

The Female Review (1797)

Herman Mann

Text prepared by Ed White (Tulane University) and Duncan Faherty (Queens College and the CUNY Graduate Center). We want to thank Paul Erickson and the American Antiquarian Society for their tremendous support, and Jodi Schorb (University of Florida) for contributing the following introduction.

Mann Seeking Woman: Reading *The Female Review*

Jodi Schorb

In the wake of the American Revolution and beyond, Deborah Sampson was both celebrity and enigma, capturing the imagination of a nation that had successfully won their independence from England. Herman Mann's *The Female Review* (1797), penned with Sampson's consent, is less a factual biography of Sampson than a fictive shaping of Sampson for early republican audiences, a "tangle of fact, invention, and mystery" (Young 3) that stages the ambivalent relationship between Mann, a former schoolteacher from Dedham, Massachusetts who had recently embarked on a career as an editor and printer, and Sampson, his willing yet elusive subject. The narrative's richness lies in Mann's attempt to make both an example and a warning of Sampson.

Born in 1760 near Plympton, a small farming village, Sampson was great-great granddaughter of governor William Bradford (1590-1657) on her mother's side and descendent of Mayflower settler Henry Sampson on her father's side. Despite an illustrious ancestry, Sampson's family suffered "downward mobility" (Young 24), marked by poverty and instability. Sampson's father, an itinerant agricultural laborer, abandoned his

wife and children; soon after, mother Deborah Bradford Sampson put five-year-old Deborah out to service in various Massachusetts households. An indentured servant until age eighteen, Sampson, now a "masterless woman," became a weaver ("one of the very few androgynous trades in New England," notes biographer Alfred Young [40]), then a rural schoolteacher, then, near age twenty-one, a soldier in the Continental Army (37). Donning men's clothes (not for the first time, as it turns out) and adopting the generic name "Robert Shurtliff," the soldier fought in several skirmishes, suffered battle injuries (to either the groin or upper body), and was eventually promoted to serving as "waiter" (an officer's orderly) to brigadier general John Paterson.

Sampson's military career has been most carefully reconstructed by Alfred F. Young in *Masquerade: The Life and Times of Deborah Sampson, Continental Soldier*. Although *The Female Review* claims Sampson/Shurtliff enlisted in 1781 and fought at the Battle of Yorktown (September-October, 1781), Sampson/Shurtliff actually served in the Continental Army from May, 1782 until October, 1783, in the light infantry company of the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment (93, 97). The light infantry was an elite, highly mobile, and--at the war's end, at least--well-equipped division of the army. Young's reconstruction suggests that this military service was largely in Westchester County around the Croton River (122), an actively contested area of civil warfare between Washington's headquarters at West Point and British-occupied New York City.

Sent as part of a company under Gen. Paterson to Philadelphia to suppress a mutinous uprising of Continental soldiers, Sampson/Shurtliff fell severely ill from contagious fever. An attending physician observed the bedridden soldier's bound breasts, discovering Sampson's biological sex. Surprisingly, the doctor withheld this information until the end of the war, and Sampson/Shurtliff continued to serve until the official Paris peace treaty in October, 1783, when a stunned Paterson, ostensibly in

possession of a note containing the doctor's disclosure, gave the soldier an honorable discharge—but no pay. Within a year, the first newspaper accounts surfaced about “[a]n extraordinary instance of virtue in a *female soldier*” (qtd. in Young 4).

The Female Review (1797) was published over a decade after the Revolutionary War amidst Sampson's protracted battle to win compensation and an invalid pension for military service. Struggling financially, Sampson (now married and known as Deborah Gannett) successfully petitioned the Massachusetts legislature for back pay in 1792. Suffering from injuries received in wartime, Sampson/Gannett then began a much longer battle to win financial support from the U.S. Congress. The government had become suspicious of false claims, forcing petitioners to offer extensive documentation and of “decisive disability” that prevented them from earning a livelihood (Young 191). Having hid wartime wounds, Sampson lacked such documentation and began an arduous campaign that involved securing the testimony of esteemed public figures, including Paul Revere and Philip Freneau, and in 1802-3, raising support through a lecture and performance tour. Early in this process, Sampson sought out and collaborated with Herman Mann, a local editor eagerly hoping to build his reputation as a printer. Believing Sampson deserving of disability pay, Mann began interviewing Sampson around 1793, publishing *The Female Review* in November 1797; the two continued their collaboration across the next decade and beyond (Hiltner, “She Bled” 191; Young 186). Ultimately, *The Female Review* helped Sampson's quest for recognition and financial restitution: the narrative sold briskly, with all fifteen hundred copies selling out. In 1805, Sampson was granted a Massachusetts Invalid Pension of four dollars a month. An 1809 request to raise the pension was denied, but in 1816, Congress agreed to an award of \$76.80 a year (Young 233).

Thus, *The Female Review* was intended to shape Sampson's public reputation and make the case for the celebrated military

veteran's honorable service. But rather than present and dramatize a straightforward argument about Sampson's moral fitness, unquestioned patriotism, and honorable service to country, Mann's account builds slowly, meanders, invents episodes, and seems especially concerned—to the point of paranoia—that Sampson's success will encourage American women to abandon their prescribed roles, don men's garb, and set off for greener pastures. Thus, the text provides a useful illustration of how challenging it was to defy the era's gender norms and still receive public accolades and approval.

“Our better-deserving orphan,” “the young *Continental*,” “our fair Soldier,” “our heroic FEMALE,” “the *blooming boy*,” the “so much admired Virago”: Mann's range of appellations for Sampson illustrate the slipperiness of his subject. In Mann's hand, Sampson is an exemplary model of self-directed learning and republican virtue, motivated primarily by love of learning and enthusiasm for country, capable of surviving the depredations of battle with virtue intact. Despite his admiration, Mann cautions that Sampson set a dangerous precedent: he encourages female readers to emulate Sampson's virtues, but not Sampson's deeds, constructing his subject as both exemplary patriot and cautionary tale. As tempting as it *must* be to escape the constraints of the domestic sphere, opines Mann to his imagined female readership, the soldier's life—which the text associates with brutality, irrational warfare, and brutish masculinity—is no life for a virtuous republican, male or female. So Mann walks the tightrope, documenting Sampson's spirit of “enterprise,” shielding his subject from accusations of impropriety, heralding the “fair soldier's” patriotic sacrifices—all the while discouraging women from abandoning their domestic duties and encouraging the nation to seek peaceable resolution rather than protracted warfare.

Thanks to the pioneering literary scholarship of Judith Hiltner and the sustained sleuthing of historian Alfred Young, we now have a much better understanding of how the historical

Sampson differed from *The Female Review's* constructed counterpart. While many of Mann's claims can be verified, "extensive portions of the text are fabricated or imaginatively augmented episodes" (Hiltner 191, 194), including the shipwreck death of Sampson's father (he abandoned the family and remarried), Sampson's participation in the battle at Yorktown (which happened before Sampson enlisted), Sampson's time as a frontier scout among Indians (no evidence exists that Sampson spent time as a military scout under Philip Schuyler or in the Ohio territories under Benjamin Tupper), and Sampson's rescue of a white female Indian captive, whom the narrative claims the scout snatched from the stake and soon after married (a fiction, alas). Seizing on these contradictions, Hiltner has usefully described the *The Female Review* as a "polyglot interplay of historical fact and republican romance . . . so characteristic of early national literature [that] articulates in its instability, exuberance, and contradictions the aspirations and anxieties of the early republic" (211). As a historian, Alfred Young responds less enthusiastically, classifying Mann's text as "frustrating," and Mann as an "inept, inexperienced writer" who was "in a project over his head" (12, 13).

As "polyglot" text, *The Female Review* compellingly illustrates how popular literary genres, from female warrior ballads to captivity narratives, were readily adapted and integrated into the emerging genre of early American life narrative. For example, when Mann launched a literary venture in January 1798 (the *Minerva*, later the *Columbia Minerva*), he would routinely publish portions of the books he advertised (Hiltner 192), demonstrating his familiarity with the era's literary conventions and his willingness to creatively adapt popular genres to audience tastes. One of his most likely inspirations was *The Female Soldier; or, The Surprising Life and Adventures of Hannah Snell* (London, 1750), the popular fictionalized memoir of a real-life British woman who disguised herself as a male soldier and marine "to roam . . . in

quest of the man who had forsaken her" (qtd. in Dugaw 130), suffering a musket ball wound to the groin (which Snell removes with her own fingers to escape detection), fighting with valor, and inspiring the amorous attentions of multiple woman.¹ *The Female Soldier* was one of many wildly popular "female warrior" ballads and accounts that provided entertainment and alternative models of female heroism. Mann "elaborated Gannett's life story to develop the woman warrior tale in radically new ways," incorporating American Revolutionary ideology into a largely British genre: an orphaned daughter (not unlike America herself) remakes herself, mobilized not by heterosexual love (so prominent a motivator in the female warrior tradition), but by love of country (Gustafson 391).

Other genres that infuse *The Female Review* include Indian captivity narratives, most notably in the late chapters that dramatize frontier scouting expeditions, when our daring "Adventress" falls gravely ill, is held by Indians, and becomes "the only white man (a *girl!*) among them, . . . surrounded by the infernals" (54). Here, Sampson's rescue of (and marriage to) a hapless papoose-dropping female British captive offers an inspired adaptation of the genre's sensational conventions, in which the female captive was expected to survive captivity with chastity intact. Mann's fictionalized biography also draws suspense from the dominant theme of the eighteenth century seduction novel, in which a virtuous woman survives and defends and preserves chastity against often excessive and persistent threat. Other likely sources include David Ramsay and William Gordon's histories of the Revolution and Jedidiah Morse's geographies, which Mann uses to construct his account of Yorktown, as well as Enos Hitchcock's 1793 novel, *The Farmer's Friend*, in which protagonist

¹ Young observes that, while a weaver in Sproat's public house, Sampson might have come across Snell's narrative, or a three-page excerpt reprinted in Isaiah Thomas's 1775 almanac, and even taken personal inspiration (88).

Charles Worthy embarks on an educational journey that resembles that of young Deborah (Hiltner 192). Observes Hiltner, “In appropriating a source that enabled him to script Sampson as a self-learner, Mann found a convenient vehicle to promote his own enlightened intellectual and theological passions, which throughout his long print career he continued to endorse as essential to national health and stability,” including female education, deism, and the importance of virtuous female influence to counter male violence and viciousness (Hiltner 194, 202),

In *The Female Review*, Mann constructs Sampson a child of misfortune, a sympathetic young woman driven by her love for natural history, geography, stargazing, and plants; her outrage at the sexual exploitation of woman (and defacing of buildings) during wartime; and her sensitivity to the tides of patriotic fervor sweeping the nation. Together, these produce “sensations hitherto unknown” and “a kind of enthusiasm” that propel her to assume male garb and enlist. By contrast, in *Masquerade*, Young lays out his argument that the “hefty reward for enlisting” and the chance to escape women’s limited sphere motivated Sampson far more than natural history, female solidarity, or patriotism (6). And while Mann works strenuously to establish his heroine’s femininity, the historical Sampson’s atypical gender presentation was more persistent than Mann’s fictive counterpart suggests. While Mann’s text avoided depicting Sampson as laborer, hearsay and firsthand accounts passed down described young Deborah as tall and muscular, “acquainted with almost all kinds of manual labor,” from ploughing to wielding tools, to “cut[ting] wood like an old experienced chopper” (qtd. in Young 34, 46). At five foot seven, Sampson was taller than many men of the time, whose height averaged five foot five (Young 46). Nor was Sampson’s stint as Robert Shurtliff a first. In spring 1782, Sampson dressed in men’s clothes and enlisted as “Timothy Thayer” (Young 75); Thayer never showed for duty and reportedly squandered the signing bonus at a local tavern. Mann dismisses the entire episode

as unsubstantiated rumor (“I have no account of this from her; nor is the report in the least authenticated,” claims Mann [35]), but church records prove otherwise. After the Thayer episode, Sampson was excommunicated from the Third Baptist Church of Middleborough, which noted with disapproval that Sampson was “accused of dressing in men’s cloths and inlisting as a soldier in the army. . . and for some time before [departing town] behaved very loose and unChristian like” (qtd. in Young 80; 68, 72). Nor was this Sampson’s last self-conscious male presentation. After an honorable discharge, “the young *Continental*” did not follow the expected path—adopting female attire, resuming a traditional feminine path. Instead, still in “regimentals,” Sampson returned in 1783 to a relative’s farm in Sharon, Massachusetts and lived as “Ephriam Sampson,” brother of Deborah. Within the year, the former soldier became engaged to Benjamin Gannett, Jr., a farmer (Mann glosses the episode, including when the courtship began and when Sampson reverted back to “Deborah”). Sampson married Benjamin Gannett the following year (a long engagement for the times), and by 1790, “Mrs. Gannett” bore three children (far less than the average married woman of the day); she later adopted a young orphan girl (Young 10-11, 32). Sustained and multiple periods of masculine presentation, an embrace of religious revivalism, church excommunication: the historical Sampson fits uncomfortably into Mann’s idealized portrait.

While Hiltner and Young consider Sampson as part of a long history of “passing women” whose masculine presentation was a “masquerade,” we can also posit Sampson’s masculine self-making as potentially motivated by more than passing or disguise. Recent work explores Sampson’s masculinity and penchant for male dress as a “taste” or proclivity. As such, the text might be debated as an early transgender narrative, before the rise of sexology and more modern understanding of that term. Arguing that the “transatlantic interest in popular botany” serves as “alternative sit[e] for the study of American sexuality before the

rise of formal sexology,” Greta LaFleur traces *The Female Review’s* important contribution to early American sexual epistemology: Mann’s text is “rife with biological imagery and metaphor,” observes LaFleur, “a narrative texture that sets *The Female Review* apart from contemporary representations of cross-dressing female soldiers” (98). Mann repeatedly employs botanical idioms to classify Sampson (“bud,” “species,” fertile. . . soil,” “cultivation,” and so on) and to describe Sampson’s unusual proclivities (a “taste for the study of *NATURE*” [12], a “taste for contemplation of the objects and experiences exhibited in creation” [12], a fascination with their “nature, use and end” [12]), suggesting the era’s fascination with and taxonomical quest for “new specimens” (qtd. in LaFleur 95). Given how often *The Female Review* relies on “botanical taxonomy” to trace, explore, and theorize Mann’s difference and “sexual variance” (LaFleur 99), we might consider British naturalist Erasmus Darwin’s pathbreaking and erotic scientific tome, *The Loves of the Plants* (London, 1789) as yet another influence on *The Female Review*, for botanical texts were introducing contemporary readers to the wide range of gender variance and sexual diversity in the natural world. For example, Darwin celebrates the plant “Kleinhovia” as distinct, because “the males in each flower are supported by the female. The name of the class may be translated ‘Viragoes’ or ‘Feminine Males’” (22). Likewise, Darwin opines, the Arum plant emerges from “the class Gynandria, or masculine ladies. The pistil, or female part of the flower, rises like a club,” adding that the “singular and wonderful structure of this flower has occasioned many disputes among botanists” (114).²

Despite the text’s depiction of gender variance, scholars largely argue that Mann ultimately made Sampson conform to a

² As further evidence of how the narrative lends itself to a transgender reading, consider Alex Myers’s fictional adaptation, *Revolutionary*, which reimagines Sampson as a transmasculine protagonist who comes of age amidst the hardships and male intimacies of wartime.

comforting model of early national womanhood. For Hiltner, the text “enabled [Mann] to defuse Sampson’s threatening gender transgression and to tailor an exemplary specimen of Republican Womanhood” (192). Even Sampson’s titillating romantic flirtations with the “Lady from Baltimore” conform to the emerging expectations of the era, which promoted female-female romantic friendship as an “exuberant testimony of the felicitous effects of female chastity upon national health” (Hiltner 207): the discourse of the day considered female-female sexuality no threat to chastity, since penetration presumably did not occur. Mann is indeed prurient (what *did* happen between Sampson and “a Young Lady of the suburbs of Baltimore,” particularly when the two “tarried” in the “school of animal philosophy” for “the most of two days”?!). But Mann’s depiction is more fraught than Hiltner admits, and his final chapter—which explores a Sampson driven by “propensities” that run dangerously unchecked—is frenetic, looping, marked by dashes, and an overall anxious tone, as Mann confronts the limits of his knowledge: “BUT her correspondence with her sister sex!—Surely it must have been that of sentiment, taste, purity; as animal love, on her part, was out of the question” (59). In other words, how do we explain the intensity of the passion that the two shared, he ponders, since he attributes to each no capacity for lust—or penetration. Mann repeatedly returns to the puzzling question of not merely female infatuation with “the young *Continental*,” but more troublingly, Sampson’s lingering interest in sustaining these queer and puzzling erotics. He repeatedly appeals: “Why did she not” put out these flames? “Why did she not” teach her fervent lovers how to maintain their chastity? And he concludes, “VENUS knows not but she did: but they were *females*” (59), as if trying to reassure either himself or his readers (unconvincingly) that Sampson served as a model of female chastity.

Ultimately, this account of gender crossing and recrossing cannot be untangled from the theme of wartime anxiety. Mann

repeatedly cautions against war, urges conciliation between America and England (“We solicit England to shake hands with COLUMBIA, her natural offspring. Let the banners of war be forever furled, the sword of contention sheathed in its proper place,” he claims in a barely veiled phallic allusion [42]), and urges conciliation with France (“May a reciprocity of friendship and affection conciliate and cement us more strongly with France, our once helpful and now sister republic” [42]). Typical of the anxiety of the post-revolutionary age, Mann feared the forces of tyranny everywhere, and as much as Mann advocates for Sampson’s republican virtue and public service, he cannot advocate for continued rebellion (Hiltner 198). To the extent that Sampson offered a conciliatory vision—the ability to navigate opposing worlds (male/female) and to synthesize masculine and female models of virtue, *The Female Review* offers readers a potentially comforting vision: the possibility of a body (personal and national) reconciling opposing forces, healing itself, and restoring virtuous republican harmony. But this vision competes with Mann’s unresolved anxiety that Sampson’s allure will tempt women out of the domestic sphere and unleash the tumultuous passions of illicit love. His final chapter, obsessed with “revolutions of her sex,” questions whether Sampson has opened the citadels and paved the way for the deflowering of Columbia’s Daughters.

Despite Mann’s appropriation of Sampson’s story and the friction between the historical and literary Sampson, *The Female Review* must ultimately be understood as an early form of collaborative authorship, and as one of a series of print and public collaborations between Sampson and Mann. Although Mann appropriated Sampson’s story and took liberty with the truth, Sampson chose Mann as amanuensis, and chose to keep collaborating with Mann in the decades that followed. For example, the former soldier went on a speaking tour in 1802, delivering a speech that Mann penned for her, in which “Mrs.

Gannett” declared that a woman’s place is “in the kitchen and parlor,” while undermining that message with a show of martial exercises to admiring crowds (qtd. in Hiltner 210). Karen Weyler, in her study of outside authors, observes that Sampson “took collaboration to new levels,” particularly through “her keen awareness of the importance of print in shaping public opinion,” exercising “agency not in writing but in persuading more powerful men to write *about* her—a process that enabled her celebrity and compels us to reconsider the nature of collaboration” (145, 147). Unlike the captivity narrative, which featured common people, biography, observes Weyler, “was an elite, learned genre, a form of history writing dedicated to great men and women” (152)—but the genre shifted across the eighteenth-century, as marginalized populations increasingly understood themselves as self-fashioners and sought to insert their lives into print (153). Keenly aware of the era’s “gender dynamics of the public sphere,” Sampson used white men—from Mann to Freneau to Paul Revere to General Paterson—as intermediaries who could shape public opinion and persuade the federal government to grant a long-overdue pension.

Traces of this collaboration survived Sampson’s death. Mann asked Sampson’s permission to expand and enlarge the narrative, which Sampson granted—provided he publish the revised narrative posthumously. After Sampson’s death in 1827, Mann would continue to expand, revise, and retell Sampson’s tale, including penning an enlarged 426-page version of *The Female Review*, a manuscript housed in the Dedham Historical Society. He never published the expanded version. However, in 1866, John Adams Vinton republished the 1797 text, adding copious footnotes and drawing extensively from Mann’s later manuscript. The Vinton edition is a confusing tangle of footnotes and obfuscation, as Vinton uses Mann’s (fictive) manuscript as evidence to refute the claims of Mann’s (fictive) 1797 memoir. Yet the 1866 edition, digitized in Google, is the main way that most readers now encounter Mann’s 1797 text. The following

transcription restores the early republican original, extricating it from Vinton's densely footnoted, frustrating edition.

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Suggestions for further reading: Perhaps the earliest study of Deborah Sampson was a biographical portrait in 19C historian Elizabeth Ellet's *The Women of the American Revolution*. While Ellet suggests that Sampson's "heroism and deeds" will no doubt "afford the ground-work of a tragedy or a novel," she dismisses Mann's text (which she never read) as a "half tale, half biography" and "not in any means reliable"; see Ellet, *The Women of the American Revolution* (Baker and Scribner, 1848) vol. II: 122-135. Cathy Davidson classifies the text as an example of the early American female picaresque, concluding that "since" Sampson "retains her power only as long as its inauthentic basis is not revealed either literally or figuratively," the narrative often "flirts, almost pornographically, with the threat of exposure"; see, Davidson, *Revolution and the Word* (Oxford University Press, 1986), 169. Karen Weyler insightfully registers Sampson's agency in shaping public perceptions of her life, suggesting that "by accentuating the performative nature of gender in both Mann's collaborative biography and in the public oration that she delivered on her speaking tour, [Sampson] framed her masquerade as that of an actor playing a role under the exigent circumstances of revolution"; see Weyler, "An Actor in the Drama of Revolution: Deborah Sampson, Print, and Performance in the Creation of Celebrity," in *Feminist Interventions in Early American Studies* (University of Alabama Press, 2006), 183-93. More recently, Weyler has extended her account of Sampson to argue that "as Sampson's interactions with Philip Freneau, Herman Mann, and Joseph Stone reveal, rather than speak publically for herself, Sampson judiciously but aggressively sought the sympathy and approval of powerful men and then used them as interlocutors for herself in the public sphere"; see, Weyler, *Empowering Words: Outsiders and Authorship in Early America* (University of Georgia Press, 2013), chapter 4. Judith Hiltner has written extensively on *The Female Review*, beginning with an essay which considers "the implications of Herman Mann's appropriation of the experience of Deborah Sampson" as an example of how early American "narratives of female experience" often found their way into print after they had been "tailored to reinforce social norms" by male editors and publishers; see Hiltner, "Like A Bewildered Star":

Deborah Sampson, Herman Mann, and *Address, Delivered with Applause*,” *Rhetoric Society Quarterly* 29:2 (1999), 5-24. Hiltner further contextualizes *The Female Review* within Mann’s larger body of work as a “republican editor and publisher” in order to exhibit how Mann’s construction of the text was part of his larger agenda to publish appropriate models of “republican virtue.” In so doing, Hiltner uncovers how “Mann’s Deborah Sampson is a composite of a range of historical and fictional identities” which he coopted and deployed in order to “defuse Sampson’s threatening gender transgression and to tailor an exemplary specimen of Republican Womanhood”; see, Hiltner, “‘She Bleed in Secret’: Deborah Sampson, Herman Mann, and *The Female Review*,” *Early American Literature* 34:2 (1999), 190-220. Finally, Hiltner examines the cultural impact of Mann’s volume in the aftermath of its publication by tracing how -- despite Mann’s intent to cast Sampson as “an androgynous model of early American character” -- Sampson “became, for disenfranchised or trapped women, an exemplary activist—a model for transgressing oppressive gender boundaries”; see, Hiltner, “‘The Example of our Heroine’: Deborah Sampson and the Legacy of Herman Mann’s *The Female Review*,” *American Studies* 41:1 (2000), 93-113. Sandra M. Gustafson traces the public evolution of Sampson’s performativity during her staged lectures, and concludes that “her rapid shifts between the rhetorics of domesticity and antidomesticity, of self-promotion and self-incrimination, reflected her multiple projects: the need to authenticate and justify her military experience at the same time as she attested to her feminine virtue”; see Gustafson, “The Genders of Nationalism: Patriotic Violence, Patriotic Sentiment in the Performances of Deborah Sampson Gannett,” in *Possible Pasts: Becoming Colonial in Early America* (Cornell Univ. Press, 2000), 380-399. Lisa Logan considers the impact that Mann’s narrative about Sampson had on other textual masquerades in the nineteenth century, by underscoring how Sampson’s example served to “contest women’s circumscribed position in culture and raise the possibility of alternative scripts for their behavior which might not otherwise be admitted into public discussion”; see Logan, “Columbia’s Daughters in Drag; or, Cross-Dressing, Collaboration, and Authorship in Early

American Novels,” in *Feminist Interventions in Early American Studies* (University of Alabama Press, 2006), 240-252. In considering the influence of Mann’s depiction of Sampson on the formation of the plot of Charles Brockden Brown’s *Ormond* (1799), Paul Lewis suggests that “Mann is unwilling” to “explore the interior life of his heroine, leaving both her motives unclear and the potentially comic or erotic scenes involving other women who fall in love with him/her underdramatized”; see Lewis, “Attaining Masculinity: Charles Brockden Brown and Woman Warriors of the 1790s,” *Early American Literature* 40.1 (2005), 37-55. Finally, Greta LaFleur has recently argued that “Mann’s depictions of Deborah Sampson clearly belie his suspicion that there is something fundamentally *different* about his protagonist, and Mann charts this difference in naturalist terms, describing her as ‘singular,’ ‘rare,’ and ‘miraculous,’ yet always still ‘natural’”; see, LaFleur, “Precipitous Sensations: Herman Mann’s *The Female Review* (1797), Botanical Sexuality, and the Challenge of Queer Historiography,” *Early American Literature* 48.1 (2013), 93-123.

For more scholarship on gender and sexuality in the early Republic we recommend the following collections of essays as starting points: *Feminist Interventions in Early American Studies* (University of Alabama Press, 2006) edited by Mary C. Carruth, and *Long Before Stonewall: Histories of Same-Sex Sexuality in Early America* (NYU Press, 2007), edited by Thomas A. Foster. For more information about Deborah Sampson and her longstanding cultural influence, we recommend Alfred Young’s exhaustively researched modern biography, *Masquerade: The Life and Times of Deborah Sampson, Continental Soldier* (2005). For a recent fictionalized account of Deborah Sampson’s life which seeks to represent her interiority in more contemporary terms, we recommend Alex Myers’s recent novel *Revolutionary* (2014). For a contemporary verse sketch of Sampson we recommend Philip Freneau’s 1797 ode entitled “Ode XIII: A Soldier Should Be Made of Sterner Stuff: On Deborah Gannet.” A reprint of Sampson’s 1802 “Addr[e]ss, Delivered with Applause...” appears in *Transatlantic Feminisms in the Age of Revolutions* (Oxford UP, 2012), ed. L. Moore, J. Brooks, and C. Wigginton.

THE
FEMALE REVIEW:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF AN
AMERICAN YOUNG LADY;

WHOSE LIFE AND CHARACTER ARE PECULIARLY DISTINGUISHED—BEING A CONTINENTAL SOLDIER, FOR NEARLY THREE YEARS, IN THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

DURING WHICH TIME,
SHE PERFORMED THE DUTIES OF EVERY DEPARTMENT, INTO WHICH SHE WAS CALLED, WITH PUNCTUAL EXACTNESS, FIDELITY AND HONOR, AND PRESERVED HER CHASTITY INVIO-
LATE, BY THE MOST ARTFUL CONCEALMENT OF HER SEX.

WITH AN
APPENDIX,

CONTAINING
CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS, BY DIFFERENT HANDS; HER TASTE FOR ECONOMY, PRINCIPLES OF DOMESTIC EDUCATION, &C.

By a CITIZEN of MASSACHUSETTS.

DEDHAM:

PRINTED BY
NATHANIEL AND BENJAMIN HEATON.
FOR THE *AUTHOR*.

M,DCC,XCVII.

TO THE
PATRONS AND FRIENDS
OF
COLUMBIA'S CAUSE;
THE FEMALE REVIEW

Is *DEDICATED*:

THOUGH *not with intentions to encourage the like paradigm of FEMALE ENTERPRISE—but because such a thing, in the course of nature, has occurred; and because every circumstance, whether natural, artificial, or accidental, that has been made conducive to the promotion of our INDEPENDENCE, PEACE, and PROSPERITY—all through DIVINE AID, must be sacredly remembered and extolled by every one, who solicits the PERPETUITY of these invaluable BLESSINGS.*

THE AUTHOR.

PUBLISHED
ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS.

PREFACE.

THERE are but two degrees in the characters of mankind, that seem to arrest the attention of the public. The first is that of him, who is the most distinguished in laudable and virtuous achievements, or in the promotion of general good. The second, that of him, who has arrived to the greatest pitch in vice and wickedness.

NOTWITHSTANDING these characters exhibit the greatest contrast among mankind, it is not doubted but each, judiciously and properly managed, may render essential service. Whilst the former ever demands our love and imitation, the other should serve to fortify our minds against its own attacks—exciting only our pity and detestation. This is the only method, perhaps, by which good may be said to come out of evil.

MY first business, then, with the public, is to inform them, that the FEMALE, who is the subject of the following MEMOIRS, does not only exist in theory and imagination, but in reality. And were she not already known to the public, I might take pride in being the first to divulge—a *distinguished Character*. Columbia¹ has given her birth; and I should estimate her natural *source* too meanly, to presume she is dishonoured in the acknowledgement of such an offspring.

HOWEVER erroneous this idea may be deemed, I shall here state only two general traits in her life to corroborate its truth. The criterion will still remain to be formed by a candid and impartial public.

SHE was born and educated in humble obscurity—distinguished, during her minority, only by *unusual* propensities for learning, and *few* opportunities to obtain the inestimable prize. At the age of eighteen she stepped forward upon a more exalted stage of action. She found Columbia, her common parent, enveloped and distracted with confusion, anguish and war. She commiserated, as well as participated, her sufferings. And as a proof of her fidelity and filial attachment,² she voluntarily offered her services in the character of a *Continental Soldier*,³ in defence of her *cause*; by which, she seemed

¹ *Columbia*: a female personification of the US frequently used from the 18C on

² *Filial attachment*: the faithfulness of a child to a parent

³ *Continental Soldier*: a soldier of the Continental Army, as distinct from a soldier

resolved to rescue the rest of her brothers and sisters from that flagrant destruction, which, every instant, seemed ready to bury them in one general ruin; or, to perish, a noble sacrifice, in the attempt.

HAVING noted the leading traits of this illustrious *Fair*, I hasten to give a concise account of the design and execution of the work.

JUSTICE, in the first place, demands that I should mention the reluctance, with which she has consented to the publication of this *Review* of her life. Though it has become more fashionable, in these days of liberty and liberality, to publish the lives of illustrious persons; yet she refused the solicitations of a number of literary characters to publish her own, till after her exit. She is not a stickler for tradition; yet this is against her.

ABOUT sixteen months ago, by desire of a friend, I made her a visit for this purpose. She did not, positively, discard my request. Being indisposed, she said, should she recover, if I would again be at the trouble to call on her, she would in the interim take advice, consult matters with herself, and come to a final decision. This was the first of my acquaintance with her.

IN a few weeks, I again waited on her. Having critically weighed her own feelings, and wishing to gratify the curiosity of many, of whom she had taken advice—with extreme *modesty* and trembling *diffidence*, she consented to take a public *Review* of the most material circumstances and events of her life.⁴ She relies on that candor and impartiality from the public that now attend the detail of her MEMOIRS.

I INTENDED to have executed this work at leisure; as indeed, I have. I had no other way; as the materials were mostly to be collected. This, with other pressing avocations in life, brings me under the necessity to apologize to my worthy *Patrons*, for the delay of its publication a few weeks longer than the intended time.

SENSIBLY impressed with the idea, that every subject intended for public contemplation, should be managed with intentions to promote general good; I have, in every instance, in the FEMALE

in a state militia

⁴ *Review*: Mann seems to play with multiple meanings of review here—looking over something again, but also a formal military display for inspection.

REVIEW, indefatigably,⁵ labored for this important end. But perhaps I differ from most biographers in this respect. I have taken liberty to intersperse, through the whole, a series of moral reflections, and have attempted some literary and historical information. However singular this is, I have the vanity to think it will not be deemed useless.

AS an impartial writer, I am bound to handle these MEMOIRS in a disinterested manner. But where a total sacrifice of truth does not forbid, I take pride in publicly avowing, in this place, my desire (as every one ought) to extol *virtue*, rather than give the least countenance to *vice* under any name, pretext or sanction. Both may be represented and discussed—*Vice* exposed—*Virtue* cherished, revered and extolled.

THE authorities, upon which I have ventured, for the support of *facts* related in the following MEMOIRS, are not merely the words of the lady's own mouth. They have been detailed to me by persons of veracity and notoriety, who are personally, acquainted with the circumstances. But I particularly refer my readers to the documents accompanying the appendix.

IT would be almost incredibly strange, should no idle, capricious and even calumnious tale take rise with respect to the *reputation* of the female, distinguished as she is, who is the subject of these sheets. Being aware of this, she has already anticipated, and perhaps, in some measure experienced it. Her precaution now is, to prepare for the worst. She dreads no censure—no lash of aspersion more than that of the judicious and virtuous. My own wishes are in this respect, as in all others, that truth, candor and charity may be our ruling principles. When we seriously consider the horrors, dangers and general fare of *war*—that it is unavoidably attended with many irregularities, to which she was exposed in common with the rest; and yet, if it be found that decorum and propriety of conduct predominated in her general pursuits, we may bear to palliate⁶ a few foibles, from which we, even in our most sequestered, happy and serene retirements, are not, always, exempt.

THERE are but two sides to a person's character any more than there are to his garments—the *dark* and *bright*. In many researches in the FEMALE REVIEW, though I have, decidedly, declared my choice for

⁵ *Indefatigably*: untiringly

⁶ *Palliate*: to cloak or overlook

virtuous and laudable actions; yet, I have endeavoured to pay proper attention to their opponents, when they happened to make me visits. But if I must hereafter suffer the lash of aspersion from either sex for having shown partiality, I shall rejoice in the conscientious satisfaction of having given the preference to the *Bright Side*.

PERHAPS, there is not one *new* idea, in the course of these MEMOIRS, advanced or hinted on the important business of education. But should I be so successful, as to rouse the minds and excite the attention of the *inattentive* to those principles, which have before been deemed useful; I shall esteem it the most agreeable and ample compensation for my endeavours.

SUSPICIOUS, from my first engagement, that the FEMALE REVIEW would be a subject as *delicate*, especially for the Ladies, as it is *different* from their pursuits; I have studiously endeavored to meliorate⁷ every circumstance, that might seem too much tinctured⁸ with the rougher, masculine virtues. This, however, has not been attempted with the duplicity of a facetious courtier; but with a diction softened and comported to the taste of the *virtuous* female. And although I am a well-wisher to their whole circle, it is the *cause* of this class, only, I wish to promote.

I CANNOT disapprove their vehement attachment to many novels—even to the productions of our own soil. Whilst they touch the passions with all that is captivating and agreeable, they inspire manly thoughts, and irresistibly gain our assent to virtue. As the peculiar events, that have given rise to the FEMALE REVIEW, stand without a rival in American annals; I, also, hope my endeavours to render it agreeably entertaining and useful to them may not prove fallacious⁹ nor in vain. I readily yield the palm of style to the rapturous and melting expressions of the novelist: But I must vie with him in one respect:—What he has painted in *embryo*, I have represented in *expansion*.

THIS gallant HEROINE has been reared under our own fosterage¹⁰: and to reject her now, would be disowning a providential circumstance in our revolutionary epoch; which the annals of time must

perpetuate.

EUROPE has exhibited its chivalry and wonders. It now remains for America to do the same: And perhaps the most singular is already past—her *beginning* in *infancy*! It is a wonder, but a truth full of satisfaction, that North America has become *free* and *independent*. But a few years have elapsed since this memorable era; yet, even the face of nature has assumed a new and beautiful aspect. Under the fostering powerful hands of industry and economy, art and science have taken a rapid growth. The wreath of *Virtue* has sprung up; and *Liberty* delights in twining it round her votary's brow.

HAPPY in the possession of such a *Source* for improvement, we should be barbarians to ourselves to be inattentive to its promotion. Whilst other nations may envy us the enjoyment of such distinguished rights and felicity—Heaven grant, we may vie with them only for *that*, which dignifies and promotes the CHARACTER of MAN.

MASSACHUSETTS, July, 1797.

⁷ *Meliorate*: to improve

⁸ *Tinctured*: tinted

⁹ *Fallacious*: false

¹⁰ *Fosterage*: the raising of someone else's child

THE
FEMALE REVIEW:
OR,
MEMOIRS
OF AN
AMERICAN YOUNG LADY.

CHAP. I.

A laconic¹¹ History of Miss SAMPSON's extraction.—Local, and other situations of her parents.—Her endowments—natural temper and disposition.—Her propensities for learning.

DEBORAH SAMPSON was born in Plympton, a small village in the county of Plymouth in New-England, December 17, 1760. She is a regular descendant of the honorable family of WILLIAM BRADFORD, a native of England, a man of excellent, natural endowments; upon which, he made great improvement by learning. He emigrated to America whilst young; where he was, for many years alternately, elected Governor of the Colony of Plymouth. In this department, he presided with wisdom and punctuality, and to the unanimous satisfaction of the people under his charge. He married an American lady of distinction; by whom he had considerable issue.—As he lived beloved and revered, he died lamented by all, 1656.

HER grand-father, ELISHA BRADFORD, was a native of Plymouth in New-England. He possessed good abilities, and explored many sources, that led him to literary distinction. As he was eminent in property; so piety, humanity and uprightness were the distinguishing

characteristics of his life. He was married, September 7, 1719, to BATHSHEBA LE BROCHE, a French lady of elegant extraction and accomplishments. Her father was a native of Paris. He left a large issue; of which, Miss SAMPSON's mother is one.—But Mr. BRADFORD, for one of his benevolent offices, being bound for a ship and rich cargo belonging to a merchant of the same town, had the misfortune to lose the greater part of his interest. Thus deprived, at once, of what he had learned to prize by the industry and economy it cost him; it is natural to suppose, it was no small discouragement to him, and that the face of things wore a different aspect around him: especially, when we reflect, that the fulfilment of those principles, which exert themselves in acts of benevolence and affection towards all persons, depend, greatly, on wealth. Being at this time considerably advanced in years, this circumstance, together with the loss of his eldest son, preyed fast upon his constitution: And he did not long survive to mourn the loss of what seemed not in his power to remedy.

MISS SAMPSON's parents, though endowed with good abilities, cannot in an eminent degree, be distinguished either by fortune or scientific acquisition. Her father was an only son, and heir to no inconsiderable estate. And if it be asked, why her parents had not a more liberal education? the answer may be a general objection:—Different persons are actuated¹² by different objects of pursuit. Some, it is evident, have leading propensities for the accumulation of lucrative gain: whilst others, who possess it, gladly embrace the opportunity for their advancement in literature.

IT was, doubtless, the intention of Mr. BRADFORD to have given his children good education. But whether the wreck in his fortune, or whether his numerous progeny restrained the liberality of his bestowments in this respect, I pretend not to affirm. It is, however, more than probable, that her mother's, and perhaps her father's, education, in some respects, was superior to that of the commonalty.

IT is no dishonorable trait in the character of any in America to be born *farmers*; even if they pursue the occupation through life. Their aim, however, must be to furnish themselves with the requisites, which will render them useful and happy, and those who are round about

¹¹ *Laconic*: brief, concise

¹² *Actuated*: motivated

them. Had the latter of these blessings been conferred on Miss SAMPSON's father, he might, peradventure, have surmounted difficulties, which, it is thought, tended to make him fickle, and perhaps, too loose in his morals. He met with a sad disappointment in his father's estate, occasioned by the ill designs, connivings and insinuations of a brother-in-law. Thus, he was disinherited of a portion that belonged to him by hereditary right. This circumstance, alone, made such impressions on his mind, that instead of being fired with a just spirit of resentment and emulation, to supply, by good application and economy, that of which he had been unjustly deprived, he was led into opposite pursuits, which she laments, as being his *greatest misfortune*.

SUCH was her father's local situation after his marriage with her mother. She informs, that she had but very little knowledge of her father during her juvenile years. Despairing of accumulating an interest by his domestic employments, his bent of mind led him to follow the sea-faring business, which, as her mother informed her, he commenced before her birth. However great his prospects were, that fortune would prove more propitious to his prosperity and happiness upon the ocean, than it had done on the land, he was effectually disappointed:—For after he had continued this fruitless employment some years, he took a voyage to some part of Europe, from whence he was not heard of for some years. At length, her mother was informed, he had perished in a ship-wreck.

BY this time, his unsuccessful fortune, both by land and sea, had the tendency to break up his family. Her mother, however, by her industry and economical management, kept her family together as long as possible after her husband's supposed catastrophe. But she, meeting with sickness, and other providential misfortunes, was obliged, at length, to disband her family and to scatter her children abroad.

IT may, perhaps, be remarked, that nothing uncommonly singular has attended Miss SAMPSON in the primeval stages of her life: Yet, the inquisitive and curious mind, which is never tired in tracing the events and performances of the most distinguished characters, is wont to extend its researches still further, and to enquire *where* and *how* they have *lived*, and by what *methods* and *gradations* they arrived at the

summit of their undertakings. I believe it is a truth, to which we may generally assent, that most illustrious characters originate, either from very *low* or very *high* birth and circumstances.—I, therefore, beg the reader's indulgence, whilst I trace the most singular circumstances and events that occurred to Miss SAMPSON during her juvenility; which may not be deemed wholly useless and unentertaining.

SHE was scarcely five years old, when the separation from her mother was occasioned by indigent circumstances. The affectionate and prudent parent can best describe the emotions experienced by the mother and her daughter upon this occasion. The young Miss SAMPSON had, already, contracted an attachment to letters; and in many other respects, promised fair to crown the instructions and assiduity of a parent, or patroness, with the most desirable success. And it was with pain, her mother saw these flattering symptoms without being able to promote, or scarcely to encourage them by the fosterage of parental care and affection. Nor was the darkness of the scene dissipated, until a distant relation of her mother's, an elderly maiden by the name of FULLER, proffered to adopt her into her family, and take the charge of her education.

THIS was a very honest and discreet lady. She shewed her young pupil many tokens of care and affection. But as Miss SAMPSON remarked—“*As I was born to be unfortunate, my sun soon clouded.*” She had not continued in this agreeable situation scarcely three years, before her benefactress was seized with a violent malady, which, in a few days, proved fatal.

ALTHOUGH she was, at that time, not more than eight years old, she was much affected with the loss of her patroness.—She deemed it almost irreparable;—considered herself without a home, or scarcely a friend to procure her one. But this scene was too distressing to last long. Her mother, hearing of her circumstances, endeavored to obtain a suitable place for her, till she should come of age. She was put into one Mrs. THATCHER's family in Middleborough, where she continued about two years. This lady took particular care to gratify her favorite propensity for reading, &c., but as she was of a slender constitution, her mother removed her to Mr. JEREMIAH THOMAS's, of the same town.

IS it, indeed, sadly true, that nature, our common source of

being, is unequal in her intellectual bestowments on the human species? If not, the apparent difference must be in the manner, in which they are exhibited. This I am inclined to believe: and the greatest remedy is education.—Hence the shrewd saying—“*Learning keeps him out of fire and water.*”—An excellent stimulation for every one.—Logicians, I trust, will allow me to form an estimation of Miss SAMPSON’s endowments, even before she had reached her teens. This I do, without a design to flatter her into vain conceits of herself, or to wheedle any one of the human species into her favor, or esteem of the writer. It is a just tribute of respect due to the *illustrious poor*.

CERTAIN it is, that she early discovered, at least to every judicious observer, tokens of a fertile genius and an aspiring mind: a mind quick of perception and of strong penetration. And if it be allowable to judge of things past, by their present aspect, I hesitate not to announce, that her primeval temper was uniform and tranquil. Though destitute of many advantages of education, she happened to fix on many genuine principles. She may be noted for a natural sweetness and pliability of temper—a ready wit, which only needed refinement—a ready conformity to a parent’s, or patroness’ injunctions—a native modesty and softness in expression and deportment, and passions naturally formed for philanthropy and commiseration.

A FURTHER enumeration might give occasion for a new apology. Nor have I a right to describe her abilities in proportion to the improvements she has since made. I might fall into gross errors. Nature might complain of injustice for making a wrong estimate of her bounties. And it is a truth, too often to be lamented, that she oftener complains of *uncultivated* talents, than for not *giving any* for cultivation. Our endowments, of course, must be equal, if not superior to our improvements.—Should the contrary be urged, those principles, which have dictated her exertions, might lose a part of their energetic influence; in which she still delights. Had she shared greater advantages in education, she might have much exceeded the proficiency in erudition, but scarcely the singularity of character, which she has since attained.

IT was a circumstance peculiarly unhappy with Miss SAMPSON, during her minority, that she found less *opportunities*, than

inclinations, for learning. The instances I shall adduce to corroborate this assertion, will be comprised in the next chapter;—where the reader will find a general sketch of her education during this period.

I SHALL only add, that many of our humble peasantry in America, would have thanked fortune, if this evil had been confined to her. It is not so great a wonder as it is a lamentable truth, which, observation in many families may evince, that they have amassed together a greater bulk of riches than of useful science; whilst, perhaps, the man, who never could obtain a mediocrity of wealth, only needed it to vie with them in every thing useful and ornamental.—Thus, the most fertile genius, like that of soil, which for want of proper cultivation, is overrun with noxious weeds, becomes corrupted by neglect and vicious habit: and the *inherent* beauties that might have eclipsed a more than ordinary show, lie dormant.

Where, then, could the GUARDIANS of science have been secreted! Or, had they not taken an universal charge of this growing Empire!—Instances of this kind, however, are more rarely met with than formerly. And this error will always find the best apology in the population of new countries, where the means for subsistence unavoidably demand the most attention. But affluence, without being regulated by refined education, cloy the sight of the beholder; and the possessors are unqualified for duty. The minds of people are now roused by the introduction of new scenes and objects. And it is here to be repeated, to the honor of the citizens of New England, and the United States in general, that they are, with success, endeavoring to counterbalance this once prevailing evil; at least, they would make an equilibrium between their wealth and literature.

Let not, therefore, any who have talents for improvement, despair of success in any situation. Though a FRANKLIN has become extinct, a WASHINGTON survives.¹³ Our native land smiles under the fostering *hand* of industry and economy. It will still produce our men of government, our guardians of science, and our encouragers and promoters of virtue.

¹³ Franklin had died in 1790; Washington would live until 1799.

CHAP. II.

MISS SAMPSON's *propensities for learning, and the obstacles she met with in it, contrasted.*—*View of her education during her juvenility—in which time, she contracts a TASTE for the study of NATURE or NATURAL PHILOSOPHY; which teaches her regular ideas of DEITY—the necessity of MORALITY and DECORUM in her pursuits.*

WE are now to view Miss SAMPSON advancing into the bloom and vigor of youth. In this season, comes on the trial of virtue and of the permanency of that foundation, upon which improvements have begun. The passions having assumed greater degrees of vigor, and still susceptible of quick and delicate impressions from their natural attachment to the sexes, and other alluring objects of pursuit; it becomes accountable, that so many of both sexes, especially those deprived of genuine education, fail of that uniform course of improvement in knowledge and virtue, which is the only barrier against vice and folly, and our surest guidance through life. If she be found, at this age, persevering in these duties and surmounting the principal allurements to indecorum and vice, I need not hesitate to announce her a singular paradigm for many in better circumstances and in higher life.

FROM the time she went to live in Mr. THOMAS's family, till she was eighteen, it may be said, she lived in common with other youth of her own sex; except in two very important respects:—She had *stronger* propensities for improvement, and *less* opportunities to acquire it. Industry and economy—excellent virtues! being hereditary in this family, she was, of course, inured to them. And as their children were numerous, and chiefly of the masculine sex, it is not improbable, that her athletic exercises were more intense on that account. As they appeared more eager in the amassing of fortune, than of scientific acquisition, she was obliged to check the bud, which had already begun to expand, and to yield the palm of the fulfilment of her duty to her superintendants in the manner they deemed best, to the sacrifice of her most endearing propensities. But painful was the thought, that she must suffer the bolt to be turned upon this, her favorite pursuit. Wounding was the sight of others going to school, when she could not, *because she could not be spared.* Her reflections were singular, considering her age,

when contrasting *her* privileges with those of *other* children, who had parents to take the charge of their education. It was a circumstance effectually mortifying to her, that she could not hold familiarity, even with the children of the family, on their school-topics. But the ambition that agitated her mind, made her wont to believe her lot as good as that of orphans in general.

HAPPY it was for her, at this age, that neither mortification nor prohibition impeded her inherent propensity for learning. This, instead of being weakened, was strengthened by time; though she had not devised any effectual method to gratify it. She had often heard—that *a forward and promising youth is short lived:* But she did not believe it. And, in this respect, her longevity was rested on as good safety, as was that of the wisest man: Nor have I the least inclination to censure either.—The preceptor knows it is a task to kindle sparks of emulation in most children; and reason informs him, when they are *naturally* kindled, it is an injurious engine that extinguishes the flame.

IT is the pride of some undisciplined, tyrannical tempers to triumph over supposed ignorance, distress and poverty. In this, our better-deserving orphan found a source of mortification. But magnanimity and hope—ever soothing companions! elevated her above despair. The ideas of being rivalled by her mates in learning and decorum, guarded their proper receptacle, and prompted the establishment of the following maxims:—*Never neglect the least circumstance, that may be made conducive to improvement: Opportunity is a precious companion; which is too often sadly verified by the fool's companions, folly and procrastination—thieves, that rob the world of its treasure.*

HER method was to listen to every one she heard read and speak with propriety. And when she could, without intrusion, catch the formation of a letter from a penman, she gladly embraced it. She used to obtain what school books and copies she could from the children of the family, as models for her imitation. Her leisure interims were appropriated to these tasks with as little reluctance, as common children went to play.

AVAILING herself of such methods with unremitting ardor, together with promiscuous opportunities at school; she, at length, found herself mistress of pronunciation and sentences to such a degree, that she was able to read, with propriety, in almost any book in her language.

The like application, in process of time, qualified her to write a legible hand. As soon as she could write, she voluntarily kept a journal of common occurrences; an employment not unworthy the humblest peasant, or the most renowned sage.

THE anxiety and aspirations of her mind after knowledge, at length, became more notorious to many, who made learning their element. As catechetical tuition,¹⁴ in some respects, was more in use thirty years ago, than now, she committed to memory, at an early age, the Catechism by the Assembly of Divines,¹⁵ and could recite a prolix¹⁶ proof of it verbatim. By this, she secured the esteem and approbation of her village curate¹⁷; which he expressed by many flattering expressions, and a donation of a few books. And to mention the epistolary correspondence, which she commenced at the age of twelve, with a young lady of polite accomplishments, who had not only offered to supply her with paper, but with whatever instructions she could, would be reminding her of a debt which she could only repay by her gratitude for such obliging condescension. The correspondence was of much utility to her in her future employments.

Thus, so much genius and taste were not always to remain sequestered, like a pearl in the bowels of the deep, or in an inaccessible place. Nor must I insinuate that she was here deprived of many other principal advantages of education. She fared well for food and raiment¹⁸; and that, she reflected, was better than could be said of many of her surrounding companions. It is with respect and gratitude she speaks of her superintendants on many other accounts. She has often said with emotion, that the most mortifying punishment she ever received from her master, was—“*You are always hammering upon some book—I wish you wouldn't spend so much time in scrabbling over paper.*” Had he been possessed of Miss Hannah More's beautiful satire, he might, more politely, have recited the same ideas:

¹⁴ *Catechetical tuition*: instruction in the principles of Christianity; the *Catechism by the Assembly of Divines*

¹⁵ *Catechism by the Assembly of Divines*: a widely available print catechism, likely indicating Presbyterian affiliation

¹⁶ *Prolix*: lengthy

¹⁷ *Curate*: parson

¹⁸ *Raiment*: clothing

“I wish she'd leave her books, and mend her clothes:

I thank my stars, I know no verse from prose.”¹⁹

They not only carefully habituated her to industry and domestic economy in general: but from them, her mistress in particular, she experienced lessons of morality and virtue, which, she thinks, could not have failed to have been beneficial to any one, whose heart had not been too much tipped with adamant hardness, or whose faculties had not been totally wrapped in inattention. Indeed, the laborious exercises, to which she was accustomed, during her stay in this family, may be considered of real service to her. They added strength and permanency to her naturally good constitution, kept the mind awake to improvements; for the mind will doze, when indolence seizes the body, and thus prepared her to endure the greater hardships, which were to characterize her future life.

IT is with peculiar pleasure, I here find occasion to speak of Miss SAMPSON's *taste* for the study of *Nature*, or *Natural Philosophy*. More agreeable still would be my task, had she enjoyed opportunities, that her proficiency in it might have been equal to her relish for it.

THAT *Philosophy* should ever have been treated with indifference, much less, with intentional neglect, is an idea that affords singular astonishment to every rational mind. The *philosopher* has been considered as—*not a man of this world; as an unsocial and unfit companion, and wanting in the general duties of life.*

Such ideas must have been the result of a very erroneous acceptance of the word; or, of a mind not a little tinctured with prejudice.—I have always conceived, that *philosophy* is a *scientific sphere*, in which we are enjoined to act by nature, reason and religion; which serve as a directory, or auxiliaries to accelerate us in it. The *philosopher*, then, instead of being rendered a *useless object* in society, and *wanting* in the general *duties* of life, is the person most eminently qualified for a *useful member* of society, the most agreeably calculated for an *intercourse and union* with the sexes, best acquainted with the social and enjoined *duties* of life; and is thus preparing himself for a more refined BEING in

¹⁹ Mann here quotes lines from the epilogue to “The Search After Happiness” by the popular English writer Hannah More (1745-1833).

futurity.

IT must then have been, merely, from the *abstruseness*, which many people have falsely imagined attends this most plain and useful of all sciences, that they have been deterred from the pursuit of it. But however reprobated and useless the study of philosophy may have been deemed for the man of sense, and much more dangerous for the other sex; it is certain, that it is now emerging from an obsolete state, to that of a fashionable and reputable employment. Ignorance in it being now the thing mostly to be dreaded. And many of both sexes are not ashamed of having the appellation conferred on them in any situation in life.

I LEARN from Miss SAMPSON's diurnals²⁰, and from the credibility of others, that she early discovered a *taste* for the contemplation of the objects and appearances exhibited in creation. She was notorious for her frequent interrogatories relative to their nature, use and end. Nor is this, in a degree, unnatural for children in general. Natural Creation is a source that first excites the notice and attention of all. I have myself observed, even infants, after long confinement, appear reanimated and filled with admiration on being again brought into the refulgence of the Sun or Moon, the spangled appearance of the stars, the enamelled mead, the aspiring grove, or a single floweret. Thus, they make it a voluntary act to enquire into their origin, use and end: Whereas, it often happens, that the same child, by reason of some nursed, ill habit of temper, will brook no controul by the best moral precept or example, except it be from the dread of corporeal punishment.—This, therefore, should rouse the attention of parents. As the first dawning of reason in their children displays itself in this way, they should make it their peculiar care to assist and encourage it in every respect. Nature, indeed, may be considered as a general monitor and instructor: But it is from experience and practical experiments that we are facilitated in the acquisition of knowledge.

HER taste for the cultivation of plants and vegetable productions in general, appears to have been somewhat conspicuous in her early years. And she has intimated an idea of this kind, which, from its justness, and the delicate effects it has on many of the softer passions, induces me to notice it.—It has been a source of astonishment and

mortification to her, that so many of her own, as well as of the other sex, can dwell, with rapture, on a romantic scene of love, a piece of painting or sculpture, and, perhaps, upon things of more trivial importance;—and yet can walk in the stately and venerable grove, can gaze upon the beautifully variegated landscape, can look with indifference upon the rose and tulip, or can tread on a bank of violets and primroses, without appearing to be affected with any peculiar sensations and emotions. This certainly proceeds from a wrong bias of the mind in its fixing on its first objects of pursuit. And parents cannot be too careful in the prevention of such errors, when they are forming the minds of their offspring for the courses, which are to affect the passions, and give sway to the behavior during life.

I KNOW not whether it was from her mental application to books, instructions from public or private preceptors, or from her own observations on *nature*, that she acquired the most knowledge of philosophy and astronomy. Perhaps, it was from some advantage of the whole. I am, however authorized to say, both from her infant memorandums and verbal communications, that she did obtain, during her juvenility, many just ideas respecting them. She has assured me, the questions she used to ask, relative to the *rising* and *setting* of the Sun, Moon, &c., never ceased agitating her mind till she had formed proper ideas of the spherical figure of the Earth, and of its diurnal²¹ and annual revolutions. In this manner, she acquired a smattering of the *Solar System*. But she has no wish even now, for having the appellation, *philosopher*, or *astronomer*, conferred on her. But my readers may conclude, it is, merely on account of her fancied *ignorance* of those sublime sciences.

SHE frequently made it her custom to rise in the morning before twilight. During the Spring, Summer and Autumn, it seems, she was peculiarly attached to rural speculation. And, as though she had been a Shepherdess, she was frequently seen in some adjacent field, when the radiant orb of day first gleamed on the hill tops to cheer and animate vegetable nature with his prolific and penetrating rays.

THE studious and contemplative mind can best interpret her motive in this, and the utility of it. To those, who have seldom or never enjoyed the delicious repasts of this tranquil hour, it may be said—the

²⁰ *Diurnals*: diaries

²¹ *Diurnal*: daily

mind, like the body, having rested from the toils and bustle of the day, awakes in a state of sereneness the best calculated for contemplation, for the reception and impression of ideas, which this season, above all others, seems capable of affording.—The physician may also inform, that *early rising* is a cordial and preservative of health. It creates a lively carnation on the cheek, adds vigor and activity to the limbs and senses; which no one wishes to exchange for the languishing constitution, the pallid countenance, and mind staggering with the weight of an inactive body of him, who takes too much repose on his downy pillow.

THE dawning of day—when the sun is dissipating the darkness, all nature assuming reanimation, each tribe of instinct hastening to its respective occupation, and man, who had been confined in morbid inactivity, reassuming strength and cheerfulness—is emblematic of CREATION rising out of its original chaos, or non-existence. Surely then, this scene cannot fail of filling the *philosophic mind* with just and sublime ideas, and with the purest love and gratitude to that BEING, who caused them to exist and who still regulates and superintends the whole.

MISS SAMPSON has repeatedly said, that her mind was never more effectually impressed with the power, wisdom and beneficence of DEITY than in the contemplation of his CREATION. It affords *ideas* the most familiar and dignified, and *lessons* the most striking, captivating and beautifully sublime.

THE Earth, which is computed to be 25,038 English miles in circumference, and to contain about 199,512,595 square miles of surface, is indeed a large body.²² The thoughts of its construction, of its convenient situations for its innumerable species of inhabitants, and of the abundance of good it affords them, are sufficient to warm the human breast with all that is tender and benevolent.

BUT our creative faculties in their researches are not limited to this globe. The sight is attracted into boundless ether, to roam amongst the other revolutionary orbs and spangled situations of the fixed stars.²³ In this, *nature* is our prompter, and *reason* our guide. Here we are led to believe, without doubt, that such orbs, as are visible to the eye, occupy

immensity. And the probability is, that millions, yea, an infinite number, of such bodies are peopled by inhabitants not dissimilar to our own. And when we further consider the immense distance there is between each of these planets, stars or suns, and the certainty of the regularity and mutual harmony, that forever subsists between them, although they are perpetually whirling with the most inconceivable velocity;—what august and amazing conceptions do we have of that BEING, who has fabricated their existence! Surely then the mind, that is not lost to all sense of rectitude and decorum, must be filled with ideas the most dignified, with sentiments and passions the most refined, and with gratitude the most abundant and sincere.

AS MISS SAMPSON had a natural attachment to the study of *creation*, it would have been unnatural, and even criminal, to have been negligent in forming an acquaintance with her own nature—with its important use and end. Every thing in nature, as well as in reason, enjoins this as a duty. The uniformity every where observable in creation, doubtless, was influential and subservient to the regulation of her moral and civil life. This may excite an idea of novelty with those, who do not studiously attend the *lectures* of Nature. But had we no other directory, by which we could regulate our lives and conduct, and were it not possible to deviate from this, there would be less danger of the confusion so often visible among mankind, of immorality, and of the sword, which is, even now, deluging such a part of the world in blood.

FROM an habitual course of speculations like these, she may be said to have been seasonably impressed with the following theoretical conclusions drawn from them: That human nature is born in imperfection; the great *business* of which is *refinement*, and constant endeavors of approximation to perfection and happiness;—That ignorance and the general train of evils are the natural offspring of inattention, and that all tend to the degradation of our nature;—And that diligent application is the great requisite for improvement; which, only, can dignify and exalt our nature and our character.

THESE traits, I venture to affirm, are some of the primeval exertions of those endowments, which are so peculiarly characteristic of our rectitude and worth. They are *leading principles* of life. I take the liberty to call them *spontaneous*; because they are, more or less, *natural* to every one.

²² SEE Esq. GUTHRIE's and Dr. MORSE's Geographies. [Note in original.]

²³ CONSIDERED by modern philosophers and astronomers, as SUNS. [Note in original.]

IMPELLED by desires to promote virtue and decorum, as well as by justice, I here mention one more trait of her juvenility: and I could wish it might not distinguish her from others at this day.—During this season, it may be said, she was generally a stranger and showed an aversion to all irregular and untimely diversions. Nor is she more deserving a panegyric²⁴ on this account than her superintendents. She despised revelry, gossiping, detraction and orgies,²⁵ not because she was, originally, any better than others, but because genuine nature exhibits no such examples—because they were unfashionable in her neighborhood;—and, especially, because her master and mistress not only disapproved, but prohibited them. This theory is certainly good, however bad her practice hereafter may appear. Their *practice*, rather than their *name* should be struck out of time.

PERHAPS I make a greater distinction, than many do, between what is called the universal ruin of nature, and that occasioned by wrong education. We call *nature* corrupt: instead of which, we may say *corporeal substance*. The immortal part of man is pure; and it is the pride of genuine nature to keep it so. It is embarrassed many times by a vicious body: but it will remain uncontaminated, though the body tumbles into dissolution.

CUSTOM bears great sway; even the palate may be made to relish any diet by custom. But this argues not, that anything can be received by the stomach without danger. We are the pilots of our children; and on us they depend for safety. They learn by imitation, as well as by precept. And I have either read, heard or thought, (no matter which) that children will always be gazing on the *signs* their parents have *lettered*.—We wish for reformation in youth; but let age be careful to lay the foundation stone.

IT is not presumed that Miss SAMPSON was, at this age, without her particular blemishes and foibles. Like others destitute of principal advantages of education, she was doubtless culpable for the misimprovement of much time and many talents. Whilst her superintendents may corroborate this, they are ready to do her the justice of saying, that she was a lover of order in their family—punctual in the

fulfilment of her duty to them, and assiduous to heighten their regard for her. And that her obligations of this nature did not terminate here, many of her cotemporaries, I dare say, can testify. Studious to increase a reciprocity of affection with her relations and surrounding companions, she was successful. To behave with temperance to strangers, is what she deemed a step of prudence: But to show an indifference, or actually to disoblige a friend or companion, could only be repaid by redoubled attention to restore them to her favor, and by acknowledged gratitude for their lenity.

ON the whole, we must look upon her endowments, in general, during her juvenility, as the statuary may look upon his marble in the quarry; or as any one may look upon a rich piece of painting or sculpture, which combines uniformity with profusion; yet where the hand of the artist has not discovered every latent beauty, nor added a finishing polish to those that are apparent.

CHAP. III.

Analysis of Miss SAMPSON's thoughts on the rise and progress of the AMERICAN WAR, with a concise account of the Lexington and Breed's Hill engagements—including a remarkable dream.

THE motives, that led to hostilities between North America and Great Britain, and the period that terminated our *relation* to, and *dependence* on, that nation, are events the most singular and important we have ever known:—*singular*, because, in their very *nature*, they were *unnatural*;—*important*, because, on them depended the future welfare and lustre of America.

The operations of these affairs, both before and after the first engagement at Lexington, are well known to have affected the minds, even of both sexes, throughout the Colonies, with sensations and emotions different from whatever they had before experienced. Our progenitors had suffered almost every hardship in their first settlement of this country; and much bloodshed by the Aborigines. But these are events that naturally attend the population of new countries; and

²⁴ *Panegyric*: formal statement of praise

²⁵ *Orgies*: secret rituals

consequently, naturally anticipated. But when our property, which our ancestors had honestly acquired, was invaded; when our inherent rights were either prohibited or infringed, an alarm was universally given; and our minds were effectually awakened to the keenest sense of the injuries, and naturally remained in distress, till we became exempt from their jurisdiction.

PERHAPS the public may not be surprised, that events, so interesting and important, should arrest the attention of any one.—But when either of the sexes reverses its common sphere of action, our curiosity is excited to know the cause and event. The field of war is a department peculiarly assigned to the hero. It may, therefore, appear somewhat curious, if not interesting to many, when they are informed, that *this* uncommonly arrested the attention of a YOUNG FEMALE of low birth and station. Miss SAMPSON is the one, who not only listened to the least information relative to the rise and progress of the late American War; but her thoughts were, at times, engrossed with it.—I will analyze them, as I find them sketched in her credentials, or as I learn them from credible authorities.

BEFORE the blockade of Boston, March 5th, 1775, by the British, the Colonies had been thrown into great confusion and distress by repeated acts of oppression by the British, that produced riots, which, in Boston, were carried to the greatest extremities. It was not till this time, that Miss SAMPSON obtained information of the arrival of the King's troops, and of the spirited opposition maintained by the Americans. She justly learned, that it was the Acts of the British Parliament to raise a revenue in America, without her consent, that gave rise to these cruel and unjust measures. Had she possessed information and experience on the subject, like many others, she would doubtless, like them, have seen the impropriety, that England should have an unlimited controul over us, who are separated from her by the vast Atlantic, at least, three thousand miles.

BUT so it was.—From the first established settlement in North America, to the *Declaration* of our *Independence*, we acknowledged the sovereignty of the British Government; and thus continued tributary to her laws. And as though it had not been enough, that she had driven many of our ancestors from their native clime, by the intolerant and unrelenting spirit of her religious persecution, to seek a

new world, and to suffer the distress naturally consequent—they insisted still, that our *property*, our *conduct* and even our *lives* must be under their absolute controul. Thus, we remained subject to the caprice of one, the influential chicanery of a second, and the arbitrary decision of the majority. And it is not my prerogative to say, we should not have remained loyal subjects of the Crown, to this day, had not our affections been alienated by the administration of *laws*, in their nature, unjust, and calculated to injure none, but those the least deserving of injury.

PERHAPS, there is no period in our lives, in which the principles of humanity and benevolence can better take root, than in that of the juvenile age. And it has been a rare instance, that the situation of any nation has been so effectually calculated to bring these to the act of experiment, as ours was at the juncture of our revolution. The distressed situation of the inhabitants of Massachusetts, and particularly of those in the metropolis, after the *passing* of the *Port-Bill*,²⁶ can never be remembered without starting the tear of humanity, and exciting the indignation of the world.

MISS SAMPSON, though not an eye-witness of this distress, was not insensible of it. She learned that the inhabitants of Boston were confined by an unprovoked *enemy*; that they were not only upon the point of perishing for want of sustenance, but that many had been actually massacred, their public and private buildings of elegance shamefully defaced, or quite demolished; and that many of her own sex were either ravished, or deluded to the sacrifice of their chastity, which she had been taught to revere even as dear as life itself.

THESE thoughts filled her mind with sensations, to which she had hitherto been unaccustomed—with a kind of enthusiasm, which strengthened and increased with the progression of the war; and which, peradventure, fixed her mind in a situation, from which, she afterwards found it impossible to be extricated, until the accomplishment of the object, after which it aspired.

DURING her residence in Mr. Thomas's family, they granted her many domestic privileges;—such as the use of a number of fowls, sheep, &c., upon condition, that she would appropriate the profit

²⁶ *Port-Bill*: the Boston Port Act of 1774, which closed Boston to shipping

arising from them to the attainment of objects useful and ornamental. This was an effectual method to inure her to *method* and a proper *use* of money. She applied herself to the business with diligence and success. And, at this time, she had accumulated a small stock, which was appropriated, agreeably to her notion, perfectly coincident to the injunction. The poor people of Boston were reduced to the piteous necessity of asking *charity*, or *contribution* from the country inhabitants. This was no sooner known to her than she experienced an anxiety, that could brook no controul, until she had an opportunity of *casting in her mite*.²⁷ Upon which, she sincerely congratulated herself, not upon the principle, that any one owed her any more gratitude; but upon the consciousness of having endeavoured to relieve the innocent and distressed.

THOUGH I am as much disinclined to have faith in common dreams as in any invented fable, or to spend time in reciting their ominous interpretations; yet as they proceed from that immortal part of man, which no one ought to slight, they may sometimes be of use. I cannot help noticing in this place, a phenomenon presented to the mind of Miss SAMPSON during her nocturnal repose, April 15, 1775, in the fifteenth year of her age, and but four days before the battle at Lexington. I insert the principal part of it in her own language, and some of the latter part, verbatim.

“As I slept, I thought, as the Sun was declining beneath our hemisphere, an unusual softness and sereneness of weather invited me abroad to perambulate the *Works of Nature*. I gladly embraced the opportunity; and with eager steps and pensive mind quickly found myself environed in the adjacent fields, which were decorated with the greatest profusion of delights. The gentle ascending ground on one side, upon which were grazing numerous kinds of herds; the pleasant and fertile valley and meadow, through which meandered small rivulets on the other; the aspiring and venerable grove, either before or behind me; the zephyrs,²⁸ which were gently fanning the boughs, and the sweet caroling of the birds in the branches; the husbandmen, intent upon their honorable and most useful employment, *agriculture*;

²⁷ *Casting in her mite*: an allusion to Mark 12:42, in which a poor widow contributes two mites, or small coins

²⁸ *Zephyrs*: breezes

the earth, then cloathed with vegetation, which already filled the air with ravishing odours;—all conspired to fill my mind with sensations hitherto unknown, and to direct it to a realization of the AUTHOR of their being whose power, wisdom and goodness are, as they manifest, as infinite as they are perpetual.

STUDIOUS in contemplating the objects that surrounded me, I should have been barbarous, and perhaps, have deprived myself of advantages, which I never might again possess, had I abruptly quitted my ramble. I prolonged it, till I found myself advanced upon a lofty eminence that overlooked a far more extensive and beautiful prospect, both of the ocean and continent.

HAVING reached the summit, I sat down to indulge such thoughts as the scene seemed altogether capable of inspiring.—How much, thought I, is it to be regretted, that I am not always filled with the same sensations, with such sublime ideas of CREATION, and of that BEING, who has caused it to exist! Indeed, I fancied, I could joyfully have spent my life in researches for knowledge in this delightful way.

BUT how great was my astonishment and horror at the reversion of the scene! An unusual appearance, different from whatever my eyes beheld, or imagination suggested, was, at once, cast on everything that surrounded me. The sky, which before was so pleasant and serene, suddenly lowered, and became, instantaneously, veiled with blackness. Though not altogether like a common tempest, incessant *lightning* and tremendous peals of *thunder* seemed to lacerate the very vaults of nature. The ambrosial²⁹ sweets of vegetation were exchanged for the nauseous stench of sulphur and other once condensed bodies that seemed to float in ether.

HAPPENING, at this instant, to cast my eyes upon the liquid element, *new amazement* was added to the scene. Its surface, which before was unruffled, was now properly convulsed, and seemed piled in mountains to the sky. The ships, that before were either anchored, or riding with tranquillity to their harbors, at once dismasted,³⁰ dashing against rocks and one another, or floundering amidst the

²⁹ *Ambrosial*: divine or celestial.

³⁰ *Dismasted*: lost its mast(s), the pole(s) holding the sails

surges. The industrious farmers, many of whom were visited by their consorts in their rural occupations, seemed dispersed, and flying for refuge to the nearest place of safety. And the birds and bestial tribes seemed at a loss where to go, being in as great confusion as the elements.

FILLED with astonishment at this distraction of the elements, without any fixed precaution what method to take for safety; on the one side, the earth, a volcano, which shook with the perpetual roar of thunder; and on the other side, the liquid element foaming to the clouds—my reason seemed entirely to forsake me, on beholding the most hideous *serpent* roll itself from the ocean. He advanced, and seemed to threaten *carnage* and *destruction* wherever he went. At length, he approached me, with a velocity which I expected would instantly have cost me my life. I happened to be directed homeward; but looking back, and perceiving the *streets*, through which he passed, *drenched in blood*, I fell into a swoon. In this condition, I know not how long I remained. At length, I found myself, (as I really was) in my own apartment; where I hoped not to be again shocked with the terrific and impending destruction of the *elements* or *monster*.

BUT to my repeated grief and amazement, I beheld the door of the apartment open of itself; and the *serpent*, in a more frightful form and *venomous* in looks, reappeared. He was of immense bigness; his mouth opened wide, and teeth of great length. His tongue appeared to have a *sharp sting* in the end. He entered the room; but it was not of sufficient dimensions for his length. As he advanced towards my bed-side, his head raised, as nearly as I conjectured, about five or six feet, his eyes resembled *balls of fire*. I was frightened beyond description. I thought I covered my head and tried to call for assistance, but could make no noise.

AT length, I heard a voice saying, "*Arise, stand on your feet, gird yourself and prepare to encounter your enemy.*"—This seemed impossible; as I had no weapon of defence. I rose up, stood upon the bed; but before I had time to dress, the *serpent* approached, and seemed resolved to swallow me whole. I thought I called on GOD for assistance in these distressing moments: And at that instant, I beheld, at my feet, a bludgeon, which I readily took into my hand, and immediately had a severe combat with the enemy. He retreated towards the door, from

whence he first entered. I pursued him closely, and perceived, as he lowered his head, he attempted to strike me with his tail. His tail resembled that of a *fish*, more than that of a *serpent*. It was divided into several parts, and on each branch there were *capital letters* of yellow gilt. I pursued him, after he left the apartment, several rods,³¹ striking him every opportunity; till at length, I dislocated every joint, which fell in pieces to the ground: But the pieces reunited, though not in the form of a *serpent*, but in that of an *Ox*. He came at me a second time, roaring and trying to gore me with his horns. But I renewed the attack with such resolution, and beat him in such a manner, that he fell again in pieces to the ground. I ran to gather them; but on survey found them nothing but a *gelly*.— And I immediately awoke."

THIS very singular *Dream* had an uncommon effect on her mind, and seemed to presage some great event. The novelty and momentous ideas it inspired, induced her to record it; but she kept it secreted from others. At that time she attempted no particular interpretation of it.

ALTHOUGH the nature and limits of these MEMOIRS will not admit of a connected sketch of the American War; yet, as the motives that led to open hostilities, and the actions, in which the first blood was shed, so peculiarly occupied the mind of a young FEMALE, I cannot help following the example: especially, as these were the opening of the great DRAMA, so singular in its *nature* and *important* in its *consequences*; and in which she afterwards became so distinguished an ACTRESS. These, added to a prompt regard and honor to the memory of those HEROES, who fell the first sacrifices in the CAUSE of their COUNTRY, induce me to dwell, for a few minutes on those scenes; the remembrance of which, while they fire the mind and passions with genuine love of LIBERTY and PATRIOTISM, must bring up reflection, shocking and melancholy to every tender mind.

THE repeated and unjust *Acts of Parliament*, which they more strenuously endeavoured to enforce on the Colonies, seemed to threaten general destruction; unless they would, in *One mutual Union*, take every effectual method of resistance. For this purpose, a CONGRESS had been formed; whose first business was to remonstrate and petition

³¹ Rod: 16 ½ feet.

for redress. At the same time, they had the precaution to take methods for defence, in case their voice should not be heard in Parliament. Great encouragement was given for the manufacture of all kinds of military stores and apparatus. The militia were trained to the use of arms.

WHILST things were going on in this manner, a detachment of troops commanded by Colonel SMITH and Major PITCAIRN were sent from Boston to possess or destroy some stores at Concord, twenty miles from Boston. At Lexington a few companies were collected for the purpose of manœuvring, or to oppose the incursions of the British. These, as some accounts say, were ordered by the British commander, with the epithet of *damn'd rebels*, to disperse. Whether they so readily complied with the injunction as he wished, or not, he ordered his troops to fire upon them; and *eight men* were instantly the victims of death.

AFTER the dispersion of the militia, the troops proceeded to Concord and destroyed a few stores. But by this time the militia had collected from the adjacent towns, and seemed unanimously resolved to avenge, by severe retaliation, the death of their innocent brethren. This the troops effectually experienced during their precipitate march to Boston.

WHO but the actors and spectators, being themselves unaccustomed to scenes of this kind, can best describe the anguish of mind and emotions of passion excited by it! The loss of the Americans was small compared to the British. But view them once tranquil and happy in the midst of social and domestic compact. No music more harsh than the note of the shepherd, of friendship and innocent glee. With the lark, each morn was welcomed, as a prelude to new joy and satisfaction.—Now behold the reverse of the scene! As if nature had been convulsed, and with just indignation had frowned on some unpardonable offence, their peace, and every social and private endearment was, at once, broken up. But *she* stands acquitted; whilst the *pride of man* could be satiated only with the dear price of the *scourge*—the *havoc of war*. On that fatal day, when their fields and streets, which had so often re-echoed with rural felicity, suddenly assumed the aspect of the regular *battalia*,³² resounding with nothing but the din of war, and the agonies of expiring relatives and friends, the Earth seemed to precipitate

³² *Battalia*: assembled troops

her diurnal revolution, and to leave the Sun in frightful aspect. The shepherds' flocks stood aghast. Birds forgot to carol, and hastened away with astonished muteness. And think—while the tender *female* breast turned from the scene in distraction, how it must have humanized the most savage temper, and have melted it into sympathy, even towards a relentless enemy.

THE news of this battle spread with the rapidity of a meteor. All America was roused. And many companies of militia, from remote parts, marched day and night, almost without intermission, to the relief of their friends in Massachusetts. Thus, in a short time, the environs of Boston exhibited, to the view of the enemy, the formidable appearance of 20,000 men.

THIS event had the same effect on the mind of Miss SAMPSON, as it had on those of every one, that was *awake* to the introduction of objects so interesting and important; and whose feelings were ready to commiserate the sufferings of any of the human race.

ON June the 5th, the same year, Congress unanimously appointed GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq. to the chief command of the American Army. He is a native of Virginia: and though he is a *human being*, his abilities and improvements can never be called in question. He had acquired great reputation in the execution of a Colonel's commission in the French war. He accepted this appointment with a *diffidence* which, while it best interpreted his wisdom, evinced the fidelity of his heart, and his patriotic zeal for the fulfilment of the important *trust* reposed in him.³³ Of this illustrious *personage* I may have further occasion to speak in the progress of these MEMOIRS.

LEXINGTON battle was soon succeeded by that of Breed's Hill in Charlestown, Massachusetts, a mile and a half from Boston.

THE 16th of this month, a detachment of Provincials under the command of Col. PRESCOTT, was ordered to intrench³⁴ on Bunker's Hill the ensuing night. By some mistake, *Breed's Hill* was marked out for the intrenchment, instead of *Bunker's*: It being high and large like it, and on the furthest part of the peninsula next to Boston. They were prevented going to work till midnight. They then pursued

³³ HE arrived at Head-Quarters in Cambridge on the 3d of July following. [Note in original.]

³⁴ *Intrench*: dig and occupy trenches

their business with alacrity: And so profound was their silence, that they were not heard by the British on board their vessels lying in the harbour. At day-break, they had thrown up a small redoubt³⁵; which was no sooner noticed by the Lively, a man of war, than her cannon gave them a very heavy salute.

THE firing immediately roused the British camp in Boston, and their fleet to behold a novelty they had little expected. This diverted their attention from a scheme they meant to have prosecuted the next day; which was now called to drive the Americans from the hill.

NOTWITHSTANDING an incessant cannonade³⁶ from the enemy's ships, floating batteries³⁷ and a fort upon Cop's hill in Boston, opposite the American redoubt, they continued laborious till noon, with the loss of only one man. By some surprising oversight, one detachment had labored, incessantly, four hours, with being relieved, or supplied with any refreshment.

BY this time the Americans had thrown up a small breast-work,³⁸ extending from the east side of their redoubt towards the bottom of the hill; but were prevented completing it by the intolerable fire of the enemy.

JUST after twelve o'clock, the day fair and excessively hot, a great number of boats and barges were filled with regular troops and apparatus, who sail to Charlestown. The Generals, HOWE and PIGOT, take the command. After they were landed, they form, and remain in that position, till they are joined by another detachment, consisting of infantry, grenadiers³⁹ and marines; which make in all, about 3,000.

DURING these operations, the Generals, WARREN and POMEROY, join the American force. General PUTNAM continues ambitious in giving aid as occasion requires. They are ordered to take up a post and rail fence, and to set it not quite contiguous to another, and to fill the vacancy with some newly mown grass, as a slight defence to the musketry of the enemy. They are impatiently waiting the attack.

In Boston, the Generals, CLINTON and BURGOYNE, had

³⁵ *Redoubt*: an entrenched fortification

³⁶ *Cannonade*: a continuous discharge of cannons.

³⁷ *Floating batteries*: heavily armed, barge-like vessels used for bombardment

³⁸ *Breastwork*: a temporary, often hastily constructed, defensive fortification.

³⁹ *Grenadiers*: a soldier trained to throw grenades.

taken their stand on Cop's Hill to contemplate the bloody operations now commencing. General GAGE had previously determined, when any works should be raised in Charlestown by the Americans, to burn the town: and whilst his troops were advancing nearer to the American lines, orders came to Cop's Hill for the execution of the resolution. Accordingly, a carcass⁴⁰ was discharged, which set fire to the hither part of the town; which, being fired in other parts by men for that purpose, was, in a few minutes, in a general flame.

WHAT scenes are now before us! There, a handsome town, containing 300 houses, and about 200 other buildings, wrapt in one general conflagration; whose curling flames and sable smoke, towering to the clouds, seem to bespeak heavy vengeance and destruction! In Boston, see the houses, piazzas and other heights crowded with the anxious inhabitants, and those of the British soldiery, who are not called upon duty! Yonder, the adjacent hills and fields are lined with Americans of both sexes, and of all ages and orders. Now turn to the American lines and intrenchments. Behold them facing the most formidable enemy, who are advancing towards them with solemn and majestic dignity! In a few moments, must be exhibited the most horrid and affecting scene, that mankind are capable of producing!

ALTHOUGH the Americans are ill supplied with stores⁴¹; and many of their muskets without bayonets; yet they are generally good marksmen, being accustomed to hunting. The British move on slowly, instead of a quick step. The provincials⁴² are ordered to reserve their fire, till the troops advance within ten or twelve rods; when they begin a tremendous discharge of musketry, which is returned by the enemy, for a few minutes, without advancing a yard. But the stream of American fire is so incessant and does such astonishing execution, that the regulars break and fall back in confusion. They are again with difficulty rallied; but march with apparent reluctance to the intrenchments. The Americans at the redoubt, and those who are attacked by the British infantry in their lines leading from it to the water, are ordered, as usual, to reserve their fire.—The fence proves a poor shelter: and many are much more exposed than necessity obliges. So that the British cannot, in

⁴⁰ *Carcass*: an incendiary missile

⁴¹ *Stores*: supplies, in this case food and ammunition.

⁴² *Provincials*: American troops.

future, stigmatize them with the name of *cowards*, who will fly at the sight of a *grenadier's cap*, nor for fighting in an unfair manner. They wait till the enemy is within six rods; when the earth again trembles with their fire. The enemy are mown down in ranks, and again are repulsed. General CLINTON observes this, and passes over from Boston without waiting for orders. The British officers are heard to say, "*It is downright butchery to lead the troops on afresh to the lines.*" But their *honor* is at stake; and the attack is again attempted. The officers are seen to use the most violent gestures with their swords to rally their troops: and though there is an almost insuperable aversion in them to renew the attack, the officers are once more successful.—The Americans are in want of ammunition, but cannot procure any. Whilst they are ordered to retreat within the fort, the enemy make a decisive push: the officers goad on the soldiers with their swords—redouble their fire on all sides; and the redoubt is attacked on three sides at once. The Americans are, unavoidably, ordered to retreat: But they delay, and fight with the butt end of their guns, till the redoubt is two-thirds filled with regular troops.—In their retreat, which led over a neck leading from Cambridge to Charlestown, they were again in the greatest jeopardy of being cut off by the Glasgow man of war, floating batteries, &c. But they effected it without much loss, and with greater regularity than could be expected from men, who had never before seen an engagement. General WARREN, being in the rear, was shot in the back part of his head; and having clapped his hand to the wound, dropped down dead.

THE number of Americans engaged, including those who dared to cross the Neck and join them, was only 1500. Their loss was small compared with the British. The killed, wounded and missing were 453; of which, 139 were slain. Of the British, the killed and wounded were 1054; of which, 226 were killed.

IT has been said by a veteran officer, who was at the battles of Dettingen, Minden, and several others, in Germany—that for the time it lasted, he never knew anything equal it. The British displayed great heroic bravery: And there was a perpetual sheet of fire from the Americans for half an hour; and the action was intensely hot for double that time.

AMONG the slain of the British, they particularly lament the deaths of Lieut. Col. ABERCROMBY, and Major PITCAIRN, who

occasioned the first shedding of blood at Lexington. Among the Americans, we lament, in particular, the fall of General WARREN, the Colonels GARDNER, PARKER, CHELMSFORD, &c. But the fall of General WARREN is the most effectually felt. By his fall, the public sustain the loss of the warm patriot and politician, the eminent orator and physician; with which were blended the other endearing and ornamental accomplishments. And though an amiable consort and a number of small children had rendered his existence more desirable; he distinguished himself *this day*, by fighting as a *volunteer*; and fell an illustrious EXAMPLE in the CAUSE of LIBERTY and the RIGHTS of MAN.

ABOUT this time the country inhabitants, near Boston, were frequently alarmed by idle and ignorant reports, that the British troops had broken through the American lines, were penetrating, with the greatest rapidity into the country, ravaging, plundering and butchering all before them. And more than once, was Miss SAMPSON persuaded to join her female circle, who were as ignorant of what passed in the armies as herself, to seek security in the dreary desert, or deserted cottage. But she peculiarly noted the day of Breed's Hill engagement, as did many others, by the incessant roar of the cannon. A fertile eminence, near which she lived, is a standing monument of the pensive thoughts and reflections she experienced during the melancholy day. She has said, that, for some days after the battle, having had an account of it, sleep was a stranger to her. It seems, her attention was of a different nature from that of many of her sex and youth. Whilst they were only dreading the *consequences*, she was exploring the *cause* of the eruption. This, as she had heard, or naturally apprehended would terminate, at least, in New-England's wretchedness or glory.

IT is, indeed, too much to sport with the *lives* of any animals. But when a large number of *men*, many of whom, perhaps, are involuntarily led into the field, and many more, without knowing or caring for what reason,—march within a few paces of each other, that their *lives* may be made a fairer *mark* for the *sport* of the avarice, pride and ambition of a few licenced incendiaries—*nature* must recoil, or the whole system of intellects forget there is a higher dignity of man.

SHE had frequent opportunity of viewing the American soldiers, as they marched from one part to another.—One day, having

gone some distance to see a number of regiments, her curiosity was arrested by an officer, who boasted much of his courage and heroic achievements. A young female domestic being near him, he thus addressed her:—"You *Slut*,⁴³ why are you not better *dressed* when you come to see so many *officers* and *soldiers*!" Miss SAMPSON seeing her confused, thus replied to the arrogant coxcomb:—"Elegance in dress, indeed, Sir, becomes the *fair*, as well as your sex. But how must that soldier feel who values himself so highly for his courage, his great exploits, &c. (perhaps where there is no danger,) should they *forsake* him in the *field of battle*!"

HOSTILITIES having commenced throughout the Colonies, a new and effectual *school* was opened for the hero, politician and statesman; and which was a stimulation, even to the philosophic moralist. The consequence of which, was the declaration of our *Independence*, July 4, 1776. This momentous event took place two hundred and eighty four years after the discovery of America by COLUMBUS—one hundred and seventy, since the first established settlement in Virginia—and a hundred and fifty six since the settlement of Plymouth in Massachusetts; which were the first permanent settlements in North America. And whilst this *Era* will forever be held a *Jubilee* by every votary of *American Freedom*, it must bring to our minds two very affecting periods:—First, the time when we, with the most heart-felt satisfaction, acknowledged the *sovereignty* of our parent country: And secondly, when we were *distressed*, and like her *dutiful offspring* asked her *lenity* and *compassion*—but could not *share*, even in her *parental affection*!

BUT out of great *tribulation*, it is believed, *anguish* has not been the greatest result. Those necessitous events were, doubtless, conducive to the raising our Empire to that rare height of perfection in the *moral*, as well as in the *political* world; in which it now so conspicuously shines.

⁴³ *Slut*: in the 18C, this term often referred to hygiene or dress, although it already had the negative sexual connotations the term still has today

CHAP. IV.

MISS SAMPSON *continues in Mr. THOMAS's family after she is of age, without meeting any incidents more uncommon, than her increasing propensities for learning and the mode of interesting herself in the CAUSE of her COUNTRY.—Engages in a public school part of two years successively.—An outcry of religion in her neighborhood.—Her thoughts upon it.—Summary of what she deemed the truest religion.*

WE are now to view the state of Miss SAMPSON's mind comparable to him, who has planned some great achievement, which, he believes, will be of the greatest utility and importance to him; but, who finds his opportunities, rather than abilities, inadequate to its completion.

I KNOW not that she ever was deserving the name of *fickleness* in her pursuits; yet, I have the strongest reason to conclude, that her mind, during her juvenility, was so crowded with inventive ideas for improvements, as to throw it into uncommon anxiety. And notwithstanding her invention proposed many schemes; yet, as they tended to the same comparative object, they ought rather to be applauded than aspersed. Neither would I think it gratifying to any, to account for this upon any other score. To assign no other motives for these intellectual exertions, than the attainment of gewgaws,⁴⁴ superfluity⁴⁵ in dress and the night consumption, would not only be doing injustice to her, but mentioning a train of evils, which, it must be confessed, characterize too great a part of our youth at this day; and which, every legislator should discourage, and every parent prohibit.

BEFORE this time, Congress had taken effectual methods to encourage the manufacture of our own apparel, and every other consumption in America. And the reflection is pleasing, that Mr. THOMAS's family was not the only one who had not the reformation to begin. As though they had always been apprehensive of the utility and honor they should gain by it, they had always practised it; and the voice of Congress was only a stimulation: So that Miss SAMPSON's employments were not much altered. And she has, somewhere,

⁴⁴ *Gewgaws*: gaudy ornaments or trifles

⁴⁵ *Superfluity*: excess

suggested—that had we continued this most laudable and ever recommendable employment, in the same degree, to this day, we should not only have increased commerce with many foreign nations; but, have retained immense sums of money, which are now piled shining *monuments* of the opulence of other nations, and of our own *vanity* and *inattention*. In this opinion, I am confident, every well-wisher to his country is still ready to concur.⁴⁶

NECESSITY, our *dreadful*, but *useful* friend, having taught us the advantages of our own manufactures for the support and conveniences of life, continued still favorable to our intellectual powers, and prompted them to the study of arts and sciences. The propriety of this is ratified by our Independence. Nor was Miss SAMPSON the only one, who realized it: But she has often said, she hoped every one, who had, or may have, the same propensities for it, may have freer access to it. Her situation of mind was very applicable to the maxim—“*Learning has no enemy but ignorance.*” She was not now of age; but she resolved, when that period should arrive, to devise some more effectual method to attain it.

IT is natural for *fear* to subside, when *danger* flees out at the door. This, doubtless, was the case with many good people in Massachusetts, after the seat of war was removed to distant parts; when they were not so suddenly alarmed by its havoc. To whatever degree this may have been the case with Miss SAMPSON, it appears, that its first impressions, instead of being obliterated by time, were more strongly impressed on her mind. In fact, it seems, she only needed a different formation to have demonstrated in *actions* what she was obliged to conceal through restraint of nature and custom.

JUST before she was eighteen, 1779, she was employed, much to her liking, six months in the warm season, in teaching a public

⁴⁶ MISS SAMPSON has just shown me pieces of *lawn* and *muslin* which were manufactured with her own hands, soon after the commencement of the war. I consider them as nothing more than specimens of Columbian *abilities*, *genius* and *taste*. It is wounding to me to hear—“*We can buy cheaper than we can make.*” No doubt—And so long as we encourage *foreign manufacture* by sending them our *specie*, there is no doubt, but they can *sell cheaper than we can make*. And even when they have entirely drained us of our *money*, there will be one cheerful certainty left—they will *laugh* at our *credulity*. [Note in original.]

school in Middleborough. In this business, experience more effectually convinced her, that her *education*, rather than her *endowments*, was inadequate to the task. But her success more than equalled her expectations, both with regard to the proficiency of her pupils, and the approbation of her employers.

THE next season her engagement was renewed for the same term in the same school. She now found her talk easier, and her success greater, having had the advantage of a good man school the preceding winter. The employment was very agreeable to her; especially, as it was a source of much improvement to herself.

NOT far from this time, there began to be an uncommon *agitation* among many people in her neighborhood; as had been, or soon followed, in many towns in New-England. This penetrating disorder was not confined to old age. It violently seized on the middle-aged, and as she remarked, even *children* caught the contagion. There are but few mischiefs, that *war* is not capable of effecting.

BUT some well-minded people were ready to term this *the working of the Spirit, of the Holy Ghost—a reformation in religion*. Whether it originated from the unusual and influential exertions of the clergy, who took advantage of this unparalleled crisis to add to their number of converts in the Christian religion; or, whether it was a voluntary act of the mind, or a natural cachexy;⁴⁷—or whether it is a characteristic trait of the *Divine Character*—I have not time here to conjecture.

SHE was in the midst of it, and was excited to observe its operations. But she had the wise precaution to study well its purport, rather than to suffer the *fugitive* to take her by surprise. But let its tendency have been what it might, it answered a good purpose for her. It served to rouze her attention; and to bring about these important enquiries:—From whence came man? What is his business? And for what is he designed? She considered herself as having been too inattentive to religion; which, as she had been taught, and naturally conceived, is the most indispensable duty enjoined on man, both with regard to his *well-being here*, and to the *eternal welfare* of his immortal part.

BUT from her best conclusive arguments drawn from a contest of this nature, she saw no propriety in it. Reason being perverted or

⁴⁷ *Cachexy*: depravity

obstructed in its course, the whole system of intellects is thrown into a delirium. This being the case, as she conceived, in this *outcry* of *religion*; its subjects were of course, not only disqualified for useful business, which was, certainly, wanted at that time, if ever, but rendered totally incapacitated for the adoration and worship of DEITY, in a manner becoming his dignity, or the dictates of sound reason.

AT this age, she had not, professionally, united herself to any religious denomination; as was the practice of many of her cotemporaries. She considered herself in a state of probation, and a free agent; and consequently at liberty, to select her own religion. In this, she was, in a measure, mistaken. Had her mind been free from the manacles of *custom*, and unswayed by *education*, she might have boasted of an advantage superior to all others, and might, peradventure, have entertained the world with a set of opinions, different from all other sects and nations. But these were her combatants. As she advanced on the stage of life to establish a religion, her prospect was that of the *Christian world*: And her assent to it was at once urged by her mode of education. Indeed, this was the only religion of which she had any knowledge, except that which simple *nature* always teaches.

BUT her researches in Christianity did not occasion so much surprise to its votaries as they did to herself. On examination, instead of finding only *one* denomination, she must have been entertained—more probably, alarmed, on finding almost an infinite number of sects which had sprung out of it, and in each sectary a different opinion—all right, infallibly right, in their own estimation. A great diversity of scenery in the same drama, or tragedy, upon the stage, perhaps has nothing in it wonderful or criminal. But a religion, which is believed to be of divine origin, even communicated directly from GOD to *Man*, consequently, intended for the equal good of all, but still subject to controversy—differently construed and differently practised—she conceived, has every thing of the marvellous, if not of an inconsistent nature. Thus, when she would attach herself to *one*, the sentiments of a *second* would prevail, and those of a *third* would stagnate her choice: and for a while she was tempted to reject the whole, till thorough examination and the aid of HIM, who cannot err, should determine the best. And I am not certain, there are not many, who have made their profession, who ought to disapprove her resolution.

TO have called in question the validity and authenticity of the Scriptures would only have been challenging, at least, one half America, and a quarter of the rest of the globe to immediate combat: For which she had neither abilities, nor inclination. She began to reflect, however, that, the being bound to any set religion, by the force of man, would not only be an infraction of the laws of *Nature*, but a striking and effectual blow at the prime root of that *liberty*, for which our nation was then contending.

I WOULD not leave the public to surmise, that she derived no advantage from Christianity. Though divines utterly disallow, that the plan of the Gospel can be attained by the dim light of nature, or by the boasted schools of philosophy; yet, we have already found in these MEMOIRS, that, as feeble as they are, they lead, without equivocation, to the knowledge and belief of DEITY, who, every one acknowledges, is the first and great object of our reverence and devotion. Christian morality, she acknowledges with more warmth, than I have known in many, who have had greater advantages of education. Setting aside the doctrines of *total depravity*, *election*, and a few others, which were always inadmissible by her reason, she is an adherent to its creed. By her diffidence, she is willing, however, that her ignorance should be so far exposed to the public, as to declare, that she knows not whether it is more from the *light of Gospel revelation*, or the *force of education*, that she is led to the assent of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

THIS view of her religious sentiments will be concluded by the following summary of what she now believes to be genuine religion: And under whatever denomination it may fall, it must always continue without a precedent.

THAT religion, which has a tendency to give us the greatest and most direct knowledge of DEITY, of his attributes and works, and of our duty to HIM, to ourselves and to all the human race, is the truest and best; and by which, only, we can have *consciences void of offence*.

I TAKE the liberty to close this chapter with a few digressional remarks.

SENSIBLE I am, that when we can be made sensible that religion, in its truest sense, ought to be made the ultimate end and object of our pursuit—that it is the greatest requisite for our general felicity, both here and in futurity;—or, should it be found, that, as we disregard,

or attend to it, our temporal interest will be effected, as it is by our legislative government—I am inclined to believe, not a mystery, or hidden part in it will long remain unexplored, but established or rejected, as it may be deemed genuine. Civil government and religion have, briefly, this difference:—Civil government serves as a directory necessary for the accumulation and preservation of temporal interest and conveniencies for life: religion teaches us how to set a proper estimate on them, and on all other enjoyments in life. It expands and elevates the mind to a sense and knowledge of DEITY, and to the dignity of human nature. It pervades the whole soul, and fills it with light and love. It is a source, from which, only, can be derived permanent satisfaction, and teaches us the true end of our existence. For want of a knowledge or realization of this, into how many gross errors and absurdities have mankind inadvertently fallen, or inattentively been led: When impositions of this kind have been multiplied upon them, when they have been stigmatized by this name, or by that, in matters of sentiment; it seems, they have rested comfortably easy, without enquiring into their truth or justice, or passed them off with flighty indifference. But touch our *interest*—that bright, momentary gem! the cheek is immediately flushed, and the whole heart and head are upon the rack—set to invention for redress. So contracted and interwoven with lucrative, fantastical gain are the views and pursuits of men.

CHAP. V.

Remarkable anxiety of Miss SAMPSON's mind relative to the War, and to gain a knowledge of her country.—For once, she is tempted to swerve from the sphere of her sex, upon the mere principle of gratifying curiosity and of becoming more effectually instrumental in the promotion of good.—There are but two methods for the accomplishment of this, in which her inclinations lead her to concur.—The first is that of travelling in the character of a gentleman.—The second, that of taking an effective part in the CAUSE of her COUNTRY, by joining the Army in the character of a voluntary soldier.—The latter, after many severe struggles between prudence, delicacy and virtue, she resolves to execute.

IT is impossible to conjecture what would have been Miss SAMPSON's turn of mind, had she obtained the most refined education. But it requires no great force of logic to discover her leading propensities in her present situation. She was formed for *enterprise*: and had fortune been propitious,⁴⁸ she might have wanted limitations.

AMONG all her avocations⁴⁹ and intervening occurrences in her juvenility, her thirst for knowledge and the prevailing American contest, appear, by her diurnals, to have held the most distinguished and important sway in her mind;—*Distinguished*, because they were *different* from the generality of her sex;—*important*, because on *that* depended the future welfare and felicity of our country. Her resolutions on these accounts, and the execution of them will now employ our attention.

FROM the maturity of her years, observation and experience, she could determine, with more precision, on the nature of the war and on the consequence of its termination. This may be said to be her logic:—If it should terminate in our subjection again to England, the abolition of our *Independence* must follow; by which, we not only mean to be *free*, but to gain us the possession of *Liberty* in its truest sense and

⁴⁸ *Propitious*: favorable

⁴⁹ *Avocations*: diversions

greatest magnitude: and thus secure to ourselves that illustrious *name* and *rank*, that adorn the nations of the earth.

THIS, and her propensities for an acquaintance with the geography of her country, were, alternately, severe in her mind. Her taste for geography must have been chiefly spontaneous; as the study of it in books was unfashionable among the female yeomanry⁵⁰.—I am happy to remark here, that this useful and delightful science is now become a polite accomplishment for ladies.

IT was now a crisis with her not often to be experienced: and though it was painful to bear, it was, doubtless, conducive to improvement. Invention being upon the rack, every wheel in the machine is put in motion, and some event must follow. It produced many pertinent thoughts on the education of her sex. Very justly did she consider the female sphere of action, in many respects too contracted; in others, wanting limits. In general she deemed their *opportunities*, rather than *abilities*, inadequate for those departments in science and the belles-lettres, in which they are so peculiarly calculated to shine.—From this, let me infer that, although *custom* constitutes the general *standard* of female education; yet, the best method that occurs to my mind to be used in this important business, is that dictated by reason and convenience.

BUT the public must here be surprised in the contemplation of the machinations and achievements of *female* heroism and virtue: which if not the most unparalleled, are the most singular, that have ever sprung out of Columbia's soil. And it is but reasonable, that we exercise all that candor and charity, that the nature of the circumstances will admit. By ideally putting ourselves in similar circumstances, the reasonableness will be fully evinced. Though independent and free, *custom* in many respects rules us with despotic sway: And the person who greatly deviates from it, exposes himself to numberless dangers. An indelible stigma may doom him to infamy; though perhaps, his original design was to effect some useful and important event. But on the other hand, *liberty* gives us such ascendancy over old *habit*, that unless it bind us to some apparent and permanent good, its iron bands are subject to dissolution. We have, in

some measure seen Miss SAMPSON's motives for achievement; the rest will be illustrated in the sequel.

HAVING come of age, her former resolution⁵¹ remained to be executed. For this purpose, she planned many schemes and fabricated many castles; but, on examination, found them chimerical,⁵² or of precarious foundation. Every recent information of the geography of the continent, served only to stimulate propensities, which she had no desire to stifle. But the news of the war served but to engross her mind with anxieties and emotions she had long labored to suppress. And it must here be mentioned to her honor, that she used arguments *for*, and *against*, herself in every important proposition drawn for enterprise. Her chief problems for solution may have been these:—Must I forever counteract inclination and stay within the compass of the smoke of my own chimney? Never tread on different soils; nor form an acquaintance with a greater circle of the human race? Stifle that spirit of *heroic patriotism*, which no one knows but HIM who foreknows all events, but may terminate in the greatest good to myself, and in some degree promote the CAUSE of my COUNTRY? Yield the palm of *custom* to the *force* of that *philanthropy*, which should warm the bosoms of both sexes and all ages?—In fact, shall I swerve from my sex's sphere for the sake of acquiring a little useful acquisition; or, shall I submit (without reluctance, I cannot) to a prison, where I must drag out the remainder of my existence in ignorance: where the thoughts of my too cloistered situation must forever harrass my bosom with listless pursuits, tasteless enjoyments and responsive discontent?

CONTRASTING this argumentation with the superior advantages of many of the human race for acquiring knowledge, she was ready, for a moment, to find fault with her *formation*: but happily, it was but momentary. As if she had been instantly cured of a frenzy, she could scarcely be reconciled with herself for such presumption. It being not only an indignity to her own sex, but the basest ingratitude to her MAKER, and derogatory to his laws. Her humble solicitations were, that she never might be so lost to all sense of virtue and decorum, as to act a part unworthy her *being*, thereby not only bring

⁵⁰ *Yeomanry*: small landowning proprietors, small farmers

⁵¹ SEE CHAP. IV. [Note in original.]

⁵² *Chimerical*: fanciful

infamy on herself, but leave a blemish and stigma on the female world.

FOR this purpose, she resolved to think no more of projecting adventures, of leaving the tranquillity of her domestic retirement—her endearing circle of relations and friends, to visit distant parts; as the good she anticipated in the result was uncertain, and might, in a fatal manner, prove fallacious. Her flights of imagination had furnished a clue the most requisite for the maxim, which every one more or less needs—“*When fancy rides, let reason hold the reins.*” She likewise resolved to suspend all further enquiries and anxiety about the war. Vain attempts! The prohibitions proved a source of mortification and discontent. And it seems, a prevention of these enquiries would have been as much impossible as it would to have brought the war to a close without negotiation, or by inaction itself. It seems, she could not *hear* of its *success* without *feeling* the *victory*. She had heard of many beautiful cities, rich soils, healthy climates and different customs with the inhabitants: And the thought of being prohibited from augmenting her acquaintance with them, was but anticipating her dissolution too soon.

IN this dilemma she continued several months without any fixed resolution. At length, her propensities for viewing distant places, &c. gained such a perfect ascendancy over cooler reason, that her propensities could brook no controul. She determined to burst the bands, which, it must be confessed, have too often held her sex in awe, and in some mode and measure, stretch beyond the boundaries of her own neighborhood; by which means she might be convinced whether what she had read or heard be true—“*That one half of the world does not know how the other half lives.*” But here fresh scenes of difficulties awaited her: though many had been before anticipated. Prudence, as usual, appeared in her plain, but neat, attire, and called her resolution in question. Delicacy trimmed her dislocated hair; and virtue brought her amaranthine⁵³ wreath. The thought of travelling without a companion or protector, was deemed by *prudence* a step of presumption. Not to have travelled at all, might have deprived her of much good, with increasing anxiety: And there was an avenue to it both ways. But her greatest obstacle was the want of that current

specie, which is always sure to gain the esteem of all people. Without it, she must have been liable to have incurred the appellation of an idler, a bonaroba,⁵⁴ or a vagabond: And so have failed in her design; which was the acquisition of knowledge without the loss of reputation.

WHILST she was deliberating on these matters, she privately dressed herself in a handsome suit of man’s apparel and repaired to a prognosticator.⁵⁵ This, she declares, was not to stimulate, but to divert her inclinations from objects which not only seemed presumptuous, but impracticable. She informed him, she had not come with an intention to put entire confidence in his delusory suggestions; but it was partly out of principle, but mostly out of curiosity. He considered her as a blithe and honest young gentleman. She heard his preamble. And it was either by art or accident, that he told her, pretty justly, her feelings—that she had propensities for uncommon enterprizes, and pressed to know why she had held them in suspension so long.—Having predicated, that the success of her adventures, if undertaken, would more than compensate a few difficulties, she left him with a mind more discomposed, than when she found him. But before she reached home she found her resolution strengthened. She resolved soon to commence her ramble, and in the same clandestine plight, in which she had been to the necromancer. She thought of bending her first course to Philadelphia, the metropolis of America.

IN March, 1781, the season being too rough to commence her excursion, she proposed to equip herself at leisure: and then appoint the time for her departure. A handsome piece of cloth was to be put to a use, of which she little thought, during the time she was employed in manufacturing it.—Ye sprightly Fair, what is there in your domestic department, that necessity, ingenuity and resolution cannot accomplish?—She made her a genteel coat, waistcoat and breeches without any other assistance, than the uncouth patterns belonging to her former master’s family. The other articles, hat, shoes, &c. were purchased under invented pretexts.

BEFORE she had accomplished her apparatus, her mind being intent, as the reader must imagine, on the *use* to which they were soon

⁵³ *Amaranthine*: made of amaranths, a mythical flower said to never fade

⁵⁴ *Bonaroba*: a wanton woman

⁵⁵ *Prognosticator*: like a *necromancer* (below), a fortune-teller

to be appropriated; an idea, no less singular and surprising, than true and important, determined her to relinquish her plan of travelling for that of joining the American Army in the character of a voluntary soldier. This proposal concurred with her inclinations on many accounts. Whilst she should have equal opportunities for surveying and contemplating the world, she should be accumulating some lucrative profit; and in the end, perhaps, be instrumental in the CAUSE of LIBERTY, which had for nearly six years enveloped the minds of her countrymen.

HERE I might bring forward her former monitors, and represent the affecting dialogues, which no virtuous mind wishes to dispute, she held with them on this trying occasion. But I leave this for the poet, novelist, or some more able pen. Suffice it to say, the following motto is the chief result of her debates:—"There may be an heroic INNOCENCE as well as an heroic COURAGE." *Custom*, not *virtue*, must lose its name by transition; unless *custom* be made the *criterion* of virtue. She debated, with all the force of eloquence, that a sense of duty to a parent or mistress could produce, whether to communicate her intentions to them, or to make a confident of any one in so important an undertaking. She resolved in the negative, for this reason:—If her pursuits should terminate in an event, that should cause her to lament her engagement, she should not reflect upon herself for having gone counter to their advice and injunctions; though she might, for not asking and adhering to them. In either case, she meant to make an expiation.

FEMALES! *you* have resolutions, and you execute them. And you have, in a degree, the *trial* of the virtues and graces, that adorn your sex. Then, by ideal similitude, put yourselves in the situation of our *Heroine*, (for thus she must be distinguished in future) and then grant her such favors as you might wish from her. I am your friend, and would do honor to that, which dignifies your character, and renders you the amiable companions of man. Heaven, who has aided *Columbia's Cause*, recognise my sincerity! And although it has been purchased, mostly, at the dear expense of her *sons*; *you* have not remained uninterested nor without the pang of the distressed lover.—I cannot desire you to adopt the example of our *Heroine*, should the like occasion again offer; yet, we must do her justice.

Whether that *liberty*, which has now cemented us in so happy an union, was purchased through direct, or indirect means; we certainly owe the event to HEAVEN. And enterprise in it can better be dispensed, than in many other eminent cases.—Let your imagination, therefore, travel with me through the toils and dangers she has passed. And if you exercise that propriety and sweetness of temper, which I have known in many of you, in the contemplation of other less interesting scenes and objects, I am sure, I shall never be tired with your company.

CHAP. VI.

The time prefixed for her personating the SOLDIER.—Reflections on her bidding adieu to her relations, friends, &c.—Takes a Western, circuitous route for Boston.—Is hired for a class of Uxbridge, as a soldier, for three years, or during the War.—Her mode of joining the Army at West Point.—Is put into the Fourth Massachusetts' Regiment.

IN April, 1781, having obtained what requisites she could for her new, but hazardous, expedition, warm weather being generally settled—she allowed herself but a few days to compromise matters with herself, and to take a private leave of her agreeable circle, before her departure. The thoughts of being put into a kind of transformation were not so alarming, as the dread fatality, which she knew not but it might produce. Whilst most females must recoil at the commencement of an undertaking of this nature, few can have resolution to attempt a second trial. And had I a tragic-comic pen, it might find ample scope in the scenes now before me.⁵⁶

SEVERAL circumstances concurred, in this interim, which could not have failed to excite peculiar emotions. She knew her mother had long doated on her future felicity, with a young gentleman of fortune, and agreeable deportment; and with whom she had contracted an intimate and endearing acquaintance. He had given her

⁵⁶ As noted in the introduction, Mann changes dates and fabricates some details. We have not annotated wartime details for claims made by Mann; for more discussion, see Arthur Young's *Masquerade*, chapters 3-5.

many cordial proofs of the sincerity of his attachment and lasting affections. And had her mind been disincumbered with a higher object in view, she might, doubtless, have united her affections in the happiest alliance for life. Already did she consider a parent not only disappointed in her warmest wishes, but distracted with anguish by the elopement, and for aught she knew, the fatal and untimely catastrophe of a daughter. She felt for those who had taken the charge of her youth; whose affections had not been alienated by her disobedience. For him, who loved her, she felt with emotions, that had not before alarmed her. Indeed, such groups of ideas, that hurried upon her mind, must have been too much for a breast naturally tender. She retired to indulge the effects of nature: And in this seclusion, resolved, should her pursuit succeed, to write to her mother in a manner, that might pacify her mind without disclosing the delicate stratagem.

BUT neither the rigor of a parent to induce her marriage with one, whom she did not dislike, nor her own abhorrence of the idea of being considered a *female candidate* for conjugal union, is the cause of her turning volunteer in the American War; as may hereafter, partly, be conjectured by an anonymous writer. This must be the greatest obstacle to the magic charm of the novelist. She did not slight love; nor was she a distracted innamorato.⁵⁷ She considered it a divine gift: nor was she deceived. For, strike *love* out of the *soul*, life becomes insipid and the whole body falls into lethargy. Love being always, attended by hope, wafts us agreeably through life.—She was a *lover*; but different from those, whose love is only a short epilepsy, or for the gratification of fantastical and criminal pleasure. This, I trust, will be demonstrated by a fact, to which, but few can appeal. Her love extended to all. And I know not, but she continues to have this consoling reflection, that no one can tax her for having coveted the prohibited enjoyment of any individual. This is that love, whose original source and motive induced Columbia's sons to venture their property, endearments—their lives! to gain themselves the possession of that heaven-born companion, called *liberty*: and which, when applied to conjugal union, is the same thing, only differently combined with the other passions. And whatever effect it may then have had on

her, she has since been heard to say, without reserve—That she deemed it more honorable for one to be *suffocated* with the *smoke* of *cannon* in the *Cause*, in which she was then embarked, than to waste a useful intended existence in despair, because Heaven had justly denied the favorite of a whimsical and capricious fancy. The perseverance for the object, dictated by love, in both cases, corroborates, beyond doubt, its efficacy and utility.

JUST before her departure, she received a polite invitation to join a circle of her acquaintance for rural festivity. She was cheerful; and the rest of the company more so. Among many lively topics, it was remarked that Mr. —, brother to a lady not present, had been killed in the battle at Long-Island, in New York. It was brushed into oblivion by concluding—his sweetheart was again courted. It drew involuntary tears from our intended heroine, which were noticed. In the evening, she returned home with emotions, that might affect a lover.

NEXT day, the weather was exceedingly pleasant; and nature smiled with the season. Miss SAMPSON performed her business with much affected gaiety and sprightly conversation: But the night was to be big with the important event.

HAVING put in readiness the materials, she had judged requisite, she retired, at her usual hour, to bed, intending to rise at twelve. She was, doubtless, punctual. But there was none, but the INVISIBLE, who could take cognizance of the effusions of passion on assuming her new garb; but especially, on reflecting upon the *use*, for which it was assigned—on leaving her connections, and even the vicinity, where the flower of her life had expanded, and was then in its bloom. She took her course towards Taunton, in hopes of meeting with some stranger, who was going directly to Head-Quarters, then at the Southward.—Having walked all night she was just entering the Green in Taunton, when the bright luminary of day, which had so often gleamed upon her in the rusticity of a shepherdess, then found her, not, indeed, impressed only with the simple care of a brood of chickens or a bleating lamb—but with a no less important CAUSE, than that, in which the future felicity of America was then suspended. The reflection startled her: but female temerities⁵⁸ were not to be

⁵⁷ *Innamorato*: lover (Italian, in the masculine form)

⁵⁸ *Temerities*: acts of recklessness

palliated.

AT this instant, she unwelcomely met Mr. WILLIAM BENNETT, her near neighbor. Surely, an apoplexy⁵⁹ could not have given her a more sudden shock. Though she was not positive he had discovered her masquerade; yet, she knew if he had, she should be pursued when he reached home.—After some refreshment, and supplying her pockets with a few biscuit, she hastened through the town; but determined not to bend her course directly for the Army, till she should know what had been done about her clandestine elopement. Fatigued with walking, she took an obscure path, that led half a mile into a thicket of wood; where the boughs of a large pine served for her canopy during her repose till evening. Surprised when she awoke on finding it dark, with difficulty, she regained the road; and by the next peep of dawn, found herself in the environs of her former neighborhood.

DEJECTED at the sight of the place, where she had enjoyed so much rural felicity, she half resolved to relinquish all thoughts of further enterprize, and to palliate what had passed, as a foible, from which females are not always exempt. The debate was not long. As usual, she must persevere, and make the best of what might prove a bad choice. The groves were her sanctuary for meditation that day and the succeeding night. After the birds had sung their evening carols, she lay down with intentions to sleep: but necessity, our old alarming friend, roused her attention. Impelled by hunger, during the tranquillity of the village, she repaired to a house she had much frequented, with intentions to appease the cravings of nature. Going to a pantry, where victuals was wont to be deposited, and meeting with no better success than a crust of bread, she again retired to her solitary asylum.—The caroling of the feathered tribe having again notified her of day, she resumed her ramble, and soon lost sight of those

Adjacent villas, long to her endear'd,

By the rough piles our ancestors have rear'd.⁶⁰

SHE reached Rochester that day, and the next, Bedford, a seaport in Massachusetts; which had been much distressed by the British in

1778-79. She here met with an American, Commander of a Cruiser; who, after much importunity and proffered emolument,⁶¹ gained her consent to go his waiter to sea. But she was informed, that, although he used much plausibility on the shore⁶², it was changed to austerity at sea. She, therefore, requested him to keep her month's advance, and leave to go into town on business, and that night lodged in Rochester, and was careful not to see him afterwards.⁶³

HEARING nothing concerning her elopement, she concluded to take a circuitous ramble through some of the Western towns, and visit Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, before she joined the army. This was partly to gratify curiosity, and partly to familiarize herself to the different manners of mankind—a necessary qualification for a soldier, and perhaps, not detrimental to any, whose minds are properly fortified, and whose established maxim is—*To do good*.

SHE left Rochester on Friday. The next night and the succeeding, she tarried at Mr. MANN's tavern in Wrentham. From thence, she visited some of the Western towns in the State. Finding herself among strangers, her fear of being discovered subsided; and she found herself in an element, from which, she had long, involuntarily, been sequestered. She, doubtless, had awkward gestures on her first assuming the garb of the man; and without doubt, more awkward feelings. Those, who are unacquainted with masquerade, must make a difference between that, which is only to heighten beauty for fantastical amusement and pleasure—and that of sex, which is to continue, perhaps, for life, to accomplish some important event. She acted her part: and having a natural taste for refinement, she was everywhere received as a blithe, handsome and agreeable young gentleman.

⁶¹ *Importunity*: persistent pleading; *proffered emolument*: unsolicited offer of a reward

⁶² *Plausibility (on the shore)*: laudable behavior (while on land)

⁶³ IT has been reported, that she enlisted, as a Continental Soldier, for a class in Middleborough—that she received a part of the stipulated bounty—that she was immediately discovered, and refunded the bounty. I have no account of this from her; nor is the report in the least authenticated. It probably has since taken its rise from this circumstance. [Note in original.]

⁵⁹ *Apoplexy*: a sudden illness or paralytic fit.

⁶⁰ This appears to be Mann's own verse.

IT may be conjectured, whether or not, she meant to see the army before she enlisted. By what follows, it appears she did not. She doubtless chose to engage for Massachusetts; not because she could render any more service, but because it is her native State, and which had been the opening of the first scene of the horrid *drama*, and had suffered most by its actors.

IN Bellingham she met with a speculator; with whom, for a certain stipulated bounty,⁶⁴ she engaged for a class of Uxbridge as a *Continental Soldier*.⁶⁵ Instead, then, of going to Boston, she went back, and was immediately conducted to Worcester; where she was mustered. She was enrolled by the name of ROBERT SHURTLIEFF. The general muster-master was, doubtless, glad to enrol the name of a youth, whose looks and mien⁶⁶ promised to do honor to the cause, in which she was then engaged. Ah, females—we have too long estimated your abilities and worth at too mean a price! Pardon an inadvertent misapplication of our intellects; as our profession is improvement, and our propensities to redress all wrongs.

ON May 13th, she arrived at West-Point in company with about fifty other soldiers, who were conducted there by a sergeant sent for that purpose. West-Point was then an important post, where was stationed a large division of the American army. It guarded a passage in the river Hudson, sixty miles from the city of New-York. West-Point will forever remain distinguished by the infamous treason of General ARNOLD in 1780. His conduct, the preceding winter in the city of Philadelphia, had been censured; which gave him offence. The consequence was—he sought for revenge. He conspired with Sir HENRY CLINTON to deliver West-Point and all the American army into the hands of the British; which he meant to accomplish during General WASHINGTON's absence in Connecticut. But the plot was providentially disconcerted. Major ANDRE, Adjutant

General in the British army, an illustrious young Officer, had been sent as a spy to concert the plan of operations with ARNOLD. On his return he was overtaken, condemned by a court martial, and executed.⁶⁷ ARNOLD made his escape by getting on board the *Vulture*, a British vessel: But his character wears a stigma, which time can never efface.

IN the morning, she crossed the Hudson, near Fort Clinton. This is one of the most beautiful and useful rivers in the United States. It takes its name, as do many others in America, from its discoverer. Its source is between the lakes Ontario, and Champlain, running in a Southern direction two hundred and fifty miles, till it falls into the ocean; where it forms a part of New-York harbor. It is navigable for ships of almost any burthen to the city of the same name, a hundred and thirty-six miles from its mouth.

THEY marched on level land, and quickly had orders to parade for inspection.—The soldiers were detached into their proper companies and regiments. It fell to her lot to be in Capt. WEBB's company of light infantry, in Col. SHEPARD's regiment, and in General PATTERSON's Brigade.

The second day, she drew a French fuse,⁶⁸ a knapsack, cartridge-box, and thirty cartridges. Her next business was to clean her piece, and to exercise once every morning in the drill, and at four o'clock, *P. M.* on the grand parade. Her garb was exchanged for a uniform peculiar to the infantry. It consisted of a blue coat lined with white, with white wings on the shoulders and cords on the arms and pockets; a white waistcoat, breeches or overhauls and stockings, with black straps about the knees; half boots a black velvet stock, and a cap, with a variegated cockade, on one side, a plume tipped with red on the other, and a white sash about the crown. Her martial apparatus, exclusive of those in marches, were a gun and bayonet, a cartridge-box and hanger with white belts. She says, she learned the manual exercise with facility and dispatch, though she lost her appetite; which, through favor, she afterwards recovered.

⁶⁴ General Washington refused any pecuniary pay for his services during the war. Our Heroine needed, at least, his wealth, to have followed the example. [Note in original.]

⁶⁵ Those are called *Continental Soldiers*, who engaged for three years, or during the war. [Note in original.]

⁶⁶ *Mien*: bearing

⁶⁷ A particular account of his behaviour, from the time he was captured to his execution, would heave the most stubborn bosom, and affect the magnanimous mind. [Note in original.]

⁶⁸ *Fusee*: a light musket; a *hanger* (below) is a short sword hung from a belt

CHAP. VII.

HER stature is perhaps more than the middle size; that is, five feet and seven inches. The features of her face are regular; but not what a physiognomist⁶⁹ would term the most beautiful. Her eye is lively and penetrating. She has a skin naturally clear, and flushed with a blooming carnation. But her aspect is rather masculine and serene, than effeminate and sillily jocose. Her waist might displease a coquette: but her limbs are regularly proportioned. Ladies of taste considered them handsome, when in the masculine garb.⁷⁰ Her movement is erect, quick and strong: gestures naturally mild, animating and graceful; speech deliberate, with firm articulation. Her voice is not disagreeable for a female.

SUCH is the natural formation, and such the appearance of the FEMALE, whom I have now introduced into a service—dreadful I hope, to most men, and certainly, destructive to all. Perhaps, exclusive of other irregularities, we must announce the commencement of such an enterprise a great presumption in a *female*, on account of the inadequateness of her nature. Love and propensity are nearly allied; and we have, already, discovered the efficacy of both. No love is without hope: but that only is genuine, which has, for its object *virtue*, and is attended with resolution and magnanimity. By these, the animal economy is enabled to surmount difficulties and to accomplish enterprises and attain objects, which are unattainable by the efforts of the other passions. When love sinks into despondency, the whole system becomes enervated, and is rendered incapacitated for the attainment of common objects.—What is *Liberty*—I mean, in a genuine sense? The love of it prompts to the exposure of our property and the jeopardy of our lives. This is the surest definition of it: For interwoven with and dependent on it, are all our enjoyments. Consequently, *love*, the noblest passion in man, in no other instance, can do more, or better show its effects.

⁶⁹ *Physiognomist*: a person who reads faces or other physical features to discern character

⁷⁰ She wore a bandage about her breasts, during her disguise, for a very different purpose from that which females wear round their waists. It is not improbable, that the severe pressure of this bandage served to compress the bosom, while the waist had every natural convenience for augmentation. [Note in original.]

March by stages from West-Point to Haerlem; from thence to White Plains.—Her Company of infantry engage a party of Dutch cavalry.—Retreat and are reinforced by Col. SPROAT. Capture of the British Army under Lord CORNWALLIS at Yorktown, where our HEROINE does duty during the siege.

SIX years having elapsed since our revolutionary *Epoch*, four years and ten months since our ever memorable *Independence*—COLUMBIA'S DAUGHTER treads the field of *Mars*!⁷¹ And though she might, like *Flora*, have graced the damask rose, and have continued, peradventure, in the contemplation and unmolested enjoyment of her rural and sylvan⁷² scenes; yet, for a season, she chose the sheathless cutlass and the martial plume. She is a nymph, scarcely past her teens!—Think—females, think—but do not resolve till you shall have heard the sequel.

WE have already found, that she did not engage in this perhaps unprecedented achievement, without the precaution of reflection and pathetic debates on the cause. And this renders her more excusable than many soldiers, who rush, like the horse, to the battle, before they establish their proper *ultimatum*, which is derived only from a thorough investigation of the principles of the contention. Happy for us, that a dissemination of this knowledge is oftener the effect of a confederated Republic, than of the jurisdiction of an unlimited monarch. But neither a delirium, nor love in distraction, has driven her precipitate to this direful extremity. In cool blood, yet with firm attachment, we now see blended in her, the peerlessness of enterprise, the deportment, ardor and heroism of the veteran, with the milder graces, vigor and bloom of her secreted, softer sex.

ON the tenth day in the morning, at reveille-beat, the company to which she belonged, with some others, had orders to parade and march. They drew four days provision; which, with her large sack of clothes and martial apparatus, would have been a burden too much for

⁷¹ *Mars*: the Roman god of war, here paired with *Flora*, the goddess of flowers

⁷² *Sylvan*: of the woods

females, accustomed only to delicate labor. She left some of her clothes, performed the march, and use soon became a second nature.

AS the infantry belonged to the rangers⁷³, a great part of their business was scouting; which they followed in places most likely for success. In this duty she continued till they arrived at Haerlem; where they continued a few days, and then proceeded in like manner to White Plains. Here they, in their turn, kept the lines, and had a number of small skirmishes; but nothing uncommon occurred in these places.

ON July 3d, she experienced in a greater degree, what she had before mostly known by anticipation. Captain WEBB's company being on a scout in the morning, and headed by Ensign TOWN, came up with a party of Dutch cavalry from Gen. DELANCIE's corps then in Morsena. They were armed with carabines, or fusees, and broad swords. The action commenced on their side. The Americans withstood two fires before they had orders to retaliate. The ground was then warmly disputed for considerable time. At length, the infantry were obliged to give way: but they were quickly reinforced by a detachment led on by Col. SPROAT, a valiant officer of the second Massachusetts regiment. They were then too much for the enemy, although a large number had landed from boats for their assistance. The ground they had gained was then measured back with precipitance, even to a considerable distance within their own lines, where the action terminated.

THE Americans having retired to their encampment, our fair Soldier, with some others, came near losing her life by drinking cold water. She says, she underwent more with the fatigue and heat of the day, than by fear of being killed; although her left-hand man was shot dead at the second fire, and her ears and eyes were continually tormented with the expiring agonies and horrid scenes of many others struggling in their blood. She recollects but three on her side who were killed, JOHN BEEBY, JAMES BATTLES and NOOBLE SPERIN. She escaped with two shots through her coat, and one through her cap.

PERHAPS, by this time, some may be ready to tax her with

extreme obduracy,⁷⁴ and, without mercy, to announce her void of all delicacy of sentiment and feeling. And really, had this been her customary plight in her kitchen at home, she might not have passed for an agreeable companion: for she was perfectly besmeared with gunpowder. But if we reflect, that this was not the effect of indolence or sluttishness, but for aught we know, of the most endearing attachment to her country; it ought, at least, to awaken the gratitude of those, who may remain too callous to this great philanthropic passion. It behooves every one to consider, that war, though to the highest degree destructive and horrid, is effectually calculated to rouse up many tender and sympathetic passions. If the principles of humanity and benevolence are ever to be *forced* into exertion, war, which should be the last resource, must have the desired effect. And this renders it, at best, but a necessary evil; and the promoters of it are the subjects of the greatest aspersion. Let us be free from all other evils, to which dire necessity does not prompt, and we may excuse, even a *female*, for taking arms in defence of all that is dear and lovely.—She, doubtless, once thought she could never look on the *battle-array*. She now says no pen can describe her feelings experienced in the commencement of an engagement, the sole object of which is, to open the sluices of human blood. The unfeigned tear of humanity has more than once started into her eye in the rehearsal of such a scene as I have just described.

FROM this time till Autumn, nothing unusual in war happened to her. Indeed, it may be said, everything she did in this situation was *singular*; much of which might afford amusement and moral inferences. But the limits prescribed to these MEMOIRS will not admit the detail of minute circumstances.

IN August, the Marquis DE LA FAYETTE had been dispatched from the main army to contemplate the operations of Lord CORNWALLIS's army in Virginia. After a multiplicity of military manœuvres between them, his Lordship selected York-Town and Gloucester Point as the most conspicuous and advantageous posts for the seat of military operations.—York-Town lies on the river of the same name, which empties into the Chesapeak. It forms a capacious harbor, admitting ships of great burthen. Gloucester Point being on the

⁷³ *Rangers*: light infantry trained for close combat and raiding.

⁷⁴ *Obduracy*: stubbornness

opposite side, and projecting so far into the river, that the distance being but about a mile, they entirely command the navigation of it. Thither CORNWALLIS with 7000 excellent troops repaired; strongly fortified the places, and made other good arrangements.

ABOUT the last of August Count DE GRASSE arrived with a powerful French fleet in the Chesapeake, and blockaded York-Town by water. Soon after, Admiral GRAVES with a fleet appeared off the capes of Virginia. The French immediately slipped their cables, turned out of their anchorage ground, and an action succeeded; and though both sides sustained considerable loss, it was not decisive.

The Generals, WASHINGTON and ROCHAMBEAU had previously moved their main armies to the Southward: and when they heard of the French Admiral's arrival in the Chesapeake, they made the most rapid marches till they arrived at the head of the Elk. Within an hour after their arrival, they received an express from DE GRASSE, with the joyful intelligence of his arrival and situation. The combined armies embarked on board the vessels which the French Admiral had previously prepared to transport them down the Chesapeake; and by the 25th of September they landed at Williamsburgh. The American and French Chief Commanders had reached Williamsburgh by excessive travelling eleven days sooner. They immediately proceeded to visit the Admiral on board the Villa de Paris. A council being called, and their plan of co-operations settled, they returned; and all the Americans and allied troops soon formed a collision at Williamsburgh. FAYETTE had previously been joined by 3000 under the Marquis DE ST. SIMON: The whole regular force thus collected, amounted to nearly 12,000 men, exclusive of the Virginia militia, which were called to service, and commanded by governor NELSON. Preparations were then made with great dispatch for putting the army in a situation to move on to York-Town.

IT is almost needless to mention the hardships, that common soldiers must have undergone in so long and rapid a march. The deficiency of clothing, particularly of shoes, but most of all, the scanty and wretched quality of provisions, augmented their sufferings. Our heroine sustained her march from some part of New-York with good heart, and without faltering, till the day on which she landed with the troops at Williamsburgh. She was then much indisposed; which was

not the only time she had experienced the inconveniences of the concealment of her sex. She puked for several hours without much intermission; which she imputed chiefly to the rolling of the vessel. With the rest, she here drew good provision and spirits: and by the next day, she was revived; and the lustre and august manœuvring of the army seemed to perfect a cure beyond the reach of medicine.

ON the morning of the 28th of September, after parade and review, general orders were read to the armies; wherein his Excellency, Gen. WASHINGTON, emphatically enjoined—"If the enemy should be tempted to meet the army on its march, the General particularly enjoins the troops to place their principal reliance on the *bayonet*, that they may prove the *vanity of the boast, which the British make of their peculiar prowess in deciding battles by that weapon.*" After this, the American and French Chief Commanders personally addressed their armies. Our blooming *soldier*, always attentive to understand every new manœuvre and eventful scene, happened to stand so near his Excellency Gen. WASHINGTON, that she heard distinctly what he said. He spoke with firm articulation and winning gestures: but his aspect and solemn mode of utterance affectingly bespoke the great weight, that rested on his mind. The common soldiers were before mostly ignorant of the expedition, upon which they were going. Being now informed by general orders and the affectionate addresses of their leaders, every countenance, even of many who had discovered a mutinizing spirit, wore an agreeable aspect, and a mutual harmony and reverential acquiescence in the injunctions of their commanders were reciprocated through the whole.

THE phalanx⁷⁵ composed the advanced guards, and was mostly commanded by DE LA FAYETTE. Our Heroine was one of these; and by reason of the absence of a non-commissioned officer, she was appointed to supply his place. Just before the setting of the sun, Col. SCAMMELL, being officer of the day, brought word for the army to halt two miles from York-Town. The officers and soldiers were strictly enjoined to lie on their arms all night.

SUCH language (strange to say) was perfectly familiar to our fair soldier. It did not even excite in her a tremor: although it was a prelude

⁷⁵ *Phalanx*: a battle-line in tight formation

to imminent danger. She had been used to keep her martial apparatus bright and in the best order; as they were often prematurely wanted. Anticipating no greater danger than she had often actually experienced, although she foreboded a great event, she acquiesced in the mandates of her officers with a calmness, that might have surprised an unexperienced soldier.

NEXT morning, after roll-call, their equipments again reviewed, they went through the quick motions of loading and firing blank cartridges by the motion of the sword. They formed in close column, displayed to the right and left, and formed again. The grand division then displayed, formed by platoon, when they were ordered to march in the best order. The next day, Col. SCAMMELL, approaching the enemy's works, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner by a party of horse in ambuscade. York-Town was this day strongly invested by the allied armies. Their lines being formed, the French extending from the river above the town to a morass, where they were met by the Americans on the right, their hard fatigues begun. They continued more than a week laborious, sustaining a very heavy cannonade from the besieged. This business came near proving too much for a *female* in her teens. Being naturally ambitious, it was mortification too severe for her to be outdone. Many apparently able-bodied men complained they were unfit for duty, and were relieved. Among others, she affected pleasure in giving them the mortifying consolation—that, although she believed their *fever* was settled upon them, she hoped it would prove nothing worse than the *cannon or gun-powder fever*.

THE fifth night, she was one of a party, who was ordered to work on a battery; the completion of which had been prevented by a too intense rain of bombs. Before morning, she was almost ready to yield to the horrors of despair. Her hands were so blistered, that she could scarcely open or shut them: and it was nearly twenty four hours since she had taken much nourishment. But she resolved to persevere as long as nature would make her efforts; which she effected almost beyond credibility.

ON the ninth, the American intrenchments being completed, a severe cannonade and bombardment commenced by them on the right, and continued all night without intermission. Next morning, the French opened their redoubts and batteries on the left; and a

tremendous roar of cannon and mortars continued that day without ceasing.—Our Heroine had never before seen either of the main armies together. Being thus brought into view of them, and led on to a general engagement, doubtless excited in her sensations and emotions different from what she had before experienced. And I should need the pathos of a HOMER, and the polished numbers of a HUME or POPE, to do justice to her feelings, or to exceed the reality of this scenery.⁷⁶—The ground actually trembled for miles by the tremendous cannonade, which was incessantly maintained by both sides day and night. Notwithstanding it was not so horribly destructive as is generally the consequence of an open field action; yet the contemplation of two immense armies, headed by the most illustrious leaders, each strenuously contending for victory, must have afforded ideas peculiarly shocking and august. The nights exhibited scenes, to the highest degree, solemn and awfully sublime. Perpetual sheets of fire and smoke belched, as from a volcano, and towered to the clouds. And whilst the eye was dazzled at this, the ear was satiated and stunned by the tremendous explosion of artillery and the screaming of their shot.

I SHALL here notice a heroic deed of this gallantress; which, while it deserves the applause of every patriot and veteran, must chill the blood of the tender and sensible female.

TWO bastion redoubts of the enemy having advanced two hundred yards on the left, which checked the progress of the combined forces, it was proposed to reduce them by storm. To inspire emulation in the troops, the reduction of one was committed to the Americans, and the other to the French. A select corps was chosen. The command of the infantry was given to FAYETTE, with permission to manage as he pleased. He therefore ordered them to remember *Cherry-Valley* and *New-London Quarter*,⁷⁷ and to retaliate

⁷⁶ *Homer*, c. 8C BCE Greek epic poet and author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; David *Hume* (1711-76), the Scottish philosopher and historian, who, like the English poet and translator Alexander *Pope* (1688-1744), was praised by many critics for clarity of style.

⁷⁷ *Cherry-Valley* and *New-Londer Quarter*: two wartime atrocities against pro-revolution populations. The Cherry Valley settlement was attacked in November, 1778 by a mixed force of Loyalists, British soldiers, and pro-British

accordingly, by putting them to the sword, after having carried the redoubts. Our Heroine was one of these! At dark, they marched to the assault with unloaded arms, but with fixed bayonets; and with unexampled bravery, attacking on all sides at once, after some time of violent resistance, were complete victors of the redoubts. There were two women in the one attacked by the Americans, and when our fair soldier entered, the *third* was unknown. After entering, the carnage was shocking for a few minutes. She, standing near one of the women, heard her pronounce *yankee*,⁷⁸ which was no sooner articulated, than she saw a bayonet plunged into her breast, and the crimson, vital liquid, that gushed from the incision, prevented her further utterance! After this, they cried and begged so on their knees for quarters, that the humanity of the Americans overcame all resentment, and they spared all, who ceased to resist; for which they were afterwards applauded by their humane officers. Before they left the fort, one clapped her on the shoulder, and said—“*Friend, fear not; you are only disfigured behind.*” She took no apparent notice of what he said, till an opportunity presented: when, happy for her, she found it no worse! The lapelle of her coat dangled by string; which must have been the effect of a broad sword, or of a very close shot.

WAS not this enterprise, alone, in a *female*, worth the attainment of *liberty*? Yet, where is the fair one who could again hazard it! Methinks I see the crimson cheek of the female turning pallid, her vigorous limbs relaxing and tottering in the rehearsal of this eventful scene. Yet, let no one imagine I have painted it to the life. The fact is

Iroquois fighters; the New London episode, also known as the Fort Griswold massacre, occurred in Connecticut in September, 1781, with British troops allegedly killing US soldiers after they had surrendered.

⁷⁸ The derivation of this word is from farmer JONATHAN HASTINGS of Cambridge about 1713. He used it to express a *good quality*. Thus, a *yankee horse* and *yankee cider*, were an *excellent horse* and *excellent cider*.—The British used it wrongly, as a word of contempt to the Americans. Thus, when they marched out of Boston in 1775, they played a march, called *Yankee doodle*; though the prediction of an active boy was—that their retrograde march would be to *Cherry Chase*. During this siege, two bombs having fell, their fuses were extracted whilst burning; one by a *Female*, the other by a *Soldier*. The contents of one were *squash*, of the other, *molasses*. [Note in original.]

simply narrated; and the proper coloring is left for those peculiar inmates of the female benevolent and heroic breasts.—I hasten to drop the scene.

THE French commanders, whose services demand the gratitude of every American, led on their troops with a heroic bravery, scarcely to be excelled. And whilst DE GRASSE displayed much valor, and was doing great execution with his Armada, the Americans, headed by the ever dear and unrivalled WASHINGTON, redoubled their activity and resolution. Nothing, thus, but inevitable ruin, or an entire surrender, awaited CORNWALLIS: And on the 19th of October, after three weeks severe storm, an armistice having taken place for twenty-four hours, he was glad to accept the terms of capitulation.—He was not permitted to march out with colours flying—an honor that had been refused to Gen. LINCOLN the preceding winter, when he, with all the American garrison, was captured in Charleston, South Carolina. Lincoln was now appointed to receive his sword and the submission of the royal army precisely in the mode his own had been conducted.

THE marching out of such an immense army, as prisoners of war, must have been a scene the most solemn and important. The magnanimity which was discovered in Gen. WASHINGTON upon this occasion, was inexpressibly peculiar. Tears trickled from his eyes during the most of the scene. And a view of him in these moments must have forced a tear of reverential gratitude from the most obdurate. He thought of his COUNTRY!—Remember the PATRIOT—remember the PHILANTHROPIST!

THUS, was the grand pillar of war, at length, broken down, and an ample foundation laid for the establishment of the so much celebrated, and wished for *palladium*⁷⁹ of peace. We certainly owe this event, at least, in a great measure, to our generous auxiliaries.⁸⁰ Had they not lent us their powerful and timely aid, America, for anything we can tell, might have still clanked her chain under a monarchical and despotic sway. Must not a remembrance of their LEADERS, particularly of FAYETTE, start the tear of gratitude, and of filial and

⁷⁹ *Palladium*: safeguard

⁸⁰ *Our generous auxiliaries*: the French

sympathetic attachment? He generously and nobly made COLUMBIA's CAUSE his own. Unhappy man! Happy perhaps he might have continued, had not his philanthropic designs been baffled in his exertions to put them in execution in his native country. Disappointed in these, his warmest wishes, behold him dragging out a more useful intended existence in a loathsome dungeon!⁸¹ O wretched, inhuman return for philanthropy—the best services of man!

See vegetable nature all conspire

To make man blest, his ultimate desire:

Yet, mark how erring to great NATURE's plan,

That man, made wise, should be unjust to man!⁸²

Whilst our blood can never cease to thrill with indignation for his sufferings, may our gratitude and reverence never cool towards this illustrious, but distressed, nobleman. May a reciprocity of friendship and affection conciliate and cement us more strongly with France, our once helpful and now sister republic. We solicit England to shake hands with COLUMBIA, her natural offspring. Let the banners of war be forever furled, the sword of contention sheathed in its proper place; and may she always forget to prove inimical to her established CAUSE. May philanthropy become as extensive as the nations of the earth: Men shall then quite their fallacious pursuits, retire to their respective and proper occupations, and learn humility and propriety of conduct. Then shall mutual harmony, peace and prosperity pervade the world.

I SHALL leave our fair Soldier, or as she was frequently called, the *blooming boy*, in winter quarters not far from West-Point and the banks of the Hudson, or North River, in what were called the York huts. She arrived at this place in December, much debilitated and dispirited by hard marches and fatigues. She was destitute of shoes, as were most of the soldiers during the march; excepting raw hides, which they cut into straps and fastened about their feet. It was not uncommon to track them by the bleeding of their feet on the snow and ice. And it appeared, their officers fared not much better; although they used their greatest efforts to soothe, animate and encourage the soldiers, principally with the

prospects of peace, and the great honor they should gain by persevering to the end.

JUST before their arrival, one of her company having been severely chastised for stealing poultry, importuned her to desert with him and two others. But she not only disdainfully refused, but used all the eloquence, of which she was mistress, to dissuade them from so presumptive an attempt. Having hazarded one desperate presumption herself, she chose to take her lot in the present and future ills; though, peradventure, her sex might in some measure, have justified her breach of contract. The arguments she enforced were—that, it would not only be an evidence of disloyalty to their country, a token of cowardice, a breach of civil obligation, but the greatest jeopardy of their lives. As female eloquence is generally irresistible, they here yielded to its energy: although they were insensible, that it was articulated through *female* organs.

HAVING repaired the huts, in which business she froze her feet to that degree that she lost all her toe-nails, the soldiers were culled, in order that all who had not had the small-pox might be inoculated. The soldiers, who were to be inoculated, paraded; when our Heroine, for the first time, shewed an aversion to it. Determined to hazard taking this malignant distemper unaware, she would even have falsified the truth of her having had it, sooner than have gone to the hospital; where the pride and glory of her sex, the source of the *blooming boy*, might have been disclosed.

SHE did duty, sometimes as a common soldier, and sometimes as a serjeant; which was mostly on the lines, patrolling, collecting fuel, &c. As the winter was very intense, the snow the most of the time deep, I shall leave it for the considerate to imagine the unusual hardships of a female in this situation. She went cheerful to her tasks, and was never found loitering when sent on duty or enterprize.

⁸¹ SOON after the revolution in France, an accusation was decreed against him; and in attempting to escape, he was apprehended in Magdeburg and imprisoned. Heaven grant, he may have been liberated before this time!

⁸² These lines also appear to have been written by Mann.

CHAP. VIII.

Building of the COLONNADE on West-Point after the opening of the Campaign.—Writes to her MOTHER.—A severe SKIRMISH, where she receives two WOUNDS, and is left in the French hospital.—Returns to the army on their lines.—Is left with a sick soldier in a Dutchman's family, who is a Tory and treats her ill.—Heroic ADVENTURE in her MODE of Retaliation.—She and a party, being attacked by a party of Dutch Cavalry, are obliged to ford a dangerous ferry.—The main Army retire to Winter Quarters at New-Windsor.—She is one of a detachment sent to reinforce Gen. SCHUYLER in subduing the Indians on the Frontiers above Albany; where a number of horrid scenes are exhibited.

HAVING now furnished a clue, by which the succeeding common occurrences of our distinguished FAIR, whilst a soldier, may be gathered, I shall not tire the patience of the reader in their enumeration. Though, as common as they then were to her, could they be exhibited afresh by an indifferent female, I am confident I have not a reader, but would think his leisure interims luxuriantly employed in their recital. But I hasten to a narration of those, on which to dwell must be luxury and wonder; but to pass them unnoticed, criminal injustice.

THOUGH peace had not longer been anticipated than wished for; yet, the conduct of both armies after the opening of the campaign seemed to place it as a matter of extreme uncertainty. The opening of this campaign was distinguished by the building of a Colonnade, or rather a Bowery,⁸³ on West-Point. It was begun on the 3d of May, and completed after about three weeks fatigue. In this business, our heroic FEMALE often worked against the most robust

⁸³ *Colonnade, or rather a Bowery*: A colonnade is a series of conjoined columns perhaps in this instance meant to suggest an enclosed space, a bowery suggests that this roof might have been comprised of leafy tree branches lain across the columns.

and expert soldier: and had not the delicate texture of her frame been concealed, it would, doubtless, have been judged, that she was very unequally mated.

WHEN this delightful building was finished, the officers held a meeting of social intercourse and conviviality. The full, sparkling bowl was here handed cheerfully round. Many toasts of health and long life were drank to the half-divine WASHINGTON—to the true sons of freedom and republicanism—to the increase and perpetuity of our alliance with FRANCE, and giving three cheers for the new-born Dauphin⁸⁴ of that realm, they concluded the day.

THE reader has long enough been in suspense to know what effect her elopement had on her mother and connections, and what method she took to pacify, as we may suppose, their half distracted minds. Though she received her education in obscurity, the news of her elopement, or among other conjectures, that she had come to some untimely catastrophe, flew to a great distance. Her mother, raising a thousand doubts and fears was almost inconsolably wretched. Sometimes she harbored the too often poignant reflection, that her too rigorous exertions to precipitate her union with the gentleman I have before mentioned, had driven her to some direful and fatal alternative. The like dire, alternate thoughts filled her undissembled Lover, with emotions he could ill conceal. And like a man of sense and breeding, he commiserated each of their misfortunes. Frantic at times, when reflection had pictured to his imagination all her frightful groups of ideas and images, he would curse his too overbearing importunity and too open declaration of his passions. These, he too late surmised, were the cause of her leaving him abruptly, (which, by the bye, is the reverse of common circumstances) and, for aught he knew, of her casual exit from all earthly objects; or, that the too warm pressure of his love had rendered him odious, and that she had too justly punished him by throwing herself into the embraces of a more agreeable rival. He determined, however, were it practicable, once more to see her, and to congratulate her on her union with a better companion, than he could make;—or, should she conceive as he once thought she had, a

⁸⁴ *Dauphin*: the eldest son of the French king, here Louis XVI's son Louis-Joseph, born in October of 1781.

growing affection for him, he should rejoice to find himself, in the road for that happiness, which alone could render his existence satisfactory, or scarcely desirable.

FOR this purpose, one of her brothers made a fruitless expedition a number of hundred miles to the Eastward among some of her relations. Her Suitor took his route to the Westward. And among his rambles, he visited the seat of war; where he saw his half adorable object of love. But as fortune, adverse or propitious, would have it, he knew not that she who appeared in martial attire, was the tender object, who occupied the most distinguished seat in his bosom. Her eyes were not deceptory; and when she heard the articulation of her name in his enquiries, it was not because she slighted him, nor because she was enraptured with his love, that she a second time hastened from his presence. The big tear trembled in her eye; and when she turned to conceal her emotions, she silently and reluctantly bid him adieu.

AFTER many wearisome steps and unsuccessful researches, he returned home; when it was concluded, that she must have crossed the wide Atlantic, or have found an untimely sepulchre⁸⁵ in her own country.—She was preserved; and she only could cure the cruel suspense and racking sensations, which it would be brutal to suppose did not pervade their bosoms on this occasion. The mind is scarcely capable of picturing a contrast more trying to the tender passions than this. And no doubt, she allotted her sequestered retirements to indulge the sorrowing, unnoticed tear; when the anguish of a mother, of her relatives and of him, whose felicity she knew was perfectly interwoven with her own, took complete possession of her mind together.—After striving a long time in vain to ease the distress of her mother, and to exonerate the too intense burden of her own mind by writing, she found an opportunity, and enclosed to her the substance of the following:

May, 1782.

DEAR PARENT,

ON the margin of one of those rivers, which intersects and winds itself so beautifully majestic through a vast extent of territory of the United States, is the present situation of your unworthy, but constant and affectionate daughter.—I pretend not to justify, or even to palliate, my clandestine elopement. In hopes of pacifying your mind, which, I am sure, must be afflicted beyond measure, I write you this scrawl. Conscious of not having thus abruptly absconded by reason of any fancied ill treatment from you, or disaffection towards any; the thoughts of my disobedience are truly poignant. Neither have I a plea, that the insults of man have driven me hence: And let this be your consoling reflection—that I have not fled to offer more daring insults to them by a proffered prostitution of that *virtue*, which I have always been taught to preserve and revere. The motive is truly important; and when I divulge it, my sole ambition and delight shall be to make an expiatory⁸⁶ sacrifice for my transgression.

I AM in a large, but well regulated family. My employment is agreeable, although it is somewhat different and more intense than it was at home: But I apprehend it is equally as advantageous. My superintendents are indulgent; but to a punctillio⁸⁷, they demand a due observance of decorum and propriety of conduct. By this you must know, that I have become mistress of many useful lessons, though I have many more to learn. Be not too much troubled, therefore, about my present or future engagements; as I will endeavor to make that prudence and virtue my model, for which, I own, I am much indebted to those, who took the charge of my youth.

MY place of residence and the adjacent country are, beyond description, delightful. The earth is now pregnant with vegetation; and the banks of the river are already decorated with all the luxuriance of May. The cottages, that peep over the rising grounds, seem perched like eagles' nests; and the nobler buildings, well cultivated plantations and the continual passing and re-passing of vessels in the river below, form one of the most pleasingly variegated and noble prospects, I may

⁸⁵ *Sepulchre*: tomb

⁸⁶ *Expiatory*: satisfying or answering an offense

⁸⁷ *Punctillio*: to a minute detail of action or behavior

say, in the world.—Indeed were it not for the ravages of *war*, of which I have seen more here than in Massachusetts, this part of our great continent would become a paradisiacal elysium⁸⁸. Heaven condescend, that a speedy peace may constitute us a *happy* and *independent* nation: when the husband shall again be restored to his amiable consort, to wipe her sorrowing tear, the son to the embraces of his mourning parents and the lover to the tender, disconsolate and half distracted object of his love.—

Your affectionate

DAUGHTER.

THIS letter, being intrusted with a stranger, was intercepted.—Let us now resume her progress in war.

PASSING over many marches, forward and retrograde, and numberless incidental adventures and hardships peculiar to war, I come to other MEMOIRS, which must forcibly touch the passions of every bosom, that is not callous to reflection and tenderness of feeling.

THE business of war is devastation, rapine⁸⁹ and murder. And in America, these brutal principles were never more horribly exemplified, than in this war. Hence the necessity of scouting; which was the common business of the infantry, to which our HEROINE belonged. And some time in June of this year, she, with two sergeants, requested leave of their Captain to retaliate on the enemy, chiefly refugees and tories⁹⁰ in New-York, for their outrageous insults to the inhabitants beyond their lines. He replied—“*You three dogs have contrived a plan this night to be killed, and I have no men to lose.*” He however consented; and they beat for volunteers. Nearly all the company turned out; but only twenty were permitted to go.—Near the close of the day they commenced their expedition. They passed a number of guards and went as far as East-Chester undiscovered; where they lay in ambush to watch the motions of those, who might be on the plundering business. They quickly discovered that two parties had gone out; and whilst they were contriving how to entrap them, they discovered two boys, who were sent for provisions to a private cellar in the wood. One of them

informed, that a party had just been at his mother’s, and were then gone to visit the *Yankees*, who were guarding the lines. Concealing from them that they were Americans, they accompanied them to the cellar, or rather a cave, which they found well stored with provision; such as bacon, butter, cheese, crouts, early scrohons⁹¹ and jars of honey. They made a delicious repast, filled their sacks and informed the boys, they were *Yankees*; upon which, the cave loudly rung with their cries. Dividing into two parties, they set out centinels and again ambushed in place called, in Dutch, *Vonboite*.

ABOUT four in the morning, a large party, chiefly on horseback and well armed, were saluted by one of the centinels; which was no sooner done, than they returned a number of pistol and fusee shots at the flash of his gun. A severe combat ensued. The Americans found horses without riders: they had then light-horse and foot. Our GALLANTRESS having previously become a good horseman, immediately mounted an excellent horse. They pursued the enemy till they came to a quagmire, as it appeared by their being put to a nonplus.⁹² They rushed on them on the right and left, till as many as could escaped; the rest begged quarter. The dauntless FAIR, at this instant, thought she felt something warmer than sweat run down her neck. Putting her hand to the place, she found the blood gushed from the left side of her head very freely. She said nothing; as she thought it no time to tell of wounds, unless mortal. Coming to a stand, she dismounted, but had not strength to walk, or stand alone. She found her boot on her right leg filled with blood; and in her thigh, just below her groin, she found the incision of a ball, whence it issued.—Females! this effusion was from the veins of your tender sex, in quest of that LIBERTY, you now so serenely possess.

SHE told one of the sergeants, she was so wounded, she chose rather to be left in that horrid place, than be carried any further. They all, as one, concluded to carry her, in case she could not ride. Here was her trial! A thousand thoughts and spectres at once darted before her. She had always thought she should rather die, than disclose her sex to

⁸⁸ *Elysium*: in Greek mythology, the final resting place of the of the virtuous

⁸⁹ *Rapine*: plunder

⁹⁰ *Tories*: those remaining loyal to the British crown

⁹¹ *Crouts*: probably a reference to pickled cabbage (sauerkraut); *early scrohons*: given the context here and later in the text, this is probably Mann’s rendition of some Dutch or Native American term.

⁹² *Put to a nonplus*: left puzzled

the army! And at that instant, almost in despair, she drew a pistol from a holster, and was nearly ready to execute the fatal deed. But divine goodness here stayed her hand: and the shocking act and idea of suicide were soon banished by her cooler reason.

HAVING rested a little, being destitute of any refreshment, her wounds became excessively painful; but nothing we may judge, to the anguish of her mind. Coming in view at length of the French encampment, near what was called *Cron Pond*, she says, it was to her like being carried reluctant to the place of execution. They were conducted by the officer of the guards to an old hospital, in which was a number of soldiers; whose very looks, she says, were enough to make a well man indisposed, and the nauseous smell, to infect the most pure air. The French surgeon soon came; who, being informed of their circumstances, gave them two bottles of choice wine, and prepared to dress their wounds. His mate, washing her head with rum, told her, he supposed it had not come to its feeling, as she did not flinch. Judge, my readers, whether this was not the case, as her other wound so much affected her heart! She requested the favor of more medicine than she needed for her head; and taking an opportunity, with a penknife and needle, she extracted the ball from her thigh; which, by that time, had doubtless come to its feeling.

THEY never rightly knew how many they killed or wounded. They took nine prisoners and seven horses, and killed a number of others on the spot. Of their wounded was ROSE, STOCKBRIDGE, PLUMMER and the invincible FAIR. DISTON was killed.

AFTER suffering almost every pain, but death, with incredible fortitude, she so far healed her wound unbeknown to any, that she again joined the army on the lines. But its imperfect cure, had it been known, would have been sufficient to exempt the most hardy soldier from duty.

IN August, on their march to the lines from *Collabarack*, she requested to be left with a sick soldier, named RICHARD SNOW; mostly because she was unable to do duty with the army, and partly out of compassion for the poor object, who was sick. But the fortune of war to her proved adverse. The fears and distress, that here awaited her, were far greater than those, when with the army. The old Dutchman, whose name was VANTASSEL, with whom she was left,

was not only a tory and entertained the banditti, who plundered the Americans, but refused them all kinds of succor. When she begged a straw bed for the expiring soldier, he virulently exulted—“*The floor is good enough for rebels.*” They were lodged in a dirty garret without windows; where the heat rendered it still more insupportable.

ONE night, expecting to become a prey to the relentless cruelty of the rabble, she charged both their pieces, resolving to sacrifice the first who might offer to molest. She likewise made fast a rope near an opening in the garret, by which to make her escape, in case they should be too many. Thus, she continued constant to him, till almost exhausted for want of sleep and nourishment. On the tenth night, he expired in great agonies, but in the exercise of his reason, (of which he was before deprived) and much resigned to the will of GOD; which may be a consolation to his surviving relatives.

AFTER SNOW was dead, she rolled him in his blanket and sat at the avenue. She saw a party ride up to the house, and the old churl go out to congratulate them. They informed, the horses they then had, with other plunder, were taken from the Americans. Whilst the house was again infested with their ungodly career, it is not in my power to describe her melancholy distress in a dark garret with a corpse. A multitude of cats swarmed in the room; and it was with difficulty she disabled some with her cutlass, and kept the rest from tearing the body to pieces. At length, she heard footsteps on the stairs. Her heart fluttered; but her heroism had not forsaken her. Hastening to the door, she put her hanger in a position to dislocate the limbs of any who should enter. But the voice of a female, who spoke to her in English, allayed her fear. It was VANTASSEL's daughter, who seemed possessed of humanity, and who had before often alleviated her distress.

AT day-break, she left the garret; but finding the outer doors bolted, she was returning, when she again met the young female, who bid her good morning, and said—“If you please, Sir, walk into my chamber.” She followed; and seating themselves by a window, they regaled themselves with a glass of wine and a beautiful, serene air. After entreating her agreeable guest not to let the ill treatment she had received from her father make her forsake the house, she bordered on subjects that might have enraptured the other sex.—Summoned at this instant by her mother, they withdrew.

OUR HEROINE, with the assistance of two others, buried the dead; then sat out to join her company. She acquainted the Captain of the toryism of VANTASSEL, of his treatment of her, and thought it best to surprise him. The affair was submitted to her management. She frequented the house; and having learned that a gang was to be there at such a time, she took command of a party and found them in their usual reverie. Some thought best to rush immediately upon them; but she deemed it more prudent to wait till their intoxicated brains should render them less capable of resistance. At midnight, she unbolted the stable doors, when they possessed themselves of the horses; then rallied the house. They came out with consternation; which was increased when they were told, they were dead men if they did not yield themselves prisoners of war. They conveyed them to their company as such. The Captain enquired of the gallant Commander, the method of capturing them; which she detailed. He gave her a bottle of good spirits and told her to treat her men. This done, she requested, that the prisoners might fare in like manner. The Captain said—"Will you treat men who would be glad to murder us?" But she pleading the cause of humanity, he gave her another bottle. Unloosing the hands of a sergeant, he drank, but in making them fast again, he acted on the defensive, and struck her to the ground. She arose, when he made a second attempt; but she warded the blow. His compeers chided him for his folly, as they had been well used. He vented many bitter oaths; alledging, she had not only taken him prisoner, but had caused his girl (meaning VANTASSEL's daughter) to pay that attention to her, she once bestowed on him. He, however, received fifty stripes on the naked back for his insolence; then was sent to Head Quarters, and after trial, to the Provost,⁹³ with the rest at West Point.

THE beginning of Autumn, she, with Lieut. BROWN and others, had a boisterous cruise down the Hudson to Albany on business; soon after, a scouting tour into the Jerseys; and she was with the armies on the 19th of October in their grand Display at Virplank's Point. I only instance these as parties of pleasure and a day of jubilee, when compared with the rougher events of war.

⁹³ *Provost*: in the military context, typically an officer in charge of policing and punishment

WE come now to the first of December, when she and a party were surprised by a party of Dutch cavalry from an ambuscade and drove with impetuosity to Croton Ferry; where their only alternative was that of fording it, or of risking their lives with the assailants: each of which seemed to the last degree dangerous. Without time for hesitation, compelling a Dutchman to pilot them on the bar, they entered the watery element; and by the assistance of that BEING, who is said to have conducted the Israelites through the Red Sea, they reached the other shore.

THEY went to the house of the Widow HUNT; who, under pretensions of friendship, sent black *George* for refreshment. But our Heroine, more acquainted with the cunning of her sex, advised them not to adhere to her smoothness of speech. Accordingly, they went back to the ferry; and they can best describe the wretchedness of their situation during a cold winter night. In the morning, though the river was frozen, they determined to recross it; lest the enemy should drive them to a worse extremity. Before they had two-thirds crossed, the strength of our young FEMALE was so exhausted, that the briskness of the stream, which was in height to her chin, carried her off the bar; when it was concluded, she was for ever ingulphed in a watery tomb. As she rose, summoning the last exertions of nature, she got hold of a string, which they buoyed to her; and thus, providentially, regained the bar and shore. Frozen and languid as they then were, they reached a store; where not being well used, they burst in the head of a brandy cask, drank their fill, gave a shoe full to the negro of the widow, whom they had before taken; then left him in a better situation than he said, his mistress meant to have left them. She rendezvoused with her company at Pixkill Hollow.

SOON after the army retired to Winter Quarters at New Windsor, the clarion of war was again sounded for a reinforcement to assist Gen. SCHUYLER in subduing the Indians on the frontiers, on to Saratoga. The officers chose to form their detachment of volunteers; as the soldiers were worn down with the hardships of war. Heavens! what will not resolution and perseverance surmount, even in the *fair* sex!—Our Heroine offered her service; though an inflammation of her wound would have deterred a veteran: it being an open sore a few days before she crossed the river.

THEIR marches were over the ruins of Indian barbarity. On their

return, they flanked into parties, and took different routes through the wilderness. She was in a party commanded by Capt. MILLS. Not far from Bradport, an English settlement, the snow having fallen three feet deep, they saw a man fleeing for his life. On enquiry, he informed, that the Indians had surrounded his house, and were then in the heat of their butchery. Hastening with him to the place, they found the infernals had not finished their hellish sacrifices. The house was on fire, his wife mangled and lay bleeding on the threshold. Two children were hung by their heels; one scalped, and yet alive; the other dead, with a tamahawk in its brains. They took them. Females, have fortitude. The dauntless of your sex thrust her hand into the bosom of one, and rent his vesture. The effect was the discovery of his being of the complexion of an Englishman, except where he was painted. They sent him to Head Quarters; but executed the rest on the spot.

BEFORE they reached the army, their feet once more crimsoned the snow—a token of their sufferings. But her name resounded with plaudits⁹⁴; which would have been enhanced, had the discovery of her sex then taken place.

CHAP. IX.

She goes to live in a GENERAL OFFICER's family.—Miscellaneous incidents.—Marches with 1500 men for the suppression of a mutiny among the American soldiers at Philadelphia.—Has a violent sickness and is carried to the hospital in this city.—DISCOVERY of SEX. A young LADY conceives an ATTACHMENT for our BLOOMING SOLDIER.

IN the Spring of 1783, peace began to be the general topic; and which was actually announced to Congress. A building was erected; in which the officers held their concerts. It would contain a brigade at a time for the exercise of public worship. The timber was cut and drawn together by the soldiers, and mostly sawn by hand. Our Heroine worked against any hardy soldier, without any advantage in her yoke. In its

⁹⁴ *Plaudits*: applause

raising, a joist fell and carried her from a considerable height to the ground; but without doing any essential injury, except the dislocation of her nose and ankle.

ON the first of April, Gen. PATTERSON selected her for his Waiter; as he had previously become acquainted with her heroism and fidelity. Cessation of hostilities was proclaimed on the 19th. The honorary badge of distinction, as established by Gen. WASHINGTON, had been conferred on her; but for what particular exploit, I cannot say. Her business was here much less intense; and she found a superior school for improvement.

THE General's attachment towards his new attendant was daily increasing. Her martial deportment, blended with the milder graces and vivacity of her sex and youth, filled him with admiration and wonder. Anxious to avail himself of every advantage to inspire his troops with emulation in the cause of their country; it is said, perhaps justly, that when he saw a delinquency or faint-heartedness in his men, he often referred them to some heroic achievement of his *smockfaced boy*,⁹⁵ or convinced them by an ocular example.

KNOWING she had his commendations, she found new stimulations for perseverance. And scarcely any injunctions would have been too severe for her compliance. Hence it seems, he was led to conceive that such an assemblage of courage and refinement could exist but in the superior order of his sex; and that such a youth was highly calculated to shine either in the sphere of war, or in the profession of a gentleman of taste and philosophic refinement.

THUS, Females, whilst you see the avidity⁹⁶ of a maid in her teens confronting dangers and made a veteran example in *war*, you need only half the assiduity in your proper, *domestic sphere*, to render your charms completely irresistible.

GENERAL orders were, every warm season, for the soldiers to go into the water, as well to exercise themselves in the art of swimming, as to clean their bodies. These injunctions were so directly in point, that her compliance with them would unavoidably have been unbosoming the delicate secret. To have pled indisposition would have been an

⁹⁵ *Smockfaced*: an 18C expression for girlishness

⁹⁶ *Avidity*: eagerness

argument against her; as the cold bath might have wrought her cure: and to have intimated cowardice, would have entitled her to less lenity, than when before in the Ferry. So, after lying awake the first night, she concluded to be the first to rise at roll-call. Accordingly, the regiment paraded and marched to the river. She was expert in undressing with the rest. After they were mostly in the water, what should ravish her ear but the sound of a sweet fountain, that percolated over a high rock near the river's brink. It was thickly enclosed with the aspen and alder. Thither she unnoticed retired. And whilst the Hudson swelled with the multitude of masculine bodies, a beautiful rivulet answered every purpose of bathing a more delicate form. Nor were there any old, lecherous, sanctified Elders to peep through the rustling leaves to be inflamed with her charms.

ONE more incident may amuse those ladies, who are fond of angling.—One day, she, with some others, at the ebb of tide, went to the Hudson for this purpose. Near the boat, she discovered a beautiful azure rock, well situated for fishing. Too careless of her famed predecessor's disposition, she disembarked from the boat to the rock. Soon after, they purposely weighed anchor and left her surrounded with water. She continued not long, before, to her surprise, as well as the rest, the rock became a self moving vehicle, and sat out to overtake her company. Dreading the passage, she leaped into the water and mire, and had many severe struggles before she reached land. The rock proved a prodigious Tortoise. And lest antiquity should not be cured of credulity and superstition, thereby enhance the prodigy to their generation—that a *female* was once a navigator on the back of a Tortoise, that he finally swallowed her and some time after spouted her alive on the fertile land;—it is only needful to mention that they gaffed him,⁹⁷ with much difficulty, towed *him* reluctant to the shore, and soon after, on a day of festival, ate him.

THIS Summer a detachment of 1500 men was ordered to march to Philadelphia for the suppression of a mutiny among the American soldiers.⁹⁸ She did not go till four days after the General left

⁹⁷ *Gaffed*: speared

⁹⁸ *Mutiny*: a 1783 action by Continental Army soldiers demanding payment; soldiers surrounded the assembled Congress, leading to their evacuation to Princeton, New Jersey.

West Point. She then rode in company with four gentlemen, and had a richly variegated prospect through the Jerseys and a part of Pennsylvania. In Goshen they were invited to a ball; where she was pleased to see, especially in the ladies, the brilliancy and politeness of those in New England. They were here detained two days on account of Lieut. STONE, who was confined for a duel with Capt. HITCHCOCK, who was killed. She found the troops encamped on a hill; from which, they had a fine prospect of the city and of the Allegany, which rises majestic over the intervening country. Here she had frequent occasion to visit the city, sometimes on business, and often curiosity led her to view its magnificence. The gentility of her dress and agreeable mien gained her access to company of both sexes of rank and elegance.

THE storm of war having subsided, an agreeable prospect once more gleamed on the face of COLUMBIA. But fortune had more dangers and toils assigned her. An epidemic disorder raged in the city:⁹⁹ and she was quickly selected a victim, and carried once more to the hospital with all the horrible apprehensions of her situation. Death itself could scarcely have presented a more gloomy prospect: and that seemed not far distant; as multitudes were daily carried to the Potter's Field.¹⁰⁰ She begged not to be left in the loathsome bunks of soldiers. Accordingly, she was lodged in a third loft, where were two other officers of the same line, who soon died. Alone she was then left to condole her wretchedness: except Doctor BANA and the Matron, Mrs. PARKER, whose solicitude she remembers with gratitude.

HOW poignantly must reflection have here brought to her memory those soft and tranquil seasons, wherein she so often deprived herself the midsummer's morning dream, to breathe with the lark the fresh incense of morning!—when with hasty steps she brushed the dews from vegetation, to meet the sun on the rising grounds: by which, to catch fresh hints of CREATION, and to inhale thee, buxom HEALTH, from every opening flower! But she is now, not indeed, like Egyptian mummies, wrapped in fine linen and laid on beds of spices, but on the naked floor, anticipating the Archer, Death, in all the frightful forms of his equipage.

⁹⁹ *Disorder*: a scarlet fever outbreak

¹⁰⁰ *Potter's Field*: a burial ground for the poor and anonymous

BUT at length, she was deprived of the faculty of reflection. The Archer was about to execute his last office. The inhuman sextons had drawn their allowance, and upon her vesture they were casting lots. One JONES, the only English nurse, at that instant coming in, she once more rallied the small remains of nature and gave signs of life. The sextons¹⁰¹ withdrew, and JONES informed the Matron such a one was yet alive; which she discredited. Doctor BANA at that instant entered; and putting his hand in her bosom to feel her pulse, was surprised to find an inner waist-coat tightly compressing her breasts. Ripping it in haste, he was still more shocked, not only on finding life, but the breasts and other tokens of a *female*. Immediately she was removed into the Matron's own apartment; and from that time to her recovery, treated with all the care, that art and expense could bestow.

THE amiable Physician had the prudence to conceal this important discovery from every breast but the Matron. From that time, the once more discovered *female* became a welcome guest in their families. And they recommended her to others, as an object worthy their attention and affection.—But there remains another event, perhaps, the most unparalleled of its kind, to be unfolded.

A YOUNG lady of the suburbs of Baltimore, beautiful in form, blest with a well cultivated mind, and a fortune, had often conversed with this illustrious *soldier*. The gracefulness of her mien, mixed with her dignified, martial airs, enraptured her. At first, she attempted to check the impulse, as the effect of a giddy passion; but at length suffered it to play about her heart unchided. Cupid, impatient, at length urged his quiver too far, and wounded the seat of love.—O Love! how powerful is your influence! how unlimited your domain! The gallant SOLOMON could not have composed three thousand proverbs and his madrigals to his love, without much of your conviviality. The illuminations of Venus were known in those days. And it was by her rays, the Preacher of love so often strolled with his Egyptian belles in his vineyard, when the flowers appeared on the earth, the mandrakes gave a good smell, and the time of the singing of birds had come; when they reciprocated their love amidst the dews of dawn.

SUFFICIENT it is, that this love is preserved, and that it will

remain incontrovertible. And happy it is, that it is not only enjoyed by the prince of the inner pavillion. It leaps upon the mountains; and, under the shadow of the apple tree, it is sweet to the taste. From the moss-covered cottage, it is pursued, even amidst the thunders of war and the distraction of elements. And the nymph of Maryland was as much entitled to it, as the mistress of him, who had the caressing of a thousand. Hers was sentimental and established: and she was miserable from the thought that it might not be interchangeable.

ON this account, the productions of her plantation were no longer relished with pleasure. The music of her groves became dissonant, her grottos too solitary, and the rivulets curled but for her discontent. From these she flew in search of him, whom her soul loved, among the bustling roar of the city. And the third morning after she was confined in the hospital, a courier delivered her a letter and a handkerchief full of choice fruit. Inclosed was the substance of the following:

DEAR SIR,

FRAUGHT *with the feelings of a friend, who is, doubtless, beyond your conception, interested in your health and happiness, I take liberty to address you with a frankness, which nothing but the purest friendship and affection can palliate.—Know, then, that the charms I first read in your visage brought a passion into my bosom, for which I could not account. If it was from the thing called LOVE, I was before mostly ignorant of it, and strove to stifle the fugitive; though I confess the indulgence was agreeable. But repeated interviews with you kindled it into a flame, I do not now blush to own: and should it meet a generous return, I shall not reproach myself for its indulgence.—I have long sought to hear of your apartment: And how painful is the news I this moment receive, that you are sick, if alive, in the hospital! Your complicated nerves will not admit of writing. But inform the bearer, if you are necessitated for any thing, that can conduce to your comfort. If you recover, and think proper to enquire my name, I will give you an opportunity. But if death is to terminate your existence there, let your last senses be impressed with the reflection, that you die not without one more friend, whose tears will bedew your funeral obsequies.—ADIEU.*

SOME have been charmed, others surprised by love in the dark, and from an unexpected quarter; but *she* alone can conceive what effect, what perturbation, such a declaration had on her mind; whose

¹⁰¹ *Sextons*: Church officers often tasked with grave digging.

nearest prospect seemed that of her own dissolution. She humbly returned her gratitude, but happily was not in want of money; owing to a prize she in company had found in the British lines, consisting of clothes, plate and coin. In the evening she received a billet inclosing two guineas. The like favors were continued during her illness. But she knew not in whose bosom the passion vibrated.—Her recovery must make the next chapter eventful.

CHAP. X.

Her critical situation.—Commences a TOUR towards the Ohio with some Gentlemen.—Interview with her LOVER.—They meet a terrible TEMPEST.—She is left sick with the Indians.

HEALTH having reanimated the so much admired Virago¹⁰², one might conclude she had business enough on hand: And, gracious Powers! what had she not on her heart and mind? Suspicious that a discovery had been made during her illness, every zephyr became an ill-fated omen and every salutation, a mandate to summon her to a retribution for her imposition on the masculine character.

SUCH embarrassments foreboded the winding up of her drama. And she was doubtless careful to picture the event in the blackest colours. A retrospection of her life must have brought, to her mind, a contrast, unknown to many and dreaded by all. But having stood at helm during the severity of the storm, she concluded, if a concession must be extorted from her, it might appear less dastardly after a beautiful, serene DAY had commenced: And that it mattered little, whether it should happen among the insatiable throng of the city, or the ruder few of the desolate heath.—Thus the lioness, having pervaded every toil and danger, from the hounds and hunters, at length, cornered on all sides, disdaining their fury, yields herself a prey.

DOCTOR BANA was now waiting a convenient opportunity to divulge to her his suspicion of her sex. He often found her dejected; and as he guessed the cause, introduced lively discourse. She

had the happiness to recommend herself much to the esteem of his discreet and amiable daughters. And the Doctor was fond that so promising a *stripling* should often gallant them into the city and country villages. The unruffled surface of a summer's sea was also often a witness to their pastimes. This rare species of innocent recreation was, doubtless, peculiarly gratifying to the Doctor; as his mind could not be more at rest on his daughters' account. Nor need they think themselves chagrined¹⁰³, when it is known they once had a *female* gallant; on the strength of whose arm and sword they would have depended in case of danger.

AFTER she had resumed her regimentals¹⁰⁴ to rejoin the troops, the Doctor, availing himself of a private conference, asked her, whether she had any particular confidant in the army? She said, no; and trembling, would have disclosed the secret: but he, seeing her confusion, waived the discourse. To divert her mind, he proposed her taking a tour towards the Ohio with Col. TUPPER of Massachusetts, Messrs. FORKSON and GRAHAM of Philadelphia; who were going, partly to contemplate the country and partly to discover minerals. Knowing the mineral rods were peculiar to her, he said, whilst the tour might be profitable, it might be a restorative to her health, and an amusement to her mind.

SURPRISED to find this met her concurrence, he used some arguments to dissuade her from it: But finding her unequivocal, he enjoined it upon her to visit his house at her return; which she promised. And about the last of August, they set out from the *Conastoga Waggon* and went, in the stage, the first day, to Baltimore, which is eighty miles.

NEXT day, as she was viewing the town, she received a billet requesting her company at such a place. Though confidant she had before seen the hand writing, she could not conjecture what was commencing. Prompted by curiosity, she went; and being conducted into an elegant room, was struck with admiration, on finding alone, the amiable and all accomplished Miss ——, of about seventeen, whom she had long thought a conspicuous ornament to her sex. The

¹⁰² *Virago*: a man-like woman, often a warrior

¹⁰³ *Chagrined*: disappointed

¹⁰⁴ *Regimentals*: uniform of her regiment.

lady expressed surprise on seeing *him*, who, according to report, had died soon after she left the metropolis. An acquaintance being before established, mutual compliments passed between the lovers. The young lady confessed herself author of the anonymous letter. And though uncertain of a concession—timorous as a young roe, yet pliant as the bending ozier,¹⁰⁵ with the queen of love resident in her eyes, she rehearsed her plaint of love with that unreservedness which evinced the sincerity of her passion and exaltedness of soul. The soul is the emporium of love.—Their blushes and palpitations were, doubtless, reciprocal; but, I judge, of a different nature. But while this liberal concession was the strongest evidence, that she possessed love, without desire of prostitution, and friendship without dissimulation; let it be remembered, to her honor, that her effusions flowed with that affability, prudence and dignified grace, which must have fired the breast of an anchorite¹⁰⁶—inanimate nature itself must have waked into life, and even the superstitious, cowed friar must have revoked his eternal vows of celibacy, and have flown to the embraces of an object, exhibiting so many charms in her eloquence of love.

THUS, ye delicate, who would be candidates for the fruition of this noble, this angelic passion, it is refinement only, that renders your beauty amiable, and even unreservedness, in either sex, agreeable. The reverse is only a happy circumstance between vice and virtue. While it there happily preys on every delicate sensation, it renders the idea of enjoyment loathsome, and even hurries delicacy herself into distress.

HAD this unfortunate lover uttered herself in an uncouth, illiterate, unpolished manner, every word would have lost its energy and all her charms become vapid on the senses.—Or, had she assumed the attire—the cunning of an harlot—the desperate simplicity of a young wanton; had she begun her subtle eloquence with a kiss; and with the poison of asps under her tongue, have represented her bed of embroidery filled with perfume, and finally have urged that the absence of the good man gave them an opportunity to riot in the

extatic delights of love—while our young fugitive would have needed supernatural means to have answered the demands of venerious¹⁰⁷ appetite, the simple might have found satiety in her seraglio:¹⁰⁸ But Virtue would have continued on her throne in sullen sadness. But this was not the case. Though suspended between natural and artificial confusion—though sickness had abated her acuteness for the soft romances of love; she doubtless embraced the celestial maid, and wishing herself mistress of her superior charms, could not but participate in the genial warmth of a passion so irresistibly managed. Knowledge intermixed with beauty and refinement, enkindles a warmth of the purest love; and, like the centre of the earth, commands the power of attraction. She tarried in this school of animal philosophy the most of two days; then promising to visit her in her return, proceeded on her journey.

FROM Baltimore, passing Elk Ridge, they came to Alexandria in Virginia. Nine miles below, is Mount Vernon, the seat of the illustrious WASHINGTON, which they visited. It is situated rear a bend in the Potomak; where it is two miles wide. The area of the mount is 200 feet above the surface of the river. On either wing, is a thick grove of flowering trees. Parallel with them, are two spacious gardens, adorned with serpentine gravel walks, planted with weeping willows and shady shrubs. The mansion house is venerable and convenient. A lofty dome, 96 feet in length, supported by eight pillars, has a pleasing effect when viewed from the water. This, with the assemblage of the green house, offices and servant's halls, bears the resemblance of a rural village; especially as the grass plats are interspersed with little copses, circular clumps and single trees. A small park on the margin of the river, where the English fallow deer and the American wild deer are alternately seen through the thickets by passengers on the river, adds a romantic and picturesque prospect to the whole scenery. Such are the philosophic shades to which the late Commander of the American Armies, and President of the nation, has now retired, from a tumultuous and busy world.

THEIR next route was to the southwestern parts of Virginia.¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁵ *Timorous as a young roe*: apprehensive as a young small female deer; *Pliant as the bending ozier*: flexible as a bending willow stalk.

¹⁰⁶ *Anchorite*: a religious recluse

¹⁰⁷ *Venerious*: relating to sexual intercourse

¹⁰⁸ *Seraglio*: harem

¹⁰⁹ I KNOW not whether it was in this tour, that she visited the famous

Having travelled some days, they came to a large river; when the gentlemen and guide disputed, whether it was the Monongahela, Yohogany, or the Ohio itself. They concluded to wait till the fog, which was very thick, should be gone, that they might determine with more precision. But instead of dissipating, it increased, and they heard thunder roll at a distance. On a sudden, a most violent tempest of wind and rain commenced, accompanied with such perpetual lightning and peals of thunder, that all nature seemed in one combustible convulsion. The leeward¹¹⁰ side of a shelving rock illy screened them from the storm, which continued to rage the most of the night. Happily they were preserved; though one of their dogs became a victim to the electric fire. It is said, he was so near their female companion, when killed, that she could have reached him with a common staff.

NEXT day, the weather was calm. They discharged their pieces in order to clean them; the report of which brought to their view six of the natives in warlike array. Many ceremonies were effected, before they could be convinced of friendship. When effected, they solicited the guides to follow them; indicating by their rude noises and actions, they were much troubled. He refusing, their Adventress laughed at his caution. One of the Indians, observing this, ran to her, fired his arrow over her head, took a wreath of wampum, twined it about her waist, and bade her follow. She obeyed; though they checked her presumption. They conducted her to a cave; which, she thinks, is as great a natural curiosity, as that of MADISON's. They complimented her to enter first; which she durst not refuse. They followed; and advancing nearly to the centre, fell on their faces; and whilst the cave echoed with their frightful yells and actions, our Adventress, as usual, doubtless, thought of home. When they rose, they ran to the further part, dragged three dead Indians out of the cave and laid their faces to the ground. Then climbing a rock, they rolled down immense stones;

Cascade in Virginia, MADISON's Cave on the North side of the Blue Ridge, and the passage of the Potomak through the same; which is one of the most august scenes in nature. [Note in the original. Madison's Cave was a well-known natural phenomenon mentioned, for example, by Thomas Jefferson in his *Notes on the State of Virginia*]

¹¹⁰ *Leeward*: a nautical term for the side away from the wind.

then whooping, first pointing to the sky, then to the stones, and then to the Indians; who were killed by the lightning the preceding day. Having convinced them, she understood it, and that the mate to a dog with her had shared the same fate, they conducted her to her company. They told her, they had despaired of ever seeing her again; concluding her scalp was taken off, when they heard the shouting. She jocosely extolled them for their champion courage, but not for their lenity; as they did not go to her relief. They all then went to the cave and attended their savage, funeral ceremonies.

THE Indians went with them up the river, which they concluded to be one of the Kanhawas.¹¹¹ But in this they were mistaken; they being too much to the South. They hired one of the tribe to pilot them over the Allegany. Passing the Jumette Creek and the Fork of the Pennsylvania and Glade Roads, about 40 miles from the Jumetta, they came to the foot of the Dry Ridge. Here they found trees, whose fruit resembled the nectarine; and, like it, delicious to the taste. Eating freely of it, and observing the Indian did not, they desisted. And happily so; for it came near proving mortal. Its first effect was sickness at the stomach. The descendent of her, who is accused of having been too heedless of the bewitching charm of curiosity, puked and bled at the nose, till she was unable to walk. The Indian was missing; but soon came with a handful of roots, which, being bruised and applied to her nose and each side of her neck, stopped the blood and sickness.

HENCE they visited a tribe near a place, called Medskar. She was here so indisposed, she could not proceed on the journey. Her illness proved a relapse of her fever. The pilot interceded with the King for her to tarry with them till the return of her company; which, he said, would be at the close of one moon. Being convinced they were no spies, nor invaders, he consented. He then ordered an Indian and his squaw to doctor her; telling them, the *boy* would eat good, when fattened.—She remarks that their medicines always had a more sensible effect, than those of common physicians. Thus, in a short time, she recovered. But I shall not attempt to recount all her

¹¹¹ *Kanhawas*: or Kanawhas, a series of interconnected rivers in the region of present-day Ohio, West Virginia, and Virginia

sufferings, especially by hunger, but a more intense torture of mind, during this barbarous servitude.

HER aim was, never to discover the least cowardice, but always to laugh at their threats. A striking instance of this she exemplified at their coronation of a new King. Her master, like a hell-hound, hooting her into the square, where were many kettles of water boiling, told her, he was going to have a slice of her for dinner. Being the only white man (a *girl!*) among them, she was instantly surrounded by the infernals. She asked him if he ever ate Englishmen? He answered, *good omskuock!* She then told him, he must keep her better, or she should never do to eat. Some understood her; and giving a terrible shout, first told her to cut a notch in the great stone calendar, then putting her hands on the king's head, she joined the dance, and fared with the rest. Ladies at a civilized ball may be insensible of this scene.

THE reader keeps in view, I suppose, that all *female* courage is not jeopardized in this manner. I am perfectly enraptured with those females, who exhibit the most refined sensibility and skill in their sweet *domestic round*, and who can show a group of *well bred* boys and girls. But I must aver, I am also happy, if this rare *female* has filled that vacuity,¹¹² more or less in every one's bosom, by the execution of the worst propensities: For, by similitude, we may anticipate, that one half of the world in future are to have less goads in their consciences, and the other, faster accumulating a fund of more useful acquisition.

CHAP. XI.

A hunting tour.—She kills her Indian companion.—Comes near perishing in the wilderness.—Liberates an English Girl, condemned to be burnt.—Their return to Philadelphia.

AURORA had scarcely purpled the East after the coronation, before a large company, including our Adventress, sat out for hunting. She quickly espied a wild turkey on a high tree, which she killed. Then, with actions peculiar to Indians, they surrounded her to extol her being

quick sighted and a good marksman. They encamped that night under an hickory; through which was a chasm cut sufficient for two to walk abreast. In the morning they divided into parties. An old Indian, a boy and our Adventress composed one. Elate with the beauty of the morning, the old Indian led off about the sun's rising. Ascending a large hill, the dogs started a buffalo, which she shot before the Indian got sight. The boy was much elevated with her alertness: but the Indian discovered much envy. He however craved the butchering; which she granted, reserving the skin to herself. Making a hearty meal of the buffalo, they travelled all day, without killing any more game, except three turkeys.

NIGHT having again drawn her sable curtains, they took lodgings under a large sycamore: but she had an unusual aversion to sleep; as she mistrusted the same of the Indian. At length, she became satisfied he had a fatal design on her life. Feigning herself asleep, she waited till he had crawled within musket reach of her; when, to her surprise, she discovered a hatchet in his hand. Without hesitating, she leaped upon her feet, and shot him through the breast, before he had time to beg quarters.

THE explosion of the gun awaked the boy; who, seeing his countryman dead, rent his clothes, whooped and tore the ground, like a mad bull; fearing he should share the same fate. She pacified him, by observing, it was in defence of her own life she had killed him; and that, if he would conduct well, and promise on his life to conceal it from his countrymen, he should fare well. He swore allegiance. And in the morning, they hoisted an old log and left the barbarian under it.

BEHOLD now a young *female*, who might, doubtless, have shown conspicuous with others of her sex in their domestic sphere, reduced to the forlorn necessity of roaming in a desolate wilderness; whose only companion, except wild beasts, is an Indian boy; whose only sustenance such as an uncultivated glebe¹¹³ affords; and whose awful prospect, that of perishing at so great a distance from all succors of humanity! To those, who maintain the doctrines of fatalism, she is certainly a subject of their greatest sympathy. And even to those, who may be unwilling to adduce any other traits in her life, but wild, dissolute

¹¹² *Vacuity*: emptiness

¹¹³ *Glebe*: plot of land

freaks of fancy, to be gratified at her option, she is rather an object of pity than contempt.

AT night, almost spent with hunger and fatigue, they lay down to repose. But they were immediately alarmed by voracious beasts of prey. Their only safety, and that not sure, was to lodge themselves in a high tree. The fires they had kindled gained their approach and increased their howlings. The boy was so frightened, he ran up the tree like a squirrel. She followed, assisted, doubtless, by the same thing. Though drowsy, they durst not sleep, lest they should fall. With the strap of her fusee and handkerchief, she made herself fast to a limb and slept till day. It rained by showers the most of the night. After she awoke, her second thought was of the boy. She spoke to him; but he did not answer. Looking up at him, she was surprised to see him intently employed in disengaging his hair, which he had faithfully twined round the branches.

AFTER descending the tree and threshing themselves till they could walk, they shaped their course for the East; but GOD only knows which way they went. Towards night, they discovered a huge precipice; but found it inaccessible till they had travelled nearly four miles round it. Then ascending, they came to a rivulet of good water; and by it, took their abode during the night. In the morning, they were at a stand, whether to descend, or attempt to reach its summit. The poor boy wept bitterly; which, she says, were the first tears she ever saw an Indian shed. They concluded on the latter; as their ascent might possibly discover some prospect of escape. Passing many sharp ledges, they came to a spot of *bear's grass*,¹¹⁴ on which she reclined, thinking the period of her life was hastening with great rapidity, the following may not be a rude sketch of her reflections on this occasion:

“WHERE am I! What have I been doing! Why did I leave my native land, to grieve the breast of a parent, who has, doubtless shed floods of tears in my absence, and whose cup of calamities seemed before but too full! But here I am, where I think, human feet never before trod. And though I have relatives, and perhaps, friends, they can obtain no knowledge of me, not even to close my eyes, when death shall have done its office, nor to perform the last, sad demand of nature,

which is to consign the body to the dust!—But stop! vain imagination! There is a DEITY, from whom I cannot be hidden. It is HE. who shapes my end.—My soul what thinkest thou of immortality, of the world, into which thou art so rapidly hastening! No words, no sagacity can disclose my apprehensions. Every doubt wears the aspect of horror; and would certainly overwhelm me, were it not for a few gleams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom. Happy, methinks I should be, could I but utter even to myself, the anguish of my mind, thus suspended between the extremes of infinite joy, or eternal misery! It appears I have but just now emerged from sleep! Oh, how have I employed my time! In what delirium has the thread of my life, thus far, been spun! While the planets in their courses, the sun and stars in their spheres have lent their refulgent beams—perhaps I have been lighted only to perdition!”

WHILE in this extacy, she availed herself of the opportunity to write to her female companion; and in it inclosed a letter to her mother, in hopes it might, by means of the boy, reach her.

DEAR MISS ——,

PERHAPS you are the nearest friend I have.—But a few hours must inevitably waft me to an infinite distance from all sublunary enjoyments, and fix me in a state of changeless retribution. Three years having made me the sport of fortune—I am at length doomed to end my existence in a dreary wilderness, unattended, except by an Indian boy. If you receive these lines, remember they come from one, who sincerely loves you. But my amiable friend, forgive my imperfections, and forget you ever had affection for one so unworthy the name of YOUR OWN SEX.

WHILE in this position, she heard the report of a gun. Starting about, she missed the boy and her fusee. She could not recollect whether he was with her when she sat down, or not. But summoning all her strength and resolution, she had nearly reached the summit of the mountain, when she met the boy. He told her he fired that she might come to him; but as she did not, he concluded she would do to eat, and was going to fill his belly with good omskuock. He seemed glad he had found something to relieve them. Giving her a scrohon and four grapes,

¹¹⁴ *Bear's grass*: a tall North American flowering grass

he bid her follow him. Coming to an immense rock, he crept through a fissure; and with much ado, she after him. Here they found wild scrohons, hops, gourds, ground-nuts and beans. Though mostly rotten, they ate some of them, and were revived. Then, at a great distance, opened to their view, a large river or lake, and vastly high mountains. Whilst they were contriving how to get to the river, they heard the firing of small arms, which they answered and had returns.

DESCENDING the precipice, they came to large rocks of isinglass¹¹⁵, and brooks of choice water. At its base they came up with a large company of Indians, who had been to Detroit to draw blankets and military stores. But to her surprise, who should make one of the company, but a dejected young female! At once, she was anxious to learn her history; which she soon did at private interviews.—She said she was taken from Cherry Valley—had been sold many times, but expected to be sold no more!—Tears prevented her proceeding.

IN three days they arrived at the place from whence she first sat out on hunting. The old chief accused her for having run away after the Englishmen: and it was the boy, with the interposition of Providence, saved her life. She here quickly learned, that her unfortunate sister sufferer was to be burnt, after they should have one court and a *pawan*, for letting fall a *papoos*,¹¹⁶ when travelling with an intense load. At once she resolved to liberate her, if any thing short of her own life would do it. Her plan was thus concerted: She requested to marry one of their girls. They haughtily refused; but concluded, for so much, she might have the white girl. Begging her reprieve, till the return of her company, which happened the next day, they all liberally contributed, and thus paid her ransom. The poor girl fainted at the news. But hearing the conditions, she seemed suspended in choice, whether to suffer an ignominious death, or be bought as a booty to be ravished of her virgin purity:—For she intimated that, among all the cruelties of these savages, they had never intruded on her chastity. Her intended husband privately told her, the rites of the marriage bed should be deferred, till the

¹¹⁵ *Isinglass*: the mineral mica

¹¹⁶ *Pawan*: likely a variation of powwow, a term for a Native American meeting; *Papoos*: a term for a Native American baby. Both of these terms are Algonquian in origin and were increasingly applied to Native Americans of different linguistic backgrounds.

ceremony should be solemnized in the land of civilization. At night a bear's skin was spread for their lodging; but, like a timorous bride, sleep was to her a stranger. On their return to Philadelphia, they purchased her a suit of clothes; but she, unable to express her gratitude, received them on her knees, and was, doubtless, glad to relinquish her sham marriage, and to be sent to her uncle; who she said, lived in James City.

ARRIVED at Baltimore, she repaired to visit her companion, who became much affected with her history. She now thought it time to divert herself of the mask; at least to divert a passion, which she feared had too much involved one of the choicest of her sex. After thanking her for her generous esteem, and many evasive apologies—that she was but a stripling soldier, and that had she inclinations, indigence would forbid her settling in the world: The beautiful nymph replied, that, sooner than a concession should take place with the least reluctance, she would forfeit every enjoyment of connubial bliss: But, she added, if want of interest was the only obstacle, she was quickly to come into the possession of an ample fortune; and finally intimated her desire, that she should not leave her.

TOUCHED with such a pathetic assemblage of love and beauty, she burst into tears, and told her, she would go to the northward, settle her affairs, and in the ensuing spring, if health should permit, would return; when, if her person could conduce to her happiness, she should be richly entitled to it.¹¹⁷ Thus parted two lovers, more *singular*, if not more *constant*, than perhaps, ever distinguished Columbia's soil.

THIS event, as it is unnatural, may be disputed. It is also rare, that the same passion should ever have brought a woman to bed with seven children at a birth: And I think eight would rather be miraculous than natural. But it is said, that though perhaps the colouring is a little exaggerated, that this is a fact that will admit of incontestible evidence. Nor need females think themselves piqued to acknowledge it; as no one denies, she was not an agreeable object when masqueraded; which, by

¹¹⁷ SHE has since declared, she meant to have executed this resolution, had not some traits of her life been published in the intervening time; and that this *lady* should have been the first to disclose her sex. Before they parted, she made her a present of six holland shirts, twenty five guineas and an elegant silver watch. This she will not blush to own, if alive; as it was out of the purest regard for her own sex. [Note in the original.]

the by, I am sorry to say, is too often mistaken by that sex.

THUS, we have a remarkable instance of the origin of that species of love, which renders the enjoyment of life satisfactory, and consummates the bliss of immortality. The passion entertained by the sexes towards each other is, doubtless, from this source; and will always be laudable, when managed with prudence. But I appeal to the lady's own bosom, if, after discovering her *sister*, her passion had not subsided into a calm, and have drooped, like the rose, or lilly, on its dislocated stalk.—About the third of November they arrived at Philadelphia.

CHAP. XII.

DOCTOR BANA *gives her a letter to Gen. PATTERSON, then at West Point.*—*On her journey there, she is cast away on Staten's Island.*—*The letter discloses her SEX to the General.*—*Their INTERVIEW.*—*She obtains an honorable DISCHARGE and RECOMMENDATIONS.*—*Goes to her relations in Massachusetts.*—*Intrigues with her sex—censured.*—*Reassumes the FEMALE ATTIRE and ECONOMY.*

ELATED with her transition from a savage wilderness, to a land smiling with agriculture and civilization, her mind was once more illuminated with agreeable prospects. But a review of her situation cast an unfriendly group of objects in her way. A remembrance of the Doctor's queries and injunctions, was but recognizing the necessity of a garland of fig leaves to screen a pearl, that could glitter only without disguise.

ON the day of her departure from Philadelphia, he entrusted her with the care of a letter to Gen. PATTERSON, then at West Point. Then taking an affectionate farewell of his family, she sat out for the place. She went in the stage to Elizabeth Town, 15 miles from New York. The stage boats being gone over, she, with about twelve others went on board the only one remaining. The skipper was reluctant to accompany them; as it was late, rainy and a strong wind ahead.—They quickly found the storm increased; and they had not gone half their voyage, before they had the terrible prospect of the foundering of a

boat with nineteen passengers from South Amboy, bound to New York. Every one was lost. They heard their piteous cries, as the surges were closing over their heads; but could afford no relief. Nor was their own prospect much better. It was asked, whether it was possible to swim to Staten Island? It was unanimously negatived: but a few minutes put them to the desperate experiment. Being nearly in the centre of the channel, the current rapid, and the storm boisterous, the boat filled with water and sunk under them. Though nothing but death now stared them in the face; yet those exertions, which had before snatched her from his jaws, we may suppose, were not here unemployed. She had on a large coat, which served to buoy her above the water; though she was often ingulphed in the surges. She was washed back twice, after reaching the soft sands. But, fortunately, clasping her arms on a bed of rushes, she held till many waves had spent their fury over her. Thus recruiting strength, and taking the advantage of the waves, she gained hard bottom and the shore.

ON the shore, she found others in the same wretched situation, unable to stand. She lay on her face all night. In the morning, the storm having abated, she heard Dr. VICKENS say, "Blessed be GOD, it is day, though I believe I am the only survivor among you all!" Happily, they were all alive, except two; who unfortunately found a tomb in the watery element. They were soon taken up by a boat cruising for that purpose, and carried back to Elizabeth Town. Most of her equipments, a trunk, including her journal, money, &c. was lost. Her watch and a morocco pocket-book¹¹⁸, containing the letter, were saved.

THE third day, she had a good passage to New York; from thence to West Point. Arrived at the General's quarters she seemed like one sent from the dead; as they concluded the Potter's Field had long been her home. Her next business was, to deliver the letter. Cruel task! Dreading the contents, she delayed it some days. At length, she resolved, her fidelity should triumph over every perturbation of mind in the delivery of the letter, and to apologize for her non-trust. Accordingly, finding him alone, she gave him the quivering treasure,

¹¹⁸ *Morocco pocket-book*: Morocco leather was a generic term for goat or sheep leather tanned with methods developed in Morocco—here the emphasis may be on a more or less waterproof leather envelop for carrying documents

made obeisance¹¹⁹, turned upon her heel and withdrew in haste.

PRECISELY an hour after, unattended, he sent for her to his apartment. She says—“*A re-entrance was harder than facing a cannonade.*” Being desired to seat herself, the General, calling her by name, thus gracefully addressed her:—“Since you have continued near three years in my service, always vigilant, vivacious, faithful, and, in many respects, distinguished yourself from your fellows.—I would only ask—Does that *martial attire*, which now glitters on your body, conceal a *female’s form?*” The close of the sentence drew tears in his eyes, and she fainted. He used his efforts to recover her; which he effected. But an aspect of wildness was blended in her countenance. She prostrated herself at his feet, and begged her life! He shook his head; but she remembers not his reply. Bidding her rise, he gave her the letter, which he continued to hold in his hand. Reason having resumed its empire, she read it with emotions. It was interesting, pathetic and colored with the pencil of humanity. He again exclaimed—“*Can it be so!*” Her heart could no longer harbor deception. Banishing all subterfuge, with as much resolution, as possible, she confessed herself—a *female*.

HE then enquired concerning her relations; but especially of her primeval inducements to occupy the *field of war!* She proceeded to give a succinct and true account; and concluded by asking, if her *life* would be spared!—He told her, she might not only think herself safe, while under his protection; but that her unrivalled achievements deserved ample compensation—that he would quickly obtain her discharge, and she should be safely conducted to her friends.—But having had the tuition of her as a *soldier*, he said, he must take liberty to give her that advice, which he hoped would ornament the functions of her life, when’, the masculine garb should be laid aside and she taken to the embraces of that sex she was then personating.

IMMEDIATELY she had an apartment assigned to her own use. And when the General mentioned the event to her Colonel and other officers, they thought he played at cajolery.¹²⁰ Nor could they be reconciled to the fact, till it was corroborated by her own words. She requested, as a pledge of her virtue, that strict enquiry should be made

of those, with whom she had been mess-mate. This was accordingly done. And the effect was—a panic of surprise with every soldier. Groups of them now crowded to behold a phenomenon, which before appeared a natural object. But as access was inadmissible, many turned infidels, and few had faith.—Her discharge is from Gen. KNOX; her recommendations from the Gens. PATTERSON and SHEPARD.¹²¹

BEING informed, her effects and diplomas were in readiness, she payed her politest respects to the gentlemen, who accompanied her to the place; and wishing an eternal FAREWELL to COLUMBIA’S CAUSE, turned her back on the *Aceldama*,¹²² once more to re-echo the carols of peace on her native plains. In the evening, she embarked on board a sloop from Albany to New York: From thence, in Capt. ALLEN’S packet, she arrived at Providence.

THUS she made her exit from the tragic stage. But how requisite was a parent’s house—an asylum, from the ebullitions of calumny, where to close the last affecting scene of her complicated, woe-fraught revolution of her sex! With what eager steps, would she have bent her next course over the then congealed glebe—to give a parent the agreeable surprise of beholding her long lost child—to implore her forgiveness of so wide a breach of duty, and to assume a course of life, which only could be an ornament to her sex and extenuation of her crime! The ties of consanguinity,¹²³ of filial affection and of solemn obligation, demanded this. But being deprived of these blessings, she took a few strides to some sequestered hamlet in Massachusetts; where she found some relations: and, assuming the name of her youngest brother, she passed the winter as a man of the world, and was not awkward in the common business of a farmer. But, if I remember, she has intimated—that nothing in the villa could have better occupied a greater vacuity, than the diadem¹²⁴—*education*: which, I fondly hope, some guardian cherub¹²⁵ has since deigned to bestow.

BUT her correspondence with her sister sex!—Surely it must

¹¹⁹ *Obeisance*: obedience or submission

¹²⁰ *Cajolery*: dishonest trickery

¹²¹ SINCE, by misfortune, lost. [Note in original.]

¹²² *Aceldama*: a field of bloodshed

¹²³ *Consanguinity*: of relation

¹²⁴ *Diadem*: crown.

¹²⁵ *Cherub*: angel.

have been that of sentiment, taste, purity; as animal love, on her part, was out of the question. But I beg excuse, if I happen not to specify every particular of this agreeable round of acquaintance. It may suffice, merely, to say, her uncle being a compassionate man, often reprehended her for her freedom with the girls of his villa; and them he plumply called fools, (a much harsher name than I can give them) for their violent presumption with the young *Continental*. Sighing, he would say—their unreserved imprudence would soon detect itself—a multitude of illegitimates!—Columbia would have bewailed the egregious event! Worse, indeed, it might have been, had any one entered against her—not a bill of *ejection*, but a system of *compulsion*, for having won of her a large bet in a transport of bliss, after MORPHEUS¹²⁶ had too suddenly whirled away two thirds of the night—still refusing to satisfy the demand!—Blush—blush—rather lament, ye delicate, when so desperate an extremity is taken to hurl any of your sisters into hymeneal bliss—wretchedness.

TO be plain, I am an enemy to intrigues of all kinds. Our female adept had money; and at the worst could have purchased friends of our sex: But, methinks, those who can claim the least pretension to feminine delicacy, must be won only, by the gentleman, who can associate the idea of *companion* without imbibing the principles of *libertinism*. Why did she not, after the crackling faggot¹²⁷ had rivalled the chirping of the cricket in the hearth, caution those, who panted—not like the hunted hart, to taste the cooling rivulet—that the midnight watch might not have registered the plighted vows of love! Having seen the world, and, of course, become acquainted with the female heart, and the too fatal avenues to it; why did she not—after convincing them that she lacked not the courage of a village HAMPDEN, preach to them the necessity of the prudence and instructions of sage URANIA!¹²⁸ That they might have discovered their weakest place, and have fortified the citadel; lest a different attack should make a fatal inroad upon their reputation, and transfix a deadly goad through their breasts! VENUS knows not but she did: but they were all *females*.

¹²⁶ *Morpheus*: the god of dreams, often poetically referring to sleep

¹²⁷ *Faggot*: bundle of sticks

¹²⁸ *Urania*: the muse of astronomy, associated with celestial wisdom

SPRING having once more wasted its fragrance from the South, our Heroine leaped from the masculine, to the feminine sphere. Throwing off her martial attire, she once more hid her form with the *dishabille*¹²⁹ of FLORA, recommenced her former occupation; and I know not, that she found difficulty in its performance. Whether this was done voluntarily, or compulsively, is to me an enigma. But she continues a phenomenon among the revolutions of her sex.

¹²⁹ *Dishabille*: casual or negligent dress

APPENDIX.

CONTAINING—CHARACTERISTIC TRAITS *and*
REFLECTIONS, *with* REMARKS *on* DOMESTIC
EDUCATION *and* ECONOMY.

AFTER deliniating the life of a person, it seems natural to recapitulate, in a closer assemblage, the leading features of his character.

PERHAPS, a spirit of enterprize, perseverance and competition was never more distinguishable in a female, than in Miss SAMPSON. And whilst we are surprised that she left her own tranquil sphere for the most perilous—the field of *war*, we must acknowledge, it is, at least, a circumstantial link in the chain of our illustrious revolution. She never would accept a promotion while in the army; though it is said, she was urged to take a Lieutenant's commission.

I WILL here give an instance of her dread of rivalry. It was soon after she enlisted.—Having been reluctantly drawn into a ring of wrestling, she was worsted; though it is said, she flung a number. But the idea of a competitor deprived her of sleep the whole night. Let this be a memento to Columbia's daughters; that they may beware of too violent scuffles with our sex. We are athletic, haughty and unconquerable. Besides, your dislocated limbs are a piteous sight!—And it seems this was a warning to her: For it was noted by the soldiers, that she never wrestled, nor suffered any one to twine his arms about her shoulders; as was their custom when walking.

AND lest her courage has not been sufficiently demonstrated, I will adduce¹³⁰ one more instance, that must surpass all doubt.—In 1782, she was sent from West Point, on business, to a place called the *Clove*, back of the high hills of Santee. She rode Capt. PHELON's horse. On her return, just at the close of twilight, she was surprised by two ruffians, who rushed hastily from a thicket, seized her horse's bridle, and demanded her money, or her life. She was armed with a brace of pistols and a hanger. Looking at the one, who held the horse, she said, "F. B——, I think I know you; and this moment you become a dead man, if you persist

¹³⁰ *Adduce*: cite

in your demand!" Hearing a pistol cock at the same time, his compeer fled; and he begged quarter and forgiveness; which she granted, on condition of a solemn promise, ever to desist from so desperate an action.

IT is, perhaps, sufficiently authenticated, that she preserved her chastity, by a rare assiduity¹³¹ to conceal her sex. Females can best conceive inconveniences to which she was subject. But as I know not, that she ever gratified any one with the wondrous eclairsissement,¹³² I can only say, perhaps, what more have heard, than experienced—"Want prompts the wit, and first gave birth to arts." If it be true, and if—"A moment of concealment is a moment of humiliation," as an anonymous writer of her sex observes, she has humility enough to bow to the shrine of modesty, and to appear without disguise, from top to toe.

SINCE writing these sheets, I have been pained for a few, especially *females*, who seem *unwilling* to believe, that a *female* went through three campaigns, without the discovery of her sex; and consequently, the loss of virgin purity.¹³³

WE hear but little of an open prostitute in the army, or else where—of COLLIN and DOLLY, the milk maid, in their evening sauntering to the meadow. Then why should any be so scrupulous of her, because she did not go in the professed character of a soldier's trull!¹³⁴ Though it is said, she was an uncommonly modest soldier; yet, like you, I am ready to aver, she has made a breach in female delicacy. But bring forth her fallacious pretensions to virtue; and I am bound, as a moralist, to record them—as vices, to be guarded against. I have only to desire this class of my readers to think as favorable as possible of our sex; but, on all accounts, to cherish the lovely fugitive—*virtue*, in their own. For, too much suspicion of another's, argues, too strongly, a want of the same charming ornament in themselves; unless they are old

¹³¹ *Assiduity*: close attention.

¹³² *Eclaircissement*: French for enlightenment

¹³³ "SHE had no beard," is an objection, to which I know not, that this class of readers can be reconciled.—A chaplain, since known in Massachusetts, was once at Gen. Patterson's quarters. In the presence of his smockfaced attendant, he took occasion to compliment the General—"I admire your fare; but nothing more, than you very polite attendant; who appears to possess the graceful activity and bloom of a girl." [Note in the original.]

¹³⁴ *Trull*: prostitute

maids, or bachelors.

I SHALL here make a small digression.—As our Heroine was walking the streets in Philadelphia, in a beautiful, serene evening, she was ravished by the sweet, pensive notes of a *piano-forté*. Looking up at a third loft she discovered a young female, who seemed every way expressive of the music she made. She often after listened to the same sounds; and was as often surprised, that a sigh should be blended with such exquisite harmony and beauty.—Of this female, I will transmit to my readers the following pathetic history.

FATIMA was the eldest of three daughters; whose parents had acquired an ample fortune, and resided in a part of the United States, where nature sheds her blessings in profuse abundance. But, unhappily, their conduct towards them was distinguished, like that of others, whose fondness so infinitely exceed their prudence. They were not, however, deficient in many external accomplishments. Early was FATIMA taught to speak prettily, rather than properly; to admire what is brilliant, instead of what is solid; to study dress and pink alamode; to be active at her toilet, and much there; to dance charmingly at a ball, or farcical entertainment; to form hasty and miscellaneous connexions; to show a beautiful face, and sigh for admiration;—in short, to be amused, rather than instructed; but at last—to discover an ill accomplished mind! This is beauty in a maze. Such occupations filled up her juvenile years. Her noblest proficiencies were music, drawing, &c. but an injudicious choice of books excluded their influence, if they had any, from her mind. Thus we may conclude her course of education led her to set the greatest estimate on this external new kind of creature; whilst her internal source—her immortal part, remained, as in a fog, or like a gem in a tube of adamant.

NATURE had been lavish in the formation of FATIMA. And on her first appearance, one must have been strongly impressed in her favor. But what says the sequel?—The invigorating influence of Venus had scarcely warmed her bosom, when, towards the close of a beautiful, soft day, in her rural excursion, she first beheld PHILANDER; who had become a gleaner in her father's fields. A mutual impulse of passions, till then unfelt, fired their bosoms: For PHILANDER was much indebted to nature for a polished form; and something uncommonly attracting in his looks, seemed to veil the neglect of his mind. Unfortunate youth!

His parents were poor: and to add to his misery, they had deprived him of their only, and yet most important, legacy—I mean, the cultivation of his mind. Had not this been his lot, he might have made himself rich and FATIMA happy.

AFTER this, FATIMA's chief delight was—to walk in the fields, to see her father's flock, and to listen to the pipe of PHILANDER. Repeated interviews brought them more acquainted with each other. Each attempted to steal the lustre of the eye and the crimson blush; which a too warm constitution could ill conceal. At length, an unreserved familiarity took place. Both had been taught to *love*; and both had missed PLATO's and URANIA's system, which should have taught them—*how*. FATIMA durst not let her parents know, that a peasant possessed her virginal love. She, therefore, under pretence of regaling herself in the garden, often reserved the keys, that secured its avenues: and whilst the dew distilled its pensive sweets, the sequestered alcove, or embowered grass plat, too often witnessed their lambent amours.

ONE night—a night that must ever remain horrible to their remembrance, and which should be obliterated from the annals of time—FATIMA sat at the window of her apartment, to behold, rather than contemplate, the beauties of the evening. The hamlet was at rest, when she discovered PHILANDER passing in the street. Her *dishabille* too plainly disclosed her charms, when she hastened with the fatal key to the garden gate; where PHILANDER had just arrived. The massy door having grated upon its hinges, they walked a number of times through the bowling-green, till at length, almost imperceptibly, they found themselves at the door, that led to FATIMA's apartment. The clock struck twelve, when they tip-toed through a number of windings, till they arrived at the chamber; which, till then, had been an asylum for the virginity of FATIMA.

It is needless to paint the scenes, that succeeded. A taper, she had left burning on her *scrutoire*,¹³⁵ with the rays of the moon, reflected a dim light on the rich furniture of the room, and on the alcove; in which lay, for the last time, the tranquil FATIMA! But this light, feeble as it was, disclosed to PHILANDER a thousand new charms in the

¹³⁵ *Scrutoire*: a writing desk

fascinating spectacle of so much love and beauty. Sensuality took the lead of every reasoning faculty; and both became instrumental to their own destruction. PHILANDER became a total slave to his passions. He could no longer revere the temple of chastity. He longed to erect his fatal triumph on the ruins of credulous virtue. He saw nothing but what served to inflame his passions. His eyes rioted in forbidden delights. And his warm embraces kindled new fires in the bosom of this beautiful maid.—The night was silent as death: not a zephyr was heard to rustle in the leaves below—but HEAVEN was a recording witness to their criminal pleasures!

THE lost FATIMA beheld her brutal ravisher with horror and distraction. But from that fatal moment, his enthusiastic love cooled; and he shunned her private recesses and public haunts. FATIMA, to avoid the indignation of her parents, eloped from them. Her eyes were opened! Many were her wearisome steps to find an asylum from that guilt, which, through her parents neglect, she incurred on herself. In vain did she lament, that some piteous cherub had not preserved her to a more propitious fate—that she had not been doomed to a cloistered convent, to have made an eternal vow of celibacy, to have prostrated herself to wooden statues, to have kissed the feet of monks and to have pinned away her life in solitude!—Thus, she continues to mourn the loss of that happiness, she lost through neglect of education.

FATIMA was in her *female* attire—our Heroine was a *soldier*. And I should sacrifice many tender feelings to prefer, to my FAIR readers—the situation of either!

I CONFESS, I might justly be thought a monster to the female sex, were I willing to suggest that her original motive was the company of the venal sycophant, the plotting knave, the disgusting, ugly debauchee; or that her turning volunteer in Columbia's cause, was a meditated plot against her own sex. Oh! this would be too cruel.—Custom is the dupe of fancy: nor can we scarcely conceive what may not be relished, till the fugitive has worn out every shift. But let us remember, though it constitutes our esteem and reverence, it does not, always, our prudence and propriety. A high cut robe, for instance, though it may agreeably feast the imagination, may not prove the most prudent garb for every fair object, who wears it. But in the asylum of female protection, may I not be thought their meanest votary, should not a humble ejaculation

prevent every robe-wearer from being led

“O'er infant innocence—to hang and weep,

Murder'd by ruffian hands—when smiling in its sleep!”¹³⁶

IT need not be asked, whether a proper union of the sexes is recommendable and just. Nature claims this as her primogenial and indissoluble bond: And national custom establishes the mode. But to mention the intercourse of our Heroine with her sex, would, like others more dangerous, require an apology I know not how to make. It must be supposed, she acted more from necessity than a voluntary impulse of passion; and no doubt, succeeded beyond her expectations, or desires. Harmless thing! An useful veteran in war!—An inoffensive companion in love! These are certainly requisites, if not virtues. They are always the soldier's glory; but too seldom his boast. Had she been capacitated and inclined to prey, like a vulture, on the innocence of her sex; vice might have hurried vice, and taste have created appetite. Thus, she would have been less entitled to the clemency of the public. For individual crimes bring on public nuisances and calamities: And debauchery is one of the first. But incapacity, which seldom begets desire, must render her, in this respect, unimpeachable.

REMEMBER, females, I am your advocate; and, like you, would pay my devoirs to the Goddess of love. Admit that you conceived an attachment for a *female soldier*. What is the harm? She acted in the department of that sex, whose embraces you naturally seek. From a like circumstance, we are liable to the same impulse. Love is the ruling dictate of the soul.—But viewing VENUS in all her influential charms—did she gain too great an ascendancy over that virtue, which should guard the receptacle of your love? Did the dazzling enchantress, after fascinating you in her wilds, inhumanly leave you in a situation—ready to yield the pride and ornament of your sex—your white robed innocence, a sacrifice to lawless lust and criminal pleasure!—I congratulate the fair object, whoever she was, and rejoice with her most sincerely, that she happily mistook the *ferocity* of the *lion*, for the *harmlessness* of the *lamb*! You have thus, wonderfully, escaped the fatal rock on which so many of both sexes (it wounds me to 'repeat it!)

¹³⁶ These lines are taken from “The Pleasures of Memory” (1792), by the English poet Samuel Rogers.

have made shipwreck of this inestimable prize. You have thus preserved inviolate, your coronet of glory, your emblematic diadem of innocence, friendship, love, and beauty—the pride of your sex—the despair and envy of the dissolute incendiary! This is your virginity—that chastity, which is such an additional ornament to beauty.

THE sun, with all his eclat,¹³⁷ which has so often gone down on your innocence, shall continue to rise with increasing beauty, and give you fresh satisfaction and delight. Taunt; invective and calumny¹³⁸ may storm; and, tho' you may dread, you may defy, their rage.—But what will be a still greater source of comfort, old reflection shall not awfully stare you in the face on your bridal day: nor remorse steal an imperceptible course into your bosoms; nor, as with the scorpion's dagger, wound your tenderest place. Instead of a girdle of thorns, the amaranthine wreath shall encircle you, and the banners of friendship, love and tranquillity shall ever hover over you. Whilst others, guilty of a breach in this emblem of paradise, may escape with impunity the deserved lash of aspersion from a chaste husband, (for there may be chaste men as well as chaste women) you shall be presented to your partner of life, an object uncontaminated from the hands of your CREATOR. And next to the GIVER of all good, he shall extatically hold you in his embraces, and esteem you as the object of his supreme affections.

AS the pure and brilliant dew-drop on the rose and lilly gathers their fragrance; as the surface of the limpid stream outspreads its azure flow for curious investigation: So, shall your words and actions be received by all who are round about you. Your children, as coming from an unpolluted source, shall rise up and call you blessed. And whilst the dupe and rude in thought shall deign to bow at your shrine, your worth shall daily be enhanced in your husband's estimation. He shall not forget to heap encomiums¹³⁹ on your merit, when he sits among the primogeniture¹⁴⁰ of the land. A mutual exchange and increase of affection will be perpetuated to you, through a long series of satisfactory enjoyments—even till second childishness steals upon you, and till time

¹³⁷ *Eclat*: radiance.

¹³⁸ *Calumny*: libel, slander.

¹³⁹ *Encomiums*: elaborate praise

¹⁴⁰ *Primogeniture*: the first born male children

itself dissolves your earthly compact, and seals you in the dust. Heaven, the residentiary mansion of bliss, for the faithful and pure, will, at last, condescend to crown you with a rich reward for your services, for your integrity and virtue.—FEMALES; ADIEU!

COLUMBIA demands our review.—To stretch the memory to the momentous EPOCH, when the optics of sage COLUMBUS, first lighted on the American shores, and to trace the mazy clue of her annals, from a savage wilderness to the present period, when she stand confessed, a new *star* among the nations of the earth—an elysian field of beauty, must feast the intellectual system with every idea, perhaps of pain and pleasure. When we remember the sweat of the brow in the culture of her once stubborn glebe, our encounters with the tomahawk, and with the more formidable weapons of death in our late revolution; the breast must be callous to sensation, that does not own the privileges and felicity, to which we are now exalted; have been bought at a rate, dear enough to be instructive.

WE have moulded a constitutional government, at our option. It also guarantees to us the privilege of making amendments: and under its continued auspices, what good may we not anticipate? Scarcely three hundred years have rolled away, since America was a solitary haunt for savages and beasts. But behold, now, under the fostering hands of industry and economy, how she smiles; even from the magnificence of the city, passing the pleasant country villas, to the moss-covered cot! The sun of science is gleaming on her remotest corners; and his penetrating rays are fast illuminating the whole empire of reason.—Hail, then, thou happy, radiant source of beauty!—Our progress has, indeed, been rapid: Heaven grant it may be lasting.

O *war*, thou worst of scourges! Whilst we hear of thy depredations, which are now laying Europe in blood and ashes—indeed, Columbia, we think of you! And is there any, who are ignorant of the horrors of war, and thirst for the gratification? Let such be cautious of their propensities. You have heard, I suppose, that an Emperor, Cardinal, or a gracious, sable-headed Pope, has issued an edict, laying claim to a certain territory, to which, no body ever mistrusted he was entitled. But the nation has turned infidels to his *creed*; and though he is a man of insult, he is not to be insulted.—He collects his forces, and marches to glory; kills millions, gains his

conquest, renews his quarrels and puts others to the sword. His men are called *veterans*! What are ours called?—A youth, a female, a young nymph may tell.

AND must the scourge of war again cast a gloom over COLUMBIA's beauteous surface? Must infernal furies, from distant regions conspire her ruin? Shall her own SONS, forgetful of that happiness they have purchased so dearly, unmindful of an infinite variety of alluring objects, that surround them, grow wanton in luxury and indolence, and thirst, like tygers, to imbrue their hands in the blood of any of the human race? GOD forbid! For in that day, the beast shall again retire to his lair; the bird shall clap its well fledged wing, and bear itself across the ocean; (HEAVEN grant it there may have a chance to land!) and the fish shall lie in torpidity, or refuse the angler's bait—but all, looking up to that sublime and exalted creature, MAN, bewail the time he had rule given over them!

BUT, COLUMBIA, this must never be said of your progeny. It has been necessary they should encounter the *bitters*—the *calamities* of war. It now remains, that they *taste* and long preserve the *sweets* of prosperity. The sylvan bard shall compose for YOU, his canzonets and roundelays: And the minstrel shall rehearse them to his tranquil audience, in your silent, green-wood shade. From the city, the sailor shall quit your beauteous shores with reluctance and with a sigh. And while old ocean is heaving his barque from his home, as your lessening turrets bluely fade to his view; he shall climb the mast—and while he is snatching a fond review, reflection shall feast his memory with every pleasurable and pensive sensation. And though separated from his natal clime by oceans, climes and nations; his choicest hopes and wishes shall dwell in his native land.

* * * *

It remains, to authenticate the facts asserted.—The following first appeared in a New York paper, from which it was copied in others, in Massachusetts.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1784.

AN extraordinary instance of *virtue* in a FEMALE SOLDIER, has occurred, lately in the *American army*, in the Massachusetts line, viz. a lively, comely young nymph, nineteen years of age, dressed in man's

apparel, has been discovered; and what redounds to her honor, she has served in the character of a soldier for nearly *three years*, undiscovered. During this time, she displayed much alertness, chastity and valor: having been in several engagements, and received two wounds—a small shot remaining in her to this day. She was a remarkable, vigilant soldier on her post; always gained the applause of her officers—was never found in liquor, and always kept company with the most temperate and upright soldiers.—For several months, this Gallantress served, with credit, in a General Officer's family. A violent illness, when the troops were at Philadelphia, led to the discovery of her sex. She has since been honorably discharged from the Army, with a reward,¹⁴¹ and sent to her connexions; who, it appears, live to the Eastward of Boston, at a place, called *Meduncook*.

THE cause of her personating a man, it is said, proceeded from the rigor of her parents, who exerted their prerogative to induce her marriage with a young gentleman, against whom, she had conceived a great antipathy; together with her being a remarkable heroine and warmly attached to the cause of her country: In the service of which, it must be acknowledged, she gained reputation; and, no doubt, will be noticed in the history of our grand revolution.—She passed by the name of ROBERT SHURTLIEFF, while in the army, and was borne on the rolls as such.—For particular reasons, her name is withheld: But the facts, above mentioned, are unquestionable and unblemished.

BOSTON, August 1, 1797.

To all whom it may concern.

THESE may certify, that ROBERT SHURTLIEFF was a *Soldier* in my *Regiment*, in the *Continental Army*, for the town of Uxbridge in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and was inlisted for the term of *three years*—that he had the confidence of his Officers, did his duty, as a faithful and good *Soldier*, and was honorably discharged the Army of the United States.

HENRY JACKSON, *late Col.*
in the American Army.

¹⁴¹ THIS she has not received.—EDITOR. [Note in original.]

RESOLVE of the GENERAL COURT—January 20, 1792.

ON the petition of DEBORAH GANNET, praying compensation for services performed in the late Army of the United States:

WHEREAS it appears to this Court, that the said DEBORAH GANNET inlisted under the name of ROBERT SHURLIEFF, in Capt. WEBB's company in the fourth Massachusetts regiment, on May 21, 1782, and did actually perform the duties of a *soldier*, in the late Army of the United States, to the 23d day of October, 1783; for which she has received no compensation. And whereas it further appears, that the said DEBORAH exhibited an extraordinary instance of *female heroism*, by discharging the duties of a faithful, gallant *soldier*; and at the same time, preserved the virtue and *chastity* of her *sex*; unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service, with a fair and honorable *character*.

THEREFORE, *resolved*, that the Treasurer of this Commonwealth be, and hereby is directed to issue his note, to said DEBORAH, for the sum of *thirty four pounds*, bearing interest from *October 23, 1783*.

* * *

AS it is nothing strange, that any girl should be married, and have children; it is not to be expected, that one, distinguished, like Miss SAMPSON, should escape. The greatest distinction lies in the qualification for this important business. And, perhaps, the greatest requisite for EDUCATION is—complete union with the parties, both in theory and practice. This is remarkably verified in the *party spirits* that bring on wars and public calamities. They extend to the remote fire side.

IT is hear-say, that Mrs. GANNET refuses her husband the rites of the marriage bed. She must, then, condescend to smile upon him in the silent alcove, or grass plat; as she has a child, that has scarcely left its cradle. It is possible, she experiences, not only corporal but mental inabilities; and in mercy to her generation, would keep it in non-existence.—But this is not the part of a biographer. I am sorry to learn, this is mostly female complaint; and not authentic: For her nearest neighbors assert, there is a mutual harmony subsisting between her and

her companion; which, by the bye, is generally the reverse with those deprived of this hymenial bliss. All who are acquainted with her, must acknowledge her complaisant and humane dispositions. And while she discovers a taste for an elegant stile of living; she exhibits, perhaps, an unusual degree of contentment, with an honest farmer, and three endearing children, confined to a homely cot, and a hard-earned little farm.

SHE is sometimes employed in a school in her neighborhood. And her first maxim of the government of children is *implicit obedience*. I cannot learn, she has the least wish to usurp the prerogatives of our sex. For, she has often said, that nothing appears more beautiful in the *domestic round*, than when the husband takes the lead, with discretion, and is followed by his consort,¹⁴² with an amiable acquiescence. She is, however, of opinion, that those women, who threaten their children with, “*I will tell your father*”—of a crime, they should correct, is infusing into them a spirit of triumph, they should never know. The cultivation of humanity and good nature is the grand business of education. And she has seen the ill effects of fighting, enough, to know the necessity of sparing clubs and cuffs at home. The same good temper, we would form in our offspring, should be exhibited in ourselves. We should neither use our children as strangers; nor as the mere tools of fanciful sport. All tampering and loose words with them, are, like playing, carelessly, with the lion or tiger, who will take advantage of our folly.—In short, instructions should be infused, as the dew distils; and discipline, neither rigid, nor tyrannic, should rest, like a stable pillar.

HOW great—how sacred are our obligations to our offspring! Females, who are the vehicles, by which they are brought into the world, cannot consider, too seriously, the subject. Let it not be delayed, then, till that love, which coalesces the sexes, produces an object for experiment. Form a pre-affection for the sweet *innocent*, while in embryo—that it may be cherished, with prudence, when brought to view. And may *we* never have it to lament—that while any females contemplate, with abhorrence, a *female*, who voluntarily engages in the *field of battle*—*they* forget to recoil at the idea of coming off victorious from *battles*, fought by their own domestic—*fire-sides!* We have now

¹⁴² *Consort*: partner, or mate.

seen the distinction of one *female*. May it stimulate others to shine—in the way, that VIRTUE prescribes.

THE END.

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