

Rebecca Harding Davis Society Newsletter

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The Society for the Study of Rebecca Harding Davis and Her World

President: Robin Cadwallader

Vice-President, Publications and Newsletter Editor: Mischa Renfroe

Conference Coordinator: Aaron Rován

ANNOUNCEMENTS: Upcoming Conferences and Activities

The Davis Society will be sponsoring a session at the upcoming meeting of **The Society for the Study of Southern Literature** in Fayetteville, Arkansas to be held April 2-5, 2020.

“Borderlands, Boundaries, and Contested Spheres in the Writings of Rebecca Harding Davis” was organized by Vanessa Steinroetter and will be chaired by Robin Cadwallader. This panel examines the representation of borders and boundaries—geographical, moral, social, political, racial, psychological, philosophical, etc.— in the works of Rebecca Harding Davis. From contested spaces to complex constructions of identity beyond the usual North/South binary, many of Davis’s writings from the Civil War years and after feature a fascination with the idea of borders and the transgression or dissolution of clear boundaries. Having spent much of her life in the borderlands of Virginia and Pennsylvania, as well as West Virginia after 1863, Davis experienced life on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line and lived in communities that were often divided in loyalty to the Union and Confederacy during the Civil War. As she wrote in her memoir *Bits of Gossip*, “We occupied the place of Hawthorne’s unfortunate man who saw both sides.” Shaped by this experience, many of her works show her continued fascination with the complex reality of living in a place where sectional identity and allegiance are in constant flux and chaotic forces threaten to dismantle characters’ values and belief systems. Papers include:

“Discovering the Identity of the New South: Northerners Crossing Borders in Rebecca Harding Davis’s ‘Here and There in the South’” by Jane E. Rose, Purdue University Northwest

“Rebecca Harding Davis, By-Paths in the Mountains, and Convict Labor in Western North Carolina” by Mae Miller Claxton, Western Carolina University

“Prisoners of Life: War, Marriage, and Tradition in the Works of Rebecca Harding Davis” by Robin L. Cadwallader, Saint Francis University, Pennsylvania

“The Idea of the Borderlands in the Civil War Writings of Rebecca Harding Davis” by Vanessa Steinroetter, Washburn University.

Please help us spread the word about this exciting session on Davis’s Civil War writing.

We are pleased to announce that Robin Cadwallader and Mischa Renfroe are co-editing a **special issue of *Women’s Studies: An Interdisciplinary Journal*** devoted to Davis. This issue should be available in **Fall 2020** and will feature scholarship focusing on “Life in the Iron-Mills” as well as Davis’s Civil War stories “John Lamar” and “David Gaunt” (both serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly*), “The Promise of the Dawn” (also serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly*) and the Gothic novella *The Second Life* (serialized in *Peterson’s Magazine*).

We will also sponsor a session or two at the next meeting of the **American Literature Association to be held in San Diego, California, on May 21-24, 2019**. See the Call for Papers below.

Finally, if you have any publications or presentations on Davis or her world that you would like to have recognized, please send them to Robin Cadwallader (rcadwallader@francis.edu) or Mischa Renfro (mischa.renfroe@mtsu.edu). We're always looking for material for the newsletter and would like to highlight the work of new (as well as seasoned) scholars in the field of Davis studies.

CALL FOR PAPERS: American Literature Association 2020

The Davis Society welcomes proposals for one or two sessions highlighting new directions in Davis scholarship at the next meeting of the American Literature Association. The conference will be held May 21-24, 2020 in San Diego, CA. For more information, visit the American Literature Association's website at: <https://americanliteratureassociation.org/>

We are interested in proposals that engage in any aspect of Davis's work. We particularly encourage proposals that address some of Davis's lesser known works, and we also welcome new readings of the canonical "Life in the Iron-Mills." Please send a 200-250 word abstract and brief CV to Aaron Rován (ajrovan@mix.wvu.edu) by January 17, 2020.

Presenters must be members of the Rebecca Harding Davis Society. For information about joining the society, please contact Robin Cadwallader, president, at RCadwallader@francis.edu. See also the membership form in the newsletter.

NEW REFERENCES TO RHD

Robin Cadwallader found this previously unknown reference to Davis in her son Richard Harding Davis's collection *Red Cross Girl* (1912). This passage is from the Introduction by Gouverneur Morris:

"Have I said that he [Richard Harding Davis] had no habits? Every day, when he was away from her, he wrote a letter to his mother, and no swift scrawl at that, for, no matter how crowded and eventful the day, he wrote her the best letter he could write. That was the only habit he had. He was a slave to it.

Once I saw R.H.D greet his old mother after an absence. They threw their arms around one another and rocked to and fro a long time. And it hadn't been a long absence at that. No ocean had been between them; her heart had not been in her mouth with the thought that he was under fire, or about to become a victim of jungle fever. He had only been away upon a little expedition, a mere matter of digging for buried treasure. We had found the treasure, part of it a chipmunk's skull and a broken arrow-head, and R.H.D had been absent from his mother for nearly two hours and a half."

In *Appreciations of Richard Harding Davis* (2008), John Fox provides the following comment:

"Gouverneur Morris has written the last word about Richard Harding Davis, and he, as every one must, laid final stress on the clean body, clean heart, and clean mind of the man. R. H. D. never wrote a line that cannot be given to his little daughter when she is old enough to read, and I never heard a word pass his lips that his own mother could not hear. There are many women in the world like the women in his books. There are few men like the men, and of these Dick himself was one."

RHD: Her World—“The Pepper Pot Woman” by Robin Cadwallader

The Pepper-pot woman was a common image in nineteenth century art and literature, and Davis’s 1874 story by the same name shows that as a writer she continued to draw inspiration from the place she lived, as she had in 1861 with her most well-known work, “Life in the Iron-Mills.”



In 1834, William Dunlap wrote, “The pepper-pot woman is an animal only known in the streets of Philadelphia,” where she can be heard calling out soup for sale (235).

An Observer reported in 1850 that “[t]he Pepper-pot woman is not quite so noisy now as she was some twenty years since, when her song might be heard at any hour of the evening, in almost any part of the city” (97).

“The pepper pot woman has left us,” Mrs. S. P. Wetherill reports in 1916, “but . . . [s]he was a neat looking colored woman, and with her turbaned head, large shawl on her shoulder and striped shawl she was hard to resist” (107). Wetherill continues, “Over 60 years ago, every afternoon, about 3 o’clock, there was a colored woman who went around with her pepper pot. She always had on a spandy clean apron. On one arm was a market basket in which she carried bowls and spoons. The bowls were white with blue stripes—3c bowls. These she filled with steaming viand for 1 cent. On the other arm she carried her pepper pot in a round kettle at the bottom of which was a compartment in which she had burning charcoal to keep the pepper pot hot.”

Interestingly, as early as 1803, John Davis, in writing about his travels throughout the United States, claims he met a “negro-woman [in Philadelphia who] lamented the ravages of the fever, because it prevented the sale of her pepper-pot” (48), and John Lewis Krimmel’s *Pepper-pot, A Scene in the Philadelphia Market*, shown at an 1811 exhibition in Philadelphia, depicts a black woman ladling soup into cups for customers (see above).



According to Dunlap, “Pepper-pot is an article of food known no where else in the United States but in Philadelphia” (235). And, as An Observer notes, “Pepper-pot is a favourite dish with certain classes; otherwise it could not be sold in such quantities as it certainly is; but we have never yet had the good fortune to meet with any one who would admit that he had actually tasted it” (97). While this may have been the case in the nineteenth century, a hundred years later, the soup could be purchased in cans and eaten anywhere in the country,¹ and I do know someone who not only ate it but loved it: my father. It was his favorite soup, and reading Davis’s story of the Pepper-pot woman reminds me of my childhood and my father eating hot pepper-pot soup on a cold winter’s day in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, a hundred miles west of the city of Philadelphia.

¹. “[T]he tripe-based **pepper pot soup**, which was one of [Campbell’s] original offerings, stuck around until being discontinued in 2010, and their mutton-based Scotch Broth **can still** be found in Canada” (Meyers).

Works Cited

- Davis, John. *Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America During 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802*. 1803. Henry Holt, 1809.
- Dunlap, William. *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the U.S.* Vol. 2, George P. Scott and Co., 1834. 2 vols.
- Krimmel, John Lewis. *Pepper-pot, A Scene in the Philadelphia Market*. 1811.
- Meyers, Dan. “You Won’t Believe that These Campbell’s Condensed Soups Still Exist.” *The Daily Meal: All Things Food and Drink*, 11 Dec. 2014. Google, www.thedailymeal.com/eat/you-wont-believe-these-campbells-condensed-soups-still-exist.
- An Observer. “Pepper-Pot!” *City Cries; or, A Peep at Scenes in Town*. George S. Appleton, 1850, pp. 97-98.
- Wetherill, Mrs. S. P. *Samuel Wetherill and the Early Paint Industry of Philadelphia*. City History Society of Philadelphia, 1916.

FROM THE PEN OF RHD: “The Pepper-Pot Woman”

From *Scribner's Monthly*, vol. 8, Sept. 1874, pp. 541-43.

I hardly know how to make you understand which of those huckster-women I mean. Her beat (she sells berries and shad in spring, and pepper-pot in winter) lies between Race and Mount Vernon streets. Mrs. Fanning, whose artistic eye always enables her, she says, to find some distinguishing characteristic in that kind of creature, just as a drover can detect differences in the faces of a flock of sheep, would have known her, no doubt, by the unusual size of her brace of tin pails, and by the weight of her contralto voice, rolling out “Pepper-y-Pot!” over all the din of the street. But apart from these signs Mrs. Fanning would have found no reason for picking out Sarah from the numberless middle-aged women, in ragged calico gowns, and with greasy tray-pads on their heads, who fill the market-wharves at early dawn like a flock of gray, ill-smelling birds. When we want to study a species, however, she would say, one specimen will do as well as another, and she had a pleasure in finding what can be made out of such species as this, after reminding us that Agassiz could find subject for a volume in an earth-worm. To be sure, it must be difficult for her, in the midst of her full, brilliant life, with its aesthetic certainties and chances, to spell out the dull facts in the existence of such women as Sarah. One might as well compare the gibberish of a Digger Indian with the language of an ancient Greek.

One day with both women, for instance. The bath and toilette with Sarah Fanning are exquisite pleasures in every sense. Sarah, the Pepper-Pot Woman, comes down the kitchen stairs before dawn, washes in the sink, slips into her greasy petticoats and *sacque*, ties her pad over her bald head, and is ready for the street. Young Van Nott, round the corner, had to defer modelling his Zenobia until he went to Italy; there was not a decent pair of shoulders or bust (of the large heroic kind) to be found on this side of the water. Those he used in Rome were flabby and shapeless beside our Pepper-Pot Woman's; but who would look under her dirty calico for a heroic model?

She fills her pails with the hot stew from the back of the stove, and goes out into the still gas-lit streets to supply the eating stands. Their keepers are setting out their half-eaten hams, musty pies and heaps of rolls. “Hello, aunty!” they call, as she comes up, yawning as they score down so many quarts against themselves in their leather pass-books. They keep the score, and pay her when they choose. Everybody knows how stupid she is about counting, but she never was cheated more than once or twice in her life. She laughed about it, and then said: “It was nateral,” and that was the end of it. She travels miles before day, knocking about among all sorts of people—on the wharves with the other hucksters, or down in the slaughter yards, where she can buy the tripe cheap, uncleaned. Butchers, and carters, and drovers hail her with “Hello, aunty!” She has the low, pleasant tone which market women acquire in towns where, as in Philadelphia, ladies buy their own provisions. She jokes back at them with a will; her wit is not as fine as Mrs. Fanning's, but it is quite as clean, and much better humored.

Stryker, the English butcher, wonders every day at the decency of the men and women about him. He misses the nastiness with which the same class at home flavor their chaff and horse-play of talk. This woman, now, going about her work in the dark, unmolested by a word! When he hears from some of the men that she has had one or two husbands in her day, and been married to neither of them, he tries a vile joke with her. Sarah is neither insulted nor amused any more than by the bleating of a calf near by. She thinks “sech talk is nateral to the man,” and goes quietly on her way, avoiding his stall in future. Yet oddly enough, in spite of the decency of the men, they do not really think any the worse of “aunty” for the Mormonism of her youth; nor when, once or twice a year, she puts on her sleazy ruffled black silk, and bonnet, gay with yellow roses, and takes a back seat in the Methodist Church, is her soul vexed with any pangs about it. If she should cheat in her quart measures, or swear like Kit, the herring woman, she knows the Good Man would be angry with her, and the Devil rejoiced. In her narrow, easy-tempered brain, there is a devout faith in both these persons, and in their dealings with her as soon as the breath is out of her body. It does not occur to her that they would meddle now or then with any short-

comings of her youth, which came as “natural” to her as her black hair or her full-nostriled nose. This is a deplorable fact, we know, to lay before our religious readers, but we are not drawing an ideal Pepper-Pot Woman.

Mrs. White (the most energetic visitor among the lay sisterhood of St. Jude’s) reported Sarah’s as a remarkable case to “The Weekly Friend.” “Found one woman engaged in work pertaining to her calling, late at night, mingling tripe and onions and other condiments in a large boiler. A singularly good-humored and civil person, but totally indifferent to any appeals concerning her soul’s salvation. She appeared to have no ideas nor feeling on any subject but her children—three young men and two girls nearly grown. On entering into conversation with them, I was surprised to find their names all different from their mother’s. ‘She’s no kin to us,’ one of the men volunteered, by way of explanation; ‘she raised us. Aunty Sarah has raised five orphans, and never had chick or child of her own.’ When I turned to congratulate her on doing such true and noble work in the world, she was too dull to understand me. ‘The children were left, and somebody had to take ’em; it was more nateral for me than women with their hands full.’”

The lay visitor could not understand why this big, dark-eyed woman, whose sole knowledge was pepper-pot, and whose soul hinted itself as much as an animal’s, and no more, should impress her—move her so strongly, after she had left her. If she were sick, she thought, she would like to have Sarah at her bedside. She told her husband, with tears in her eyes, that if that woman could have nursed the baby last summer it never would have died. But in her account for “The Weekly Friend” she was forced to speak of her as one of the barren fig-trees, a cumberer of the ground.

Meanwhile, Sarah, who is nothing but a mother, after all, has her own troubles this winter with her “young uns.” Two of the boys are on the carpet-weavers’ strike. They make speeches at the meetings, full of facts which they found in “The Evening Beacon;” the flowery periods and fiery eloquence are half their own, half borrowed from the tales in “The New York Ledger.” It all sounds very fine to Sarah, to whom they rehearse them before going out, and who waits up to hear “if them tyrants are offerin’ coolie pay yet?” She cries with anxiety, and coddles them, and cooks savory little messes for them. It is to her just as though they had an exaggerated case of measles or mumps. Richard, the oldest of the family, does not live at home now, and rates these boys’ savagely on their folly, when he meets them on the street. He is a boss carpenter now, and takes the masters’ side of the quarrel. Dick has Scotch-Irish blood, and it has told. He has educated himself at night-schools, is a member of building associations, owns a neat little house, and was married last week to a shrewd little milliner round the corner. No one can doubt that he will die a rich man and a church elder. But he and his wife are always most respectful and tender to Sarah. When he was discussing, the other day, with the minister, divers orthodox points, he said: “There is a certain old huckster-woman who has done more to shake my faith in the established heaven and hell than any skeptical arguments. I cannot find room for her in either; I cannot accommodate her to any other place than the back streets of Philadelphia, but she is needed there.”

As for Sarah’s girls, they wring her old heart more deeply, and in other fashion, than the boys. Jenny (Richard’s sister) had her brother’s desire to push into “gentility.” She is saleswoman in a Jew auction store on Eighth street, at a salary of five dollars a week. Foul air in the shop, and work for fourteen hours a day are making the girl thin and haggard as a ghost. If there were anything to look forward to when the day is over, she would not sink so fast. She is hungry for books—to learn music, drawing, she does not know what; she does not have them. The house at night is full of young men and girls from the mill where the other girl, Annie, works. They are loud, noisy, vulgar. The girls wear jute chignons and enormous gilt jewelry; they daub their cheeks with madder, and stuff their stockings with saw-dust, in emulation of the ballet-dancers at Fox’s Theater. We would write Jenny down as a type of the secondary classes of thwarted and misplaced females, had we not noticed that Jesse Holt, the foreman in her brother’s shop, so often hangs about the corner at Eighth street when she comes out. They were out driving by the Wissahickon, too, last Sunday. There is another remedy for woman’s woes than suffrage, more immediately applicable and surer. Why should it not come to Jenny?

Ann, with her bold, black eyes and swarthy skin, which have a certain beauty of their own, under her flaunting white feathers on Sunday, is not likely to marry. The motives and causes which shape her life are not the wholesomest. On one side, dirty work and vile association in the mill; on the other, a passionate ambition to be as fine, and cut as good a figure, as the splendidly-dressed women she passes on Chestnut street.

Old Sarah looks at her as a woman might on a child doomed by consumption. "From the way things is goin' Nan's turnin' to the bad," she is afraid. But she makes no effort to interfere with "things." She would as soon try to stop, with her single hand, the train rushing with all of them to destruction.

It is "nateral," she thinks, that Nan should take that road; "natural" that Jenny should pass into clean ground, and become an honest wife and mother.

If there is any force which could oppose or conquer "nater," it has, by some mistake, never been brought to bear on the Pepper-Pot Woman or her children.

RHD COMPLETE WORKS- Alicia Mischa Renfroe (Site Director)

The digitalization of Davis's complete works (<http://rebeccahardingdaviscompleteworks.com>) is ongoing. Recent additions include:

"Anne." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, vol 78, 1889, pp.744-50. Rpt in *Silhouettes of American Life*. New York, Scribners, 1892. (Contributed by Mischa Renfroe, MTSU)

"The Barred Acres:--The Doctor's Story." *Peterson's Magazine*, vol 60, Dec. 1871, pp. 414-21. (Contributed by Johanna Wagner, Østfold University College, Norway)

"The Egyptian Beetle." *Peterson's Magazine*, vol 42, Nov. 1862, pp. 355-61. (Contributed by Laney Jolley, MTSU)

"My First Case." *Peterson's Magazine*, vol 42, Aug. 1862, pp. 120-26. (Contributed by Laney Jolley, MTSU)

"The Locked Chamber." *Peterson's Magazine*, vol 41, Jan. 1862, pp. 42-54. (Contributed by Mischa Renfroe, MTSU)

"The Wife's Story." *Atlantic Monthly*, vol 14, July 1864, pp. 1-19. (Contributed by Laney Jolley, MTSU)

We welcome contact from anyone who wishes to input a text (please use Word or a compatible program; the site administrator will code and upload the texts) or write a Cultural Context Essay (a short 500 word piece about an issue relevant to Davis's work). Just send an email to Mischa Renfroe (mischa.renfroe@mtsu.edu) if you are interested in contributing to RHD Complete Works. We would like to thank the English Department at Middle Tennessee State University for its support of this important project by approving a Research Assistant, PhD candidate Laney Jolley, to assist with research and transcription.

2019 CONFERENCE REPORT –Aaron Rován

The society has hosted a total of three panels at conferences in the past year: one at the Society for the Study of American Women Writers conference in November 2018 and two for the American Literature Association conference in May 2019. We were excited to see so much enthusiasm for Davis and her works, and we were especially impressed at the breadth of Davis’s texts that have been presented on.

At **SSAWW**, the society sponsored one session, “Struggle, Politics, and Policies in Rebecca Harding Davis’s Work.” Carol DeGrasse of Southern Methodist University presented “Struggle as Catalyst in the Fiction of Rebecca Harding Davis.” Jackson Truschel of the University of Delaware presented “Mapping Ambivalence: Border Theory and Rebecca Harding Davis's Waiting for the Verdict.” Finally, Janie Gill of the University of South Florida presented “Women's Wants Versus Women's Needs in Rebecca Harding Davis's Nonfiction.” Aaron Rován and Sarah Gray organized and chaired the session.

At **ALA**, the society hosted two panels. One panel centered on Davis’s short story “The Promise of the Dawn” and was organized by Robin Cadwallader and chaired by Mischa Renfroe. Robin L Cadwallader of Saint Francis University presented “The Awakening of Conscience in ‘The Promise of the Dawn.’” Harry Olafsen of Bowling Green University presented “A Voice for the Voiceless: Rebecca Harding Davis’s ‘The Promise of the Dawn’ as Working-Class Literature.” LuElla D’Amico of the University of the Incarnate Word presented “The Redemption of the Fallen Woman in Davis's 'The Promise of the Dawn' and Phelps's Hedged In.” We were pleased to focus on this fascinating and neglected story. It is available in (add Robin and Sherry) and mention the archive.

The second panel at **ALA**, “New Directions in Rebecca Harding Davis Scholarship,” featured four presenters and was chaired by Robin L. Cadwallader of Saint Francis University of Pennsylvania. Carole DeGrasse of Southern Methodist University presented “‘Blocks of this Korl’: Substance as Feminist Symbol in *Life in the Iron-Mills*,” arguing that the story works as a feminist symbol that both reflects and resists patriarchal restrictions placed on women in the nineteenth century. Jess Libow of Emory University presented “‘What has paraplegia to do with woman’s suffrage?’” The Politics of Cure in Rebecca Harding Davis’s ‘A Day with Doctor Sarah.’” Her paper was especially interested in the ways in which the story illustrates the shift in women’s political relationships to disability in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Andrew Ball of Harvard University presented “The Salvific Power of Affect: Sentimentalism in Davis’s Labor Fiction,” in which he argued that Davis uses the conventions of sentimental fiction to both critique industrialization and to overcome its social ills by focusing on the salvific rhetoric of domesticity. Finally, Willis McCumber of the University of Buffalo presented “Rebecca Harding Davis’s *Life in the Iron-Mills* as Diagnostic Realism,” focusing on a biographical interpretation of *Life in the Iron-Mills* that compared Hugh Wolfe’s sculpting to Davis’s realist fiction in a biographical context.

“Recovering American Women Writers” chaired by Denise MacNeil, University of Redlands, included “Rebecca Harding Davis and Early American Women’s Detective Fiction” by Alicia Mischa Renfroe, Middle Tennessee State University.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS – Jarrod Piper

Campbell, Donna M. "American Realism and Gender." *The Oxford Handbook of American Literary Realism* edited by Keith Newlin. Oxford, 2019, pp. 41.

Collins, Thomas. "Revolution, Reform, and Class Conflict in Rebecca Harding Davis's Life in the Iron-Mills." *CUNY Academic Works*. https://academicworks.cuny.edu/cc_etds_theses/74

Forster, Sophia. "The Feminine Origins of American Literary Realism." *The Oxford Handbook of American Literary Realism*, edited by Keith Newlin. Oxford, 2019, pp. 65.

Jamil, S. Selina. "Fragments in "Life in the Iron-Mills"." *ANQ: A Quarterly Journal of Short Articles, Notes and Reviews* 32.3 (2019): 169-176.

Peterson, Lauren S. "Miasmatic Ghosts in Rebecca Harding Davis's "Life in the Iron Mills"." *Literary Geographies* 5.1 (2019): 39-53.

Renker, Elizabeth. *Realist Poetics in American Culture, 1866-1900*. Oxford University Press, 2018.

Wohlmann, Anita. "Naturalist Sentimentalism: Ageing between Hopefulness and Decline in Rebecca Harding Davis's Short Fiction." *European Journal of English Studies* 22.1 (2018): 28-45.

RHD: A NEW PHOTOGRAPH – Sharon M. Harris

Editor's Note: *To raise awareness about an important newly discovered photograph of Davis, we are sharing Sharon M. Harris's piece again. Please spread the word that the rather severe woman wearing a black dress (often falsely identified as an older Davis) is NOT our Rebecca!*

There was nothing Rebecca Harding Davis avoided more than having her photograph taken. In the process of writing the biography of Davis, however, I discovered a photograph of her from May 4, 1899. The photograph is in the biography, but I'm reprinting it here for two reasons: in case you haven't yet seen it and because there continues to be confusion about another supposed photograph of Davis.

Here's the photograph we all know, taken when Rebecca was thirty:



Here's the newly discovered photograph of Davis, taken when she was about sixty-five:

Taken from a newspaper clipping of the attendees at Richard Harding Davis's wedding, the photograph as cropped here includes, from left to right: L. Clarke Davis, seated in the wicker chair; Richard Harding Davis, the Davises' elder son; Rebecca Harding Davis; and leaning over her shoulder, Louise Clark, the mother of the bride, Cecil Clark.



In the hope that the following error will die a timely death, the following photograph is **NOT** Rebecca Harding Davis:



I believe this woman was part of the extended Harding family, but it is not Rebecca.

About the Newsletter

The Society is no longer maintaining the website at <http://scotus.francis.edu/rebeccahardingdavis/>. Some past issues of the newsletter are available on that website; new issues of the newsletter will be available when we have a new up-and-running website.

Society for the Study of Rebecca Harding Davis and Her World
Membership Information

For membership, please complete the membership form below and mail it along with your membership dues to:

Robin L. Cadwallader
 Dept. of Literature & Languages
 Saint Francis University
 Loretto, PA 15940

Membership Form

Name:

Address:

Email:

Telephone:

This information may ____ / may not ____ be included in the Society's secure online Members' Directory.

Membership dues are \$5.00 annually. With a two-year membership or a gift of \$10 or more to the Society, you will receive a free copy of *Writing Cultural Autobiography*, a reprint of Davis's *Bits of Gossip* with additional material, edited by Janice Milner Lasseter and Sharon M. Harris. A lifetime membership is only \$75 and choosing that option now means you won't have to remember to pay your yearly dues, which come with the benefit of our current newsletter!