

## **Romance and the Squire: Christina. A First Love.**

### **Squire Bin Forever Circa: 1620-NOW “New to You, But Not to This World.”**

I have known many women in my four centuries of relationships. Here tales my first---Christina. It was in Boston where I ended up when my birth family fell apart. My parents, Joseph and Dorothy were good parents but both only lived thirty-seven years at the Isle of Wight in the Old Dominion colonies. I was around fifteen when they passed, well into my manhood in those times. I was left to function on my own. I do not know to this day what happened to my brothers and sisters.

After some wandering in The Old Dominion, I became crew on a sailing ship and made my way to Bristol, England, and then on to Boston of the New England Colonies, the center of trade and that which followed it.

It was there I met Christina, in a way that was not becoming to a Squire. She was a bar maid in a New World tavern, the Boston Green Dragon tavern, as was her mother. That was the only way I would meet a woman in such a place as they weren't invited into that part of a man's domains in the 1600's. As was the practice of the uncultured, roughly cut men who frequented the tavern, I yelled out:

***Wench, another pint of ale.***

It came alright, slammed down in front of me, spilling unto my tunic. I immediately realized:

***This is not right. It isn't what she does with others who command her.  
Nor is it fitting of a Squire, a man of position and honor. . .yet, why was I treated differently?***

***She likes me and expects more from gentry, especially a Squire!***

It was then that my love for her began . . . yet how was I to regain her trust and respect and most importantly, her attention? I was afflicted from then on. What a beauty she was, whirling from patron to patron, swishing her skirts, flirting quickly, without intent, and moving on to the next

order. Although young---I did not realize how young until it was too late, she was of a woman's figure and she dressed to show as much of it as was of the times---However, as lustful of that from my male view, it was her eyes that really brought her into my focus.---blazing blue, intense, intelligent, amorous.

She was well-tipped as all her patrons became suitors, not just of her ale but of herself---what fantasies must have been experienced--- I glared at my compatriots, now my competitors. How can I rise above them in her eyes so that she only notices me?

A plan came to me quickly. I triple tipped her, with my brightest coin. When she paused to tell me of my error, I arose from my stool, bowed and caught her hand.

*My maiden of the Green Dragon . . . forgive my earlier outburst. . . I realized not what a maiden I was approaching . . . from now on, as your patron Squire, you shall have my respect-*

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*You have my attention. . . I order henceforth the finest ale from the finest bar maiden!*

My words were not the only passing between us that paused her on her rounds. It was the meeting of our eyes, hers flashing curiously, of a feminine nature---mine kind, steady, strong and beholding--- that spoke the most of our sudden mutual interest.

From then on, I made sure that only she got my ale orders. She began stopping longer with me than others to chat of daily events. I learned much about her and began to make sure I was here when she ended her shift. Then we could sip of ales at a side bar, away from others. Our romance and the wonderful chase of it was on! I was in love, or at least lust. The journal states it best.

**June 1637: Boston.** After wandering the streets and sipping much ale, I took lodging at the Green Dragon, as this was the center of news and commerce. It also was known for its great stout and hard cider. I did not expect romance. It came, was intense, and left.

Christina was the only bar maid close to my age. But that wasn't the attraction for me. I think it was mainly her eyes that attracted me, enough to forget the ales and ciders. They were flashing, intense, dark blue and I thought, beautiful. After two pints, served by this bar maid with a whirl, I knew I was close to love—lust certainly. She lived with her mumn (mother) in a small house two blocks from the back of the tavern. Her father was deceased. Her mumn knew about youth lusting, although there was no adolescence back then. It did not matter that I was seventeen and Christina, only thirteen, a common difference.

Because of Christina, I became a Green Dragon regular, slowly sipping hard cider for hours at a time. I took in all the news and followed up many ideas that were broached, knowing that drunken thinking was not reliable. Later on, this Colonial meeting place gave much to me as it was in the green Dragon where I met John Cogswell, who had such an influence later to my life .

It has been a fortnight since I have written in this journal as it was a time of Christina. I was smitten. After a week of spending as much time together in the bar, especially when there were few or no hanger-on-ers, we borrowed two horses for an afternoon in the country. We stopped in a meadow along a stream for a lunch which she had packed. I remember not what it was as the main course was eye gazing, kissing and as much touching as we dared in that meadow by the stream.

After our wonderful meadow afternoon, I was soon invited into her home where she lived with her mumn. That visit began with Christina's busying herself their small kitchen as her mother and I talked. Mumn wanted to make sure of my intensions, once Christina's interest was steadfast. She talked about their Puritan family values that were strict and unbending. They were not what I had heard about those Puritan's Yes, they were devoted to God. Socially, they understood society's emphasis on male's dominance. Yet in their marriages, they believe in equality. She told me right out that good marriages were based on strong physical attraction and attention, but only upon taking marriage vows. She inquired about my employment plans? I had no answer for myself, let alone her.

Her mumn seemed to follow the Puritan code but also understand human biology. She told me not to confuse Christina's tavern role with her family role, now and for the future. With my evening visits, she would retire early to leave us alone, something I appreciated. I always left before the new day was announced, going back to my Green Dragon lodging. It did not help that I could see Christiana's window from my window; that view only produced much longing---except when one or more of the three other men lodging with me were also there.

Two things happened that greatly influenced our relationship and resulted in my temporary vow of celebrity.

Three evenings after the weekend of the meadow, a rainy one, we three had been at the family home, playing cards. It was miserable outside and I would be walking to my abode, as usual. Her mumn shocked me by suggesting I spend the night. Christina's eyes told me she wanted that very much. I accepted, with much amazement & excitement.

The Puritan practice of bundling was introduced to us both. Christina and I were led to the one bedroom, shown the bed which was to be ours for the night, and then, fully clothed, after all toiletries had been taken care of outside, were wrapped in many feet of a long cotton sash that went on forever, with a bundling board made of Colonial pine, put between us. We were helped to make it together to the common bed, where were to spend the night. Her mumn slept in the other bed, about 10 feet away. At first, this was exciting but when I discovered that my arms were pinned to my side by the sash, I knew my dreams were unlikely to be. It was going to be a long night. . . Then:

“Bin, are you awake?” whispered Christina.

*Yis, my love. . . I am quite wrapped up in you.*

We can talk as Mumn is asleep, thanks in part to that ale I put in her tea.

*I long for more . . . my hands are so close to your warm and bending curves, and yet empty. . .  
This confounded board. . . I would duel it if it were a man.*

I too want you. . . I smell your sweetness. . . my mouth seeks yours. . . my tongue remains alone.

*This is our night to share bliss . . . & yet, we are left with this. . . this damned board & sash.*

*Christina, come to me.*

Bin, but how?

*I knowth not. . . I am empty without eruption. . .*

*Christina.* . . Bin, my love. . . let us dream together as no closer will we be tonight.

*Christina.* . . Bin. . . *Christina.* . . Bin--- sadness prevailed.

Somehow, we both drifted to sleep. I dreamed of nothingness, which I had achieved. Mum awake first and with a smile, I was unwrapped and given a spot of tea and a Crum. I left to go to my lodgings & Cristiana and Mumn went to work. I felt quite confused, thought-wise, & emotionally, and with a great amount of “testy” in my veins.

I only saw Christiana once more, in the tavern, when she told me a sad tale:

Bin, we have to be away from each other for a while. One of my widowed, Puritan neighbors, whose husband had been a church leader, has been watching me for some time and noting the young men who come by to court me. She knew that you didn’t leave our abode that rainy night and has told many of her fears of what our Tavern Family did that evening. Mumn and I have been told that I am soon to be cast as “a witch” and threatened with being stoned or burnt at the stake.

She ended this terrible telling by crying out:

I fearest for my life---we have to go from here!

She then ran away.

I left The Green Dragon as well, hurt and puzzled, as this was not the way I had been raised in the Southern Colonies. Shortly thereafter, Christina and her mother left their

Green Dragon positions on a boat to England. We saw each other depart and our words of that blessed, terrible night repeated.

*Christina. . .Bin. . .Christina. . .Bin*

Tears rolled down my checks again. I was devastated.

Becoming a man of the cloth appealed to me---but only briefly.

Word came to me that they sailed to England and then on to the Southern Colonies, to Virginia and Williamsburg. My Christina is thought to have become the owner and operator of the Campbell Tavern, which is still in operation in the 21st century in Williamsburg. Although I visited the Tidewater often, I never could take myself to venture to the Campbell Tavern---thus I know no more of Christiana, my first love.

My time is short so I will leave you to ponder this tale. I will post again, about another love, this time in a well-developed United States of America. It was the nineteen century where I learned that my male gender and sexuality blessed and formed the most basic core of my identity. That included my social/political standing, my relationships and as always, American freedom. It was in Washington, in the late eighteen hundreds, that I met “Jasmine”, my love for a decade during America’s Victorian era.