitchen privilege, in East Sixteenth St. Unfurnished & we to keep ourselves, & for \$100 from now till May. Please with the prospect. But oh! the business on our hands!

Monday Nov. 8. Tired, I suppose. Only, not, half a page—& nothing great in the way of texts.

Pleasant letter from Mrs Prentiss⁵² thanking for the jelly & saying she wants to see us all dreadfully. Evening, Annie & I exchanged chapters! I did not so much wish to hers yet, but she would not mine without. Mine much approved. Not so striking, but more promising, they say, than the first ch. of Queechy. Hers I approved too. It does not try to do very much, but that is done strongly & like herself. I put her somewhere between Sterne & Charles Lamb; but there is one very Sterne-ish bit in this chap.⁵³

⁵² Elizabeth Payson Prentiss (26 October 1818 - 13 August 1878), began writing and publishing novels and hymns within a year from this entry. She was the wife of Rev. George L. Prentiss who took a call to Mercer Street Presbyterian in 1852, the church the Warners attended when in New York City. Copies of many of her letters can be found in the Constitution Island Archives.

⁵³ Charles Lamb (10 February 1775-27 December 1834) was an British Romantic poet and essayist. Laurence Strene (24 November 1713-18 March 1768) was a British novelist best for *Tristram Shandy* (1767) and *A Sentimental Journey* (1768).

Tuesday. Got rested, & wrote near five pages, beside doing a quantity of text-work. Well tired at the end. And then a long dispiriting talk which did not help me much; Aunt Fanny being in very low spirits, & none of us seeing where any money is to come from, for the winter or for anything, except from our [63] poor little store which ought to be all laid away. But there will be provision. An enclosure from Mr Putnam containing cards of invitation to informal literary assemblages on Thursday evenings.⁵⁴ All of us pleased with this promise.

Wednesday. Flagging again. A good deal of text-work nevertheless, but only two pages & a half of "The Graduate of Wut-a-qut-o," which Anna laughingly has dubbed my book. No reading to speak of; a word or two of German; hard to do anything but work.

Thursday. About 4 pp.

Friday. do. do.

Saturday. A page & a half. Not very well, so a little hindered.

Thursday Nov. 18. In all this week I only wrote, by snatches or otherwise, a very little; & leaving half a page of that little I have to-day rewritten the rest, making near three pages. This evening a

⁵⁴ Anna describes these assemblages in *Susan Warner*: "The evenings at Mr. Putnam's were one of our very great pleasures that winter. His position as leading publisher in New York brought all noted strangers within his reach; and so among artists and professors, ministers and men of science, you would see Thackeray one night, and Lowell another" (373).

letter from Mr Watson, begging me to revise W.W.W. to give him an author's ed. two rival ed. having appeared. And then the texts & our contemplated removal to N.Y. week after next—so it seems as if poor Wut-aqut-o must have the go-by, for a little.

Friday. Have written none. Texts.

Tuesday, March 15, 1853. And “the go-by” poor Wut-a-qut-o hath had. But one evening have I a little done at it. Now we are in the midst of the Law & the Testimony—head 9 going through the press, head 10 not all pasted, head 11 not ready for said ope-[64]ration; & in head 12 I am half way through the Bible in a new review & collection of the same. And to-morrow we are engaged to spend the day at Patterson. So just at present there is something of a press! But ahead there is some work done. The juvenile is in the fourth chapter, & my hands cannot get at it. Never was such a winter of business.

The Island, Aug. 27. Alas! alas!—what a set of months & days between the entry & the other! How oddly I am just taking my place again when I was then, & where I have not been since then!—what aches & pains & weariness of heart, & final giving up the ~~long~~ struggle ^{only even just} now. How much long unknown pleasure, marvellous [sic] sweet & spicy to taste, how much strange hope & fear, & oh! what aching! what long aching. And now I have come to the mind that God knows best; or perhaps have been brought to it perforce. The Law & the Testimony is weeks ago out of our hands, & advertized [sic] for publication Monday week. We have not seen our copies yet, & have mooted the question whether we shall have the author's half dozen or

only one a piece. I am writing Wut-a-qut-o—finished Ch. 18 to-day—The first vol of the juvenile is going through the press, & another, *The Christmas Stocking*,⁵⁵ is afloat in our brains, & even beginning to form itself. Nora⁵⁶ goes charmingly in the Happy Valley, but we have not ridden to-day, ‘cause of hinderances.

[pp. 65-6 torn out]

[67] [manicule] “ I made a posie while the day ran by”, &c. (E) I think time was in a great hurry about it. I hadn’t ‘em in my hand before they withered.

⁵⁵ This story was published in *Carl Krinken: His Christmas Stocking* by G. P. Putnam for the Christmas season of 1853. It was included in a series of books entitled *Ellen Montgomery’s Bookshelf* written by Susan and Anna as model stories for young women and men such as Ellen, the protagonist of *The Wide, Wide World*.

⁵⁶ A mare purchased with the proceeds from her writing

AFTERWORD

When Susan Warner took up her pen to write the first entry in this diary, her life was in limbo. She had written *The Wide, Wide World*, but it was not yet printed, and the fame and notoriety that would soon follow her celebrated and best-selling novel would have been unfathomable. In the first entry, Warner hesitantly proclaims that her first book had gone to press. Three years later, her diary ends with a proud report that her new book *The Law and the Testimony* had been printed. The final entry also reports that Warner had reached the eighteenth chapter of her third novel, completed a collection of short stories, and planned another. In the entries between, Susan Warner records her journey into authorship. The diary allows her the agency of narrating the three pivotal years of her early career and helps define how Warner sees herself as a writer and as a woman in Victorian America. For critics, her diary provides a source through which to analyze Warner's life and writing by presenting an intimate portrait of her life and mind at the beginning of her career. As a primary source, the diary aids scholars who are concerned with both biographical and literary studies of Warner and her work.

Following the introduction and annotated transcription, I am offering my own critical interpretation of the diary, acknowledging that my reading is only one of many ways in which the diary transcription may be used. In this Afterword, I will first review the literature of earlier transcriptions and critical interpretations of Warner's diary and then challenge traditional readings of Warner's purpose for writing. Next, I will argue for an expanded view of Warner's purpose for writing. Finally, I will identify and analyze elements of the diary that aid in our

understanding of Warner's life and writing, arguing for the inclusion of the entire 1850-3 diary as a primary source in studying Warner's life and development as a writer.

Much of what is known about Warner's life comes from *Susan Warner* ("Elizabeth Wetherall") (1909), a biography written by her sister, Anna, after Susan's death. The biography was published by G. P. Putnam and Sons many years after the sisters had switched to a more religiously oriented publisher, the Robert Carter & Brothers. The fact that Putnam returned to Susan's biography indicates that the life of the author of *The Wide, Wide World* and *Queechy* remained intriguing and profitable nearly sixty years after the original publication of her novels and twenty years after the author's death. This biography presents the story of the Warner family that Susan had never publicly shared. She began her writing career using a pseudonym, and although her identity was revealed in the years following her first books, she did not make public appearances, nor would she meet with prominent literary figures, even though Lydia Huntley Sigourney requested a meeting with Susan after she won the prize for her essay "How may an American Woman Best Show Her Patriotism" in 1850 (Sigourney was a judge for the contest).⁵⁷ Throughout her life, Susan remained intensely private and silent about her family and her personal life. After Susan's death, Anna controlled the narrative of the sisters' lives and decided which of Susan's personal writings would be released to the public through the biography. Anna recognized the importance of Susan's diaries and letters, explaining in the preface to the biography: "[T]he letters are sure to be correct. So also, [Susan's] own journals give far better than any words of mine the growth of the young life, and the atmosphere in which it grew" (ix).

⁵⁷ On January 11, 1851 Warner writes, "Mrs. Sigourney, who is the lady that offered the prize has written me that she wishes to know me—I humbly beg leave to decline & keep my incognito."

The biography draws from all of Susan's extant diaries and many of her letters, but the transcriptions are fragmented and selected to fit the narrative designed by Anna to best portray Susan as she saw her. These selections from Susan's diaries became the main primary source of Susan's journal writing available to scholars for most of the twentieth century.

Two full-length studies of the Warner sisters were published in 1978, *Susan and Anna Warner* by Edward Hasley Foster and *Light in the Morning* by Mabel Baker. Foster's text is part criticism and part biography, focusing on the cultural and religious influences of the Warners' writing, and although he visited the Warner archives on Constitution Island, he only cites passages of Susan's diaries found in *Susan Warner*. Baker, whose handwritten notes can still be found in the primary texts located at Constitution Island Association archives, includes more transcriptions from Susan's diaries in her biography of the sisters, but these selections were curated in order to drive the chronological narrative of the biography. Jane Weiss's dissertation "'Many Things Take My Time': The Journals of Susan Warner" (1996) offers an adequate but edited transcription of all extant Warner diaries, but Weiss fails to include the entirety of the text of the 1850-3 diary, excluding the Bible verses and transcribed letters and reviews found in the text.

Thus far, most biographers and literary critics who have written about Warner establish a conventional purpose for her writing, most often relegating her motives to an evangelical or financial nature. In the biography *Susan Warner*, Anna explicitly delineates Susan's purpose in writing as evangelical, making the point to separate Susan's fiction from novels of the time. First, Anna establishes Susan's disregard for popular novels. Citing Susan's juvenile diaries, Anna repeatedly references Susan's reports about reading and enjoying popular novels, but then

lamenting the feeling of having wasted time on the sentimentalism of the novels—a point that is echoed in the pages of *The Wide, Wide World* and the plot weavings found in this diary.⁵⁸ Then, when Anna tells the story of how Susan began writing *The Wide, Wide World*, she quotes John Bunyan, saying “Still as I pulled, it came,” clearly aligning Warner’s text not with popular sentimental novels, but with Bunyan’s *Pilgrim’s Progress* (1678), a Christian allegory, not a novel. Anna also explains that Susan had in fact “[n]ot the mere vague wish to write a book that should do service to her Master: but a vivid, constant looking to him for guidance and help: the worker and her work both laid humbly at the Lord’s feet” (264). Anna’s desire to portray her sister’s writing with a pious purpose creates a narrative that gives preferential treatment to those passages related to religious devotion. Anna’s emphasis on an evangelical, non-literary purpose for Susan’s writing continues to be the accepted narrative of Warner’s life and works throughout the early- and mid-twentieth century.⁵⁹

Along with the claim that Warner wrote with an evangelical objective comes the assertion of her earliest motive for writing—that her family needed the profits of her labor. Anna touches ever so lightly upon the idea that Susan wrote *The Wide, Wide World* in part for financial gain, when she writes, “Aunt Fanny spoke: ‘Sue, I believe if you would try, you could write a story.’ Whether she added ‘that would sell,’ I am not sure; but of course that was what she meant” (263). After this mention of writing for financial gain, Anna refrains from addressing the

⁵⁸ At the end of a weaving following an entry from November 2, 1850, Warner writes, “A.’s resolute self-command about novel-reading &c.”

⁵⁹ Literary scholarship of the 1940s and 50s focuses on the sentimental and domestic fiction written by Warner and other women in the second half of the nineteenth century. See Herbert Ross Brown’s *The Sentimental Novel* (1942), F. L. Pattee’s *Feminine Fifties* (1942), and Helen Waite Papashvily’s *All the Happy Ending* (1956).

topic again except to say that Susan wrote “in the most vivid fashion” in her diary and letters when describing the trials faced by the family. Both financial and evangelical claims carry truth. Warner does espouse her Christian beliefs through her writing, and both Susan’s and Anna’s publications show periods of financial instability for the family, but to attribute Susan’s purpose for writing solely to either an evangelical mission or a financial necessity diminishes the complexity of her diary.

Using a combination of the transcriptions found in *Susan Warner* and unpublished selections from the diary, Baker continues and extends the narrative initiated by Anna’s biography, focusing more on the sisters’ financial need to write, but also referencing their evangelical inspiration. In the foreword to Baker’s biography, William McIntosh argues that the sisters wrote “only because of financial necessity” (vii). He continues, “Susan and Anna concern themselves far more with the homiletic advancements of human (but especially feminine) virtue than with the production of artistic fiction” (vii). This preface frames Baker’s biography, and she uses the 1850-3 diary within this frame to present a history of the sisters’ trials and successes in financial terms, going further than Anna in highlighting Henry Warner’s culpability in the desperate state of the family and emphasizing Susan’s emotional distress. By expanding the selections of the diary available through her biographical narrative, Baker begins to offer an increased complexity to Susan’s purpose and practice, but Baker’s recurring claim that the Warner sisters’ writing had no literary aim and held no literary merit drastically shapes her biography. By making this claim, she sets aside any analysis of Warner’s inner consciousness and sense of cultural identity as a nineteenth-century American woman.

In the same year as both Baker and Foster, Nina Baym published *Woman's Fiction* (1978), the defining work of scholarship regarding the domestic fiction genre in early America. She explains that for the Warner sisters, “[r]eligion was both a compensation and role” in their writing practice (143). She, like Baker, builds her argument from Anna’s biography, and although she argues for literary merit within the genre, she does so by focusing on the common narrative structure of woman’s fiction, arguing for the genre’s inclusion in the modern literary canon. Jane Tompkins, who edited the 1987 Feminist Press edition of *The Wide, Wide World*, reverts to the established trope of evangelical purpose, writing, “Like her contemporaries among women novelists, Warner saw herself both as powerless and obscure, and as bringer of light to the world, through the Christian example of her work” (1 “Susan Warner”). Whether arguing a financial or evangelical motive, each critic adopts a conventional position on Warner’s writerly purpose. I challenge these studies of Warner through a close reading of the diary and the cultural framework that surrounds it.

As twenty-first century readers, we often polarize evangelic didacticism and literary merit, suggesting that the two cannot coexist within the same work, but we must understand, as Tompkins explains, that the “exemplary tales” about the triumph of the soul and the presence of God in daily life were not only prominent in domestic fiction, but also filled the pages of poetry collections, political commentaries, children’s primers, and popular magazines (595). In establishing Warner’s intent to write not just for money or evangelical purposes, but also for literary merit, it is necessary to recognize that she did not separate religion from literature in her life or her work. She received a classical education from her father and tutors who taught her Greek, Latin, German, and French, and assigned readings that covered the major works in each

of these languages. She engages with multiple contemporary texts in the diary, including William Cullen Bryant's poetry, popular sermons, and contemporary theological debates. She was well versed in all written forms. Literary merit goes hand in hand with an evangelical message for Warner and many of her nineteenth-century readers.⁶⁰ In his study of the sisters, Foster works to establish the political and religious framework for the sisters' writing, and although he identifies the contemporary debates and beliefs, both religious and political, that ground Warner's fictional text, he does not take into account the fact that Warner also wrote her fiction with extensive knowledge and familiarity of both contemporary and classic literature.⁶¹ As Baym, Tompkins, and Foster define the fiction that Warner writes as didactic and overtly religious, they participate in a misogynistic tradition of separating women's fiction from "classic" nineteenth-century fiction. Scholars do not question Hawthorne's literary intent in writing the *Scarlet Letter* (1850), or the literary merit of the Ur-text of sentimental and domestic fiction, Richardson's *Pamela; Or, Virtue Reward* (1740). These texts do not need qualifiers about didacticism or religion in order to be included to the canon. It is a mistake to discount Warner's work as non-literary simply because it was popular, didactic, and religious.

Tompkins claims that *The Wide, Wide World* "[m]ore than any other book of its time . . . embodies, uncompromisingly, the values of the Victorian era," naming these values as an "ideology of duty, humility, and submission to circumstance" and an "insistence on the

⁶⁰ Many of the reviews found in the back of the book categorize *The Wide, Wide World* as a religious novel and also include it in a larger study of "novel literature." See Fig. 2.

⁶¹ Anna thoroughly explains Susan's all-consuming love for reading in her biography, but we also see it in Susan's diary pages. After the family library is sold in the Sherriff's auction, she laments the lack of books in the house, covets the reading room and library at West Point, and works books into the weavings of her fiction as signposts for her readers.

imperative of self-sacrifice” (585 “Afterword”). At first glance, the diary seems to confirm that Warner wrote *The Wide, Wide World* as a thinly veiled autobiography, casting herself as Ellen Montgomery, the heroine who succeeds in her many trials by submitting to the will of God and putting others and God before herself. This reading claims that she strictly adhered to the values found in *The Wide, Wide World*, but as the diary confirms, Warner wrote and published fiction, earned money for her family, and compiled a biblical concordance that publicly encouraged women to practice biblical exegesis. None of these acts would have been seen as examples of what girls and women should do to uphold Victorian values, and a closer reading of the diary reveals Warner’s constant negotiation of these values with the reality of her life.

Negotiating the realities of her life and the cultural expectations of her class and her gender, Warner turns to the private space and malleable structure of diary writing. Helen M. Buss suggests that “[W]e may find the construction of female subjectivity in language in a place too obvious to have been noticed by our conventional cultural value, a woman’s seemingly trivial and practical account of her daily life” (Buss 100). Analyzing Warner’s entries—how she recalls events, why she chooses the language and examples that she does, and what she collects—develops a picture of Warner as a writer and a woman. Margo Culley calls this type of reading “the emergence of self as the subject” in diary writing (3), and Buss suggests that the diary often exposes a “divided and conflicted self” (101). Warner’s subject is herself, and the diary gives her the agency to define her life, emotions, and writing career.

While the diary shows Warner’s constant anxiety about the financial circumstances of her family, she also explains that writing does more for her than provide a small income. On November 14, 1850 Warner writes, “I — I don’t know what I would do but for writing, & yet

even that doth not much rejoice me.” She is distraught with her circumstances and worried about the success of her novel. The claim that Warner only wrote because she needed money implies that she never valued her work for other reasons or saw herself as an author. The above diary entry and others, as well as the extensive collection of reviews found in the back of the diary prove otherwise. The diary does detail the financial struggles of the family, but these financial struggles do not discount Warner’s view of herself as a writer. Even in the twentieth century, critics and scholars struggled to articulate the claim that popular woman writers of the nineteenth century could chose writing as a profession not just because it was one of the few lucrative and socially acceptable possibilities, but also because women enjoyed writing and strove for literary merit in their writing. In fact, arguing for a primarily commercial or evangelical motive for Warner’s writing subjects her work and that of other women to a lesser category than that of other contemporary literature, rendering their works and motives as more palatable and less threatening. Warner’s choice to write is multi-dimensional, and the many reasons for her pursuit are revealed in the diary.

For my analysis of Warner’s diary, I draw from the extensive scholarship on women’s daily writing in America, in particular the work of Margo Culley, Steven Kagle, Suzanne Bunkers, Cynthia Huff, and Helen Buss. In the Introduction to *Inscribing the Daily*, Bunkers and Huff write, “Women’s diaries assume a distinctive place within the self-construction of narrative: they pose questions that invite us to think differently, to see anew” (20). They continue by outlining three specific analytical steps: “discovering patterns” through the daily repetition of diaries; “interrogat[ing] the public/private construction of the diarist;” and “questioning of and emphasis on the social circumstances of the writer.” These steps serve as guideposts for my

reading of Warner's diary and my aim to expand the narrative of Warner's early authorship. Accordingly, I also explore the diary through the lens of Helen Buss's concept of "thick description" and Huff's definition of "extratextual items." Buss borrows the term "thick description" from anthropologist Clifford Geertz and explains, " 'thick description' allows [her] to use [her] training . . . not to identify the markers of a literary consciousness, but to read the trace of a human person constructing her identity in her historical, social, cultural, and gendered place" in diary entries (86). "Thick reading" is productive in reading Warner's diary because this practice situates an analysis of the diary within a feminist historicist perspective that considers the social and religious nuances of public and private personas. Engaging public texts found in the diary, Huff explains that "extratextual items push the spacial boundaries of the diary volumes through accretion of additional material that comments, perhaps obliquely, on what the diarist writes and how she defines herself within the social body. As such, these become as much a part of her record as the written diary" (130). This definition serves in my analysis of Fanny's Bible verses, which predate Warner's entries and collection of reviews and letters.

Because diaries are a semi-private merging of self image and social expectations, the form allows for a level of honesty that it is not always available to the writer in even the closest of relationships. Warner does not indicate that she shares her diary with Anna or her aunt, and the freedom of her description of her family supports the claim that Warner's diary remained a private record until after her death. Because of its private nature, Warner's diary writing affords her the physical and mental space to explore how she reacts to experiences in her life. For example, Susan's first entry begins with details about her experience horseback riding and exhibits how she processes a range of emotions and uncertainty by telling a story. First, she

recounts her second riding lesson, writing that she was in “a high state of excitement & delight—nothing for a very long time indeed had so fired my imagination.” She then mitigates these emotions by returning to the narrative surrounding her riding. She explains her confidence in Mr. Sprole, a family friend who hosted her riding, and tries to decipher his motives as she describes his reactions to her failed attempts to schedule another riding session. Warner then returns to internal examination, exploring why she was so affected by the being deprived of an additional riding session after finding her earlier riding experience so invigorating, calling it a “great mortification,” explaining that she was “disconcerted” and that her “extravagant desires & delight have been sobered by duty.” She articulates an intimate, internal dance between enjoyment and self-denial, delight and duty, and she exposes an overpowering sense of self-doubt about her ability to contain her excitement over riding in a socially appropriate way.

In this same entry, Warner introduces *The Wide, Wide World*, saying that her “little book is just going to press.” With this announcement coming in the first entry of the diary, her burgeoning writing career becomes a clear impetus for beginning the diary. As Kagle explains, “the life of a diary is often born of tension, disequilibrium in the life of its author, which needs to be resolved or held in check” (*American Diary Literature* 17). Warner ends this first entry with the following passage:

I have felt a longing for something of the kind, & for more to do with the world, or with some nice extraordinary portion of it—that first horseback riding turned my head. Turned again now [by worry about the book going to press]; but it’s a sobering process, this kind of thing;—this forcible unclasping of one’s will when it has laid strong hold of somewhat!

Here, she confides her fears of authorial failure alongside her enjoyment of the riding and writes to bolster her resolve to keep working on herself and her book. In this single entry, her worry

about the book's success grounds her from the "too delightful" experience of horseback riding. This seemingly simple everyday recollection of horseback riding leads to personal reflection about her anxiety over writing.

As she records everyday interactions and self-reflection, Warner constantly returns the focus to her writing, the most prominent and oft repeated topic in the diary. There is not a single entry in the diary that does not directly or indirectly reference Warner's writing. She records her progress, expresses her joys of success, regrets her inability to focus at times, and details her plans for future writing. On November 7, 1850, she receives a proof of *The Wide, Wide World* with a note saying "the end" and a statement from Putnam about his worry that the book might be too long. She writes, "a pleasant & inspiriting kind of remark, seeing that in the first place it is all set up, & in the second place if it were not it would be impossible to abridge it much except by horrible mutilation. So my spirits were quieted." In the face of her disappointment about the book's length being criticized, she quickly turns to describing her father's return and their pleasant dinner and walk, but in only a few lines comes back to her worry about the book, writing, "Alas my poor little book—art thou too big?" Then returning again to the landscape and the day, she subverts her worry and attempts to console herself with nature and God's intent for the world, writing that "Man is the only blot on the picture." But she returns to her worry, ending the entry, writing, "Oh my book! If this should fail, I might not be able to go on writing.—God's will be done." This entry and many others show how Warner negotiates her hope and her anxiety about writing by rooting them around the concrete realities of her life and her reassurance in God's will, combining life events with an attempt to understand the pressure of her new profession and how one works with an editor.

In continually turning to her diary to understand her new practice of writing, Warner creates a narrative about her journey into authorship through repetition of the subject. When the much anticipated day arrives and Warner finally sees her book in print, she turns to her diary to record the experience, explaining her own reaction and those of her family members, recounting her father's reading aloud from the favorable reviews and letter sent via the publisher. She transcribes and pastes these same reviews among the entries in her diary. Later in the diary, she records her working partnership with Anna and explains how she and Anna share their texts with one another, reading aloud and listening to chapters from each of their books in progress.⁶² These entries not only exhibit how the women use their shared, private, female space in the home as a workshop for their drafts, offering feedback and affirming each other's literary talent, but they also foreshadow Susan and Anna working together to write *Say and Seal* (1860) as well as their short-lived magazine for children *The Little American* (1862-4). In concentrating on her writing process and the atmosphere in which she writes, Warner creates a narrative of her early career, filled with scenes that range from calm pre-dawn hours spent drafting to "writing-fit[s]" that consume her night and the family's precious few candles.

Despite the stress of writing, Warner frequently comments on the pleasure of writing. In the November 2, 1850 entry in her diary, she writes, "I am correcting the proofs of my book—a great pleasure almost over." She values her work and finds joy in editing her first book. The process is new and exciting. After recording that she has completed over two hundred pages in the second volume, she exclaims, "How odd—how odd it is! That it should actually have come

⁶² Susan writes one night after exchanging chapters with Anna that "[She] put [Anna's chapter] somewhere between Sterne & Charles Lamb; but there is one very Sterne-ish bit in this chap."

to this after all my wanting & doubting!” In her entry from January 7, 1851, Warner describes a night where they devised a makeshift candle by which to read their book chapters to each other, and she refers to the “pleasure” of this four times within a page-length entry, beginning the entry with the question “Shall I ever forget the pleasure of this evening?” and ending with the exclamation “Oh what good pleasure it was.” Writing continues to be a source of enjoyment for her as she writes on October 5, 1852, “About 4 pages. With more ease & pleasure.” In the arc of her early career as a writer, the rush to produce texts to alleviate the family’s financial burden does not preclude her enjoyment of writing, even as her process becomes more focused and regimented.

Warner’s diary and approach to discussing her writing changes as quickly as her fame rises, and her success leads to a confidence and deliberateness in her diary writing, as well as less frequent entries. But, as Buss explains, reading what is left unsaid is necessary when examining diary entries (100). Warner goes weeks without making an entry when she is back in the midst of writing in 1852-3. She is reassured by the early success of *The Wide, Wide World*. *Queechy* has been sent to Putnam for publication, and she is weaving and drafting her third novel, working on “The Christmas Stocking,” and compiling a biblical concordance with Anna; she has settled into the rhythm of her work. Her lack of diary entries and the brevity of her entries when she does write indicate that she feels comfortable in her work and is able to put aside her worries and financial concerns for the moment and concentrate on producing text. This silence does not mean that she has stopped writing, collecting reviews, or recording a ledger of daily expenses, but that she does not need to turn to diary entries to expand upon or explain her worries about writing and money. She settles into her new life as an author and leaves the journal for longer periods of

time with no entries from June to September in 1852 and from March to August in 1853. When she returns to the diary, her entries focus more on her specific writing progress, logging the number of pages she has written and describing how her writing projects are progressing. When she returns to the diary in September of 1852, the entirety of the entry reads, “After sundry days of hunting through old letters & trying to get ready, began to write, actually. Beat my brains hard & worked through near half a page. Went to Fort Putnam with the little Putnams.” She gives a short detail about her research, pre-writing process, a report on her progress, and a short note about the day. With the exception of two longer narrative entries detailing a lawsuit and an abrupt visit from an unsolicited publisher, the rest of the year’s entries follow this basic pattern of accountability with a short update. With summaries of her day that focus on her writing, Warner indicates that she finds purpose in her work, and that she feels more comfortable with her position as a writer.

Another notable aspect of her diary that also concerns her journey into authorship is the practice of drafting plot summaries, or “weavings,” interspersed among the narrative of her daily life. Weavings for *Queechy* (1852), *The Hills of Shatemuc* (1856), and possibly several short stories or “juveniles” are placed between daily reflection, recollections, and reports.⁶³ The weavings are minimal accounts of action, character, and place, offering only sparse details, basic actions, and a few choice quotations. They clearly draw from the details of Warner’s life as told in the diary. Characters enjoy horseback riding, engage in contemporary theological debates, and worry over the cows or a lack of basic household staples. Even as she begins to note in the diary

⁶³ With the sketches of multiple novels and other fictional works woven throughout the personal entries, scholars engaged in the study of nineteenth-century women’s fiction, or specifically *Queechy*, will be able to use the diary as an extratextual tool of critical analysis.

that she has started drafting chapters of the novels outlined in the weavings, Warner continues writing the weavings. Her choice to include the weavings in her diary instead of the loose pages of the draft indicates that the weavings are classified as a different type of work from her draft pages. After introducing the first two weavings, she allows the rest to stand on their own among the diary entries. Her conscious ease in documenting these weavings amidst her daily writing reinforces Warner's choice to use the diary to both document her progress and develop as a writer.

Along with the weavings, Warner echoes the language of her domestic novels throughout her diary. First, her use of local color in *The Wide, Wide World* is one of the few aspects of her novels that consistently received popular and critical acclaim, from her contemporaries to modern scholars. In 1850 the *Literary World* reviewer notes that "several scenes of rude country life are presented in a very agreeable way." Tompkins notes that Henry James compared Warner's realism to Flaubert (584), and Foster claims that "the acute and fully realized sense of time and place . . . makes [Warner's novels] interesting to the literary critic and historian today" (18). When reports begin to come to Warner from friends who have read the book, she records some of their responses in the diary. On January 25, 1851, Warner retells a story from Mrs. Codwise, explaining, "she said they were reading it aloud & some young lady staying there would not give them rest about it—there was a scene on a steamboat which said young lady recognized as like what she had experienced herself!—knowledge of the world, &c." This example reflects both the literary realism in *The Wide, Wide World* recognized by the young woman and the realistic narrative style of Warner's diary. She captures the shared experience

between listener and story by describing the scene of the group of people listening to the novel read aloud.

Along with her depictions of local color, Warner also uses domestic and religious imagery to describe nature in both her fiction and her diary. In *The Wide, Wide World*, she writes,

The sun had been some time descending through a sky of cloudless splendour, and now was just kissing the mountain-tops of the western horizon. Slowly and with great majesty he sank behind the distant blue line, till only a glittering edge appeared,—and then that was gone. There were no clouds hanging over his setting, to be gilded and purpled by the parting rays, but a region of glory long remained, to show where his path had been. (80)

She personifies the sun with religious inference and draws upon the metaphorical language of the Romantic poets to describe the scene with domestic undertones, and she merges the natural world with Christian symbols. This same technique appears in many of her diary entries from 1850-1, which reveals a clear connection between her literary voice and that of her diary. On January, 6 1851, Warner writes:

The hills looked exactly as if they had put on mourning—nothing but white & black (it was after sundown) a crape-like dressing of black tree-stems upon the snowy face of the ~~mountain~~ ground, while on every slope & edge of the mountains the folds of the crape lay sombre enough. Curious effect—precisely as I have described it.

Here, she lyrically describes the natural scene, using the image of women dressed in the customary black dresses of mourning. Her comment about describing the scene “precisely” further emphasizes her attempt to use romantic language, as well as domestic and religious imagery, to not only record what she sees authentically, but to render it artistically..

Rather than echoing the language or themes of her novels, Warner’s depiction of her father in the diary contradicts the image of him in the biographies and criticism. This element of

the diary creates a more complex view of Warner's life and proves that the diary gives her more agency over private and sensitive concerns. Unlike Anna's biography of Susan in which Anna portrays Henry as the picture of a benevolent and intelligent father, Susan's descriptions of their father range from incredulity to praise to outright hostility. Foster reinforces Anna's take on their father by suggesting that the Warner sisters "heroized" their father and "saw [him] only in ideal terms" (31). But in the privacy of her diary, Susan counters this view of their father with a much more conflicted perspective. She fixates on Henry's inability to manage the family finances, his lack of work ethic, and his neglect of the necessities of the house and farm, specifically his failure to provide adequate shelter and warmth for the women or the cows when he leaves for a trip to New York City.

Early in the diary, Warner recalls how she, Fanny, and Anna planned a confrontation with Henry, writing, "We are contemplating an attack upon father in the way of a conversation, to find out what may be his purposes for the coming winter, for at present we are in a dismal state of incertitude." She records their failed attempt to carry out this plan and laments Henry's lack of foresight and financial acumen, but she does not ask him to stop publicly representing her to her publishers, and she also joyfully writes of his return from doing this work on her behalf. In a later entry, Warner happily describes her father bringing home some good news, but then tempers her joy with aggravation at him for not bringing home the first copies of *The Wide, Wide World*.

She writes:

Dec. 7. Saturday even. Father brought home word that I have gained the prize for the patriotism essay. One of my first thoughts, the wish that there was somebody to tell it to. He had been too busy to go to Putnam's, so don't know if my book is out yet. Not too many things at once.

This entry captures Warner's reliance upon her father and her inability to act for herself publicly, a conflict that the diary never resolves. A telling moment comes in 1852 when Warner interrupts her shorter entries with a lengthy description of her father's failed retrial of a case in which he was sued for building a dam near the island. This break in her brief, mundane style of reporting implies that the case and her father's handling of it were frustrating enough to significantly disrupt her writing and drafting to the point that she takes the time to record the incident and her feelings about it. Henry plays conflicting roles in Warner's diary; he is both a proud father, functioning as the public representative of her writing career, and a miserable caretaker, repeatedly failing to relieve the family's financial burden and basic needs. This conflict implies that Warner struggled, at least internally, with the reality of how gender roles were performed in their family and how adherence to these roles affected her life and career.

Considering how an analysis of the complete diary text can complicate previous readings of Warner's life and writing, the "extratextual items" found in the diary have not been previously included in the diary text. The three different types of extratextual items found in the diary are 1) the letters and reviews transcribed within the diary narrative, 2) Christian tenets and corresponding Bible verses that predate the diary entries but fall within the pages of the narrative, and 3) the reviews and ledgers compiled on the flip side of the book. The letters, reviews, and ledgers link together Warner's financial and literary goals, and the Bible verses represent the immersion of her life and writing in principles of Protestantism. Fanny's Bible verses, the letters, and the reviews expand our understanding of Warner's diary, her writing, and the cultural framework that shaped them. By preserving these elements in the diary, Warner indicates their importance to the diary narrative.

The first letter pasted into the diary text is from Mrs. Codwise, and this is the only pasted item that does not directly concern the publication of *The Wide Wide World*. Warner references this letter in a diary entry and conveys her irritation with Mrs. Codwise for proposing that their family could live on Staten Island for the winter. The letter is quite short and informal, but the content affected Warner to the point that she kept the letter and put it in the diary. The letter, as simple as it is, feeds Warner's insecurity and shows how out of touch their New York friends have become as their family has grown more accustomed to financial struggle. The next section of extratextual items begins with the collection of reviews and letters responding to *The Wide, Wide World*. Warner copies and pastes a letter from Mr. Littel, as well as the first reviews of *The Wide, Wide World*, directly among the diary entries. By including these reviews in the story of her authorship, Warner verifies the success of the novel and gives "public credence and verification" (Huff 130) to her talent. She also confirms each family member's utter joy in reading the reviews and letters.

When Warner receives the second round of reviews and a letter about *The Wide, Wide World*, she begins to collect the texts in the back of the book, but she continues to reference her reception of reviews in the diary entries. She articulates the excitement of receiving and reading the reviews, writing,

Jan. 1. — It was a pretty thing, the reading of the notices of my work that Father had brought home,—from the Evng. Post, Boston Chronotype, Commercial, & Literary World. ^{^see pp. 6, 7} The three first, which Father had copied out, were already read—there was some delay about cutting the leaves of the other—I had gone upstairs, & I heard a shout!—& coming down Anna opened the door to tell me they had given me a column & a half! & an extract!!—It must not be read till Aunty came, who also had left the room, & Father's manifest eagerness to get & keep hold of it was such that A. relinquished the pleasure to him.

The reviews listed above are the first to be pasted in the back of the journal, and they fortify her resolve to continue writing. The change in placement of the reviews sets apart the first reviews and also points to a plan for preserving more reviews. The collection on the flip side of the journal spans over thirty years of Warner's writing career and includes more than one hundred and thirty reviews. The inclusion of the reviews in the same book as the diary indicates that the reviews are cherished artifacts, but Warner does not only collect the positive reviews. She also collects reviews that give a mixed response to the text and some with explicitly negative commentary. This variety implies that Warner used the collection for something more than just stoking her ego. She collected reviews that could help her improve alongside those that lauded her work as the best among contemporary literature.

The final extratextual items to be discussed are the Bible verses that predate the diary. As explained in the transcription theory, I chose to include the extratextual collection of Bible verses because Warner does the same. By leaving the collection in the pages of the diary, Warner preserves Henry's guidance and Fanny's biblical scholarship and also shows how she compiled the text for *The Law and the Testimony* because Fanny's practice of collecting verses is the same method that Susan and Anna use to produce this work of biblical scholarship. A further example of Warner's familiarity with the type of biblical study comes from a diary entry where she reports her progress on *The Law and the Testimony*. She writes, "Now we are in the midst of the Law & the Testimony—head 9 going through the press, head 10 not all pasted, head 11 not ready for said operation; & in head 12 I am half way through the Bible in a new review & collection of the same." Her preservation of the same practice as modeled by Fanny indicates that such

“professional” work mattered to her, and it shows the manuscript work that led to a published text.

Warner’s biblical exegesis work and the subsequent publication of *The Law and the Testimony* represents one of the most notable challenges Warner makes to the gender roles prescribed by Victorian values. In the preface to this expansive, eight-hundred page biblical concordance, Warner calls attention to the possible rebuttals to her engaging in biblical scholarship. She writes,

I don’t doubt some heads have been shaken at the idea of such work being done by a woman. No woman set about it, in the first place; it was but a girl and a child. And they had little knowledge of the theological world, and certainly no meaning to enlighten anybody except themselves. (v)

Warner’s attention to this possible complaint indicates that she was aware of the need to create a narrative that would make her biblical exegesis acceptable to readers. As a woman publicly engaging in a contemporary theological debate about the use of scripture, she first had to believe that she had the intellect necessary for this type of biblical exegesis, and the discipline and discernment required to compile such an extensive work. Working from the Protestant belief that each person should be able to read and interpret the Bible, Warner uses her notoriety and authority established through *The Wide, Wide World* to act on this particular Protestant belief and push the very institution that valued it. Even if Warner’s interpretations of the scripture are fairly traditional, the act of writing and publishing *The Law and the Testimony* subverts the long held belief that women had no place in public theological debate.

With her newly established confidence in her writing and scholarship, and her writing career well on its way, Warner writes the last entry in her authorship diary. She captures the

multi-dimensional nature of her writing and highlights the skill that it takes to accomplish her goals. She writes,

The Law & the Testimony is weeks ago out of our hands, & advertized [sic] for publication Monday week. We have not seen our copies yet, & have mooted the question whether we shall have the author's half dozen or only one a piece. I am writing Wut-a-put-o—finished Ch. 18 to-day—The first vol of the juvenile is going through the press, & another, The Christmas Stocking, is afloat in our brains, & even beginning to form itself. Nora goes charmingly in the Happy Valley, but we have not ridden to-day, 'cause of hinderances.

She ends her diary just as she began, discussing the publication of a book and longing to go horseback riding, but after three years, she is now a confident, professional writer financially secure enough to purchase her own mare. She has achieved noteworthy success in both the literary and theological publishing spheres She did not submit to her circumstances or give in to her fear of failure, but persisted and wrote her own change.

In this last entry, Warner captures the essence of her coming-of-age as a writer. She began with the hope that her love for writing and telling stories would materialize into a career that would earn her money and literary acclaim. When she ends the diary, Warner has published two novels, a biblical concordance, and multiple short stories. She has established her footing as an author. She has received praise from editors, ministers, friends, and strangers and unsolicited propositions books from publishers. *The Wide, Wide World* sold over fourteen printings in two years, and the first edition of *Queechy* had the largest number of copies for a first printing of any book that Putnam had printed.⁶⁴ Her titles had also been published abroad, becoming a sensation in England in their French and German translations. After receiving dozens of fan letters inquiring about Ellen's fate and many requests for a sequel to *The Wide, Wide World*, Putnam had

⁶⁴ Warner notes this achievement in the diary.

to publish a notice on Warner's behalf to dispel the rumors that a sequel was forthcoming.⁶⁵ She continued to collect reviews through the publication of *My Desire* (1879), but she leaves journaling behind, clearly placing her diary within the scope of a situational diary.⁶⁶ Not only does her diary support this claim, but her continued meticulous collection of reviews also suggests that she focused on the reception of published works and the critical conversations surrounding them long after she stopped recording diary entries. Her writing and publication buoyed her life and mitigated her daily struggles, and her diary writing gave her the agency to adjudicate the possibilities for her life, creating the space for her to develop her sense of self as a writer and as a woman.

⁶⁵ This notice is pasted into the section of Warner's collected reviews in the flip side of the book.

⁶⁶ In *Early 19th Century American Diary Literature*, Kagle defines "diaries of situation" as "works [begun] in response to some event that promised to create or had already created disruptions in [the writer's] normal li[fe]" (2).

The Wide Wide World —

Long Post: 23 Dec. 1850. "This is a regular 2 vol. novel by a native author, but whether an old or a young hand we are unable to say. The opinion of the regular literary critics speaks highly of its merits."

Commercial Advertiser of 18 Dec., 50.

"An American novel in 2 vols. with a decidedly religious character, displaying a very considerable knowledge of the world & its many-pleas'd people. It will be popular or we are much mistaken. Its main defect, & about its only serious one, is a too great minuteness in the detail of incidents. But even these are truthful, though spun out to too great a length. Its sentiments & teachings are pure & healthy."

Review of Congregationalist, from the Boston Chronotype.

"We have here a lively domestic novel, minutely faithful to the realities of life, & with a quiet & gentle humor as a relief to considerable pathos. It is somewhat on the Dickens model, taking up its heroine very young, & sticking very closely to her through thick & thin up to maturity. Detailed, it goes deeply into her religious experience, giving us the popular theology with a sager savor to its hard pills. The geography is all real & partly imaginary. The characters have not that life-like distinctness & variety which charm us in Dickens; but the sprightliness of the dialogue, & the felicity & truthfulness of the details make up for the stiffness & redundancy of the general machinery of the plot. It will be a very popular side book."

Literary Digest - N.Y.

The Wide, Wide World. By Emily Wetherell. Putnam.

This is a very excellent example of the now common class of religious novels. The heroine is a little girl, whose mother is forced to leave, for the healing influences of a foreign clime, her native land, while her child is placed by her father in the care of Miss Fortune, a New England spinster of most vinegar composition. There is no let up to her severity. She is, however, sketched with considerable humor, and several scenes of rude country life are presented in a very agreeable style. This discussion of the pros and cons touching a contemplated "Bee," would not do discredit to the pages of *Mary Clavers*.

"As a general thing the meals at Miss Fortune's were silent solemnities; an occasional consultation, or a few questions and remarks about farm affairs, being all that ever passed. The breakfast this morning was a singular exception to the common rule.

"I am in a regular quandary," said the mistress of the house when the meal was about half over.

"Mr. Van Brunt looked up for an instant, and asked 'what about?'

"Why how I am ever going to do to get those apples and sausage-meat done. If I go to doing 'em myself I shall about get through by spring."

"Why don't you make a bee?" said Mr. Van Brunt.

"Aint enough of either on 'em to make it worth while. I aint a going to have all the bother of a bee without something to show for't."

"Turn 'em both into one," suggested her counsellor, going on with his breakfast.

"Both?"

"Yes—let 'em pare apples in one room and cut pork in 't'her."

"But I wonder who ever heard of such a thing before," said Miss Fortune, pausing with her cup of coffee half way to her lips. Presently, however, it was carried to her mouth, drunk off, and set down with an air of determination.

"I don't care," said she, "if it never was heard of. I'll do it for once anyhow. I'm not one of them to care what folks say. I'll have it so! But I won't have 'em to tea, mind you; I'd rather throw apples and all into the fire at once. I'll have but one plague of setting tables, and that. I won't have 'em to tea. I'll make it up to 'em in the supper though."

"I'll take care to publish that," said Mr. Van Brunt.

"Don't you go and do such a thing," said Miss Fortune, earnestly. "I shall have the whole country on my hands. I won't have but just as many on 'em as 'll do what I want done; that'll be as much as I can stand under. Don't you whisper a word of it to a living creature. I'll go round and ask 'em myself to come Monday-evening."

"Monday Evening—then I suppose you'd like to have up the sleigh this afternoon. Who's a-coming?"

"I don't know; I ha'n't asked 'em yet."

"They'll every soul come that's asked, that you may depend; there aint one on 'em that would miss of it for a dollar."

"Miss Fortune bridled a little at the implied tribute to her housekeeping."

"If I was some folks I wouldn't let people know I was in such a mighty hurry to get a good supper," she observed rather scornfully.

"Umph!" said Mr. Van Brunt; "I think a good supper aint a bad thing; and I've no objection to folks knowing it."

"Pshaw! I didn't mean you," said Miss Fortune; "I was thinking of those Lawsons, and other folks."

"If you're agoing to ask them to your bee you aint of my mind."

"Well I am though," replied Miss Fortune; "there's a good many hands of 'em; they can turn off a good lot of work in an evening; and they always take care to get me to their bees. I may as well get something out of them in return if I can."

"They'll reckon on getting as much as they can out o' you, if they come, there's no sort of doubt in my mind. It's my belief Mimy Lawson will kill herself some of these days upon green corn. She was at home to tea one day last summer, and I declare I thought—"

"What Mr. Van Brunt thought he left his hearers to guess."

Without laying claims to an elaborately planned plot, the story is not devoid of interest, and its religious teachings are worthy of all praise for their gentleness and earnestness, and the happy manner in which they are introduced. The author's chief fault is diffuseness. She tells a story or describes a scene with a woman's indiscriminate minuteness. The consequence is, that the reviewer, hardened to novel reading, gets over her two sizable volumes at a rate which she would hardly think complimentary. The book would stand a great deal of compression—a fact the author would do well to bear in mind, if disposed for another experiment on the public. But this is a common and characteristic trait of the novel literature of the day, particularly of English literature; and, we may add, of this especial class of religious fictions. So that the *Wide, Wide World*, in taking a canvas proportional to the text, is by no means unique.

N.Y. Observer.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD. By Elizabeth Wetherell. In two volumes. New York: George P. Putnam, 1851.

This work consists of two volumes, each containing between three and four hundred large 12mo. pages. It possesses considerable interest, and is indicative of considerable power on the part of the author. It teaches a wholesome lesson, and will find favor among the lovers of a fiction more serious than that which is usually served up. It is neatly printed, and handsomely bound.

2. Pasted Review and Notice of *The Wide, Wide World*

Letter from Professor Gammell.
Providence Feb 7 22 1851.

My dear Sir,

Two or three months since you sent me as one of the Editors of the Christian Review a copy of the "Wide Wide World" - I immediately read it with great interest & wrote a commendatory notice of the work for the January Number of the Review. I also commended it to the attention of several families of my friends & it has been very widely read & admired by persons of taste & religious sentiment throughout this community, as I have no doubt it has also been in other cities.

I now write at the instance of many friends here - they are all ladies of course - to ask who Elizabeth Wetherell really is, & also to express the hope which is here very widely cherished, that she will be induced to go on in the same strain in which she has so well begun, & either narrate still further the fortunes of her most delightful little heroine or enter upon some new plot which shall develop similar principles & breathe the same pure & elevated spirit. She has succeeded, I think, better than any other writer in our language in making religious sentiment appear natural & attractive in a story that professes the interest of romance.

If you are bound by no obligation to the contrary, will you do me the favor to inform me who this author really is & also whether we may expect more works soon from her pen.

I am, Sir, very respectfully

Your obt. servant

W. Gammell.

W. Gammell.

3. Transcribed Letter from Professor W. Gammell

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APPENDIX

Reviews and notices listed as they appear:

	Title/Book	Publisher/Writer	Date	Format
1.	<i>The Wide, Wide World</i>	Evening Post	23 Dec 1850	Transcription
2.	<i>The Wide, Wide World</i>	Commercial Advertizer	18 Dec 1850	T
3.	Courier & Enquire / <i>The Wide, Wide World</i>	for Boston Chronotype		T
4.	<i>The Wide, Wide World</i> . By Emily Wethererell [sic]	Literary World, N.Y.		Print
5.	<i>The Wide, Wide World</i> . By Elizabeth Wetherall.	N. Y. Observer		P
6.	Letter from Professor Gammell / <i>The Wide, Wide World</i>		22 Feb 1851	T
7.	Public Opinion—A Valuable Book / <i>The Wide, Wide World</i>	Newark Daily Advertiser	26 July 1851	P
8.	Valuable Books Recent Publication / <i>The Wide, Wide World</i>	Anson D. F. Randolph	1851	P
9.	The Wide, Wide World—By Elizabeth Wetherall	Dickens’s Household Words		P
10.	The Favorite Books of the Season / <i>The Wide, Wide World</i>			P
11.	At 669 Broadway, opposite Bond street. / <i>The Wide, Wide World</i>		1851	p
12.	Notices of New Publications.	N. Y. Daily Times	1851	p
13.	Book Notices — The Wide, Wide World		1852	P
14.	Geo P. Putnam Will Publish on Tuesdsay		1852	P
15.	<i>The Wide, Wide World</i>	Sartain’s Magazine	1852	P
16.	Editors’ Table—“The Wide, Wide World”	Godey’s Lady’s Book	1851	P
17.	Book Notices — Queechy		1852	P
18.	The New Book, Queechy: By the author of the “Wide, Wide World”			P
19.	Authorship			P
20.	<i>The Wide, Wide World</i>	Home Journal	1852	P

	Title/Book	Publisher/Writer	Date	Format
21.	New Works Preparing for Speedy Publication — Queechy			P
22.	Interesting to Ladies. The Wide, Wide World	Home Journal	1852	P
23.	The New Work by the Author of the “Wide, Wide World.” Now Ready. Queechy (Dollars and Cents, Also Listed)			P
24	Queechy, by Elizabeth Wetherall, author of “The Wide, Wide World”	Albany Register		P
25	Queechy, by Elizabeth Wetherall	N. Y. Tribune		P
26	No. 139 Atlantic St., Brooklyn. Uncle Tom’s Cabin; Queechy; The Wide, Wide World	J. McMurray & Co.		P
27	(The W. W. W. Mr. Low, ed.)	London Athenaeum	17 Jan 1852	T
28	Queechy by Elizabeth Wetherall (transcribed)	London Athenaeum	22 May 1852	T
29	incomplete review of The Wide, Wide World	London Spectator	27 Dec 1852	T
30	Queechy, by E. W., author of “The W. W. W.”	Pittsburgh Post		T
31	Queechy. By E. W. author &c	S. Literary Gazette		T
32	Queechy.	N. Y. Albion		P
33	“The Wide, Wide World”—notice to dispel rumors of a sequel	G. P. Putnam		P
34	Queechy: By Elizabeth Wetherall, author of the “Wide, Wide World.”	Columbian		P
35	75,000 Volumes Sold—Queechy			P
36	Queechy		8 May 1882	P
37	Recently Published. Queechy			P
38	Queechy. By E. W. Author &c	Boston Traveller		T
39	Queechy, by E. W. &c	Albany Express		T
40	Queechy, by E. W. &c	Electric		T
41	Queechy. By E. W. author &c	Authors’s Home Gazette		T
42	Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherall, &c.	Saturday Post		T
43	Queechy, by E. W. &c.	Cambridge Chronicle		T
44	"The Wide, Wide World"	Mrs Whittlesey’s Magazine		T

	Title/Book	Publisher/Writer	Date	Format
45	Queechy. A Tale, by E. W. &c (Lee & Blanchard & W. B. Tieber.	Phil. Bulletin		T
46	Queechy. By the author &c.	N. Y. Quarterly		T
47	Queechy. By E. W. &c.	Independent		T
48	“Queechy is announce—a new book”			T
49	Queechy. By the Author &c.	Today. (Boston lit. jo. edited by Charles Hall)		T
50	Queechy. By &c.	Newark Advertiser		T
51	"The Wide Wide World." "Errors soon as known should be corrected."	Hudson Star		P
52	Author of the Wide Wide World.	(Sent to me from Hudson)	use this in theory 4058	P
53	Book Notices—Queechy	Written for the Sentinel (sent by somebody from the south)	use in theory 4059	P
54	“In The Wide, Wide World cannot be found better Under Garments”—advertisement	Jas. E. Ray’s		P
55	Queechy	London Literary Gazette		
56	The Wide, Wide World	Scottish Guardian, Glasgow	4 March 1853	P
57	The Winds—Queechy	Southern Literary Messenger		P
58	All the New Books—Wide Wide World	E. S. Jones & Co.		P
59	Miss Elizabeth Wetherel			P
60	Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherall.	Ed. Christian Witness	11 Aug 1852	T
61	Q. by E. W. author &c			T
62	The Wide, Wide World	Edinburgh Witness (Edited by Hugh Miller)	15 Sep. 1852	P
63	“Queechy” from a correspondent	Southern Era		P
64	Queechy. By Elizabeth Wetherall. (printed)	London Athenaeum	22 May 1852	P
65	Editors’ Table	Godey's Lady's Book	1853 or 4	P
66	The Law & the Testimony	Watchman & Observer (Pres.) Richmond, Va. Written by Rev. S. V. Moore.		T
67	The Law and the Testimony	Home Journal		P
68	New Publications—The Law and the Testimony			P

	Title/Book	Publisher/Writer	Date	Format
69	By the Author of The Wide, Wide World— The Law and the Testimony			P
70	The Law & The Testimony, &c	Montreal Witness		T
71	The Law & the Testimony	Cummings Eveg. Bulletin. Phila.		T
72	The L. & T. &c.	Christian Chronicle. Baptist		T
73	The Law & The Testimony. &c.	Puritan Recorder. (Cong.) Boston		T
74	The Law & the Testimony	Evangelist		T
75	The Law & The Testimony, &c	Christian Observer. (New School) Phila.		T
76	The Law & The Testimony. &c.	Methodist Protestant		T
77	The Law & the Testimony. By the author of the “Wide, Wide World.” &c &c.	From the “Presbyterian” (Old School)		T
78	untitled review of The Law and the Testimony			P
79	The Law and the Testimony, by the author of the “Wide, Wide World” and “Queechy”			P
80	The Law & The Testimony, &c.	Commercial Advertizer		T
81	The Law & The Testimony. &c. &c.	Democrat. Kingston.		T
82	The Law and the Testimony	Christian ‘Advocate & Journal’ — (Methodist)		P
83	The Law and the Testimony:—By the Author of The “Wide, Wide World.”			P
84	Gem from the Deep	New-York Observer (Re. M. Crugler)		P
85	The Law and the Testimony	Littell, Living Age		P
86	The Law and the Testimony. By the Author of the Wide, Wide World.	Dr. Cheever (Independent)		P
87	Short Notices—The Law and the Testimony	Biblical Repertory & Princeton Review		P
88	The Hills of the Shatemuc. By Miss Warner, author of “The Wide, Wide World.”			P
89	The Hills of the Shatemuc. By the Author of ‘The Wide, Wide World.’			P
90	An American Novel Criticised—The Hills of the Shatemuc	The London Leader		P

	Title/Book	Publisher/Writer	Date	Format
91	The Hills of the Shatemuc. By the author of the "Wide, Wide World."	Daily Louisville Democrat		P
92	The Hills of the Shatemuc. By the Author of 'The Wide, Wide World.'	The Churchman. New York.		P
93	Say and Seal; by the author of "The Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."	The Virginia Index		P
94	Book Notices. Say and Seal. By the author of "Wide, Wide World."	Hartford Evening Press		P
95	New Books. Say and Seal. By the Author of "Wide, Wide World," and author of "Dollars and Cents."	Dodge's "Western Literary Museum." Cleveland, O.		P
96	Say and Seal, 2 vols.	Christian Mirror		P
97	Say and Seal	Pres		P
98	Say and Seal. By the author of "Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."	Presbyterian Witness—Knoxville		P
99	Say and Seal. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."	Mercury		P
100	Say and Seal. By the author of "Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."	Am. Presbyterian		P
101	"Queechy"	The Monthly Packet. of Evening Reading for Younger member of the Eng. Church.		P
102	Say and Seal. By the Author of the "Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."	Protestant Churchman		P
103	Say and Seal; by the author of "Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."	Congregationalist		P
104	Say and Seal. By the author of "Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."			P
105		The Pref. Phil.	31 March 1860	P
106	"Say and Seal."			P
107	Say and Seal. By the author of "Wide, Wide World" and the author of "Dollars and Cents."	North Am. & U. S. Gazette		P

	Title/Book	Publisher/Writer	Date	Format
108	The Word; or, Walks from Eden. By the authoress of the Wide, Wide World, and Queechy	Chr. Advocate & Guardian		P
109	The Word; or, Walks from Eden. By the Author of the "Wide, Wide World"			P
110	The Author of the "Wide, Wide, World. Walks From Eden.			P
111	Warner. The Old Helmet. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World"			P
112	The Old Helmet. By the Author of "The Wide, Wide World"	Cleveland Morning Leader		P
113	"The Misses Warner" a report of their appearance at the Crystal Palace			P
114	The Author of "Melbourne House." Home of Miss Susan Warner			P
115	My Desire. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World"	Outer Ocean		P
116	"My Desire." By the author of "The Wide, Wide World"	Pittsburgh Telegraph		P
117	<i>My Desire</i>	N. Y. Observer		P
118	"My Desire." By the author of "The Wide, Wide World"	Buffalo Express		P
119	<i>My Desire</i>	S. S. Times		P
120	"My Desire." By the author of "The Wide, Wide World"	Methodist Protestant		P
121	Emanations from the Genius of Miss Warner and Emile Zola. — My Desire			P
122	My Desire. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World"			P
123	My Desire—Warner.	[illegible word] Democrat		P
124	<i>My Desire</i>	Christian Instructor		P
125	Miss Susan Warner			P
126	<i>My Desire</i>	N. Y. Evening Post		P
127	<i>My Desire</i>	The Congregationalist		P
128	My Desire. By the author of "The Wide, Wide World"			P
129	My Desire. By the author of the "Wide, Wide World"			P