



## Rebecca Harding Davis's "Second Life"; or "Her Hands Could Be Trained as Well as His"

RUTH STONER

Universidad de Málaga

No woman ever did better for her time than you and no shrieking suffragette will ever understand the influence you wielded, greater than hundreds of thousands of women's votes.

Letter from Richard Harding Davis to his mother (qtd. in Charles Belmont Davis, 293)

Rebecca Harding Davis was one of the most popular writers in the nineteenth century, not because of "Life in the Iron-Mills," as any contemporary student of American literature might assume, but rather because for thirty-three years she was a regular contributor to a "ladies" magazine, *Peterson's*.<sup>1</sup> Her biographers argue that this was work she did to "pay the rent." It is my contention that this huge corpus of literature by Rebecca Harding Davis, often described by such epithets as "hackwork," "potboilers," and "gothic thrillers," actually contains some of the most subversive literature written in the nineteenth century—radical declarations of women's status as chattel and portraits of women's sexual repression, embedded within very conventional imagery and formulaic sentimental plots. This body of literature joins a rapidly mounting collection of women's writing that, until recently, has been relegated to the subliterate classification of cultural artifacts, of some use to the social historian, of no use as works of art.

At the time Davis commenced her enduring and endearing association with *Peterson's*

*Magazine*, it was the most widely read magazine in the United States and held that position for many years, over both *Godey's* and *Graham's* (Tebbel and Zuckerman 36; Harris 72). Davis's long-lasting association with *Peterson's*, as well as with many other of the most widely read magazines and newspapers of the day (*Atlantic Monthly*, *Galaxy*, *Century*, *Lippincott's*, *Hearth and Home*, *Putnam's*, *Scribner's*, *Youth's Companion*, *St. Nicholas*, *Appleton's*, *Harper's*, *Independent*, *New York Tribune*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, *North American Review*, etc.), dramatically illustrates her command of the marketplace. That command, I argue, was undeniably determined by Davis's ability to fulfill the needs of the women who bought and read those magazines. And this satisfaction was reciprocal—such writing fulfilled Davis's own needs—financial and, in my opinion, emotional.

It is my belief that Davis's long and happy life (she died at age 79) hinged decisively on the freedom of expression she exercised in what has now come to be seen as her "minor" literature.<sup>2</sup> This is a prolific collection of short stories and serial novels, nearly all "mysteries," spanning fifty years. In one way or another, these works

all overtly offer a symbolic display of Davis's obsession with inheritance. Furthermore, these same works all subversively focus on female sexuality and desire, often frustrated. Davis's apparent opposition to the concept of survival and natural selection generated the pioneering naturalism of "Life in the Iron-Mills," her "elite" work, submitted for judgment by "the select" male readers such as her editor at the *Atlantic Monthly*, James T. Fields, or her reviewer, Henry James. However, survival was ironically the chosen subject of much of her "other" fiction and the overriding force in her own life. Thus, the woman who earliest and best condemned social Darwinism by "str[iking] the first blow for labor, in *The Iron Mills* [sic]" (C. B. Davis 293–94), was the very same one to illustrate, in plot after plot, that a woman's survival depended on obtaining and maintaining her inheritance.

Inheritance was a theme preoccupying many writers at the time, especially after the publication of the *Origin of the Species* in 1859. Consequently, women's property inheritance was the perfect motif to provide women with a practical formula for physical survival in an unjust world. But Davis also addressed emotional survival, which depended on alleviating the sexual starvation Victorian mores imposed on women. Although women dared not openly discuss sex, the subject did surreptitiously surface through a coded idiom. Paula Bennett has compellingly linked such nineteenth-century women poets as Emily Dickinson with clitoral imagery (238). It is therefore not so surprising that women fiction writers, particularly Davis (whom we know Dickinson, an avid reader of lowbrow literature, had read and enjoyed), employed the same subversive technique, "invisible" clitoral symbols, to celebrate a forbidden subject (Reynolds 433; Harris 1). Thus, I find that the "mystery" in each of Davis's plots, the missing diamond, the life insurance, the long journey, the asbestos box, the Etruscan chain, etc., acted as a metaphor for the Victo-

rian "mystery" of women's bodies—bodies with "conflicting emotions" that, as Cynthia Griffin Wolff reasons, need a gothic heroine to "embrace feminine sexuality" through her union with a passionate man (215).

Approximately six months after the publication of "Iron-Mills" in the elite *Atlantic Monthly*, the popular *Peterson's Magazine* published "The Murder of the Glen Ross"—long before it is likely that Rebecca Harding, the then thirty-year-old spinster, had become engaged to marry. In most cases, a spinster daughter would be expected to assume the domestic chores at home but *not* to contribute to the finances of a southern household supported by what biographers describe as a "successful businessman" father. Davis's alliance with *Peterson's* occurred at the same time that she, an "upstart" from the mountains of western Virginia, had come to the attention of the Boston and Concord literati as a promising star. She had already agreed to provide a serial novel for the prestigious *Atlantic Monthly* and pledged her undivided loyalty to that magazine. What made her become a regular contributor of what she herself described as "hackwork" for the popular "ladies'" magazine (C. B. Davis 57)? The serious muckraker approach to literature Davis takes in "Iron-Mills" and her inner conflict with "hackwork" is in visible contrast to her friend, and in many ways professional parallel, Louisa May Alcott. Alcott appears to have thoroughly enjoyed churning out cliff-hangers—writing with her "left hand," as Elaine Showalter has expressed it (ix; also see Reynolds 407). What drove Davis to enter into this "bargain with the devil" with *Peterson's* that would forever cast a taint on her?

"The Murder of the Glen Ross" (1861) is a story that the narrator/lawyer begins to tell on his way to a wedding. On the eve of the wedding, the virgin bride and heiress Sarah receives a gift, a "small box" that contains a marriage certificate belonging to the groom-to-be, Geoffrey Hope. The certificate is evidence of his previous marriage to a

dark and sinful lady (allowing Davis to subtly broach the subject of divorce). The dark lady is found murdered the next day, in the glen, and Geoffrey Hope is accused of the murder. The narrator acts as Hope's legal counsel until evidence of his innocence is finally discovered and the "good" marriage can take place.

Sharon Harris recounts how Rebecca Harding's future husband, Lemuel Clarke Davis, then only an admirer of Harding's writing, invited and arranged for her to become a regular contributor to *Peterson's*, submitting the kind of literature that she personally despised. Harris then interestingly points out that the male narrator, John Page, of the early *Peterson's* stories shares an "amusing" similarity with Clarke Davis, leaving the writer to surmise that Harding was writing about him (71–72). My own reading reveals that the bachelor L. Clarke Davis was a lawyer and writer (editor of law journals), just as the narrator, John Page, was a bachelor lawyer and a storyteller. Page is a very paternal figure, in the same way Rebecca may have perceived her relationship, at this point, with Clarke Davis, since he had arranged her job with the Philadelphia magazine. Both the names Davis and Lemuel appear as those of minor characters in Harding's early stories for *Peterson's*.<sup>3</sup> An obvious biographical parallel, from a writer who wanted only to "tell other women's stories" (Harris 103), can be drawn between the candidates for marriage in "Glen Ross" and Harding's own parents. The heroine, Sarah, is a child when she falls in love with the mature Geoffrey Hope, who goes away on "business" for many years and finally returns to reclaim his bride. The fourteen-year-old Rachel Wilson, Rebecca's mother, waited nine years for the twenty-four-year-old Richard Harding to return and marry her.

A closer look at Davis's *Peterson's* work further substantiates Harris's observation on Clarke Davis's role: certain passages from this first "popular" story, "The Murder of the Glen Ross," reveal the likelihood that Clarke Davis

was passing on the plots, probably "lifted" from the legal cases he was editing for the *Law Reports* and *Legal Intelligencer*, to Rebecca and allowing her to elaborate them. The following passage, spoken by the narrator, Page, in "Glen Ross" could easily have passed directly from one of Clarke Davis's letters to Harding: "My story . . . is but an outline; brief to brusqueness; . . . which I have no skill to unfold. My lawyer's pen, trained to the formal routine of briefs and deeds, has no delicate touch, no colors to paint love, or jealousy, or fierce, gnawing pain" (353).<sup>4</sup> In "Glen Ross" Davis clarifies her role from the start: "I am going to tell this story. Not its mere legal course, as it stands on the docket, but the soul of the matter" (346). Later, perhaps impudently, she includes a gratuitously inserted comment by the narrator about a servant—"Davis took me aside, glad of a listener to the horrible story" (439)—a practice similar to Alfred Hitchcock's fleeting appearance in his films, perhaps a private joke between the soon-to-be lovers. The technique of rewriting somebody else's plots developed into a regular feature of Davis's elite work as soon as she moved to Philadelphia, received a reserved desk at the library there, and started raiding the archives to which she had thus far lacked access. Stories like "Out of the Sea" (*Atlantic* 1865), "Ellen" (*Atlantic* 1865), and "A Faded Leaf of History" (*Atlantic* 1873) as well as scores of character sketches testify to this "borrowing" or "rewriting" technique (Pfaelzer).<sup>5</sup> When Davis's narrators begin by stating, as they often do, that a particular story was "based on facts," it was not merely a narrative strategy, but the "truth."<sup>6</sup>

Davis's use of direct address is a significant and original ingredient of "Iron-Mills," both in its "distancing" quality, to reproach the highbrow reader, as well as its frequency (Warhol 812). In "Glen Ross" Davis employs direct address to introduce a discussion on the art of writing, reassuring the reader of the absence of sentimental rhetoric. She had used the same technique—establishing the relationship between the writer

and her writing (Auerbach 18)—in the first installment of “A Story of To-day,”<sup>7</sup> published the previous month in the *Atlantic*, when Margret starts her new job: “I am sure the woman’s hand trembled a little when she took up the pen. . . . Then she climbed up on the high office-stool . . . and went to work, opening the books, and copying from one to the other as steadily, monotonously, as if she had been used to it all her life” (9). This at once sounds like a commentary on Davis’s work for *Peterson’s*. Hence, it is a written document, a deed, a marriage or birth certificate, but especially a will, which stands as the key and, invariably the obstacle, to a marriage, in every single one of the “mysteries” Davis wrote for *Peterson’s* over a period of thirty-three years.

Howard Fulweiler has pointed out that “a central concern of the Victorian novel comes together with the chief goal of Victorian science: uncovering the secret of inheritance” (62). Writing itself—the will—according to Davis, sheds light on the legality of the obstacle in the public sphere, while at the same time it expunges the sin, residing in the private sphere, uniting inheritance and sex with writing in a unique manner. Davis exploits a utilitarian document, symbol of her popular “functional” writing, in much the same way as the transcendent kornel statue in “Iron-Mills” symbolizes her (intentionally) uncouth art.<sup>8</sup> She then connects this document to some kind of secret box or jewel, something small and valuable, which recalls Ellen Moers’s use of Freudian symbolism to interpret *The Mill on the Floss* by George Eliot, coincidentally Davis’s favorite writer: “those things which in dreams symbolize the female genitals: boxes, chests, pockets, ships, churches—and stop at the jewel-case, because of George Eliot” (Moers 253).

To cement a bond of intimacy and trust with her readers, Davis ironically employed the paternal narrator, a conscious strategy that created the trust that she never achieved in her elite fiction but that was essential for subversion.<sup>9</sup> Page is portrayed as the kind of man most women could trust, the lawyer with whom

women would enter into a contract—the same contract Davis was initiating with her readers—while the reader of “Iron-Mills,” in contrast, can only feel offended by the narrator’s persistent taunting. Robyn Warhol claims that many of the negative reviews *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* received were the response of “hostile readers” generated by Stowe’s direct address. The same can be said of “Iron-Mills.”

That Davis was initially conscious of the difference in the two types of writing is obvious: “Life in the Iron Mills” and “The Murder of the Glen Ross” display little in common, superficially. The tone of “Iron-Mills” is derisive and sarcastic, an example of what Moers termed “writing in a rage” (24), and the style is “clumsy,” whereas “Glen Ross” initially offers the reader a smooth-flowing, cozy escape from the realities of life, albeit through erotic imagery: “I wish I could stop here, and plunge into the warm, spicy memory of the life there, in that most heartsome of all country homesteads” (350). The narrator in “Glen Ross,” as pointed out, serves to unite the writer and the reader in a comfortable father/daughter relationship, one of trust. Nevertheless, Davis’s reiterated call to the *Atlantic* dilettante readers to roll up their sleeves and come down with her into the inferno of the industrial workers is echoed in “Glen Ross”: “‘Were you ever in Ross Glen?’ . . . ‘No? Come down then a step or two. You can have an idea of what it is deeper in’” (352; emphasis added). But where is she taking us? To the lower social strata of “Life in the Iron-Mills”? Both works portray dark, damp, and foul smelling places, “down below,” to which Moers’s observations on the use of topography to mask sexual allusions easily apply: “[T]he complicated topography of the female genital parts . . . makes one understand how it is that they are often represented as landscapes” (253–54). The plot of “Glen Ross” provides an overt site for licentiousness—where the violation of a woman’s body has taken place, stimulating the Victorian/Puritan imagination—while “Iron-Mills” only hints at Deborah’s sexual

starvation. Sexual allusions, many of them negative, abound in "Glen Ross": the river in the "gorge" is "sluggish and black," and the air is full of "a poisonous effluvia of nightshade and purple fungi" (352). Through Hope's "titillating" prior involvement with a sexual woman that impedes his wedding to Sarah, a child bride, Davis, still unmarried, invokes the "Virgin/Whore" syndrome identified by Cynthia Griffin Wolff (208). Thus Sarah's rite of passage is symbolized by forcing her to come to terms with the horror down in the glen: "It grows deeper, darker, more ghastly farther in. . . . No wonder that the damp, unnatural Glen warned him back as with a leprous cry of unclean! Unclean!" (352).

The theme of marriage, vaguely hinted at in "Iron-Mills," is arguably the nucleus of the plot in *Margret Howth*, Davis's second contribution to the *Atlantic*, although she seemingly wished to expose the wrongs of industrialism begun in "Iron-Mills." It is clear from her correspondence with Fields that the novel originally did not end in marriage and that Margret's marriage was never meant to be the main attraction (Harris 65; Pfaelzer 54)—love and marriage were not to be the foundation of Margret's happiness nor was writing about them *meant* to bolster Davis's literary fame. But even so, Margret and the mutilated Lois, copies of Deborah, the symbol of the sexually, hence socially, frustrated woman, were an apparent projection of Davis herself—women who are excluded from personal fulfillment—marriage and maternity—because their "creative and sexual passions are stymied by their bodies—as female, plain, or deformed" (Pfaelzer 103). Davis's professional frustration may have been reflected in Hugh and the kohl woman, but Davis's feelings, not only about her condition as a woman but about parading those feelings before the public, are evident in the poignant, "You laugh at it?" with which the narrator of "Iron-Mills" observes Deb's jealousy (23).

The subject Davis wanted to address from the start was unmistakably women's sexual

desire, a subject one of her biographers recounts she shockingly brought up in her table conversation in Boston in 1862, while still unmarried (Langford 28). But this was a subject more easily approached through the "private" marriage plots of gothic or sentimental romances than through "public" social reform novels. The famous "gloom" that James Fields objected to was not necessarily the social and ecological gloom of industrialism or the unhappy endings, but the implication, I argue, that the unhappy endings signified the sexual frustration of millions of women, married or not—and the fear that those women would eventually, through self-gratification, discover the road to satisfaction—and therefore autonomy. Bennett claims that "absolute sexual autonomy is a threat to individual men and to male rule generally" (239). Davis could carry on writing about female sexual desire, located in the genitals, as long as she disguised it, veiled like the curtain over the kohl woman, in the conventions already established: gothic romances like "The Locked Chamber" in which the fiancé of a fifteen-year betrothal cries, "I have come" as soon as the virgin heiress opens her locked chamber; domestic romances like "The Inlaid Harp," a story of women as property in which a maiden decides not to sell her inheritance, her harp, to the man who demands it, and she finally discovers the jewel encrusted in it; stories that abound in the clitoral imagery Bennett finds in Dickinson's poetry: "peas, pebbles, beads, berries, nuts, buds, crumbs, pearls, pellets, dews, gems, jewels, drops, and bees" (235). Observe Davis's "The Missing Diamond," whose heroine, coming of age, cries out (to Dick):

There was the use of *being a man!* She had as good a fund of plain sense as Richard Nolt, and as quick eyes; and *her hands could be trained as well as his*, she supposed; yet he, *being a man*, had his profession to fill up his days, to be of use to him as a money-making help, as well as

an excitement and a pleasure. She had nothing of all this, because—she was a woman. (344; emphasis added)

Davis was fond of berries: the heroines of two of Davis's eight serial novels for *Peterson's* (*The Stolen Bond*, 1866; *The Long Journey*, 1867) are named "Berry" (short for Berenice), while "Berrytown" is the title of a novella she published in 1873 (*Lippincott's*), which was later retitled "*Kitty's Choice*" (emphasis added). Davis was also fond of pearls. An excellent short story is titled "The Pearl of Great Price" (*Lippincott's* 1868–69)—which may give an insight to just what it was that Davis was attracted to in Hawthorne's work and why Hawthorne was so attracted to Davis. Davis's "Pearl" offers some of the most subversive sexual imagery intertwined with inheritance and women as property, as in the account of what a father has willed to his daughter:

"Müller knew better how to keep what he had than to add to it. Folks in the valley used to say that in the darkest nights he stood sentinel in the door yonder, munching his bit of straw. Mounting guard. Over his treasure. . . . There's one story that it was rings he hid away about the mill; another that it was a sword-handle studded with diamonds; but the most likely tale is that it was an unset pearl that he had." (607; emphasis added)

The daughter of this story forfeits marriage on the eve of her wedding to keep guard over her legacy, her pearl.

Davis soon abandoned the gothic horror she had originally attached to the sexual images in her early fiction, either because of her own marriage and conventional sexual fulfillment or the stock of historical documents she had access to in the Philadelphia Public Library, or a combination of both. She concentrated her energy on character sketches of commonplace people, especially women, whose voices as individuals were silenced—socially excluded by the intolerance of the Puritan heritage. But she never aban-

doned the valuable symbol, which soon took on a very positive, cherished nature—the "hidden treasure"—the "white herons"—that women possess and which is clearly (according to Davis) their most effective power wedge within the established order, because it signifies independence. Plot after "trite" plot presents the awareness of power by a woman who possesses something that a man wants—her property, her estate, her body. Davis's message to her women readers is, "keep it."

It may be argued that many of the female heroines in Davis's stories do not conform to this model of autonomy. Instead, they sacrifice their inheritances and their independence for their men. For instance, the heroines Jane Derby and Audrey Swenson of the novella "Earthen Pitchers" (*Scribner's* 1873) both relinquish either their inherited property or their professional development to become doting wives. However, the satirical portraits Davis paints of their inept husbands and the drudgery of household duties can only be interpreted subversively. Jane Derby is "happily married" while her Casaubonesque husband spends his time writing his "great treatise on Modern Art" and being chased around Europe by young women who provide him with "spiritual refreshment" through intimate "friendships" (284). Audrey sacrifices her music career to care for an invalid, a man who is literally "blind" to her talent. Harris astutely recognizes that "[m]arriage is no longer a solution, a happy ending for Davis's fiction; it is merely part of the commonplace tragedy" (182). Davis had previously deployed this strategy in the short story "Clement Moore's Vocation" (*Peterson's* 1870). The artist Clement Moore gives up an opportunity to study art in Europe to marry a widower/judge with four unkempt boys and a filthy house "surrounded by a high broad fence" (56). Though on one level Clement is described as the happy "true woman" who has learned that human relationships are superior to "art," on a deeper reading we find that she is

“judged” by her husband and “punished” with hard labor in his veritable prison. Like Audrey of “Earthen Pitchers,” she can only hope that her talent will transcend through her daughter.

The title of this article refers to “The Second Life,” the first pulp novel that the already “distinguished” Rebecca Harding wrote,<sup>10</sup> apparently for no better reason than, in her own words, “mammon.” The title is ironic in many ways: it publicly contrasts with her first “Life”—in the “Iron Mills”—and denotes the inferiority of the one to the other; it heralds the second phase in the private life of a thirty-two-year-old spinster about to become a wife and mother; and it acknowledges the acquiescence of a double profession, the first as a public advocate of social reform, in opposition to what would later be termed social Darwinism, and the second as a private woman, intimate with her readers, a survivor. Davis’s “potboilers,” free from critical highbrow scrutiny, provided Davis with a forum to denounce women’s status as chattel and women’s sexual repression, the mysteries of their own inherited bodies and their own inherited estates. This denouncement was not aimed at the largely male readership of the *Atlantic Monthly*, where it would be mocked or rejected as Deborah was by the men at the iron-mill. On the contrary, it was sent out to the same magazines that carried patterns for sewing and recipes for cooking, to empower women directly, showing them the way to autonomy and allowing Davis to have the last laugh. It is time to question whether or not Davis wrote for *Peterson’s*, for thirty-three years, for money alone. It is, perhaps, ironic that scholars have so far chosen to search for clues to Davis’s interior in her elite corpus, the logically ascetic candidate. Social reform was one release for women’s rage and frustration. Subversion of sentimental texts was another.

## NOTES

1. This was in addition to her prolific output in other popular ladies’ magazines, her newspaper edito-

rials, and a large corpus of juvenile fiction, published mainly in the extremely popular *Youth’s Companion*.

2. The distinction between elite and popular literature is a controversial one; and so also is the grouping of Davis’s works, since it is impossible to separate them based solely on quality or subject. Place of publication has been the general criteria for evaluation, although Sharon Harris first alluded to the uncertainty of such a division (72), and Jean Pfaelzer made a strident plea for the inclusion of these neglected works (23).

3. In fact, the name Clarke (with the same less-common spelling) appears in “Iron-Mills,” as that of the overseer, which leads one to suspect that the relationship had begun before Rebecca Harding’s publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Davis might have known Rebecca before “Life in the Iron-Mills,” based on her Wheeling newspaper work or some other more “popular” publication, one of those that she did not wish to recognize as her own (Pfaelzer 10).

4. This warning also serves to explain to the reader that she will need to use her imagination to fill in the details and come to her own conclusions concerning the obscured meaning. Unfortunately, Davis either destroyed or had someone destroy her personal correspondence and journals before or upon her death. The pieces of her life, like Emily Dickinson’s, have been largely put together from the letters she wrote to other famous people, particularly, her son Richard and Annie Fields.

5. In fact, it was this “borrowing” technique that got Davis into trouble over “Ellen” and may have been largely responsible for her being “dropped” as a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* (see Harris 126–27).

6. The narrator of “The Glen Ross” states in the first paragraph, “All the facts, therefore, came within my own personal knowledge” (346).

7. This serial novel was immediately published in book form with the title *Margret Howth* (1862).

8. I consider her writing for *Peterson’s* functional since it provided Davis’s financial security, but also because of the ludic role, as Janice Radway, based on the theories of Barthes and Piaget, points out. Davis’s awareness of the utility of her popular writing—writing for instruction as much as for entertain-

ment—became even more apparent as she turned many of her later domestic plots, often in the form of monologues or diaries, into advice for demoralized wives, advocating companionship marriages. Although they remain imaginative fiction, “How We Spent the Summer” (1871), “Sun or Shade?” (1873), and “Between Man and Woman” (1874) are excellent examples of “lessons” on partnership marriages. It was the early negative response to the realism of Davis’s elite “Iron-Mills” and *Margret Howth*, then, that promptly led her to modify her strategies, adapting her radical themes to plots and language that were acceptable to the majority of readers.

9. Davis also used the setting to reinforce the identification: in “Life in the Iron-Mills,” the narrator is inside a cozy, middle-class house, looking out at the squalor which surrounds her; in “Glen Ross,” as in all popular stories, the protagonists are generally outside, in the cold, looking in, contemplating the warm glow from which they are barred.

10. Although “Life in the Iron-Mills” was published anonymously, Rebecca Harding had won the attention and praise of Nathaniel Hawthorne, James and Annie Fields, and others.

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Rebecca Blaine Harding Davis (June 24, 1831 – September 29, 1910; born Rebecca Blaine Harding) was an American author and journalist. She was a pioneer of literary realism in American literature. She graduated valedictorian from Washington Female Seminary in Pennsylvania. Her most important literary work is the short story *Life in the Iron Mills*, published in the April 1861 edition of *The Atlantic Monthly* which quickly made her an established female writer. Throughout her lifetime, Davis sought to Rebecca Harding Davis's concern for capitalist injustice made famous by "Life in the Iron Mills" inspired her legal and literary collaboration with her husband, L. Clarke Davis, to spearhead one of the most effective cultural and institutional reforms in nineteenth-century American periodical history.Â Rebecca Harding Davis's "Second Life"; or "Her Hands Could Be Trained as Well as His". Article. Jan 2002.