Republican Mother, Republican Daughter

A Critical Reassessment of Hannah Webster Foster

by

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ABSTRACT

This dissertation provides a critical reassessment of the historical and modern conceptions of early American novelist Hannah Webster Foster as part of a larger disciplinary move toward recovering authors, primarily women, whose work has been lost or neglected by scholars. Although Foster is a fairly prominent writer from this early national period, remarkably little is known about her life due to her desire for anonymity and personal privacy. As a result, much of Foster's legacy has been constructed through a combination of problematic assumptions related to the author's class and gender as well as biases by those attempting to refashion the author according to contemporary approaches. While these concerns are examined in this study, much of this dissertation hinges on new opportunities for Foster scholarship by offering historical evidence related to and annotation of a recovered text to present a fuller perspective of Foster than has previously been available. Through an analysis of this recovered text, this dissertation challenges modern perceptions of Foster to show that Foster may best be understood through the ways she consistently models republicanism through her writings.

DEDICATION

Completing this dissertation has been one of the most difficult things in my professional life. Yet, here I am, due in no small part to the people who have offered their continued support throughout this process.My family has always encouraged me to keep at it, asking occasionally about my progress without making me feel guilty about it—well, most of the time anyway, and I could not have done this without their unconditional love and support. It is to them that I dedicate this work.

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PREFACE

I have been fascinated with sentimental novels of the early American period, and with Hannah Webster Foster in particular, since my first course in graduate school when students were asked to read Foster's *The Coquette*. An undergraduate course the previous semester had introduced me to Samuel Richardson, and I found the connections between Richardson's *Pamela* and *Clarissa* to be enlightening in my budding interest in the genre. I used my time as a master's student to study the influences of Richardson on early American novelists such as Foster, William Hill Brown, and Susanna Rowson, and wrote a thesis on how early American writers incorporated Richardson's sentimental formula in an American landscape.

When I moved on to the doctoral program at Arizona State University, I maintained this interest, finding time to research and present at various conferences on sentimental novels and the authors of the period. Eventually, through continued research on Foster, I discovered novels written by her daughters, Eliza Lanesford Cushing and Harriet Vaughan Cheney, both of whom shared their mother's interest in writing. For one seminar, I wrote on Cushing's *Saratoga*, a historical novel that focuses on a patriotic young American girl by the name of Catherine and her British father. Catherine struck me as particularly interesting, as did her pro-American ideals that often seemed at odds with theories on how republican sentiments manifested themselves within the American colonies and, later, in the nation as a whole.

Cushing's *Saratoga*, first published in 1824, contains many of the basic expectations of the genre—a heroic American figure, a villain, orphaned girls, mysterious characters and, most importantly, love—along with the inclusion of Native American

characters popularized in earlier fiction by James Fenimore Cooper and others. Despite its adherence to these tropes, the novel was not a success. The language, at times, is stilted; the characters are typically flat in their development. Yet there was something intriguing about the novel. Catherine's character would have been very similar in age to Foster during the period covered in the novel, and I began to question if Foster herself had been the model for this character. Catherine lived a moderately comfortable life, and her mother died while her daughter was still a child, two things that, though vague and not particularly uncommon, seemed in line with what was known about Foster's life. Was Foster the basis for this republican character that Cushing presents in *Saratoga*? If so, how might readings of Cushing's works as well as those by Cheney provide a fuller understanding of Foster? This was the question I first sought to answer.

Based on Jane Locke's preface to the 1855 edition, through information ostensibly gained through Cheney, Foster destroyed all of her writings prior to her death in 1840. Unless Foster's connection to published works beyond *The Coquette* and *The Boarding School* was discovered, it seemed that Cheney or Cushing were the only remaining avenues for discovering a more thorough perspective of Foster. Unfortunately, my readings of other novels by Cushing and Cheney did not provide the connections I sought. Female characters in these works were often secondary, included as a love interest to better position the book for its female readership. Though works such as Cheney's *A Peep at the Pilgrims* (1824) and *The Rivals of Acadia* (1827), and Cushing's *Yorktown* (1826) painted interesting portraits of early America, I found little that furthered my goal of locating information relevant to Foster's life. By and large, the 1820s were quite productive for Foster's daughters, but their attempts at novel writing did

not extend beyond this period as both married, moved to Montreal, and started their own families.

Although both women continued to write, I soon discovered that they became more active in Montreal's literary community after they lost their husbands: Cheney's husband died in 1845 and Cushing's husband passed the next year. By 1847, they were publishing the short-lived *Snow-Drop*, a children's periodical. By 1849, Cushing assumed the role of editor for *The Literary Garland, and British North American Magazine*, a monthly publication that emphasized and encouraged the literary aspirations of Canadian writers. In the years prior to Cushing's editorship, both Cushing and Cheney were published in *The Literary Garland* with some regularity, with Cheney's first contribution published in the initial issue in December of 1838. Thus, in order to leave no stone unturned, I began a thorough and painfully tedious, page-by-page investigation of the entirety of the magazine to see if there was anything within its pages directly related to Foster.

I quickly found that many of those who published in the journal, including Cushing and Cheney, preferred some level of anonymity and were identified only by their initials, E.L.C. and H.V.C., respectively. Through this process, I eventually located seventy separate appearances by Cushing in the *Literary Garland* from its inception in 1838 until its final issue in December of 1851. Cheney's publications were significantly fewer, though these increased once her sister became the editor. As I made my way through issue after issue, I kept a close watch for articles by Cushing or Cheney and, on finding one, read it thoroughly in the hopes of finding something that would offer some sort of comment or reflection on their mother. After scouring issue after issue, I had

found nothing. By the time I reached the issues published in 1850, I was completely demoralized.

As I began searching through the issue of January 1850, I came across a promising title: "Stray Leaves from an Old Journal" by H.V.C. The text begins with a vague mention of someone recently deceased, noted as "the last of an honored family" (Cheney 11). By the start of paragraph three, Cheney was making explicit connections to her mother in ways I had not expected. By paragraph eleven, the article purportedly used Foster's own words to recount the tumultuous period at the beginning of the war. The next fifteen pages continued this perspective, as Foster travels about the countryside interacting with family and friends as the American Revolution commenced.

Despite this find, my excitement was tempered by cynicism. How had such a find, first published in 1850, gone unnoticed for more than one hundred and sixty years, especially given the amount of scholarship published on early American women writers such as Foster? Reading through the text, I found discrepancies that might raise questions of authorship, but the majority of the text seemed to ring true. There were other issues as well, including what I believe to be editorial decisions made by Foster's daughters to obscure the identity of many of the characters presented in the text; nevertheless, the evidence related in the narrative seems to corroborate Foster as the author. Admittedly, questions remain, and there is much to be parsed from this text that this project will not address.

Though I admit to a certain amount of good fortune in stumbling upon this journal, looking back, I find that this discovery was not merely serendipitous. My focus on Foster, even as I searched the works of Cheney and Cushing, placed me in a unique

position to locate and appreciate this text. I have also assumed that someone else would eventually locate this publication, and this possibility has often left me anxious in the years between discovering “Stray Leaves” and the completion of this manuscript, which could effectively make the basis of this project moot. As a result, I have probably been overly cautious in sharing this find with others.

This introduction seeks to provide some detail of the initial stages of my recovery effort on behalf of this text. The rest of this project, I hope, will continue this contribution in ways that will provide some benefit to those who share an interest in Foster or the continuous process of recovery.

CHAPTER 1

HANNAH WEBSTER FOSTER AND RECOVERY

Thirty years ago, in the afterword of *Revolution and the Word*, Cathy Davidson argued that "literary history is a history of the most available texts" (257). During this same period, a wave of scholarship in the 1980s focused on the neglected works of early American literature written by women and was already rewriting the prevailing narrative that women's writing composed during the early years of the American republic and throughout the nineteenth century was less remarkable and less worthy of critical inquiry than similar works written by men. A few years prior to the release of Davidson's book, a group of women scholars founded *Legacy: A Journal of American Women Writers* with the intent of providing a scholarly forum on American women writers. Chief among their goals was reassessing "a neglected major body of work" and "restoring the works of these [female] authors to their place in the American literary canon, and [encouraging] their republication and study" (Tuttle 199). Since its beginnings, *Legacy* and those researchers writing about women have worked to legitimize an area of study that had been disregarded by most American literary historians.

One of the challenges in reimagining a more inclusive canon that more accurately reflects America's literary history is the need to counter established notions of what and who belongs, much of which has been determined by relatively recent traditions. In *Soft Canons: American Women Writers and Masculine Tradition*, Karen L. Kilcup argues that the work of F. O. Matthiessen and others created a shift in how literature was valued, "culminating in modernist critics 'disappearing' (popular) women writers from the canon,

often on the basis of their inadequate aesthetic merit and/or their overinvestment in political and, hence, nonuniversal concerns" (4). Thus, older novels which did not meet these later standards of literary "quality" were devalued over time and driven into obscurity. As scholarly perspectives on the canon has shifted, there has been an increasing awareness of the potential significance of these forgotten texts, but simply locating a text is only one part of the difficulty in recovery. Widespread acceptance and appreciation of such works is largely dependent upon, and can only be realized through, a greater accessibility.

The publication of Oxford's Early American Women Writers Series, which offered works by Susanna Rowson, Tabitha Tenney, Hannah Webster Foster, Rebecca Rush, and Catherine Maria Sedgwick, helped to bring these once popular, yet largely forgotten, works to new generations of scholars and students. Rutgers University Press's American Women Writers series published women authors from the early nineteenth to the early twentieth century, including Sedgwick, Lydia Maria Child, E.D.E.N. Southworth, Fanny Fern, and Maria Susanna Cummins, among others. Theresa Strauss Gaul views these publications, along with the Schomburg Library of Nineteenth-Century Black Women Writers series, as "exemplars of the recovery work that took place in the 1980s and 1990s [that] arguably did more to establish the canon of American women's writing than any other factors" (263). Within the last decade, W.W. Norton and Broadview Press have issued critical editions of a handful of texts written by early American women, a move that speaks to the growing acceptance of early women writers as an integral and necessary foundation for the study of American literature and culture.

Along with the print publication of these works, the increasing accessibility of resources through digitization has significantly impacted the consumption of early American texts by modern readers. *Project Gutenberg*, *Internet Archive*, *Digital Public Library of America* and *Google Books* now offer free access to millions of texts. Along with these resources, other university-affiliated and personal websites further expand the availability of these early American texts, though, in truth, Davidson's "most available texts" argument remains valid. In "The Transnational and the Text-Searchable: Digitized Sources and the Shadows They Cast," historian Lara Putnam acknowledges the "disintermediated discovery" (377) digital research allows but notes the troubling limitations of this shift, which de-contextualizes research and further propagates manifest institutional inequalities. While "digitization and uploading make it increasingly possible to do history as a desk discipline, at least for scholars who are linked to well-funded institutions," those at "research-poor institutions" face issues of accessibility because "digitized document or newspaper collections belong to someone and don't come cheap" (395). For Sharon M. Harris, restricted access to these sources creates "a two-tiered scholarly world—the 'haves,' with access to digitized systems such as *American Periodical Series*, *Early American Imprints*, and *Early American Newspapers*, and the 'have nots,' who have no access to this material" (qtd. in Tuttle 223). Digitization, once envisioned as a means of democratizing research, now contributes to preserving the status quo.

As Harris mentioned, one example of such specialized collections in early American studies is Readex's *Archive of Americana* and its *Early American Imprints* collection, which "contains virtually every known book, pamphlet and broadside

published in America between 1640 and the first two decades of the 19th century—more than 75,000 printed items in all" ("Early American Imprints"). Obviously, a digital source this comprehensive has the ability to introduce a revolutionary change in the way scholars perform archival research. Richard Cullen Rath argued in a 2005 review that the collection "*would* be revolutionary if made more accessible," but with costs up to 100,000 dollars depending on institutional size, it became merely "a revolution for the privileged," especially "during a time when the university is losing and not replacing many humanities faculty members" (708).[1] Thus, while the issue of availability for many texts has been partially resolved in this era of increased digitization, many of these early American texts, while available to some, nevertheless remain less accessible than those texts with a long history of print publication that are fully embraced as part of the canon. Access for many scholars remains contingent on the prioritization of budgetary resources by their academic institutions, impacting any researcher's ability to recover potentially valuable texts. Because work by women has been historically marginalized, limiting scholarly access by putting additional obstacles and restrictions in place further suppresses the study of women writers, while reaffirming the long-standing tradition of underrepresenting women authors and devaluing their importance in American literature, particularly those who were marginalized during the modernist re-conception of the canon due to perceived aesthetic value.

While it is important to address the issue of greater accessibility in the future, access is not the sole problem. According to Duncan Faherty and Ed White, whose "Just

[1] Although Rath's review was published over a decade ago, the situation remains largely the same.

Teach One" initiative promotes the inclusion of little-known works from the early American period into classrooms, locating texts remains only a part of the challenge for instructors. Introducing the scholarship and teaching of newly recovered texts can be a difficult proposition since they are often not well-received by students, publishers, or tenure-review committees: For students, these texts can be difficult to comprehend due to an antiquated literary style and the absence of contextual notes for a modern reader; publishers, on the other hand, may see the publication of such texts as an unprofitable venture; administrators may simply undervalue the labor of recovery work.

> One could go on with subtler but no less daunting challenges: the absence of supporting secondary scholarship; the risk of reducing the new text to an auxiliary of some canonical standard; the pedagogical aversion to anonymity; the preference for texts of particular lengths or genre clarity; the apparent relative simplicity of "new" texts, and so on. The challenges are formidable, and can make the work of recovery seem a form of gambling. (Faherty and White)

But if, as Faherty and White believe, the "recovery of neglected or forgotten texts is an integral part of teaching and writing in early American studies," then simply making texts available to a wider public is accomplishing only a portion of the goal.

Given these circumstances, the digitization of early American work—in and of itself—cannot be seen as significant recovery work that helps resolve the problem of underrepresentation of female authors. In fact, despite the valuable work it does in the preservation of texts, digitization could potentially hinder research because, if primary sources are unindexed or poorly indexed, researchers may discover an enormous quantity

of material without an effective sorting or searching mechanism. The sheer quantity of material made available through digital means leads to inevitable anonymity for texts that have been scanned without much consideration for future use. It is only through a more comprehensive recovery, complete with contextual and biographical evidence, that such texts can be reclaimed from the anonymous condition of the digital age. In 2009, Teresa Strouth Gaul wrote that "the availability of women's texts *in print* still largely determines what is read and taught in classrooms and receives analysis in dissertations, scholarly journals, and monographs."[2] Though this paradigm is changing with the rising popularity of e-books and the increasing number of scholarly journals transitioning to electronic-only publications, the act of digitizing primary texts without commentary or context does little to further recovery efforts.

In light of these concerns, this project participates in this tradition of recovery by reassessing a travel narrative penned by Hannah Webster Foster during the initial year of the War for American Independence. Furthermore, this study introduces this text with considerable contextualization, examining both the history of the text as well as the historiography of Foster and her body of work to participate in the continued recovery of

[2] According to Gaul, other factors regarding availability include "uneven access to digital resources; the simple convenience of a material text and its features—including introductions, bibliographies, and additional materials; our own valuation of the high scholarly standards and peer-review process maintained by academic presses; and the privileging of conventional forms of publication in promotion and tenure decisions." In my own research, I have found that access to subscription-based early American digital resources to be particularly troublesome because many academic institutions may be unable or unwilling to allocate a portion of their budget to this area of study. Thus, what is available through one university is often inaccessible to researchers at comparable institutions.

early American women writers, specifically advancing Foster scholarship. In "'Across the Gulf': Working in the 'Post-Recovery' Era," Sharon M. Harris writes,

> The recovery of women's writings has always been and must continue to be about advancing knowledge once a text has been recovered. Nor can our recovery work simply be of texts: Once a text is 'recovered,' it must be analyzed through an equally broad compendium of theoretical perspectives, cultural contexts, transatlantic contexts, interdisciplinary contexts, and print and production contexts. That is, the scope of contexts in which we place texts is really what recovery is about, and in that sense our work has and always will have only begun. (295)

It is with these ideas, along with the early *Legacy* goals of reassessing the body of women's work and situating it within the American canon and current scholarly discourse, that this project proceeds.

Recovering Foster

One concomitant issue in the recovery of a text, especially one written anonymously more than two hundred years ago, is the difficulty that often arises in the investigation of the author and her work. For Foster, much of her biographical information is obscured by history, her own unwillingness to assume credit for her known works, the destruction of her personal writings prior to her death, and the distraction caused by conflating Foster's character, Eliza Wharton, with the real-life Elizabeth Whitman. Because so little has been known about her life and motivations for writing, many researchers have seen this as an opportunity to fashion Foster's legacy according to

their own interests and values, piecing sometimes vague historical evidence together with modern sensibilities to arrive at a character study that, like her famous novel, is merely a fictional representation somewhat founded in fact.

To illustrate, I first review how Foster's identity as author has been malleable, largely determined by the cultural moment and the motivations of the critic. For example, early readers of *The Coquette* viewed Foster as an insider intimately aware of the happenings related to the Whitman tragedy. Her anonymously published novel served as a reminder to young women that maintaining one's virtue was imperative in the acquisition of financial stability, social acceptance, and happiness; conversely, to disregard such a responsibility to oneself, one's family, and one's community could only lead to a humiliating and premature death. Once Foster's authorship was revealed in the second half of the nineteenth century, actors who were interested in performing their own recovery work, particularly on Whitman's character and reputation from a defaming novel, sprang up to denounce Foster's character as both a person and a writer.

Early twentieth-century criticism of Foster can be summarized as follows: Although superior to other contemporary female writers, she nevertheless fell within a sentimental tradition that received little appreciation or respect in a male-dominated discipline. In 1907, Lillie Deming Loshe recognized Foster's *The Coquette* as "the most readable" tale by an early American female novelist (14); Robert L. Shurter argued in a 1932 article that "her memory survives chiefly because she wrote the best book of its kind in post-Revolutionary America" (308). For writers in the last several decades, Foster's work embodied notions of early feminism and her novel was analyzed as a female critique of an America where freedom and equality applied only to the masculine

sex.[3] In today's estimation of Foster, she was a woman fighting against patriarchy in the only way she realistically could as the wife of a respected minister—by creating an anonymous attack on the culture responsible for the limited opportunities of women.

But which Foster is closest to the truth? Which evaluation of Foster's work is most realistic? Considering the views espoused in her didactic conduct manual *The Boarding School*, should the critical view of Foster be closer to Mrs. Williams, the lecturing schoolmarm? Or should she be seen as an advocate for female equality and her novel a critique of a patriarchal society that offered financial security in exchange for submission to the domestic sphere and a loss of individualism? Was she merely capitalistic, trying to exploit a local scandal for her own personal benefit? Was her creation of Eliza Wharton designed to promote Elizabeth Whitman as a sympathetic character or was it to provide justification for her condemnation and death? Was she fabulist or feminist? These questions, and many others, have been argued since Foster's authorship was revealed. And while this project does not attempt to specifically address these questions, it does hope to provide a fuller account of Foster and position future scholarship with a firmer foundation for answering them.

The answers to these questions are difficult to discover or perhaps unknowable with the relatively small amount of information currently available on Foster. This gap in knowledge has caused much of our understanding of her to be shaped by conjecture. What is known about Foster's life is largely taken from critical assumptions based on her life and social position. For example, by examining merchant class families in eighteenth-

[3] Davidson's *Revolution and the Word* offers the most thorough discussion of this critique as it relates to the novel.

century Boston, historians can make assumptions on the activities and social avenues available to those similar to Foster, a merchant's daughter. Likewise, examining the lives of women married to clergymen during this period also creates certain expectations when assuming that Foster lived in a similar fashion during her marriage to Reverend John Foster. Third, the remainder of knowledge about Foster is based on material from her known published works. For example, it has been widely assumed that she attended a boarding school, despite the lack of concrete information to support such a claim; in this instance, this assumption is often accepted because she wrote *The Boarding School.* On the other hand, historians don't generally presume she was a coquette, despite her penning a novel with that title. These three avenues of research offer a biographical portrait of Foster that is highly speculative. Without first-hand accounts written by Foster or by those who knew her, much of this guesswork is unavoidable when attempting to develop an understanding of the author and her works. Therefore, the discovery and recovery of a work written by Foster herself could do much to answer some of these questions. In spite of the persistent and widespread belief held by modern scholars that she likely published more than *The Coquette* and *The Boarding School*, there has been no evidence that might link her to any specific article or publication.

Because of the dearth of material which can be convincingly attributed to Foster, locating a text she wrote that is not currently represented in modern scholarship presents a unique opportunity to re-evaluate the current critical imagining of this author. Research for this project relies primarily upon the recent discovery of "Stray Leaves from an Old Journal," a short collection of diary entries attributed to Foster by her daughter, Harriet Cheney, and printed in *The Literary Garland, and British North American Magazine*, a

Canadian literary magazine edited by Cheney and her sister Eliza Cushing. The publication of "Stray Leaves" in 1850, ten years after Foster's death, was probably met with little fanfare, since works by both Cheney and Cushing were identified only through their initials. Furthermore, Foster's authorship of *The Coquette* remained unknown to the public until Jane Locke's introduction to the 1855 edition, where she noted that, according to Cheney, Foster had destroyed all of her personal writings before her death. Interestingly, Locke was also a sometime contributor to *The Literary Garland* before a declining readership and competing American publications led to its demise in 1851.

This study, then, hopes to recover "Stray Leaves" for current and future scholars, while providing a context currently absent from the critical discussion of Foster; specifically, this project's primary purpose is to expand the current body of knowledge on Foster by recovering an original text and evaluating that text in conjunction with her life and other published works. While there have been a number of articles highlighting Foster's significance both as an early American writer and as an early challenger of patriarchy in the new nation, most of these works focus on suppositions deduced from the few known facts of Foster's life; the character-defining experiences and personal hardships she may have faced, other than the social restrictions of eighteenth-century America, have usually gone unacknowledged or unassessed. As a result, Foster has been presented as a two-dimensional image of what we might expect an eighteenth-century woman of this particular class and position to be. Eliza Wharton and Elizabeth Whitman are viewed as complicated. Foster, on the other hand, seems to be relatively uncomplicated.

This project hopes to revise the current narrative of Foster as a secondary character in the life of Elizabeth Whitman and the numerous retellings of it. In order to facilitate this change, it is necessary to present a more comprehensive study of Foster—not in the vague generalities of republican motherhood or American womanhood, but by more concretely examining specific events that impacted her life. The war for American independence is one such example. But what of her family's sometimes precarious financial situation? How might a better understanding of her fears, biases, and resentments better inform today's reader of Foster? In what ways can a more informed critical dialogue present new areas for examination and question? Furthermore, through an analysis of this newly recovered text, I will examine the ways in which Foster fits within the paradigm of republican motherhood, as well as examine Foster and our current perceptions of American girlhood in new ways by looking at the myriad influences on young women during the Revolutionary War era with Foster's own narrative serving as a first-person example. The impact of republicanism and how that actually manifested itself in young women is often ignored in preference to conversations of motherhood and adult women's place in the new nation, and this work will discuss ways in which Foster's other works alternate between supporting and contradicting contemporary notions of gender and female republicanism, especially in how it addresses those issues for young, unmarried women, a relatively powerless group of Americans. What I hope to provide is a thorough analysis of Foster's experience during her formative years, as a young woman, a patriot, and a political refugee, to create a more substantiated and accurate picture of this important early American writer.

Although one goal of this project is to reassess Foster through the insight offered in "Stray Leaves," this project aims to aid in the recovery of this work by making "Stray Leaves" more accessible for academic study by taking this text from anonymity and placing it in a work that provides historical clarification and critical interpretation. As a text currently absent from critical scholarship, this project potentially unlocks a new area for study for those who may be interested in the life of Foster and the complications of being a young woman in the eighteenth century. Its construction as a travel narrative and journal account of an adolescent during one of the most significant times in American revolutionary history offers considerable opportunity. It may also prove valuable to historians interested in perspectives of the revolutionary period in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

The process of recovery can be fundamental to the work of early Americanists, but locating an interesting text is only the beginning of a much longer process. In order to begin recovering a text, it should be properly contextualized to increase its accessibility and usefulness for the researchers of today and tomorrow. This project, a recovery and analysis of Hannah Webster Foster's *Stray Leaves from an Old Journal*, seeks to revise current perspectives of Foster's work by adding this text to the scholarly conversation using a historiographical and critical approach.

The project of recovering the work of early American women writers, of locating a text and re-introducing it to modern readers, often begins with an attempt to legitimize a text thoroughly forgotten. This stems from a desire for acceptance and inclusion into the larger conversation of American history and literature. In part, it is through the use of theories of new historicism and cultural materialism along with feminist theories that

these early works are analyzed. These methodologies allow an interrogation of various practices not only in terms of the larger social and historical practices, but also through a critique of the social and political ideologies that impact the cultural dynamics of race, gender, and class, among others.

This project, through the inclusion of a recovered text, aims to expand the current body of knowledge but does not seek to discredit or marginalize previous claims or scholarship; instead, this work intends to introduce the discovery of "Stray Leaves" to an audience assumed to be familiar with Foster's work to spur further research on Foster and the condition of women in the early Republic. Much of the work forwarded through this project is grounded by previous scholarship on Foster; this is merely my own contribution. Due to the considerable body of criticism on Foster's work, this study does not attempt to acknowledge or address each of them; instead it attempts to synthesize a number of the most influential texts to reach a critical consensus for that moment.

Chapter Outline

Chapter One briefly introduces the current problems in recovery scholarship and addresses specific issues related to Foster as a subject for critical inquiry. This section also addresses the potential benefits from a recovery of "Stray Leaves from an Old Journal" and its potential for further study. Chapter Two reviews the prominent research that has created the existing critical construction of Foster and discusses the undue influence of the Elizabeth Whitman scandal on Foster's reputation and legacy. This section presents an historical overview of the most prominent critical scholarship of Foster, from contemporaries in the eighteenth century to more current criticism, and

analyze the ways these various critics have shaped or refigured her perception differently as a result of their critical moment.

Chapter Three offers an annotated text of "Stray Leaves from and Old Journal" as it was printed in the first three issues of the 1850 publication of *The Literary Garland*. This full-text inclusion of this document should prove a necessary and worthwhile resource in order to better prepare the text and its readers. In short, this chapter serves to introduce the text to readers and provide the necessary historical context to establish Foster's connection using historical and genealogical information to both affirm Foster's authorship and provide relevant detail useful for the recovery effort.

Chapter Four addresses notions of Americanism and patriotism for female youth during the periods before, during, and after the American Revolution. This section specifically investigates the political and social influences on these young women and their reactions to the war more generally through a discussion of Foster's own experiences and the way they were or were not representative of her social peers. Furthermore, this chapter investigates other issues specific to the situation of young women, including how ideas such as patriotism and republicanism were defined for this demographic amidst the turmoil of the revolution, as well as argue for Foster as the embodiment of the republican ideal. Although it is written as a narrative, "Stray Leaves" is as much a conduct manual as the more explicit *Boarding School*—and is perhaps even more successful—because it presents a first-hand account of appropriate and acceptable behavior.

Chapter Five addresses questions of authorship, the rationale for anonymous publication, and the possible complications surrounding decisions by Foster and her

daughters to obscure or reveal Foster's connection to her literary work. In particular, this section examines Foster's willingness to acquiesce to social mores in ways that may not fit with modern progressive perceptions of the author. While modern criticism tends to look at *The Coquette* as an indictment of the existing social structure, this message is inconsistent when placed in context with Foster's other works. In fact, this section argues that Foster displays a conservatism that conflicts with popular modern interpretations.

CHAPTER 2

THE PUBLIC CONSTRUCTION OF HANNAH WEBSTER FOSTER

Although Hannah Webster Foster wrote one of the most popular American novels of the eighteenth century, biographical information about her life remains relatively scarce. Ironically, instead of creating significant interest in the author of the text, her most popular work, *The Coquette* (1797), has served as a vehicle for the analysis and tragedy of Elizabeth Whitman, the real-life counterpart to the Eliza Wharton described in the novel. Whitman's story includes the kind of intrigue and unanswerable questions that fascinate readers and historians alike, and recent scholarship arguably prioritizes analysis of Whitman's character over that of Foster's. In effect, Foster becomes a biographer for Whitman's tale of woe while her own story is subsequently lost to history. Although Foster's value in early American studies is equal or superior to many other contemporary American novelists, scant research on her life exists.

As a result, discussion of Foster and her works often relies upon a critically constructed imagining of her social status, education, and motivations for writing. In this chapter, I will argue that most investigations and analyses of Foster and her work have been constructed around three major ideas. First, Foster was initially seen as a borrower of the contemporary sentimental tradition because of the similarities present in her own work and those of successful British authors and her American contemporaries. Second, once her authorship was revealed in the middle of the nineteenth century, Foster was labeled a sensationalist attacker by those interested in defending Whitman's legacy. After a lull in Foster scholarship during the early twentieth century, a growing interest in early

American works, especially those written by women, encouraged an unprecedented amount of analysis covering her literary output. This more recent trend has often framed Foster as a feminist innovator who challenged the societal positions and roles of women in the early American republic. This chapter will attempt to identify those works about Foster that have been the most influential in defining current scholarship; however, an exhaustive study of Foster's work is not the purpose of this literature review. Instead, this chapter focuses on the works which have been most relevant in shaping modern perceptions of Foster without attempting to cover the myriad critical interpretations of Foster's known works, *The Boarding School* and *The Coquette*.

Elizabeth Whitman and the Scandalous Literature of New England

Undoubtedly, much of the initial success of *The Coquette* resulted from the lingering desire of Foster's contemporary audience to know more about the Elizabeth Whitman tragedy; therefore, this chapter posits that a discussion of Foster as author must begin with Whitman's role as the impetus for the novel. Thus, this section begins with the initial announcement of Whitman's death in Danvers, Massachusetts, in 1788, and the contemporary reactions to the scandal both in newspaper accounts, followed by its connection to later novels by William Hill Brown and Foster. This section will then examine the ways in which Whitman's legacy has impacted understandings of Foster and her work.

The publication of the Whitman scandal first appeared in the *Salem Mercury*, and the original article is included in full due to its importance in setting the background of the story. Of all the texts related to Whitman or Foster, then or since, it is arguably this

one—allegedly penned by Captain Goodhue, the landlord of the Bell Tavern—that is most significant:

> Last Friday, a female stranger died at the Bell Tavern, in Danvers; and on Sunday her remains were decently interred. The circumstances relative to this woman are such as excite curiousity, and interest our feelings. She was brought to the Bell in a chaise, from Watertown, as she said, by a young man whom she had engaged for that purpose. After she had alighted, and taken a trunk with her into the house, the chaise immediately drove off. She remained at this inn till her death, in expectation of the arrival of her husband, whom she expected to come for her, and appeared anxious at his delay. She was averse to being interrogated concerning herself or connexions; and kept much retired to her chamber, employed in needle-work, writing, etc. She said, however, that she came from Westfield, in Connecticut; that her parents lived in that State; that she had been married only a few months; and that her husband's name was Thomas Walker;—but always carefully concealed her family name. Her linen was all marked E. W. About a fortnight before her death, she was brought to bed of a lifeless child. When those who attended her apprehended her fate, they asked her, whether she did not wish to see her friends: She answered, that she was very desirous of seeing them. It was proposed that she should send for them; to which she objected, hoping in a short time to be able to go to them. From what she said, and from other circumstances, it appeared probably to those who attended her, that she

> belonged to some country town in Connecticut: Her conversation, her writings and her manners, bespoke the advantage of a respectable family and good education. Her person was agreeable; her deportment, amiable and engaging; and, though in a state of anxiety and suspense, she preserved a cheerfulness which seemed to be not the effect of insensibility, but of a firm and patient temper. She was supposed to be about 35 years old. Copies of letters, of her writing, dated at Hartford, Springfield, and other places were left among her things. This account is given by the family in which she resided; and it is hoped the publication of it will be a means of ascertaining her friends of her fate. ("Salem, July 29")[4]

The story of the mysterious woman appeared, either complete or with modifications, in at least fifteen different publications during the next month and a half, centering in the areas of Boston and Connecticut but reaching as far as Maine and South Carolina.[5] The publication of this story inspired an unusual amount of public attention in newspapers, yet Whitman's exposure to the reading public was not merely limited to periodicals, nor was hers the most sensational scandal Massachusetts experienced in 1788. The events

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[4] This original article has been cited numerous times since its original publication, including in Charles Knowles Bolton's *The Elizabeth Whitman Mystery* (33-36) and Mary Caroline Crawford's *Little Pilgrimages Among Old New England Inns* (340-41). It has also been included in the recent critical editions of *The Coquette and The Boarding School* published by Broadview (eds. Desiderio and Vietto, 2011) and Norton (eds. Harris and Waterman, 2013). Among other places, it can also be found in a condensed form in Cathy Davidson's *Revolution and the Word* (141).

[5] Bryan Waterman details these extensively in "The Elizabeth Whitman Paper Trail," which appears in the Norton Critical Edition of *The Coquette* and was previously published as part of "Elizabeth Whitman's Disappearance and Her 'Disappointment'."

surrounding her death laid the groundwork for Foster's own novel and also found its way into William Hill Brown's *The Power of Sympathy; Or, the Triumph of Nature*, which is often considered to be the first American novel.

Brown's anonymously published work can be seen as a precursor to Foster's novel, and there are useful comparisons to be made between the novels of Brown and Foster. Most obviously, Brown's work shares many of the same characteristics and anxieties of *The Coquette*, such as women's reading habits and gender expectations, and also recounts another recent and well-known scandal that centered on a prominent Boston family. *The Power of Sympathy* references local figure Perez Morton's seduction of his wife's sister, Frances "Fanny" Apthorp, and the illegitimate daughter born to Fanny in the latter part of 1787. The conflict continued well into the following year when Fanny's father discovered Morton's involvement in his daughter's downfall and demanded a family meeting to confront his son-in-law about his indecorous behavior. In order to avoid further humiliation at the hands of both her lover and father, Fanny committed suicide in August of 1788.[6] Whether out of fear of legal reprisal or perhaps in a meager attempt to shield the family, the character names in Brown's novel do not necessarily align with the names of their real-life counterparts—Morton is renamed Martin, while the characters of Fanny and her father are metaphorically named Ophelia and Shepherd—but for the Boston community, the family discussed in the book was quite plain.

[6] For a detailed account of this scandal, see Bryan Waterman's "'Heaven defend us from such fathers': Perez Morton and the Politics of Seduction." *Atlantic Worlds in the Long Eighteenth Century*, edited by Toni Bowers and Tita Chico, Palgrave, 2012, pp. 49-64.

For over a century after its publication, the novel was mistakenly attributed to poet Sarah Wentworth Morton, wife and sister of the two primary characters in this real-life tragedy. Yet while Brown's connection to the text was hidden from the general public until the end of the nineteenth century, the authorship of *The Power of Sympathy* appeared to be known to the families intimately involved in the scandal early on. It wasn't until Arthur W. Brayley published "The Real Author of 'The Power of Sympathy'" in 1894, a result of conversations with a near relative of Brown's, that his authorship was made public. As Brayley noted, Brown's family was a close neighbor to the parties involved and was "thoroughly acquainted with every particular of the horrible affair" (232). Having detailed knowledge of these events gave Brown an opportunity to give the public an insider's perspective of this private drama.

Just as Foster would later do with her own work, Brown relied heavily upon Samuel Richardson's sentimental and epistolary format.[7] Furthermore, just as Richardson did with *Pamela,* the title page of Brown's novel notes that the work was based on true incidents.[8] The appearance of truthfulness in these texts was important, both to the author and reading public, and the prejudice against novels were widely held by various bodies:

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[7] According to Herbert Ross Brown, "*The Coquette* remains the most striking example in early American fiction of the pervasive influence of the novels of Samuel Richardson" (xiv).

[8] The title page of the 1741 edition of Richardson's *Pamela* makes the following pronouncement about its veracity: "A Narrative which has its Foundation in TRUTH and NATURE; and at the same time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of *curious* and *affecting* INCIDENTS, is intirely (sic) divested of all those Images, which, in too many Pieces calculated for Amusement only, tend to inflame the Minds they should instruct."

> The dullest critics contended that novels were lies; the pious, that they served no virtuous purpose; the strenuous, that they softened sturdy minds; the utilitarian, that they crowded out more useful books; the realistic, that they painted adventure too romantic and love too vehement; the patriotic, that, dealing with European manners, they tended to confuse and dissatisfy republican youth. (Van Doren 4)

So like many contemporary works during the eighteenth century, *The Power of Sympathy* is "founded in truth," and early advertisements for the novel noted that "one of the incidents upon which the Novel is founded, is drawn from a late unhappy suicide" (qtd. in Walser, "Boston's" 65). Given the public knowledge of Fanny Apthorp's death in the Boston community and Brown's position as relative insider, Brown could have written an extremely salacious story.

Armed with information gained through his unique position, it seems peculiar that Brown spends so little time on this scandal. In fact, of the sixty-five letters comprising the novel, only three, placed about one-third of the way into the novel, are devoted to the Apthorp-Morton incident. Despite the ability of the epistolary novel to allow, as Leslie Fiedler has stated, an "inwardness with extraordinary immediacy" (73), Brown refuses the reader's desire to indulge and participate in the characters' emotional strife; these three letters provide the reader a third-hand account of the events after they have occurred, with the seduction accomplished and the young Ophelia already laid to rest. Instead of the tawdry secrets insinuated by the advertisement, or the mawkishness that abounds in the remainder of the text, the reader receives only a sterile statement of facts regarding the case and a sense of guilty dissatisfaction. Whether it was the small section

accorded to the scandal, a desire to hush up the incident, or the amateurish and desultory construction of the plot, the novel itself did not receive the expected sales and was soon largely forgotten.[9]

Though Brown's work does not offer the sort of titillating account of the Apthorp-Morton affair that some readers might have expected, the novel does have a part in the Whitman and Foster story. At the same time that Fanny Apthorp's suicide and the inquisition of Morton circulated in American periodicals in 1788, the death of the unknown woman at the Bell Tavern continued to be a topic of conversation.[10] Though generally more connected to the Apthorp-Morton situation, *The Power of Sympathy* nevertheless offered its own commentary on Whitman. Letter XI of the text begins with Mr. Worthy and Mr. Holmes proselytizing to two young ladies (and one older one) who are seemingly unaware of the dangers of novel reading. In the midst of this lecture, Holmes remarks on the deleterious effect of novels on one woman:

> The story of Miss Whitman is an emphatical illustration of the truth of these observations. An inflated fancy, not restricted by judgment, leads too

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[9] Milton Ellis furthers Arthur Brayley's argument that the novel was intentionally suppressed by the families: "The Mortons and Apthorps sought and obtained the consent of the author before proceeding to buy up and destroy all the copies of his work that they could lay their hands on—a procedure most natural and appropriate as tending both to effect their purpose more successfully and to preserve neighborly relations" (365). Richard Walser addresses many of these claims in "Boston's Reception of the First American Novel" and notes that, despite the rumors to the contrary, there seems to be little evidence that the novel was suppressed. Walser also discusses *The Fatal Effects of Seduction* (1789), a contemporary play about supposed attempts to keep the novel from the public eye.In *The Rise of the American Novel* (1948), Alexander Cowie writes that "the book fell from public sight; it seems to have been mentioned in print only five times in 1789, only twice between 1790 and 1800, and not at all during the fifty years following" (12).

> often to *disappointment* and repentance….With a good heart she possessed a poetical imagination, and an unbounded thirst for novelty; but these airy talents, not counterpoised with judgment, or perhaps serious reflection, instead of adding to her happiness, were the cause of her ruin. (Brown 23-25)

To argue that Whitman's downfall was precipitated by poor reading choices is obviously reductive to a modern audience, yet the inclusion of a lengthy footnote—the only note included in *The Power of Sympathy*—signifies that Brown's contemporary audience may not have been persuaded by this simplistic argument or may have not been familiar with the entirety of the story.

The purpose for the authorial note in Letter XI is to reacquaint the reader with the details of Whitman's demise by drawing on recent publications; it recapitulates much of the Goodhue letter and adds insights made known in the months following her death. In a private letter written to Dr. Benjamin Rush, later published by the *Independent Chronicle* in September of 1788, Boston minister Jeremy Belknap highlights the established facts regarding the woman's mysterious condition and death, but also indicates that the woman was "the daughter of a deceased clergyman,…handsome, genteel and sensible, but vain and coquettish; a great reader of romances. She refused two as good offers of marriage as she deserved, because she aspired higher than to be a clergyman's wife; and having coquetted till past her prime, fell into criminal indulgences" ("Whitman Death Notices" 318).[11] The following week, another publication in the *Massachusetts Centinel* restated

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[11] Belknap's assertion that Whitman's "audacity in aspiring to more than…she was entitled" (Harris, "Almost Idolatrous" 122) helps create the critical perception that

much of the Rush-Belknap exchange, but also published "Disappointment," a poem, and "A Letter in Characters Decyphered," a dying woman's tearful letter to her lover, which were both attributed to Whitman. Brown's footnote summarizes the content of these sources and prints "Disappointment" and "A Letter in Characters Decyphered" in full. Additionally, Brown's novel is one of the earliest publications to disclose Whitman's surname.

When *The Coquette* was published nearly a decade after Whitman's death, the name of the author, as was the case with Brown's novel, remained anonymous, probably in an effort to avoid the concomitant attention the novel would attract. Cathy Davidson argues that most readers "would have already known the outlines of Whitman's life either from the newspapers or from sermons of ministers who regularly mined gossip for material" (*Revolution and the Word* 141). It could be inferred that reading *The Coquette* would offer a more detailed account of the circumstances surrounding Whitman's tragic end. As the letters by Belknap and Brown's publication indicate, Whitman had already been identified as a coquette in the public eye; what was unknown to this point was the path taken and the characters involved in her mysterious disappearance. Therefore, attaching the subtitle "The History of Eliza Wharton" not only provides readers with a

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Wharton's character in the novel is challenging gender and class expectations through her fickleness. As has already been stated by many, Whitman's first failed attempt at marriage was a result of illness rather than coquettish behavior. The *Essex Institute Historical Collections* includes the following information in its genealogical section on Joseph Howe: After graduating Yale in 1765, he worked as a schoolteacher in Hartford, "studying theology with Rev. Elnathan Whitman and residing in his family. Miss Elizabeth Whitman…was handsome scholarly and accomplished. Mr. Howe 'was tall and well made, but rather slim. His complexion was very fair; the features of his face in a degree irregular and not singularly agreeable'" (Perley 156).

thinly veiled version of Whitman but also implies that the novel will provide an historical account of the events leading up to her downfall and imminent death.

As seen with Brown, Hannah Webster Foster had personal connections to the family in question; her husband John was a distant cousin though not a blood-relation.[12] Like Brown, the general public was not acquainted with the author of the work during her lifetime. Furthermore, the title page assures the reader that it is a story "founded on fact." Like Brown, Foster also uses the epistolary form as the medium through which the story is narrated, and there is an abundant amount of sentimentality in the Richardsonian tradition, as well as several mentions of Richardson's characters. It is here, however, that her approach to the Whitman story diverges from Brown's. The preface to a recent critical edition posits the following:

> Foster's decision to plot the novel in first-person letters would prove crucial to its popularity. Even though her work is fiction, she presents it in such a way that many readers, well into the next century, believed it was real. The marketing of the book furthers this: "A Novel: Founded on Fact" announces the title page, a claim reproduced in subsequent reviews, notices, and editions. Foster deliberately forwards this perception, including details that suggest she had some privileged access to Whitman or her friends. (Harris and Waterman xiii)

[12] Charles Knowles Bolton's provides an insert in *The Elizabeth Whitman Mystery at the Old Bell Tavern in Danvers* (1912) titled "Elizabeth Whitman's Family Connections" that offers a hierarchical representation of the relationship between Hannah Webster Foster and Elizabeth Whitman.

This analysis provides a reaction that could have been stated for Brown's novel had he only engaged readers through the epistolary format and allowed them to see the story told through the primary characters. In her own account of the seduction and death of Whitman, Foster chooses to let the characters tell the story as it occurs instead of providing a third-party as narrator as Brown did in *The Power of Sympathy*, while at the same time obscuring her own relationship to the novel.

Publication and Anonymity

By the time *The Coquette* was published in 1797, Foster had been married to minister John Foster for a dozen years and was comfortably settled in Brighton, Massachusetts, a small community immediately northwest of Boston.[13] She had given birth the previous year to Harriet, her sixth and final child on the last day of her thirty-seventh year, and it was perhaps during this period that Foster began writing her novel. The Elizabeth Whitman scandal that precipitated *The Coquette* was by this time almost a decade old, though Foster's novel offered the story to a new generation of interested readers, using the epistolary form to her advantage as she composed differing first-person perspectives of the events leading to Eliza Wharton's seduction. By all accounts, the novel was hugely successful. In *The American Novel, 1789-1939* (1940), Carl Van Doren writes that "*The Coquette* saw thirteen editions in forty years, and was known in almost every household of the Connecticut Valley" (8). With up to thirty different printings, *The*

[13] The Allston-Brighton area was annexed by the city of Boston in 1874.

Coquette became one of the best-selling novels of the period and "was said to have been, next to the Bible, the most popular reading material of early nineteenth-century America" (Marchione 27).[14]

While the novel flourished in the marketplace, there is no evidence that any of Foster's contemporaries discovered the author's name, as the title page only stated that it was "By a Lady of Massachusetts."[15] In *Anonymity: A Secret History of English Literature*, John Mullan writes that by the second half of the eighteenth century,

> the mere act of publishing your writing was no longer suspect, even for a woman. A book's declaration that it was "by a Lady" was given new life by novels, on whose title pages it commonly appeared from the 1760s. About two thirds of more than 150 known publications "by a lady" between 1750 and…1811 were novels….What would once have been a gesture of self-deprecation—of modesty amounting to humility—had become an advertisement. In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the majority of novels published in Britain were anonymous. (57)

[14] Marchione is probably referencing Locke's preface to the 1855 edition, which notes that the novel "was found, in every cottage throughout [New England], beside the family Bible, and though pitifully, yet almost as carefully treasured.

[15] Jennifer Harris presents a contrasting opinion in "Writing Vice: Hannah Webster Foster and *The Coquette*," in which she observes that "Contemporary readers were willing to believe that the author of *The Coquette* was, in fact, reproducing the authentic voice of Whitman: they assumed that, in all probability, she had some form of access to it. While Foster's name does not appear to have been published alongside the novel until the nineteenth century, her authorship was an open secret."

Mullan's point is useful in that anonymity offered a respectable mask for the author while fulfilling expectations of the genre. Despite its commonality, it appears more likely that anonymity was Foster's way of publishing the book without inviting further intrusion into the life of a minister's wife and her family. "By a Lady" also insinuates that the text was written by someone of the same social class who may have seen Whitman's notorious behavior in action and therefore represent a position of authority on the matter.

Despite the popularity of her work, or perhaps as a result of it, Foster's name was not publicly connected to *The Coquette* until poet Jane Locke's preface to the 1855 edition. However, before offering the name of the author, Locke first attempts to legitimize Foster's relationship with Whitman and the veracity of the novel in an effort to anticipate questions of authorship. This is likely in reference to recent publications, such as J. W. Hanson's *History of the Town of Danvers* (1848), that saw the novel as salacious and untrue. Hanson, for example, remarked that "the catch penny volume of letters which pretends to give [Whitman's] history, has but the figments of the imagination of its authoress to recommend it" (206). When Foster's name is finally mentioned in her preface, Locke once again reiterates the unique position afforded the author for the writing of the novel:

> Its author, Hannah Foster, was the daughter of Grant Webster, a well-known merchant of Boston, and wife of Rev. John Foster, of Brighton, Massachusetts, whose pedigree, but few removes backward in the line of her husband, interlinked, as has been already hinted, with that of the "Coquette"….Therefore, not only by family ties, but by similarity of positions and community of interests, was she brought into immediate

> acquaintance with the circumstances herein combined, and especially qualified to write the history with power and effect. (4-5)

The preface mentions few other specifics regarding Foster. Locke writes that Foster made "many valuable literary contributions to the scattered periodicals of that day," yet to this point, any such pieces have yet to be identified.[16] Of greater importance (and disappointment), perhaps, is the declaration that Foster "destroyed the whole of her manuscripts" prior to her death, extinguishing hope of locating additional writings by the author.[17] A small note at the end of the preface indicates Locke's indebtedness to Mrs. H. V. Cheney, of Montreal, Foster's youngest daughter, so the source of Locke's information is apparent.

Spurred, perhaps, by the success of her first novel, Foster then wrote and published a conduct manual in June of the following year, titled *The Boarding School; or, Lessons of a Preceptress to her Pupils* (1798). The first half of this conduct manual offers a classroom setting for the lessons young ladies should learn: within this section, young ladies on the verge of adulthood hear about the downfalls and miseries of others through anecdotes relayed by Mrs. Williams, the motherly instructor and friend. The epistolary style dominates the second half of *The Boarding School*, and the letters between former classmates and their teacher show the reader how effectively each of these young ladies

[16] Email correspondence with Bryan Waterman, 10/1/2012. In their preface to *The Coquette*, Harris and Waterman note that "no such articles have been identified," though "without specific evidence, modern scholars have often assumed and asserted that Foster wrote for contemporary periodicals" (xix).

[17] This has been widely assumed, yet the third chapter in this monograph presents evidence to the contrary.

has imbibed the lessons on middle-class huswifery. However, one reviewer felt that *The Boarding School* offered little that had not already been expressed as well elsewhere:

> Those who read, with attention, the productions of GREGORY, LAMBERT, CHAPONE, MORE, and SWIFT, will find nothing new in the volume here presented to them.[18] Had its author been content with the modest and humble character of a compiler, she might have received the undiminished praise of taste and judgment in the selection of a book, which, though not absolutely necessary, might be regarded as useful. ("Article XV" 86)

Unlike the rapid success met by *The Coquette*, Foster's *Boarding School* was only reprinted once during the nineteenth century (Desiderio and Vietto 18), despite the fact that its ties to *The Coquette* were obvious.[19] Following the publication of *The Boarding School*, there is no evidence of other publications by Foster, though many assume that she probably submitted works to *The Monthly Anthology*, a literary magazine began by Phineas Adams, the promising son of a farmer who obtained a Harvard education through

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[18] Scottish writer John Gregory wrote *Father's Legacy to his Daughters* (1774); French writer the Marquise de Lambert (Anne-Thérèse de Marguenat de Courcelles) wrote *Advice from a mother to her son* (1726) and *Advice from a mother to her daughter* (1728); English writers Hester Chapone wrote *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, Addressed to a Young Lady* (1773) and Hannah More wrote *Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society* (1788) and *Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education* (1799); Irish satirist Jonathan Swift is most known for *A Modest Proposal* (1729) and *Gulliver's Travels* (1726).

[19] The title page of *The Boarding School* lists the author as "a Lady of Massachusetts; author of *The Coquette*." Therefore, once Cheney provided confirmation that her mother was the author of *The Coquette*, it also confirmed her authorship of the conduct manual as well.

Foster's patronage.[20] If she did publish with Adams or elsewhere, scholars have been unable to locate them or any other work besides her novel and conduct manual. The Elizabeth Whitman story, on the other hand, continued as a pop culture item, giving rise to a play named *The New England Coquette* by J. Horatio Nichols and even traveling waxwork shows.[21]

Foster as Sensationalist Attacker

The next significant treatment of Foster and her work that shaped her reputation is Caroline Wells Healey Dall's *The Romance of the Association; or, One Last Glimpse of Charlotte Temple and Eliza Wharton* (1875). The author's motivation to challenge the veracity of *The Coquette* is evident even in the first few pages of the introduction, as she desires to right the wrongs of Foster, who she claims "was a woman of vivid imagination, and certainly made no attempt to adhere to the facts of the story, if she had ever known them" (Dall viii).[22] According to Dall's account, Locke's historical preface in the 1855 edition "is more misleading than the novel to which it is prefixed."

Dall's opinions on the death and treatment of Whitman in Foster's novel are clearly stated. At one point she suggests that "in addition to the fact that she was beloved to the very end by some very noble women, the closest scrutiny of the past fails to

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[20] William Emerson, father of Ralph Waldo Emerson, succeeded Adams as the editor of *The Monthly Anthology* in May of 1804 (Howe 298).

[21] See Jennifer Harris's "Wax Coquettes" for a fuller account of Eliza Wharton in traveling wax shows.

[22] Foster is incorrectly listed as "Forster" in the early part of Dall's text.

discover in her character any evidence of that coquetry which the novel has attached to her name" (Dall 17). Dall later argues that "[Whitman's] letters bear no trace of [fluctuating moods], but surely Fate never laid a more ruthless hand upon a young girl's life![23] For many years she struggled on, unable to attach herself to any who sought her favor, but faithful to her friendships, active in behalf of all those who were suffering, and with no suspicion of the fatal future impending" (18). Dall's desire to believe in Whitman's innocence seems to be the driving force of the narrative, so that Dall positions Whitman as a married woman who was betrayed by her husband and by ill-fated circumstances that worked in concert to ensure the thirty-six-year-old Whitman died, "not so much of consumption…as a broken heart" (20).[24]

After clarifying the mischaracterization of Whitman, Dall proceeds to highlight the various inconsistencies between *The Coquette* and the real-life events upon which it was based, namely the alleged involvement of Pierrepoint Edwards, the dissimilar behavior displayed by the overly depressed Eliza Wharton and the genial Elizabeth Whitman, and the fabricated midnight escape Foster offers versus the reality of Whitman's noon-time departure. Primarily, though, Dall believes the actual letters that Whitman wrote to her friend Joel Barlow do not reflect the frivolous portrayal of Wharton's character as vain and coquettish. Unlike most researchers, she quickly

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[23] Dall is referring to letters Whitman sent to Joel Barlow.

[24] Much of Dall's accounts that support her version of the narrative rely on rumor and legend surrounding Elizabeth Whitman's death. Whitman's death occurred eighty-seven years before the publication of *Romance of the Association*, and many sources she spoke with did not have first-hand accounts to share. For a closer examination of the research methodologies used by Dall, Sarah Knowles Bolton, and Mary Crawford, see Harris's "'Almost Idolatrous Love'."

dismisses Edwards as a suspect in the pregnancy of Whitman simply because he was already married, even though the Apthorp-Morton controversy clearly indicates that extramarital affairs were certainly possible in late eighteenth-century Boston. Because Dall chooses to believe in the innocence of Whitman's character, the possibility of Edwards as a realistic suitor or father to the stillborn child is ignored in order to further her narrative of a virtuous Whitman. Dall's bias against Foster's novel, which she decried as inaccurate, and her desire to "salvage the reputation of a lady by proposing a secret wedding" (Davidson, *Revolution* 141) has affected her credibility on the matter. However, through her efforts, she was able to help preserve some of the most important pieces in our understanding of Whitman's character: a series of letters written by Whitman to Barlow.[25]

However, as Davidson, Waterman, and many others have argued, Dall's bowdlerized versions of these letters reprinted in *The Romance of the Association* do not accurately reflect the sometimes coquettish tone in Whitman's writing.[26] A comparison between the letters now preserved at the Huntington Library and those printed in Dall's

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[25] Waterman argues that Barlow's willingness to keep these letters, despite most of Whitman's other friends' intentions to forget her, combined with the efforts of Dall and the Barlow family to preserve them, speaks to the "emotional value with which they were invested by multiple generations" ("Coquetry" 544). He has also created an interesting blog post on his work with the Barlow papers and his appreciation for Dall (see http://www.greatwhatsit.com/archives/715).

[26] See Harris, "Writing Vice," Waterman, "Coquetry and Correspondence," and Davidson's *Revolution and the Word*, among others.

work shows that, while the letters are not overtly sexual, Whitman seems willing and able to perform the role of the coquette. In a letter dated February 16, 1779, Whitman writes[27]

> I had just been lamenting that the Post did not arrive at the usual time, & feard I should have no letters this week—when somebody was so good as to call & leave me five—which do you think I read first? but I will not mortify you so much as to leave you in doubt one moment, yours had as it ought that preference—what can I say in return to all the fond tender things it contains? What but that my heart beats in delightful unison to every tender sentiment, and that I am inexpressibly oblig'd to you.—O you are certainly the paragon of Husbands—were all married men like you what a happy world for our Sex! (Waterman, "Letters" 569)

Dall's version of the same letter, made available in *Romance of the* Association, is striking in its differences, especially in what has been excised from the conversation: "I feared I should have no letters this week when somebody was so good as to call and leave me *five*. Which do you think I read first? You are certainly the paragon of husbands. Were all married men like you, what a happy world for our sex!" (80). The references to Barlow as husband, Dall explains, was a result of the Whitman and Barlow being ordered to act as husband and wife for an evening due to a game at a Christmas party. But the editing undertaken by Dall in her reconstruction and refiguring of Whitman presents readers a glimpse of the Whitman Dall wants history to remember: with this goal in mind, a resurrection of Whitman's good character must necessarily paint Foster as an artist

[27] The text is from Waterman's "Letters" and retains all spelling variations.

convincing in her portrayal but nonetheless mean-spirited and ignorant of the real facts of the case. Overall, Dall presents a much more genteel and innocent version of Whitman, yet her accusations about Foster's manipulation of the facts surrounding Whitman's life and death ring a bit hollow due to her own compromised reconstruction of Whitman.

This unsympathetic portrayal of Foster continues in Mary Caroline Crawford's *The Romance of Old New England Churches*. Crawford, a Boston-area historian who wrote several pieces related to Whitman, saw herself as a torchbearer for the Whitman cause, having been passed the baton by the aging Dall.[28] A section entitled "A Pre-Revolutionary Belle" repeats much of the argument regarding the truthfulness of Foster's fictional account that Dall makes in *Romance of the Association*.

> In a novel called "The Coquette," first published in 1800, by Mrs. Hannah Foster, wife of a minister at Brighton, Massachusetts, the facts of Elizabeth Whitman's curiously checkered career were so entertainingly distorted, and the character the heroine, called "Eliza Wharton" throughout the book, so maliciously misrepresented, that the novel ran through endless editions, and was in its day second only in interest to the well-known stories of "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Charlotte Temple." In style the three books are indeed very similar, and the character of the seducer of "Eliza Wharton" is undoubtedly modelled upon that of the

[28] In this section, Crawford mentions a letter written to her by Dall that sheds further light on Whitman's travels. Apparently, upon leaving her hometown, Whitman traveled to Killingly, met with Mr. Howe (brother to Joseph Howe, aka Mr. Haly), confessed a secret marriage, and asked for aid in her continued travels to Danvers (now Peabody, Massachusetts)—all this according to a granddaughter of Mr. Howe.

> Lovelace in Richardson's novel. But the book, as has been said, is notoriously careless of the facts in Elizabeth Whitman's life, and its author, though a kinswoman of the girl whose sad story she essays to tell, has put the worst possible construction upon every incident in a career which full to the brim as it is of mystery, one yet cannot examine and believe sinful. (Crawford, "A Pre-Revolutionary Belle" 13-14)

Crawford further observes that the novel is "crudely sensational" (36) and "maliciously untruthful" (38), echoing most of Dall's previous writings in her unwavering criticism of Foster's book. Foster herself is described as a "Boccaccio without genius" due to the novel's "sentimental, heated, and unsavoury…tone" (39). Thus, we see Foster's reputation further attacked, and her decision to publish the novel anonymously one that saved her a good deal of negative publicity and criticism during her lifetime.

The final early scholar who impacted Foster's reputation was Charles Knowles Bolton, whose preface to *The Elizabeth Whitman Mystery* (1912) states that "[Whitman] needed not an advocate so much as a persistent searcher for the truth" (xiii-xiv). When reading Bolton, the amount of hearsay used as evidence is problematic; much of Bolton's reconstruction of the events during Whitman's stay in Danvers is based upon information related by Dall's questionable methods and descendants of those who claim intimate knowledge of the events, yet it seems that Bolton was gathering anything he could find, including scraps of wallpaper, that might help provide answers to this century-old case.

His view of Foster is slightly more generous than Dall and Crawford, and he devotes the entirety of chapter three, "The Author of the Coquette," to discussing the

novelist. Instead of immediately condemning Foster, he asks his readers to "not judge her too severely after more than a century" (52). Bolton, however, sees Foster as the primary party in the dissemination of Whitman's story. According to Bolton, Foster, under the pseudonym "Curiousos," is the writer of various anonymous newspaper notices that name Whitman as the tragic figure in this episode. He also views Foster as the author of the lines on Whitman's headstone, which were reprinted with slight alterations at the end of *The Coquette*. He bases much of this argument not only on Foster's literary ambitions, but also on the usage of the words "coquettish" and "coquetted" in these anonymously published articles. As Bolton states,

> if the above surmises are correct every contemporary word in print bearing adversely upon the character of Elizabeth Whitman, has had its source in the condemning pen of Mrs. Foster. And who was this Mrs. Foster? A distant connection by marriage who may never have seen Elizabeth nor visited in Hartford. She had that sixth sense for the picturesque which is no nearer than a second cousin to the truth. (64)

In the end then, Bolton continues the assault on the character of Foster begun by Dall. In fact, the final eight pages of the chapter on Foster are taken directly from Dall's *Romance of the Association* where she argues about the inaccuracies of Foster's work. These perspectives became the dominant view on Foster's legacy for much of the twentieth century.

Foster as Feminist Innovator

Thirty years ago, with the publication of Cathy Davidson's *Revolution and the Word* (1986), Foster's novel, along with many other forgotten texts, was re-evaluated as a legitimate part of an American canon that had ignored the works of women from the early republican period. Likewise, the reprinting of *The Coquette* that same year (edited by Davidson and included in Oxford's "Early American Women Writers" series) made Foster's novel available to a new generation of literary scholars who sought to expand the definition of "serious" American literature. The awareness that "the female experience has a significance of its own and constitutes an essential part of the human consciousness" (Nilsen 37) opened up an enormous cache of forgotten literary texts by women during the late twentieth century.

Much of the new scholarship that emerged during this period owed a debt of gratitude to works by historians such as Jan Lewis and Linda Kerber, who sought to better understand the position of women during the nation's formative years. Kerber's idea of republican motherhood became one of the most widely-accepted and influential principles for understanding the political and domestic roles of women during this early national period. In *Women of the Republic* (1980), Kerber writes that, after the Revolutionary War had ended,

> women were left to invent their own political character. They devised their own interpretation of what the Revolution had meant to them as women, and they began to invent an ideology of citizenship that merged the domestic domain of the preindustrial woman with the new public ideology

> of individual responsibility and civic virtue. They did this in the face of severe ridicule, responding both to the anti-intellectual complaint that educating women served no practical purpose and the conservative complaint that women had no political significance. (269)

While some women sought a more egalitarian society that allowed women an active role in public affairs, most took a more conservative route through an ideology that offered women an indirect role in the public sphere. According to Kerber, the republican mother was responsible for teaching her children virtue and morality so that her offspring could positively serve the greater good of the nation. Boys were expected to become active in civic life; girls were expected to become republican mothers who would continue this cycle of ensuring civic virtue through domestic responsibility and conscientiousness. Despite the importance women placed on their own patriotic (albeit domestic) efforts during this period, patriarchal forces resisted attempts by women who desired greater gender equality, as seen through the relationship between John and Abigail Adams.

As the limits of republican motherhood show, women were citizens but not really constituents (Kerber 283) and their political impact was negligible. Yet this lens of republican motherhood allowed for a greater understanding of the position of women as confined and limited within the institution of marriage. It is with this awareness that Davidson approaches Foster's novel, seeing Eliza Wharton not merely as a seducing coquette but as a woman who is trapped by a culture that allows no true avenue for happiness. As Davidson writes, "*The Coquette* and other sentimental novels in the new Republic are ultimately about silence, subservience, stasis (the accepted attributes of women as traditionally defined) in contradistinction to conflicting impulses toward

independence, action, and self-expression (the ideals of the new American nation)" (*Revolution and the Word* 147). As a result, the positions of Eliza's character and American women in general are oxymoronic in that the newly granted independence that the nation celebrated did not alleviate the oppressive nature of the patriarchal structures of society such as marriage.

Whereas most prior readings and criticisms of Foster's work focus on the comparisons between Elizabeth Whitman and the fictional Eliza Wharton, Davidson's reading of *The Coquette* is constructed primarily upon these gender-based social inequalities. The characters within the narrative are viewed not as purposeful mischaracterizations of actual people but as a means to understand the realities of the early American condition for women. Davidson eschews the narrow interpretation of Eliza as a morally-flawed, fallen woman and Foster as a convincing liar; instead, she sees Foster as an author whose subtle critique of patriarchal culture "exposes its fundamental injustices through the details and disasters of the plot" (*Revolution and the Word* 144). Through the impossibility of the main character's happiness, the limited options of marriage, and the unlikelihood of independence, Foster presents women of the period as commodities without voice or freedom.

This feminist reading of Foster's work still holds sway in current scholarship about *The Coquette*. Claire C. Pettengill makes a similar argument for both *The Coquette* and *The Boarding School* in her profile on Foster:

> Both works reveal [Foster's] special interest in the political, moral, intellectual, and emotional well being of American women….In addition,

> her complex attitude toward women's "place" in American society prefigures the sometimes contradictory responses by American women writers of the antebellum era to the increasing but still limited opportunities available to them. (133-34)

Along with noting critical interpretations of *The Coquette* as "feminist protest" (135), Pettengill likens Foster to contemporaries such as Judith Sargent Murray in her advocacy for women's education and even sees Foster as more liberal in the expansion of women's roles in the public sphere (136).

It is difficult, however, to positively identify where Foster stood politically or how she might have felt about the role of women in the late eighteenth century. It is reasonable to assume her position as a minister's wife in a suburban Boston community allowed her to live comfortably, and the careers of two daughters as writers of novels and magazine articles seem to indicate support both for women's education and an expansion of women's voices during this period. But many of these theories developed through modern critical readings of her texts, and these interpretations vary depending upon a particular scholar's determination of Foster's liberality. It's certainly possible to read Eliza very differently than Davidson has and feel secure in that interpretation. And this ambiguity results primarily from our inability to define Foster concretely.

The following chapter is, to my knowledge, the only piece of writing besides *The Coquette* and *The Boarding School* that can with some degree of certainty be attributed to Foster. It offers perhaps the only example of Foster's writing prior to the publication of *The Coquette*, selections from a personal diary that shows the travels of a sixteen-year-

old Hannah Webster Foster as she escapes Boston during May of 1775. Instead of relying on speculation and fictionalized accounts to determine Foster's beliefs, this narrative concretely describes Foster's experiences as they occurred during the early months of the American Revolutionary War.

CHAPTER 3

"STRAY LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL": THE ANNOTATED TEXT

Stray Leaves From an Old Journal

By H. V. C.[29]

What a host of memories are sometimes called up by the unexpected recurrence of a long forgotten name!

Looking carelessly over the columns of a newspaper, very lately, my eye was attracted by an almost forgotten name[30] in the obituary record; [31] it was the last of an honored family, and she who bore it, having long since passed into the oblivion of old age, had now gone to her rest, and with her was buried the social history of a past generation, of which so few relics are remaining.

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[29] Harriet Vaughan Cheney (1796-1889) was the youngest daughter of Hannah Webster Foster.

[30] The relative to whom Cheney refers is Hannah Weare Porter (b. 6/6/1754; d. 2/1/1849). From the notes of Rev. Sereno T. Abbott, minister of The First Evangelical Congregational Church of Seabrook and Hampton Falls (N.H.): "Feb 3d. 1849 Funeral of Hannah wife of John Porter and the last of the children of Hon. Mechech (*sic*) Weare aged ninety four years and eight months. She had been a member of the church about ten years during which time church meetings were often held at her house and communion occasionally celebrated there" (Brown, *History of the Town of Hampton Falls* 86).

[31] Among the first newspapers that announced Porter's death were *The New Hampshire Gazette and Republican Union* (Feb. 27, 1849), *Boston Daily Atlas* (Mar. 1, 1849). The former's obituary noted that Porter was "ever ready with revolutionary anecdotes."

The venerable lady alluded to, I had never seen; but she was a near relative of my mother, [32] and an intimate companion of her girlish days; and I had so often heard her mentioned in the graphic descriptions which my mother gave us of her early years, that as my eye glanced on that last record, she seemed to rise up before me like a visible presence of the past. In fancy I was transported back to the old family mansion, where her father—a Provincial Chief Magistrate, and a man eminent in the political era of the Revolution,—presided with that urbane and cordial hospitality, which was then so often transferred from the lordly halls of England to grace the humble homes of the New England Colonists.

Nothing could exceed my mother's enthusiasm when she described the ample house, with all its varied comforts and social enjoyments.[33] The good and the gifted, the statesman and the student, the grave and gay, the prosperous and unfortunate—all who could claim affinity or companionship with the good President, as he was then called—were welcomed to his hospitable mansion. Then there were nieces, nephews and cousins, a goodly company of young people, who were always domesticated in the family, and shared with the President's own children, the duties and pleasures of the household.

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[32] The mothers of Porter and Foster were sisters.

[33] The house, originally built in 1737, was also described in some detail in an historical piece by Fred Myron Colby (Colby, Fred Myron. "The Governor Weare Estate." *The Granite Monthly, A New Hampshire Magazine*, June 1881, pp. 409-17.) and is pictured in Brown's *History of the Town*. It still stands at its original location at 13 Exeter Rd in Hampton Falls, NH.

Mrs. W.—the mistress of the family—was a sensible, kind-hearted, but somewhat stately lady of the old school; [34] she was of an old provincial family, and somewhat proud of her descent, and she also felt, to its full extent, the dignity of her husband's official station; but no one could have presided with more graceful dignity on all state occasions, or with more courteous affability in the social circle. According to the custom of the times, she also kept a vigilant eye over her domestic concerns, and managed her extensive household with rigid discipline and exact order. The matrons of that day, like Homer's heroines, did not disdain the labours of the loom, and, like the virtuous woman of Solomon's time, "laid hold of the spindle and the distaff."

I can see before me, as I have often heard it described, the rich old furniture of the house, brought over, most of it, a century earlier, by an ancestor who fled from England for "conscience' sake,"—chairs and tables elaborately carved, hangings for the *best room*, and family portraits in massive frames, which gave an air of wealth and comfort to the large, low and stately apartments. Then there was an abundance of old fashioned plate, and ancient china, and fine damask from the Flemish looms—curious cabinets and quaint mirrors in the ample bed-rooms—high-backed chairs, covered with tapestry, or wrought in tent-stitch, and lofty bedsteads, with their heavy drapery—and quilted coverlids of patched work, oddly put together with a patient ingenuity long since

[34] Mehitable Wainwright Weare (b. 7/12/1719; d. 11/20/1781) was the daughter of John Wainwright and Hannah Redford Wainwright and the sister of Hannah Wainwright Webster (mother of Hannah Webster Foster). The use of "W." in this instance fits with Cheney's attempt to preserve some degree of anonymity with the wider reader base. Throughout the narrative, real names of relatives are usually abbreviated using only the first letter; when a complete full name is given, it is typically a pseudonym. All towns listed as waypoints are also disguised with the use of a dash, except in the case of Boston.

obsolete. But more valued, and regarded with more pride than all exotic luxuries, were the ample clothes-presses, filled with snowy linen, fine and abundant, the raw material grown on the soil, woven in domestic looms, and made up for all household purposes by the skilful hand or under the superintending eye of the mistress.

Such was the establishment of my mother's relative, President W., at the period just preceding the war of the American Revolution.[35] Amidst his public cares, and the anxiety of the times, his good temper was never soured, nor his social affections chilled, and no one enjoyed more heartily the merry sports of the young people who were constantly gathered at his house. Among these my mother was an especial favorite; her ready wit—her shrewd good sense, and the lively interest she always took in the questions of the day—amused and interested him. She was, besides, at that time, in the blush of early youth, and reckoned somewhat of a beauty—attractions which always carry their due weight of influence, even in the eyes of a grave, middle-aged politician.[36] He loved to puzzle her with political problems, for my mother prided herself, above all things, on her political sagacity. She had been brought up in the sound whig principles of the old Bay colony; her youth was developed amidst the stirring scenes of civil strife, and her warm sympathies were freely given to the cause of her country's freedom.

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[35] "Meshech Weare was chosen president of the council or upper house of legislature and served in this capacity throughout the Revolution. He was appointed Chief Justice of the Superior Court, then the highest state court, and served in this position from 1776 to 1782, when he resigned at age 69 due to the pressure of his other duties and failing health" (Upton 7-8).

[36] Foster would have been sixteen years old during the period covered by this narrative.

One can imagine the intense interest with which passing events were observed and discussed, at that period, when hostile feeling was rapidly verging toward open warfare—when Boston was held in siege by a military force, and friendly relations with the mother country had entirely ceased.[37] How eagerly was the daily paper perused—the only one then issued in the metropolis.[38] Every day, after dinner, which was then served at an early hour, my grandfather took his accustomed seat in a tri-cornered elbow chair, and in all the dignified repose of a powdered bagwig, a flowered dressing gown, and velvet slippers, enjoyed the luxury of a pipe, while my mother, seated on a low form beside him, read the newspaper aloud from beginning to end, often stopping to comment on the various topics brought in review before them.[39] As affairs approached a crisis, more insufferable than all other grievances became the presence of armed soldiers in the streets; and when fresh troops arrived, and ships of war virtually blockaded the port, all business was at an end, and the citizens generally, who embraced the popular cause, disgusted at finding themselves subjected to military surveillance, requested passports to quit the town.[40]

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[37] The Siege of Boston lasted from April 19, 1775 to March 17, 1776.

[38] Many of Boston's newspapers shut down or, like Isaiah Thomas' *Massachusetts Spy*, were moved to nearby towns as the war began. Margaret Draper's pro-Tory *Massachusetts Gazette and Boston Newsletter* remained, though it seemed to be a weekly publication at this point.

[39] Cheney's grandfather was Grant Webster (b. 1/31/1717; d. 8/30/1797), a Harvard-educated Boston merchant. Her grandmother, Hannah Wainwright Webster (b. 2/1/1721; d. 3/13/1765), died while Foster was a child.

[40] "In a meeting on April 22 between [General] Gage and town officials, both sides agreed that 'the women and children, with all their effects , shall have safe conduct

My grandfather and mother were among those who left, and their journey of some sixty or seventy miles, in the primitive fashion of the times, presents a quaint contrast to the easy and rapid travelling of the present day. Leaving the house in charge of a faithful negro servant, the most valuable family plate, a necessary supply of clothing, &c., was packed in saddle-bags, and thrown across a horse, on which a stout colored boy was mounted, following my grandfather, who with my mother, seated on a pillion behind him, thus set off on their long journey.[41] Long it must have seemed then to the solitary travelers, though but a morning ride of two or three hours in the distance-annihilating cars of the present day.

But my mother's own words, transmitted in "The Stray Leaves of an old Journal," will best record her impressions, and the various incidents which occurred to her.

"May, 1775.—I left my dear home with a heavy heart," she wrote, "not knowing whether I should ever see it again, since the times have grown so dark and troublous; my dear brother R., too, we have left behind, in order that he may have an eye after our

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without the garrison' and that male inhabitants 'upon condition…that they will not take up arms against the king's troops' would also be permitted to leave" (Carr 20).

[41] Due to the exodus of people out of Boston, there were a significant number of houses left vacant. Samuel Salisbury, a Boston resident, resisted leaving in order to protect his private property: "I can't be reconciled to leave at present. I think it is my duty to take care of our interests and although I can't defend it in case of attack, it is at present in my power to protect it from thieves and robbers which we are surrounded with. Empty houses are broken open, goods are stolen and some destroyed" (Carr 21). The need for Webster to leave a servant behind indicates the affluence of the household. It is unclear whether the African-American servants named within the text are slaves or merely servants, though it seems likely they are slaves. Advertisements for Grant Webster's merchant business indicate that slaves were among the various items he listed for sale. His father owned at least one prior to his death, and his will mentions that his widow should receive "one third of the estate and negro woman Flora" (Sharples, "Notes" 98).

affairs, and also be in readiness to aid the *good cause* if need be.[42] Our ride thus far has been not unpleasant, for the weather is fine, our horse in good condition, and we have passed through several small villages which look prosperous, and the country is very beautiful, and begins to be well cultivated. It is wonderful how eagerly people crowd about us at the places where we stop, to hear the last news from Boston. Indeed, there seems a general excitement, and an expectation of something fearful about to happen, so that men cluster together and talk of public affairs, instead of minding their farms and handicrafts. Yesterday evening we stopped at a comfortable farm house to crave shelter for the night, and we were hospitably entertained and lodged. We found the good man and his sons burnishing up some old muskets that had lain idle since the Indian wars, for it is rumoured that an army will soon be raised, and our good General Washington called

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[42] Redford Webster (b. 6/18/1761; d. 8/31/1833), Foster's youngest brother, later became a druggist in the Boston area and helped to found a number of historical societies such as the American Antiquarian Society and the Massachusetts Historical Society. However, he is most commonly known as the father of John White Webster, the lecturer at Harvard Medical College who was convicted in a sensationalized murder trial and subsequently hanged on August 30, 1850.

Another possible reason to leave Redford behind was to help sort out the results of a fire on May 17, 1775, that destroyed approximately thirty buildings, including a store occupied by Grant Webster. An article in the *Massachusetts Spy* and other sources indicate the fire was accidentally started as a result of carelessness by British troops and soon became unmanageable due to a decision by Gage that restricted citizen access to fire engines. By this point, Gage felt that the Americans would not respond urgently to fires that negatively impacted the British position and placed his own troops in control of the fire engines. Unfortunately, these soldiers had little training or experience with extinguishing fires and were largely ineffective.

to head it. God prosper the righteous cause!"[43] * * * * * *

"We reached this place, H—l, at sunset today;[44] it is an ancient town of much note in the old wars, and I well remember being here when a little child, for it was my mother's native place.[45] We have some relations here whom we cannot pass without discourtesy, and so shall remain with them a few days, and it is a right pleasant place, with many goodly houses and fair gardens stretching along the river, which is broad and deep, and winds through green meadows, and at the feet of high hills, bordered all along with fine old trees, which seem stooping down to admire their shadows in the water. A little out of the town, however, it is still wild enough, and yesterday, on our way, and not far from it, we rode through a thick wood, which it seemed to me would never be at an end. We were told there were plenty of wild animals living in it, especially wolves, which often come out and carry away the farmer's sheep and worry his cattle, and I had not a little fear that they might take a fancy to sup on us. I looked sharply into every bush, expecting to see their fiery eyes glaring out upon me, and was once prodigiously startled

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[43] In May of 1776, Washington had not yet been named Major General of the Continental Army, these honors being conferred in June of 1775; he received the lesser rank of Colonel while serving in the Virginia Regiment of the British Army in 1755.

[44] Using maps of the period as a guide, it seems likely that the family traveled the road through Woburn and Andover, Massachusetts; Wilmington, Massachusetts would have offered a mid-point stop for the first night of travel. The trip would have been about forty miles on horseback, but as one horse was carrying Foster and her father, and the other carrying a servant and luggage, it seems unlikely that they moved rapidly on their journey.

[45] Haverhill, Massachusetts, was a Puritan village initially founded in 1642. Grant Webster and Hannah Wainwright were married here in 1739, and birth records indicate that their first four children were all born in Haverhill between 1740 and 1751.

by an unearthly howl from Cato, the boy, who came galloping after us in a great fright;[46] but I found he had only caught his woolly pate in a thorn, which he took for the claws of a wild beast.[47] It was no wonder, for our bridle path ran sometimes so close under the branches of trees, that my riding-hood once caught in them, and I very nearly shared the fate of Absalom myself.[48] My hair was somewhat discomposed in the encounter, which troubled me not a little, as I can hardly expect to find a frizeur in these parts who can *crape* it so well again.[49] It was well dressed a week ago, in the most approved fashion, but when I sent for my hair-dresser to touch it over before I left home, he had gone to the red coat ladies, so I would give him no more employment. I wonder if the knave thinks he may serve honest towns-people and those gentry at the same time!" * * *

"I have heard a deal about this old town in my childish days; how sadly it was tormented by the Indian depredations—the savage foe forever hovering round it, in its early settlements—massacring the peaceful inhabitants, and carrying women and children away into captivity. God forgive me, but I think I should have borne a most Christian

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[46] In most cases, African-Americans mentioned in the text have the name of a classical figure. Cato (234-149 BCE) was a Roman statesman and soldier.

[47] This is the first of several mentions of African-Americans in Foster's narrative; all are exclusively in servant positions and tend to be viewed as comic figures.

[48] Absalom, the third son of King David, betrayed his father and was eventually killed in battle. 2 Samuel 18:9: "And Absalom rode upon a mule, and the mule went under the thick boughs of a great oak, and his head caught hold of the oak, and he was taken up between the heaven and the earth; and the mule that was under him went away." Defying the order of King David, Joab and his men killed Absalom as he hung in the tree.

[49] Friseur: hairdresser; crape: curl

hatred to those black devils incarnate! Many block houses, which held a brave siege in those trying times, are still standing, and there was one shewn me, which my grandfather, Col. W., lost his life in defending.[50] He commanded a small garrison who were surrounded and cut up, for they would not surrender, and no mercy would have been shown them if they had. His wife was within, and her two children, and also other women and their little ones had sought shelter there, when the fearful sound of the war whoop burst upon their ears. But my grandmother was a lion-hearted woman, and, driven to desperation when her husband fell, she hastened to secure the barricades, and with the other females, who were roused by her example, poured such a volley of shot from the loop holes, and such showers of scalding water on the heads of the wretches, when they pressed near to force an entrances, that they were glad to retreat, brandishing their tomahawks and uttering the most fiendish yells.[51]

[50] Foster refers to her great-grandfather Simon Wainwright. Captain (not Colonel) Wainwright was in charge of the local militia and was allegedly shot through the door during the early stages of the attack. Although Foster's account only reflects an attack by Native American forces, the raid was actually a coordinated attack by the French during Queen Anne's War. On August 29, 1708, French commander Jean-Baptiste Hertel de Rouville lead an army of approximately 150 men, consisting of French soldiers and members of the Abenaki and Algonquin tribes. In his account of the attack, Joseph Bartlett, a soldier stationed at Captain Wainwright's house, relates the following: "August 29, 1708, there came about 100 French and 30 Indians and beset the town of Haverhill—set fire to several houses; among which was that of Capt. W." (Chase 226).

[51] Historians seem to agree on a much different, though no less surprising story. From B. L. Mirick's *The History of Haverhill, Massachusetts*: "Another party [of attackers] went to the house of Capt. Simon Wainwright, whom they killed at first fire. The soldiers stationed in the chambers, were preparing to defend the house till the last, when Mrs. Wainwright fearlessly unbarred the door, and let them in. She spoke to them kindly, waited upon them with seeming alacrity, and promised to procure them whatever they desired. The enemy knew not what to make of this—the apparent cheerfulness with which they were received, and the kindness with which they were treated, was so different from what they expected to meet with, that it seemed to paralyze their energies.

"Women were wonderfully gifted with strong nerves and courageous spirits in those days, as the marvelous story of Mrs. Duston can testify; she killed ten Indians with her own hand, and thus escaped from captivity, and then fearing her word might not be believed, went back and brought away their scalps as a trophy of her victory.[52] Yet I have a shrewd suspicion that these brave women were not altogether free from the little weaknesses of their sex; at least, my grandmother, when quiet times came round, found a soft place in her heart, and gave not only her hand, but all her fine property, to a second husband, for which we, her descendants, cannot quite forgive her—even the old family plate, marked with the family crest and cypher, now garnishes the tables of an alien race.[53]

"I have just returned from a long walk with my cousins, who had a mind to show me the 'W— farm,' as it is still called, which was my grandfather's in his lifetime, and *should* have fallen to his descendants. As my eye glanced over the broad acres, swelling into hills and sinking into green glades, sweeping gracefully to the river's edge, and

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They, however, demanded money of Mrs. Wainwright, and upon her retiring 'to bring it,' as she said, she fled with all of her children, except one daughter who was taken captive" (123). The captive daughter, Mary Silver, was taken to Montreal and spent the remainder of her life as a nun.

[52] Besides Mary Rowlandson, Duston is perhaps the most famous Puritan woman held captive during the English colonization of the New World, her story being published in Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana* (1702). Taken prisoner in a 1697 attack on Haverhill by the Abenaki, Duston, along with two other captives, killed the Native family (two men, two women, and six children) as they were sleeping. Duston and company also scalped their victims in order to collect the bounty on Native Americans.

[53] Foster alludes to the practice of coverture and remarks that if her grandmother had remained unmarried, the property would have remained with the Wainwright family. However, in this instance she is likely referring to Hannah Redford Wainwright, who married John Pecker after her first husband died.

bordered all round with stately trees, I could not help wishing my grandmother had been a *true* woman, and kept all these fair possessions in trust for her descendants. My cousin Ralph saucily enough says, 'she *was* a true woman, and gave all things, like a dutiful wife, into her husband's hands;' and his sister Kate very quietly answers, 'that he was a true man, for with the true selfishness of his sex, he appropriated all he had to his own purposes.'

"We had a fancy to drink from the old well that has refreshed so many generations, and from which, it is said, my grandfather took a copious draught but a short time before his last fight. It was a fine occasion for my cousin Ralph to show off his gallantry. He is somewhat of a coxcomb, this cousin of mine; but though his wig is bagged and powdered in the latest fashion, and his ruffles are of the finest quality, and his gold shoe-buckles set off a tolerably neat foot to some advantage, yet he has, after all, a sort of rustic air about him, which always makes me smile.[54] He must think me vastly good-natured, or perhaps his vanity interprets my smile into admiration of himself, for he takes occasion to say such very foolish things to me, as though I were childish enough to be taken with a string of fine words, and now that I am in my sixteenth year! We all stood around the well, and Ralph dropped the bucket down with such a great flourish, that if the well had not been fifty feet deep, we should have been refreshed with a cold shower. Then, when he stopped to dip up some water for us to drink, he let the silver can slip from his hand, and it would have gone to the bottom, only by good chance it fell into the bucket, and so was saved. We could not help laughing at his awkwardness, which so

[54] Foster shows a bit of Bostonian superiority over her country cousins.

confused him, if it were not done in very spite, that he spilled a good pint of water over Kate's flowered muslin apron and new taffety gown, for which he was well rated, for the girl has a sharp wit of her own.

"Afterwards we went to see a huge oak tree, under which, tradition says, my grandfather hid a great sum of gold, when a cry was raised that the Indians were coming to attack the place. Long after that day, so many foolish people came to dig for the treasure, that the roots of the tree were laid quite bare, and it began to droop and fade, so that the present owner, who values the old relic, was forced to warn off all such persons as trespassers. He has filled the earth round the roots again, and covered them with turf, which is smooth as velvet; the tree is of a noble size, and very beautiful to the eye, spreading its leafy branches broad and high. If there was any treasure hidden there, we may well believe my grandmother knew the secret, and did not suffer it to fall into other hands.[55]

"Yesterday afternoon my cousin Kate had a quilting party, which is always an occasion of great merry-making here. She is soon to be married, and among other preparations has made a patch-work coverlit out of small scraps of silk brocade and damask, curiously put together. It can boast as many colours as Joseph's coat, and has a bunch of flowers in the middle, quite prettily designed. All the young girls of her

[55] This story continued through the following century. As Chase writes in *The History of Haverhill*, "It was also said that [Captain Wainwright] buried much of his money, and a part of the field south of Captain Nehemiah Emerson's house, has been dug over, for the purpose of finding it. The large oak-tree, near Little River, has been twice dug around for the same object, within the remembrance of many of our citizens; but the tantalizing dreams of the 'money-diggers,' it is believed, were never realized" (229). Chase notes that the tree was still standing in 1861.

acquaintance came to assist at the quilting; and though there was a good deal of talking and laughing, as may be supposed, yet we worked very industriously too, for there is a deep border of vines all around it, and the middle filled up with small diamonds, but it was all finished and taken out of the frame before tea time. There was such a display of good things spread out on the table—warm cakes and sweet cakes, pumkin pies and preserves, and a host of other things seen only in the abundance of a country town. All the powdered beaux of the village, friends and brothers of the young ladies, were invited to tea. Tea, we still call the social evening meal, though that is a proscribed luxury since the ships were overturned in Boston harbor, some months ago.[56] But my cousin Kate always manages to keep a small supply, and with a pretty self-will, which no one ever quarrels with, she will use it whenever she pleases.

"So as we were all sitting round the table, in the height of merriment, in came her black girl Rose, as neat as a pin, with a white apron on, and a showy plaid handkerchief twisted round her head, and bearing in her ebony hands a tray, containing a dozen delicate china cups and saucers, with a small silver tea-pot; the urn already smoked on the table, and a small caddy, inlaid with pearl, stood beside it. There was a very patriotic demonstration by those present, at this open defiance of public sentiment; but Kate coolly measured out the tea, and poured the boiling water upon it; while the urn hissed louder than urn ever hissed before, as if to fill up the awkward pause. Rose stood behind her young mistress, turning up the white of her eyes, and grinning, so as to show her two rows of ivory from ear to ear; and presently the fragrant vapor from the tea pot began to

[56] The Boston Tea Party occurred on December 16, 1773, and was a part of American protests over the Townshend Acts and Tea Act.

circulate, and soon acted like a charm on the spirits of the company. Then cousin Kate laughed one of her merry little laughs, and commenced filling the small tea cups, which were handed round, and I am sorry to say, very few had resolution enough to refuse the tempting beverage. But not a drop would I taste of it, for *I knew that the hateful duty imposed, had been paid on it*; so I sat fanning myself in a great flush, and looking daggers at Kate, who only smiled at me, and took a sip of tea, as if drinking my health. Cousin Ralph, too, who sat next me, looked so saucy, that I was resolved *he* should have none; so just as he was raising his cup, I touched his arm with my elbow, and sent the contents fairly over his plush small-clothes.[57] His face grew very red, and he turned a sharp look on me; but I looked up with such innocent surprise, and asked his pardon so gravely, that he was fairly puzzled; and I think came to a summary conclusion, that the unlucky jog was purely accidental. But there was no more tea for him, so like the boy at the pastry cook's shop, he had to be satisfied with an agreeable odour.

"Luckily, the old fiddler who had been sent for, at that moment began to scrape his fiddle strings in the hall; and springing from the table, to the patriotic air of "Yankee doodle," we accepted partners, and began dancing right merrily.[58] Cousin Ralph and I were soon the best friends in the world again, and we danced a minuet together with no

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[57] Small-clothes: tight-fitting pants extending to the knees, a fashionable form of dress for men during the 18th century

[58] "Yankee Doodle" is believed to have been composed during the French and Indian War (1754-63) by British soldiers as a means to poke fun at their American peers who were perceived as less sophisticated and less intelligent than their British counterparts.

little applause.[59] In truth I was glad to escape a country dance, for the points of my satin slippers were made so very long, they pressed my toes sadly. What a foolish fashion this is, of making the heels so very high! We danced till quite late—nearly eleven o'clock I think, which they told us was out of all rule, and only allowed in compliment to their cousin from the city."

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"We left our kind friends at H—l, yesterday morning early, after a week spent very pleasantly with them, my father being desirous to reach the end of the journey, which had been delayed some days by my importunity.[60] Cousin Ralph and Kate rode on some miles with us, and we parted very sorrowfully, and with a half promise on my part to return before her wedding. But the day was fine, and we travelled through a romantic country—very lovely for the most part; and beautifully broken into hills and valleys, with clear winding streams, and sometimes we rode through a thick wood, the trees meeting over our heads, and the birds singing sweetly in the branches. So my cheerfulness could not but return to me; and I tried to forget the parting with dear friends, and began to look forward to the meeting with new ones, and to fancy how they would all look, for I had never yet seen any of them, except my uncle, the President, whom I remembered only as a stately gentleman, when I saw him at our own house, many years ago. My father was very taciturn that day, so I was obliged to carry on a conversation with myself, mentally,

[59] Fashionable dance known for its slow and graceful pattern, usually for couples or groups of couples

[60] H—l: Haverhill, Massachusetts

in which I was introduced to the family, received their welcome, and returned my answers in the most polite manner imaginable.

"We reached H—n before sunset, and President W's house rose before us, looking very imposing as it stood on an eminence surrounded by old elms, and the crimson western sky flashing brightly on the windows.[61] It is a large, hospitable looking mansion, with a stately portico in front, covered with vines, and in the rear are extensive offices, and ample gardens. It commands a fine view of the country round, and on a clear day may be seen glimpses of the ocean, and the surge rolling in on H—n beach, about six miles distant. We had sent Cato on before us to announce our coming, so that when we reached the foot of the avenue, we saw all the family assembled on the portico waiting to receive us. We looked truly like a dusty and way-worn travelers after the day's journey, and our horse drooped his head as if he were toiling before a plough, though he is a fine, mettle-some beast, when not tired and hungry.[62] I had no fancy to make such a sorry appearance as we rode up in presence of the gay party who stood looking at us, so, quick as thought, I gave my father's wig a good shake, by way of smoothing it, which nearly unsettled his cocked hat, and caused him no small surprise. Then I opened my riding cloak a little to shew the smart lacing of my boddice, and tossed the hood jauntily a very little from my face; and taking out a pin, I quietly stuck it into the horse's side, at which, with a great snorting, he broke into a full gallop, which my father vainly endeavored to restrain, for another sharp prick set him off again at the top of his speed, so that we were

[61] H—n: Hampton, or more particularly Hampton Falls, New Hampshire

[62] The journey from Haverhill, Massachusetts, to Hampton Falls, New Hampshire would have been approximately seventeen to twenty miles.

carried up with a sort of triumphal flourish to the door, nor should we have stopped there, but my father drew in the bridle so suddenly, that the good steed sank back on his haunches; and, in a convulsion of laughter, I was taken off by one of my cousins who stood waiting to assist me.

My father looked at his panting steed before he spoke a word to any one, shaking his head dubiously, and half believing the creature had gone mad—so that I was half tempted to betray my own secret, but wisely refrained for the time. My cousin Jenny received me with open arms, my aunt also was very cordial, and my uncle W. kissed me on both cheeks, and told me he had heard I was a sad little rogue, but a true whig, which pleased me mightily.[63] Then Jenny introduced me to her brother, and to half-a-score of cousins, who were there, and directly I felt quite at home. Jenny is so cheerful and bright, and so handsome too; she is two or three years older than myself, but we are sworn friends already, and long before bed time, we had strolled together into the garden, and told each other all the secrets of our lives.[64] I am sure I shall be very happy here; that is, if there is not too much trouble abroad, but my father and uncle are now in grave counsel together, and news has just reached us, that the British commander in Boston has forbidden any intercourse with the country round, and will not give passports to go in or

[63] Jenny is the named used for Hannah Weare Porter, whom Cheney mentions in her introduction to the text. Meshech Weare is sometimes listed as Uncle W. but is more generally labeled as President W. throughout the narrative.

[64] Foster was four years younger than Hannah Weare, aka Jenny.

out. I could wish my brother R. were with us, only that I know he ought to remain and do his duty."[65]

(To be continued.)

JUNE, 1775.—Time flies so swiftly in this pleasant mansion, that truly I can scarce keep a reckoning of the days. My brother R., who has always a scrap of old poetry at his tongue's end, might well quote:

"The cheating old churl for naught will stay,
On unclipped wing he aye flies away."[66]

But, as my uncle says, these are very grave times, and even in this retired place, every day brings some startling intelligence, which for a time pales the cheek, and brings us all together to wonder and speculate,—perhaps to rejoice or mourn. For instance, we were dancing merrily in the great hall one evening, when an express arrived in foaming haste, bringing news of the sudden fight on Bunker's Hill,—the clearest demonstration which has yet been made of public indignation,—and truly, though our brave men were forced to retreat before such numbers of the king's best troops, it was a retreat which may well be called a glorious victory.[67] No more dancing was there that night, it may be well

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[65] The exodus from Boston alarmed many Loyalist citizens who felt that the city had become more vulnerable to attack by Washington's troops. As a result, General Gage reduced the number of passports available for those wanting to leave.

[66] The source for these lines is unknown.

[67] The Battle of Bunker Hill occurred on June 17, 1775, and was won by the British. However, it is often seen as a Pyrrhic victory, as the British suffered a greater number of casualties, approximately 226 dead and 828 wounded, in the affair than expected, especially amongst their officers. By contrast, the Americans had 140 dead and 271 wounded.

believed; but we sat down, each of us busy with our own thoughts, and many a tear dropped silently for the brave men who fell that day in their country's cause.

The next day was the Sabbath, a day very strictly observed by all the household, more especially by my good aunt, who would in no way cast discredit on her puritan ancestry by any worldliness of word or action.[68] But the news of the preceding day lay fresh in my mind, and I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to my dear home, and to the good city of which I felt so proud, and the friends who might now be in peril there, so that more than once I was fain to bite my lips to keep back the words which were rising to them. Once,—and it was just as my uncle closed the big Bible from which he had been reading aloud one of the patriotic Psalms of David,—my thoughts catching fire from the holy zeal of the psalmist, and very perversely receiving his language as a glorification of our own arms—I broke out into a sudden panegyric of all brave and noble deeds, beginning at Lexington; and where I should have ended no one can tell; but, to my infinite confusion, I met my aunt W.'s eye fixed on me with such a chiding and astonished expression, that I stopped short and felt my face burning with confusion. Venturing, however, to steal a glance at the good President, to see how he felt affected towards me, I was not a little re-assured by observing the corners of his mouth twitch convulsively, as if striving to suppress a smile, while he sought to conceal it by raising one hand to adjust his wig, and with the other he fastened the silver clasps of the old

[68] "Although only religious subjects were supposed to be talked of on Sunday, yet many a good trade was got under way which required little effort later in the week. The women smoked their pipes, did not gossip, but heard the news. As a rule a much louder tone of voice was used in speaking on religious topics than in the discussions of secular matters" (Brown, *History of the Town of Hampton Falls* 55).

family Bible, all the while casting a sidelong look at my aunt, as if fearful she should detect his lenity.[69]

Soon after, the bell from the primitive old meeting house rung out on the sweet morning air, calling worshippers far and near to the house of prayer. It was at no great distance, and we set out to walk there.[70] First went my uncle, his erect stately figure set off to advantage in a snuff colored coat with long lappets, a fine embroidered waistcoat of white satin, and plush breeches, fastened at the knees with gold buckles. The frills on his bosom and wrists were delicately plaited, his white silk stocking displayed very comely legs, and his shoes were adorned with gold buckles of the largest size. He carried a gold headed cane in one hand, and a cocked hat rested on his powdered wig. My aunt, not a whit less stately, was arrayed in a dove colored taffety, furbelowed with pinked flounces of the same, and the skirt opened in front, showing a petticoat of quilted satin. The pinked ruffles of the sleeves fell below the elbow, and her arms, still round and fair, were shaded

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[69] Weare seemed to be a likeable and well-respected figure overall. As future governor William Plumer wrote some years after Weare's death: "From the Declaration of Independence to the close of the war, Judge Weare was invested, at the same time, with the highest offices, legislative, judicial and executive, and continued in them by annual elections. The various offices he held, during the long period of forty-five years, made him not proud or haughty. They did not change his mind, manners, or mode of living: his old mansion house remained unpainted, its ancient furniture was still used, and the continued to the last the same modest unassuming man. From all his offices, and with all his prudence, he added not a cent to his property,—which at death did not exceed that of a good common farmer." (Sanborn, "Two New Hampshire Libraries" 35). Another contemporary, in a letter to Weare, thanked him for his service and devotion to the new nation: "Truly sensible I am that you have sunk a fortune and exposed a large family to danger of being ruined, only by your close attention to the public" (Sanborn, "Two New Hampshire Libraries" 35).

[70] The meeting house was located in the town common area, located about one-tenth of a mile from the Weare Mansion and near the current location for the Weare Monument.

by black picnic mittens. A black satin cardinal fell over her shoulders, and her head gear was of the latest fashion.[71] She carried a large fan with carved ivory sticks, which sometimes served as a sun shade, when that luminary shone too saucily in her face. Her hand rested with much ceremony on the President's arm, and the long toes and high heels of her walking slippers, kept perfect measure with his slow and dignified step. The rest of us followed, two and two, in the order of seniority, and the utmost gravity and decorum were enjoined on every member of the household. The servants followed at a respectful distance. Most of them were freed blacks, and the females showed their love of contrasts by the bright tints which they chose to set off the hue of their ebony complexions.[72]

The meeting house stands on a high bare hill, as if set there for a beacon to the scattered congregation. It looks old and weather-beaten, and is guiltless of all adornment, save the little belfry, in which the bell now swung, heavily tolling its drowsy summons.[73] The few small windows shook even in a summer breeze, and the old porch stooped and seemed nodding to us as we toiled wearily up the hill, oppressed by a scorching sun. I marveled much to see so many people as now came wending their way from all

[71] Cardinal: a short, hooded cloak worn by women

[72] A census taken of Hampton Falls in September of 1775 provides the following information: "Males under 16 years of Age: 151; Males from 16 years of age to 50 not in the army: 91; All Males Above 50 years of age: 42; Persons gone in the army: 19; All females: 339; Negroes and Slaves for life: 3" (743). The purpose of the census seemed to be to evaluate the ability of the town to defend itself from British troops, as a discussion of firearms and powder reserves follows the tally. However, it also indicates that very few slaves were held in this area at the start of the American Revolution.

[73] Warren Brown notes that there was town discussion over the purchase of a bell for the meeting house in 1739, and further notes that by 1780, "it had become very much out of repair" (*History of Hampton Falls* 9).

directions, the village seems so small, and the country round very lonely. There were men and women, with children of all ages, even infants in their mother's arms, all dressed smartly in their best Sunday attire, and looking demure as became the day, yet very cheerful and contented withal. The country people from a distance, came on horseback, and they all rode double, having every one a pillion behind, on which a buxom dame or damsel was seated, and sometimes two or three children edged in between. Even the horses seemed to partake the gravity of the occasion, as they checked their pace and stopped with a prolonged snort at the well known block, close beside the porch door, where the riders dismounted, leaving their steeds patiently to wait till the service was over, the more restive ones being tied to stakes placed near for the purpose.

The sexton was giving the last pull to the bell rope as we entered the porch, and the people standing there respectfully gave place to the President and his family as they passed in. Directly the venerable clergyman took his seat in the pulpit; an old man he is, with a most benignant countenance, who has ministered to his simple-hearted congregation for a space of nearly forty years.[74] Over his head hung a heavy sounding board of polished oak, which troubled me not a little, and my eye, in spite of me, constantly kept turning to it in a sort of vague expectance that it would fall and extinguish the godly man.[75] Below the pulpit is a long seat, inclosed, where two very ancient men,

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[74] Foster is mistaken here: The current minister in Hampton Falls would have been Paine Wingate, who held this position from 1763—76 (his predecessor, Josiah Bailey, served from 1757—62). However, a split in the congregation over a new meeting house caused Wingate to resign in December of 1771, and he did not preach again after this resignation even though, through an agreement with the town, he continued to live in the parsonage.

[75] Sounding boards, often decorative, were used to help project the speaker's voice.

the deacons, always sit, and thus facing the congregation, they were in a manner obliged to keep their dim eyes always open, which seemed at times a marvellous effort. A perfect silence fell on the congregation as soon as the minister arose; and even the little children, who had stolen a moment's play at *bo-peep* through the carved oaken railings of the pews, stood upright, as still as Lot's wife after her transformation, and with clasped hands, seemed to join devoutly in the prayer. After the prayer the minister read a psalm, and then gave out two lines at a time for the whole congregation to join in singing, few of them being provided with psalm books.[76] One of the deacons set the tune; such a prolonged nasal twang broke from him, and then one voice after another joined in—a fine treble, and then a deep bass; then one cracked with long use, which seemed emulous to maintain the lead, and above all, some squeaking childish notes, raised up with childish wilfulness. Truly, though my ear is not very nice in musical sounds, I was fain to close it against such discords, and catching a glance from my cousin Tom, which nearly overset my gravity, I was forced to snatch a fan hastily from Jenny's hand and spread it before my face, trembling lest my aunt should observe me;[77] but she was also singing very devoutly, and like all the others, following her own time, for I noticed that the different

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[76] Brown's *History of Hampton Falls* sets a similar scene: "This practice of deaconing the Psalms originated because there was a scarcity of Psalm books in the early times. The deacons read two lines which were then sung by the congregation who got the words in that manner. When one deacon read in a deep bass voice and the other in a sharp shrill voice, and the congregation each sung in a 'go as you please' manner the singing must have lacked in harmony and rhythm. After the principles of music were better understood and choirs were organized, the practice gradually went out of use but the deacons in some instances did not yield without a struggle" (20).

[77] The identity of "Tom" is unclear, though Weare did have a son named Thomas Wibird who was slightly younger than Foster.

voices cared little for keeping company, and the one that first reached the end of the two lines, hung on the last word with desperation, till the others came up to it, when all closed together with an exhausted murmur. Then was read a long chapter from one of the old prophets; and by this time I began to miss sadly the cushions which have of late been brought into fashion in our meeting houses in Boston, though many do speak of them as an innovation and savoring of worldly easy and prelacy; but truly, the seat on this day seemed very bare and hard. Good Mr. L. then got up and named his text, and a thrill ran through the congregation as he repeated it with great emphasis and animation; these were the words: "O sing unto the Lord, a new song, for He hath done marvelous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory."[78] I glanced at my uncle; but he would not look at me. One of the old deacons, who was a little deaf, left his place and took a seat at the top of the pulpit stairs, putting an ear trumpet to his right ear, that he might not lose a word. A little black dog with a curled tail, followed, and sat down beside him.[79] The other deacon, turning round in his seat, leaned on his elbow and looked up in the preacher's face, and the women all settled their clothes and shut up their large fans,

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[78] Although the minister is only noted as Mr. L., it is reasonable to assume that Samuel Langdon may have been delivering this sermon. Meshech Weare was an old friend of Langdon and had attended his ordination in 1747 prior to Langdon's ministerial work in Portsmouth. He spent several years as president of Harvard (1774-1780) before becoming the full-time minister at Hampton Falls from 1781 until his death in 1797. Furthermore, according to Sanborn, "During his thirty years at Portsmouth Dr. Langdon had often preached at Hampton Falls and had agreeable associations with the good people there" ("Doctor Langdon," 283).

[79] Apparently, this was not unusual, as town records noted an early statute that "any person who allowed his dog to come into the meeting house should pay a fine of five shillings" (Brown, *History of Hampton Falls* 8).

giving the drowsy children a shake, or settling them down to a comfortable nap, according to their individual notions of parental discipline. Then we listened for a good hour to a sermon which had truly much unction in it, and many flowers of eloquence, nor was it wanting in sound orthodoxy, though, as the preacher premised, he departed from his usual course on the Lord's day, on account of the news so lately come to us, and the urgency of the times, and discoursed mainly on the duties of good citizens, and the right of resisting the oppression of godless rulers.[80] "God," he said, "was with us, even as He was with the chosen tribes of Israel, and His ministers now, as then, were bound to speak the truth boldly, and the people to act fearlessly, trusting in Him alone." He added the memorable words: "If men should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out."[81] When he closed, and had given the blessing, men looked at one another and nodded their heads resolutely, but all stood silently and reverently, as is the custom, till the minister passed down the pulpit stairs, shaking hands gravely with the deacon as he passed him, and lucklessly treading on the little cur, which forthwith sent up a fiendish yelp, and hopped down before him, limping on three legs. But no one ventured to smile, and on he walked slowly through the broad aisle, returning the salutations of his parishioners, who loved even the big white wig which nodded so beneficently at them.

"Bless your good parson, dear uncle," said I, as we passed out the door, "for he has taken off the ban, and now we are free to speak again."

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[80] The minister is referencing the Battle of Bunker Hill. Langford was rather well-known for his liberal and patriotic sermons such as "Government Corrupted By Vice."

[81] Luke 19:40: "And he answered and said unto them, I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

"Yes, my little niece, but there are times and seasons for all things, you know," he answered, "and this is the Lord's holy day."

"And it is right for us to discourse upon the subject of the sermon," I replied "for the worthy minister himself says, 'If men should hold their peace, the stones would cry out,' and truly a woman's tongue may speak better than a dumb stone?"

"It is a malapert member, that little tongue of yours, niece, at any rate," said my uncle good naturedly; "but, go now and walk with your cousins gravely, and we will discuss these matters at a more fitting time;" and proferring his arm to my aunt, who accepted it with like ceremony, we returned homeward with the same grave and formal decorum which had been observed in going to the meeting.

We had barely time to rest ourselves, and partake of some cold refreshment, for my aunt allows no cooking on the Sabbath, when the bell rang out to call the congregation again together. There is but an hour between the morning and afternoon services, because many who come from a distance, would scarcely go back so far, and return again; so they bring a little bread and cheese, or somewhat for a slight repast, and eat it silently in their pews, their little ones taking a quiet nap, meantime.

June 20th.—In looking back over these pages, I cannot but think that if they chanced to meet any other eye, I should be set down as a very simple damsel, who had but poor wits of her own, thus to note down such very common events and observances. But I made a promise with my cousin Kate, to write somewhat each day of what befalls me, and especially to mark what seems strange and new and different in this country life, to what appears in our town habits. Cousin Ralph would fain have made me promise that

I would shew it to him also; but I well know that he would only laugh at me, and I am not writing to amuse any coxcomb at my expense—not the best of them.

I have had a letter from dear brother R—; he finds it but sorry comfort keeping house alone, and were it not that business and his duty keep him, he would soon be following after us. His pretty Bessy too, has left town with her father's family; and if he were bound to tell the honest truth, no doubt he would confess, her loss was more to him than that of father or sister. General Gage, he writes, keeps a sharp eye on all citizens whose loyalty is thought suspicious, and there are not many in Boston, who seek to mask their feelings. But none are allowed to go out without a pass; and as the ferries are guarded by soldiers, and the Neck strongly fortified, it is not easy to elude the vigilance of those on duty. R., however, got permission to leave some little while ago, and so passed two or three days with Bessy and her family near Dorchester.[82] But it was needful for him to return to town, and this was not so easily managed,—he was obliged to have some recourse to stratagem; and so he borrowed a blue frock, and rustic hat, such as is worn by the farming people, and mounted on a load of hay, which was being driven in to supply the king's cavalry. He was sharply questioned at the barricades, but having a ready answer, and much presence of mind, and being also helped by a few shrewd words from the real countryman, who lounged lazily in the hay, while my brother drove the team, he fortunately escaped detection. I pray, however, he may not jeopardise his safety by persisting in such fool-hardy love adventures! My father has gone to S., and I miss

[82] Dorchester is a few miles south of Boston.

him sadly, but am still very happy here.[83] My uncle is much taken up with public affairs; he has frequent visits from leading politicians, and when alone, spends his mornings generally in the library. My aunt wins daily on my affection, and if she sometimes appears a little strict and exacting, she is always kind-hearted, and loves to see those around her cheerful and happy. There is no bustle and ostentation about her, and at no time is her matronly grace and dignity laid aside; and though she seems always to have leisure, every household department is yet thoroughly overlooked by her. When she has inspected the dairy, directed the labor of the loom, and meted to her damsels their daily tasks of spinning, besides such other domestic affairs as require a mistress' oversight, she comes to the pleasant sitting room, where Jenny and I, with little Anny, are sitting at our embroidery frames, or busy with our needles, as chance may be, and taking up her own work, for she is never idle, discourseth with us very agreeably, for she has seen much of the world, and has a shrewd judgment, and a pleasant wit.[84] Jenny, who loves an old

[83] Although "S." could certainly refer to Salem, Grant Webster already had ties to the Salisbury area, and records show that the Webster family spent several years there after leaving Haverhill. The Websters lost two children in Oct—Nov 1753 and had at least three more children including Hannah and Redford while living in Salisbury. Furthermore, a public notice published in the *Boston News-Letter* in October of 1765 detailed a judgment by the Superior Court of Massachusetts which seized Webster's property for failure to pay a creditor. The judgment identified "Grant Webster, late of Salisbury, in the County of Essex, Trader, now absconding or concealing himself" and ruled that "unless he does return or appear and discharge his just Debts, or give Security to the Satisfaction of his Creditors for Payment thereof within three Months from this day, all the Estate that shall be so attached, seized and taken, will be sold for the Benefit of his Creditors." Based on Webster's relative comfort, it appears that these issues were eventually settled.

[84] S. P. Sharples lists Anne as the last child of Grant and Webster. This may be another instance where a person's actual name is given instead of a pseudonym. Her birth date (3/13/1765) coincides with the date of Hannah Wainwright Webster's death, and it can be assumed that the mother died of complications related to this birth, probably in the town

romance better than homely cares, often reads aloud to us, and is never sorry to lay aside her needle, and entertain us with the fairy legends of old Chaucer, or the quaint conceits of Suckling, or the pleasant thoughts of many later writers.[85] Her brothers have each their several occupations through the day, but all meet with cheerful faces at the dinner call; and in the evening all cares are laid aside, and there is a general gathering in the old oaken parlour. Generally there are stranger guests at tea, which is a most sumptuous repast,—young people, far and near, and elder ones too, are welcomed with cordial hospitality, free from all tiresome ceremony, and for those who choose to stay, beds of softest down are always ready prepared.

An old fiddler, who may be said to have his living at the mansion house, makes his appearance regularly at night-fall, with his fiddle in good tune; and a merry scraping of the strings is a signal for the young people to start up and lead off the evening dance. The ample hall is cleared of all incumbrances in a moment, and old Dido, who could not keep awake without the hum of her spinning wheel, sits down with it in a remote corner, that she may enjoy the dancing, and pursue her work at the same time.[86] The other servants, crowded together at an open door to enjoy the fun, one black head rising above another, the white eyes and ivory teeth shining in their wooly pates, make a very

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of Salisbury, MA. If so, Anne would be ten years of age during the period covered by the narrative, though questions about how she arrived at Hampton Falls remain unanswered. Furthermore, besides a mention that she married a Pennell of Salem, there is very little information regarding Anne Webster in the records. (Sharples, "Notes" 97-100.) There is little doubt that Hannah Weare Porter was Meshech Weare's youngest daughter.

[85] Sir John Suckling (1609-1641), aristocratic poet

[86] Dido was the name of the Athenian queen who founded Carthage.

picturesque group in the back ground. Chloe, the favorite maid, in her neat white apron and yellow turban, always stands in front, holding a little picaninny, born in the house, who stretches out its little black arms, and crows with unfeigned delight. None enter more heartily into the mirth of the scene than my good uncle and aunt, who are always present; and in the course of the evening they invariably perform a minuet together with the most stately grace and gravity. I always manage to get the good President through one country dance, and truly I feel very proud, for he will dance with no one else.

June 25th.—We have every day more cheering news from abroad. The reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point has been followed by the seizing of many other arsenals and stores of magazines, and shews well the spirit and resolution of our people.[87] All the other Colonies have united with Massachusetts in preparing against the common danger. Gen. Gage with all his reinforcements is likely to have close quarters in the good city of Boston.

Jenny and myself were so elated by those tidings that we resolved to hold a sort of jubilee on the occasion. With the help of Cousin Tom and Cato, whom my father left behind, we set about preparing a rustic festival, which we meant to be very choice, and enlivened by many scraps of eloquence and poetry suited to the occasion, and of course vastly patriotic. The place selected was a gentle elevation, shaded by fine old trees, and some half mile distant from the house. There we formed a verdant canopy of entwining boughs, and beneath them were mossy seats arranged, and a board spread with all the

[87] American troops captured Fort Ticonderoga on May 10, 1775, and Crown Point the following day. Much of the artillery from these sites was sent to reinforce Washington's position outside Boston.

dainties of country life, which could be provided on short notice and with strict secrecy. The continental flag was hoisted, and waved bravely above the arch, though the folds were not loosened till all things else were in readiness. Yesterday afternoon was the time appointed; and when we had given the last finish to our preparations, Cato was mounted and sent off with all speed to summon the guests whom we wished to grace the occasion. The prompt invitation was cheerfully accepted, for our country folks are not cumbered with many engagements, and they were in good season assembled, while we enjoyed not a little their agreeable surprise. A deputation of young girls, of whom I was one, were then selected to wait on the President and his lady, and request their attendance, the occasion being specified in a choice speech, which was received with a courteous approval that gave us infinite satisfaction. When we returned to the scene of festivity with our honored guests, they were met at the entrance by their venerable minister, Mr. L., who conducted them with much state to a seat prepared for the purpose, where they received the cordial greetings of all the assembled company. Mr. L. then made a short address, very spirited withal, and highly patriotic, and the good man truly went to the verge of Christian charity when he spoke of the oppressors. After that the table was uncovered, and all were soon busy with the tempting viands thereon displayed.

The affair went on quite triumphantly; all were at the height of enjoyment, when Cato came running down the hill, his black skin actually pallid, exclaiming: “Oh massa—there is a great troop coming—may be they’s the Englisher’s come to take us!”[88] All

[88] The first time an African-American’s speech is recorded in the narrative.

started up, not however catching his fears,—and Tom muttering, "I should like to see a troop of Englishmen here."

From the summit of the hill we could see the road winding along perhaps a mile distant, and true enough there was a large body of men marching along in regular file, and in tolerable order, but it was clear to see they had not the practised step of British soldiers. Directly the sound of martial music was borne to our ears, and the flag streaming on the air, displayed our own colors and device. As they came nearer we could observe that they looked weary as if travel worn, and there seemed to be little subordination, and less uniformity of dress. We knew them at once to be a company of volunteers raised in New Hampshire, and probably now on their way to join the camp at Cambridge. Our hearts bounded forth at once to welcome them and bid them God speed. As they wound along near the base of the hill, on which we stood watching them, our flag caught the eye of their commander, and he gave an instant order to halt. The motion was responded to by a tremendous cheer from all the men of our party, and a great flourish of white handkerchiefs by the ladies; and quick as thought cousin Ned touched a match to a small howitzer—which had been dragged up to give effect to our entertainment,—and fired off thirteen rounds in honor of the thirteen united colonies.

Our welcome was cordially answered by the troops; and we then all returned to the arbor, while two or three of our young men were sent forward to open a conference with the volunteers. My uncle also sent a courteous message requesting them to halt near by for the night, and as many as were able, to share the hospitality of his house. The messengers soon returned accompanied by two officers, who were personally known to my uncle, and who told him that it was their intention to stop in passing and pay their

respects to him, and they had come somewhat out of the usual way for that purpose. Orders were given the men to rest for a few hours and refresh themselves, and our little rustic party was soon augmented by the addition of about a dozen armed men, who however bore themselves very peaceably, and gave not a little zest to the sequel of our entertainment. The good things which we had prepared in abundance for our own use, disappeared like smoke before these strangers, and it was with a right good will we saw the remnants so profitably disposed of. Like courteous knights errant they failed not to praise the repast, adding such well spun compliments to the fair entertainers, as they thought, I suppose, would best please their vanity. My uncle sent bountiful refreshment, both meat and drink, to all the men, from the stores of the kitchen and cellar, and better fare the poor fellows will not be likely to meet often in their hard camp journeyings.

We returned to the house at dusk, attended by our military cavaliers; and the old fiddler arriving at the usual time, dancing commenced with great spirit, and, as my uncle whispered, with an unwonted display of flirtation.

(To be continued.)

The usual evening party was so much increased by the addition of our festive guests and the presence of so many gallant volunteers, that the hall being filled to overflowing, the large oaken parlour was also thrown open for dancing. There, waving over the portraits of some of my uncle's ancestors, cousin Tom and Jenny had very tastefully hung the continental flags; and on a panel above the President's chair, where the royal arms had long rested undisturbed, a huge eagle was now seen covering the space with outstretched

wings, bearing in its beak the motto "Liberty," and holding a crown disdainfully in its talons.[89]

These decorations had been so promptly placed there, that all were taken by surprise, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the company. The devices, in particular, were so suggestive that they gave general satisfaction. There were some exceptions however; for among the guests were a few who held petty offices, at the disposal of those in power; there was the post-master of a neighbouring town, who had doubtless before his mind the late dismissal of Benjamin Franklin from a similar office, because he stood forth boldly to uphold the people's rights.[90] And at night-fall, there had unexpectedly arrived an officer of the king's customs at Portsmouth, who stopped to make a friendly visit to my uncle. But he seemed to take great alarm at the patriotic demonstration so openly displayed in the house of the chief magistrate, as did likewise the others, though it is well known that in their hearts they all favour the good cause. But they dare not avow it while the issues are doubtful, as they hold their posts by the tenure of their loyalty; and freedom of will is less prized by them than the gold and high places of oppression. Thank heaven, the freedom of our country doth not rest on such wavering and timorous reeds as these! we have bold and true hearts amongst us, ready to dare and to endure!

[89] Although the bald eagle didn't become an official emblem of the United States until 1782, the golden eagle was a common symbol throughout the revolution.

[90] Franklin was dismissed in January of 1774 for circulating private, troop-related letters from the governor of Massachusetts to the British government.

But these inopportune guests that came amongst us, with such dubious visages,—cousin Jenny seemed to take especial pleasure in tormenting them, more especially the gentleman of the customs, who has long been seeking to gain her favour, though, it seems, with little chance of success. She congratulated him so heartily on the good luck which brought him there at such a joyous gathering, and challenged his admiration of her good taste in choosing such appropriate adornments for the occasion, more especially calling his attention to the eagle with its emblematic devices. It was plain to see the poor youth winced not a little under her sharp pleasantry; but he had not address enough to retort, and is one of those timid souls who are always afraid of compromising themselves by speaking their thoughts boldly. I could almost find it in my heart to pity him notwithstanding; she was so careless of his feelings, and there was such disdain in her pleasantry, that it was plain to perceive he never stood farther from her good graces than at that moment. I whispered a word of reproof in her ear, but she laughed merrily, and said "the poor fool would not come a wooing again for many a long day, she would be bound." She however gave him her hand for a country dance, in which he figured to great advantage; but even Jenny's returning smiles could not place him quite at ease, and very soon afterwards he slipped quietly away, his example being followed by all those whose sentiments were not in harmony with the occasion.

But their absence was little heeded by any one. Captain R. had kindly ordered up the small band of his volunteer regiment, which gave us great spirits for dancing, to say

nothing of the addition of some half-dozen military beaux.[91] It was moreover, an infinite relief to the old fiddler, whose arm was apt to get weary on far less jovial occasions, not to mention the sad mistakes he often made before the close of an evening, occasioned by repeated potations from a cider can, which was always placed beside him, "to keep him in tune," he said.

My uncle and aunt were just performing a minuet, the fiddler playing his part solus, and managing to keep up the tune with great propriety, though the evening was far advanced; and we were all standing ready to take our places, and finish off with "Sir Roger de Coverly," when a knock was heard at the hall door, and directly it was repeated louder and more impatiently.[92] It was an unusual call at that late hour; the fiddle stopped with a harsh creak, my uncle and aunt stood still, with their toes pointed for the next step, and Cato pushed through the servants, almost sweeping the piccaninny from Chloe's arms, in his mad haste to reach the door. Every eye was bent in that direction.

A tall, handsome young man entered, muffled more than the season required, in a large travelling cloak, and leaning on his arm a young female,—slight and graceful she seemed, but her step was timid, and as she met the gaze of so many enquiring eyes, she drew the riding hood closely round her face, and clung trembling to her companion's arm. He whispered a word as if to reassure her, and then asked for President W., with whom he had urgent business.

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[91] Captain R. probably refers to Captain Winthrop Rowe, who was born in Hampton Falls in 1729 and lived in nearby Kensington. During the course of this narrative, he served in Colonel Enoch Poor's Regiment.

[92] Sir Roger de Coverly: an English country dance

Every one of us in an instant comprehended the scene. My uncle is often called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, for being a magistrate he has a legal right to do so; and there are many persons who still maintain the old puritan notion, that marriage is strictly but a civil contract, and who therefore prefer the services of a justice to those of a clergyman on such occasions. The laws of New Hampshire do not require either publishment or certificate of banns to render the contract legal;[93] but in Massachusetts, our custom of posting the names of the parties, puts a secret marriage out of the question. My uncle's mansion stands on the boundary line of the two provinces, and is mighty convenient for such fugitives as have a mind to give their friends the slip, and think they are discreet enough to manage their own love affairs in their own way; so my uncle is often obliged,—sometimes sorely against his better judgment,—to unite a runaway couple.

Now here was a little romance enacting, without doubt; the bearing of the fugitives betrayed their secret; they were not of a common class evidently, neither would any young people from the country round choose such an unseasonable hour for their nuptials. All of us were in a state of charming excitement; but unwilling to embarrass the strangers, we turned away, and suffered them to pass in unobserved.

The President, in the meanwhile, was placed in rather a false position, and felt his dignity somewhat compromised, at being thus surprised in the act of dancing before a crowd of young people, when his services were required in the capacity of a grave justice. But his dignified self-possession never deserts him, neither does his somewhat

[93] "publishment or certificate of banns": announcement of intent to marry

precise gallantry, and to no woman is he more gallant than to his wife; perhaps no one exacts it more. So he handed my aunt to her seat with grave formality, not omitting the usual ceremony of a profound bow to her stately courtesy; and then returned to greet the young people who waited in the hall, the man evidently with much impatience. He spoke a few low words to my uncle, who directly led the way to his library.

I was standing a little apart with cousin Tom, puzzling my memory to recall some distinct impression of the gentleman, for his features seemed familiar to me. My uncle passed along, and with a smile bade us both follow him. I was right glad in my heart, for I had a longing desire to see the bride's face; and I knew he wished us to be present as witnesses to the marriage, the bridal pair having brought no friends with them. When we entered the room, they were already standing before my uncle; neither book, nor ring, nor formal ritual, were required; but in a silence almost chilling, they waited to hear those few words—so brief, but full of meaning!—which were about to link them in a bond which death alone could sever. The girl had thrown back her riding hood; she was pale with emotion, and trembled so violently that her lover was forced to throw his arm around her waist to support her. I now saw her face for the first time, and with what painful surprise. It was that of a most dearly loved friend, in whose happiness I had taken the warmest interest, and with whom I had often remonstrated against this very man, who now stood so proudly by her side.

With an eagerness which is always leading me to commit some folly, I sprang towards her, just as my uncle commenced his exordium, and exclaimed:

"Lucy Gray, what madness has brought you here?"

Her lover turned angrily, looking as if he could annihilate me, but I cared not for him—well did I now remember him. I thought only of Lucy, and she, poor girl, just lifted her sweet eyes to me, and sank back in a state of partial insensibility. I thought she was dying, for I never saw any one faint before, and in a great fright I began to pull off her hood, while Tom seized a tankard of cold water and dashed it over her face.

This was enough to bring back her senses, even had they left her more entirely; and directly her eyes opened, and a faint colour began to spread over her cheeks. She looked very lovely; one can scarcely fancy any being more delicately beautiful than she is, and she has such a gentle, sensitive nature, so affectionate and confiding. It is strange how she was ever wrought upon to leave a home where she was idolized, to follow the fortunes of that stern looking man! I begged her to come with me into an adjoining room, and dry her hair, which Tom had so unmercifully drenched; and as we passed out, Mr. E. said in a low voice, and with much emphasis:[94]

"My dear Lucy, let me pray you to make no useless delay; you well know we have need to make most urgent haste."

"But one moment, dear Henry," she murmured, with a faint smile.

He still detained her hand, seemingly afraid to trust her with me, and his looks were more cloudy than became a lover at such a moment. But he suffered her to pass out; I closed the door on him, and we sat down alone together. There was an awkward silence; neither knew exactly what to say, so I began to dry her hair and put fresh powder on it;

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[94] Although Foster provides some evidence for determining the identity of the elopers, there are no supporting records that offer likely candidates.

and she laid her head on my bosom to hide her tears, and I could feel her heart beat almost audibly beneath the lacings of her boddice. Mr. E's impatient step was heard pacing the outer room; Lucy raised her head quickly, and said:

"Do not let us waste these moments, dear H., I would fain justify myself, for I well know that you blame me—that you think I have been rash and undutiful.[95] But could you see how much I have suffered, did you know how long I have loved Henry, and how faithful he has been to me in spite of injustice and opposition; even at times when I have treated him coldly, and been persuaded to give him up, his love had never faltered. Our marriage was forbidden—he was driven from the house; but is it right for me to sacrifice his happiness to ill-founded prejudice?"

"Not so, dear Lucy; your parents can judge better than you do, and if Henry is worthy of you, they would not always oppose your wishes. Time would set all things right, and you are young enough to wait; but my heart misgives me that you have been wrought upon against your better judgment, or you would never have taken such a step as this. Oh! think of it, for it is not yet too late to retrace it."

"I cannot, H.," she answered firmly; "my word is given, and cannot be recalled. Besides," she added, with a little hesitation, "Henry has accepted a mission to New York, perhaps he may sail for England; and if we part now, God only knows whether we shall ever meet again."

"And far better that you should not," I answered, almost indignantly; "I speak no more of the home from which you are flying; but think you it is seemly to desert a cause

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[95] Although it is abbreviated, this is the first time Foster's own name appears within the text.

your nearest kindred have so near at heart, to fly with one who is false to his country, and who is even now leagued in the councils of its enemies? Oh! if filial love cannot sway you, do not thus degrade yourself in the eyes of all whose esteem is worthy of regard."

"What have we to do with party strifes?" she answered, and the colour rose to her cheeks; but directly the slight spark of resentment fled, and was followed by a burst of passionate tears.

My anger was instantly disarmed, and my heart filled with pity.

"Forgive me if I have spoken harshly, dearest Lucy," I said, contritely, "and, believe me, I wish nothing more earnestly than your true happiness."

"I do believe it," she answered, with a forgiving smile; "but indeed I am very sad, and at times my heart misgives me. Oh! I could shed oceans of tears when I think of my dear parents; but I cannot forsake Henry—it is too late to think of it."

"It is never too late to retrieve a false step," I replied eagerly; "here is a safe shelter and warm hearts to give you welcome, and how gladly will your mother receive you to her arms again."

E., whose rapid step in the next room had never ceased, and in fact became almost a stamp, now tapped very cavalierly at the door, and without waiting for an answer, threw it open, and came up to Lucy, his face seemingly mightily troubled and anxious. He took her hand, and without a word led her back to the library. But his eye rested fondly on her, and such a lovely smile lit up her face when she looked at him; it minded me of those sweet little flowers which they tell us blossom on the brink of a volcano. As for me, I was in no way noticed by him, and I cared little whether he had any remembrance of me; but my heart was full of grief for Lucy, and I scarce heeded that they again stood before my

uncle, and in a few moments were pronounced the solemn words, “What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.”

There was no gratulation of the new married pair. Henry kissed his bride passionately, and hurried her departure; we exchanged brief farewells, there were tears on her cheek, but a sweet, confiding smile on her lips; and from the depths of my heart I prayed that her fate might be far brighter than my fears anticipated. I distrust that man greatly, and so do all her friends. There is something sinister in his face, though it is handsome, and if he does love her—and who could help it?—there are many who think he loves her fortune better, for he wooed her perseveringly till she is now eighteen, and has come into possession of a handsome estate, left by a maiden aunt. And what I could least of all forgive in him, he has deserted the good cause, and at the very moment when his brave countrymen are arming to defend their liberties, he is bearing away his stolen bride, and hastening to join a faction in New York. Poor Lucy! she never did seem to comprehend public affairs very clearly, and I dare say he will make her believe he is doing exactly right.

The company were now breaking up, but I had no spirits to join them, so I pleaded a bad headache in excuse, and went to my own room. Both head and heart were weary and oppressed; I sat down by an open window, and the fresh sea breeze from the distant ocean cooled my brow, and my ear at times caught the faint murmur of the surf, rolling in upon the sandy beach. How quietly the moonlight fell on hill and valley, and the shadows of the trees lay like delicate tracery on the smooth shorn lawn. It was a sweet scene; I could almost fancy myself in one of those Arcadian vales, which Jenny had been reading about to me, and was quite prepared to see the lovely form of Una, with her grim

protector, when my romance was put to flight by the merry voices of our departing guests.[96] They were sallying out of the hall door in great glee, as if mightily pleased with themselves and each other, and forming in little groups, went talking and laughing down the long avenue to the village road. Some were on horseback, with a female mounted on the pillion behind each one; and my imagination might have transfigured them into the knights and dames of old *romaunt*, but the straggling musicians piped forth "Yankey Doodle" in full chorus, and put all my visions to flight.[97]

There were tearful eyes in the President's mansion this night, and many too among the humbler dwellings of the country people round.

Several young men, sons of our farmers and artisans, enlisted with the volunteers, and are going to join Washington's army, which is now marching to Cambridge, where the head quarters are to be. My uncle's youngest son, Frank, a fine spirited lad of eighteen, the darling of the whole house, has also gone with them.[98] Since the first call to arms, his impatience to join the forces so hastily mustered, could scarcely be restrained; and the opportune arrival of this fine regiment, raised in his native province, seemed to

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[96] Una and her protector, the Redcross Knight, are characters from Edmund Spenser's epic poem *The Faerie Queen*.

[97] *Romaunt:* romance (archaic)

[98] "Frank" is probably Weare's son Nathaniel, who would have been eighteen in June of 1775. There is some confusion as Nathaniel had an older brother named Nathan, and the military roll records use Nathan more frequently than Nathaniel. However, there is a mention of Nathaniel listed as a sergeant in Captain Henry Elkins' Company on November 5, 1775. A muster that same month lists a "Nathan Weare." He is noted by Brown to be a lieutenant at the end of the war. Meshech Weare's third son Richard joined the continental army on May 29, 1775, at age 23. He rose to the rank of captain but was killed at Fort Ann, New York, on August 4, 1777.

him like a special call of Providence. Last night, he asked his father's consent; it was given freely; he "had no right," he said, "to withhold aught his country needed in her dire extremity."[99]

When all the company had gone, and the house, now so silent, was left to repose, I returned to the parlour, where the family remained, for the sad pleasure of exchanging their parting words with Frank. The poor fellow paced the room with moistened eyes, though he strove to look very brave, and we all tried to seem cheerful, and talked hopefully of the future. My aunt must have felt it a sore struggle to part with this Joseph of her affections;[100] but she meets the trial with a cheerful smile, and like a Spartan mother, sends her son away with a blessing, and a solemn charge to be faithful to his country and brave in its defence. The clock pointed to the hour of twelve before we separated; the domestics all waited in the hall to speak with master Frank, for they had heard with consternation that he was about to leave them. My uncle called them in, and opening the large Bible, he read from it some passages aptly chosen; and then all kneeling, he offered the evening prayer, and most fervently commended his departing son to the protection of his heavenly Father.

We all went to our separate rooms with heavy hearts, such a chill seemed to fall upon the house. One door after another silently closed, and old Pompey's careful step

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[99] The minimum age to entlist in the continental army was sixteen or fifteen with parental consent, so asking his father's consent appears to be more an issue of respect than a legal requirement.

[100] In the biblical story, Joseph was the favorite son of Jacob.

was heard last threading the passages to see that all was safe.[101] A light was long burning in Frank's chamber, and I knew that the mother had gone there, to give her darling boy the last loving words and affectionate counsel.

At break of day, this morning, the whole household was astir, and the drums at the encampment were already beating for a march. But Frank was gone. He could not bear another farewell, and he wished to spare the pain to those who loved him so well. So he rose very early, and saw only Jenny, who was in his secret, and who indeed had not lain down the night long. Pompey, who had carried him in his arms when he was a little baby, went along with him; and with a pride which struggled with his tenderness, saw him welcomed by the colonel, and received by the whole regiment with a loud cheer. Not one of them, he insisted, could "hold the candle to little massa Frank, for good looks, and he was beside an inch taller than the best of them."

The breakfast was a heavy meal in spite of all we could do. Little Annie cried because she could not see Frank again; and Jenny's eyes showed plainly how she had passed the night. Tom tried to be witty, but failed entirely; I could not say a word; my uncle and aunt began to discuss the late congress at Philadelphia, when old Pompey returned, bringing a report of Frank's departure, and this gave us all an excuse to turn to the subject nearest our hearts, and so we talked about him more cheerfully than could have been expected.[102] We missed his gay laugh sadly, as we went about our morning

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[101] Pompey (106 BCE—48 BCE) was a military and political leader and member of the Roman nobility.

[102] The Second Continental Congress began meeting in Philadelphia on May 10, 1775.

employments; but Jenny read aloud some history of the old Grecian victories, which mightily revived our spirits, and seemed a prophecy of what our own brave arms may yet accomplish. Then we bethought ourselves to set about and work a pair of colours for Frank, who has the promise of an ensigncy to begin with.[103] So we got leave of my aunt to go rummage her old oaken trunk, which we well knew to be stored with choice bits of silk, and gold thread and flosses, and whatever else we should need.

This trunk is a great piece of antiquity, and is held as a sort of heir-loom in the family. It is of huge proportions, covered with red morocco, now somewhat dingy, and studded thick with brass headed nails, which Chloe now and then takes a fancy to brighten up with great lustre.[104] It stands in a large entry, at the head of the broad staircase, and the key never leaves my aunt's pocket, except on special occasions. There are many legends about this trunk, for it has seen divers fortunes with the last century. It was given to my great-grandmother, W., on her wedding day, well filled with rich dresses, brocades and satins, and fine laces. She was the daughter of a wealthy London merchant, and tradition says, her dowry was a heap of gold her own weight, it being placed in the scales and balanced against herself. If such was the custom now, I am thinking it would not be the handsomest damsels, but the heaviest, who were chosen for brides! If my great grandmother's father had been more chary of his gold, perhaps more of it would have come down with the trunk to our day. So Jenny was saying to me, and as we laughed over the odd story, I sat down and wrote the following:

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[103] An ensign is usually the lowest ranking commissioned officer, usually given to a junior officer, who also acts as the standard-bearer for the unit.

[104] Chloe, another name for Demeter, the Greek goddess of agriculture.

That famous old trunk came over the seas,

Borne up and borne down by many a breeze;

‘Twas once filled with treasures right precious I trow,

But the bride and the treasures, oh! where are they now?

Ere the first bloom of youth from her cheek passed away,

Or time, meddling knave, sowed her tresses with grey;

Far away from the home where her childhood was blest,

She fled with the free, to this land of the West.

The *trunk* still remains, but the gold stayed behind,—

All, save the pure gold of the heart and the mind;

And her daughters, if weighed for their dowry, I deem

Would soon find the empty scales kicking the beam.

But who cares for the dross? we have enough still,—

All the blessings of plenty and freedom of will;

Our grandam’s shrewd sense, and her beauty in sooth,

If the men flatter not, and our mirrors speak truth.

I had written thus far, and Jenny was looking over my shoulder mightily amused, when we heard a horse galloping up the avenue in hot haste, and looking out of the window, I saw a man dismounting, who we knew must be a bearer of despatches to my

uncle. He brought an official message from the provincial congress of Massachusetts to my uncle, setting forth the state of public affairs, and the excitement which every where prevails. The President was exhorted to use all his influence in raising troops within his jurisdiction, to reinforce the army now encamped at Cambridge. The congress have disallowed the authority of General Gage, who remains shut up in Boston, with no authority beyond it, and though he has proclaimed martial law in Massachusetts, his threats are defied and ridiculed. Men grow bolder as they are threatened and coerced; and through gracious messages are still sent to the king, and reconciliation is talked of, as if desired and possible, the sight of the two armies, frowning at each other, doth not much look as if they would shake hands and be at peace. The news is on the whole cheering to our prospects, and yet it makes our hearts sad when we think of poor Frank; how many dangers surround him, and how soon he may be called into active service.

June 16th, 1775.[105]—We have wrought so diligently on the colours for our young ensign, that they are now finished and ready to be sent to him. Jenny threw aside her romances and her poetry, and set to work with all her heart, and my aunt took great pleasure in aiding us with her good taste and skill; even little Annie, when she could do nothing else, would thread needles for us. Truly, it is very beautiful, and we look at it with much pride; the azure ground, emblematic of hope; the eagle expressing freedom; the wreath of laurel, and the motto, "Freedom and Union," all wrought with gold and silver threads and divers rich colours, and with each thread was woven fond wishes, and prayers for success and victory.

[105] This date should probably be July 16, considering its placement in the narrative

It has been unfurled, to the admiration of all the country round; and to-morrow will be sent forward to the camp, with some fresh recruits, that have been lately raised. Old Pompey has obtained leave to go along with it, to "give it safe into young massa's hands," he says; and truly, I believe the warm hearted creature would risk any fatigue, or run into any danger, just to look into "young massa's" face again. He will go freighted with many comforts, unknown to camps, for the absent boy; with many fond tokens of remembrance, and love messages enough to fill the largest saddle-bags in the country, if such things could be made tangible and reduced to weight.

We have heard from Frank but once since he left us; he was in high spirits, full of courage, and longing for active service. General Howe has entrenched the main body of his army on Bunker's Hill, and another division is strongly fortified on the Neck leading to Roxbury. Our army in full sight, lies on both sides of Charles river, sweeping along from Cambridge, covering the high grounds at Roxbury, and stretching to the heights of Dorchester, which are strongly fortified; a circuit of at least twelve miles. And there they lie, the two armies, like the great giants, Gog and Magog of old, grinning defiance at each other.[106] Alas! how many hearts will ache at the first battle sound!

Jenny vexes herself about Frank more than I believed her light hearted nature would do for any one in like circumstances. But Tom laughs provokingly, and says poor Frank is but a *cat's paw*, or a sluice through which her tears may flow unmarked for

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[106] Gog and Magog: Most commonly, apocalyptic forces in the Bible who are opposed to God's people. In this case, Foster may be referring to two legendary giants defeated by Brutus of Troy; statues of these giants have been present in London since the time of Henry V.

another gallant youth, who has gone to join the *rebels*. Jenny blushes so prettily, that I shrewdly think there is some ground for his saucy badinage.

I have been writing on, as if I had not a care in the world, and yet I am very sad at times. My father has written me from S—, and he seems to feel very lonely, and to look on his affairs with a troubled eye.[107] Our brave town of Boston seems most specially marked out for royal vengeance, and since the port is shut up, and all business stopped, there are few merchants who do not feel that they hold their properties by a very uncertain thread. But yet there is not one, who will not sooner give up all, than relinquish the just rights of a citizen. My father has taken a house at S—, for he cannot return to Boston, if he would, in these times; and though my aunt Molly, the kindest of old maids, is there looking after the house-keeping, I feel that he will greatly need me, and that I can cheer him up, and make him feel more comfortable than any one else.[108] We must all help to bear the burden in these trying times; and with a right cheerful heart I am ready to take my share of crosses and tribulations, for the sake of the good cause.

Cousin Ralph and Kate gave us an agreeable surprise yesterday, by riding over unexpectedly to visit us. They have cheered us not a little, for Frank's absence makes a sad blank in our home circle; and we shall insist on keeping them here for a week at least. My father will be here at that time, and we may probably all leave together; my father and I tarrying a brief time at H—, on the way to our new home.

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[107] Along with the displacement of his life, the recent passing of Grant Webster's mother in April of 1775 probably added to his loneliness.

[108] Both Grant Webster and Hannah Wainwright had sisters, yet genealogical records indicate that each married at least once. It could be that one was long widowed and was seen as an old maid as a result.

CHAPTER 4

PATRIOTIC ZEAL AT THE DAWN OF THE WAR: FOSTER AS REPUBLICAN EXEMPLAR

While the second chapter offers a representation of how accounts of Foster, as an author or woman (and sometimes both), have changed since the publication of *The Coquette*, the previous chapter provides the available text of Foster's recovered journal and offers a contextualization of the events covered in the posthumously published "Stray Leaves." The previous chapter provides a first-hand account of Foster's reflections on important social and political issues—views that, previously, could only be assumed through an analysis limited by available texts or distorted according to the researcher's own desires and biases. Instead of determining Foster's beliefs by analyzing fictional characters such as *The Coquette*'s Eliza Wharton or *The Boarding School*'s Mrs. Williams, "Stray Leaves" offers a unique opportunity to better understand a woman whose legacy has often been determined based on the particular motivations of the researchers in question and transformed based on society's changing values.

By proposing a perspective on Foster that has been unavailable prior to the finding of "Stray Leaves," this chapter will offer a more accurate representation of Foster as a young woman who is able to provide her unique view on America in her own words and her own position during this troubled time. Ultimately, the evidence Foster provides shows a young woman who, like most of us, is a product of her time and place, with concerns about decorum and dress that would likely reflect many others of her generation and status. Yet what sets Foster apart from other women from this period is the way her

journal models progressive republican values. In fact, given the information presented in the journal entries, "Stray Leaves" furthers a perspective of Foster as the embodiment of female virtue and republicanism during the period of the American Revolution. The focus of this chapter is to argue for a reassessment of Foster as more than an author or symbol of upper-middle-class prosperity and see her instead as a truly republican figure.

In this analysis of Foster as republican exemplar, this chapter analyzes information available through the journal entries covered in the content provided in *The Literary Garland*, which covers the period from May through July of 1775. Prior to the discussion of Foster's republicanism, this chapter begins by connecting the notions of virtue and republicanism, particularly in the ways those relate to the position of eighteenth-century women. Secondly, the chapter contextualizes the social and political conditions in Boston in the months leading up to and those immediately following the open conflict at Lexington and Concord to offer a more thorough explanation of the immediate context from which Foster's family fled. Lastly, this chapter provides comparisons to other women in positions similar to Foster in order to gauge her reactions to these events against those of her peers. In order to argue that Foster is in fact a model of eighteenth-century female republicanism, it is necessary to show how her experiences on her journey and reactions to the national conflict contrast with those who are less willing to make sacrifices on behalf of the American war effort.

The Importance of Virtue

When considering a term such as "female republicanism" it is useful to first comment on the innate connections of republican government to ideas of virtue. Seen as a

government centered on the common good, a republic required "public virtue," where "an extraordinary moral character in the people" created "a willingness of the individual to sacrifice his private interests for the good of the community" (Wood 68). The necessity of the people and their government to maintain these principles (even today) remains its weakness (Wood 66). As elected officials and legislators, men held the primary responsibility of preserving this social and political structure and oversee the nation's domestic and international interests, all the while keeping this core value at its center. In contrast, women remained within the domestic sphere as wives and mothers, charged with instilling moral virtues in others, a decidedly limited role. In "The Republican Wife: Virtue and Seduction in the Early Republic," Jan Lewis writes:

> To the extent that the success of the republican endeavor rested upon the character of citizens, republicanism demanded virtue of women, not because it numbered them as citizens but because it recognized how intimately women, in consensual unions, were connected to men. A virtuous man required a virtuous mate. Moreover, republicanism called upon every means at its disposal to assure male virtue. (699)

Despite its idealization, female virtue, perceived as private (rather than public) morality, was not valuable in and of itself but as a means to an end, that being the encouragement of public actors—men—to "engage actively in civic life and to sacrifice individual interests for the common good" (Bloch 38). Thus, to understand the position of women and their value in the age of republicanism, it is imperative to view them through this lens of virtue.

American literature from the post-revolutionary period corroborates this emphasis on feminine virtue, though it is usually stated as a personal pathway for female security and happiness rather than a subject of national significance. Rife with conduct manuals and didactic fiction, including Foster's two known works, American literature of the late eighteenth century (and beyond) offered women lessons on proper behavior so that they would be better positioned to achieve success in their socially expected aspirations of wife and mother. These texts, many of which were sentimental novels, found an eager reading public, largely because they offered realistic representations of women's lives and gave women power in their role as moral arbiter for their society.

> Stories that placed moral authority in the hands of women became so popular in the 1790s because they played out in the most intimate of contexts the grandiose redemptive and inspirational role that women were expected to perform in the republican experiment now unfolding. Women could and must ensure moral order by using their hold over men to shape their conduct as suitors, husbands, fathers, and citizens. (Godbeer 297)

Yet while these texts often touched on domestic issues such as proper housekeeping and social concerns such as fashion and proper social behavior, protecting a woman's chastity was usually the primary concern, and the nationalistic undertones of sexual deviancy were less ambiguous for its readers.

Scholars of this early proto-nationalistic period have widely accepted that issues of virtue, especially moral character, are often at the core of understanding a character's (literary or otherwise) American-ness or lack thereof. Using this formula, it is easy to distinguish the British soldiers Montraville and Belcour, from Susanna Rowson's

Charlotte Temple, as the lowest type of men: those who prey on the virtuous nature of others for their own ends, often through sexual conquest. *The Coquette*'s Major Sanford is another reiteration of Samuel Richardson's Lovelace—though an American, he nevertheless exhibits in his duplicitous manners and sexual desires the aristocratic European libertine. Novels often punished these male characters accordingly, either through their own deaths or by forcing upon them a life of shame and misery.[109] Women who fell for the trickery and cunning of such debased men must face the inevitability of public embarrassment or death; those who overcome the sensual temptations find happiness through God, marriage, family, and community.[110]

Ultimately, a woman's ability to rebuff unwanted or inappropriate sexual advances becomes an indicator of future happiness. This precarious situation, where a girl's future prospects might be determined from a single moment of lapsed judgment, is addressed in Judith Sargent Murray's "On the Equality of the Sexes," where she critiques the injustice of a culture that expects naïve young women to "triumph over the machinations of the most artful" despite a lifetime of physical objectification by a society that prioritizes physical beauty over intellectualism (9). Success in this regard—

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[109] Richardson's Lovelace is killed in a duel, as is Rowson's Belcour (by Montraville). Another example of such a death is present in the anonymously published *Amelia; or, the Faithless Briton*. Major Sanford and Montraville survive but experience only somber, joyless lives.

[110] The female protagonist in Benjamin Franklin's "The Speech of Miss Polly Baker" (1747) fits this mold as well, though it makes significant distinctions between the ways such social deviancy impacts men and women. After losing her virginity to a professed lover, Baker is unable to marry due to her soiled reputation while her seducer becomes a county judge. The essay also addresses the social effects of this prejudice, showing how the legal system and the stigma of illegitimate children result in abortion and infanticide.

marriage—meant a reasonable expectation of financial stability, shelter, and social acceptance. For women, Christian virtue offered a path to eternal salvation through God and church while social virtue offered a path to earthly salvation through the institution of marriage.

For those in the middle class, female virtue is inextricably linked not only to a woman's chastity but also to her ability to perform the expectations of middle-class domesticity. In *Desire and Domestic Fiction,* Nancy Armstrong argues that the ideal housewife is one who can regulate both her sexual and economic desires to secure community esteem and class mobility (81). As the manager of household expenses, a woman's duty was to aid her husband in securing financial success through a somewhat selfless frugality in domestic expenditures. The resulting conflict between economy and rising social position put these women in a condition Carroll Smith-Rosenberg refers to as a "double bind": "To claim class respectability, they had to be fashionably dressed and leisured. To claim republican virtue, they had to be frugal and industrious…[which] undermined their husbands' and fathers' claims to social refinement and political importance (153). This dissonance was one of the many complications for women of the middle-class who sought to advance their family's prospects while at the same time holding true to republican values.

Linda Kerber has pointed to housekeeping and other concerns, particularly children's education, as significant to her idea of "republican motherhood" to show how women asserted political influence through the raising of their children. In *Women of the Republic*, Kerber highlights the role as one in which the mother would "encourage in her sons civic interest and participation" and more generally "educate her children and guide

them in the paths of morality and virtue" (283). While direct political agency was unavailable, these women would form the bedrock of a republican nation through the ideals of active citizenry fostered within the home during a child's formative years. The effect of married women on the nation, while indirect, was one of significance during the war and the early national period.

If the key tenet of republican motherhood is to manifest virtue in children, then one obvious way for young women to prepare themselves for this role is by performing these virtuous behaviors in the years prior to their marriages. For many young women, this meant emulating the behaviors of adulthood even in childhood. Nancy Cott argues in *The Bonds of Womanhood* that motherhood and its related domestic occupations offered "a social and political role that also defined women as a class, and became the prism through which all expectations of and prescriptions for women were refracted" (189). To be an influential woman was to be a mother; for those not yet a mother, it was imperative to accept these ideals as part of a female birthright while they waited for their own acceptance into this class through the establishment of their own families.

Outside the institution of marriage, opportunities for young women to have a similar impact on the new American nation has been less acknowledged. For example, the conditions of Foster's youth indicate a position of some privilege, but without children to raise or a husband to quietly influence, Foster and other young women of the late eighteenth century are not accounted for as part of this republican motherhood ideology. For if women were primarily expected to influence those existing with their domestic domain, what was the value of a young woman without the domestic power gained through the position of wife and mother? If women's positions were already

marginalized, how might women with even less political clout—young, unmarried women—further ideas of American republicanism and make their own impact?

As previously mentioned, a married woman's virtue is reflected through the impact she has on the behavior of her children and husband, and in this era of social and political insecurity, the certainty of her position afforded some comfort. For those young women who, like Foster, were yet to enter the confines of the marital state, their opportunities to advance republican values were less defined and less demanded. By not having their own families, they were able to spend their time more liberally and interact with a greater variety of people. It could be argued that these young women had an insignificant role because of their lack of social power; conversely, one might argue that their lack of responsibility offered greater freedom to engage in behaviors that might seem problematic for a married woman who must ultimately answer to her husband.

This freedom and a firm republican sentiment both determine the beliefs and actions of Foster. Within "Stray Leaves," Foster's political allegiances are clearly stated: "She had been brought up in the sound whig principles of the old Bay colony; her youth was developed amidst the stirring scenes of civil strife, and her warm sympathies were freely given to the cause of her country's freedom" (Cheney 12). If the goal of republicanism was to establish a government for the public good and the role of virtue was to ensure the survival of the republic, then republican virtue can be seen as the ways in which an individual's actions support or protect that common good. During the early part of the Revolutionary War, this required an unequivocal rejection of British monarchy. It is with this perspective that this chapter seeks to understand the motivations and actions of Foster and her role as republican exemplar.

Situating Foster: The Onset of the War and Exodus from Boston

Cheney's brief introduction to Foster's journal does very little to contextualize the conditions present in Boston during this period; thus, the following first-hand accounts of others in Boston can better explain the economic and political reasons for the removal of the Webster family from the area most impacted by the deterioration of British and American relations. Prior to an analysis of Foster's own actions during this period, it seems prudent to present a more detailed and accurate accounting of the events that precipitated the events related in "Stray Leaves." Such a discussion offers more than a digression of this chapter; instead, it offers a better understanding of how these events colored Foster's perception of the war and the appearance of her nascent republicanism, especially considering the social and political upheaval that marked this period in her life.

During the early months of 1775, Grant Webster resided in Boston with his daughter Hannah and son Redford and operated a merchant shop near Treat's Wharf. Little information has been discovered to quantify Grant Webster's success as a man of business, though Cheney's introduction to "Stray Leaves" indicates a life of comfort and the trappings of success, including "a flowered dressing gown and velvet slippers." It was in this setting that the young Hannah would sit near her father in the evenings and "read the newspaper aloud from beginning to end, often stopping to comment on the various topics brought in review before them" (12). The news of the day, of course, was the commencement of war between the American people and the occupying British troops, an event with particularly local significance, especially for a man like Webster who relied upon commercial dealings to support himself and his family.

Even before the events at Lexington and Concord on April 19, the specter of war and the disagreements between the British government and Boston's residents was already having a significant and detrimental impact on the local economy. Once a bustling port city, Boston now suffered from a series of legislative acts by the British which, among other things, revoked local control of government and closed the port of Boston until its residents made financial compensation for tea destroyed in the infamous Boston Tea Party. As traffic at the docks came to a halt, merchants, sailors, shipwrights, and others who depended upon maritime commerce for their livelihood faced financial uncertainty through this loss of activity and employment. The armed conflicts at Lexington and Concord in mid-April exacerbated rising tensions within the community, and many sought a respite from the conditions in Boston by seeking shelter beyond the reach of British military control, even though many had little time to prepare adequate travel arrangements. Cheney relates, rather simplistically, that her forbears, as supporters of the rebellion, "requested passports to quit the town" and soon left. Although the actions taken on behalf of Webster's family to vacate the area seem rather straightforward and painless, leaving Boston in the midst of war was generally a more complicated process.

In reality, the rush by Bostonians to exit the city had begun even before the first shots were fired at Lexington. In a letter dated April 11, 1775, merchant John Andrews writes: "We are all in confusion at present, the streets and Neck lin'd with waggons carrying off the effects of the inhabitants, who are either affraid, mad, crazy or infatuated…immagining to themselves that they shall be liable to every evil that can be enumerated, if they tarry in town" (89). Another week of worry and the eventual onset of

war created additional chaos, so that when Sarah Winslow Deming attempted to escape with her family nine days later, she soon discovered that "there was not a carriage of one kind or an other to be got for love or money" (4). Although she was fortunate to locate a chaise later in the day, her preoccupation with securing transportation prevented her from packing little more than the bare necessities for her family. The widespread panic meant crowded streets for those trying to leave, and getting out of the city was increasingly difficult, as "there was a constant coming & going; each hinder'd [the] other" (4). Similarly, the Websters also packed rather lightly: her father and Hannah rode on one horse, while "the most valuable family plate, a necessary supply of clothing, &c." were packed on a horse ridden by "a faithful negro servant" (Cheney 12). British anxiety caused heightened security and increased suspicion regarding the motives of those entering and exiting the town.[111]

In the days following the outbreak of war, the rush to evacuate the city became more pressing. In a letter dated April 23, 1775, Andrew Eliot, the minister of the New North Church, writes his son to prepare him for the arrival of relatives:

[111] Many of those wishing to leave town after the beginning of the war were required to obtain a pass, but a lack of clarification on the policies currently in place created further anxiety. Town meeting minutes from April 22, 1775, indicate that town representatives approached General Thomas Gage and Brigadier General James Robertson to complain of the unavailability of supplies and provisions and what that meant for their future safety and livelihood. Along with elucidating the reduced state of the inhabitants, selectmen also petitioned for those citizens who desired to evacuate, given the present and coming troubles. The agreement between both parties resolved that the British would protect those who decided to remain within Boston; if any citizens desired to leave, they must apply for a pass, which would be granted as long as those persons relinquished their firearms prior to their departure. Applications for passes were being accepted as early as eight o'clock on the morning of April 23 and could "be had as soon as Persons wanting them shall be ready to depart" ("Boston town meeting minutes").

> What you feared is come upon us - We are moving out of Boston - We have been shut up for some days the way is like to be open in a short time - I know not what to do, not where to go - At present I think to tarry in Boston.…your Mother & Nancy - I will endeavor to get them to Weston or further if possible - I am unhappy till they are away – but cannot possibly bring them. If Capt. Thorp comes I shall endeavour to send in him Polly, Sally & Eph. & Sukey - I should be glad there were any other way to conveying…. I know I put you to difficulties - but you are the only Asylum I have - poor Boston May God sanctify our distresses which are greater than you can conceive - Such a Sabbath of melancholy and darkness I never knew….every face gathering paleness – all hurry & confusion – one going this way & another that – others not knowing where to go. (Eliot, "Letter…to his son")

By the 24th of April, Andrews writes that "if I can escape with the skin of my teeth, [I] shall be glad," despite the likely prospect of losing his entire fortune and becoming a "beggar" (92). Days later, Eliot writes to a friend, noting the increasingly difficult situation present in Boston:

> Filled with the Troops of Britain & surrounded with a provincial Army, all communication with the Country is cut off, & we wholly deprived of the necessaries of Life, & this principal mart of America is become a poor garrison Town. The inhabitants have been confined to the city more than a week, & no person suffer'd to enter -- At length the General hath consented that if the Inhabitants would deliver their Arms they should be

> sufferd to depart[.] This proposal humiliating as it is, hath been complied with[.] In consequence of this agreement almost all are leaving their pleasant habitations & going they know not whither-- The most are obliged to leave their furniture & effects of every kind, & indeed their all to the uncertain chance of war or rather to certain ruin & destruction— (Eliot, "Letter…to Thomas B. Hollis")

In *After the Siege: A Social History of Boston, 1775-1800*, Jacqueline Barbara Carr writes that around ten thousand Boston residents abandoned the city between April and early June (22), though the town added to its population as a result of increased troop deployment and the admittance of Tories from beyond Boston who remained loyal to the Crown. Of the approximately 20,000 inhabitants of Boston in the Spring of 1775, 4,000 were British soldiers (Werner 10). By the end of July, there were less than 6800 Boston inhabitants, while the number of British soldiers and their dependents had grown to twice that amount (Frothingham 235). In a relatively brief period, Boston's populace had altered considerably due to a pervasive anxiety about what the future might bring.

The earliest period of the American Revolution is often contextualized through troop movements and through the eyes of military or political leaders, but the perspective offered in these panicked letters written to family shows a side often underreported—that of the personal dangers and fears of the average citizen. In fact, perhaps the most striking concern described by residents such as Eliot and others was the general sense of bewilderment experienced by those who remained in Boston, plagued by fear and uncertainty. Many of these families sought an escape from the front lines of war, not to mention the British occupation of the city, but had little opportunity to confirm potential

places of refuge beyond its borders or to ensure safe passage. Scenes such as these, while not part of the romanticized version of the Revolutionary War, offer rare insight into the daily realities of life during the period. The war, after all, was not merely a conflict of political ideas or military engagement. At its most basic level, it was a story of people adapting as best they can to a local trauma and adjusting to the changing conditions of their lives.

While reading the existing accounts of those leaving Boston, a common thread becomes evident. Overall, there is an urgent desire to relocate despite the life of relative comfort many are forced to abandon as they leave their homes and community for an undetermined period as transients. Many, like the family of Sarah Demings, left without a destination or even a direction in mind, the prevailing thought simply being to leave while it remained a possibility, ultimately putting their survival in the hands of God and the kindness of strangers. By early May, John Andrews writes that the town's population had fallen by half, with another quarter of residents still waiting for the passes required to leave (93). Those living beyond the confines of Boston also questioned whether they too should prepare to relocate. In a letter from Plymouth in the days after Lexington and Concord, Mercy Otis Warren writes to her friend that "I am still in a state of suspence,—still uncertain whether I shall continue in my own pleasant habitation or whether in a few days, I shall not be obliged to seek a retreat in the wilderness from the remorseless sword of a foe" (47), a response likely spurred by the appearance of travelers making their way out of Boston.

For Grant Webster, the comforts of home and the responsibility of overseeing a struggling business were perhaps the few reasons delaying him from exiting Boston,

though, as a result of the Boston Port Act, his trading was likely at a standstill. Conditions worsened for Webster on May 17, when a fire started by careless British soldiers destroyed nearly thirty stores near the town docks, including the one occupied by Webster's shop. The British had not only hindered the opportunity for economic success but were specifically to blame for the physical destruction of Webster's own business. Yet in these troublous times, with thousands pouring from the city, a new problem arose. British restrictions on those wanting to remove themselves from Boston forced most families to relocate with only a small number of their possessions, leaving many now unoccupied homes and shops appealing targets for looting and theft. Among these was the merchant Samuel Salisbury, who, in a June 6 letter to his brother, wrote: "I cant be reconciled to leave at present. I think it is my duty to take care of our interests and although I cant defend it in case of attack, it is at present in my power to protect it from thieves and robbers which we are surrounded with. Empty houses are broken open, goods are stolen and some destroyed" (Nichols 59). Although the Websters did leave sometime in May, the family's remaining possessions in Boston remained under the care of her thirteen-year-old brother Redford and "a faithful negro servant,"[112] to provide security against looters, vandals, and thieves looking to take advantage of the many homes left unprotected due to this mass exodus of families.

[112] It is unclear whether Webster's black servants were slaves or free. However, an advertisement for Grant Webster's trading business in *The Boston-Gazette and Country Journal* from February 5, 1770, lists "Male and Female Negroes" among the various items for sale, so it seems unlikely that a man who participated in the slave trade would have qualms about keeping his own. In addition, the will of John Webster, Grant's father, showed that he owned at least one slave at the time of his death (Sharples 90), making Webster's position as a slave-owner more likely.

It is during this time of confusion and fear that Foster's "Stray Leaves" begins. As previously noted, Foster's account does not include a detailed description of the situation in Boston, so modern readers must rely upon Harriet Cheney's brief introduction to contextualize the journal's opening entry. Without a first-person narrator, the reader is asked to "imagine the intense interest with which passing events were observed" as Cheney situates the upcoming narrative within its historical context—the arrival of additional troops, the naval blockade, the economic conditions. But Cheney's relation of the family's leaving corroborates many of the details found in the aforementioned letters and journals of others participating in the exodus.

The emotional impact these events had on Cheney's mother is also stated quite plainly. Foster's initial entry mirrors the feelings of those who were similarly displaced: "I left my dear home with a heavy heart not knowing whether I should ever see it again, since the times have grown so dark and troublous." As a sixteen-year-old girl with limited family ties, her life and responsibilities are less complicated than others; however, there remains the same sense of sadness, danger, and uncertainty others have shared. This gloominess, however, is not pervasive throughout Foster's text. In fact, moments of despair over the fate of the nation are remarkably few in number as the journal continues. At times, she shares fears for her family's safety and her disagreements with those whose views differ from her own, but the narrative as a whole provides a clear construction of the young Webster as positive and optimistic in both feeling and action. Its perspective of contemporary events is exceptional and unique. As a document detailing this historical moment, it relates one of the most important events in American history from the viewpoint of a young woman confident in her loyalties and unshakeable in her patriotism.

While this woman would later succeed in writing one of the most popular novels of early America, the importance of "Stray Leaves from an Old Journal" should not merely been seen as an addendum to Foster's previously published works. While these journal entries present a richer understanding of the author at such a pivotal moment in American history, they also offer an opportunity to study and understand the practices of patriotism for a young lady during the Revolutionary War through an analysis of Foster's experiences.

Foster and Female Patriotism

Along with contextualizing Foster's departure from Boston, a discussion of her social class is also relevant to understanding her character. In *Liberty's Daughters: The Revolutionary Experience of American Women, 1750-1800*, Mary Beth Norton writes that "city daughters from well-to-do homes were the only eighteenth-century American women who can accurately be described as leisured," a result of the less demanding nature of an urban household versus a more rural life, and a reduced expectation of producing cloth for the family's needs (22). Thus, "they could live at a relaxed pace, sleeping late, learning music and dancing, spending hours with male and female friends, and reading the latest novels" (Norton 22). As a girl brought up in relative comfort, it appears that such a life was in line with Foster's own experiences. In fact, much of her journal is consumed with the types of leisurely interactions Norton mentions, and a majority of her time is spent engaging in exactly these sorts of behaviors in her travels from Boston to Hampton Falls, New Hampshire.

One could assert that, despite the family's comfortable lifestyle, Foster may have had a greater share of domestic obligations than her social peers. Her mother, according to some accounts, died in 1765.[113] Foster's surviving older sisters, Mary and Abigail, would have been aged thirty-five and twenty-three, and their lack of mention in "Stray Leaves" could indicate that both were already married with their own families (or, at the very least, were residing elsewhere), leaving the burden of domestic employments at their father's home in the hands of Foster. However, there are no comments in Foster's journal on the tedious obligations of domestic work or how her travels free her from those responsibilities, though she does participate in sewing during her visits with extended family. Of more significance to this question is the mention of an aunt Molly, noted as "the kindest of old maids" (Cheney 138), as Foster prepares to return to her father at a newly-acquired house in S___ near the end of the narrative.[114] Aunt Molly, Foster notes, "is there looking after the house-keeping"; Foster's concern, on the other hand, is to

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[113] Research into Hannah Wainwright's death has been inconclusive, as it is not recorded in vital statistics from the period. S. P. Sharples writes that Foster's mother died on March 13, 1765, though efforts made during this project have been unable to corroborate this assertion. If Sharples is correct, Wainwright died during the birth of a younger sister, Anne Webster—perhaps the same "Little Annie" mentioned during Foster's time in Hampton Falls—though further details of Anne's life are largely absent from public records. Eliza Lanesford Cushing's historical novel *Saratoga*, a romantic tale set during the American Revolution, presents a female republican exemplar who loses her mother at a young age; this seems to be a fictional representation of her mother.

[114] This could be Salisbury, Massachusetts, a town located about six miles south of Hampton Falls, where the Websters lived for a number of years prior to moving to Boston. However, Foster's remark in the last line of the journal seems to indicate that traveling through Haverhill, which is about seventeen miles southwest of Hampton Falls, would lead them to their new home, so it may well have been Salem or some other town farther away. Molly is probably Grant Webster's sister Mary, who would have been fifty-three at this time.

comfort her father: “I fear that he will greatly need me, and that I can cheer him up, and make him feel more comfortable than any one else” (Cheney 138). If Molly maintained this position prior to the war in their Boston residence, Foster’s time in domestic employments would have been reduced considerably and might offer some indication of why her focus would be on companionship with her father rather than the traditional duties of most women of this period.

Even if Foster was not ultimately responsible for managing household affairs in her Boston home, she, like other young ladies, still required an education in homemaking. One reasonable comparison for Foster is Anna Green Winslow, who lived in Boston with her aunt, the aforementioned Sarah Deming, in the early 1770s to attend finishing school. Her diary, first published in 1894, is remarkable in its detailed presentation of girlhood as an apprenticeship in womanhood, with much of its focus on the various responsibilities of adult women: “She could make ‘pyes,’ and fine network; she could knit lace, and spin linen thread and woolen yarn; she could make purses, and embroider pocket-books, and weave watch strings, and piece patchwork” (Earle v). As a girl of the upper class and only a year younger than Foster, it is likely that their experiences were similar and household duties the same, even if the Webster family did not achieve an equal status in society.

Of more relevance to Foster’s republicanism are the ways that Winslow develops an understanding of women’s roles, including her own, as anti-British sentiment grows; even as her father served in the British military, her close ties to the British did not

prevent her from acquiring republican ideas in a town such as Boston.[115] In a letter to her family on February, 21, 1772, Winslow calls herself "a daughter of liberty," noting that "I chuse to wear as much of our manufactory as pocible" (32). Boston nonimportation agreements in the years leading up to the war, along with public condemnation in newspapers and the threat of mobs for those who did not comply, made life increasingly difficult for those who held pro-British views or took a neutral stance. Decisions taken by American women to refuse the purchase of imported British goods, including items such as cloth and tea, became instrumental in sustaining effective boycotts because, as the figure primarily responsible for household management, "women's desires in the form of domestic consumption drove much of America's import trade" (Smith-Rosenberg 152). Moreover, these "prewar boycotts initiated the politicization of the household economy and marked the beginning of the use of a political language that explicitly included women" (Kerber 41). These boycotts showed that women could, and must, lend their aid to the nation by refusing to enrich the British government while offering their support instead to American interests, including the forthcoming call for independence.

Sarah Deming's influence on her niece raises an interesting question: Did Foster also have a strong female presence who impressed her with the importance of female republican virtues? Possibly. However, it seems more likely that her father was the

[115] Winslow's father was Joshua Winslow, a Bostonian who served as a military officer and politician for the British in Canada during the latter half of his life, including the years leading up to and during the American Revolution. His daughter, from around 1770 to 1773, lived with her aunt in Boston to complete her education through the various schools in the area, with special attention paid to writing and sewing. Through the publication of the Diary of Anna Green Winslow in 1894, its editor Alice Morse Earle hoped to show "a very exact notion, a very valuable picture, of the dress of a young girl at that day" (iv).

source of this republican influence. He did, after all, sign a Boston nonimportation agreement in 1769, and the British policy to stifle maritime commerce prior to the Siege of Boston could not have improved his financial situation or his views of the British empire.[116] Whatever his views may have been, to this point, they can only be inferred based on his daughter's whiggish tendencies, his decision to exit a Boston now unfriendly to those with republican views, and his decision to leave his daughter with relations who actively supported the American war effort through public displays of patriotism. The only extant letters written by Webster were addressed to Meshech Weare and were composed between 1765 and 1769; regrettably, they involve mere matters of property and omit any political discussion. By 1782, his allegiances were more obvious. Webster seems to have reestablished himself in Boston and was appointed to serve as one of the thirty-six men responsible for recruiting men from Boston for the Continental Army (Boston Record Commissioners 235-36). Since there is no evident republican mother figure within her life, Foster's political views must have been formed through her father's influence as well as through her own study and interest in the conflict. Considering her close relationship with her father, it is unsurprising that Foster is quick to align herself with the American cause.

Regardless of the cause of her republican beliefs, in what ways do we see such behaviors enacted in "Stray Leaves"? For starters, even in Cheney's preface, Foster is

[116] Grant Webster's name was not among the more than 650 signees on the non-importation agreement from October 28, 1767, one of the earliest protests against the taxation imposed upon Bostonians by the British government. It is possible that Webster was not currently operating as a merchant at this time, was absent from Boston, or was among those who simply refused to sign.

already positioned as a female patriot with an understanding of the issues at the root of the conflict. Her mother is described as sensible and witty, something her writing clearly shows, but notes, significantly, that she "prided herself, above all things, on her political sagacity" (Cheney 12). Foster's habit of reading the newspaper aloud to her father doubtlessly kept her informed on current events and allowed her an avenue for discussing the implications of the latest developments. Such an interest in public civic events in her own life and her scorn for those less invested arises in *The Coquette*, when Mrs. Richman defends her own attention to her country's political affairs:

> We think ourselves interested in the welfare and prosperity of our country; and, consequently, claim the right of inquiring into those affairs which may conduce to or interfere with the common weal. We shall not be called to the senate or the field to assert its privileges and defend its rights, but we shall feel, for the honor and safety of our friends and connections who are thus employed. If the community flourish and enjoy health and freedom, shall we not share in the happy effects? If it be oppressed and disturbed, shall we not endure our proportion of the evil? Why, then, should the love of our country be a masculine passion only? Why should government, which involves the peace and order of the society of which we are a part, be wholly excluded from our observation? (Foster 35-36)

The applause that follows Mrs. Richman's speech seems to echo the response Foster receives from her own relations during the course of the journal and provides a glimpse of Foster's own feelings toward women's role as it relates to the political sphere. Both women and men had an important role to play in the current crisis, even if those efforts

by women, limited as they were by imbalances in authority and power, lacked the glory of their male counterparts.

As a young woman accompanying her father out of Boston, there appears to be an adequate understanding of her own place in this conflict. As they make their way to Haverhill, Massachusetts, Foster and her father see a countryside coming to life, both in the continued cultivation of land by farmers, but also through a rising sense of excitement and danger brought about by the armed resistance. At this part in the narraitve, however, they are more than mere travelers; they act the part of informants to the outside communities, updating them on events and the conditions within Boston. The "people crowd about us at the places where we stop, to hear the last news from Boston" (Cheney 12); as they pass through small villages she remarks seeing men "burnishing up some old muskets that had lain idle since the Indian wars" (Cheney 12). While unable to participate in these traditionally masculine actions of patriotism such as armed conflict, she nevertheless is shown as an ardent supporter of those who refuse to submit to British threats by presenting a country that is worth fighting for and a people willing to protect it from those who would oppose its independence. Her support for the war is clearly stated—"God prosper the righteous cause!" (Cheney 12)—and offered without apology.

With some exceptions,[117] women's patriotic duties were largely economic through the employment of boycotts, and Foster's narrative offers one particular scene that shows her unwillingness to skirt these self-imposed restrictions. One anecdote she presents relates to the use of tea, and it is here that she most strongly shows her patriotic feeling.

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[117] The most famous exception was Deborah Sampson, who disguised herself as a man and served a year and a half in the Continental army.

While in Haverhill after a quilting party with her cousin's female acquaintances, she notes that

> all the powdered beaux of the village, friends and brothers of the young ladies, were invited to tea. Tea, we still call the social evening meal, though that is a proscribed luxury, since the ships were overturned in Boston harbour, some months ago. But my cousin Kate always manages to keep a small supply, and with a pretty self-will, which no one ever quarrels with, she will use it whenever she pleases. (Cheney 14)

Notwithstanding her cousin's popularity, Foster notes a "patriotic demonstration by those present, at this open defiance of public sentiment" (Cheney 14). Tea, after all, was more than a mere beverage; it was a microcosm of the unfairness of British rule and one of the most public displays of American resistance in the colony.

Foster's reaction to this episode provides a useful contrast to her peers and shows that she was willing to support the war effort in word and action. Despite the initial reaction by those assembled, Foster writes that "I am sorry to say, very few had resolution enough to refuse the tempting beverage." Foster, however, was not to be seduced by the sight or aroma: "But not a drop would I taste of it, for *I knew that the hateful duty imposed, had been paid on it*; so that I sat fanning myself in a great flush, and looking daggers at Kate, who only smiled at me, and took a sip of tea, as if drinking my health" (Cheney 14). Her resistance to this act insufficiently soothing, she also manages to purposely spill her cousin Ralph's tea (while feigning innocence). As a whole, these actions can be seen as inconsequential. They do, however, point out Foster's

willingness to hold fast to her patriotic beliefs in the face of pressure from those within her social class.

To Foster, Kate's display was likely not uncommon. Accounts written by women of a similar age and class indicate a preoccupation with society rather than politics. Anna Winslow's diary spends a significant amount of time on dress and fashion and little touching on the political situation in Boston. The journal of Sally Wister, a teenage Quaker staying with family outside Philadelphia between 1777-1778, shares these characteristics as well.[118] An entry from December 1777 relates that on one occasion, "the conversation turned on politicks, a subject I avoid," so she and a friend immediately removed themselves from the discussion (Wister 123). As a whole, Wister's journal shows her as one more concerned with her dress and the comings and goings of the various American officers than she is about the politics of the war. This could be a result of her family's Quakerism but seems more related to her own lack of interest in politics. This overall tone and subject of the journal, as Kathryn Derounian-Stodola states, "reveals her as a giddy teenager whose self-definition is almost exclusively social and romantic, as seen in her fantasies about the Patriot officers quartered at the farmhouse, concern over her appearance, boredom at her daily routine, and relish in recounting her adventures, triumphs, and embarrassments" (129). Wister's account, while amusing and witty, relates the traditional roles and expectations of women; as such, it offers a useful

[118] The sixteen-year-old Wister, along with her family, had escaped Philadelphia prior to its ten-month British occupation and took refuge with a relative in North Wales, Pennsylvania, approximately twenty miles north of their home. Wister's account, though less political than Foster's narrative, is valuable because it remains "a rare and valuable contribution to early American adolescent literature and an interesting example of women's vernacular writing" (Derounian-Stodola 128).

contrast to Foster's own nascent republicanism due to the indifference with which Wister treats the conflict.

Highlighting these differences should not be seen as an attempt to position Foster as one wholly unconcerned with issues of taste or fashion. In fact, Foster writes frequently on matters of dress and personal style as they relate to various persons within the narrative. Her cousin Ralph, for example, has a wig "bagged and powdered in the latest fashion," "ruffles…of the finest quality," and "gold shoe-buckles" (Cheney 13). As the relatives in Hampton Falls walk to church services one morning, she offers a more detailed description of her uncle Meshech Weare:

> First went my uncle, his erect stately figures set off to advantage in a snuff colored coat with long lappets, a fine embroidered waistcoat of white satin, and plush breeches, fastened at the knees with gold buckles. The frills on his bosom and wrists were delicately plaited, his white silk stockings displayed very comely legs, and his shoes were adorned with gold buckles of the largest size. He carried a gold headed cane in one hand, and a cocked hat rested on his powdered wig. (Cheney 71)

After taking inventory of her uncle's apparel, she immediately begins a similar catalog of her aunt's dress and accoutrements. At various points in the narrative, she writes about the dress of cousins and even on the dress of black female servants. Like many young women of the age, she possesses a keen eye for fashion and well understood its role as a class marker.

Even Foster's description of their arrival in Hampton Falls reflects the value she places on appearances. Their journey on horseback from Haverhill left them looking the

part of "dusty and way-worn travellers," though Foster had no interest in making "such a sorry appearance" as they rode toward the house to greet their hosts, many of whom she was meeting for the first time (Cheney 15). She quickly gave her father's wig a shake and then slightly opened her riding cloak "to shew the smart lacing of my boddice, and tossed the hood jauntily a very little from my face" (Cheney 15). Sticking their horse with a pin caused it to set off at top speed toward the house, "so that we were carried up with a sort of triumphal flourish to the door" (Cheney 15), confusing her father but providing Foster with exactly the sort of reception she desired.

As with the tea, there was a limit to what Foster's sensibilities would endure, regardless of its fashionable nature. Early in her journey, she discovers that her riding cloak has caught on tree branches, leaving her hair "somewhat discomposed in the encounter" (Cheney 12). The disappointment that ensues is brought about by the reality that there could be some difficulty finding a skilled hairdresser in these more rural areas. But it also offers a reminder of her political commitments as she remarks on the status of her current hairstyle and the dismissal of her previous hairdresser: "It was well dressed a week ago, in the most approved fashion, but when I sent for my hair-dresser to touch it over before I left home, he had gone to the red coat ladies, so I would give him no more employment. I wonder if the knave thinks he may serve honest towns-people and those gentry at the same time!" (Cheney 13). Foster's attention to fashion indicates her appreciation of style and dress, both as it concerns her own appearance and that of others; however, these material desires are only worthwhile so long as they do not interfere with her political allegiance.

Of those who draw Foster's wrath, none are so criticized as those who refuse to actively support the cause. While cousin Kate gets a pass for continuing to drink tea, others who do not openly support the American cause, especially men, are specifically singled out for their betrayal. During her time in Hampton Falls, a customs officer from Portsmouth and a postmaster from a neighboring town, both of whom owed their positions to the Crown, were markedly uncomfortable at the open display of pro-American sentiments at her uncle's house. Although she remarks that each of these men supported the movement, their financial dependence on their stations prevented them from advocating for the American cause, making them the more abhorrent in her eyes. "Freedom of will is less prized by them than the gold and high places of oppression. Thank heaven, the freedom of our country doth not rest on such wavering and timorous reeds as these! we have bold and true hearts amongst us, ready to dare and to endure!" (Cheney 133). For Foster, duty to country and the people of America was far more important than the security of a position.

The character she finds most repulsive in her narrative is a man referred to as Henry E., who arrives at her uncle's mansion late one night with a female companion. Having absconded from their home, they appeared at the Weare mansion to be married.[119] To Foster's surprise, the young woman is an acquaintance; the man, meanwhile, is suspected of being a fortune hunter and one she has long cautioned her

[119] Foster notes that New Hampshire did not require marriage banns (public announcements of marriages weeks in advance) as did Massachusetts. Her uncle's position as judge and location just across the Massachusetts line made his participation in these sorts of marriages not uncommon.

friend against. Her disappointment grows when she learns the two are siding with the British and will be traveling to New York after vows are exchanged.

On one hand, her friend Lucy is betraying her parents, who have opposed the marriage; Foster argues on their behalf on the necessity of respecting their judgment in the matter. But finding this line of argument ineffective, Foster asks her friend to consider what else she is compromising: “Think you it is seemly to desert a cause which your nearest kindred have so near at heart, to fly with one who is false to his country, and who is even now leagued in the councils of its enemies? Oh! If filial love cannot sway you, do not thus degrade yourself in the eyes of all whose esteem is worthy of regard” (Cheney 135). Lucy’s response was probably one all too familiar to Foster’s ears: “What have we to do with party strifes?” (Cheney 135).

Of all the queries from her peers that concerned the war, this is likely the one most disconcerting for Foster. During the era of the American Revolution, as Jennifer Baker notes, “Many women’s first-person accounts avoid discussions of the war’s underlying causes or political stakes, either because their religious principles condemned the conflict or because they felt ill-equipped as women to formulate an opinion on war or to follow its complex military maneuvers” (96-97). While Foster’s entries show a clear awareness of the causes of the war, the troop movements and battles fought, most young women of this time probably would have shared the views of Lucy, who saw no role for herself in this struggle. They may have aligned themselves with Sally Wister, who found politics to be a repulsive subject, preferring affairs of romance as more appropriate for female colonists. Or like Foster’s cousin Kate, perhaps they did not see the harm of

undermining the boycott by using British tea, especially if there was a social event that would be well attended by her social peers.

This refusal to participate, to acknowledge their role—however limited it might be—is one that Foster likely found most troublesome. Near the end of her journal, she condemns Lucy's husband, who "has deserted the good cause…at the very moment when his brave countrymen are arming to defend their liberties," but also, more significantly, his bride for her complicity in these events, complaining that "she never did seem to comprehend public affairs very clearly" (Cheney 135-36). One way to assess the true patriotic feeling of Foster in these early years is by examining these notable differences between her and her peers, especially as it concerns understanding their own roles within this struggle, and it is in this regard that she is most evidently an exemplar of female patriotism and republican virtue.

For women like Lucy who found themselves disengaged or otherwise noncommittal in the war effort, their lack of interest becomes a question of virtue, a question of one's moral obligation in these trying times. Men, through the avenues of war and diplomacy, would take center stage. Nevertheless, it was also important for Foster that women do their part, in whatever way seemed best—even if only by providing information, helping with recruitment, or by enforcing boycotts of both products and services. Perhaps it would be in providing material support such as clothing or symbols of allegiance, as Foster and her relatives did in creating several flags in support of the army and its troops. Regardless, there was a role for all to play. The fight for American independence from the British Crown was one that not only concerned the political and military leaders of the day, but it also relied upon the common men and women who

contributed through their interactions with peers and their influence on those within their social circles. Foster, in many ways, was remarkable because of her unique understanding and awareness of this particular historical moment and her active, though socially limited, participation in it.

Foster's impression of the war is often positive and enthusiastic, and she does not often confess her personal fears in the journal. Nevertheless, she, like many others, faced hardship as the war began. Her family was forced to evacuate their home, and her youngest brother Redford remained in a dangerous and increasingly anxious Boston. Other family relations are joined the Continental army and may never return. The question of American independence is unsettled, and the impact of war on its people is unknown. Near the end of her narrative, she writes,

> I have been writing on, as if I had not a care in the world, and yet I am very sad at times…. Our brave town of Boston seems most specially marked out for royal vengeance, and since the port is shut up, and all business stopped, there are few merchants who do not feel that they hold their properties by a very uncertain thread. But yet there is not one, who will not sooner give up all, than relinquish the just rights of a citizen…. We must all help to bear the burden in these trying times; and with a right cheerful heart I am ready to take my share of crosses and tribulations, for the sake of the good cause. (Cheney 138)

Fears aside, Foster understands the struggle and is willing, in good republican fashion, to put the needs of the country ahead of her own. As such, she presents a notable contrast to her peers through the relations present in her journal.

As a historical document, "Stray Leaves From an Old Journal" is a significant portrayal of America in 1775. With its descriptions of colonial life and first-hand account of the conflict, it offers a unique vision of how the war appeared to one young lady and those of her social peers. This journal presents Foster's observations, insights, and critiques of American life from an unusual perspective, that of a sixteen-year-old girl who is also a model of patriotic virtue. This unique discovery offers a valuable resource not only in the ways it can provide a better understanding of Foster as novelist, but more importantly reveals the true sentiments of Foster the individual; as such, it forces a reevaluation of our previous assumptions of Foster and must be seen as an important addition to Foster's legacy as a writer.

CHAPTER 5

FOSTER'S LITERARY LEGACY

The process of recovering a forgotten literary work or author can often begin with taking a text, which may or may not have been previously published, and developing a rationale for its inclusion within the current critical discourse. In large part, the American canon has been significantly broadened using such an approach, though the unknown quantity of texts still unrecovered supports Andy Doolen's claim that "the recovery project…remains in its early stages; one can only guess which authors and novels will be securely implanted in the literary canon in 2050" (122). Despite the endless possibilities of recovery and its attraction for those with a research and teaching interest within the field of early American literature, Doolen reminds us that recovery itself doesn't always permanently establish a text within the canon. His essay, "Women writers and the early US novel," published in 2012, remarks that Rebecca Rush's *Kelroy*, deemed a success story after recovery efforts in the 1980s, had once again fallen out of print.[120] Although the process of recovery must begin by making a text available, simply putting a text in the public eye does not equal recovery and must therefore be seen as only one part of the equation.

In contrast to *Kelroy*, the current accessibility of *The Coquette* and the large and growing body of scholarly criticism surrounding it seems to indicate that, at least for now, there is little need to worry of its disappearance from the field. But part of what this

[120] Since the publication of Doolen's essay, Broadview Press has published a critical edition of Rush's *Kelroy*.

project has aimed to do is develop a perspective on Foster that enhances the critical understanding of the author and her work, one that deviates from the typical close-reading paradigm that remains a foundational part of literary studies. It focuses less on what a specific interpretative reading might show and more on how developing a fuller understanding of the author might encourage inquiry to support the recovery process, something necessary in all recovery but is even more significant if the text falls within the genre of personal writing such as journals and diaries. Furthermore, this project has attempted to distinguish fact from conjecture when possible, by offering a critical synthesis of Foster's literary reputation and providing available historical evidence for clarification.

On the surface, there appears to be little need for a recovery project on an author such as Foster who has, by this point, been mainstreamed as much as any novelist who was published during the early years of the American republic. As previously mentioned, *The Coquette* seems firmly entrenched in the American canon, at least within this period. The continued success of this novel has been largely responsible for the availability of Foster's conduct manual *The Boarding School*, a text that, given its publication history, seems dependent upon *The Coquette* for maintaining its relevance. In fact, the only recent editions of *The Boarding School* to be published are critical editions by W. W. Norton and Broadview Press, both of which include it in the same edition as *The Coquette*, where it is always positioned within the volume after the epistolary novel.[121] Since its original

[121] Conversely, along with the critical editions from W. W. Norton and Broadview, *The Coquette* remains available through editions from Oxford University Press, Dover, and Penguin, though the latter is in conjunction with William Hill Brown's *The Power of Sympathy*.

publication in 1798, *The Boarding School* has only been published as an addendum to *The Coquette*.

"Stray Leaves," as a result of its insight regarding this remarkable point in American history, is capable of standing on its own as both a literary and historical text, and this project aims to reinforce this claim. Its salient contribution might be its historical significance through its relationship to the Revolutionary War, but it also has value as an early American travel narrative. The conditions and problems of traveling from one place to another is given less consideration within "Stray Leaves" than is seen in Sarah Kemble Knight's shorter journal from 1704, yet it can be argued that Foster's discussion of the places and people with whom she visits is more thorough (and generally less condescending). It can also be examined in terms of its presentations of race and gender, along with its mythologizing of America's earlier years. And as the previous chapter makes plain, the text has significant value in presenting how Foster's narrative reflects a republican ideology from an uncommon position.

An examination of Hannah Webster Foster's performance of republican girlhood in "Stray Leaves" is only one of the many potential opportunities for creating a fuller and more accurate account of her life, and the previous chapter shows the various, though limited, ways that Foster participates in the struggle for American independence during the early years of the revolution. The final chapter of this project will look more closely at how "Stray Leaves" can help provide a better understanding of Foster as a whole. It addresses questions surrounding Foster's unwillingness to acknowledge her authorship of her other works, the ways in which "Stray Leaves" might cause modern critics to

reconsider their perceptions of Foster's feminism, and the reasons why the appearance of "Stray Leaves" a decade after her death can be seen as a betrayal of her wishes.

For most of her life Foster remained a woman intent on preserving her privacy, as evident with her anonymous publications of *The Coquette* and *The Boarding School* and the lack of any publications during her lifetime that divulge her name. As a result, locating a text such as "Stray Leaves" that was never meant for the public eye creates the same sort of guilty pleasure that readers of *The Coquette* would find familiar. There also exists an undisputable level of irony. In the same way readers can experience the titillating adventures of Eliza Wharton and her real-life counterpart Elizabeth Whitman through an exchange of personal letters between close friends, "Stray Leaves" offers a similar first-hand account—personal and private—through a text that was also never intended for consumption either by her family or the public at large. As much of this project is designed to reevaluate and recover Foster through "Stray Leaves," one of the most pressing points of concern is how it came to be published and whether it should have been published at all.

Foster's Daughters and the Anonymity of "Stray Leaves"

In April of 1785, Hannah Webster married John Foster, a pastor in the Congregationalist Unitarian Church,[122] with whom she had six children. Although we cannot measure the influence Foster's writing may have had on her family, we do know

[122] Rev. Foster became the first pastor of the First Church in Brighton in 1784 and continued in this position for forty-three years. He resigned in 1827 and died in September of 1829 (Pierce, Frederick Clifton. Foster Genealogy. Chicago: W.B. Conkey, 1899. 238-39.). In 1874, Brighton was annexed to Boston.

that two of her daughters, Eliza Lanesford Cushing and Harriet Vaughan Cheney, shared their mother's literary inclinations. Their first publication was a collaboration on *The Sunday School, or Village Sketches* in 1820. Cushing would later author the novels *Saratoga: A Tale of the Revolution* (1824) and *Yorktown: An Historical Romance* (1826); during the same period, Cheney authored *A Peep at the Pilgrims in Sixteen Thirty-Six: A Tale of Olden Times* (1824) and *The Rivals of Acadia: an Old Story of the New World* (1827). Published anonymously, the literary efforts of Foster's daughters tended toward an historical or biblical bent, but neither author found much success with contemporary literary critics or the American reading audience. If Foster's authorship of *The Coquette* had been known and her relationship to these works revealed, it may have created additional interest. But even today, despite having been written by one of the first families in American fiction, the novels by Cushing and Cheney are largely disregarded by American critics.[123] Both sisters married in their mid-thirties and moved to Montreal with their husbands soon afterwards. After the death of John Foster in September of 1829, Hannah followed her daughters to Montreal and died there on April 17, 1840, at the age of eighty-one.

It is unclear how frequently Cushing and Cheney were published in the United States after their move into Canada, but they did find local success as contributors to *The Literary Garland*, a new Canadian literary journal that hoped to showcase the burgeoning

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[123] Nina Baym's *American Women Writers and the Work of History, 1790-1860* offers one of the more developed discussions of Cushing and Cheney, wherein she also notes the difficulty during that period of finding success as a writer of historical fiction. Apart from the works of James Fenimore Cooper, there seemed to be little interest in supporting American-authored texts that offered fictionalized accounts of America's past (152).

literary culture of Canada.[124] Throughout the period of the magazine's existence, Cushing and Cheney were staples of *The Literary Garland*. Cushing was published in the first issue in December of 1838 and had seventy separate appearances over the life of the journal. She also became the journal's editor from 1849 until its final issue two years later. Cheney originally appeared in the ninth issue of the initial volume (published the following year),[125] but had only sporadic contributions until 1850, when her works became more widely used, probably as a result of her sister's rise to the editorial position due to the ailing health of the *Literary Garland*'s previous editor, John Gibson. The numerous works published in *The Literary Garland* by Cushing and Cheney, which primarily consist of prose and poetry, are generally more appreciated by scholars interested in the establishment and rise of Canadian literature and the role of *The Literary Garland* in advocating for a Canadian literary culture than they are by those who limit themselves to writing published within the United States.

Despite the recent increased interest in sentimental fiction of the early nineteenth century, neither Cushing nor Cheney have received much critical attention outside of Canada and have been largely ignored by American researchers concerned with the literature of the early United States. This lack of interest can be attributed to the unremarkable literary reception of their early works and their eventual emigration to

[124] Cushing and Cheney also founded and edited *The Snow Drop*, a monthly magazine for children between 1847-1851.

[125] *The Literary Garland*'s first four volumes were published from December to November, but the fifth volume was pushed back from December of 1842 to January of 1843, presumably to line up with the calendar year. With the January 1843 issue, the publishers also restarted the numbering of the journal (the January 1843 is listed as Volume I, Issue 1).

Canada. Similarly, Mary Lu MacDonald offers a broader perspective for the lack of Canadian scholarship on Foster's daughters, arguing that Cushing and Cheney are largely ignored by Canadian scholars "because they were American-born; because they were middle class women who wrote principally for women and children; because they are part of our early nineteenth century heritage and definitely not postmodern; and because their Unitarian theological and social point-of-view makes them 'untypical' in the eyes of modern scholars." Today, the literary output of these authors is seen as little more than a footnote in U.S. literary history. Given today's greater awareness of female writers in the nineteenth century, many of whom were disregarded for years because of a perceived lack of aesthetic value, there remains a considerable amount of critical work left to be done regarding Foster's daughters and their contributions to American literature. This project owes a substantial debt to Cushing and Cheney for their role in publishing their mother's remarkable narrative, though it is likely the result of their little-known status that such a piece as "Stray Leaves" has gone unnoticed for more than one hundred and sixty years.

It is also worth remembering that at the time of her death, Foster's authorship of *The Coquette* and *The Boarding School* was still unknown to the general public. Ten years later, when "Stray Leaves" was published between January and March of 1850, Foster's identity was not made explicit within Cheney's introduction or through the narrative itself, nor did it allude to her previous literary accomplishments. In addition, the numerous works Cushing and Cheney had penned and published in *The Literary Garland* retained some degree of anonymity as well, identifiable only through their initials (E.L.C. and H.V.C., respectively). "Stray Leaves" does make a direct connection from the author

to her mother but fails to offer clarification on why her mother might be seen as a significant figure, especially for a primarily Canadian readership. The issue of Foster's privacy appears to be one that greatly concerned the sisters despite their ultimate decision to publish her work.

Even with the publication of "Stray Leaves," there remained a consistent effort to maintain a certain level of anonymity. Over the course of its publication from January to March of 1850, the printed version of "Stray Leaves" uses various techniques to obscure the identities of the various parties who appeared within the narrative, a purposeful maneuver intended to maintain this privacy. One method used is to provide a name for characters that differs from their given names. For example, even at its beginning, it mentions the impetus for presenting this narrative to readers by alluding to an obituary printed in a newspaper that announced the death of an unnamed relative, "a near relative of my mother" who was "an intimate companion of her girlish days" and "the last of an honored family" (Cheney 11). Based on the relationships disclosed within the narrative, this companion is her cousin Jenny, but it is only through information gleaned through genealogical records that this relative's true identity is revealed as Hannah Weare Porter, a first-cousin four years older than Foster. Several other persons are disguised through a pseudonym, some of which have yet to be properly identified, such as Foster's cousins in Haverhill, Kate and Ralph. One cousin, labeled Frank, appears to be Nathaniel Weare, though some inconsistencies in Foster's narrative makes this identification probable but not conclusive.[126]

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[126] According to Isaac Hammond's *Rolls of the Soldiers of the Revolutionary War, 1775 to May 1777*, Hannah Weare Porter had at least two brothers fight in the war: Richard,

The other method used to conceal identities is to offer only the first letter of their name. Her brother Redford is referenced as "R." and is the only person within her age group to have his real name shortened. The remainder of the characters identified by an abbreviated form of their name are typically much older. Meshech Weare and his wife, Mehitable, are typically referred to as "President W." or "Mrs. W."[127] The local minister is "Mr. L."; the head of the military company that appears in the narrative is "Captain R." The towns visited throughout the narrative are also not explicitly named; instead, Haverhill becomes "H——l," Hampton becomes "H—n," and "S." is possibly either Salisbury, where the Webster family had lived before moving to Boston, or Salem. I suspect the use of the initials, both for people and places, was copied from Foster's original journal, as it would have been unnecessary to write out each name in a personal journal. This also fit the editorial urge to maintain the privacy of their mother and her extended family. The alteration of the town names, however, seems to be an editorial decision directly related to the publication of "Stray Leaves." As can be seen, there is a concerted effort undertaken by Cushing and Cheney to conceal the identity of their

who joined on May 29, 1775, aged 23, and Nathaniel, who entered later in 1775 at age 18. By November, 1775, Nathaniel had been promoted to sergeant. Richard was killed on August 21, 1777. The confusion is caused by Foster's claim that Frank, "a fine spirited lad of eighteen," was her uncle's youngest son, when he actually had two younger sons. This discrepancy may have been caused by Foster's unfamiliarity with the family, as she admits that she "had never yet seen any of them, except my uncle" (15) prior to her arrival at their home.

[127] Meshech Weare held a number of roles during and after the American Revolution, serving as President pro tempore and President of the State Committee of Safety, chief magistrate, and first President (governor) of the state of New Hampshire.

mother, even while publishing a personal account of her life that she did not want published.

Reconsidering Foster as Conservative Author

During the American Revolution, women found a meaningful yet limited political role via economic boycotts and through material support for the military. After the war ended, their political roles were diminished, yet women found other avenues to remain active, especially through writing. In "Women Writing in the Early Republic," Joanne Dobson and Sandra A. Zagarell note that the increased publication of women's work during this period reflected an expanding opportunity for female participation in the creation of a definitively American culture. Regardless of the "sharply circumscribed political and legal rights [which] denied them civic visibility and other forms of individualized public identity…because their work appeared in print, women acquired public presence" (Dobson and Zagarell 367). This presence allowed women to speak beyond their own domestic realm and social circles, and their ideas could now influence their larger communities, especially on issues such as gender, in ways that were previously unavailable.

Regardless of this potential, most authors of fiction were reluctant to attach their name to their published work, preferring an anonymous or pseudonymous attribution instead. According to Sacvan Bercovitch, this hesitancy to take credit for fiction writing may have been driven by the somewhat contemptible status of the novel, the unprofitability of fiction-writing, and the "upper-class aversion to writing for money" (627). More than two-thirds of fiction writers published before 1820 did not disclose their

identity (Bercovitch 627), complicating modern recovery activities for the significant number of texts for which the author remains unknown, including a number of "valuable literary contributions" attributed to Foster (Locke 5). Yet there may have been other reasons for anonymity. Michael T. Gilmore argues that due to a prevailing view of art as communal rather than individual property, "everyone agreed that works of literature had the duty to serve society. The purpose of art was not to express private feelings but to advance the common welfare" (548). While Gilmore accepts other religious and social considerations for publishing anonymously, he concludes that "disowning authorship can be seen as a republican gesture" (552) insofar as the claiming of ownership represents egoism and the relegating of the common good to a secondary concern. Considering the ways Foster's commitment to republicanism is presented in "Stray Leaves," such a theory seems useful when examining the reasons behind Foster's desire for anonymity.

The environment surrounding an author would have certainly impacted the decision to take credit for authorship as well. Despite the increased opportunities for publication and the changing ways in which women of the post-Revolutionary era wrote about and questioned gender identity and equality, "women's status was left substantially unchanged; they were still, in relationship to men, subordinate within civil society. Within their discursive performances, women enacted disruptions of gender boundaries, but this did not mean that these disruptions occurred anywhere outside discourse" (Vietto 121). How then might Foster's public identity as a minister's wife have affected her desire to transgress gender expectations, both in her real life and through her literary characters? In what ways might her social position have impacted her willingness to advocate for progressive ideals in both public and private settings?

In attempting to answer this question, the issue of Foster's progressive ideals should first be addressed. One of the reasons that *The Coquette* has become a favorite among scholars is because it appears to challenge contemporary conceptions of gender equality and the institution of marriage. Cathy Davidson writes that *The Coquette* "does not openly challenge the basic structure of patriarchal culture but, instead, exposes its fundamental injustices through the details and disasters of the plot" (144). In Kristie Hamilton's critique, Foster challenges the idea of a "demoralized concept of womanhood and a demoralizing neutrality on the part of the author," and "actually engages the question of woman's powerlessness in the new Republic in such a way as to expose not only its effects but its causes" (135). As seen here, the assumption is that Foster's intent was to highlight the social and economic realities that made marriage untenable for someone of Wharton's character. This perspective allows readers to then see *The Coquette* as a subversive text and Foster as a subversive author.

Thus, the perspective of Foster is predominantly determined according to how readers choose to understand her portrayal of Eliza Wharton. Jennifer Harris and Bryan Waterman have noted that

> modern criticism of Foster's novel frequently turns on the question of the degree to which Foster shows such sympathy for her heroine. Feminist critics have often pointed out that Wharton's dilemma is more complicated than simply choosing between virtue and vice: neither of her suitors seems ideal. Other critics, reading Foster as less than sympathetic to Eliza, read the novel as an indictment of licentiousness and luxury in the post-

> Revolutionary period, a case study of what happens when liberty is taken too far. (xiv)

Considering how little is known of Foster, these differing interpretations are reasonable. However, it should be noted that Foster, despite a degree of political liberalism and the freedom from public scorn offered through anonymous publication, appeared to live in accordance with a more conservative lifestyle and created characters who succeeded only through practicing these behaviors.

This interpretation of Foster as a subversive or progressive does not adequately reflect the realities of her situation; it also fails if we attempt to conflate the characters of Eliza Wharton and Foster or perceive Eliza as a mouthpiece for Foster's own views. Regardless of the tendency to see Foster as a feminist author, the reality shows that she conformed to the expectations of the day by marrying well and performing middle-class domesticity. Eliza Wharton, sometimes seen as a semi-heroic, though flawed, feminist advocate, can be better understood as anti-republican and un-American, a character more invested in her personal interests than the common good. Understanding the value Foster places on republicanism offers the truest indication of how Eliza should be read. Her seduction by Major Sanford is not seen as a moment of strength or empowerment but one driven by loneliness and depression. The child conceived through an extramarital affair is only one example of Eliza's fall; the other, less notable perhaps, is the role Eliza plays in destroying Sanford's marriage and her betrayal of Sanford's wife, a woman Eliza associates with for the sole purpose of attracting her husband's attentions. Rather than considering her role in making a better society, the coquettish Eliza seeks only to fulfill her selfish ambitions. If Foster is seen as an embodiment of republicanism, as argued in

the previous chapter, then it becomes increasingly difficult to view Eliza through a sympathetic lens.

As evident in Foster's novel, the conundrum for the coquette is that her power over men fails once she attempts to enter a more normalized relationship. In *The Transformation of Authorship in America*, Grantland Rice writes,

> The coquette enjoyed a position of power by projecting the appearance of consent and refusal at once. For in flirtation, the coquette chronically and ubiquitously foregrounded her power to choose, which remained in force so long as this oscillation remained in an enduring form. Once she decided one way or the other, the coquette lost the power to control her "market value," since she no longer held the symbolic reigns [*sic*] of desire and scarcity. (166)

Understanding the limits and future consequences of her own agency, Eliza leverages this power during the climactic garden scene in an effort to coerce a marriage proposal from Sanford, unaware that his financial condition is in ruins and thus incapable of producing the luxurious life she imagines to be within her reach. Boyer's unexpected arrival interrupts this stalemate between the libertine and the coquette, and his resulting rejection of Eliza as potential wife negates her power. Her self-pitying remarks after these events—"I am undone!"—reflects an understanding of the dangers of coquetry and her failure to appreciate the stability and comforts of middle-class domesticity that Foster experienced.

Furthermore, that Eliza explicitly rejects the same sort of life Foster lived is both historically relevant considering the novel's basis on the downfall of Elizabeth Whitman

and important for assessing Foster's portrayal of Eliza.[128] It is not necessarily the illegitimacy of her relationship with Sanford or the ensuing pregnancy that most distinguishes Eliza's character from its author. As Laura Korobkin notes, to see Eliza clearly, one must "attend as carefully to what Eliza *wants* as to what she *resists*" (80). Eliza's desire for happiness in a marriage of her own choosing seems reasonable; the problem arises when her version of marital felicity is inextricably linked to the luxurious lifestyle she assumes Sanford can provide. Eliza devalues the respectable middle-class life her minster father provided for herself and her mother which, in turn, causes a rejection of her other suitor, Reverend Boyer. In this sense, Foster is the antithesis of Eliza. Whereas Eliza is a rebellious and destabilizing force within her community, Foster's commitment to exactly the sort of life anathema to Eliza clearly positions her as one who appreciates the advantages afforded a minister's wife.

Even if her intention was to create a didactic novel that showed young women the dangers of courtship and how best to proceed for future success, as a prominent female figure within her community, Foster might have seen how writings such as *The Coquette* could have been perceived differently by her neighbors. William P. Marchione asserts that, during her years in Brighton, Foster "became the acknowledged social leader of the community," though her role "was largely confined to church-related activities" (30);[129]

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[128] In the real-life drama upon which *The Coquette* is based, most historians point to Rev. Joseph Buckminster as the basis for Boyer's character.

[129] "In her reminiscences of the town in the 1820s, Mary Jane Kingsley Merwin underscored the social prominence the Fosters enjoyed by recounting the anxiety her parents…experienced at the prospect of a social call by the Fosters. The Kingsley household spent a week preparing for this [single] social event. Some sources contend

thus, a novel founded upon the seduction of a minister's daughter, regardless of its didacticism, could be seen as salacious—an unnecessary bit of gossip about an unfortunate scandal. Given her husband's status as minister, the expediency of publishing *The Coquette* anonymously served to protect her family's position and her husband's career regardless of her intended portrayal of the protagonist.

The same can be said of "Stray Leaves," especially considering the lack of religious piety the narrator displays. It is quite possible that the views espoused through the writings of a sixteen-year-old girl during the midst of a civil war were incongruous with Foster's later life. After all, there is remarkably little mention of God in "Stray Leaves," and when it is present in the text, it generally comes as part of a common phrase such as "God prosper the righteous cause," "God forgive me, but…," and "God speed." In fact, the text largely ignores issues of faith and religion unless Foster is discussing the ways these social enactments interrupt or interfere with her desire to engage in political issues. For example, in Foster's description of a Sabbath in Hampton Falls, she provides a glimpse of a conflicted girl whose passionate patriotism is at odds with religious tradition:

> The next day was the Sabbath, a day very strictly observed by all the household, more especially by my good aunt, who would in no way cast discredit on her puritan ancestry by any worldliness of word or action.[130]

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that the 'aristocratic' Fosters had an exclusive attitude that served to offend many of the town's residents" (Marchione 30).

[130] In *History of Hampton Falls*, Warren Brown notes that "although religious subjects were supposed to be talked of on Sunday, yet many a good trade was got under way [between the morning and afternoon service] which required little effort to consummate

> But the news of the preceding day lay fresh in my mind, and I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to my dear home, and to the good city of which I felt so proud, and the friends who might now be in peril there, so that more than once I was fain to bite my lips to keep back the words which were rising to them. (Cheney 71)

Her attempts to observe silence on secular issues proved short-lived, however, and she soon admits to breaking into a "sudden panegyric of all brave and noble deeds, beginning at Lexington" (Cheney 71) until she meets a disapproving look from her aunt.

Once the family arrives at the church and settles down for the service, Foster's social decorum does not improve. She struggles to conceal her laughter during the singing of psalms, comments on the uncomfortable seating and lack of cushions, and seems interested only in the sermon due to the minister's decision to speak "on the duties of good citizens, and the right of resisting the oppression of godless rulers" (Cheney 72). When Foster's *The Boarding School*, a conduct manual for young ladies, was published more than twenty years later, the fictitious preceptress of the school offers a more conservative perspective which condemns the same behavior that the young Foster displayed during the meeting depicted in "Stray Leaves":

> Jesting upon sacred subjects, ridiculing the professors of Christianity, light and irreverent conduct upon solemn occasions, ought to be cautiously avoided and decidedly condemned. Too many girls are so extremely thoughtless as to carry the levity of their manners even to the sanctuary;

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later in the week" (54-55). Obviously, Mehitable Weare was stricter on religious questions than other sectors of the community.

> and by whispering, winking, tittering and other indecent actions, display their folly to their own disgrace, and to the great disgust of all judicious and sober people. (Foster 188)

Through her lectures to her female students, Mrs. Williams expresses a view that contrasts Foster's behavior at a similar age, and there seems little reason to assume the adult Foster—as minister's wife and mother of six children—would have wanted this perspective shared with her community. To publish a work that humorously depicts a rural church service, as "Stray Leaves" does, would have likely drawn a quick rebuke had it been published or its author known.

Overall, there was little to be gained from acknowledging Foster's authorship of her works. Even if *The Boarding School* is seen as much more appropriate due to how it performs and encourages domesticity, the disclosure on its title page that its author also wrote *The Coquette* would have encouraged exactly the same sort of critiques Caroline Healey Dall and others conjured up during the latter part of the nineteenth century. The publicity of these facts would have created substantial problems for the family, both socially and economically. Publishing "Stray Leaves" could have made matters worse, especially in a community where it can be assumed the Fosters commanded a degree of respect due to their religiosity and social class. If Foster's ideas became increasingly conservative over time in regards to the social expectations of women, she likely would have rejected some of the behaviors and ideas presented in this narrative. If this is true, then the following question must then be asked: If Foster held her privacy as sacred, both during her life and after her death, then why the decision by Cheney to ultimately betray her mother's wishes?

Unmasking Foster

Given Foster's clear intention to obscure her authorial connections to the various texts published during her lifetime, the decision to publish "Stray Leaves" even after her death is curious. In one sense, the publication of Foster's journal entries by Cheney and Cushing seems a betrayal of their mother's wishes, especially considering the steps taken throughout Foster's lifetime to maintain this anonymity. Yet it also indicates a reconsideration of her wishes by those with knowledge of her literary endeavors. However, instead of viewing "Stray Leaves" as anomalous, it might be more accurately viewed as an early step in the chain of events that led to Foster's unmasking. The publication of "Stray Leaves" in 1850 was significant because it is perhaps the first instance of Cushing and Cheney actively promoting her mother's life and accomplishments.

Another factor is the interest of fellow writer and poet Jane Locke. Though largely known as someone with a peculiar interest and fascination with Edgar Allan Poe, Locke published in a number of magazines throughout the mid-nineteenth century, including a poem entitled "Beguilings" in the October 1851 issue of *The Literary Garland*. It is unclear what her overall relationship might have been with Cushing or Cheney, but this shows, at the very least, a professional connection was established less than two years after "Stray Leaves" and four years prior to the republication of *The Coquette*. It is possible that these conversations about Foster developed due to Locke's reading of "Stray Leaves," and a growing curiousity about who this lady might have been. It's just as likely that Foster came up in conversation or via correspondence,

leading Locke to eventually advocate for republishing *The Coquette* and crediting Foster as its author.

Regardless of the circumstances, Locke's historical preface to the 1855 edition was the first time that Foster's authorship was publicly revealed. A note Locke provides at the end of the preface credits Cheney as providing "key facts which have greatly aided me in preparing this prefatory chapter" (30), so it seems to have been Cheney's efforts (possibly without Cushing's approval) that finally uncovered Foster's role. Though the preface offers only a limited discussion of Foster, it was the first and possibly only published disclosure made on behalf of Foster's daughters about their mother's work. Ironically, even with this effort, there are a number of questions that arise from the preface that remain unanswered and continue to bedevil Foster research.

One issue is determining the scope and body of Foster's literary work. *The Coquette*, Locke writes, was not the only work from Foster: "There is still another extant, of which need not at this time and place make mention, besides many valuable literary contributions to the scattered periodicals of that day" (5). The surviving text Locke mentions is Foster's *The Boarding School*, which, on its title page, had only been attributed to "A Lady of Massachusetts, Author of the 'Coquette.'" The other "valuable literary contributions to the scattered periodicals of that day" have not been identified. Given the popularity of anonymous or pseudonymous publications during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, locating these works seems an impossible task without further resources and records to aid this search.

Another significant detail in Locke's preface is the acknowledgement that "a short time previous to her death, [Foster] destroyed the whole of her manuscripts, which might,

in many respects, have been particularly valuable" (5). Considering the continued interest in Foster's work well after her death, the scholarly value of these manuscripts cannot be overstated. Unfortunately, however interested one might be in the life and thoughts of Foster, such a claim, if it is to be believed, throws up a seemingly insurmountable obstacle in the search for a more thorough examination of Foster as both author and individual. And since the facts presented in Locke's preface are attributed to Cheney, there appears little reason to dispute the accuracy of these claims. However, if we are to believe that Foster destroyed the entirety of her writings prior to her death in 1840, then it seems problematic to discover the publication of "Stray Leaves" in 1850.

This, of course, can lead at least two different directions. On one hand, it could be inferred that Cheney fabricated "Stray Leaves" as a tribute to her mother. There are, after all, no manuscripts to authenticate the narrative, and there are several inconsistencies within the narrative that could be used to support such a claim: For example, the first section of the narrative remarks that "General Washington" may be called to lead a continental army, though the nomination to this position doesn't occur until several weeks later. As mentioned earlier, there are also issues where family members are incorrectly described. For example, despite serving as President pro tempore at various times for the Committee of Safety, the title of "President" was not officially given to Meshech Weare until January of 1776.

Cheney's role in the narrative is also problematic. As a writer of historical fiction (as was Cushing), it is conceivable that Cheney could easily have taken stories told by her mother and recreated them in this form. In keeping with Foster's own retelling of the Elizabeth Whitman story, "Stray Leaves" could have merely been founded on fact

without being a precise or accurate account of this brief period in Foster's youth. History books on the Revolutionary War would have been available to help situate the narrative, and Cheney's close relationship to her mother would have given her other details to approximate the thoughts and beliefs of a sixteen-year-old Foster during this significant moment.

Despite the possibility of "Stray Leaves" as a creative imagining of Foster's life, this argument is not terribly convincing. Cheney's clear transition between the introduction created to contextualize Foster's narrative and the narrative itself is separated by the statement that "my mother's own words, transmitted in "The Stray Leaves of an old Journal," will best record her impressions, and the various incidents which occurred to her" (12). Without entering into a detailed stylistic comparison of "Stray Leaves" and other works by Foster and Cheney, there are substantial differences that should be familiar to readers of each, as is apparent even when comparing the introduction to the journal entries. Mary Lu MacDonald describes Cheney as a "sound, if unexciting, writer, more interested in describing events than with creating atmosphere or character." This is evident not only through Cheney's separate works but also accurately portrays the introduction attached to Foster's narrative.

If Locke's claim that Foster destroyed her manuscripts is incorrect, then Cheney must be seen as the party responsible for this misinformation. This omission seems peculiar, especially considering the role Cheney played in the publication of "Stray Leaves" five years earlier. Perhaps it was because *The Literary Garland* ceased publication after 1851, leading Cheney to see "Stray Leaves" as inaccessible to most readers, making it yet another "valuable literary [contribution] to the scattered

periodicals" of a more recent period. Perhaps she forgot to mention it to Locke or felt uncomfortable publicizing such a personal experience to a broader audience. Most likely, it remains an issue of privacy and continues the trend of protecting their mother's past even while making an effort to recognize her contributions to this period in American literature.

Given the privacy concerns, the 1850 publication of "Stray Leaves" can be seen in the same light. Obviously, the publication and rediscovery of this work offers exciting opportunities for further research and should serve as a boon to the many readers of her work. At the same time, it can nonetheless be seen as something of a personal betrayal because it was not intended for public viewing. Whatever her motivations, Foster's authorship may have never been revealed without Cheney's intervention. There is no clear answer to why Cheney and Cushing approached "Stray Leaves" as they did, but it was likely due to a certain ambivalence about how to present the text while attempting to honor their mother's wishes. Interestingly, the various techniques used to obfuscate identity in the midst of the narrative fits a rather coquettish pattern—one where Cheney tempts the reader yet refuses to fulfill the desire created through this temptation.

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APPENDIX A

THE LITERARY GARLAND, AND BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE

NEW SERIES—VOLUME VIII (1850)

THE

LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine:

A MONTHLY REPOSITORY OF

TALES, SKETCHES, POETRY, MUSIC,

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STRAY LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.

BY H. V. C.

WHAT a host of memories are sometimes called up by the unexpected recurrence of a long forgotten name!

Looking carelessly over the columns of a newspaper, very lately, my eye was attracted by an almost forgotten name in the obituary record; it was the last of an honored family, and she who bore it, having long since passed into the oblivion of old age, had now gone to her rest, and with her was buried the social history of a past generation, of which so few relics are remaining.

The venerable lady alluded to, I had never seen; but she was a near relative of my mother, and an intimate companion of her girlish days; and I had so often heard her mentioned in the graphic descriptions which my mother gave us of her early years, that as my eye glanced on that last record, she seemed to rise up before me like a visible presence of the past. In fancy I was transported back to the old family mansion, where her father—a Provincial Chief Magistrate, and a man eminent in the political era of the Revolution,—presided with that urbane and cordial hospitality, which was then so often transferred from the lordly halls of England to grace the humble homes of the New England Colonists.

Nothing could exceed my mother's enthusiasm when she described the ample house, with all its varied comforts and social enjoyments. The good and the gifted, the statesman and the student, the grave and gay, the prosperous and unfortunate—all who could claim affinity or companionship with the good President, as he was then called—were welcomed to his hospitable mansion. Then there were nieces, nephews and cousins, a goodly company of young people, who were always domesticated in the family, and shared with the President's own children, the duties and pleasures of the household.

Mrs. W.— the mistress of the family—was a sensible, kind-hearted, but somewhat stately lady of the old school; she was of an old provincial family, and somewhat proud of her descent, and she also felt, to its full extent, the dignity of her husband's official station; but no one could have presided with more graceful dignity on all state occasions, or with more courteous affability in the social circle. According to the custom of the times, she also kept a vigilant eye over her domestic concerns, and managed her extensive household with rigid discipline and exact order. The matrons of that day, like Homer's heroines, did not disdain the labours of the loom, and, like the virtuous woman of Solomon's time, "laid hold of the spindle and the distaff."

I can see before me, as I have often heard it described, the rich old furniture of the house, brought over, most of it, a century earlier, by an ancestor who fled from England for "conscience' sake,"—chairs and tables elaborately carved, hangings for the *best room*, and family portraits in massive frames, which gave an air of wealth and comfort to the large, low and stately apartments. Then there was an abundance of old fashioned plate, and ancient china, and fine damask from the Flemish looms—curious cabinets and quaint mirrors in the ample bed-rooms—high-backed chairs, covered with tapestry, or wrought in tent-stitch, and lofty bedsteads, with their heavy drapery—and quilted coverlids of patched work, oddly put together with a patient ingenuity long since obsolete. But more valued, and regarded with more pride than all exotic luxuries, were the ample clothes-presses, filled with snowy linen, fine and abundant, the raw material grown on the soil, woven in domestic looms, and made up for all household purposes by the skilful hand, or under the superintending eye of the mistress.

Such was the establishment of my mother's relative, President W., at the period just preceding the war of the American Revolution. Amidst his public cares, and the anxiety of the times, his good temper was never soured, nor his social affections chilled, and no one enjoyed more heartily the merry sports of the young people who were constantly gathered at his house. Among these, my mother was an especial favorite; her ready wit—her shrewd good sense, and the lively interest she always took in the questions of the day—amused and interested him. She was, besides, at that time, in the blush of early youth, and reckoned somewhat of a beauty—attractions which always carry their due weight of influence, even in the eyes of a grave, middle-aged politi-

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cian. He loved to puzzle her with political problems, for my mother prided herself, above all things, on her political sagacity. She had been brought up in the sound whig principles of the old Bay colony; her youth was developed amidst the stirring scenes of civil strife, and her warm sympathies were freely given to the cause of her country's freedom.

One can imagine the intense interest with which passing events were observed and discussed, at that period, when hostile feeling was rapidly verging towards open warfare—when Boston was held in siege by a military force, and friendly relations with the mother country had entirely ceased. How eagerly was the daily paper perused—the only one then issued in the metropolis. Every day, after dinner, which was then served at an early hour, my grandfather took his accustomed seat in a tri-cornered elbow chair, and in all the dignified repose of a powdered bag-wig, a flowered dressing gown, and velvet slippers, enjoyed the luxury of a pipe, while my mother, seated on a low form beside him, read the newspaper aloud from beginning to end, often stopping to comment on the various topics brought in review before them. As affairs approached a crisis, more insufferable than all other grievances became the presence of armed soldiers in the streets; and when fresh troops arrived, and ships of war virtually blockaded the port, all business was at an end, and the citizens generally, who embraced the popular cause, disgusted at finding themselves subjected to military surveillance, requested passports to quit the town.

My grandfather and mother were among those who left, and their journey of some sixty or seventy miles, in the primitive fashion of the times, presents a quaint contrast to the easy and rapid travelling of the present day. Leaving the house in charge of a faithful negro servant, the most valuable family plate, a necessary supply of clothing, &c., was packed in saddle-bags, and thrown across a horse, on which a stout colored boy was mounted, following my grandfather, who with my mother, seated on a pillion behind him, thus set off on their long journey. Long it must have seemed then to the solitary travellers, though but a morning ride of two or three hours in the distance-annihilating cars of the present day.

But my mother's own words, transmitted in "The Stray Leaves of an old Journal," will best record her impressions, and the various incidents which occurred to her.

"May, 1775.—I left my dear home with a heavy heart," she wrote, "not knowing whether I should ever see it again, since the times have grown so dark and troublous; my dear brother R., too, we have left behind, in order that he may have an eye after our affairs, and also be in readiness to aid the *good cause* if need be. Our ride thus far has been not unpleasant, for the weather is fine, our horse in good condition, and we have passed through several small villages which look prosperous, and the country is very beautiful, and begins to be well cultivated. It is wonderful how eagerly people crowd about us at the places where we stop, to hear the last news from Boston. Indeed, there seems a general excitement, and an expectation of something fearful about to happen, so that men cluster together and talk of public affairs, instead of minding their farms and handicrafts. Yesterday evening we stopped at a comfortable farm house to crave shelter for the night, and we were hospitably entertained and lodged. We found the good man and his sons burnishing up some old muskets that had lain idle since the Indian wars, for it is rumoured that an army will soon be raised, and our good General Washington called to head it. God prosper the righteous cause!" * * * * * *

"We reached this place, H——l, at sunset today; it is an ancient town of much note in the old wars, and I well remember being here when a little child, for it was my mother's native place. We have some relations here whom we cannot pass without discourtesy, and so shall remain with them a few days, and it is a right pleasant place, with many goodly houses and fair gardens stretching along the river, which is broad and deep, and winds through green meadows, and at the feet of high hills, bordered all along with fine old trees, which seem stooping down to admire their shadows in the water. A little out of the town, however, it is still wild enough, and yesterday, on our way, and not far from it, we rode through a thick wood, which it seemed to me would never be at an end. We were told there were plenty of wild animals living in it, especially wolves, which often come out and carry away the farmer's sheep and worry his cattle, and I had not a little fear that they might take a fancy to sup on us. I looked sharply into every bush, expecting to see their fiery eyes glaring out upon me, and was once prodigiously startled by an unearthly howl from Cato, the boy, who came galloping after us in a great fright; but I found he had only caught his woolly pate in a thorn, which he took for the claws of a wild beast. It was no wonder, for our bridle path ran sometimes so close under the branches of trees, that my riding-hood once caught in them, and I very nearly shared the fate of Absalom myself. My hair was somewhat discomposed in the encounter, which

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troubled me not a little, as I can hardly expect to find a frizeur in these parts who can *crape* it so well again. It was well dressed a week ago, in the most approved fashion, but when I sent for my hair-dresser to touch it over before I left home, he had gone to the red coat ladies, so I would give him no more employment. I wonder if the knave thinks he may serve honest towns-people and those gentry at the same time!" * * *

"I have heard a deal about this old town in my childish days; how sadly it was tormented by the Indian depredations—the savage foe forever hovering round it, in its early settlements—massacring the peaceful inhabitants, and carrying women and children away into captivity. God forgive me, but I think I should have borne a most Christian hatred to those black devils incarnate! Many block houses, which held a brave siege in those trying times, are still standing, and there was one shewn me, which my grandfather, Col. W., lost his life in defending. He commanded a small garrison who were surrounded and cut up, for they would not surrender, and no mercy would have been shown them if they had. His wife was within, and her two children, and also other women and their little ones had sought shelter there, when the fearful sound of the war whoop burst upon their ears. But my grandmother was a lion-hearted woman, and, driven to desperation when her husband fell, she hastened to secure the barricades, and with the other females, who were roused by her example, poured such a volley of shot from the loop holes, and such showers of scalding water on the heads of the wretches, when they pressed near to force an entrance, that they were glad to retreat, brandishing their tomahawks and uttering the most fiendish yells.

"Women were wonderfully gifted with strong nerves and courageous spirits in those days, as the marvellous story of Mrs. Duston can testify; she killed ten Indians with her own hand, and thus escaped from captivity, and then fearing her word might not be believed, went back and brought away their scalps as a trophy of her victory. Yet I have a shrewd suspicion that these brave women were not altogether free from the little weaknesses of their sex; at least, my grandmother, when quiet times came round, found a soft place in her heart, and gave not only her hand, but all her fine property, to a second husband, for which we, her descendants, cannot quite forgive her—even the old family plate, marked with the family crest and cypher, now garnishes the tables of an alien race.

"I have just returned from a long walk with my cousins, who had a mind to show me the 'W—— farm,' as it is still called, which was my grandfather's in his lifetime, and *should* have fallen to his descendants. As my eye glanced over the broad acres, swelling into hills and sinking into green glades, sweeping gracefully to the river's edge, and bordered all round with stately trees, I could not help wishing my grandmother had been a *true* woman, and kept all these fair possessions in trust for her descendants. My cousin Ralph saucily enough says, 'she *was* a true woman, and gave all things, like a dutiful wife, into her husband's hands;' and his sister Kate very quietly answers, 'that he was a true man, for with the true selfishness of his sex, he appropriated all he had to his own purposes.'

"We had a fancy to drink from the old well that has refreshed so many generations, and from which, it is said, my grandfather took a copious draught but a short time before his last fight. It was a fine occasion for my cousin Ralph to show off his gallantry. He is somewhat of a coxcomb, this cousin of mine; but though his wig is bagged and powdered in the latest fashion, and his ruffles are of the finest quality, and his gold shoe-buckles set off a tolerably neat foot to some advantage, yet he has, after all, a sort of rustic air about him, which always makes me smile. He must think me vastly good-natured, or perhaps his vanity interprets my smile into admiration of himself, for he takes occasion to say such very foolish things to me, as though I were childish enough to be taken with a string of fine words, and now that I am in my sixteenth year! We all stood around the well, and Ralph dropped the bucket down with such a great flourish, that if the well had not been fifty feet deep, we should have been refreshed with a cold shower. Then, when he stooped to dip up some water for us to drink, he let the silver can slip from his hand, and it would have gone to the bottom, only by good chance it fell into the bucket, and so was saved. We could not help laughing at his awkwardness, which so confused him, if it were not done in very spite, that he spilled a good pint of water over Kate's flowered muslin apron and new taffety gown, for which he was well rated, for the girl has a sharp wit of her own.

"Afterwards we went to see a huge oak tree, under which, tradition says, my grandfather hid a great sum of gold, when a cry was raised that the Indians were coming to attack the place. Long after that day, so many foolish people came to dig for the treasure, that the roots of the tree were laid quite bare, and it began to droop and fade, so that the present owner, who values the old relic, was forced to warn off all such persons

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as trespassers. He has filled the earth round the roots again, and covered them with turf, which is smooth as velvet; the tree is of a noble size, and very beautiful to the eye, spreading its leafy branches broad and high. If there was any treasure hidden there, we may well believe my grandmother knew the secret, and did not suffer it to fall into other hands.

"Yesterday afternoon my cousin Kate had a quilting party, which is always an occasion of great merry-making here. She is soon to be married, and among other preparations has made a patch-work coverlit out of small scraps of silk brocade and damask, curiously put together. It can boast as many colours as Joseph's coat, and has a bunch of flowers in the middle, quite prettily designed. All the young girls of her acquaintance came to assist at the quilting; and though there was a good deal of talking and laughing, as may be supposed, yet we worked very industriously too, for there is a deep border of vines all around it, and the middle filled up with small diamonds, but it was all finished and taken out of the frame before tea time. There was such a display of good things spread out on the table—warm cakes and sweet cakes, pumkin pies and preserves, and a host of other things seen only in the abundance of a country town. All the powdered beaux of the village, friends and brothers of the young ladies, were invited to tea. Tea, we still call the social evening meal, though that is a proscribed luxury, since the ships were overturned in Boston harbour, some months ago. But my cousin Kate always manages to keep a small supply, and with a pretty self-will, which no one ever quarrels with, she will use it whenever she pleases.

"So as we were all sitting round the table, in the height of merriment, in came her black girl Rose, as neat as a pin, with a white apron on, and a showy plaid handkerchief twisted round her head, and bearing in her ebony hands a tray, containing a dozen delicate china cups and saucers, with a small silver tea-pot; the urn already smoked on the table, and a small caddy, inlaid with pearl, stood beside it. There was a very patriotic demonstration by those present, at this open defiance of public sentiment; but Kate coolly measured out the tea, and poured the boiling water upon it; while the urn hissed louder than urn ever hissed before, as if to fill up the awkward pause. Rose stood behind her young mistress, turning up the white of her eyes, and grinning, so as to show her two rows of ivory from ear to ear; and presently the fragrant vapor from the tea pot began to circulate, and soon acted like a charm on the spirits of the company. Then cousin Kate laughed one of her merry little laughs, and commenced filling the small tea cups, which were handed round, and I am sorry to say, very few had resolution enough to refuse the tempting beverage. But not a drop would I taste of it, for *I knew that the hateful duty imposed, had been paid on it;* so I sat fanning myself in a great flush, and looking daggers at Kate, who only smiled at me, and took a sip of tea, as if drinking my health. Cousin Ralph, too, who sat next me, looked so saucy, that I was resolved *he* should have none; so just as he was raising his cup, I touched his arm with my elbow, and sent the contents fairly over his plush small-clothes. His face grew very red, and he turned a sharp look on me; but I looked up with such innocent surprise, and asked his pardon so gravely, that he was fairly puzzled; and I think came to a summary conclusion, that the unlucky jog was purely accidental. But there was no more tea for him, so like the boy at the pastry cook's shop, he had to be satisfied with an agreeable odour.

"Luckily, the old fiddler who had been sent for, at that moment began to scrape his fiddle strings in the hall; and springing from the table, to the patriotic air of "Yankee doodle," we accepted partners, and began dancing right merrily. Cousin Ralph and I were soon the best friends in the world again, and we danced a minuet together with no little applause. In truth I was glad to escape a country dance, for the points of my satin slippers were made so very long, they pressed my toes sadly. What a foolish fashion this is, of making the heels so very high! We danced till quite late—nearly eleven o'clock I think, which they told us was out of all rule, and only allowed in compliment to their little cousin from the city."

* * * * * * * *

"We left our kind friends al H——l, yesterday morning early, after a week spent very pleasantly with them, my father being desirous to reach the end of the journey, which had been delayed some days by my importunity. Cousin Ralph and Kate rode on some miles with us, and we parted very sorrowfully, and with a half promise on my part to return before her wedding. But the day was fine, and we travelled through a romantic country—very lovely for the most part; and beautifully broken into hills and valleys, with clear winding streams, and sometimes we rode through a thick wood, the trees meeting over our heads, and the birds singing sweetly in the branches. So my cheerfulness could not but return to me; and I tried to forget the parting with dear friends, and began to look forward to the meeting with new ones, and to fancy how they would all look, for I

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had never yet seen any of them, except my uncle, the President, whom I remembered only as a stately gentleman, when I saw him at our own house, many years ago. My father was very taciturn that day, so I was obliged to carry on a conversation with myself, mentally, in which I was introduced to the family, received their welcome, and returned my answers in the most polite manner imaginable.

"We reached H—n before sunset, and President W's house rose before us, looking very imposing as it stood on an eminence surrounded by old elms, and the crimson western sky flashing brightly on the windows. It is a large, hospitable looking mansion, with a stately portico in front, covered with vines, and in the rear are extensive offices, and ample gardens. It commands a fine view of the country round, and on a clear day may be seen glimpses of the ocean, and the surge rolling in on H—n beach, about six miles distant. We had sent Cato on before us to announce our coming, so that when we reached the foot of the avenue, we saw all the family assembled on the portico waiting to receive us. We looked truly like dusty and way-worn travellers after the day's journey, and our horse drooped his head as if he were toiling before a plough, though he is a fine, mettlesome beast, when not tired and hungry. I had no fancy to make such a sorry appearance as we rode up in presence of the gay party who stood looking at us, so, quick as thought, I gave my father's wig a good shake, by way of smoothing it, which nearly unsettled his cocked hat, and caused him no small surprise. Then I opened my riding cloak a little to shew the smart lacing of my boddice, and tossed the hood jauntily a very little from my face; and taking out a pin, I quietly stuck it into the horse's side, at which, with a great snorting, he broke into a full gallop, which my father vainly endeavoured to restrain, for another sharp prick set him off again at the top of his speed, so that we were carried up with a sort of triumphal flourish to the door, nor should we have stopped there, but my father drew in the bridle so suddenly, that the good steed sank back on his haunches; and, in a convulsion of laughter, I was taken off by one of my cousins who stood waiting to assist me.

My father looked at his panting steed before he spoke a word to any one, shaking his head dubiously, and half believing the creature had gone mad—so that I was half tempted to betray my own secret, but wisely refrained for the time. My cousin Jenny received me with open arms, my aunt also was very cordial, and my uncle W. kissed me on both cheeks, and told me he had heard I was a sad little rogue, but a true whig, which pleased me mightily. Then Jenny introduced me to her brothers, and to half-a-score of cousins, who were there, and directly I felt quite at home. Jenny is so cheerful and bright, and so handsome too; she is two or three years older than myself, but we are sworn friends already, and long before bed time, we had strolled together into the garden, and told each other all the secrets of our lives. I am sure I shall be very happy here; that is, if there is not too much trouble abroad, but my father and uncle are now in grave counsel together, and news has just reached us, that the British commander in Boston has forbidden any intercourse with the country round, and will not give passports to go in or out. I could wish my brother R. were with us, only that I know he ought to remaina nd do his duty."

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S DIET.

Tell me, fair maid, tell me truly,
  How should infant Love be fed;
If with dewdrops, shed so newly
  On the bright green clover blade;
Or, with roses plucked in July,
  And with honey liquored?
    O, no! O, no!
    Let roses blow,
And dew-stars to green blade cling:
    Other fare,
    More light and rare,
Befits that gentlest Nursling.

Feed him with the sigh that rushes
  'Twixt sweet lips, whose muteness speaks
With the eloquence that flushes
  All a heart's wealth o'er soft cheeks;
Feed him with a world of blushes,
  And the glance that shuns, yet seeks:
    For 'tis with food,
    So light and good,
That the Spirit child is fed;
    And with the tear
    Of joyous fear
That the small Elf's liquored.

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STRAY LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.*

BY H. V. C.

JUNE, 1775.—Time flies so swiftly in this pleasant mansion, that truly I can scarce keep a reckoning of the days. My brother R., who has always a scrap of old poetry at his tongue's end, might well quote:

"The cheating old churl for naught will stay,
On unclipped wing he aye flies away."

But, as my uncle says, these are very grave times, and even in this retired place, every day brings some startling intelligence, which for a time pales the cheek, and brings us all together to wonder and speculate,—perhaps to rejoice or mourn. For instance, we were dancing merrily in the great hall one evening, when an express arrived in foaming haste, bringing news of the sudden fight on Bunker's Hill,—the clearest demonstration which has yet been made of public indignation,—and truly, though our brave men were forced to retreat before such numbers of the king's best troops, it was a retreat which may well be called a glorious victory. No more dancing was there that night, it may be well believed; but we sat down, each of us busy with our own thoughts, and many a tear dropped silently for the brave men who fell that day in their country's cause.

The next day was the Sabbath, a day very strictly observed by all the household, more especially by my good aunt, who would in no way cast discredit on her puritan ancestry by any worldliness of word or action. But the news of the preceding day lay fresh in my mind, and I could not keep my thoughts from wandering to my dear home, and to the good city of which I felt so proud, and the friends who might now be in peril there, so that more than once I was fain to bite my lips to keep back the words which were rising to them. Once,—and it was just as my uncle closed the big Bible from which he had been reading aloud one of the patriotic Psalms of David,—my thoughts catching fire from the holy zeal of the psalmist, and very perversely receiving his language as a glorification of our own arms—I broke out into a sudden penegyric of all brave and noble deeds, beginning at Lexington; and where I should have ended no one can tell; but, to my infinite confusion, I met my aunt W.'s eye fixed on me with such a chiding and astonished expression, that I stopped short and felt my face burning with confusion. Venturing, however, to steal a glance at the good President, to see how he felt affected towards me, I was not a little re-assured by observing the corners of his mouth twitch convulsively, as if striving to suppress a smile, while he sought to conceal it by raising one hand to adjust his wig, and with the other he fastened the silver clasps of the old family Bible, all the while casting a sidelong look at my aunt, as if fearful she should detect his lenity.

Soon after, the bell from the primitive old meeting house rung out on the sweet morning air, calling worshippers far and near to the house of prayer. It was at no great distance, and we set out to walk there. First went my uncle, his erect stately figure set off to advantage in a snuff colored coat with long lappets, a fine embroidered waistcoat of white satin, and plush breeches, fastened at the knees with gold buckles. The frills on his bosom and wrists were delicately plaited, his white silk stockings displayed very comely legs, and his shoes were adorned with gold buckles of the largest size. He carried a gold headed cane in one hand, and a cocked hat rested on his powdered wig. My aunt, not a whit less stately, was arrayed in a dove colored taffety, furbelowed with pinked flounces of the same, and the skirt opened in front, showing a petticoat of quilted satin. The pinked ruffles of the sleeves fell below the elbow, and her arms, still round and fair, were shaded by black picnic mittens. A black satin cardinal fell over her shoulders, and her head gear was of the latest fashion. She carried a large fan with carved ivory sticks, which sometimes served as a sun shade, when that luminary shone too saucily in her face. Her hand rested with much ceremony on the President's arm, and the long toes and high heels of her walking slippers, kept perfect measure with his slow and dignified step. The rest of us followed, two and two, in the order of seniority, and the utmost gravity and decorum were enjoined on every member of the household. The servants followed at a respectful distance. Most of them were freed blacks, and the females showed their love of contrasts by the bright tints which they chose to set off the hue of their ebony complexions.

*Continued from page 15.

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The meeting house stands on a high bare hill, as if set there for a beacon to the scattered congregation. It looks old and weather-beaten, and is guiltless of all adornment, save the little belfry, in which the bell now swung, heavily tolling its drowsy summons. The few small windows shook even in a summer breeze, and the old porch stooped and seemed nodding to us as we toiled wearily up the hill, oppressed by a scorching sun. I marvelled much to see so many people as now came wending their way from all directions, the village seems so small, and the country round very lonely. There were men and women, with children of all ages, even infants in their mother's arms, all dressed smartly in their best Sunday attire, and looking demure as became the day, yet very cheerful and contented withal. The country people from a distance, came on horseback, and they all rode double, having every one a pillion behind, on which a buxom dame or damsel was seated, and sometimes two or three children edged in between. Even the horses seemed to partake the gravity of the occasion, as they checked their pace and stopped with a prolonged snort at the well known block, close beside the porch door, where the riders dismounted, leaving their steeds patiently to wait till the service was over, the more restive ones being tied to stakes placed near for the purpose.

The sexton was giving the last pull to the bell rope as we entered the porch, and the people standing there respectfully gave place to the President and his family as they passed in. Directly the venerable clergyman took his seat in the pulpit; an old man he is, with a most benignant countenance, who has ministered to his simple-hearted congregation for a space of nearly forty years. Over his head hung a heavy sounding board of polished oak, which troubled me not a little, and my eye, in spite of me, constantly kept turning to it in a sort of vague expectance that it would fall and extinguish the godly man. Below the pulpit is a long seat, inclosed, where two very ancient men, the deacons, always sit, and thus facing the congregation, they were in a manner obliged to keep their dim eyes always open, which seemed at times a marvellous effort. A perfect silence fell on the congregation as soon as the minister arose; and even the little children, who had stolen a moment's play at *bo-peep* through the carved oaken railings of the pews, stood upright, as still as Lot's wife after her transformation, and with clasped hands, seemed to join devoutly in the prayer. After the prayer the minister read a psalm, and then gave out two lines at a time for the whole congregation to join in singing, few of them being provided with psalm books. One of the deacons set the tune; such a prolonged nasal twang broke from him, and then one voice after another joined in—a fine treble, and then a deep bass; then one cracked with long use, which seemed emulous to maintain the lead, and above all, some squeaking childish notes, raised up with childish wilfulness. Truly, though my ear is not very nice in musical sounds, I was fain to close it against such discords, and catching a glance from my cousin Tom, which nearly overset my gravity, I was forced to snatch a fan hastily from Jenny's hand and spread it before my face, trembling lest my aunt should observe me; but she was also singing very devoutly, and like all the others, following her own time, for I noticed that the different voices cared little for keeping company, and the one that first reached the end of the two lines, hung on the last word with desperation, till the others came up to it, when all closed together with an exhausted murmur. Then was read a long chapter from one of the old prophets; and by this time I began to miss sadly the cushions which have of late been brought into fashion in our meeting houses in Boston, though many do speak of them as an innovation and savoring of worldly ease and prelacy; but truly, the seat on this day seemed very bare and hard. Good Mr. L. then got up and named his text, and a thrill ran through the congregation as he repeated it with great emphasis and animation; these were the words: "O sing unto the Lord, a new song, for He hath done marvellous things: His right hand and His holy arm hath gotten Him the victory." I glanced at my uncle; but he would not look at me. One of the old deacons, who was a little deaf, left his place and took a seat at the top of the pulpit stairs, putting an ear trumpet to his right ear, that he might not lose a word. A little black dog with a curled tail, followed, and sat down beside him. The other deacon, turning round in his seat, leaned on his elbow and looked up in the preacher's face, and the women all settled their clothes and shut up their large fans, giving the drowsy children a shake, or settling them down to a comfortable nap, according to their individual notions of parental discipline. Then we listened for a good hour to a sermon which had truly much unction in it, and many flowers of eloquence, nor was it wanting in sound orthodoxy, though, as the preacher premised, he departed from his usual course on the Lord's day, on account of the news so lately come to us, and the urgency of the times, and discoursed mainly on the duties of good citizens, and the right of resisting the oppression of godless rulers. "God," he said, "was with us, even as He was with the chosen tribes of Israel, and His

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ministers now, as then, were bound to speak the truth boldly, and the people to act fearlessly, trusting in Him alone." He added the memorable words: "If men should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out." When he closed, and had given the blessing, men looked at one another and nodded their heads resolutely, but all stood silently and reverently, as is the custom, till the minister passed down the pulpit stairs, shaking hands gravely with the deacon as he passed him, and lucklessly treading on the little cur, which forthwith sent up a fiendish yelp, and hopped down before him, limping on three legs. But no one ventured to smile, and on he walked slowly through the broad aisle, returning the salutations of his parishioners, who loved even the big white wig which nodded so benificently at them.

"Bless your good parson, dear uncle," said I, as we passed out the door, "for he has taken off the ban, and now we are free to speak again."

"Yes, my little niece, but there are times and seasons for all things, you know," he answered, "and this is the Lord's holy day."

"And it is right for us to discourse upon the subject of the sermon," I replied "for the worthy minister himself says, 'If men should hold their peace, the stones would cry out,' and truly a woman's tongue may speak better than a dumb stone!"

"It is a malapert member, that little tongue of yours, niece, at any rate," said my uncle good naturedly; "but, go now and walk with your cousins gravely, and we will discuss these matters at a more fitting time;" and proffering his arm to my aunt, who accepted it with like ceremony, we returned homeward with the same grave and formal decorum which had been observed in going to the meeting.

We had barely time to rest ourselves, and partake of some cold refreshment, for my aunt allows no cooking on the Sabbath, when the bell rang out to call the congregation again together. There is but an hour between the morning and afternoon services, because many who come from a distance, would scarcely go back so far, and return again; so they bring a little bread and cheese, or somewhat for a slight repast, and eat it silently in their pews, their little ones taking a quiet nap, meantime.

June 20th.—In looking back over these pages, I cannot but think that if they chanced to meet any other eye, I should be set down as a very simple damsel, who had but poor wits of her own, thus to note down such very common events and observances. But I made a promise with my cousin Kate, to write somewhat each day of what befalls me, and especially to mark what seems strange and new and different in this country life, to what appears in our town habits. Cousin Ralph would fain have made me promise that I would shew it to him also; but I well know that he would only laugh at me, and I am not writing to amuse any coxcomb at my expense—not the best of them.

I have had a letter from dear brother R—; he finds it but sorry comfort keeping house alone, and were it not that business and his duty keep him, he would soon be following after us. His pretty Bessy too, has left town with her father's family; and if he were bound to tell the honest truth, no doubt he would confess, her loss was more to him than that of father or sister. General Gage, he writes, keeps a sharp eye on all citizens whose loyalty is thought suspicious, and there are not many in Boston, who seek to mask their feelings. But none are allowed to go out without a pass; and as the ferries are guarded by soldiers, and the Neck strongly fortified, it is not easy to elude the vigilance of those on duty. R., however, got permission to leave some little while ago, and so passed two or three days with Bessy and her family near Dorchester. But it was needful for him to return to town, and this was not so easily managed,—he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem; and so he borrowed a blue frock, and rustic hat, such as is worn by the farming people, and mounted on a load of hay, which was being driven in to supply the king's cavalry. He was sharply questioned at the barricade, but having a ready answer, and much presence of mind, and being also helped by a few shrewd words from the real countryman, who lounged lazily in the hay, while my brother drove the team, he fortunately escaped detection. I pray, however, he may not jeopardise his safety by persisting in such fool-hardy love adventures! My father has gone to S., and I miss him sadly, but am still very happy here. My uncle is much taken up with public affairs; he has frequent visits from leading politicians, and when alone, spends his mornings generally in the library. My aunt wins daily on my affection, and if she sometimes appears a little strict and exacting, she is always kind-hearted, and loves to see those around her cheerful and happy. There is no bustle and ostentation about her, and at no time is her matronly grace and dignity laid aside; and though she seems always to have leisure, every household department is yet thoroughly overlooked by her. When she has inspected the dairy, directed the labor of the loom, and meted to her damsels their daily tasks of spinning, besides such other

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domestic affairs as require a mistress' oversight, she comes to the pleasant sitting room, where Jenny and I, with little Anny, are sitting at our embroidery frames, or busy with our needles, as chance may be, and taking up her own work, for she is never idle, discourseth with us very agreeably, for she has seen much of the world, and has a shrewd judgment, and a pleasant wit. Jenny, who loves an old romance better than homely cares, often reads aloud to us, and is never sorry to lay aside her needle, and entertain us with the fairy legends of old Chaucer, or the quaint conceits of Suckling, or the pleasant thoughts of many later writers. Her brothers have each their several occupations through the day, but all meet with cheerful faces at the dinner call; and in the evening all cares are laid aside, and there is a general gathering in the old oaken parlour. Generally there are stranger guests at tea, which is a most sumptuous repast,—young people, far and near, and elder ones too, are welcomed with cordial hospitality, free from all tiresome ceremony, and for those who choose to stay, beds of softest down are always ready prepared.

An old fiddler, who may be said to have his living at the mansion house, makes his appearance regularly at night-fall, with his fiddle in good tune; and a merry scraping of the strings is a signal for the young people to start up and lead off the evening dance. The ample hall is cleared of all incumbrances in a moment, and old Dido, who could not keep awake without the hum of her spinning wheel, sits down with it in a remote corner, that she may enjoy the dancing, and pursue her work at the same time. The other servants, crowded together at an open door to enjoy the fun, one black head rising above another, the white eyes and ivory teeth shining in their woolly pates, make a very picturesque group in the back ground. Chloe, the favorite maid, in her neat white apron and yellow turban, always stands in front, holding a little picaninny, born in the house, who stretches out its little black arms, and crows with unfeigned delight. None enter more heartily into the mirth of the scene than my good uncle and aunt, who are always present; and in the course of the evening they invariably perform a minuet together with the most stately grace and gravity. I always manage to get the good President through one country dance, and truly I feel very proud, for he will dance with no one else.

June 25th.—We have every day more cheering news from abroad. The reduction of Ticonderoga and Crown Point has been followed by the seizing of many other arsenals and stores of magazines, and shews well the spirit and resolution of our people. All the other Colonies have united with Massachusetts in preparing against the common danger. Gen. Gage with all his reinforcements is likely to have close quarters in the good city of Boston.

Jenny and myself were so elated by those tidings that we resolved to hold a sort of jubilee on the occasion. With the help of Cousin Tom and Cato, whom my father left behind, we set about preparing a rustic festival, which we meant to be very choice, and enlivened by many scraps of eloquence and poetry suited to the occasion, and of course vastly patriotic. The place selected was a gentle elevation, shaded by fine old trees, and some half mile distant from the house. There we formed a verdant canopy of entwining boughs, and beneath them were mossy seats arranged, and a board spread with all the dainties of country life, which could be provided on short notice and with strict secrecy. The continental flag was hoisted, and waved bravely above the arch, though the folds were not loosened till all things else were in readiness. Yesterday afternoon was the time appointed; and when we had given the last finish to our preparations, Cato was mounted and sent off with all speed to summon the guests whom we wished to grace the occasion. The prompt invitation was cheerfully accepted, for our country folks are not cumbered with many engagements, and they were in good season assembled, while we enjoyed not a little their agreeable surprise. A deputation of young girls, of whom I was one, were then selected to wait on the President and his lady, and request their attendance, the occasion being specified in a choice speech, which was received with a courteous approval that gave us infinite satisfaction. When we returned to the scene of festivity with our honored guests, they were met at the entrance by their venerable minister, Mr. L., who conducted them with much state to a seat prepared for the purpose, where they received the cordial greetings of all the assembled company. Mr. L. then made a short address, very spirited withal, and highly patriotic, and the good man truly went to the verge of Christian charity when he spoke of the oppressors. After that the table was uncovered, and all were soon busy with the tempting viands thereon displayed.

The affair went on quite triumphantly; all were at the height of enjoyment, when Cato came running down the hill, his black skin actually pallid, exclaiming: "Oh massa—there is a great troop coming—may be they's the Englisher's come to take us!" All started up, not however

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catching his fears,—and Tom muttering, "I should like to see a troop of Englishmen here."

From the summit of the hill we could see the road winding along perhaps a mile distant, and true enough there was a large body of men marching along in regular file, and in tolerable order, but it was clear to see they had not the practised step of British soldiers. Directly the sound of martial music was borne to our ears, and the flag streaming on the air, displayed our own colors and device. As they came nearer we could observe that they looked weary as if travel worn, and there seemed to be little subordination, and less uniformity of dress. We knew them at once to be a company of volunteers raised in New Hampshire, and probably now on their way to join the camp at Cambridge. Our hearts bounded forth at once to welcome them and bid them God speed. As they wound along near the base of the hill, on which we stood watching them, our flag caught the eye of their commander, and he gave an instant order to halt. The motion was responded to by a tremendous cheer from all the men of our party, and a great flourish of white handkerchiefs by the ladies; and quick as thought cousin Ned touched a match to a small howitzer—which had been dragged up to give effect to our entertainment,—and fired off thirteen rounds in honor of the thirteen united colonies.

Our welcome was cordially answered by the troops; and we then all returned to the arbor, while two or three of our young men were sent forward to open a conference with the volunteers. My uncle also sent a courteous message requesting them to halt near by for the night, and as many as were able, to share the hospitality of his house. The messengers soon returned accompanied by two officers, who were personally known to my uncle, and who told him that it was their intention to stop in passing and pay their respects to him, and they had come somewhat out of the usual way for that purpose. Orders were given the men to rest for a few hours and refresh themselves, and our little rustic party was soon augmented by the addition of about a dozen armed men, who however bore themselves very peaceably, and gave not a little zest to the sequel of our entertainment. The good things which we had prepared in abundance for our own use, disappeared like smoke before these strangers, and it was with a right good will we saw the remnants so profitably disposed of. Like courteous knights errant they failed not to praise the repast, adding such well spun compliments to the fair entertainers, as they thought, I suppose, would best please their vanity. My uncle sent bountiful refreshment, both meat and drink, to all the men, from the stores of the kitchen and cellar, and better fare the poor fellows will not be likely to meet often in their hard camp journeyings.

We returned to the house at dusk, attended by our military cavaliers; and the old fiddler arriving at the usual time, dancing commenced with great spirit, and, as my uncle whispered, with an unwonted display of flirtation.

(To be continued.)

DEATH'S HERALDS.

OH! stream, why flowest thou
Fleetly and fast?
Like an hour goest thou
Into the past.

Thou lovest rapid wings,
As if they brought
Oblivion of many things
That thou lov'st not.

Stream—stream, we travel thus
From the green earth:
Destiny speaks to us
In woe and mirth!

Death is forever nigh,
Like a quick power,
Telling us we must die
Every hour.

When the plants change their hue—
When the leaves fall—
When the new friends we knew
Come not at all.

When we are bidden forth
To the dim room,
Where lies the wreck of worth
Deck'd for the tomb.

E'en on the bridal day
Still comes the thought—
"Let it be e'er so gay,
Yet it is nought!"

Oh! stream, thy waters, too,
Murmur the same—
"None shall again renew
Life's fitful game!"

All things the truth betray,
Glad though they seem—
Ever they show or say
"Life's but a dream!"

I, too, am hasting fast,
Worthless and worn,
Scorning the life's that's past
With a deep scorn.

A.

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STRAY LEAVES FROM AN OLD JOURNAL.*

BY H. V. C.

THE usual evening party was so much increased by the addition of our festive guests and the presence of so many gallant volunteers, that the hall being filled to overflowing, the large oaken parlour was also thrown open for dancing. There, waving over the portraits of some of my uncle's ancestors, cousin Tom and Jenny had very tastefully hung the continental flags; and on a panel above the President's chair, where the royal arms had long rested undisturbed, a huge eagle was now seen covering the space with outstretched wings, bearing in its beak the motto "Liberty," and holding a crown disdainfully in its talons.

These decorations had been so promptly placed there, that all were taken by surprise, and nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the company. The devices, in particular, were so suggestive that they gave general satisfaction. There were some exceptions however; for among the guests were a few who held petty offices, at the disposal of those in power; there was the post-master of a neighbouring town, who had doubtless before his mind the late dismissal of Benjamin Franklin from a similar office, because he stood forth boldly to uphold the people's rights. And at night-fall, there had unexpectedly arrived an officer of the king's customs at Portsmouth, who stopped to make a friendly visit to my uncle. But he seemed to take great alarm at the patriotic demonstration so openly displayed in the house of the chief magistrate, as did likewise the others, though it is well known that in their hearts they all favour the good cause. But they dare not avow it while the issues are doubtful, as they hold their posts by the tenure of their loyalty; and freedom of will is less prized by them than the gold and high places of oppression. Thank heaven, the freedom of our country doth not rest on such wavering and timorous reeds as these! we have bold and true hearts amongst us, ready to dare and to endure!

But these inopportune guests that came amongst us, with such dubious visages,—cousin Jenny seemed to take especial pleasure in tormenting them, more especially the gentleman of the customs, who has long been seeking to gain her favour, though, it seems, with little chance of success. She congratulated him so heartily on the good luck which brought him there at such a joyous gathering, and challenged his admiration of her good taste in choosing such appropriate adornments for the occasion, more especially calling his attention to the eagle with its emblematic devices. It was plain to see the poor youth winced not a little under her sharp pleasantry; but he had not address enough to retort, and is one of those timid souls who are always afraid of compromising themselves by speaking their thoughts boldly. I could almost find it in my heart to pity him notwithstanding; she was so careless of his feelings, and there was such disdain in her pleasantry, that it was plain to perceive he never stood farther from her good graces than at that moment. I whispered a word of reproof in her ear, but she laughed merrily, and said "the poor fool would not come a wooing again for many a long day, she would be bound." She however gave him her hand for a country dance, in which he figured to great advantage; but even Jenny's returning smiles could not place him quite at ease, and very soon afterwards he slipped quietly away, his example being followed by all those whose sentiments were not in harmony with the occasion.

But their absence was little heeded by any one. Captain R. had kindly ordered up the small band of his volunteer regiment, which gave us great spirits for dancing, to say nothing of the addition of some half-dozen military beaux. It was, moreover, an infinite relief to the old fiddler, whose arm was apt to get weary on far less jovial occasions, not to mention the sad mistakes he often made before the close of an evening, occasioned by repeated potations from a cider can, which was always placed beside him, "to keep him in tune," he said.

My uncle and aunt were just performing a minuet, the fiddler playing his part solus, and managing to keep up the tune with great propriety, though the evening was far advanced; and we were all standing ready to take our places, and finish off with "Sir Roger de Coverly," when a knock was heard at the hall door, and directly it was repeated louder and more impatiently. It was an unusual call at that late hour; the fiddle

*Continued from page 75.

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stopped with a harsh creak, my uncle and aunt stood still, with their toes pointed for the next step, and Cato pushed through the servants, almost sweeping the piccaninny from Chloe's arms, in his mad haste to reach the door. Every eye was bent in that direction.

A tall, handsome young man entered, muffled more than the season required, in a large travelling cloak, and leaning on his arm a young female,—slight and graceful she seemed, but her step was timid, and as she met the gaze of so many enquiring eyes, she drew the riding hood closely round her face, and clung trembling to her companion's arm. He whispered a word as if to re-assure her, and then asked for President W., with whom he had urgent business.

Every one of us in an instant comprehended the scene. My uncle is often called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, for being a magistrate he has a legal right to do so; and there are many persons who still maintain the old puritan notion, that marriage is strictly but a civil contract, and who therefore prefer the services of a justice to those of a clergyman on such occasions. The laws of New Hampshire do not require either publishment or certificate of banns to render the contract legal; but in Massachusetts, our custom of posting the names of the parties, puts a secret marriage out of the question. My uncle's mansion stands on the boundary line of the two provinces, and is mighty convenient for such fugitives as have a mind to give their friends the slip, and think they are discreet enough to manage their own love affairs in their own way; so my uncle is often obliged,—sometimes sorely against his better judgment,—to unite a runaway couple.

Now here was a little romance enacting, without doubt; the bearing of the fugitives betrayed their secret; they were not of a common class evidently, neither would any young people from the country round choose such an unseasonable hour for their nuptials. All of us were in a state of charming excitement; but unwilling to embarrass the strangers, we turned away, and suffered them to pass in unobserved.

The President, in the meanwhile, was placed in rather a false position, and felt his dignity somewhat compromised, at being thus surprised in the act of dancing before a crowd of young people, when his services were required in the capacity of a grave justice. But his dignified self-possession never deserts him, neither does his somewhat precise gallantry, and to no woman is he more gallant than to his wife; perhaps no one exacts it more. So he handed my aunt to her seat with grave formality, not omitting the usual ceremony of a profound bow to her stately courtesy; and then returned to greet the young people who waited in the hall, the man evidently with much impatience. He spoke a few low words to my uncle, who directly led the way to his library.

I was standing a little apart with cousin Tom, puzzling my memory to recall some distinct impression of the gentleman, for his features seemed familiar to me. My uncle passed along, and with a smile bade us both follow him. I was right glad in my heart, for I had a longing desire to see the bride's face; and I knew he wished us to be present as witnesses to the marriage, the bridal pair having brought no friends with them. When we entered the room, they were already standing before my uncle; neither book, nor ring, nor formal ritual, were required; but in a silence almost chilling, they waited to hear those few words—so brief, but full of meaning!—which were about to link them in a bond which death alone could sever. The girl had thrown back her riding hood; she was pale with emotion, and trembled so violently that her lover was forced to throw his arm around her waist to support her. I now saw her face for the first time, and with what painful surprise. It was that of a most dearly loved friend, in whose happiness I had taken the warmest interest, and with whom I had often remonstrated against this very man, who now stood so proudly by her side.

With an eagerness which is always leading me to commit some folly, I sprang towards her, just as my uncle commenced his exordium, and exclaimed:

"Lucy Gray, what madness has brought you here?"

Her lover turned angrily, looking as if he could annihilate me, but I cared not for him—well did I now remember him. I thought only of Lucy, and she, poor girl, just lifted her sweet eyes to me, and sank back in a state of partial insensibility. I thought she was dying, for I never saw any one faint before, and in a great fright I began to pull off her hood, while Tom seized a tankard of cold water and dashed it over her face.

This was enough to bring back her senses, even had they left her more entirely; and directly her eyes opened, and a faint colour began to spread over her cheeks. She looked very lovely; one can scarcely fancy any being more delicately beautiful than she is, and she has such a gentle, sensitive nature, so affectionate and confiding. It is strange how she was ever wrought upon to leave a home where she was idolized, to follow the fortunes of that stern looking man! I begged

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her to come with me into an adjoining room, and dry her hair, which Tom had so unmercifully drenched; and as we passed out, Mr. E. said in a low voice, and with much emphasis:

"My dear Lucy, let me pray you to make no useless delay; you well know we have need to make most urgent haste."

"But one moment, dear Henry," she murmured, with a faint smile.

He still detained her hand, seemingly afraid to trust her with me, and his looks were more cloudy than became a lover at such a moment. But he suffered her to pass out; I closed the door on him, and we sat down alone together. There was an awkward silence; neither knew exactly what to say, so I began to dry her hair and put fresh powder on it; and she laid her head on my bosom to hide her tears, and I could feel her heart beat almost audibly beneath the lacings of her boddice. Mr. E's impatient step was heard pacing the outer room; Lucy raised her head quickly, and said:

"Do not let us waste these moments, dear H., I would fain justify myself, for I well know that you blame me—that you think I have been rash and undutiful. But could you see how much I have suffered, did you know how long I have loved Henry, and how faithful he has been to me in spite of injustice and opposition; even at times when I have treated him coldly, and been persuaded to give him up, his love had never faltered. Our marriage was forbidden—he was driven from the house; but is it right for me to sacrifice his happiness to ill-founded prejudice?"

"Not so, dear Lucy; your parents can judge better than you do, and if Henry is worthy of you, they would not always oppose your wishes. Time would set all things right, and you are young enough to wait; but my heart misgives me that you have been wrought upon against your better judgment, or you would never have taken such a step as this. Oh! think of it, for it is not yet too late to retrace it."

"I cannot, H.," she answered firmly; "my word is given, and cannot be recalled. Besides," she added, with a little hesitation, "Henry has accepted a mission to New York, perhaps he may sail for England; and if we part now, God only knows whether we shall ever meet again."

"And far better that you should not," I answered, almost indignantly; "I speak no more of the home from which you are flying; but think you it is seemly to desert a cause which your nearest kindred have so near at heart, to fly with one who is false to his country, and who is even now leagued in the councils of its enemies? Oh! if filial love cannot sway you, do not thus degrade yourself in the eyes of all whose esteem is worthy of regard."

"What have we to do with party strifes?" she answered, and the colour rose to her cheeks; but directly the slight spark of resentment fled, and was followed by a burst of passionate tears.

My anger was instantly disarmed, and my heart filled with pity.

"Forgive me if I have spoken harshly, dearest Lucy," I said, contritely, "and, believe me, I wish nothing more earnestly than your true happiness."

"I do believe it," she answered, with a forgiving smile; "but indeed I am very sad, and at times my heart misgives me. Oh! I could shed oceans of tears when I think of my dear parents; but I cannot forsake Henry—it is too late to think of it."

"It is never too late to retrieve a false step," I replied eagerly; "here is a safe shelter and warm hearts to give you welcome, and how gladly will your mother receive you to her arms again."

E., whose rapid step in the next room had never ceased, and in fact became almost a stamp, now tapped very cavalierly at the door, and without waiting for an answer, threw it open, and came up to Lucy, his face seeming mightily troubled and anxious. He took her hand, and without a word led her back to the library. But his eye rested fondly on her, and such a lovely smile lit up her face when she looked at him; it minded me of those sweet little flowers which they tell us blossom on the brink of a volcano. As for me, I was in no way noticed by him, and I cared little whether he had any remembrance of me; but my heart was full of grief for Lucy, and I scarce heeded that they again stood before my uncle, and in a few moments were pronounced the solemn words, "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

There was no gratulation of the new married pair. Henry kissed his bride passionately, and hurried her departure; we exchanged brief farewells, there were tears on her cheek, but a sweet, confiding smile on her lips; and from the depths of my heart I prayed that her fate might be far brighter than my fears anticipated. I distrust that man greatly, and so do all her friends. There is something sinister in his face, though it is handsome, and if he does love her—and who could help it?—there are many who think he loves her fortune better, for he wooed her perseveringly till she is now eighteen, and has come into possession of a handsome estate, left by a maiden aunt. And what I could least of all forgive in him, he has deserted the good cause, and at the very moment when his brave countrymen are arming to defend their

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liberties, he is bearing away his stolen bride, and hastening to join a faction in New York. Poor Lucy! she never did seem to comprehend public affairs very clearly, and I dare say he will make her believe he is doing exactly right.

The company were now breaking up, but I had no spirits to join them, so I pleaded a bad headache in excuse, and went to my own room. Both head and heart were weary and oppressed; I sat down by an open window, and the fresh sea breeze from the distant ocean cooled my brow, and my ear at times caught the faint murmur of the surf, rolling in upon the sandy beach. How quietly the moonlight fell on hill and valley, and the shadows of the trees lay like delicate tracery on the smooth shorn lawn. It was a sweet scene; I could almost fancy myself in one of those Arcadian vales, which Jenny had been reading about to me, and was quite prepared to see the lovely form of Una, with her grim protector, when my romance was put to flight by the merry voices of our departing guests. They were sallying out of the hall door in great glee, as if mightily pleased with themselves and each other, and forming in little groups, went talking and laughing down the long avenue to the village road. Some were on horseback, with a female mounted on the pillion behind each one; and my imagination might have transfigured them into the knights and dames of old *romaunt*, but the straggling musicians piped forth "Yankey Doodle" in full chorus, and put all my visions to flight.

There were tearful eyes in the President's mansion this night, and many too among the humbler dwellings of the country people round.

Several young men, sons of our farmers and artisans, enlisted with the volunteers, and are going to join Washington's army, which is now marching to Cambridge, where the head quarters are to be. My uncle's youngest son, Frank, a fine spirited lad of eighteen, the darling of the whole house, has also gone with them. Since the first call to arms, his impatience to join the forces so hastily mustered, could scarcely be restrained; and the opportune arrival of this fine regiment, raised in his native province, seemed to him like a special call of Providence. Last night, he asked his father's consent; it was given freely; he "had no right," he said, "to withhold aught his country needed in her dire extremity."

When all the company had gone, and the house, now so silent, was left to repose, I returned to the parlour, where the family remained, for the sad pleasure of exchanging their parting words with Frank. The poor fellow paced the room with moistened eyes, though he strove to look very brave, and we all tried to seem cheerful, and talked hopefully of the future. My aunt must have felt it a sore struggle to part with this Joseph of her affections; but she meets the trial with a cheerful smile, and like a Spartan mother, sends her son away with a blessing, and a solemn charge to be faithful to his country and brave in its defence. The clock pointed to the hour of twelve before we separated; the domestics all waited in the hall to speak with master Frank, for they had heard with consternation that he was about to leave them. My uncle called them in, and opening the large Bible, he read from it some passages aptly chosen; and then all kneeling, he offered the evening prayer, and most fervently commended his departing son to the protection of his heavenly Father.

We all went to our separate rooms with heavy hearts, such a chill seemed to fall upon the house. One door after another silently closed, and old Pompey's careful step was heard last threading the passages to see that all was safe. A light was long burning in Frank's chamber, and I knew that the mother had gone there, to give her darling boy the last loving words and affectionate counsel.

At break of day, this morning, the whole household was astir, and the drums at the encampment were already beating for a march. But Frank was gone. He could not bear another farewell, and he wished to spare the pain to those who loved him so well. So he rose very early, and saw only Jenny, who was in his secret, and who indeed had not lain down the night long. Pompey, who had carried him in his arms when he was a little baby, went along with him; and with a pride which struggled with his tenderness, saw him welcomed by the colonel, and received by the whole regiment with a loud cheer. Not one of them, he insisted, could "hold the candle to little massa Frank, for good looks, and he was beside an inch taller than the best of them."

The breakfast was a heavy meal in spite of all we could do. Little Annie cried because she could not see Frank again; and Jenny's eyes showed plainly how she had passed the night. Tom tried to be witty, but failed entirely; I could not say a word; my uncle and aunt began to discuss the late congress at Philadelphia, when old Pompey returned, bringing a report of Frank's departure, and this gave us all an excuse to turn to the subject nearest our hearts, and so we talked about him more cheerfully than could have been expected. We missed his gay laugh sadly, as we went about our morning employments; but

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Jenny read aloud some history of the old Grecian victories, which mightily revived our spirits, and seemed a prophecy of what our own brave arms may yet accomplish. Then we bethought ourselves to set about and work a pair of colours for Frank, who has the promise of an ensigncy to begin with. So we got leave of my aunt to go rummage her old oaken trunk, which we well knew to be stored with choice bits of silk, and gold thread and flosses, and whatever else we should need.

This trunk is a great piece of antiquity, and is held as a sort of heir-loom in the family. It is of huge proportions, covered with red morocco, now somewhat dingy, and studded thick with brass beaded nails, which Chloe now and then takes a fancy to brighten up with great lustre. It stands in a large entry, at the head of the broad staircase, and the key never leaves my aunt's pocket, except on special occasions. There are many legends about this trunk, for it has seen divers fortunes within the last century. It was given to my great-grandmother, W., on her wedding day, well filled with rich dresses, brocades and satins, and fine laces. She was the daughter of a wealthy London merchant, and tradition says, her dowry was a heap of gold her own weight, it being placed in the scales and balanced against herself. If such was the custom now, I am thinking it would not be the handsomest damsels, but the heaviest, who were chosen for brides! If my great grandmother's father had been more chary of his gold, perhaps more of it would have come down with the old trunk to our day. So Jenny was saying to me, and as we laughed over the odd story, I sat down and wrote the following:

That famous old trunk came over the seas,
Borne up and borne down by many a breeze;
'Twas once filled with treasures right precious I trow,
But the bride and the treasures, oh! where are they now?

Ere the first bloom of youth from her cheek passed away,
Or time, meddling knave, sowed her tresses with grey;
Far away from the home where her childhood was blest,
She fled with the free, to this land of the West.

The trunk still remains, but the gold stayed behind,—
All, save the pure gold of the heart and the mind;
And her daughters, if weighed for their dowry, I deem
Would soon find the empty scales kicking the beam.

But who cares for the dross? we have enough still,—
All the blessings of plenty and freedom of will;
Our grandam's shrewd sense, and her beauty in sooth,
If the men flatter not, and our mirrors speak truth.

I had written thus far, and Jenny was looking over my shoulder mightily amused, when we heard a horse *galloping* up the avenue in hot haste, and looking out of the window, I saw a man dismounting, who we knew must be a bearer of despatches to my uncle. He brought an official message from the provincial congress of Massachusetts to my uncle, setting forth the state of public affairs, and the excitement which every where prevails. The President was exhorted to use all his influence in raising troops within his jurisdiction, to reinforce the army now encamped at Cambridge. The congress have disallowed the authority of General Gage, who remains shut up in Boston, with no authority beyond it, and though he has proclaimed martial law in Massachusetts, his threats are defied and ridiculed. Men grow bolder as they are threatened and coerced; and though gracious messages are still sent to the king, and reconciliation is talked of, as if desired and possible, the sight of the two armies, frowning at each other, doth not much look as if they would shake hands and be at peace. The news is on the whole cheering to our prospects, and yet it makes our hearts sad when we think of poor Frank; how many dangers surround him, and how soon he may be called into active service.

June 16th, 1775.—We have wrought so diligently on the colours for our young ensign, that they are now finished and ready to be sent to him. Jenny threw aside her romances and her poetry, and set to work with all her heart, and my aunt took great pleasure in aiding us with her good taste and skill; even little Annie, when she could do nothing else, would thread needles for us. Truly, it is very beautiful, and we look at it with much pride; the azure ground, emblematic of hope; the eagle expressing freedom; the wreath of laurel, and the motto, "Freedom and Union," all wrought with gold and silver threads and divers rich colours, and with each thread was woven fond wishes, and prayers for success and victory.

It has been unfurled, to the admiratton of all the country round; and to-morrow will be sent forward to the camp, with some fresh recruits, that have been lately raised. Old Pompey has obtained leave to go along with it, to "give it safe into young massa's hands," he says; and truly, I believe the warm hearted creature would risk any fatigue, or run into any danger, just to look into "young massa's" face again. He will go freighted with many comforts, unknown to camps, for the absent boy; with many fond tokens of remembrance, and love messages enough to fill the largest saddle-bags in the country, if such things could be made tangible and reduced to weight.

We have heard from Frank but once since he left us; he was in high spirits, full of courage, and longing for active service. General Howe has entrenched the main body of his army on Bunker's

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Hill, and another division is strongly fortified on the Neck leading to Roxbury. Our army in full sight, lies on both sides of Charles river, sweeping along from Cambridge, covering the high grounds at Roxbury, and stretching to the heights of Dorchester, which are strongly fortified; a circuit of at least twelve miles. And there they lie, the two armies, like the great giants, Gog and Magog of old, grinning defiance at each other. Alas! how many hearts will ache at the first battle sound!

Jenny vexes herself about Frank more than I believed her light hearted nature would do for any one in like circumstances. But Tom laughs provokingly, and says poor Frank is but a *cat's paw*, or a sluice through which her tears may flow unmarked for another gallant youth, who has gone to join the *rebels*. Jenny blushes so prettily, that I shrewdly think there is some ground for his saucy badinage.

I have been writing on, as if I had not a care in the world, and yet I am very sad at times. My father has written me from S——, and he seems to feel very lonely, and to look on his affairs with a troubled eye. Our brave town of Boston seems most specially marked out for royal vengeance, and since the port is shut up, and all business stopped, there are few merchants who do not feel that they hold their properties by a very uncertain thread. But yet there is not one, who will not sooner give up all, than relinquish the just rights of a citizen. My father has taken a house at S——, for he cannot return to Boston, if he would, in these times; and though my aunt Molly, the kindest of old maids, is there looking after the house-keeping, I feel that he will greatly need me, and that I can cheer him up, and make him feel more comfortable than any one else. We must all help to bear the burden in these trying times; and with a right cheerful heart I am ready to take my share of crosses and tribulations, for the sake of the good cause.

Cousin Ralph and Kate gave us an agreeable surprise yesterday, by riding over unexpectedly to visit us. They have cheered us not a little, for Frank's absence makes a sad blank in our home circle; and we shall insist on keeping them here for a week at least. My father will be here at that time, and we may probably all leave together; my father and I tarrying a brief time at H——, on the way to our new home.

NAPOLEON AND HIS SISTER.

The emperor had reached the zenith of his prosperity. He was making kings with as much ease as he was making marshals. Murat had just been transferred from the Grand Duchy of Berg to the throne of Naples, when one morning a carriage drove into my court-yard, and a lady alighted from it. "Ah, Misericorde!" I exclaimed, it is her imperial highness the Princess de Guastalla (Madame Borghese, the beautiful Pauline Bonaparte.) I was hastening down stairs to receive her with all due ceremony, when happening to pass a window which looked out to the garden, I beheld advancing towards the house—who but the emperor himself. He rang at a back door, usually appropriated to the servants, and entered. He was, I think, accompanied by Berthier. Here was a rencontre! It was Scylla and Charybdis! I might, perhaps, have feigned not to recognize the emperor, but with a most imperative gesture, he beckoned me to him. I therefore turned to the right about, and leaving the princess to find her way to the drawing-room unattended, I hurried to the emperor.

"Prince," said he, as soon as I was in his presence. "I know that my sister wishes to speak with you. Show me into an adjoining room, where I may hear her break her thunderbolts. Say what you can to appease her, but do not pledge me for anything. Go to her quickly—she will never forgive you for keeping her waiting."

I thought of the fatal position of Germanicus with Nero, in Racine's tragedy, in the scene in which Junie complains to the former of the cruelty of the latter. I had prepared myself for a most violent reception, but all my expectations fell short of the reality. The princess, as soon as she saw me, taxed me with my want of respect, and complained of not having found me waiting to receive her at the door of my hotel. This first ebullition of ill humor being exhausted, I said:

"Madam, if your imperial highness had been pleased to give me notice of your intention to confer on me this honor, I should undoubtedly have observed the due etiquette. But as I am not endowed with prescience, it was only a few minutes ago that I learned from my servants that the sister of our august monarch was in my house."

"His sister, sir! rather say an unfortunate, a forsaken, a miserable slave!"

"Is it possible, madam, that enjoying as you do the favor of his imperial majesty, you can have any cause of complaint?"

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