

## **Rereading the classics, an Ecofeminist interpretation of**

### **Rebecca Harding Davis's: *Life in the Iron Mills***

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#### **Abstract Resumen**

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*A cloudy day: do you know what this is in a town of iron-works? The sky sank down before dawn, muddy, flat, immovable. The air is thick, clammy with the breath of crowded human beings.*

Rebecca Harding Davis: *Life in the Iron Mills*

In the project of ecofeminist literary criticism it is important not only to write criticism that addresses its core tenets: the shared oppression of women, nature, people of color, and the working class. It is equally imperative to reinvestigate works that addressed these issues before they were considered interrelated. Rebecca Harding Davis's novella *Life in the Iron Mills* is just such a work. More than one hundred and twenty-five years before the term "ecofeminism" would be coined, Davis explored the same ideas and espoused the same philosophies that the ecofeminist movement would embrace and build itself upon.

The correlation between the systematic domination and abuse of women, nature, people of color, and the working class is by no means a new concept. What is new is the inclusion of all of the above under the social activist umbrella of Ecofeminism. Ecofeminism takes the energy from the feminist movements of the 1960's and 70's and

channels it into the study and deconstruction of the means and methods used to subjugate the human and non-human members of the perceived second class, that second-class being all that falls under the power and influence of the bourgeois capitalist patriarchal rulers and then acting to create a change.

This shared system of oppression joins women, nature, people of color, and the working class together under the banner of Ecofeminism. However, their realization of mutual goals and desires gives them the strength to act. No longer are groups separated by oppression, but rather brought together because of it. Their joint activism, and this joining whether physically, consciously, or in the world of literature will eventually allow them to overcome that oppression.

The idea that women, nature, people of color, and the working class are all subjected to and thus connected by a shared oppression at the hands of the ruling class elite is not new. In 1861, the *Atlantic Monthly* published a novella by Rebecca Harding Davis titled *Life in the Iron Mills*, a work under forty pages, but far reaching in its scope. In his essay, "Literary Contexts of Life in the Iron Mills," Walter Hesford credited Davis with writing "the first notable work of fiction to concern itself with the life of the factory worker in an industrial American town"(70). As Davis's first published work, *Life in the Iron Mills* refused to idealize capitalism and its oppressive impact on the people and the environment. Davis takes us to the heart of the matter:

This is what I want you to do. I want you to hide your disgust, take no heed to your clean clothes, and come right down with me,—here, into the thickest of the fog and mud and foul effluvia. I want you to hear this story.

There is a secret down here, in this nightmare fog, that has lain dumb for centuries: I want to make it a real thing to you. (Tichi 41)

Davis was very much a product of her time. The fifteen-year period from 1848, when Davis graduated valedictorian of her high school class, until 1863, when Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation, was a period unparalleled in literary and social significance. *Moby Dick*, *Walden*, *Civil Disobedience*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Leaves of Grass*, *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*, *The Scarlet Letter*, and *The Communist Manifesto* were just a few of the works published during this time. Not only was this a time of great literary output, but a time of true social change as well. In 1848, the first Women's Rights Convention<sup>1</sup> was led by Lucretia Mott, who would later become a close personal friend of Davis. Davis greatly admired Mott and described her as "one of the most remarkable women that this country has ever produced [...] No man in the Abolition party had a more vigorous brain or ready eloquence than this famous Quaker preacher" (Davis 192-93)<sup>2</sup>.

During this time, the U.S. underwent major social changes. Some of the issues on the national agenda included Women's Right's, "popular sovereignty," *Dred Scott v. Sandford*, (in which the Supreme Court ruled that slaves were not citizens) the attempt by John Brown to seize the federal arsenal in Harper's Ferry, and the secession of South Carolina from the Union, (which essentially began the Civil War). As Eric Schocket notes, "Davis experienced wage labor and slavery in the same physical space and as interconnected products of America's ruthless agricultural and industrial development" (49). This was a time of true social turbulence in America. Not only was Davis writing, reading, and living in these times, but she was also reacting to, and writing about,

relevant current issues. As Shelia Hughes says: “Davis’s work begs to be read toward both political and personal transformation” (114).

*Life in the Iron Mills* is the story of two members of the Wolfe family and their attempt at surviving, if not resisting, the oppressive powers of the ruling capitalist elite. Hugh, a puddler<sup>3</sup> and his cousin Deborah (Deb), a textile worker, are Welsh immigrants looking for a better life in America. It is clear that Davis does not subscribe to the American ideal. Even the canary, whose cage is next to her desk, has long put aside his dreams of a better life: "A dirty canary chirps desolately in a cage beside me. Its dream of green fields and sunshine is a very old dream,—almost worn out, I think" (Tichi 40).

Hugh and Deb live with the rest of their family in the basement of a rented house: “[A] low, damp [place],—the earthen floor covered with a green, slimy moss,—a fetid air smothering the breath [...] vileness for soul and body" (Tichi 40). Davis shows us that the very bottom of human existence is a commonality of the working-class condition, and obvious ecofeminist concern. As Ecofeminist Kate Rigby says:

[I]t has been something of a commonplace of ecofeminist critique that, because of their subordinate social position, and, frequently, the kinds of work they do in accordance with the sexual division of labor, women--together with children and working-class men--have suffered disproportionately from the effects of environmental degradation.(33)

What makes Davis unique and an why I consider her an ecofeminist pioneer is that she did not just record the world as she saw it, but also gave very real and possible solutions. Davis’s solutions did not rely on the mythical mysticism of the all-knowing, all-being upper-class white male; no Duncan Heyward, no Ishmael, no George Shelby, to

rescue those incapable of rescuing themselves. Rather Davis offers the reader the very real possibility of finding a better way of living by simplifying one's life and reconnecting with nature.

Davis starts with the traditional male view of "woman's place" and then elevates Deb to the level of a truly redeemed character, redeemed without the help of the great white male. Davis does not try to side-step or ignore the issue of male domination, but rather faces it head on and gives a very realistic example of how to escape and overcome that oppression. Deb finds another way of life, (in this case, a life in the Quaker community) free from the imposed restraints of a capitalist society.

Had *Life in the Iron Mills* been written in the 1960's, it would still have been considered powerful and moving; the fact that it was written in the 1860's makes it a truly pioneering work. *Life in the Iron Mills* highlighted and addressed issues that would be at the forefront of the sociopolitical discourse for years to come, including worker's rights, women's rights, and the destruction of the environment.

Davis illustrates how deeply her characters are grounded in the oppressive idealism of a patriarchal society when Deb, after twelve hours of work herself, takes the long journey to the mill to take food to Hugh. Exhausted, she stays with him looking for a semblance of appreciation or approval from the man in her life, "while Deborah watched him as a spaniel its master" (Tichi 46). Davis goes further to show us:

[I]f one looked deeper into the heart of things, at her thwarted woman's form, her colorless life, her waking stupor that smothered pain and hunger,—even more fit to be a type of her class. Deeper yet if one could look, was there nothing worth reading in this wet, faded thing, half-

covered with ashes? no story of a soul filled with groping passionate love, heroic unselfishness, fierce jealousy? of years of weary trying to please the one human being whom she loved, to gain one look of real heart-kindness from him?(Tichi 46)

As Michael Zimmerman says: “It is the socially constructed victimized status of women that better enables them to see how patriarchy exploits other living beings”(239). In this exploitive world that Deb lives, and from this world, through her eyes, Davis writes it. Not only is Deb a member of the oppressed working-class, but also she is doubly oppressed, being not only a member of an oppressed class, but also a member of the sex that is oppressed both by members of her class and the class that oppresses them. Her situation that no doubt brings to mind the idea of ‘getting it from all sides.’ Deb, at least for now is truly getting ‘it’ from all sides.

During Deb’s time at the mill, a scene also depicts the interaction between the elite bourgeois mill owners and the working class Wolfes. The scene will eventually bring true light to the differences between the classes and Davis’s realization of such. Davis shows us the use and abuse of the working class by the bourgeois mill owners, a fact that people had chosen to previously ignore. As Cecilia Tichi suggests, quite an interesting comparison can be drawn from President Andrew Jackson’s perception of America, “a nation of happy people [...] filled with all the blessings of liberty, civilization and religion” and a “European journalists” reaction: “[L]ynching, firing, stabbing, shooting and rioting are daily taking place”(203). Two visions of the very same time and place are seen here, a politician’s view through bourgeois eyes, and a reporter

looking for the truth. The truth he finds is nothing other than a hell on earth, created by the capitalist machine, built out of greed and oiled by working-class blood.

When visiting the mill that night, one of the men accompanying the mill owner's son comments on its resemblance to hell; "If it were not that you must have heard it so often, Kirby, I would tell you that your works look like Dante's Inferno"(Tichi 47). This fact was not lost on working class Deborah, who observed as she found her way to Hugh: "T looks like t' Devil's place!"(Tichi 45). The terrible grinding of the machinery sounds to her like "Gods in pain"(Tichi 45). The cause of this pain is undoubtedly the systematic oppression, abuse, and finally, destruction of the people and world into which Deb was born. To the mill owner, mill hands were nothing more than cogs in their capitalist machine, faceless, nameless masses kept down by the bourgeois elite.

There are at least two passages that do more than suggest that Davis was aware of Karl Marx's Manifesto. In fact, I would maintain, they show that Davis agreed with and believed in its truth. In his Manifesto, Marx states: "No sooner has the labourer received his wages in cash, for the moment escaping exploitation by the manufacturer, than he is set upon by the other portions of the bourgeoisie-- the landlord, the shopkeeper, the pawnbroker, etc." (6). In *Life in the Iron Mills*, Davis more than echoes these very same sentiments through the words of the mill owner: "Not I, I tell you," said Kirby, testily. "What has the man who pays them money to do with their souls' concerns, more than the grocer or butcher who takes it?" (Tichi 55).

Another, more powerful, echo is heard as the mill owner's son brags of his father's political influence: "[M]y father brought seven hundred votes to the polls for his candidate last November. No force-work, you understand,—only a speech or two, a hint

to form themselves into a society, and a bit of red and blue bunting to make them a flag”(Tichi 51). This is an idea that Marx viewed as central to capitalist ideology: “The bourgeoisie has at last, since the establishment of modern industry and of the world market, conquered for itself, in the modern representative state, exclusive political sway”(3). Both ideas are in keeping with Orestes Brownson’s work “The Laboring Classes,” in which he states that, the upper class live by one maxim above all others: “Look out for number one”(209). Alternatively, as Davis shows us through the doctor: “And so Money sends back its answer into the depths through you, Kirby! Very clear the answer, too!—I think I remember reading the same words somewhere: washing your hands in Eau de Cologne, and saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this man. See ye to it!'"(Tichi 55).

The doctor’s speech is a direct reference to the words of Pontius Pilate who, after allowing Christ to be crucified, refused to accept the responsibility for it.<sup>4</sup> Davis creates a situation analogous to this abdication of responsibility by portraying how the bourgeois take no responsibility for the plight of the working class. Some may be inclined to see the Doctor as being the one member of the group that is sympathetic to the working class, because he proves his awareness their plight and chooses not to help make him the true Judas. While the doctor tries verbally casting a stone or two, the other members of the group, in a show of class cohesion, openly express their beliefs about the working class and their responsibility to it. This act of oration is meant as much to assure themselves as to assure their associates. The mill owner begins: “Ce n'est pas mon affaire.”<sup>5</sup> To which the mill manager answers: “Exactly [...]. I wash my hands of all social problems,—slavery, caste, white or black. My duty to my operatives has a narrow

limit,—the pay-hour on Saturday night” (Tichi 55). Here, Davis shows the reader that this capitalist ideology is by no means limited to a few, but is truly the sentiment and foundation of the ruling class, bourgeois elite.

In a particularly powerful and telling scene, the visiting men come upon a woman carved out of korl<sup>6</sup> who seems to be crying out, looking toward the sky demanding answers. The men see immediately that she is no Aphrodite, but: "A working-woman,—the very type of her class” (Tichi 53). However, even after Hugh tells him that his artistic intention was to show the desperation and hopelessness of his class. Hugh says: "She be hungry. Not hungry for meat [...]. It mebbe. Summat to make her live, I think,—like you"(Tichi 53). The men are unable to conceive of such an idea emanating from a man of Wolfe’s class, and so they continue in denial with their misplaced intellect and deflection of guilt, insisting that the woman is looking only to God. "Look at that woman's face! It asks questions of God, and says, 'I have a right to know'"(Tichi 54).

The men desire to see the Korl woman as if she is angry with God, questioning/blaming God for her situation, but it is they who encounter her and from them whom she begs her answer. As Roland Barthes says: “The petit-bourgeois is a man unable to imagine the other. If he comes face to face with him, he ignores and denies him, or else transforms him into himself”(151). In his *Manifesto*, Karl Marx goes to great lengths to show the reader that one of the strongest tenets of the bourgeois belief system is that it is God’s will that the bourgeois are where they are, and the working class is where it is, because that is the way God wants it. This scene is Davis’s visual analogy of Marx’s theory; the fact is, that the very men who wish to solve the Korl woman’s riddle are the very people who created her situation in the first place. In the Korl woman, Davis

shows us that the working class is not a class of choice (i.e. a situation that people would freely choose to be in), but a class well aware of their situation and of who created it.

After speculating what could possibly remove Wolfe from his situation, the mill owner and his friend's answers inevitably turn repeatedly to money, in that those who would like to help him did not have enough to do so, and those who had enough had no desire to. Their sport ends with the words of the mill owner. "Money has spoken!" he said, seating himself lightly on a stone with the air of an amused spectator at a play. 'Are you answered?'—turning to Wolfe his clear, magnetic face"(Tichi 55). Though not answered at that moment, Hugh and Deb soon would be, for it is from this idea of money solving all problems that Deb and Hugh are drawn even further into the muck and mire of their existence finally losing the only belief people of their class could still maintain-- the dream of freedom. As Wolfe stands looking at the men, measuring his own worth in their terms, he begins to absorb the very capitalistic ideas that trapped and enslaved him in the first place. Wolfe is, to use an Althusserian idea, quite literally interpellated. He is encouraged to see himself as being free of the social forces that have worked to control him in the first place. By viewing his world in such a way, he actually helps the oppressors to enact his own oppression.

So deep is her desire to gain approval from Hugh, Deb takes the mill owner's words and wallet to heart, later explaining: "Hugh, did hur hear what the man said,—him with the clear voice? Did hur hear? Money, money,—that it wud do all?"(Tichi 60). Deb robs the mill owner of his wallet, but his ideals eventually rob Deb and Hugh of their freedom. "Hugh, it is true! Money ull do it! Oh, Hugh, boy, listen till me! He said it true! It is money!"(Tichi 60). Hugh takes the money from Deb and considers for a night and a

day what to do with it, and then just as is life's way, no sooner than he decides to keep it he is arrested and sentenced to nineteen years in jail, a veritable lifetime to a working class man whose best years were already behind him. Deb, sentenced as an accomplice, would serve three years. Hugh, familiar with the toll that prison takes on a soul, and fearing ostracism by those of his class (were he able to actually survive the sentence), takes his own life after only a few days in jail.

In death t Hugh finally finds peace-- not enjoyment, but at least peace. Deb asks the Quaker woman who has come to tend to Hugh, to bury him away from the filth of the city. The Quaker woman promises:

"Thee sees the hills, friend, over the river? Thee sees how the light lies warm there, and the winds of God blow all the day? I live there,—where the blue smoke is, by the trees. Look at me," She turned Deborah's face to her own, clear and earnest, "Thee will believe me? I will take Hugh and bury him there to-morrow."(Tichi 72)

While it was too late for Hugh, the Quaker women makes a promise to Deb, a promise of renewal, rebirth, and redemption: "When thee comes back, thee shall begin thy life again,—there on the hills. I came too late; but not for thee,—by God's help, it may be"(Tichi 72).

For ecofeminists, it is not merely enough to talk about a problem; it is just as important to offer a form of solution, a way out, and a path to a better way of life. Michele L. Mock describes Davis's writing: "Her work calls for recognition and awareness in the name of women and nature, approaching an early Ecofeminist sensibility [...] [b]y decentering prevailing orthodoxies that exploit and colonize both

women and nature [...]”(45). Davis was truly an ecofeminist in that she absolutely challenged the discourse that advocated the domination of women, the working class and nature, that is, she challenged bourgeois capitalist patriarchy.

Rebecca Harding Davis was in the admirable situation of being friends with some of the greatest literary minds of the nineteenth-century. After forming a friendship with Nathaniel Hawthorne, Davis went to New England to spend time with Hawthorne, and the Alcott family, becoming close friends with Louisa, and the father of American literature, Ralph Waldo Emerson. When writing of Emerson she once said, “I went to Concord, a young woman from the backwoods, firm in the belief that Emerson was the first of living men. He was the modern Moses who had talked with God apart and could interpret Him to us”(Davis 42). Davis admired Emerson (as did most who knew him) for what he had given to American literature. She spent much time talking with Emerson--talking about the war, the world and current events. However, as is the nature of human beings, Davis did not see eye to eye with Emerson on all things, his lack of true activism being their deepest gulf:

Whether Alcott, Emerson, and their disciples discussed pears or the war, their views gave you the same sense of unreality, of having been taken, as Hawthorne said, at too long a range. But the discussion left you with a vague, uneasy sense that something was lacking, some back-bone of fact. Their theories were like beautiful bubbles blown from a child's pipe, floating overhead, with queer reflections on them of sky and earth and human beings, all in a glow of fairy color and all a little distorted. (Davis 49)

Davis had no desire to stand outside of the world looking in. As we have seen earlier, she wanted to take her readers right down into the muck and mire of Deb's life, and then watch as Deb pulls herself out of that world, finally realizing her long forgotten dream. Eric Schocket says that for the most part, authors of Davis's time resisted assigning wage laborers a fixed type. They did not want to create an "other"; they wanted to show laborers as being equal in every way except socially. As he says, "they were repressed because they had to work"(49). Davis was a notable exception in the fact that by showing Deb and Hugh as people, as individuals, and by allowing us to see and walk among them, we are able to feel for them and consider them equals even socially.

Shelia Hughes says, "Deb is rescued by a Quaker woman [...] taking her away to live among the green hills"(114). It is significant [and heretofore overlooked] that Davis chose a Quaker woman as Deb's final redeemer. The Quaker religion is founded on the belief that men and women are created equal. Since its inception, the Quaker religion has allowed women to minister, a right still denied to this day by the Catholic Church. Quakerism is the belief that each of us has an "Inner Light," and that inner light is our direct contact with God. Quakers believe in a simple way of life that promotes harmony between all people, and between people and the natural world around them.

Lucretia Mott, of whom Davis was so fond, was a Quaker. From the Women's Right's movement to Abolition, Quakers were at the forefront of social activism. Along with blacks, Quakers ran the Underground Railroad, and worked diligently to finally help get the 15<sup>th</sup> amendment of the Constitution passed. If there were human rights at issue, Quakers were there to help.

Davis was not alone in her admiration of the Quakers; her close friends the Alcott's were Quakers, and Ralph Waldo Emerson's admiration for the religion is well documented in an essay by Frederick Tolles.<sup>7</sup> Both Davis and Emerson came to know the Quaker religion after reaching adulthood, and both experienced it in very personal ways, Davis through Lucretia Mott and Emerson through his friend A.B. Alcott, among others. Davis's admiration for the Quakers and their belief system are quite convincing evidence that the Quaker heroine of the story was a deliberate social and political choice.

Similar to Karl Marx, Davis depicts the mainstream Christian church as a place designed to maintain the beliefs of the bourgeois class. Hugh visits a church in hopes of finding the moral guidance to decide what to do with the money Deb has taken:

Sin, as he defined it, was a real foe to them; their trials, temptations, were his. His words passed far over the furnace-tender's grasp, toned to suit another class of culture; they sounded in his ears a very pleasant song in an unknown tongue. He meant to cure this world-cancer with a steady eye that had never glared with hunger, and a hand that neither poverty nor strychnine-whiskey had taught to shake. In this morbid, distorted heart of the Welsh puddler he had failed. (Tichi 64)

As we know, Hugh does not find that moral compass he so desperately desires and in turn, ends up being arrested and losing what little freedom he did have.

Nature plays a dual role in *Life in the Iron Mills*, that of oppressed, "negro-like river slavishly bearing its burden day after day," and of redeemer, "thee shall begin thy life again,—there on the hills"(40,73). In this way, Davis shows the reader that nature, like woman, is oppressed for the benefit of the capitalist patriarchy. In addition, Davis

shows that by taking an active approach to nature, women as well as working class men, racially oppressed people, and nature itself can all benefit. Standing outside of the circle looking in is not enough; even in the depths of the city Deb can look to the hills, see nature, but not until she is there, interacting and reconnecting, spiritually as well as physically, with nature, is she healthy, happy, and free.

J.F. Buckley contrasts Davis's narrator with the narrator in Emerson's *Nature* saying that "Davis's narrator didn't have nature to enjoy, as Emerson's poet did in *Nature*" (68). Davis's narrator had no "perfect exhilaration."<sup>8</sup> However, what she did have was, all that is not nature, and thus she had a longing for nature, a longing to feel what Emerson's narrator felt, "that nothing can befall me in life, -- no disgrace, no calamity, (leaving me my eyes,) which nature cannot repair"(Emerson 4). Emerson's poet had it, lived it, but could he truly appreciate it? Had he ever experienced that which was truly not nature? Davis's poet has experienced this, and thus could truly appreciate nature. Emerson's poet had lived the dream that Davis's canary was soon to forget. However while Emerson only talks of the joy of nature, Davis shows us how to get there. As Walter Hesford notes: "the resolution of the action of the story involves the escape from the confines of the city landscapes" (79).

As shown by Linda Vance:

A basic tenet of ecofeminism holds that the patriarchal domination of women runs parallel to the patriarchal domination of nature. Both women and nature have been controlled and manipulated to satisfy masculinist desires, we say; both have been denied autonomous expression and self-determination. (60)

Davis shows us the exploitation of nature, "The river, dull and tawny-colored,[...] drags itself sluggishly along, tired of the heavy weight of boats and coal-barges"(Tichi 40). She then gives a correlating image of the workers: "[...] thousands of dull lives like its own, was vainly lived and lost: thousands of them, massed, vile, slimy lives, like those of the torpid lizards in yonder stagnant water-butt [sic].—Lost?"(Tichi 40). The comparisons run throughout the story from the dream of the caged canary to the imprisoned Hugh as observed by a prison guard: "He's been quiet ever since I put on irons: giv' up, I suppose"(Tichi 65).

In 1861, there were relatively few female authors and even fewer that were addressing the very real issues of the oppression of women, people of color, the working class, and nature. Davis is a true pioneer of ecofeminism because she sees the way women, nature, people of color, and the working class are oppressed in similar ways for similar gains, and she shows that to us in powerful ways. Rebecca Harding Davis was aware of the problems and brought them to light more than one hundred years before they would be gathered under the umbrella of ecofeminism; she saw the interconnectedness between them all, and then brought it to us. The story ends with the Quaker women taking Deb to the country and in the author's words: "There is no need to tire you with the long years of sunshine, and fresh air, [...] needed to make healthy and hopeful this impure body and soul"(Tichi 73). Rebecca Harding Davis wanted not only to chronicle social issues, but to expose them and offer an alternative or solution. As her novel takes a realistic view of the world, it also offers a realistic solution. "True emancipation begins neither at the polls nor in the courts. It begins in women's soul.—Emma Goldman"<sup>9</sup> This is ecofeminism, and Rebecca Harding Davis is truly one of its pioneers.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Held in Seneca Falls NY and led by Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton among others.

<sup>2</sup> Rebecca Harding Davis wrote *Bits of Gossip* in 1904 at the age of seventy-three, six years before her death. In her words; “IT always has seemed to me that each human being, before going out into the silence, should leave behind him, not the story of his own life, but of the time in which he lived, - as he saw it, - its creed, its purpose, its queer habits, and the work which it did or left undone in the world”(iii).

<sup>3</sup> A mill hand who turns pig iron into wrought iron by heating it to a liquid state and stirring it.

<sup>4</sup> Footnote from page 55 of *Life in the Iron Mills*.

<sup>5</sup> It is not my concern. (French)

<sup>6</sup> The refuse from the ore after the pig-metal is run...a light, porous substance, of a delicate, waxen, flesh-colored tinge

<sup>7</sup> One truly powerful example that Tolles gives us is when having been asked by the Rev. David Haskins as to his religious inclinations, Emerson replied: “I am more of a Quaker than anything else. I believe in the ‘still, small voice,’ and that voice of Christ within us”(142). In his essay “Life in the Iron Mills: A nineteenth-century Conversion Narrative,” William Shurr notes the similarity between Davis, the Quakers, Emerson and Nature: “His religion originated with the soul alone in the presence of Nature, where it might become a transparent eyeball permeated by God. Nature would have to be part of the formula Davis was constructing”(254).

<sup>8</sup> From Emerson’s work; *Nature Addresses and Lectures* (4)

<sup>9</sup> From Karen Warren’s book *Ecofeminism*, 112

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