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The Female Review;

OR,

LIFE OF DEBORAH SAMPSON.

DEBORAH SAMPSON.

Published by H. Mann. 1797.

Herman Mann

THE FEMALE REVIEW

LIFE OF

DEBORAH SAMPSON

THE FEMALE SOLDIER

IN THE

War of the Revolution

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

JOHN ADAMS VINTON

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INTRODUCTION.

THE American Revolution was a great event. Thirteen feeble colonies, scattered along more than a thousand miles of seacoast, and vulnerable at every point, dared to resist the colossal power of one of the oldest and strongest monarchies of the world. Without adequate preparation, without a general government, without a revenue, without a navy, and almost without an army, or the means of keeping an army together, they entered the fearful struggle, and, by the help of God, prevailed. All well-authenticated facts, even the most minute, connected with this great struggle, possess a deep and an enduring interest. Every individual history included in that great drama serves to help out and enlarge our idea of what was then transacted.

Viewed in this light, the story of Deborah Sampson will be found worthy of attentive consideration. It is sufficiently romantic in itself; but, considered as a tale of Revolutionary times, it is entitled to special regard. It affords, to some extent, a picture of those times, and opens before us scenes of trial and hardship, of patriotism and fortitude, that enable us better to conceive of that great conflict.

The general credit of the facts recorded in this volume cannot be shaken. It is sustained by tradition yet freshly existing in

Middleborough and the vicinity; by the Records of the First Baptist Church in that town; by the Resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, in 1792; by the Records of the Pension Office of the United States; by the act of Congress, granting her pension to the heirs of Deborah Gannett; by the obituary notice published in the papers after her death; and, lastly, by the list of subscribers to "The Female Review." Many of these subscribers were highly respectable gentlemen, resident in Middleborough, Sharon, Stoughton, Dedham, Walpole, Wrentham, Providence, and other towns in the vicinity. Clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants, and other intelligent men, would not have subscribed for such a work, but for its substantial verity.

The story of our heroine has found a place, more or less enlarged, in "Allen's Biographical Dictionary," third edition; in Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale's "Biography of Distinguished Women;" in Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet's "Women of the American Revolution;" and in some other publications.* In several of these volumes, minor inaccuracies may be found; but the main facts have never been called in question.

The editor remembers to have heard of this remarkable case full fifty years ago, in his childhood, when living in Braintree, midway between Boston and Middleborough. He has since made it a subject of careful and prolonged investigation.

The story, concisely told, is as follows: Deborah Sampson left her home in Middleborough, Mass., in May, 1782, being then in her twenty-second year. She assumed the masculine garb; enlisted as a Continental soldier; was mustered into the

* Some years ago, as the editor has been informed, a volume made its appearance, professing to give memoirs of eminent colored women, and Deborah Sampson was claimed as one of the number!

service at Worcester; joined the army at West Point; performed the duties of a soldier with more than ordinary alertness, gallantry, and fortitude; participated in several engagements, in one of which she was wounded; though mingling constantly with men, preserved her purity unsullied; suffered severe illness in a hospital in Philadelphia, where her sex was discovered; received an honorable discharge from the army at the close of the war, and returned to her relatives in Massachusetts.

These facts, and others connected with them, are set forth, with no inconsiderable amount of what was meant for embellishment, in "The Female Review," a small volume of 258 pages, 12mo., compiled by Herman Mann, and printed for him at Dedham, in 1797. This book has long been out of print, and is now rarely to be met with. Considered merely as a composition, this volume does not rank high. The style is pompous and affected, the manner prolix and verbose. Throughout the volume, there is an evident straining after *effect*. Instead of presenting a simple narrative, "a round, unvarnished tale," the writer made a kind of novel, founded, indeed, on fact, but with additions of his own. He aimed at weaving a web of gaudy colors, which should strike strongly on the fancy of his readers. He introduces a great deal of extraneous matter, which serves only to fill out his pages, without at all helping forward the story. He proceeds with too little caution in his statements of fact, following, sometimes, the practice of Voltaire, who, when asked at the table of Frederick II. how he could allow himself in statements so variant from the truth, replied, "I write history to be read, not to be believed." This volume, however, has furnished, in great part, the material which has been used by most of the

writers who have hitherto attempted to give an account of Deborah Sampson; and there can be no doubt that the well-authenticated facts of the case will repay a thoughtful consideration.

To disengage what is true from what is of doubtful authority; to separate the real from the fictitious; to disentangle the facts from the fancies with which they have been mingled, — is the design of the present edition. But to draw the line accurately between the two has been found no easy matter.

It appears that the heroine, ten or twelve years after her return from the army, became acquainted with Mr. Mann, the original author; and some materials for the narrative were gathered, principally from her own lips, but in part also from some scattered memoranda of hers, from conversation with her relatives, from officers who knew her in the army, and from other sources. A journal, which she had constantly kept while in the service, was unfortunately lost with her trunk, in the passage by water, which she attempted to make, from Elizabethtown, N.J., to New York, in a heavy gale, as she states, while on her return from a Western tour to the headquarters of the American army, in October, 1783. It was necessary, therefore, to rely chiefly on her memory; and, in regard to all important facts, this could hardly fail.

It seems, however, that both the writer and the heroine of "The Female Review," after the issue of that volume, became dissatisfied therewith: it seemed, even to them, a crude and imperfect sketch. Many marks of carelessness, and of a want of due preparation, were too clearly seen; some things were untruly stated, and a general looseness of style and of sentiment was apparent. The resolution was formed, therefore, to prepare

a worthier and more comely volume. The writer had now become better acquainted with his subject, and possessed of an ampler stock of materials. The book was therefore rewritten, with much enlargement in respect to facts, obtained from the heroine herself. The memoir, thus revised, is said to have been carefully examined and fully approved by Mrs. Gannett, who exacted the promise, however, that it should not be printed till after her decease. She died in 1827, and the author was thus relieved of the obligation. But a severe and protracted illness, which resulted in the author's own death in 1833, prevented his fully completing the work.

The manuscript, after the author's death, fell into the hands of his son, to whom it appeared capable of still further improvement. The younger Mann, therefore, took pains to remodel it thoroughly, omitting much of the extraneous matter, and making the heroine throughout to speak in the first person; thus giving more animation and directness to the narrative. The dramatic style is employed wherever there is room for it. We cannot avoid the impression that the MS. is dramatic throughout, — quite as much so as the historical plays of Shakspeare, while there can be no comparison in respect to artistic merit. The manuscript memoir, or novel, — whichever the reader pleases, — was completed in 1850. It is a decided advance on "The Female Review," in style and manner, though still abounding in superfluous phrases, and containing much irrelevant matter. It exists only in a manuscript of 336 pages, and will probably never appear in print. All that is valuable in it has been incorporated in the present volume. The constant use of this document by the editor is an advantage which has not been enjoyed hitherto by any one who has given to the public

an account of Deborah Sampson. He has thus been enabled to present a more full and, he trusts, a better history of this remarkable woman.

As the language of the manuscript memoir is susceptible of much improvement, I have not confined myself to the exact words. Though Deborah is ostensibly the speaker, the words are Mr. Mann's. He speaks in her behalf, as her representative and interpreter. From the language employed by him, I have felt at liberty to depart whenever I thought the form of expression could be improved; dropping expletives, throwing off superfluous phrases, and changing one word for a better; new modelling whole sentences and paragraphs for the sake of clearer and fuller expression; but never changing the idea. Even if I had Deborah's own words before me, the practice of good writers, in similar cases, would have warranted a careful and thorough revision.

The original work, however, — "The Female Review," — is, in the following pages, literally and fully reprinted, that subscribers may possess the text as first printed in 1797. Copious notes are added wherever it seemed necessary, for the purpose of correcting erroneous statements, or presenting additional information.

From the nature of the case, there could be no other evidence in regard to most of the facts herein reported, but the statements of the heroine herself. Whether these statements can always be trusted, or whether, indeed, she ever made some of them, the reader must judge. The main thread of the story will undoubtedly hold true, confirmed as it is by so many concurring testimonies. But for some of the details of "The Female Review," and of the MS. memoir, an easy faith is required.

Some years ago, my friend, Rev. Stillman Pratt of Middleborough, became interested in the story of Deborah Sampson, and collected in that vicinity some facts not before published, which, with other matter copied, without material alteration, from "The Female Review," he gave to the world in his paper, "The Middleborough Gazette." The additional information thus obtained will be found in the ensuing pages. In several instances, it is at variance with statements purporting to have been received from the heroine.

The time when Deborah Sampson enlisted into the army has been untruly stated. Mrs. Ellet, in her "Women of the Revolution," says she enlisted in October, 1778, when eighteen years of age. This statement is copied by Dr. Allen, in his "Biographical Dictionary," third edition. It is manifestly erroneous, for reasons which will soon appear. "The Female Review," and Rev. Mr. Pratt, who here copies from it, state that she enlisted in April, 1781. The MS. memoir, of which mention has already been made, repeats the same statement. It is sustained by the following document, which has just been obtained from the Pension Office in Washington. It is a declaration made by Mrs. Gannett, under oath, at the time when she relinquished her invalid pension, and received the benefit of the Act of Congress, passed March 18, 1818.

"UNITED STATES:

"*Massachusetts District.*

"Deborah Gannett of Sharon, in the county of Norfolk, and district of Massachusetts, a resident and native of the United States, and applicant for a pension from the United States, under an act of Congress entitled, 'An Act to provide for certain persons engaged

in the land and naval service of the United States in the Revolutionary War,' maketh oath that she served as a private soldier, under the name of Robert Shurtleff, in the war of the Revolution, upwards of two years, in manner following, viz.: Enlisted in April, 1781, in the company commanded by Captain George Webb, in the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Colonel Shepherd, and afterwards by Colonel Henry Jackson, and served in said corps in Massachusetts and New York until November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged in writing, which discharge is lost. During the time of her service, she was at the capture of Lord Cornwallis, was wounded at Tarrytown, and now receives a pension from the United States, which pension she hereby relinquishes. She is in such reduced circumstances as to require the aid of her country for her support.

" DEBORAH GANNETT.

" MASSACHUSETTS DISTRICT, Sept. 14, 1818."

The foregoing was copied, Feb. 21, 1866, from the original, in the Pension Office in Washington.

At a later period, Mrs. Gannett applied to Congress for further aid, in a petition of which the following is a copy: —

" *To the Hon. Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled.*

" The petition of Deborah Gannett of Sharon, in the county of Norfolk, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Humbly shews, That she served as a soldier in the Army of the United States, during the Revolutionary War; that she was wounded while in the service; and that while others were on the list of pensioners, and received their pensions soon after the termination of the war, she was not on the list of pensioners until the first of January, 1803, owing to the great disadvantage she was under to procure sufficient credentials which were necessary to

lay before Congress. She therefore prays that Congress would allow her at the rate of four dollars per month from the time that others in similar situations received their pensions, up to the first day of January, 1803. And as in duty bound will ever pray.

"DEBORAH GANNETT.

"SHARON, January 25, 1820."

This petition was forwarded to Washington, to the care of Hon. Marcus Morton, then a representative in Congress from Massachusetts. As appears by an indorsement thereon, it was referred, March 28, 1820, to the Committee on Pensions and Revolutionary Claims. March 31, 1820, it was considered, but not allowed. The original petition is now before me.

The following document was furnished on application from the editor: —

"DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Pension Office, February 13, 1866.

"SIR, — In the matter of Deborah Gannett, about which you make certain inquiries, I have to state, that, on the 11th of March, 1805, she was allowed a pension of four dollars per month, as an invalid soldier of the war of the Revolution. Her pension commenced January 1, 1803. The name of the pensioner was inscribed upon the Massachusetts Invalid Pension Roll. In 1816, her pension was increased to six dollars and forty cents per month. On the 18th of March, 1818, Congress passed an Act, granting pensions of eight dollars per month to those soldiers who served, continuously, nine months and longer in the Continental line, and who were in need of the assistance of the country for support by reason of reduced circumstances. No person who was in the receipt of a pension could receive the benefit of this Act, unless he relinquished the pension he was receiving under former acts. In 1819, Deborah Gannett relinquished her Invalid Pension, and was pensioner under said Act of the 18th of March, 1818, at the rate of

eight dollars per month, and drew said pension of eight dollars per month until March 4, 1827. She died in 1827. The papers upon which she was allowed her Invalid Pension were burned in 1814, when the War Office was burned by the British troops. The nature of her disability is not known, further than that she was severely wounded at Tarrytown. The soldier enlisted under the name of Robert Shertliff, in April, 1781, under Captain George Webb, in a regiment of the Massachusetts Continental line, commanded by Colonel Shepherd, and afterwards by Colonel Henry Jackson, and served until November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged. She was at the capture of Cornwallis.

"Benjamin Gannett, the husband of the soldier, survived her as a widower, until 1837, when he died. On the 7th of July, 1838, Congress passed an Act, a Special Act (see Statutes at Large, vol. 6, page 735), directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to the heirs of the soldier the sum of four hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents, being at the rate of a pension of eighty dollars per annum from the 4th of March, 1831, to the 4th of January, 1837.

"As this amount of four hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents was paid at the Treasury, I am unable to state to whom, or when, it was paid. The foregoing embraces the information afforded by the files of this office, and, it is believed, every allowance made by law to Deborah Gannett, or her heirs.

"I am yours, very respectfully,

"JOSEPH H. BARRETT, *Commissioner.*"

Subjoined is a letter from the Secretary of War, in 1805, at the time of placing her name on the Invalid Pension Roll. The original, and also the original of the document which will immediately follow, are now in the possession of Mr. Jeremiah Colburn, of this city, who has kindly permitted the use of them by the editor:—

"War Department, 11 March, 1805.

"Sir, — You are hereby apprised that Deborah Gannett, who served as a soldier in the Army of the United States, during the late Revolutionary War, and who was severely wounded therein, has this day been placed on the Pension List of the United States, at the rate of four dollars per month, to commence on the first day of January, 1803. You will be pleased to enter her name on your books, and pay her, or her legally authorized attorney, on application, accordingly.

"I am, sir, very respectfully,

"Your ob't servant,

"H. DEARBORN.

"Benjamin Austin, Jun., Esq., *Boston.*"

Here is the first receipt given by Mrs. Gannett for her pension: —

"Commissioner's Office, April 10, 1805.

"No. 12.

"Received of Benjamin Austin, jun., Agent for paying Invalid Pensioners belonging to the State of Massachusetts, One hundred and four dollars, 53⅓ cents, being for 26 months' and 4 days' Pension due to Deborah Gannett, from the first day of January, 1803, to the fourth day of March, 1805; for which I have signed duplicate Receipts.

"DEBORAH GANNETT.

"*Dollars* 104.53⅓."

The following is the Special Act of Congress referred to in the foregoing communication from the Pension Office: —

"An Act for the relief of the heirs of Deborah Gannett, a soldier of the Revolution, deceased:

"Be it enacted, &c., That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, directed to pay, out of any money not otherwise appropriated, to the heirs of Deborah Gannett, a revolutionary soldier, and late the wife of Benjamin Gannett of Sharon, in the State of Massachusetts, now

deceased, the sum of four hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents, being an equivalent for a full pension of eighty dollars per annum, from the fourth day of March, 1831, to the decease of Benjamin Gannett, in January, 1837, as granted in certain cases to the widows of revolutionary soldiers by the Act passed the fourth day of July, 1836, entitled an Act granting half pay to widows or orphans where their husbands or fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States, and for other purposes.

"Approved July 7, 1838."

The subjoined Report of the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, taken from Reports of Committees, Twenty-fifth Congress, 2d Session, Vol. I., No. 172, January 31, 1837, adds some facts not elsewhere stated.

Mr. Wardwell, from the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, made the following Report: —

"The Committee on Revolutionary Pensions, to which was referred the petition of Benjamin Gannett of Sharon, State of Massachusetts, report: —

"That the petitioner represents that he is the surviving husband of Deborah Gannett, to whom he was lawfully married on the 7th day of April, 1784; that she died on the 29th of April, 1827. He also states, that, in the early part of her life, the said Deborah enlisted as a soldier in the army of the Revolution, under the assumed name of Robert Shurtleff, where she faithfully served her country three years, and was honorably discharged in November, 1783; that, on account of a wound received in the service, she received a pension as an invalid, until the passage of the Act of 18th March, 1818; and that she received a full pension under the Act until her decease. The petitioner further states, that the effects of the wound which she received followed her through life, and probably hastened her death. The petitioner represents him-

self to be eighty-three years of age, infirm in health, and in indigent circumstances. He states also that he has two daughters dependent on charity for support. The petitioner prays that he may receive the amount of the pension of his wife, from the time of her decease, and that it may be continued to him till his death.

"It appears, from a letter received from the Commissioner of Pensions, that Deborah Gannett, deceased, was placed on the Massachusetts roll of invalid pensioners, at $48 per annum, which was afterwards increased to $76.80 per annum. This she relinquished, in 1818, for the benefit of the Act of March 18, 1818. She was placed, under that law, at the rate of eight dollars per month, from the 14th September, 1818, which she received up to the 4th March, 1827. It further appears, from said letter, that the papers containing evidence upon which the original pension was granted were burned in 1814, when the British troops invaded Washington, and destroyed the War Office, with its contents.

"On the 14th September, 1818, the said Deborah made her declaration, under oath, that she served as a private soldier, under the name of Robert Shurtleff, in the war of the Revolution, upwards of two years, in manner following: Enlisted, in April, 1781, in a company commanded by Captain George Webb, in the Massachusetts regiment commanded by Colonel Shepherd, and afterwards by Colonel Henry Jackson; that she served in Massachusetts and New York until November, 1783, when she was honorably discharged in writing, which discharge she had lost. She was at the capture of Cornwallis, was wounded at Tarrytown, and, up to the date of her declaration, she received a pension therefor.

"P. Parson testifies, under oath, that she lived in the family of Benjamin Gannett more than forty-six years after he married Deborah Sampson; that she well knew that said Deborah was unable to perform any labor a great part of the time, in consequence of a wound she received, while in the American army, from a musket-ball lodged in her body, which was never extracted. She also states that she saw Benjamin Gannett married to Deborah Sampson at his father's house in Sharon.

"Benjamin Rhoad and Jeremiah Gould, the selectmen of the town of Sharon, in the State of Massachusetts, certify that they are acquainted with Benjamin Gannett, now living in said Sharon; that he is a man of upwards of eighty years of age; that he is destitute of property; that he has been an industrious man; that he was the husband of the late Deborah Gannett, deceased, who for a time received a pension from the United States for her military services during the Revolutionary War.

"William Ellis, formerly a Senator in Congress, in a letter to the Hon. William Jackson, now a Representative in Congress, states that said Gannett has been a very upright, hard-laboring man; has brought up a large family, and is a poor man. He further states, that he has long since been credibly informed that said Gannett had been subjected to heavy expenses for medical aid for his wife, the said Deborah, for twenty years or more, and before she received a pension under the Act of 1818, on account of wounds she received in the United States service.

"There are other certificates among the papers in this case, showing the physician's bill alone, for attendance on the said Deborah, to be more than six hundred dollars.

"The Committee are aware that there is no Act of Congress which provides for any case like the present. The said Gannett was married after the termination of the war of the Revolution, and therefore does not come within the spirit of the third section of the Act of 4th July, 1836, granting pensions to widows in certain cases; and, were there nothing peculiar in this application which distinguishes it from all other applications for pensions, the Committee would at once reject the claim. But they believe they are warranted in saying that the whole history of the American Revolution records no case like this, and 'furnishes no other similar example of female heroism, fidelity, and courage.' The petitioner does not allege that he served in the war of the Revolution, and it does not appear by any evidence in the case that such was the fact. It is not, however, to be presumed that a female who took up arms in defence of her country, who served as a common soldier for

nearly three years, and fought and bled for human liberty, would, immediately after the termination of the war, connect herself for life with a tory or a traitor. He, indeed, was honored much by being the husband of such a wife; and as he has proved himself worthy of her, as he has sustained her through a long life of sickness and suffering, and as that sickness and suffering were occasioned by the wounds she received, and the hardships she endured in defence of the country; and as there cannot be a parallel case in all time to come, the Committee do not hesitate to grant relief.

"They report a bill granting to the petitioner a pension of $80 per year from the 4th day of March, 1831, for and during his natural life."

The foregoing documents seem to prove conclusively that Deborah Sampson enlisted in the army in the month of April, 1781. The following documents prove as conclusively that she did not enlist till May, 1782. The reader will take notice that the preceding papers are all of a much later date than those that follow; and he will naturally be induced to ask why the statement that the enlistment was in April, 1781, was not inserted in so important a document as that which we shall now copy, and which was made when the facts of the case were so recent.

In January, 1792, Deborah Gannett, formerly Deborah Sampson, signed a petition to the Legislature of Massachusetts, of which the following is an exact copy:—

"*To His Excellency the Governor, the Honourable Senate, and the Honourable Houſe of Repreſentatives, in General Court aſſembled, this Eleventh day of January* 1792.

"The Memorial of Deborah Gannet

Humbly Sheweth, that your Memorialiſt from Zeal for the good of her Country was induc'd, and by the name of Robert Shirtliff did, on May 20, 1782, Inliſt as a Soldier in the Continental Service, for Three Years,

into the 4th Regiment, Colº Shepard's, (afterwards Colº Jackſon's) in Capt George Webbs Compy. & was muſter'd at Worceſter, by Capt Eliphalet Thorp of Dedham, the 23d of the ſame Month, & went to the Camp, under the Command of Sergeant Gambel, & was conſtant & faithful in doing Duty, with other Soldiers, & was engag'd with the Enemy at Tarry Town New York, & was wounded there by the Enemy, & continued in Service untill diſcharg'd, by General Knox at Weſt Point October 25, 1783. ----- Your Memorialiſt has made ſome Application to receive pay for her ſervices in the Army, but being a Female, & not knowing the proper ſteps to be taken to get pay for her ſervices, has hitherto not receiv'd one farthing for her ſervices: whether it has been occaſion'd by the fault of Officers in making up the Rolls, or whether Effrican Hamlin paymaſter to the 4th regiment, has carried off the papers, &c. your Memorialiſt cannot ſay: but your Memorialiſt prays this Honourable Court to conſider the Juſtneſs of her Claim, & Grant her pay as a good ſoldier; and your Memorialiſt as in Duty bound ſhall ever pray."

Deborah Gannett

The foregoing petition was presented to the House of Representatives, and by them referred to a committee, consisting of Dr. William Eustis of Boston (afterwards Governor), Benjamin Hitchborn of Dorchester, and James Sproat of Middleborough. This Committee reported favorably on the petition, and consequently the following Resolve was passed: —

"*Commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts:*

Houſe of Repreſentatives, Jan. 19*th* 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 Shirtliff, in Captn Webb's company,

in the 4th Maſſachuſetts Regiment on May 20, 1782, and did actually perform the duty 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 preſerving the virtue & chaſtity of her ſex unſuſpected and unblemiſhed, & was diſcharged from the ſervice with a fair & honorable character. Therefore —

"RESOLVED, That the Treaſurer of this Commonwealth be and he hereby is directed to iſſue his note to the ſaid Deborah for the ſum of thirty-four pounds, bearing intereſt from October 23, 1783.

"Sent up for Concurrence. "D. COBB, *Speaker.*

"In Senate, Jany 20, 1792. Read and concurred.

"SAML PHILLIPS, *President.*

Approved

John Hancock

Connected with the foregoing papers is the following :—

"BOSTON, *Augt* 1, 1786.

"To whom it may concern.

"Theſe may Certify that Robert Shurtliff was a ſoldier in my Regiment in the Continental army for the town of Uxbridge in the Commonwealth of Maſſachuſetts & was inliſted for the term of three years :— that he had the confidence of his officers and 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.*

"A true copy of the original delivered ſaid Shurtliff.

"Attest. "JOHN AVERY JUNR *Sec'y.*"

The subjoined certificate accompanies the preceding papers: —

"DEDHAM, *Decemr.* 10, 1791.

"This Certifies that Mrs. Deborah Gannet inlifted as a ſoldier on May ye 20th 1782 for three years and was Muſter'd ye 23d of ye Same Month at Worceſter and ſent on to Camp ſoon after and as I have been inform'd did the Duty of a Good Soldier

"Pr ELIPHT THORP, *Capt. 7th M. Regt. M. Maſter*

"N. B. Robert Shirtlief was ye Name by which Mrs Gannet inlifted and Muſterd"

The four documents immediately preceding are on file in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and were copied exactly by the editor from the originals. They are all in one fold, and are endorsed —

"Reſolve on the petition of Deborah Gannet, granting her £34 for ſervices in the late Continental Army. Jany 20, 1792."

The sum granted, £34, was equivalent to one hundred dollars, and a small fraction over.

In reference to these documents, a strict regard to truth compels us to offer the following observations: —

1. Deborah Gannett, formerly Sampson, the heroine of our story, in presenting to the Legislature a petition for compensation as a soldier, must have made the utmost of her case. If she had been a soldier in 1778, or in 1781, and especially if she had been a sharer in the glorious campaign which ended in the surrender of Cornwallis, she would doubtless have said so; and, if such were the fact, she could easily have proved it. But the petition of 1792 says nothing of this sort.

2. As we know from her own statement in this petition that

she enlisted in May, 1782, it is scarcely possible that she could have enlisted in 1781, because, in that case, she must have enlisted for one year only. But the practice of short enlistments, which had nearly proved fatal to the American cause in the autumn and winter of 1776, had, in 1781, long been abandoned. Moreover, it appears, from the "Continental Army Books,"* in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, that all the men in Colonel Shepard's regiment, as well as in the other regiments of the Massachusetts line, were enlisted "for three years, or during the war."

3. She could not have enlisted in 1778, as Mrs. Ellet affirms, because, in that case, the "Continental Army Books," just mentioned, would contain the name of Robert Shirtliff. But they do not contain it. The name of Robert Shirtliff appears in the "List of Final Settlement," a volume in the office of the said Secretary, containing the names of the soldiers who were discharged in 1783. Opposite to his name is number 40066, referring to documents sent to the War Office at Washington, and destroyed when the War Office was burned in 1814.

4. Though the petition of Mrs. Gannett affirms that she enlisted for three years, and though the same statement is made in the certificates of Colonel Jackson and Captain Thorp, yet it does not follow that she *served* three years. She says that she was discharged in October, 1783. Her actual service, therefore, if we may believe her statement in the petition of 1792, was limited to one year and five months.

5. Some of the statements, both of "The Female Review" and of the MS. memoir, seem incredible. In both of these docu-

* They contain the names of all who served in the Massachusetts regiments from 1777 to 1780, and the amounts due them respectively.

ments, especially in the latter, we are conducted, with great fullness of detail, through the campaign of 1781; the siege of Yorktown; the hard work in the trenches; the taking of two formidable British redoubts by storming parties; and the final surrender of the hostile forces: and Deborah Sampson, we are assured, was a sharer in these stirring scenes. Had she forgotten her part in those memorable transactions when she presented her petition to the Legislature of Massachusetts, only ten years afterwards?

Further to confirm what we have now said, we offer an extract from the Records of the First Baptist Church in Middleborough; of which Church, as appears by those Records, Deborah was received a member in November, 1780:—

"Sept. 3, 1782. The Church took action as follows:

"The Church conſider'd the caſe of Deborah Sampſon, a member of this Church, who laſt Spring was accuſed of dreſſing in men's clothes, and enliſting as a Soldier in the Army, and altho ſhe was not convicted, yet was ſtrongly ſuſpected of being guilty, and for ſome time before behaved verry looſe and unchriſtian like, and at laſt left our parts in a suden maner, and it is not known among us where ſhe is gone, and after conſiderable diſcourſe, it appeard that as ſeveral bretheren had labour'd with her before ſhe went away, without obtaining ſatiſfaction, concluded it is the Church's duty to withdraw fellowſhip untill ſhe returns and makes Chriſtian ſatisfaction."

A vote to "withdraw fellowship" is equivalent to a vote of excommunication. It does not appear that Deborah was ever restored to the communion of that church, or of any other.

From this extract it seems evident that she did not "dress in men's clothes, and enlist as a soldier in the army," till the spring

of 1782. If so, she did not enlist till the war was substantially over. The surrender of Cornwallis, in October, 1781, virtually closed the contest. No military operations, of any importance, were, after that event, undertaken on either side.

It must be confessed, however, that the case is not wholly free from difficulty. The heroine of the story, who best knew the facts of the case, has given her testimony on both sides of the question. In January, 1792, she makes a positive statement that she enlisted in May, 1782, and is altogether silent about her being present at the siege of Yorktown. In September, 1818, twenty-six years later, she affirms, under oath, that she enlisted in April, 1781, and was at the capture of Cornwallis (see p. xvi.). The statements subsequently made in the document obtained from the Pension Office (p. xix.), and in the Report of the Committee on Revolutionary Pensions (p. xxi), that her enlistment was in April, 1781, are evidently derived only from her declaration, in 1818, just mentioned, which was clearly an *after-thought*. The reader is left to judge as to the probabilities of the case.

After making all needful allowance for these conflicting statements, and for the exaggerations of the book before us, enough remains to invest the story of Deborah Sampson with a strange and a peculiar interest. She was certainly a woman of very marked and decided character. She is entitled, as no other female is, to be denominated "the heroine of the American Revolution." Other women, during that eventful struggle, were patriotic, and brave, and courageous. Margaret Corbin, with manly fortitude, filled the place of her husband, who was killed by her side while serving a piece of artillery, at the attack on Fort Washington, and for this act of female heroism received a pension from Congress. The story of the gunner's wife is not

forgotten, who took her husband's post when he was killed at the battle of Monmouth, and did such execution, that, after the engagement, she was rewarded with a commission. Mrs. Ellet has supplied a long list of other "women of the Revolution," who rendered important services to their country's cause. Deborah Sampson alone, so far as we know, entered the ranks as a common soldier, and, during two entire campaigns, performed the arduous duties of such a position. The most remarkable feature of the case is, that during those entire campaigns, while mingling constantly with men, night and day, in all their exercises, through so many months, she maintained her virtue unsullied, so that her sex was not even suspected. That such was the fact, we are assured by the Resolve of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and by many other concurrent testimonies. Her example in enlisting as a soldier is certainly not to be commended to the imitation of our fair countrywomen; but her inflexible resolution and firm self-control, after she enlisted, are deserving of high praise. Indeed, we know not whether, in all respects, the world's history affords a parallel to the case. Women are always found in camps, sometimes in great numbers; not always, however, for worthy ends. Women in men's clothes were found dead at Waterloo, and on other battlefields in Europe. Many remarkable instances of female courage and heroism occurred in our late civil war. Several ladies of culture and refinement exposed themselves to far greater risks, in the "secret service," both of the Federal Government and of the rebel army, than were assumed by our heroine.* Woman, we

* Mrs. Smith, wife of Captain Smith of the Army of the Cumberland, left a life of luxury for the utmost hardships of the camp and the field, to accompany her husband, and serve the cause of the Union. She distinguished

well know, may have a manly heart. Many women have excelled in manly qualities and in manly exercises, often bearing off the palm from the stronger sex.

> Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis
> Penthesilea furens, mediisque in millibus ardet,
> Aurea subnectens exsertæ cingula mammæ
> Bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

But Penthesilea and the Amazons never existed, save in epic poetry; and the story of Semiramis, long believed, is now fully exploded. Boadicea, the British warrior-queen, "rushed to battle, fought, and died." Jane of Montfort, clad in complete armor, performed prodigies of valor, and, in her little castle of Hennebon, successfully withstood the arms of France. Joan of Arc,

> "The maid with helméd head,
> Like a war-goddess, fair and terrible,"

retrieved the desperate affairs of the French realm. Elizabeth

herself as a scout, and performed several extremely bold exploits. She once captured, single-handed, three rebel soldiers, with their horses, which they were leading to water. At another time she defeated a plan of the rebels for the capture of her husband's company and the regiment, by a ride of more than thirty miles on a stormy night, encountering many dangers on the way. Pauline Cushman, an actress well known in the West, a woman of great energy and fine personal appearance, rendered very effective and valuable aid to the operations of the Western armies. Both as a scout and as a spy, she was engaged in many daring adventures in the cause of the Union, unravelling, by her uncommon talents, more than one deeply-laid plot of the rebels, and bringing to the leaders of our armies much useful information from the camps of the enemy. Mrs. Brownell, wife of Orderly-sergeant R. S. Brownell, of the Fifth Rhode-Island Regiment, accompanied her husband to the war. She was at the battles of Bull Run, of Roanoke Island, and of Newbern, exhibiting great presence of mind, attending to the wounded, and encouraging the soldiers by her fortitude. When a standard-bearer fell, she seized the banner, and, carrying it across the field, received a wound.—[*U. S. Ser. Mag.*, *Sept.*, 1865.]

of England, and Catharine of Russia, nearer our own times, extended their influence and their renown into distant regions.

The following extract of a letter from Hon. William Ellis, formerly a Senator in Congress, may form a fitting conclusion to these introductory remarks. It was furnished to the editor by Hon. Peter Force of Washington, D. C., and is dated Dedham, Feb. 4, 1837:—

"From my own acquaintance with Deborah Gannett, I can truly say that she was a woman of uncommon native intellect and force of character. It happens that I have several connections who reside in the immediate neighborhood where Mrs. Gannett lived and died; and I have never heard from them, or any other source, any suggestions against the character of this heroine. Her stature was erect, and a little taller than the average height of females. Her countenance and voice were feminine; but she conversed with such ease on the subject of theology, on political subjects, and military tactics, that her manner would seem to be masculine. I recollect that it once occurred to my mind that her manner of conversation on any subject embraced that kind of demonstrative, illustrative style which we admire in the able diplomatist."

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 INVIOLATE, 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.

D E D H A M:
PRINTED BY
NATHANIEL AND BENJAMIN HEATON.
FOR THE *AUTHOR.*
1797
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*. Columbia has given her birth; and I eſtimate her natural *ſource* too highly, 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, ſhe voluntarily offered her ſervices in the character of a *Continental Soldier*, in defence of her *cauſe;* by which, ſhe ſeemed 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 lib-

* The heroine was in her twenty-ſecond year when "ſhe ſtepped forward upon a more exalted ſtage of action." — Editor.

erality, 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. 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 REVIEW, indefatigably, 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 palliate 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 my reſearches in the FEMALE REVIEW, though I have, decidedly, declared my choice for 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 meliorate every circumſtance, that might ſeem too much tinctured 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 fallacious 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 foſterage: 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*, 1796.

THE

FEMALE REVIEW:

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF AN

AMERICAN YOUNG LADY.

CHAP. I.

A laconic 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.[1] She is a regular deſcen-

[1] Her pedigree on the father's ſide is as follows: —

I. ABRAHAM SAMPSON[1] came to Plymouth either in Auguſt, 1629, or in May of the following year. He was then a young man, and appears to have belonged to the Engliſh congregation at Leyden, in Holland, and to have come over with ſuch members of that congregation as choſe to remove to America after the death of their paſtor, Rev. John Robinſon. There can be no doubt that he was a brother of Henry Sampſon, who came in the Mayflower, when a boy, in 1620. Abraham Sampſon ſettled in Duxbury, where Henry alſo reſided, and died there, at an advanced age,

dant of the honorable family of WILLIAM BRADFORD,[2] a native of England, a man of excellent, natural endow-

about the year 1690. He had four ſons, who became heads of families, — Samuel[2], George[2], Abraham[2], Iſaac[2].*

II. Iſaac Sampſon[2], the youngeſt ſon, was born in Duxbury, in 1660. He was one of the firſt ſettlers of Plympton, a town originally a part of Plymouth, but incorporated as a ſeparate municipality in 1707. He died in Plympton, Sept. 3, 1726. His wife was Lydia Standiſh[3], daughter of Alexander Standiſh[2], and grand-daughter of MILES STANDISH[1], the military leader of the Pilgrims. The mother of Lydia Standiſh was Sarah Alden[2], daughter of JOHN ALDEN[1], that "hopeful young man," as Bradford calls him, who joined the Pilgrim company at Southampton, in Auguſt, 1620, and ſpent a long life in important ſervices to the Plymouth Colony, dying, in 1687, at the age of eighty-eight.

III. Jonathan Sampſon[3], the ſecond ſon of Iſaac Sampſon[2] and of Lydia Standiſh[3], was born in 1690, and lived in Plympton all his days. Like his father and grandfather, he was a tiller of the ſoil. His wife was Joanna Lucas. He died in Plympton, Feb. 3, 1758, aged 68. He had but one ſon, who arrived at mature years, named for himſelf, to wit: —

IV. Jonathan Sampſon[4], junior, who was born in Plympton, April 3, 1729. He was, by his wife Deborah Bradford[4], the father of Deborah Sampſon, the heroine of this ſtory.—[See Sampſon Genealogy, in the "Giles Memorial," iſſued, in 1864, by the editor.

[2] WILLIAM BRADFORD[1] was born at Auſterfield, in Yorkſhire, England, in 1588. His father and grandfather lived in the ſame place, and bore the ſame name. About 1608, he went with Mr. Robinſon's congregation to Amſterdam, and in 1609 to Leyden. He came to Plymouth in the Mayflower, accompanied by his wife, whoſe maiden name was Dorothy May. This lady, however, never reached Plymouth, but was accidentally drowned, Dec. 7, 1620, while the Mayflower remained in the harbor of Provincetown. His ſecond wife, married Aug. 14, 1623, was the widow Alice Southworth, who had juſt arrived in the Ann. After the death of Carver, in April, 1621, Mr. Bradford was choſen Governor of the infant colony. He was re-elected to that office every year till 1657, except five years, — 1633, '34, '36, '38, '44. In thoſe years he was choſen Aſſiſtant. For thirty-ſeven years, he was the foremoſt man in Plymouth Colony. He was acquainted not only with the Dutch and French languages, but with the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. For an unſelfiſh public ſpirit, and a general nobleneſs of character, he has

* This expreſſion, Iſaac[2], denotes that Iſaac[2] was of the ſecond generation, counting from and including the firſt American anceſtor.

ments; 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 reverenced, he died lamented by all, 1756.

Her grand-father, Elisha Bradford,[3] was a native of Plymouth in New England. He poſſeſſed good abilities,

had among men no ſuperior. At his death, which took place May 9, 1657, (not 1756, as ſtated in the text), he was "lamented by all the colonies of New England, as a common bleſſing and father to them all." By his ſecond wife, he was the father of William[2], who diſtinguiſhed himſelf as a commander of the Plymouth forces in "Philip's War," and was ſeveral years Deputy Governor of the colony; and of Joſeph[2], who was born in 1630, and married Jael, daughter of Rev. Peter Hobart, firſt miniſter of Hingham, in 1664. Joſeph Bradford[2] lived in Kingſton, then a part of Plymouth, on Jones River, half a mile from its mouth.

3 Eliſha Bradford[3] was the ſon of Joſeph Bradford[2], laſt mentioned, and grandſon of the Governor. His firſt wife was Hannah Cole; his ſecond, Bathſheba Le Broche, as in the text. The Bradford Genealogy gives, as the date of the ſecond marriage, Sept. 7, 1718, which muſt be correct, as the firſt child by this marriage was born in April, 1719. His children were — *By firſt wife:* — Hannah[4], who married Joſhua Bradford[4], b. June 23, 1710, ſon of Iſrael Bradford[3] of Kingſton, who was a ſon of Major William Bradford[2], and grandſon of the Governor. Joſhua Bradford[4] removed from Kingſton to Meduncook, now Friendſhip, Maine, where, on May 27, 1756, both himſelf and wife were killed by a party of Indians, who carried their children to Canada, where they remained in captivity till the conqueſt of that province by the Engliſh, in 1759. They then returned to Meduncook. *By ſecond wife:* — Hannah[4], b. April 10, 1719.* Joſeph[4], b. Dec. 17, 1721. Nehemiah[4], b. July 27, 1724. Laurana[4], b. March 26,

* Inſtances are not wanting in our early records of the giving of the ſame name to another child in the ſame family during the lifetime of the firſt.

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.

1726; married Elijah McFarland of Plympton. Mary[4], b. Aug. 1, 1727. Eliſha[4], b. Oct. 6, 1729. Lois[4], b. Jan. 30, 1731. Deborah[4], b. Nov. 18, 1732; married Jonathan Sampſon, jr.: ſhe was the mother of Deborah Sampſon. Alice[4], b. Nov. 3, 1734; married —— Waters of Sharon, Maſs. Aſenath[4], b. Sept. 15, 1736. Carpenter[4], b. Feb. 7, 1739. Abigail[4], b. June 20, 1741. Chloe[4], b. April 6, 1743.—[Bradford Genealogy, in *Gen. Reg.*, vol. iv., p. 48.

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 actuated 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 them. Had the latter of theſe bleſſings been confered 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.[4] 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 ſeafaring 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

4 His father, Jonathan Sampſon, ſenior, died in 1758. In the diviſion of the eſtate, which took place in 1759, a brother-in-law managed to deprive him (Deborah's father) of what he expected as his ſhare of the property. Whether the expectation were well founded or not, does not appear. For aught that appears on the Probate Records, the diſtribution was fair, though it may have been otherwiſe. The diſappointment occurred only the year before Deborah's birth, and ſeems to have made him deſperate. Mortified pride ſeems to have driven him from home. He appears to have fallen into habits of intemperance. His wife was an eſtimable woman.

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 ſhipwreck.

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.[5]

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,

5 There were five children, two ſons and three daughters, viz.: Robert Shurtleff. Ephraim. Sylvia, who married, April 6, 1799, Jacob Cuſhman, b. Feb. 29, 1747–8, ſon of Benjamin Cuſhman of Plympton. — See *Cuſhman Genealogy*. Deborah, b. Dec. 17, 1760, the heroine of our ſtory. The fifth child was a daughter, whoſe name is to us unknown.

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 occured 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.[6] 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 ſymptons 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.[7]

6 Notwithſtanding the "indigent circumſtances" out of which our heroine emerged, it ſhould be borne in mind that ſome of the beſt blood of the Old Colony flowed in her veins. A deſcendant of JOHN ALDEN, of MILES STANDISH, of PETER HOBART, and of WILLIAM BRADFORD, and a couſin-german of Captain Simeon Samſon, one of the diſtinguiſhed naval commanders of the Revolution, — there was much in her family connections to gratify an honeſt pride.

7 Thus was Deborah, in the tender period of childhood, when the heart is moſt open to impreſſions, and when

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. Thacher's family in Middleborough, where ſhe continued about two years.[8] This lady took particular care to gratify her favor-

it moſt needs the counſels and the reſtraints of parental love, virtually bereft of both her parents. The loſs ſhe now ſuſtained could never be repaired. She had already exhibited indications of talent, and a thirſt for knowledge. She had, under the tuition of her mother, begun to read. Her perceptions were quick, her imagination lively, her affections warm. Could her talents have been developed by proper culture, ſhe might have adorned an elevated poſition in ſociety.

[8] It has been ſuppoſed, and not without reaſon, that this lady was the widow of Rev. Peter Thacher, the third miniſter of Middleborough. Mr. Thacher was born in Milton, Oct. 6, 1688, and was ſon of Rev. Peter Thacher of that place, and grandſon of Rev. Thomas Thacher, firſt miniſter of the Old South Church in Boſton. He was paſtor of the Church in Middleborough from 1709 till his death, in 1744, in the 56th year of his age. If the ſuppoſition juſt mentioned be correct, Mrs. Thacher muſt have

ite 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.[9]

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

been, at the time when Deborah was in her family, more than eighty years of age, as ſhe died in 1771, aged 84. In this caſe, ſervices may have been required which a child ten years old was not able to perform. Plympton has Middleborough on the ſouth-weſt, joining it.

9 The *Hiſtory of the Firſt Church in Middleborough*, printed about twelve years ſince, contains a liſt of all who have been members of that church from its organization, in 1695, to 1853. This liſt appears to have been compiled with uncommon care. It contains the name of only one Jeremiah Thomas; and he died in 1736, *æ.* 77. The individual intended in the text muſt have been *Benjamin* Thomas, who was choſen deacon in 1776, and died Jan. 18, 1800, *æ.* 78. In the MS. memoir of Deborah Sampſon, he is called "Deacon Thomas," without any mention of his baptiſmal name, which Deborah had evidently forgotten. The following facts are related of him in the *Hiſtory of the Firſt Church*, already mentioned: "Deacon Thomas, though not of a cultivated mind in other reſpects, was well verſed in the Scriptures, of inflexible virtue, of ſound and clear orthodoxy, and conſcientious in the performance of known duty; holding on upon the old landmarks, and refuſing to let them go. In 1782, he was a repreſentative in the Legiſlature, and, in 1788, a member of the Convention which adopted the Federal Conſtitution. A bill was under diſcuſſion for repealing the law of primogeniture. The deacon expreſſed his doubts on the matter, becauſe the Scriptures ſhowed ſpecial favors to the *firſt-born*. A Boſton gentleman ſaid that 'the deacon miſtook the Scriptures; for they ſaid that Jacob, though the younger brother, inherited the birthright.' The deacon replied, 'The gentleman had forgotten to tell us how he obtained it, — how Eſau ſold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and how Jacob deceived his father, pretending to be Eſau, and how his mother helped on the deception, — *he had forgotten all that!*' The laugh, which was at firſt againſt the deacon, was now turned againſt the gentleman from Boſton." The deacon was more than a match for him.

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, cloys 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. 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.

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 fam-

ily,[10] 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,

[10] Deborah lived in the family of Deacon Thomas from the age of ten to that of eighteen. His houſe was in a retired ſpot, about two miles eaſt of the central village of Middleborough Four Corners. It was a ſubſtantial building, the timbers and roof-boards being made of white-oak. Here Deborah was well clad, and her phyſical wants were well supplied. The deacon had a good farm, and he and his family were good livers. Deborah's health became confirmed, and ſhe acquired a bodily vigor which fitted her to encounter the hardſhips of ſubſequent years. She became acquainted with almoſt all kinds of manual labor proper to her ſex. She learned to ſpin and weave, accompliſhments which were then thought indiſpenſable to a young woman. She could alſo, when occaſion required, harneſs the family horſe, and ride him to plough, or to the village on errands. She was not only familiar with the work of the dairy, but, when a ſhower was coming up, could rake hay, and help to ſtow it away in the barn. She was, moreover, a tolerable mechanic. If ſhe wanted a baſket, a milking-ſtool, or a ſled, ſhe could make it. Indeed, ſhe acquired the habit of adapting herſelf to exiſting circumſtances, whatever they might be.

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.[11] 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 unremitted ardor, together with promiſcuous opportunities at ſchool; ſhe, at length, found herſelf miſtreſs of pronunciation and

[11] There is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that any thing of this ſort was true of Deacon Thomas or any of his family. He was a moſt worthy man, careful and conſcientious in all things; but, like moſt of the New England farmers of that age, he could not comprehend the value of learning, except as it contributed to immediate practical reſults. Deborah was bound to him till the age of eighteen; and he conſidered himſelf entitled to her ſervices whenever they were wanted. She attended ſchool a part of the time; and, when out of ſchool, ſhe induced the children of the family to teach her. The ſcanty opportunities allowed, ſhe improved to the utmoſt.

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.[12]

The anxiety and aſpirations of her mind after knowledge, at length, became more notorious to many, who made learning their element. As catechetical tuition, 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, and could recite a prolix proof of it verbatim.[13] By this, ſhe ſecured the eſteem and approbation of her village curate;[14] which he expreſſed by many flattering expreſſions, and a donation of a few books. And to mention the epiſtolary corre-

[12] She kept this journal on the ſingular plan of recording her good deeds on the firſt, third, fifth, &c., pages, and her bad deeds on the oppoſite pages. As might be expected, the oppoſite pages were ſooneſt filled.

[13] The Catechiſm was doubtleſs committed to memory by all the young members of the family. This was a family of the good old Puritan ſtamp, exact in the obſervance of the Sabbath, regular attendants on public worſhip, punctual in their daily devotions. The parents diſapproved, and indeed prohibited to thoſe under their care, all gay and frivolous amuſements; and taught them, both by precept and example, the ſtricteſt leſſons of morality and virtue. But ſo much ſerious religion was irkſome to the buoyant ſpirit of Deborah; and ſhe contracted a diſreliſh for it which remained in after-life.

[14] "Her village curate" — ſtrange expreſſion! — was Rev. Sylvanus Conant. He was paſtor of the Firſt Church in Middleborough from March 28, 1745, till his death, Dec. 8, 1777.

ſpondence, 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 condeſcention. 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 inacceſſable place. Nor muſt I inſinuate that ſhe was here deprived of many other principal advantages of education. She fared well for food and raiment; 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:

> "I wiſh ſhe'd leave her books, and mend her clothes:
> I thank my ſtars, I know no verſe from proſe."

They not only carefully habituated her to induſtry and domeſtic economy in general; but from them, her miſ-

treſs 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 adamantine 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

* I here particularly allude to a ſmall performance, which contains, among theſe, many excellent moral maxims. It was written by a female, and entitled—"The whole Duty of Woman."

have been the reſult of a very erroneous acceptation 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 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 diurnals, 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 rouze 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 diurnal 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 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.* The thoughts of its conſtruction, of its convenient ſituations for its innumerable ſpecies of inhabitants, and of the

* SEE Eſq. GUTHRIE'S and Dr. MORSE'S Geographies.

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.* 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 for ever 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

* Considered by modern philoſophers and aſtronomers, as suns.

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.

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 panegyric on this account than her ſuperintendents. She deſpiſed revelry, goſſipping, detraction and orgies, 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 any thing 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 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, without her conſent, that gave riſe to theſe cruel and unjuſt meaſures.[15] 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

15 There was no "blockade of Boſton, March 5, 1775," aſide from the cloſing of the port, under the "Boſton Port Bill," which went into effect June 1, 1774. Several Britiſh regiments were ſtationed in Boſton from the middle of June, 1774. "Without her conſent!" Without *whoſe* conſent?

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*, 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 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:* Upon which, ſhe ſincerely congratulated herſelf, not upon the principle, that any one owed her any more gratitude; but upon the conſcioufneſs 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.[16]

"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;

16 In the MS. memoir of Deborah Sampſon, ſhe is repreſented as having had this dream on three ſucceſſive nights, the laſt of which immediately preceded the "Lexington Alarm." *Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego.* In that memoir, the dream is told with much enlargement, and in extremely high-flown language. It is there repreſented as a prophecy of the American Revolution. Pretty well for a girl of fourteen! It is difficult to believe that this dream ever had any exiſtence, ſave in the brain of Herman Mann. It is a pity to ſpoil with it ſo much white paper.

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, 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;* 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 delightſome 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 every thing 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 ambroſial ſweets of vegetation were exchanged for the nauſeous ſtenches 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, daſhing againſt rocks and one another, or foundering amidſt the 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, 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.[17] 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 recollections, ſhocking and melancholy to every tender mind.

17 The long account which follows of the opening events of the American Revolution is omitted in the MS. memoir, as wholly irrelevant. It was evidently inſerted here merely to fill up the ſpace.

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 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*, reſounding with nothing but the din of war, and the agonies of expiring relatives and friends, the Earth ſeemed to precipitate her diurnal revolution, and to leave the Sun in frightful aſpect. The ſhepherd's 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 impor

tant *truſt* repoſed in him.*—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 an half from Boſton.

THE 16th of this month, a detachment of Provincials under the command of Col. PRESCOTT, was ordered to intrench 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 furthermoſt part of the peninſula next to Boſton. They were prevented going to work till midnight. They then purſued 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 redoubt; which was no ſooner noticed by the Lively, a man of war, than her cannon gave them a very heavy ſalute.

THE firing immediately rouzed 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 cannonade from the

* He arrived at Head Quarters in Cambridge on the 2d of July following.

enemy's ſhips, floating batteries 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, without being relieved, or ſupplied with any refreſhment.

By this time the Americans had thrown up a ſmall breaſt-work, 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, grenadiers and marines; which make in all, about 3000.

During theſe operations, the Generals, Warren and Pemeroy, join the American force. General Putnam continues ambitious in giving aid as occaſion requires.[18]

18 General Joſeph Warren was on the field that day, but with no aſſerted authority. On entering the redoubt thrown up by the troops, Colonel Preſcott offered him the command; but Warren replied that he had not received his commiſſion, and ſhould ſerve as a volunteer. He had been choſen major-general by the Provincial Congreſs of Maſſachuſetts only three days before. He gave no order during the action, though his preſence and example were of great ſervice. He took a muſket, and mingled in

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 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 carcaſs was diſcharged, which ſat 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,

the thickeſt of the fight.—[Frothingham's *Siege of Boſton;* Loring's *Hundred Boſton Orators.*]

General Seth Pomeroy, a veteran who had behaved with great gallantry at Louisburg, alſo ſerved as a volunteer on Bunker Hill, and fought in the ranks with a muſket in hand. He was at the rail-fence. General Iſrael Putnam was alſo at the rail-fence, in command of the Connecticut troops, and rendered important ſervice.—[Frothingham's *Siege of 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 ſtores; 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 provincials 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 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.[19]

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 any thing 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

19 The Britiſh force in the battle was ſtated by General Gage, in his official account, as ſomething over 2,000. It would ſeem, therefore, that half their number were killed or wounded. Stedman, Biſſett, and Lord Mahon, Britiſh hiſtorians, ſay the Britiſh force was 2,000; Marſhall, Ramſay, and Barry, Americans, and Thacher, in his "Military Journal," ſay 3,000. Contemporary MSS., and the Journal of the Provincial Congreſs, ſay, between 3,000 and 4,000. The American force was about 1,500.

of General WARREN, the Colonels, GARDNER, PARKER, CHELMSFORD, *&c.*[20] 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

[20] General Warren was killed juſt as the Americans were leaving the well-conteſted field. It was with the greateſt reluctance that he left the redoubt. He was retreating ſlowly, which brought him next to the Britiſh. Colonel Thomas Gardner of Cambridge, and Lieutenant-colonel Moſes Parker, were mortally wounded. Gardner died, July 3; Parker died, a priſoner, July 4. Major Willard Moore, who that day led Doolittle's regiment, was alſo mortally wounded. There was no officer of the name of Chelmsford in the battle, (See Frothingham's *Siege of Boſton.*)

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.[21] 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

[21] The meaning is, ſhe heard the cannon, on the day of the battle, from a hill near her reſidence. The diſtance is at leaſt thirty miles. Beſides the firing from the Britiſh ſhips and floating batteries, and from Copp's Hill, a furious cannonade was kept up on the American lines in Roxbury, to divert the attention of the right wing of the American army, and to prevent reinforcements being ſent to the troops on Bunker Hill.

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*, 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 *for ſake* 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, acknowl-

edged 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.

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 motive for theſe intellectual exertions, than the attainment of gewgaws, ſuperfluity 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, 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.*

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

* 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.*

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 ſchool in Middleborough.[22] In this

[22] This ſchool was taught in the warm ſeaſon of 1779, when Deborah had *completed* her eighteenth year. Until the age of eighteen, ſhe was bound to the ſervice of Mr. Thomas. Her term of ſervice was now expired, and ſhe was at liberty. The ſchool taught by her was at the village of Middleborough Four Corners, two miles from the houſe of Deacon Thomas. The houſe in which ſhe taught ſtood on the ſpot where Major Tucker now reſides; the building having ſubſequently been removed to Water Street, and occupied as a dwelling-houſe. At this time, ſhe boarded in the houſe of Abner Bourne, which now ſtands oppoſite to Peirce Academy. —[*Rev. Stillman Pratt.*]

The range of ſtudy in her ſchool was not extenſive; and it may be taken as a ſpecimen of the ſummer ſchools generally in New England at this time. The books uſed were "The New-England Primer," here and there a Spelling-Book, "The Pſalter," and a few Teſtaments. A ſheet of paper was ſometimes allowed to the boys for the exerciſe of penmanſhip, while the chief occupation of the girls was to learn to knit and ſew! One forward lad brought to ſchool a

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 taſk 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.[23]

dilapidated copy of Fiſher's "Young Man's Beſt Companion." A few books which Deborah brought to the ſchool for her own improvement completed the catalogue. Such is the account ſhe gives in the MS. memoir, where it is implied, though not expreſſly ſtated, that "The Aſſembly's Catechiſm" was taught in this, as in other ſchools, every Saturday. When the editor taught ſchool, forty years ago, this was the practice in Maſſachuſetts.

[23] It is to be hoped that very few readers of this volume will ſympathize with the irreligious ſpirit exhibited in theſe remarks, and in thoſe which follow. They are very properly omitted in the MS. memoir. The facts of the caſe, derived from authentic ſources, were the following: —

During the enſuing autumn and winter, there was in Middleborough, and in ſeveral other towns, an unuſual

But ſome well-minded people were ready to term this *the working of the Spirit, of the Holy Ghoſt—a reforma-*

intereſt felt in the great concerns of religion. Notwithſtanding the heavy preſſure of the war, many of the people were led to feel that there are higher intereſts than thoſe which pertain merely to the preſent life. Nothing, ſurely, could be more rational, nothing more capable of a ſatisfactory vindication. A revival of religion is the greateſt bleſſing which can be beſtowed upon any people. It is a mark of ſtupendous madneſs when immortal beings, ruined by ſin, and haſtening to the judgment, can remain, year after year, wholly indifferent and thoughtleſs. *They* are the fanatics who neglect the great ſalvation!

Many, both old and young, in Middleborough, at this time, were making the earneſt inquiry, "What ſhall I do to be ſaved?" Among the number thus tenderly and ſolemnly affected was Deborah Sampſon, the ſubject of our ſtory, then nineteen years of age. At length ſhe entertained the hope that ſhe had experienced renewing grace, and that her ſins were forgiven. Ever ſince coming to live in Middleborough, at the age of eight years, ſhe had attended public worſhip with the Firſt Congregational Church in that town, whoſe meeting-houſe was at the "Upper Green," ſo called. This church, at the time indicated in the text, had no ſettled paſtor.* The Rev. Abraham Camp, who was then preaching there, is ſaid to have entertained a high opinion of Deborah's talents and character, and to have regretted her departure from the congregation; for, as the revival extended into other ſections of the town, it was greatly promoted by the labors of Rev. Aſa Hunt,† a Baptiſt miniſter in the south part of Middleborough, at a locality known as "The Rock," on the borders of Rocheſter. Deborah was induced to attend on his preaching, and not long after joined herſelf in covenant with his church. The Records of the Firſt Baptiſt Church in Middleborough ſhow that ſhe was received by them as a member, Nov. 12, 1780. She continued in that relation leſs than two years. It appears that ſhe renounced her covenant with the Church, and learned to ſpeak lightly of experimental religion.

* The Firſt Church in Middleborough was organized Dec. 26, 1694, although materials for a church had long exiſted. Rev. Sam'l Fuller, their firſt miniſter (ſon of the excellent Dr. Samuel Fuller of the Mayflower), had preached in the town from 1679, and probably from the incorporation of the town in 1669. After the death of the Rev. Sylvanus Conant, in 1777, there was no ſettled miniſter there till 1781. Mr. Abraham Camp, a graduate of Yale College in 1773, was preaching to this church at the time mentioned in the text. The people were greatly intereſted in his preaching, and gave him a unanimous call to be their paſtor, in February, 1779, and again called him, by a vote of twenty-two to five, in November, 1780. He concluded not to ſettle in Middleborough.

† Mr. Hunt was from Braintree, and was ordained at Middleborough, Oct. 30, 1771; d. Sept. 2, 1791.

tion 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;—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 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;[24] 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—

[24] So far is this from being true, that ſhe profeſſed to be a ſubject of the revival, and united herſelf to the Baptiſt Church, as already ſtated.

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.[25]

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.*

[25] The author here delivers his own ſentiments rather than thoſe of Deborah Sampſon. He reminds us of the fable of the viper biting the file.

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 ſlighty 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, ſhe might have wanted limitations.

Among all her avocations 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 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 yeomanry.—I am happy to remark

here, that this uſeful and delightſome 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 reſolution* remained to be executed.[26] For this purpoſe, ſhe planned many ſchemes and fabricated many caſtles; but, on examination, found them chimerical, 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?

* SEE CHAP. IV.

[26] Her reſolution to travel, and to obtain a knowledge of her country, induced her to enliſt in the Continental army.

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 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.[27]

[27] While Deborah, as in the text, is pondering her future courſe, let us conſider what ſhe was at this time.

She was now a few months over twenty years of age; had been deprived of the advantages reſulting from a proper training under the parental roof, and, in great meaſure, of opportunities for intellectual improvement. She had good natural capacity; was of a ſtudious, contemplative turn of mind; an ardent lover of nature; a careful obſerver of paſſing events. She was fond of adventure, and had a great deal of energy. Her temper was bold, enterpriſing, independent, fearleſs; and ſhe was diſpoſed to have her own way, regard-

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

leſs of conſequences. The ſphere in which ſhe had hitherto moved ſhe found too quiet and too narrow for her aſpiring temperament: ſhe longed for ſomething higher and better, ſhe knew not what. Under proper culture and diſcipline, ſhe might have become an ornament to her ſex and a bleſſing to the world. But ſhe had none to guide, to train, to admoniſh her, ſcarcely any to ſympathize with her. Conſequently, her efforts were miſdirected, her energies miſemployed. To a conſiderable extent, ſhe was a day-dreamer, and a builder of caſtles in the air. She had a ſtrong deſire to ſee the world, to viſit diſtant regions, to behold ſociety in new lights and under unuſual aſpects. She determined that ſhe would, at all events, quit the ignoble employments to which ſhe had been accuſtomed in a farmer's family in Middleborough, — of feeding pigs and poultry, of plying the ſpinning-wheel and the loom.

She reſolved, therefore, to put on male attire, and travel; and to this end ſpun and wove, with her own hands, cloth, which (ſhe ſays) ſhe employed a tailor to make up as a ſuit for a gentleman, pretending that it was for a young man, a relative of hers, who was about leaving home for the army. She found theſe garments became her ſo well, that even her mother, whom ſhe viſited at Plympton in this coſtume, did not know her. This is the ſtatement which is made in the MS. memoir, where it is alſo ſtated that ſhe procured and put on theſe garments ſeveral times, to try them, in the autumn of 1780. It was certainly a year later when this was done.

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 amaranthine wreathe. 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, 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.[28] 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,

[28] Or fortune-teller. Her interview with him undoubtedly contributed much to ſtengthen and confirm her reſolution.

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.[29]

[29] During her abode in the family of Mr. Thomas, he had allowed her the income ariſing from a number of fowls and ſheep, with the underſtanding that it ſhould be applied to uſeful purpoſes. The burning of Charlestown and the ſiege of Boſton had occaſioned ſevere ſuffering to the inhabitants of thoſe places; and Deborah had contributed out of her ſcanty

BEFORE ſhe had accompliſhed her apparatus, her mind being intent, as the reader muſt imagine, on the *uſe* to which they were ſoon 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.[30] 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.

ſtock for their relief. This ſmall fund alſo enabled her to purchaſe the materials for a ſuit of maſculine apparel. During ſeveral weeks of the winter, ſhe was employed in ſpinning and weaving a piece of handſome woollen cloth. As ſpring advanced, and the weather became more comfortable, ſhe retired, as we are informed, to a beautiful receſs in the grove above the Borden Hills, and there, with the aid of patterns, cut and made for herſelf a coat, veſt, and breeches. Pantaloons reaching to the ankles were not then worn. — [*Rev. S. Pratt.*]

30 Her original plan of travelling as a gentleman was ſoon laid aſide, from the lack of that very neceſſary article, which, as the royal preacher well ſays, "anſwereth all things." There remained no other method for gratifying the roving propenſities which had now acquired full poſſeſſion of her mind, but this, — to enliſt as a ſoldier in the Continental army. There is no need of denying that ſhe felt alſo the impulſe of earneſt and genuine patriotiſm; but this ſeems not to have been the principal motive. From the beginning of the Revolutionary ſtruggle, ſhe had, though a young girl, ſympathized intenſely with the cauſe of liberty, and had, with deep emotion, liſtened, from a hill near her reſidence, to the boom of cannon on the day of Bunker Hill.

It ſeems very clear that an enliſtment as a ſoldier was not the original plan, nor patriotism the original impulſe.

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*, recognize 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 rout 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.[31] 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 tragi-comic pen, it might find ample ſcope in the ſcenes now before me.

SEVERAL circumſtances concurred, in this interim, which could not have failed to excite peculiar emotions.

[31] It has been ſatisfactorily and concluſively ſhown in the Introduction, by official documents, that "her departure" was in May, 1782.

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 many cordial proofs of the ſincerity of his attachment and laſting affections. And had her mind been diſencumbered with a higher object in view, ſhe might, doubtleſs, have united her affections in the happieſt alliance for life.[32] 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;[33] whoſe affections had not been alienated by her diſobedience.

[32] That this talk about the "young gentleman of fortune" is mere "moonſhine," will be apparent from a quotation from the MS. memoir, to which I have repeatedly referred. She ſays,—

"I did not, however, in this vernal ſeaſon of raptures and deſpairs, eſcape the addreſſes of a young man, of whom my mother, I believe, was paſſionately fond, and ſeemed ſtruck with wonder that I was not. She conſidered him regenerated. I had not her eyes to ſee ſuch perfection in this lump of a man, or that he poſſeſſed qualities that would regenerate *me*. I had no averſion to him at firſt, and certainly no love, if I have ever underſtood that noble paſſion. At any rate, this marry, or not to marry, was decided thus: On a certain parade-day he came to me, with all the *ſang froid* of a Frenchman, and the ſillineſs of a baboon, intoxicated, not with *love*, but with *rum*. From that moment I ſet him down a fool, or in a fair way to be one."

This will ſerve to ſhow that "The Female Review" cannot, in matters of detail, be ſafely truſted.

It is quite probable that a wiſh to eſcape the addreſſes of this young man — though he is doubtleſs groſſly miſrepreſented in the extract juſt made — was one of the motives which operated in inducing her to leave home ſecretly, and join the army.

[33] The family of Deacon Thomas, next to her mother, her beſt friends.

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 inamorato. 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 perſeverence 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.[34]

34 I am ſorry to ſpoil a good ſtory; but there is another account given of her aſſumption of male attire, far leſs romantic than that given in the text, and far more truſtworthy. It was given to my friend, Rev. Stillman Pratt, by a perſon in Middleborough who remembered Deborah Sampſon. It is alſo for ſubſtance confirmed by that diſtinguiſhed antiquary, Mr. Samuel G. Drake of Boſton, whose firſt wife was a near relative of Capt. Leonard. The account is as follows:—

During the war of the Revolution, Capt. Benjamin Leonard, a diſtant connection of Hon. Daniel Leonard of Taunton, the author of the famous letters ſigned "Maſſachuſettenſis," reſided in Middleborough, eaſtwardly from what are now known as the Upper Namaſket Works. A negro woman of the name of Jennie, daughter of a ſlave of Judge Oliver, was an inmate of his family. Here Deborah Sampſon was ſtaying for a time. By the aid of this negro woman, Deborah dreſſed herſelf in a ſuit of clothes belonging to a young man named Samuel Leonard, a ſon of Capt. Benjamin Leonard. Thus clad, ſhe repaired to a recruiting-office, kept at the houſe of Mr. Iſrael Wood. There ſhe enliſted as a ſoldier under the aſſumed name of Timothy Thayer, and received the bounty. Having now plenty of money, ſhe went, thus attired, to a tavern near the meeting-houſe, two miles eaſt of Middleborough Four Corners; called for ſpirituous liquors; got excited; and behaved herſelf in a noiſy and indecent manner. During the night, ſhe returned home; crept to bed with the negro; and, when morning came, reſumed her female attire, and returned to her female employments, as if nothing had happened.

She enliſted at this time, it is ſuppoſed, partly to have a little frolic, and to *ſee how it would ſeem* to put on a man's clothing, but chiefly for the purpose of procuring a more ample ſupply of ſpending money. Some of the money ſhe now received was ſpent for female wearing apparel. A few nights after this adventure, ſhe appeared at a ſinging-ſchool, held at a houſe near the preſent reſidence of Mr. Earle Sproat, dreſſed out in a ſomewhat gaudy ſtyle. On this occaſion, ſhe made a preſent of a pair of long gloves to a young lady of her acquaintance, to whom ſhe felt indebted for ſpecial kindneſs in a time of ſickneſs.

She had doubtleſs long meditated the deſign of becoming a ſoldier, but was not yet quite prepared to join the army. It was now either in the winter ſeaſon, or the early ſpring of 1782; and it ſeemed beſt to wait a while.

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

When the time came for the ſoldiers newly enliſted in Middleborough to join their regiment, Timothy Thayer, to the ſurpriſe of the recruiting-officer, could not be found. His identity with Deborah Sampſon was diſcovered in this manner: When the ſuppoſed Timothy was putting his name to the articles of enliſtment, an old lady, who ſat near the fire carding wool, remarked that he held the pen juſt as Deb. Sampſon did. Deborah, having by means of a felon, or whitlow, loſt the proper uſe of her fore-finger, was obliged to hold a pen awkwardly when ſhe wrote. This was well known in the neighborhood where ſhe had kept ſchool, and where, of courſe, ſhe had often been ſeen to uſe a pen. This circumſtance led to a ſtrong ſuſpicion that ſhe and Timothy Thayer were the ſame perſon. Inquiry being made, black Jennie diſcloſed the part ſhe had acted in dreſſing Deborah in men's clothes. Deborah, thus expoſed, was obliged to refund that portion of the bounty-money ſhe had not ſpent, and to keep herſelf out of ſight for a time, leſt puniſhment ſhould overtake her. Tradition affirms that Samuel Leonard was ſo ſhocked at the idea of his clothes having been uſed by a woman, that he never wore them afterwards.

There is no reaſon, however, to doubt that ſhe provided herſelf with a ſuit of maſculine apparel, by the labor of her own hands, in the manner already ſtated. If her ſcheme was to be put in execution, ſhe muſt, of courſe, have a ſuit of her own. The clothes of Samuel Leonard were put on merely for the occaſion, and ſhe had no intention of keeping them. The frolic in which they were uſed occurred ſome months before her ſecond enliſtment.

The aſſurance given by the fortune-teller whom ſhe viſited, as ſtated on page 115, that ſhe would ſucceed in the plan ſhe was meditating, ſeems to have contributed to confirm her reſolution to join the American army. Her repeated experiments in male attire had been ſucceſsfull: ſhe had paſſed for a man without ſuſpicion; and, as ſhe ſays in the MS. memoir, ſhe found men's clothes more convenient than thoſe worn by her own ſex. It was not without conſiderable heſitation and miſgiving that the final reſolution was taken. The family of Deacon Thomas had been kind to her; ſhe had not alienated their affections even by her wayward conduct; and to leave them utterly coſt her a ſevere ſtruggle. What troubled her moſt of all was the thought that her mother, who ſtill lived in Plympton, would be diſtreſſed at her diſappearance. At laſt, however, ſhe came to the fixed determination to join the army, and abide the conſequences.

there was none, but the INVISIBLE, who could take cogniſance 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.[35]—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 temerities were not to be palliated.

AT this inſtant, ſhe unwelcomely met Mr. WILLIAM BENNETT, her near neighbor. Surely, an apoplexy could not have given her a more ſudden ſhock.[36] 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

35 Taunton Green, which is the principal village in Taunton, is eight or ten miles from Middleborough, on the weſt.

36 Her eye met his; her heart palpitated: ſhe feared that ſhe was known; but ſhe paſſed by him without diſcovery.

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.[37]

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

37 Her heart now began to fail her. Fearing that Mr. Bennett had penetrated her diſguiſe, and that her friends would ſtart in hot purſuit, ſhe retraced her ſteps to Middleborough to learn if any thing of the kind were in progreſs. Finding no evidence of purſuit, ſhe reſolved to perſevere in her romantic undertaking, but ſtarted in another direction.

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.

She reached Rocheſter that day, and the next, Bedford, a ſeaport town 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, gained her conſent to go his waiter to ſea. But ſhe was informed, that, although he uſed much plauſibility on the ſhore, it was changed to auſterity at ſea.[38] 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.*

* 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.[39]

38 Rocheſter joins Middleborough on the ſouth. At a tavern in that place, where ſhe ſpent the next night, ſhe ſaw ſome of her town's-people, without being known by them. The next day ſhe reached New Bedford, where ſhe enliſted on board of a privateer, but abandoned the deſign on being informed of the captain's bad treatment of his men.

39 For proof of the correctneſs of this "report," ſee note 34.

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 familiariſe 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.[40] 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

40 This is not true. From Wrentham, where ſhe ſpent two days, ſhe went to Boſton, travelling, as before, all the way on foot. She then paſſed through Roxbury, Dedham, and Medfield, to Bellingham; wiſhing to proceed a conſiderable diſtance from home before ſhe enliſted. In Bellingham ſhe met with a recruiting-officer; and, being at this time almoſt deſtitute of money, ſhe enliſted as a ſoldier, under the aſſumed name of ROBERT SHURTLIFFE. This was the name of her elder brother.—[*MS. Memoir.*]

event. She acted her part: and having a natural taſte for refinement, ſhe was every where received as a blithe, handſome and agreeable young gentleman.

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,* ſhe engaged for a claſs of Uxbridge as a *Continental Soldier*.†[41] 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

* General Waſhington refuſed any pecuniary pay for his ſervices during the war. Our Heroine needed, at leaſt, his wealth, to have followed the example.

† Thoſe are called *Continental Soldiers*, who engaged for three years, or during the war.

41 The male population of every town, capable of bearing arms, was at that time divided into *claſſes*, as they were called; and each claſs was obliged to furniſh a ſoldier for the army. The claſs ſometimes paid a very conſiderable bounty. Deborah enliſted, and was accepted, for a claſs in Uxbridge. The enliſtment was for three years, or during the war. Bellingham is ſeparated from Uxbridge by the town of Mendon. The man who enliſted Deborah is called a ſpeculator, becauſe he withheld from her a part of the bounty-money to which ſhe was entitled.

name of a youth, whoſe looks and mien promiſed to do honor to the cauſe, in which ſhe was then engaged.[42] 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 ſerjeant ſent for that purpoſe.[43] 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

42 The muſter-maſter was Capt. Eliphalet Thorp of Dedham, whoſe certificate has already been given in the Introduction. From his certificate it appears that ſhe enliſted May 20, 1782; more than a year later than is ſtated in the context, page 120.

The ſtory told by Mrs. Ellet about Deborah's paſſing ſeven weeks after her enliſtment in the family of Capt. Nathan Thayer in Medway, and the "love paſſage" between the ſuppoſed Robert Shurtliffe and a girl viſiting the family, appears to be deſtitute of any foundation.

43 In the MS. memoir, ſhe ſays that this march of ten or twelve days was very fatiguing to her. At the cloſe of a chill and drizzly day, on approaching a fire in a tavern, ſhe fainted, and fell upon the floor. Recovering, ſhe found herſelf ſurrounded by kind ſpirits miniſtering to her relief. Particularly ſhe noticed a beautiful young woman, the innkeeper's wife, who offered her cordials and refreſhments, with many expreſſions of pity and ſympathy that one ſo young and tender ſhould ſuffer the hardſhips of ſuch a march. This amiable lady inſiſted that the delicate young recruit ſhould take her place in the bed with her husband. In the memoir, the account of the march is highly colored.

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.* 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

*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.

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.[44]

THE ſecond day, ſhe drew a French fuſee, 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

44 Our heroine enliſted in the Fourth Maſſachuſetts Regiment, commanded at that time by Col. William Shepard of Weſtfield, but ſoon afterwards by Col. Henry Jackſon of Boſton. This regiment was the old Ninth. Col. Shepard had command of it from 1777 to 1782. George Webb was one of the captains.

Col. William Shepard was born Dec. 1, 1737, ſon of Deacon John Shepard. He entered the army at the age of ſeventeen; was, in 1759, a captain under Gen. Amherſt in the old French war; and was in various battles, as at Fort William Henry, Crown Point, &c. He married Sarah Dewey, who was his wife fifty-ſeven years. Entering the army of the Revolution as lieutenant-colonel, he was colonel in 1777, and in 1782 a brigadier-general. He fought in twenty-two battles. He was afterwards major-general of the militia. From 1797, he was a member of Congreſs ſix years. For thirty-four years he was a profeſſor of religion, and a conſtant attendant upon public worſhip. His houſe was a houſe of prayer. He died at Weſtfield, Mass., Nov. 11, 1817, aged nearly eighty. — [Allen's *Biog. Dict.*, 3d edit.]

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.

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 phyſiognomiſt 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.* 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,

* 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.

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.

CHAP. VII.

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 York-Town, 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!*[45] And though ſhe might, like Flora, have

45 The time when Deborah Sampſon joined the army is here declared to have been May, 1781. The ſame ſtatement is made in the MS. memoir; where, after relating the manner of her leaving home in April, 1781, as ſhe affirms; her viſiting Taunton, New Bedford, Boſton, Dedham, and other towns; her enliſtment at Bellingham, &c.,—ſhe adds, "It was near the laſt of April when we arrived at Worceſter, where a regular muſter and enrolment took place. . . . A large company of us then commenced our march for the camp at Weſt Point, commanded by a ſergeant, who was ſent from the lines for that purpoſe." She then deſcribes at conſiderable length, and in an animated, pictureſque ſtyle, the march to the Hudſon. "We croſſed the Houſatonic," ſhe ſays, "at New Milford, on the 12th of May." A day or two later, they croſſed the Hudſon at Weſt Point, and joined the army. Theſe ſtatements are made by Mr. Mann as the mouth-piece of Deborah Sampſon.

Notwithſtanding this fulneſs and particularity of ſtatement, there is much reaſon to believe that ſhe did not enliſt till at leaſt a year later. In her petition to the General Court in January, 1792, ſhe ſays ſhe enliſted May 20, 1782. Capt. Thorp, the muſter-maſter, ſays ſhe enliſted on that day; the reſolve of the General Court makes the ſame ſtatement; the records of the Firſt Baptiſt Church in Middleborough ſay, that, in the

graced the damaſk roſe, and have continued, peradventure, in the contemplation and unmoleſted enjoyment of her rural and ſylvan 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

ſpring of 1782, ſhe put on men's clothes, and enliſted as a ſoldier. In any ordinary caſe, ſuch evidence would be deciſive. In the aforeſaid petition, ſhe would aſſuredly make the moſt of her caſe. If ſhe had participated in the campaign which reſulted in the triumph at Yorktown, ſhe would have ſaid ſo. Her ſilence proves, in our apprehenſion, that ſhe did not. But Mr. Mann deſired to make an intereſting book; and therefore included among the experiences of Deborah Sampſon the great campaign of 1781. This matter has been fully conſidered in the Introduction.

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 burthen too much for 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 rangers, 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 Haerlim; 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.[46] Captain

[46] We know of no reaſon to doubt the truth of what is related in this paragraph and that immediately ſucceeding. A better ſtatement, abridged from the MS. memoir, with ſome additions, is the following: —

About the 10th of June, a detachment of troops, including our heroine, received orders to go out on a ſcouting-party. They croſſed the Hudſon at Stony Point. This brought them to the eaſt ſide of that river. Their deſtination was the neutral ground between the American and Britiſh armies. They halted for one night at Tarrytown, where the detachment was divided into two parties. They ſoon came into the vicinity of the en-

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 core 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

emy's pickets, which they were careful to elude. They proceeded as far as Haerlem, within the Britiſh lines, and only eight miles from the city of New York, then held by the Britiſh army. After making ſuch obſervations of the enemy's poſitions as they were able, they turned back to the White Plains. About the 25th of June, they left the White Plains, and directed their courſe towards the Hudſon. The next day, the ſkirmiſh happened which is related in the text. It took place in the neighborhood of Tappan Bay, between Sing Sing and Tarrytown. The party encountered was a detachment from Col. Delancy's regiment of dragoons, conſiſting chiefly, if not wholly, of Tories, and then ſtationed at Morriſania, near the Sound. This regiment conſiſted in part of deſcendants of the old Dutch ſettlers: hence the phraſe in the text, "Dutch cavalry." Delancy was an active officer; and his regiment made frequent incurſions beyond the Britiſh lines, bent on rapine and often committing acts of great cruelty.

The enemy commenced the attack by a volley from their carbines; then ſuddenly wheeled about and galloped away. The Americans, being on foot, had no opportunity to return the fire. Repeating the attack, their ſecond fire was anſwered by a moſt deadly diſcharge from the Continentals. The enemy being re-enforced by a party of Tories on foot, the Americans were compelled to retreat to a piece of woods near by, ſtill keeping up a ſcattering fire. They were ſoon ſtrengthened by the arrival of a part of Col. Sproat's regiment, and poured in a deſtructive fire upon the enemy, who were ſpeedily compelled to a haſty and diſorderly retreat, after ſuſtaining a heavy loſs.

It muſt have been in this encounter that ſhe was wounded, although "The Female Review" and the MS. memoir repreſent the wound as having been received in a ſkirmiſh with a marauding party of Tories at a later period. Both in her petition to the General Court, January, 1792, and in her declaration under oath, September, 1818, ſhe ſays ſhe was wounded at Tarrytown.

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.[47] 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 the ſecond fire, and her ears and eyes were continually tormented with the expiring agonies and horrid

47 This excellent officer, Col. Ebenezer Sproat, was a native of Middleborough. He was the talleſt man in the brigade of Gen. John Glover, of which his regiment formed a part; being ſix feet and four inches in height. Of the perils of the war he largely partook, being engaged in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth, and many others. His ſuperior excellence as a diſciplinarian attracted the notice of the Baron Steuben, inſpector-general of the army, who appointed him inſpector of the brigade. After the war, he was one of the leaders in the enterpriſe of ſettling the preſent State of Ohio; and was known to the Indians as the "Big Buckeye;" whence originated the term ſince applied to all the people of that State. He died ſuddenly, at Marietta, his reſidence, in February, 1805, aged fifty-three. — [Hildreth's *Early Settlers of Ohio.*]

Our author is not careful about his ſpelling. In the text we have "Gen. Delancie" for *Col. Delancy;* "core" inſtead of *corps;* and *Morriſania* is transformed into "Morſena," all in a ſingle line.

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.[48] 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, 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 ought 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 rouze 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

[48] Others were killed and wounded, ſhe knew not how many. Theſe names ſhe happened to remember, as ſhe was well acquainted with the perſons. The proper ſpelling is John Beebe, James Battles, Noble Sperin.

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.[49]

49 At this place ſhe mentions, in the MS. memoir, that, juſt after this ſkirmiſh, ſhe came to be under the command of Col. Henry Jackſon, a native of Boſton. But Col. Jackſon did not aſſume the command of the Fourth Maſſachuſetts Regiment, in which ſhe was a ſoldier, till ſome time in 1782, upon the promotion of Col. Shepard, its former commander, to the rank of brigadier-general: ſo that here is additional evidence that our heroine did not join the army till May, 1782.

In the MS. memoir, in immediate connection with the mention of Col. Jackſon, ſhe alſo ſays, "In Col. Jackſon's regiment I readily recognized Dr. James Thacher of Plymouth, our ſurgeon. I had before known him at his houſe and in its vicinity," &c. It appears from Dr. Thacher's "Military Journal," a work of high authority in regard to the Revolutionary War, that he was at this time ſurgeon of Col. Henry Jackſon's regiment. "Col. Henry Jackſon, who commands our regiment," he ſays, "is a native of Boſton. He is very reſpectable as a commander, is gentlemanly in his manners, ſtrongly attached to military affairs, and takes a peculiar pride in the diſcipline and martial appearance of his regiment." The MS. memoir, from which I have ſo often quoted, ſpeaks of Col. Jackſon in terms of the warmeſt eulogy. "There was," it ſays, "an affability and yet a dignity of manner that won the hearts of all under his command. This rendered obedience to orders. and ſubmiſſion to diſcipline, eaſy."

Col. Jackſon, after the war, reſided in Boſton, was we believe a brigadier-general in the militia, and had the care of Mrs. Swan's large property while her husband was a priſoner in France. He is repreſented as having

From this time till Autumn, nothing unuſual in war happened to her. Indeed, it may be ſaid, every thing 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.[50]

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 oppoſite ſide, and

been an elegant and faſcinating man. He died in 1809, and his remains were depoſited in Mrs. Swan's tomb in Dorcheſter. He was never married.

[50] We now enter on the details of the glorious and deciſive campaign of 1781. The various operations included in this campaign are related with much more fulneſs in the MS. memoir than in this volume. The account extends through eighty pages, equalling in length the previous portion of the memoir. But this account, it is perfectly evident, was not furniſhed by Deborah Sampſon, but was taken by Mr. Mann, the compiler, from the printed accounts of thoſe tranſactions, eſpecially from Thacher's "Military Journal." This work muſt have been before him all the while; for he borrows from it conſtantly, and uſes the very words of Dr. Thacher in more than twenty inſtances; and yet Deborah Sampſon is repreſented as the ſpeaker through the whole! This portion of the MS. memoir is written in a better ſtyle than the preceding and ſubſequent portions, indicating its origin. Dr. Thacher was preſent at the ſiege of Yorktown.

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 Cheſapeak, 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 Cheſapeak, 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 Cheſapeak; 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-operation ſettled, they returned; and all the Americans and allied troops ſoon formed a colliſion at Williamsburgh.[51] 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.

[51] "Formed a junction,"—"united their forces," the writer means to ſay.

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.[52] 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 phalanx compoſed the advanced guards, and was

[52] No ſoldier in the American army, after reaching Philadelphia, could have been ignorant as to the deſign of the expedition.

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 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 forboded 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.—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.[53]

I SHALL here notice a heroic deed of this gallantreſs; which, while it deſerves the applauſe of every patriot and

53 The cannonade, on the part of the Britiſh, commenced Sept. 27; on the part of the allied army, not till the completion of their trenches, Oct. 9.

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 Quarters*, and to retaliate accordingly, by putting them to the ſword, after having carried the redoubts.[54] 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

54 There is much reaſon for doubting the truth of this ſtatement. Dr. Thacher, who gives a particular account of the aſſault and capture of these two redoubts, makes no allusion to ſuch orders. He ſays diſtinctly—"not a man was killed after he ceaſed to reſiſt." "Such was the order diſplayed by the aſſailants, that all reſiſtance was ſoon overcome." A New Hampſhire captain, wiſhing to avenge the death of Colonel Scammel, threatened to take the life of Major Campbell, who commanded the redoubt on the left of the Britiſh line; but Col. Alexander Hamilton, who led the ſtorming party, would not ſuffer it to be done.

one of the women, heard her pronounce *yankee*,* 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.[56]

* 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*.[55]—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 *Chevy 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*.

55 This account of the derivation of the word "Yankee" is borrowed from Thacher's "Military Journal," p. 19. It is, nevertheleſs, wholly unſatisfactory. The more probable derivation is from the word "Engliſh," corrupted by the Indians into *Yenglees*, then *Yanklees*, and finally *Yankees*.

56 Was Deborah Sampſon here at this time? Did ſhe work in the trench-

Was not this enterprife, alone, in a *female*, worth the attainment of *liberty?* Yet, where is the fair one, who could again hazard it! Methinks I fee the crimfon cheek of the female turning pallid, her vigorous limbs relaxing and tottering in the rehearfal of this eventful fcene. Yet, let no one imagine I have painted it to the life. The fact is fimply narrated; and the proper coloring is left for thofe peculiar inmates of the female benevolent and heroic breafts.—I haften to drop the fcene.

The French commanders, whofe fervices demand the gratitude of every American, led on their troops with a heroic bravery, fcarcely to be excelled. And whilft de Grasse difplayed much valor, and was doing great execution with his Armada, the Americans, headed by the ever dear and unrivalled Washington, redoubled their activity and refolution. Nothing, thus, but inevitable ruin, or an entire furrender, awaited Cornwallis: And on the 19th of October, after three weeks fevere ftorm,[57] an armiftice having taken place for twenty-four hours, he was glad to accept the terms of capitulation.—He was not permitted to march out with colors flying—an honor that had been refufed to Gen. Lincoln the preceding winter, when he,

es, with bliftered hands, on the night of the 7th October? Was fhe one of the ftorming-party on the night of the 15th? Did fhe witnefs the furrender of Cornwallis? We confefs we have our doubts on the fubject.

57 The allied forces, about 12,000 ftrong, arrived before Yorktown Sept. 27. They were engaged till Oct. 9 in throwing up intrenchments; fuffering all the while a fevere cannonade from the town. On the evening of the 9th they firft opened fire on the British lines.

with all the American garriſon, was captured in Charleſton, South Carolina.[58] 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.[59] 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* of peace. We certainly owe this event, at leaſt, in a great meaſure, to our generous auxiliaries. Had they not lent us their powerful and timely aid, America, for any thing 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

58 Gen. Lincoln with his army, and the city of Charleſton, ſurrendered to the Britiſh forces under Sir Henry Clinton, May 12, 1780.

59 Gen. Waſhington was not inclined to weep, and it is not likely that he wept on this occaſion. Dr. Thacher, who was an eye-witneſs of the ſcene, and deſcribes it with great particularity, makes no mention of ſuch want of ſelf-control on the part of the American commander-in-chief.

of gratitude, and of filial and 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!* 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!

Whilſt our blood can never ceaſe to thrill with indignation for his ſufferings, may our gratitude and reverence

* 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![60]

[60] On the memorable 10th of Auguſt, 1792, the populace of Paris roſe in arms, attacked the Palace of the Tuileries, maſſacred the Swiſs guards, and dethroned the king. Lafayette, who, during the earlier part of the French Revolution, had concurred in the conſtitutional reforms decreed by the National Aſſembly, and who was at this time in command of an army ſtationed on the frontiers to oppoſe the Pruſſian invaſion, now felt his own life to be in peril from popular violence. He was, indeed, at this juncture, accuſed of treaſon by the popular leaders, and a price was ſet upon his head. He therefore, on the 17th of Auguſt, quitted the army and the territory of France with twelve officers of rank, intending to proceed to the United States. They had travelled but a ſhort diſtance, when they were all taken priſoners by the Pruſſians; and Lafayette was put in cloſe

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 quit 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

confinement in the Caſtle of Magdeburg, once the abode of Baron Trenck, and was ſoon after impriſoned in the ſtrong Fortreſs of Olmutz. To the honor of Napoleon it ſhould be ſaid that one of the articles of the Treaty of Campo Formio, Oct. 18, 1797, negotiated under the preſſure of that conqueror's great ſucceſſes in Italy, ſtipulated for the releaſe of Lafayette, after Waſhington had interceded for him in vain.

by the bleeding of their feet on the ſnow and ice.[61] 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

[61] There is nothing of this ſort in the MS. memoir, nor in Thacher's "Military Journal." Of courſe, there is exaggeration here.

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.[62]

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.

62 In the MS. memoir, ſhe ſays, "Dreading the expoſure of my perſon, and the conſequent diſcovery of my ſex, far more than death, I told a plump lie to the ſurgeon, in the ſtatement that I had long ſince experienced that diſeaſe. I preferred to hazard taking the ſmall-pox rather than go to the hoſpital. I was therefore excuſed, and by the favor of a kind Providence eſcaped the contagion, though often expoſed to it."

Dr. Thacher places the inoculation of the troops for ſmall-pox in January, 1782. Of courſe, it took place before her enliſtment. He inoculated, he ſays, about two hundred, including women and children.

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, 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 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 newborn Dauphin of that realm, they concluded the day.[63]

63 Dr. Thacher notices the erection of this edifice, and the magnificent feſtival in it after it was finiſhed. The feſtival was on the 31ſt of May, 1782. About one thouſand men were employed about ten days in the conſtruction of this curious edifice, under the direction of Major Villefranche, an ingenious French engineer. It was on the eſplanade of Weſt Point, and was compoſed of the ſimple materials which the common trees of that vicinity afforded. It was ſix hundred feet in length, and thirty in width, ſupported by a grand colonnade of one hundred and eighteen pillars made of the trunks of trees. The roof conſiſted of branches of trees curiouſly interwoven, and the walls were of the ſame materials, leaving the ends entirely open. "This ſuperb ſtructure," he ſays, "in ſymmetry of proportion, neatneſs of workmanſhip, and elegance of arrangement, has ſeldom, perhaps, been ſurpaſſed on any temporary occaſion." The feſtival held in

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 pref-

this remarkable edifice was in honor of the new-born Dauphin of France and of the French alliance. The MS. memoir, from which I have often quoted, deſcribes the edifice and the feſtival in exact accordance with the account given by Dr. Thacher; in no less than twelve inſtances, uſing his very words. Of courſe, this could not be by mere accident.

ſure 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 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.[64] Her Suitor took his rout 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

64 This brother went to Meduncook, now Friendſhip, on the ſeacoaſt of Maine, to ſee if ſhe had not taken up a reſidence there with the children of Joſhua Bradford, who had married her mother's eldeſt ſiſter, Hannah Bradford. See note, page 47. This place is a few miles weſt of Penobſcot Bay.

her eye; and when ſhe turned to conceal her emotions, ſhe ſilently and reluctantly bid him adieu.[65]

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 ſepulchre in her own country.—She was preſerved; and ſhe only could cure the cruel ſuſpenſe and racking ſenſations, which 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:[66]

65 The account here given is not accurate. Deborah ſaw *him:* it is not certain that he ſaw *her.* Some of her comrades told her of the inquiries he was making reſpecting her. By this means, alſo, ſhe actually heard from home; heard that her mother and other friends were well; that a great excitement had been occaſioned by her elopement. She ſays ſhe felt tenderly towards him, and would gladly have thanked him for his intereſt in her welfare; but ſhe did not ſpeak to him, and would not riſk a diſcovery of herſelf to him. He therefore returned without ſucceſs.

66 This letter was doubtleſs compoſed, like ſome of Cicero's orations, long after the time when it was ſaid to have been written. It is given

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 expiatory 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 in-

in the MS. memoir with conſiderable variation in the words, and in a more ambitious ſtyle. It is the compoſition of Mr. Mann, not of Deborah Sampſon. The ſtyle differs not at all from that of the reſt of the book.

dulgent; but to a punctillio, 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, delightſome. 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 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 elyſium. 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, rapine 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 tories in New-York, for their outragious 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.[67]—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 plun-

67 The MS. memoir ſays about thirty were permitted to go, and that they belonged to three different companies. Eaſt Cheſter is four miles eaſt of the Hudſon. Tories were numerous thereabouts.

dering 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 ſcrohons 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 a place called, in Dutch, *Vonhoite.*

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.[68] A ſevere combat enſued. The Americans found horſes without riders: they had then light-horſe and foot.

[68] About two in the morning, according to the MS. memoir. The ſentinel was ſtationed by the party to which our heroine belonged, to give notice of the approach of the party of refugees, who, according to the information obtained from the boy, were expected ſoon to repair to the depôt of proviſions. The ſentinel gave notice by firing his gun; upon which, Deborah's party fired at the party of refugees, killing ſeveral, and putting the others to flight, after a ſhort but ſevere ſtruggle.

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. They ruſhed on them on the right and left, till as many as could, eſcaped; the reſt begged quarters. 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;[69] 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 the army! And at that inſtant, almoſt in deſpair, ſhe drew a piſtol from a holſter, and was nearly

[69] The *left* leg, according to the MS. memoir. This ſhows that our author was not accurate in matters of detail.

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.[70]

70 "I conſidered this as a death-wound, or as being equivalent to it; as it muſt, I thought, lead to the diſcovery of my ſex. Covered with blood from head to foot, I told my companions I feared I had received a mortal wound; and I begged them to leave me to die on the ſpot; preferring to take the ſmall chance I ſhould in this caſe have of ſurviving, rather than to be carried to the hoſpital. To this my comrades would not conſent; but one of them took me before him on his horſe, and in this painful manner I was borne ſix miles to the hoſpital of the French army, at a place called Croon Pond. On coming in ſight of the hoſpital, my heart again failed me. In a paroxyſm of deſpair, I actually drew a piſtol from the holſter, and was about to put an end to my own life. That I did not proceed to the fatal act, I can aſcribe only to the interpoſition of Divine Mercy.

"The French ſurgeon, on my being brought in, inſtantly came. He was alert, cheerful, humane. 'How you loſe ſo much blood at dis early hour? Be any bone broken?' was his firſt ſalutation; preſenting me and the other wounded men of our party with two bottles of choice wine. . . . My head having been bound up, and a change of clothing becoming a wounded ſoldier being ready, I was aſked by the too inquiſitive French ſurgeon whether I had any other wound. He had obſerved my extreme paleneſs, and that I limped in attempting to walk. I readily replied in the negative: it was a plump falſehood! 'Sit you down, my lad: your boot ſay you tell fib!' ſaid the ſurgeon, noticing that the blood ſtill oozed from it. He took off my boots and ſtockings with his own hands with great tenderneſs, and waſhed my leg to the knee. I then told him I would retire, change my clothing, and if any other wound ſhould appear, I would inform him.

"Meanwhile I had procured in the hoſpital a ſilver probe a little curved at the end, a needle, ſome lint, a bandage, and ſome of the ſame kind of ſalve that had been applied to the wound in my head. I found that the ball had penetrated my thigh about two inches, and the wound was ſtill moderately bleeding. The wine had revived me, and God, by his kind care, watched over me. At the third attempt, I extracted the ball, which, as a ſacred relic, I ſtill poſſeſs.*

"This operation over, the blood was ſtanched, and my regimentals,

* In the Report of the Committee of Congreſs, Jan. 31, 1837 (ſee Introduction, page xxi.), it is ſtated that the ball was never extracted, and "that the effect of the wound continued through life, and probably haſtened her death."

HAVING reſted a little, being deſtitute of any refreſhment, her wounds became exceſſively painful; but noth-

ſtiff enough with blood to ſtand alone, had been exchanged for a looſe, thin wrapper, when I was again viſited by the ſurgeon. In his watchful eye I plainly read doubts. I told him that all was well; that I felt much revived, and wiſhed to ſleep. I had ſlept ſcarcely an hour, when he again alarmed me. Approaching me on my mattreſs of ſtraw, and holding my breeches in his hand, dripping from the waſh-tub, 'How came this rent?' ſaid he, putting his finger into it. I replied, 'It was occaſioned, I believe, on horſeback, by a nail in the ſaddle or holſter. 'Tis of no conſequence. Sleep refreſhes me: I had none laſt night.' One-half of this, certainly, was true. But I had leſs dread of receiving half a dozen more balls than the penetrating glance of his eye. As I grew better, his ſcrutiny diminiſhed.

"Before the wound in my thigh was half healed, I rejoined the army on the lines. But had the moſt hardy ſoldier been in the condition I was when I left the hoſpital, he would have been excuſed from military duty." —[*MS. Memoir.*]

There is no doubt that ſhe was wounded, as now related; for it is ſtated in her petition to the Legiſlature, and in other authentic memorials. But her petition and her declaration ſay that ſhe was wounded at Tarrytown, which place is not mentioned in the foregoing account. This account locates the ſkirmish at or near Eaſt Cheſter, four or five miles eaſt of the Hudſon; whereas Tarrytown is ſituated on that river. The encounter with a party of Delancy's dragoons, related a few pages back, was therefore the occaſion when ſhe was wounded; and the "Female Review" is here, as in many other places, inaccurate.

Mrs. Ellet ſays, "She was a volunteer in ſeveral hazardous enterpriſes; the firſt time by a ſword-cut on the left ſide of the head." This muſt have been in the cavalry encounter at Tarrytown. "About four months after her firſt wound, ſhe received another ſevere one, being ſhot through the ſhoulder. Her firſt emotion when the ball entered ſhe deſcribed to be a ſickening terror at the probability that her ſex would be diſcovered. She felt that death on the battle-field were preferable to the ſhame that would overwhelm her, and ardently prayed that the wound might cloſe her earthly campaign.

"Many were the adventures ſhe paſſed through: as ſhe herſelf would often ſay, volumes might be filled with them. Sometimes placed unavoidably in circumſtances in which ſhe feared detection, ſhe nevertheleſs eſcaped all ſuſpicion. The ſoldiers were in the habit of calling her "Molly," in playful alluſion to her want of

ing, 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

a beard; but not one of them ever dreamed that the gallant youth fighting by their ſide was in reality a female." —[*Women of the Revolution.*]

Mrs. Ellet had never ſeen the "Female Review," but received her information "from a lady who knew her perſonally, and had often liſtened with thrilling intereſt to the animated deſcription given by herſelf of her exploits and adventures." Yet ſome of Mrs. Ellet's details are unreliable.

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.[71] 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.

[71] "About a fortnight after I rejoined my company, I obtained permiſſion to ſtay and nurſe a ſick ſoldier, whoſe name was Richard Snow, at a place called Collebarack. Opportunity was thus afforded not only for the exerciſe of humanity to a diſtreſſed comrade, but for the more ſpeedy cure of my wound, which the duties of the camp would not allow to be perfectly healed." — [*MS. Memoir.*]

It never was perfectly healed.

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.[72] 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.[73] 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

72 "The rabble" means the Tories, who reſorted to the houſe, and were at the time in the lower part of the houſe, revelling in the ſpoil they had taken from honeſt people in the vicinity. "Both their pieces," — her gun and the ſick ſoldier's.

73 "After Snow was dead, I wrapped him in his blanket, and ſeated myſelf at the open window to inhale freſh air."

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.[74]—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

74 Inſtead of the clauſe, "ſhe bordered on ſubjects," &c., the MS. memoir has, "I replied that her father would ſoon be obliged to leave his houſe, and his country too, unleſs he changed his courſe. She ſpoke ſtrongly againſt her father's toryiſm, from which ſhe herſelf had often ſuffered."

and found them in their uſual reverie.[75] 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.[76] 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. Unloſing 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

75 For "reverie" read "revelry." The meaning is, the tories were rioting on the plunder they had taken.

76 Without ſhedding any blood, our heroine's party captured fifteen Tories and nine horſes, and brought them ſafely to camp. The MS. memoir ſpreads this affair over ſix pages.

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, 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;[77] ſoon after, a ſcouting tour into the Jerſies; and ſhe was with the armies on the 19th of October in their grand Diſplay at Virplank's Point.[78] I only inſtance theſe, as parties of pleaſure and a day of jubilee, when compared with the rougher events of war.[79]

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

77 They could not go "*down* the Hudſon" from Weſt Point to Albany.

78 "About the middle of September, there was a grand diſplay of the army at King's Ferry, on account of the return of Count Rochambeau from the South."—[*MS. Memoir.*] This review is noticed by Dr. Thacher in his "Military Journal." It was on the 14th of September, 1782. As uſual, the compiler of the MS. memoir borrows ſome of Thacher's expreſſions.

79 On the former of theſe occaſions, the ſcouting-party, or raid, as it would now be called, went out to capture Tories, an employment in which our heroine delighted. She conſidered them, as they really were, by far the worſt enemies of the country. Never did a hunter in purſuit of game, with the pack in full cry, feel better than did ſhe when in purſuit of Tories. She ſays, "I loved to watch by theſe Tories, and to ſteal away their dreams. And yet in no part of my military career have I been more expoſed to danger. On this occaſion we had little ſucceſs, theſe freebooters having moſtly taken refuge within the Britiſh lines." This expedition was chiefly in New Jerſey.

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.[80]

THEY went to the houſe of the Widow HUNT; who, under pretentions of friendſhip, ſent black *George* for refreſhment.[81] 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

[80] "In the ſecond of theſe expeditions, about the 1ſt of December," ſays the MS. memoir, — though it could not have been later than early in November, — "we fell into an ambuſcade formed by the enemy's cavalry. Endeavoring to eſcape, we had no alternative but to ford Croton River, or riſk an engagement with treble our number. We choſe to ford the river; and, compelling a Dutchman to conduct us to a place where the water was but breaſt high, we reached the oppoſite ſhore in ſafety." Our heroine's party were on foot.

[81] "We went to the houſe of a Widow Hunt, who proved to be a deſperate female Tory. She ſent her ſlave, black George, oſtenſibly for refreſhments, but really to give information to the enemy, the party whom we had juſt eſcaped. During that cold winter night, we were without ſhelter, and my wound not yet perfectly healed." They had juſt forded the river. Of courſe, their clothes were drenched with the water, which froze upon them. "Before we had recroſſed the river, a large body of the enemy appeared in purſuit," etc.

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 Pixhill Hollow.[82]

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.[83] 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

[82] This ſhould be, as in the MS. memoir, "Peekſkill Hollow." This was a noted military poſt on the Hudſon in the Revolutionary War.

[83] According to Thacher's "Military Journal," the left wing of the army, under Gen. Heath, after a march from Verplanck's Point, reached the vicinity of New Windſor, on the weſt of the Hudſon, where they were to erect log-huts for winter-quarters, on the 28th of October. Dr. Thacher makes no mention of this Indian expedition, though he is careful to note all paſſing occurrences, and even the news from a diſtance.

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.[84]

[84] This winter expedition to the Indian country, is, in the MS. memoir, expanded into twenty-eight pages, which we will now materially abridge.

Soon after the army retired to winter quarters, and therefore in November, 1782, a large detachment was ordered to proceed to the head-waters of the Hudſon, to repreſs the incurſions which the Indians were making on the white ſettlements. Our heroine, though not yet fully recovered from her wound, volunteered to go. They marched on the banks of the Hudſon, and viſited Fort Edward, Fort George, and Ticonderoga. At Fort Edward they found Gen. Schuyler, on whom the compiler of the MS. memoir beſtows two pages of panegyric. Lake George, with the ſcenery around, alſo Ticonderoga and Crown Point, are deſcribed, occupying three or four pages.

From Ticonderoga the party ſtruck off to the weſt. The weather had hitherto been fine, though cold, with little or no ſnow on the ground. But now they encountered a ſevere ſnow-ſtorm, and marched through ſnow a foot deep; not "*three* feet deep," as ſays the "Female Review." Near the place now known as Johnsburgh, in Warren County, they had an encounter with a party of about a hundred Indians, who had juſt been murdering white families, and burning their houſes. Theſe Indians fought deſperately, but were overpowered, and put to flight.

"We came upon the Indians unexpectedly, at the diſtance of a piſtol-ſhot; and our firſt fire dealt terrible deſtruction among them. Raiſing their horrid war-whoop, they returned our fire. . . . Three of our party were wounded, but not mortally. Fifteen of the Indians were ſlain, and many more were wounded. Numbers of the enemy eluded our ſhots, and made their eſcape into the woods. Obſerving one man, light of foot, entering the foreſt, I happened to be foremoſt in purſuit of him. I had ſcarcely come up with him, when he cried for quarter. My firſt impulſe was to bayonet him; but an inſtant ſympathy turned away the pointed ſteel. My next thought was, that his imperfect Indian dialect was counterfeit. Thruſting my hand into his boſom, and making a wide rent in his inner garment, I diſcovered that he was the child of white parents, while his face, and his heart too, were as black as thoſe of any ſavage.

"The ſhades of evening were now ſettling down about us. Returning with our captive white Indian to the general ſlaughter-ground, a ſcene of indeſcribable horror preſented itſelf to our view. The flames had levelled

THEIR marches were over the ruins of Indian barbarity. On their return, they flanked into parties, and took different routs through the wilderneſs. She was in a party commanded by Capt. MILLS. Not far from Bradport, an

the houſe [of the man whom they ſaw fleeing for his life] nearly to the earth. The mother lay dead and horribly mangled a few feet from the threſhold. Two children were hung by their heels upon a tree," &c. "While this was going on, a fine little girl was diſcovered by her piteous plaints. She had concealed herſelf under ſome ſtraw. She was brought forth, not only ſtiff with the cold, but having a bad wound in the ſhoulder from a tomahawk. At ſight of her, the wretched father ſunk down upon the ſnow, as if never again to riſe, exhauſted by the loſs of blood from his own wound, as well as by the ſcene that ſurrounded him. . . .

"We now retraced our courſe to Fort Edward, frequently tinging the ſnow and ice with our own blood. Our ſhoes were worn through, and our clothing torn by the thick undergrowth of the foreſt."

Here two pages are devoted to the tragic ſtory of Jane McCrea, murdered by the Indians, on the advance of Burgoyne's army, in Auguſt, 1777. Six pages are then occupied with a brief *réſume* of the Northern campaign of 1777, eſpecially the battle of Bemis's Heights, on the 7th of October; taken from Thacher's "Military Journal" and other hiſtories.

At Albany, the MS. memoir affirms that ſhe was ſent for by Gen. Schuyler to viſit him at his reſidence, and complimented for her diſtinguiſhed bravery in the Indian expedition. Six or ſeven pages are given to this interview, and to the converſation which is ſaid to have there taken place. One of Gen. Schuyler's daughters, recently married to Col. Alex. Hamilton, is introduced as detailing to our heroine the friendly reception given by the family to Gens. Burgoyne, Philips, Reideſel, the Baroneſs Reideſel, Lady Acland, and their children, after the ſurrender at Saratoga, including what was ſaid and done on that occaſion. *Credat Judæus!*

"About the laſt of January, 1783, we reached the winter-cantonments of the army on the Hudſon, having ſeen hard ſervice, but without having loſt a man. Scarcely had I taken a night's repoſe in camp before the expreſſions hero, champion, victor, applied to myſelf, ran currently through my regiment. I have ſince thought it wonderful that I was not inflated with pride, which ſometimes lifts one above himſelf into the airy region of fools." Not Deborah Sampſon, but Mr. Mann, the compiler of the MS. memoir, is reſponſible for this language and the preceding ſtatements.

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 ſacrafices. 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 plaudits; 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 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 ancle.[85]

ON the firſt of April, Gen. PATTERSON ſelected her for his Waiter; as he had previouſly become acquainted with her heroiſm and fidelity.[86] Ceſſation of hoſtilities was

[85] There is no reference in the MS. memoir to any thing of this ſort.

[86] "Directly after our return to headquarters, I found myſelf appointed waiter, or, as the more courtly phraſe is, aide-de-camp, to my much-eſteemed general, Patterſon, and taken into his family. This was in conſe-

proclaimed on the 19th.[87] 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

quence of the illneſs of Major Haſkell, who had ſerved as his aide."

Dr. Thacher ſpeaks of Major Haſkell as being aide-de-camp to Gen. Patterſon, and ſays he was a native of Rocheſter, Maſs. It is not very probable that Robert Shurtliffe ſhould have been taken from the ranks, or from the poſition of ſergeant, which ſhe is ſaid to have held, to be aide-de-camp to a general officer.

"I was furniſhed with a good horſe and fine equipments, and found myſelf ſurrounded with the comforts, and even the elegancies, of life. I no longer ſlept on a pallet of ſtraw on the damp, cold ground, but on a good feather-bed. And here, I preſume, curioſity will be awake to inquire whether I always ſlept *alone;* and if not, with whom, and on what terms. I will tell the truth frankly, and challenge contradiction. In the firſt place, a ſoldier has not always his choice of lodgings or of bed-fellows. He often lies down in promiſcuous repoſe with his companions, without other partition than his blanket, his knapſack, and his muſket.

"But, in Gen. Patterſon's family, my couch invited to ſoft, undiſturbed repoſe, ſuch as I actually enjoyed. My bed-companions were, ſometimes one officer, and ſometimes another. But no one was inferior to myſelf, either in rank or in virtuous principle, to ſay the leaſt and the worſt of them. They as little ſuſpected my ſex, as I ſuſpected them of a diſpoſition to violate its chaſtity, had I been willing to expoſe myſelf to them, and to act the wanton. If this explanation is not ſatisfactory, if any ſtill imagine that in my ſituation nothing ſhort of a continued miracle could have kept me unpolluted, I muſt content myſelf with the inward ſatisfaction which conſcious purity and virtue always afford, leaving them to ſtruggle as they may with their doubts on the ſubject."

There is reaſon to believe that all the while ſhe ſlept *alone.*

[87] The Preliminary Treaty of Peace was ſigned at Paris, Nov. 30, 1782, but not publiſhed by royal proclamation in London till Feb. 15, 1783. The ceſſation of hoſtilities was proclaimed in the American camp, by order of Gen. Waſhington, on the eighth anniverſary of the battle of Lexington.

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*, or convinced them by an ocular example.[88]

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 avidity 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

[88] Here belongs the ſtory related in the Appendix, reſpecting her journey from Weſt Point to "a place called the Clove."

in the art of ſwimming, as to clean their bodies.[89] 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 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, letcherous, 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.[90]—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 prede-

89 This account is omitted in the MS. memoir It is wholly improbable.

90 This unlikely ſtory is alſo omitted in the MS. memoir.

ceſſor'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, 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.[91] She did not go till four

[91] At the cloſe of the war, it was found extremely difficult, and indeed impoſſible, to pay off the ſoldiers of the Continental army. The United States were a nation; but there was no national government, — only a confederation. Congreſs did not poſſeſs the power of taxation; and no means exiſted for raiſing a revenue for national purpoſes. The powers of government, ſo far as any exiſted, were held by the ſeveral States, which were ſlow to exerciſe them when they were likely to bear hard upon the people. Congreſs had reſorted to loans; immenſe quantities of paper-money had been iſſued during the war, but the Continental currency had depreciated rapidly, till, in the latter part of 1780, it became worthleſs, and ceaſed to circulate. There were therefore no funds, at the cloſe

days after the General left Weſt Point. She then rode in company with four gentlemen, and had a richly variegated proſpect through the Jerſies 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.[92] She found the troops encamped on a hill; from which, they had a fine proſpect of the city and of the

of the war, to pay the troops. The greater part of them bore the evil with commendable patience, ſubmitting to it as a matter of unavoidable neceſſity. In many caſes, however, there was diſcontent, and, in a few caſes, as here, open mutiny.

A ſmall body of Pennſylvania troops — Thacher ſays about eighty — encamped at Lancaſter, in that State, in the month of June, 1783, clamored for their pay, roſe in revolt, and marched to Philadelphia, ſixty-ſeven miles diſtant, determined to enforce their claim upon Congreſs at the point of the bayonet. Arriving in that city on the 29th of that month, they proceeded to the barracks; and being joined by two hundred troops from Carolina, and obtaining artillery, they marched, with drums beating, to the State Houſe, where Congreſs was then aſſembled. Placing guards at every door, they ſent in a meſſage, accompanied with a threat, that, if their demands were not complied with in twenty minutes, they would proceed to open violence.

The members of Congreſs ſucceeded, however, in making their eſcape, and ſent information of the affair to Gen. Waſhington, who immediately ordered a detachment of troops on whom he could rely, fifteen hundred ſtrong, under the command of Major-Gen. Robert Howe, to proceed to Philadelphia, and to ſuppreſs the mutiny. This affair gave occaſion for our heroine to viſit Philadelphia. Happily, the inſurgents ſubmitted at once. Some of the ringleaders were tried and ſentenced, two to ſuffer death, and four to other puniſhment. But Congreſs pardoned them all. Dr. Thacher notices this affair. He ſays, "On the 29th of June, about eighty new-levy ſoldiers of the Pennſylvania line marched to Philadelphia," &c.

92 The duel took place at Goſhen. Very likely, it originated in that ball-

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: and ſhe was quickly ſelected a victim, and carried once more to the hoſpital with all the horrible apprehenſions of her ſituation.[93] 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. 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

room. "We left Hitchcock, who had been a good officer, dead upon the field, and Stone in priſon. This detained us two days."

93 "A malignant fever was then raging in Philadelphia, particularly among the troops ſtationed there and in the vicinity. I was ſoon ſeized with it. I ſcarcely felt its ſymptoms before I was carried to the hoſpital. All I diſtinctly remember was the proſpect of death, which ſeemed not far diſtant. I was thrown into a loathſome bunk, out of which had juſt been removed a corpſe for burial; ſoon after which, I became utterly inſenſible." — [*MS. Memoir.*]

Would the authorities of the hoſpital have treated in this manner an aide-de-camp of Gen. Patterſon?

BANA[94] 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.

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 ſextons withdrew, and JONES informed the Matron ſuch a one was yet alive; which ſhe diſcredited.[95] Doc-

94 Dr. Binney, the ſurgeon of the hoſpital, is here intended. Dr. Thacher mentions that he dined in Philadelphia, Sept. 9, 1782, with "Doctor Binney of the hoſpital."

95 "It was not long before I came to ſome degree of conſciouſneſs, when I perceived preparations making for my burial. I heard the funeral-undertakers quarrelling about ſome part of my clothing, which each of them wiſhed to poſſeſs. One Jones, the only Engliſh-ſpeaking nurſe in the hoſpital, coming in, I ſucceeded, by

tor 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*.[96] 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.[97]

an almoſt ſuperhuman effort, in convincing him that I was ſtill alive. I well remember that he not only threatened theſe monſters, but uſed actual force to prevent their dragging me to the Potter's Field, the place of burial for ſtrangers. The undertakers at length withdrew, when Jones informed the worthy matron, Mrs. Parker, that Robert Shurtliffe, a ſoldier in bunk No. —, who had been ſuppoſed to be dead, was actually alive. This ſhe was inclined to doubt. It was ſaid that they came to aſcertain the fact. But I knew it not; for I had ſunk once more into a ſtate reſembling death." —[*MS. Memoir.*]

96 "They had ſcarcely retired a ſecond time, when Dr. Binney, the ſurgeon, viſited the hoſpital, to whom Jones made known the fact of my partial re-animation. He immediately came to my apartment, and called me by name. Though I diſtinctly heard him, I could make no reply. He turned away for a moment to ſome other patients. I thought he had left me again to the ravenous undertakers. By a great effort, I made a kind of gurgling in my throat to call his attention to me. Never can I forget his elaſtic ſtep, and apparently deep emotion, as he ſprang to my bed-ſide. Thruſting his hand into my boſom to aſcertain if there were motion at the heart, he was ſurpriſed at finding an inner veſt tightly compreſſing my breaſts, the inſtant removal of which not only aſcertained the fact of life, but diſcloſed the fact that I was a *woman!* He forced, by ſome inſtrument, a medicine into my ſtomach, which greatly revived me, and cauſed me to exhibit further ſigns of life." —[*Ibid.*]

97 This remarkable diſcovery the benevolent ſurgeon imparted to none but Mrs. Parker, the matron of the hoſpital, charging her to confine the knowledge of it to her own boſom. Our heroine was, after being conveyed to Mrs. Parker's apartment, nurſed with the greateſt care. She now ſlowly recovered; and, as ſoon as ſhe was able to ride, ſhe was taken to Dr. Binney's houſe, and treated

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*.[98] The gracefulneſs of her mien, mixed with her dignified, martial

with the moſt delicate attention. As her recovery proceeded, ſhe began to ſuſpect that a diſcovery had been made, to her moſt unwelcome. She could account in no other way for the tenderneſs with which ſhe was treated. Her kind friends, Mrs. Parker and Dr. Binney, were careful to conceal from her the knowledge they had acquired; but it was evident to her mind that they did not expect that ſhe would reſume her military attire.

"But in this," ſays Deborah, "they were miſtaken; and ſo was I miſtaken in the uſe which I preſumed would be made of the diſcovery of my ſex. Emaciated and pallid, I was introduced by the good Dr. Binney to his wife and daughters as a young and gallant ſoldier who had met in battle the enemies of our country, and had now riſen, as it were, from the bed of death. This introduction was ſufficient to commend me to their warmeſt ſympathies. In their company, I rambled through the ſtreets of the city, attended public exhibitions, ſailed upon the Delaware, and ſtrolled in the groves and flowery meads. The Doctor had no fears of the reſult. I was admitted as a gueſt in many wealthy families; ſtill known only as a Continental ſoldier."—[*Ib.*]

[98] This love-ſtory is told in the MS. memoir with conſiderable variation. It is there ſaid that the young lady, the writer of the enſuing letter, was ſeventeen years of age, the daughter of wealthy parents in Baltimore, and now an orphan; that the acquaintance commenced in September, 1781, during the ſtay of the American army at Annapolis when on its way to Yorktown, and that they became mutually and tenderly attached. The letter in the MS. memoir is better written.

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 purled 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 received, 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 im-*

preſſed 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 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.[99] In the evening ſhe received a billet incloſing two guineas. The like favors were continued during her illneſs.[100] But ſhe knew not in whoſe boſom the paſſion vibrated.—Her recovery muſt make the next chapter eventful.

99, 100 No ſtatements like theſe appear in the MS. memoir.

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 Virago, 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.[101] 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 chagrined, 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 regimentals to rejoin the troops, the Doctor, availing himſelf of a private conference, aſked her, whether ſhe had any particular confident in the army? She ſaid, no; and trembling, would have diſcloſed the ſecret: but he, ſeeing her confuſion, waved the diſcourſe. To divert her mind, he propoſed her taking a tour towards the Ohio with Col. Tupper[102] of Maſſa-

[101] By "a ſummer's ſea," here, is meant the River Delaware, on which they ſometimes enjoyed a ſail. (See note 97.) Mrs. Ellet here introduces a love adventure between Deborah and a niece of the doctor, which correſponds with that between the former and the Baltimore lady.

[102] Col. (afterwards Gen.) Benjamin Tupper was born in Sharon, then a part of Stoughton, Maſs., in 1738. He was a private ſoldier in the "Old French War," from 1755 to 1762. He was in the military ſervice of his country during the whole Revolutionary War; firſt as major, then as colonel, of the Eleventh Maſſachuſetts Regiment. Very ſoon after the war, he, with Gen. Rufus Putnam and other officers of the Continental army, united in a plan for the ſettlement of what is now the State of Ohio. The journey mentioned in the text may have been connected with this deſign. In the ſummer of 1785, Gen. Tupper went as far as Pittſburgh, with the intention of making a ſurvey of a portion of the lands in that State, but was prevented by the unfriendly ſpirit of the Indian tribes at that time. A ſurvey of ſeven ranges of townſhips in Ohio was completed in the ſummer of 1786, under his direction. With two wagons, one for his family, the other for their baggage, he went all the way from Cheſterfield, Maſs., then his home, to Marietta, Ohio, and, with others, commenced

chuſetts, 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 confident 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 lady expreſſed ſurpriſe on ſeeing *him*, who, according to report, had died ſoon after ſhe left the metropolis. An acquaintance being before eſtabliſhed,

the ſettlement of that town in Auguſt, 1788. He died in June, 1792.—[S. P. Hildreth's *Early Settlers of Ohio.*]

It is not at all likely that Deborah Sampſon accompanied Col. Tupper on ſuch an expedition.

mutual compliments paſſed between the lovers. The young lady confeſſed herſelf author of the anonymous letter.[103] And though uncertain of a conceſſion—timorous as a young roe, yet pliant as the bending ozier, with the queen of love reſident in her eye, 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 anchorite—inanimate nature itſelf muſt have waked into life, and even the ſuperſtitious, cowled 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

[103] For the letter, ſee page 192.

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 venerious appetition, the ſimple might have found ſatiety in her ſeraglio: 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.[104]

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 near 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

[104] Inſtead of this rapſody, take the following, from the MS. memoir: "She received me with a dignified and yet familiar air. She apologized with infinite grace for overſtepping the acknowledged bounds of female delicacy in making ſuch an overture to a gentleman. She expreſſed great pleaſure and much ſurpriſe at ſeeing me alive; having been led to ſuppoſe, from an account that reached her not long before, that I had died in the hoſpital. She confeſſed the tender ſentiments of her heart, which had led her to ſeek this interview. . . . What could I do, what could I ſay, in ſuch an exigency? How ſhould I feel, on receiving ſuch a declaration from ſuch a heart? I could not act the hypocrite with ſuch an artleſs girl; nor could I refuſe the affection ſo warmly proffered, and ſo delicately expreſſed. But I could not then diſcloſe to her the ſecret I was ſo anxious to conceal from all the world beſide. In this ſtate of embarraſſment I continued the moſt of two days, and finally compromiſed the matter by promiſing to call on her again on my return from the Weſt."

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.* 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.[105] 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 leeward ſide of a ſhelving rock illy ſcreened them from the ſtorm, which continued to rage the moſt

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

[105] This river proved to be the Shenandoah.

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 guide to follow them; indicating by their rude noiſes and actions, they were much troubled. He refuſing, their Adventreſs laughed at his caution.[106] 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 In-

106 "Obſerving that he [the guide] heſitated, I ſtepped forward with my gun, and offered to go in his place, at the ſame time laughing at his extreme caution. My companions taxed me with preſumption and folly, but I was determined, then and always, not to be a coward."

dians out of the cave and laid their faces to the ground. Then climbing a rock, they rolled down immenſe ſtones; 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. But in this they were miſtaken; they being too much to the South. They hired one of the tribe to pilot them[107] over the Allegany. Paſſing the Jumetta 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.[108] Here they found trees, whoſe fruit reſembled the nectarine; and, like it, delicious to the taſte. Eating freely of it, till obſerving the Indian did not, they deſiſted. And happily ſo; for it

[107] "Two of the Indians we hired as guides over the next range of the Alleghanies, which is more lofty and majeſtic than the Blue Ridge, the range we had already paſſed. There are two Kenhawas."

[108] The Laurel Mountains, the weſtern range of the Alleghanies.

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.[109] 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.[110]—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 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.

109 It was a return of the fever ſhe had in Philadelphia.

110 This was ſaid to try her courage.

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 kalendar, 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 jeoparded 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, 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.[111] 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.

[111] "Aurora now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with roſy light the dewy lawn." —[*Pope's Iliad.*]

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 ſhone 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 glebe 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 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 encreaſed 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*, 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*.[112] He ſeemed glad he had found ſomething to relieve them. Giving her a ſcrohon and four grapes, 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 iſinglaſs, 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 inter-

[112] It is otherwiſe in the MS. memoir. "He ſaid he diſcharged the gun, that I might come to him; but, as I did not, he concluded that I was dead. Soon after, we found ſome ground-nuts," &c. Theſe adventures in the wilderneſs are related with greater fulneſs, and in far better language.

views.—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 *pawaw*, for letting fall a *papoos*, 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:[113]—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 ceremony ſhould be ſolemnized

[113] She regarded any marriage which could take place under exiſting circumſtances as of no validity. The Indians had no marriage ceremonies.

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.[114]

Arrived at Baltimore, ſhe repaired to viſit her companion, who became much affected with her hiſtory. She now thought it time to diveſt 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,

[114] "The next day, my company [Col. Tupper and the other gentlemen] fortunately reached the Indian camp, on their return home. The ſtipulated ranſom being paid between us, we took the liberated girl to Baltimore in our party. There we procured for her a liberal ſubſcription in apparel and money. Hence we ſent her, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, to her parents, who, we were by accident informed, had removed, juſt after the ſurrender of Cornwallis, to Williamsburg, in Virginia." If this unfortunate maid was taken, as is ſaid above, from Cherry Valley, ſhe muſt have been of New-England origin, and her parents would not at this time reſide on the James River in Virginia. This story of the captive girl muſt therefore be received with some diſtruſt.

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.[115]

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 en-

[115] "No ſooner had I returned to Baltimore than an irreſiſtible attraction drew me again into the preſence of the amiable Miſs P——. I went with the full determination to confeſs to her who and what I was. How ſhould I do this? I reſolved to prepare the way for ſuch a diſcloſure by endeavoring to weaken, without wounding, the paſſion in her breaſt. I told her I was but a ſtripling ſoldier; that I had few talents, and leſs wealth, to commend me to ſo much excellence, or even to repay her regard and the favors ſhe had already conferred on me. I told her, moreover, that I was about to rejoin the army, with a view to receive my diſcharge, and then to return to my relatives in Maſſachuſetts, and to that obſcurity from which I had emerged; but I found I had no power to diminiſh her regard for me.

"While taking her hand, as if to bid her a laſt adieu, I obſerved in her an indeſcribable delicacy ſtruggling for expreſſion, and mantling her fine features. Never can I forget the tender yet magnanimous look of diſappointment ſhe caſt on me, yet without the leaſt tincture of reſentment, when, ſtill holding her hand in mine, ſhe replied, that, ſooner than wring a reluctant conſent from me, ſhe would forego every claim to connubial happineſs. But the artleſs girl continued, if want of wealth on my part were the chief obſtacle, I might be relieved from all anxiety on that account, as ſhe was heireſs to an ample fortune; it being a legacy which ſhe was to poſſeſs on her marriage with a man whoſe worth ſhould be found in his perſon rather than in his outward eſtate. I longed to undeceive her. But the ſecret I had ſo long carefully guarded, I could not yet ſurrender. On parting, ſhe preſented me with ſix fine linen ſhirts, made with her own hands, an elegant watch, twenty-five Spaniſh dollars, and five guineas." — [*MS. Memoir.*]

titled to it.*[116] 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

* 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.

[116] "It is no matter how I felt, or what I thought, ſaid, or did, on this occaſion. I could not, if I would, deſcribe either. I bade her adieu, and ſtaggered to my lodging and to my bed. But, during the greater part of the night, my invocations to 'tired Nature's ſweet reſtorer' were as uſeleſs as though 'balmy ſleep' were never intended to refreſh the exhauſted body, or retrieve a bewildered intellect. At length the reſolution with which I ſtarted when I went to viſit my fair friend the day before — to diſcloſe to her the ſecret of my ſex — returned. I knew that this would be right: it was my indiſpenſable duty. On reſuming this intention, I fell into a ſweet and tranquil ſlumber." And then ſhe goes on to relate, with great delicacy of manner, and at much length, the interview that occurred at the lady's houſe that morning, in which the diſcloſure was fully made, and placed beyond all doubt by an actual inſpection. The lady, as may well be ſuppoſed, was greatly aſtoniſhed: reaſon, for a time, was well-nigh driven from the throne; but the final parting was ſatisfactory on both ſides.

"O Woman! thou bright ſtar of love, whoſe empire is beauty, virtue, refinement, the world were dark and chaotic without thee. Miſanthropy and groſſneſs would characterize man if left alone; but in thy preſence his heart riſes to a pure and holy flame. Thy ſmile is more powerful than the conqueror's ſword. Thy ſway is mightier than the monarch's ſceptre. Thou bindeſt man as with the ſweet influences of a perennial ſpring." — [*Ibid.*]

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 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.[117]

[117] As Deborah Sampſon received her diſcharge from the army — ſee in the Introduction her petition to the Legiſlature of Maſſachuſetts — at Weſt Point, Oct. 25, 1783, here is an evident anachroniſm in the text.

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,[118] was but recognizing

[118] It does not appear what is meant by this. Dr. Binney had always treated her with the greateſt delicacy and tenderneſs.

"On my return to the hoſpitable manſion of Dr. Binney, in Philadelphia, I told him I had called on him, not to tax his benevolence, which I had already largely experienced, but only to expreſs my gratitude, and to bid him adieu, while haſtening to rejoin the army preparatory to my diſcharge and my return home. Every lineament of his countenance beamed with tenderneſs and affection as he ſaid, 'I ſhall inſiſt on your ſtaying with me at leaſt twenty-four hours, as neceſſary to your reſt and refreſhment, and as much more time for the expreſſion of the ſympathy I feel for you.' Had I met at his houſe my father and mother, and all my relatives, I could not have felt more at home. The ſilence that was obſerved in reference to my ſex created doubts in my mind whether the doctor was altogether ſatisfied with the diſcovery he had made; and I trembled leſt I ſhould be obliged to undergo another perſonal examination.

"When about to depart, the doctor, ſurrounded by his family, be-

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 a head.—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;

ſtowed on me his parting counſels in a manner ſo tender, that I muſt have been from that moment a convert to virtue, had I previouſly been otherwiſe. In concluſion, he ſaid, 'Take a ſhort preſcription as a token of my regard: Be careful of your health, and continue to be as diſcreet in every thing as you have been true to the cauſe of freedom; then your country will have a wreath of undying fame for your brow. When you ſhall have received your diſcharge from the army, ſend me a written ſketch of your life.' This I partly promiſed; but, to my ſhame, I confeſs that I never fulfilled the promiſe.

"The doctor now put into my hand a large ſealed letter, addreſſed to Gen. Patterſon, ſaying, 'Fail not to deliver this: it contains a bequeſt for you and for him.' He then, with his whole family, accompanied me to the ſtage-office, where he had already engaged my paſſage, and paid the expenſe of it from Philadelphia to Weſt Point.

"About the 12th of October, I arrived at Elizabethtown, in New Jerſey." —[*MS. Memoir.*]

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-book, containing the letter, were ſaved.[119]

THE third day, ſhe had a good paſſage to New York;[120] from thence to Weſt Point. Arrived at the General's quarters, ſhe ſeemed like one ſent from the dead; as they had 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.[121] 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, made obeiſance, turned upon heal and withdrew in haſte.[122]

PRECISELY an hour after, unattended, he ſent for her to

[119] Mr. Wyatt, a contributor to "Graham's Magazine," ſays the watch is ſtill in the poſſeſſion of her deſcendants. We have the authority of Rev. Mr. Pratt for ſaying that her canteen, preſerved on this occaſion, is now in the keeping of a relative of hers at Lakeville, Maſs.

[120] How could a Continental ſoldier, in full uniform, be allowed to viſit New York, when it was ſtill occupied by the Britiſh forces? The Britiſh garriſon was not withdrawn till Nov. 25, 1783. She certainly did not ſet foot in New-York City at this time.

[121] The MS. memoir ſays ſhe delivered it to him the next morning after her arrival, immediately after breakfaſt.

[122] The MS. memoir contains the letter in full. The letter relates the circumſtances of the diſcovery, made by Dr. Binney in the hoſpital at Philadelphia, of the ſex of the young ſoldier; ſpeaks very highly and tenderly of the individual; and dwells, at conſiderable length, on the remarkable features of the caſe. It is expreſſed with much delicacy and propriety, and is juſt ſuch a letter as might have been written by Dr. Binney, a man of benevolent feelings, to Gen. Patterſon; and it is certainly a creditable production.

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.*[123]

[123] "Attempting to riſe from my ſeat, in order to reply, I loſt the control both of body and mind, and had nearly fainted away. Recovering, I made out to ſay, 'What will be my fate, ſir, if I anſwer in the affirmative?'—'You have nothing to fear,' he replied. 'If you confirm the ſtatements of this letter,'—ſtill holding the letter of Dr. Binney in his hand,—'you are not only ſafe here, but entitled to our warmeſt reſpect.'

"'Sir,' I ſaid, 'I am wholly in your power. God forbid that I ſhould attempt to conceal what I ſuppoſe is now fully known. I AM 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

But, oh, ſir, now that I am weak and helpleſs, withdraw not your protection!'

"'Can it be ſo?' he exclaimed, after a ſhort pauſe, as if ſtill in doubt.

"'Sir,' ſaid I, 'I have no deſire to deceive you. Procure for me, if you can, a female dreſs,'—an elegant one, I knew, was in the houſe,—'and allow me a retired place and a half hour to prepare myſelf.'

"This was immediately complied with. . . . I was completely equipped, from head to foot, in a lady's attire, within the appointed time. . . . Aſſuming, for the time, ſome of the modeſt, bewitching feminine graces, I returned, and made my *entrée* to Gen. Patterſon.

"The effect was magical. Never before did I witneſs ecſtaſy ſo complete in man. 'Remain as you are, a ſhort time at leaſt,' ſaid the general. 'This is truly theatrical. I will ſummon Col. Jackſon, and ſee if he knows you.'

"Col. Jackſon was called in, and I was introduced to him as Miſs Deborah Sampſon. 'She is from your own State, the cradle of Liberty; and a fit perſon ſhe is to rock it till the infant is full grown. Do you not recognize her?'

"'While I ſhould be proud of an acquaintance with ſuch a character, I have no recollection of this lady,' was the reply.

"The converſation then paſſed to other topics. At length Gen. Patterſon aſked if any information reſpecting Robert Shurtliffe had been received. 'I fear,' ſaid Col. Jackſon, 'that gallant young ſoldier has fallen a ſacrifice to his devotion to liberty.'

"'But there are miracles now,—wonders, at leaſt,'—ſaid the general. 'Our Revolution is full of them. But this young lady exceeds them all. Examine her cloſely, and ſee if you do not recognize Robert Shurtliffe!'

"Imagination may finiſh the painting of this ſcene. I will add, however, that in this coſtume I was eſcorted by theſe gentlemen over the tented ground, and amidſt officers and ſoldiers, with whom, an hour before, I was as familiar as are the inmates of a family with one another; but none of them knew me."—[*MS. Memoir.*]

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. 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.[124] 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 in-

[124] "Having furniſhed the gentlemen with an account of my home, my relatives, and the motives which led me to aſſume the character of a ſoldier, I requeſted them to make the ſtricteſt inquiry into my manner of life ſince I had been in the army. This was accordingly done. The reſult was a general ſurpriſe, and, on the part of many, a total disbelief. An apartment was now aſſigned for my uſe, and garments for either ſex provided. But, in general, I preferred my regimentals, becauſe that in them I ſhould be more ſafe from inſult and annoyance. Many of the ſoldiers, and many of my own ſex, were deſirous to ſatisfy themſelves as to the truth of what they had heard; but, of courſe, it was impoſſible to gratify their curioſity."

Thus ends Mr. Mann's narrative of the adventures of Deborah Sampſon, in which, for the ſake of greater foree and ſpirit, the heroine herſelf is made the ſpeaker.

fidels, and few had faith.—Her diſcharge is from Gen. KNOX; her recommendations from the Gens. PATTERSON and SHEPARD.*[125]

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 eter-

* SINCE, by misfortune, loſt.

[125] The Definitive Treaty of Peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States, was ſigned at Paris, Sept. 3, 1783. A ſtate of peace, however, had actually exiſted in America from the 19th of April, in the ſame year, when a formal proclamation of the ceſſation of hoſtilities was made in the army, by order of the Commander-in-Chief. Information of the Definitive Treaty having been received, the third day of November was aſſigned by Congreſs for disbanding the army of the United States. The city of New York was evacuated by the Britiſh army, November 25.

On the 25th of October, at Weſt Point, our heroine received an honorable diſcharge from the ſervice from the hand of Gen. Knox. Many teſtimonials of faithful performance of duty, and of exemplary conduct in the army, were given to her, among others, from Generals Patterſon and Shepard, and Col. Jackſon, under whoſe orders it had been her good fortune to ſerve. Theſe papers may not have been preſerved.

Mrs. Ellet and ſome others have ſtated that the commander of the company in which our heroine ſerved, on being informed by Dr. Binney that Robert Shurtliffe was a female, ſent the fair ſoldier with a letter to Gen. Waſhington, conveying information of the fact; that Waſhington then gave her a diſcharge from the army, with a note containing ſome words of advice, and a ſum of money ſufficient to bear her expenſes home. A lengthy detail of circumſtances is given in connection with this ſtatement. This account ſeems to be without any real foundation. In her petition to the Legiſlature of Maſſachuſetts, Deborah ſays ſhe received her diſcharge from Gen. Knox, as already ſtated. Nor is it true, as ſtated by Mrs. Ellet, that, during the adminiſtration of Waſhington, Deborah received an invitation to viſit the ſeat of Government, and that, during her ſtay, Congreſs paſſed an act granting her a penſion, in addition to certain lands which ſhe was to receive as a ſoldier. No penſion was granted her till Jan. 1, 1803, and then not by Act of Congreſs. See Introduction, pp. xvi. xviii. xix. xxiv.

nal FAREWELL to COLUMBIA'S CAUSE, turned her back on the *Aceldama*, 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, 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.[126] But, if I remember,

[126] About the 1ſt of November, 1783, ſhe arrived among her relatives in Maſſachuſetts, after an abſence of a year and ſix months. During this period, her information reſpecting affairs at home had been very limited and vague. Not knowing in what light ſhe might be regarded by thoſe who had formerly known her, ſhe did not immediately diſcover herſelf. She ſtill wore her military coſtume, and did not go to Middleborough, where ſhe

ſhe has intimated—that nothing in the villa could have better occupied a greater vacuity, than the diadem—*education:* which, I fondly hope, ſome guardian cherub has ſince deigned to beſtow.

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. 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 haſher 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 *ejectment*,

had paſſed moſt of her life. She went to reſide with her uncle in Stoughton, under the aſſumed name of Ephraim Sampſon, that of the younger of her two brothers, if we may truſt the ſtatement made in the text. But did not her uncle and his family *know* that the young ſoldier who ſpent the winter with them was *not* Ephraim Sampſon? The ſuppoſition is incredible.

The uncle with whom our heroine ſpent the winter was undoubtedly Mr. Waters, the husband of her mother's ſiſter, Alice Bradford. Sharon was formerly a part of Stoughton. It was during this winter that ſhe became acquainted with her future husband. It is ſaid he was determined to find out whether the new-comer was a man or not, and to ſome attempt of this nature the next paragraph refers.

She paſſed the winter doing farm-work, and flirting with the girls of the neighborhood.

but a ſyſtem of *compulſion*, for having won of her a large bet in a tranſport of bliſs, after MORPHEUS 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 faggot 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? 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*.

SPRING having once more wafted its fragrance from the South, our Heroine leaped from the maſculine, to the feminine ſphere.[127] Throwing off her martial attire, ſhe

[127] On the approach of ſpring, Deborah reſumed feminine apparel and employments.

On the 7th day of April, 1784, ſhe became the wife of Benjamin Gannett, a reſpectable and induſtrious young farmer of Sharon.* They were married at his father's houſe in that town.

Her ſubſequent hiſtory muſt of courſe have borne a ſimilarity to thoſe of moſt of our countrywomen who cheer and adorn the homes of New England. She lived to rear a family of reputable children. She had an only ſon, Capt. Earl B. Gannett, and two daughters. There are grandſons, we believe, now living in Sharon.

She died at her home in Sharon, April 29, 1827, in the ſixty-ſeventh year of her age. She ſuſtained to the end the character of a faithful and exemplary wife and mother, a kind neighbor and friend.

In ſtature, Deborah Sampſon was five feet, ſeven inches. She was large and full around the waiſt. Her features were regular, but not beautiful. Her eyes were hazel, inclining to blue; and were lively and penetrating. Her complexion was fair and clear; her aſpect was amiable and ſerene, though ſomewhat maſculine. Her limbs were well proportioned; her movements were quick and vigorous; and her poſition erect, as became a ſoldier. Her voice was agreeable; her ſpeech, deliberate and firm. The portrait at the beginning is from the old copper-plate uſed at

* The pedigree of Benjamin Gannett is as follows:—

I. MATTHEW GANNETT,[1] born in England, 1618, came early to this country, and ſettled firſt in Hingham. In January, 1651-2, he purchaſed land in Scituate, an adjoining town, and removed to that place. He died in 1694, as we learn from his grave-ſtone. He had ſeveral children, of whom Matthew[2] remained in Scituate, and Rehoboth removed to Morriſtown, N.J., where he died without iſſue.

II. Joſeph Gannett,[2] ſon of Matthew,[1] continued to reſide in Scituate, and died not long before his father. He married a widow Sharp.

III. Joſeph Gannett,[3] ſon of the preceding, removed to Eaſt Bridgewater about the year 1722. His brother Matthew[3] removed thither about the ſame time. Joſeph[3] married Hannah Hayward, daughter of Dea. Jonathan Hayward, of Braintree. Their ſon,

IV. Benjamin Gannett,[4] born 1728, married, 1750, Mary Copeland, daughter of Jonathan Copeland, of Bridgewater, and removed to Stoughton, the part afterwards Sharon.

V. Benjamin Gannett,[5] born 1753, was the husband of Deborah Sampſon, the heroine of our ſtory.

Benjamin Gannett,[4] born 1728, had a brother Joſeph,[4] born 1722, who was the father of Caleb Gannett,[5] who was a clergyman in Nova Scotia, afterwards tutor in Harvard College, and for many years ſteward of that inſtitution. Caleb Gannett[5] married a daughter of Rev. Ezra Stiles, D.D., Preſident of Yale College. They were the parents of Rev. Ezra Stiles Gannett, D.D., of Boſton.

Joſeph Gannett,[3] who ſettled in Eaſt Bridgewater about 1722, had by a ſecond wife, Hannah Brett, a ſon Matthew,[4] born 1755, who was the father of Rev. Allen Gannett, late of Lynnfield, now of Boſton. —[*Mitchell's Bridgewater.*]

once more hid her form with the *diſhabille* of FLORA, re-

the iſſue of "The Female Review," ſeventy years ago. It was executed when the art of engraving was in its infancy in this country, and muſt not be ſuppoſed to do full juſtice to the ſubject.

In military attire, ladies conſidered her handſome. Several inſtances are recorded where they were deeply ſmitten by her good looks. Her delicate appearance, and particularly her having no beard, were often noticed. She was called the "ſmock-faced boy," and the like; but her ſex was never ſuſpected.

The prominent traits of her character were courage, love of adventure, and perſeverance under difficulties. She was bold, enterpriſing, and fearleſs; ſhe had great ſelf-control, and a firm, reſolute will. As a ſoldier, ſhe exhibited great alertneſs, activity, fortitude, and valor. Her military life abounded with hardy and hazardous adventures, in all of which ſhe bore herſelf with the firmneſs, reſolution, and patient endurance which are often thought to belong excluſively to the ſtronger ſex. Where any dared to go, ſhe went; and not to follow merely, but to lead. She often volunteered on expeditions attended with ſpecial expoſure and hardſhip. It is ſaid that on ſcouting-parties ſhe would always ride forward a little nearer the enemy than any of her comrades ventured. On one occaſion, meeting the enemy ſuddenly in overwhelming force, it was neceſſary to abandon their horſes, and run acroſs a ſwamp for dear life. She then ſhowed herſelf to be as fleet as a gazelle, bounding through the ſwamp many rods ahead of her companions. It was thought that no man in the army could outrun her.

As we have already ſeen, ſhe went through two campaigns without the diſcovery of her ſex, and conſequently without the loſs of her virtue. This fact, which is perfectly well eſtabliſhed, demonſtrates not only ſtrict moral principle, but the high qualities of firmneſs, reſolution, ſelf-control, and perſeverance. Such a caſe, perhaps, was never known before. It certainly ſtood alone in the Revolutionary war. She was never found in liquor, — a vice too common in all armies. It is well known that the Continental army, though compoſed in an unuſual degree of men of principle and virtue, contained many men of unſound character. No ſtain appears to have attached to the character of our heroine.

To gratify the curioſity of the multitude, ſhe once viſited Boſton; and in the theatre, clad in military attire, ſhe went through, at the word of a military officer, the manual exerciſe. Thoſe who witneſſed the performance ſaid that "ſhe would almoſt make the gun talk;" every time it came to the ground from her hand, the ſound was ſo ſignificant.

Her deportment was eminently ſoldier-like, and none were more expert in the drill than herſelf. Mr. Amos

commenced her former occupation; and I know not, that

Sampſon, who is now living in Charleſtown at the age of nearly ſeventy-nine, told me that he witneſſed the ſcene, and that it occurred when he was an apprentice to the printing-buſineſs, and therefore between 1801 and 1808. He ſaid, moreover, that it was in the theatre, and not on the Common, as has been elſewhere repreſented.

It appears that the remarkable ſtory of Deborah Sampſon began to be bruited abroad very ſoon after her diſcharge from the army, before her marriage with Mr. Gannett, and even before her relinquiſhment of military coſtume. The Appendix will contain a notice of this ſingular caſe, as it was publiſhed in a New-York paper, and afterwards copied into ſome papers in Maſſachuſetts. The principal facts in her career were thus publiſhed to the world in a little more than two months after her diſcharge from the army. Theſe facts could only have been derived from the officers to whom the diſcloſure was originally made; perhaps from Gen. Patterſon himſelf. The facts were ſo remarkable, that there was a ſtrong inducement to give them to the public. Their publication in Maſſachuſetts muſt have awakened inquiry reſpecting the heroine, and perhaps led the way to her diſcloſing the whole ſtory to the author of "The Female Review."

Immediately following the extract to which we have juſt referred, is the certificate of Col. Henry Jackſon, which further authenticates the caſe. A certified copy of it is on file in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth.

The following notice of Deborah Sampſon appeared in print ſeveral years before her death. It is taken from "The Dedham Regiſter" of December, 1820, and was copied into many of the papers of the day:—

"We were much gratified to learn, that, during the ſitting of the court in this town the paſt week, Mrs. Gannett, of Sharon, in this county, preſented for renewal her claims for ſervices rendered her country as a ſoldier in the Revolutionary army. The following brief ſketch, it is preſumed, will not be unintereſting: This extraordinary woman is now in the ſixty-ſecond year of her age: ſhe poſſeſſes a clear underſtanding, and a general knowledge of paſſing events; is fluent in ſpeech, and delivers her ſentiments in correct language, with deliberate and meaſured accent; is eaſy in her deportment, affable in her manners, robuſt and maſculine in her appearance. She was about eighteen years of age when our Revolutionary ſtruggle commenced. The patriotic ſentiments which inſpired the heroes of thoſe days, and urged them to battle, found their way to a female boſom. The news of the carnage which had taken place on the plains of Lexington had reached her dwelling; the ſound of the cannon at the battle of

ſhe found difficulty in its performance. Whether this

Bunker Hill had vibrated on her ears; yet, inſtead of diminiſhing her ardor, it only ſerved to increaſe her enthuſiaſm in the ſacred cauſe of liberty, in which ſhe beheld her country engaged. She privately quitted her peaceful home and the habiliments of her ſex, and appeared at the head-quarters of the American army as a young man, anxious to join his efforts to thoſe of his countrymen in their endeavors to oppoſe the inroads and encroachments of the common enemy. She was received and enrolled in the army by the name of Robert Shurtliffe. For the ſpace of three years, ſhe performed the duties, and endured the hardſhips and fatigues of a ſoldier; during which time, ſhe gained the confidence of her officers by her expertneſs and preciſion in the manual exerciſe, and by her exemplary conduct. She was a volunteer in ſeveral hazardous enterpriſes, and was twice wounded by muſket-balls. So well did ſhe contrive to conceal her ſex, that her companions in arms had not the leaſt ſuſpicion that the "blooming ſoldier" fighting by their ſide was a female; till at length a ſevere wound, which ſhe received in battle, and which had well-nigh cloſed her earthly career, occaſioned the diſcovery. On her recovery, ſhe quitted the army, and became intimate in the families of Gen. Waſhington and other diſtinguiſhed officers of the Revolution. A few years afterwards, ſhe was married to her preſent husband, and is now the mother of ſeveral children. Of theſe facts there can be no doubt. There are many living witneſſes in this county, who recognized her on her appearance at court, and were ready to atteſt to her ſervices. We often hear of ſuch heroines in other countries; but this is an inſtance in our own country, and within the circle of our acquaintance."

It will be obſerved that the foregoing account confirms and authenticates the general ſtatements made in this volume. There are ſome errors of detail, which might eaſily creep into an account like this, where perfect accuracy was not demanded. The ſtatement that Mrs. Gannett ſerved *three years* as a ſoldier, originated, no doubt, from the fact that ſhe *enliſted* for three years, though her actual length of ſervice was much leſs.

Under date of June 25, 1859, Rev. Stillman Pratt, of Middleborough, who had become intereſted in her hiſtory, writes: —

"In my recent viſit to Sharon, I ſpent ſome time at the reſidence and by the grave of Mrs. Deborah Gannett, formerly Deborah Sampſon. The houſe was built by Mrs. Gannett, her husband, and his only ſon, about fifty years ago, with brick ends, the reſidue of wood. It is two ſtories high. The weſtern portion is literally embowered with willow-trees, one of which was ſet out by Deborah her-

was done voluntarily, or compulſively, is to me an enig-

ſelf, and now meaſures twelve feet in circumference, and almoſt conſtitutes a grove of itſelf. The eaſtern portion is covered by a woodbine, which extends over the roof, and climbs to the top of the chimney. Roſe-buſhes and other flowering ſhrubs are interſperſed with perennial plants. The barn ſtands directly back of the houſe; in the rear of which riſes a ſugar-loaf mound, of peculiar aſpect, extending back towards a denſe foreſt.

"The farm conſiſts of a hundred acres of land, with every poſſible variety of ſoil. The mowing lands are irrigated by artificial ſtreams of water, branching off in all directions, and diſcharging themſelves into a ſmall river below. In the hedges, and along the walls, are raſpberry and barberry buſhes; while fruit and ſhade trees are promiſcuouſly mingled through the fields.

"One mile ſouth of this reſidence is located the old cemetery. On the tenth row from the entrance are three plain ſlate-ſtone ſlabs, commemorative of the laſt reſting-place of Mr. and Mrs. Gannett, and of Capt. Earl B. Gannett, their only ſon."

A friend of the publiſhers of this volume has lately viſited the ſpot, and has enabled them to furniſh the repreſentation of theſe funeral monuments, which will be found on the following leaf.

After Mrs. Gannett's death, the following notice appeared in "Niles's Weekly Regiſter," vol. xxxii., p. 217, Baltimore, May 26, 1827: —

"A FEMALE VETERAN.—The Dedham Regiſter ſtates that Mrs. Deborah Gannett, wife of Mr. Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, Maſs., died on the 19th [29th] ult. She enliſted as a volunteer in the American army of the Revolution, in the Maſſachuſetts corps, having the dreſs and appearance of a ſoldier. She continued in the ſervice until the end of the war, three years, ſuſtaining an unſullied character, and performing the duties of a ſoldier with more than ordinary alertneſs and courage, having been twice dangerouſly wounded; though ſhe preſerved her ſex undiſcovered. At the disbanding of the army, ſhe received an honorable diſcharge, and returned to her relatives in Maſſachuſetts, ſtill in her regimentals. When her caſe was made known to the government of that State, her full wages were paid, and a conſiderable bounty added. Congreſs allowed her a penſion, which ſhe regularly received. Soon after ſhe reſumed the ſphere of her own ſex, ſhe was married to Mr. Gannett, an induſtrious, reſpectable farmer. She has borne and reared him a reputable family of children; and to the cloſe of life ſhe has merited the character of an amiable wife, a tender mother, a kind and exemplary neighbor, and a friend of her country.

"Mr. H. Mann, of Dedham, publiſhed a memoir of her life ſome time

ma. But ſhe continues a phenomenon among the revolutions of her ſex.

ſince, of which the whole edition, 1500 copies, has been entirely ſold. Another edition may be ſoon expected, enlarged and improved, which will probably meet a rapid ſale."

This obituary notice was undoubtedly written by Mr. Mann himſelf; who, if not the editor, was, I believe, a principal contributor to the "Dedham Regiſter" at that time. Some of the expreſſions in this obituary notice, uſed in ſumming up her character, are identical with ſome which are employed for the ſame purpoſe in the MS. memoir, from which I have ſo often quoted. And this very MS. memoir, now in my poſſeſſion, is, beyond queſtion, the document referred to in the laſt ſentence quoted above from "The Regiſter."

The publiſhers of the preſent edition having determined to iſſue an exact reprint of "The Female Review," it was a matter of neceſſity to reproduce every ſentence and every expreſſion, however faulty in point of taſte, and objectionable in reſpect of moral ſentiment. There are many paſſages, there are entire paragraphs, which the preſent editor would gladly have omitted. Many expreſſions are awkward and ungainly, and do not truly repreſent the author's own meaning. For the inſertion of ſuch paſſages, the editor muſt not be held reſponſible. To have attempted any thing in the way of counteraction would have been worſe than uſeleſs.

The editor is of opinion that Deborah Sampſon was worthy of an abler biographer than ſhe found in the original compiler, and that her adventures, which were certainly very remarkable, were worthy of being related in far better ſtyle. J. A. V.

Boston, July, 1866.

BENJ. GANNETT
died
Jan. 9, 1837
aged 80 years.
DEBORAH
wife of
Benjamin Gannett
died
April 29, 1827,
aged 68 years.
CAPT. EARL B. GANNETT
died
June 9, 1845,
aged 59 years.
HYDE DEL.
TYLER SC

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 rivalſhip. It was ſoon after ſhe inliſted.—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 adduce 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, "*J. B——, I think I know you; and this moment you become a dead man, if you perſiſt in your demand!*" Hearing a piſtol cock at the ſame time, his compeer fled; and he begged quarters 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 aſſiduity 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 eclairciſſement, 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.*

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! 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 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 *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 your very polite attendant; who appears to poſſeſs the graceful activity and bloom of a girl."

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 exceeds 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 ſtrong-

ly 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, 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 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 beauteous 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 pined 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 in-

ſtance, 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!"

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 appetition. 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!) 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, 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 calumny 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 encomiums on your merit, when he ſits among the primogeniture 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 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 ſtands 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 honors 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 torpitude, 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,* 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 witheld: But the facts, above mentioned, are unqueſtionable and unblemiſhed.

Boston, *Auguſt* 1, 1786.

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.*

* This ſhe has not received. — Editor. [*H. Mann.*]

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 SHURTLIEFF, 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 23 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, 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—*firesides!* We have now ſeen the diſtinction of one *female*. May it ſtimulate others to ſhine—in the way, that VIRTUE preſcribes.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

PAGE 37. line 23. after I, read *ſhould.* and for *highly* r. *meanly.*—P. 47. l. 10. for 1756 read 1656.—P. 43. laſt line, for 1796 r. 1797.—P. 76, l. 13. after revenue, r. *in America.*

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Jonathan Grout, Att. at Law, *Belcherſtown.*
Ebenezer Hunt, jun. M. D. *Northampton.*
Mr. David Hunt, Merchant, *Do.*
Jacob Hunt, *Do.*
William Hutchens, *Do.*
John W. Hooker, *Springfield.*
James Ingols, *Northampton.*
Samuel King, jun. *Do.*
Levi Lyman, Eſq. *Do.*
Maj. Samuel Lyman, *Do.*
Daniel Lombard, Merchant, *Springfield.*
Lieut. Moſes Parſons, jun. *Northampton.*
Mr. Seth Pomeroy, *Do.*
Nathaniel Patten, *Hartford.*
Doct. George Rogers, *Northampton.*
Solomon Stoddard, Eſq. *Do.*
Mr. Nathan Stores, *Do.*
Levi Shepard, Merchant, *Do.*
Charles Steele, *Boſton.*
Caleb Smith, *Hadley.*
Jacob Wicker, *Northampton.*

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

Alden, John, 46. Sarah, *ib.*
Arcade at West Point, 159.
Assembly's Catechism, 62, 101.
Austin, Benjamin, xix.

B.

Baltimore lady falls in love with R. Shurtliffe, 190; her letter, 192; interview between them, 196, 199; another interview and final disclosure, 212–214.
Barrett, Joseph H., xviii.
Battle of Lexington and Concord, 85; of Bunker Hill, 88–94.
Battles, James, killed, 141.
Beebe, John, killed, 141.
Binney, Dr., surgeon of the hospital at Philadelphia, discovers Robert Shurtliffe to be a woman, 189; proposes a western tour, 195; his generous conduct, 189, 190, 216, 217, 219.
Boadicea, xxxi.
Bourne, Abner, 100.
Bradford, Alice, 48, 225; Deborah, 46; Elisha, 47; Israel, *ib.*; Joseph, *ib.*; Joshua, *ib.*; William, 46, 47.
Brownell, Mrs., her heroism, xxxi.
"Buckeye," whence the term, 140.

C.

Camp, Rev. Abraham, 102.
Capture of two British redoubts at Yorktown, 150.
Catechism, the Assembly's, taught, 62, 101.
Charlestown burned, 90.
Colburn, Jeremiah, xviii.
Cole, Hannah, 47.
Conant, Rev. Sylvanus, 62.
Corbin, Margaret, xxix.
Cornwallis, Lord, xvi., xxi., xxvi., 143; surrender of, 152.
Cushman, Benjamin, 51; Jacob, *ib.*
Cushman, Pauline, her adventures, xxxi.

D.

Dearborn, Henry, xix.
DeGrasse, Count, 144.
Delancy, Col., 139, 169.
Dewey, Sarah, 133.
Drake, Samuel G., 124.
"Dutch Cavalry," encounter with, 139.

E.

Ellet, Elizabeth F., x., xxvii., xxx., 169; her mistakes, xv., 131, 195, 223.
Ellis, William, his statements respecting Mrs. Gannett, xxii., xxxii.
Eustis, Dr. William, xxiv.

F.

Female heroism, instances of, xxix.–xxxi.
Force, Peter, xxxii.
Fuller, Rev. Samuel, 102.

G.

Gannett, Benjamin, husband of Deborah Sampson, xviii.,–xxii., 231; pedigree of, 227; his grave-stone, 233.
Gannett, Caleb, 227.
Gannett, Earl B., 227; his grave-stone, 233.
Gannett, Rev. Ezra S., 227.
Gardner, Col. Thomas, mortally wounded at Bunker Hill, 94.
Glover, Gen. John, 140.
Grave-stones of Mr. and Mrs. Gannett and their son, 233.
Gould, Jeremiah, xxii.

H.

Haërlem, 139.
Hale, Mrs. Sarah J., x.
Hamlin, Effrican, xxiv.
Hancock, John, his autograph, xxv.
Hitchborn, Benjamin, xxiv.
Hobart, Rev. Peter, 47.
Hunt, Rev. Asa, 102.

I.

Instances of female heroism, xxix.–xxxi.

J.

Jackson, Col. Henry, xvi., xviii., xxi., xxiv., xxv., 133; account of him, 142; his certificate in favor of R. Shurtleff, xxv., 248.

J.

Jackson, William, xxii.
Jane of Montfort, xxxi.
Joan of Arc, xxxi.

K.

Knox, Gen. Henry, xxiv., 223.

L.

Lafayette, 143, 145, 150; denounced by the revolutionary leaders in France, 154; his imprisonment and release, 155.
LeBroche, Bathsheba, 47, 48.
Leonard, Benjamin, 124; Daniel, *ib.*; Samuel, *ib.*
Love-story, 190.
Lucas, Joanna, 46.

M.

Mann, Herman, author of "The Female Review," xi.; the younger, xiii.; not always trustworthy, 104, 121, 129, 136, 150, 153, 163, 168, 179, 212, 225; borrows largely from Thacher's "Military Journal," 143, 160, 175.
May, Dorothy, 46.
Mayflower, the, 45, 46.
McFarland, Elijah, 48.
Monmouth, battle of, xxx.
Moore, Major Willard, fell at Bunker Hill, 94.
Morrisania, 139.
Morton, Marcus, xvii.

P.

Parker, Col. Moses, at Bunker Hill, 94.
Parsons, P. xxi.

P.

Patterson, Gen., 133, 181, 217, 219; Deborah's sex disclosed to him, 219–221; probably disclosed it to others, 229.
Pension office, documents from, xv., xvii.
Penthesilea, xxxi.
Pomeroy, Gen. Seth, a volunteer at Bunker Hill, 90.
Pratt, Rev. Stillman, xv., 124; visits the residence and grave of Mrs. Deborah Gannett, 230.
Prescott, Col. William, commands at Bunker Hill, 89.
Putnam, Gen. Israel, at Bunker Hill, 90.

R.

Report of a committee of Congress respecting Deborah Sampson, xx.
Resolve of Legislature of Massachusetts respecting Deborah Sampson, xxiv., 249.
Revival of religion in Middleborough, 101, 102.
Rhoades, Benjamin, xxii.
Robinson, Rev. John, of Leyden, 45, 46.
Rochambeau, Count, 144.

S.

Sampson, Abraham, 45; Ephraim, 51, 225; Henry, 45; Isaac, 46; Jonathan, 46, 50.
SAMPSON, DEBORAH, her story in brief, x., xi. When did she enlist? xv., xviii., xxi., xxiii., xxv., xxix., 136. Applies for a pension, xv., xvi. Obtains a pension, xvii., xix. A pension granted to her heirs, xviii., xix. Report of the committee on Pensions relative to her case, xx.–xxiii. Her petition to the Legislature of Massachusetts, xxiii. Resolve of the Legislature, xxiv. Action of the church in Middleborough on her case, xxviii. Her autograph, xxiv. Her character, xxxii., 113, 228–231. Her pedigree, 45–48. Her childhood, 52–59. Her home in childhood, 59. Her thirst for knowledge, 55, 60. Her slight opportunities, 56–59. Her early training, 59, 61. Her interest in public affairs, 76–78, 94, 109, 117. Her remarkable dream, 79–84. Her girlhood, 99. Teaches school, 100, 250. Becomes interested in religion, and joins the church, 102. Is excommunicated, xxviii. Dissatisfied with home employments, 111. Desires to travel, 113. Resolves to see the world, 114. A day-dreamer, *ib.* First assumption of male attire, 114, 115. Visits a fortune-teller, 115. Secretly prepares for her departure, 116. Resolves to enlist as a soldier, 117. Unrequited affection of a young man for her, 121. First enlistment as a soldier, 124. Resumes female apparel, *ib.* Her irresolution, 125. Final departure in male attire, 126. Fears discovery and pursuit, 127. Partial engagement as one of the crew of a privateer, 128. FINAL ENLISTMENT, 129, 130. Arrives at West Point, 131, 136. Her military equipments, 133. First en-

counter with the enemy, 139. Wounded, 139. Campaign in Virginia, 143–153. Her lover visits the camp in search of her, 161, 162. Her (supposed) letter to her mother, 163, 164. Another encounter with the enemy, 166. Wounded, 167. Narrowly escapes the discovery of her sex, 168. Captures fifteen tories at Vantassel's house, 174. Scouting parties, 175. In great danger, 176. Winter expedition to the head waters of the Hudson, 178–180. Gen. Schuyler, 179. She becomes waiter to Gen. Patterson, 181. Cessation of hostilities, 182. Journey to the Clove, 236. Bathing in the river, 184. Seized with malignant fever in Philadelphia, 187. DISCOVERY OF HER SEX, 189. A love-adventure, 190. Interview with the *inamorata*, 196, 199. Another interview, 212–214. Tour in the unsettled parts of Virginia, 200–212. Adventures with the Indians, 201. Kills an Indian, 206. In great danger, 206. Supposed reflections in immediate prospect of death, 208. Returns to Philadelphia, 215. Dr. Binney gives her a letter to Gen. Patterson, disclosing her sex, 217. Narrowly escapes drowning in New-York Bay, 218. Arrives at West Point, 219. Her sex becomes known to Gen. Patterson and Col. Jackson, 220–222. Her discharge from the army, 223. Returns to Massachusetts, 224. Her first winter after leaving the army, 225. Her marriage, 227. Her subsequent history and death, *ib.* Her person described, *ib.* Appearance before the public in Boston Theatre, 228. Mrs. Gannett in 1820, 229. Obituary notice, 231. Grave-stone, 233. Further notices, 235, 236, 247, 250.

S.

Scammell, Col. Alexander, 147.
Schools in New England in 1780, 100.
Semiramis, xxxi.
Shepard, Col. William, xvi., xviii., xxi., xxiv. Account of him, 133.
Siege of Boston, 87. Of Yorktown, 147.
Sing Sing, skirmish near, 139.
Smith, Mrs., a heroine, xxx.
Snow, Richard, sick, 171. Dies, 172.
Southworth, Alice, 46.
Sperin, Noble, killed, 141.
Sproat, Earle, 124.
Sproat, Col. Ebenezer, 140.
Sproat, James, xxiv.
Standish, Alexander, 46. Lydia, *ib.* Miles, *ib.*
Swan, Mrs., of Boston, 142.

T.

Tarrytown, action at, xvi., xviii., xxi., xxiv., 138, 139, 169.
Thacher, Dr. James, author of "The Military Journal," 142, 150, 151, 153, 157, 159, 175, 177, 182, 186, 188. Mr. Mann borrows largely from him, 143, 160, 175.
Thacher, Rev. Peter, 53. Rev. Thomas, *ib.*

T.

Thomas, Benjamin, 54. Anecdote of him, *ib.* His character, 61.
Thomas, Jeremiah, 54.
Thorp, Capt. Eliphalet, xxiv. His certificate, xxvi., 131. 136.
Treaty of Peace, 223.
Tupper, Col. Benjamin, account of him, 195.

U.

Uxbridge, xxv., 130.

V.

Vantassel, a tory, 171, 173.

W.

Warren, Gen. Joseph, at Bunker Hill, 89, 94.
Waterloo, xxx.
Webb, Capt. George, xvi., xviii., xxi., xxiv., 133.
White Plains, 139.
Wood, Israel, 124.

Y.

"Yankee," origin of the term, 151.
Yorktown besieged, 147. Taken, 152.

E.U

644

J_30