After the War

Two Stories

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

An Annotated Edition

by

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Coe College

Sarah Orne Jewett Press

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Introduction

Sarah Orne Jewett set only a handful of her stories and sketches outside of New England Just one of her novels uses settings in France and the west of England in addition to New England, *The Tory Lover* (1901). The following list includes those stories and sketches with at least some primary settings elsewhere.

1868 Jenny Garrow's Lovers. Rural England.

1875 Tame Indians. Green Bay, Wisconsin.

1882 An Afternoon in Holland. Travel sketch.

1888 Mère Pochette. Quebec, Canada.

The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation. Beaufort, South Carolina

1890 Jim's Little Woman. St. Augustine, Florida

1891 A Little Captive Maid. Episodes in Kenmare, Ireland.

1893 From Venice to One at Home. Travel sketch.

A Lonely Worker. Travel sketch. St. Augustine, Florida.

1894 Betty Leicester's English Christmas. London, England.

1895 A War Debt. Rural Virginia.

A Dark Night. West England.

1899 The Queen's Twin. An episode is set in London, England.

1900 The Foreigner. An episode is set in Kingston, Jamaica.

Of these pieces, only the first was set in a location that Jewett had, at that time, never visited.

This volume presents annotated editions of two of these stories: "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" (1888) and "A War Debt" (1895), both of which are set in the Old Confederacy not long after the American Civil War.

"The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" originated in the early spring of 1888. At the beginning of March, Jewett accompanied the seriously ill Annie Adams Fields to St. Augustine, FL, to help her recuperate. At the end of March, during a leisurely return to New England, they stopped in Beaufort, SC, and visited the Sea Islands, where Fields's friend, Laura Towne, operated a school for freedmen. Jewett's experience during this part of the trip seems to have affected her deeply, leading her to carefully observe and present the hitherto unfamiliar setting of her story. At its center is an exploration of the unbearable losses a southern plantation owner has suffered as a result of her family's unjust effort to maintain the slavery system that had been the basis of their wealth.

Little is known about the origin of "A War Debt," and its setting somewhere in Virginia is less definite than the area of Beaufort, SC. However, it shares with "Mistress" a portrait of a plantation-owning family, which also has suffered unbearable loss in the American Civil War. Critics disagree about Jewett's intentions in this story, two main

approaches indicated by Patrick Gleason in "Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Transamerican Routes of New England Regionalism," *Legacy* 28:1 (2011): 25-46, and my view, argued first in "To Each Body a Spirit: Jewett and African Americans," *New England Quarterly* 84:1 (2011) 123-58. Gleason and others have read the story as rooted in Jewett's purported nostalgia for the culture of the ante-bellum southern aristocracy. I believe that this is one of Jewett's less successfully realized stories, but that it is clear enough that her own sympathies were not those of her main character, Tom Burton, for here as in "Mistress," she focusses reader attention upon the horrific losses the Bellamy family and the Confederacy generally suffered as a result of their morally blind war to preserve slavery.

In my view, both of these stories explore the aftermath of the American Civil War, showing the pathos and suffering of good people and their families resulting from their going to war to defend the indefensible institution of slavery. That they deserve sympathy does not mean that Jewett thought their "lost cause" was just or that a restoration of their pre-war culture is desirable.

My interest in these two stories began with work on "To Each Body a Spirit," when I was impressed by the setting of "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation," for it was so fully specified as to invite an exploratory visit, which I undertook in the summer of 2014. That trip increased my appreciation for Jewett's careful observation, for so much of what she saw and included remains visible in the town of Beaufort and its surrounding area. "A War Debt," with its less specific setting, interested me because it seemed to continue Jewett's presentation of the post-war South and because Jewett's revisions of its ending were intriguing.

When "Mistress" appeared in *Atlantic Monthly*, Jewett was a firmly established professional author, having published three novels and four collections of her adult short fiction. She was publishing multiple stories each year in the major American magazines: *Atlantic, Harper's,* and *Scribner's*. She had recently completed what turned out to be a quite challenging project, producing *The Story of the Normans* (1887) for a series of popular histories. She was in the sixth year of her "Boston Marriage" with Fields, with whom she had travelled to Europe in 1882.

For Jewett 1888 was pivotal year. She published two stories that were set outside her usual, familiar locations. "Mère Pochette," set in French Canada, appeared in March, followed by "Mistress" in August. Viewed in isolation, this may not seem so significant, but these stories began Jewett's explorations in fiction of more diverse people and places, some from outside her familiar New England, marking what in retrospect may be seen as an explicit extension of the purpose she found for herself when she wrote "Tame Indians" and expressed in her preface to *Deephaven* (1877), but with greater attention to making more distant neighbors acquainted with each other. The two stories about people who lived at some physical or cultural distance from New England were followed by a number of stories that presented the lives of Irish immigrants, Minorcan Catholics in St. Augustine and others, culminating in "The Foreigner" (1900). Among these was "A War Debt."

The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation

Sarah Orne Jewett

A high wind was blowing from the water into the Beaufort* streets, -- a wind with as much reckless hilarity as March could give to her breezes, but soft and spring-like, almost early-summer-like, in its warmth.

In the gardens of the old Southern houses that stood along the bay, roses and petisporum-trees* were blooming, with their delicious fragrance. It was the time of wistarias and wild white lilies, of the last yellow jasmines and the first Cherokee roses.* It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday.*

In the quaint churchyard of old St. Helena's Church, a little way from the bay, young figures were busy among the graves with industrious gardening. At first sight, one might have thought that this pretty service was rendered only from loving sentiments of loyalty to one's ancestors, for under the great live-oaks, the sturdy brick walls about the family burying-places and the gravestones themselves were moss-grown and ancient-looking; yet here and there the wounded look of the earth appealed to the eye, and betrayed a new-made grave. The old sarcophagi and heavy tablets of the historic Beaufort families stood side by side with plain wooden crosses. The armorial bearings and long epitaphs of the one and the brief lettering of the other suggested the changes that had come with the war* to these families, yet somehow the wooden cross touched one's heart with closer sympathy. The padlocked gates to the small inclosures stood open, while gentle girls passed in and out with their Easter flowers of remembrance. On the high churchyard wall and great gate-posts perched many a mocking-bird*, and the golden light changed the twilight under the live-oaks to a misty warmth of color. The birds began to sing louder; the gray moss that hung from the heavy boughs swayed less and less, and gave the place a look of pensive silence.

In the church itself, most of the palms and rose branches were already in place for the next day's feast, and the old organ followed a fresh young voice that was being trained for the Easter anthem. The five doors of the church were standing open. On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, -- in this eastern doorway sat two young women.

"I was just thinking," one was saying to the other, "that for the first time Mistress Sydenham has forgotten to keep this day. You know that when she has forgotten everything and everybody else, she has known when Easter came, and has brought flowers to her graves."

"Has she been more feeble lately, do you think?" asked the younger of the two. "Mamma saw her the other day, and thought that she seemed more like herself; but she looked very old, too. She told mamma to bring her dolls, and she would give her some bits of silk to make them gowns. Poor mamma! and she had just been wondering how she could manage to get us ready for summer, this year, -- Célestine and me," and the speaker smiled wistfully.

"It is a mercy that the dear old lady did forget all that happened;" and the friends brushed some last bits of leaves from their skirts, and rose and walked away together through the churchyard.

The ancient church waited through another Easter Even, with its flowers and long memory of prayer and praise. The great earthquake had touched it lightly,* time had colored it softly, and the earthly bodies of its children were gathered near its walls in peaceful sleep.

From one of the high houses which stood fronting the sea, with their airy balconies and colonnades, had come a small, slender figure, like some shy, dark thing of twilight out into the bright sunshine. The street was empty, for the most part; before one or two of the cheap German shops a group of men watched the little old lady step proudly by. She was a very stately gentlewoman, for one so small and thin; she was feeble, too, and bending somewhat with the weight of years, but there was true elegance and dignity in the way she moved, and those who saw her -- persons who shuffled when they walked, and boasted loudly of the fallen pride of the South -- were struck with sudden deference and admiration. Behind the lady walked a gray-headed negro, a man who was troubled in spirit, who sometimes gained a step or two, and offered an anxious but quite unheeded remonstrance. He was a poor, tottering old fellow; he wore a threadbare evening coat that might have belonged to his late master thirty years before.

The pair went slowly along the bay street to the end of a row of new shops, and the lady

turned decidedly toward the water, and approached the ferry-steps. Her servitor groaned aloud, but waited in respectful helplessness. There was a group of negro children on the steps, employed in the dangerous business of crab-fishing; at the foot, in his flat-bottomed boat, sat a wondering negro lad, who looked up in apprehension at his passengers. The lady seemed like a ghost. Old Peter, -- with whose scorn of modern beings and their ways he was partially familiar, -- old Peter was making frantic signs to him to put out from shore. But the lady's calm desire for obedience prevailed, and presently, out of the knot of idlers that gathered quickly, one, more chivalrous than the rest, helped the strange adventurers down into the boat. It was the fashion to laugh and joke, in Beaufort, when anything unusual was happening before the eyes of the younger part of the colored population; but as the ferryman pushed off from shore, even the crab-fishers kept awe-struck silence, and there were speechless, open mouths and much questioning of eyes that showed their whites in vain. Somehow or other, before the boat was out of hail, long before it had passed the first bank of raccoon oysters,* the tide being at the ebb, it was known by fifty people that for the first time in more than twenty years the mistress of the old Sydenham plantation on St. Helena's Island* had taken it into her poor daft head to go look after her estates, her crops, and her people. Everybody knew that her estates had been confiscated during the war; that her people owned it themselves now, in three and five and even twenty acre lots; that her crops of rice and Sea Island cotton* were theirs, planted and hoed and harvested on their own account. All these years she had forgotten Sydenham, and the live-oak avenue, and the outlook across the water to the Hunting Islands, where the deer ran wild; she had forgotten the war; she had forgotten her children and her husband, except that they had gone away, -- the graves to which she carried Easter flowers were her mother's and her father's graves, -- and her life was spent in a strange dream.

Old Peter sat facing her in the boat; the ferryman pulled lustily at his oars, and they moved quickly along in the ebbing tide. The ferryman longed to get his freight safely across; he was in a fret of discomfort whenever he looked at the clear-cut, eager face before him in the stern. How still and straight the old mistress sat! Where was she going? He was awed by her presence, and took refuge, as he rowed, in needless talk about the coming of the sandflies* and the great drum-fish* to Beaufort waters. But Peter had clasped his hands together and bowed his old back, as if he did not dare to look anywhere but at the bottom of the boat. Peter was still groaning softly; the old lady was looking back over the water to the row of fine houses, the once luxurious summer homes of Rhetts and Barnwells,* of many a famous household now scattered and impoverished. The ferryman had heard of more [one than] than one bereft lady or gentleman who lived in seclusion in the old houses. He knew that Peter still served a mysterious mistress with exact devotion, while most of the elderly colored men and women who had formed the retinues of the old families were following their own affairs, far and wide.

"Oh, Lord, ole mis'! what kin I go to do?" mumbled Peter, with his head in his hands. "Thar'll be nothin' to see. Po' ole mis', I do' kno' what you say. Trouble, trouble!"

But the mistress of Sydenham plantation had a way of speaking but seldom, and of rarely listening to what any one was pleased to say in return. Out of the mistiness of her clouded brain a thought had come with unwonted clearness. She must go to the island: her husband and sons were detained at a distance; it was the time of year to look after corn and cotton; she must attend to her house and her slaves. The remembrance of that news of battle and of the three deaths that had left her widowed and childless had faded away in the illness it had brought. She never comprehended her loss; she was like one bewitched into indifference; she remembered something of her youth, and kept a simple routine of daily life, and that was all.

"I t'ought she done fo'git ebryt'ing," groaned Peter again. "O Lord, hab mercy on ole mis'!"

The landing-place on Ladies' Island was steep and sandy, and the oarsman watched Peter help the strange passenger up the ascent with a sense of blessed relief. He pushed off a little way into the stream, for better self-defense. At the top of the bluff was a rough shed, built for shelter, and Peter looked about him eagerly, while his mistress stood, expectant and imperious, in the shade of a pride of India tree.* that grew among the live-oaks and pines of a wild thicket. He was wretched with a sense of her discomfort, though she gave no sign of it. He had learned to know by instinct all that was unspoken. In the old times she would have found four oarsmen waiting with a cushioned boat at the ferry; she would have found a saddle-horse or a carriage ready for her on Ladies' Island for the five miles' journey, but the carriage had not come. The poor gray-headed old man recognized her displeasure. He was her only slave left, if she did but know it.

"Fo' Gord's sake, git me some kin' of a cart. Ole mis', she done wake up and mean to go out to Syd'n'am dis day," urged Peter. "Who dis hoss an' kyart in de shed? Who make dese track wid huffs jus' now, like dey done ride by? Yo' go git somebody fo' me, or she be right mad, shore."

The elderly guardian of the shed, who was also of the old *régime*, hobbled away quickly, and backed out a steer that was broken to harness, and a rickety two-wheeled cart.* Their owner had left them there for some hours, and had crossed the ferry to Beaufort. Old mistress must be obeyed, and they looked toward her beseechingly where she was waiting, deprecating her disapproval of this poor apology for a conveyance. The lady long since had ceased to concern herself with the outward shapes of things; she accepted this possibility of carrying out her plans, and they lifted her light figure to the chair, in the cart's end, while Peter mounted before her with all a coachman's dignity, -- he once had his ambitions of being her coachman, -- and they moved slowly away through the deep sand.

"My Gord A'mighty, look out fo' us now," said Peter over and over. "Ole mis', she done fo'git, good Lord, she done fo'git how de Good Marsa* up dere done took f'om her ebryt'ing; she 'spect now she find Syd'n'am all de same like 's it was 'fo' de war. She ain't know 'bout what's been sence day of de gun-shoot on Port Royal and dar-away. O Lord A'mighty, yo' know how yo' stove her po' head wid dem gun-shoot; be easy to ole mis'."

But as Peter pleaded in the love and sorrow of his heart, the lady who sat behind him was unconscious of any cause for grief. Some sweet vagaries in her own mind were matched to the loveliness of the day. All her childhood, spent among the rustic scenes of these fertile Sea Islands, was yielding for her now an undefined pleasantness of association. The straight-stemmed palmettos stood out with picturesque clearness against the great level fields, with their straight furrows running out of sight. Figures of men and women followed the furrow paths slowly; here were men and horses bending to the ploughshare, and there women and children sowed with steady hand the rich seed of their crops. There were touches of color in the head kerchiefs; there were sounds of songs as the people worked, -- not gay songs of the evening, but some repeated line of a hymn, to steady the patient feet and make the work go faster, -- the unconscious music of the blacks, who sing as the beetle drones or the cricket chirps slowly under the dry grass. It had a look of permanence, this cotton-planting. It was a thing to paint, to relate itself to the permanence of art, an everlasting duty of mankind; terrible if a thing of force and compulsion and for another's gain, but the birthright of the children of Adam,* and not unrewarded nor unnatural when one drew by it one's own life from the earth.

Peter glanced through the hedge-rows furtively, this way and that. What would his mistress say to the cabins that were scattered all about the fields now, and that were no longer put together in the long lines of the quarters? He looked down a deserted lane, where he well remembered fifty cabins on each side of the way. It was gay there of a summer evening; the old times had not been without their pleasures, and the poor old man's heart leaped with the vague delight of his memories. He had never been on the block;* he was born and bred at old Sydenham; he had been trusted in house and field.

"I done like dem ole times de best," ventures Peter, presently, to his unresponding companion. "Dere was good 'bout dem times. I say I like de ole times good as any. Young folks may be a change f'om me."

He was growing gray in the face with apprehension; he did not dare to disobey. The slow-footed beast of burden was carrying them toward Sydenham step by step, and he dreaded the moment of arrival. He was like a mesmerized creature, who can only obey the force of a directing will; but under pretense of handling the steer's harness, he got stiffly to the ground to look at his mistress. He could not turn to face her, as he sat in the cart; he could not drive any longer and feel her there behind him. The silence was too great. It was a relief to see her placid face, and to see even a more youthful look in its worn lines. She had been a very beautiful woman in her young days. And a solemn awe fell upon Peter's tender heart, lest the veil might be lifting from her hidden past, and there, alone with him on the old plantation, she would die of grief and pain. God only knew what might happen! The old man mounted to his seat, and again they plodded on.

"Peter," said the mistress, -- he was always frightened when she spoke, -- "Peter, we must hurry. I was late in starting. I have a great deal to do. Urge the horses."

"Yas, mis', -- yas, mis'," and Peter laughed aloud nervously, and brandished his sassafras switch,* while the steer hastened a little. They had come almost to the gates.

"Who are these?" the stately wayfarer asked once, as they met some persons who gazed at them in astonishment.

"I 'spect dem de good ladies f'om de Norf,* what come down to show de cullud folks how to do readin'," answered Peter bravely. "It do look kind o' comfo'ble over here," he added wistfully, half to himself. He could not understand even now how oblivious she was of the great changes on St. Helena's.

There were curious eyes watching from the fields, and here by the roadside an aged black woman came to her cabin door.

"Lord!" exclaimed Peter, "what kin I do now? An' ole Sibyl, she's done crazy too, and dey'll be mischievous together."

The steer could not be hurried past, and Sibyl came and leaned against the wheel. "Mornin', mistis," said Sibyl, "an' yo' too, Peter. How's all? Day ob judgment's* comin' in mornin'! Some nice buttermilk? I done git rich; t'at's my cow," and she pointed to the field and chuckled. Peter felt as if his brain were turning. "Bless de Lord, I no more slave," said old Sibyl, looking up with impudent scrutiny at her old mistress's impassive face. "Yo' know Mars' Middleton, what yo' buy me f'om? He my foster-brother; we push away from same breast. He got trouble, po' gen'elman; he sorry to sell Sibyl; he give me silver dollar dat day, an' feel bad. ["] Neber min', I say. I get good mistis, young mistis at Sydenham. I like her well, I did so. I pick my two hunderd poun'* all days, an' I ain't whipped. Too bad sold me, po' Mars' Middleton, but he in trouble. He done come see me last plantin'," Sibyl went on proudly. "Oh, Gord, he grown ole and poor-lookin'. He come in, just in dat do', an' he say, 'Sibyl, I long an' long to see you, an' now I see you;' an' he kiss an' kiss me. An' [dere 'sone] dere's one wide ribber o' Jordan*, an' we'll soon be dere, black an' white. I was right glad I see ole Mars' Middleton 'fore I die."

The old creature poured forth the one story of her great joy and pride; she had told it a thousand times. It had happened, not the last planting, but many plantings ago. It remained clear when everything else was confused. There was no knowing what she might say next. She began to take the strange steps of a slow dance, and Peter urged his steer forward, while his mistress said suddenly, "Good-by, Sibyl. I am glad you are doing so well," with a strange irrelevancy of graciousness. It was in the old days before the war that Sibyl had fallen insensible, one day, in the cotton-field. Did her mistress think that it was still that year, and -- Peter's mind could not puzzle out this awful day of anxiety.

They turned at last into the live-oak avenue, -- they had only another half mile to go; and here, in the place where the lady had closest association, her memory was suddenly revived almost to clearness. She began to hurry Peter impatiently; it was a mischance that she had not been met at the ferry. She was going to see to putting the house in order, and the women were all waiting. It was autumn, and they were going to move over from Beaufort; it was spring next moment, and she had to talk with her overseers. The old imperiousness flashed out. Did not Peter know that his master was kept at the front, and the young gentlemen were with him, and their regiment was going into action? It was a blessing to come over and forget it all, but Peter must drive, drive. They had taken no care of the avenue; how the trees were broken in the storm! The house needed -- They were going to move the next day but one, and nothing was ready. A party of gentlemen were coming from Charleston* in the morning! --

They passed the turn of the avenue; they came out to the open lawn, and the steer stopped and began to browse. Peter shook from head to foot. He climbed down by the wheel, and turned his face slowly. "Ole mis'!" he said feebly. *"Ole mis'!"*

She was looking off into space. The cart jerked as it moved after the feeding steer. The mistress of Sydenham plantation had sought her home in vain. The crumbled fallen chimneys of the house were there among the weeds, and that was all.

On Christmas Day and Easter Day, many an old man and woman come into St. Helena's Church who are not seen there the rest of the year. There are not a few recluses in the parish, who come to listen to their teacher and to the familiar prayers, read with touching earnestness and simplicity, as one seldom hears the prayers read anywhere. This Easter morning dawned clear and bright, as Easter morning should. The fresh-bloomed roses and lilies were put in their places. There was no touch of paid hands anywhere, and the fragrance blew softly about the church. As you sat in your pew, you could look out through the wide-opened doors, and see the drooping branches, and the birds as they sat singing on the gravestones. The sad faces of the old people, the cheerful faces of the young, passed by up the aisle. One figure came to sit alone in one of the pews, to bend its head in prayer after the ancient habit. Peter led her, as usual, to the broad-aisle doorway, and helped her, stumbling himself, up the steps, and many

eyes filled with tears as his mistress went to her place. Even the tragic moment of yesterday was lost already in the acquiescence of her mind, as the calm sea shines back to the morning sun when another wreck has gone down.

Notes

"The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" was the lead piece in *Atlantic Monthly* (62:145-150) in August 1888. This text is from *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890).

Betty Jean Steinshouer's research indicates that Jewett visited Beaufort, in 1888, and met with Laura Towne, one of the first principals, at the Penn School during that visit. Penn School was founded during the Civil War to educate the newly freed slaves. See note below on the good ladies from the North.

In *Sarah Orne Jewett,* Blanchard says that in January, 1888, Annie Fields contracted pneumonia and nearly died. Her doctor recommending warm weather, Fields decided to go to St. Augustine, Florida, with Jewett to help her. Though Blanchard says the pair made stops in South Carolina on way to Florida, Jewett's letter to her sister, Mary, of 23 March 1888, shows that stops in Aiken and Beaufort, SC, occurred during a leisurely return from Florida, after their stay in St. Augustine. At the Aiken lodgings, "they ran into the distinguished abolitionist Senator George Edmunds of Vermont.... " At St. Helena, "they stayed with Annie's old friend Laura Towne, a homeopathic physician and educator who, many years earlier, had established a clinic and school on the island for its large population of freed slaves. By 1888 her work was largely done, and the community served as a model for others throughout the islands.... 'The result of her work lay like a map before us,' Annie wrote .... 'Every step spoke to us of the sacrifice and suffering of humanity and of its endurance in the present time'" (193-4).

Fields presents an account of her visit with Laura Towne in a memorial essay, included below, published in the Boston *Evening Transcript* upon Towne's death in 1901.

This text and the notes were prepared by Terry Heller and Chris Butler, Coe College, with assistance from Betty Jean Steinshouer, Bob Barrett, and various staff and collections at St. Helena's Parish, Penn Center Museum, Beaufort History Museum, and Verdier House Museum in Beaufort, SC.

Beaufort: Beaufort, South Carolina (founded in 1711) is located at the head of the Port Royal Sound on Port Royal Island, one of the Sea Islands. In a 31 March 1888 letter to her sister, Mary, Jewett wrote, "Sister has come to the prettiest place now that ever was!"

The Episcopal Parish Church of St. Helena is at 505 Church Street in Beaufort.

The exterior of the church is today much as it appeared at the time of Jewett's 1888 visit, except at that time there was no steeple (see A Collection of Photographs). However, Jewett has reoriented the church so that the nave runs south and north. The nave actually runs from west to the altar at the east end. The story has the young women talking in the eastern door half-way up the side aisle. The only door half-way up the side-aisle is the southern door.

The church is described as having five doors. Today there are seven doors: two facing west, one facing south, and four facing east.

As described, the church-yard is shaded by live oaks, and contains a number of enclosures, some brick, some stone, some wrought-iron. While the wrought-iron gates would accommodate padlocks, there are no locks today, and Parish Archivist, Bob Barrett, reports that they have not been locked within living memory.

Though there are no longer any wooden crosses or grave-markers, there are sarcophagi and stones memorializing the old families of Beaufort, notably the Rhetts and Barnwells, who are mentioned in the story.

petisporum-trees: This is a variation on the scientific name of a genus of trees within the *rosales* (rose) family. Pittosporum is a genus of evergreen trees and shrubs, and is both the largest (200 species) and most widely spread genus of the family *pittosporaceae*. (Source: Encyclopedia Britannica Online)

Cherokee roses: Of the genus *rosa*, this is the species *laevigata*. This climbing evergreen rose produces long, thorny, vine-like canes that sprawl across adjacent shrubs and other supports. The pure white single flowers appear in spring and are densely arranged along the length of the canes. The plant can reach 10 to 12 feet in height and 15 or more feet wide. (Source: www.floridata.com)

Easter Sunday: Christians celebrate the resurrection of Jesus Christ on this day each spring.

the war: The American Civil War, 1861-1865.

In March 2008, Bob Barrett, Archivist at the Parish Archives and Libraries, The Parish Church of St. Helena (Episcopal) in Beaufort, SC, reported that the Easter ritual of renewing the gardening around graves has not been a practice at this church in recent years, nor is

there a written or oral account of such a practice in the past. He suggests that Jewett's description may have derived from the custom of children "Flowering the Cross" in the churchyard on Maundy Thursday of Holy Week.

mocking-bird: a North American singing bird (*Mimus polyglottos*), remarkable for its exact imitations of the notes of other birds. Its back is gray; the tail and wings are blackish, with a white patch on each wing; the outer tail feathers are partly white. The name is also applied to other species of the same genus, found in Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies. (Source: ARTFL Project: 1913 Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary)

touched it lightly: Though it is easy and natural to assume that Jewett refers to the Civil War when she speaks of the "great earthquake," that turns out not to be the case. She almost certainly refers to the Charleston earthquake of August/September 1886. Bob Barrett, of St. Helena's Church, reports that damage from this quake was extensive in the region, though the church was not seriously harmed. He reports "A contemporary diary account of the earthquake, by a member of the parish, recounts the earthquake and aftershocks. Domestic servants piled mattresses on the carriages, and the family slept at the Beaufort River for nearly three weeks."

Wikipedia says:

The Charleston Earthquake of 1886 was the largest quake to hit the Southeastern United States.

It occurred at 9:50 p.m. on August 31, 1886, and lasted just under a minute. The earthquake caused severe damage in Charleston, South Carolina, damaging 2,000 buildings and causing $6 million worth in damages, while in the whole city the buildings were only valued at approximately $24 million. Between 60 and 110 lives were lost. Some of the damage is still seen today.

Major damage occurred as far away as Tybee Island, Georgia (over 60 miles away) and structural damage was reported several hundred miles from Charleston (including central Alabama, central Ohio, eastern Kentucky, southern Virginia, and western West Virginia). It was felt as far away as Boston to the North, Chicago and Milwaukee to the Northwest, as far West as New Orleans, as far South as Cuba, and as far East as Bermuda.

Were Jewett referring to the war, her characterization of its effects on the church would be inaccurate. The church Jewett saw was much restored after the Civil War. The St. Helena's website says:

During the Civil War, when Union forces occupied Beaufort in November 1861, the entire congregation fled. Initially during the occupation, church services were held in St. Helena’s, but eventually Federal troops converted the church to a hospital. The church was stripped of its furnishings, marble tombstones were brought in for use as operating tables, and the balconies were decked over to make a second floor.

'On a visit after the war in 1866,…' Bishop Thomas noted that ‘the church was a wreck of its former self and could not be used.’ Only a small marble font remains today of the furnishings prior to the war. … A new roof was put on the church in 1874, one-half of the expense being born by friends of St. Peter’s, Perth Amboy, New Jersey. A new organ to replace, on a smaller scale, that lost in the Civil War was installed in 1876, officers of the U.S. Fleet assisting' (History Committee, *The History of the Parish Church of St. Helena.* Columbia, SC: The R.L. Bryan Company, 1990, p. xii.)

The original cedar box pews were replaced with heart of pine benches.

The present altar was given by the officers, and carved by the sailors, of the U.S.S. New Hampshire stationed in Port Royal Sound during the Reconstruction."

Probably the church had no steeple at the time Jewett visited. It was removed for safety in the 1860s and not restored until 1941.

The church history at the St. Helena's website confirms Jewett's observations about the prosperity of the parish before the war as reflected in the impressive ante-bellum graves in the churchyard. The churchyard is more or less as Jewett describes it, with its brick wall, constructed in 1804, and its impressive graves.

raccoon oysters: In the U.S., a small, brown-shelled oyster, *Ostrea frons*, found in clusters off the shores of south-eastern North America. (Source: *Oxford English Dictionary*).

St. Helena's Island ... Sea Island ... Hunting Islands ... Ladies' Island: The Sea Islands are a low-lying chain of sandy islands off the coasts of South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, U.S., between the mouths of the Santee and St. Johns rivers and along the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway. St. Helena Island, near Beaufort, SC, is one of the most prominent of these islands. Ladys (Ladies') Island and Hunting Island also are near Beaufort and Port Royal.

The local geography is likely to be confusing to readers not familiar with the area. Mrs.

Sydenham takes the ferry from Beaufort to Ladies' Island, but when Peter mentions the teachers from the North, he indicates they are then on St. Helena Island.

From Beaufort, the ferry would cross to Ladies' Island (now called Lady's). It appears that Peter and Sydenham cross Ladies' Island by cart to reach St. Helena Island, presumably the location of the former Sydenham plantation.

Sea Island cotton was of a special long-stranded variety, making it particularly valuable. After gaining control of the islands, the Union was eager to continue cotton production during the war.

Wikipedia says of St. Helena Island: "The area was noted to be similar to the rice growing region of West Africa and soon captured slaves were brought to the Sea Islands, mostly from what is today Sierra Leone. Rice, indigo, cotton and spices were grown by these slaves, as well as Native Americans, and indentured servants from Europe. The mix of cultures, somewhat isolated from the mainland, produced the Gullah culture."

After the Union occupation, St. Helena Island was divided among the former slaves into small farms, such as those Jewett describes. Beaufort and St. Helena's interesting history, particularly the Penn School (see below), has, according to Wikipedia, "helped the defenders of the Gullah culture fend off the development that has turned other Sea Islands like Hilton Head into resort areas. Condos and gated communities are not allowed on St. Helena. Some rural land has been preserved and much of the island is still owned by African-Americans. However, economic pressures have forced some off their land, and may forever change the character of the area."

At the opening of *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne* appears this contemporary description of the St. Helena's Island:

LOW-LYING cotton-fields, with here and there a sentinel palmetto; roads arched by moss-clad oak boughs; stretches of unclaimed timber and undergrowth; wide-sweeping marshes reflecting the moods and colors of the sky; the salt breath of the sea, softened by its passage over many islands; such is St. Helena. The cabins stand lonely and apart, most of them white, some painted pinks and reds. Here a woman, a bright bandana wound turban-like about her head, looks from her door; yonder the patriarchal figure of a man toils over the ploughed field. It is a land of great distances in a small compass, of soft colors, of a people utterly dependent on the soil and weather, primitive in their faith and courage, long-abiding, and wonderfully patient. Gratitude comes easily to their lips. Thankfulness for what they have received still seems the keynote of their lives.

That Mrs. Sydenham has forgotten her traumatic past and lives with a sort of dementia under the care of her former slave recalls a Beaufort legend that may have provided Jewett with the idea for this story. Sources disagree about which elements of this story are true, but it is told in Beaufort as an illustration of the kindness and generosity the Sea Islands' African-American Civil War hero, statesman and local leader, Robert Smalls. Blogger Ron E. Franklin tells a full version of this story:

One day, some years after the Civil War, a frail, elderly woman came to the house at 511 Prince Street in Beaufort, South Carolina, and as she had done innumerable times before, went in. She was Jane Bold McKee, and she had lived in this house with her husband, Henry McKee, for many years.

But by this point in her life, Jane McKee was afflicted with dementia. She didn't remember that before the war her husband had sold the property. During the war it was seized by the Federal Government from the new owner, who had become a colonel in the Confederate army, for non-payment of taxes. When the war ended in April of 1865, the house once again changed hands, bought by a man who was already intimately familiar with the place. It would be interesting to know if Jane McKee ever understood that the man who sometimes brought meals to her room was one of the most celebrated and influential men in all of South Carolina, and indeed, the nation.

The new owner was Robert Smalls, a Union war hero who had been born, on April 5, 1839, in a two-room shack behind the McKee house. And he had once been Henry and Jane McKee's slave.

Although they never freed him, the McKees had treated young Robert with extraordinary favor (it was rumored that Henry McKee was his father). Far from harboring any bitterness toward his former owners, Smalls saw the appearance of Jane McKee on his doorstep as an opportunity to give back. He opened his home to her, and she would spend the rest of her life living in the house she had loved, protected and provided for by the man who used to be her slave.

Andrew Billingsley, *Yearning to Breathe Free: Robert Smalls of South Carolina and His Families* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 2007), 103-4, tells part of this story, with some new and different details, placing Mrs. McKee in Smalls's household from 1875-1904.

Edward A. Miller, *Gullah Statesman: Robert Smalls from Slavery to Congress, 1839-1915* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1995), 127-8, expresses skepticism about several elements of the story. Whether the story is true is less important than that it was circulated in Beaufort and the Sea Islands and, therefore, it was quite possible that Towne or others at the Frogmore school would have shared with Annie Fields and Jewett such stories about Smalls, an active supporter of the school.

sandflies: A member of the order *Ephemeroptera*, comprising the group of insects known as mayflies. Other common names for the winged stages are shadfly, dayfly, fishfly, and drake. The aquatic immature stage, called a nymph or naiad, is widely distributed in freshwater; a few species can tolerate the brackish water of marine estuaries. (Source: Encyclopedia Britannica Online)

drum-fish: Fish of the family *Sciaenidae*. The drums are so called because of the deep, reverberating sound they make, especially when flopping about on a deck or a pier. The "grunts" or "croaks" are a product of a taut, resonating gas bladder, strummed by muscles especially developed for such a function.

Rhetts and Barnwells: Both are well-known political and business families of South Carolina, and the names are associated with the movement toward secession that began the Civil War.

a rickety two-wheeled cart: Such a cart, pictured below, would have been not only inappropriate but ridiculous in appearance as transportation for a genteel white woman. The following image of an "African American man driving an ox cart, Beaufort, South Carolina, 1904" appears courtesy of The American Museum of Natural History Research Library Digital Special Collections.

Jewett obtained a similar photograph during her March 1888 stay in Aiken, SC, sending it to her sister, Mary. It may be seen in Harvard's Houghton Library collection: Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 94 letters to Mary Rice Jewett; 1888-1900 & [n.d.] (Nos. 92-94 incomplete). Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (121).

sassafras switch: The switch Peter is holding is from a sassafras tree. Most likely, this variety of sassafras is an American tree of the Laurel family (*Sassafras officinale*). The bark is aromatic both in smell and taste, and may be used for seasoning or flavor in dishes and beverages. (Source: ARTFL Project: 1913 Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary)

Good Marsa: "Good Marsa" refers to Abraham Lincoln "up dere" in Washington, who had sent the U.S. Navy early in the Civil War to begin the "Port Royal Experiment," whereby they cleared out all the plantation owners in the Sea Islands of South Carolina (i.e. forced them off their property except for their slaves) and conducted what amounted to a "dress rehearsal for Reconstruction." This is why the old mistress would not have returned to what had once been her land until after the war.

Port Royal, in Beaufort County, South Carolina, was considered a key Southern port during the Civil War, which is why the Union Navy moved quickly to blockade and then capture it. Wikipedia says: "In 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation was first read at Christmas under the Proclamation tree in Port Royal."

The "day of the big gun-shoot" was the Battle of Port Royal on November 7, 1861, an early Union victory in the war. Wikipedia says that the battle was so loud that it was reportedly heard along the coast as far away as present-day Florida. The battle was fought at some distance

from Beaufort, and probably was louder on St. Helena's Island. It was fought from the sea against two forts, one on Hilton Head, the other on Phillips Island, at the Port Royal Entrance (Research assistance: Betty Jean Steinshouer).

An unresolved question about this story is whether Jewett drew upon local Gullah speakers for her use of Freedman's dialect. This may be the first story in which Jewett presents African Americans using dialect speech. Did she imitate African-American dialect from other works she had read, such as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or did she listen to local speakers?

birthright of the children of Adam: To labor for one's food. See Genesis 3:17-18.

the block: the auction block, at which slaves were traded before the Civil War.

good ladies f'om de Norf: The good ladies were teachers sent in soon after the Union captured St. Helena to educate the former slaves. Wikipedia says: "Slaves were liberated and immediate steps were taken to help improve their lot. One of the most important was the establishment of Penn School to educate them." Now the Penn Center, founded in 1862, it is located south of Frogmore on St. Helena Island. Among the "good ladies," was Laura M. Towne.

Jewett wrote to her sister Mary on 1 April (Easter), 1888:

I feel as if I were at the end of the earth, but I only hope that all the other ends are as pleasant! We came across the long ferry in a rowboat this morning and then drove across Lady's Island and three miles, and across St. Helena's seven miles* before we came to the great clump of live oaks and the old plantation house* where Miss Towne and Miss Murray have lived for over twenty years. They have done everything for the colored people in teaching them other things besides book learning or rather they have taught to find the application of book learning to every day life. You would be surprised to see how neat and nice their houses are – and they were all out working on the land this morning as we drove along and were so respectable looking and polite – Miss Towne has a fortune which has helped her in many ways but nobody can tell how many sacrifices must be made when anybody starts out to do a thing like this and sticks to it – Miss Murray is an Englishwoman and they are such an interesting pair – and way off here they keep account of what is going on in the world and read and think about things as if they were in the middle of them, and perhaps more than we do. All the way along we have been seeing palms and palmettos and strange trees and flowers – and you have no idea what a difference there is in the size of the Sea Island cotton plants from those in Aiken. On some of these islands the cotton was worth $200 a pound (to put with silk) when the common cotton was only five cents.

Ellen Murray (1834-1908), Towne's close friend, shared the work at Penn School from 1862 until her death, primarily as teacher and school administrator. In *South Carolina Women: Their Lives and Times,* Ronald E. Butchart's "Laura Towne and Ellen Murray" (pp. 12-30) says that Murray was born in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, and though her father died when she was 2, she and her two sisters were educated in Europe and eventually came to live in a substantial home in Newport, RI. There she became a teacher. Invited by Towne to help with the Penn School, Murray became an ardent abolitionist and advocate for African Americans.

Though both Towne and Murray came from privileged backgrounds and were well-educated, Butchart does not confirm that either was independently wealthy, as Jewett suggests in her letter.

Day ob judgment: see Revelations 20:11-14.

two hunderd poun': the weight in cotton Sibyl apparently was expected to pick each day during the cotton harvest.

wide ribber o' Jordan: African-American spirituals frequently referred to the River of Jordan as the boundary between life and death and also as the boundary between slavery and freedom. In the story of the Israelites' exodus from Egypt to Israel, the Jordan River represented the final boundary before they entered the Promised Land.

Charleston: Charleston, South Carolina is a major port on the Atlantic coast and a historic center of Southern culture. The city is situated on a peninsula between the estuaries of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, facing a fine deep water harbor. The settlement was founded in 1670, and moved to its present site in 1680.

Images from *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne* (1912).

Laura M. Towne
by Annie Fields

THE PENN SCHOOL, 1886

(The simple announcement in the evening paper, a few days ago, of the death of Laura M. Towne at St. Helena, S.C., has led her friends, both in Philadelphia and Boston, to ask that some brief account of her life and work might be given to the public.)

In the year 1862, the second of our Civil War, a party of ladies were seated around a pleasant breakfast table at a country house in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. The morning paper had been that moment brought in. It chanced to contain the proclamation issued by General Saxton, then stationed at Beaufort, S. C., his headquarters as general of the department of the South.

The proclamation contained an appeal to the women of the United States to the effect that although their work in the sanitary commission and in the hospitals was beyond praise, the most important question of all for the future of the country was the education of the Negro, and women, as teachers of the colored people, were needed everywhere. He begged the women who could leave home to answer his appeal and come South to him, where they might work in safety under the protection of the flag.

One of the ladies read this bulletin aloud. "What do you think of it?" said another, when she had finished. "I think," said Miss Sarah Freeman Clarke, who was visiting her friends at that time, "if I were free as you are I should respond to General Saxton's appeal."

Laura Towne, who was the best equipped of her family at that moment for such as undertaking, did not wait for these words to be spoken twice.

Twenty-six years later it was my privilege to visit Miss Towne at St. Helena Island, just off the coast of South Carolina, a low, water-soaked land without the benefit of the open sea on its eastern front, where it is covered by another wild hunting island used chiefly for the breeding and training of the small southern ponies peculiar to that locality, and reserved up to that time by rich planters for hunting and shooting.

Hearing I was at Beaufort, Miss Towne sent a rowboat with two colored boys to convey me to St. Helena, the only method of approach, and there, very near the beach, a carriage and two horses were waiting to bring me to the house. As the horses walked on during two long hours, the intense heat forbidding more rapid travel to

Northern bred animals, I was able to look about and to ask many questions. The coachman was a colored man, of course, but he was intelligent and could usually give me satisfactory replies. "You see, mis', I 'us one of Miss Towne's boys," he said by way of preface to his remarks. I reflected that he must have been a small child, just the age to go to school, when she began her work.

"Seems to me these are very nice looking houses," I said, as we passed at suitable distances good frame buildings of two stories, painted white with very bright green blinds. He then bade me observe a shed or pigsty standing near each house, and explained that in the days before Miss Towne came, the colored people lived in those sheds, but now they all had comfortable houses. I understood still further that when the planters fled and were obliged to abandon their lands, the colored people continued to raise the cotton and live upon the land, which became ultimately their own.

"How many colored people are there in the island?" I asked. "Between five and six thousand," he answered, "and about twenty white people." Meantime, we plodded along over the shelly road, crossing many little bridges and seeing small pools of water wherever a hole had been made in the land for any purpose. There was very little shade, only the wide cotton fields on either hand, an occasional liveoak tree and over many of the houses vines of Cherokee roses, which were then in bloom covering everything with masses of foliage and lovely cream-white blossoms. Presently a much larger building than the rest came in sight, standing among trees. We stopped the carriage for a moment. Here's the library and hall, he said, where we get our books and have our town meetings and our dances. It was not even then altogether finished, but there had been long years of waiting before the donor appeared for this much-needed place of reunion. At last, Mr. Henry L. Pierce of Milton, hearing what was wanted, indeed, what was so much needed at Helena, gave the whole sum necessary for the building.

But I was too impatient to linger longer than was necessary. At last we reached the door of the pleasant-looking house, with a real garden in front sloping down to the water, and I was met by Miss Towne and her devoted friend, Miss Murray, who shared her labor and experiences from the first.

Soon after my arrival, when we were sitting together in the drawing-room, I returned eagerly to the story of this undertaking. How did it happen? was my first question; to which Miss Towne responded by telling me of Miss Clarke's suggestion, and adding, "I sent to Miss Murray, my English friend, then living in Newport, the same afternoon. With admirable promptness she came to me at once, and before two days had gone we were standing in General Saxton's presence at Beaufort.

"He was receiving army men and others who were asking audience. We stood aside until the long succession of visitors had passed, when, perceiving us, he said: 'Ladies, what can I do for you?' We told him as we stood with our bags in our hands that we had come in answer to his appeal. 'Well done!' he said. 'Where do you wish to go?' 'Wherever you wish to send us,' was the answer. 'Very well,' he replied, after a moment. 'I would like to send you to the Island of St. Helena. There are not half a dozen white people there but between four and five thousand Negroes. The island has been a most valuable possession to the rich planters of the neighborhood, because fine long cotton, the only kind to be woven with silk, comes from there. The owners seldom visit it, however, except to ride across it on their hunting expeditions. They left everything to the care of their overseer, and it is his house, now vacant, which I shall ask you to take possession of and see what you can do for the island people.' "

Miss Towne was not a woman of many words, especially when the topic concerned herself and her own work. The perfect dignity and simplicity with which she reigned over her domain were felt and quietly observed by everyone who approached her.

She soon arose and asked if I should like to see the house.

Then I saw that a rambling, one-storied bungalow, which they had found on the spot, had been converted into a comfortable house by the addition of one story and other plain but necessary improvements. In front of the door was a noble specimen of a liveoak tree, in both sides of which chains were bolted. Here it was, before Miss Towne came, that in the evening, when the men and women brought home their measure of cotton, they were manacled and whipped if the proper quantity were not delivered; the men on one side of the tree, the women on the other. The ladies found on every side the signs of utter neglect of the people; the poor sheds in which they lived and the chains on the trees were proofs enough that the colored race existed in the eyes of their masters only to plant and gather the cotton crop. Among other causes of suffering was the absence of water to drink. Water had been so scarce on the island that during the heat of midsummer every year

cattle died and not infrequently human beings also.

One of Miss Towne's first labors, I discovered, was to make artesian wells all over the island, one by one, as fast as the money could be raised for them. There were twenty, if I remember correctly, at that time.

But the schoolhouse was, of course, the great centre of interest. Here one generation of people had already been taught, and they were sending in turn their children and children's children.

The building was Miss Towne's own gift. She had made provision for using it as a ward room for voting when the season came. In carrying out her many necessary plans for these neglected beings much money was needed. Her own fortune was freely given, but she also enjoyed the pleasure of assistance from her family and friends at the North.

The government of South Carolina soon recognized the value of Miss Towne's work, and gradually appointed her supervisor of other schools, one by one, until she found herself with the supervision of seventeen schools upon her hands beside her own.

It will easily be seen that every waking hour was occupied. She had studied medicine, but without the intention of becoming a practicing physician. She had her books with her and was soon regarded as their physician by all the people. Of law, too, she was not wholly ignorant, and the people brought their disputes for her to settle, and their wills for her to make, which, with the help of a few good law books, she was able to do. Indeed the story would be far too long to describe in detail how she gave herself and all she possessed for the natives of the island, and the dignity with which she reigned.

It was the month of April, but already intensely hot, so hot that it was difficult for me to sleep; all the more I felt myself in a kind of saint's rest when I saw the heroism which had faced exile and every difficulty for the sake of an oppressed people.

The year before my visit to St. Helena Miss Towne was one day surprised by a call from a party of teachers and friends from the mainland, bringing gifts as if for a festival. They were at last obliged to explain that they came to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of her arrival. She alone did not seem to have remembered how long she had been there.

In the residence of these two ladies, Miss Towne and Miss Murray, for Miss Murray's name must never be forgotten in this connection, on the distant desert island they adopted as their home, we possess an almost unparalleled history. Every detail would possess the keenest interest if it had been written down. They made the place beautiful for others and a living spring of happiness for themselves.

We have before us, nevertheless, even in its bare outlines, a noble picture of the power of continuance, of unconscious devotion, and the carrying out of an undertaking to what may be called a ripe conclusion.

These qualities make Miss Towne's service one of the most distinguished and heroic achievements, resulting from the great war for freedom of the colored race.

Notes

"Laura M. Towne" appeared shortly after Towne's death, in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of Saturday March 9, 1901; pages are not numbered; this piece appears on the 29th page.

Laura Matilda Towne was born May 3, 1825 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania and died February 22, 1901 on St. Helena Island. With her friend, Ellen Murray, she established the Penn School and, in myriad ways, served the freed slaves in the Sea Islands near Beaufort, SC, as part of what has been termed "The Port Royal Experiment." See *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne*.

In *Sarah Orne Jewett*, Paula Blanchard says that in January, 1888, Annie Fields contracted pneumonia and nearly died. Her doctor recommending warm weather, Fields decided to go to St. Augustine, Florida, with Jewett to help her. They broke their journey at Aiken, South Carolina and at St. Helena. At the Aiken lodgings, "they ran into the distinguished abolitionist Senator George Edmunds of Vermont.... " At St. Helena, "they stayed with Annie's old friend Laura Towne, a homeopathic physician and educator who, many years earlier, had established a clinic and school on the island for its large population of freed slaves. By 1888 her work was largely done, and the community served as a model for others throughout the islands.... 'The result of her work lay like a map before us,' Annie wrote .... 'Every step spoke to us of the sacrifice and suffering of humanity and of its endurance in the present time'" (193-4).

St. Helena Island Scenes

from

Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne (1912)

The Road to Penn School

Blanchard's account is not perfectly consistent with Fields's narrative in this memorial, but Blanchard did not draw upon this essay and Fields was recalling the event after about thirteen years. At the end of the Blanchard's story, she quotes from a letter Fields wrote soon after returning home from her trip. The letter may be found here: Schlesinger Library, Radcliffe Institute for Advanced Study, Harvard University; Ellis Gray Loring Family papers, 1828-1923 (A-115), folder 74, box 1. Annie Fields letter of June 18th 1888. 6 pages.

Marie Thérèse Blanc (1840-1907), a French journalist, essayist, and novelist, and a mutual friend of Jewett and Fields, took notice of Towne's death and of Fields's memorial piece. In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* 5 (1901), "L'autobiographie d'un Nègre," she wrote:

In the *Boston Transcript* of March 9, 1901, Mrs. Annie Fields devotes a very curious article to the memory of Miss Towne, who recently died at St. Helena in South Carolina, where, beginning in 1862, the second year of the Civil War, this valiant woman had gone, under the protection of the American flag, to devote herself to the education of a small group of almost primitive Negroes who had been abandoned by the planters to whom they belonged . To do that, she had left an easy and pleasant existence among the best society in Philadelphia and Boston. The rest of her life was spent on a marshy island devoted to the cultivation of cotton and so hot that summer is torture. There she brought education and order to five or six thousand Negroes, among whom there were little more than twenty white people . Her fortune, her time, her influence, she gave it all for these pitiful people who today have been rescued: a Miss Murray helped her in her heavy task. We are indebted to these ladies, and to their many friends , for the existence of artesian wells, bridges, schools, a library, the transformation of squalid huts into little homes that are clean and solidly constructed, and the resulting creation, in spite of the climate, of a kind of Arcadia of which Miss Laura Towne was truly the queen. We must speak of her work remembering that it took place at the same time as many other efforts which, though less original, were nevertheless laudable, and in which women always played a large part. [Translation: Jeannine Hammond, Coe College.]

The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation: *Atlantic Monthly* Text.

This text contains the relatively few changes made as it was prepared for the book publication of *Strangers & Wayfarers*.

> The few typographical changes between the texts have been made, but are not marked.

> Text that Jewett deleted for the book appears in [brackets in red.]

> Text that Jewett added for the book appears in [brackets in blue.]

> When hyphens have been added or removed, the original text is followed by bracketed text showing how it was changed for the book.

A high wind was blowing from the water into the Beaufort streets, -- a wind [with] [of] as [much] reckless hilarity as March could give to her breezes, but soft and spring-like, almost early-summer-like, in its warmth.

In the gardens of the old Southern houses that stood along the bay, roses and petisporum-trees were blooming, with their delicious fragrance. It was the time of wistarias and wild white lilies, of the last yellow jasmines and the first Cherokee roses. It was the Saturday before Easter Sunday.

In the quaint churchyard of old St. Helena's Church, a little way from the bay, young figures were busy among the graves with industrious gardening. At first sight, one might have thought that this pretty service was rendered only from loving sentiments of loyalty to one's ancestors, for under the great live-oaks[,] the sturdy brick walls about the family burying-places and the gravestones themselves were moss-grown and ancient-looking; yet here and there the wounded look of the earth appealed to the eye, and betrayed a new-made grave. The old sarcophagi and heavy tablets of the historic Beaufort families stood side by side with plain wooden crosses. The armorial bearings and long epitaphs of the one and the brief lettering of the other suggested the changes that had come with the war to these families, yet somehow the wooden cross touched one's heart with closer sympathy. The padlocked gates to the small inclosures stood open, while [gentle] [young] girls passed in and out with their Easter flowers of remembrance. On the high churchyard wall and great gate-posts perched many a mocking-bird, and the golden light [began to change] [changed] the twilight under the live-oaks to a misty warmth of color. The birds began to sing louder; the gray moss that hung from the heavy boughs swayed less and less, and gave the place a look of pensive silence.

In the church itself, most of the palms and rose branches were already in place for the next day's feast, and the old organ followed a fresh young voice that was [being trained] [training itself] for the Easter anthem. The five doors of the church were standing open. On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, -- in this eastern doorway sat two young women.

"I was just thinking," one was saying to the other, "that [for the first time Mistress Sydenham] [this is the first year she] has forgotten to keep [this] [the] day. You know that when she has forgotten everything and everybody else, she has known when Easter came[,] and has brought flowers to her graves."

"Has she been more feeble lately, do you think?" asked the younger of the two. "Mamma saw her the other day, and thought [that] she seemed more like herself; but she looked very old, too. She [told] [asked] mamma to bring her dolls, and she would give her some bits of silk to make them gowns. Poor mamma! and she had just been wondering how she could manage to get us ready for summer, this year, -- Célestine and me," and the speaker smiled wistfully.

"It is a mercy that the dear old lady did forget all that happened;" and the friends brushed some last bits of leaves from their skirts, and rose and walked away together through the churchyard.

The ancient church waited through another Easter Even, with its flowers and [its] long memory of prayer and praise. The great earthquake had touched it lightly, time had colored it softly, and the earthly bodies of its

children were gathered near its walls in peaceful sleep.

From one of the high houses which [stood] [stand] fronting the sea, with their airy balconies and colonnades, had come a small, slender figure [that afternoon], like some shy, dark thing of twilight out into the bright sunshine. The street was empty, for the most part; before one or two of the cheap German shops a group of men watched the little old lady step proudly by. She was a very stately [gentlewoman] [little old lady], for one so small and thin; she was feeble, too, and bending [somewhat] [a little] with the weight of years, but there was true elegance and dignity in the way she moved, and those who saw her [--] [,] persons who shuffled when they walked, and [who] boasted loudly of the fallen pride of the South [--] [,] were struck with sudden deference and admiration. Behind [the] [this] lady walked a gray-headed negro, a man who was troubled in spirit, who sometimes gained a step or two, and offered an anxious but quite unheeded remonstrance. He was a poor, tottering old fellow; he wore a threadbare evening coat that might have belonged to his late master thirty years before.

The pair went slowly along the bay street to the end of [a] [the] row of new shops, and the lady turned decidedly toward the water, and approached the ferry-steps. Her servitor groaned aloud, but waited in respectful helplessness. There was a group of negro children on the steps, [employed] in the dangerous business of crab-fishing; at the foot, in his flat-bottomed boat, sat a wondering negro lad, who looked up in apprehension at his passengers. The lady seemed like a ghost. Old Peter, -- with whose scorn of modern beings and their ways he was partially familiar, [--] old Peter was making frantic signs to him to put out from shore. But the lady's calm desire for obedience prevailed, and presently, out of the knot of idlers that [had] gathered quickly, one, more chivalrous than the rest, helped the strange adventurers down into the boat. It was the fashion to laugh and joke, in Beaufort, when anything unusual was happening before the eyes of the younger part of the colored population; but as the ferryman pushed off from shore, even the crab-fishers kept awe-struck silence, and there were speechless, open mouths and much questioning of eyes that showed their whites in vain. Somehow or other, before the boat was out of hail, long before it had passed the first bank of raccoon oysters, the tide being at the ebb, it was known by fifty people that for the first time in more than twenty years the mistress of the old Sydenham plantation on St. Helena's Island had taken it into her poor daft head to go [to] look after her estates, her crops, and her people. Everybody knew that her estates had been confiscated during the war; that her people owned it themselves now, in three and five and even twenty acre lots; that her crops of rice and Sea Island cotton were theirs, planted and hoed and harvested on their own account. All these years she had forgotten Sydenham, and the live-oak avenue, and the outlook across the water to the Hunting Islands, where the deer ran wild; she had forgotten the war; she had forgotten her children and her husband, except that they had gone away, -- the graves to which she carried Easter flowers were her mother's and her father's graves, -- and her life was [spent in] a strange dream.

Old Peter sat facing her in the boat; the ferryman pulled lustily at his oars, and they [moved] [slid] quickly along [in] the ebbing tide. The ferryman longed to get his freight safely across; he was in a fret of discomfort whenever he looked at the clear-cut, eager face before him in the stern. How still and straight the old mistress sat! Where was she going? He was awed by her presence, and took refuge, as he rowed, in needless talk about the coming of the sand-flies [sandflies] and the great drum-fish [to] [in] Beaufort waters. But Peter had clasped his hands together and bowed his old back, as if he did not dare to look anywhere but [at] [into] the bottom of the boat. Peter was still groaning softly; the old lady was looking back over the water to the row of fine houses, the once luxurious summer homes of Rhetts and Barnwells, of many a famous household now scattered and impoverished. The ferryman had heard of more than one bereft lady or gentleman who lived in seclusion in the old houses. He knew that Peter still served a mysterious mistress with exact devotion, while most of the elderly colored men and women who had formed the retinues of the old families were following their own affairs, far and wide.

"Oh, Lord, ole mis'[!] [,] what kin I go to do?" mumbled Peter, with his head in his hands. "Thar'll be nothin' to see. Po' ole mis', I do' kno' what you say. Trouble, trouble!"

But the mistress of Sydenham plantation had a way of speaking but seldom, [and of] [or] rarely listening to what [any one] [anybody] was pleased to say in return. Out of the mistiness of her clouded brain a thought had come with unwonted clearness. She must go to the island: her husband and sons were detained at a distance; it was the time of year to look after corn and cotton; she must attend to her house and her slaves. The remembrance of that news of battle and of the three deaths that had left her

widowed and childless had faded away in the illness it had brought. She [had] never comprehended her loss; she was like one bewitched into indifference; she remembered something of her youth, and kept a simple routine of daily life, and that was all.

"I t'ought she done fo'git ebryt'ing," groaned Peter again. "O Lord, hab mercy on ole mis'!"

The landing-place on Ladies' Island was steep and sandy, and the oarsman watched Peter help the strange passenger up the ascent with a sense of blessed relief. He pushed off a little way into the stream, for better self-defense. At the top of the bluff was a rough shed, built for shelter, and Peter looked about him eagerly, while his mistress stood, expectant and imperious, in the shade of a pride of India tree, that grew among the live-oaks and pines of a wild thicket. He was wretched with a sense of her discomfort, though she gave no sign of it. He had learned to know by instinct all that was unspoken. In the old times she would have found four oarsmen waiting with a cushioned boat at the ferry; she would have found a saddle-horse or a carriage ready for her on Ladies' Island for the five miles' journey, but the carriage had not come. The poor gray-headed old man recognized her displeasure. He was [her] [the] only slave left, if she did but know it.

"Fo' Gord's sake, git me some kin' of a cart. Ole mis', she done wake up and mean to go out to Syd'n'am dis day," urged Peter. "Who dis hoss an' kyart in de shed? Who make dese track wid huffs jus' now, like dey done ride by? Yo' go git somebody fo' me, or she be right mad, shore."

The elderly guardian of the shed, who was also of the old *régime*, hobbled away quickly, and backed out a steer that was broken to harness, and a rickety two-wheeled cart. Their owner had left them there for some hours, and had crossed the ferry to Beaufort. Old mistress must be obeyed, and they looked toward her beseechingly where she was waiting, deprecating her disapproval of this poor apology for a conveyance. The lady long since had ceased to concern herself with the outward shapes of things; she accepted this possibility of carrying out her plans, and they lifted her light figure to the chair, in the cart's end, while Peter mounted before her with all a coachman's dignity, -- he once had his ambitions of being her coachman, -- and they moved slowly away through the deep sand.

"My Gord A'mighty, look out fo' us now," said Peter over and over. "Ole mis', she done fo'git, good Lord, she done fo'git how de Good Marsa up dere done took f'om her [ebryt'ing] [ebryting]; she 'spect now she find Syd'n'am all de same like 's it was 'fo' de war. She ain't know 'bout what's been sence day of de gun-shoot on Port Royal and dar-away. O Lord A'mighty, yo' know how yo' stove her po' head wid dem gun-shoot; be easy to ole mis'."

But as Peter pleaded in the love and sorrow of his heart, the lady who sat behind him was unconscious of any cause for grief. Some sweet vagaries in her own mind were matched to the loveliness of the day. All her childhood, spent among the rustic scenes of these fertile Sea Islands, was yielding for her now an undefined pleasantness of association. The straight-stemmed palmettos stood out with picturesque clearness against the great level fields, with their straight furrows running out of sight. Figures of men and women followed the furrow paths slowly; here were men and horses bending to the ploughshare, and there women and children sowed with steady hand the rich seed of their crops. There were touches of color in the head kerchiefs; there were sounds of songs as the people worked, -- not gay songs of the evening, but some repeated line of a hymn, to steady the patient feet and make the work go faster, -- the unconscious music of the blacks, who sing as the beetle drones or the cricket chirps slowly under the dry grass. It had a look of permanence, this cotton-planting. It was a thing to paint, to relate itself to the permanence of art, an everlasting duty of mankind; terrible if a thing of force and compulsion and for another's gain, but the birthright of the children of Adam, and not unrewarded nor unnatural when one drew by it one's own life from the earth.

Peter glanced through the hedge-rows furtively, this way and that. What would his mistress say to the cabins that were scattered all about the fields now, and that were no longer put together in the long lines of the quarters? He looked down a [deserted lane] [side road], where he well remembered fifty cabins on each side [of the way]. It was gay there of a summer evening; the old times had not been without their pleasures, and the poor old man's heart leaped with the vague delight of his memories. He had never been on the block; he was born and bred at old Sydenham; he had been trusted in house and field.

"I done like dem ole times de best," ventures Peter, presently, to his unresponding companion. "Dere was good 'bout dem times. I say I like de ole times good as any. Young folks may be a change f'om me."

He was growing [gray in the face] [gray-faced] with apprehension; he did not dare to

disobey. The slow-footed beast of burden was carrying them toward Sydenham step by step, and he dreaded the moment of arrival. He was like a mesmerized creature, who can only obey the force of a directing will; but under pretense of handling the steer's harness, he got stiffly to the ground to look at his mistress. He could not turn to face her, as he sat in the cart; he could not [drive] [ride] any longer and feel her there behind him. The silence was too great. It was a relief to see her placid face, and to see even a more youthful look in [its] [the] worn lines. She had been a very beautiful woman in her young days. And a solemn awe fell upon Peter's tender heart, lest the veil might be lifting from her hidden past, and there, alone with him on the old plantation, she would die of grief and pain. God only knew what might happen! The old man mounted to his seat, and again they plodded on.

"Peter," said the mistress, -- he was always frightened when she spoke, -- "Peter, we must hurry. I was late in starting. I have a great deal to do. [Urge] [Hurry] the horses."

"Yas, mis', -- yas, mis'," and Peter laughed aloud nervously, and brandished his sassafras switch, while the steer hastened a little. They had come almost to the gates.

"Who are these?" the stately wayfarer asked once, as they met some persons who gazed at them in astonishment.

"I 'spect dem de good ladies f'om de Norf, what come down to show de cullud folks how to do readin'," answered Peter bravely. "It do look kind o' comfo'ble over here," he added wistfully, half to himself. He could not understand even now how oblivious she was of the great changes on St. Helena's.

There were curious eyes watching from the fields, and here by the roadside an aged black woman came to her cabin door.

"Lord!" exclaimed Peter, "what kin I do now? An' ole Sibyl, she's done crazy too, and dey'll be mischievous together."

The steer could not be hurried past, and Sibyl came and leaned against the wheel. "Mornin', mistis," said Sibyl, "an' yo' too, Peter. How's all? Day ob judgment's comin' in mornin'! Some nice buttermilk? I done git rich; t'at's my cow," and she pointed to the field and chuckled. Peter felt as if his brain were turning. "Bless de Lord, I no more slave," said old Sibyl, looking up with impudent scrutiny at her old mistress's impassive face. "Yo' know Mars' Middleton, what yo' buy me f'om? He my foster-brother; we push away from same breast. He got trouble, po' gen'elman; he sorry to sell Sibyl; he give me silver dollar dat day, an' feel bad. Neber min', I say. I get good mistis, young mistis at Sydenham. I like her well, I did so. I pick my two hunderd poun' all days, an' I ain't whipped. Too bad sold me, po' Mars' Middleton, but he in trouble. He done come see me last plantin'," Sibyl went on proudly. "Oh, Gord, he grown ole and poor-lookin'. He come in, just in dat do', an' he say, [']Sibyl, I long an' long to see you, an' now I see you;['] an' he kiss an' kiss me. An' dere's one wide ribber o' Jordan, an' we'll soon be dere, black [an'] [*an'*] white. I was right glad I see ole Mars' Middleton 'fore I die."

The old creature poured forth the one story of her great joy and pride; she had told it a thousand times. It had happened, not the last planting, but many plantings ago. It remained clear when everything else was confused. There was no knowing what she might say next. She began to take the strange steps of a slow dance, and Peter urged his steer forward, while his mistress said suddenly, "Good-by, Sibyl. I am glad you [are doing] [have done] so well," with a strange irrelevancy of graciousness. It was in the old days before the war that Sibyl had fallen insensible, one day, in the cotton-field. Did her mistress think that it was still that year, and -- Peter's mind could not puzzle out this awful day of anxiety.

They turned at last into the live-oak avenue, -- they had only another half mile to go; and here, in the place where the lady had closest association, her memory was suddenly revived almost to clearness. She began to hurry Peter impatiently; it was a mischance that she had not been met at the ferry. She was going to see to putting the house in order, and the women were all waiting. It was autumn, and they were going to move over from Beaufort; it was spring next moment, and she had to talk with her overseers. The old imperiousness flashed out. Did not Peter know that his master was kept at the front, and the young gentlemen were with him, and their regiment was going into action? It was a blessing to come over and forget it all, but Peter must drive, drive. They had taken no care of the avenue; how the trees were broken in the storm! The house needed -- They were going to move the next day but one, and nothing was ready. A party of gentlemen were coming from Charleston in the morning! [--]

They passed the turn of the avenue; they came out to the [open] lawn, and the steer stopped and began to browse. Peter shook from head to foot. He climbed down by the wheel, and turned his face slowly. "Ole mis'!" he said feebly. *"Ole mis'!"*

[She was looking off into space. The cart jerked as it moved after the feeding steer. The mistress of Sydenham plantation had sought her home in vain. The crumbled fallen chimneys of the house were there among the weeds, and that was all.]

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On Christmas Day and Easter Day, many an old man and woman come into St. Helena's Church who are not seen there the rest of the year. There are not a few recluses in the parish, who come to listen to their teacher and to the familiar prayers, read [with touching earnestness and simplicity,] as one seldom hears the prayers read anywhere. This Easter morning dawned clear and bright, as Easter [morning] should. The fresh-bloomed roses and lilies were put in their places. There was no touch of paid hands anywhere, and the fragrance blew softly about the church. As you sat in your pew, you could look out through the wide-opened doors, and see the [drooping] [bending] branches, and the birds as they sat singing on the gravestones. The sad faces of the old people, the cheerful faces of the young, passed by up the aisle. One figure came to sit alone in one of the pews, to bend its head in prayer after the ancient habit. Peter led her, as usual, to the broad-aisle doorway, and helped her, stumbling himself, up the steps, and many eyes filled with tears as his mistress went to her place. Even the tragic moment of yesterday was lost already in the acquiescence of her mind, as the calm sea shines back to the morning sun when another wreck has gone down.

The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation

A Collection of Photographs

Taken in and near Beaufort, SC in 2014.

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South side of St. Helena's,
looking through the high gate posts
toward the southern door, half way up the side aisle.

In the opening scene of the story, Jewett presents two young women conversing here, but she describes this as the east side of the church.

"On the steps of that eastern door which opened midway up the side aisle, where the morning sun had shone in upon the white faces of a hospital in war-time, -- in this eastern doorway sat two young women."

Southern door of St. Helena's

Southwest churchyard of St. Helena's
with gated wrought-iron enclosure,
live oaks, and sarcophagi.

East side of St. Helena's
with mausoleum.

St. Helena church yard, North side, with confederate flag.

Rhett family stones.

The stone on the right reads:
In memory
of Haskell S. Rhett
Born Nov. 10th 1818
Died June 29th 1868
Charity suffereth long and
is kind.
United States flags in background.

A section of Beaufort's Bay Street from the waterfront,
the steeple of St. Helena's Church to the right of center.

One of the antebellum houses on Bay Street in Beaufort,
facing southward toward Ladys Island.

An example of a high house with airy balconies and colonnades is this house, near St. Helena's Church, known as the "Secession House."

The sign reads: "Edmund Rhett, along with his brother Robert Barnwell Rhett (1800-1876), lawyer, state representative, state attorney general, U.S. congressman and senator, was an outspoken champion of states rights and Southern nationalism from the 1830s to the Civil War. This house, long known as 'Secession House,' was the scene of many informal discussions and formal meetings during the 1850s by the Rhetts and their allies advocating Secession and southern independence."

Contemporary bridge span from Beaufort to Lady's Island

The "Brick" Church is the only building remaining at the
Penn Center today that was standing when Jewett visited in 1888.

Live oak avenue near Penn School, St. Helena's Island.

A War Debt

I.

There was a tinge of autumn color on even the English elms as Tom Burton walked slowly up Beacon Street. He was wondering all the way what he had better do with himself; it was far too early to settle down in Boston for the winter, but his grandmother kept to her old date for moving up to town, and here they were. As yet nobody thought of braving the country weather long after October came in, and most country houses were poorly equipped with fireplaces, or even furnaces: this was some years ago, and not the very last autumn that ever was.

There was likely to be a long stretch of good weather, a month at least, if one took the trouble to go a little way to the southward. Tom Burton quickened his steps a little, and began to think definitely of his guns, while a sudden resolve took shape in his mind. Just then he reached the door-steps of his grandmother's fine old-fashioned house, being himself the fourth Thomas Burton that the shining brass door-plate had represented. His old grandmother was the only near relative he had in the world; she was growing older and more dependent upon him every day. That summer he had returned from a long wandering absence of three years, and the vigorous elderly woman whom he had left, busy and self-reliant, had sadly changed in the mean time; age had begun to strike telling blows at her strength and spirits. Tom had no idea of leaving her again for the long journeys which had become the delightful habit of his life; but there was no reason why he should not take a fortnight's holiday now and then, particularly now.

"Has Mrs. Burton come down yet, Dennis? Is there any one with her?" asked Tom, as he entered.

"There is not, sir. Mrs. Burton is in the drawing-room," answered Dennis precisely. "The tea is just going up; I think she was waiting for you." And Tom ran upstairs like a schoolboy, and then walked discreetly into the drawing-room. His grandmother gave no sign of having expected him, but she always liked company at that hour of the day: there had come to be too many ghosts in the empty chairs.

"Can I have two cups?" demanded the grandson, cheerfully. "I don't know when I have had such a walk!" and they began a gay gossiping hour together, and parted for a short season afterward, only to meet again at dinner, with a warm sense of pleasure in each other's company. The young man always insisted that his grandmother was the most charming woman in the world, and it can be imagined what the grandmother thought of Tom. She was only severe with him because he had given no signs of wishing to marry, but she was tolerant of all delay, so long as she could now and then keep the subject fresh in his mind. It was not a moment to speak again of the great question that afternoon, and she had sat and listened to his talk of people and things, a little plaintive and pale, but very handsome, behind the tea-table.

II.

At dinner, after Dennis had given Tom his cup of coffee and cigars, and disappeared with an accustomed air of thoughtfully leaving the family alone for a private interview, Mrs. Burton, who sometimes lingered if she felt like talking, and sometimes went away to the drawing-room to take a brief nap before she began her evening book, and before Tom joined her for a few minutes to say good-night if he were going out, -- Mrs. Burton left her chair more hurriedly than usual. Tom meant to be at home that evening, and was all ready to speak of his plan for some Southern shooting, and he felt a sudden sense of disappointment.

"Don't go away," he said, looking up as she passed. "Is this a bad cigar?"

"No, no, my dear," said the old lady, hurrying across the room in an excited, unusual sort of way. "I wish to show you something while we are by ourselves." And she stooped to unlock a little cupboard in the great sideboard, and fumbled in the depths there, upsetting and clanking among some pieces of silver. Tom joined her with a pair of candles, but it was some moments before she could find what she wanted. Mrs. Burton appeared to be in a hurry, which almost never happened, and in trying to help her Tom dropped much wax unheeded at her side.

"Here it is at last," she said, and went back to her seat at the table. "I ought to tell you the stories of some old silver that I keep in that cupboard; if I were to die, nobody would know anything about them."

"Do you mean the old French spoons, and the prince's porringer,* and those things?" asked Tom, showing the most lively interest. But his grandmother was busy unfastening the strings of a little bag, and shook her head absently in answer to his question. She took out and handed to him a quaint old silver cup with two handles, that he could not remember ever to have seen.

"What a charming old bit!" said he, turning it about. "Where in the world did it come from? English, of course; and it looks like a loving-cup.* A copy of some old Oxford* thing, perhaps; only they didn't copy much then. I should think it had been made for a child." Tom turned it round and round and drew the candles toward him. "Here's an inscription, too, but very much worn."

"Put it down a minute," said Mrs. Burton impatiently. "Every time I have thought of it I have been more and more ashamed to have it in the house. People weren't so shocked by such things at first; they would only be sentimental about the ruined homes, and say that, 'after all, it was the fortune of war.' That cup was stolen."

"But who stole it?" inquired Tom, with deep interest.

"Your father brought it here," said Mrs. Burton, with great spirit, and even a tone of reproach. "My son, Tom Burton, your father, brought it home from the war. I think his plan was to keep it safe to send back to the owners. But he left it with your mother when he was ordered suddenly to the front; he was only at home four days, and the day after he got back to camp was the day he was killed, poor boy" --

"I remember something about it now," Tom hastened to say. "I remember my mother's talking about the breaking up of Southern homes, and all that; she never believed it until she saw the cup, and I thought it was awfully silly. I was at the age when I could have blown our own house to pieces just for the sake of the racket."

"And that terrible year your grandfather's and your mother's death followed, and I was left alone with you -- two of us out of the five that had made my home" --

"I should say one and a half," insisted Tom, with some effort. "What a boy I was for a grandson! Thank Heaven, there comes a time when we are all the same age! We are jolly together now, aren't we? Come, dear old lady, don't let's think too much of what's gone by;" and he went round the table and gave her a kiss, and stood there where she need not look him in the face, holding her dear thin hand as long as ever she liked.

"I want you to take that silver cup back, Tom," she said presently, in her usual tone. "Go back and finish your coffee." She had seldom broken down like this. Mrs. Burton had been self-possessed, even to apparent coldness, in earlier life.

"How in the world am I going to take it back?" asked Tom, most businesslike and calm. "Do you really know just where it came from? And then it was several years ago."

"Your grandfather knew; they were Virginia people, of course, and happened to be old friends; one of the younger men was his own classmate. He knew the crest and motto at once, but there were two or three branches of the family, none of them, so far as he knew, living anywhere near where your father was in camp. Poor Tom said that there was a beautiful old house sacked and burnt, and everything scattered that was saved. He happened to hear a soldier from another regiment talking about it, and saw him tossing this cup about, and bought it from him with all the money he happened to have in his pockets."

"Then he didn't really steal it himself!" exclaimed Tom, laughing a little, and with a sense of relief.

"No, no, Tom!" said Mrs. Burton impatiently. "Only you see that it really is a stolen thing, and I have had it all this time under my roof. For a long time it was packed away with your father's war relics, those things that I couldn't bear to see. And then I would think of it only at night after I had once seen it, and forget to ask any one else while you were away, or wait for you to come. Oh, I have no excuse. I have been very careless, but here it has been all the time. I wish you would find out about the people; there must be some one belonging to them -- some friend, perhaps, to whom we could give it. This is one of the things that I wish to have done, and to forget. Just take it back, or write some letters first: you will know what to do. I should like to have the people understand."

"I'll see about it at once," said Tom, with great zest. "I believe you couldn't have spoken

at a better time. I have been thinking of going down to Virginia this very week. I hear that they are in a hurry with fitting out that new scientific expedition in Washington that I declined to join, and they want me to come on and talk over things before they are off. One of the men is a Virginian, an awfully good fellow; and then there's Clendennin, my old chum, who's in Washington, too, just now; they'll give me my directions; they know all Virginia between them. I'll take the cup along, and run down from Washington for a few days, and perhaps get some shooting."

Tom's face was shining with interest and satisfaction; he took the cup and again held it under the candle-light. "How pretty this old chasing* is round the edge, and the set of the little handles! Oh, here's the motto! What a dear old thing, and enormously old! See here, under the crest," and he held it toward Mrs. Burton:

"*Je vous en prie*

Bel-ami."*

Mrs. Burton glanced at it with indifference. "Yes, it is charming, as you say. But I only wish to return it to its owners, Tom."

"*Je vous en prie*
Bel-ami."

Tom repeated the words under his breath, and looked at the crest carefully.

"I remember that your grandfather said it belonged to the Bellamys," said his grandmother. "Of course: how could I forget that? I have never looked at it properly since the day I first saw it. It is a charming motto -- they were very charming and distinguished people. I suppose this is a pretty way of saying that they could not live without their friends. I beg of you, Bel-ami; -- it is a quaint fancy; one might turn it in two or three pretty ways."*

"Or they may have meant that they only looked to themselves for what they wanted, *Je vous en prie Bellamy!*" said Tom gallantly. "All right; I think that I shall start to-morrow or next day. If you have no special plans," he added.

"Do go, my dear; you may get some shooting, as you say," said Mrs. Burton, a little wistfully, but kindly personifying Tom's inclination.

"You've started me off on a fine romantic adventure," said the young man, smiling. "Come; my cigar's gone out, and it never was good for much; let's go in and try the cards, and talk about things; perhaps you'll think of something more about the Bellamys. You said that my grandfather had a classmate" --

Mrs. Burton stopped to put the cup into its chamois bag again, and handed it solemnly to Tom, then she took his arm, and dismissing all unpleasant thoughts, they sat down to the peaceful game of cribbage to while away the time. The grandson lent himself gayly to pleasure-making, and they were just changing the cards for their books, when one of the elder friends of the house appeared, one of the two or three left who called Mrs. Burton Margaret, and was greeted affectionately as Henry in return. This guest always made the dear lady feel young; he himself was always to the front of things, and had much to say. It was quite forgotten that a last charge had been given to Tom, or that the past had been wept over. Presently, the late evening hours being always her best, she forgot in eager talk that she had any grandson at all, and Tom slipped away with his book to his own sitting-room and his pipe. He took the little cup out of its bag again, and set it before him, and began to lay plans for a Southern journey.

III.

The Virginia country was full of golden autumn sunshine and blue haze. The long hours spent on a slow-moving train were full of shocks and surprises to a young traveler who knew almost every civilized country better than his own. The lonely look of the fields, the trees shattered by war, which had not yet had time enough to muffle their broken tops with green; the negroes, who crowded on board the train, lawless, and unequal to holding their liberty with steady hands, looked poor and less respectable than in the old plantation days -- it was as if the long discipline of their former state had counted for nothing. Tom Burton felt himself for the first time to have something of a statesman's thoughts and schemes as he moralized along the way. Presently he noticed with deep sympathy a lady who came down the crowded car, and took the seat just in front of him. She carried a magazine under her arm -- a copy of "Blackwood,"* which was presently proved to bear the date of 1851, and to be open at an article on the death of Wordsworth.* She was the first lady he had seen that day -- there was little money left for journeying and pleasure

among the white Virginians; but two or three stations beyond this a group of young English men and women stood with the gay negroes on the platform, and came into the train with cheerful greetings to their friends. It seemed as if England had begun to settle Virginia all over again, and their clear, lively voices had no foreign sound. There were going to be races at some court-house town in the neighborhood. Burton was a great lover of horses himself, and the new scenes grew more and more interesting. In one of the gay groups was a different figure from any of the fresh-cheeked young wives of the English planters -- a slender girl, pale and spirited, with a look of care beyond her years. She was the queen of her little company. It was to her that every one looked for approval and sympathy as the laugh went to and fro. There was something so high-bred and elegant in her bearing, something so exquisitely sure and stately, that her companions were made clumsy and rustic in their looks by contrast. The eager talk of the coming races, of the untried thoroughbreds, the winners and losers of the year before, made more distinct this young Virginia lady's own look of high-breeding, and emphasized her advantage of race. She was the newer and finer Norman among Saxons.* She alone seemed to have that inheritance of swiftness of mind, of sureness of training. It was the highest type of English civilization refined still further by long growth in favoring soil. Tom Burton read her unconscious face as if it were a romance; he believed that one of the great Virginia houses must still exist, and that she was its young mistress. The house's fortune was no doubt gone; the long-worn and carefully mended black silk gown that followed the lines of her lovely figure told plainly enough that worldly prosperity was a thing of the past. But what nature could give of its best, and only age and death could take away, were hers. He watched her more and more; at one moment she glanced up suddenly and held his eyes with hers for one revealing moment. There was no surprise in the look, but a confession of pathos, a recognition of sympathy, which made even a stranger feel that he had the inmost secret of her heart.

IV.

The next day our hero, having hired a capital saddle-horse, a little the worse for age, was finding his way eastward along the sandy roads. The country was full of color; the sassafras and gum trees and oaks were all ablaze with red and yellow. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a sail on one of the wide reaches of the river which lay to the northward; now and then he passed a broken gateway or the ruins of a cabin. He carried a light gun before him across the saddle, and a game-bag hung slack and empty at his shoulder except for a single plump partridge in one corner, which had whirred up at the right moment out of a vine-covered thicket. Something small and heavy in his coat pocket seemed to correspond to the bird, and once or twice he unconsciously lifted it in the hollow of his hand. The day itself, and a sense of being on the road to fulfill his mission, a sense of unending leisure and satisfaction under that lovely hazy sky, seemed to leave no place for impatience or thought of other things. He rode slowly along, with his eye on the roadside coverts, letting the horse take his own gait, except when a ragged negro boy, on an unwilling, heavy-footed mule, slyly approached and struck the dallying steed from behind. It was past the middle of the October afternoon.

"'Mos' thar now, Cun'l," said the boy at last, eagerly. "See them busted trees pas' thar, an' chimblies? You tu'n down nax' turn; ride smart piece yet, an' you come right front of ol' Mars Bell'my's house. See, he comin' 'long de road now. Yas, 'tis Mars Bell'my shore, an' 's gun."

Tom had been looking across the neglected fields with compassion, and wondering if such a plantation could ever be brought back to its days of prosperity. As the boy spoke he saw the tall chimneys in the distance, and then, a little way before him in the shadow of some trees, a stately figure that slowly approached. He hurriedly dismounted, leading his horse until he met the tall old man, who answered his salutation with much dignity. There was something royal and remote from ordinary men in his silence after the first words of courteous speech.

"Yas, sir; that's Mars Bell'my, sir," whispered the boy on the mule, reassuringly, and the moment of hesitation was happily ended.

"I was on my way to call upon you, Colonel Bellamy; my name is Burton," said the younger man.

"Will you come with me to the house?" said the old gentleman, putting out his hand cordially a second time; and though he had frowned slightly at first at the unmistakable Northern

accent, the light came quickly to his eyes. Tom gave his horse's bridle to the boy, who promptly transferred himself to the better saddle, and began to lead the mule instead.

"I have been charged with an errand of friendship," said Tom. "I believe that you and my grandfather were at Harvard* together." Tom looked boyish and eager and responsive to hospitality at this moment. He was straight and trim, like a Frenchman. Colonel Bellamy was much the taller of the two, even with his bent shoulders and relaxed figure.

"I see the resemblance to your grandfather, sir. I bid you welcome to Fairford,"* said the Colonel. "Your visit is a great kindness."

They walked on together, speaking ceremoniously of the season and of the shooting and Tom's journey, until they left the woods and overgrown avenue at the edge of what had once been a fine lawn, with clusters of huge oaks; but these were shattered by war and more or less ruined. The lopped trunks still showed the marks of fire and shot; some had put out a fresh bough or two, but most of the ancient trees stood for their own monuments, rain-bleached and gaunt. At the other side of the wide lawn, against young woodland and a glimpse of the river, were the four great chimneys which had been seen from the highroad. There was no dwelling in sight at the moment, and Tom stole an apprehensive look at the grave face of his companion. It appeared as if he were being led to the habitation of ghosts, as if he were purposely to be confronted with the desolation left in the track of Northern troops. It was not so long since the great war that these things could be forgotten.

The Colonel, however, without noticing the ruins in any way, turned toward the right as he neared them, and passing a high fragment of brick wall topped by a marble ball or two -- which had been shot at for marks -- and passing, just beyond, some huge clumps of box, they came to a square brick building with a rude wooden addition at one side, and saw some tumble-down sheds a short distance beyond this, with a negro cabin.

They came to the open door. "This was formerly the billiard-room. Your grandfather would have kept many memories of it," said the host simply. "Will you go in, Mr. Burton?" And Tom climbed two or three perilous wooden steps and entered, to find himself in a most homelike and charming place. There was a huge fireplace opposite the door, with a thin whiff of blue smoke going up, a few old books on the high chimney-piece, a pair of fine portraits with damaged frames, some old tables and chairs of different patterns, with a couch by the square window covered with a piece of fine tapestry folded together and still showing its beauty, however raveled and worn. By the opposite window, curtained only by vines, sat a lady with her head muffled in lace, who greeted the guest pleasantly, and begged pardon for not rising from her chair. Her face wore an unmistakable look of pain and sorrow. As Tom Burton stood at her side, he could find nothing to say in answer to her apologies. He was not wont to be abashed, and a real court could not affect him like this ideal one. The poor surroundings could only be seen through the glamour of their owner's presence -- it seemed a most elegant interior.

"I am sorry to have the inconvenience of deafness," said Madam Bellamy, looking up with an anxious little smile. "Will you tell me again the name of our guest?"

"He is my old classmate Burton's grandson, of Boston," said the Colonel, who now stood close at her side; he looked apprehensive as he spoke, and the same shadow flitted over his face as when Tom had announced himself by the oak at the roadside.

"I remember Mr. Burton, your grandfather, very well," said Madam Bellamy at last, giving Tom her hand for the second time, as her husband had done. "He was your guest here the autumn before we were married, my dear; a fine rider, I remember, and a charming gentleman. He was much entertained by one of our hunts. I saw that you also carried a gun. My dear," and she turned to her husband anxiously, "did you bring home any birds?"

Colonel Bellamy's face lengthened. "I had scarcely time, or perhaps I had not my usual good fortune," said he. "The birds have followed the grain-fields away from Virginia, we sometimes think."

"I can offer you a partridge," said Tom eagerly. "I shot one as I rode along. I am afraid that I stopped Colonel Bellamy just as he was going out."

"I thank you very much," said Madam Bellamy. "And you will take supper with us, certainly. You will give us the pleasure of a visit?

I regret very much my granddaughter's absence, but it permits me to offer you her room, which happens to be vacant." But Tom attempted to make excuse. "No, no," said Madam Bellamy, answering her own thoughts rather than his words. "You must certainly stay the night with us; we shall make you most welcome. It will give my husband great pleasure; he will have many questions to ask you."

Tom went out to search for his attendant, who presently clattered away on the mule at an excellent homeward pace. An old negro man servant led away the horse, and Colonel Bellamy disappeared also, leaving the young guest to entertain himself and his hostess for an hour, that flew by like light. A woman who is charming in youth is still more charming in age to a man of Tom Burton's imagination, and he was touched to find how quickly the first sense of receiving an antagonist had given way before a desire to show their feeling of kindly hospitality toward a guest. The links of ancient friendship still held strong, and as Tom sat with his hostess by the window they had much pleasant talk of Northern families known to them both, of whom, or of whose children and grandchildren, he could give much news. It seemed as if he should have known Madam Bellamy all his life. It is impossible to say how she illumined her poor habitation, with what dignity and sweetness she avoided, as far as possible, any reference to the war or its effects. One could hardly remember that she was poor, or ill, or had suffered such piteous loss of friends and fortune.

Later, when Tom was walking toward the river through the woods and overgrown fields of the plantation, he came upon the ruins of the old cabins of what must have been a great family of slaves. The crumbling heaps of the chimneys stood in long lines on either side of a weed-grown lane; not far beyond he found the sinking mounds of some breastworks on a knoll which commanded the river channel. The very trees and grass looked harrowed and distressed by war; the silence of the sunset was only broken by the cry of a little owl that was begging mercy of its fears far down the lonely shore.

V.

At supper that night Burton came from his room to find Colonel Bellamy bringing his wife in his arms to the table, while the old bent-backed and gray-headed man servant followed to place her chair. The mistress of Fairford was entirely lame and helpless, but she sat at the head of her table like a queen. There was a bunch of damask-roses at her plate. The Colonel himself was in evening dress, antique in cut, and sadly worn, and Tom heartily thanked his patron saint that the boy had brought his portmanteau in good season. There was a glorious light in the room from the fire, and the table was served with exquisite care, and even more luxurious delay, the excellent fish which the Colonel himself must have caught in his unexplained absence, and Tom's own partridge, which was carved as if it had been the first wild turkey of the season, were followed by a few peaches touched with splendid color as they lay on a handful of leaves in a bent and dented pewter plate. There seemed to be no use for the stray glasses, until old Milton produced a single small bottle of beer, and uncorked and poured it for his master and his master's guest with a grand air. The Colonel lifted his eyebrows slightly, but accepted its appearance at the proper moment.

They sat long at table. It was impossible to let one's thought dwell upon any of the meagre furnishings of the feast. The host and hostess talked of the days when they went often to France and England, and of Tom's grandfather when he was young. At last Madam Bellamy left the table, and Tom stood waiting while she was carried to her own room. He had kissed her hand like a courtier as he said good-night. On the Colonel's return the old butler ostentatiously placed the solitary bottle between them and went away. The Colonel offered some excellent tobacco, and Tom begged leave to fetch his pipe. When he returned he brought with it the chamois-skin bag that held the silver cup, and laid it before him on the table. It was like the dread of going into battle, but the moment had arrived. He laid his hand on the cup for a moment as if to hide it, then he waited until his pipe was fairly going.

"This is something which I have come to restore to you, sir," said Tom presently, taking the piece of silver from its wrappings. "I believe that it is your property."

The old Colonel's face wore a strange, alarmed look; his thin cheeks grew crimson. He reached eagerly for the cup, and held it before his eyes. At last he bent his head and kissed it. Tom Burton saw that his tears began to fall, that he half rose, turning toward the door of the next room, where his wife was; then he sank back again, and looked at his guest appealingly.

"I ask no questions," he faltered; "it was the fortune of war. This cup was my grandfather's, my father's, and mine; all my own children drank from it in turn; they are all gone before me. We always called it our lucky cup. I fear that it has come back too late" -- The old man's voice broke, but he still held the shining piece of silver before him, and turned it about in the candle-light.

"*Je vous en prie Bel-ami.*"

he whispered under his breath, and put the cup before him on the scarred mahogany.

VI.

"Shall we move our chairs before the fire, Mr. Burton? My dear wife is but frail," said the old man, after a long silence, and with touching pathos. "She sees me companioned for the evening, and is glad to seek her room early; if you were not here she would insist upon our game of cards. I do not allow myself to dwell upon the past, and I have no wish for gay company;" he added, in a lower voice, "My daily dread in life is to be separated from her."

As the evening wore on, the autumn air grew chilly, and again and again the host replenished his draughty fireplace, and pushed the box of delicious tobacco toward his guest, and Burton in his turn ventured to remember a flask in his portmanteau, and begged the Colonel to taste it, because it had been filled from an old cask in his grandfather's cellar. The butler's eyes shone with satisfaction when he was unexpectedly called upon to brew a little punch after the old Fairford fashion, and the later talk ranged along the youthful escapades of Thomas Burton the elder to the beauties and the style of Addison;* from the latest improvement in shot-guns to the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson,* while the Colonel spoke tolerantly, in passing, of some slight misapprehensions of Virginia life made by a delightful young writer, too early lost -- Mr. Thackeray.*

Tom Burton had never enjoyed an evening more; the romance, the pathos of it, as he found himself more and more taking his grandfather's place in the mind of this hereditary friend, waked all his sympathy. The charming talk that never dwelt too long or was hurried too fast, the exquisite faded beauty of Madam Bellamy, the noble dignity and manliness of the old planter and soldier, the perfect absence of reproach for others or whining pity for themselves, made the knowledge of their regret and loss doubly poignant. Their four sons had all laid down their lives in what they believed from their hearts to be their country's service; their daughters had died early, one from sorrow at her husband's death, and one from exposure in a forced flight across country; their ancestral home lay in ruins; their beloved cause had been put to shame and defeat -- yet they could bow their heads to every blast of misfortune, and could make a man welcome at their table whose every instinct and tradition of loyalty made him their enemy. The owls might shriek from the chimneys of Fairford, and the timid wild hares course up and down the weed-grown avenues on an autumn night like this, but a welcome from the Bellamys was a welcome still. It seemed to the young imaginative guest that the old motto of the house was never so full of significance as when he fancied it exchanged between the Colonel and himself, Southerner and Northerner, elder and younger man, conquered and conqueror in an unhappy war. The two old portraits, with their warped frames and bullet-holes, faded and gleamed again in the firelight; the portrait of an elderly man was like the Colonel himself, but the woman, who was younger, and who seemed to meet Tom's eye gayly enough, bore a resemblance which he could only half recall. It was very late when the two men said good-night. They were each conscious of the great delight of having found a friend. The candles had flickered out long before, but the fire still burned, and struck a ray of light from the cup on the table.

VII.

The next morning Burton waked early in his tiny sleeping-room. The fragrance of ripe grapes and the autumn air blew in at the window, and he hastened to dress, especially as he could hear the footstep and imperious voice of Colonel Bellamy, who seemed to begin his new day with zest and courage in the outer room. Milton, the old gray-headed negro, was there too, and was alternately upbraided and spoken with most intimately and with friendly approval. It sounded for a time as if some great excitement and project were on foot; but Milton presently appeared, eager for morning offices, and when Tom went out to join the Colonel he was no longer there. There were no signs of breakfast. The birds were singing in the trees outside, and the sun shone in through the wide-opened door. It was a poor place in the morning light. As he

crossed the room he saw an old-fashioned gift-book lying on the couch, as if some one had just laid it there face downward. He carried it with him to the door; a dull collection enough, from forgotten writers of forgotten prose and verse, but the Colonel had left it open at some lines which, with all their faults, could not be read without sympathy. He was always thinking of his wife; he had marked the four verses because they spoke of her.

Tom put the old book down just as Colonel Bellamy passed outside, and hastened to join him. They met with pleasure, and stood together talking. The elder man presently quoted a line or two of poetry about the beauty of the autumn morning, and his companion stood listening with respectful attention, but he observed by contrast the hard, warriorlike lines of the Colonel's face. He could well believe that, until sorrow had softened him, a fiery impatient temper had ruled this Southern heart. There was a sudden chatter and noise of voices, and they both turned to see a group of negroes, small and great, coming across the lawn with bags and baskets, and after a few muttered words the old master set forth hurriedly to meet them, Tom following.

"Be still, all of you!" said the Colonel sternly. "Your mistress is still asleep. Go round to Milton, and he will attend to you. I'll come presently."

They were almost all old people, many of them were already infirm, and it was hard to still their requests and complaints. One of the smaller children clasped Colonel Bellamy about the knees. There was something patriarchal in the scene, and one could not help being sure that some reason for the present poverty of Fairford was the necessity for protecting these poor souls. The merry, well-fed colored people, who were indulging their late-won liberty of travel on the trains,* had evidently shirked any responsibilities for such stray remnants of humanity. Slavery was its own provider for old age. There had once been no necessity for the slaves themselves to make provision for winter, as even a squirrel must. They were worse than children now, and far more appealing in their helplessness.

The group slowly departed, and Colonel Bellamy led the way in the opposite direction, toward the ruins of the great house. They crossed the old garden, where some ancient espaliers still clung to the broken brick-work of the walls, and a little fruit still clung to the knotted branches, while great hedges of box,* ragged and uncared for, traced the old order of the walks. The heavy dew and warm morning sun brought out that antique fragrance, -- the faint pungent odor which wakes the utmost memories of the past. Tom Burton thought with a sudden thrill that the girl with the sweet eyes yesterday had worn a bit of box in her dress. Here and there, under the straying boughs of the shrubbery, bloomed a late scarlet poppy from some scattered seed of which such old soil might well be full. It was a barren, neglected garden enough, but still full of charm and delight, being a garden. There was a fine fragrance of grapes through the undergrowth, but the whole place was completely ruined; a little snake slid from the broken base of a sun-dial; the tall chimneys of the house were already beginning to crumble, and birds and squirrels lived in their crevices and flitted about their lofty tops. At some distance an old negro was singing, -- it must have been Milton himself, still unbesought by his dependents, -- and the song was full of strange, monotonous wails and plaintive cadences, like a lament for war itself, and all the misery that follows in its train.

Colonel Bellamy had not spoken for some moments, but when they reached the terrace which had been before the house there were two flights of stone steps that led to empty air, and these were still adorned by some graceful railings and balusters, bent and rusty and broken.

"You will observe this iron-work, sir," said the Colonel, stopping to regard with pride almost the only relic of the former beauty and state of Fairford. "My grandfather had the pattern carefully planned in Charleston,* where such work was formerly well done by Frenchmen." He stopped to point out certain charming features of the design with his walking-stick, and then went on without a glance at the decaying chimneys or the weed-grown cellars and heaps of stones beneath.

The lovely October morning was more than half gone when Milton brought the horse round to the door, and the moment came to say farewell. The Colonel had shown sincere eagerness that the visit should be prolonged for at least another day, but a reason for hurry which the young man hardly confessed to himself was urging him back along the way he had come. He was ready to forget his plans for shooting and wandering eastward on the river

shore. He had paid a parting visit to Madam Bellamy in her own room, where she lay on a couch in the sunshine, and had seen the silver cup -- a lucky cup he devoutly hoped it might indeed be -- on a light stand by her side. It held a few small flowers, as if it had so been brought in to her in the early morning. Her eyes were dim with weeping. She had not thought of its age and history, neither did the sight of such pathetic loot wake bitter feelings against her foes. It was only the cup that her little children had used, one after another, in their babyhood; the last and dearest had kept it longest, and even he was dead -- fallen in battle, like the rest.

She wore a hood and wrapping of black lace, which brought out the delicacy of her features like some quaint setting. Her hand trembled as she bade her young guest farewell. As he looked back from the doorway she was like some exiled queen in a peasant's lodging, such dignity and sweet patience were in her look. "I think you bring good fortune," she said. "Nothing can make me so happy as to have my husband find a little pleasure."

As the young man crossed the outer room the familiar eyes of the old portrait caught his own with wistful insistency. He suddenly suspected the double reason: he had been dreaming of other eyes, and knew that his fellow-traveler had kept him company. "Madam Bellamy," he said, turning back, and blushing as he bent to speak to her in a lower voice, -- "the portrait; is it like any one? is it like your granddaughter? Could I have seen her on my way here?"

Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields.* She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton promised something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt.

"Je vous an prie Belle Amie,"

he whispered, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

"You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

"I shall hope so too," answered Tom Burton, warmly. Then, acting from sudden impulse, he quickly unslung his gun, and begged his old friend to keep it -- to use it, at any rate, until he came again.

The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this, sir. I loved him, and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook; it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made.

Tom Burton rode slowly away, and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river; the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together, except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

This was the way that, many years ago, a Northerner found his love, a poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ruined house of Fairford.

Notes

"A War Debt" first appeared in *Harper's Monthly* in January 1895 (90:227-237) and was collected in *The Life of Nancy* (1895). This text was edited and annotated by Coe College student Valerie Sowell with assistance from Terry Heller, Coe College

"A War Debt" underwent significant revision in each of the first three printings, most notably at the end. Following these notes are materials showing these revisions.

The title refers to the American Civil War (1861-1865) between the Union states of the North and the Confederacy of 11 Southern states. The years which preceded southern secession were marked by friction over slavery, trade and the right to secede. The North triumphed over an under-powered South, reuniting the nation, abolishing slavery, and granting citizenship to the freed slaves.

A fair guess at "time present" in the story may be inferred. Tom Burton's parents and his grandfather died early in the Civil War, when he was a child. Speculating that he was twelve in 1861, that he went to college when he was 16 in 1865, graduating in 1869, and that he has been "knocking about" since then, one of his trips lasting three years, he could be as young as

twenty-four. The story seems fairly clearly set during Reconstruction, when the shot-damaged trees at Fairford remain easy to see and when Blacks and whites could mix as train passengers in Virginia. This would place the story in about 1873.

prince's porringer: "A shallow, round bowl with one or two flat, horizontal handles set on opposite sides of the rim." (Source: *Encyclopædia Britannica Online*).

loving-cup: 1: a large ornamental drinking vessel with two or more handles; 2: a loving cup given as a token or trophy. (Source: *Webster's Revised Unabridged Dictionary* 1913, edited by Noah Porter).

Oxford: A town in Oxfordshire, England, famous mostly for the world-renowned University of Oxford which rests inside its limits.

old chasing: To chase metal is to ornament it by indenting with a hammer and tools without a cutting edge. (Source: *Encyclopædia Britannica Online*).

pretty ways: The punning inscription translates literally as "I beg of you" and, more colloquially, as "You are welcome." Research: Linda Rhoads.

Blackwood: *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* was in print from 1817 to 1980. It had a reputation as the world-wide conveyor of all things British. It exercised a wide and steady literary influence in the form of stories, poems and serial novels. Issues are accessible on-line at: http://www.bodley.ox.ac.uk/ilej/. A search of the *Blackwood's* contents from 1850 through 1852 turns up no articles on the death of Wordsworth.

death of Wordsworth: William Wordsworth, the central figure in English Romanticism, died April 23, 1850 at the age of 80.

Norman among Saxons: The Normans, descended from the Vikings (Norsemen), settled in Northern France. They conquered the Anglo-Saxons, crowning William of Normandy the King of England on Christmas Day, 1066. This conquest is chronicled in Jewett's *The Story of the Normans*.

Harvard: Founded 1636, it is the oldest institution of higher learning in the United States. Harvard is located in Cambridge, MA, few miles west of Boston.

Fairford: Fairford does not appear on any maps of Virginia..

Charleston: Charleston is a city located on the Atlantic coast in South Carolina, a bastion of historic Southern culture and industry. Jewett visited South Carolina in 1888, when she wrote "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation." Between 1888 and 1895, the state government became increasingly dominated by segregationists.

Addison: Almost certainly Joseph Addison (1672-1719), the English politician and writer perhaps best remembered for his contributions to *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, important magazines of the eighteenth century.

Thomas Jefferson: Jefferson (1743-1826), of Virginia, was the third president of the United States, a slave-owner and the principal author of the "Declaration of Independence."

Mr. Thackeray: English novelist William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863) is best known for his novel, *Vanity Fair* (1847). He also wrote *Henry Esmond* (1852), which at the end features the hero marrying his mistress, Rachel, and the pair leaving England for Virginia. From this came the sequel, *The Virginians* (1857-1859).

That Tom and the Colonel discussed this novel is suggestive in several ways. The first volume tells mainly of the young Virginian, Harry Warrington, when he visits England in the belief that his older twin brother, George, has died in the French and Indian Wars. This story emphasizes how the naive young man is fleeced by various aristocratic scoundrels, including members of his English family. The second volume is mainly about his brother, George, who escapes captivity and travels to England to rescue his brother from debt and help him find his career. Though less naive, George also has trouble with his English relatives.

The novel ends with an account of the American Revolution, in which Harry fights on the American side, while George serves the British. George provides this account from the perspective of late middle age, expressing sympathy for and criticism of both sides. His attitude presages Jewett's narrative attitude

toward the revolution in her novel, *The Tory Lover*.

It is difficult to know what aspects of Virginia life shown in the novel would seem incorrect to Colonel Bellamy.

Of interest for this story is the book's portrait of slavery. Slaves on the Warrington farm are characterized as lazy and happy, but of Madam Esmond (Warrington upon her marriage), it is said: "You might have preached negro emancipation to Madam Esmond of Castlewood as you might have told her to let the horses run loose out of her stables; she had no doubt but that the whip and the corn-bag were good for both" (*Works of Thackeray*, Cornhill edition, Scribner's 1911, v. 8, p. 35). Slaves generally appear as comic characters and rarely are shown working. Harry's personal slave, Gumbo, lives more like an English servant than like property, though at least once, it is suggested that he might be sold. In the second volume, Gumbo works for George. He is intensely loyal to his masters and proves resourceful when they have trouble. Throughout the novel, Gumbo is highly popular with female servants, Black and white. Ultimately, her marries a white servant in England.

Also of interest is a quasi-satirical account of Madam Warrington's pride in her supposed royal heritage, as a Norman among the Saxons. She and her father believe they are descendents of a noble Norman warrior and also of Charlemagne and of Queen Boadicea of England (v. 8, p. 37).

late-won liberty of travel on the trains: Though trains were not legally segregated in Virginia until 1900, most other southern states had passed segregation laws for trains and most other public accommodations by 1895. The case of Plessy vs. Ferguson (1898) began its journey to the Supreme Court in June 1892, when Homer A. Plessy refused to leave a car for whites only on the East Louisiana Railroad. Jewett's story is *set* in the brief period of Reconstruction, when African-Americans enjoyed a good deal of personal liberty. But she *wrote* the story in the context of rapidly increasing restrictions on African Americans' liberties and an accompanying increase in violence as whites enforced segregation and Black subordination extralegally and as Blacks resisted what has been called reenslavement.

hedges of box: Box is a widely cultivated shrub (*B. sempervirens*) used for hedges, borders, and topiaries.

Whitfields: This town does not appear on contemporary maps of Virginia.

Jewett's Three Endings for "A War Debt"

The ending of the above text is the 2nd of Jewett's three endings for this story. See the *Harper's Monthly* Text and Comparison Table for details about Jewett's revisions between the magazine and 1st printing. This note focuses only upon the endings.

First Ending: *Harper's Monthly*, January 1895 (90:227-237).

Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields. She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

"You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

"I shall hope so too," answered Tom Burton, warmly. Then, acting from sudden impulse, he quickly unslung his gun, and begged his old friend to keep it -- to use it, at any rate, until he came again.

The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this, sir. I loved him, and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook; it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made.

Tom Burton rode slowly away, and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river; the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together, except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

Jewett receives a fan letter

Jewett's move in the first printing of her collection toward realizing the potential romance in the magazine version may have been

influenced by the 20 January 1895 letter she received from a fan, Lieutenant John Howard Wills, who wrote: "I can not but hope that you will shortly allow the agreeable hero to meet the lady who was 'the queen of her little company' and that we may be permitted to be present."

Second Ending: First Printing of *The Life of Nancy*.

Identical with the above, except for the first and final paragraphs.

Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields. She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton promised something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt.

"*Je vous an prie*
Belle Amie,"

he whispered, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

***

This was the way that, many years ago, a Northerner found his love, a poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ruined house of Fairford.

Jewett receives a critical letter from Rudyard Kipling

On 16 October 1895, from Vermont, Kipling wrote Jewett a laudatory letter after reading the first printing of *The Life of Nancy*. But he was not pleased with "A War Debt":

Did you in the War Debt (serial form) put in those four lines italic at the end: because I don't remember having seen them and -- I don't like them. They explain things and I loathe an explanation. Please cut 'em out in the next edition and let people guess that he married Mrs Bellamy's grand daughter.

Jewett seems to have responded to Kipling's suggestion, deleting the final paragraph in the next printing.

Third Ending: Second Printing of *The Life of Nancy*

Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields. She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton promised something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt.

"*Je vous an prie*
Belle Amie,"

he whispered, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

"You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

"I shall hope so too," answered Tom Burton, warmly. Then, acting from sudden impulse, he quickly unslung his gun, and begged his old friend to keep it -- to use it, at any rate, until he came again.

The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this, sir. I loved him, and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook; it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made.

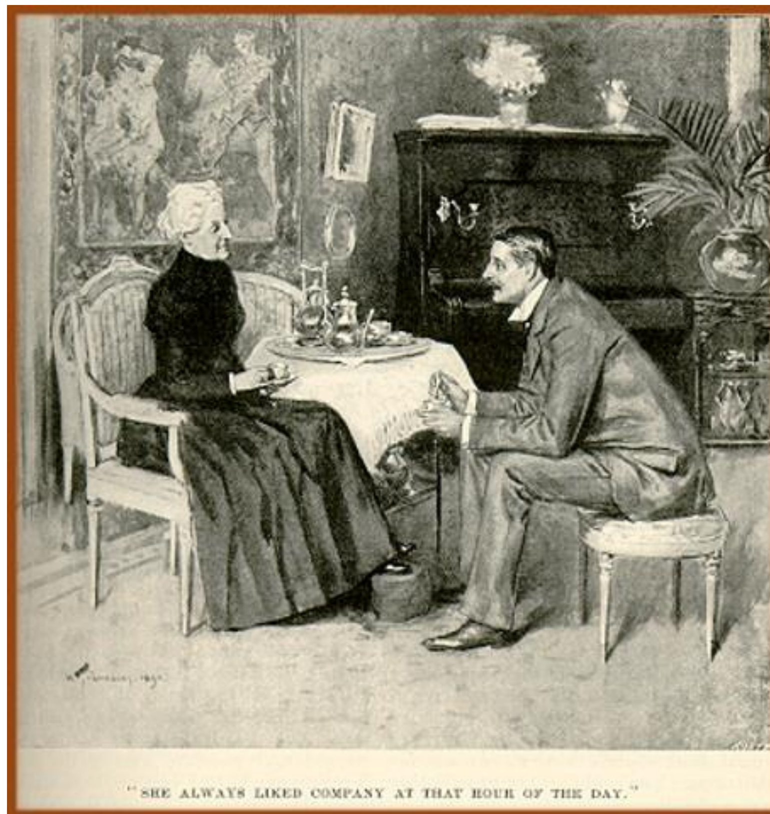
This was the moment of farewell; the young man held the Colonel's hand in a boyish eager grasp. "I wish that I might be like a son to you," he said. "May I write, sometimes, and may I really come to Fairford again?"

The old Colonel answered him most affectionately, "Oh yes; we must think of the Christmas hunt," he said, and so they parted.

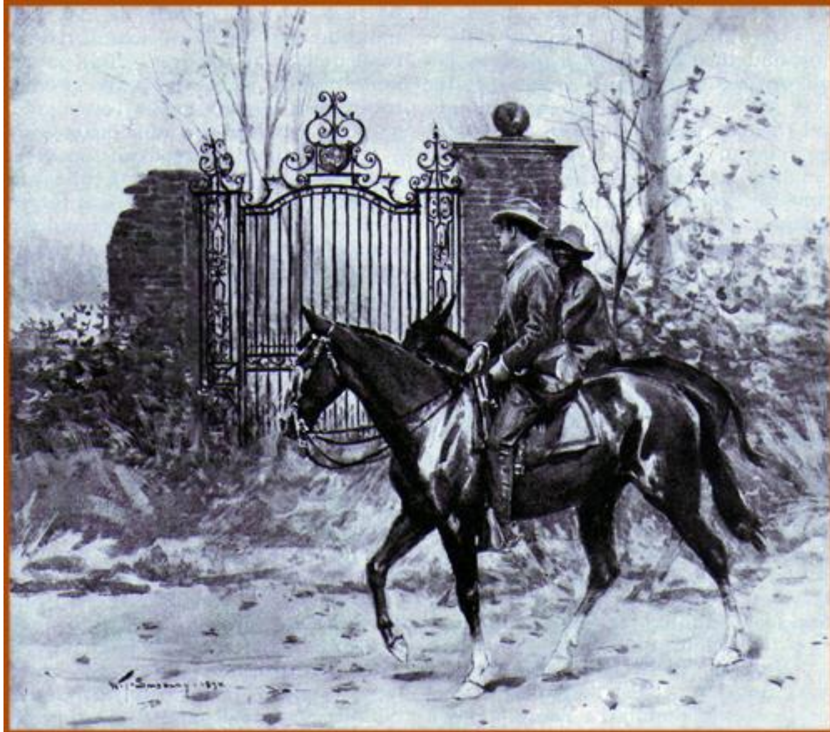
Tom Burton rode slowly away, and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river; the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together, except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

Harper's Illustrations for "A War Debt"

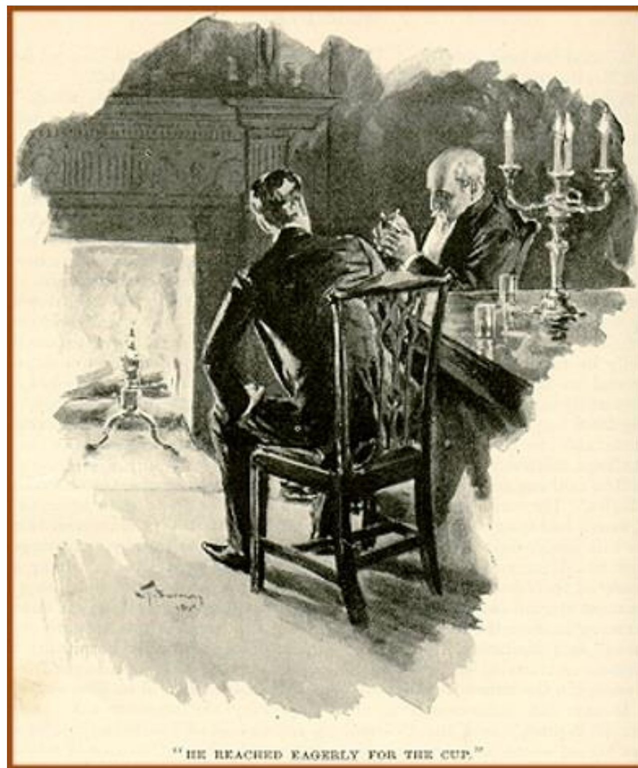
The illustrator is William Thomas Smedley (1858-1920). Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, Smedley studied in Philadelphia, New York, and Paris. He worked as an engraver and illustrator, travelling widely to collect images. (Source: *Mantle Fielding's Dictionary of American Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers*). Among the best reproductions of his work available at this site are his illustrations for "The Flight of Betsey Lane" in *A Native of Winby*.



She always liked company at that hour of the day."



"'Mos thar now."



"HE REACHED EAGERLY FOR THE CUP."

"He reached eagerly for the cup."

Jewett's Other Revisions

This story exists in three significantly different versions, published in 1895 and 1896.

- The first appeared in *Harper's Monthly* in January 1895 (90:227-237).

- It was revised and collected in *The Life of Nancy* (first printing, 1895).

- A second printing of the collection appeared in 1896, with a revised ending for this story.

The table of differences below identifies the differences between the *Harper's* text and the first printing of *The Life of Nancy*.

The text that appears in the 2nd printing of *The Life of Nancy* varies from the 1st printing only at the end. The following table shows the other revisions Jewett made as she prepared the *Harper's* text for the first printing of *The Life of Nancy*. Following the table is a copy of the *Harper's* version with the paragraphs numbered to ease locating and examining Jewett's revisions.

Para.#	*Harper's* Text	*The Life of Nancy* First Printing - 1895
4	answered Dennis, precisely	answered Dennis precisely
.	up stairs ... school-boy	upstairs ... schoolboy
5	the tea table	the tea-table
6	were going out --	were going out, --
12	Mrs. Burton, impatiently.	Mrs. Burton impatiently.
14	back to the people who owned it. But he left it when he	back to the owners. But he left it with your mother when he
.	poor boy --"	poor boy" --
15	could have banged our	could have blown our
16	made my home --"	made my home" --
17	what's gone by" -- and he	what's gone by;" and he
18	she said, presently, in	she said presently, in
21	in his pocket."	in his pockets."
22	said Mrs. Burton, impatiently.	said Mrs. Burton impatiently.
.	It is one of the things ... to have done,	This is one of the things ... done at last,
.	you know what to do	you will know what to do
23	there's Clendennin, you know, my old chum, who's in Washington too just now,	there's Clendennin, my old chum, who's in Washington, too, just now,

24	round the edge and the set	round the edge, and the set
.	See here under the crest,"	See here, under the crest,"
29	I beg of you, Bel-ami -- it is a quaint fancy	I beg of you, Bel-ami; -- it is a quaint fancy
30	said Tom, gallantly.	said Tom gallantly.
32	said the young man.	said the young man, smiling.
.	had a classmate -"	had a classmate" -
33	evening hours always being her best	evening hours being always her best
34	*Blackwood*	"Blackwood"
.	but at two or three stations after this	but two or three stations beyond this
.	She was the new and finer Norman ... seemed to have that possibility of swiftness	She was the newer and finer Norman ... seemed to have that inheritance of swiftness
35	ragged negro boy on an unwilling heavy-footed mule	ragged negro boy, on an unwilling, heavy-footed mule
36	the road-side coverts, ... on an unwilling heavy-footed mule slyly	the roadside coverts, ... on an unwilling, heavy-footed mule, slyly
44	short distance beyond, with	short distance beyond this, with
45	said the host, simply.	said the host simply.
.	most home-like and charming	most homelike and charming
.	head hooded in lace	head muffled in lace
47	oak at the road-side	oak at the roadside
50	said Tom, eagerly	said Tom eagerly
51	the pleasure of a visit.	the pleasure of a visit?
52	she illuminated her poor	she illumined her poor
.	One could not remember	One could hardly remember
53	woods and over-grown fields	woods and overgrown fields
54	gray-headed manservant followed	gray-headed man servant followed
56	said Tom, presently,	said Tom presently,
58	back too late --"	back too late" --
59	"*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*,"	"*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*."
61	taste it, since it had	taste it, because it had
.	The old butler's eyes	The butler's eyes
.	the style of Addison, from	the style of Addison; from

62	frames and bullet holes,	frames and bullet-holes,
63	Milton presently appeared eager	Milton presently appeared, eager
.	to the door: a dull collection	to the door; a dull collection
65	said the Colonel, sternly.	said the Colonel sternly.
67	ragged and uncared-for traced	ragged and uncared for, traced
.	an antique fragrance - the	an antique fragrance, - the
.	shrubbery, there bloomed a late poppy	shrubbery, bloomed a late scarlet poppy
.	old negro was singing -	old negro was singing, -
.	unbesought by his dependents - and the song was full of strange monotonous	unbesought by his dependents, - and the song was full of strange, monotonous
70	horse round to the door and	horse round to the door, and
72	speak to her in a lower voice,	speak to her in a lower voice, -
73	and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.	and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton promised something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt. *"Je vous an prie Belle Amie,"* he whispered, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.
78	[No paragraph 78 in this version]	*This was the way that, many years ago, a Northerner found his love, a poor but noble lady in the South, and Fortune smiled again upon the ruined house of Fairford.*

A War Debt: The *Harper's Magazine* Text

This text has numbered paragraphs in order to facilitate comparisons with the texts that appeared in the first and second printings of *The Life of Nancy*.

I.

1 There was a tinge of autumn color on even the English elms as Tom Burton walked slowly up Beacon Street. He was wondering all the way what he had better do with himself; it was far too early to settle down in Boston for the winter, but his grandmother kept to her old date for moving up to town, and here they were. As yet nobody thought of braving the country weather long after October came in, and most country houses were poorly equipped with fireplaces, or even furnaces: this was some years ago, and not the very last autumn that ever was.

2 There was likely to be a long stretch of good weather, a month at least, if one took the trouble to go a little way to the southward. Tom Burton quickened his steps a little, and began to think definitely of his guns, while a sudden resolve took shape in his mind. Just then he reached the door-steps of his grandmother's fine old-fashioned house, being himself the fourth Thomas Burton that the shining brass door-plate had represented. His old grandmother was the only near relative he had in the world; she was growing older and more dependent upon him every day. That summer he had returned from a long wandering absence of three years, and the vigorous elderly woman whom he had left, busy and self-reliant, had sadly changed in the mean time; age had begun to strike telling blows at her strength and spirits. Tom had no idea of leaving her again for the long journeys which had become the delightful habit of his life; but there was no reason why he should not take a fortnight's holiday now and then, particularly now.

3 "Has Mrs. Burton come down yet, Dennis? Is there any one with her?" asked Tom, as he entered.

4 "There is not, sir. Mrs. Burton is in the drawing-room," answered Dennis, precisely. "The tea is just going up; I think she was waiting for you." And Tom ran up stairs like a school-boy, and then walked discreetly into the drawing-room. His grandmother gave no sign of having expected him, but she always liked company at that hour of the day: there had come to be too many ghosts in the empty chairs.

5 "Can I have two cups?" demanded the grandson, cheerfully. "I don't know when I have had such a walk!" and they began a gay gossiping hour together, and parted for a short season afterward, only to meet again at dinner, with a warm sense of pleasure in each other's company. The young man always insisted that his grandmother was the most charming woman in the world, and it can be imagined what the grandmother thought of Tom. She was only severe with him because he had given no signs of wishing to marry, but she was tolerant of all delay, so long as she could now and then keep the subject fresh in his mind. It was not a moment to speak again of the great question that afternoon, and she had sat and listened to his talk of people and things, a little plaintive and pale, but very handsome, behind the tea table.

II.

6 At dinner, after Dennis had given Tom his cup of coffee and cigars, and disappeared with an accustomed air of thoughtfully leaving the family alone for a private interview, Mrs. Burton, who sometimes lingered if she felt like talking, and sometimes went away to the drawing-room to take a brief nap before she began her evening book, and before Tom joined her for a few minutes to say good-night if he were going out -- Mrs. Burton left her chair more hurriedly than usual. Tom meant to be at home that evening, and was all ready to speak of his plan for some Southern shooting, and he felt a sudden sense of disappointment.

7 "Don't go away," he said, looking up as she passed. "Is this a bad cigar?"

8 "No, no, my dear," said the old lady, hurrying across the room in an excited, unusual sort of way. "I wish to show you something while we are by ourselves." And she stooped to unlock a little cupboard in the great sideboard, and fumbled in the depths there, upsetting and clanking among some pieces of silver. Tom joined her with a pair of candles, but it was some moments before she could find what she wanted. Mrs. Burton appeared to be in a hurry, which almost never happened, and in trying to

help her Tom dropped much wax unheeded at her side.

9 "Here it is at last," she said, and went back to her seat at the table. "I ought to tell you the stories of some old silver that I keep in that cupboard; if I were to die, nobody would know anything about them."

10 "Do you mean the old French spoons, and the prince's porringer, and those things?" asked Tom, showing the most lively interest. But his grandmother was busy unfastening the strings of a little bag, and shook her head absently in answer to his question. She took out and handed to him a quaint old silver cup with two handles, that he could not remember ever to have seen.

11 "What a charming old bit!" said he, turning it about. "Where in the world did it come from? English, of course; and it looks like a loving-cup. A copy of some old Oxford thing, perhaps; only they didn't copy much then. I should think it had been made for a child." Tom turned it round and round and drew the candles toward him. "Here's an inscription, too, but very much worn."

12 "Put it down a minute," said Mrs. Burton, impatiently. "Every time I have thought of it I have been more and more ashamed to have it in the house. People weren't so shocked by such things at first; they would only be sentimental about the ruined homes, and say that, 'after all, it was the fortune of war.' That cup was stolen."

13 "But who stole it?" inquired Tom, with deep interest.

15 "Your father brought it here," said Mrs. Burton, with great spirit, and even a tone of reproach. "My son, Tom Burton, your father, brought it home from the war. I think his plan was to keep it safe to send back to the people who owned it. But he left it when he was ordered suddenly to the front; he was only at home four days, and the day after he got back to camp was the day he was killed, poor boy --"

15 "I remember something about it now," Tom hastened to say. "I remember my mother's talking about the breaking up of Southern homes, and all that; she never believed it until she saw the cup, and I thought it was awfully silly. I was at the age when I could have banged our own house to pieces just for the sake of the racket."

16 "And that terrible year your grandfather's and your mother's death followed, and I was left alone with you -- two of us out of the five that had made my home --"

17 "I should say one and a half," insisted Tom, with some effort. "What a boy I was for a grandson! Thank Heaven, there comes a time when we are all the same age! We are jolly together now, aren't we? Come, dear old lady, don't let's think too much of what's gone by" -- and he went round the table and gave her a kiss, and stood there where she need not look him in the face, holding her dear thin hand as long as ever she liked.

18 "I want you to take that silver cup back, Tom," she said, presently, in her usual tone. "Go back and finish your coffee." She had seldom broken down like this. Mrs. Burton had been self-possessed, even to apparent coldness, in earlier life.

19 "How in the world am I going to take it back?" asked Tom, most businesslike and calm. "Do you really know just where it came from? And then it was several years ago."

20 "Your grandfather knew; they were Virginia people, of course, and happened to be old friends; one of the younger men was his own classmate. He knew the crest and motto at once, but there were two or three branches of the family, none of them, so far as he knew, living anywhere near where your father was in camp. Poor Tom said that there was a beautiful old house sacked and burnt, and everything scattered that was saved. He happened to hear a soldier from another regiment talking about it, and saw him tossing this cup about, and bought it from him with all the money he happened to have in his pocket."

21 "Then he didn't really steal it himself!" exclaimed Tom, laughing a little, and with a sense of relief.

22 "No, no, Tom!" said Mrs. Burton, impatiently. "Only you see that it really is a stolen thing, and I have had it all this time under my roof. For a long time it was packed away with your father's war relics, those things that I couldn't bear to see. And then I would think of it only at night after I had once seen it, and forget to ask any one else while you were away, or wait for you to come. Oh, I have no excuse. I have been very careless, but here it has been all the time. I wish you would find out about the people; there must be some one belonging to them -- some friend, perhaps, to whom we could give it. It is one of the things that I wish to have done at last, and to forget. Just take it back, or write some letters first: you know what to do. I should like to have the people understand."

23 "I'll see about it at once," said Tom, with great zest. "I believe you couldn't have spoken

at a better time. I have been thinking of going down to Virginia this very week. I hear that they are in a hurry with fitting out that new scientific expedition in Washington that I declined to join, and they want me to come on and talk over things before they are off. One of the men is a Virginian, an awfully good fellow; and then there's Clendennin, you know, my old chum, who's in Washington too just now; they'll give me my directions; they know all Virginia between them. I'll take the cup along, and run down from Washington for a few days, and perhaps get some shooting."

24 Tom's face was shining with interest and satisfaction; he took the cup and again held it under the candle-light. "How pretty this old chasing is round the edge and the set of the little handles! Oh, here's the motto! What a dear old thing, and enormously old! See here under the crest," and he held it toward Mrs. Burton:

25 "*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*."

26 Mrs. Burton glanced at it with indifference. "Yes, it is charming, as you say. But I only wish to return it to its owners, Tom."

27 "*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*."

28 Tom repeated the words under his breath, and looked at the crest carefully.

29 "I remember that your grandfather said it belonged to the Bellamys," said his grandmother. "Of course: how could I forget that? I have never looked at it properly since the day I first saw it. It is a charming motto -- they were very charming and distinguished people. I suppose this is a pretty way of saying that they could not live without their friends. I beg of you, Bel-ami -- it is a quaint fancy; one might turn it in two or three pretty ways."

30 "Or they may have meant that they only looked to themselves for what they wanted, *Je vous en prie Bellamy*!" said Tom, gallantly. "All right; I think that I shall start to-morrow or next day. If you have no special plans," he added.

31 "Do go, my dear; you may get some shooting, as you say," said Mrs. Burton, a little wistfully, but kindly personifying Tom's inclination.

32 "You've started me off on a fine romantic adventure," said the young man. "Come; my cigar's gone out, and it never was good for much; let's go in and try the cards, and talk about things; perhaps you'll think of something more about the Bellamys. You said that my grandfather had a classmate --"

33 Mrs. Burton stopped to put the cup into its chamois bag again, and handed it solemnly to Tom, then she took his arm, and dismissing all unpleasant thoughts, they sat down to the peaceful game of cribbage to while away the time. The grandson lent himself gayly to pleasure-making, and they were just changing the cards for their books, when one of the elder friends of the house appeared, one of the two or three left who called Mrs. Burton Margaret, and was greeted affectionately as Henry in return. This guest always made the dear lady feel young; he himself was always to the front of things, and had much to say. It was quite forgotten that a last charge had been given to Tom, or that the past had been wept over. Presently, the late evening hours always being her best, she forgot in eager talk that she had any grandson at all, and Tom slipped away with his book to his own sitting-room and his pipe. He took the little cup out of its bag again, and set it before him, and began to lay plans for a Southern journey.

III.

34 The Virginia country was full of golden autumn sunshine and blue haze. The long hours spent on a slow-moving train were full of shocks and surprises to a young traveler who knew almost every civilized country better than his own. The lonely look of the fields, the trees shattered by war, which had not yet had time enough to muffle their broken tops with green; the negroes, who crowded on board the train, lawless, and unequal to holding their liberty with steady hands, looked poor and less respectable than in the old plantation days -- it was as if the long discipline of their former state had counted for nothing. Tom Burton felt himself for the first time to have something of a statesman's thoughts and schemes as he moralized along the way. Presently he noticed with deep sympathy a lady who came down the crowded car, and took the seat just in front of him. She carried a magazine under her arm -- a copy of *Blackwood*, which was presently proved to bear the date of 1851, and to be open at an article on the death of Wordsworth. She was the first lady he had seen that day -- there was little money left for journeying and pleasure among the white Virginians; but at two or three stations after this a group of young English men and women stood with the gay negroes on the platform, and came into the train with cheerful greetings to their friends. It seemed as if England had begun to settle Virginia all over again, and their clear, lively voices had no foreign sound. There were

going to be races at some court-house town in the neighborhood. Burton was a great lover of horses himself, and the new scenes grew more and more interesting. In one of the gay groups was a different figure from any of the fresh-cheeked young wives of the English planters -- a slender girl, pale and spirited, with a look of care beyond her years. She was the queen of her little company. It was to her that every one looked for approval and sympathy as the laugh went to and fro. There was something so high-bred and elegant in her bearing, something so exquisitely sure and stately, that her companions were made clumsy and rustic in their looks by contrast. The eager talk of the coming races, of the untried thoroughbreds, the winners and losers of the year before, made more distinct this young Virginia lady's own look of high-breeding, and emphasized her advantage of race. She was the new and finer Norman among Saxons. She alone seemed to have that possibility of swiftness of mind, of sureness of training. It was the highest type of English civilization refined still further by long growth in favoring soil. Tom Burton read her unconscious face as if it were a romance; he believed that one of the great Virginia houses must still exist, and that she was its young mistress. The house's fortune was no doubt gone; the long-worn and carefully mended black silk gown that followed the lines of her lovely figure told plainly enough that worldly prosperity was a thing of the past. But what nature could give of its best, and only age and death could take away, were hers. He watched her more and more; at one moment she glanced up suddenly and held his eyes with hers for one revealing moment. There was no surprise in the look, but a confession of pathos, a recognition of sympathy, which made even a stranger feel that he had the inmost secret of her heart.

IV.

35 The next day our hero, having hired a capital saddle-horse, a little the worse for age, was finding his way eastward along the sandy roads. The country was full of color; the sassafras and gum trees and oaks were all ablaze with red and yellow. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a sail on one of the wide reaches of the river which lay to the northward; now and then he passed a broken gateway or the ruins of a cabin. He carried a light gun before him across the saddle, and a game-bag hung slack and empty at his shoulder except for a single plump partridge in one corner, which had whirred up at the right moment out of a vine-covered thicket. Something small and heavy in his coat pocket seemed to correspond to the bird, and once or twice he unconsciously lifted it in the hollow of his hand. The day itself, and a sense of being on the road to fulfill his mission, a sense of unending leisure and satisfaction under that lovely hazy sky, seemed to leave no place for impatience or thought of other things. He rode slowly along, with his eye on the road-side coverts, letting the horse take his own gait, except when a ragged negro boy on an unwilling heavy-footed mule slyly approached and struck the dallying steed from behind. It was past the middle of the October afternoon.

36 "'Mos' thar now, Cun'l," said the boy at last, eagerly. "See them busted trees pas' thar, an' chimblies? You tu'n down nax' turn; ride smart piece yet, an' you come right front of ol' Mars Bell'my's house. See, he comin' 'long de road now. Yas, 'tis Mars Bell'my shore, an' 's gun."

37 Tom had been looking across the neglected fields with compassion, and wondering if such a plantation could ever be brought back to its days of prosperity. As the boy spoke he saw the tall chimneys in the distance, and then, a little way before him in the shadow of some trees, a stately figure that slowly approached. He hurriedly dismounted, leading his horse until he met the tall old man, who answered his salutation with much dignity. There was something royal and remote from ordinary men in his silence after the first words of courteous speech.

38 "Yas, sir; that's Mars Bell'my, sir," whispered the boy on the mule, reassuringly, and the moment of hesitation was happily ended.

39 "I was on my way to call upon you, Colonel Bellamy; my name is Burton," said the younger man.

40 "Will you come with me to the house?" said the old gentleman, putting out his hand cordially a second time; and though he had frowned slightly at first at the unmistakable Northern accent, the light came quickly to his eyes. Tom gave his horse's bridle to the boy, who promptly transferred himself to the better saddle, and began to lead the mule instead.

41 "I have been charged with an errand of friendship," said Tom. "I believe that you and my grandfather were at Harvard together." Tom looked boyish and eager and responsive to hospitality at this moment. He was straight and trim, like a Frenchman. Colonel Bellamy was much the taller of the two, even with his bent shoulders and relaxed figure.

42 "I see the resemblance to your grandfather, sir. I bid you welcome to Fairford," said the Colonel. "Your visit is a great kindness."

43 They walked on together, speaking ceremoniously of the season and of the shooting and Tom's journey, until they left the woods and overgrown avenue at the edge of what had once been a fine lawn, with clusters of huge oaks; but these were shattered by war and more or less ruined. The lopped trunks still showed the marks of fire and shot; some had put out a fresh bough or two, but most of the ancient trees stood for their own monuments, rain-bleached and gaunt. At the other side of the wide lawn, against young woodland and a glimpse of the river, were the four great chimneys which had been seen from the highroad. There was no dwelling in sight at the moment, and Tom stole an apprehensive look at the grave face of his companion. It appeared as if he were being led to the habitation of ghosts, as if he were purposely to be confronted with the desolation left in the track of Northern troops. It was not so long since the great war that these things could be forgotten.

44 The Colonel, however, without noticing the ruins in any way, turned toward the right as he neared them, and passing a high fragment of brick wall topped by a marble ball or two -- which had been shot at for marks -- and passing, just beyond, some huge clumps of box, they came to a square brick building with a rude wooden addition at one side, and saw some tumble-down sheds a short distance beyond, with a negro cabin.

45 They came to the open door. "This was formerly the billiard-room. Your grandfather would have kept many memories of it," said the host, simply. "Will you go in, Mr. Burton?" And Tom climbed two or three perilous wooden steps and entered, to find himself in a most home-like and charming place. There was a huge fireplace opposite the door, with a thin whiff of blue smoke going up, a few old books on the high chimney-piece, a pair of fine portraits with damaged frames, some old tables and chairs of different patterns, with a couch by the square window covered with a piece of fine tapestry folded together and still showing its beauty, however raveled and worn. By the opposite window, curtained only by vines, sat a lady with her head hooded in lace, who greeted the guest pleasantly, and begged pardon for not rising from her chair. Her face wore an unmistakable look of pain and sorrow. As Tom Burton stood at her side, he could find nothing to say in answer to her apologies. He was not wont to be abashed, and a real court could not affect him like this ideal one. The poor surroundings could only be seen through the glamour of their owner's presence -- it seemed a most elegant interior.

46 "I am sorry to have the inconvenience of deafness," said Madam Bellamy, looking up with an anxious little smile. "Will you tell me again the name of our guest?"

47 "He is my old classmate Burton's grandson, of Boston," said the Colonel, who now stood close at her side; he looked apprehensive as he spoke, and the same shadow flitted over his face as when Tom had announced himself by the oak at the road-side.

48 "I remember Mr. Burton, your grandfather, very well," said Madam Bellamy at last, giving Tom her hand for the second time, as her husband had done. "He was your guest here the autumn before we were married, my dear; a fine rider, I remember, and a charming gentleman. He was much entertained by one of our hunts. I saw that you also carried a gun. My dear," and she turned to her husband anxiously, "did you bring home any birds?"

49 Colonel Bellamy's face lengthened. "I had scarcely time, or perhaps I had not my usual good fortune," said he. "The birds have followed the grain-fields away from Virginia, we sometimes think."

50 "I can offer you a partridge," said Tom, eagerly. "I shot one as I rode along. I am afraid that I stopped Colonel Bellamy just as he was going out."

51 "I thank you very much," said Madam Bellamy. "And you will take supper with us, certainly. You will give us the pleasure of a visit. I regret very much my granddaughter's absence, but it permits me to offer you her room, which happens to be vacant." But Tom attempted to make excuse. "No, no," said Madam Bellamy, answering her own thoughts rather than his words. "You must certainly stay the night with us; we shall make you most welcome. It will give my husband great pleasure; he will have many questions to ask you."

52 Tom went out to search for his attendant, who presently clattered away on the mule at an excellent homeward pace. An old negro man servant led away the horse, and Colonel Bellamy disappeared also, leaving the young guest to entertain himself and his hostess for an hour, that flew by like light. A woman who is charming in youth is still more charming in age to a man of Tom Burton's imagination, and he was touched to find how quickly the first sense

of receiving an antagonist had given way before a desire to show their feeling of kindly hospitality toward a guest. The links of ancient friendship still held strong, and as Tom sat with his hostess by the window they had much pleasant talk of Northern families known to them both, of whom, or of whose children and grandchildren, he could give much news. It seemed as if he should have known Madam Bellamy all his life. It is impossible to say how she illuminated her poor habitation, with what dignity and sweetness she avoided, as far as possible, any reference to the war or its effects. One could not remember that she was poor, or ill, or had suffered such piteous loss of friends and fortune.

53 Later, when Tom was walking toward the river through the woods and over-grown fields of the plantation, he came upon the ruins of the old cabins of what must have been a great family of slaves. The crumbling heaps of the chimneys stood in long lines on either side of a weed-grown lane; not far beyond he found the sinking mounds of some breastworks on a knoll which commanded the river channel. The very trees and grass looked harrowed and distressed by war; the silence of the sunset was only broken by the cry of a little owl that was begging mercy of its fears far down the lonely shore.

V.

54 At supper that night Burton came from his room to find Colonel Bellamy bringing his wife in his arms to the table, while the old bent-backed and gray-headed manservant followed to place her chair. The mistress of Fairford was entirely lame and helpless, but she sat at the head of her table like a queen. There was a bunch of damask-roses at her plate. The Colonel himself was in evening dress, antique in cut, and sadly worn, and Tom heartily thanked his patron saint that the boy had brought his portmanteau in good season. There was a glorious light in the room from the fire, and the table was served with exquisite care, and even more luxurious delay, the excellent fish which the Colonel himself must have caught in his unexplained absence, and Tom's own partridge, which was carved as if it had been the first wild turkey of the season, were followed by a few peaches touched with splendid color as they lay on a handful of leaves in a bent and dented pewter plate. There seemed to be no use for the stray glasses, until old Milton produced a single small bottle of beer, and uncorked and poured it for his master and his master's guest with a grand air. The Colonel lifted his eyebrows slightly, but accepted its appearance at the proper moment.

55 They sat long at table. It was impossible to let one's thought dwell upon any of the meagre furnishings of the feast. The host and hostess talked of the days when they went often to France and England, and of Tom's grandfather when he was young. At last Madam Bellamy left the table, and Tom stood waiting while she was carried to her own room. He had kissed her hand like a courtier as he said good-night. On the Colonel's return the old butler ostentatiously placed the solitary bottle between them and went away. The Colonel offered some excellent tobacco, and Tom begged leave to fetch his pipe. When he returned he brought with it the chamois-skin bag that held the silver cup, and laid it before him on the table. It was like the dread of going into battle, but the moment had arrived. He laid his hand on the cup for a moment as if to hide it, then he waited until his pipe was fairly going.

56 "This is something which I have come to restore to you, sir," said Tom, presently, taking the piece of silver from its wrappings. "I believe that it is your property."

57 The old Colonel's face wore a strange, alarmed look; his thin cheeks grew crimson. He reached eagerly for the cup, and held it before his eyes. At last he bent his head and kissed it. Tom Burton saw that his tears began to fall, that he half rose, turning toward the door of the next room, where his wife was; then he sank back again, and looked at his guest appealingly.

58 "I ask no questions," he faltered; "it was the fortune of war. This cup was my grandfather's, my father's, and mine; all my own children drank from it in turn; they are all gone before me. We always called it our lucky cup. I fear that it has come back too late" -- The old man's voice broke, but he still held the shining piece of silver before him, and turned it about in the candle-light.

59 "*Je vous en prie Bel-ami*," he whispered under his breath, and put the cup before him on the scarred mahogany.

VI.

60 "Shall we move our chairs before the fire, Mr. Burton? My dear wife is but frail," said the old man, after a long silence, and with touching pathos. "She sees me companioned for the evening, and is glad to seek her room early; if you were not here she would insist upon our game of cards. I do not allow myself to dwell upon the past, and I have no wish for gay company;" he added, in a lower voice, "My daily dread in life is to be separated from her."

61 As the evening wore on, the autumn air grew chilly, and again and again the host replenished his draughty fireplace, and pushed the box of delicious tobacco toward his guest, and Burton in his turn ventured to remember a flask in his portmanteau, and begged the Colonel to taste it, since it had been filled from an old cask in his grandfather's cellar. The old butler's eyes shone with satisfaction when he was unexpectedly called upon to brew a little punch after the old Fairford fashion, and the later talk ranged along the youthful escapades of Thomas Burton the elder to the beauties and the style of Addison, from the latest improvement in shot-guns to the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson, while the Colonel spoke tolerantly, in passing, of some slight misapprehensions of Virginia life made by a delightful young writer, too early lost -- Mr. Thackeray.

62 Tom Burton had never enjoyed an evening more; the romance, the pathos of it, as he found himself more and more taking his grandfather's place in the mind of this hereditary friend, waked all his sympathy. The charming talk that never dwelt too long or was hurried too fast, the exquisite faded beauty of Madam Bellamy, the noble dignity and manliness of the old planter and soldier, the perfect absence of reproach for others or whining pity for themselves, made the knowledge of their regret and loss doubly poignant. Their four sons had all laid down their lives in what they believed from their hearts to be their country's service; their daughters had died early, one from sorrow at her husband's death, and one from exposure in a forced flight across country; their ancestral home lay in ruins; their beloved cause had been put to shame and defeat -- yet they could bow their heads to every blast of misfortune, and could make a man welcome at their table whose every instinct and tradition of loyalty made him their enemy. The owls might shriek from the chimneys of Fairford, and the timid wild hares course up and down the weed-grown avenues on an autumn night like this, but a welcome from the Bellamys was a welcome still. It seemed to the young imaginative guest that the old motto of the house was never so full of significance as when he fancied it exchanged between the Colonel and himself, Southerner and Northerner, elder and younger man, conquered and conqueror in an unhappy war. The two old portraits, with their warped frames and bullet holes, faded and gleamed again in the firelight; the portrait of an elderly man was like the Colonel himself, but the woman, who was younger, and who seemed to meet Tom's eye gayly enough, bore a resemblance which he could only half recall. It was very late when the two men said good-night. They were each conscious of the great delight of having found a friend. The candles had flickered out long before, but the fire still burned, and struck a ray of light from the cup on the table.

VII.

63 The next morning Burton waked early in his tiny sleeping-room. The fragrance of ripe grapes and the autumn air blew in at the window, and he hastened to dress, especially as he could hear the footstep and imperious voice of Colonel Bellamy, who seemed to begin his new day with zest and courage in the outer room. Milton, the old gray-headed negro, was there too, and was alternately upbraided and spoken with most intimately and with friendly approval. It sounded for a time as if some great excitement and project were on foot; but Milton presently appeared eager for morning offices, and when Tom went out to join the Colonel he was no longer there. There were no signs of breakfast. The birds were singing in the trees outside, and the sun shone in through the wide-opened door. It was a poor place in the morning light. As he crossed the room he saw an old-fashioned gift-book lying on the couch, as if some one had just laid it there face downward. He carried it with him to the door: a dull collection enough, from forgotten writers of forgotten prose and verse, but the Colonel had left it open at some lines which, with all their faults, could not be read without sympathy. He was always thinking of his wife; he had marked the four verses because they spoke of her.

64 Tom put the old book down just as Colonel Bellamy passed outside, and hastened to join him. They met with pleasure, and stood together talking. The elder man presently quoted a line or two of poetry about the beauty of the autumn morning, and his companion stood listening with respectful attention, but he observed by contrast the hard, warriorlike lines of the Colonel's face. He could well believe that, until sorrow had softened him, a fiery impatient temper had ruled this Southern heart. There was a sudden chatter and noise of voices, and they both turned to see a group of negroes, small and great, coming across the lawn with bags and baskets, and after a few muttered words the old master set forth hurriedly to meet them, Tom following.

65 "Be still, all of you!" said the Colonel, sternly. "Your mistress is still asleep. Go round to Milton, and he will attend to you. I'll come presently."

66 They were almost all old people, many of them were already infirm, and it was hard to still their requests and complaints. One of the smaller children clasped Colonel Bellamy about the knees. There was something patriarchal in the scene, and one could not help being sure that some reason for the present poverty of Fairford was the necessity for protecting these poor souls. The merry, well-fed colored people, who were indulging their late-won liberty of travel on the trains, had evidently shirked any responsibilities for such stray remnants of humanity. Slavery was its own provider for old age. There had once been no necessity for the slaves themselves to make provision for winter, as even a squirrel must. They were worse than children now, and far more appealing in their helplessness.

67 The group slowly departed, and Colonel Bellamy led the way in the opposite direction, toward the ruins of the great house. They crossed the old garden, where some ancient espaliers still clung to the broken brick-work of the walls, and a little fruit still clung to the knotted branches, while great hedges of box, ragged and uncared-for, traced the old order of the walks. The heavy dew and warm morning sun brought out that antique fragrance -- the faint pungent odor which wakes the utmost memories of the past. Tom Burton thought with a sudden thrill that the girl with the sweet eyes yesterday had worn a bit of box in her dress. Here and there, under the straying boughs of the shrubbery, there bloomed a late poppy from some scattered seed of which such old soil might well be full. It was a barren, neglected garden enough, but still full of charm and delight, being a garden. There was a fine fragrance of grapes through the undergrowth, but the whole place was completely ruined; a little snake slid from the broken base of a sun-dial; the tall chimneys of the house were already beginning to crumble, and birds and squirrels lived in their crevices and flitted about their lofty tops. At some distance an old negro was singing -- it must have been Milton himself, still unbesought by his dependents -- and the song was full of strange monotonous wails and plaintive cadences, like a lament for war itself, and all the misery that follows in its train.

68 Colonel Bellamy had not spoken for some moments, but when they reached the terrace which had been before the house there were two flights of stone steps that led to empty air, and these were still adorned by some graceful railings and balusters, bent and rusty and broken.

69 "You will observe this iron-work, sir," said the Colonel, stopping to regard with pride almost the only relic of the former beauty and state of Fairford. "My grandfather had the pattern carefully planned in Charleston, where such work was formerly well done by Frenchmen." He stopped to point out certain charming features of the design with his walking-stick, and then went on without a glance at the decaying chimneys or the weed-grown cellars and heaps of stones beneath.

70 The lovely October morning was more than half gone when Milton brought the horse round to the door and the moment came to say farewell. The Colonel had shown sincere eagerness that the visit should be prolonged for at least another day, but a reason for hurry which the young man hardly confessed to himself was urging him back along the way he had come. He was ready to forget his plans for shooting and wandering eastward on the river shore. He had paid a parting visit to Madam Bellamy in her own room, where she lay on a couch in the sunshine, and had seen the silver cup -- a lucky cup he devoutly hoped it might indeed be -- on a light stand by her side. It held a few small flowers, as if it had so been brought in to her in the early morning. Her eyes were dim with weeping. She had not thought of its age and history, neither did the sight of such pathetic loot wake bitter feelings against her foes. It was only the cup that her little children had used, one after another, in their babyhood; the last and dearest had kept it longest, and even he was dead -- fallen in battle, like the rest.

71 She wore a hood and wrapping of black lace, which brought out the delicacy of her features like some quaint setting. Her hand trembled as she bade her young guest farewell. As he looked back from the doorway she was like some exiled queen in a peasant's lodging, such dignity and sweet patience were in her look. "I think you bring good fortune," she said. "Nothing can make me so happy as to have my husband find a little pleasure."

72 As the young man crossed the outer room the familiar eyes of the old portrait caught his own with wistful insistency. He suddenly suspected the double reason: he had been dreaming of other eyes, and knew that his fellow-traveler had kept him company. "Madam Bellamy," he said, turning back, and blushing as he bent to speak to her in a lower voice, "the portrait; is it like any one? is it like your granddaughter? Could I have seen her on my way here?"

73 Madam Bellamy looked up at his eager face with a light of unwonted pleasure in her eyes. "Yes," said she, "my granddaughter would have been on her way to Whitfields. She has always been thought extremely like the picture: it is her great-grandmother. Good-by; pray let us see you at Fairford again;" and they said farewell once more, while Tom Burton said something, half to himself, about the Christmas hunt, and a most lovely hope was in his heart.

74 "You have been most welcome," said the Colonel at parting. "I beg that you will be so kind as to repeat this visit. I shall hope that we may have some shooting together."

75 "I shall hope so too," answered Tom Burton, warmly. Then, acting from sudden impulse, he quickly unslung his gun, and begged his old friend to keep it -- to use it, at any rate, until he came again.

76 The old Virginian did not reply for a moment. "Your grandfather would have done this, sir. I loved him, and I take it from you both. My own gun is too poor a thing to offer in return." His voice shook; it was the only approach to a lament, to a complaint, that he had made.

77 Tom Burton rode slowly away, and presently the fireless chimneys of Fairford were lost to sight behind the clustering trees. The noonday light was shining on the distant river; the road was untravelled and untenanted for miles together, except by the Northern rider and his Southern steed.

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