

Dunnet Landing
Three papers on Sarah Orne Jewett

Terry Heller
Coe College

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**For Ann Struthers
esteemed colleague
and
dear friend**

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Introduction

In the course of scholarly publishing and developing the on-line archive, The Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project, I have several times found myself working through topics related to Jewett's Dunnet Landing stories.

In 2013-4, I collaborated with Melissa Homestead in presenting an unused chapter for *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (1896), Jewett's first work set in her fictional main coastal village, Dunnet Landing. It became necessary at that time to produce as complete and accurate an account as possible of the various early editions of that book, because various editors, after Jewett's death, fairly radically altered the contents and organization.

In 2021, while working on letters between Jewett and Mary Augusta (Mrs. Humphry) Ward, I realized that Jewett was reading Ward's *Sir George Tressady* (1896) and discussing its composition with Ward at the same time that she was completing *CPF*. That realization led to a number of questions concerning how Jewett's two projects may have influenced each other.

In early 2023, I had occasion to reconsider Jewett's sequel to *CPF*, "The Foreigner" (1900), upon reading the published version of an interesting essay Vesna Kuiken had shown me years before in an early draft: "Foreign before 'the Foreigner': Caribbean Fetishes, Zombi, and Jewett's Conjure Aesthetics." Though I always enjoy Kuiken's work, I was moved to push back against this piece, and that led to the third paper in this collection, on the presentation of Mrs. Tolland, the foreigner in that story.

Because the third paper looks so closely at "The Foreigner," it seemed useful to include here, in an appendix, my annotated edition of the story, convenient for easy reference.

Each piece has undergone minor revision since its original appearance at the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project

Editions of *The Country of the Pointed Firs*

Introduction

Because *The Country of the Pointed Firs* has been organized in several different ways, it can be useful to have a visual record gathered in one place of the main editions to appear between the serial publication in *Atlantic Monthly* during 1895-6 and the Riverside edition of 1927, including the edition edited by Willa Cather in 1925. What follows is an elaboration of the basic work presented in Clara and Carl J. Weber, *A Bibliography of the Published Writings of Sarah Orne Jewett*. Colby College Press, Waterville, ME 1949.

The majority of literary critics to discuss the text of this book argue that Jewett's 1896 text should be viewed as a single whole work, and the subsequently composed Dunnet Landing stories as sequels. "William's Wedding," among the sequels stands out because its publication was posthumous, and there is no indication that Jewett, herself, ever intended to publish it.

To understand some of the effects of the various additions of chapters and their reordering, it is useful to have a chronology of the events recounted in the book and its sequels.

The 1896 first edition seems to be presented chronologically. The most precise date in the book is the day of the Bowden Reunion, which takes place on Saturday 15 August. This chronology lists the main incidents covered in the whole book and in the sequels.

Page numbers are from Sarah Way Sherman's 1997 facsimile edition of the 1896 text, followed by the sequels.

Chronology of The Dunnet Landing Stories

Arrival in June

In revising from *Atlantic* to first edition, Jewett adjusted the arrival date, from "late June" to just June, but later in the first edition chapter 2, the narrator says she arrived in late June (6).

Captain Littlepage visits the narrator in the schoolhouse – early July (18).

This event is dated in late July in *Atlantic* text.

The trip to Green Island

54 The midsummer sun dries up the scanty sheep pasture on the islands.

Seems to follow close upon the Littlepage meeting, after which Todd introduces Green Island as a destination.

Mrs. Fosdick comes to visit – late in July (86)

86 The summer is described as quiet at Todd's house before this visit.

On Shell-heap Island

129 "the month was August."

A Dunnet Shepherdess

215 The narrator recognizes William's voice, so this after the Green Island visit, and probably after the Fosdick episode, since the summer seems to have been quiet between the Green Island trip and Fosdick's visit.

Bowden Reunion – 15 August

141 This probably is Saturday, since Mrs. Blackett plans to go to Meeting the next morning, before returning to Green Island. This works for 1891 and 1896, in case Jewett was consulting a calendar.

Along Shore

184-5 The setting is summer, but not specified. There is a good deal of detail to suggest that the weather is hot in the early afternoon when the story opens – the lack of activity, the light breezes, throwing the sleeping boy overboard.

212 When she last sees Tilley, she reflects that they had so long been strangers before becoming friends at last. This would seem to place their conversation about as late in the summer as it could be.

The Foreigner

233 An evening "at the end of August."

Paragraph four begins with announcement that the narrator has been talking with Elijah, placing it clearly after "Along Shore."

The Queen's Twin

258 "One September day."

The Backward View

207 "Between August fog and autumnal mist."

William's Wedding

276 "Far on in May," this is the spring after her stay the previous summer. She plans a trip to France this summer.

The *Atlantic Monthly* Serialization - 1896

January - 77: 5-18 -- Chapters 1 - 7
March - 77: 302-312 -- Chapters 8 - 11
July - 78: 75-88 -- Chapters 12 - 15
September - 78: 352-366 -- Chapters 16 - 20

The *Atlantic Monthly* chapters were numbered in Roman numerals, but they were not titled. The September segment divided the chapters differently than they appear in the first edition.

In *Atlantic*, Chapter 18 ends with this paragraph:

"Hadn't you better urge the horse a little, Almiry?" she asked. "He's had it easy as we came along, and he can rest when we get there. The others are some little ways ahead, and I don't want to lose a minute."

Chapter 19 begins with the party arriving at the Bowden Reunion, and it is followed by Chapter 20, which was later titled "The Feast's End."

In the 1896 first edition, *Atlantic* chapters 18 and 19 were combined in "The Bowden Reunion," chapter 18, and "The Feast's End" became chapter 19.

For a discussion of how the first edition text came to differ from the *Atlantic* text, see Cynthia J. Goheen, "Editorial Misinterpretation and the Unmaking of a Perfectly Good Story: The Publication History of *The Country of the Pointed Firs*." *American Literary Realism* 30.2 (Winter 1998): 28-42.

Though this essay contains inaccuracies -- notably the mistaken order of the final four chapters of the 1919 and 1924 editions -- the account of Jewett's correspondence with *Atlantic* editor Horace Scudder and with Houghton Mifflin in the summer of 1896 is quite helpful.

Goheen points out that Scudder and Jewett originally intended to publish the whole first edition text in *Atlantic*, but Scudder decided to let the final two chapters appear for the first time in the 1896 first edition (35).

See also "History of a Text: Jewett's *The Country of the Pointed Firs*." Marco A. Portales. *New England Quarterly* 55.4 (Dec. 1982): 586-92.

First Edition - 1896

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XI. The Old Singers	

1910 Edition

As the images below indicate, this edition, published a year after Jewett's death and copyrighted by her sister, contains two sequel stories following the final chapter of the first edition. No explanation is given in the text for these additions. However, this note appeared in the same year, when it introduced "William's Wedding" in *Atlantic Monthly* 106 (1910): 33-40:

[After the publication of 'A Dunnet Shepherdess' in the *Atlantic* for December, 1899, and its subsequent appearance in a volume of collected stories, Miss Jewett received many appeals to bring William Blackett's lifelong love of Esther Hight, 'the shepherdess,' who had given the better part of her days to the care of her stricken mother, to a happy termination. The story of 'William's Wedding' was written, but the manuscript was mislaid, and has only just been found. Miss Jewett had hoped to give to it an hour or two of final revision to make it conform more perfectly to her fastidious taste, but few lovers of her work will find any flaw.

The two chief characters are thus described in earlier stories: --

'I turned, startled in the silence of the wide field, and saw an elderly man, bent in the shoulders as fishermen often are, gray-headed and clean-shaven, and with a timid air. It was William. . . . He was about sixty, and not young-looking for his years. Yet so undying is the spirit of youth, and bashfulness has such a power of survival, that I felt all the time as if one must try to make the occasion easy for some one who was young and new to the affairs of the social world.' (*The Country of the Pointed Firs*.) 'As for Esther, she might have been Jeanne d'Arc returned to her sheep, touched with age, and gray with the ashes of a great remembrance. She wore the simple look of sainthood and unfeigned devotion. My heart was moved by the sight of her plain sweet face, weather-worn and gentle in its looks, her thin figure in its close dress, and the strong hand that clasped a shepherd's staff. . . . She had lived in sunshine and rain among her silly sheep, and been refined instead of coarsened, while her touching patience with a ramping old mother, stung by the sense of defeat, and mourning her lost activities, had given back a lovely self-possession and habit of sweet temper. . . . I love to remember her worn face and her young blue eyes.' ('A Dunnet Shepherdess,' in *The Queen's Twin*)
-- THE EDITORS.]

This note really provides no direct evidence that Jewett approved either the publication of "William's Wedding" or the additions of "A Dunnet Shepherdess" and "William's Wedding" to her original book.

It is possible that the most important decision in developing this edition was simply mechanical, the decision to number the sequels in the same sequence as the chapters, as if they were simply a continuation of the original story or were additions to a collection of sketches, and, therefore, that the additions followed Jewett's intentions. This use of numbering persists in all the various editions through 1927.

Weber and Weber point out that when "A Dunnet Shepherdess" was transferred from *The Queen's Twin* (1899) to *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, the vacated space was filled by adding "By the Morning Boat" (first collected in *Strangers and Wayfarers*, 1890) to the contents of *The Queen's Twin*, with the result that two distinct texts of Jewett's 1899 collection remain in circulation.

Images courtesy of Google Books and the
Houghton Library of Harvard University.

THE COUNTRY
OF THE POINTED FIRS
BY SARAH ORNE
JEWETT



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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WorldCat Description of the 1910 Edition

Notice that this information gives a different chapter order than the book contents, which may help account for the error by Jeff Morgan in *Sarah Orne Jewett's Feminine Pastoral Vision* (2002), p. 33.

Title: The country of the pointed firs /

Author(s): Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909.

Publication: Boston, Houghton Mifflin,

Year: 1910

Description: 269 p. ; 18 cm.

Language: English

Contents: The return ; Mrs. Todd ; The schoolhouse ; At the schoolhouse window ; Captain Littlepage ; The waiting place ; The outer island ; Green island ; William ; Where pennyroyal grew ; The old singers ; A strange sail ; Poor Joanna ; The hermitage ; On Shell-heap island ; The great expedition ; A country road ; The Bowden reunion ; The feast's end ; Along shore ; A Dunnet shepherdess ; William's wedding ; The backward view

SUBJECT(S)

Geographic: Maine - Social life and customs - Fiction.

Class Descriptors: LC: PS2132; Dewey: 813.4

Responsibility: by Sarah Orne Jewett.

1919 Visitors' Edition

Images available courtesy of Parks Library at Iowa State University.

In addition to photograph illustrations by Charles Sumner Olcott, this edition includes several changes to the textual content. These are "explained" in a note at the beginning. However, there is no explanation for changing the order of the stories, for placing "The Backward View" after the three sequels. The first edition seems clearly chronological in the ordering of the chapters; this edition breaks the chronology by placing before "The Backward View," "William's Wedding" -- which takes place in May, nearly nine months after the narrator's departure from Dunnet Landing. Likewise, "The Queen's Twin" chronologically precedes "William's Wedding" and probably also, "Along Shore"

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THIS Visitors' Edition of *The Country of the Pointed Firs* contains the additional story of "The Queen's Twin," not previously included, and thus gives the complete record of the author's summer at Dunnet Landing, with the stories of its delightful inhabitants. Readers have made many inquiries as to the identity of Dunnet Landing, for the name is not to be found on the map. As a matter of fact it is situated almost anywhere on the eastern coast of Maine, for it is really a composite of several places which the author was in the habit of visiting. So, too, the photographs which Mr. Charles S. Olcott has taken to illustrate the book, if not composite pictures individually, are at least composite as a series. Some of them were taken at places where Miss Jewett went year after year, others at places which she is known to have visited at one time or another, still others at places which she may have visited. They show the Country of the Pointed Firs as it was before the invasion of the city people and as it still remains in many of the more remote and out-of-the-way localities.

THE COUNTRY
OF THE POINTED FIRS

BY
SARAH ORNE JEWETT

*With Illustrations from Photographs
by Charles S. Olcott*



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

1919

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Charles Sumner Olcott 1864-1935
Author and photographer.

His books include:

The Lure of the Camera 1914

The Life of William McKinley 1916

ILLUSTRATIONS

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WorldCat Description of the Visitor's Edition

Note erroneous naming of the final chapter.

The country of the pointed firs / Sarah Orne Jewett

1919 Visitors ed.

English Book : Fiction 306 p. : front. ; 21 cm.

Boston : Houghton Mifflin,

Author(s): Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909.

Publication: Boston : Houghton Mifflin,

Edition: Visitors ed.

Year: 1919

Description: 306 p. : front. ; 21 cm.

Language: English

Contents: The return.--Mrs. Todd.--The schoolhouse.--At the schoolhouse window.--Captain Littlepage.--The waiting place.--The outer island.--Green Island.--William.--Where pennyroyal grew.--The old singers.--A strange sail.--Poor Joanna.--The hermitage.--On Shell-Heap Island.--The great expedition.--A country road.--The Bowden reunion.--The feast's end.--Along shore.--A Dunnet shepherdess.--William's wedding.--The queen's twin.--The backyard view.

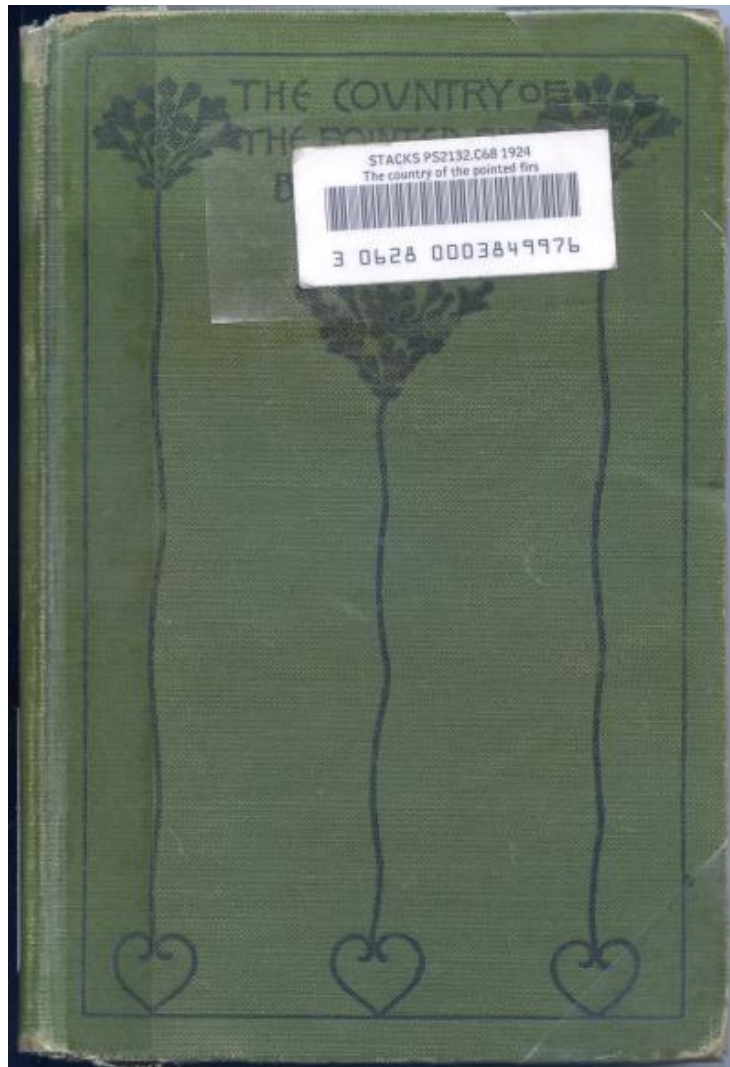
Class Descriptors: LC: PS2132

Responsibility: by Sarah Orne Jewett ; with illustrations from photographs by Charles S. Olcott.

1924 Edition

Images courtesy of the McIntyre Library, University of Wisconsin - Eau Claire

This edition is not illustrated, and it is made to look a good deal like the first 1896 edition, using the original Whitman cover design, except that the ink is black rather than gold, as on the 1896 cover. No evidence has been found so far to indicate who made decisions about altering the order of the final "chapters." Clearly, though, the sequels have been treated as either items in a collection of sketches or chapters in a single book. In this order, they are at least roughly chronological except for "The Backward View." It is possible, but not very likely that the editor(s) of this edition thought of "The Backward View" as following "William's Wedding" chronologically, but internal evidence in the two texts makes it clear that "The Backward View" takes place in September of the first summer, while "William's Wedding" takes place the following May.



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WorldCat Description of the 1924 Edition

The country of the pointed firs; Jewett, Sarah Orne,
Title: The country of the pointed firs,
Author(s): Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909.
Publication: Boston and New York, Houghton Mifflin company
Year: 1924
Description: 306 p. front. 17 cm.
Language: English
Class Descriptors: LC: PS2132
Responsibility: by Sarah Orne Jewett.

1925 Mayflower Edition
Selected and Arranged by Willa Cather

It would seem clear that Cather followed the 1924 edition. For a thorough explanation of the development of the Mayflower Edition, see Melissa Homestead. "Willa Cather Editing Sarah Orne Jewett." *American Literary Realism* 49,1 (Fall 2016) 63-89.

THE BEST STORIES OF SARAH ORNE JEWETT

SELECTED AND ARRANGED
WITH A PREFACE BY
WILLA CATHER

VOLUME I

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
The Riverside Press Cambridge
1925

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Text Link: <http://www.questia.com/PM.qst?a=o&d=99368942>

Publication Information: Book Title: *The Best Stories of Sarah Orne Jewett*. Contributors: Willa Cather - author, Sarah Orne Jewett - author. Publisher: Houghton Mifflin Company. Place of Publication: Boston, MA. Publication Year: 1925

1927 Riverside Edition

As this edition follows the same arrangement of "chapters" as that in volume 1 of Cather's Mayflower edition, we may speculate that Houghton Mifflin had decided after 1925 to issue a single-volume edition of *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, adopting Cather's order. However, Cather's name is not mentioned, nor is her preface included. Perhaps this really is a reissue of the 1924 edition, with added illustrations and a new cover?

The volume includes uncredited reproductions of two Charles S. Olcott photographs that had appeared in the 1919 edition.

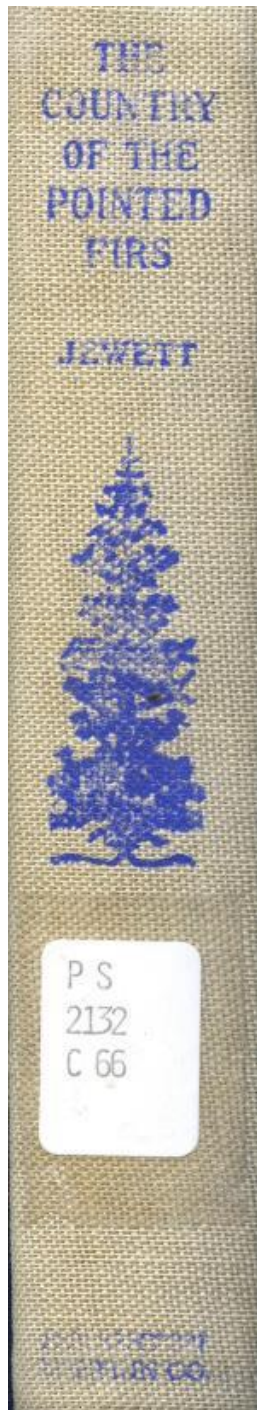
"Down the coast to Cold Spring Light" appears as a frontispiece. In the 1919 edition, this photograph appears in Chapter 17 A Country Road, in which the title quotation occurs.

"The Waiting Procession of seaward-bound firs" appears facing p. 280, in "William's Wedding." In the 1919 edition, it appears facing p. 242, near the beginning of "William's Wedding," in which the title quotation occurs.

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The Country of the Pointed Firs

By
SARAH ORNE JEWETT



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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WorldCat Description

The country of the pointed firs /

Author(s): Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909.

Publication: Boston : Houghton Mifflin,

Year: 1927

Description: 306 p. : ill. ; 20 cm.

Language: English

Series: The Riverside Library;

SUBJECT(S)

Geographic: Maine - Social life and customs - Fiction.

Class Descriptors: LC: PS2132; Dewey: 813

Responsibility: by Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett Reads *Sir George Tressady* -- 1896

Between November 1895 and July 1896, while she was composing *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, Sarah Orne Jewett read with enthusiasm Mary Augusta (Mrs. Humphry) Ward's seventh novel, *Sir George Tressady*, which was serialized in *Century Magazine*. Jane Silvey, in "The Sympathy of Another Writer," has shown how the friendship between Jewett and Ward developed over the 17 years Jewett lived after she and Ward met in 1892, providing insight into the ways they supported each other as fellow authors. This paper focuses on Jewett during a few months in that relationship, from about March through September of 1896. My main purposes are to document Jewett's interaction with Ward at this time and to trace some key elements of her thinking as a result of reading and corresponding with Ward. In the following, I provide some necessary context and present the currently available materials about this important moment in Jewett's literary career. Finally, I will offer a few observations that may prove useful to a fuller consideration of larger questions about their relationship and mutual influence.

Context 1

***Sir George Tressady* (1896) -- Humphry Ward's Story**

Sir George Tressady is a young coal-mine-owning aristocrat. The novel opens with his election to parliament. He has been called home to England and into politics by a university acquaintance, after several years in India and the far East. In his travels, he has come to believe in the ideology of empire, that England benevolently rules "lesser" civilizations, bringing them enlightenment in exchange for the wealth they give to England. This translates at home into a political commitment to the dominance of an aristocratic, paternalistic capitalist class over the ignorant masses of workers. He is elected as a member of a new party, formed to defeat a reform bill that would improve the political participation and economic security of the working classes. Leading the cause of reform are Lord Aldous and Lady Marcella Maxwell.

After his election, George marries Letty Sewall. Neither is really suited to the other. Attractive but poor, with family who can introduce her into society, Letty has successfully cultivated skill in gaining male attention, but she is vain and cold-hearted. Both George and Letty lack emotional maturity, self-knowledge and empathy. Marcella Maxwell, however, is a Christ-like saint of the moral imagination, the ability to imagine the inner lives of others and to treat them as she would wish to be treated were she in their situations.. She is an especially able helper in gaining support for the reform bill. She also labors among the poor of London, to help them improve their lives.

As a result of their opposing interests in the reform bill, Marcella becomes acquainted with George and Letty. She finds George attractive, not as a lover, but as a friend with potential to become a better person and as a politician who might be won over to support the reform bill.

She succeeds at both, but at the cost of causing him to fall in love with her. To put this right, she gently repulses his advances, and she befriends the angry and self-absorbed Letty, moving her toward a more mature and empathetic understanding.

Marcella, who emerges as the central character, is committed to including everyone within a circle of mutual love. She has had the good fortune to be placed in a position of large social influence, and she has cultivated her natural gifts to become a formidable force of community in her time and place. Though she is so able, she also is a limited human being, without perfect self-command and knowledge of others; she cannot avoid the unintended consequences that come with all human choices.

Despite her success, she does not usher in a new world of peace and justice. Major problems of poverty and class antagonism remain. Though much improved and with their marriage on a better footing, Letty and George do not become model characters. George, in particular, at the end of the novel, joins in the ruthless suppression of a general strike by coal miners, but he also sacrifices his life attempting to save the lives of some of his workers trapped by a mine explosion.

Context 2

A Jewett Chronology of 1896

This chronology derives from Jewett's 1896 correspondence, tracing in particular her work on *The Country of the Pointed Firs* and her reading of *Sir George Tressady*. Also, it takes note of other letters in which Jewett discusses one recurring topic in her comments about *Tressady*, the writing of quality fiction. In addition, a few important events in Jewett's life are noted, deaths of friends and her activities in the first 3 months of 1896, during which she was neither writing nor reading installments of *Tressady* in *Century Magazine*. Probably Jewett read the first installment when it appeared on about 1 November 1895. There was no installment in the December holiday issue.

About 1 January -- Jewett's sketches about Dunnet Landing that will become *The Country of the Pointed Firs* begin in *Atlantic Monthly*. This installment included Chapters 1-7 in the book text, ending with "The Outer Island."

The second installment of *Tressady* appears in January 1896, the serialization having skipped the December holiday number.

7 January - 10 March -- Jewett, Annie Fields, Lilian and Thomas Bailey Aldrich are guests of Henry Lille Pierce on his steam yacht, traveling to Florida, cruising in the Caribbean, and returning to Florida from which they return finally to New England. Jewett is ill after this cruise, necessitating an extended layover in New York City. She returns to Boston after 19 March.

About 1 March -- The second installment of *Pointed Firs* appears in *Atlantic*. This part includes Chapters 8-11 in the book, concluding with what became "The Old Singers," the end of the narrator's visit to the Blacketts on Green Island.

After 23 March -- Jewett writes to Louisa Dresel from Boston, where she is convalescing with Annie Fields, expressing condolence for the death of Dresel's mother on 23 March.

27 March -- Jewett writes a letter from home in South Berwick.

9 April -- Jewett writes to Thomas Wentworth Higginson regarding the March installment of her "Pointed Firs sketches."

During April -- Jewett writes to Horace Scudder at *Atlantic Monthly* that she has nearly completed the third part of the serialization of *Pointed Firs* that would appear in July.

11 May -- Jewett writes to Rose Lamb with advice Lamb seems to have requested on behalf of an aspiring short story writer.

13 June -- The unexpected death of Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin, a close friend of Jewett and Annie Fields.

20 June -- Jewett writes to Houghton Mifflin & Co. concerning a new edition of Celia Thaxter's *Among the Isles of the Shoals*, on which Jewett was working at this time. She has made "slight corrections" in the book, and she has examined a selection of Thaxter's manuscripts. She recommends not adding two of these to the book, "The Last Days of William Hunt" and "A Memorable Murder," but she has prepared "Sea-Sorrow" for inclusion. She believes it unnecessary for her to write a new introduction. In the end, Houghton Mifflin added no new items.

At the same time, Jewett was helping to prepare a posthumous collection, *Poems of Celia Thaxter*, for which she wrote an introduction. Jewett's work on this volume continued into October.

29 June -- Jewett writes a letter of condolence to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, following the death of his mother.

About 1 July -- The third installment of *Pointed Firs* appears in *Atlantic*. This part includes chapters 12-15 in the book, ending with "On Shell-heap Island."

At about this time, Jewett learns that the planned fifth and final installment of *Pointed Firs* cannot be published before the scheduled publication date of the book. From this point, then, she concentrates her effort on completing the book, which proves a complicated process. See Homestead and Heller.

2 July -- Jewett writes to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright that she is now engaged in preparing the book manuscript of *Pointed Firs* for simultaneous American and British publication.

3 July -- Jewett attends the funeral of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who died on 1 July.

5 July -- Jewett writes to Fields about re-reading H. B. Stowe's *The Pearl of Orr's Island* (1862).

About 7 July -- Jewett has been helping Robert Underwood Johnson edit Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc's essay "About French Children" for October publication in *Century Magazine*. At the end of a letter responding to his cuts, Jewett thanks him for *Sir George Tressady*.

7 July -- Jewett writes to Mary Augusta Ward that she has been able to read advance copies of the August and September installments of *Sir George Tressady*, thanks to the kindness of her friend, *Century* editor Robert Underwood Johnson.

Late July -- Jewett writes to Louisa Dresel from Manchester, MA, that she is busy completing *Pointed Firs* and describes her plan.

28 July -- Ward writes to Jewett in response to the 7 July letter.

Early August -- Jewett writes to her sister, Mary Rice Jewett, that she plans to complete drafting *Pointed Firs* by 8 September.

7 August -- Jewett writes to R. U. Johnson asking to look at an advance copy of the final October number of *Tressady*.

Late August -- Jewett writes to Lilian Aldrich thanking her for the lovely visit at their summer home near Tenants Harbor, ME., in the area that provides the setting for *Pointed Firs*. This visit included yachting with the Aldriches.

About 1 September -- The fourth installment of *Pointed Firs* appears in *Atlantic*. This includes chapters 16-19 in the book, concluding with "The Feast's End."

29 September -- Jewett writes to Houghton Mifflin regarding final proofs of her book, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. At this point, she has added at the end two new chapters. Other similar exchanges occur in October.

About 1 October -- The final installment of Ward's *Sir George Tressady* appears in *Century*.

18 November -- Jewett writes to Frederick Mercer Hopkins at the *Review of Reviews*, asking that it "do all it can for Mrs. Ward's most noble and delightful story *Sir George Tressady*! I am so eager to have it recognized as it should be, here in America."

The Documents -- 1896

The Jewett letters excerpted here are transcriptions from manuscripts held by various archives (usually noted in parentheses). To read them whole and fully annotated in their chronological context see "Sarah Orne Jewett Letters of 1896" at the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project: <http://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1896.html> .

9 April -- Jewett to Thomas Wentworth Higginson (American Antiquarian Society)
Regarding the March installment of *Pointed Firs* in *Atlantic*.

I don't know why I said gaff and meant sprit!* I can see the sail as I saw it when I was writing and I know better! You see how much I needed a winter cruise in the Bahamas and West Indies to make me more accurate in using a sea phrase?

You give me great pleasure by saying such kind things about the two sketches -- or rather the three sketches. Mr. Scudder* left out their subtitles which I thought best to scatter in now and then at the head of my divisions, but I feel as if some persons would take the *Pointed Firs* to be a poor invertebrate sort of serial.

I am truly sorry that you have had such a siege of illness, and I hope that the month since you wrote your letter has done much for you. I think it may seem unsympathetic to suggest that my own diet in the regions of the Caribbean sea on the other side of the republic of Haiti and in the Navassa passage makes yours of the winter sound like a banquet! Trade winds taken the wrong way can make a monstrous sea: but when half a dozen of the crew are in the last agonies no wonder that a reflective passenger goes below and reads the letters of Madame de Sévigné* and declines a summons to luncheon.

Notes

gaff ... sprit: F. O. Matthiessen in his biography of Jewett writes:

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, after reading the second section in the 'Atlantic,' told her, 'That last paper of yours is perfectly fascinating -- your trip to the island -- nothing in "Deephaven" is more redolent of bayberry and wild roses But are you sure you are right in putting a gaff to a spritsail?' And the rest of this letter is a long discussion of the point with drawings of various sails.

The words "sprit" and "spritsail" do not appear in the final text of *Pointed Firs*, and "gaff" appears only once, in Chapter 8, Green Island. It is exactly the same in the March *Atlantic* installment. As a result, the topic of this discussion is not really clear.

three sketches: It is not perfectly clear why Jewett identifies three sketches. The second *Atlantic* installment of *Pointed Firs* in March included what became chapters 8-11 in the book.

Mr. Scudder: Horace Scudder, editor at *Atlantic Monthly*.

letters of Madame de Sévigné: Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, marquise de Sévigné (1626-1696). Her correspondence with her daughter, more than 1500 letters, was published between 1725 and 1734.

During April -- Jewett to Horace E. Scudder, *Atlantic Monthly* (Colby College)

I thank you for your very kind note. I have been hoping to go to 4 Park Street every day but I came back ill, and the owner of what you might call either a lame or a game eye, so that both business and pleasure have been neglected. I have the better part of a new sketch done of Mrs. Todd and an island hermitage* and I shall finish it before I do anything else.

Note

"The Hermitage" was the final part of the July installment of *Pointed Firs* and became chapter 14 in the book, with the title "On Shell-heap Island."

2 July -- Jewett to Sarah Cabot Wheelwright (Colby College)

This is a very busy summer for me and I am not likely to get far from Berwick -- at least I must be within easy reach of the Riverside Press, and I am surer of giving up some engagements that I have already made than I am of adding to them and being able to keep a promise. -- It is not enough to get a long story ready for the magazine -- now I am making some changes for the book, and it is very slow work going over so much material and doing it twice, once for the printing here and once for London where I ought to have sent the sheets long ago. And when all that is done, I must lay the ghost of my conscience about some short stories, very long overdue.

Note

Transcriber Frederick Stoddart notes that *Pointed Firs* was the only one of Jewett's books to be published simultaneously in Boston and London.

5 July -- Jewett to Annie Adams Fields (Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*)

I have been reading the beginning of "The Pearl of Orr's Island" [by Harriet Beecher Stowe (1862)] and finding it just as clear and perfectly original and strong as it seemed to me in my thirteenth or fourteenth year, when I read it first. I never shall forget the exquisite flavor and reality of delight that it gave me. I do so long to read it with you. It is classical-historical -- anything you like to say, if you can give it high praise enough. I haven't read it for ten years at least, but *there it is!* Alas, that she couldn't finish it in the same noble key of simplicity and harmony; but a poor writer is at the mercy of much unconscious opposition. You must throw everything and everybody aside at times, but a woman made like Mrs. Stowe cannot bring herself to that cold selfishness of the moment for one's work's sake, and the recompense for her loss is a divine touch here and there in an incomplete piece of work. I felt at the funeral that none of us could really know and feel the greatness of the moment, but it has seemed to grow more great to me ever since. I love to think of the purple flowers you laid on the coffin.

7 July -- Jewett to Mary Augusta Ward (University of Texas)

I have had such a pleasure tonight -- M^r Johnson* of the Century Magazine is my neighbour in this seaside place and he has lent me the August and September numbers of Sir George Tressady -- This I shall long bless him for -- I had been saying everything that was in my heart about the number for July and he told me what treasures were in his keeping. So from his house to my hotel came a precious package on a rainy night and I have been sitting late here, reading and blessing you!

I wonder if readers who are only readers can know what a noble story it is! I believe that one must have tried to be a writer --- who can have the reward of really knowing what a great work you have done.

-- How new it is, how true and fine and held in hand; how distinctly you have made that greatest character that an artist can make: a person who may be loved! Marcella will always look me

straight in the eyes. I cannot help loving her more and more and holding her very real and helpful -- I can hardly say how I feel about her in this poor letter, nor how full of rejoicing my heart is to think that now, in this very day so great a story has been written, so beautiful a story; high as your work has gone before, this seems to me high above it: it moves on like life itself with steady growth and change from level to level, one can add nothing or wish to take away. It has the inevitable feeling of the best art of all, to which I can but reach with all my heart -- and thank you here with deepest gratitude. Beside the trivial things such a story comes to take its place like something from another world --

Mrs. Fields and I read the July number together last week. -- These great scenes that come next so noble, so touching, I shall be so eager to share with her.

Note

In a letter probably from about this same time, Jewett thanked R. U. Johnson for *Sir John Tressady*: "A thousand thanks for Sir George Tressady which I find most noble -- a truly great story and always gaining in charm as well as power in these last numbers."

It is not certain that Jewett is thanking him for the advance copies rather than, more generally, for serializing the novel. In his notes for the letter to Johnson, Richard Cary reports that by 8 August, Johnson wrote Jewett that he considered Madame Blanc's essay "About French Children" ready for publication -- it appeared in October. Jewett had been helping to edit the essay, and the 8 August letter mainly is her response to Johnson's cuts.

Late July -- Jewett to Louisa Dresel (Houghton Library, Harvard University)

I am hurried very much now with getting an end written to the Pointed Firs papers which are to make a little book of themselves this autumn. I shall do very little to the sketches as they stand but speak of my getting away and add some brief chapters. I like to think that much of it will be new to you. I have done very little work this summer though I had such great plans. October and November must make up!

Note

Like Higginson in the letter to which Jewett responds on 9 April, Jewett places herself in the position of narrator of *Pointed Firs*.

28 July -- Mary Augusta Ward to Jewett

Your letter about the August and September numbers of *Sir George Tressady* gave me the greatest possible pleasure. The generous & delightful sympathy of it indeed have cheered me very much through the last days of revision -- now just over -- and have made me less nervous and anxious about the book's publication. But nervous and anxious one must always be I am afraid! --"

... I hope and believe that you will think I have improved the book in revision. While some of it was writing I was so unwell that I consciously shirked some of the scenes of high emotion. I had

not the physical energy to write them out as I knew they should be written, though I did the very best I could with them. One in particular ... I merely summarized. I tried in vain but I could not realise it in details -- I was too tired. Now however I have written it out, and I have expanded the critical scene between Tressady and Marcella so as to make her -- I hope -- more sympathetic and intelligible to the reader.

Note

These passages are quoted in "The Sympathy of Another Writer" by Jane Silvey.

Early August -- Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

It will serve me well to go down the coast *in this moment* I want to *put in* to some of the harbors, and see things fresh for my work. I shall set the 6th or 8th for having the *Pointed Firs* all finished up. I should like to take a fresh look at my Pointed Firs Country very much.

Note

This passage is quoted in Elizabeth Silverthorne, *Sarah Orne Jewett*, (p. 164). Though Silverthorne provides no citation or date, almost certainly Jewett wrote in August, for later that month she spent several days in the Tenants Harbor, ME area.

7 August -- Jewett to Robert Underwood Johnson, *Century Magazine* (University of Texas)

When I came back here a few days ago I hunted for the last number of Sir George Tressady* but Mrs Fields had forgotten that I hadn't read them all and confessed that she had sent them back. At which I mourned! I am writing now to ask if you would be so very kind as to let me have the October number just over night -- It seems as if I couldn't wait until the proper time for reading it, and as if the first of October were a year away. Particularly as I have just had a very long letter from Mrs. Ward, and she thinks I have had it all and talks of it -- -- She tells me that she has done a good bit of revision -- I am so anxious lest in her anxiety she has re-touched the beautiful reticence of some of those great scenes, but she is a true artist and, as I firmly believe, a very great story teller. I think this story of George Tressady in the Century has made a great impression and I thank you as an editor (as well as a friend!) for printing it there. Nobody knows what a force such a story is, coming into this much vexed year of our American life, with all its knowledge of an even more complex "situation" and of the civilization of London in all its deeper crises and uncertainties -- Sometimes when one thinks of our own excitements, they seem like quarrels in a village, noisy and outspoken, but it is only the same problems on different grounds -- I look at my own sketches of simpler life and put them beside this complex story of London, and think many things -- with both new humility and new hope.

Observations and Comments

Here I explore the aspects of the above materials that I find most interesting. While I believe these reflections may prove useful -- or at least stimulating -- to others who concern themselves with the wider implications of Jewett's work on *Pointed Firs*, my intentions are limited. I explore

briefly the relationship between Jewett's reading of Ward and composing *Pointed Firs*, her reflections about writing during the later months of composing the novel, and some connections between Ward's and Jewett's most admirable characters.

A narrative of Jewett's work on *Pointed Firs* and reading of *Tressady*

Before she began reading *Sir George Tressady*, Jewett probably completed *Pointed Firs* through the end of the narrator's visit to the Blacketts on Green Island, the chapter that became "The Old Singers" in the book. She may have read the first installment of *Tressady* before she and her friends departed on their Caribbean cruise. In that installment, Marcella Maxwell is introduced as an admirable character, but there are no extended interior views of her thoughts and feelings.

The Caribbean cruise, exotic as it sounds and interesting as it was to Jewett, also was a grueling ordeal. The weather was poor, and the group had to curtail their plans to steam as far as the Windward Islands. Their visits to islands such as Jamaica, Haiti and the Dominican Republic often included meeting interesting people, such as the President of the Dominican Republic, enjoying beautiful landscapes, and learning at least a little about the various cultures they observed and about colonialism on the islands, including the unrest in Cuba that would lead to the Spanish American War. However, they spent many days on stormy seas, suffering from extremes of sea-sickness. At times they were stranded in less than interesting harbors, sheltering from the weather. These and other difficulties strained their personal relationships. Jewett was undoubtedly influenced by her travels, producing several manuscripts and at least one published story that drew upon the cruise, "The Foreigner" (1900), another of her Dunnet Landing stories.

It is not likely, then, that Jewett read any more of *Tressady* until after her return home near the end of March. At the time she was catching up on her reading and coming to see into Marcella, she also was completing the July installment of *Pointed Firs*, which contains what became "A Strange Sail" through "On Shell-heap Island," including the story of Joanna Todd. By early July, she had been able to read most or all of the Ward serialization through September, and by early August, she may also have been able to read the end of the novel, the final October installment, having obtained advance copies from Robert Underwood Johnson. She almost certainly completed her reading of Ward before she put the finishing touches on *Pointed Firs*, probably during the first week of September.

Almost certainly, then, at nearly the same time, Jewett was completing her reading of *Tressady* and composing the Bowden reunion section of *Pointed Firs*: "The Great Expedition" through "The Feast's End." Probably, she had finished *Tressady* before she completed the final two chapters of *Pointed Firs*.

Jewett's thoughts about writing

In a letter to Rose Lamb, thought to be from 11 May 1896, Jewett offers advice Lamb had solicited for a beginning short story writer. She advises reading examples of the best stories of the kind the author aspires to create and keeping at the tasks of writing. She then suggests a number of titles for reading and says:

These are all typical and well proportioned in themselves and well-managed, and I speak of them because they come readily to my mind, and give one clear ideas of a beautiful way of doing things. One must have one's own method: it is the personal contribution that makes true value in any form of art or work of any sort.

Further, she recommends studying the examples to determine what makes them good: ... whether it is in that particular story, the reticence or the bravery of speech, the power of suggestion that is in it, or the absolute clearness and finality of revelation; whether it sets you thinking, or whether it makes you see a landscape with a live human figure living its life in the foreground.

Jewett's advice seems particularly aimed at writing short stories, and compares interestingly with what she says she values in Ward. It bears, then, on how she understands the values in her own work in comparison to Ward's.

As *Pointed Firs* appeared in serial, Jewett apparently worried a little about whether readers would see it as a unified work. In the 9 April letter Jewett says: "I feel as if some persons would take the *Pointed Firs* to be a poor invertebrate sort of serial." She seems to be regretting Scudder's choice to scuttle her chapter titles in the serial, because she believes they would help readers to perceive the backbone of her story. Because the installments were appearing in alternate months, it seems likely that her first readers would see her "sketches" as related, but not parts of a single work. Jewett may be thinking of her first book, *Deephaven* (1877), which appeared first as three separate sketches in *Atlantic* in 1873, 1875, and 1876. Even though she describes the serial as papers and sketches, she implies that she saw *Pointed Firs* as a single story published in installments rather than a group of sketches to be gathered later and formed into a book.

Jewett's concern with the full realization of *Pointed Firs* also is reflected in her observations about Stowe's *The Pearl of Orr's Island* (1862). While one imagines Jewett continuously at work on *Pointed Firs* from sometime in 1895 through September 1896, the chronology of that period shows her deeply engaged by other tasks and events: cruising with her friends, maintaining relationships as friends lose loved ones, seeing to the posthumous publication of one close friend's best work, refreshing her acquaintance with the *Pointed Firs* setting, and reading and re-reading her friends' fiction, in addition to the mundane activities of life. In the 5 July letter, she reflects on the opening chapters of *Pearl*, "finding it just as clear and perfectly original and strong as it seemed to me in my thirteenth or fourteenth year." She continues:

I never shall forget the exquisite flavor and reality of delight that it gave me.... Alas, that she couldn't finish it in the same noble key of simplicity and harmony; but a poor writer is at the mercy of much unconscious opposition. You must throw everything and everybody aside at times, but a woman made like Mrs. Stowe cannot bring herself to that cold selfishness of the moment for one's work's sake, and the recompense for her loss is a divine touch here and there in an incomplete piece of work.

Jewett understands the oppositions one must evade and the price she must pay to bring her own current book to completion in "the same noble key of simplicity and harmony."

In her 1893 preface to a new edition of *Deephaven*, Jewett reflected:

There is a noble saying of Plato that the best thing that can be done for the people of a state is to make them acquainted with one another. It was, happily, in the writer's childhood

that Mrs. Stowe had written of those who dwelt along the wooded seacoast and by the decaying, shipless harbors of Maine. The first chapters of *The Pearl of Orr's Island* gave the younger author of *Deeplaven* to see with new eyes, and to follow eagerly the old shore paths from one gray, weather-beaten house to another where Genius pointed her the way.

Presumably Jewett was first inspired by the early chapters of Stowe's novel in part because they vividly bring before readers the rich if parochial life of a Maine coastal village, remote from urban centers and becoming distant in time from a more cosmopolitan period of international trade. These chapters are most like Jewett's own fiction. One may trace other potential influences as well. Stowe's romance between the perceptive and self-aware Mara and the less introspective and articulate Moses resembles the romance Jewett creates in *A Marsh Island* (1885) between Doris and Dan. In several of her own stories, Jewett explores romances between New Englanders and seemingly exotic foreigners, examples including "Mère Pochette" (1888), "Jim's Little Woman" (1890), and "The Foreigner" (1900).

In 1896 Jewett was less impressed with Stowe's ending, which becomes virtually a religious tract, retelling the story she had told with her angel child, Evangeline St. Clare, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1851). Mara, the pearl of the island, is an ethereal Christian saint of "doing things for love's sake." She strongly resembles Marcella, though younger and, by comparison, socially isolated. Though she is empathetic, her faculty is more for loving than for imagining the inner lives of others. Dying of consumption in young adulthood, she inspires spiritual transformations in her acquaintances, such as her friend Sally. She especially transforms her soul-mate, Moses, the orphan of Caribbean origin, who, like Topsy in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is a pagan by temperament, but redeemed by Mara's power of love that inspires loving. Much of the latter quarter of the novel details the workings of these conversions. Probably, Jewett saw Stowe's passion to preach salvation overwhelming the "cold selfishness" required to make great fiction.

As Paula Blanchard shows, Jewett was thinking about her own approach to didacticism early in her career, in her dialogues with Theophilus Parsons (pp. 75-6). Parsons preferred explicitly moralistic fiction, like *Pearl*. He wrote to Jewett on 18 September 1873 that her stories lacked "positiveness, substance." They were like "the pleasure giving literature of the day," that one remembers only as having given pleasure, forgetting the content soon after reading. He continues:

The time will come when you will never write without knowing that you are going to say something which will make your readers wiser & better, -- unless they reject it, which is not your affair. And that thought or truth you will do your best to give access to the minds of your readers. Then you will rejoice when you feel that you have succeeded in clothing a valuable truth with a beauty that is at once attractive & transparent; -- that wins reception for the truth & does not obscure or disguise it.

Three years later, as she was working on transforming her *Atlantic* sketches set in Deeplaven into her first novel, she wrote to Parsons on 24 August 1876:

I do like writing such stories as these of real lives -- and I think there is no reading which interests me so much. I learn from a life more than from preaching and you don't know the lessons I get every week from the country people whom I see and talk with. -- It seems to me if I lived in a city, all the time with the same set of people, I should like knowing the way people felt and thought out of my set and particularly country people and simple people who are a great deal out of doors and know nothing about 'society'. -- I suppose it is because I feel this so strongly that I have enjoyed 'Deeplaven' -- And yet the pleasure of making a

study of life, does not compare with the consciousness that one has known a life well enough to see where one may help to unravel a snarl, or to make it interesting and worth while, where it seemed dull before; -- and to bring more purpose, and the thought of God oftener -- to help the life to be a more Christian life. --

Though her mature practice as shown in her letter to Lamb may not seem fully formed here, its outlines seem clear. The kinds of pleasure she finds more attractive in her own reading are found in stories of "real lives," because she learns "from a life more than from preaching." She finds particular pleasure in coming to know "a life well enough to see where one may help to ... bring more purpose, and the thought of God oftener." I believe Jewett speaks of two different kinds of pleasure: coming to know others and helping others see their own lives more clearly. Here she affirms that the latter is a higher pleasure. In her own life in the 1870s, these pleasures came from different activities, the first from reading and writing stories, the second from direct mentoring of younger women, as in teaching Sunday school and in correspondence. She implies a connection between these two activities, that both require that she imagine her way into other people, those she represents in her stories and those she mentors. A further implication is that her stories, ideally, would help readers to become more skillful at observing and knowing others and, so, better able to serve them, as she says in her 1893 preface to *Deephaven*.

Jewett re-read *The Pearl* again after 1896 and, in a letter of 6 May 1899, revised her judgment:

Yesterday I read *The Pearl of Orr's Island* or rather finished it as I had begun it when I was last at home. I take back all my childish belief that the last half of the book was not so good. The Spanish Episode is of thinner texture, but all the rest full of marvelous truth & beauty. I love to find just the same delicious pleasure in certain places that I found at ten! I still think that she wrote it, most of it at her very best height. I wish as I have long wished, to go to Orr's Island again. It is a lovely corner of the earth -- ... all touches of human nature and of the outer earth are of her best in the book. The two heroines most lovely especially "Sally Kittredge" -- You see I cannot help talking about the story still!

Though Jewett's view of the latter half is more positive at this point, she does not mention for praise Stowe's salvation story, but focuses on characters and landscape. Of course, Jewett was not hostile to Stowe's Christian beliefs nor to the idea of the power of love in friendship to reveal souls and sustain spiritual growth. Her own fiction is rich with examples of this power, but Jewett's touch is nearly always much lighter, and she successfully resists the temptation to subordinate her story-telling to direct preaching, "clothing a valuable truth with a beauty." Ward may be less successful than Jewett at avoiding the explicitly didactic, and this may be behind Jewett's worry that Ward may sacrifice subtlety as she carries out her plans to be more explicit in final revisions.

Jewett's anxiety about Ward's revisions appears in the 7 August letter to Johnson. She worries that Ward may falter as she completes the final revisions of the serial into the book: "I am so anxious lest in her anxiety she has re-touched the beautiful reticence of some of those great scenes, but she is a true artist and, as I firmly believe, a very great story teller." Jewett's worry was stimulated by Ward's 28 July letter, in which Ward reports her struggle with another of the oppositions that may interfere with the "cold selfishness" required to succeed as a "great story teller." Ward reports that ill health has prevented her from completing some episodes of the serial as she would prefer. As she makes final revisions for book publication, she says, she is filling out those episodes.

In previous letters, Jewett had expressed her sense of the perfection of the serial. In the 7 July letter to Ward, she says: "I wonder if readers who are only readers can know what a noble story it is! I believe that one must have tried to be a writer --- who can have the reward of really knowing what a great work you have done." In this letter, when Jewett has not yet read the final installment, she is convinced that Ward has achieved fully what Jewett wished for Stowe: "It has the inevitable feeling of the best art of all, to which I can but reach with all my heart -- and thank you here with deepest gratitude. Beside the trivial things such a story comes to take its place like something from another world." Jewett holds to her idea of what constitutes great fiction. *Pearl*, wonderful as it is, falls short, but *Tressady* represents the ideal toward which Jewett aspires with all her heart, a book that brings into our ordinary lives "something from another world."

Finally, in the 7 August letter to Johnson, Jewett compares her fiction to Ward's:

Sometimes when one thinks of our own excitements, they seem like quarrels in a village, noisy and outspoken, but it is only the same problems on different grounds -- I look at my own sketches of simpler life and put them beside this complex story of London, and think many things -- with both new humility and new hope.

Jewett sees her stories as "sketches of simpler life" and Ward's long novels as perhaps grander in vision as well as scale, but really she does not concede superiority to Ward. Though different in size, her work aspires to the same ideal and engages with "the same problems on different grounds."

Persons who may be loved: Ward's Marcella Maxwell and Jewett's Mrs. Blackett

The summary of *Tressady* indicates why Jewett would find Marcella Maxwell so attractive. Marcella is driven primarily by love, for her husband and for those most in need. She is successful because of her imagination, her ability to see into the hearts and minds of others. Though her human limits lead her into error, she never loses her focus on acting from love. When she fails, she is quick to understand and to seek ways to remedy the harm for which she takes responsibility, even though she did not intend it.

Readers of *Pointed Firs* are unlikely to miss the similarity between Marcella and Jewett's Mrs. Blackett, of whom the narrator says:

Her hospitality was something exquisite; she had the gift which so many women lack, of being able to make themselves and their houses belong entirely to a guest's pleasure, -- that charming surrender for the moment of themselves and whatever belongs to them, so that they make a part of one's own life that can never be forgotten. Tact is after all a kind of mind-reading, and my hostess held the golden gift. Sympathy is of the mind as well as the heart, and Mrs. Blackett's world and mine were one from the moment we met. Besides, she had that final, that highest gift of heaven, a perfect self-forgetfulness. Sometimes, as I watched her eager, sweet old face, I wondered why she had been set to shine on this lonely island of the northern coast. It must have been to keep the balance true, and make up to all her scattered and depending neighbors for other things which they may have lacked.

This passage comes from "Where Pennyroyal Grew," part of the Green Island section of *Pointed Firs* that was composed before Jewett's cruise. Ward's novel could hardly have influenced this picture of Mrs. Blackett. However, by 1896, Jewett and Ward had been exchanging and reading each other's work for several years. Jane Silvey notes Jewett's response to Ward's *The Story of Bessie Costrell* (1895), particularly the character of Mary Anne, who is "like a real presence of love and heavenly humility" (p. 287).

Characters like Mrs. Blackett are not scarce in Jewett's earlier fiction. One may remember Dr. Leslie in *A Country Doctor* (1884), Ann Floyd at the end of "Marsh Rosemary" (1886), Tempy Dent in "Miss Tempy's Watchers" (1888), Nancy Gale in "The Life of Nancy" (1895), and a number of Jewett's other most admirable characters. Jewett often asks her readers to admire characters whose power of loving manifests as a kind of mind-reading, a power of moral imagination that seems like "perfect self-forgetfulness." Jewett was drawn so strongly to Marcella because, as she implies to Johnson, Marcella is a Jewett moral hero placed in circumstances far different and more complex than the typical situations of her own characters, yet they deal with "only the same problems on different grounds."

Observing how Jewett develops Mrs. Blackett in the parts of the book composed during or soon after her reading of *Tressady* can be suggestive.

Ward presents Marcella, in part, as a healer of souls. Tressady and his wife are damaged souls in that both have been unable within their separate circumstances to become fully-functioning adults, making them self and mutually destructive. For different reasons, they have reached adult age -- as perhaps many people do -- self-centered and self-absorbed, without the imagination to understand and empathize with others. George is especially unable to empathize with those he has "othered," believing they are vastly different from himself, such as workers and colonial subjects. Marcella helps both characters to move toward her level of adulthood. In the process, she unintentionally harms them and, therefore, takes on the further project of undoing this harm.

There are healers of souls in Jewett's work from before 1896, perhaps one of the most memorable being Tempy Dent, who, in "Miss Tempy's Watchers," aids a self-centered soul from beyond the grave. Almira Todd in *Pointed Firs*, though mainly a healer of bodies with her herbal preparations, also shows considerable ability to minister to the souls of her community, fostering mutual care. Therefore, it would not be surprising to see Mrs. Blackett in a similar role. Indeed, she emerges as a community healer in the chapters on the Bowden reunion.

Specific instances of fostering community by treating communal wounds appear in the reunion chapters. Mrs. Todd in "A Country Road" offers a vigorous defense of Santin Bowden when the gossip, Mrs. Caplin, tries to rule him out of the family as an eccentric alcoholic. However, Mrs. Todd is less than perfect, and her long-standing hostility to Mari' Harris draws out a specific act of healing from Mrs. Blackett, in "The Bowden Reunion." The provocative Mrs. Caplin goads Mrs. Todd's anger at how Harris treats Captain Littlepage, for whom she keeps house. Mrs. Blackett's defense of Harris is gentler than Todd's defense of Santin Bowden, but it is just as firm and telling: "Live and let live."

The portrait of Mrs. Blackett that emerges, as she, her daughter and the narrator participate in the reunion, more clearly associates her with Marcella. For example, during the trip inland, the narrator notes how often they stop along the way to greet friends and make promises of stopping again on the return journey:

I had often noticed how warmly Mrs. Todd was greeted by her friends, but it was hardly to be compared to the feeling now shown toward Mrs. Blackett. A look of delight came to the faces of those who recognized the plain, dear old figure beside me; one revelation after another was made of the constant interest and intercourse that had linked the far island and these scattered farms into a golden chain of love and dependence.

Here is Mrs. Blackett as the Marcella of this scattered rural community, herself the key link in a golden chain of communal affection, drawing her society together for the best reasons, just as Marcella does. Stowe's Mara performs a similar role in her Orr's Island community, though she seems less intentional in her communal effects. In no case is the result anything like a utopia, but all three characters are heroic forces for fostering the best potential of the societies where they are placed.

Though Jewett also represented males, particularly physicians (like her father) and clergy, with highly developed moral imagination, certainly it must have been of some importance to Jewett that Marcella is female. Marcella stands apart from perhaps all of Jewett's most admirable characters in her social power. Marcella acts effectively on the political stage of a major western nation at a high point in its international influence, despite the limits of her position as a woman in a patriarchal society. Her abilities to understand and empathize and to call others into sympathy with each other combined with her high social position and her husband's political skill in office make her into a formidable force in British politics, even though she cannot vote. Gossip, the press and political opposition pillory her for her visibility in politics, for daring to meddle, for using her "feminine wiles" to influence political leaders, for demanding considerations of emotion and morality in the supposedly rational debates of national policy. But she achieves much despite such opposition.

Like Ward, Jewett also makes clear the limits of her healing characters. Almira can defend Santin, but she didn't "save" him. Mrs. Blackett can nudge her daughter toward more charitable behavior, but not transform her fully into her mother's heir. In the story of Joanna Todd one learns of a "strayaway" whom no one seems able to reconnect with her community: " 'Tis like bad eyesight, the mind of such a person: if your eyes don't see right there may be a remedy, but there's no kind of glasses to remedy the mind."

In creating Marcella Maxwell, Ward gave readers a powerful portrait of the sort of person Jewett thought the most admirable and inspiring as an example of the fully-lived, useful life. As Jewett wrote to Sarah Wyman Whitman on 14 January 1898, "The only thing that really helps any of us is love and doing things for love's sake." Marcella is the sort of person that Jewett aspired to be, that she probably saw in her father and in Annie Fields, and that she represented as exemplary through much of her career. It is not yet clear whether Ward's novel led Jewett to do anything different in her current and subsequent writing, but it seems undeniable that Jewett saw a kindred spirit in Ward.

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Mrs. Tolland, Sarah Orne Jewett's Foreigner

21st-century scholarship on Sarah Orne Jewett's "The Foreigner" (1900) has been exciting and dismaying. On one hand, this writing explores the story's connections with the Caribbean cultures through which the title character has passed. This work has extended and reconsidered international contexts of some of Jewett's later fiction, in particular the stories set in the fictional Dunnet Landing, a small coastal village in eastern Maine. On the other hand, this scholarship seems to have grown more accepting of what seems to me a fanciful conclusion, that Mrs. Tolland, the foreigner, is presented as an Afro-Caribbean creole. To my mind, Jewett's story is not able to sustain this account of Mrs. Tolland's genetic and cultural ancestry.

My dismay has been modified somewhat as I reviewed for this paper the scholarship and the evidence in the tale. I appreciate the idea that a core element of the story is that Mrs. Tolland brings valuable gifts when she is transported to Dunnet Landing, knowledge and practices from which the village could have benefited greatly. Despite the village's almost unified resistance, some elements of her culture make their way for the better into the community's future life. But I am not able to see that what she brings has any substantial connection to the creole culture that she must have experienced before coming to New England.

In this paper, I present the results of a review of "The Foreigner," an attempt to take note of all the evidence I can find in the text to indicate Mrs. Tolland's history, the origins of what she brings to Dunnet Landing, and her fate, what happens to the gifts she offers the community. To prepare the way, I review the tale in a summary and then the development in scholarship of an Afro-Caribbean origin story for Mrs. Tolland.

"The Foreigner"

A framed narrative, "The Foreigner" opens on a dark and stormy night in late August, when the narrator, known from *The Country of the Pointed Firs* (CPF, 1896), receives a visit from her landlady, Almira Todd, who is anxious about how her family on a nearby island is fairing in the storm. The narrator coaxes Almira to tell a story about the death of Mrs. Tolland on a similar night about 40 years prior. Almira opens her account about 18 months before Mrs. Tolland's death, explaining that her father and three other sea captains found themselves together in Kingston, Jamaica, having exchanged New England lumber for Jamaican sugar. On the night before they plan to sail for home, they rescue a lone woman from what appears likely to turn into a sexual assault, and they decide the best course is to carry her to Dunnet Landing. Captain John Tolland, whom Almira characterizes as the least smart in this group "though full smart enough," is delegated to transport her. By the time he reaches Portland, ME, the couple has decided to marry, so he finally brings a bride to Dunnet Landing.

Things do not go well for Mrs. Tolland in the community. The captain and his sister, Eliza, share an inherited house outside the village, but they do not get along, and soon the sister is housed elsewhere. Mrs. Tolland is left to fend for herself during the final months of her life. She never really comes to speak English well. She unintentionally offends some villagers, and they make her feel unwelcome. Her response is self-exile, minimizing her associations with her neighbors.

Almira's mother persuades her that she has a duty to "neighbor" this "stranger in a strange land." When Almira complies, she and Mrs. Tolland soon come to feel a close friendship, but always with emotional distance. From the friendship, Almira gains a good deal, not only knowledge for improving her cooking and her profession of herbal healing, but a small financial legacy that has helped her maintain her independence. A few months after Captain Tolland is lost at sea, Mrs. Tolland dies on a stormy night in September. After describing the funeral, Todd explains what happened to the legacy Mrs. Tolland left her, and then returns to the night of Mrs. Tolland's death. Just before the death, the two women see an apparition of the ghost of Tolland's mother.

Of course, such a summary omits much important detail. Below, I will present the details that seem most relevant to the questions of Tolland's chronology, geographical experiences, and interactions with Dunnet Landing in order to specify what the story tells about her background and the gifts she offers her new community. Next, though, a look at the materials presented by scholars who have explored Tolland's possible creole background.

Mrs. Tolland as a Creole

I believe the account of Mrs. Tolland as Afro-Caribbean begins with Sandra Zagarell's "*Country's* Portrayal of Community and the Exclusion of Difference" (1994). She proposes what I had originally considered a thought experiment. What if the "dark face" of the apparition of Mrs. Tolland's mother was meant to suggest that Mrs. Tolland had African ancestors? How would the story look if one pursued this possibility? Mrs. Tolland lived in the Antilles for most of her life, something like 30 years. What unique cultural experience could she have picked up there? What evidence does the story offer for her possessing this experience and that she passed any of it to residents of Dunnet Landing? Of course, these questions lead to more important ones, for what enters into Dunnet Landing becomes the experience of readers of "The Foreigner," and it passes into the culture of New England and the United States. One wonders, as Zagarell did, whether this story shows Jewett rethinking the community she created in *CPF*, asking readers to reconsider the complexity of the region and of the nation.

In 1996, Stephanie Foote in "I Feared to Find Myself a Foreigner," like Zagarell, suggested the importance of considering how the Dunnet Landing sea captains were implicated with Caribbean slavery and, also, Foote notes Almira's vagueness about Mrs. Tolland's race. In the decades since Zagarell and Foote initiated this line of exploration, several scholars have pursued it. In briefly presenting these pieces, I have attempted to explain the main project of each writer and how each interprets Mrs. Tolland. Though I see that the writers from Schrag through Kuiken are in dialogue with each other and sometimes disagree, I do not follow up on the contests.

Mitzi Schrag in "'Whiteness' as Loss in Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner'" (1999) argues that in "The Foreigner," Jewett makes visible what is normally invisible, racial whiteness. Jewett engages with ideas of race "that ought to complicate the critical reception of Jewett's Edenic community" in *CPF*. She says that in this story whiteness "is knowable in ambivalent contrast to a nonspeaking, though central character who is both French and 'American Africanist'." Schrag emphasizes what the community loses when it rejects Tolland, opportunities to break out of provincialism and enrich their cultural lives. Schrag's argument seems not to require that Tolland literally possess recent African ancestry. It is more or less enough that she is creole in culture, bringing to the community knowledge and attitudes formed during her years in the Antilles.

Audrey Fogels in "French-Born 'Jamaican' in New England, Cultural Dislocation in Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner'" (2008) does not make a case that Mrs. Tolland is actually of mixed race. But, in her argument about how Jewett represents the fluidity of identity, she notes the suggestions that Mrs. Tolland's passage through the Caribbean almost inevitably attaches to her the then circulating ideas about racial and cultural mixing.

Rebecca Walsh, in "Sugar, Sex, and Empire: Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Spanish-American War" (2010) argues that the story presents and questions the notion that New England was ever a region insulated from outside cultural influences, particularly from the Caribbean. Responding in part to the collection of essays in which Zagarell's 1994 essay appeared, *New Essays on the Country of the Pointed Firs* (1994), Walsh says that the story interrogates earlier arguments that Jewett saw in Dunnet Landing a feminist paradise that, upon close examination, appeared to be part of a program to define the ideal America as white and European. In this argument, Walsh does not make a case that some of Tolland's recent ancestors originated in Africa, but she does argue that Tolland brings a fluid creole experience to Dunnet Landing and passes this on through Almira Todd.

Patrick Gleason, in "Sarah Orne Jewett's 'The Foreigner' and the Transamerican Routes of New England Regionalism" (2011), develops the argument that Jewett attempted the impossible in her story, "to incorporate diversity into national homogeneity." He says: "Imperial nostalgia and amnesia allow for a more nuanced, fluid understanding of Jewett as a regionalist author concerned with bonds between women in a declining community and of the privileged position from which she wrote." She dreamed of returning to a mythical time when America was all-inclusive. To do that, she attempts "simultaneously to acknowledge and erase the unassimilable," represented by Mrs. Tolland, who brings useful knowledge but also unacceptable racial otherness to the village. Locals can accept the gifts only if they can find ways of appropriating them without accepting the otherness. But the otherness cannot be separated out. It returns inevitably in the symbolic apparition of Mrs. Tolland's African mother.

In developing this argument, Gleason presents the fullest and most persuasive case I am aware of for believing that Mrs. Tolland is of direct and recent African descent and that she brings with her to Dunnet Landing both useful and dangerous knowledges that originate in her creole experience. Gleason sees concealments as central. In his reading, Mrs. Tolland is a "tragic mulatta," probably an escaped slave from a plantation on the French island of Martinique. She is able to pass as white, making possible her marriage to Captain Tolland and his delusion that he can bring her easily into his New England community. She conceals her true origin from everyone, but still people are able to sense it, and, particularly in the cases of Almira and her mother, are driven to repress this knowledge. This sense of a special taint in her foreignness, leads to her exclusion as both a racial and sexual threat to the village. When Todd and Tolland share a vision of the "dark face" of Tolland's mother at Mrs. Tolland's death, the truth of her African origin is revealed, but Mrs. Todd has repressed this, only to be haunted by it. Tolland, the community and Todd, then, all participate in hiding the truth about Mrs. Tolland's identity, obscuring the Afro-Caribbean sources of the special gifts she brings Dunnet Landing: her art and her knowledge of herbs and of magic. It seems, then, that Gleason's case that Tolland is a mulatto and probably an escaped slave depends upon readers coming to be convinced that she is an accomplished liar, somehow fully capable to fooling everyone in Dunnet Landing with her masquerade. Inevitably, she is an imperfect signifier; some hints of the truth leak out and the village knows, though it will not say.

Extending the work of Schrag and Gleason, Vesna Kuiken, in "Foreign before 'the Foreigner': Caribbean Fetishes, Zombi, and Jewett's Conjure Aesthetics" (2018), argues that it is essential to read the story's "Antillean Creole influence backward, as analeptically traversing *Country's* North American world." She says this story "revises how we might understand *Country's* representation of the strange and the foreign by opening *Country* to external influences, and thereby rendering the novel's thematic focus -- the region of Dunnet Landing -- susceptible to diverse imprints of the foreign and of the strange" (117). Though she repeats some of the evidence others have given, she essentially accepts as established that Tolland is a "black conjure healer from the French Antilles."

Each of these discussions of "The Foreigner" offers enlightening and provocative observations and connections, but taken together they trace a path from proposing a "what if" about Mrs. Tolland to asserting that her genetic and cultural origins are Afro-Caribbean. This development has driven a scholar of advanced age and old-fashioned predilections back to the text. What information does it offer about Mrs. Tolland's origins in time and space?

Mrs. Tolland in Time

To believe Tolland is African, according to the one drop rule, one must necessarily deal with the fact that Almira and Dunnet Landing fail to take note of this. Either Tolland knows she has African ancestry, or she does not. If she does not know, it is difficult to see how any other character would suspect. If she does know, then she deliberately deceives. Hence Gleason's argument that concealment is central to the story. He contends that everyone at some level knows or senses she is a mulatta, but all conspire to keep the knowledge secret. In this scenario, Tolland must know her true identity as not officially white. She almost perfectly conceals this from everyone, from the man who would be breaking the law if he married a non-white, from the community that becomes disposed to malicious gossip about her, but never questions her racial identity, from the perceptive Almira Todd, who deceives herself and the narrator even after the ghostly revelation of the dark-faced mother, and even from the narrator, who accepts the revelation without comment.

As I work through the information the narrative provides about her, I will assume that Mrs. Tolland *does not* set out to deceive, that she tells the truth as she believes it about her identity and past experience. Assuming, then, that Tolland and Todd accurately report on Tolland's family history, what story emerges?

To begin to get at this, I have attempted to construct a chronology that traces Mrs. Tolland's life and places it alongside of some contextual events. I am compelled to introduce this with a digression on time in the Dunnet Landing stories as a group. Both Todd and the narrator maintain an almost astonishing vagueness about dates. Almira never mentions the date of her marriage, for example, or of the death of her husband or father. An electronic search of the Dunnet Landing texts for dates turned up no specific date mentioned. Todd also is vague about how events in the stories relate chronologically to events in the rest of the nation or world. The American Civil War often is mentioned in Jewett's work and sometimes helps to date the events in a story. An electronic search of the Dunnet Landing texts reveals several mentions of the war. In Chapter 8 of *CPF*, Almira tells of a feud on a neighboring island and reveals that the time present of the book is after the Civil War, and other references to the war confirm this. In Chapter 14, Todd says that the man who jilted Poor Joanna subsequently fought in the war. In Chapter 13, Todd says that Joanna's self-exile began after Almira and Nathan married and before his death at sea, thus placing those events before the Civil War, and, as shown in the

chronology, Captain Tolland's death occurs about a year after Nathan's death. These observations lead to the unsurprising conclusion that Almira tells her story after the Civil War about events that took place before that war.

To construct this chronology, I have accepted the one very specific date given in *The Country of the Pointed Firs*. The Bowden Reunion takes place on 15 August, and Mrs. Blackett says that she plans to attend church the next day, before returning to Green Island. 15 August fell on Saturday in 1896. It appears, then, that Jewett set her story in the same year in which she composed her account of the reunion. Of course, she may have had another year in mind, or no particular year, but it is not unreasonable to set 1896 as the time present in *CPF*. This assumption produces a chronology likely to be close to what Jewett envisioned. In "The Outer Island" chapter of *CPF*, Mrs. Todd says that she is 67 and her mother is 86. I begin this chronology in 1810, the likely year of Mrs. Blackett's birth.

Chronology

1810 Birth of Mrs. Blackett and likely birth year of the captains, Tolland and Blackett.

1815 Birth year of Jewett's father, Theodore Herman Jewett.

1817-1827 The decade in which Mrs. Tolland is born. See rationale below.

1828 Mrs. Blackett marries at 18.

1829 Almira Blackett Todd is born.

1830 The July Monarchy established in France. It appears likely that at some point in the following decade, Mrs. Tolland's family emigrated to the Windward Islands. If these events were connected, they could suggest that her family were conservative supporters of the French empire.

1840 Founding of the Cunard Line, providing transatlantic steam freight and passenger service, making it possible for Mrs. Tolland's family to take a steamer to France.

1848 Slavery abolished in the French colonies, the process completed in Martinique by May. Fort Royal was renamed, becoming Fort-de-France.

1850 Passage of the Fugitive Slave Law that moved Harriet Beecher Stowe to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852).

1849-55 Almira likely is married and widowed during these years, her husband dying about a year before Captain Tolland.

1855 Spring - September 1856. The Tolland marriage.

Rationale for the marriage dates.

At the end of part 4, Todd says that Mrs. Tolland's death took place nearly 40 years ago, which would be about 1856.

The Tolland marriage seems to last less than 18 months.

They are married in the spring. Soon they go to sea together on a voyage of a "good many months." After their return and while Capt. Tolland is away preparing for his next voyage, the scandal erupts that pushes Mrs. Tolland into self-exile. A week later, Capt. Tolland leaves Dunnet Landing, never to return.

Mrs. Tolland dies not long after learning of his death. Todd says that Mrs. Tolland's death took place in September, during a storm like the one blowing the evening of Todd's narration.

The approximate ages of Captain and Mrs. Tolland

Captain Tolland is presented as a contemporary of Todd's father, who probably was born in about 1810. In 1855, he would have been about 45 years old.

Mrs. Tolland has, within the last year or so, lost her husband and children who were living with them. Guessing that the oldest child would be 17 or younger and that she married near the age of 20, she'd not likely be older than 37.

1860-1865 American Civil War.

1883 Maine law against interracial marriage set aside.

1895-6 Composition of *CPF*, which was interrupted in about the middle for two months at the beginning of 1896 while Jewett, accompanying Annie Fields and Thomas Bailey and Lilian Aldrich, toured some Caribbean Islands, including Jamaica, as the guest of Henry Lillie Pierce on his steam yacht. Also notably, in mid-February, the travelers elected not to visit Puerto Rico because the island was under quarantine for yellow fever, the disease that takes Mrs. Tolland's family.

I have assumed that late August 1896 is when Mrs. Todd tells the narrator of "The Foreigner" the story of Mrs. Tolland.

1898 Spanish-American War, followed by Philippine-American War, which was continuing when the "The Foreigner" was published.

1900 Publication of "The Foreigner."

Almira Todd's Chronology

It would be helpful if one could be more specific about even the *relative* dates in Almira's life, but the texts of the Dunnet Landing stories do not present a clear picture. If one could work out the probable years of her marriage and Nathan's death, that would help to determine a date for the Tolland marriage. Here's what the texts seem to confirm about the *order* of those events.

Almira and Nathan marry, and not too long after that, Nathan is lost at sea.

In the unpublished chapter Jewett wrote for *CPF*, Todd says that she and Nathan were married for "some years." (Homestead and Heller, 162).

After the marriage and before Nathan's death, Poor Joanna exiles herself.

Captain Tolland is lost about a year after Nathan.

Captain Blackett, Almira's father, is lost at sea, perhaps before Captain Tolland is lost.

It seems clear that Jewett thought of this cluster of events as near to each other in time, but the texts offer few clues I can see about when these events take place, except that they are before the Civil War.

Observations about the chronology.

1848 turns out to be a key date. Marx and Engels saw a specter haunting Europe that year. In France, this took the form of the Second French Republic (1848-1852), which quickly abolished slavery in the French Colonies in 1848. Slavery had been abolished years earlier in Jamaica, officially in 1833, though there were some years of implementation. Did the events of the Tolland marriage occur before or after 1848?

When I chose 1896 as the time-present for the Dunnet Landing stories, I was led to create a history for Mrs. Tolland in which her escape from Kingston takes place in about 1855, *after* slavery was abolished in French colonies. That history suggests the likelihood that Mrs. Tolland's family decided to return to France because abolition negatively impacted their situation. And it even hints that Tolland's family may have chosen to return to France after the reestablishment of the French monarchy in 1851-2. Because the story provides no details about Mrs. Tolland's life in the Antilles, one only can speculate about her reasons for leaving after slavery ended.

However, while 1896 seems like a reasonable date for "time present," this really is an arbitrary choice. Were I to move that time back a decade, the picture would change radically, for then the likely period during which the Tolland marriage occurs becomes 1845-1846. Then, Mrs. Tolland could have been a slave, and the scenario in which she conceals her racial identity becomes more plausible.

One would expect that if Jewett was aware of the importance of 1848 to how readers would respond to her story, she would have provided some overt information for dating Tolland's second marriage. Jewett did provide one small and ambiguous clue. Among the few possessions Mrs. Tolland brought to Dunnet Landing was a French print of the statue of the Empress Josephine in the Savane park at old Fort Royal, in Martinique. As noted in the chronology, it is "old Fort Royal" because the town's name was changed in 1848, disassociating

it from the previous monarchy. That Tolland values it suggests a loyalty to the French empire established by Josephine's husband, Napoleon Bonaparte, and maintained through various governments until the 1848 Revolution. This information gives some credence to the speculation that her family chose to return to France because slavery had ended and because they preferred to live in France under a restored empire led by Napoléon III. But, again, this speculation puts a great deal of weight on a word choice the source of which is uncertain. The narrator says that the print is of "old Fort Royal," showing that she knows the capital's name was changed in 1848. This could be evidence of Tolland's nostalgia for the Napoleonic empire, or it could show only that she obtained the print before 1848, or it could show nothing more than that the narrator is aware of the name change.

My main conclusion from considering the 1848 abolition date is that Jewett seems to have been unconcerned about Mrs. Tolland's history in whatever French island colony had been her recent home. Except that Tolland came there as a child with her family and then about 30 years later attempted to return to France with a family of her own, nothing is revealed about that history. On that blank canvas, scholars have painted fascinating images of the experience and knowledge she might have obtained and carried to Dunnet Landing. The persuasiveness of those images depends at least in part on whether the Tolland marriage occurs in the 1840s or the 1850s, information the story does not provide.

Another significant observation about the chronology is that the Tolland marriage occurs when slavery was a legal institution in the U.S. and when interracial marriage was illegal in most states. Captain Tolland could not legally marry a person of known African descent in Maine before 1883. Had Mrs. Tolland's African-Caribbean descent been visible, the marriage would have raised a scandal in Dunnet Landing more serious than dancing in church. If she were of African descent, she would have had to be passing as white to be rescued in Jamaica, carried to New England, and married there.

Mrs. Tolland's Geographical History

Still assuming that Mrs. Todd and her sources are truthful, it is then helpful to develop a more detailed history of Mrs. Tolland's movements from France to the Antilles, to Jamaica, and finally to Dunnet Landing.

Almira gradually reveals a good deal about Tolland's French background, but little about her childhood in France, and virtually nothing about her life in the Antilles. Todd reports the little she learned from Tolland in about the middle of the story.

I asked her once about her folks, an' she said they were all dead; 'twas the fever took 'em. She made this her home, lonesome as 'twas; she told me she hadn't been in France since she was 'so small,' and measured me off a child o' six. She'd lived right out in the country before, so that part wa'n't unusual to her.

There is some ambiguity in this account, making it possible that Mrs. Tolland was actually born in the French islands and visited France when she was six. But taken at face value, it appears that Tolland was born and lived in rural France and emigrated with her family when she was about 6 years old.

When Almira introduces Mrs. Tolland, she says "They said she'd been left a widow with property she was French born, an' her first husband was a Portugee, or somethin'." "They"

are not identified, but almost certainly this is the account Todd received from her father who, with the other captains, met Tolland in Jamaica, and they had their information from her after her rescue. That she was born in France is repeated several times. Almira says the captains probably would have done better to pay her passage home to France. The narrator wonders why she didn't return to France after Captain Tolland's death, and she learns that Tolland knew of no living relatives in the French islands or France.

The story reveals little about the interval of roughly 30 years between Tolland's childhood departure from France and when the captains find her in Kingston, Jamaica:

Her husband and her children had died o' yellow fever; they'd all come up to Kingston from one o' the far Wind'ard Islands to get passage on a steamer to France, an' a negro had stole their money off her husband while he lay sick o' the fever, an' she had been befriended some, but the folks that knew about her had died too; it had been a dreadful run o' the fever that season, an' she fell at last to playin' an' singin' for hire, and for what money they'd throw to her round them harbor houses.

It is notable in the rest of this account that the men thought of Mrs. Tolland as a "lady" when they met her. Assuming that they had good reasons for this impression, this suggests a plausible outline of those years. Probably, her family came to the islands to enter into business and were reasonably successful. Her husband's origin remains somewhat vague, but if he was really Portuguese, this would associate him with a nation whose 19th-century presence in the Caribbean consisted primarily of merchants and traders. Though her husband could have been a land-owner or more likely a sailor or trader, it seems most likely that he was a merchant, of the same class as her family. When the captains meet her, she gives them to understand that she is of a "respectable" class and from a propertied family.

Todd provides much detail about the location from which the captains rescue Mrs. Tolland, the harbor area of Kingston, Jamaica. Jewett and Fields had visited Kingston during their 1896 Caribbean cruise, anchoring in the harbor, but they spent almost no time in the town, finding it too hot, dusty and uncomfortable. In her journal, Annie Fields describes Kingston as superior to Port au Prince, Haiti, for it has "a good government and a respectable white population who live in its vicinity." The one place in Kingston that Fields records visiting, on 4 February, is the Women's Self-Help Society, where "we saw that a beginning had been made to stop the beggary and dependence of the people." Fields's implied racial views here are not flattering to her, but I would caution readers not to jump to conclusions, but instead to read more widely in her journal and to read my essay, "Jewett, Nordicism, and Race."

Mrs. Todd's account of the Kingston episode rewards a close look:

They was havin' their suppers together in a tavern; 'twas late in the evenin' an' they was more lively than usual, an' felt boyish; and over opposite was another house full o' company, real bright and pleasant lookin', with a lot o' lights, an' they heard somebody singin' very pretty to a guitar. They wa'n't in no go-to-meetin' condition, an' one of 'em, he slapped the table an' said, 'Le' 's go over 'n' hear that lady sing!' an' over they all went, good honest sailors, but three sheets in the wind, and stepped in as if they was invited, an' made their bows inside the door, an' asked if they could hear the music; they were all respectable well-dressed men. They saw the woman that had the guitar, an' there was a company a-listenin', regular highbinders all of 'em; an' there was a long table all spread out with big candlesticks like little trees o' light, and a sight o' glass an' silverware; an' part o' the men

was young officers in uniform, an' the colored folks was steppin' round servin' 'em, an' they had the lady singin'.

This quantity of detail is surprising, especially when one considers a missing detail to which Gleason calls attention in making the case that Todd is repressing something, her failure to remember Mrs. Tolland's name. Though Almira says she never knew Tolland's maiden name, she also never reveals Mrs. Tolland's first name. Perhaps it also is notable that Almira never reveals her own mother's first name. Drafting this piece would be easier had she mentioned both. Still, it is remarkable then that Todd's memory makes this probably the most detailed description of a setting in this story, another candidate being the description of Tolland's fête day party.

Presumably, this account came from Almira's father, which may explain her careful attention to how the captains engaged in what her father has assured her -- with perhaps too much care -- was uncharacteristic behavior. She repeats that their unusual choices result from their being tipsy, and she emphasizes that despite inebriation, they kept their moral compasses. During their last night in port, the captains sup in a quiet, respectable tavern and overindulge in alcohol. "Good honest sailors" but feeling "boyish," they are attracted to the bright lights of the house across the street, not merely because they are interested in partying there, but also because they like the music they hear. The partyers include a group of young British military, characterized as "regular highbinders," or rowdies.

The captains are well aware that by crossing the street, they are entering morally ambiguous territory. Though Todd is reticent about this, it seems clear that this "house" is for the entertainment of men and, almost certainly, this includes prostitution. She continues:

'Twas a wasteful scene, an' a loud talkin' company, an' though they was three sheets in the wind themselves there wa'n't one o' them cap'ns but had sense to perceive it. The others had pushed back their chairs, an' their decanters an' glasses was standin' thick about, an' they was teasin' the one that was singin' as if they'd just got her in to amuse 'em. But they quieted down; one o' the young officers had beautiful manners, an' invited the four cap'ns to join 'em, very polite; 'twas a kind of public house, and after they'd all heard another song, he come to consult with 'em whether they wouldn't git up and dance a hornpipe or somethin' to the lady's music.

They was all elderly men an' shipmasters, and owned property; two of 'em was church members in good standin'," continued Mrs. Todd loftily, "an' they wouldn't lend themselves to no such kick-shows as that, an' spite o' bein' three sheets in the wind, as I have once observed; they waved aside the tumblers of wine the young officer was pourin' out for 'em so freehanded, and said they should rather be excused. An' when they all rose, still very dignified, as I've been well informed, and made their partin' bows and was goin' out, them young sports got round 'em an' tried to prevent 'em, and they had to push an' strive considerable, but out they come. There was this Cap'n Tolland and two Cap'n Bowdens, and the fourth was my own father." (Mrs. Todd spoke slowly, as if to impress the value of her authority.) "Two of them was very religious, upright men, but they would have their night off sometimes, all o' them old-fashioned cap'ns, when they was free of business and ready to leave port.

The captains are captured and have to fight their way out when they find the highbinders have gone too far in their drunken sociability. This difficult departure shows how even more difficult it was for Mrs. Tolland to make her own subsequent escape.

Todd's characterization of the scene as "wasteful" suggests that Jewett connected this scene with the stop in Port au Prince during her 1896 Caribbean cruise. Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel on 30 January 1896: "Port au Prince was quite an awful scene of thriftlessness and silly pretense." In her "Diary of a West Indian Island Tour," Annie Fields reacted intensely to what she saw of Port au Prince, though apparently she and Jewett never left their yacht. In her journal, she reflects several times about the port; "a more strangely barbarian place probably does not exist on the face of the earth" she wrote on 24 January. Fields is particularly concerned that the Africans of Haiti have been degraded by colonialism from "the wild and native barbarian" of the African wilderness, into a state beyond the redemption of civilization. Though she blames the colonial occupation for this degradation, neither her language nor her sentiments would appeal to 21st-century anti-racists. Later in the voyage, when the travelers have a Valentine's Day meal with the President of the Dominican Republic, Ulises Hilarión Heureaux Leibert, Fields learns about what she believes is a more successfully civilized Afro-Caribbean culture, though, in fact, the Dominican president's charm was very deceptive.

Jewett may have been thinking of the colonial corrupters of Haiti when she depicted their British counterparts in Kingston, the "wasteful scene" of drunken excess, the attempt to draw the captains into further inebriation and trifling dancing, and the exploitation of women that leads to the assault on Mrs. Tolland and requires her rescue. Todd says she has been "well informed," presumably by her father, of the captains' refusal, even while tipsy, to cross certain moral lines. Gleason makes a point that New England seamen were granted a sexual license while away from home, so long as they practiced due discretion. For example, when one Captain Bowden draws the short straw for carrying Mrs. Tolland away, he begs off because his wife was "a dreadful jealous woman," who would consider it a violation for him to transport a lady for so long on his slow-sailing vessel. Further, it appears that once Tolland has taken her aboard, he is obligated to marry her. Captain Blackett and his daughter are discrete in their version of this tale; it seems clear that Blackett was at special pains to show that their behavior was within bounds in this case.

Mrs. Tolland's virtually complete loss of her material support and possessions has brought her into this location as "a real hard case," "playin' an' singin' for hire, and for what money they'd throw to her round them harbor houses." Presumably it was apparent to all at the time and to Almira and her listener that Mrs. Tolland was doomed to fall into prostitution, that the refusal and flight the captains witness could not have been maintained much longer. Mrs. Tolland cannot preserve her identity as a "lady" in Kingston.

The geography of Dunnet Landing, though not greatly elaborated, still has significance. Captain Tolland brings his new wife into the disputed territory of the inherited house of which he is half owner. This little war has a deep enough history:

And there was a good excellent kitchen, but his sister reigned over that; she had a right to two rooms, and took the kitchen an' a bedroom that led out of it; an' bein' given no rights in the kitchen had angered the cap'n so they weren't on no kind o' speakin' terms. He preferred his old brig for comfort, but now and then, between voyages he'd come home for a few days, just to show he was master over his part o' the house, and show Eliza she couldn't commit no trespass.

Eliza cannot abide sharing authority over her space with a rival housekeeper. The captain resolves the issue, after the damage is done, by buying out Eliza's share "at three or four times what 'twas worth." By angering and dispossessing his sister, he makes her a dangerous enemy

for his new wife. During these developments, Almira reflects, "... somehow or other a sight o' prejudice arose; it may have been caused by the remarks of Eliza an' her feelin's tow'ds her brother. Even my mother had no regard for Eliza Tolland."

The physical location of the Tolland house also proves important. Mrs. Todd's house is in the village, but on its edge, "the last house on the way inland" says the narrator in *CPF* Chapter 3. The narrator finds even the edge of town too social for serious writing, so she rents the schoolhouse, which is outside of town, on a hill visible from Mrs. Todd's house. The Tolland house is further inland in about the same direction, about 3/4 of a mile from Almira's. The road, Almira says, "leads straight from just above the schoolhouse to the brook bridge, and their house was just this side o' the brook bridge on the left hand." Language and physical distance form barriers between Tolland and the village.

Observations about Mrs. Tolland's Geography

Little is known with certainty about Mrs. Tolland's background. Everyone who knew her believed she was born in France, then grew up, married and began a family in the French islands. It appears that she and her family decided to travel to France, and the scanty available evidence suggests that they were leaving the Caribbean permanently. She shows no interest in returning to her island home, and it appears that after her husband is robbed while he is ill, she has no other reliable resources to draw upon. While it is possible, especially given the probable year of their move, that they were leaving because of business reversals, it is just as possible that they had prospered and wanted to raise their family in her homeland, away from the very forces that had likely taken her parents and any siblings she may have had, the difficult tropical climate that included yellow fever, the disease that destroyed her own family.

It is striking that Mrs. Tolland's position in Kingston receives so much descriptive attention, and that this description focuses so much upon the captains, the lack of prudence that leads them into a compromising situation, but the moral integrity that prompts them, at least in part, to save a pretty lady from degradation. Given this focus, it is perhaps too easy to undervalue the parallel story that they witness, that Mrs. Tolland's misfortunes have placed her in a much more desperate, compromising situation, the moral integrity she is barely managing to preserve, and her need for her saviors. Captain Blackett, the likely original narrator of this tale, is concerned to affirm the dignity and rectitude of the captains, recounting their quasi-heroic aid to a lady in distress, and thereby, he glosses over to some extent the heroic persistence of the woman who so resists despair and fends for herself as long as she does.

If Mrs. Tolland is truthful about her past, then it is highly unlikely that she is of African descent or that she has been enslaved. Still, she spends most of her life before Kingston in the French Antilles. Those who see her as Afro-Caribbean have a good deal to say about the unique gifts she *could* bring to New England from having to some degree experienced a creole culture, particularly elements of folk medicine and religion. Next I survey Almira's account of Mrs. Tolland's accomplishments and how the village turns those gifts against her.

Mrs. Tolland's Spurned Gifts, Part 1: Housekeeping and Healing

Mrs. Tolland's gifts to Dunnet Landing may be divided roughly into domestic arts, healing arts and fine arts. Among the domestic arts, Almira takes note of Tolland's housekeeping, gardening, and cooking, summing up: "... she'd known how to make it homelike for the cap'n."

Todd says: "She was always at work about her house, or settin' at a front window with her sewing; she was a beautiful hand to embroider." Todd is pleased as well when she sees Tolland's flower garden, outdoor meal preparation, and the decorations for Mrs. Tolland's solitary fête day party. Tolland's housekeeping is in part an expression of love, the work she contributes to her happy marriage. Almira offers ample evidence that the Tollands were devoted to each other, that Mrs. Tolland was not *merely* human cargo or a trophy carried away from the tropics, even though the captains spoke of her as a "prize" when they rescued her. For example, Almira notes Mrs. Tolland's demonstrative grief when the captain sets sail for the far East on what proves to be his final voyage. Captain Tolland feels shame at her openly expressed emotions, despite what he may know of the crisis that has erupted in his recent absence.. Mrs. Blackett's sympathy is aroused by this scene, leading her to ask her daughter to neighbor this lonesome creature.

Almira has much to say about Tolland's cooking:

"That first night I stopped to tea with her she'd cooked some eggs with some herb or other sprinkled all through, and 'twas she that first led me to discern mushrooms; an' she went right down on her knees in my garden here when she saw I had my different officious herbs. Yes, 'twas she that learned me the proper use o' parsley too; she was a beautiful cook."

About these remarks, the narrator reflects:

I had always wondered where Mrs. Todd had got such an unusual knowledge of cookery, of the varieties of mushrooms, and the use of sorrel as a vegetable, and other blessings of that sort. I had long ago learned that she could vary her omelettes like a child of France, which was indeed a surprise in Dunnet Landing.

Notable in the presentation of her cooking knowledge are the particular foods mentioned: seasoned omelets, mushrooms, parsley, sorrel. Though these could reflect knowledge gained from slaves and indigenous people in the French islands, the narrator recognizes that they are staples of French cooking, things Tolland could have learned from her French mother.

The village could have benefitted more than it does from Tolland's herbal knowledge. Her cookery may remain unknown outside Todd's home, but the knowledge of "officious herbs" becomes part of Todd's pharmacopeia and indirectly benefits the village. This knowledge in particular is said to illustrate Tolland's creole culture, particularly when it crosses a border into the supernatural.

Gleason and Kuiken both contend that Tolland is a "conjure woman," steeped in Quimbois beliefs and practices. Their evidence for this is Tolland's knowledge of medicinal herbs and her supposed practice of witchcraft, both of which she passes to Almira during their short friendship. To me, this contention seems a heavy flower found on a slim stem. Todd reports:

She taught me a sight o' things about herbs I never knew before nor since; she was well acquainted with the virtues o' plants. She'd act awful secret about some things too, an' used to work charms for herself sometimes, an' some o' the neighbors told to an' fro after she died that they knew enough not to provoke her, but 'twas all nonsense; 'tis the believin' in such things that causes 'em to be any harm, an' so I told 'em," confided Mrs. Todd contemptuously.

This brief description presents some puzzles. No virtuous plants are named, but surely, they must be plants Almira can forage or cultivate in New England, and as it is unlikely that Tolland imported exotic tropical seeds during her short sojourn in New England, they must be native or invasive species. While these probabilities cannot exclude specialized creole knowledge, they would seem to point more directly toward Todd and Tolland's shared experience of cooler climates in France and New England.

Tolland uses her "charms" in such secrecy that Todd knows virtually nothing about them, except that they were done in deep privacy and were personal in purpose. It would seem then, that the villagers who accused her of evil witchcraft could never have observed her charms and, therefore, have zero evidence to support their claims. At most, they may have observed her cultivating and gathering herbs, activities not rare among villagers, and normalized by Almira, the official community herbal healer. In short, the tales of witchcraft are wholly invented by malicious gossips, illustrating a well-established tradition of witch-hunting in New England.

Almira insists that the talk of Tolland's witchcraft was nonsense, indicating that she herself does not deal in magic. Todd's herbal healing has been thoroughly discussed in the extensive attention given to *CPF*. In the novel, as in "The Foreigner," there is little to support the idea that any significant portion of Almira's herbal knowledge comes from the tropics. Of course, this does not mean that nothing Tolland passed to Todd derived from her life in the French islands, but the absence of reference to that source is notable. The specific herbs mentioned in Chapter 2 and elsewhere in *CPF* are cultivated in New England. Todd, like Tolland, is quite secretive about some of her preparations, and the narrator speculates that

Some of these might once have belonged to sacred and mystic rites, and have had some occult knowledge handed with them down the centuries; but now they pertained only to humble compounds brewed at intervals with molasses or vinegar or spirits in a small caldron on Mrs. Todd's kitchen stove."

The narrator also speculates that Todd's air of mystery about some of the elixirs suggests they may have had magical properties, but clearly she intends this speculation as fanciful, emphasizing as occult, or secret and mystical, not the preparations themselves, but the advice dispensed with some of them.

The simpler explanation of both women's herbal knowledge seems also the more plausible. Herbal healing has a long tradition in human civilization, not excepting Euro-American cultures, including Native Americans, and Jewett portrays herb collectors and healers more than once in her fiction, notably in "The Courting of Sister Wisby." All make use of locally grown materials, and their knowledge is passed in part from person to person. Information about herbal healing was widespread, and printed herbals with recipes have been available since the invention of the printing press. Jewett wrote an enthusiastic thank you for an herbal, in a letter, probably to Ellen Mason, on 23 September 1904.

Even though Mrs. Tolland lived in the French Caribbean for something like 30 years, the available information in her story and in the collected Dunnet Landing fiction provides no direct evidence that she used or passed along any specifically Caribbean knowledge or practices, including cooking and herbal healing. Perhaps the secret charms Todd believes Tolland works were rooted in Afro-Caribbean traditions, but there is a paucity of direct evidence for this as well. More than on the origins of Mrs. Tolland's specialized and valuable knowledge, Jewett focuses on how these are turned against her. She comes to Dunnet Landing bearing skills of

hospitality and healing, only to have those re-interpreted as alien and wicked conjuring. The same pattern is visible in her practice of the fine arts of music and dance.

Mrs. Tolland's Spurned Gifts, Part 2: Song and Dance

Mrs. Tolland's music is central, the most fully elaborated of her graces. This theme is struck in the opening paragraph of the story, when Mrs. Todd's "conventional cough" transforms into "a herald's trumpet, or a plain New England knock, in the harmony of our fellowship." In the story's opening, the music of a cough comes to the narrator in a lonely, silent house beset by a storm, and it signals a renewal of fellowship, a spiritual congregation in the face of mortality. Once Almira is well into her account, the story has become a kind of song, distracting them with order inside from the chaos outside: "We had forgotten all about the noise of the wind and sea."

Todd's narrative repeatedly calls attention to Mrs. Tolland's music. The captains are drawn across the road in Kingston by the "very pretty" sounds of her voice and guitar. Soon after she boards Captain Tolland's ship, the other captains believe they hear her playing for Tolland and his crew. Her "lovely little song" and "little pretty dance between the verses" at the social circle to which Mrs. Blackett invites her brings a moment of communal gayety to the church vestry. After her exile, she plays the guitar at home alone some evenings, but apparently does not sing. At her solitary fête day party, Tolland plays and sings to an empty house. And during the windy weather at the time of Tolland's death, chilling music issues from the guitar, sometimes sounding "as if somebody begun to play it." That sequence speaks of loss, a lovely talent wasted in a community where vicious gossips have their way. As with her herbal knowledge, her music also is turned against her, in this case as a result of her performance at the social circle.

The "dancing" incident at the meeting house contains the first two elements in the multipart sequence that eventuates in a "war" between Tolland and the village: Tolland attempts to correct Mari' Harris's singing, then Tolland performs, then Harris and her friends turn this into a scandal, and finally Tolland is wounded mysteriously when she attends a worship service.

The sequence begins with Tolland's impolitic response to a mediocre musical number. Almira says her parents undertook to help Mrs. Tolland integrate into the village. To this end, Mrs. Blackett invites Mrs. Tolland to the social circle that meets in the church vestry. The church vestry is not where worship occurs, but is a separate room that may serve several functions simultaneously: office, library and records, changing room for the minister, meeting room, storage, etc. In what is apparently a parish meeting room, Tolland runs into trouble:

... she appeared very pretty until they started to have some singin' to the melodeon. Mari' Harris an' one o' the younger Caplin girls undertook to sing a duet, an' they sort o' flatted, an' she put her hands right up to her ears, and give a little squeal, an' went quick as could be an' give 'em the right notes, for she could read the music like plain print, an' made 'em try it over again. She was real willin' an' pleasant, but that didn't suit, an' she made faces when they got it wrong.

Tolland has more musical training and ability than the local musicians. She can read music and her ear is accurate, so their errors cause pain that she is unable to disguise. She behaves rather like an amateur music teacher, correcting the performers as if they were children. Despite her evident good will, she is not able to remedy the music. But she is quite successful at

angering the performers. She is not skilled in diplomacy, especially in English, and she doesn't comprehend with whom she is dealing. Mari' Harris appears in *CPF* as the less than satisfactory housekeeper for Captain Littlepage and in "William's Wedding" (1910) as the prying gossip who would upset the privacy and simplicity of shy William's wedding plans. At the Bowden reunion in *CPF*, another malicious gossip, Mrs. Caplin, attempts to draw out Almira's dislike of Harris with a provocative observation:

"Somebody observed once that you could pick out the likeness of 'most every sort of a foreigner when you looked about you in our parish," said Sister Caplin, her face brightening with sudden illumination. "I didn't see the bearin' of it then quite so plain. I always did think Mari' Harris resembled a Chinee."

"Mari' Harris was pretty as a child, I remember," said the pleasant voice of Mrs. Blackett....

For one who has read "The Foreigner," there is, perhaps, some irony in Caplin's attempt to label Harris as a foreigner. Though Mrs. Blackett is able to defeat Caplin with a generous observation even about Harris, Mari' is low on the list of villagers whom Blackett is able to defend. To Mrs. Tolland, Harris proves a more formidable enemy perhaps than Eliza Tolland. Before the social circle meeting ends, Mrs. Blackett, who "never expects ill feeling," thinks to heal social wounds by inviting Mrs. Tolland to sing. What follows provides Harris with a lever for revenge. These events have been interpreted as exemplifying the Afro-Caribbean wildness Tolland supposedly imports to Dunnet Landing.

Mrs. Tolland engages the vestry gathering in an entertaining song and dance. Gleason says that Tolland "dances and sings passionately in the church vestry, scandalizing the other women." This performance introduces a racial and sexual threat "into the very center of Dunnet's domestic space among sailors' wives" (35). Kuiken agrees, characterizing Tolland's dancing as "erotic, ecstatic" and "sexually charged" (120). She notes that Jewett has witnessed such dancing at Cape St. Nicholas Mole in Haiti:

Jewett procured the material for this dramatic episode from her own memory of a Mardi Gras parade in Haiti In a letter to her sisters on February 18, 1896, she records: "We went ashore the day before yesterday and saw the funniest little mardi gras procession with masks and red things over their heads dancing in the streets with pipe & drum. Coloured children & some bigger ones who danced ahead and twirled and then went back again. It was so wild looking somehow." (140)

Annie Fields offered another description of the same event in her 18 February diary:

It was Mardi gras and a little procession of a dozen boys and girls or perhaps they were all boys dressed as women, and a few children all in the simplest disguises danced fantastically to tom-toms up and down the open ways between the huts -- when their noise stopped ... the silence of the wilderness settled down. The gaily dressed figures stood out against the dark mountain-sides

Neither Jewett nor Fields finds this event offensive, as they were offended by whatever they saw in Port au Prince, but clearly they had witnessed a sample of Afro-Caribbean culture that seemed exotic and memorable. Similarities are visible between the Mardi Gras procession and Mrs. Tolland's performance in the vestry -- the small scale, a child-like element, repetition, drumming, some twirling -- but there are differences as well. Mrs. Tolland's performance lacks

the colorful costumes and masks, the pipe, the hint of cross-dressing, the outdoor landscape of huts and mountains, elements that seem more likely to impress Jewett as "wild."

Jewett may have drawn upon her experience in Haiti when she constructed Mrs. Tolland's performance, though examining the scene will show how difficult it would be for a reader to infer this. Perhaps another performance Jewett and Fields witnessed in southern France could have influenced Jewett's depiction.

In 1898, Jewett and Fields toured southern France under the guidance of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc. They spent a memorable afternoon in a small Provence village, enjoying a festival of dancing, featuring groups from a number of neighboring towns. Locals performed variations of the farandole, a traditional dance of Provence, typically performed in groups, with pipes and tambourines. In a letter to her musician friend Sarah Norton, of 16 May 1898, Jewett described:

... a most enchanting farandole which we saw yesterday, in a village near by, where all the dancers of different parishes had come together. There was never anything more exquisite than the whole thing, the open arena with the afternoon light through the trees and all the country people so gay, so delighted. The costumes and the grace of the whole thing; the Provençal dance-tune would have delighted you.

In her journal of the trip, Fields describes the music as repetitive, "a simple but archaic strain always the same," and she continues:

Hence it comes that in times of public excitement in the villages when the sound of the drum is heard beating the time measure of La Farandole, young and old turn out and seize each others' hands and go dancing along the road or up the mountain side. At such moments even visitors are caught and borne along.... There is something intoxicating in the music and the slow but intense activities.... The eye cannot follow quite close enough to understand the subtle movement of the feet. It is music in action.

This French country dance resembles the Mardi Gras procession in Haiti in its costumes, ecstatic qualities, and the momentary unity of a community. Though sexual suggestiveness seems absent from the farandole, still both dances convey the carnival quality of abandoning mundane pursuits for communal participation in an ancient ritual. Both dances share with Mrs. Tolland's performance light-heartedness, repetitive music and movements, self-forgetful participation of all present, and infectiousness that can attract outsiders to participate. In short, Jewett may well have drawn upon both of these previous experiences of traditional music and dance as she imagined Mrs. Tolland's performance.

With Gleason's and Kuiken's interpretations in mind along with some knowledge of Jewett's recent experiences seeing similar performances, the way is prepared for a close look at Almira's eye-witness account:

... my mother, that never expects ill feelin', asked her if she wouldn't sing somethin', an up she got, -- poor creatur', it all seems so different to me now, -- an' sung a lovely little song standin' in the floor; it seemed to have something gay about it that kept a-repeatin', an' nobody could help keepin' time, an' all of a sudden she looked round at the tables and caught up a tin plate that somebody'd fetched a Washin'ton pie in, an' she begun to drum on it with her fingers like one o' them tambourines, an' went right on singin' faster an' faster, and next minute she begun to dance a little pretty dance between the verses, just as light

and pleasant as a child. You couldn't help seein' how pretty 'twas; we all got to trottin' a foot, an' some o' the men clapped their hands quite loud, a-keepin' time, 'twas so catchin', an' seemed so natural to her. There wa'n't one of 'em but enjoyed it; she just tried to do her part, an' some urged her on, till she stopped with a little twirl of her skirts an' went to her place again by mother. And I can see mother now, reachin' over an' smilin' an' pattin' her hand.

This description seems to emphasize restraint. The performance is "catching" but "natural"; it is "litttle" and "pretty." I find it difficult to read this performance as passionate or threatening. Like the farandole and the Mardi Gras procession, there is an ecstatic element, for it draws those present into a moment of self-forgetful light-heartedness. When the narrator of *CPF* introduces the Bowden Reunion in Chapter 18, she reflects that such moments are too scarce:

It is very rare in country life, where high days and holidays are few, that any occasion of general interest proves to be less than great. Such is the hidden fire of enthusiasm in the New England nature that, once given an outlet, it shines forth with almost volcanic light and heat. In quiet neighborhoods such inward force does not waste itself upon those petty excitements of every day that belong to cities, but when, at long intervals, the altars to patriotism, to friendship, to the ties of kindred, are reared in our familiar fields, then the fires glow, the flames come up as if from the inexhaustible burning heart of the earth; the primal fires break through the granite dust in which our souls are set. Each heart is warm and every face shines with the ancient light. Such a day as this has transfiguring powers, and easily makes friends of those who have been cold-hearted, and gives to those who are dumb their chance to speak, and lends some beauty to the plainest face.

These moments of communal unity can be transfiguring, making spiritual reality visible, miraculously warming people's hearts and momentarily overpowering the petty divisions and quarrels of mundane living. Though Tolland's dancing is more a "petty excitement" and not the grand procession at the Bowden Reunion, the social circle achieves a small transfiguring moment, and, like the reunion, it features patriotic pie.

To my eye, it seems obvious that the ecstasy of this event is not an eruption of semi-pagan libido into a prim Protestant gathering. Rather, Mrs. Tolland offers the village a gift that Jewett admired, light-heartedness, a quality Almira ascribes to her mother in *CPF* Chapter 7. In *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1967), Richard Cary writes: "Miss Jewett used proudly to claim that her father 'had inherited...from his mother's French ancestry, that peculiarly French trait, called *gaieté de coeur*" (Jewett to Violet Paget, July 1907). In her 1879 obituary for her father, Jewett wrote:

He never was tired of living, and never grew old; his heart was always young, and the thought of him brings to mind these words of the wise old doctor, Sir Thomas Browne, "and since there is something of us that will still live on, join both lives together and live in one but for the other, He who thus ordereth the purpose of this life will never be far from the next."

Including the Brown quotation both here and in "The Foreigner" hints that Jewett was thinking of her father as she composed this story.

It is difficult to see a serious challenge to the village's Christianity in Almira's description of Mrs. Tolland's performance, even though Jewett was aware of the pagan roots of the dances she witnessed in Haiti and Provence. Mrs. Tolland's light-heartedness, though, clearly

challenges the calcified Calvinism -- "the granite dust in which our souls are set" -- often encountered in a New England Protestantism that tended to define all pleasure as leading toward evil. To see Jewett meditating on this, one might review the opening paragraphs of another of her more well-known stories composed soon after *CPF*, "Martha's Lady" (1897).

Mrs. Tolland's simple-hearted performance becomes the handle Harris and her accomplices screw up into a scandal that originates with them, not with Mrs. Tolland's alleged impropriety. Further, the village is not unanimous, for there are clearly delineated sides: Harris leading on one side, Mrs. Blackett on the other. The assertion of a sacrilegious performance in the "Orthodox vestry" is wholly the invention of Harris and her cronies in response to the critique of her own singing. Almira's account of the incident shows that the community as a whole had little reason to take Harris's scandal-mongering seriously, but still Harris was confident enough of Tolland's defenselessness and of having enough backing to reproach both Almira and her mother for their part in it and for daring to defend Mrs. Tolland. In *CPF*, Mrs. Blackett is by far the more respected community leader, though even she cannot transform a small Maine village into a utopia. Any perceptions of paganism or sexual abandon were manufactured by scandal-mongers in revenge against an impolitic outsider. When introducing her account of the social circle, Almira says that her response to the performance has changed, for at the time it seemed so charming and innocent, but afterward, she saw Mrs. Tolland as a "poor creature," presumably as a result of how she was victimized by the ensuing scandal. She has come to understand how these events led to the fourth step in Tolland's exile, the outbreak of a "war."

The War between Mrs. Tolland and Dunnet Landing

The path to a declaration of war begins when Mrs. Tolland makes enemies in the village. While her mere presence evokes hostility, correcting Harris's singing is Tolland's first "attack." Her performance opens her to a counterattack, turning her performance into a scandal. The final step also occurs in the meeting house. She comes to a worship service the Sunday after the social circle, and she leaves before the end, which the village gossips interpret as a declaration of war. This event puzzles Almira:

And next Sunday Mis' Tolland come walkin' into our meeting, but I must say she acted like a cat in a strange garret, and went right out down the aisle with her head in air, from the pew Deacon Caplin had showed her into. 'Twas just in the beginning of the long prayer. I wish she'd stayed through, whatever her reasons were. Whether she'd expected somethin' different, or misunderstood some o' the pastor's remarks, or what 'twas, I don't really feel able to explain, but she kind o' declared war, at least folks thought so, an' war 'twas from that time. I see she was cryin', or had been, as she passed by me; perhaps bein' in meetin' was what had power to make her feel homesick and strange.

Todd suggests several interpretations for Tolland's behavior, but two elements finally stand out.

First, it may be unclear whether Tolland has attended a meeting service before, but it seems unlikely that she has. She is not specifically placed in a Tolland family pew, suggesting that Captain Tolland did not have one or, perhaps, that Eliza occupied it. Assuming that the meeting follows the traditional order of worship in the Congregational church, she leaves near the end of the service, at the beginning of the "long prayer," with the theme of giving thanks, that follows the sermon. Almira believes that Tolland would have felt better had she remained through this prayer, perhaps because then she would have been present to be greeted by those of the congregation who were not swayed by the scandal.

Second, something happens that causes Tolland to abruptly exit the church. She may have heard the gossip about her impiety in the social circle, for when she arrived she was apprehensive as "a cat in a strange garret." But she may also be unaware of what to expect, hoping for something like the Catholic mass she was familiar with. Todd wonders whether she expected something different or whether she misunderstood something in the sermon, hearing it directed toward her. Remembering Tolland's tears as she left the church, Todd offers her fullest hypothesis, that Tolland came to church, probably for the first time, hoping there would be something like a mass that would help her to feel more at home.

The upshot of this event, at any rate, was "war." That Tolland made an effort toward reconciliation and in some way felt rebuffed is erased by the village gossips. They asserted that she had "flaunted" out of church, deliberately rejecting them after her supposedly irreverent behavior in the social circle. Tolland seems to have felt their hostility, and from that date, there is minimal intercourse between her and Dunnet Landing. As she has no servant, Tolland must do her shopping in the village store, but no social interaction is recorded -- no exchanges of calls, no pastoral visits, no invitations to village events -- and Tolland celebrates her fête day alone. Todd herself succumbed in part to the notion that Tolland rejected the community. When Mrs. Blackett asked her to "neighbor" the poor stranger in a strange land, Almira impatiently parroted the gossip:

'Why, since that time she flaunted out o' meetin', folks have felt she liked other ways better'n our'n,' says I. I was provoked, because I'd had a nice supper ready, an' mother'd let it wait so long 'twas spoiled. 'I hope you'll like your supper!' I told her. I was dreadful ashamed afterward of speakin' so to mother.

Mrs. Blackett makes clear what is needed: "... she's done the best a woman could do in her lonesome place, and she asks nothing of anybody except a little common kindness. Think if 'twas you in a foreign land!"

Almira does what her mother asks with notable success, despite the barriers of distance, language, and Mrs. Tolland's aroused defensiveness. Over the course of her life, Almira gains considerable skill at neighboring. As Laurie Shannon and others have shown, *CPF* can be read as a series of episodes in which she shares with the narrator her collection of eccentric neighbors, interesting people who in various ways are on the margins of the village, but have been welcomed and treasured by Mrs. Blackett, Almira, and their communitarian allies. In *CPF*, Almira and the more generous villagers are usually successful at countering those who, like Mari' Harris, routinely work against communal values for self-serving ends. In this so-called war, though, Almira fails to integrate Tolland into the community once the breach is established. This failure probably results mainly from Mrs. Tolland's reaction to the perception that the community will not accept her.

Almira says that Tolland cultivates a kind of aloofness that discourages moves toward intimacy:

Oh yes, there was something very strange about her, and she hadn't been brought up in high circles nor nothing o' that kind. I think she'd been really pleased to have the cap'n marry her an' give her a good home, after all she'd passed through, and leave her free with his money an' all that. An' she got over bein' so strange-looking to me after a while, but 'twas a very singular expression: she wore a fixed smile that wa'n't a smile; there wa'n't no

light behind it, same 's a lamp can't shine if it ain't lit. I don't know just how to express it, 'twas a sort of made countenance."

Almira does not see this "made countenance" as conveying an assertion of social superiority, but more as a kind of mask that conceals and, perhaps, protects the vulnerable person within, who had hoped to find a community to match her good husband. Almira has rather quickly and easily drawn out the woman behind the mask by mentioning Mrs. Blackett, which leads to Tolland embracing her, calling her mother an angel, and shedding tears. Thus begins their friendship, though as noted above, this friendship remains somewhat reserved, lacking in emotional intimacy. As almost one else is shown to make such an effort, before the rest of the village she continues to wear the defensive strangeness of countenance for the rest of her life. Presumably the villagers interpret this aloofness as consistent with their belief that she holds herself above them, as if she were "brought up in high circles."

The War's End -- A Party and a Ghost

Almira successfully made a friend of Tolland, and though she clearly valued this friendship for its own sake, she also benefited from it in knowledge and with a material legacy that makes her more financially secure. Still, despite this brief and rich, mutually beneficial friendship, the war with the rest of the village continues until Tolland's death. Two especially memorable events precede the death, when Almira and Alonzo Bowden break the news of the loss of Captain Tolland and when Almira and Tolland witness an apparition.

Almira and Alonzo bring Mrs. Tolland their report on her fête day, intruding upon her solitary party. Almira reflects that though she understood losing a husband and had sympathized with many other widows, "I never saw a heart break as I did then." Their arrival and welcome should recall a similar party in "The Queen's Twin" (1899), when Abby Martin prepares a special dinner for Queen Victoria. Almira recounts approaching Tolland's house:

And when we come near enough I saw that the best room ... where she most never set, was all lighted up, and the curtains up so that the light shone bright down the road, and as we walked, those lights would dazzle and dazzle in my eyes, and I could hear the guitar a-goin', an' she was singin'. She heard our steps with her quick ears and come running to the door with her eyes a-shinin', an' all that set look gone out of her face, an' begun to talk French, gay as a bird, an' shook hands and behaved very pretty an' girlish, sayin' 'twas her fête day.... And she had gone an' put a wreath o' flowers on her hair an' wore a handsome gold chain that the cap'n had given her; an' there she was, poor creatur', makin' believe have a party all alone in her best room; 'twas prim enough to discourage a person, with too many chairs set close to the walls, just as the cap'n's mother had left it, but she had put sort o' long garlands on the walls, droopin' very graceful, and a sight of green boughs in the corners, till it looked lovely, and all lit up with a lot o' candles.

How pleasant it would have been had all of the village attended this social gathering! But the many chairs are empty. The only guests turn out to be uninvited, bearing their fatal news, yet they are welcomed as if expected. In the midst of her imaginary celebration, Mrs. Tolland lets down her defenses, the "set look gone out of her face," speaking French, festively dressed, gay in her brightly lit and decorated best room. Most of Tolland's gifts, both domestic and fine arts, are on display, laid out for people she believes would not come if invited: hospitality, housekeeping, decorating, embroidery, music, perhaps even her cooking. These are the accomplishments of a French middle-class woman. They contribute to a portrait of Mrs. Tolland

as less exotic and foreign than her detractors in Dunnet Landing come to believe. Were they as open to her as Almira becomes, they could enjoy more pleasant lives: better music, tastier food, prettier homes, and more gay parties.

This event from near the end of Tolland's life illustrates loss and alienation; the scene of her death-bed offers communion and consolation. But the ghostly apparition may point away from her French background, for it has been an important initiating event for exploring the possibilities of Caribbean influence on Tolland:

All of a sudden she set right up in bed with her eyes wide open, an' I stood an' put my arm behind her; she hadn't moved like that for days. And she reached out both her arms toward the door, an' I looked the way she was lookin', an' I see some one was standin' there against the dark.... The lamplight struck across the room between us. I couldn't tell the shape, but 'twas a woman's dark face lookin' right at us; 'twa'n't but an instant I could see.... I saw very plain while I could see; 'twas a pleasant enough face, shaped somethin' like Mis' Tolland's, and a kind of expectin' look.

It is not surprising that the mother's "dark face" has stimulated explorations of the potential meanings of Mrs. Tolland having actual African ancestry, of her being in some substantial ways a product of the islands where she is known to have lived. Though this apparition has stimulated a worthwhile line of inquiry, it provides thin evidence for making a case that Tolland really did have Afro-Caribbean ancestry. It is a "woman's dark face, not a "dark woman's face." The face may be dark because of the low lamplight that actually interferes with Almira's vision, a face *in* the dark. And if the face itself actually is dark, there are many people in the world whose skin is dark, but whose ancestry is not recently African. But supposing the description is meant to convey the secret truth about Tolland's forebears, what might that truth be?

It is, of course, possible that Tolland really does have recent African ancestors. Kate Chopin's "Desiree's Baby" (1893) represents a mixed-race couple seeking in France refuge from the law forbidding their marriage. They raise a dark-skinned son who does not know he is mixed and who easily maintains his whiteness as owner of a southern plantation. Jewett was familiar with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in which Cassy escapes slavery by successfully passing as an upper class white woman. Comparing Tolland with such characters could be instructive. Another possibility arises from Tolland's French family potentially emigrating from Provence, a part of France with millennia of interaction with all the Mediterranean regions, including the Middle East and North Africa. While the detail of the apparition's dark face is suggestive, there are multiple plausible explanations, some of which are quite interesting, but none of which seems clearly confirmed by the rest of the story.

One might argue that the apparition itself results from Tolland's previous occult experience in working charms, that through her magical heritage, she has opened a portal between two worlds:

You know plain enough there's somethin' beyond this world; the doors stand wide open. 'There's somethin' of us that must still live on; we've got to join both worlds together an' live in one but for the other.

Todd here repeats one of Jewett's favorite quotations. I have mentioned that among the places she uses it is in her father's obituary. The quotation comes from Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682), "Letter to a Friend" (1690), and Browne echoes passages in Romans 12:1-2 and Ephesians 4:23. Todd easily integrates the apparition into her Christian world-view, not

detecting anything pagan or subversive of her liberal Protestantism. Indeed, similar apparitions occur throughout Jewett's adult fiction from *Deephaven* (1877) through "The Green Bowl" (1901). Jewett herself experienced contacts with the dead, though, as I show in "Communing with the Dead," Jewett became increasingly skeptical of Spiritualism during the early 1880s, when she participated in Celia Thaxter's enthusiasm. Still, soon after Thaxter's death, Jewett wrote to Annie Fields that she felt oddly haunted by Thaxter's face (25 August 1894). As in the first of the poems in "To My Father" in *Verses* (1916), Jewett frequently repeated in poetry and prose the conviction based upon her experience that one's relationships with parents continued after their deaths.

At the beginning of Part VI of "The Foreigner," Almira introduces the incident of the apparition with a somewhat odd locution: "The way it came was this." Though Almira is unlikely to be aware, her sentence alludes to Henry James's, "The Way it Came," first published in 1896 and then collected in *Embarrassments* the same year. In a letter from the summer of 1905, Jewett wrote to Mary Frances Parker Parkman that this was her favorite Henry James's story. The story features a pair of characters who have seen apparitions. Each learned first of a parent's death by means of a ghostly appearance, the man of his father, the woman of her mother. Despite multiple efforts of their mutual friends, these people never meet until the day the woman dies prematurely, when the man receives a visit from her. It remains unclear whether they meet before or after her death. The man has been engaged to the narrator, but after the death and possible apparition, the narrator becomes convinced that her fiancé has accepted the woman's ghost as his spirit bride, and she breaks off the engagement. In the New York Edition, James changed the story's title to "The Friends of the Friends."

For Jewett, then, there was nothing especially exotic about experiencing contact with and apparitions of the dead, particularly of one's deceased parents. The fact of the ghostly appearance and the details of the experience fail to provide a substantial rationale for asserting that Tolland literally brought Afro-Caribbean religion and culture to Dunnet Landing. These observations do not prove the negative, for despite the lack of positive evidence, there remain several ways in which Tolland could have gained such "exotic" knowledge. Still, there is no unequivocal evidence that this happened.

On one hand, Mrs. Tolland's sojourn in Dunnet Landing is characterized by waste and loss. She brings the community a bounty from which all could have benefitted, domestic, healing and fine arts that could enrich the community. But her diplomatic skills are hampered by a language barrier and limited by her self-protective shell, and she retreats into self-exile. The more self-important villagers succeed in driving the narrative that she has declared war upon them, and they ostracize her. On the other hand, despite these losses, Mrs. Tolland bequeaths Dunnet Landing invaluable gifts that few can know came from her, for all of these pass through Almira Todd.

Harmony and Discord

At the story's opening, Almira announces that the current storm reminds her of another on the night Mrs. Tolland died. Intuitively, the narrator's mind jumps to the idea of a ghost story. How does she know that Almira's story will present a ghost? It is as if the narrator read Almira's thoughts. Marcia McClintock Folsom has explored Jewett's "empathic style" in *CPF*, taking note of how subtle conversational hints, gestures and signals convey meanings almost supernaturally in the Dunnet Landing stories. I would add that "A Dunnet Shepherdess" (1899) may be read as a study of such communication between William and the narrator. The ability to

communicate in such ways depends upon affectionate intimacy of the sort Almira shares with her mother, and, after a summer together, she also shares this with the narrator. This is what constitutes the harmony of the opening paragraph, in which a cough becomes a musical announcement and request for entry. Such harmony is impossible without self-forgetfulness, a cultivated ability that the Blackett family seems to have gained to a high degree and by which the narrator enters into their family circle.

Self-important pride overwhelms the forces of communitarian harmony after Mrs. Tolland tries to establish musical concord among the "flatted" singers in the vestry. The figurative war that follows constitutes conditions in which true social harmony comes to seem impossible. In her youth and comparative inexperience, even Almira is never able cross the gap between being a good comrade and becoming intimately affectionate with Mrs. Tolland. Under such conditions, it is no surprise that so many important gifts fail to reach their proper destinations. The foreigner comes into a backwater village, bearing gifts that could benefit that community if it makes the effort to treat her kindly. But on the whole, the community fails because it so easily rejects what seems alien to its sense of self. Even Mrs. Tolland's estate suffers this fate.

Almira reports that she was surprised to learn she was Mrs. Tolland's sole legal heir. Perhaps not surprisingly, Captain Tolland leaves everything to his wife, by-passing the sister in response to her territorial hostility. Then Mrs. Tolland leaves all she has to her only friend. As with the other gifts Mrs. Tolland has to bestow, the Tolland property fails to arrive intact, but Almira does get part of it. After Mrs. Tolland's death, Lorenzo becomes obsessed with treasure-hunting, sure that the captain's reputed wealth is hidden somewhere in the house. In his search, he accidentally burns the building down, significantly diminishing the value of the estate. These failures are of a piece with the more general failures of the village to transcend narrow selfishness and embrace communitarian, inclusive values.

The money Almira eventually realizes from the estate is substantial enough to assure her financial independence, even after she sees that the undeserving Lorenzo gets nearly half of it as his executor's fee. This inheritance proves especially significant, for it is the material foundation of perhaps the most important gift Mrs. Tolland bequeaths to Dunnet Landing, which is Almira Todd herself. Mrs. Tolland is not Almira's parent, of course, but the mature Almira Todd who presents her community and their stories to the narrator, is in important ways, a daughter of Mrs. Tolland. Inheriting about \$500 helps Almira to sustain herself in Dunnet Landing and, thereby, to provide her services at rates the villagers can afford. Her continued presence and service are due in part to Mrs. Tolland's recognition of Almira's sympathy. The nature of her presence and service are greatly influenced by Almira's relationship with Mrs. Tolland.

Almira is changed by Mrs. Tolland. I have specified already a legacy of knowledge: French cooking, attractive housekeeping, herbal healing. And I've noted other inheritances that might be categorized as spiritual. Almira was quite young when she knew Mrs. Tolland, and that youth is reflected in her impatience with her mother's request that she "neighbor" the foreigner. Since then, Almira has become more self-forgetful, more patient with other people's differences, able to collect and appreciate the "stray aways" she shares with the narrator in her tales of Dunnet Landing, the eccentric, authentic treasures the narrator then shares with her readers and with the world.

Specific things Almira learns about valuing unusual neighbors become visible when her narration pauses at several reflective points. These constitute some of the steps by which the young Almira matures. Almira describes their friendship: "I was a sight younger than I be now,

and she made me imagine new things, and I got interested watchin' her an' findin' out what she had to say." In this relationship, Almira practiced the interpersonal skills her mother exemplifies: paying attention, listening, appreciating, sympathizing, and discovering the new and interesting. But in her youth, she was not so skillful as she has become: "I used to blame me sometimes; we used to be real good comrades goin' off for an afternoon, but I never give her a kiss till the day she laid in her coffin and it come to my heart there wa'n't no one else to do it." When Almira learns of her inheritance, she reflects: "I couldn't help it. I wished I had her back again to do somethin' for, an' to make her know I felt sisterly to her more 'n I'd ever showed, an' it come over me 'twas all too late, ..." Almira understands that she was not as good a friend as she could have been. Perhaps she is thinking of what she could have done to reconcile Mrs. Tolland with the village. Awareness of failure motivates Almira to extend herself, to grow into the person she is forty years later, still imperfect, but more like her mother. After seeing the ghost, Todd reports: "I felt calm then, an' lifted to somethin' different as I never was since." Mrs. Tolland has given Almira an intimation of immortality, an ecstatic revelation of transfiguration, when souls become visible and recognize each other as spiritual kin. This becomes an article of faith and aspiration for Almira: "There's somethin' of us that must still live on; we've got to join both worlds together an' live in one but for the other."

Mrs. Tolland, by presenting herself as an interesting and difficult neighbor, helps the young Almira to become the mature Mrs. Todd, servant and protector of Dunnet Landing and its missionary ambassador to the narrator's world. Unnecessary conflict and loss characterize this story. Comfort and consolation come from engaging in the sometimes hard work of friendship. The resulting mundane, but treasured social moments precede the sustained comfort that many Christians believe awaits them after death in reunion with their beloveds. Mrs. Tolland's apparition is another of her gifts, given only to Almira, but in this telling re-gifted exclusively to the narrator, and inclusively to the story's readers. In this way, "The Foreigner" is of a piece with most of Jewett's writing.

Considering what gifts Mrs. Tolland brings and their origins and how some of these make their way into Dunnet Landing through Almira Todd illustrates ways in which this story manifests Jewett's main project throughout her career, stated memorably in her 1893 preface to a second edition of *Deephaven* (1877):

The young writer of these ... sketches was possessed by a dark fear that townspeople and country people would never understand one another, or learn to profit by their new relationship. ...It seemed not altogether reasonable when timid ladies mistook a selectman for a tramp, because he happened to be crossing a field in his shirt sleeves. At the same time, she was sensible of grave wrong and misunderstanding when these same timid ladies were regarded with suspicion, and their kindnesses were believed to come from pride and patronage. There is a noble saying of Plato that the best thing that can be done for the people of a state is to make them acquainted with one another.

In 1877, near the beginning of her writing career, Jewett made it her mission to reveal to each other peoples who saw themselves as foreign to each other.

As Martin Puchner argues in *Culture* (2023), cultural ideas circulate like vapor in the atmosphere. No physical barrier or border impedes all ideas forever. Despite resistances, the most useful ideas inevitably spread far and wide: writing and printing, Arabic numbers, the technologies of war. And many less portentous knowledges and ideas circulate without being particularly noticed, accompanying, in the modern era, the movements of people and goods and embedded in the world-wide web of communications. For one simple example, in almost any

urban center in the world, one will find restaurants offering foods from many nations representing nearly every continent.

Jewett was well aware of what Puchner calls syncretism, and she valued it highly. As early as 1881, she wrote at the end of her sketch, "River Driftwood,"

A harbor, even if it is a little harbor, is a good thing, since adventurers come into it as well as go out, and the life in it grows strong, because it takes something from the world, and has something to give in return. Not the sheltering shores of England, but the inhospitable low coasts of Africa and the dangerous islands of the southern seas, are left unvisited. One sees the likeness between a harborless heart and a harborless country, where no ships go and come; and since no treasure is carried away no treasure is brought in. From this inland town of mine there is no sea-faring any more, and the shipwrights' hammers are never heard now. It is only a station on the railways, and it has, after all these years, grown so little that it is hardly worth while for all the trains to stop. It is busy and it earns its living and enjoys itself, but it seems to me that its old days were its better days. It builds cheaper houses, and is more like other places than it used to be. The people of fifty years ago had some things that were better than ours, even if they did not hear from England by telegraph or make journeys in a day or two that used to take a week.

South Berwick was a more interesting place when some of its citizens knew far-away places. Jewett values more the treasures that come from a greater distance, across the sea rather than by the railroad, and that are communicated more complexly than the telegraph allows. She holds to this belief throughout her career. She wrote in the opening paragraphs of "The Queen's Twin" (1899):

The coast of Maine was in former years brought so near to foreign shores by its busy fleet of ships that among the older men and women one still finds a surprising proportion of travelers. Each seaward-stretching headland with its high-set houses, each island of a single farm, has sent its spies to view many a Land of Eshcol; one may see plain, contented old faces at the windows, whose eyes have looked at far-away ports and known the splendors of the Eastern world. They shame the easy voyager of the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean; they have rounded the Cape of Good Hope and braved the angry seas of Cape Horn in small wooden ships; they have brought up their hardy boys and girls on narrow decks; they were among the last of the Northmen's children to go adventuring to unknown shores. More than this one cannot give to a young State for its enlightenment; the sea captains and the captains' wives of Maine knew something of the wide world, and never mistook their native parishes for the whole instead of a part thereof; they knew not only Thomaston and Castine and Portland, but London and Bristol and Bordeaux, and the strange-mannered harbors of the China Sea.

Dunnet Landing suffers as the village becomes more insular and exclusive, coming more and more to mistake "their native parishes for the whole." Mrs. Tolland brought them a chance for a little invigoration. At her funeral, the pastor "spoke very feeling about her being a stranger and twice widowed, and all he said about her being reared among the heathen was to observe that there might be roads leadin' up to the New Jerusalem from various points." Todd then reflects that "quite a number must ha' reached there that wa'n't able to set out from Dunnet Landin'!" Though the pastor seems sympathetic after Tolland is gone, he apparently made no pastoral visits while she was alive.

As I explain in "Jewett's Argument in *The Story of the Normans*," Jewett develops an extended elaboration of the value of syncretism in her popular history. Her thesis is, in part:

As we go on with this story of the Normans, you will watch these followers of the sea-kings keeping always some trace of their old habits and customs.... The Northmen were vikings, always restless and on the move, stealing and fighting their way as best they might, daring, adventurous.... [I]n all the ages since one excuse after another has set the same wild blood leaping and made the Northern blue eyes shine.... [O]ne thing I ask you to remember first in all this long story of the Normans: that however much it seems to you a long chapter of bloody wars and miseries and treacheries that get to be almost tiresome in their folly and brutality; ... yet everywhere you will catch a gleam of the glorious courage and steadfastness that have won not only the petty principalities and dukedoms of those early days, but the great English and American discoveries and inventions and noble advancement of all the centuries since.

Notably, Jewett does not gloss over the "folly and brutality" of the Normans, their leaping at any excuse to fight and steal, their writing into world history a long chapter of "bloody wars and miseries and treacheries." But they also discovered, preserved and circulated gifts that have particularly benefitted England and America: "discoveries and inventions and noble advancement." As she often states or implies in other works as well, she believes in historical progress, that over time, the wheat is separated from the weeds, and the good seeds prosper. She believed human civilization values the best gifts and leaves aside the harmful ones. In the 21st century, this is a hard faith to maintain. So much that is destructive, e.g. anti-Semitism and other forms of racism, also persists through history. Jewett's optimism was a consistent and sincere outgrowth of her Christian faith.

Knowing this about Jewett should lead readers to expect that she would take note of the circulation of culture in "The Foreigner." Those of her readers who are persuaded that Mrs. Tolland was profoundly a product of the Afro-Caribbean culture of a French colonial island have explored in fascinating detail what such a person might have carried to the shores of New England. They have asked what interesting elements of French Afro-Caribbean culture she could have possessed, and they have searched out evidence in the story of what she actually delivered, despite the resistance of Dunnet Landing. I believe I have shown that Mrs. Tolland's gifts and their origins are complex topics, enriched, but also to some extent misrepresented, by these studies.

Conclusions

Unsurprisingly, after careful re-consideration, I remain skeptical that Tolland's experience with Afro-Caribbean culture during her life in the French Antilles is of much importance in "The Foreigner." While I believe there is value in looking through this lens, I doubt that this finally sheds direct light on this story. What I see in the work of Schrag, Fogels, Walsh, Gleason and Kuiken are useful elaborations of an important context within which the story operates, one not deeply known by Jewett, but useful for understanding how her work may relate to the history of the world in which she imagined it. Of course, I may have missed important indications that readers are compelled to the conclusion that Tolland brings to Dunnet Landing the makings of a serious confrontation with the results of slavery in the Americas. As I argue in "Jewett, Nordicism and Race," I believe more useful evidence of Jewett's views on this topic will be found elsewhere. I am confident that future study will sort this out.

I believe this story provides some evidence for an alternative origin of Tolland's specialized knowledge. Gleason noted the apparent irony that the principal families of Dunnet Landing trace their ancestry to Norman France, and yet they fail to integrate this carrier of some of their main cultural values into their community (35). In *The Story of the Normans* (1887) Jewett observes that the Normans and the Anglo-Saxons, though of the same genetic heritage, became foreigners to each other over the 500 years preceding 1066. Though many in Dunnet Landing come from a French heritage, some no longer are able to recognize their similarity to Mrs. Tolland. If Tolland's performance in the social circle was, indeed, something like a farandole, the text hints at an element of Tolland's geographical experience that may help explain this apparent irony. Todd remarks, somewhat ambiguously, that as a child, Tolland "had lived right out in the country before, so that part wa'n't unusual to her." If Tolland lived out in the country in the Antilles, this is the only hint about her married life before Kingston. More likely, Almira refers to Tolland's French childhood, perhaps in rural and southern France, perhaps Provence.

In the 19th-century, France remained visibly divided between a more secular north dominated by Paris in culture and language, and a more Catholic south, where a Provençal French persisted, and rural social customs connected with Italy and Spain. When Jewett and Fields traveled to France in 1898, they spent a good deal of time in Provence, where they met Frédéric Mistral (1830-1914), poet and lexicographer of the Occitan language. Both were interested in his efforts to preserve and popularize the local color of Provence, to protect it from cultural domination by the north of France. Jewett reflects on this north/south division in Chapter 2 of *The Tory Lover* (1901). An old soldier, Tilly Haggens, explains at the beginning of the American Revolution how his cultural background has formed his character:

We are children of the Norman blood in New England and Virginia, at any rate.... I am of fighting and praying Huguenot blood, and here comes in another strain to our nation's making. I might have been a parson myself if there had not been a stray French gallant to my grandfather, who ran away with a saintly Huguenot maiden; his ghost still walks by night and puts the devil into me so that I forget my decent hymns.

Tilly claims to unite, somewhat uneasily, what he characterizes as an austere, Protestant Norman piety and a more southern heritage, the ghost of a "stray French gallant." Mrs. Tolland, then, may bring something of southern French gayety into a more Norman Dunnet Landing, and this makes her seem alien, despite her being French.

While there is a good deal of evidence to suggest that Mrs. Tolland's heritage is generally French, there are hints pointing toward Provence as the location of her family origin and, therefore, a source of the culture and customs her parents passed to her and that she brought to Dunnet Landing. Whether that evidence is finally more persuasive than the case for an Afro-Caribbean cultural origin or of some combination of French and Afro-Caribbean is for others to determine. But there is ample evidence in Jewett's life and writing that she valued such syncretism, as exemplified in Haggens's account of his genealogy, for the mixture of cultures he identifies in himself helps to make him one of Jewett's ordinary heroes. In *The Tory Lover*, though he supports the American revolution, he stands by his Tory friend, Mrs. Wallingford, when revolutionary zealots threaten her in her home.

I appreciate what I have learned from those who have considered deeply the implications of Jewett bringing into her work potential connections between New England shipping, the trans-Atlantic slave trade, and Caribbean culture. To my mind, one of the most intriguing observations to emerge from this discussion is Kuiken's exploration of Jewett's potential

relationship with Lafcadio Hearn, particularly "Two Years in the French West Indies" (1890). Would a closer look at Jewett's post 1890 work turn up solid connections with Hearn? That Jewett never mentions reading Hearn is not evidence that she was unaware of his writing. It is notable for example, that Jewett probably met Mark Twain as early as 1887 and by 1892 could write that she thought him a serious man and liked him very much (Jewett to her sisters from Venice, 20 May 1892). They had mutual friends in William Dean Howells and Charles Dudley Warner. Their writing appeared in the same magazines. And yet, I have seen no unequivocal evidence that Jewett read any of Twain's works, only an ambiguous hint in her 19 May 1885 letter to Daniel Berkeley Updike that she may have read *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (February 1885). Surely, she must have read Twain, but I find no mention of this in her letters and no definite allusions in her other writing. One must wonder whether she knew *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894).

After *The Story of the Normans* and especially after her first trip into the American south with Annie Fields in 1888, Jewett increasingly introduces into her fiction interactions between cultures that seem more different than those of Boston and down east Maine. As she became an independent householder and a partner with Annie Adams Fields, she gained more mature and intimate knowledge of the Irish immigrants who were employees of Fields and the Jewett family. The Aldriches' Irish maid, Bridget, was a valued fellow traveler on the 1896 Caribbean cruise. Especially after 1888, Jewett published with increasing frequency pieces that presented, though not always foregrounding, issues of immigration, colonial experience, slavery, and the relations between differing ethnicities. This interest began with "Mère Pochette" (1888) and came to include more works that represented the experiences of French Canadians, as well as Irish immigrants and African-Americans, slave and free. I would call attention, for example, to a little-studied story, "Jim's Little Woman" (1890), in which a New England woman becomes a foreigner when she marries the son of a Minorcan immigrant and moves with him to St. Augustine, FL. Travel after 1888, especially in Europe and in the Caribbean, surely added to her understanding, and her letters from 1898 and after show that she reacted with dismay to colonial wars in the Caribbean, the Philippines, and South Africa. The scholars who have mined this vein to date have enriched understanding of Jewett and her world, but I believe some have become misleading, and so I have felt it necessary to write this paper.

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Appendix

The Foreigner

Sarah Orne Jewett

I

ONE evening, at the end of August, in Dunnet Landing, I heard Mrs. Todd's firm footstep crossing the small front entry outside my door, and her conventional cough which served as a herald's trumpet, or a plain New England knock, in the harmony of our fellowship.

"Oh, please come in!" I cried, for it had been so still in the house that I supposed my friend and hostess had gone to see one of her neighbors. The first cold northeasterly storm of the season was blowing hard outside. Now and then there was a dash of great raindrops and a flick of wet lilac leaves against the window, but I could hear that the sea was already stirred to its dark depths, and the great rollers were coming in heavily against the shore. One might well believe that Summer was coming to a sad end that night, in the darkness and rain and sudden access of autumnal cold. It seemed as if there must be danger offshore among the outer islands.

"Oh, there!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd, as she entered. "I know nothing ain't ever happened out to Green Island since the world began, but I always do worry about mother in these great gales. You know those tidal waves occur sometimes down to the West Indies, and I get dwellin' on 'em so I can't set still in my chair, nor knit a common row to a stocking. William might get mooning, out in his small bo't, and not observe how the sea was making, an' meet with some accident. Yes, I thought I'd come in and set with you if you wa'n't busy. No, I never feel any concern about 'em in winter 'cause then they're prepared, and all ashore and everything snug. William ought to keep help, as I tell him; yes, he ought to keep help."

I hastened to reassure my anxious guest by saying that Elijah Tilley had told me in the afternoon, when I came along the shore past the fish houses, that Johnny Bowden and the Captain were out at Green Island; he had seen them beating up the bay, and thought they must have put into Burnt Island cove, but one of the lobstermen brought word later that he saw them hauling out at Green Island as he came by, and Captain Bowden pointed ashore and shook his head to say that he did not mean to try to get in. "The old Miranda just managed it, but she will have to stay at home a day or two and put new patches in her sail," I ended, not without pride in so much circumstantial evidence.

Mrs. Todd was alert in a moment. "Then they'll all have a very pleasant evening," she assured me, apparently dismissing all fears of tidal waves and other sea-going disasters. "I was urging Alick Bowden to go ashore some day and see mother before cold weather. He's her own nephew; she sets a great deal by him. And Johnny's a great chum o' William's; don't you know the first day we had Johnny out 'long of us, he took an' give William his money to keep for him that he'd been a-savin', and William showed it to me an' was so affected, I thought he was goin'

to shed tears? 'Twas a dollar an' eighty cents; yes, they'll have a beautiful evenin' all together, and like 's not the sea'll be flat as a doorstep come morning."

I had drawn a large wooden rocking-chair before the fire, and Mrs. Todd was sitting there jogging herself a little, knitting fast, and wonderfully placid of countenance. There came a fresh gust of wind and rain, and we could feel the small wooden house rock and hear it creak as if it were a ship at sea.

"Lord, hear the great breakers!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd. "How they pound! -- there, there! I always run of an idea that the sea knows anger these nights and gets full o' fight. I can hear the rote o' them* old black ledges way down the thoroughfare. Calls up all those stormy verses in the Book o' Psalms; David he knew how old sea-goin' folks have to quake at the heart."

I thought as I had never thought before of such anxieties. The families of sailors and coastwise adventurers by sea must always be worrying about somebody, this side of the world or the other. There was hardly one of Mrs. Todd's elder acquaintances, men or women, who had not at some time or other made a sea voyage, and there was often no news until the voyagers themselves came back to bring it.

"There's a roaring high overhead, and a roaring in the deep sea," said Mrs. Todd solemnly, "and they battle together nights like this. No, I couldn't sleep; some women folks always goes right to bed an' to sleep, so 's to forget, but 'taint my way. Well, it's a blessin' we don't all feel alike; there's hardly any of our folks at sea to worry about, nowadays, but I can't help my feelin's, an' I got thinking of mother all alone, if William had happened to be out lobsterin' and couldn't make the cove gettin' back."

"They will have a pleasant evening," I repeated. "Captain Bowden is the best of good company."

"Mother'll make him some pancakes for his supper, like 's not," said Mrs. Todd, clicking her knitting needles and giving a pull at her yarn. Just then the old cat pushed open the unlatched door and came straight toward her mistress's lap. She was regarded severely as she stepped about and turned on the broad expanse, and then made herself into a round cushion of fur, but was not openly admonished. There was another great blast of wind overhead, and a puff of smoke came down the chimney.

"This makes me think o' the night Mis' Cap'n Tolland died," said Mrs. Todd, half to herself. "Folks used to say these gales only blew when somebody's a-dyin', or the devil was a-comin' for his own, but the worst man I ever knew died a real pretty mornin' in June."

"You have never told me any ghost stories," said I; and such was the gloomy weather and the influence of the night that I was instantly filled with reluctance to have this suggestion followed. I had not chosen the best of moments; just before I spoke we had begun to feel as cheerful as possible. Mrs. Todd glanced doubtfully at the cat and then at me, with a strange absent look, and I was really afraid that she was going to tell me something that would haunt my thoughts on every dark stormy night as long as I lived.

"Never mind now; tell me to-morrow by daylight, Mrs. Todd," I hastened to say, but she still looked at me full of doubt and deliberation.

"Ghost stories!" she answered. "Yes, I don't know but I've heard a plenty of 'em first an' last. I was just sayin' to myself that this is like the night Mis' Cap'n Tolland died. 'Twas the great line storm* in September all of thirty, or maybe forty, year ago. I ain't one that keeps much account o' time."

"Tolland? That's a name I have never heard in Dunnet," I said.

"Then you haven't looked well about the old part o' the buryin' ground, no'theast corner," replied Mrs. Todd. "All their women folks lies there; the sea's got most o' the men. They were a known family o' shipmasters in early times. Mother had a mate, Ellen Tolland, that she mourns to this day; died right in her bloom with quick consumption, but the rest o' that family was all boys but one, and older than she, an' they lived hard seafarin' lives an' all died hard. They were called very smart seamen. I've heard that when the youngest went into one o' the old shippin' houses in Boston, the head o' the firm called out to him: 'Did you say Tolland from Dunnet? That's recommendation enough for any vessel!' There was some o' them old shipmasters as tough as iron, an' they had the name o' usin' their crews very severe, but there wa'n't a man that wouldn't rather sign with 'em an' take his chances, than with the slack ones that didn't know how to meet accidents."

II

There was so long a pause, and Mrs. Todd still looked so absent-minded, that I was afraid she and the cat were growing drowsy together before the fire, and I should have no reminiscences at all. The wind struck the house again, so that we both started in our chairs and Mrs. Todd gave a curious, startled look at me. The cat lifted her head and listened too, in the silence that followed, while after the wind sank we were more conscious than ever of the awful roar of the sea. The house jarred now and then, in a strange, disturbing way.

"Yes, they'll have a beautiful evening out to the island," said Mrs. Todd again; but she did not say it gayly. I had not seen her before in her weaker moments.

"Who was Mrs. Captain Tolland?" I asked eagerly, to change the current of our thoughts.

"I never knew her maiden name; if I ever heard it, I've gone an' forgot; 'twould mean nothing to me," answered Mrs. Todd.

"She was a foreigner, an' he met with her out in the Island o' Jamaica. They said she'd been left a widow with property. Land knows what become of it; she was French born, an' her first husband was a Portugee, or somethin'."

I kept silence now, a poor and insufficient question being worse than none.

"Cap'n John Tolland was the least smartest of any of 'em, but he was full smart enough, an' commanded a good brig at the time, in the sugar trade; he'd taken out a cargo o' pine lumber to the islands from somewheres up the river, an' had been headin' for home in the port o' Kingston, an' had gone ashore that afternoon for his papers, an' remained afterwards 'long of three friends o' his, all shipmasters. They was havin' their suppers together in a tavern; 'twas late in the evenin' an' they was more lively than usual, an' felt boyish; and over opposite was another house full o' company, real bright and pleasant lookin', with a lot o' lights, an' they heard somebody singin' very pretty to a guitar. They wa'n't in no go-to-meetin' condition*, an' one of

'em, he slapped the table an' said, 'Le' 's go over 'n' hear that lady sing!' an' over they all went, good honest sailors, but three sheets in the wind, and stepped in as if they was invited, an' made their bows inside the door, an' asked if they could hear the music; they were all respectable well-dressed men. They saw the woman that had the guitar, an' there was a company a-listenin', regular highbinders* all of 'em; an' there was a long table all spread out with big candlesticks like little trees o' light, and a sight o' glass an' silverware; an' part o' the men was young officers in uniform, an' the colored folks was steppin' round servin' 'em, an' they had the lady singin'. 'Twas a wasteful scene, an' a loud talkin' company, an' though they was three sheets in the wind themselves there wa'n't one o' them cap'ns but had sense to perceive it. The others had pushed back their chairs, an' their decanters an' glasses was standin' thick about, an' they was teasin' the one that was singin' as if they'd just got her in to amuse 'em. But they quieted down; one o' the young officers had beautiful manners, an' invited the four cap'ns to join 'em, very polite; 'twas a kind of public house, and after they'd all heard another song, he come to consult with 'em whether they wouldn't git up and dance a hornpipe or somethin' to the lady's music.

They was all elderly men an' shipmasters, and owned property; two of 'em was church members in good standin'," continued Mrs. Todd loftily, "an' they wouldn't lend themselves to no such kick-shows* as that, an' spite o' bein' three sheets in the wind, as I have once observed; they waved aside the tumblers of wine the young officer was pourin' out for 'em so freehanded, and said they should rather be excused. An' when they all rose, still very dignified, as I've been well informed, and made their partin' bows and was goin' out, them young sports got round 'em an' tried to prevent 'em, and they had to push an' strive considerable, but out they come. There was this Cap'n Tolland and two Cap'n Bowdens, and the fourth was my own father." (Mrs. Todd spoke slowly, as if to impress the value of her authority.) "Two of them was very religious, upright men, but they would have their night off sometimes, all o' them old-fashioned cap'ns, when they was free of business and ready to leave port.

"An' they went back to their tavern an' got their bills paid, an' set down kind o' mad with everybody by the front window, mistrusting some o' their tavern charges, like 's not, by that time, an' when they got tempered down, they watched the house over across, where the party was.

"There was a kind of a grove o' trees between the house an' the road, an' they heard the guitar a-goin' an' a-stoppin' short by turns, and pretty soon somebody began to screech, an' they saw a white dress come runnin' out through the bushes, an' tumbled over each other in their haste to offer help; an' out she come, with the guitar, cryin' into the street, and they just walked off four square with her amongst 'em, down toward the wharves where they felt more to home. They couldn't make out at first what 'twas she spoke, -- Cap'n Lorenzo Bowden was well acquainted in Havre an' Bordeaux*, an' spoke a poor quality o' French, an' she knew a little mite o' English, but not much; and they come somehow or other to discern that she was in real distress. Her husband and her children had died o' yellow fever; they'd all come up to Kingston from one o' the far Wind'ard Islands* to get passage on a steamer to France, an' a negro had stole their money off her husband while he lay sick o' the fever, an' she had been befriended some, but the folks that knew about her had died too; it had been a dreadful run o' the fever that season, an' she fell at last to playin' an' singin' for hire, and for what money they'd throw to her round them harbor houses.

'Twas a real hard case, an' when them cap'ns made out about it, there wa'n't one that meant to take leave without helpin' of her. They was pretty mellow, an' whatever they might lack o' prudence they more 'n made up with charity: they didn't want to see nobody abused, an' she

was sort of a pretty woman, an' they stopped in the street then an' there an' drew lots who should take her aboard, bein' all bound home. An' the lot fell to Cap'n Jonathan Bowden who did act discouraged; his vessel had but small accommodations, though he could stow a big freight, an' she was a dreadful slow sailer through bein' square as a box, an' his first wife, that was livin' then, was a dreadful jealous woman. He threw himself right onto the mercy o' Cap'n Tolland."

Mrs. Todd indulged herself for a short time in a season of calm reflection.

"I always thought they'd have done better, and more reasonable, to give her some money to pay her passage home to France, or wherever she may have wanted to go," she continued.

I nodded and looked for the rest of the story.

"Father told mother," said Mrs. Todd confidentially, "that Cap'n Jonathan Bowden an' Cap'n John Tolland had both taken a little more than usual; I wouldn't have you think, either, that they both wasn't the best o' men, an' they was solemn as owls, and argued the matter between 'em, an' waved aside the other two when they tried to put their oars in. An' spite o' Cap'n Tolland's bein' a settled old bachelor they fixed it that he was to take the prize on his brig; she was a fast sailer, and there was a good spare cabin or two where he'd sometimes carried passengers, but he'd filled 'em with bags o' sugar on his own account an' was loaded very heavy beside. He said he'd shift the sugar an' get along somehow, an' the last the other three cap'ns saw of the party was Cap'n John handing the lady into his bo't, guitar and all, an' off they all set tow'ds their ships with their men rowin' 'em in the bright moonlight down to Port Royal where the anchorage was, an' where they all lay, goin' out with the tide an' mornin' wind at break o' day. An' the others thought they heard music of the guitar, two o' the bo'ts kept well together, but it may have come from another source."

"Well; and then?" I asked eagerly after a pause. Mrs. Todd was almost laughing aloud over her knitting and nodding emphatically. We had forgotten all about the noise of the wind and sea.

"Lord bless you! he come sailing into Portland with his sugar, all in good time, an' they stepped right afore a justice o' the peace, and Cap'n John Tolland come paradin' home to Dunnet Landin' a married man. He owned one o' them thin, narrow-lookin' houses with one room each side o' the front door, and two slim black spruces spindlin' up against the front windows to make it gloomy inside. There was no horse nor cattle of course, though he owned pasture land, an' you could see rifts o' light right through the barn as you drove by. And there was a good excellent kitchen, but his sister reigned over that; she had a right to two rooms, and took the kitchen an' a bedroom that led out of it; an' bein' given no rights in the kitchen had angered the cap'n so they weren't on no kind o' speakin' terms. He preferred his old brig for comfort, but now and then, between voyages he'd come home for a few days, just to show he was master over his part o' the house, and show Eliza she couldn't commit no trespass.

"They stayed a little while; 'twas pretty spring weather, an' I used to see Cap'n John rollin' by with his arms full o' bundles from the store, lookin' as pleased and important as a boy; an' then they went right off to sea again, an' was gone a good many months. Next time he left her to live there alone, after they'd stopped at home together some weeks, an' they said she suffered from bein' at sea, but some said that the owners wouldn't have a woman aboard. 'Twas before father was lost on that last voyage of his, an' he said mother went up once or twice to see them. Father said there wa'n't a mite o' harm in her, but somehow or other a sight o' prejudice arose; it may have been caused by the remarks of Eliza an' her feelin's tow'ds her brother. Even my

mother had no regard for Eliza Tolland. But mother asked the cap'n's wife to come with her one evenin' to a social circle that was down to the meetin'-house vestry, so she'd get acquainted a little, an' she appeared very pretty until they started to have some singin' to the melodeon. Mari' Harris an' one o' the younger Caplin girls undertook to sing a duet, an' they sort o' flatted, an' she put her hands right up to her ears, and give a little squeal, an' went quick as could be an' give 'em the right notes, for she could read the music like plain print, an' made 'em try it over again. She was real willin' an' pleasant, but that didn't suit, an' she made faces when they got it wrong. An' then there fell a dead calm, an' we was all settin' round prim as dishes, an' my mother, that never expects ill feelin', asked her if she wouldn't sing somethin', an' up she got, -- poor creatur', it all seems so different to me now, -- an' sung a lovely little song standin' in the floor; it seemed to have something gay about it that kept a-repeatin', an' nobody could help keepin' time, an' all of a sudden she looked round at the tables and caught up a tin plate that somebody'd fetched a Washin'ton pie* in, an' she begun to drum on it with her fingers like one o' them tambourines, an' went right on singin' faster an' faster, and next minute she begun to dance a little pretty dance between the verses, just as light and pleasant as a child. You couldn't help seein' how pretty 'twas; we all got to trottin' a foot, an' some o' the men clapped their hands quite loud, a-keepin' time, 'twas so catchin', an' seemed so natural to her. There wa'n't one of 'em but enjoyed it; she just tried to do her part, an' some urged her on, till she stopped with a little twirl of her skirts an' went to her place again by mother. And I can see mother now, reachin' over an' smilin' an' pattin' her hand.

"But next day there was an awful scandal goin' in the parish, an' Mari' Harris reproached my mother to her face, an' I never wanted to see her since, but I've had to a good many times. I said Mis' Tolland didn't intend no impropriety, -- I reminded her of David's dancin' before the Lord*; but she said such a man as David never would have thought o' dancin' right there in the Orthodox* vestry, and she felt I spoke with irreverence.

"And next Sunday Mis' Tolland come walkin' into our meeting, but I must say she acted like a cat in a strange garret, and went right out down the aisle with her head in air, from the pew Deacon Caplin had showed her into. 'Twas just in the beginning of the long prayer. I wish she'd stayed through, whatever her reasons were. Whether she'd expected somethin' different, or misunderstood some o' the pastor's remarks, or what 'twas, I don't really feel able to explain, but she kind o' declared war, at least folks thought so, an' war 'twas from that time. I see she was cryin', or had been, as she passed by me; perhaps bein' in meetin' was what had power to make her feel homesick and strange.

"Cap'n John Tolland was away fittin' out; that next week he come home to see her and say farewell. He was lost with his ship in the Straits of Malacca*, and she lived there alone in the old house a few months longer till she died. He left her well off; 'twas said he hid his money about the house and she knew where 'twas. Oh, I expect you've heard that story told over an' over twenty times, since you've been here at the Landin'?"

"Never one word," I insisted.

"It was a good while ago," explained Mrs. Todd, with reassurance. "Yes, it all happened a great while ago."

At this moment, with a sudden flaw of the wind, some wet twigs outside blew against the window panes and made a noise like a distressed creature trying to get in. I started with sudden fear, and so did the cat, but Mrs. Todd knitted away and did not even look over her shoulder.

"She was a good-looking woman; yes, I always thought Mis' Tolland was good-looking, though she had, as was reasonable, a sort of foreign cast, and she spoke very broken English, no better than a child. She was always at work about her house, or settin' at a front window with her sewing; she was a beautiful hand to embroider. Sometimes, summer evenings, when the windows was open, she'd set an' drum on her guitar, but I don't know as I ever heard her sing but once after the cap'n went away. She appeared very happy about havin' him, and took on dreadful at partin' when he was down here on the wharf, going back to Portland by boat to take ship for that last v'y'ge. He acted kind of ashamed, Cap'n John did; folks about here ain't so much accustomed to show their feelings. The whistle had blown an' they was waitin' for him to get aboard, an' he was put to it to know what to do and treated her very affectionate in spite of all impatience; but mother happened to be there and she went an' spoke, and I remember what a comfort she seemed to be. Mis' Tolland clung to her then, and she wouldn't give a glance after the boat when it had started, though the captain was very eager a-wavin' to her. She wanted mother to come home with her an' wouldn't let go her hand, and mother had just come in to stop all night with me an' had plenty o' time ashore, which didn't always happen, so they walked off together, an' 'twas some considerable time before she got back.

"I want you to neighbor with that poor lonesome creatur', says mother to me, lookin' reproachful. 'She's a stranger in a strange land*', says mother. 'I want you to make her have a sense that somebody feels kind to her.'

"Why, since that time she flaunted out o' meetin', folks have felt she liked other ways better'n our'n,' says I. I was provoked, because I'd had a nice supper ready, an' mother'd let it wait so long 'twas spoiled. 'I hope you'll like your supper!' I told her. I was dreadful ashamed afterward of speakin' so to mother.

"What consequence is my supper?' says she to me; mother can be very stern, -- 'or your comfort or mine, beside letting a foreign person an' a stranger feel so desolate; she's done the best a woman could do in her lonesome place, and she asks nothing of anybody except a little common kindness. Think if 'twas you in a foreign land!

"And mother set down to drink her tea, an' I set down humbled enough over by the wall to wait till she finished. An' I did think it all over, an' next day I never said nothin', but I put on my bonnet, and went to see Mis' Cap'n Tolland, if 'twas only for mother's sake. 'Twas about three quarters of a mile up the road here, beyond the schoolhouse. I forgot to tell you that the cap'n had bought out his sister's right at three or four times what 'twas worth, to save trouble, so they'd got clear o' her, an' I went round into the side yard sort o' friendly an' sociable, rather than stop an' deal with the knocker an' the front door. It looked so pleasant an' pretty I was glad I come; she had set a little table for supper, though 'twas still early, with a white cloth on it, right out under an old apple tree close by the house. I noticed 'twas same as with me at home, there was only one plate. She was just coming out with a dish; you couldn't see the door nor the table from the road.

"In the few weeks she'd been there she'd got some bloomin' pinks an' other flowers next the doorstep. Somehow it looked as if she'd known how to make it homelike for the cap'n. She asked me to set down; she was very polite, but she looked very mournful, and I spoke of

mother, an' she put down her dish and caught holt o' me with both hands an' said my mother was an angel. When I see the tears in her eyes 'twas all right between us, and we were always friendly after that, and mother had us come out and make a little visit that summer; but she come a foreigner and she went a foreigner, and never was anything but a stranger among our folks. She taught me a sight o' things about herbs I never knew before nor since; she was well acquainted with the virtues o' plants. She'd act awful secret about some things too, an' used to work charms for herself sometimes, an' some o' the neighbors told to an' fro after she died that they knew enough not to provoke her, but 'twas all nonsense; 'tis the believin' in such things that causes 'em to be any harm, an' so I told 'em," confided Mrs. Todd contemptuously. "That first night I stopped to tea with her she'd cooked some eggs with some herb or other sprinkled all through, and 'twas she that first led me to discern mushrooms; an' she went right down on her knees in my garden here when she saw I had my different officious* herbs. Yes, 'twas she that learned me the proper use o' parsley too; she was a beautiful cook."

Mrs. Todd stopped talking, and rose, putting the cat gently in the chair, while she went away to get another stick of apple-tree wood. It was not an evening when one wished to let the fire go down, and we had a splendid bank of bright coals. I had always wondered where Mrs. Todd had got such an unusual knowledge of cookery, of the varieties of mushrooms, and the use of sorrel as a vegetable, and other blessings of that sort. I had long ago learned that she could vary her omelettes like a child of France, which was indeed a surprise in Dunnet Landing.

IV

All these revelations were of the deepest interest, and I was ready with a question as soon as Mrs. Todd came in and had well settled the fire and herself and the cat again.

"I wonder why she never went back to France, after she was left alone?"

"She come here from the French islands," explained Mrs. Todd. "I asked her once about her folks, an' she said they were all dead; 'twas the fever took 'em. She made this her home, lonesome as 'twas; she told me she hadn't been in France since she was 'so small,' and measured me off a child o' six. She'd lived right out in the country before, so that part wa'n't unusual to her. Oh yes, there was something very strange about her, and she hadn't been brought up in high circles nor nothing o' that kind. I think she'd been really pleased to have the cap'n marry her an' give her a good home, after all she'd passed through, and leave her free with his money an' all that. An' she got over bein' so strange-looking to me after a while, but 'twas a very singular expression: she wore a fixed smile that wa'n't a smile; there wa'n't no light behind it, same 's a lamp can't shine if it ain't lit. I don't know just how to express it, 'twas a sort of made countenance."

One could not help thinking of Sir Philip Sidney's phrase*, "A made countenance, between simpering and smiling."

"She took it hard, havin' the captain go off on that last voyage," Mrs. Todd went on. "She said somethin' told her when they was partin' that he would never come back. He was lucky to speak a home-bound ship this side o' the Cape o' Good Hope*, an' got a chance to send her a letter, an' that cheered her up. You often felt as if you was dealin' with a child's mind, for all she had so much information that other folks hadn't. I was a sight younger than I be now, and she made me imagine new things, and I got interested watchin' her an' findin' out what she had to say, but you couldn't get to no affectionateness with her. I used to blame me sometimes; we

used to be real good comrades goin' off for an afternoon, but I never give her a kiss till the day she laid in her coffin and it come to my heart there wa'n't no one else to do it."

"And Captain Tolland died," I suggested after a while.

"Yes, the cap'n was lost," said Mrs. Todd, "and of course word didn't come for a good while after it happened. The letter come from the owners to my uncle, Cap'n Lorenzo Bowden, who was in charge of Cap'n Tolland's affairs at home, and he come right up for me an' said I must go with him to the house. I had known what it was to be a widow, myself, for near a year, an' there was plenty o' widow women* along this coast that the sea had made desolate, but I never saw a heart break as I did then.

"'Twas this way: we walked together along the road, me an' uncle Lorenzo. You know how it leads straight from just above the schoolhouse to the brook bridge, and their house was just this side o' the brook bridge on the left hand; the cellar's there now, and a couple or three good-sized gray birches growin' in it. And when we come near enough I saw that the best room, this way, where she most never set, was all lighted up, and the curtains up so that the light shone bright down the road, and as we walked, those lights would dazzle and dazzle in my eyes, and I could hear the guitar a-goin', an' she was singin'. She heard our steps with her quick ears and come running to the door with her eyes a-shinin', an' all that set look gone out of her face, an' begun to talk French, gay as a bird, an' shook hands and behaved very pretty an' girlish, sayin' 'twas her fête day*. I didn't know what she meant then. And she had gone an' put a wreath o' flowers on her hair an' wore a handsome gold chain that the cap'n had given her; an' there she was, poor creatur', makin' believe have a party all alone in her best room; 'twas prim enough to discourage a person, with too many chairs set close to the walls, just as the cap'n's mother had left it, but she had put sort o' long garlands on the walls, droopin' very graceful, and a sight of green boughs in the corners, till it looked lovely, and all lit up with a lot o' candles."

"Oh dear!" I sighed. "Oh, Mrs. Todd, what did you do?"

"She beheld our countenances," answered Mrs. Todd solemnly. "I expect they was telling everything plain enough, but Cap'n Lorenzo spoke the sad words to her as if he had been her father; and she wavered a minute and then over she went on the floor before we could catch hold of her, and then we tried to bring her to herself and failed, and at last we carried her upstairs, an' I told uncle to run down and put out the lights, and then go fast as he could for Mrs. Begg, being very experienced in sickness, an' he so did. I got off her clothes and her poor wreath, and I cried as I done it. We both stayed there that night, and the doctor said 'twas a shock* when he come in the morning; he'd been over to Black Island an' had to stay all night with a very sick child."

"You said that she lived alone some time after the news came," I reminded Mrs. Todd then.

"Oh yes, dear," answered my friend sadly, "but it wa'n't what you'd call livin'; no, it was only dyin', though at a snail's pace. She never went out again those few months, but for a while she could manage to get about the house a little, and do what was needed, an' I never let two days go by without seein' her or hearin' from her. She never took much notice as I came an' went except to answer if I asked her anything. Mother was the one who gave her the only comfort."

"What was that?" I asked softly.

"She said that anybody in such trouble ought to see their minister, mother did, and one day she spoke to Mis' Tolland, and found that the poor soul had been believin' all the time that there weren't any priests here. We'd come to know she was a Catholic by her beads* and all, and that had set some narrow minds against her. And mother explained it just as she would to a child; and uncle Lorenzo sent word right off somewheres up river by a packet that was bound up the bay, and the first o' the week a priest come by the boat, an' uncle Lorenzo was on the wharf 'tendin' to some business; so they just come up for me, and I walked with him to show him the house. He was a kind-hearted old man; he looked so benevolent an' fatherly I could ha' stopped an' told him my own troubles; yes, I was satisfied when I first saw his face, an' when poor Mis' Tolland beheld him enter the room, she went right down on her knees and clasped her hands together to him as if he'd come to save her life, and he lifted her up and blessed her, an' I left 'em together, and slipped out into the open field and walked there in sight so if they needed to call me, and I had my own thoughts. At last I saw him at the door; he had to catch the return boat. I meant to walk back with him and offer him some supper, but he said no, and said he was comin' again if needed, and signed me to go into the house to her, and shook his head in a way that meant he understood everything. I can see him now; he walked with a cane, rather tired and feeble; I wished somebody would come along, so 's to carry him down to the shore.

"Mis' Tolland looked up at me with a new look when I went in, an' she even took hold o' my hand and kept it. He had put some oil on her forehead*, but nothing anybody could do would keep her alive very long; 'twas his medicine for the soul rather 'n the body. I helped her to bed, and next morning she couldn't get up to dress her, and that was Monday, and she began to fail, and 'twas Friday night she died." (Mrs. Todd spoke with unusual haste and lack of detail.) "Mrs. Begg and I watched with her, and made everything nice and proper, and after all the ill will there was a good number gathered to the funeral. 'Twas in Reverend Mr. Bascom's day, and he done very well in his prayer, considering he couldn't fill in with mentioning all the near connections by name as was his habit. He spoke very feeling about her being a stranger and twice widowed, and all he said about her being reared among the heathen was to observe that there might be roads leadin' up to the New Jerusalem* from various points. I says to myself that I guessed quite a number must ha' reached there that wa'n't able to set out from Dunnet Landin'!"

Mrs. Todd gave an odd little laugh as she bent toward the firelight to pick up a dropped stitch in her knitting, and then I heard a heartfelt sigh.

'Twas most forty years ago," she said; "most everybody's gone a'ready that was there that day."

V

Suddenly Mrs. Todd gave an energetic shrug of her shoulders, and a quick look at me, and I saw that the sails of her narrative were filled with a fresh breeze.

"Uncle Lorenzo, Cap'n Bowden that I have referred to" --

"Certainly!" I agreed with eager expectation.

"He was the one that had been left in charge of Cap'n John Tolland's affairs, and had now come to be of unforeseen importance.

"Mrs. Begg an' I had stayed in the house both before an' after Mis' Tolland's decease, and she was now in haste to be gone, having affairs to call her home; but uncle come to me as the exercises was beginning, and said he thought I'd better remain at the house while they went to the buryin' ground. I couldn't understand his reasons, an' I felt disappointed, bein' as near to her as most anybody; 'twas rough weather, so mother couldn't get in, and didn't even hear Mis' Tolland was gone till next day. I just nodded to satisfy him, 'twa'n't no time to discuss anything. Uncle seemed flustered; he'd gone out deep-sea fishin' the day she died, and the storm I told you of rose very sudden, so they got blown off way down the coast beyond Monhegan*, and he'd just got back in time to dress himself and come.

"I set there in the house after I'd watched her away down the straight road far 's I could see from the door; 'twas a little short walkin' funeral an' a cloudy sky, so everything looked dull an' gray, an' it crawled along all in one piece, same 's walking funerals do, an' I wondered how it ever come to the Lord's mind to let her begin down among them gay islands all heat and sun, and end up here among the rocks with a north wind blowin'. 'Twas a gale that begun the afternoon before she died, and had kept blowin' off an' on ever since. I'd thought more than once how glad I should be to get home an' out o' sound o' them black spruces a-beatin' an' scratchin' at the front windows.

"I set to work pretty soon to put the chairs back, an' set outdoors some that was borrowed, an' I went out in the kitchen, an' I made up a good fire in case somebody come an' wanted a cup o' tea; but I didn't expect any one to travel way back to the house unless 'twas uncle Lorenzo. 'Twas growin' so chilly that I fetched some kindlin' wood and made fires in both the fore rooms. Then I set down an' begun to feel as usual, and I got my knittin' out of a drawer. You can't be sorry for a poor creatur' that's come to the end o' all her troubles; my only discomfort was I thought I'd ought to feel worse at losin' her than I did; I was younger then than I be now. And as I set there, I begun to hear some long notes o' dronin' music from upstairs that chilled me to the bone."

Mrs. Todd gave a hasty glance at me.

"Quick 's I could gather me, I went right upstairs to see what 'twas," she added eagerly, "an' 'twas just what I might ha' known. She'd always kept her guitar hangin' right against the wall in her room; 'twas tied by a blue ribbon, and there was a window left wide open; the wind was veerin' a good deal, an' it slanted in and searched the room. The strings was jarrin' yet.

"'Twas growin' pretty late in the afternoon, an' I begun to feel lonesome as I shouldn't now, and I was disappointed at having to stay there, the more I thought it over, but after a while I saw Cap'n Lorenzo polin' back up the road* all alone, and when he come nearer I could see he had a bundle under his arm and had shifted his best black clothes for his every-day ones. I run out and put some tea into the teapot and set it back on the stove to draw, an' when he come in I reached down a little jug o' spirits, -- Cap'n Tolland had left his house well provisioned as if his wife was goin' to put to sea same 's himself, an' there she'd gone an' left it. There was some cake that Mis' Begg an' I had made the day before. I thought that uncle an' me had a good right to the funeral supper, even if there wa'n't any one to join us. I was lookin' forward to my cup o' tea; 'twas beautiful tea out of a green lacquered chest that I've got now."

"You must have felt very tired," said I, eagerly listening.

"I was 'most beat out, with watchin' an' tendin' and all," answered Mrs. Todd, with as much sympathy in her voice as if she were speaking of another person. "But I called out to uncle as he came in, 'Well, I expect it's all over now, an' we've all done what we could. I thought we'd better have some tea or somethin' before we go home. Come right out in the kitchen, sir,' says I, never thinking but we only had to let the fires out and lock up everything safe an' eat our refreshment, an' go home.

"I want both of us to stop here to-night,' says uncle, looking at me very important.

"Oh, what for?' says I, kind o' fretful.

"I've got my proper reasons,' says uncle. 'I'll see you well satisfied, Almira. Your tongue ain't so easy-goin' as some o' the women folks, an' there's property here to take charge of that you don't know nothin' at all about.'

"What do you mean?' says I.

"Cap'n Tolland acquainted me with his affairs; he hadn't no sort o' confidence in nobody but me an' his wife, after he was tricked into signin' that Portland note, an' lost money. An' she didn't know nothin' about business; but what he didn't take to sea to be sunk with him he's hid somewhere in this house. I expect Mis' Tolland may have told you where she kept things?' said uncle.

"I see he was dependin' a good deal on my answer," said Mrs. Todd, "but I had to disappoint him; no, she had never said nothin' to me.

"Well, then, we've got to make a search,' says he, with considerable relish; but he was all tired and worked up, and we set down to the table, an' he had somethin', an' I took my desired cup o' tea, and then I begun to feel more interested.

"Where you goin' to look first?' says I, but he give me a short look an' made no answer, and begun to mix me a very small portion out of the jug, in another glass. I took it to please him; he said I looked tired, speakin' real fatherly, and I did feel better for it, and we set talkin' a few minutes, an' then he started for the cellar, carrying an old ship's lantern he fetched out o' the stairway an' lit.

"What are you lookin' for, some kind of a chist?' I inquired, and he said yes. All of a sudden it come to me to ask who was the heirs; Eliza Tolland, Cap'n John's own sister, had never demeaned herself to come near the funeral, and uncle Lorenzo faced right about and begun to laugh, sort o' pleased. I thought queer of it; 't wa'n't what he'd taken, which would be nothin' to an old weathered sailor like him.

"Who's the heir?' says I the second time.

"Why, it's *you*, Almiry,' says he; and I was so took aback I set right down on the turn o' the cellar stairs.

"Yes, 'tis,' said uncle Lorenzo. 'I'm glad of it too. Some thought she didn't have no sense but foreign sense, an' a poor stock o' that, but she said you was friendly to her, an' one day after

she got news of Tolland's death, an' I had fetched up his will that left everything to her, she said she was goin' to make a writin', so 's you could have things after she was gone, an' she give five hundred to me for bein' executor. Square Pease* fixed up the paper, an' she signed it; it's all accordin' to law.' There, I begun to cry," said Mrs. Todd; "I couldn't help it. I wished I had her back again to do somethin' for, an' to make her know I felt sisterly to her more 'n I'd ever showed, an' it come over me 'twas all too late, an' I cried the more, till uncle showed impatience, an' I got up an' stumbled along down cellar with my apert to my eyes the greater part of the time.

"'I'm goin' to have a clean search,' says he; 'you hold the light.' An' I held it, and he rummaged in the arches an' under the stairs, an' over in some old closet where he reached out bottles an' stone jugs an' canted some kags an' one or two casks, an' chuckled well when he heard there was somethin' inside, -- but there wa'n't nothin' to find but things usual in a cellar, an' then the old lantern was givin' out an' we come away.

"'He spoke to me of a chist, Cap'n Tolland did,' says uncle in a whisper. 'He said a good sound chist was as safe a bank as there was, an' I beat him out of such nonsense, 'count o' fire an' other risks.' 'There's no chist in the rooms above,' says I; 'no, uncle, there ain't no sea-chist, for I've been here long enough to see what there was to be seen.' Yet he wouldn't feel contented till he'd mounted up into the toploft; 'twas one o' them single, hip-roofed houses that don't give proper accommodation for a real garret, like Cap'n Littlepage's down here at the Landin'. There was broken furniture and rubbish, an' he let down a terrible sight o' dust into the front entry, but sure enough there wasn't no chist. I had it all to sweep up next day.

"'He must have took it away to sea,' says I to the cap'n, an' even then he didn't want to agree, but we was both beat out. I told him where I'd always seen Mis' Tolland get her money from, and we found much as a hundred dollars there in an old red morocco wallet. Cap'n John had been gone a good while a'ready, and she had spent what she needed. 'Twas in an old desk o' his in the settin' room that we found the wallet."

"At the last minute he may have taken his money to sea," I suggested.

"Oh yes," agreed Mrs. Todd. "He did take considerable to make his venture to bring home, as was customary, an' that was drowned with him as uncle agreed; but he had other property in shipping, and a thousand dollars invested in Portland in a cordage shop, but 'twas about the time shipping begun to decay*, and the cordage shop failed, and in the end I wa'n't so rich as I thought I was goin' to be for those few minutes on the cellar stairs. There was an auction that accumulated something. Old Mis' Tolland, the cap'n's mother, had heired some good furniture from a sister: there was above thirty chairs in all, and they're apt to sell well. I got over a thousand dollars when we come to settle up, and I made uncle take his five hundred; he was getting along in years and had met with losses in navigation, and he left it back to me when he died, so I had a real good lift. It all lays in the bank over to Rockland*, and I draw my interest fall an' spring, with the little Mr. Todd was able to leave me; but that's kind o' sacred money; 'twas earnt and saved with the hope o' youth, an' I'm very particular what I spend it for. Oh yes, what with ownin' my house, I've been enabled to get along very well, with prudence!" said Mrs. Todd contentedly.

"But there was the house and land," I asked, -- "what became of that part of the property?"

Mrs. Todd looked into the fire, and a shadow of disapproval flitted over her face.

"Poor old uncle!" she said, "he got childish about the matter. I was hoping to sell at first, and I had an offer, but he always run of an idea that there was more money hid away, and kept wanting me to delay; an' he used to go up there all alone and search, and dig in the cellar, empty an' bleak as 'twas in winter weather or any time. An' he'd come and tell me he'd dreamed he found gold behind a stone in the cellar wall, or somethin'. And one night we all see the light o' fire up that way, an' the whole Landin' took the road, and run to look, and the Tolland property was all in a light blaze. I expect the old gentleman had dropped fire about; he said he'd been up there to see if everything was safe in the afternoon. As for the land, 'twas so poor that everybody used to have a joke that the Tolland boys preferred to farm the sea instead. It's 'most all grown up to bushes now, where it ain't poor water grass in the low places. There's some upland that has a pretty view, after you cross the brook bridge. Years an' years after she died, there was some o' her flowers used to come up an' bloom in the door garden. I brought two or three that was unusual down here; they always come up and remind me of her constant as the spring. But I never did want to fetch home that guitar, some way or 'nother; I wouldn't let it go at the auction, either. It was hangin' right there in the house when the fire took place. I've got some o' her other little things scattered about the house: that picture on the mantelpiece belonged to her."

I had often wondered where such a picture had come from, and why Mrs. Todd had chosen it; it was a French print of the statue of the Empress Josephine* in the Savane at old Fort Royal, in Martinique.

VI

Mrs. Todd drew her chair closer to mine; she held the cat and her knitting with one hand as she moved, but the cat was so warm and so sound asleep that she only stretched a lazy paw in spite of what must have felt like a slight earthquake. Mrs. Todd began to speak almost in a whisper.

"I ain't told you all," she continued; "no, I haven't spoken of all to but very few. The way it came* was this," she said solemnly, and then stopped to listen to the wind, and sat for a moment in deferential silence, as if she waited for the wind to speak first. The cat suddenly lifted her head with quick excitement and gleaming eyes, and her mistress was leaning forward toward the fire with an arm laid on either knee, as if they were consulting the glowing coals for some augury. Mrs. Todd looked like an old prophetess as she sat there with the firelight shining on her strong face; she was posed for some great painter. The woman with the cat was as unconscious and as mysterious as any sibyl of the Sistine Chapel*.

"There, that's the last struggle o' the gale," said Mrs. Todd, nodding her head with impressive certainty and still looking into the bright embers of the fire. "You'll see!" She gave me another quick glance, and spoke in a low tone as if we might be overheard.

"'Twas such a gale as this the night Mis' Tolland died. She appeared more comfortable the first o' the evenin'; and Mrs. Begg was more spent than I, bein' older, and a beautiful nurse that was the first to see and think of everything, but perfectly quiet an' never asked a useless question. You remember her funeral* when you first come to the Landing? And she consented to goin' an' havin' a good sleep while she could, and left me one o' those good little pewter lamps that burnt whale oil an' made plenty o' light in the room, but not too bright to be disturbin'.

"Poor Mis' Tolland had been distressed the night before, an' all that day, but as night come on she grew more and more easy, an' was layin' there asleep; 'twas like settin' by any sleepin' person, and I had none but usual thoughts. When the wind lulled and the rain, I could hear the seas, though more distant than this, and I don' know 's I observed any other sound than what the weather made; 'twas a very solemn feelin' night. I set close by the bed; there was times she looked to find somebody when she was awake. The light was on her face, so I could see her plain; there was always times when she wore a look that made her seem a stranger you'd never set eyes on before. I did think what a world it was that her an' me should have come together so, and she have nobody but Dunnet Landin' folks about her in her extremity. 'You're one o' the stray ones, poor creatur', I said. I remember those very words passin' through my mind, but I saw reason to be glad she had some comforts, and didn't lack friends at the last, though she'd seen misery an' pain. I was glad she was quiet; all day she'd been restless, and we couldn't understand what she wanted from her French speech. We had the window open to give her air, an' now an' then a gust would strike that guitar that was on the wall and set it swinging by the blue ribbon, and soundin' as if somebody begun to play it. I come near takin' it down, but you never know what'll fret a sick person an' put 'em on the rack, an' that guitar was one o' the few things she'd brought with her."

I nodded assent, and Mrs. Todd spoke still lower.

"I set there close by the bed; I'd been through a good deal for some days back, and I thought I might 's well be droppin' asleep too, bein' a quick person to wake. She looked to me as if she might last a day longer, certain, now she'd got more comfortable, but I was real tired, an' sort o' cramped as watchers will get, an' a fretful feeling begun to creep over me such as they often do have. If you give way, there ain't no support for the sick person; they can't count on no composure o' their own. Mis' Tolland moved then, a little restless, an' I forgot me quick enough, an' begun to hum out a little part of a hymn tune just to make her feel everything was as usual an' not wake up into a poor uncertainty. All of a sudden she set right up in bed with her eyes wide open, an' I stood an' put my arm behind her; she hadn't moved like that for days. And she reached out both her arms toward the door, an' I looked the way she was lookin', an' I see some one was standin' there against the dark. No, 'twa'n't Mis' Begg; 'twas somebody a good deal shorter than Mis' Begg. The lamplight struck across the room between us. I couldn't tell the shape, but 'twas a woman's dark face lookin' right at us; 'twa'n't but an instant I could see. I felt dreadful cold, and my head begun to swim; I thought the light went out; 'twa'n't but an instant, as I say, an' when my sight come back I couldn't see nothing there. I was one that didn't know what it was to faint away, no matter what happened; time was I felt above it in others, but 'twas somethin' that made poor human natur' quail. I saw very plain while I could see; 'twas a pleasant enough face, shaped somethin' like Mis' Tolland's, and a kind of expectin' look.

"No, I don't expect I was asleep," Mrs. Todd assured me quietly, after a moment's pause, though I had not spoken. She gave a heavy sigh before she went on. I could see that the recollection moved her in the deepest way.

"I suppose if I hadn't been so spent an' quavery with long watchin', I might have kept my head an' observed much better," she added humbly; "but I see all I could bear. I did try to act calm, an' I laid Mis' Tolland down on her pillow, an' I was a-shakin' as I done it. All she did was to look up to me so satisfied and sort o' questioning, an' I looked back to her.

"'You saw her, didn't you?' she says to me, speakin' perfectly reasonable. 'Tis my mother,' she says again, very feeble, but lookin' straight up at me, kind of surprised with the pleasure,

and smiling as if she saw I was overcome, an' would have said more if she could, but we had hold of hands. I see then her change was comin', but I didn't call Mis' Begg, nor make no uproar. I felt calm then, an' lifted to somethin' different as I never was since. She opened her eyes just as she was goin' --

"You saw her, didn't you?" she said the second time, an' I says, 'Yes, dear, I did; you ain't never goin' to feel strange an' lonesome no more.' An' then in a few quiet minutes 'twas all over. I felt they'd gone away together. No, I wa'n't alarmed afterward; 'twas just that one moment I couldn't live under, but I never called it beyond reason I should see the other watcher. I saw plain enough there was somebody there with me in the room.

VII

"'Twas just such a night as this Mis' Tolland died," repeated Mrs. Todd, returning to her usual tone and leaning back comfortably in her chair as she took up her knitting. "'Twas just such a night as this. I've told the circumstances to but very few; but I don't call it beyond reason. When folks is goin' 'tis all natural, and only common things can jar upon the mind. You know plain enough there's somethin' beyond this world; the doors stand wide open*. 'There's somethin' of us that must still live on; we've got to join both worlds together an' live in one but for the other*.' The doctor said that to me one day, an' I never could forget it; he said 'twas in one o' his old doctor's books."

We sat together in silence in the warm little room; the rain dropped heavily from the eaves, and the sea still roared, but the high wind had done blowing. We heard the far complaining fog horn of a steamer up the Bay.

"There goes the Boston boat out, pretty near on time," said Mrs. Todd with satisfaction. "Sometimes these late August storms'll sound a good deal worse than they really be. I do hate to hear the poor steamers callin' when they're bewildered in thick nights in winter, comin' on the coast. Yes, there goes the boat; they'll find it rough at sea, but the storm's all over."

NOTES

"The Foreigner" first appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* (86:152-167) in August 1900 and was collected by Richard Cary in *Uncollected Stories* (1971). The text is from the *Atlantic Monthly*.

rote o' them old black ledges ... stormy verses in the Book o' Psalms: Rote is the sound of surf on the shore. Perhaps Mrs. Todd refers to Psalm 55, which speaks of the terrors of persecution and death. Perhaps also of relevance are Psalms 83 and 107.

the great line storm: An equinoctial storm. See John Greenleaf Whittier's *The Palatine* (1867).

go-to-meetin' condition ... three sheets to the wind: The captains are rather drunk, not fit to attend church.

regular highbinders: rowdies; a gang that commits outrages on persons or property.

kick-shows: kickshaws or trifles.

Havre an' Bordeaux: Le Havre is the second largest French seaport, located on the English Channel at the mouth of the Seine. Bordeaux is a port in southwestern France

Wind'ard Islands: According to the *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*, "The Windward Islands make up the southern group of tropical islands situated in the Lesser Antilles of the West Indies between the Caribbean Sea and the Atlantic Ocean. They include from north to south the islands of Dominica, Martinique, Saint Lucia, Saint Vincent and the Grenadines and Grenada. The Leeward Islands lie to the north."

Washin'ton pie: Washington pie is a dessert made by alternating layers of cake with fruit jam or jelly filling.

Mrs. Tolland's dance resembles the farandole, a folk dance of Provence, that typically uses the music of pipes and tambourines. Jewett visited Provence with Annie Fields and Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc in 1898, and wrote home enthusiastically about witnessing the dance (see to Sarah Norton 16 May 1898). In her journal of the trip, Fields describes the music as repetitive, "a simple but archaic strain always the same," and she continues:

Hence it comes that in times of public excitement in the villages when the sound of the drum is heard beating the time measure of La Farandole, young and old turn out and seize each others' hands and go dancing along the road or up the mountain side. At such moments even visitors are caught and borne along.... There is something intoxicating in the music and the slow but intense activities.... The eye cannot follow quite close enough to understand the subtle movement of the feet. It is music in action.

Todd reports that Mrs. Tolland had lived in a rural part of France in her childhood; perhaps Jewett implies that her family was from Provence.

David's dancin' before the Lord: See 2 Samuel 6:14.

Orthodox: Biographer Paula Blanchard indicates that for Jewett's Maine readers, this term would mean Congregationalist. See *Sarah Orne Jewett*, p. 320.

Straits of Malacca: According to the *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*, "The Strait of Malacca is located between the Malay Peninsula and Sumatra, connecting the South China Sea to the Indian Ocean. . . . The strait is one of the world's busiest shipping channels; its principal ports are Penang, Malaysia, Belawan, Indonesia, and Singapore."

stranger in a strange land: See Exodus 2:22.

officious: Mrs. Todd uses the word in an archaic sense to mean helpful or effective.

Sir Philip Sidney's phrase, "a made countenance ...": Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) was the author of *Arcadia* (1581), now known as the *Old Arcadia*, and the *New Arcadia* (c. 1583-4), from which this quotation comes in Book 1. (Research: Katherine Duncan-Jones)

Cape o' Good Hope: The southern tip of the African continent.

widow women: see Jewett's poem, "The Gloucester Mother," in *Verses* (1916).

fête day: feast day of the saint after whom one is named, celebrated in some countries, such as France, like a birthday.

a shock: a stroke.

a Catholic by her beads: A rosary is generally a religious exercise in which prayers are recited and counted on a string of beads or a knotted cord. The most common rosary is the rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the prayers of which are recited with the aid of a chaplet, or rosary. The beads of the chaplet are arranged in five decades (sets of 10), each decade separated from the next by a larger bead. The two ends of the chaplet are joined by a small string holding a crucifix, two large beads, and three small beads. (Source: *Encyclopedia Britannica*; Research: Chris Butler).

some oil on her forehead: According to the *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*: "Anointing of the sick is a rite of Christian healing recognized as a sacrament by the Roman Catholic and Orthodox churches. Its biblical basis is found in Mark 6:13 and James 5:14-15. The sacrament is intended for the seriously ill but is not restricted to those at the point of death; for that reason it is no longer known as 'extreme unction.' It consists of a laying on of hands by a priest, a prayer of faith, and an anointing with holy oil. It is believed that the sacrament grants forgiveness of sins, effects strength of soul, and even restores health to the body should that be God's will."

the New Jerusalem: see Revelation 21:2.

Monhegan: An island and a town roughly 40 miles east of Portland, Maine.

polin' back up the road: Probably suggesting that Uncle Lorenzo is using a walking stick, as if he were poling a boat up the road.

Square Pease: Squire Pease.

time the shipping begun to decay: The Embargo Act of 1807, sometimes known as Jefferson's Embargo, devastated the smaller New England ports. Its purpose was to punish England and France for capturing neutral ships and impressing sailors for use in their fiercely contested war, but the embargo was a costly, much resented strategy. Though Maine shipping is sometimes dated from the Embargo, a series of events contributed to the gradual decline in import/export business until after the American Civil War.

Rockland: A coastal town east of Lewiston, Maine.

statue of Empress Josephine in the Savane at old Fort Royal, in Martinique: Empress Josephine (1763-1814) was the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte (1769-1821); she was from Martinique. One of the Windward Islands, Martinique is a French colony of the Lesser Antilles between Puerto Rico and Venezuela. The Savane is a 12.5 acre park on the bay at the fort. The statue of Josephine has an interesting history, eventuating in 1991 with it being beheaded. An account of this history appears in Natasha Barnes, *Cultural Conundrums: Gender, Race, Nation, And the Making of Caribbean Cultural Politics* (2006).

The way it came: Mrs. Todd's choice of this locution is suggestive. One would expect her to say "The way it came about," and even then this would be an odd way for her to introduce the part of her narrative in which a dead parent appears to her offspring. In a letter from the summer of 1905, Jewett wrote to Mary Frances Parker Parkman that her favorite of Henry James's stories was "The Way it Came," published in London and then collected in *Embarrassments* (1896). In this story, a man has a vision of his father on the day of his father's death, and a woman experiences a similar apparition when her mother dies. The story's narrator, fiancée of the man, comes to believe that, after the woman's death, he enjoys visits from the woman's ghost.

In the New York Edition, James changed the story's title to "The Friends of the Friends."

any sibyl of the Sistine Chapel: Michelangelo (1474-1564) placed representations of sibyls around the nine frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican that depict Old Testament stories from the creation through the story of Noah.

funeral when you first come to the Landing: Mrs. Begg's funeral occurs in Chapter 4 of *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, of which this story is a sequel.

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**stray ones:* In *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, Mrs. Todd explains Santin Bowden's alcoholism:

"There's a great many such strayaway folks, just as there is plants," continued Mrs. Todd, who was nothing if not botanical. "I know of just one sprig of laurel that grows over back here in a wild spot, an' I never could hear of no other on this coast. I had a large bunch brought me once from Massachusetts way, so I know it. This piece grows in an open spot where you'd think 'twould do well, but it's sort o' poor-lookin'. I've visited it time an' again, just to notice its poor blooms. 'Tis a real Sant Bowden, out of its own place."

the doors stand wide open: This may be an allusion to *The Gates Ajar* (1868), a popular novel by Jewett's friend, Elizabeth Stuart (Ward) Phelps (1844-1911).

Deborah Carlin finds an allusion to Rev. Dr. Christopher Newman Hall (1816-1902), a British abolitionist minister. In a 27 November 1867 sermon, he said: "As a ragged, mud-stained traveler, toiling along the road, I see before me the palace of the Great King. Dare I venture near the gateway and seek an audience? Will not the guards laugh at my request, or punish my presumption? Such fears are groundless. The doors stand wide open by day and by night. I have only to enter" (Carlin, editor, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, 2010, p. 203).

live in one, but for the other: Jewett repeats this idea in her letters (Fields, letter 61) and in her obituary for her father, T. H. Jewett. She refers to Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682). Browne echoes passages in Romans 12:1-2 and Ephesians 4:23. The passage is from Browne's "Letter to a Friend*" (1690):

Time past is gone like a shadow; make Times to come, present; conceive that near which may be far off; approximate thy last Times by present Apprehensions of them: live like a Neighbour unto Death, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something in us that must still live on, joyn both Lives together; unite them in thy Thoughts and Actions, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the Purposes of this Life, will never be far from the next; and is in some manner already in it, by an happy Conformity, and close Apprehension of it.

"Letter to a Friend" was largely reproduced in *Christian Morals** (1716), where the passage occurs in the last paragraph:

Time past is gone like a Shadow; make time to come present. Approximate thy latter times by present apprehensions of them: be like a neighbour unto the Grave, and think there is but little to come. And since there is something of us that will still live on, Join both lives together, and live in one but for the other. He who thus ordereth the purposes of this Life will never be far from the next, and is in some manner already in it, by a happy conformity, and close apprehension of it. And if, as we have elsewhere declared, any have been so happy as personally to understand Christian Annihilation, Extasy, Exolution, Transformation, the Kiss of the Spouse, and Ingression into the Divine Shadow, according to Mystical Theology, they have already had an handsome Anticipation of Heaven; the World is in a manner over, and the Earth in Ashes unto them.

(Research by James Eason, University of Chicago.)