

Jim's Little Woman

by

Sarah Orne Jewett



An Annotated Edition

by

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Coe College

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Photo: The Ponce de Leon Hotel, Flagler College, St. Augustine, FL.

When the hotel was built, these towers housed water tanks.

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Introduction

"Well, I didn't know there was such a place as this in America!"

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett, c. 1 March 1888.

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

- 1868 Jenny Garrow's Lovers. Rural England.
- 1875 Tame Indians. Green Bay, Wisconsin.
- 1882 An Afternoon in Holland. Travel sketch.
- 1888 Mère Pochette. Quebec, Canada.
The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation. Beaufort, South Carolina
- 1890 Jim's Little Woman. St. Augustine, Florida
- 1891 A Little Captive Maid. Episodes in Kenmare, Ireland.
- 1893 From Venice to One at Home. Travel Sketch.
A Lonely Worker. St. Augustine, Florida. Travel sketch.
- 1894 Betty Leicester's English Christmas. London, England.
- 1895 A War Debt. Rural Virginia.
A Dark Night. West England.
- 1899 The Queen's Twin. An episode is set in London, England.
- 1900 The Foreigner. An episode is set in Kingston, Jamaica.

Of these pieces, only the first was set in a location that Jewett had, at that time, never visited. Two of these pieces are set in St. Augustine, FL, and they are especially notable for the quantity of detail Jewett provides about her setting.

In *Sarah Orne Jewett* (1994), Paula Blanchard says that in January, 1888, Annie Fields contracted pneumonia and nearly died. Her doctor recommending warm weather, Fields decided to go to St. Augustine, Florida, with Jewett to help her. Rita Gollin in *Annie Adams*

Fields: Woman of Letters (2002) reports that the two returned for an extended stay in spring 1890, this time for Jewett's health. "Jim's Little Woman" originated, then, in the early spring of 1888. In March, Jewett accompanied Fields to St. Augustine to help her recuperate for a month. After their return stay in 1890, Jewett published the two pieces set there, "Jim's Little Woman" in December 1890 and "A Lonely Worker" in April 1893.

It is evident that Jewett observed the old Florida city with care. At least part of what drew her to St. Augustine was the diversity of its population. In March 1888, She wrote to her sister, Mary:

But when you get into this old town there are all the queer things you see in Southern Italy or Spain it seems to me – strange flowers and loads of roses and kinds of palm trees leaning over walls and the people are so many of them of Spanish descent that it keeps up the outlandish feeling.

Since 1888, Jewett had been deviating somewhat from her characteristic stories about New England villagers. In that year, she published two stories that were set in "outlandish" places outside her usual, familiar locations. "Mère Pochette," in French Canada, appeared in March, followed in August by "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation," in the sea islands of South Carolina. Those two stories about people who lived at some physical or cultural distance from New England were followed by "The Luck of the Bogans" (1889), about Irish immigrants, and "Jim's Little Woman" (1890), set in a city noted for racial, religious, and cultural diversity. These may be seen as continuations of the project she began with "Tame Indians" (1875), an exploration in fiction of more diverse people and places.

Because Jewett spent a good deal of time in St. Augustine and left substantial evidence of her impressions in addition to the publications, it seemed practical and interesting to visit the city and to document specific places mentioned. As part of developing the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project online archive, I travelled St. Augustine. This volume gathers with the story and sketch various supplemental materials that illustrate how carefully Jewett studied the city, Surveying these can enrich one's appreciation of the writing that arose from her study.

Jim's Little Woman

I.

There was laughter in the lanes of St. Augustine when Jim returned from a Northern voyage with a Northern wife. He had sailed on the schooner Dawn of Day, one hundred and ninety-two tons burden, with a full cargo of yellow pine and conch-shells. Not that the conch-shells were mentioned in the bill of lading, any more than five handsome tortoise-shells that were securely lashed to the beams in the captain's cabin. These were a private venture of the captain's and Jim's. The Dawn of Day did a great deal of trading with the islands, and it was only when the season of Northern tourists was over that her owners found it more profitable to charter her in the lumber business. It was too hot for bringing any more bananas from Jamaica, the last were half spoiled in the hold; and those Northerners who came excitedly after corals and sprouted cocoanuts and Jamaica baskets, who would gladly pay thirty cents apiece for the best of the conch-shells, brought primarily by way of ballast, -- those enthusiastic, money-squandering Northerners had all flown homeward at the first hints of unmistakable summer heat, and market was over for that spring.

St. Augustine is a city of bright sunshine and of cool sea winds, a different place from the steaming-hot, listless-aired Southern ports which Jim knew well, -- Kingston and Nassau* and the rest. He had sailed between the islands and St. Augustine and Savannah, and made trading voyages round into the Gulf, ever since he ran away to sea on an ancient brigantine* bound for Havana,* in his early youth. Jim's grandfather was a Northern man by birth, a New-Englander, who had married a Minorcan woman,* and settled down in St. Augustine to spend the rest of his days. Their old coquina house* near the sea-wall faced one of the narrow lanes that ran up from the water, but it had a wide window in the seaward end, and here Jim remembered that the intemperate old sailor sat and watched the harbor, and criticised the rigging of vessels, and defended his pet orange-tree from the ravages of boys. His wife died long before he did, and the daughter, Jim's mother, was married, and her husband ran away and never was heard from, and Jim himself was ten years old when he walked at the head of the funeral procession, dimly imagining that the old man had gone up North, and that he was to live again there among the scenes of his youth. There were a few old shipmates walking two by two, who had known the captain in his active life, but they held no definite views about his permanent

location in high latitudes. Still, there was a long procession and a handsome funeral; and after a few years Jim's mother died too, a friendly, sad-faced little creature whom everybody lamented. Jim came into port one day after a long absence, expecting to be kissed and cried over and coaxed to church and mended up, to find the old coquina house locked and empty. He shipped again gloomily; there was nothing for him to do ashore; and that year the boys took all the oranges, and people said that the old captain's ghost lived in the house. The bishop* stopped Jim one day on the plaza,* and told him that he must come to church sometimes for his mother's sake: she was a good little woman, and had said many a prayer for her boy. Did Jim ever say a prayer for himself? It was a hard life, going to sea, and he must not let it be too hard for his soul. "Marry you a good wife soon," said the kind bishop. "Be a good man in your own town; you will be tired of roving and will want a home. God have pity on you, my boy!"

Jim took off his hat reverently, and his frank, bold eyes met the bishop's sad, kind eyes, and fell. He had never really thought what a shocking sort of fellow he was until that moment. He had grown used to his mother's crying, but it was two or three years now since she died. The fellows on board ship were afraid of him when he was surly, and owned him for king when he was pleased to turn life into a joke. He was Northern and Southern by turns, this Southern-born young sailor. He could talk in Yankee fashion like his grandfather until the crew shook the ship's timbers with their laughter. But in all his roving sea-life he had never been to the coast of Maine until this story begins.

The Dawn of Day was a slow sailer, and what wind she had was only a light south-westerly breeze. Every other day was a dead calm, and so they drifted up the Northern coast as if the Gulf Stream* alone impelled them, making for the island of Mount Desert* with their yellow pine for house-finishing; and somewhere near Boothbay Harbor* their provisions got low, and the drinking-water was too bad altogether, and there was nothing else left to drink, so the captain put in for supplies. They could not get up to the inner harbor next the town, but came to anchor near a little village when the wind fell at sundown. There were some houses in sight, dotted along the shore, and a long, low building at the water's edge, close to the little bay. Jim and the captain and another man pulled ashore to see what could be done about the water-casks, and the old water-tank, which had been rusty, was leaky and good for nothing when they first put to sea.

Jim went ashore, and presently put his head into a window of the long, low building; there were a dozen young people there, and two or three men, with heaps of lobster shells and long rows of shining cans. It was a lobster-canning establishment, and work was going on after hours. Somebody screamed when Jim's shaggy head and broad shoulders shut out the little daylight that was left, and a bevy of girls laughed provokingly; but one of them -- Jim thought she was a child until she came quite close to him -- asked what he wanted, and listened with intelligent patience until he had quite explained his errand. It proved easy to get somebody to solder up the water-tank, and in spite of the other girls this little red-haired, white-faced creature caught her hat from a nail by the door, and went off with Jim to find the solderer, who lived a quarter of a mile down the shore.

Jim thought of the old bishop many times as he walked decently along by the little woman's side. He thought of his mother, too, and how she used to cry over him; he never pitied her for it before. He remembered his cross old grandfather and those stories about the North, and by a strange turn of memory he mentally cursed the boys who came to steal the old man's oranges, there in the garden of his own empty little coquina house. What a thing to have a good little warm-hearted wife of his own! Jim felt as if he had been set on fire; as if something hindered him from ever feeling like himself again; as if he must forever belong to this little bit of a woman, who almost ran, trying to keep up with his great rolling sea strides along the road. She had a clear, pleasant little voice, and kept looking up at him, asking now and then something about the voyage as if she were used to voyages, and seemed pleased with his gruff, shy answers. He heaved a great sigh when they came to the solderer's door.

The solderer came out and walked back with them, saying that his tools were all at the factory. He told Jim that there was the best cold spring on the coast convenient to the schooner, just beyond the factory, and a good grocery store near by. There was no reason for going up to Boothbay Harbor and losing all that time in the morning, and Jim's heart grew light at the news. He sent the solderer off to the schooner, and stayed ashore himself. The captain had already heard about the grocery, and had gone there. The grumbling member of the crew, who was left in the boat, looked back with heart-felt astonishment to see Jim sit down on a piece of ship timber beside that strange little woman, and begin to talk with her as if they were old friends. It was a clear June evening, the sky was pale yellow in the west, and on the high land above

the shore a small jangling bell rang in its white steeple. A salt breath of sea wind ruffled the smooth water. The lights went out in the canning factory and twinkled with bright reflections from the schooner.* The solderer finished his work on board, and was put ashore close to his own house; as for the captain, he remained with some new-made friends at the grocery.

They wondered on the deck of the Dawn of Day what had come over Jim; they laughed and joked, and thought that he might have found one of his relations about whom he had told the Yankee stories. As long as there was any light to see, there he sat, an erect, great fellow, with the timid-looking woman like a child by his side. The captain came off late, and in a state unbefitting the laws of Maine,* and Jim came with him, sober, pleasant, but holding his head in that high, proud way which forbade any craven soul from putting an unwelcome question.

The next morning, when the wind rose, the Dawn of Day put out to sea again. Somebody besides Jim may have noticed that a white handkerchief fluttered at one of the canning-factory windows, but nobody knew that it meant so much to Jim as this: the little woman was going to marry him, and promised by that signal to come to Mount Desert to meet him. They had no more time for courtship; it was now or never with the quick-tempered fellow. Little Martha did not dare to promise until she had thought it over that night; but she was a lonely orphan, and had no ties to keep her there. Jim had told her about his home and his orange-tree in the South, and when morning came she had thought it over and said yes, and then even cried a little to see the old schooner go out to sea. She said yes because she loved him; because she had never thought that anybody would fall in love with her, she was so small and queer, and not like the rest of the girls. Jim had certainly waved his handkerchief in reply; and as Marty remembered that, she felt in her pocket for a queer smooth shell to make herself sure that she was not dreaming. Jim had carried this shell in his pocket for good luck, as his strange old seafaring grandfather had done before him, and by it he plighted his faith and troth. Before they sighted Monhegan,* running far out to catch the wind, he told the skipper that he was going to be married, and expected to carry his wife down to St. Augustine in the Dawn of Day. The skipper swore roundly, but Jim was the ablest man aboard, and had been shipped that voyage as first mate. They were short-handed, and he was in Jim's power in many ways. There was a wedding, before the week was out, at a minister's house, and Jim gave the minister's wife a pretty basket of shells besides what Marty

considered to be a generous wedding fee. He had bought a suit of ready-made clothes before he went to the cousin's house where the little woman had promised to wait for him. Marty did not explain to this cousin that she had only seen her lover once in the twilight. She wondered if people would think Jim rough and strange, that was all; but Jim for once was in possession of small savings, and when he came, so tall and dark, shaven and shorn and dressed like other people, she fell to crying with joy and excitement, and had much difficulty in explaining to her lover that it was nothing but happiness and love that had brought such tears. And after the yellow pine was on the wharf, and the conch-shells sold at unexpected rates to a dealer in curiosities at Bar Harbor,* who got news of them, and after much dickering gave but a meagre price for the tortoises also, the Dawn of Day set forth again southward with dried fish and flour from Portland,* where, with his share of the conch-shell gains, Jim had given his wife such a pleasuring as he thought a lord who had an earldom at his back might give his fair lady.

When the crew first caught sight of Jim's small, red-headed, and pale-faced wife, the discrepancy in the size of the happy couple was more than could be silently borne. Jim always spoke of her as his little woman, and Jim's little woman she was to the world in general. She was as proud-spirited as he. She seldom scolded, but she could grow pale in the face and keep silence if things went wrong. The schooner was a different place on that return voyage. They had the captain's cabin, and she made it look pretty with her girlish arts. She mended everybody's clothes, and took care of the schooner's boy when he was sick with a fever turn, -- a hard-faced little chap, who had run about from ship to ship, just as Jim had; and though the wind failed them most of the time going south, they were all sorry when they reached St. Augustine bar. The last Sunday night of all, Jim's little woman got out her Moody and Sankey song-book* for the last time, and sang every tune she knew in her sweet, old-fashioned voice. She was rough in her way sometimes, but the crew of the Dawn of Day kept to the level of its best manners in her hearing all the time she was on board. As they lay out beyond the bar, waiting for enough water to get in, she strained her eyes to see her future home. There was the queer striped light-house,* with its corkscrew pattern of black and white, and far beyond were the tall, slender towers of a town that looked beautiful against the sunset, and a long, low shore, white with sand and green here and there with a new greenness which she believed to be orange-trees. She may

have had a pang of homesickness for the high ledgy pasture shores at home, but nobody ever guessed it. If ever anybody in this world married for love, it was Jim's little woman.

II.

It was not long before the dismal little, boarded-up, spidery coquina house was as clean as a whistle, with new glass windows, and fresh whitewash inside and yellow wash outside; with curtains and rugs and calico cushions, and a shining cooking-stove, on which such meals were concocted as Jim never dreamed of having for his own. The little woman had a small inheritance of housekeeping goods, which had been packed into the schooner's hold; luckily these had been in charge of the Northeast Harbor* cousin; as Jim said, they had to get married, for everything came right and there was nothing else to do. He seemed as happy as the day was long, and for once was glad to be ashore. They went together to do their marketing, and he showed her the gray old fort* one afternoon and the great hotels with the towers.* In narrow St. George Street,* under the high flower-lined balconies, everybody seemed to know Jim, and they had to spend much time in doing a trifling errand. Go into St. George Street when she would, the narrow thoroughfare was filled with people, and dark-eyed men and women leaned from the balconies and talked to passers-by in a strange lingo* which Jim seemed to know. People laughed a good deal as they passed, and the little woman feared that they might think that she was queer-looking. She hated to be so little when Jim himself was so big; but somehow the laughter all stopped after one day, when a man with an evil face said something in a mocking voice, and Jim, blazing with wrath, caught him by the waist and threw him over the fence into a garden.

"They laugh to think o' me getting so small a wife," said Jim frankly one day, in one of his best moods. "One o' the boys thought I'd raised me a famby while we was gone, and said I'd done well for a little gal, but where was the old lady. I promised I'd bring him round to supper some night, too; he's a good fellow," added Jim. "We'll have some o' your clam fritters, and near about stuff him to death."

The summer days flew by, and to everybody's surprise Jim lived the life of a sober man. He went to work on one of the new harbor jetties* at his wife's recommendation, and did good service. He gave Marty his pay, and was amused and astonished to see how far she made it go. With plenty of good food, he seemed to have lost his craving for drink in great measure; and they had two boarders, steady

men and Jim's mates, for there was plenty of room; and the little woman was endlessly busy and happy. Jim had his dark Spanish days with a black scowl, and Marty had her own hot tempers, that came, as she said, of the color of her hair. Like other people, they had their great and small trials and troubles, but these always ended in Marty's stealing into her husband's lap as he sat by the window in his grandfather's old chair. The months went by, and winter came, and spring and their baby came, and then they were happier than ever. Jim, for his mother's sake, carried him to the old bishop to be christened, and all the neighbors flocked in afterward and were feasted. But there was no mistake about it, Jim drank more than was good for him that day in his pride and joy, and had an out and out spree while the baby's mother was helpless in bed; it was the first great worry and sorrow of their married life. The neighbors came and sat with Marty and told her all about him; and she got well as fast as she could, and went out, pale and weak, after him, and found Jim in a horrid den and brought him home. But he was sorry, and said it was all the other fellows' fault, and a fellow must have his fling. The little woman sighed, and cried too when there was nobody to see her. She had never believed, though she had had warnings enough, that there was any need of being anxious about Jim. Men were different from women. Yet anybody so strong and masterful ought surely to master himself. But things grew worse and worse; and at last, when the old schooner, with a rougher-looking crew than usual, came into the harbor, the baby's father drank with them all one night, and shipped with them next morning, and sailed away, in spite of tears and coaxing, on a four months' voyage. Marty had only three cents in her thrifty little purse at the time. It was a purse that her mate at the canning factory gave her the Christmas before she was married. All the simple, fearless old life came up before her as she looked at it. The giver had cried when they parted, and had written once or twice, but the last letter had been long unanswered. Marty had lost all her heart now about writing; she must wait until Jim was at home and steady again. Alas, the months went by, and it seemed as if that time would never come.

Jim came home at last, drunk and scolding, and when he went away again with the schooner it would have been a relief to be rid of him, if it were not for the worry. He did not look so strong and well as he used. Under the tropic skies his habits were murdering him slowly. The only comfort Marty could take in him was when he lay asleep, with the black hair curling about his smooth white forehead, and that pleasant boyish

look coming out on his face instead of the Spanish scowl. The little woman lost her patience at last, and began to wear a scowl too. She was a peppery little body, and sometimes Jim felt himself aggrieved and called her sharp names in foreign tongues. He had a way of bringing his cronies home to supper when she was tired, and ordering her about contemptuously before the low-faced men. At last, one night, they made such a racket that a group of idle negroes clustered about the house, laughing and jeering at the company within. Marty's Northern fury rose like a winter gale; she was vexed by the taunts of a woman who lived up the lane, who used to come out and sit on her high blue balcony and spy all their goings on, and call the baby *poor child* so that his mother could hear. Jim's little woman drove the ribald company out of doors that night, and they quailed, drunk as they were, before her angry eyes. They chased the negroes in their turn, and went off shouting and swearing down the bayside. They tried to walk on the sea-wall,* and one man fell over and was too drunk to find his way ashore, and lay down on the wet, shelly mud. The tide came up and covered Joe Black, and that was the last of him, which was not without its comfort, for Jim stayed humbly at home, and tried to make his wife think better of him, for days together. He had won an out and out bad name in the last year. Nobody would give him a good job ashore now, so that he had to go to sea. He was apt to lead his companions astray, and go off on a frolic with too many followers. Yet everybody liked Jim, and greeted him warmly when he came ashore; and he could walk as proudly as ever through the town when he had had just drink enough to make him think well of himself and everybody else. He dodged round many a corner to avoid meeting the bishop, that good, gray-haired man with the kind, straightforward eyes.

Marty made a good bit of money in the season. She liked to work, and was always ready to do anything there was to do, -- scrubbing or washing and ironing or sewing, -- and she came to be known in the town for her quickness and power of work. While Jim was away she always got on well and saved something; but when he came in from his voyages things went from bad to worse; and after a while there was news of another baby, and the first one was cross and masterful; and the woman up the lane, in her rickety blue balcony, did nothing but spy discomfords with her mocking eyes.

Jim was more like himself that last week before he went to sea than for a long time before. He seemed sorry to go, and kept

astonishingly sober all the last few days, and picked the oranges and planted their little vegetable garden without being asked, and made Marty a new bench for her tubs that she had only complained of needing once or twice. He worked at loading the schooner down at the sawmill,* and came home early in the evening, and Marty began to believe she had at last teased him and shamed him into being decent. She even thought of writing to her friend in Boothbay after two years' silence, she had such new hopes about being happy and prosperous again. She talked to Jim about that night when they first saw each other, and Jim was not displeased when she got the lucky shell out of a safe hiding-place and showed him that she had kept it. They looked each other in the face as they seldom did now, and each knew that the other thought the shell had brought little luck of late. Jim sat down by the window and pulled Marty into his lap, and she began to cry the minute her head was on his shoulder. Life had been so hard. What had come over Jim?

"That old bishop o' my mother's," faltered Jim. "He's been givin' it to me; he caught me out by the old gates,* and he says, 'Jim, you're goin' to break your little woman's heart.' Was that so, Marty?"

Marty said nothing; she only nodded her head against his shoulder and cried like a child. She could feel his warm shoulder through his coat, and in a minute he asked her again, "Was that so, Marty?" And Marty, for answer, only cried a little less. It was night, and Jim was going away in the morning. The crickets were chirping in the garden. Somebody went along the sea-wall singing, and Jim and his little woman sat there by the window.

"The devil gets me," said Jim at last, in a sober-minded Northern way that he had sometimes. "There's an awful wild streak in me. I ain't goin' to have you cry like mother always done. I'm goin' to settle down an' git a steady job ashore, after this one v'y'ge to the islands. I'm goin' to fetch ye home the handsomest basketful of shells that ever you see, an' then I'm done with shipping, I am so."

"T ain't me only; 'tis them poor little babies," said Marty, in a tired, hopeful little voice. She had done crying now. She felt somehow as if the reward for all her patience and misery was coming.

"I wouldn't go off an' leave ye now, as things be with ye," said Jim, "but you see we need the money; an' then I've shipped, and the old man's got my word. I'm stout to work aboard ship, an' he knows it, the cap'n does. The old bishop he

warned me against the cap'n; he said if 't wa'n't for him I'd be master o' a better vessel myself. He works me hard an' keeps me under. I do believe the bishop's right about him, and I'd kept clear from drink often if 't wa'n't for the old man."

"You've kep' you under," said honest Marty. "Nobody ain't master over you when it comes to that. You've got to set your mind right against drink an' the cap'n, Jim."

"It's so cursed hot in them islands," Jim explained. "You get spent, and have to work right through everything; but I give you my honest word I'll bring you home my pay this trip."

At which promise the little woman gave a pleased sigh, and moved her head as if for sheer comfort. She tried to think whether there was anything else she could have done to the poor clothes in his battered sea-chest; then she fell asleep. When she waked in the morning, Jim had laid her on the bed like a child, and spread an old shawl over her, and had gone. At high tide in the early morning the schooner Dawn of Day had come up from the sawmill wharf with a tug, and sent a boat ashore for Jim. Marty had never missed him as she did that morning; she had never felt so sure of his loving her, and had waked thinking to find herself still in his arms as she had fallen asleep. There stood the empty chair by the window; and through the window, over beyond the marshes, she could see the gray sails of the schooner standing out to sea. Oh, Jim! Jim! and their little child was crying in the crib, like a hungry bird in its nest -- the poor little fellow! -- and calling his father with pleading confidence. Jim liked the brave little lad. When he was sober, he always dressed up on Sundays and took little Jim and his mother for a walk. Sometimes they went to the old Spanish burying-ground,* and Jim used to put the baby on his grandfather's great tombstone, built strong over his grave like a little house, and pick the moss from the epitaph with his great sea jack-knife. His mother had paid for the tomb. She was laid at one side of it, but Jim had never built any tomb for her. He meant to do it, some time, and Marty always picked some flowers and green sprigs and laid them on the grave with its bits of crumbling coquina at the head and foot.

In spite of a pain at her heart, and a foreboding that Jim would never come back from his unwilling voyage, the little woman went up the lane boldly that late morning after he sailed; she no longer feared the mocking smile and salutation of the neighbor in the balcony. She went to her work cheerfully, and sang over it one of her Moody and Sankey hymns. She made a pleasure for the other women who were washing too, with her song and her cheerful face. She

was such a little woman that she had a box to stand on while she washed, but there never was such a brisk little creature for work.

III.

Somehow everything prospered in the next two months until the new baby came. Some young women hired all her spare rooms, and paid well for their lodging, besides being compassionate and ready to give a little lift with the housework when they had the time. Marty had never laid by so much money before, and often spoke with pride of her handsome husband to the lodgers, who had never seen him: they were girls from the North, and one of them had once worked in a canning factory. One day Marty wrote to her own old friend, and asked her to come down by the steamer to Savannah, and then the rest of the way by rail, to make her a long visit. There was plenty of hotel work in the town; her lodgers themselves got good wages on George Street.

Jim was not skilled with his pen; he never wrote to her when he went away, but ever since they were married Marty always had a dream one of the nights while he was gone, in which she saw the schooner's white sails against a blue sky, and Jim himself walking the deck to and fro, holding his head high, as he did when he was pleased. She always saw the Dawn of Day coming safe into harbor in this dream; but one day she thought with a sudden chill that for this voyage the good omen was lacking. Jim had taken the lucky shell along; at any rate, she could not find it after he went away; that was a little thing, to be sure, but it gave some comfort until one morning, in shaking and brushing the old chair by the seaward window, out dropped the smooth white shell. The luck had stayed with her instead of going with poor Jim, and the time was drawing near for his return. The new baby was a dear little girl; she knew that Jim wanted a girl baby, and now, with the girl baby in her arms, she began her weary watch for white sails beyond the marshes.

The winter days dawned with blue skies and white clouds sailing over; the town began to fill with strangers. As she got strong enough there was plenty of work waiting for her. The two babies were a great deal too large and heavy for their little mother to tend; they seemed to take after Jim in size, and to grow apace, and Marty took the proud step of hiring help. There was a quiet little colored girl, an efficient midget of a creature, who had minded babies for a white woman in Baya Lane,* and was not without sage experience. Marty had bought a perambulator the year before from a woman at one of the boarding-houses, who did not care to carry it

North. When she left the hired help in charge that first morning, and hurried away to her own work, the neighbor of the blue balcony stood in her lower doorway and bade her a polite good-morning. But Jim's little woman's eyes glittered with strange light as she hurried on in the shadow of the high wall, where the orange boughs hung over, and beyond these, great branches laden with golden clusters of ripening loquats.* She had not looked out of the seaward window, as she always liked to do before she left the house, and she was sorry, but there was no time to go back.

The old city of St. Augustine had never been more picturesque and full of color than it was that morning. Its narrow thoroughfares, with the wide, overhanging upper balconies that shaded them, were busy and gay. Strangers strolled along, stopping in groups before the open fronts of the fruit shops, or were detained by eager venders of flowers and orange-wood walking-sticks. There were shining shop windows full of photographs and trinkets of pink shell-work and palmetto.* There were pink feather fans, and birds in cages, and strange shapes and colors of flowers and fruits, and stuffed alligators. The narrow street was full of laughter and the sound of voices. Lumbering carriages clattered along the palmetto pavement, and boys and men rode by on quick, wild little horses as if for dear life, and to the frequent peril of persons on foot. Sometimes these small dun or cream-colored marsh tackeys* needed only a cropped mane to prove their suspected descent from the little steeds of the Northmen, or their cousinship to those of the Greek friezes;* they were, indeed, a part of the picturesqueness of the city.

The high gray towers of the beautiful Ponce de Leon Hotel,* with their pointed red roofs, were crowned with ornaments like the berries of the chinaberry-trees,* and Marty looked up at them as she walked along, and at the trees themselves, hung with delicate green leaves like a veil. Spring seemed to come into the middle of summer in that country; it was the middle of February, but the season was very early. There was a mocking-bird* trying its voice here and there in the gardens. The wind-tattered bananas, like wrecked windmills, were putting out fresh green leaves among their ragged ones. There were roses and oranges in bloom, and the country carts were bringing in new vegetables from beyond the old city gates; green lettuces and baskets of pease and strawberries, and trails of golden jasmine were everywhere about the gray town. Down at the foot of the narrow lanes the bay looked smooth and blue, and white sails flitted by as you stood and looked. The great bell of the old cathedral had struck

twelve, and as Marty entered the plaza, busy little soul that she was and in a hurry as usual, she stopped, full of a never outgrown Northern wonder at the foreign sights and sounds, -- the tall palmettoes; the riders with their clinking spurs; the gay strangers; the three Sisters of St. Joseph,* in their quaint garb of black and white, who came soberly from their parish school close by. Jim's little woman looked more childlike than ever. She always wore a short dress about her work, and her short crop of red curly hair stood out about her pale face under the round palmetto hat. She had been thinking of Jim, and of her afternoon's affairs, and of a strange little old negro woman who had been looking out of a doorway on George Street, as she passed. It seemed to Marty as if this old withered creature could see ghosts in the street instead of the live passers-by. She never looked at anybody who passed, but sometimes she stood there for an hour looking down the street and mumbling strange words to herself. Jim's little woman was not without her own superstitions; she had been very miserable of late about Jim, and especially since she found his lucky shell. If she could only see him coming home in her dream; she had always dreamed of him before!

Suddenly she became aware that all the little black boys were running through the streets like ants, with single bananas, or limp, over-ripe bunches of a dozen; and she turned quickly, running a few steps in her eagerness to see the bay. Why had she not looked that way before? There at the pier were the tall masts and the black and green hull of the Dawn of Day. She had come in that morning. Marty felt dizzy, and had to lean for a minute against the old cathedral doorway. There was a drone of music inside; she heard it and lost it; then it came again as her faintness passed, and she ran like a child down the street. Her hat blew off and she caught it with one hand, but did not stop to put it on again. The long pier was black with people down at the end next the schooner, and they were swarming up over the side and from the deck. There were red and white parasols from the hotel in the middle of the crowd, and a general hurry and excitement. Everybody but Marty seemed to have known hours before that the schooner was in. Perhaps she ought to go home first; Jim might be there. Now she could see the pretty Jamaica baskets heaped on the top of the cabin, and the shining colors of shells, and green plumes of sprouted cocoanuts for planting, and the great white branches and heads of coral; she could smell the ripe fruit in the hold, and catch sight of some of the crew. At last she was on the gangway, and somebody on deck swore a great oath under his breath.

"Boys," he said, in a loud whisper, "here's Jim's little woman!" and two or three of them dropped quickly between decks and down into the hold rather than face her. When she came on board, there was nobody to be seen but the hard-faced cabin-boy whom she had taken care of in a fever as they came down from Boothbay. He had been driving a brisk trade with some ladies down in the captain's cabin.

"Where's Jim gone?" said Marty, looking at him fiercely with her suspicious gray eyes.

"You'd better go ask the cap'n," said the boy. He was two years older than when she first knew him, but he looked much the same, only a little harder. Then he remembered how good Marty had been to him, and that the "old man" was in a horrid temper. He took hold of Marty's thin, freckled, hard-worked little hand, and got her away aft into the shadow and behind the schooner's large boat. "Look here," he faltered, "I'm awful sorry, Marty; it's too bad, but -- Jim's dead."

Jim's wife looked the young fellow straight in the face, as if she were thinking about something else, and had not heard him.

"Here, sit right down on this box," said the boy. But Marty would not sit down; she had a dull sense that she must not stay any longer, and that the sun was hot, and that she could not walk home along the sea-wall alone.

"I'll go home with you," said the boy, giving her a little push; but she took hold of his hand and did not move.

"Say it over again what you said," she insisted, looking more and more strange; her short red hair was blowing in the wind all about her face, and her eyes had faded and faded until they looked almost white.

"Jim's dead," said the hard-looking boy, who thought he should cry himself, and wished that he were out of such a piece of business. The people who had come to chaffer* for shells began to look at them and to whisper. "He's dead. He -- well, he was as steady as a gig* 'most all the time we was laying off o' Kingston, and the ol' man couldn't master him to go an' drink by night; and Jim he wouldn't let me go ashore; told me he'd 'bout kill me; an' I sassed him up an' down for bossin', and he never hit me a clip back nor nothin': he was queer this voyage. I never see him drunk but once, -- when we first put into Nassau, -- and then he was a-cryin' afterwards; and into Kingston he got dizzy turns, and was took sick and laid in his bunk while we was unloadin'. 'Twas blazin' hot. You never see it so hot; an' the ol' man told how

'twas his drinkin' the water that gave him a fever; an' when he went off his head, the old man got the hospit'l folks, an' they lugged him ashore a-ravin'; an' he was just breathin' his last the day we sailed. We see his funeral as we come out o' harbor; they was goin' out buryin' of him right off. I ain't seen it myself, but Jim Peet was the last ashore, an' he asked if 'twas our Jim, an' they said 'twas. They'd sent word in the mornin' he was 'bout gone, and we might 's well sail 'f we was ready."

"Jim Peet saw his funeril?" gasped the little woman. "He felt sure 'twas *Jim*?"

"Yes 'm. You come home 'long o' me; folks is lookin'," said the boy. "Come, now; I'll tell you some more goin' along."

Marty came with him through the crowd. She held her hat in her hand, and she went feeling her way, as if she were blind, down the gangway plank. When they reached the shore and had gone a short distance, she turned, and told the lad that he need not come any farther; if he would bring his clothes over before the schooner sailed, she would mend them all up nice for him. Then she crept slowly along Bay Street bareheaded; the sun on the water at the right blinded her a little. Sometimes she stopped and leaned against the fence or a house front, and so at last got home. It was midday, there was not a soul in the house, and Jim was dead.

That night she dreamed of a blue sky, and white sails, and Jim, with his head up, walking the deck, as he came into harbor.

IV.

All the townfolk who lived by the water-side and up and down the lanes, and many of the strangers at the hotels, heard of poor Marty's trouble. Her poorest neighbors were the first to send a little purse that they had spared out of their small savings and earnings; then by and by some of the hotel people and those who were well to do in the town made her presents of money and of clothes for the children; and even the spying neighbor of the balcony brought a cake, and some figs, all she had on her tree, the night the news was known, and put them on the table, and was going away without a word, but Marty ran after her and kissed her, for the poor soul's husband had been lost at sea, and so they could weep together. But after the dream everybody said that Marty was hurt in her mind by the shock. She could not cry for her own loss when she was told over and over about her neighbor's man; she only said to the people who came that they were very kind, and she was

seeing trouble, but she was sure that Jim would come back; she knew it by her dream. They must wait and see. She could not force them to take their money back, and when she grew too tired and unstrung to plead about it any longer, she put it together in a little box, and hid it on a high cupboard shelf in the chimney. There was a wonderful light of hope in her face in these days; she kept the little black girl to tend the two babies, and kept on with her own work. Everybody said that she was not quite right in the brain. She was often pointed out to strangers in that spring season, a quaint figure, so small, so wan, and battling against the world for her secret certainty and hope.

Never a man's footstep came by the house at night that she did not rouse and start with her heart beating wildly; but one, two, three months went by, and still she was alone. Once she went across the bay to the lighthouse island,* -- babies, baby-carriage, the small hired help, and all, -- and took the railway that leads down to the south beach. It was a holiday, and she hoped that from this southern point she might look far seaward, and catch sight of the returning sails of the old schooner. She would not listen to her own warnings that Jim had plenty of ways of getting home besides waiting for the Dawn of Day. Those who saw the little company strike out across the sand to the beach laughed at the sight. The hired help pushed the empty perambulator with all the strength she could muster through the deep white sand, and over the huge green, serpent-like vines that wound among the low dunes. Marty carried the baby and tugged the little boy by the other hand, and sat down at the edge of the beach all alone, while the children played in the sand or were pushed to and fro. She strained her eyes after sails, but only a bark was in sight to the northward beyond the bar, and a brigantine was beating southward, and far beyond that was a schooner going steadily north, and it was not the Dawn of Day. All the time Jim's little woman kept saying to herself: "I had the dream; I had the dream. Jim will come home." But as this miserable holiday ended, and they left the great sand desert and the roar of the sea behind them, she felt a new dread make her heart heavier than ever it had been before; perhaps even the dream was mocking her, and he was dead indeed.

Then Marty had need of comfort. She believed that as long as she kept faith in her omen it would come true, and yet her faith slowly ebbed in spite of everything. It was a cruel test, and she could not work as she used; she felt the summer heat as she never had before. All her old associations with the cool

Northern sea-coast began to call her to come home. She wondered if it would not do to go North for a while and wait for Jim there. The old friend had written that next winter she would come down for a visit, and somehow Marty longed to get home for a while, and then they could come South together; but at last she felt too tired and weak, and gave up the thought. If it were not for the children, she could go to Jamaica and find out all about Jim. She had sent him more than one letter to Kingston, but no answer came. Perhaps she would wait now until next summer, and then go North with Lizzie.

In midsummer the streets are often empty at midday, and the old city seems deserted. Marty sometimes took the children and sat with them in the plaza, where it was shady. Often in the spring they all wandered up the white pavement of the street by the great hotel to see the gay Spanish flags, and to hear the band play in the gardens of the Ponce de Leon; but the band did not play as it used. Marty used to tell the eldest of the children that when his father came home he would take him sailing in the bay, and the little fellow got a touching fashion of asking every morning if his father were coming that day. It was a sad summer, -- a sad summer. Marty knew that her neighbors thought her a little crazed; at last she wondered if they were not right. She began to be homesick, and at last she had to give up work altogether. She hated the glare of the sun and the gay laughter of the black people; when she heard the sunset gun from the barracks* it startled her terribly. She almost doubted sometimes whether she had really dreamed the dream.

One afternoon when the cars stopped at the St. Augustine station,* Marty was sitting in the old chair by the seaward window, looking out and thinking of her sorrow. There was a vine about the window that flickered a pretty shadow over the floor in the morning, and it was dancing and waving in the light breeze that blows like a long, soft breath, and then stops at sundown. She saw nothing in the bay but a few small pleasure-boats, and there was nothing beyond the bar. News had come some time before that the Dawn of Day had gone north again with yellow pine, and the few other schooners that came now and then to the port were away on the sea, nobody knew where. They came in as if they dropped out of the sky, as far as Marty was concerned. She thought about Jim as she sat there; how good he was before he sailed that last time, and had really tried to keep his promise on board ship, according to the cabin-boy's story. Somehow Jim was like the moon to her at first; his Spanish blood and the Church gave an unknown side to his character that was

always turned away; but another side shone fair through his Northern traits, and of late she had understood him as she never had before. She used to be too smart-spoken and too quick with him; she saw it all now; a quick man ought to have a wife with head enough to keep her own temper for his sake. "I couldn't help being born red-headed," thought Marty with a wistful smile, and then she was dreaming and dozing, and fell fast asleep.

The train had stopped in the station, and among the strangers who got out was a very dark young man, with broad shoulders, and of uncommon height. He was smartly dressed in a sort of uniform, and looked about him with a familiar smile as he strolled among the idlers on the platform. Suddenly somebody caught him by the hand, with a shout, and there was an eager crowd about him in a minute. "Jim! Here's dead Jim!" cried some one, with a shrill laugh, and there was a great excitement.

"No," said Jim, "I ain't dead. What's the matter with you all? I've been up North with the best yacht you ever see; first we went cruisin' in the Gulf an' over to Martinique.* Why, my wife know'd I was goin'. I had a fellow write her from Kingston, an' not to expect me till I come. I give him a quarter to do it."

"*She* thinks you're dead. No; other folks says so, an' she won't. Word come by the schooner that you was dead in hospit'l, of a Jamaica fever," somebody explained in the racket and chatter.

"They always was a pack o' fools on that leaky old Dawn o' Day," said Jim contemptuously, looking down the steep, well-clothed precipice of himself to the platform. "I don't sail with those kind o' horse-marines* any more."

Then he thought of Marty with sudden intensity. "She never had got his letter!" He shouldered his great valise and strode away; there was something queer about his behavior; nobody could keep up with his long steps and his quick runs, and away he went toward home.

Jim's steps grew softer and slower as he went down the narrow lane; he saw the little house, and its door wide open. The woman in the blue balcony saw him, and gave a little scream, as if he were a ghost. The minute his foot touched the deep-worn coquina step, Marty in her sleep heard it and opened her eyes. She had dreamed again at last of the blue sky and white sails; she opened her eyes to see him standing there, with his head up, in the door. Jim not dead! not dead! but Jim looking sober, and dressed like a gentleman, come home at last!

That evening they walked up Bay Street to King Street, and round the plaza, and home again through George Street, making a royal progress, and being stopped by everybody. They told the story over and over of its having been another sailor from a schooner, poor fellow! who had died in Kingston that day, alone in hospital. Jim himself had gone down to the gates of death and turned back. There was a yacht in harbor that had lost a hand, and the owner saw handsome Jim on the pier, looking pale and unfriended, and took a liking to him, and found how well he knew the Gulf and the islands, so they struck a bargain at once. They had cruised far south and then north again, and Jim only had leave to come home for a few days to bring away his little woman and the children, because he was to keep with the yacht, and spend the summer cruising in Northern waters. Marty had always been wishing to make a visit up in Maine, where she came from. Jim fingered his bright buttons and held his head higher than ever, as if he had been told that she felt proud to show him to her friends. He looked down at little Marty affectionately; it was very queer about that dream and other people's saying he was dead. He must buy her a famous new rig before they started to go North; she looked worn out and shabby. It seemed all a miracle to Marty; but her dream was her dream, and she felt as tall as Jim himself as she remembered it. As they went home at sunset, they met the bishop, who stopped before them and looked down at the little woman, and then up at Jim.

"So you're doing well now, my boy?" he said good humoredly, to the great, smiling fellow. "Ah, Jim, many's the prayer your pious mother said for you, and I myself not a few. Come to Mass and be a Christian man for the sake of her. God bless you, my children!" and the good man went his wise and kindly way, not knowing all their story either, but knowing well and compassionately the sorrows and temptations of poor humanity.

It seemed to Marty as if she had had time to grow old since the night Jim went away and left her sleeping, but the long misery was quickly fading out of her mind, now that he was safe at home again. In a few days more, the old coquina

house was carefully shut and locked for the summer, and they gave the key to the woman of the blue balcony. The morning that they started northward, Marty caught a glimpse of the Dawn of Day coming in through the mist over the harbor bar. She wisely said nothing to Jim; she thought with apprehension of the captain's usual revelry the night he came into port. She took a last look at the tall light-house, and remembered how it had companioned her with its clear ray through many a dark and anxious night. Then she thought joyfully how soon she should see the far-away spark on Monhegan, and the bright light of Seguin,* and presently the towers of St. Augustine were left out of sight behind the level country and the Southern pines.

Notes

"Jim's Little Woman" first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* (82:100-110) in December 1890, and was collected in *A Native of Winby* (1893). This text is from the 1893 edition. I am indebted for invaluable assistance with these notes to David Nolan, Betty Jean Steinshouer and the St. Augustine Historical Society.

Kingston and Nassau: Kingston is the capital of Jamaica. Nassau is the capital of the Bahamas.

brigantine: a large sailing ship with a fairly simple set of sails and, hence, requiring a small crew.

Havana: Capital of the Caribbean island of Cuba.

Minorcan woman: Minorca is one of Spain's Balearic Islands, located in the western Mediterranean Sea. Jim's "Spanish blood" comes from his Minorcan-American grandmother. Minorcans occupy an important position in the history of St. Augustine. Jewett likely was familiar with *The Standard Guide, St. Augustine* by Charles Bingham Reynolds, which was reprinted regularly in the late 19th century and which provides a summary account of how Minorcans came to be a significant element of the population of St. Augustine. Reynolds writes:

In 1769, during the British occupation, a colony of Minorcan and Majorcans were brought from the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean Sea to New Smyrna, on the Indian River, south of St Augustine. Deceived by Turnbull, the proprietor of the plantation, and subjected to gross privation and cruelty, the Minorcans at length appealed to the authorities of St. Augustine, were promised protection, deserted from New Smyrna in a body, came to St Augustine, were defended against the claims of Turnbull, received an allotment of land in the town, built palmetto-thatched cottages and remained here after the English emigrated.

coquina house: "Coquina is a form of limestone composed of broken fragments of fossil debris. Most fragments are about the size of gravel particles (greater than 2 mm/0.08 in) and are usually shell material -- coquina is derived from the Spanish word meaning "cockle" or "shellfish" -- that has been abraded during transport by marine currents and waves. Coquina fragments are easily broken. Soft and highly porous, coquina is found in varying tones of white. Deposits found recently in Florida have been used as roadbed material and as a masonry stone for homes." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*). See also Wikipedia

The *Standard Guide, St. Augustine* (1890) says that coquina quarries for local buildings were found on St. Anastasia Island.

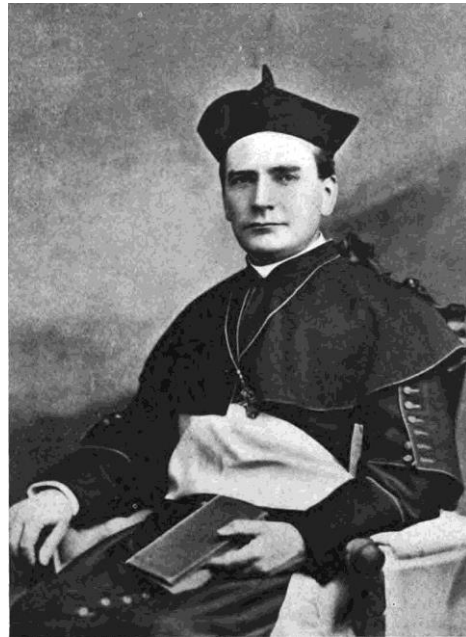
the bishop: Because it is known that Jewett and Annie Fields stayed in St. Augustine in the springs of 1888 and 1890 before this story was published first in December 1890, the details Jewett provides about the city are likely to be specific to that three-year period. At this time, the Bishop of St. Augustine was John Moore (1835-1901), who served as the second Bishop of St. Augustine, 1877-1901. He continued his predecessor's active efforts to further Catholic education in St. Augustine and throughout Florida (see below, Sisters of St. Joseph).

Moore was born in Ireland and immigrated to Charleston, SC when he was 14. Reading his speeches out loud in the story suggests that Jewett has given him an Irish voice, though she does not present his speech in dialect. Within the time-frame of the story, Bishop Moore would have been 55-57 years old. Jewett's narrator seems to imply that he is older, though this would be difficult to judge.

The public domain image is courtesy of Wikipedia.

the plaza: The Plaza de la Constitucion remains the center of the colonial quarter of St.

Augustine, a shady gathering place that faces the former plaza basin and harbor, now the Bridge of the Lions to Anastasia Island. It contains significant monuments, perhaps the most important in the period of this story being the Civil War Monument. The Cathedral Basilica



of St. Augustine faces the Plaza on the north side, diagonal from the Government House, which stands west of St. George Street. See Reynolds, pp. 42-51.

The church was burned in April 1887 and rebuilt by 1888. By the time of Jewett's second trip in 1890, the new bell tower would have been added.

Gulf Stream: The Gulf Stream is a warm ocean current originating in the Gulf of Mexico and flowing into the North Atlantic. According to Wikipedia, Ponce de León (1474-1521) the explorer of Florida, including the St. Augustine area, was the first European to encounter the Gulf Stream near Florida.

Mount Desert: An Atlantic island in Hancock County, southeastern Maine, U.S. The island was first visited in September 1604 by the French explorer Samuel de Champlain and was named by him for the bare-rock summits of its mountains. A bridge connects the mainland and the island's network of roads, bridle paths, and foot paths. The first eastern national park in the United States, Acadia National Park, was established on the island in 1919. (Source, *Britannica Online*; Research, Barbara Martens).

Boothbay Harbor: A town on the Maine coast, northeast of Portland.

bright reflections from the schooner. This sentence is probably incomplete. Perhaps it should read, "... factory, and the water twinkled with bright reflections from the schooner."

laws of Maine: In 1851, Maine enacted "the Maine Law," outlawing the sale of alcoholic beverages in the state.

Monhegan: An island and a town roughly 40 miles east of Portland, Maine; there is a lighthouse on this island.

Bar Harbor: A town on the east side of the island of Mount Desert.

Portland: Largest town in Maine, on the southern coast.

Moody and Sankey song-book: Probably this is *Gospel Hymns -- Consolidated* (1883), by popular evangelists Dwight Lyman Moody (1837-1899) and Ira Sankey.

queer striped light-house: This is the present lighthouse in St. Augustine, Florida, which stands on Anastasia Island, east of the city. Designed by Paul Pelz, it was completed in 1874. See Wikipedia. (Research: Gabe Heller).

Northeast Harbor: A town on the south side of the island of Mount Desert.

gray old fort: According to Reynolds's *Standard Guide* the old fort, the Castillo de San Marcos, called Fort Marion in Reynolds, was built by the Spanish colonists, beginning in 1672, but not fully completed in coquina limestone until about 1756. Though golden colored when quarried, local coquina turns gray with age. The fort remains a major feature of the city. See Reynolds, pp. 52-67. (Research assistance: Gabe Heller).

great hotels with the towers: Great hotels with towers were numerous in St. Augustine; among them are two hotels built by Henry Flagler, the Alcazar (1887), now the Lightner Museum, and the Hotel Ponce de León (1888), now Flagler College. There is documentary evidence that Jewett and Annie Fields traveled to St. Augustine during the springs of 1888, 1890, and 1896. On each occasion, they stayed at the Ponce de León Hotel. In the story, the hotel towers are described as gray in color; this is because they are among the first modern buildings constructed of poured concrete. (Research assistance: Gabe Heller).

St. George Street: (sometimes St. George's and George) runs south from the old gates to St. Francis Street, near the military barracks. It remains the principal market street of the old

town, and today is a pedestrian mall from the gates to the Plaza.

strange lingo: In St. Augustine among Minorcans this could be Catalan, but the city also has a Spanish, French and native American history.

new harbor jetties: The St. Augustine.com timeline for 1887 includes this entry:

"A survey of the St. Augustine harbor was conducted between May and June. The surveyors, David DuBose Gaillard and William Murray Black, proposed the construction of jetties extending from both North Beach (Vilano Beach) and Anastasia Island spaced 1,600 feet from each other. Gaillard and Black produced a map of their survey, published in 1889. Their proposals led to creation of today's 16-foot deep channel into St. Augustine's harbor."

They tried to walk on the sea-wall: The old sea wall ran next to Bay Street (Avenida Menendez today). Today the wall has been moved outward several feet, and the space between the old and new walls filled to provide open area for strolling along the harbor. Still there are stretches of "shelly mud" next the wall when the tide is out.

down at the sawmill: The St. Sebastian Saw and Planing Mill and its wharf were on the St. Sebastian River, about a mile west of the Plaza, near where the San Sebastian Winery stands in 2015. Just north of this mill was the St. Augustine Saw Mill, which may also have had a wharf. See below "Jim and Marty in St. Augustine."

out by the old gates: Residents of St. Augustine would recognize "the gates" as a landmark, the remains of the old city wall, the Old Gate at the north end of St. George St. See Reynolds, pp. 44-6.

Spanish burying-ground: Tolomato Cemetery (Old Spanish Cemetery) in St. Augustine is on Cordova St. between Orange and Saragossa Sts, just west of the old fort. On this site was Christian Indian village of Tolomato; it became a Catholic burial ground in the 18th and 19th centuries. See Wikipedia.

Baya Lane: The *New York Times* of 29 March 1895 reports that most of the buildings on Baya Lane were burned in a large fire on 28 March. Eventually hotels were built over the street, the most recent being the Hilton Historic Bayfront at 32 Avenida Menendez. (Research assistance: John Woolley and Gabe Heller).

loquats: "The loquat, *Eriobotrya japonica*, is a small evergreen tree of the rose family, *Rosaceae*, native to warm and temperate parts

of China and Japan. It grows to 9 m (30 ft) tall and bears large, coarsely toothed, glossy green leaves with rusty, woolly undersides. The fragrant white flowers mature into clusters of yellow or orange pear-like fruits with a pleasant, slightly tart taste. Loquat fruits are juicy, with white or orange flesh surrounding smooth, brown seeds." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

Reynolds, in his guide of 1890, notes that the scene described here was disappearing, balconies being removed, walls replaced with picket fence, etc. (10).

palmetto: The name palmetto refers to nearly 20 species of palms in the genus *Sabal* of the family *Palmae*. These fan-leaved palms are native to the southeastern United States, Bermuda, the West Indies, and northern South America. Palmetto leaves are used for thatching roofs, for fans, and for other plant fiber work. (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

Later in the story, the narrator says, "Lumbering carriages clattered along the palmetto pavement." What is meant by palmetto pavement is not obvious. David Nolan points out that for a time during the period of the story, St. Augustine attempted paving streets with cross-sections of cypress. These proved ineffective during the relatively frequent heavy rains, when the pieces would float out of position. Robert F. Nawrocki of the St. Augustine Historical Society, says that palmetto trees also were used for this purpose, the cross-sections packed with sand to hold them in place.

marsh tackeys: or tacky. The Carolina Marsh Tacky, also called the Marsh Tacky, is a breed of horse developed in America by the Spanish. Wikipedia says "It is a member of the Colonial Spanish group of horse breeds, which also include the Florida Cracker Horse and the Banker horse of North Carolina. It is a small horse, well adapted for use in the lowland swamps of its native South Carolina. The Marsh Tacky developed from Spanish horses brought to the South Carolina coast by Spanish explorers, settlers and traders as early as the 16th century."

It seems likely that Jewett actually is referring to the Florida Cracker Horse, about which Wikipedia says, "The Florida Cracker Horse is a breed of horse from Florida in the United States. It is genetically and physically similar to many other Spanish-style horses, especially those from the Spanish Colonial Horse group. The Florida Cracker is a gaited breed known for its agility and speed. The Spanish first brought horses to Florida with their expeditions in the early 1500s; as colonial settlement progressed,

they used the horses for herding cattle. These horses developed into the Florida Cracker type seen today, and continued to be used by Florida cowboys (known as "crackers") until the 1930s."

Thomas Graham, in *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine* (2014) notes that Marsh Tackeys were common in St. Augustine, that they ran wild on Anastasia Island and that Minorcan boys raced them on the grounds of Fort Marion during spring festivals (pp. 19-20).

Greek friezes: Greek friezes show horses with and without cropped mains. A cropped main on a horse used in battle might identify the owner, or be chosen to improve speed or to make theft more difficult. (Research: Gabe Heller).

Ponce de Leon Hotel: The Spanish explorer Juan Ponce de Leon, (c.1460-1521) is thought to be the European "discoverer" of Florida. The Hotel Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine was built by Henry Flagler in the 1888. In 1967 it became a part of Flagler College. See Wikipedia.

chinaberry-trees: A type of mahogany native to the Himalayas, but widely planted in the southern United States as an ornamental tree (*Encyclopædia Britannica*).

mocking-bird: a small bird of the thrush family, known in the southern United States for imitating the calls of other birds.

Sisters of St. Joseph: According to the history of the St. Joseph Academy, the school was founded in 1866 by Augustin Verot, First Bishop of St. Augustine, who invited the French Sisters of St. Joseph to "teach literacy" to newly freed slaves after the American Civil War. The parish school of St. Joseph, operated by the Sisters in this story, then, would have been a freedmen's school. From early on located on St. George Street, adjacent to the Sisters of St. Joseph Convent, the academy moved to 155 State Road 207 in 1980. The convent remains at 241 Saint George Street. According to Mary Atwood and William Weeks in *Historic Homes of Florida's First Coast* (89-92), the original convent and school were in the Father O'Reilly house at 32 Aviles St.

chaffer: to bargain.

steady as a gig: in this case, a gig is probably a long, light ship's boat with a sail.

lighthouse island: As indicated above, the lighthouse of St. Augustine stands not far from the northern end of Anastasia Island.

the barracks: The United States Military Barracks or St. Francis Barracks, according to Reynolds (p. 70), was built by the British in 1763 on the site of a Franciscan convent. Reynolds

says "The out-door concerts given by the military band, the dress-parades and the guard-mount at sunset on the parade in front of the barracks" were tourist attractions in the 1880s and 90s. Presumably the sunset gun was part of the guard-mount at sunset.

St. Augustine station: The train station in St. Augustine was new in 1888, built, along with the railroad, by Henry Flagler to bring guests to his hotels. It was located at the site where there is currently a fire station, at the intersection Malaga and Valencia, west of the Ponce de Leon Hotel.

Martinique: Martinique, the largest of the Windward Islands in the eastern Caribbean, is an overseas department of France. (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*).

horse-marines: a horse-marine is a person out of his element, like a horseman aboard a ship.

Seguin: The Seguin Island Light Station is on the south-central coast of Maine, off the mouth of the Kennebec River. The current light was completed in 1857.



Seguin Lighthouse
Wikipedia (Public Domain)

A Lonely Worker by Sarah Orne Jewett

We have such a fashion in modern life of working together in companies by roomfuls or shopfuls of cheerful, busy girls who, borrow and lend, and entertain each other, making the long hours shorter by companionship, that in spite of the wrong side of such a fashion it would be very hard to go back to the time when almost everybody did her work by herself. Long ago in country neighborhoods there used to be occasional gatherings of a social nature to quilt or to pare apples, or even to spin; the women and girls used to take their work and go to spend an afternoon with a friend, but the straw-braiders or shoe-binders usually sat quietly at home. Many hands make light work, even when each pair of hands is busy with its own work.

As I have just said, there is a very dark wrong side often-times to this way of working together, which the larger demands of our increased population and the modern schemes of organization have brought about, but one of the many good effects is that women are no longer left solitary and unfriended as they often were in the old days; in the great shops everyone may come in time to know what the wisest knows, as well as the most foolish, and, best of all, it gives a chance of making friends, and of discovering at least one person who is full of sympathy for one's own hopes and aims, and so life is enlarged and made pleasant. There is nothing so dear, after all, as our best friends. I was thinking, just now, about some of the solitary workers whom I have known, the women who ply some lonely trade in their own corner, those whose pale, unshined faces we have all learned to know at some window in a by-street, always at the same pane of glass, and bending their looks at the same angle toward their busy hands. The woman whom we know may be binding shoes or finishing for a tailor or braiding or sewing straw, but, we learn to think of her as always in that same chair, with the look of a prisoner, whether her window is open in summer or shut in winter. Persons who sit and work in this way, especially those who live alone, are almost always sure to think a great deal about the world they seem to touch so little. Often they cannot help looking at life from a strange point of view; they regard everybody whom they hear about, but do not know, with more or less suspicion, or else they weave little romances about people and things, and live in a lovely little world of their own full of joyful dreams that nobody ever suspects. But of the every-day life of the busy world they know almost nothing. Sometimes one finds these solitary-minded women set in the busy shop-families, where

laughter and chatter and gossip never seem to concern them; they sit bent over their work as if they cared as little to hear as to speak, but there is usually some reason for this; they have seen trouble that has dulled them or formed a habit of silence in working for many years alone.

One might go on writing about and remembering these lonely, these unrelated figures, and thinking what our feeling about them ought to be -- there is nothing that makes us like our neighbor so quickly as trying to please her -- and we ought always to be trying to take such friends into our little circles instead of shutting them out. If you stop some day and leave a flower on one of those window sills that we have just been thinking about and let the lonely worker look up to find it there with her scissors and spool, or on her sewing machine, you will be laying up many pleasures for yourself whenever you may be passing by and she remembers you and smiles. Sometimes such persons have a great power of aggravating those who see them every day, but this power is more often a misfortune than it is a fault. And there is such a thing as being bound in affliction and iron,* which cheerful younger women, happily cannot always understand.

As I look at a certain quaint little basket it brings back to me a spring day when I was wandering about in one of the oldest of the southern cities,* adventuring with a friend through the narrow lanes which looked something like Italy, with their high, whitewashed walls, over which orange boughs and lemon boughs and locust trees leaned their heavy-laden boughs, and trails of blossoming vines hung down, as if they gave a hand to help you climb over into the gardens. Just at the corner of one of these charming by-ways was a bit of high dilapidated board fence and a shaky gate over which I read a little sign that said 'Grass-work for sale.' We had seen something of palmetto work and of the Indian baskets of the Sea Islands,* but this sign was very provoking to my curiosity. I looked over into the overgrown, dark, damp little garden and at the gloomy, small house beyond. 'What can this grass-work be?' I said. 'Suppose we go in!' and so we lifted the latch and entered. We could not help laughing to ourselves as we stood waiting at the door after we had knocked, it was such a funny, uncertain way of going shopping.

When the door was timidly opened I saw that we had happened to find one of the lonely workers. She was almost afraid of us at first, and even after we said that we had come to see the grass-work, she looked at us apprehensively and made us many little apologies about the

small and unworthy stock she had on hand just then, and even spoke deprecatingly of the condition of her house, though we never had seen a cleaner, more unused and almost empty little place.

When she brought us the grass-work, I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes. There was a tiny group of little baskets and trays, made of the fine, tough, wiry grass which is hardly larger than a thread, wound round and round and sewn together with different colored silks. The exquisite shapes of the little things, the delicacy of the work -- I have forgotten how many days she said that it took her to make even the smallest -- and her touching complaint that business had fallen off sadly, all appealed to her customers in a way I cannot describe. The light in the little house all seemed to come in through the green leaves that grew against the windows outside -- one could not help wondering how the grass work* maker managed to eat, drink and be merry* there. She was plainly of French descent, the grace of her works as well as her ways betrayed her heritage, but it was impossible not to wish that her thin, skillful fingers had found other training and that her surroundings in life had not been such* as to let the sun in and lead her to a wider place among kind and busy people.

I could fancy her going to the parish church in the early morning, flitting quickly along close under the high walls, her thin figure bending a little -- so shy and furtive she would be out of doors -- and always with downcast eyes. As we made our choice among the little baskets, she grew less timid, and at last made a piteous confession of her poverty and of a special anxiety which it had brought, and which my kind and wise fellow-traveller* was able to remedy, before we came away. This was indeed a lonely worker. With all her pride and satisfaction I have often wondered how she managed to carry on her dwindling little trade -- the old negro who for many years had brought her the curious grass had died -- and to what other employment she could turn her hand, Heaven only knows!

This was one of 'the people who live in corners,'* but there was something so determined in her way of keeping on with her work, such a reverent care and eagerness to bring it to perfection, that I believe it counted for much more than most of her prosaic neighbors thought. At any rate, the little baskets were thought to be treasures by those to whom we gave [give] them, and there is certainly something most charming about one that I see before me.

I suppose that the reason why the life of a solitary worker appeals to us so strongly, is that in one sense we are all solitary workers. No matter how cheerful and pleasant and varied our surroundings are, we do our work alone, and there are some days when the feeling of single-handedness is not easy to bear. We take pride in the reputation of our group of associates in our business or profession, and feel the inspiration of it, but, after all, we face our duties and opportunities alone, and this makes us cherish the kind of help that companionship really can give, and makes us ready to reach out our hands to other lonely workers because dear hands have been reached out to us. I like to put the two phrases together in my thought: 'Bear ye one another's burdens'* [another's burden's']: 'For every one must bear his own burdens.'

Notes

"A Lonely Worker" appeared in *Far and Near* (3:109-110) in April 1893.

bound in affliction and iron: See Psalms 107.

one of the oldest of the southern cities: Though Jewett does not name the city, descriptive details indicate that she refers to St. Augustine, FL. The narrator notes the fruit trees hanging over whitewashed walls in a city that reminds her of Italy. Jewett compared St. Augustine to Venice in a March 1888 letter to Lilian Aldrich: "I am looking down on a moorish courtyard with a fountain if you please and palm trees and roses and balconies with gardens of flowers hanging over their edges, and a tower that might belong to Venice showing over the tiled roof -- You see I ought not to say Venice, but I have never been to Spain and don't know whether such a tower ought to grow there or not --"

palmetto work and of the Indian baskets of the Sea Islands: The name palmetto refers to nearly 20 species of palms in the genus *Sabal* of the family *Palmae*. These fan-leaved palms are native to the southeastern United States, Bermuda, the West Indies, and northern South America. Palmetto leaves are used for thatching roofs, for fans, and for other plant fiber work. Jewett refers to the Sea Islands off the coast of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida in the southeastern United States. These islands would have been notable at the time of this story as the home of a unique culture of former African-American slaves, with its own language (Gullah), cultural traditions, and crafts. (Source: *Encarta*).

grass work: This word is usually hyphenated in this piece; I have left it as in the original.

eat, drink and be merry: See Ecclesiastes 8:15 and Isaiah 22:13.

not been such: This essay seems less finished than Jewett's work generally is. One of the more obvious examples of this appears here. Almost certainly Jewett did not intend the "not" at this point in her sentence. She would seem to mean: "... it was impossible not to wish that her thin, skillful fingers had found other training and that her surroundings in life had not been such as to let the sun in and lead her to a wider place among kind and busy people."

kind and wise fellow-traveller: Almost certainly, this was Annie Fields.

'the people who live in corners': Jewett may be referring to Ralph W. Emerson, section 3 of "Literary Ethics, An Oration delivered before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, July 24, 1838," Collected in *Nature; Addresses and Lectures* (1849):

"You will pardon me, Gentlemen, if I say, I think that we have need of a more rigorous scholastic rule; such an asceticism, I mean, as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar himself can enforce. We live in the sun and on the surface, -- a thin, plausible, superficial existence, and talk of muse and prophet, of art and creation. But out of our shallow and frivolous way of life, how can greatness ever grow? Come now, let us go and be dumb. Let us sit with our hands on our mouths, a long, austere, Pythagorean lustrum. Let us live in corners, and do chores, and suffer, and weep, and drudge, with eyes and hearts that love the Lord. Silence, seclusion, austerity, may pierce deep into the grandeur and secret of our being, and so diving, bring up out of secular darkness, the sublimities of the moral constitution. How mean to go blazing, a gaudy butterfly, in fashionable or political saloons, the fool of society, the fool of notoriety, a topic for newspapers, a piece of the street, and forfeiting the real prerogative of the russet coat, the privacy, and the true and warm heart of the citizen!" (Research: Gabe Heller).

burdens: See the Bible, Galatians 6:2-5.

Marty and Jim in St. Augustine

The purpose of this section is to document the St. Augustine setting as Jewett has presented it. This documentation may prove interesting on several grounds. Jewett has set the story at a quite specific time in the history of St. Augustine, when the city was quickly changing from a quiet, old town by the sea into a busier tourist destination under the influence of Henry Flagler. From 1884 to 1890 and after, Flagler built two large and luxurious hotels in St. Augustine, completed a direct rail connection from New York to St. Augustine, and in numerous other ways changed the shape of the city (See Graham 2004, p. 23, and also "The Flagler Era"). Jewett's story, therefore, enriches the record of this historical transition.

Jewett clearly sets the story after the opening of the Ponce de Leon hotel (January 10, 1888). All of the story's events, therefore, should occur between Jewett's first visit in 1888 and the date of the story's publication in December 1890. One of the remarkable features of this story is that Jewett has incorporated so much detail about the city in about 1890, from features of and events at the Ponce de Leon, to the appearance of the harbor and even the construction of new jetties to improve the harbor entrance. Though Jewett fairly often sets stories in specific locations that include accurate geographical detail, only a few offer so much verifiable information about a known site.

What follows are all of the references the story makes to specific places, activities and events in St. Augustine, with brief discussions of each, indicating their factual foundation. These discussions are designed mainly to illustrate the accuracy of Jewett's portrayal of the city, but they also may offer starting points for further study of the story.

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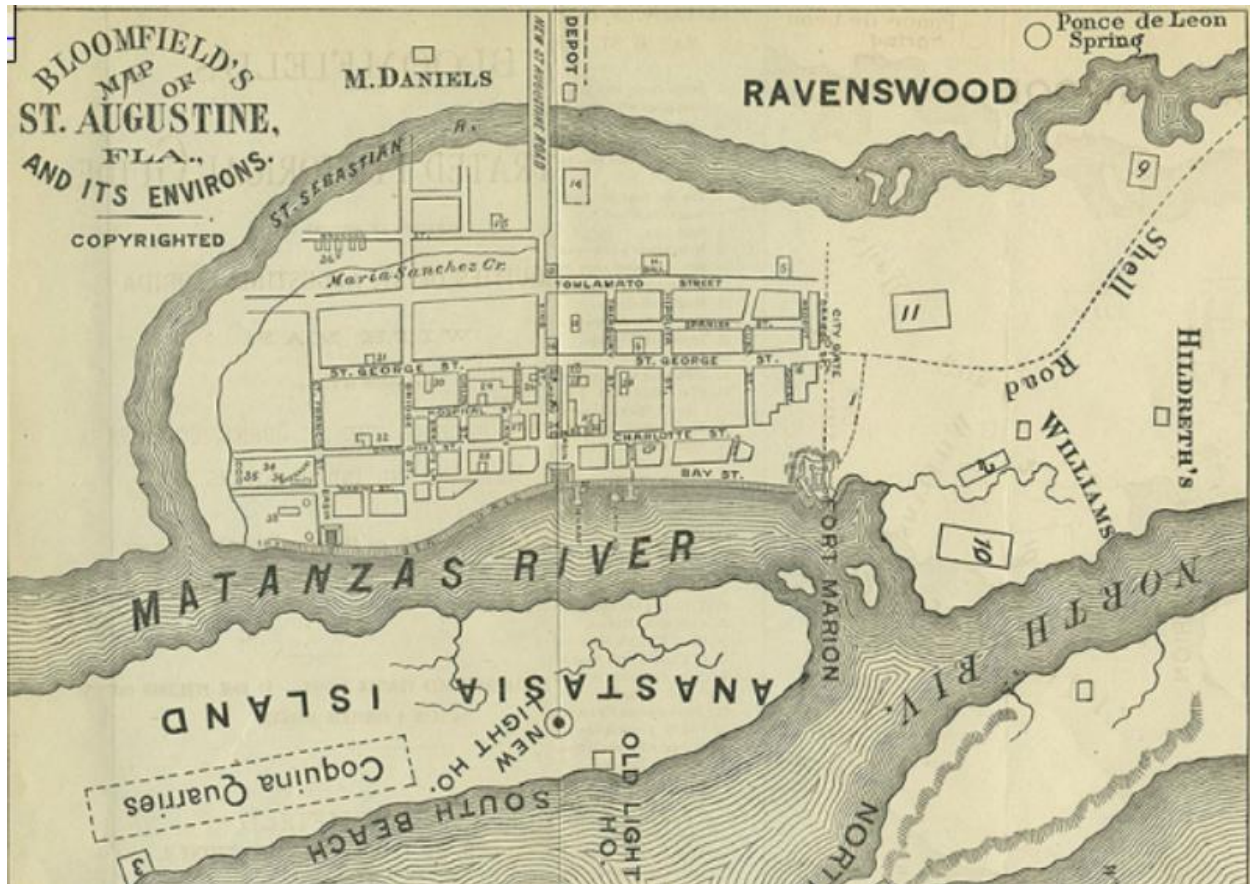
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Orientation: Maps

Much the material in this section will be clearer if one is familiar with the layout of the old city area of St. Augustine.

Map 1 -- Overview of the old city from before 1882

Up is west



.This map is from Max Bloomfield's *Illustrated Historical Guide embracing an account of the antiquities of St. Augustine, Florida...*; the image is available courtesy of Augustine.com. Though this map shows the city significantly before the Jewett and Fields' visits and therefore not exactly as it appeared to them, it is useful for showing most of the landmarks mentioned in the story. Following is a key for places mentioned in the story or in explanatory notes.

East bank of the St. Sebastian River

Across the river from M. Daniels is the approximate location of the St. Sebastian Saw and Planing Mill and the St. Augustine Sawmill. Jim at least once helped load the Dawn of Day with lumber at one of these mills.

Orange groves

Upon first seeing St. Augustine from the harbor, Marty thinks some of the green she sees must be orange trees. Whether she really could have seen oranges in quantity from the harbor is difficult to determine. However, any of the empty spaces in the town on this map could have been orange groves, for oranges were cultivated in most suitable areas. Graham (2014) notes that the Markland property, owned by city leader and associate of Henry Flagler, Dr. Andrew Anderson, consisted largely of orange groves and that these remained near the Ponce de Leon during 1888-1890. Anderson owned much of the property between Tolomato Street and the

San Sebastian River on Map 1. Furthermore, like Jim and his grandfather, many people who had gardens also had an orange tree or two.

Maria Sanchez Creek

The northern end of this creek marks the future location of Henry Flagler's Alcazar hotel and casino. To the north, across King Street, will be the location of the Ponce de Leon hotel. See maps below.

St. George Street (sometimes called George Street in the story)

King Street crosses St. George Street in approximately the middle of the map and of the old city, and forms the southern border of the Plaza de la Constitucion.

At the north end of George Street is the City Gate, called the "old gates" in the story.

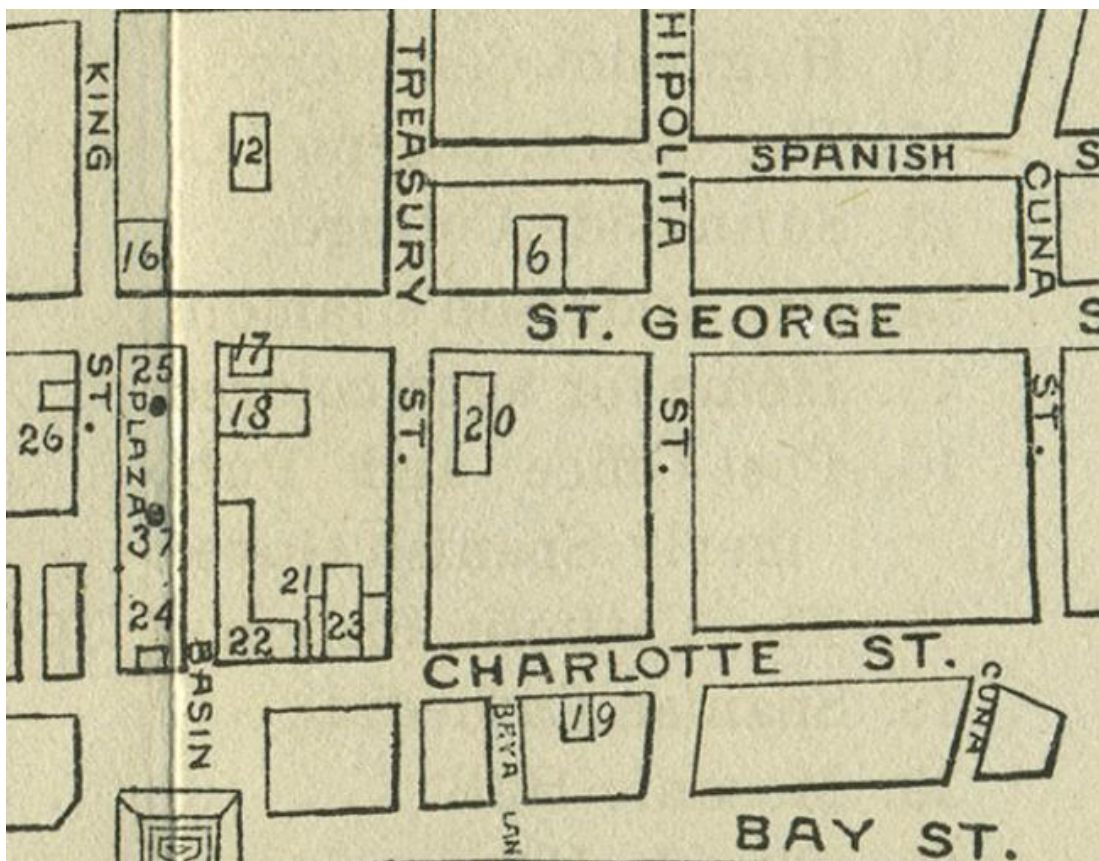
Charlotte Street

Running parallel to George, a block closer to the bay and the Matanzas River, Charlotte street marks the eastern edge of the Plaza de la Constitucion,

A block north of the Plaza is Treasury Street, which runs through from Bay St. to Tolomato St. (misspelled on the map).

Another short block north from Treasury Street is a short lane that passes only between Bay and Charlotte Streets. Though not readable on this image, one can see in the enlarged detail below that this is Baya Lane, which is in the neighborhood of Jim and Marty's home. In the detail below, #18 is the Cathedral Basilica of St. Augustine. The cathedral faces into the Plaza de la Constitucion, on Basin Street.

Detail from Map 1 -- Jim and Marty's neighborhood.



Bay Street (called Marine Street on some maps and Avenida Menendez today)

Jim and Marty's house is said to face a narrow lane and to have a window toward the harbor and is near enough to the plaza that one can look from a first-story window and observe ships entering the harbor, docking and unloading. This places the house on Bay Street and within sight of the several piers between Baya Lane and the Plaza.

The sea wall runs along Bay Street from the Army Barracks, at the south end of the wall, to Fort Marion at the north end.

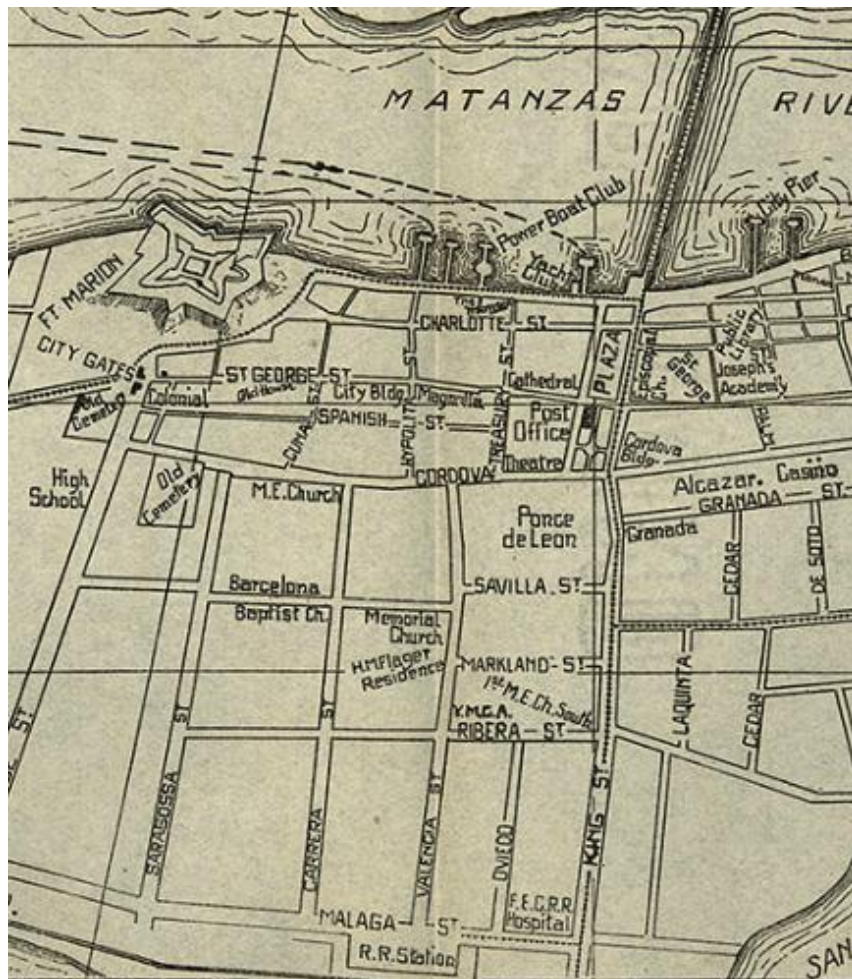
A square inlet along the wall, indicates the Plaza Basin, which is at the east end of the Plaza de la Constitucion.

Anastasia Island

- Old Light Ho.
- New Light Ho.
- Coquina Quarries

After 1887, new jetties were constructed to extend into the harbor from the north end of Anastasia Island and the south end of the facing island (labeled North Beach on the map, now called Vilano Beach). Jim worked for some time on these jetties.

Map 2 -- Detail of overview of St. Augustine, 1914
Up is east.



Wylie Tourist Map courtesy of Augustine.com

This map comes from well after Jewett and Fields's 1890 stay in St. Augustine. For example, the first bridge to Anastasia Island was completed in 1895 (renovated in 1904), in time for the

friends' final stay in 1896. However, this map shows a number of sites in the story that are not on the pre-1882 map, several resulting from changes made by or under the influence of Henry Flagler, as he developed his tourist-centered enterprises.

The Harbor

This closer look gives a fuller view of Fort Marion and the piers along Bay Street. By the time this map was made, an extensive fire had destroyed the Baya Lane area of Marty and Jim's home, and the lane no longer existed.

St. Joseph's Academy

Located on St. George Street, south of the Plaza, near the Public Library, this is the school run by the Sisters of St. Joseph, who are mentioned in the story as teaching at a school near the Plaza.

Flagler Buildings

The Ponce de Leon Hotel stands within the block bounded by Cordova (formerly Tolomato), King, Savilla (Sevilla), and Valencia Streets.

The Alcazar Hotel and Casino are across King Street from the Ponce de Leon. Though not mentioned specifically in the story, this is one of the other large hotels with towers.

The railway station on Malaga St. at the west end of Valencia St. was new in 1890, a stop on Flagler's Florida rail routes that were reaching southward toward Miami and eventually Key West. Presumably, this is the station at which Jim arrived after his long absence.

Not shown on the map, at the northwest corner of Ribera and Valencia Streets stood the steam laundry for the Flagler hotels. The story suggests that Marty may have been working there when she heard that Jim had died.

The Old Cemetery

Also known as Tolomato Cemetery and the Old Spanish Cemetery, on Cordova St. between Orange and Saragossa Sts., this is where Jim's mother and grandparents are buried.

2

The Location of Jim and Marty's Coquina House

Their old coquina house near the sea-wall faced one of the narrow lanes that ran up from the water, but it had a wide window in the seaward end, and here Jim remembered that the intemperate old sailor sat and watched the harbor, and criticized the rigging of vessels, and defended his pet orange-tree from the ravages of boys.

... and picked the oranges and planted their little vegetable garden....

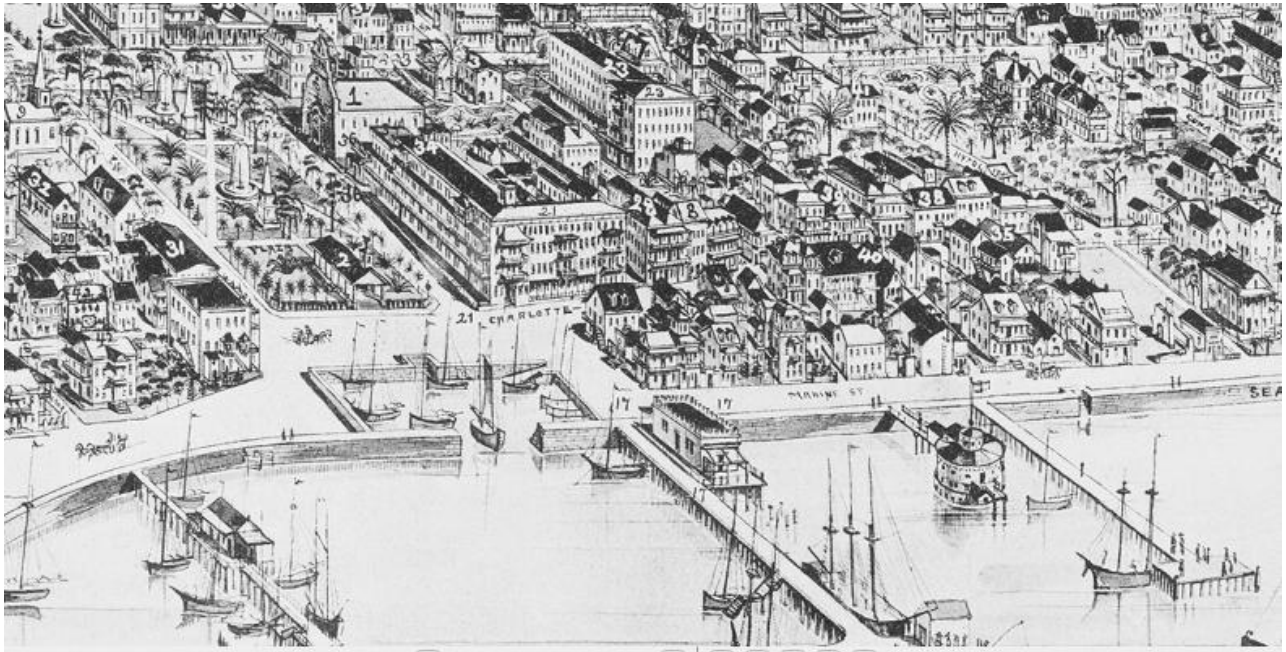
There was a quiet little colored girl, an efficient midget of a creature, who had minded babies for a white woman in Baya Lane, and was not without sage experience.

Then she crept slowly along Bay Street bareheaded; the sun on the water at the right blinded her a little.

That evening they walked up Bay Street to King Street, and round the plaza, and home again through George Street, making a royal progress, and being stopped by everybody.

These passages indicate the location of Jim and Marty's neighborhood with considerable precision. The 1885 Birdseye Map of St. Augustine (made available by Augustine.com) provides a wonderfully accurate depiction of the old town in 1885.

Up is westerly.



On this map, the cathedral is #1, while #2 marks the market building at the east end of the Plaza, called "the slave market" during the Flagler era and after. This map precedes the 1887 fire that originated in the St. Augustine Hotel #21 and left only the cathedral's external shell. When Jewett first stayed in the city, then, the St. Augustine Hotel was gone, the cathedral was restored, and west of the cathedral was its new bell tower.

What Jewett calls Bay Street is identified here as Marine Street, running next to the sea wall along the bay.

Baya Lane (see Map 1 detail) is mentioned in the story as the address of a neighbor who recommends the Black girl Marty hires to help with her children. On Map 3, Baya Lane is difficult to locate. Treasury St. would meet Bay / Marine at the private bathing house, the round building in the river at the end of the short pier. Baya Lane, therefore, would meet the northernmost pier, as is confirmed by Map 1. Though the story is not perfectly clear on this point, it suggests that Jim and Marty's house is near Baya Lane, but not necessarily on it. However, period maps show no other lane in this neighborhood, though both Treasury and Cuna Streets between Charlotte and Bay are narrow enough to be called lanes. In any case, the story clearly implies that Jim and Marty live at the corner of Bay Street and a narrow lane somewhere near Baya Lane.

Given this information, one can observe how Marty discovers the Dawn of Day unloading at the long pier, probably at #17, as she leans against the door of the cathedral. When she walks toward home up Bay / Marine after learning of Jim's supposed death, with the blinding reflection from the water on her right, she must be moving northward from the pier. And, when she and Jim make a "royal progress" after his return, they must walk down Bay to the Basin (east of the Plaza), then around the Plaza, turn onto George Street at the west end of the Plaza, pass the cathedral grounds and proceed up George Street toward their home. However, this is made somewhat ambiguous when the story specifies that they walk "up" Bay Street to the Plaza.

As their coquina house is said to face a narrow lane and to have a single window onto Bay / Marine and the harbor, one may be tempted to choose a likely building from this map.

Detail from Map 3



Along Marine/Bay north of the Plaza, facing the northernmost long pier, is a building with a single window onto the bay, such as Jim's grandfather might have looked out of to observe shipping in the harbor.

The enlarged detail above shows how the two-story building with the single window facing Bay Street resembles the house Jewett identified as the home of Jim and Marty. To the left of the house a high wall encloses a garden. This garden appears, however, to belong to the house on the left, which faces the bay with a number of windows. The lane seems to run between this wall and the house with a single window.

Though this area tantalizes with its location and configuration, it is unlikely that Jewett actually imagined this particular building as Jim and Marty's coquina house. Looking closely, one notices the attached ladder and the flagpole, suggesting that this is a commercial building. This is confirmed by a Sanborn map from 1884, which identifies this building as an ice-house, which may account for the ladder and flag-pole on the Bay St. side. The small building with a street door and two windows, just to the right of the ice-house, is identified on the Sanborn Fire Insurance map as a saloon. This map locates only a few dwellings on Bay Street in this part of the town, which was in fact, mainly a commercial area.

While Jewett's descriptions fairly clearly place the home of Jim and Marty in this area, Jewett seems to have created and placed there the sort of house she wanted for the couple. At this level of detail she fictionalizes in two ways, in placing their residence on Bay Street and in the particulars of its appearance. On the 1885 Map 3, there is no house on Bay Street in this neighborhood that fits the description Jewett gives of the coquina house.



Looking northward along Bay Street, the Plaza on the left, sea wall on the right.
Detroit Publishing Company Photo from the Library of Congress.
Dated 1904

3

Size and Appearance of Jim and Marty's Coquina House

... he mentally cursed the boys who came to steal the old man's oranges, there in the garden of his own empty little coquina house. It was not long before the dismal little, boarded-up, spidery coquina house was as clean as a whistle, with new glass windows, and fresh whitewash inside and yellow wash outside... ... they had two boarders, steady men and Jim's mates, for there was plenty of room; and the little woman was endlessly busy and happy.

Some young women hired all her spare rooms...

These passages seem ambiguous about the size of the house. Though it is described as

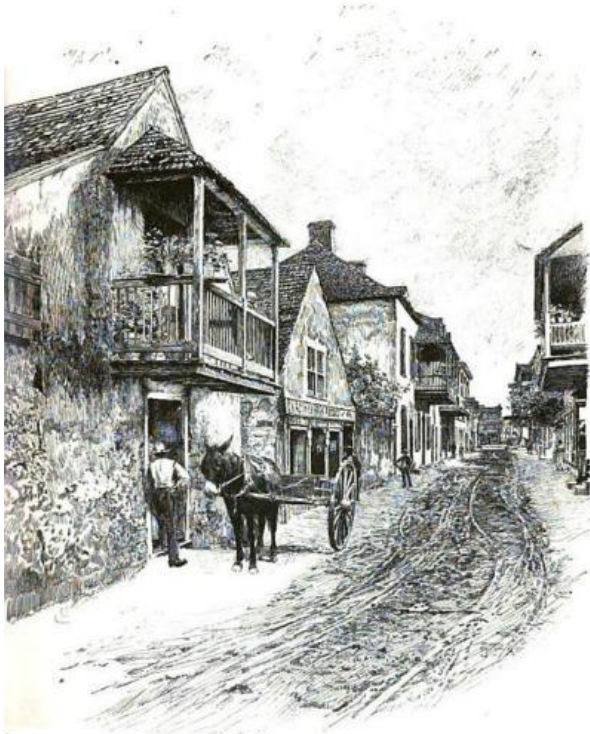
little, it has room for Jim and Marty, a child, at least two boarders, and possibly more.

Like many structures in old St. Augustine, the house is built of coquina limestone. "Coquina is a form of limestone composed of broken fragments of fossil debris. Most fragments are about the size of gravel particles (greater than 2 mm/0.08 in) and are usually shell material -- coquina is derived from the Spanish word meaning "cockle" or "shellfish" -- that has been abraded during transport by marine currents and waves. Coquina fragments are easily broken. Soft and highly porous, coquina is found in varying tones of white. Deposits found recently in Florida have been used as roadbed material and as a masonry stone for homes." (Source: *Grolier Multimedia Encyclopedia*). See also Wikipedia.

Many major projects in St. Augustine through the nineteenth century were built of coquina,

including the sea wall, the "old gates" and Fort Marion. In *The Standard Guide, St. Augustine* (1890), Charles Reynolds says that coquina quarries for local buildings were found on St. Anastasia Island (76-8, and see Map 1 above). When quarried, coquina in the St. Augustine area typically is golden tinted, but it weathers to the gray and tan.

But Jim's little woman's eyes glittered with strange light as she hurried on in the shadow of the high wall, where the orange boughs hung over, and beyond these, great branches laden with golden clusters of ripening loquats.



Charlotte Street. St. Augustine Coquina house and wall on the left. Reynolds, p. 11.

4

The Spanish Burying-Ground

Sometimes they went to the old Spanish burying-ground, and Jim used to put the baby on his grandfather's great tombstone, built strong over his grave like a little house, and pick the moss from the epitaph with his great sea jack-knife.

Tolomato Cemetery (Old Spanish Cemetery) in St. Augustine is on Cordova St. between Orange and Saragossa Sts, just west of Fort Marion. The site served as a Christian Indian village of Tolomato and then became a Catholic burial

ground in the 18th and 19th centuries. See Karen Harvey (1997) for a summary history of this cemetery (pp. 179-81). Tolomato Cemetery is now called the Minorcan Burial Place and Parish Cemetery.



Public domain image of Tolomato Cemetery courtesy of Wikipedia

5

The Cathedral

The bishop stopped Jim one day on the plaza, and told him that he must come to church sometimes for his mother's sake: she was a good little woman, and had said many a prayer for her boy.

Marty felt dizzy, and had to lean for a minute against the old cathedral doorway. There was a drone of music inside; she heard it and lost it; then it came again as her faintness passed, and she ran like a child down the street.

The Cathedral Basilica of St. Augustine faces the Plaza on the north side, diagonal from the Government House, which stands west of the Plaza. See Map 3 above, building #1, and Reynolds, pp. 42-51.

The church burned in April 1887 and was rebuilt by 1888, with the assistance of Henry Flagler. Bowen indicates that Flagler specifically was responsible for the addition of the bell tower, but Graham (2014) does not confirm this, stating only Flagler preferred that his substantial support of the reconstruction be kept from public knowledge (p. 106)..

The Plaza and the St. Joseph Academy

Down at the foot of the narrow lanes the bay looked smooth and blue, and white sails flitted by as you stood and looked. The great bell of the old cathedral had struck twelve, and as Marty entered the plaza, busy little soul that she was and in a hurry as usual, she stopped, full of a never outgrown Northern wonder at the foreign sights and sounds, -- the tall palmettoes; the riders with their clinking spurs; the gay strangers; the three Sisters of St. Joseph, in their quaint garb of black and white, who came soberly from their parish school close by.



The Cathedral Basilica of St. Augustine before the fire of 1887. Reynolds, p. 53.

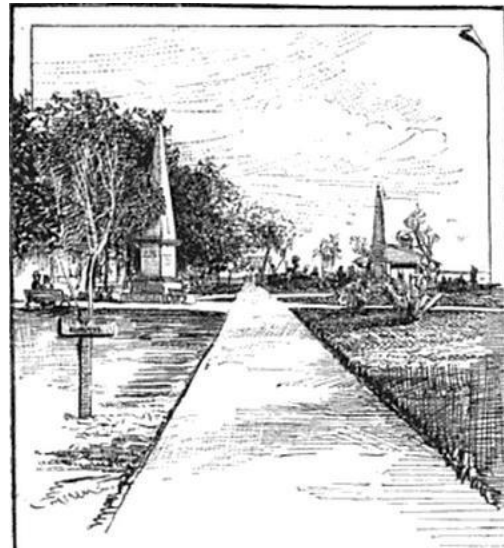
By the time of Jewett's second trip in 1890, the new bell tower would have been added; the tower does not appear on Map 1 or 3. The exterior shell of the cathedral, dating from 1797, survived the fire and was preserved in the rebuilding. Jewett, therefore, is not merely fictionalizing when she characterizes the cathedral and its doorway as old at the time she sets the story.

When the Bishop stopped Jim on the plaza, especially given the flora in the period photos above, the cathedral would have been visible from virtually anywhere on the plaza. See also Map 3.



The Cathedral Basilica viewed from the Plaza de la Constitucion after it was rebuilt in 1888.

The Plaza de la Constitucion remains the center of the colonial quarter of St. Augustine, a shady gathering place (probably more shady in 2015 than in 1890) that faces the former plaza basin and harbor, now the Bridge of the Lions to Anastasia Island. It contains significant monuments, perhaps the most important in the period of this story being the Civil War Monument. See Reynolds, pp. 47-51.



The Plaza facing east, toward a pair of monuments and the market building. Reynolds, p. 50.



Reynolds, p. 15, labels the above image, "Garden Overlooking the Plaza." This is somewhat mysterious, as it appears to be a view of the plaza itself, looking northward toward the cathedral at some time before the 1888 bell tower was constructed. The view seems to be from the approximate location of Trinity Episcopal Church (see Map 2), which, in 1890 occupied a smaller building, that accommodated such a garden on its lot (see Map 3). Whether the trees seen here were part of the plaza or across King Street from the plaza, they suggest more exactly the view Marty finds when she examines the plaza.

It is likely that Fields and Jewett attended services at Trinity while in St. Augustine, as this was their denomination.

The next image is Trinity Episcopal Church and Garden in about 1890, from the corner of George & King Streets. Detroit Publishing Company Photo from the Library of Congress



The Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Augustine
 "Their quaint garb of black and white."



The Sisters of St. Joseph convent remains at 241 St. George Street. The Sisters were invited to St. Augustine to "teach literacy" to newly freed slaves after the American Civil War. According to the history of the St. Joseph Academy, the school was founded in 1866 by Augustin Verot, First Bishop of St. Augustine, who called upon the French Sisters of St. Joseph to operate it. The parish school of St. Joseph in this story, then, was originally a Freedmen's school. From early on located on St. George Street, adjacent to the Sisters of St. Joseph Convent and near the plaza, the academy moved to 155 State Road 207 in 1980. The Sisters of St. Joseph convent remains at 241 St. George Street.

Map 4: Detail from 1885 Birds-Eye Map, St. Joseph's Academy
Up is westerly.



Trinity Episcopal Church (#9) is just to the right of center.

7

Anastasia Island and the Lighthouse

Once she went across the bay to the lighthouse island, -- babies, baby-carriage, the small hired help, and all, -- and took the railway that leads down to the south beach. It was a holiday, and she hoped that from this southern point she might look far seaward, and catch sight of the returning sails of the old schooner.... Those who saw the little company strike out across the sand to the beach laughed at the sight. The hired help pushed the empty perambulator with all the strength she could muster through the deep white sand, and over the huge green, serpent-like vines that wound among the low dunes.

Right

Anastasia Island Trolley (between 1880 and 1899), From the State Library and Archives of Florida. According to Steven Harvey, the horse-drawn trolley probably ceased operation in about 1890.



Jewett has described Marty's outing with considerable precision.

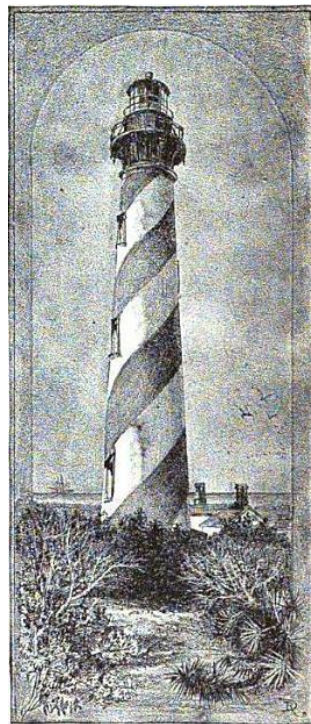
Marty's party would have taken a ferry to St. Anastasia Island, and caught probably a horse-drawn trolley to South Beach (See Map 1 above). From this beach, she would have an unobstructed view to the south, in case the Dawn of Day might return from the Bahamas during her holiday.

Karen Harvey (1997) reports that before the first bridge to Anastasia Island was built in 1895, the South Beach Ferry Company provided hourly ferry service between the Plaza and the island during the day, and that the fare included transportation on a five-mile train to South Beach and stops between (pp. 50-1). An online summary of the lighthouse keeper's log indicates that ferry service may not have been so regular before 1890, when a steam-driven trolley was put into service for the South Beach trip. See Steven Harvey, *Building America's Main Street Not Wall Street* (Author House, Apr 7, 2010, pp. 112-118) for an account of the change to the new ferry and train service that occurred between 1888 and 1890.

It is unclear in the story which service Marty and her family used for their excursion, the old or the new.

As they lay out beyond the bar, waiting for enough water to get in, she strained her eyes to see her future home. There was the queer striped light-house, with its corkscrew pattern of black and white, and far beyond were the tall, slender towers of a town that looked beautiful against the sunset, and a long, low shore, white with sand and green here and there with a new greenness which she believed to be orange-trees.

The lighthouse stands on Anastasia Island, east of the city. Designed by Paul Pelz, it was completed in 1874 not long before the previous lighthouse was undermined by shifting shoreline and collapsed. See Wikipedia and Reynolds, 76-8.

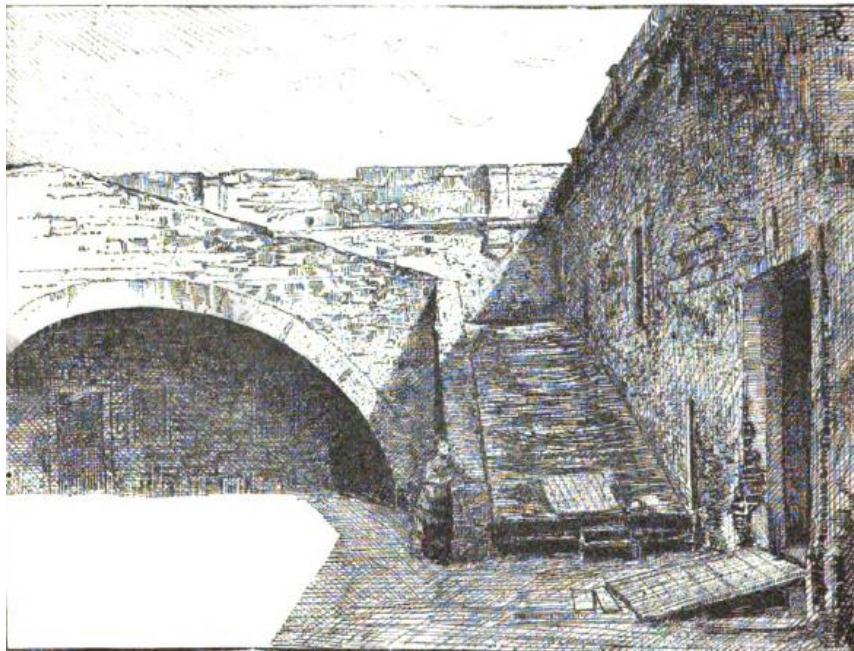
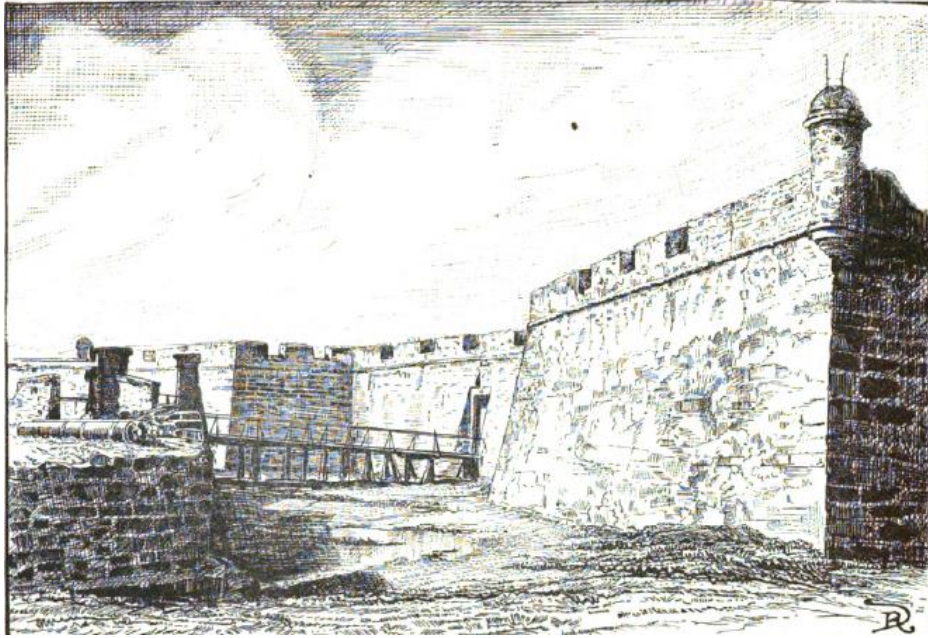


Lighthouse viewed from the south.
c. 1890 Reynolds, p. 78

The Old Fort

... he showed her the gray old fort one afternoon

The gray old fort is Fort Marion at the north end of Bay Street, now a national monument, the Castillo San Marcos (see Map 2, and Reynolds, pp. 52-67). During the two years before Jewett and Fields's first visit to St. Augustine in 1888, the fort had served as a prison for Apaches taken by U.S. troops during conflicts in the southwestern states.



Fort Marion, Reynolds, pp. 53,59.

The Great Hotels with the Towers

They went together to do their marketing, and he showed her the gray old fort one afternoon and the great hotels with the towers.

The winter days dawned with blue skies and white clouds sailing over; the town began to fill with strangers....

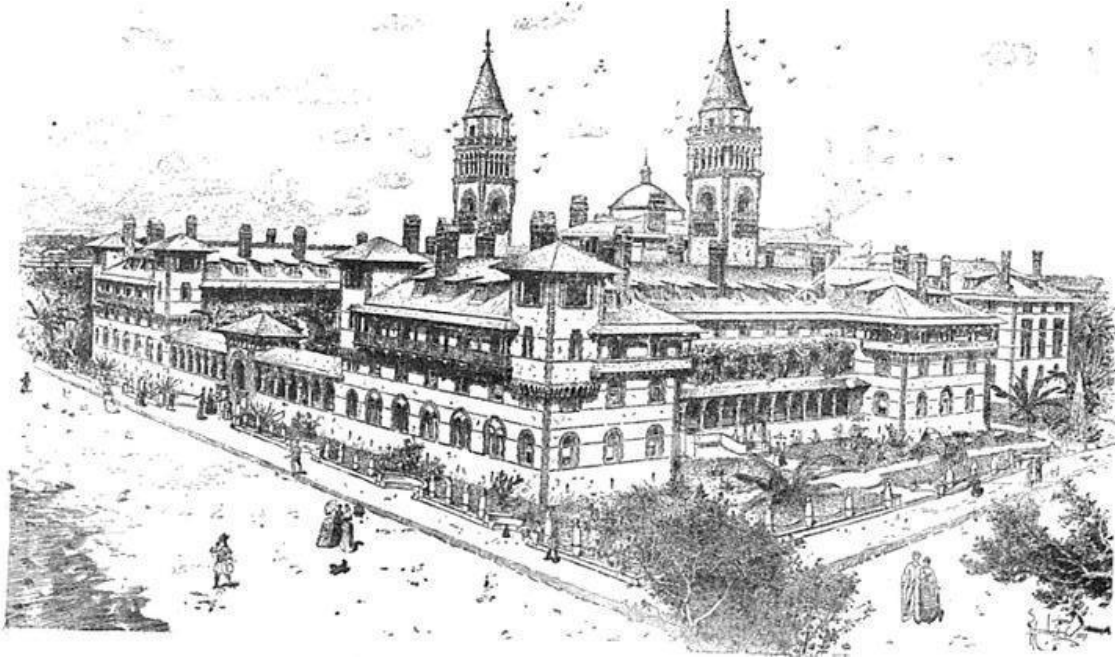
There were many hotels and guest houses in St. Augustine in 1890. Those with towers appear in the photo below. The Alcazar (1887), now the Lightner Museum, is left most, just barely visible. In the center, behind the cathedral bell tower, is the Ponce de Leon (1888), now Flagler College. These hotels did most of their business in the winter months, when many wealthy northerners came to growing resort areas such as Jekyll Island near Brunswick, GA, and St. Augustine to winter. Another hotel with towers was the San Marco Hotel, just visible at the far right. Opened in 1885, the San Marco burned in 1897. Henry Flagler's 1885 stay there, in Isaac Smith Crufts' new hotel, is believed to have inspired him to make a tourist center of St. Augustine (Graham 2014, p. 44).



St. Augustine skyline in about 1890, from Bronson's History.



San Marco Hotel, 1885-1897, from Bronson's *History*



In his *Standard Guide*, Reynolds devotes pp. 25-42 (out of about 80 pages of text) to the Ponce de Leon Hotel, with many illustrations of its features, and he gives another full page to the Alcazar. Both hotels are gray in color, being among the earlier large American buildings constructed from poured concrete. Their terracotta tiled roofs and decorations make them appear colorful despite the basic gray of the walls.

In this illustration, the left face, with its main gate to the garden and loggia, is the south side, on King Street. The right face is the east side, on Cordova (see Map 2 above).



A Ponce de Leon tower, c. 1890.
from *Picturesque St. Augustine* by Edward Bierstadt.
The Artotype Publishing Co., 1891

The Ponce de Leon was begun on 1 December, 1885, and completed in May 1887, with a grand opening in January 1888 (Graham 2004, p. 23, 27-8).

To advertise his hotels and St. Augustine as a winter resort, Flagler arranged for the distribution of *Florida, the American Riviera. St. Augustine, the winter New Port. The Ponce de Leon, the Alcazar. The Casa Monica*, by his New York architects, Carrière & Hastings, (Printed by Gilliss Brothers & Turnure, New York: The Art Age Press, 1887).

In midsummer the streets are often empty at midday, and the old city seems deserted. Marty sometimes took the children and sat with them in the plaza, where it was shady. Often in the spring they all wandered up the white pavement of the street by the great hotel to see the gay Spanish flags, and to hear the band play in the gardens of the Ponce de Leon; but the band did not play as it used.

The story takes note of differences between the spring, when the hotel crowds lingered in good weather, and midsummer, when the northern guests have departed, and the city seems deserted. In summer, the plaza offers a cool place to relax, but in cooler weather in the spring, Marty and the children could enjoy free entertainment, given in the gardens of the Ponce de Leon.

Graham (2014) reports that soon after the 1888 opening of the Ponce de Leon, three flag poles were erected at the front of the hotel. The two at the sides of the entrance flew "the red and gold banners of old Spain," while a larger pole at the southeast corner of the hotel displayed an American flag (p. 161).

Graham (2014) says that the Ponce de Leon was one of the hotels that employed bands during the winter seasons of 1888 through 1890. Had Marty passed the Ponce de Leon during the January - April period of 1888 or 1889, she could have heard two performances per day, morning and afternoon, of Maurice J. Joyce's Military Band, including a program of sacred music on Sunday morning (175). These performances took place in the loggia of the Ponce de Leon, and so could be heard in the front garden and, probably, on King Street by the hotel gates. Joyce's band was well known, especially in New York, where he and Thomas H. Joyce were prominent entertainers at Saratoga Springs and in New York City.



Bronson's History presents the above Library of Congress photo of Joyce's band, playing in the loggia of the Ponce de Leon in 1889.

For the 1890 season, Flagler hired a different group, the Ellis Brooks Orchestra (Graham 2014, pp. 221-2). "Ellis L. Brooks (1848-1920) was a trombonist, composer and popular bandleader.... Brooks directed famous bands in New York and Chicago during the late nineteenth century, and was ranked among contemporaries like Frederick Neil Innes, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore and John Philip Sousa, both in terms of popularity and critical acclaim." Kalamazoo Public Library.



Ellis Brooks

Perhaps because Jewett did not visit St. Augustine in the summer, she may have been unaware that during 1889 and 1890, Flagler kept the Alcazar Hotel open through the summers and employed a smaller band drawn from the winter group to entertain guests daily in the courtyard. If the summer of Jim's long absence occurs during one of those years, Marty might well have been able to take her children to hear music even in the summer, when most of the winter visitors had left (Graham 2014, p. 212).

Illustrations of the Ponce de Leon above show extensive gardens around the hotel, including an open area across King St. in front of the Alcazar.



Cordova Hotel c. 1889, (now the Casa Monica)
Detroit Publishing Company / Library of Congress
The third major hotel with towers at the time the story is set.
This is the west side, which faces the Alcazar garden.

Did Marty Work for the Flagler Hotels?

She went to her work cheerfully, and sang over it one of her Moody and Sankey hymns. She made a pleasure for the other women who were washing too, with her song and her cheerful face.

Some young women hired all her spare rooms, and paid well for their lodging, besides being compassionate and ready to give a little lift with the housework when they had the time.... One day Marty wrote to her own old friend, and asked her to come down by the steamer to Savannah, and then the rest of the way by rail, to make her a long visit. There was plenty of hotel work in the town; her lodgers themselves got good wages on George Street.

The story is ambiguous about where Marty and her female boarders work. It seems clear that Marty's work consists in part of doing laundry and that she performs this work away from her home. The Flagler hotels had their own laundry, but this was located on Ribera and Valencia Streets near the hotels, not on George Street. Graham (2014) says that the Flagler hotel laundry workers all were women, but apparently both Black and White. The upper stories of the laundry provided racially segregated dormitories for female temporary workers.

It is unclear whether Marty's boarders also do laundry, but they are said to work on George Street. Marty works with other women at her laundry, but it is not clear where this is located. On the day she learns of Jim's supposed death, she is passing by the cathedral on her way to work at mid-day. She seems not to have come by Bay Street, or she would have seen the Dawn of Day immediately. Rather, she seems to have taken Charlotte Street to the Plaza, then turned west toward the cathedral, not thinking to look toward the bay until she notices children carrying over-ripe fruit away from the harbor. Given her apparent route to work, it is possible that she was on her way to the Flagler laundry. Also relevant is the fact that when Marty suffers from the disappearance of Jim, the "hotel people" help her with presents of money and clothing, implying that she is known to hotel employees. However, there were many smaller hotels in St. Augustine, where she might have worked in a laundry.

Union Station, Pavements and Streets

One afternoon when the cars stopped at the St. Augustine station, ... the white pavement of the street by the great hotel

Henry Flagler built on Malaga Street a new St. Augustine train station along his new rail line to bring visitors and supplies to his hotels (See Map 2).

Thomas Graham (2014) reports that Henry Flagler gradually paved streets between the train station and his hotels and around the hotels. The photograph below shows the east driveway, running between Cordova and Sevilla, by which guests and luggage arrived at the Ponce de Leon, passing next to the round dining room and unloading in the sheltered area beneath. This was the first drive that Henry Flagler paved in asphalt in 1888. By the end of that 1889, Flagler had paved the blocks surrounding the Alcazar and Ponce de Leon, and Valencia St. from the train station to Cordova. (Graham 2014, p. 150, 188).

It is somewhat mysterious how the pavements came to appear white, as the story reports and as is seen in the photograph below. Indeed, all photographs of the Flagler hotels show either unpaved or white streets around them, as does the above photo of the passenger station. *Bronson's History* indicates that the new train station area was paved in asphalt during 1889. Asphalt uses a black bitumen binder to make concrete. According to Graham (2014), this black material "came into the harbor on schooners in a powdered form and was then spread upon a base of concrete, heated by a massive roller, and pounded level by a force of men with hot iron mauls" (p. 188).

Paving streets reduced the dust and discomfort for guests arriving at luxury hotels. When bicycling became popular in the 1890s, extensive paved streets made the pastime more practical (Graham 2004, p. 59-61; 2014, p. 190). Graham (2014) also suggests that paving streets was in part a response to outbreaks of yellow fever, which were thought to be caused by unsanitary, difficult to clean sand streets and a lack of sidewalks.



Union Passenger Depot, St. Augustine, c. 1890
from Bronson's *History of St. Augustine*.

The photo of the King Street route between the railway station and the Ponce de Leon on the left, shows it to be apparently unpaved sand. Thomas Graham (2014) says that at the opening of the Ponce de Leon in January 1888, about 100 yards of King Street in front of the hotel was paved with asphalt (p. 141).



King Street c. 1890, from Picturesque St. Augustine by Edward Bierstadt. The Artotype Publishing Co., 1891

As Jewett indicates, some St. Augustine streets were paved with wood. Here she seems to refer to George St., though in the Reynolds illustration, below, George St. was not paved at the Old Gates. Graham (2014) reports that a number of streets were paved with uniformly trimmed, 4-inch sections of cypress logs, including the streets around the Plaza and St. George St. from the Plaza to the Gates. Most of this work was completed by the summer of 1889 (188-90). This account includes a photograph of cypress block street construction (p. 189). While Graham indicates that cypress exclusively



View of the Ponce de Leon Hotel from Cordova Street, from Bronson *History*. Dated between 1895 and 1910.

Though the Bronson page credits this photograph to the Detroit Publishing Company, it does not currently (2015) appear on the Detroit web page.

Lumbering carriages clattered along the palmetto pavement,...

was used for this paving, Robert F. Nawrocki, of the St. Augustine Historical Society, says that palmetto trees also were used for this purpose. How Marty or Jewett would have distinguished cypress from palmetto pavement is uncertain.

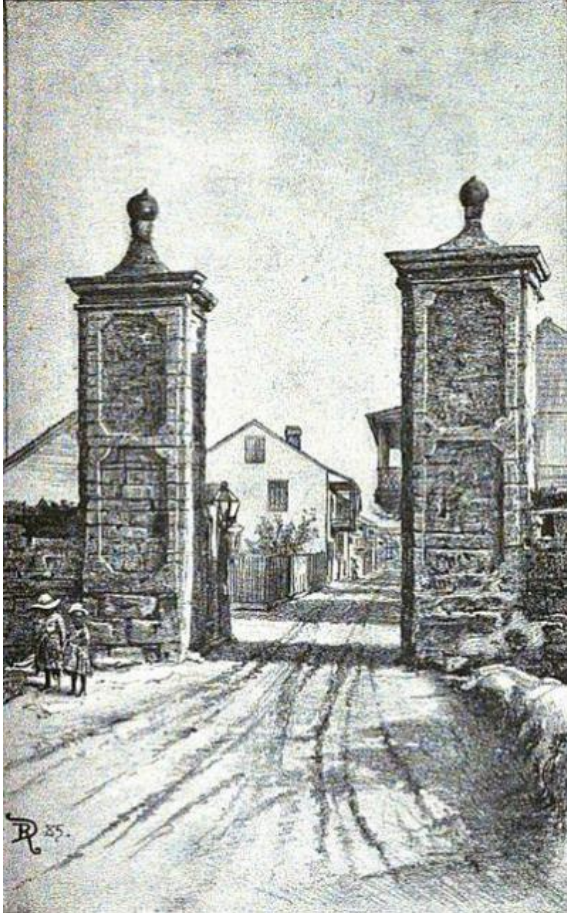
The St. Augustine *Record* (July 26, 2002) reported uncovering some surviving wooden pavement during a repaving project. The story explains:

"A felled log was sawed into segments -- much like store-bought cookie dough is sliced. Each segment was stacked in the 20-foot-wide graded road, with the logs being held in place by a wooden border. Sand was then laid in the spaces. Unfortunately, residents soon learned that the wood absorbed water, softened, rotted and quickly became worn. "The pavers were more trouble than they were worth," Halbirt [City Archaeologist Carl Halbirt] said.... An article in the Oct. 11, 1895, issue of *The Florida Times-Union* said the city's "board of aldermen decided last night that no more shells and sand shall be used to top-dress the decayed cypress blocks on St. George and any other thoroughfare, as it was throwing money away."

The Old Gates and St. George Street

"That old bishop o' my mother's," faltered Jim.
"He's been givin' it to me; he caught me out by
the old gates, ..."

The remains of gates of the old walled city stand
at the north end of George Street. See
Reynolds, pp. 44-6.



The Old Gate, looking south down St. George
Street. Reynolds, p. 45



The Old Gate c. 1890, looking south down St.
George St.

from Picturesque St. Augustine by Edward
Bierstadt.

The Artotype Publishing Co., 1891

The wind-tattered bananas, like wrecked
windmills, were putting out fresh green leaves
among their ragged ones. There were roses and
oranges in bloom, and the country carts were
bringing in new vegetables from beyond the old
city gates; green lettuces and baskets of pease
and strawberries, and trails of golden jasmine
were everywhere about the gray town.



The Old Gate c. 1890, from *Picturesque St.
Augustine* by Edward Bierstadt. The Artotype
Publishing Co., 1891.

Looking eastward toward Fort Marion.

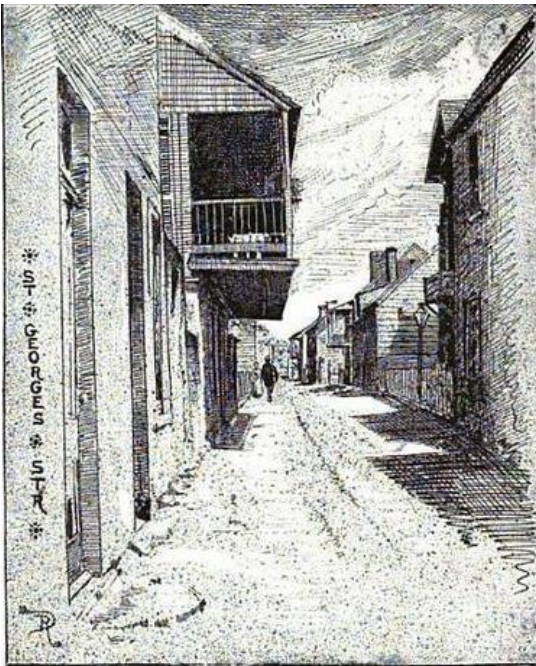


George St., looking southward toward the plaza
and the cathedral. Reynolds p. 20

In narrow St. George Street, under the high
flower-lined balconies, everybody seemed to
know Jim, and they had to spend much time in
doing a trifling errand. Go into St. George Street
when she would, the narrow thoroughfare was
filled with people, and dark-eyed men and
women leaned from the balconies and talked to

passers-by in a strange lingo which Jim seemed to know.

The old city of St. Augustine had never been more picturesque and full of color than it was that morning. Its narrow thoroughfares, with the wide, overhanging upper balconies that shaded them, were busy and gay. Strangers strolled along, stopping in groups before the open fronts of the fruit shops, or were detained by eager venders of flowers and orange-wood walking-sticks. There were shining shop windows full of photographs and trinkets of pink shell-work and palmetto. There were pink feather fans, and birds in cages, and strange shapes and colors of flowers and fruits, and stuffed alligators.



St. Georges Street, Reynolds, p. 10

The Sea Wall and the Barracks

They tried to walk on the sea-wall, and one man fell over and was too drunk to find his way ashore, and lay down on the wet, shelly mud. The tide came up and covered Joe Black, and that was the last of him, ...



Looking north along Bay Street and the seawall. The pier beyond the bathing house would have stood at the head of Baya Lane, before fire razed this area in 1895. Detroit Publishing Company Photo from the Library of Congress (1902).



THE PLAZA BASIN.

Sea wall of coquina, at the Plaza basin, St. Augustine, Reynolds, p. 16.
One of the few images in Reynolds to depict what appears to be a Black person in the city.

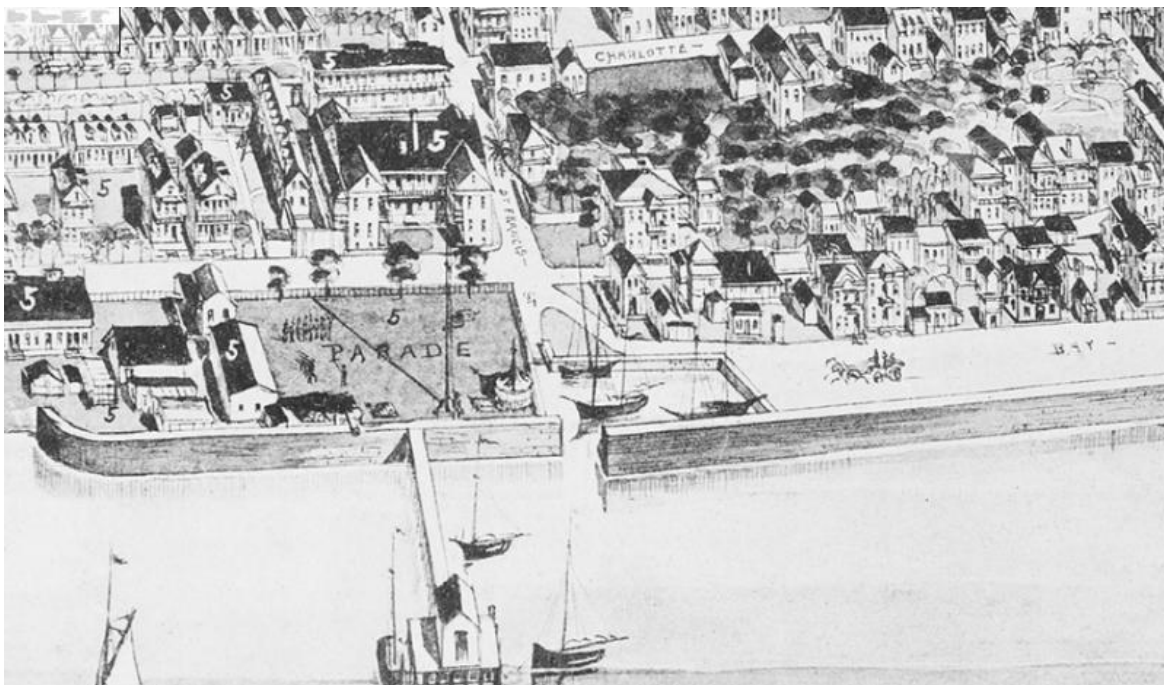
... when she heard the sunset gun from the barracks it startled her terribly.



United States Military Barracks, Reynolds, p. 70.

The United States Military Barracks or St. Francis Barracks, according to Reynolds (p. 70), was built by the British in 1763 on the site of a Franciscan convent. Reynolds says "The out-door concerts given by the military band, the dress-parades and the guard-mount at sunset on the parade in front of the barracks" were tourist attractions in the 1880s and 90s. Presumably the sunset gun was part of the evening guard-mount on the parade ground.

Map 5 -- Detail, Military Barracks at south end of the Sea Wall - 1885 Birdseye Map.
Up is westerly.



This map detail shows the Military Barracks on St. Francis Street at the southern end of Bay St., including a small boat basin, the parade ground on which the sunset gun was fired, and the barracks (#5). According to the map legend, all of the areas labeled 5 are parts of the barracks. The cannon, presumably fired at sunset, projects over the sea wall south / left of the pier.

14

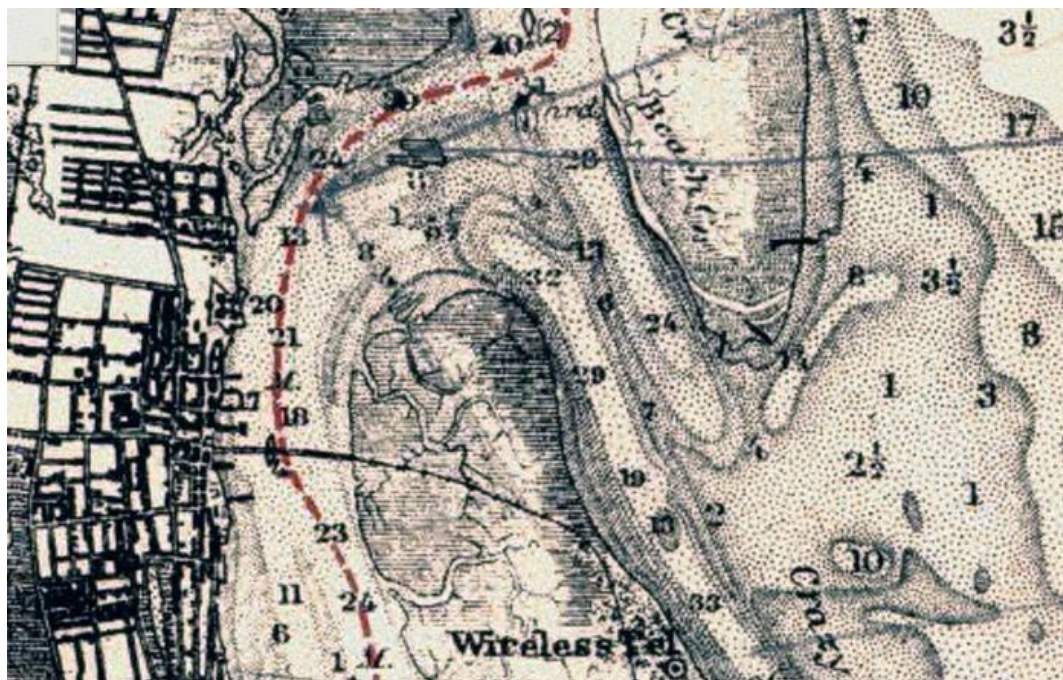
The Harbor Jetties

Map 6: Detail of 1911, St. Augustine Inlet, Coastal Survey

From Augustine.com

Top is north; the city is to the left.

The wireless telegraph is located just north of the lighthouse on Anastasia Island.



He went to work on one of the new harbor jetties at his wife's recommendation, and did good service.

The St. Augustine.com time-line for 1887 includes this entry: "A survey of the St. Augustine harbor was conducted between May and June. The surveyors, David DuBose Gaillard and William Murray Black, proposed the construction of jetties extending from both North Beach (Vilano Beach) and Anastasia Island spaced 1,600 feet from each other. Gaillard and Black produced a map of their survey, published in 1889. Their proposals led to creation of today's 16-foot deep channel into St. Augustine's harbor."

David du Bose Gaillard 1859-1913) "was a U.S. Army engineer instrumental in the construction of the Panama Canal."

William Murray Black (1855-1933) "was career officer in the United States Army, noted for his ability to organize and train young engineers."

The *Report of the Chief of Engineers U.S. Army, Part 2* (United States Army Corps of Engineers: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1893) describes the work that was completed between 1888 and 1890 on "Improvement of the St. Augustine Harbor, Florida" (1653-5).

With the appropriation of \$35,000, made in the act of 1888 three groins were built: No. 1, on Anastasia Island, near the northern boundary of the United States light-house reservation; No. 2, on North Beach at the point; No. 3, on the North Beach, about 2000 feet from the point.

These groins all consist, essentially, of a foundation of brush fascines, covered with riprap and capped with concrete blocks which are 2 feet wide on top and have side slopes of 1 on 2. (1654)

Further work was added late in 1890 and through 1893, by which time seven groins had been built. *Historic Structure Report, Fort Matanzas National Monument, Florida* by Fort Matanzas Stabilization Team (1980, p. 153) summarizes a 1935 report that three of the groins had fallen into disrepair and needed replacement.

Given the dates provided, it would seem clear that Jim worked on the first three jetties within the time-frame of the story. Later reconstructions and other projects were necessary to produce the current St. Augustine harbor.

The following detail from a 1911 coastal survey map may show surviving jetties on North Beach, the two dark lines extending outward from the shore at the southern tip and another just north of this on the east coast of North Beach.

15

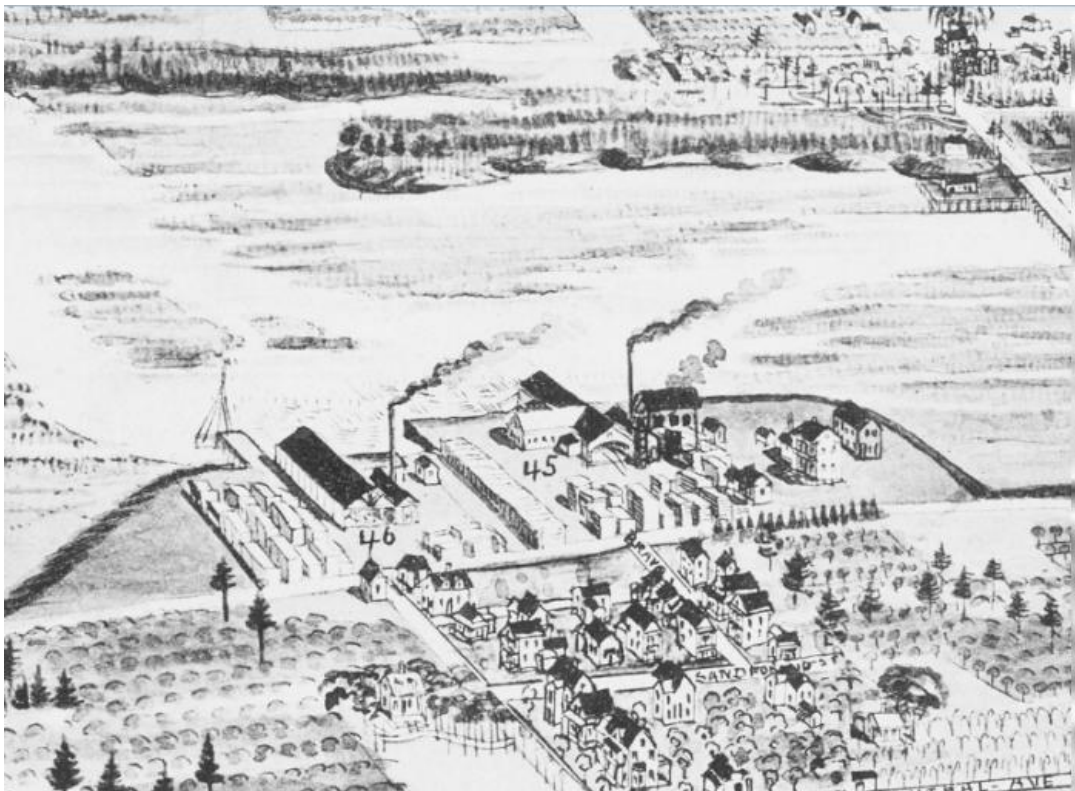
Sawmills

He worked at loading the schooner down at the sawmill, ...

... the schooner Dawn of Day had come up from the sawmill wharf with a tug, and sent a boat ashore for Jim.

Map 7: Detail from 1885 Birdseye Map -- St. Augustine Sawmills

Up is westerly.



The St. Sebastian Saw and Planing Mill (#46) clearly has a wharf, and the St. Augustine Saw Mill (#45) probably has a wharf as well, though this is less clear. Jim may have helped load the Dawn of Day at either mill. These are located on the St. Sebastian River on the west side of the old city. Graham (2014) says that Henry Flagler obtained much of his lumber for hotel construction from the English Mill, also known as Sloggett's Mill, as it was managed by Dr. Henry C. Sloggett (p. 104). Carl Halbirt, St. Augustine City Archaeologist, notes that the St. Augustine Mill also was called Sloggett's Mill (*An Assessment of Potential Archaeological Resources in the Marina Complex of the San Sebastian Project* p. 9)

The bridge, partially visible in the upper right corner, connects King Street with the New St. Augustine Road (see Map 1). A citrus grove probably stands across the river from the mills.

The Diverse People of "Jim's Little Woman"

"I didn't know there was such a place as this in America! "

Part of Sarah Orne Jewett's pleasure in visiting St. Augustine arose from its differences from other places in America. In a letter of about 1 March 1888, she writes to her sister, Mary:

"Well, I didn't know there was such a place as this in America! All the way down through the north of Florida and from Jacksonville here I had a sense of disappointment because the country seemed hardly more southern than North Carolina, except for the little palmettos on the ground, for it was flat and covered with pine woods. But when you get into this old town there are all the queer things you see in Southern Italy or Spain it seems to me – strange flowers and loads of roses and kinds of palm trees leaning over walls and the people are so many of them of Spanish descent that it keeps up the outlandish feeling." Later in the same letter she says, "You wouldn't care much about Jacksonville – it might be a town anywhere except for the orange trees." (See Jewett and Fields in St. Augustine.)

Jewett's "Jim's Little Woman" is characterized in part by the diversity of its characters. The main characters, Marty and Jim, represent ethnic mixing within themselves and in their marriage. This diversity makes up a part of the diversity Jewett depicts in the city in which the story is set, St. Augustine, Florida in about 1890.

Marty's leading physical characteristics are her smallness, pale skin, and red hair. These contrast with Jim's great size and his dark complexion. By temperament each experiences an internal conflict. For Jewett's 19th-century readers, Marty's red hair and short temper would suggest a Scots-Irish ancestry. She regrets her temper, and she draws in part upon her restrained New England cultural background to bring it under control. Jim traces his ancestry to a Yankee grandfather and a Minorcan grandmother. He comes to regret what he sees as his dark Spanish moods and undertakes greater self-control.

Jim and Marty's union is a mixed marriage by the standards of the Gilded Age. Jim is a Catholic, Hispanic-Catalan southerner with New

England ancestry, while Marty is a Scots-Irish, Maine Yankee. Probably she is a Protestant, though this is not certain, as she seems rather easily to adapt to Jim's Catholicism once she is in St. Augustine. They work through their troubled marriage within a diverse community that ultimately proves supportive, perhaps in part because the St. Augustine depicted in the story is reasonably successful at integrating its own ethnic diversity.

The main purposes of this presentation are to document the peoples of St. Augustine as they are represented in this story and to explore Marty's and Jim's mixed identities and marriage.

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Late 19th-Century St. Augustine Demographics

David R. Colburn in Chapter 2 of *Racial Change and Community Crisis: St. Augustine, Florida, 1877-1980*, identifies the main demographic groups in St. Augustine at the end of the 19th century.

The old English population

Members of this group tended to focus their energies on cultural and artistic leadership, more than on political and economic leadership, though some were active in local government. They were mainly Protestant and Episcopal. During the tourist season, their numbers were swelled by many of the hotel patrons, who shared their backgrounds and their interests and who interacted with them. Colburn believes that their relationships with hotel patrons tended to accentuate their sense of themselves as a separate group.

The Political Leadership

Though this group included prominent members of the wealthier old English population, those who served in various ways in local governance were mainly the business and economic leaders of the city. Colburn describes this group as insular, close-knit, well-known to each other, conservative, paternalistic, anxious to protect business interests, especially in tourism, and to maintain at least the appearance and, insofar as possible, the reality of a pleasant physical and social atmosphere.

Minorcans

These descendants of a large group of Catalan immigrants to Florida maintained their ethnic distinctness into the 20th century, held together for a long time by continuing to use their language. Jewett implies in the story that Jim and other Minorcan descendants still speak Catalan more than a century after their arrival in 1769. But even as their language became English, Minorcans remained united by their Catholicism. Minorcans were divided by class, some being successful merchants who participated in political and business leadership, but most being working class, such as farmers and fishermen. The latter group was not especially active in community leadership.

African Americans

These made up a large portion of the population, and this swelled considerably during the tourist season, when many Black seasonal workers

came to the hotels to serve as waiters, bell-boys, maids, and kitchen help. Economically, local Blacks were at the bottom of the working class, primarily servants and day-laborers.

During the 1887-1896 decade opportunities for Blacks in St. Augustine were superior to many parts of the nation. There was ample work for menial laborers, and wages were better than average. Flagler's hotels helped to provide opportunities for Blacks to advance in limited careers, so that a number of highly successful Blacks could contribute their examples and their wealth to the community. Colburn notes that Lincolntonville, a largely but not wholly African American section in the southern part of the old city, provided a pleasant and fairly prosperous community, with a vibrant social and religious life. Still, to the west of the city was a more typically impoverished Black community, home to farm and day-laborers.

Jewett does not portray all of these groups in "Jim's Little Woman." Hotel guests and perhaps some employees appear, as do Minorcans and African Americans. In addition, Jewett also shows smaller groups, such as the Irish and French Catholics.

Cosmopolitan St. Augustine

The old city of St. Augustine had never been more picturesque and full of color than it was that morning. Its narrow thoroughfares, with the wide, overhanging upper balconies that shaded them, were busy and gay. Strangers strolled along, stopping in groups before the open fronts of the fruit shops, or were detained by eager vendors of flowers and orange-wood walking-sticks. There were shining shop windows full of photographs and trinkets of pink shell-work and palmetto. There were pink feather fans, and birds in cages, and strange shapes and colors of flowers and fruits, and stuffed alligators. The narrow street was full of laughter and the sound of voices.

The wind-tattered bananas, like wrecked windmills, were putting out fresh green leaves among their ragged ones. There were roses and oranges in bloom, and the country carts were bringing in new vegetables from beyond the old city gates; green lettuces and baskets of pease and strawberries, and trails of golden jasmine were everywhere about the gray town.

These passages depict the crowds and commercial activity that Marty finds a particularly

exciting aspect of her new life in St. Augustine, presumably because they contrast with her former life in eastern Maine. When Jim meets Marty, she is working in a lobster-canning establishment in the Booth Bay region, with 12-15 other people in the building. Marty's experience of Maine seems rural and fairly limited in the number and variety of people with whom she associates.

"Jim's Little Woman" takes place over about two years, approximately in 1888-1890. In these years, St. Augustine, especially during the period of January through April, presents Marty with a cosmopolitan scene. A main feature of the above passages is the mixture of classes and, implicitly, of ethnicities. The first passage emphasizes northern tourists, residents of the several large resort hotels adjacent to the old city, who stroll and interact with local vendors in the narrow streets, with their exotic architecture that reflects the city's history of alternate Spanish and English occupation before Florida became United States territory in 1821. Though these winter visitors came from all over the world, they were mainly wealthy Americans from major northern cities such as Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. This meant that most were Protestant and white.

The vendors were a more mixed group. While the shop owners included outsiders attracted to the growing commercial opportunities in a rapidly developing tourist center, most were local and would have included descendants of older settlers, Minorcan, Spanish, and English. The wares also are partly local, but include products from the more southern parts of Florida and, especially, from the Bahamas. Jim's ship, the Dawn of Day, which is in the harbor in the first passage, trades from the Bahamas and along the eastern United States coast from St. Augustine to Mount Desert.

Another group of vendors appears in the second passage, the local small-acreage farmers who provide fruits, vegetables and flowers for the open markets. The rapid growth in the hotels with their large seasonal staffs and the swelling of the population during the first four months of each year put pressure on local growers, such that Henry Flagler had difficulty supplying his hotels with fresh fruits and vegetables and eventually established his own local farms for this purpose (Graham 2014, Chapter 14). These farmers included descendants of American and Scots-Irish pioneer settlers, who came to this part of Florida after the Civil War.

Lumbering carriages clattered along the palmetto pavement, and boys and men rode by on quick, wild little horses as if for dear life, and to the frequent peril of persons on foot. Sometimes these small dun or cream-colored marsh tackeys needed only a cropped mane to prove their suspected descent from the little steeds of the Northmen, or their cousinship to those of the Greek friezes; they were, indeed, a part of the picturesqueness of the city.

This passage brings into the portrait of the city the mention of another group of rural locals who appear on the streets. Marsh Tackeys are a breed of horse that Jewett fancifully associates with similar horses that span Europe from Scandinavia to Greece, generally small and agile horses useful in herding. It is likely that Jewett refers to what in the 21st century would be called the Florida Cracker Horse, about which Wikipedia says, "The Florida Cracker Horse is a breed of horse from Florida in the United States. It is genetically and physically similar to many other Spanish-style horses, especially those from the Spanish Colonial Horse group. The Florida Cracker is a gaited breed known for its agility and speed. The Spanish first brought horses to Florida with their expeditions in the early 1500s; as colonial settlement progressed, they used the horses for herding cattle. These horses developed into the Florida Cracker type seen today, and continued to be used by Florida cowboys (known as "crackers") until the 1930s."

The wild horses that imperil both riders and pedestrians, then, were likely ridden by Florida cowboys. In the late 19th-century, the term "cracker" referred to people of Scots-Irish and English descent who settled in Florida after 1763, when Florida temporarily was under British rule, a number of whom took up the raising of cattle in the wilder landscapes of northern Florida.

There at the pier were the tall masts and the black and green hull of the Dawn of Day. She had come in that morning. ... Her hat blew off and she caught it with one hand, but did not stop to put it on again. The long pier was black with people down at the end next the schooner, and they were swarming up over the side and from the deck. There were red and white parasols from the hotel in the middle of the crowd, and a general hurry and excitement.... Now she could see the pretty Jamaica baskets heaped on the top of the cabin, and the shining colors of shells, and green plumes of sprouted cocoanuts for planting, and the great white branches and heads

of coral; she could smell the ripe fruit in the hold, and catch sight of some of the crew.

When the Dawn of Day unloads in the harbor on the day Marty learns the crew believes Jim has died in Jamaica, the whole town seems to have gathered to witness her bereavement. She first notices the ship's presence when: "Suddenly she became aware that all the little black boys were running through the streets like ants, with single bananas, or limp, over-ripe bunches of a dozen...." This implies that the fruit not fit for selling is given away to Black children, who likely meet such ships customarily to solicit free food and carry some of it home to their families. The people swarming around the ship seem to include as well the sailors, workers, merchants who buy parts of the cargo, and the curious, those female hotel guests whose red and white parasols appear in the throng.

Such socially, economically, and racially diverse gatherings were not unusual at this time in St. Augustine's history. Though the crowd at the dock in this scene is more or less spontaneous, in *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine*, Thomas Graham recounts a number of more formally organized events that included virtually everyone. Among these were several "grand openings" between 1888 and 1890, for the Ponce de Leon hotel and the Alacazar hotel and casino (144-6) and public receptions, such as the one for President Grover Cleveland in 1888 (164-7). Though racial segregation was generally the norm, still African Americans attended these events and mixed with whites in a number of other ways, including at baseball games (253, 268-9).

While Jewett may not have been fully aware of the backgrounds of the people who appear in these scenes, still she shows Marty experiencing and taking pleasure in the ethnic, racial and class diversity of the people who fill the streets of St. Augustine during its busiest season. And in scenes such as at the dock, Jewett shows this mixture of peoples in an apparently easy and peaceful interaction that was not unusual at that time.

3

St. Augustine as a Community

All the townsfolk who lived by the water-side and up and down the lanes, and many of the strangers at the hotels, heard of poor Marty's trouble. Her poorest neighbors were the first to send a little purse that they had spared out of their small savings and earnings; then by and by

some of the hotel people and those who were well to do in the town made her presents of money and of clothes for the children; and even the spying neighbor of the balcony brought a cake, and some figs, all she had on her tree, the night the news was known, and put them on the table, and was going away without a word, but Marty ran after her and kissed her, for the poor soul's husband had been lost at sea, and so they could weep together.

Though the city seems diverse ethnically, economically and socially, still it is a small town in Jewett's portrait. When Marty is in distress, the news gradually spreads through the town, from her near neighbors as far even as to strangers who are hotel employees and guests. Since her poorest neighbors are likely to include Minorcans and African Americans, the families of sailors and laborers, Marty's charitable helpers presumably represent all of the ethnicities of St. Augustine.

One may wonder whether this is a case of Jewett romanticizing St. Augustine by imagining it to be like her own smaller Maine town of South Berwick. Is there evidence that the people of St. Augustine would neighbor a recently arrived outsider more kindly than the citizens of Dunnet Landing care for Mrs. Captain Tolland in Jewett's later story, "The Foreigner" (1900)?

While an incident similar to Marty's supposed widowhood in St. Augustine that Jewett might have known about has not yet been discovered, one may infer positive ideas about the city's communal spirit by reviewing responses to Native American prisoners at Fort Marion during 1875-1887. *Wikipedia* offers this account:

Beginning in 1875, numerous Native American prisoners were held at the fort in the aftermath of the Indian Wars in the west. Many would die at the fort. Among the captives were Chief White Horse of the Kiowa, and Chief Grey Beard of the Southern Cheyenne.

During this period, Richard Henry Pratt, a Civil War veteran, supervised the prisoners and upgraded the conditions for them. He removed the prisoners' shackles and allowed them out of the casemates where they had been confined. He developed ways to give the men more autonomy and attempted to organize educational and cultural programs for them. They became a center of interest to northerners vacationing in St. Augustine, who included teachers and missionaries. Pratt recruited volunteers to teach the Indian prisoners English, the Christian religion, and elements of American culture. He and most US officials believed that

such assimilation was needed for the Indians' survival in the changing society.

The men were also encouraged to make art; they created hundreds of drawings. Some of the collection of Ledger Art by Fort Marion artists is held by the Smithsonian Institution. It may be viewed online.

Encouraged by the men's progress in education, citizens raised funds to send nearly 20 of the prisoners to college after they were released from Ft. Marion. Seventeen men went to the Hampton Institute, a historically black college. Others were sponsored and educated in New York state at private colleges. Among the latter were David Pendleton Oakerhater, as he became known, who was sponsored by US Senator Pendleton (Ohio) and his wife. He studied and later was ordained as an Episcopal priest. He returned to the West to work as a missionary with Indian tribes. He was later recognized by the Episcopal Church as a saint.

Based on his experience at Fort Marion, Pratt recommended wider education of Indian children, a cause which Senator Pendleton embraced. He sponsored a bill supporting this goal, and the US Army offered the Carlisle Barracks in central Pennsylvania as the site of the first Indian boarding school. Its programs were developed along the industrial school model of Hampton and Tuskegee Institutes, which officials thought appropriate to prepare Native Americans for what was generally rural reservation life. Through the early 20th century, the government founded 26 other Indian boarding schools, and permitted more than 450 boarding schools run by religious organizations.

From 1886-1887, approximately 491 Apaches were held prisoner at Fort Marion; many were of the Chiricahua and Warm Springs Apache bands from Arizona. There were 82 men and the rest were women and children. Among the men, 14, including Chatto, had previously been paid scouts for the US Army. Among the Chiricahua were members of the notable chief Geronimo's band, including his wife. Geronimo was sent to Fort Pickens, in violation of his

agreed terms of surrender. While at the fort, many of the prisoners had to camp in tents, as there was not sufficient space for them. At least 24 Apaches died as prisoners and were buried in North Beach.

See also:

The Apache Prisoners in Fort Marion (1887) by Herbert Welsh, pp. 12-16.

While the town's charitable actions toward Native Americans are problematic in some ways, it seems clear that there were elements in the community leadership who would provide help to unfortunate strangers.

4

Minorcans

Jim's grandfather was a Northern man by birth, a New-Englander, who had married a Minorcan woman, and settled down in St. Augustine to spend the rest of his days....

Go into St. George Street when she would, the narrow thoroughfare was filled with people, and dark-eyed men and women leaned from the balconies and talked to passers-by in a strange lingo which Jim seemed to know.

Jim's Minorcan ancestry connects him with the history of St. Augustine. Jewett signals the persistence of Minorcan influence by noting that Jim and other Minorcans still sometimes speak a "strange lingo, " which, presumably, would be the Catalan of Minorca.

The *Standard Guide, St. Augustine* (1890 edition) by Charles Bingham Reynolds provides this account of Minorcan immigrants in St. Augustine:



A WOMAN OF THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.
By Gustave Doré.

Image: A Woman of the Balearic Islands
by Gustave Doré
C. B. Reynolds, p. 19.

A portion of the population, distinguished by dark eyes and dark complexions is composed of the Minorcans, but they are now an inconspicuous part of the winter throngs. They have given place to the multitudes from abroad; as their ancient coquina houses are making way for modern hotels and winter residences.

In 1769, during the British occupation, a colony of Minorcan and Majorcans were brought from the Balearic Islands in the Mediterranean Sea to New Smyrna, on the Indian River, south of St Augustine. Deceived by Turnbull, the proprietor of the plantation, and subjected to gross privation and cruelty, the Minorcans at length appealed to the authorities of St. Augustine, were promised protection, deserted from New Smyrna in a body, came to St Augustine, were defended against the claims of Turnbull. received an allotment of land in the

town, built palmetto-thatched cottages and remained here after the English emigrated.

The pathetic story of the Minorcans at New Smyrna and their exodus to St, Augustine has enlisted the sympathetic pen of more than one narrator, There is little reason for questioning the truth of the commonly accepted version, yet it is due to Dr. Turnbull to remember that this story, like every other, has two sides. Turnbull's side is given by his personal friend Dr. Johnson of Charleston, S. C., in his *Reminiscences of the American Revolution*. According to this authority the New Smyrna revolt was instigated by the British Governor's wife, in St. Augustine, who had been an old flame of Turnbull's in Scotland, and was impelled to her mischief-making among his indentured colonists by a motive no less powerful than the fury of a woman scorned. Most travelers have spoken kindly of the Minorcans in St. Augustine. from Latrobe in 1832. who gives a pretty picture of the fishermen's cottages, festooned with nets and roses, shaded by orange trees and hung round with cages of nonpareils and mockingbirds, to William Cullen Bryant in 1843, who described them as "a mild, harmless race, of civil manners and abstemious habits." Five years later. Rev. R. K. Sewall, then the rector of Trinity Church, published his *Sketches of St. Augustine*. Should you ever come upon a copy of this book, it will almost certainly be found that pages 39 and 40 are wanting; and inspection will show that the leaf has been cut out. The missing pages contained this reference to the Minorcans:

The present race were of servile extraction. By the duplicity of one Turnbull they were seduced from their homes in the Mediterranean and located at Smyrna, and forced to till the lands of the proprietors who had brought them into Florida for that purpose. After enduring great privation, toil and suffering, under the most trying circumstances of a servile state, they revolted in a body, regained their rights and maintained them. * * * Their women are distinguished for their taste, neatness and industry, a peculiar light olive shade of complexion, and a dark full eye. The males are less favored by nature and habit. They lack enterprise. Most of them are without education, Their canoes, fishing lines and hunting guns are their main source of subsistence. The rising generation is, however, in a state of rapid transition -- R. K. Sewall, "*Sketches of St. Augustine*," pp. 39-40.

However big or little may have been the grains of truth in this description, the Minorcans

had at least education enough to comprehend the uncomplimentary tone of Mr. Sewall's allusion to them; and when the edition of *Sketches* came to hand they showed their enterprise by mobbing the store where the books were, bent on the destruction of the whole lot. They were only restrained by a pledge, faithfully kept, that the obnoxious pages should be torn from every book.

Among the customs of the native land retained to a recent period by the Minorcans was the singing of a hymn in honor of the Virgin, by groups of young men who went about the streets serenading their friends, on the evening before Easter. -- See also Bronson's History.

5

What meanings arise from giving Jim Minorcan ancestry?

Actual Minorcans in St. Augustine shared a history of successful resistance to oppression and enslavement that connected them with the American narrative of struggling for self-determination and establishing democracy. Local residents and readers familiar with this history may see its traces in Jim's fierce independence. Jewett, however, emphasizes how his ethnicity affects his temperament. Jim's intemperance and his lack of self-control are associated with his black Spanish scowl. Jim explains to Marty:

"The devil gets me," said Jim at last, in a sober-minded Northern way that he had sometimes. "There's an awful wild streak in me. I ain't goin' to have you cry like mother always done. I'm goin' to settle down an' git a steady job ashore, after this one v'y'ge to the islands. I'm goin' to fetch ye home the handsomest basketful of shells that ever you see, an' then I'm done with shipping, I am so."

He goes on to blame his boss, the captain of the *Dawn of Day*, for leading him astray by commanding him as a drinking partner. Marty and Jim both seem to believe that ill-behaved companions and indulgence in alcohol bring out Jim's darker side, and they associate this side of his personality with his Spanish / Minorcan ancestry. Self-control in this passage is associated with being Northern and sober-minded. However, the story as a whole questions this simplistic opposition.

A main voice for self-control in the story is the Bishop, who first calls upon Jim to realize

the wish of another "little woman," his dead mother:

The bishop stopped Jim one day on the plaza, and told him that he must come to church sometimes for his mother's sake: she was a good little woman, and had said many a prayer for her boy. ... "Marry you a good wife soon," said the kind bishop. "Be a good man in your own town; you will be tired of roving and will want a home. God have pity on you, my boy!"

Then, repeatedly through the story, the Bishop's voice recurs, issuing the warning that Jim will break Marty's heart if he does not reform, and finally blessing the couple when the redeemed Jim returns as if from the dead. Jim's Spanish/Minorcan ancestry and his Catholicism come to him through his mother from his grandmother. Jim's wildness seems more directly "inherited" from his Yankee grandfather, also an intemperate and moody man, and perhaps from his father, who deserted his young family. A Yankee background is really no guarantee of virtue or restraint, and northerners also are targets of ridicule, for example, for their "enthusiastic, money-squandering." Furthermore, insofar as his bad behavior arises in association with the hard life of local sailors and other male friends, Jewett may be pointing at Jim's entanglement in conflicting ideas of masculinity, as represented by Jim's two main masculine role models, the Bishop and the Captain.

The story as a whole, then, undercuts the opposition of Northerner and Spanish that at least some of the characters use to explain Jim's moods, suggesting that a more relevant opposition may be between versions of masculinity and that Jim's Minorcan ancestry, rather than explaining his Spanish scowl, gives him the feminine sympathy that enables him to appreciate Marty's devotion and to restrain himself in order to preserve his family. This view of Jim's Minorcan ethnicity may correspond more exactly with the portrait of Minorcans that emerges from Reynolds's account in *The Standard Guide*.

6

Irish

While Irish ethnicity is not prominent in the story, two of the most important characters seem to have Irish ancestry, the Bishop and Marty.

The Bishop

"Marry you a good wife soon," said the kind bishop. "Be a good man in your own town; you will be tired of roving and will want a home. God have pity on you, my boy!"

"Ah, Jim, many's the prayer your pious mother said for you, and I myself not a few."

At the time the story is set, the Bishop was John Moore (1835-1901), who served as the second Bishop of St. Augustine 1877-1901. He continued his predecessor's active efforts to further Catholic education in St. Augustine and throughout Florida. Moore was born in Ireland and immigrated to Charleston, SC when he was 14. Reading his speeches out loud suggests that Jewett has given her bishop an Irish voice, though she does not render his speech in full dialect.

Within the time-frame of the story, Bishop Moore would have been 55-57 years old. Jewett's narrator seems to imply that he is older, though this would be difficult to judge. Clearly, Jim sees him as older, perhaps in part because the Bishop was his mother's priest.

Marty

She thought about Jim as she sat there; how good he was before he sailed that last time, and had really tried to keep his promise on board ship, according to the cabin-boy's story. Somehow Jim was like the moon to her at first; his Spanish blood and the Church gave an unknown side to his character that was always turned away; but another side shone fair through his Northern traits, and of late she had understood him as she never had before. She used to be too smart-spoken and too quick with him; she saw it all now; a quick man ought to have a wife with head enough to keep her own temper for his sake. "I couldn't help being born red-headed," thought Marty with a wistful smile, ...

In this passage, Marty comes to understand that if she is to expect Jim to keep his temper, she must study to keep her own. Whether Marty's ancestry is Irish never is specified in the story, but many readers would have assumed so, based upon her pale complexion, red hair, and "peppery" temperament.

But as with Jim's dual ancestry, the story as a whole does not affirm a simplistic association of Irish ethnicity and hot-headedness. Marty connects her short temper with her red hair, but when she loses her temper, the narrator speaks of "Northern fury":

Marty's Northern fury rose like a winter gale; she was vexed by the taunts of a woman who lived up the lane, who used to come out and sit on her high blue balcony and spy all their goings on, and call the baby poor child so that his mother could hear. Jim's little woman drove the ribald company out of doors that night, and they quailed, drunk as they were, before her angry eyes.

The Irish Bishop's temper seems well under control. His personality exhibits kindness, compassion, and patience with human frailty, as is made clear at the end of the story:

As they went home at sunset, they met the bishop, who stopped before them and looked down at the little woman, and then up at Jim.

"So you're doing well now, my boy?" he said good humoredly, to the great, smiling fellow. "Ah, Jim, many's the prayer your pious mother said for you, and I myself not a few. Come to Mass and be a Christian man for the sake of her. God bless you, my children!" and the good man went his wise and kindly way, not knowing all their story either, but knowing well and compassionately the sorrows and temptations of poor humanity.

Any member of "poor humanity" will experience sorrows and temptations, including the desire to have one's own way and impatience with those who seem to thwart one's desires. "Spanish wildness" and "Irish pepperiness" are ethnic stereotypes that various characters in the story apparently accept as truths, but the Bishop's view, like the narrator's, is more cosmopolitan.

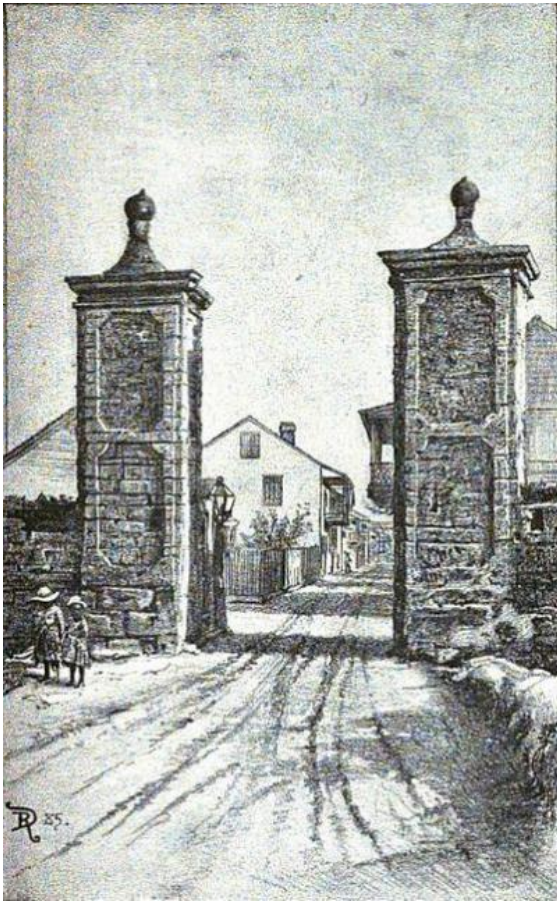


Image: Black children at the Old Gate
Reynolds, p. 45

7

African Americans

At last, one night, they made such a racket that a group of idle negroes clustered about the house, laughing and jeering at the company within. ... They chased the negroes in their turn, and went off shouting and swearing down the bayside. They tried to walk on the sea-wall, and one man fell over and was too drunk to find his way ashore, and lay down on the wet, shelly mud. The tide came up and covered Joe Black, and that was the last of him, ...

The first description of African Americans to appear in the story is also perhaps the most startling, for this is a potentially incendiary event that is comic in tone and tragic in outcome, but not in the way 21st-century readers might expect. A group of inebriated working-class "whites," at least one of whom is a short-tempered Minorcan sailor, becomes the object of jeering and laughter from a group of Black men passing in the street by night. This would

seem a recipe for fatal racial violence. Yet, this element is pointedly absent, there being no references to specifically racial animosity, no report of racial taunting or intimidation, no threats, no aftermath of mob retaliation against "uppity" Blacks. Instead, the drunken whites, after chasing off the Blacks, go their own way, and tragedy arises not from racism, but from intemperance. While the incident clearly reflects segregation, the white and Black men forming their own social groups, missing are the violence and intimidation that characterized Black-White relations in much of the United States at this time and that would bring racial terror to St. Augustine in the 1960s, as recounted by David Colburn.

One might hypothesize that Jewett here fails as historian, blinded by a wishful vision of racial and ethnic harmony in a southern tourist paradise with which she was not so familiar as with her native New England. She may have been diverted from her usually more perceptive insight into the darker sides of American life, as reflected in other stories she composed at about the same time, such as "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" (1888), "The Town Poor" (1890) and "In Dark New England Days" (1890).

As illustrated in part by "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation," Jewett was not naive about the complexities of American racial relations in the Gilded Age. Nor was she likely to have been ignorant, for in the *New York Times* during the 1880s and 1890s one could read almost weekly about lynchings and riots, in which violence against African Americans is assumed to be normal. When a Black person is accused of a crime, it is "expected" that he will be lynched, even outside the former Confederacy. These stories also frequently report Black armed resistance, usually termed a "riot." Toney and Beck, in *A Festival of Violence*, offer a sense of the number of such stories that could have appeared in the 1880s and 1890s.

- 1887 -- 40
- 1888 -- 53
- 1889 -- 53
- 1890 -- 46
- 1891 -- 83
- 1892 -- 92
- 1893 -- 99

The number of Black victims lynched by white mobs in the South generally increased at the same time that southern states were establishing a variety of "Jim Crow" laws to restrict and separate African Americans (271).

As an Episcopalian, Jewett probably was aware of conflict in the annual church conventions of southern states, notably in South Carolina in 1887-8, in which white lay representatives successfully "seceded" and forced the Bishop to form two conventions, one for Black and another for white Episcopalians (See Tindall 194-200, and in the *New York Times*, "The Color Line in Religion," 14 May 1887: 5; "The Episcopalian Secession" 15 May 1887: 1; and "The Race Question in Religion" 4 May 1888: 1). Given Jewett's implicit attitudes toward Native American Episcopalians in her early story, "Tame Indians," one imagines Jewett could only have been revolted by the petty inhumanity of white refusals to accept Black Episcopalians as their brothers and sisters in Christ. A list of *New York Times* headlines about racial troubles between February and June of 1888 can illustrate what "everyone knew" about the racial situation in the months of Jewett's first trip to St. Augustine:

- 2/6 -- Major M'Gill's Version: His story of the Jackson election troubles, He says no colored man dared to vote -- the circular of the Young White League, p. 1.
- 2/24 -- Negro Rioters in Baltimore, p. 5.
- 3/1 -- Many Negroes Massacred, p. 1.
- 3/27 -- One Killed and Another Lynched, p. 5.
- 5/5 -- Negro Insurrection Not Feared, p. 2.
- 5/5 -- Several Negroes Killed, p. 1.
- 5/6 -- Few Southern Negroes Land Owners, p. 10.
- 5/10 -- An Alleged Negro Plot to Murder White People in Lowndes County, ALA, p. 6.
- 5/13 -- Would Not Serve a Negro, p. 14.
- 5/19 -- Hunting For a Negro, p. 5.
- 5/19 -- Assaulted by Negroes, p. 1.
- 5/21 -- The Leader Killed: A flogging party fired on from ambush, p. 1.
- 5/27 -- The Negro Improving in Looks, p. 4.
- 5/30 -- Think There's a Lynching Going On, p. 1.
- 5/30 -- Negroes Whip a White Man, p. 3.
- 6/4 -- A Colored Burglar Lynched, p. 2.
- 6/12 -- Three Negroes Lynched: They are taken from jail and meet prompt justice. p. 2
- 6/22 -- A Negro Lynched, p. 6.
- 6/27 -- A Negro Lynched, p. 2.

Jewett almost certainly knew what every informed person knew about deteriorating race relations. When she and Fields visited with Laura Towne at the Penn School on St. Helena's Island, South Carolina, her understanding of racial intimidation likely deepened. Blanchard writes of Towne: "By 1888, her work was largely done and the community served as a model for others throughout the islands.... 'The result of her work lay like a map before us,' Annie wrote 'Every step spoke to us of the sacrifice and

suffering of humanity and of its endurance in the present time'" (193-4). Though Blanchard does not detail what Jewett, Fields and Towne talked about during the stay, Fields's report suggests that the current situation of the former slaves was an important topic (see also Fields, "Laura M. Towne"). What Towne could have told them is clear in her own diary and letters, which repeatedly express fear that resurgent Democrats will succeed in invalidating African-American deeds to land on St. Helena's, where at the beginning of the Civil War, occupying Union forces had turned over abandoned plantations to former slaves. She documents, with anger and grief, the violence and intimidation by which South Carolina Democrats blatantly and proudly disenfranchised local Blacks and commandeered labor by arbitrary imprisonment. In a letter of 23 May 1880, Towne quotes Ishmael Williams, a visiting minister who has just inspected such a prison: "the Democrats must think there is no hell for bad people, for they make one of that prison." He describes horrific conditions at the prison and then quotes its keeper, "You have come, I suppose, to see how we take niggers down. I'll show you" (302). It is likely that by 1888 Towne felt even more strongly that a day of reckoning was approaching, when justice would come again for those who believe there is no hell for bad people.

When Jewett and Annie Fields stayed in St. Augustine in 1890, they were able to ride the newly finished railway directly from New York to St. Augustine. Though segregated travel was common throughout the United States, in the 1880s and 1890s southern states passed laws *requiring* such segregation. Florida's law went into effect in 1887. Jewett and Fields likely witnessed the removal of Blacks from general seating to Jim Crow cars upon entering states that required such segregation (See *Railroads and the Making of Modern America*). And they also would note segregated waiting rooms in the stations. While Henry Flagler oversaw his railroad's enforcement of segregation laws, he was anxious to keep this enforcement low key. Graham reports, for example, that Flagler wanted to avoid using signs to designate separate waiting rooms and that he managed difficult problems such as visits of Black dignitaries to Florida and transportation of his large African American hotel seasonal staffs by providing them with private cars (Chapter 19).

While one might suspect that Jewett lacked knowledge about the state of Black - White relations in America and the South in particular, it would be naive to consider her so unaware of what everyone else knew, including her closest

friend, Annie Fields, who initiated the visit to her old friend, Laura Towne. Perhaps, then, Jewett failed to penetrate a studied surface of racial harmony to see the system of violence and intimidation by which it was maintained, and this failure allowed her to imagine a fantasy in which Blacks and Whites engage in an explosive encounter that miraculously does not detonate.

The appearance of racial harmony in St. Augustine was studied. The city leadership was eager to project the most positive image of the city in which their businesses depended upon the annual influx of tourists who expected a safe and healthy escape from northern winter. Henry Flagler wanted to fill his luxury hotels with high-paying guests. To do this successfully, he favored a large number of Black employees, from whom he wanted loyalty and circumspection. As Thomas Graham (2014) shows, Flagler -- though he shared the general American belief in white racial superiority -- nevertheless was careful to treat his Black employees with dignity and respect. Though he exploited them as entertainers as well as servants of his guests. Flagler paid them well and looked out for their general welfare (See Chapters 13 and 19). St. Augustine, for a time before the turn of the 20th century, was one of the better communities for African Americans. David Colburn describes this period as one of mutual dependency between the Black and White communities that fostered peaceful relations. Neighborhoods were not rigidly segregated. Blacks and whites were acquainted with each other, and leaders often worked together. Elected Blacks served on the city council. There were no lynchings in or near St. Augustine until 1897, and there was a relatively low level of violence and intimidation in evidence. This situation held up fairly well until after World War 1, when Black out-migration from St. Augustine was lower than in most of the rest of the South (18-20, See also James Smith, 11-13).

The appearance of racial harmony in St. Augustine in 1890 reflected reality to a considerable degree. Jewett's presentation of a potential racial conflict that does not flare up is not merely a wishful fantasy, but a reasonably accurate reflection of racial relations in St. Augustine in 1890. Though life for Blacks in St. Augustine was far from ideal, at the time that Jewett and Fields vacationed in Florida, race relations seem to have been significantly better than elsewhere, and these circumstances made it possible for this incident in Jewett's story to reflect the historical reality of the moment. That moment was fading, however. As Colburn acknowledges, few whites in St. Augustine

believed in equality of the races and, though segregation in 1890 was neither rigid nor absolute, Jim Crow laws were passing through the Florida legislature and taking stronger hold through the 1890s. Colburn points out that by 1900, the Black wait staff that Flagler preferred in his hotels had been replaced by whites. As Colburn and Smith make clear, there were undercurrents of anger and resistance. African Americans in St. Augustine were not happy with the growing restrictions of Jim Crow. Graham recounts incidents illustrating indignities that Blacks suffered when they were perceived to be encroaching upon white privilege; see, for example, the account of a Black mason who was ostracized by his white co-workers during the building of the Ponce de Leon (108-9). Jewett seems to have caught the city in her lens during one of its better times.



African American boy at the Plaza Basin
Reynolds, p. 16

Two African American Characters: the Nanny and the Witch

The Nanny

There was a quiet little colored girl, an efficient midget of a creature, who had minded babies for a white woman in Baya Lane, and was not without sage experience.

The hired help pushed the empty perambulator with all the strength she could muster through the deep white sand, and over the huge green, serpent-like vines that wound among the low dunes.

An important minor character is the African American "girl" Marty hires to care for her children. Whether she really is a girl by age remains unclear. Like Marty, she is a little woman, completing a trio of Jim's "little women": mother, wife, and nanny to his children. Marty does not always get along well with everyone, notably the neighbor woman of the "blue balcony," who seems to judge Marty negatively at first, but later becomes her supportive friend. But it seems clear that Marty and her black helper cooperate without tension, presumably because the woman mirrors Marty in more ways than in her size. As the above passages indicate, the nanny is quiet, efficient, knowledgeable, experienced, patient and hard-working, a "colored" version of Marty.

That Jewett gives Marty's hired help no name and refers to her as a girl, though she is likely close to Marty in age, could be troubling if viewed outside the context of the whole story. In fact, no characters in the story, other than Jim and Marty, are named, not even the Bishop and the ship's boy, who are the only characters, aside from Jim and Marty, to have significant speaking parts. Perhaps Jewett made this choice in part to forestall speculation about any real people, such as the Bishop, who appear in the story. While calling Marty's black help a girl could be condescending, the narrator is consistent through the story in referring to all young, unmarried women as girls, including Marty's fellow workers in the Maine canning factory and the young women who room at her house during Jim's long absence.

The Witch

She had been thinking of Jim, and of her afternoon's affairs, and of a strange little old negro woman who had been looking out of a doorway on George Street, as she passed. It

seemed to Marty as if this old withered creature could see ghosts in the street instead of the live passers-by. She never looked at anybody who passed, but sometimes she stood there for an hour looking down the street and mumbling strange words to herself. Jim's little woman was not without her own superstitions; she had been very miserable of late about Jim, and especially since she found his lucky shell. If she could only see him coming home in her dream; she had always dreamed of him before!

The African American "witch," yet another little woman, makes a very brief appearance. Characterizing this woman as a witch comes entirely from Marty, who interprets her aged appearance and somewhat odd behavior. To Marty it *seems* as if the woman is seeing and communicating with invisible people rather than those who are physically present. However, the narrator's odd locution tends to affirm Marty's interpretation: "Jim's little woman was not without her own superstitions." The narrator accords superstition to both women. In addition to believing in the old woman's supernatural powers, Marty believes in the lucky shell that she and Jim share and that her recurrent dream of Jim's returns from voyages is prophetic.

The elderly black woman is not distinguished from whites in the story by the suggestion that she may have some supernatural power of perception, since Marty believes that she, herself, has a similar power. The two are different in that the witch seems to Marty to actively engage in her superstition, with her apparent incantations, while Marty is a passive receiver of her prophetic dream and of whatever luck her shell gives her.

Two Other Significant References to African Americans

Suddenly she became aware that all the little black boys were running through the streets like ants, with single bananas, or limp, over-ripe bunches of a dozen; and she turned quickly, running a few steps in her eagerness to see the bay.

This short passage suggests a good deal about African American life in St. Augustine. This event begins Marty's discovery that the crew of the Dawn of Day believes Jim has died in Jamaica, the moment when she realizes that Jim's ship is in the harbor. The instant when the black boys stand out from the rest of the people on the busy streets occurs because they are running, because they are carrying over-ripe bananas, and because these facts signal to Marty the arrival of a ship. Ordinarily, they

would blend in with the cosmopolitan crowd, but they are made to stand out by a sign of their low economic and social class position, by their being the ones who have some claim on low quality, free food to be expected when a freight ship from the Bahamas unloads.

This telling detail indicates that while Jewett recognized the unusual racial harmony in St. Augustine in 1890, she also was aware that African Americans lived at a lower economic level than most whites.

It was a sad summer, -- a sad summer. Marty knew that her neighbors thought her a little crazed; at last she wondered if they were not right. She began to be homesick, and at last she had to give up work altogether. She hated the glare of the sun and the gay laughter of the black people; when she heard the sunset gun from the barracks it startled her terribly. She almost doubted sometimes whether she had really dreamed the dream.

This passage describes Marty's psychological state at her lowest point, when she is near to accepting that Jim is indeed dead and that she will have to struggle on, caring for her children without her husband. The passage names three irritants to her weakened nerves: the summer glare, the sunset cannon firing, and "the gay laughter of the black people." Why should the laughter of African Americans be distinguished from the laughter of any other individual or group? Is Marty's reaction informed by the stereotype of Blacks as particularly able to shed their troubles and enjoy the pleasure of the moment unalloyed? As she finds her situation increasingly unbearable, it could be difficult to witness others seeming to cope effortlessly, as if they were immune to suffering. How the African American presence functions in this passage is difficult to tease out.

The Cuban Giants were among several black baseball teams to play for the entertainment of Flagler hotel guests. Some team members were hotel staff. Henry Flagler constructed a baseball field near the hotels for these and other exhibition games (Graham 2014, Chapters 11, 13).



The Cuban Giants
Public domain photo courtesy of NLBPA.COM

9

The French Sisters of St. Joseph

The great bell of the old cathedral had struck twelve, and as Marty entered the plaza, busy little soul that she was and in a hurry as usual, she stopped, full of a never outgrown Northern wonder at the foreign sights and sounds, -- the tall palmettoes; the riders with their clinking spurs; the gay strangers; the three Sisters of St. Joseph, in their quaint garb of black and white, who came soberly from their parish school close by.

The Sisters of St. Joseph were invited to St. Augustine to "teach literacy" to newly freed slaves after the American Civil War. According to the history of the St. Joseph Academy, the school was founded in 1866 by Augustin Verot, First Bishop of St. Augustine, who invited the French Sisters of St. Joseph to operate it. The parish school of St. Joseph in this story, then, would have been a Freedmen's school staffed mainly by French nuns. From early on located on St. George Street, adjacent to the Sisters of St. Joseph Convent and near the plaza, the academy moved to 155 State Road 207 in 1980. In 1898, a new school was built in Lincolnville, at the south end of the old city, St. Benedict the Moor. Staffed by the Sisters of St. Joseph, this became one of the city's main schools for Black children until schools were integrated in 1964. The Sisters of St. Joseph convent remains at 241 St. George Street.

Why does Jewett take the trouble to mention the Sisters of St. Joseph in this story? What may

seem like just a bit of local color almost certainly carries more meaning. At the time of "Jim's Little Woman," the Sisters of St. Joseph would have been teaching local African American children at the St. Joseph's Academy near the Plaza. While this fact may be lost on many readers, it would be common knowledge to local residents and to many of those who made extended winter stays in St. Augustine. Furthermore, the school would have been of particular interest to Annie Fields, for on their first stay at the Ponce de Leon hotel in 1888, Jewett and Fields had just visited Laura Towne, a Protestant teacher and administrator at the Penn School on St. Helena's Island, SC, also founded as a school for freedmen. Indeed, there is evidence that Fields donated to the convent in correspondence of 1888 (Sister Thérésia to Jewett, May/June 1888). Fields's interest in education stemmed in part from her work with the poor of Boston and from her friendships with abolitionists and educators such as Towne. For example, near the beginning of her 1896 Caribbean cruise with Jewett, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and others, Fields recorded in her diary a visit to a school in Brunswick, GA.

10

Jewett's Witchcraft: Seeing Invisible Presences

"Not a word is heard from the servants, except in polite response to an order, and they glide about like dark angels." Morris Phillips, *Practical Hints for the Tourists*, 1891.

Thomas Graham quotes this statement in his account of Henry Flagler's use of Black waiters in his hotels (2014, Chapter 12). Though Flagler's treatment of black hotel employees seems enlightened and considerate for his time, there is ample evidence that he took care to control their visibility to hotel patrons. Employees were under orders to take routes from their dormitories to the hotels that would minimize their visibility to patrons. Black employees in particular were made visible upon designated occasions, such as when they entertained guests in cake walks, minstrel shows, and baseball games.

Similarly, the presence of African Americans in Reynolds's *Standard Guide* also is carefully controlled. They are virtually invisible in the text, where it is noted that Negro troops occupied Fort Matanzas during the second Spanish supremacy (84), and they are mentioned again when Reynolds disputes the assertion that the market building in the plaza was at one time a slave market (47). In his illustrations, Reynolds

includes just two clear images of African Americans, the two images above in which black children appear, fairly clearly as elements of the sort of local color tourists may expect to see. In this respect, they share with the Minorcans a visibility mainly as exotic aspects of the scenery, the only image of a Minorcan in Reynolds being the drawing above of "A Woman of the Balearic Islands," by Gustave Doré (19). Reynolds does not include an account of Fort Mose, an important site in African American history, but in 1890 generally forgotten. Nor does General Jorge Biassou (1741-1801), an important Black historical figure, appear in Reynolds's guide.

Furthermore, African Americans are virtually invisible in contemporary collections of images of St. Augustine, such as *Picturesque St. Augustine* 1891 by Edward Bierstadt and the Library of Congress collection of Detroit Publishing Company photographs. Beth Bowen's *St Augustine in the Gilded Age*, presents historical postcard images of St. Augustine, only two of which seem clearly to include Black people. In one of these several follow a parade (105), and in the other, they inspect the ruins of a 1914 fire (110). Though she makes clear that the Sisters of St. Joseph taught freedmen after the Civil War, Bowen is not able to show a postcard image of the freedman's school, only of the academy buildings for white students, erected after the establishment of the St. Benedict the Moor school for black children.

In short, African Americans were, on the whole, invisible in the white world of *Gilded Age St. Augustine*, even though they were a very significant presence. When they became visible to whites was controlled to minimize their importance and to define them as exotic and entertaining features of a tourist destination.

In contrast, Jewett records African American residents and workers in St. Augustine as important parts of the population. The young men who taunt Jim and his drunken friends clearly are reasonably secure members of the community who are not making any obvious effort to minimize their own visibility. The nanny is one of the three little women who contribute to Jim and Marty successfully repairing their early errors. The witch, though perhaps more exotic than the others, is a prominent and visible citizen. The black boys with their bananas clearly are always present in the crowd, but become visible when they separate themselves and run through the street. Jewett shows in her setting and characters some of those people who lack official visibility in other documents.

Jewett also calls attention to the Irish Bishop's humane wisdom as her moral hero sympathetically admonishes and encourages the weak and erring couple in their quest to create a family. She brings before readers the French nuns whose current local mission is the education of black children.

Further, Jewett both presents and subverts ethnic stereotypes. Though she notes the tendencies of her characters to use exotic Irish and Minorcan ethnic stereotypes to account for some behaviors, the story undercuts such explanations and gives readers the Minorcan Jim and Irish Marty as flawed human beings working to remake themselves into a successful family.

**Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Fields in St. Augustine
1888-1896**

According to their biographers, Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Fields stayed at the Ponce de Leon hotel in St. Augustine, Florida at least three times, in the springs of 1888, 1890, and 1896. After their second stay, Jewett published two pieces set in St. Augustine: "Jim's Little Woman" (December 1890) and "A Lonely Worker" (April 1893). Furthermore, the 1888 trip, which included a visit with Laura Towne and Ellen Murray at the Penn School on St. Helena Island, near Beaufort, SC, led directly to another story, "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" (1888). The 1896 stay was to rest after an arduous six-week Caribbean cruise, during which Fields kept a journal. The Caribbean cruise also provided source material for Jewett's "The Foreigner" (1900). The repeated visits and the quantity of resulting writing suggest that travel in the South, especially the stays in St. Augustine, became important stimulation for the two women. This is a collection of documents, notes and commentary on these three sojourns, focusing mainly on St. Augustine.

Notes on Presentation of Manuscript Materials

[] : Editorial comments and descriptions.
{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

It is possible that some punctuation and other marks have been entered into the texts by other hands. Where I suspect this, I so indicate.

To read more formal transcriptions, more fully annotated, with information about the archival sources, and in their chronological contexts, see the "Diaries and Letters" section of the internet archive, the Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project. <http://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/let-cont.html>.

1888

From Rita K. Gollin, *Annie Adams Fields: Woman of Letters*. Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2002, p. 239.

The roles of patient and caregiver were reversed in the winter of 1888, when Annie was so prostrated by pneumonia and convalesced so slowly that (under doctor's orders) she and

Sarah traveled south. When they reached St. Augustine, Florida, they took rooms at the Ponce de Leon, the palatial new Spanish Renaissance hotel that Henry Flagler had built to accommodate passengers on his new Florida East Coast Railway, a hotel whose many splendors included campaniles, domes, arcades, fountains, Roman baths, lush gardens, stained glass windows, and interiors designed by Louis Comfort Tiffany. "A singular fortune has befallen this little half decayed Spanish town," Annie told one of her Boston friends. "One of the richest oil kings of this wonderful country of ours has taken a fancy to the place and has built a palace here for a hotel as huge and glorious as the Spanish palaces of old." One of her pleasures was conversing with the oil king.

From Paula Blanchard, *Sarah Orne Jewett: Her World and her Work*. New York: Addison-Wesley, 1994.

Blanchard reports that in January 1888, Annie Fields fell seriously ill with pneumonia and Sarah Orne Jewett assisted with nursing her. When she was recovered enough near the end of February, her doctor recommended that she spend the rest of the winter in the south, and Jewett decided to accompany her. Presumably, St. Augustine was chosen because of the heavily advertised newly opened tourist hotels, particularly Henry Flagler's Hotel Ponce de Leon, where the pair eventually determined to stay.

Blanchard says that during their leisurely journey southward, they made stops at Aiken, SC and at St. Helena in the Sea Islands. However, this order is contradicted and complicated by the documents, as shown in the following chronology.

Their visit to Beaufort was motivated by a wish to see Fields's old friend, Laura Towne, a noted abolitionist and, for many years, a leader with Ellen Murray of the Penn School establishment, which provided education, medical and other services to freed slaves, to whom the island farms had been given after Union forces occupied St. Helena early in the Civil War.

Of Towne, Blanchard says: "By 1888, her work was largely done and the community served as a model for others throughout the islands.... 'The result of her work lay like a map before us,' Annie wrote 'Every step spoke to

us of the sacrifice and suffering of humanity and of its endurance in the present time" (193-4).

An Approximate Chronology of the 1888 Trip

In Jewett's first letter to her sister Mary from St. Augustine, she says, "I am so sorry to miss a letter to you but I was out gadding all the early part of the day until the last mail was gone." This and other passages in these letters imply that, during this period, they wrote to each other virtually every day. It also is clear from this sequence that there were letters that were not saved or have not yet been accessed.

February 23 -- Jewett writes to Willis Boyd Allen at *The Cottage Hearth* from 148 Charles St., Boston, indicating that she has not yet departed. See Scott Frederick Stoddart, *Selected Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett: A Critical Edition with Commentary*. University of Illinois Dissertation. Dissertation Abstracts International 49.9 (Mar. 1989): p2661A.

March 1 -- Jewett writes to Houghton Mifflin & Co. from the Laurel House in Lakewood, NJ, near the beginning of the trip south. She also writes to Mary Rice Jewett, suggesting that Fields and Jewett had previously stayed at Longacres, which may have been a New York City hotel.

March 3 -- Jewett writes several letters from Lakewood.

March 4 (Monday) -- Jewett writes to Mary, having just arrived with Annie Fields in St. Augustine, FL. Jewett reports a short stay in Jacksonville before coming on to St. Augustine. Note that this casts some doubt upon the chronology to this point; it may need correction, but current information seems to support the dates above.

March 11 (Monday) -- Jewett writes to Mary, having just changed hotels to the Ponce de Leon.

March 11-14 (Sunday - Wednesday). The Great Blizzard of 1888 buries New England, including New York City, in snow.

March 22 (Thursday). Jewett writes to Mary from Aiken, SC, complaining about the slowness of the mail since the storm. It is possible this letter was written on March 15.

March 23 (Friday). Jewett writes to Mary from Aiken, SC. She is happy with how quickly letters now are traveling, reporting that a letter mailed on Wednesday arrived today.

March 29 (Thursday). Jewett writes to Louisa Dresel from Aiken, SC. She reports that Fields is much recovered, but still somewhat weak. She finds the local landscape picturesque and says they plan to visit Laura Towne.

March 31 (Saturday). Jewett writes to Mary from the Sea Island Hotel in Beaufort, SC. She dates this letter Saturday 31 April, an impossible date that also does not fit the rest of the chronology. She reports that she has just been to Charleston, SC.

April 1 (Easter Sunday). Jewett writes a letter to Mary dated Sunday from St. Helena, SC. It is likely that during the next ten days, Jewett and Fields sailed with Katharine Loring and her father through the Georgia Sea Islands and back to St. Augustine.

April 10 (Tuesday). Jewett writes to Mr. Garrison at Houghton Mifflin from Florida. She announces an intention to arrive in Washington, DC by April 16.

April 18 (Wednesday). Jewett writes a letter to Lilian Aldrich from the Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine

April 20 (Friday). Fields writes to Anna Dresel. Fields says her doctor recommends that she remain a few more days. She is finding St. Augustine very interesting, its history, architecture and gardens. On the same day, she writes, in a journal entry or letter draft, a sketch of Henry Flagler, builder and owner of Hotel Ponce de Leon.

Monday
[4 March 1888]

Dear O. P.*

Well, I didn't know there was such a place as this in America! All the way down through the north of Florida and from Jacksonville here I had a sense of disappointment because the country seemed hardly more southern than North Carolina, except for the little palmettos on the ground, for it was flat and covered with pine woods.* But when you get into this old town there are all the queer things you see in Southern Italy or Spain it seems to me – strange flowers and loads of roses and kinds of palm trees leaning over walls and the people are so many of them of Spanish descent that it keeps up the outlandish feeling.* And somebody very rich of the Standard Oil Company has fallen in love with the place and built the shops and other

buildings in old Spanish style and – as for the Ponce de Leon it is simply beautiful.* You must come next year and stay there. Mother would have such a time! There is so much to see and the sea wind is cool though the sun is so hot. They have picked all the sweet oranges long ago but the bitter ones are left on the trees and look just as well! Tomorrow this hotel is going to shut up so we are going to move over to the Ponce de Leon.* They say that this is much better kept in some ways, but I should like to be there to look about at my leisure. The Loring had friends here. You don't know what good times we had together. Katherine Loring* is such a nice girl and has lived abroad a good deal and got so much out of it and is a born traveller so that we have been much the gainers. She has made the plans and we have taken the good of them. They live up at Pride's Crossing near Mrs Cabots* and I knew her but it was before she went off the last time about two or three years ago. You wouldn't care much about Jacksonville – it might be a town anywhere except for the orange trees. We were in a first rate hotel the little time we stayed, but here there is really something to see and enjoy. The streets are as narrow as can be for driving and the Spanish balconies poke out overhead so you can walk along in the shade of them.*

I have been dreadfully afraid of having Mrs. Fields go up the rivers or indeed to stay long here for it is really wilting hot now and too hot to have come for any length of time, but we are going to take one day's journey to where we can see the pink birds fly about.* Florence Cushing* is here & knows K. L. also, and we have pleasing times. I am so sorry to miss a letter to you but I was out gadding all the early part of the day until the last mail was gone. I sigh and sigh for Caddy. Oh Caddy such joys and even [grimed ?] hens a squawking is no more from Sister. We haven't been to the old Spanish fort* yet but are going tomorrow or perhaps early this evening.

Notes

Peg: Peg and O.P. were Jewett family nicknames for Mary Rice Jewett, as Seddie and Sadie were for Sarah Orne Jewett, and as Caddy and Carrie were for their youngest sister, Caroline Jewett Eastman.

through the north of Florida...: Though Henry Flagler quickly developed his hotels in St. Augustine and the railways that would bring northerners to them, the work was not quite completed in the spring of 1888, when Jewett

and Fields first visited. For that visit, Jewett and Fields could travel by sleeper car from New York to Jacksonville. There they would ferry across the St. John's River, and then take another quite uncomfortable train to St. Augustine. See Thomas Graham, *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine*. Gainesville: University Press of Florida, 2014.

of Spanish descent. While the Minorcan community of St. Augustine was significant in 1888, they did not form a majority of the local population. At this early point in Jewett's acquaintance with St. Augustine, she had not yet absorbed the knowledge of the town she would gather before publishing her main story set there, "Jim's Little Woman." See *The Diverse People of "Jim's Little Woman"* by Sarah Orne Jewett.

the Ponce de Leon: As she writes this letter, Jewett has not yet stayed at the Ponce de Leon hotel, and she has not yet learned very much about Henry Flagler, a partner in Standard Oil, who was investing so heavily in the transformation of St. Augustine.

Katherine Loring: Katharine Peabody Loring (1849-1943) of Beverly, Massachusetts, was the older sister of Louisa Putnam Loring (1854-1923). They were daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Caleb Loring. Blanchard in *Sarah Orne Jewett* says Katharine Loring was one of the founders of the Radcliffe College precursor, the Society to Encourage Studies at Home in 1873, where she was head of the history program (109). Katharine Loring probably is best known as the domestic partner of Alice James (1873-92), sister of Henry and William James. Henry James, according to Leon Edel, loosely based his characters Olive Chancellor and Verena Tarrant (*The Bostonians*, 1885-6) upon Katharine and his sister (*Henry James: A Life*, pp. 308-314; see also Edel's introduction to *The Diary of Alice James*).

Mrs. Cabot: According to Richard Cary, Susan Burley Cabot (1822-1907) was a close friend of Jewett. Jewett often spent part of the winter at the older woman's home. Cabot was married to the former mayor of Salem, MA, Joseph S. Cabot (1796-1874) (*Sarah Orne Jewett Letters*, p. 87). In the 1907 codicil to her will, Jewett mentions a legacy from Susan B. Cabot. Mrs. Cabot and the Loring's lived in Massachusetts, northeast of Boston and not far from many of Jewett's and Fields's friends, such as Henry L. Pierce and Lilian and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and near Fields's summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea. Note that there is some confusion about the identity of Mrs. Cabot's husband, reflected in the Joseph S. Cabot Wikipedia entry which gives him a different wife, and in her

Boston *Evening Transcript* obituary of 23 March 1907, which gives her husband as Joseph G. Cabot, former mayor of Salem.

the pink birds fly about: While one might assume these pink birds would be flamingos, in fact flamingos rarely are seen in Florida, especially in north Florida. More likely, Jewett and Fields are expecting to see Roseate Spoonbills.

the Spanish balconies: Bronsontours.com provides an architectural history of St. Augustine. Spanish home architecture in the city featured second-story balconies to provide shade and to shelter lower windows and doors from rain and wind.

Florence Cushing: Florence Cushing (1853-1927). This biographical note appears with the description of her papers at the Vassar College libraries:

Born in 1853 outside Boston, MA, Florence Cushing was the daughter of an esteemed family known as "The family of judges" for their participation in legal affairs. Florence Cushing was the valedictorian of her Vassar class of 1874 and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. She was among the founders of the Girls' Latin School of Boston as well as the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, which became the American Association of University Women, an organization of which she was the second president (1883-1885). She was the first alumna to sit on the Board of Trustees, and served between 1887-1894 and 1906-1912. In 1913, she was elected to life membership on the Board, a position which she held until 1923, when she became 'trustee emerita.' For her exemplary work and devotion to Vassar, Cushing Hall [now Cushing House], built in 1923, was named after her. She died at home in Norwell, MA on 20 September 1927.

Spanish fort: Fort Marion at the north end of Bay Street, now a national monument, the Castillo San Marcos.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Ponce de Leon,
St. Augustine -- Monday

Dear O. P.

Here we are I am thankful to say, so comfortable in this beautiful place with a big room and a little room out of it, looking out into the great Spanish court of the hotel with a big fountain and gardens and palmetto trees, and through the big arched and cloistered walk into the street. Really it is a perfect palace of a place and though we were told again that its beauty was all it had and the table was n't good we never half believed it, and had as good a dinner and breakfast as "Youngs"* could give and who need ask more? It costs but when you feel as if you had your money's worth it gives you quite a different feeling!* Mrs. Fields got here pretty well on the whole though she is very weak poor thing and I know she longs to be at home. I feel as if this were the right place for her for a few days at any rate since she isn't able to start on the home journey, and being so amused and pleased with the hotel that it helps along a good deal. You feel as if you were living in a brand new palace and every way you look you see something really artist-like and charming. For instance the china is real china of the most lovely pattern of gold on white in little figures and such pretty shapes – so refined, as if a lady had picked it out, and the carpets are so full and handsome*– You will perfectly delight in it and if I don't have some of my family spending their little all in St. Augustine the latter part of next winter it will be because I can't prod 'em!!! Mrs. Fields has said over and over that Mother must come, and how it would please Mary. We will start Caddy with Pretty Peggy and "her folks" and come as a whole.

-- I was afraid after I wrote yesterday that I spoke as if I thought you had been impatient about my being gone so long, but I didn't mean it that way. I feel the worse because you have been so good about it when I know you want me. I would have been home long ago if I had started for mere pleasure. And it has seemed to me some days as if I were pulled almost in two! I think it all depends upon the next few weeks or months whether Mrs. Fields ever gets strong again. She seems to pull up a certain distance and then something pulls her back, and if she got a bad cold it would go very hard with her. There is said to be a very good doctor* here and I am going to get her to have him come today and be sure she is on the right track about after this upset. There goes the band -- oh how I hope this same one will be here next winter!*

Ever so much love from

Sarah

Notes

"Youngs": Young's Hotel (1860–1927) in Boston, MA would have been familiar to the Jewett sisters. *Wikipedia* says:

A travel guidebook described Young's in 1895: "The main entrance to this hotel is on Court Avenue, and the hotel extends to Court Square and Court Street. It is one of the largest and best of the hotels on the European plan. One of the features of this hotel is the ladies' dining-room, the entrance to which is on the Court Street side. This is a handsomely decorated room 100 feet long and 31 feet wide. It connects with other large dining-rooms, and a cafe for gentlemen on the ground floor. This hotel is a favorite place with New Yorkers. ... Recognized as among the best [hotel restaurants in the city] are those connected with Young's Hotel, the Parker House, and the Adams House. That of Young's Hotel is very extensive, occupying a large part of the ground floor of that establishment. It has dining-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, lunch rooms, and convenient lunch and oyster counters.

It costs: Thomas Graham in *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine* reports that charges, including meals, at the Ponce de Leon ranged from \$5 to \$25 / person / day, which compared well with other first-class hotels. In 1894, the nearby, less luxurious Cordova Hotel, also owned by Flagler, charged \$3-\$4 / person / day for a room and 3 meals.

real china ... carpets are so full and handsome: Thomas Graham in *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine* says that Clarence B. Knott was in charge of supplying the Flagler hotels in St. Augustine. He managed large warehouses in St. Augustine, ordered materials in bulk and distributed them to hotels as needed. These included everything from electrical parts to china, silver, linen and carpets. "Knott would obtain samples of goods from several companies to make sure they met Mr. Flagler's high quality standards, and then he would negotiate the lowest possible price with one supplier. For example, in 1903 Wanamakers of Philadelphia received the contract for all fabric materials, from table and bed linen to carpets and window draperies" (Chapter 17).

very good doctor. This is likely Dr. Frank F. Smith, whom Jewett later recommends to Lilian Aldrich (see below).

the band: Thomas Graham says that the Ponce de Leon was one of the hotels that employed bands during the winter seasons of 1888 through 1890. During January - April period of 1888, Jewett could have heard two performances per day, morning and afternoon, of Maurice J. Joyce's Military Band, including a program of sacred music on Sunday morning (175). These performances took place in the loggia. Joyce's band was well known, especially in New York, where he and Thomas H. Joyce were prominent entertainers at Saratoga Springs and in New York City.

The room Jewett describes occupying during this stay apparently faces the loggia on the right, so she can see out through it into the street on the left. The main entrance to the courtyard is just beyond the band; in the drawing of the hotel above, this loggia and entrance are on the left (south) side of the hotel.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[22 March 1888]

Aiken, Thursday

Dear O. P.

Such a howling windy day and everybody groaning over the cold but the thermometer is at 42 above which isn't so very bad. I suppose it is the effect of all the storms about us.* We had a good walk this morning but didn't try to drive as we were out all day yesterday and today you would feel the wind so much in a gig! Yesterday afternoon we went over westward about half a dozen miles to a big cotton mill and went all over it. I haven't been in one since I was small and it carried me back to the days of Joanna Buckley.* The people interested me very much. They were all "poor whites" as they call them here – and or would have been without this steady work. I saw the "doffers and spoolers"* poor little snips and a slow little boy about as big as Theodore up in a kind of big cage on the wall making bands – or big twisted cotton cords on a machine.* He looked as if he ought to be out playing instead of making bands at twenty cents a day. And they work twelve long hours. It was a beautiful bright day and we had pleasant hours of it and there are lots of flowers in bloom.*

I would like to know what has become of my letters. I didn't have half I ought after the big storm, and now I didn't get one today. The

Southern trains take their time it seems to me. Next week Thursday we mean to start from here and go to Charleston and perhaps to Beaufort but it all depends upon our getting north. The trains north are crammed full now and we hardly know what plans to make as we want to stop here and there and the cars are all taken up by through passengers from Florida.* The Edmunds* want us to make them a little visit in Washington but that will depend upon our being longer on the train than we had planned for they don't leave until after we do, and of course don't want us until they have been at home a day or two. The snow storms make us shy about going North too soon, but we both want to stop in Washington for a couple nights or so.

I send you two or three photographs* of the people here and be sure to show them to John and Hannah and Annie.* John will laugh at the stylish team. In one cotton field picture you can see just how the cotton looks growing, and in the other an occasion of pickers. Mrs. Fields sends particular love and affection and wishes you could share our pleasure. I wish I had more interesting facts, but there isn't much a-happening!

Love to all from Sister.

Notes

storms all about us: The Great Blizzard of March 11-14, 1888 dropped up to 5 feet of snow in New England, leaving drifts as high as 50 feet, causing many deaths, halting trains and confining people to their homes, in some cases for as long as a week.

cotton mill ... Joanna Buckley: It is likely that Jewett visited William Gregg's Graniteville cotton mill, about 6 miles west of Aiken. Jewett was familiar with textile mills as a result of living in South Berwick, within easy walking distance of the mills across the Salmon Falls River in Rollinsford, NH.

No certain information about Joanna Buckley has been located. United States census records identify a Joanna Buckley working in a cotton mill in Lewiston, ME in 1880. It is possible that a Joanna Buckley worked for the Jewett family at an earlier date.

"doffers and spoolers": A doffer removes full spindles of thread from a spinning machine, replacing them with empty ones. A spooler is responsible for a machine that winds spun thread onto the spindles.

in a kind of big cage on the wall making bands: Twisting bands often was done by young boys in

19th-century cotton mills, either by hand or by machine.

Theodore, son of Carrie and Edwin (Ned) Eastman, was born August 4, 1879. At the writing of this letter, he would be 8 years old.

flowers in bloom: In this letter, Jewett appears to divide some paragraphs with long spaces between sentences. I have rendered these spaces to approximate hers, though it is not easy to be sure when she intends this.

through passengers from Florida: It appears that as early as March of 1888, the number of people wintering in Florida was large enough to fill the returning trains for several weeks.

the Edmunds: George Franklin Edmunds (1828 - 1919) was a Republican U.S. Senator from Vermont. In 1852 he married Susan Marsh (1831-1916); they had two daughters, Mary (1854-1936) and Julia (1861-1882).

two or three photographs: Below are images of the photos Jewett sent to Mary. The steer cart may be of special interest, because Jewett includes such a cart, with some comic effect, in "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation."

John and Hannah and Annie: These are Jewett family employees in South Berwick. John Tucker, who appears often in Jewett's nonfiction, was in charge of their stable and grounds (see Blanchard, pp. 37-8). Annie probably is Annie Collins. See note below.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Aiken Friday 23 March
1888

Dear Peg,

Then Olive moved nothing with her but the worktable!* Perhaps there was a picking up after her, but we can set down six good chairs to her account and feel she did well by us on the balance – How that old furniture went from one house to another in old times when there wasn't so much buying of new! Please don't let Siddy's* little chair in the pantry be used for standing upon by Philander, Mary!* it wouldn't bear him perhaps. I try to picture to myself the roof a 'histing and I am that pleased about Caddy's* mule that I wish I could see it this minute driving by down this red and yellow road. – Yesterday was as crisp as October and the pea vines were nipped to the sorrow and astonishment of beholders – I have just got your Wednesday letter which skipped here amazing lively! A. Warren didn't send the jars herself but

told me that an old gentleman was going to send them whom I saw there last year + that some big ones were coming by the next Fayal packet.* She had an outburst of fear because she thought she had told him North Berwick, but very likely Mr. Morgan didn't get what he wanted and waited – I grieve to have stirred you up for nothing, but it was an innycent Sister to begin with.

We mean to do the next best thing to Florida and step as far as Savannah. What do you think of that? We mean to break the journey North and to be free of the Vestibule train,* and we are going to stay a day or two just to see Savannah where we can get pretty easily from here, and then come up to Beaufort and we have promised to make a little two days visit to Miss Laura Towne (Mr. Darrah's sister-in-law) just out of Beaufort on one of the Sea Islands.* Then we are coming up to Charleston for a day and night and then up to Petersburg to spend a day with Mr. Lassiter,* his mother being dead and he having gone home to stay with his father and imploring us – Then we can go up to Washington and make our little visit. I think after Tuesday Morning you had better send one letter Wednesday to Sea Island Hotel, Beaufort, S.C. and also Thursday and Friday: and then Saturday to Charleston Hotel Charleston and after that I will tell you, but probably to Washington. Yes, next year you and Mother and I must come down and dally along home seeing the places. I should love it! Really it takes hardly longer to go right through in the vestibule train to Jacksonville than from New York than it does to go in ordinary trains from here. ----- Yesterday we had a nice day going to walk in the morning, and just as we came out of the woods we met Sally Norton from Cambridge, who is here with Mrs. William James and the Loring's whom we I like so much especially Miss Katherine Loring* and we loitered round a while together, and in the afternoon we took a long drive with Mary Edmunds* out into the country to a little pottery, and it was such a picture to see the old coloured man at his potter's wheel and a great fire blazing in the end of a long cabin and all the pots and jugs set about to dry. I must now close this letter with much love to all. I am glad to hear such good news about Will Collins tell Annie.* I know it will make her feel happier to think he is at work again, and trying to do well. -----

& gals. These violets are enclosed by Mrs. Fields with love to you and Mother. I wish that the little pink ones would get there without mizzling all up. We got them in the woods yesterday and they were so pretty. I will answer your sister Eastman's letter when I get blowed

up to begin again like the minister, but she shall not want for peanuts.

Yours

Seddie

Notes

Olive: This may be Olive Raynes, operator of and teacher in the popular South Berwick private elementary school that Jewett attended. Or, more likely, Olive Grant, the Jewett sisters' dressmaker. See Blanchard, *Sarah Orne Jewett*, pp. 20-21, 37, 55.

Philander: Given that a roof seems to need repair, it is possible that Jewett is speaking of Philander Hartwell Fall (1833-1915).

This note appears in an entry on "Capt. Isaac P. Fall (1830-1909), Civil War veteran, mason," at the Old Berwick Historical Society:

Historian Marie Donahue wrote in *The Old Academy on the Hill*, her history of Berwick Academy, that the academy schoolhouse preceding Fogg Memorial was built in 1853 by a contractor named Ebenezer Fall. Another member of the family, Philander H. Fall (1833-1915), is listed as a building contractor in the *Maine Register* business directory of 1880.

Caddy: Caddy is a family nick-name for the youngest Jewett sister, Caroline Eastman, referred to at the end of the letter as "your sister Eastman."

A. Warren ... Mr. Morgan: Warren is an old family name in the South Berwick area, but whether this person is connected with that family is not yet known. See Gladys Hasty Carroll's *Dunnybrook* (1943) for an account of the family. Mr. Morgan also has not been identified.

Fayal packet: Though this is not clear, it is possible Jewett refers to a packet boat that makes regular trips to a local port, such as Portsmouth or, more likely, Boston from the Portuguese Island of Faial.

vestibule train: The development in the 1880s of technology to allow rail passengers to move between cars by connecting and enclosing the vestibules or ends of the cars made it practical to have a dining car and Pullman sleeper cars as part of a train, allowing easier long runs with fewer stops for overnight, intercity travel, such as from New York to Jacksonville, FL. In the earlier Thursday letter from Aiken, Jewett complains about how crowded the north-bound trains are. Changing their travel plans frees them from the difficulty of making stops on their

journey north and being unable to board a later train in the same direction.

Aiken and locations Jewett plans to visit: It appears that Jewett and Fields did not follow the itinerary she gives here, interposing a return trip to St. Augustine by boat.

Aiken, SC, near Augusta, GA, was a popular winter resort for New Englanders in the 19th century. It is remembered as the Aiken Winter Colony.

Savannah, GA is a coastal town on the Savannah river near the South Carolina border. The historically significant city was a popular tourist destination in the 19th century. Savannah is about 120 miles from Aiken.

Beaufort, SC is a coastal town near the Sea Islands, where Jewett sets her story, "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation." With the notes to that story is extensive information about the town, the islands, and Laura Towne. Beaufort is about 40 miles northeast of Savannah.

Charleston, SC holds considerable historical interest because of its age, its centrality as a port in the antebellum South, and as the site of the opening battle of the American Civil War in 1860. It is about 70 miles northeast of Beaufort.

Petersburg, VA, near Richmond, could have held particular interest for Annie Fields, apart from Mr. Lassiter's invitation, because in the 1880s, while Republicans continued to dominate the Virginia legislature, institutions benefiting freedmen, such as Virginia State University, in Petersburg, were flourishing. The university's first president, John Mercer Langston, became the first African-American to represent Virginia in the United States Congress; elected in 1888, he served 1890-91. This would seem a natural stop after their visit with Laura Towne. Petersburg is about 400 miles north of Charleston. From Petersburg to the final stop Jewett mentions, Washington, DC, is about 130 miles north.

Mr. Lassiter: This is quite likely to be Francis Rives Lassiter (1866 - 1909). Born in Petersburg, he studied law at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville and practiced briefly in Boston, before returning home in 1888. His parents were Dr. Daniel William Lassiter and Anna Rives Heath (5 June 1835 - 6 February 1888). He later served as a Democrat in the U.S. Congress.

Miss Laura Towne (Mr. Darrah's sister-in-law): Blanchard in *Sarah Orne Jewett* says that Jewett and Fields visited "Annie's old friend Laura Towne (1825-1901), a homeopathic physician and educator who, many years earlier, had established a clinic and school on the island for its large population of freed slaves" (193-4).

Laura Towne's sister, Ann Sophia (1819-1881), married Robert Kendall Darrah of Boston. She became a noted American painter. Robert K. Darrah (1818-1885), according to *Memorial Biographies of the New England Historical Society*, was a Boston merchant who became appraiser at the Custom House in 1861 (p. 211). Annie Fields wrote an obituary piece on Mr. Darrah in 1886.

Sally Norton from Cambridge: Sara (Sally) Norton (1864-1922) was a niece of James Russell Lowell, and the daughter of Charles Eliot Norton, (1827-1908), who was co-editor of the *North American Review* (1863-1868) and then professor of literature and art at Harvard University. Jewett and Sally Norton became close friends and frequent correspondents.

Mrs. William James: The American philosopher and psychologist, William James (1842 - 1910), married Alice Howe Gibbens (1849 - 1922) in 1878. For information about the impressive Mrs. James, see *Alice in Jamesland: The Story of Alice Howe Gibbens James* by Susan E. Gunter (Nebraska 2009).

the Loring's ... Miss Katherine Loring: Katharine Peabody Loring (1849 - 1943) of Beverly, Massachusetts. See note above.

Mary Edmunds: Daughter of Senator George F. Edmunds. See note above.

the old coloured man at his potter's wheel: The Aiken area was part of what became known as the Edgefield district for making pottery. An important local enslaved African-American potter, Dave Drake (ca. 1800-1860s) predates Jewett's visit.

Will Collins tell Annie: Annie Collins appears to be a Jewett family employee. It is possible also that Will Collins has worked for the family. It is reasonably likely that Annie and Will Collins are brother and sister. FamilyTreeNow.com provides this census information.

Annie Collins (1860 until after 1930), of Irish parents, resident of South Berwick, Maine in 1930.

William Collins (1864 until after 1930), brother to Annie, born in Maine, resident of South Berwick, Maine in 1930. Neither was married in 1930.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

Aiken SC 29 March [1888]

My Dear Loulie,

I have begun on the wrong side of my little sheet of paper which is quite discouraging, but I am going to send you a note in a hurry at last since it has been so long in starting! Our coming to Aiken has been most successful for we have found old and new friends, and the weather has been almost always delightful so that we have played out of doors to our heart's content It is lilac time now! -- . Mrs. Fields has gained very fast, but she does not get her whole strength back yet: I can see that she is tired more easily than usual and being so long in bed has taken her usual fleetness of foot away from her for the time being, so that she is much provoked at not taking such long walks as she likes -- But I think that time is doing wonders, and she has lost the terribly pale look that worried me so when we came away. The storms and the late spring will keep us south longer than we like but I am very anxious not to leave this region too soon. I hope indeed that we shall see you and dear Mrs. Dresel before you sail. How pleasant all the plans sound for the summer and what good wishes I send your for their carrying out! I am as interested about the [duck ?] as possible: you must tell me all about his share of the journeys -- -- Somehow I find it hard to write in Aiken but there are so many things I should like to tell you -- There ought to be a second Millet* for this Southern country -- to paint the coloured people at work in the cotton fields and their cabins and the peach bloom that was like little pink clouds everywhere when we first came. You would like the great Southern pines so much with "spills" nearly two feet long !!! We have driven a great deal and seen the country about here pretty thoroughly.

Tomorrow we go to Charleston for the night on our way to Beaufort where we are going to spend the next week and make a little visit to Miss Laura Towne in the course of it. Here are some wild violets which I delight in -- crowfoots they call them. If it were not so wet you should have some other flowers -- I am so sorry about not seeing your sketches, but "some other ship - - some other day" -- to quote the Kate Greenaway* booksy{.} A. F. sends much love and so do I to you and "Martina." *

Yours faithfully

S. O. J.

Notes

a second Millet: Jean-François Millet (1814 - 1875) "was a French painter and one of the founders of the Barbizon school in rural France."

Kate Greenaway: Catherine "Kate" Greenaway (1846-1901), British children's verse writer and illustrator. Her first books of illustrated poems was *Under the Window* (1878), in which appeared, "I Saw a Ship."

"*Martina*": Jewett may have written "Martine." This person's identity remains unknown.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Sea Island Hotel* Beaufort, Saturday 31 April
[Probably March 31, 1888]*

Dear O. P.

Sister has come to the prettiest place now that ever was! The hotel is a great big old-fashioned Planter's house looking out on the lovely bay and Sea Islands beyond – all the land very low like the tropics, but fig trees and magnolias and live oaks and all the trees as green as grass and yesterday we picked great boughs of Cherokee roses* and in the Charleston gardens roses were all blooming in full bloom on arbors and seemed to be as big as grapevines or else stood up tall like lilacs and things. I was delighted with Charleston – you have no idea what a foreign sort of place it is – The French Huguenots came there didn't they?* and you are always seeing lovely iron work gates as you do abroad and so many touches of French taste. You take in for the first time how rich and splendid things were before the war and now you can not conceive the piteous desolation, for some of the best houses on the Battery (a sort of bank on the harbor side) are so shattered by the earthquake* that the owners have gone away and left them to drop to pieces{.} The walls are cracked and crumbling – the chimneys are gone and the cornices all awry and ready to fall where they have not fallen already.* I've done for honors and saw everything we could think of or that the nice colored driver could think of. Of course one might spend a great deal of time in such a place and I look forward to seeing it again. As Sunday was coming and the best train for Beaufort was a morning one we started off and here we are. Mrs. Fields doesn't seem nearly so tired as she did yesterday. The sea air is lovely and so soft. I am not sure now just what we shall do or where we shall do it! we must wait to hear from

Miss Towne before we go over to the Island. You see we have just got here and it is but a little after one o'clock. Katharine Loring and her father who are perfectly charming people to go anywhere with are going to Florida from Savannah next week – not by rail but by sea, down an "inside" channel to Jacksonville among the Georgia Sea Islands, if they can arrange it, and if they do we have half a mind to go too, in which case we perhaps can go to Savannah from here by boat which would save cars. We should only stay a few days for it is getting hot but it would give us a lovely summer like look at St. Augustine. Don't be too sure, for I am not, whether it will come right to do it, but I thought I would tell the plan.* I keep thinking how you and Mother will enjoy Charleston. Love to all from Sarah. Tell Caddy not to let yellow onions grow on her pelter.*

[Margin notes]

There is a monkey show* under the window!

Sister is now seen how rice grows!*

Notes

Sea Island Hotel: The Sea Island Hotel in Beaufort, SC, was a plantation house before the Civil War (1861-65). It was for a number of years the home of John Allan Stuart, editor of the Charleston *Mercury*.

31 April: This is an impossible date. Given Jewett's location, she almost certainly meant 31 March, which fell on a Saturday in 1888.

monkey show: Possibly Jewett refers to an example of the fairly common small "dog and pony shows" that typically included monkeys. Henry B. McKay offers this description in *Do You Remember When?*

This was during the years from 1900 to 1906. They seemed like huge affairs to me then, but when I look at the lots today, they must have been comparatively small shows. The ponies were all small, of the Shetland or Indian type ponies. They were well trained and could race in singles or in groups hitched to small chariots. They were made to jump and dance and perform in every way except talk, and perhaps a little of that.

The dogs were many and varied. They were very intelligent and also well trained. Each would come out when called by name and would go back to his little stool when his act was finished. They would jump over hurdles, through hoops onto a pony, or on each other's backs. They would walk a ladder, a tight rope, a pole at the command

of the trainer. The act that always caused the most excitement was to see a little fox terrier climb a ladder into the top of the tent and jump off into a net only a few feet above the ground. The oh's and ah's as it was climbing, the stillness when it got ready to jump, and the sighs of relief when it safely landed in the net are real today!

In addition, to add the necessary spice to the show there were always a few monkeys. They were dressed in clothes, some as old men and women and some as babies. They pushed wheelbarrows, baby carriages, jumped on and off dogs and ponies, and did the many things that always amuse grown folks, as well as the children. The climax of the monkey show was when a paper house was placed in middle of the arena and set afire. Bells rang, horns tooted, and firemen came out, who were monkeys pulling a little red fire engine.

There was a hand pump of the old-fashion fire engine variety and they pumped water and actually put the fire out.

The show was held in a tent and there was another smaller tent behind for the animals. They usually stayed there for a week. The charge was only twenty-five cents. It could easily be walked to, from our part of town.

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

tell the plan: Though documentation so far is sparse, it appears that Jewett and Fields accepted the Lorings's invitation, for Jewett writes to Lilian Aldrich from St. Augustine on 18 April (see below).

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

Charleston .. Huguenots: Wikipedia confirms that among the earliest settlers in Charleston were Huguenots: "The French Huguenot Church of Charleston, which remains

independent, is the oldest continuously active Huguenot congregation in the United States."

the war ... the earthquake: Jewett refers to the American Civil War, 1861-1865. The effects of this war on southern landscapes receives attention in two Jewett stories, "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation" (August 1888) and "A War Debt" (January 1895).

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

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

not to let yellow onions grow on her pelt: This passage is so obscure that I doubt that I have correctly read Jewett's handwriting. A pelt is a pelt, a cleaned animal skin, with the fur remaining.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

St. Helena's Island Sunday [*April 1, 1888*]

Dear O. P.

I feel as if I were at the end of the earth, but I only hope that all the other ends are as pleasant! We came across the long ferry in a rowboat this morning and then drove across Lady's Island and three miles, and across St. Helena's seven miles* before we came to the great clump of live oaks and the old plantation house* where Miss Towne and Miss Murray have lived for over twenty years.* They have done everything for the colored people in teaching them other things besides book learning or rather they have taught to find the application of book learning to every day life. You would be surprised to see how neat and nice their houses are – and they were all out working on the land this morning as we drove

along and were so respectable looking and polite* – Miss Towne has a fortune which has helped her in many ways but nobody can tell how many sacrifices must be made when anybody starts out to do a thing like this and sticks to it – Miss Murray is an Englishwoman and they are such an interesting pair – and way off here they keep account of what is going on in the world and read and think about things as if they were in the middle of them, and perhaps more than we do. All the way along we have been seeing palms and palmettos and strange trees and flowers – and you have no idea what a difference there is in the size of the Sea Island cotton plants from those in Aiken. On some of these islands the cotton was worth \$200 a pound (to put with silk) when the common cotton

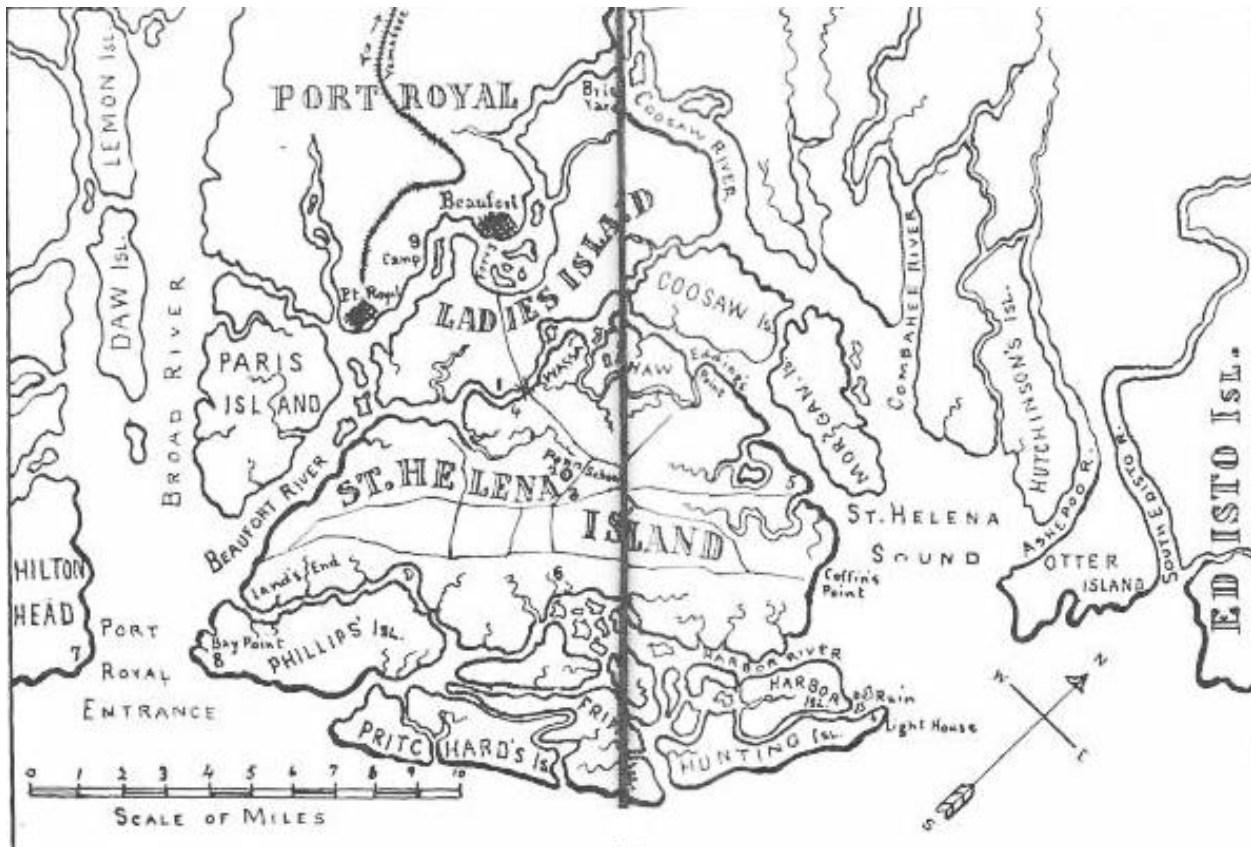
was only five cents.* I don't know where to tell you to write next until we settle about Florida but I think to Washington unless you hear the contrary. Just Care Senator Edmunds.*

Love to all from Sarah

Notes

seven miles: This map from *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne* (1895). indicates the route from Beaufort to Penn School.

The road from the ferry landing across from the town of Beaufort to Penn School (center of map near the final A in HELENA) is drawn in.



old plantation house: The original building of the Penn Center was the Oaks Plantation house.

Miss Towne and Miss Murray: Laura Matilda Towne (1825-1901) was one of the first northern women to move to the South to serve

freedmen during the American Civil War. According to the PBS web page, "Only a Teacher," "The teachers who went south sought not only to teach the freedmen how to read and write, but hoped to help them develop socially

and morally. They saw themselves as missionaries who would 'bring the light of God's truth' to people they assumed were in need of such enlightenment." Born in Pittsburgh, PA, Towne and her family became interested in abolitionism when her father moved to Boston to superintend the city gas works. Their commitment deepened after her father retired to Philadelphia, where they joined First Unitarian Church, then under the leadership of the pacifist and abolitionist, William Henry Furness (1802-1896). Towne eventually trained as a physician and was in practice when she felt the call to St. Helena in 1862. She remained at Penn School until her death.

Ellen Murray (1834-1908), Towne's close friend, shared the work at Penn School from 1862 until her death, primarily as teacher and school administrator. In *South Carolina Women: Their Lives and Times* v. 2, Ronald E. Butchart's "Laura Towne and Ellen Murray" (pp. 12-30) says that Murray was born in St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, and though her father died when she was 2, she and her two sisters were educated in Europe and eventually came to live in a substantial home in Newport, RI. There she became a teacher. Invited by Towne to help with the Penn School, Murray became an ardent abolitionist and advocate for African Americans. *Scholarly Editing* presents one of her poems from *The Anti-Slavery Standard* of 1864 and provides useful biographical notes on her.

Though both Towne and Murray came from privileged backgrounds and were well-educated, Butchart does not confirm that either was independently wealthy, as Jewett suggests here. He says how the partners became acquainted is unclear, though Towne at least once spoke before a Quaker meeting in Newport, RI. Though Murray was a Quaker, her family were prominent members of the Anglican Trinity Church, Saint John, New Brunswick, founded by Loyalists after the American Revolution; see *History of Trinity Church, Saint John, New Brunswick, 1791-1891* by Frederick Hervey John Brigstocke, pp. 123-4.

working on the land: Jewett elaborates this description of freedmen farming on St. Helena in "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation."

Sea Island cotton plants: Sea Island cotton was of a special long-stranded variety, making it particularly valuable. After the Union gained control of the islands, it was eager to continue cotton production during the American Civil War.

Senator Edmunds: Of the stop in Aiken, Blanchard says, "... they ran into the distinguished abolitionist Senator George Edmunds of Vermont, who was vacationing there with his family, and the two parties joined

forces for a few days." Jewett's letter indicates that their meeting was planned rather than fortuitous, as Blanchard suggests. See note above for more on this family.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Francis Jackson Garrison

10 April -- Florida

Dear Mr. Garrison

I have extended my journey but I expect to be in Washington on Monday next and if the proofs are ready I will look them over there. I shall be in Charles Street the end of the week and I will see you then. As soon as I get nearer to Boston I will send you the rest of the copy, but I do not want to run the risk of its being lost by trusting it to the uncertainties of small expresses -- as I have only one copy of the story.

Mr. Alden offered to waive the usual six months delay with another story lately printed in Harper's, so if our matter runs short I should like to put Mére Pochette* in. It was not printed right by a mistake & some pages were left out, but I have the manuscript and I think it is worth printing in its right order --

Thank you for the picture of Mr. Whittier which seemed to give Miss Schofield great pleasure --

In haste

Yours sincerely

S. O. Jewett.

Please direct to me care of Senator Edmunds
Washington, D.C.

but there will only be time to send proof until
Saturday afternoon the 14th -----

Notes

Mr. Garrison: Francis Jackson Garrison (1848-1916), son of the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison, served as "confidential clerk" to H. O. Houghton and, after his death in 1895, continued in the same capacity to George H. Mifflin. Garrison's main responsibility was the import-export business, but he also set rates to be paid authors and supervised manufacturing orders. He became secretary of the firm when it was incorporated in 1908. Wikipedia.

Mére Pochette: This story appeared in *Harper's* in March 1888 and was collected in *The King of Folly Island* the same year.

Mr. Alden: Henry Mills Alden (1836 - 1919) was editor of *Harper's Magazine* for fifty years—from 1869 until 1919.

Mr. Whittier ... Miss Schofield: John Greenleaf Whittier (1807 - 1892). Miss Schofield has not been identified. Assistance is welcome.

Caleb William Loring to Louisa Putnam Loring

St. Augustine
April 17, 1888

Dearest Louisa,

Thank you for your pleasant notes. I suppose Katharine has written to you much that I shall say: how different Florida is from So. Carolina; --* here all the fields are green with grass; the green here [*unrecognized word*: lasting?] keep that growing, though underneath it is as sandy as around Aiken. The Pride of China trees* are in full blossom, a very pretty blue blossom with quite a delicious scent.

This is a curious old Spanish town* with its large fort & the Old City gate & its narrow streets; though on those streets the Yankee wooden houses crowd the old coquina stone ones & take the place of the old gardens. And the great sight is the Ponce de Leon hotel & the Alcazar & the Squares & gardens & fountains; & in the evening the colored lights. There is no hotel approaching it that I ever saw & I saunter around day & evening in admiration.

Josh Blake & his [*Cara? Cass?*]* & her family have been very attentive; she has a nice house right on the sea wall: just rebuilt after the old fire.* There are quite a number of little attractions, views & scenes. I saw some stuffed rattle-snakes,* killed close by, that perfectly astonished me by their size: much bigger than any black snake I ever saw north.

Our excursion to Silver Springs* was most delightful: think of a ditch never beginning at once some fifty feet or more wide & very deep right out of the ground: the water so clear you could see the smallest fish, fifty-feet down, swimming about. Then we saw an old orange grove with palms seventy feet high & all so shady & cool & regularly over-grown with wild oranges & grape fruit &c.--

The blacks too are much more flourishing than around Aiken, better dressed with glass in their houses & not those old shuttered cabins.

Orange groves everywhere in the interior on the way to Silver Springs, most of them recently set out. but I shall have a good deal to tell when I get back. The case comes on this week or not at all.* I hope to get off Friday but don't know.

With my very best love
Ever your affectionate father

C. W. Loring

Notes

So. Carolina: As indicated in Jewett's letter of 22 March, she and Fields enjoyed the company of the Caleb and Katharine Loring in Aiken, SC in late March. This letter indicates that Caleb and Katharine have returned to St. Augustine from Aiken at the same time that Jewett and Fields have done so, apparently during the first week in April. This suggests that they did indeed take the coastal cruise they had been thinking about in late March.

The Pride of China trees: It is not clear to which tree Loring refers. "Pride of China" apparently is the common name for several species. That he sees it in St. Augustine and specifies that it has blue blossoms in April makes it unlikely that he refers to trees commonly called Pride of China, such as Chinaberry.

Josh Blake & his [Cara? Cass?]: These people have not been identified.

the old fire: Fires were relatively frequent in St. Augustine in the 19th century, and it is not clear, therefore, which fire is the "old" one. Recently in 1887, a fire had devastated much of the center of the town, leaving the cathedral, for example, as a shell.

some stuffed rattle-snakes: It is likely that Loring saw the snakes at the Vedder Museum.

"Florida's Lost Tourist Attractions: The Vedder Museum" says of Mr. Vedder (1819-1899): "Dr. John Vedder, his title as 'Doctor' stemming not from a University but the remnant of a short stint practicing as a self-taught dentist, was born in Schenectady, New York, on July 22, 1819. He seems to have been a bit of an adventurer, traveling and working at various times and places as a soldier, blacksmith, machinist, locomotive engineer, inventor, dentist, taxidermist, and, in his final occupation, museum and zoo curator.

In his travels he had gathered a large collection of natural oddities and curiosities, including many animal specimens he stuffed and mounted himself. He turned them into a traveling display for a time and then, in the 1880's, opened a permanent museum in an

old colonial era house on the corner of Bay and Treasury Streets in St. Augustine. A major part of his attraction was also an exhibit of live animals, including collections of snakes, birds, alligators, and some other native and exotic wildlife.

Silver Springs: Wikipedia says "Silver Springs is a U.S. unincorporated community and the site of aquatic springs in Marion County, Florida. The springs are one of the largest artesian spring formations in the world, producing nearly 550 million gallons of crystal-clear water daily. Silver Springs forms the headwaters of the Silver River, the largest tributary on the Ocklawaha River, a part of the St. Johns River system."

The case comes on this week or not at all: Caleb Loring as a trustee under the will of Mary Wadsworth, filed a suit in June 1887 (Loring v. Carnes) that was not heard until November 1888. While Loring may be referring to another case altogether, this is a likely possibility.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Aldrich

Hotel Ponce de Leon St. Augustine
18 April 1888

Dear Lilian

When you and Mr. T.B.A. and Mr. Pierce* take another journey together don't go to Europe but start a little earlier than this and come down to a most beautiful hotel in as quaint a Minorcan town* as any in Minorca or Spain! As for the hotel, it is the most luxurious and refined and really charming place that I ever saw -- I sighed when I heard about it in the winter, but when I saw it for myself I sighed no more! I am looking down on a moorish courtyard with a fountain if you please and palm trees and roses and balconies with gardens of flowers hanging over their edges, and a tower that might belong to Venice showing over the tiled roof -- You see I ought not to say Venice, but I have never been to Spain and don't know whether such a tower ought to grow there or not -- But you put a mark in at St. Augustine in your guidebook and open it there next time.

You are wanting to hear about dear A.F. I know, and I am glad to say that she is better, for she had another illness lately which pulled her back a good deal and made me very anxious.* I can see now that she gains every day but she will have to be very careful this summer -- By the morning paper Mrs. J.T.F. and Miss Sarah Jewett the actress are reported! and they are having as good a time together as they can -- Sadie is playing the player, you see and

wonders if people who identify her think she is a likely looking star !!!! --*

We were so saddened yesterday by the news of Mr. Arnold's death* which seemed terribly sudden though I knew when I saw him a summer ago in Stockbridge* that he had angina pectoris -- and I was sure that I never should see him again. Poor Mrs. Arnold and Nelly! I have an aching heart whenever I think of their sorrow -- But it will be a great comfort to have the world acknowledge Mr. Arnold's genius. It is a thankless task for any man to be ahead of his time and people resent anybody's suggestion that they might think otherwise than they do, or that they might behave better, or live their lives for higher ends -- I grew very fond of Mr. Arnold in those delightful weeks he gave us in Charles Street. I learned so much from him, and I can hear his voice now reading the Scholar Gypsy by the fire in the library. I was wondering just now if Miss Harriet Preston* still had the enthusiasm for him that she had years ago and was the first to teach me. I think then almost no one could have written about him as appreciatively as she could. I remember a review of his poems that she wrote once for the Atlantic that I must read again someday or other.

I can only say that his "Literature and Dogma{" taught me as much or more than any book I ever read of what one should know of spiritual truth and right living and right mindedness.

I am so eager to see this new paper of his about America. I don't doubt that there is a great deal of needed truth in that it, but in the Shelley paper he gave a sign of illness and weakness in the way he spoke - - - -

Now I am writing to you at last after thinking about you both many times, and I have so many things to say that I find it hard to stop.

About our Southern journeyings, I don't dare to begin, but I must take a long summer day and try to tell you some of the charming things that have happened. Our visit on one of the Sea Islands off Beaufort and some of the Aiken experiences.*

A. F. sends much love with mine to you and kindest remembrance of the grandmothers & the boys for I can't stop calling Tal and Charley by that name yet a while -- Yours affectionately S. O. J.

We have planned our going home so many times that I am afraid to set another date for fear of another delay, but I think you will see us within a fortnight now{.} Of course we have to stop by the way.

The Brownell poem* did not get to us in very good season but we read it with a wish to say how much we cared for it. If St. Augustine were a day nearer Boston it would be perfect.

Notes

Mr. Pierce: Henry Lillie Pierce (August 23, 1825 – December 17, 1896) became wealthy in the chocolate business and went on to become mayor of Boston and a congressman from Massachusetts. He became a very close friend of the Aldrich family, who often were guests aboard his yacht, the *Hermione*. Among their cruises together was an 8-week trip among Caribbean islands in early 1896, which included Jewett and Annie Fields.

Minorcan town: St. Augustine numbered a significant population of Minorcan ancestry at the end of the 19th century, but Jewett seems to refer more directly to Henry Flagler's decision to build the Hotel Ponce de Leon in a Spanish style. See Marty & Jim in St. Augustine and The Diverse People of "Jim's Little Woman."

very anxious: The 1888 southern trip, on which Jewett accompanied Annie Fields was to seek rest and warmth to help Mrs. James T. Fields recover from a serious attack of pneumonia.

likely looking star: According to Richard Cary in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters*, "Sara Jewett (1847-1899) was the leading lady of Augustin Daly's Union Square Theatre company. Miss Jewett of South Berwick recounts drolly that upon several occasions during her travels she was mistaken for Miss Jewett of New York, then considered one of the most beautiful women in America. In an ironic extension of the parallel, illness and enforced retirement became the lot of both thespian and literary Jewett. Sara Jewett's last appearance as an actress took place in the spring of 1883." See her obituary in *Boston Evening Transcript*.

Mr. Arnold's death: British poet and cultural critic, Matthew Arnold (24 December 1822 – 15 April 1888). Arnold visited America for the last time in 1886. His wife was Frances, his daughters were Eleanore and Lucy. He is the author of the poem, "The Scholar Gypsy" (1853) and of numerous prose works, including *Literature and Dogma* (1873). His essay on Shelley appears in *Essays in Criticism, Second Series* (1888). His *Civilization in the United States* appeared in 1888.

Stockbridge: Stockbridge, MA. In a 1932 Yale dissertation, Chilson H. Leonard presents chronologies of Arnold's visits to the United States. Of Arnold's 1886 American trip, Leonard

writes: "He spent most of this visit in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, where he botanized, fished, swam, and played with his infant granddaughter." Arnold's daughter, Lucy, and her family, friends of Annie Fields, had a summer home in Stockbridge. See note below on Mr. Whitridge.

Harriet Preston: Harriet Waters Preston (1836-1911) was a Massachusetts author and translator and a mutual acquaintance of Jewett and Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc (1840-1907). Jewett may refer to Preston's essay, "Matthew Arnold as a Poet," *Atlantic* 53 (May 1884) pp. 640-650.

Aiken experiences: This letter, dated 18 April, indicates that Jewett and Fields traveled to Aiken after their first stay in St. Augustine and then accepted the offer to return to St. Augustine by boat with the Loring's. This letter was written during their second stay at the Ponce de Leon in the spring of 1888.

Tal and Charley: The Aldriches' twin sons, Talbot and Charles were born in 1868.

Brownell poem: It seems likely that one of the Aldriches has shared with Jewett and Fields Thomas Bailey Aldrich's sonnet, "Henry Howard Brownell," (1820-1872), which appeared in *Atlantic* 31 (May 1873) p. 609, not long after Civil War poet's death.

THEY never crowned him, never knew his worth,

But let him go unlaureled to the grave.
Hereafter -- yes! -- are guerdons for the brave,

Roses for martyrs who wear thorns on earth,

Balms for bruised hearts that languish in the dearth

Of human love. So let the lilies wave
Above him, nameless. Little did he crave
Men's praises. Modestly, with kindly mirth,
Not sad nor bitter, he accepted fate,
Drank deep of life, knew books and hearts of men,
Cities and camps, and War's immortal woe;
Yet bore through all (such virtue in him sate
His spirit is not whiter now than then!)
A simple, loyal nature, pure as snow.

Annie Adams Fields to Anna Loring Dresel?*

April 20th 1888.
St. Augustine, Florida

Dear friend:

The days are slipping away with sorrowful rapidity, when I remember that it means I am not to see you before you sail. But I have been kept back by lack of strength to take the journey northward with safety and my physician here still prescribes a day or two of delay. Nevertheless I must add that in this beautiful place I am at last rapidly improving. Indeed I have reason to think I may return perfectly well. But meanwhile I think of you and your going! and comfort myself with the memory that change places as we may the same love waits for us and hearts we lean upon are unchanged. St. Augustine is a new experience indeed. How I wish you could see it in these months of April and May when Florida is true to its lovely name and redolent with flowers of every kind. The Magnolia Grandiflora easily leads in the train.* I have never seen anything so truly queenly, so exquisite as this flower is in this its home. The odor is so delicate too that you hardly observe it in the room, and its pure beauty is something I have scarcely been able to look upon with dry eyes.

A singular fortune has befallen this little half decayed Spanish town. One of the richest oil kings of this wonderful country of ours has taken a fancy to the place and has built a palace here for a hotel as huge and glorious as the Spanish palaces of old.* I should weary you if I tried to tell you of its gardens and fountains, its campaniles domes and arcades, of the artists who have exhausted their taste and skill here, of the baths, like the Roman baths of old, -- but sometime I hope you will all come to see it.

Meanwhile, dear friend, you will rejoice with me that our absence has been softened in this way -- Sarah is quite well and sends her dear love with mine to you all. Come back dear Anna to yours affectionately, Annie Fields.

Notes

Anna Loring Dresel: This letter's recipient has not been determined with certainty. Friends of Fields who might be addressed as Dear Anna, include Anna Dawes, Anna Loring Dresel, Anna Johnson, Anna Eliot Ticknor, and Anna Clarke (wife of James Freeman Clarke). A later letter of June 18 with a similar salutation -- "My dear friend" -- is believed to be addressed to a member of the Loring-Dresel family, since it is included among the Ellis Gray Loring Family papers at Harvard's Schlesinger Library. This suggests that Fields is addressing Anna Loring Dresel.

Magnolia grandiflora: Wikipedia says "*Magnolia grandiflora*, commonly known as the southern

magnolia or bull bay, is a tree of the family *Magnoliaceae* native to the southeastern United States, from southern Virginia to central Florida, and west to East Texas and Oklahoma. Reaching 27.5 m (90 ft) in height, it is a large, striking evergreen tree with large, dark green leaves up to 20 cm (7.9 in) long and 12 cm (4.7 in) wide, and large, white, fragrant flowers up to 30 cm (12 in) in diameter."

richest oil kings: "Henry Morrison Flagler (January 2, 1830 -- May 20, 1913) was an American industrialist and a founder of Standard Oil. He was also a key figure in the development of the Atlantic coast of Florida and founder of what became the Florida East Coast Railway." Fields and Jewett are staying at his newly opened Ponce de León Hotel in St. Augustine.

On Henry Flagler by Annie Adams Fields

20 April, 1888

Mr. Flagler said it was a disappointment to find people leaving the hotel in April because this month and May are incomparably beautiful in Florida. Winter is all very well, but it is still winter here as every where. There is however a lovely sea breeze the moment the weather becomes warm which makes this coast comfortable{.}

He said the memory of his boyhood in the country with his torn hat and bare feet which he warmed on autumn mornings in the places where the cattle had been lying all night, or of the times when he sat on the door step with his piece of pumpkin pie in his hand, was the remembrance of a part of his life for which he was most grateful{.}

He said in building this hotel he was reminded of the story of a deacon of the congregational church in the country who had lived to old age and was always a model to the community{,} who was seen by the minister returning from market one day, whither he had gone to sell his small produce, as drunk as a lord. The friends pretended not to see each other but the following day the minister knew it was incumbent upon him to call upon the deacon. As he approached the place he saw the deacon was at work in his garden and far from

pretending not to see him he rose from among his cabbages and advanced towards the minister. When they came within speaking distance the deacon spoke at once.

"Now don't say one word, here I'd been serving the Lord stiddy for fifty-five years and I thought I'd take a day off for myself" --- Said Mr. Flagler, {"}so I took a day off and built this hotel!!"

A friend of his told him that he was reminded in seeing what he was doing of his own little son at school. He asked Eddy what they had been doing. O{,} said Eddy{,} each boy was told to bring five cents for the poor and drop it in the box reciting a text at the same time. So each boy in turn said "It is more blessed to give than to receive" and other passages like that until they came to a bright eyed little Irish boy who when his went in said "A fool and his money are soon parted."

It is quite likely that Mr. Flagler is not yet fifty years old. He has a clear cut intelligent face but he is evidently laden with many cares and his wealth has not been an unmixed blessing. Altogether it was very interesting to see him in view of what he has done and is doing to make this spot of earth beautiful.

April 20th 1888

Note

This manuscript is in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society: Annie Fields papers, 1847-1912, MS. N-1221, "Loose Letters." This transcription is from a microfilm, available courtesy of the University of Kansas Libraries, Lawrence Kansas: Annie Adams Fields Papers 1852-1912. Folio PS 1669.F5 Z462 1986, Reel 4.

Sister Thérésia* to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*May / June 1888*]*
St Augustine

Mademoiselle,

With an expressive smile I have welcomed your charming White Heron* for he brought me on his wings good memories of you.

Though I've not yet had time to read your work, I judge it from my knowledge of its author.

I also have remembered you when I pass the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, where your little flower represents you for me. Then I say a little

prayer to the good and gracious Virgin for continued blessings of God upon you and yours. I am truly pleased to learn that you and Mrs. Fields* continue in good health, for this will encourage you both to return and enjoy the good climate of St. Augustine.

Please thank Mrs. F. again for her kindness regarding the subscription. We saw nothing more from the list, and we don't know whom to contact.

The Convent of St. Joseph collected \$100 during March, the month of St. Joseph. For now we have \$230. I hope that if you come back next year, I can show you our new altar.

Knowing that good Mrs. Fields is generally interested in everyone, I would like her to remember what I told her one day about young women who wish to become nuns. I'm sure she could easily direct some of such women to our novitiate. I believe I told her our admission conditions, which are:

- Good and fervent Catholics recommended by the priests of their parish.
- Of legitimate birth and unsullied reputation.
- Enjoying a constitution capable of withstanding heat and the various tasks of the convent.
- Having no hereditary disease in the family such as madness, epilepsy etc.

When a candidate possesses neither good fortune nor education, we will overlook these conditions so long as she is devoted and fervent.

This new sort of good work cannot fail to please God, Who will certainly bless and reward those who help with these hard tasks.

Mrs. Fields and you, as well, can present a detailed description of our community, since you seem to remember me well, though I am the most insignificant of our sisters to speak with you about the world. If St. Augustine interests the young lady you brought me one day, that will satisfy you more than me, who only lives, loves and aspires to solitude. All I see is that many visitors have returned to their families, where like you, they will prove this adage: There's no place like home.

May you, mademoiselle, enjoy your home and family for a long time. That blessing is what I give you, along with the wish that you enjoy the love of God, on whom everything depends and within Whose Heart, I greet you and name myself

your much devoted

Sr L. Thérésia

Notes

May/June 1888: Probably this letter was written soon after Jewett and Fields completed one of their stays in St. Augustine: 1888, 1890, 1896. Very likely this is from late spring of 1888, after Jewett's return home near the end of April, when *A White Heron* was her most recent story collection. If this is correct, then it seems likely that the "young lady" Jewett introduced to Sister Thérésia was one of the Loring sisters, Katharine Peabody Loring or Louisa Putnam Loring. See, for example, Caleb William Loring to Louisa Putnam Loring of 17 April 1888.

Sister Thérésia: In *Beyond the Call: The Legacy of the Sisters of St. Joseph of St. Augustine, Florida* (2008) by Sister Thomas Joseph McGoldrick, Theresa Roymeyer is mentioned as the Superior of the group of Sisters of St. Joseph who moved from St. Augustine, FL to Fall River, MA in 1902. While it seems likely this is the author of this letter, I have found no further information about her and, therefore, cannot be sure she is the right person.

According to the history of the St. Joseph Academy, the academy was founded after the American Civil War as a school for freed slaves:

The year was 1866 and the south was recovering from the Civil War. Freed slaves needed the wherewithal to pursue a livelihood. Education was the key. Bishop Verot knew of an order of religious women in his home town of LePuy [*Le Puy-en-Velay*], France – the Sisters of St. Joseph. He requested eight to come to begin to teach literacy to the newly freed slaves. Many volunteered, eight were chosen and, amid heat, humidity and mosquitoes, they began classes in November 1866.... In 1876, the Academy was state chartered and in 1877 a boarding school for young women began. (It would remain until 1968.) --
<https://www.sjaweb.org/about-sja/history>

White Heron: Jewett's story, "A While Heron" first appeared in her book, *A White Heron and Other Stories* (1886). It seems likely that Jewett sent Sister Thérésia a copy of her book, probably soon after her first trip to St. Augustine in 1888, presumably before her next book of stories became available in August 1888, *The King of Folly Island*.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

Professor Hammond and I speculate that with the copy of *A White Heron*, Jewett provided Sister Thérésia with Annie Fields's mailing address, Fields have donated to the Sisters of St. Joseph without providing her address. Fields

was particularly interested in the education of freedmen. During her 1888 trip south, she visited the Penn School for freedman, led by her friend Laura Towne, near Beaufort, SC.

This letter was composed in French; translation by Jeannine Hammond and Terry Heller.

Annie Adams Fields to a member of the Loring Family

148 Charles St. June 18th '88
Boston.

My dear friend,

The first thing to greet me on my toilet table when I returned from the South, was your beautiful parting gift. It has lain where I found it, ever since suggesting many a thought of you and yours; but I have avoided writing more than is necessary because (you know!) paper interviews take something of one's strength also. But it is a pure pleasure to find a moment when I can say not only "thank you" but when we can talk as it were. Today is a holiday here. Yesterday Sunday being the 17th of June,* so I am free for a time! In the early afternoon I am going to Craigie House where Miss Longfellow* has asked some Working Girls* to pass a day. You will be interested to know that she is doing all a daughter can to make Craigie House hospitable to all who are interested to go there. On Wednesday again the Annex girls* are to go and I shall be interested to see the contrast between the two. I hope it will be very great because I always suffer for girls who work with their hands and yet are longing for something else.

You will see by this that I am much better, indeed, quite well if not so strong as before my illness. I hope you too are much better!

Yesterday I mailed you the Christian Register containing some things that have been said and done --- (but alas! how poor it all seems in contrast to what we feel) in memory of our dear friend Mr. Clarke.* I thought of you on that day when his dead form was brought and laid down before the spot where his spirit had shown out so brightly for mankind year after year, and I know that you were there in thought. One of the most perfect tributes --- to me, the most perfect was made by Phillips Brooks* and by strange good fortune I read the sermon aloud from his manuscript to Mary Lodge* who has been very ill. (She is convalescing now but you know what a hard period the time of convalescence is.) His text is "Ye are our Epistle".* He portrays Paul

striving to say in simple phrase so that men might understand the truth he had himself learned and at last build up the Tiring Man to whom he wrote to grave the significance of it on his heart so that other men might read. He said Mr. Clarke had done this. He had carried the living truth written on his own heart to men. --- This is only a hint of the scheme of the sermon but you will fill it out and see what he could make of it. At present it will not be finished.

It is very pretty just now here in Charles St. Our bit of ground has grown far more green and leafy and flowery since you saw it last. Mr. Millet and his little family, consisting of his picturesque wife, their baby girl and the dog* pass the entire day there when the weather is as warm as it is today under the trees. The baby tumbles about in the grass or swings in her small hammock and makes a lovely picture what ever she does. I shall stay here until July when I go to make Sarah a visit at South Berwick -- afterward we mean to wander off along the coast of Maine for a few weeks and about the 1st of Sept. I go to Manchester. So you have the story of our plans.

Meanwhile she has kindly lent me Loulie 's nice long letter* to read telling us a great many things I wanted to know though I was sorry to know you had such a bad voyage. O what a pond that is! The depths of its villainy will never be known however we may measure the depths of its waters.

Sarah and I were delighted to have Loulie 's letter and she will have an answer I know by and by. At present the dear child has been over tired with moving back into the old house where she was born -- not so bad as going to a new house but there is a great deal of work attendant upon such changes.*

I can't remember what I told you of our Southern trip. The days at St. Helena with Laura Towne were intensely interesting because the result of her work lay like a map before us. Florida too was delightful in quite another way, with its semi-tropical vegetation, its beautiful buildings and lovely sea.

St. Helena however was full of our dark history and every step spoke to us of the sacrifice and sufferings of humanity and of its advance in the present time. But it is good to be here again, in the old familiar places where I can see the chair in which Mr. Clarke last sat and listen to his voice in the silence.

Good bye

Yours most lovingly

Annie Fields

My affectionate remembrance to you all.

Notes

17 June: June 17 is Bunker Hill Day in Suffolk County, MA, memorializing the American Revolution's Battle of Bunker Hill in 1775.

Craigie House ... Miss Longfellow ... Working Girls: Craigie House was the home of American poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807 - 1882). After his death, his daughter Alice Mary Longfellow continued at Craigie House. A traveler, preservationist and philanthropist, Longfellow, along with Fields, joined in the work of providing social occasions for working women of the Boston area.

Annex girls: The Annex girls were students at the Harvard Annex, a precursor to Radcliffe College, that offered women access to Harvard faculty and resources. The "Annex girls" were generally the daughters of the wealthy and/or privileged, in contrast to the "working girls" Alice Longfellow also hosted.

Mr. Clarke: James Freeman Clarke (April 4, 1810 - June 8, 1888) was an American theologian and author, and a prominent abolitionist.

Phillips Brooks: Phillips Brooks (1835 - 1893), according to *Wikipedia*, "was an American Episcopal clergyman and author, long the Rector of Boston's Trinity Church and briefly Bishop of Massachusetts, and particularly remembered as lyricist of the Christmas hymn, 'O Little Town of Bethlehem.'" His sermon on "Living Epistles" was reprinted -- minus reference to Mr. Clarke -- in *Seeking Life and Other Sermons* (1904).

Mary Lodge: Richard Cary in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters." *Colby Library Quarterly* 11 (1975): 20n, says "Mrs. James (Mary Greenwood) Lodge was fulsomely eulogized in the *Boston Evening Transcript* on January 3, 1890 as 'the Queen Vashti of Persia, as she was, too, the Priscilla of the Puritans.'" She was in fact a woman of considerable presence, wit and learning, who compiled *A Week Away from Time* (Boston 1887), new stories, translations, and verses, to which Mrs. Fields and Owen Wister contributed. She had a keen sympathy for the poor and outcast and was active with Fields in founding and operating the Associated Charities of Boston. Jewett nicknamed her 'Marigold' and dedicated *Betty Leicester* (1890) "With love to M. G. L., one of the first of Betty's friends."

Mr. Millet and his little family, consisting of his picturesque wife, their baby girl and the dog: It is unlikely that this is the artist Francis [Frank] Davis Millet, as his daughter would have been 8

years old in 1888, and he would have had at least two other children at that time.

the old house where she was born: After the death of the daughters' uncle, William Jewett, in 1887, Sarah and her sister, Mary, and their mother moved from their home next door into the Jewett House, at the corner of Portland and Main in South Berwick, where Sarah was born. At the same time, the youngest sister, Caroline, with her husband Edwin Eastman and their son, Theodore, moved into the vacated house, which had been the daughters' childhood home.

That this change was under way in June 1888 probably explains some topics of Jewett's letters to Mary during the weeks Jewett and Fields were in the South. Jewett's Friday 23 March letter to Mary opens with reference to Olive taking furniture and to a contractor working on a roof. Presumably, these activities are part of the complex process of moving two families into two houses.

And in the letter from the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine -- Monday, Jewett includes a long post-script about feeling torn in two by her concern for Annie Fields's health and being needed at home in South Berwick. It seems likely the South Berwick issue was the quantity of labor and decisions to be made in preparing the two houses and organizing the moves.

Loulie: Louisa Loring Dresel (1864 - 1958), according to Richard Cary in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters." *Colby Library Quarterly* 11 (1975): 13, "was one of the great breed of literate, talented, austere sophisticated women of genteel upbringing that proliferated around Boston" near the end of the nineteenth century." As shown in the collection of 33 letters Cary collects, Jewett and Dresel were kindred spirits and intimate friends, who shared interests in several of the arts.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Aldrich

Saturday 29 December
[1888, from 148 Charles St., Boston]

My Dear Lilian,

When I saw in the Transcript* that you and Tal had gone to St. Augustine I thought that you were only thinking about it, but when I met Mr. T.B.A. yesterday I found that you had really flown. I shall miss you and I wish that you hadn't had to go, but I envy you all the same for I know how you must feel as if you were let out of jail in this weather. I hope that I shall see St. Augustine again myself for I did have such a

good time there and thought it such a charming, enchanting sort of place. I can imagine you going all about -- and do go to old Mr. Vedders curiosity shop and view his beasts and birds and big snakes and see how the nephew Vedder came honestly by his strange fancies!* And be sure to go to Anacosta [*meaning Anastasia*] Island to play on the beach and if you want a friend go to see Dr. Smith who did so well for A. F.* and was such a kind friend to us. Whether you need him as a doctor or not. And give him our best regards. How I wish that I were there with you! but we must talk it all over when you come home. Was my pretty turtle (bestuck with useful pins) a symbol of the land to which you fled? I didn't take it so, and I was on my way to see you yesterday all unconscious of your being so far away.

We heard of a delightful new hotel on the Gulf side way down farther south in Florida.* I wonder if you will find it out? but I forget its name. Don't linger in places like Palatka along the river,* I think the river air pulls one down but the longer you stay in St. Augustine the better you feel. Goodbye and love to both of you. I hope that you are in the Ponce de Leon where we were so comfortable and happy, but perhaps it isn't open yet.* A. F. sends love and I mean to write you often{.}

Yours affectionately "Sadie"

Notes

Transcript: The Boston *Evening Transcript* for 27 December 1888, p. 2, carried this "Personal" announcement: "Mrs. T. B. Aldrich has gone to St. Augustine with one of her sons, whose physician has advised a milder climate for a while." Link to *Transcript* for December 26 and 27, 1888.

Mr. Vedders curiosity shop: "Florida's Lost Tourist Attractions: The Vedder Museum" says of Mr. Vedder (1819-1899): "Dr. John Vedder, his title as 'Doctor' stemming not from a University but the remnant of a short stint practicing as a self-taught dentist, was born in Schenectady, New York, on July 22, 1819. He seems to have been a bit of an adventurer, traveling and working at various times and places as a soldier, blacksmith, machinist, locomotive engineer, inventor, dentist, taxidermist, and, in his final occupation, museum and zoo curator.

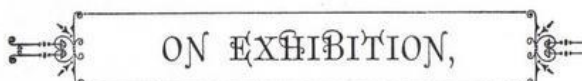
In his travels he had gathered a large collection of natural oddities and curiosities, including many animal specimens he stuffed and mounted himself. He turned them into a traveling display for a time and then, in the

1880's, opened a permanent museum in an old colonial era house on the corner of Bay and Treasury Streets in St. Augustine. A major part of his attraction was also an exhibit of live animals, including collections of snakes, birds, alligators, and some other native and exotic wildlife.

After Vedder's death, the museum was purchased by the St. Augustine Historical Society, but the building and the collection were lost in a fire in 1914.

VEDDER'S Genuine Curiosity Store

FLORIDA ANIMALS, BIRDS AND REPTILES



COMPRISING:

WILD CATS, LARGE DIAMOND RATTLESNAKES,
MOCCASIN, ADDER, GROUND RATTLESNAKE

*You see the Two Extremes, the Largest and Smallest of the Ratt
snake Family;*

All the Most Poisonous Reptiles on Earth

THE LITTLE MEPHITES AMERICANAS,

A strange little animal,

“WHAT IS IT?”

*Fox, Coon or Opossum; the Great Horned Owl, Barred, The
Beautiful Screech Owls, or the St. Augustine Monkey Or
which will soon become extinct;*

DENS OF ALLIGATORS,

By the hundred, from one to eight feet long, and other specimens.

Alligators Alive, and Artistically Mounted,

Sent to any part of the United States by Mail or Express.

JOHN VEDDER,

Bay Street, Opposite Yacht Club House, St. Augustine, Flori

Vedder's Curiosity Store ad from Reynolds's *Standard Guide to St. Augustine*, 1896 edition.

nephew Vedder came honestly by his strange fancies: It is probable Jewett refers to Elihu Vedder, 1836-1893, a prominent contemporary painter, illustrator and author, known for his use of fantasy. Elihu was a member of the Vedder family of Schenectady. Jewett was familiar with Elihu Vedder's work, mentioning him in an 1886 book review. Andrew Waber, author of the Vedder Rootsweb page cited above and a

Vedder descendant, points out that Elihu was not a nephew, but a first cousin of Dr. Vedder.

Waber adds: "Dr. Elihu Vedder, Sr., the artist's father, also was a resident of St. Augustine during the last twenty years of his life. Elihu Sr. was a longtime dentist in Matanzas, Cuba and he had another son, Alexander Vedder, who was the personal physician to the emperor of Japan. The Elihu Vedder Collection in the Smithsonian Art Archives is available online."

Dr. Smith who did so well for A. F. : Probably, Jewett refers to the prominent St. Augustine physician, Frank F. Smith, who practiced in the Post Office block, near the major hotels. Born in Hillsboro, NH, in 1854, Smith studied at Dartmouth College and the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, completing his work in 1883. After a year at the Kellogg Sanitarium at Battle Creek, MI, he took up practice in St. Augustine, where by 1888, though young, he was well-established both as a physician on the medical staff of the new Alicia Hospital and as a promoter of St. Augustine's healthy winter climate.

new hotel on the Gulf side way down farther south in Florida: According to Thomas Graham, Henry Plant opened the palatial Tampa Bay Hotel in 1888, hoping to compete successfully with Flagler's new east coast Florida hotels. See Chapter 14 of *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine*. It is likely Jewett refers to this hotel.

Palatka along the river: Palatka, FL, on the St. Johns River, about 30 miles southwest of St. Augustine, became a winter health resort before the Civil War. Through the 1880s, the town continued to attract tourists with several large hotels.

perhaps it isn't open yet: In Chapter 12 of *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine*, Thomas Graham reports that the Ponce de Leon did not open for this season until January 10, 1889. Flagler's Alcazar Hotel opened on Christmas Day in 1888, not long after a yellow fever quarantine had been lifted. Mrs. Aldrich and Tal could have stayed at any of a number of hotels upon arriving in St. Augustine, but not at the Ponce de Leon.

1890

From Rita K. Gollin, *Annie Adams Fields: Woman of Letters*. Boston: University of Massachusetts Press, 2002, p. 239.

When they returned to Florida in the winter of 1890, a writer for a New York weekly devoted to

literature and the arts breezily informed his readers that "Mrs. James T. Fields and Miss Sarah O. Jewett are, I was about to say, summering at Saint Augustine, Fla., not simply because the weather there suggests the butterfly season, but because wherever those close literary friends are they diffuse a genial social warmth." As he then explained, "Miss Jewett, whose home is in South Berwick, Me., amid the scenes which she has invested with such picturesque interest, is in the habit of visiting Mrs. Fields during the winter in Boston, and they enjoy taking trips together wherever their fancy leads them." But it was Sarah's arthritic pains rather than fancy that had again brought them to the Ponce de Leon.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

Tuesday
[28 January 1890]*

Loulie

I am sorry to say I must give up the pleasure of the luncheon and of seeing you and the sketches, (the luncheon should not have been mentioned first!) Mrs. Fields has had another cold and now we are ordered South ignominiously by the doctor to go tomorrow night -- There is a very {great} deal for her to stay at home for, but it is no use to go on as she has been doing lately, and we hope that we need not stay very long as it is far safer to come North in February than in April. We both like St Augustine ever so much so it is not so bad as it might be. Do send a line some day and will not Mrs. Dresel too? it would be such a joy to A. F.

Yours ever faithfully

S.O.J.

The address is
The Ponce de Leon*
St. Augustine Florida

Note

28 January 1890: This date does not appear on the manuscript, but on the cataloging cover page. As 28 January fell on a Tuesday and because it is known that Jewett and Fields were in St. Augustine, FL in February and early March of 1890, this date seems probable.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

St. Augustine 1 February [1890]
Hotel Ponce de Leon*

Dear Loulie

I thank you so much and so does Mrs. Fields for the lovely violets you brought the day we came away. I wish that I could have seen you before I left (and indeed we did not mean to start until Thursday night, which would have kept me from missing the luncheon with you.) but I found that we could not get the stateroom we needed in the "through car" unless we grabbed it next day, which we did! You can imagine what a scurry it gave us to get ready!

-- I am now sitting, as writers from Southern hotels always say, "by an open window, with a bouquet of roses"! I wish indeed that you could see this lovely place, an ancient Spanish palace in good repair is what I call it. My window looks out into the great courtyard with its fountain and palms and magnolia and all their kindred, mixed with the familiar nasturtiums and bright red geraniums. Yesterday I saw a tall white hollyhock in one of the gardens which gave me a Rip van Winkle* feeling as if I had slept over into August.

Dear A. F. already feels better and looks better and hardly coughs at all -- I think the change has done her a great deal of good if it were only to make her forget the crowd of duties and engagements and so little strength to meet them with. It is quite impossible to be energetic here in the same way as at the North, and yet you never forget that it is sea air and there is a delicious freshness in it that cannot be described. I feel like writing here just as I did before, and so I hope to get my work well along.

The stories I promised long ago for "winter numbers" are one and all dreadfully behind hand. I begin to think that coming away was a great thing on my part --

I have been thinking what a good sketch you would make and how much material you would find here. It is a wonderful place for artists -- more foreign than a great many towns abroad and so full of color. Mrs. Fields sends love and is going to answer a from Mrs. Dresel very soon -- I am always affectionately

S.O.J.

You might kindly write a little letter someday !!!

Notes

1890 ... Ponce de Leon: Jewett and Fields had enjoyed their stay in this newly constructed winter tourist hotel in St. Augustine during their

winter trip in 1888. The year 1890 is added by another hand to the upper left corner of page 1. Because Jewett and Fields are known to have spent about 6 weeks in Florida during February and March of 1890, this date probably is correct.

Rip Van Winkle: From the 1819 short story, by the American writer Washington Irving (1783-1859), about the American who magically sleeps in the mountains for 20 years and then returns home to find his village transformed in the passage of time.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Charles Edgar Lewis Wingate

Hotel Ponce de Leon
St. Augustine, Florida
February 3, 1890

Dear Mr. Wingate

I am afraid that the necessary delay in my receiving your note of the 28th January will make the enclosed opinion of no use to you but I take pleasure in sending it -- I should be glad to send fresh readers to Mr. Lowell's fine essay,* at any rate, and I think in this case he has the final word.

I hope that what I have written will serve your purpose. If I have written too much, I think you had better begin with the second paragraph, but I hope that you can find space for the whole quotation -- I should like very much to see the result of your work when it comes in print. Mrs. Fields and I are not having the paper sent regularly.

Yours very truly,

S. O. Jewett

Notes

Mr. Lowell's fine essay: James Russell Lowell. Richard Cary writes:

A check of morning and evening editions of the *Boston Journal* and of the *Critic* for this period reveals no word about Lowell by Miss Jewett, so her communication did probably arrive too late to be utilized. Reference may be to Lowell's address to the Modern Language Association, published in *PMLA*, V (January 1890), 5-22, and collected in his *Latest Literary Essays and Addresses* (Boston, 1892), 131-159, as "The Study of Modern Languages." Here Lowell applauds the growth of modern language

teaching and refutes the attitude that masterpieces could only be written in the classical languages.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Amesbury
Feb 14 1890

My dear friend,

The breath of roses and the warm Gulf winds seemed to come with thy letter. I am glad to think of you among the flowers and under the sunshine of Florida. I fancy Sarah at her [palace ?] window open to the air of summer and perfumed with rose and orange bloom "tending her soul," as Omar Khayam* would say, to the bleak sea-side New England pastures blown over by the bitter East, with their stunted cedars, and straggling stone fences, -- and a Poor House with the poverty-stricken landscape for its setting.* I am glad she has this dual power of seeing New England and Florida at the same time, and that she never loses sight of the scene she has depicted as no one else has done. I hope you both will stay where you are until May day.* You have both earned the right to sit amidst the roses, and be [ministered ?] to, as you have so long [ministered ?] to others.

I am still in Amesbury, and, as I can read but little I know hardly anything of the world's doings. It is rather hard to be compelled to be idle. I can't pity anybody who can work and sleep.

Excuse this poor apology for a letter and read between its lines the love and gratitude of
John G Whittier

Notes

Omar Khayam: Persian scientist and poet, Omar Khayyam (1048-1131). His ideas about the human soul are a matter of controversy. He would have been known to Whittier mainly through the translation of Edward Fitzgerald, *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam* (1859).

setting: Whittier's elaborate description of winter New England suggests Jewett's forthcoming story, "The Town Poor," which appeared in *Atlantic Monthly* in July 1890. One may wonder if she showed him this story before its publication.

May day: May 1.

Annie Adams Fields to Lilian Aldrich

February 22^d

[1890]*

Dear Lilian:

It really seems too bad to be leaving just as you are coming to this lovely place! but I have been waiting for the Dr. to give me leave of absence which I must own he does rather reluctantly, in order to get away, and having got it, we fly -- I should like to think you were to have rooms like ours on the courtyard! Perhaps you have. A happy stay to you!

Tell dear T.B. to find the Reynolds Rose-garden and see a trellis with yellow bessies on it (near sunset) with a "chinaberry" tree in the background. Mifs Reynolds will show it to him. How we should like to show him things ourselves! Dear Lily and T.B. -- Edwina* and her family are here -- Do speak to her and make life easier by "letting bygones be bygones".

It will be unpleasant for you on both sides otherwise.

Do it for Mr. Booth's sake and for everybody's sake. She is so much younger that she has had time to think over many things and has doubtless changed more or less since her marriage. The match has been a good one for her. She seems very happy and she is the person to be suited!!

Good bye ----- from yours very affectionately

Annie Fields.

This last is all "out of my own head" a kind of will and testament -- Do not take it hardly dear friends! Sarah leaves her love in this with mine.

Notes

1890: While this is not certain, the content of the letter suggests that it was written in St. Augustine, FL, at the end of fields and Jewett's second stay there, at the Hotel Ponce de Leon.

The rose garden of Mrs. Reynolds on Bronson street is mentioned in the guidebook, Chapin's Hand-book of St. Augustine, p. 21.

Edwina: Edwina Booth (1861-1938), daughter of the American actor, Edwin Booth (1833-1893) and niece of the presidential assassin, John Wilkes Booth (1838-1865). Edwina Booth married Ignatius Grossman, a ward of Celia

Thaxter, in May 1885. Details of the apparent bad feeling are not yet known. Fields's sentence about Edwina's youth seems confusing; perhaps she meant to write, "She was so much younger"

1896

On January 7, 1896, Annie Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett departed from Boston, traveling by train to Brunswick, GA, where they made a brief stay before boarding the steam yacht, *Hermione*. Along with its owner Henry L. Pierce (1825-1896), Thomas Bailey (1836-1911) and Lilian Aldrich, their servant, Bridget, and the crew, they attempted an itinerary that would take them to the Windward Islands. However, the winter seas were so rough that sailing between islands was nearly always harrowing, and everyone became seasick. Though Annie and Sarah were game despite their suffering, Lilian Aldrich was less hardy, and they had to give up much of their plan. Weather and other circumstances also delayed their return to the continent. Still, they enjoyed the nearer tropical islands, for them a novel experience of climate, flora, and what they saw as exotic peoples. Blanchard reports that by the time they returned to Florida at the beginning of March, Jewett had lost nearly ten pounds, and an extended recuperation was essential. The pair remained in St. Augustine for some time. Fields's last journal entry is dated March 10; Jewett's last letter home is dated March 16 from the departing train.

From Annie Fields, "Diary of a Caribbean Trip, 1896."*

Tuesday morning {March 3}.

After a rest from the ship, more delightful than words can express. We now start for St. Augustine.

Wednesday morning March 4th

Reached St. Augustine in the evening after a long dusty ride of eight hours in the train.* It was not excessively warm because on one side was the sea nearly the whole time with sometimes acres of pineapple bushes and sometimes palmettos and sometimes only the white beach with its rolling waves between us and the deep sea.

It was cool when we came into the station and the air fragrant with blossoms. The little place was very quiet but beautiful under that stars with a fine architecture dimly seen in the half light. We found a few letters and [unreadable line part of which may read: went to bed in comfortable beds not over our picturesque ____{.}]

Up early -- The air being cool and inspiring.

Thursday, March 5th

Lovely weather. Yesterday they were taking up from the gardens flowers or and plants [unreadable words] have probably been killed by the frosts{.} There have been three severe "freezes" as they [two unreadable lines that seem to include these words: ... this winter. The rose gardens here....]

In the afternoon a carriage was put at our disposal and we drove across the new bridge where we used to take the little ferry.* Roads have been made over on Anastasia Island and the whole place is being tamed. When I think of the dead wild-cat just shot that we found in the path once over there less than ten years ago I feel as if everything except the vast wild sea would soon be brought into subjection. It is still beautiful but has surely lost something of the old picturesqueness. There was a fire in the old part of the town a few years ago which has swept away some of the old coquina houses.* But birds are in the hotel gardens now and the architecture has grown rather than lost in beauty ----- and it is quiet. We like it very much.

Friday March 6th

Left with our friends for Jacksonville. Drove at once to the yacht packed up such clothing as we were likely to need, took a last luncheon together, "Sadie" wrote up and signed "the Log" -- then bidding our companions farewell we were rowed ashore. Kind Mr. Pierce went with us, bought our return tickets to St. Augustine where we are to rest a few days, and said goodbye only after seeing us safely into the train. It was very warm but he returned again just before we started to see if he could get better places for us -- From first to last{.} Here ends the journal of our voyage to the westmost Indies{.}

March 7th & to 9th 10th

at the Ponce de Leon. In the afternoon of the 10th we drove into the woods and through Moccasin Swamp with Mr. Pell, Mrs. Smith and a Miss [Sampson?] found Princulas* in bloom --

Notes

in the train: By 1896, Henry Flagler had completed a direct rail line from New York to St. Augustine and further south.

the new bridge where we used to take the little ferry: In *America's First City: St. Augustine's Historical Neighborhoods*, Karen Harvey reports that the first bridge to Anastasia Island was built in 1895, replacing the earlier ferry service.

a fire in the old part of the town ... has swept away some of the old coquina houses: In 1895, a major fire in the area north of the Plaza de la Constitucion destroyed many dwellings and businesses. Coquina is a form of limestone containing broken fragments of fossil shellfish.

Many major projects in St. Augustine through the nineteenth century were built of coquina, including the sea wall, the "old gates" and Fort Marion.

Princula: Though Fields's handwriting at this point in the diary is quite difficult to make out, she does appear to have written "Princula." However, she may have written Primula. I have found no clear evidence of the existence of a Princula flower, but the genus primula includes a number of common flowers that Fields might have observed, such as the primrose.

A Sarah Orne Jewett fragment

Monday morning

[16 March 1896]

[Letterhead]

Hotel Ponce de Leon
Gillis and Murray, Managers
St. Augustine, Fla.

.....Mr. Whitridge* made us a long visitation yesterday afternoon and it is always very pleasant. He was so funny and despairing about Kate Foot* -- always complaining of something -- cant tell much by what she says he speaks sometimes just like Mr. C. Hobbs* so you would think them same -- it gives me such a funny home like feeling you must tell Mr. Hobbs that he is here and so interested to hear all about him and the old place. I promised him one of my snow pictures of the house taken there by the Methodist church and if it isnt too much trouble I wish you would look for it in the box and send it to me. I have had to go all over the Hayes and the Ferguson girls and Jourdin Ferguson and that golden time. You would like Mr. Whitridge. Your sister is so much distracted by the band playing without and beaucoup des personnes

passing up the middle of the court past the fountain and some of them getting the particulars with marked interest* that she cant compose her thoughts to this letty.* Fifteen rooms of Vanderbilts have created a great excitement but they are going to Tampa or some where to-day. There were terrapin for dinner last night. I suppose in the Vanderbilts honor.* This is all the news of today.

Sarah

Notes

The original of this transcription is at the University of New England, Maine Women Writers Collection #75 Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, Undated, unidentified sources. The location of the manuscript is unknown at present; we have only the transcription of a fragment. The likely addressee is Mary Rice Jewett.

Mr. Whitridge: This is likely to be Frederick Wallingford Whitridge (1852-1916), the New York City businessman who married Matthew Arnold's daughter, Lucy.

Kate Foote: This almost certainly is Kate Foote Coe (1840-1923). A relative of Harriet Beecher Stowe, Foote was sister to Harriet Foote Hawley (1831-1886), who was well known as a Civil War nurse and journalist, and as the wife of Joseph Hawley -- journalist, Civil War general, congressman, and governor of Connecticut. A full biographical sketch appears in *An Historic Record and Pictorial Description of the Town of Meriden, Connecticut* (pp. 320-22). During the Civil War, Kate Foote taught freedmen in Beaufort, SC, and after the war, she continued teaching the disadvantaged in Florida. Following in her sister's footsteps, she was an advocate for American Indians. She became President of the Washington Auxiliary of the Women's National Indian Association (1886-1895), replacing her sister after Harriet's death. She married Judge Andrew Jackson Coe (1834-1897) in 1895. She published fiction and journalism in leading magazines, and for 15 years, she was the Washington correspondent for *The Independent*. She also was active in the Daughters of the American Revolution

C. Hobbs: This may be Charles C. Hobbs (1835-1917), local historian in South Berwick. He is a grandson of Olive Wallingford Cushing of South Berwick, as is Frederick Wallingford Whitridge.

It is possible however, that Jewett refers to South Berwick grocer, Charles E. Hobbs (1844-1941). See *Business Block*, the Old Berwick Historical Society

the Hayes and the Ferguson girls and Jourdin Ferguson and that golden time: The Hayes and Ferguson families were old and prominent South Berwick families. As indicated above, "the golden time" is likely to include time Frederick Whitridge spent with family in South Berwick during his childhood.

Your sister is so much distracted The Ponce de Leon was one of the hotels that regularly employed bands to entertain guests during the winter season. See note and photograph above. It appears Jewett writes in the loggia or in a room that faces the courtyard and fountain, with windows open, allowing her to hear the band, and people passing and gossiping.

Fifteen rooms of Vanderbilts: Thomas Graham reports in Chapter 17 of *Mr. Flagler's St. Augustine*, that in March of 1896, Cornelius Vanderbilt reserved nearly 20 rooms for "a huge retinue of friends." He quotes a contemporary: "Mr. Vanderbilt is very unassuming, the ladies and gentlemen going about in the most democratic fashion while here." But he notes that "the Vanderbilts usually dined upstairs in a private room set up for them, with their own headwaiter to bring up dishes from the main kitchen below."

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

[*Hotel stationary*]

HOTEL PONCE DE LEON
GILLIS & MURRAY, MANAGERS
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.
[*Not in Jewett's hand*] 16 March 1896?

Monday morning in the train

Dear Mary,

Here we are all started out so pleased to be going home -- though it is so very pleasant to stay at our palace of the Ponce de Leon. Who do you think saw us to the train, but Mr. & Mrs. Edmunds! who came up from the south where he had been fishing -- with such a sunburnt nose and great friendliness. They came Saturday night but we didnt see them until yesterday morning since when we have played together pretty steadily. They were so sorry we were coming away for they mean to stay until Saturday {.} and your sister is decked with violets presented by old Mr. Whitridge who was delightful to the last & hopes to come to S. Berwick -- some time -- He had seen the

Berwick paper in the New England* & couldn't say enough about it -- I really enjoyed him very much -- I dare say we shall find it cold on getting home but we don't much care & mean to be careful. We shall not stay long in New York. I am afraid from what you say that I am not likely to find you there but we can "play something self" -- A. F. interpolates a grateful message about the bonnet which she appreciates all over again it having been laid aside in the warm season for Madame Howard's hat --

--- As we go along all the pear trees and cherry trees look so pretty in full bloom. I wonder how far the Hermione has got through the big seas.

I am going to post this at Jacksonville. We hope to reach the Albemarle tomorrow afternoon{.}* The train gets in between three & four.

With ever so much love

Sarah

Mr. Whitridge was so pleased with the picture you sent -- of the house. Perhaps you could come up to 148 to meet us. A. F. just came out with the same wish. It would give you a little change. "prepared to stay a few days" A. F. says!!

Notes

Berwick paper: Jewett's "The Old Town of Berwick" appeared in *New England Magazine* (16 [new series 10]: 585-609) in July 1894.

Albemarle: One of the grand New York hotels, on Washington Square, at the end of the 19th century.

Jewett's Revisions of "Jim's Little Woman"

"Jim's Little Woman" appeared in *Harper's Magazine* (82:100-110) in December 1890, and was collected in *A Native of Winby* (1893).

This text shows the *Harper's* text, but with major revisions shown. There were relatively few changes made as it was prepared for reprinting in *A Native of Winby*.

- > The few typographical changes between the texts are added here, but are not marked.
 - > Text that Jewett deleted for the book appears in [brackets in red.]
 - > Text that Jewett added for the book appears in [brackets in blue.]
 - > When hyphens have been added or removed, the original text is followed by bracketed text showing how it was changed for the book.
 - > The *Harper's* text was not divided into sections, but the book text was. I have included the Roman numerals showing the divisions.
 - > Names of ships, e.g. *Dawn of Day*, are in italics in *Harper's*, but are not punctuated in *A Native of Winby*.
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I.

THERE was laughter in the lanes of St. Augustine when Jim returned from a Northern voyage with a Northern wife. He had sailed on the schooner *Dawn of Day*, one hundred and ninety-two tons burden, with a full cargo of yellow pine and conch-shells. Not that the conch-shells were mentioned in the bill of lading, any more than five handsome tortoise-shells that were securely lashed to the beams in the captain's cabin. These were a private venture of the captain's and Jim's. The *Dawn of Day* did a great deal of trading with the islands, and it was only when the season of Northern tourists was over that her owners found it more profitable to charter her in the lumber business. It was too hot for bringing any more bananas from Jamaica, the last were half spoiled in the hold[.] [;] and those Northerners who came excitedly after corals and sprouted [cocoa-nuts] [cocoanuts] and Jamaica baskets, who would gladly pay thirty cents apiece for the best of the conch-shells, brought primarily by way of ballast[.] -- those enthusiastic[.] money-squandering Northerners had all flown homeward at the first hints of unmistakable summer heat, and market was over for that spring. [New paragraph begins in book.] St. Augustine is a city of bright sunshine and of cool sea winds, a different place from the steaming-hot, listless-aired Southern ports which Jim knew well[.] -- Kingston and Nassau and the rest. He had sailed between the islands and St. Augustine and Savannah, and made trading voyages round into the Gulf, ever since he ran away to sea on an ancient brigantine bound for Havana, in his early youth. Jim's grandfather was a Northern man by birth, a New-Englander, who had married a Minorcan woman, and settled down in St. Augustine to spend the rest of his days. Their old coquina house near the

sea-wall faced one of the narrow lanes that ran up from the water, but it had a wide window in the seaward end, and here Jim remembered that the intemperate old sailor sat and watched the harbor, and criticised the rigging of vessels, and defended his pet orange-tree from the ravages of boys. His wife died long before he did, and the daughter, Jim's mother, was married, and her husband ran away and never was heard from, and Jim himself was ten years old when he walked at the head of the funeral procession, dimly [conscious] [imagining] that the old man had gone up North, and that he was to live again there among the scenes of his youth. There were a few old shipmates walking two by two, who had known the captain in his active life, but they held no definite views about his permanent location in high latitudes. Still, there was a long procession and a handsome funeral; and after a few years Jim's mother died too, a friendly, sad-faced little creature whom everybody lamented. Jim came into port one day after a long absence, expecting to be kissed and cried over and coaxed to church and mended up, to find the old coquina house locked and empty. He shipped again gloomily; there was nothing for him to do ashore; and that year the boys took all the oranges, and people said that the old captain's ghost lived in the house. The bishop stopped Jim one day on the plaza, and told him that he must come to church sometimes for his mother's sake: she was a good little woman, and had said many a prayer for her boy. Did Jim ever say a prayer for himself? It was a hard life, going to sea, and he must not let it be too hard for his soul. "Marry you a good wife soon," said the kind bishop. "Be a good man in your own town; you will be tired of roving and will want a home. God have pity on you, my boy!"

Jim took off his hat reverently, and his frank, bold eyes met the bishop's sad, kind eyes, and fell. He had never really thought what a shocking sort of fellow he was until that moment. He had grown used to his mother's crying, but it was two or three years now since she died. The fellows on board ship were afraid of him when he was surly, and owned him for king when he was pleased to turn life into a joke. He was Northern and Southern by turns, this Southern-born young sailor. He could talk in Yankee fashion like his grandfather until the crew shook the ship's timbers with their laughter. But in all his roving sea-life he had never been to the coast of Maine until this story begins.

The *Dawn of Day* was a slow sailer, and what wind she had was only a light south-westerly breeze. Every other day was a dead calm, and so they drifted up the Northern coast as if the Gulf Stream alone impelled them, making for the island of Mount Desert with their yellow pine for house-finishing; and somewhere near Boothbay Harbor their provisions got low, and the drinking-water was too bad altogether, and there was nothing else left to drink, so the captain put in for supplies. They could not get up to the inner harbor next the town, but came to anchor near a little village when the wind fell at sundown. There were some houses in sight, dotted along the shore, and a long[,] low building at the water's edge, close to the little bay. Jim and the captain and another man pulled ashore to see what could be done about the water-casks, and the old water-tank, which had been rusty, was leaky and good for nothing when they first put to sea [, but the captain, who was a lazy soul, would not believe it].

Jim went ashore, and presently put his head into a window of the long, low building; there were a dozen young people there, and two or three men[,] with heaps of lobster shells and long rows of shining cans. It was a lobster-canning establishment, and work was going on after-hours [after hours]. Somebody screamed when Jim's shaggy head and broad shoulders shut out the little daylight that was left, and a bevy of girls laughed provokingly; but one of them -- Jim thought she was a child until she came quite close to him -- asked what he wanted, and listened with intelligent patience until he had quite explained his errand. It proved easy to get somebody to solder up the water-tank, and in spite of the other girls this little red-haired, white-faced creature caught her hat from a nail by the door, and went off with Jim to find the solderer, who lived a quarter of a mile down the shore.

Jim thought of the old bishop many times as he walked decently along by the little woman's

side. He thought of his mother[,] too, and how she used to cry over him; he never pitied her for it before. He remembered his cross old [father] [grandfather] and those stories about the North, and by a strange turn of memory he mentally cursed the boys who came to steal the old man's oranges [--] [,] there in the garden of his own empty little coquina house. What a thing to have a good little warm-hearted wife of his own! Jim felt as if he had been set on fire [--] [,] as if something hindered him from ever feeling like himself again [--] [,] as if he must forever belong to this little bit of a woman, who almost ran, trying to keep up with his great rolling sea strides along the road. She had a clear, pleasant little voice, and kept looking up at him, asking now and then something about the voyage as if she were used to voyages, and seemed pleased with his gruff, shy answers. He heaved a great sigh when they came to the solderer's door.

The solderer came out and walked back with them, saying that his tools were all at the factory. He told Jim that there was the best cold spring on the coast convenient to the schooner, just beyond the factory, and a good grocery store near by. There was no reason for going up to Boothbay Harbor and losing all that time in the morning, and Jim's heart grew light at the news. He sent the solderer off to the schooner, and stayed ashore himself. The captain had already heard about the grocery, and had gone there. The grumbling member of the crew, who was left in the boat, looked back with heart-felt astonishment to see Jim sit down on a piece of ship timber beside that strange little woman, and begin to talk with her as if they were old friends. It was a clear June evening, the sky was pale yellow in the west, and on the high land above the shore a small jangling bell rang in its white steeple. A salt breath of sea wind ruffled the smooth water. The lights went out in the canning factory and twinkled with bright reflections from the schooner. The solderer finished his work on board, and was put ashore close to his own house; as for the captain, he remained with some new-made friends at the grocery.

They wondered on the deck of the *Dawn of Day* what had come over Jim; they laughed and joked, and thought that he might have found one of his relations about whom he had told the Yankee stories. As long as there was any light to see, there he sat, an erect, great fellow, with the timid-looking [little] woman like a child by his side. The captain came off late, and in a state unbecoming the laws of Maine, and Jim came with him, sober, pleasant, but holding his head in that high, proud way which forbade any craven soul from putting an unwelcome question.

The next morning, when the wind rose, the *Dawn of Day* put out to sea again. Somebody besides Jim may have noticed that a white handkerchief fluttered at one of the canning factory [canning-factory] windows, but nobody knew that it meant so much to Jim as this: the little woman was going to marry him, and promised by that signal to come to Mount Desert to meet him. They had no more time for courtship; it was now or never with the quick-tempered fellow. Little Martha did not dare to promise until she had thought it over that night; but she was a lonely orphan, and had no ties to keep her there. Jim had told her about his home and his orange-tree in the South, and when morning came she had thought it over and said yes, and then even cried a little to see the old schooner go out to sea. She said yes because she loved him; [besides] [because] she had never thought that anybody would fall in love with her, she was so small and queer, and not like the rest of the girls. Jim had certainly waved his handkerchief in reply; and as Marty remembered that, she felt in her pocket for a queer smooth shell to make herself sure that she was not dreaming. Jim had carried this shell in his pocket for good luck, as his strange old seafaring grandfather had done before him, and by it he plighted his faith and troth. Before they sighted Monhegan, running far out to catch the wind, he told the skipper that he was going to be married, and expected to carry his wife down to St. Augustine in the *Dawn of Day*. The skipper swore roundly, but Jim was the ablest man aboard, and had been shipped that voyage as first mate. They were short-handed, and he was in Jim's power in many ways. There was a wedding[,] before the week was out[,] at a minister's house, and Jim gave the minister's wife a pretty basket of shells besides what Marty considered to be a generous wedding fee. He had bought a suit of ready-made clothes before he went to the cousin's house where the little woman had promised to wait for him. Marty did not explain to this cousin that she had only seen her lover once in the twilight. She wondered if people would think Jim rough and strange, that was all; but Jim for once was in possession of small savings, and when he came, so tall and dark, shaven and shorn and dressed like other people, she fell to crying with joy and excitement, and had much difficulty in explaining to her lover that it was nothing but happiness and love that had brought such tears. And after the yellow pine was on the wharf, and the conch-shells sold at unexpected rates to a dealer in curiosities at Bar Harbor, who got news of them, and after much dickering gave but a meagre price for the tortoises also, the *Dawn of Day* set forth again southward with dried fish

and flour from Portland, where, with his share of the conch-shell gains, Jim had given his wife such a pleasuring as he thought a lord who had an earldom at his back might give his fair lady.

When the crew first caught sight of Jim's small, red-headed, and pale-faced wife, the discrepancy in the size of the happy couple was more than could be silently borne. Jim always spoke of her as his little woman, and Jim's little woman she was to the world in general. She was as proud-spirited as he. She seldom scolded, but she could grow pale in the face and keep silence if things went wrong. The schooner was a different place on that return voyage. They had the captain's cabin, and she made it look pretty with her girlish arts. She mended everybody's clothes, and took care of the schooner's boy when he was sick with a fever turn[,] -- a hard-faced little chap[,] who had run about from ship to ship, just as Jim had; and though the wind failed them most of the time going [South] [south], they were all sorry when they reached St. Augustine bar. The last Sunday night of all, Jim's little woman got out her Moody and Sankey song-book for the last time, and sang every tune she knew in her sweet, old-fashioned voice. She was rough in her way sometimes, but the crew of the *Dawn of Day* kept to the level of its best manners in her hearing all the time she was on board. As they lay out beyond the bar, waiting for enough water to get in, she strained her eyes to see her future home. There was the queer striped light-house, with its corkscrew pattern of black and white, and far beyond were the tall, slender towers of a town that looked beautiful against the sunset, and a long[,] low shore, white with sand and green here and there with a new greenness which she believed to be orange-trees. She may have had a pang of homesickness for the high ledgy pasture shores at home, but nobody ever guessed it. If ever anybody in this world married for love, it was Jim's little woman.

[II.]

It was not long before the dismal little, boarded-up, spidery coquina house was as clean as a whistle, with new glass windows[,] and fresh whitewash inside and yellow wash outside; with curtains and rugs and calico cushions, and a shining cooking stove [cooking-stove], on which such meals were concocted as Jim never dreamed of having for his own. The little woman had a small inheritance of house-keeping [housekeeping] goods, which had been packed into the schooner's hold; luckily these had been in charge of the Northeast Harbor cousin; as Jim said, they had to get married, for everything came right and there was nothing else to do. He seemed as happy as the day was

long, and for once was glad to be ashore. They went together to do their marketing, and he showed her the gray old fort one afternoon and the great hotels with the towers. In narrow St. George Street, under the high flower-lined balconies, everybody seemed to know Jim, and they had to spend much time in doing a trifling errand. Go into St. George Street when she would, the narrow thoroughfare was filled with people, and dark-eyed men and women leaned from the balconies and talked to passers-by in a strange lingo[,] which Jim seemed to know. People laughed a good deal as they passed, and the little woman feared that they might think [that] she was queer-looking. She hated to be so little when Jim himself was so big; but somehow the laughter all stopped after one day, when a man with an evil face said something in a mocking voice, and Jim, blazing with wrath, caught him by the waist and threw him over the fence into a garden.

"They laugh to think o' me getting so small a wife," said Jim[,] frankly[,] one day[,] in one of his best moods. "One o' the boys thought I'd raised me a fambly while we was gone, and said I'd done well for a little gal, but where was the old lady. I promised I'd bring him round to supper some night, too; he's a good fellow," added Jim. "We'll have some o' your clam fritters, and near about stuff him to death."

The summer days flew by, and to everybody's surprise Jim lived the life of a sober man. He went to work on one of the new harbor jetties at his wife's recommendation, and did good service. He gave Marty his pay, and was amused and astonished to see how far she made it go. With plenty of good food[,] he seemed to have lost his craving for drink in great measure; and they had two boarders, steady men and Jim's mates, for there was plenty of room; and the little woman was endlessly busy and happy. Jim had his dark Spanish days with a black scowl, and Marty had her own hot tempers, that came, as she said, of the color of her hair. Like other people, they had their great and small [troubles and trials] [trials and troubles], but these always ended in Marty's stealing into her husband's lap as he sat by the window in his [father's] [grandfather's] old chair. The months went by, and winter came, and spring and their baby came, and then they were happier than ever. Jim, for his mother's sake, carried him to the old bishop to be christened, and all the neighbors flocked in afterward and were feasted. But there was no mistake about it, Jim drank more than was good for him that day in his pride and joy, and had an out and out spree while the baby's mother was helpless in bed; it was the first great worry and sorrow of

their married life. The neighbors came and sat with Marty and told her all about him; and she got well as fast as she could[,] and went out, pale and weak, after him, and found Jim in a horrid den and brought him home. But he was sorry, and said it was all the other fellows' fault, and a fellow must have his fling. The little woman sighed, and cried too when there was nobody to see her. She had never believed, though she had had warnings enough, that there was any need of being anxious about Jim. Men were different from women. Yet anybody so strong and masterful ought surely to master himself. But things grew worse and worse; and at last, when the old schooner, with a rougher-looking crew than usual, came into the harbor, the baby's father drank with them all one night, and shipped with them next morning, and sailed away, in spite of tears and coaxing, on a four months' voyage. Marty had only three cents in her thrifty little purse at the time. It was a purse that her mate at the canning factory gave her the Christmas before she was married. All the simple, fearless old life came up before her as she looked at it. The giver had cried when they parted, and had written once or twice, but the last letter had been long unanswered. Marty had lost all her heart now about writing; she must wait until Jim was at home and steady again. Alas, the months went by, and it seemed as if that time would never come. [The book begins a new paragraph here.] Jim came home at last, drunk and scolding, and when he went away again with the schooner it would have been a relief to be rid of him, if it were not for the worry. He did not look so strong and well as he used. Under the tropic skies his habits were murdering him slowly. The only comfort Marty could take in him was when he lay asleep, with the black hair curling about his smooth white forehead, and that pleasant boyish look coming out on his face instead of the Spanish scowl. [His] [The] little woman lost her patience at last, and began to wear a scowl too. She was a peppery little body, and sometimes Jim felt himself aggrieved and called her sharp names in foreign tongues. He had a way of bringing his cronies home to supper when she was tired, and ordering her about contemptuously before the low-faced men. At last[,] one night[,] they made such a racket that a group of idle negroes clustered about the house, laughing and jeering at the company within. Marty's Northern fury rose like a winter gale; she was vexed by the taunts of a woman who lived up the lane, who used to come out and sit on her high blue balcony and spy all their goings on, and call the baby [poor child] [poor child] so that his mother could hear. Jim's little woman drove the ribald company out of doors that night, and they quailed, drunk as they

were, before her angry eyes. They chased the negroes in their turn, and went off shouting and swearing down the bay-side [bayside]. They tried to walk on the sea-wall, and one man fell over and was too drunk to find his way ashore, and lay down on the wet, shelly mud. The tide came up and covered Joe Black, and that was the last of him, which was not without its comfort, for Jim [staid] [stayed] humbly at home, and tried to make his wife think better of him, for days together. He had won an out and out bad name in the last year. Nobody would give him a good job ashore now, so that he had to go to sea. He was apt to lead his companions astray, and go off on a frolic with too many followers. Yet everybody liked Jim, and greeted him warmly when he came ashore; and he could walk as proudly as ever through the town when he had had just drink enough to make him think well of himself and everybody else. He dodged round many a corner to avoid meeting the bishop, that good[,] gray-haired man with the kind, straightforward eyes.

Marty made a good bit of money in the season. She liked to work, and was always ready to do anything there was to do[,] -- scrubbing or washing and ironing or sewing[,] -- and she came to be known in the town for her quickness and power of work. While Jim was away she always got on well and saved something; but when he came in from his voyages things went from bad to worse; and after a while there was news of another baby, and the first one was cross and masterful; and the woman up the lane, in her rickety blue balcony, did nothing but spy discomfords with her mocking eyes.

Jim was more like himself that last week before he went to sea than for a long time before. He seemed sorry to go, and kept astonishingly sober all the last few days, and picked the oranges and planted their little vegetable garden without being asked, and made Marty a new bench for her tubs that she had only complained of needing once or twice. He worked at loading the schooner down at the sawmill, and came home early in the evening, and Marty began to believe [that] she had at last teased him and shamed him into being decent. She even thought of writing to her friend in Boothbay after two years' silence, she had such new hopes about being happy and prosperous again. She talked to Jim about that night when they first saw each other, and Jim was not displeased when she got the lucky shell out of a safe hiding-place and showed him that she had kept it. They looked each other in the face as they seldom did now, and each knew that the other thought the shell had brought little luck of

late. Jim sat down by the window and pulled Marty into his lap, and she began to cry the minute her head was on his shoulder. Life had been so hard. What had come over Jim?

"That old bishop o' my mother's," faltered Jim. "He's been givin' it to me; he caught me out by the old gates, and he says, 'Jim, you're goin' to break your little woman's heart.' Was that so, Marty?"

Marty said nothing; she only nodded her head against his shoulder and cried like a child. She could feel his warm shoulder through his coat, and in a minute he asked her again, "Was that so, Marty?" And Marty, for answer, only cried a little less. It was night, and Jim was going away in the morning. The crickets were chirping in the garden. Somebody went along the sea-wall singing, and Jim and his little woman sat there by the window.

"The devil gets me," said Jim at last, in a sober-minded Northern way that he had sometimes. "There's an awful wild streak in me. I ain't goin' to have you cry like mother always done. I'm goin' to settle down an' git a steady job ashore, after this one v'y'ge to the islands. I'm goin' to fetch ye home the handsomest basketful of shells that ever you see, an' then I'm done with shipping, I am so."

"T ain't me only; 'tis them poor little babies," said Marty, in a tired, hopeful little voice. She had done crying now. She felt somehow as if the reward for all her patience and misery was coming.

"I wouldn't go off an' leave ye now, as things be with ye," said Jim[:] [,:] "but you see we need the money; an' then I've shipped, and the old man's got my word. I'm stout to work aboard ship, an' he knows it, the cap'n does. The old bishop he warned me against the cap'n; he said[,] if 't wa'n't for him I'd be master o' a better vessel myself. He works me hard an' keeps me under. I do believe the bishop's right about him, and I'd kept clear from drink often if 't wa'n't for the old man."

"You've kep' you under," said honest Marty. "Nobody ain't master over you when it comes to that. You've got to set your mind right against drink an' the cap'n, Jim."

[Harper's inserts an extra line space here.]

"It's so [cursed] hot in them islands," Jim explained. "You get spent, and have to work right through everything; but I give you my honest word I'll bring you home my pay this trip."

At which promise the little woman gave a pleased sigh, and moved her head as if for sheer comfort. She tried to think whether there

was anything else she could have done to the poor clothes in his battered sea-chest; then she fell asleep. When she waked in the morning[,] Jim had laid her on the bed like a child, and spread an old shawl over her, and had gone. At high tide in the early morning the schooner *Dawn of Day* had come up from the saw-mill [sawmill] wharf with a tug, and sent a boat ashore for Jim. Marty had never missed him as she did that morning; she had never felt so sure of his loving her, and had waked thinking to find herself still in his arms as she had fallen asleep. There stood the empty chair by the window; and through the window, over beyond the marshes, she could see the gray sails of the schooner standing out to sea. Oh, Jim! Jim! and their little child was crying in the crib, like a hungry bird in its nest -- the poor little fellow! -- and calling his father with pleading confidence. Jim liked the brave little lad. When he was sober[,] he always dressed up on Sundays and took little Jim and his [woman] [mother] for a walk. Sometimes they went to the old Spanish burying-ground, and Jim used to put the baby on his grandfather's great tombstone, built strong over his grave like a little house, and pick the moss from the epitaph with his great sea jack-knife. His mother had paid for the tomb. She was laid at one side of it, but Jim had never built any tomb for her. He meant to do it, some time, and Marty always picked some flowers and green sprigs and laid them on the grave with its bits of crumbling coquina at the head and foot.

In spite of a pain at her heart, and a foreboding that Jim would never come back from his unwilling voyage, the little woman went up the lane boldly that late morning after he sailed; she no longer feared the mocking smile and salutation of the neighbor in the balcony. She went to her work cheerfully, and sang over it one of her Moody and Sankey hymns. She made a pleasure for the other women who were washing too, with her song and her cheerful face. She was such a little woman that she had a box to stand on while she washed, but there never was such a brisk little creature [to] [for] work.

[III.]

Somehow everything prospered in the next two months until the new baby came. Some young women hired all her spare rooms, and paid well for their lodging, besides being compassionate and ready to give a little lift with the housework when they had the time. Marty had never laid by so much money before, and often spoke with pride of her handsome husband to the lodgers, who had never seen him: they were girls from the North, and one of them had once worked in a canning factory. One day Marty wrote to her own old friend, and

asked her to come down by the steamer to Savannah, and then the rest of the way by rail, to make her a long visit. There was plenty of hotel work in the town; her lodgers themselves got good wages on George Street.

Jim was not skilled with his pen; he never wrote to her when he went away, but ever since they were married Marty always had a dream one of the nights while he was gone, in which she saw the schooner's white sails against a blue sky, and Jim himself walking the deck to and fro, holding his head high, as he did when he was pleased. She always saw the *Dawn of Day* coming safe into harbor in this dream; but one day she thought with a sudden chill that for this voyage the good omen was lacking. Jim had taken the lucky shell along; at any rate, she could not find it after he went away; that was a little thing, to be sure, but it gave some comfort[,] until one morning, in shaking and brushing the old chair by the seaward window, out dropped the smooth white shell. The luck had [staid] [stayed] with her instead of going with poor Jim, and the time was drawing near for his return. The new baby was a dear little girl; she knew that Jim wanted a girl baby, and now, with the girl baby in her arms, she began her weary watch for white sails beyond the marshes. [The book begins a new paragraph here.] The winter days dawned with blue skies and white clouds sailing over; the town began to fill with strangers. As she got strong enough there was plenty of work waiting for her. The two babies were a great deal too large and heavy for their little mother to tend; they seemed to take after Jim in size, and to grow apace, and Marty took the proud step of hiring help. There was a quiet little colored girl, an efficient midget of a creature, who had minded babies for a white woman in Baya Lane, and was not without sage experience. Marty had bought a perambulator the year before from a woman at one of the boarding-houses, who did not care to carry it North. When she left the hired help in charge that first morning, and hurried away to her own work, the neighbor of the blue balcony stood in her lower doorway and bade her a polite good-morning. But Jim's little woman's eyes glittered with strange light as she hurried on in the shadow of the high wall, where the orange boughs hung over, and beyond these, great branches laden with golden clusters of ripening [loquats] [loquats]. She had not looked out of the seaward window, as she always liked to do before she left the house, and she was sorry, but there was no time to go back.

The old city of St. Augustine had never been more picturesque and full of color than it was that morning. Its narrow thoroughfares, with the

wide, overhanging upper balconies that shaded them, were busy and gay. Strangers strolled along, stopping in groups before the open fronts of the fruit shops, or were detained by eager vendors of flowers and orange-wood walking-sticks. There were shining shop windows full of photographs and trinkets of pink shell-work and palmetto. There were pink feather fans, and birds in cages, and strange shapes and colors of flowers and fruits, and stuffed alligators. The narrow street was full of laughter and the sound of voices. Lumbering carriages clattered along the palmetto pavement, and boys and men rode by on quick, wild little horses as if for dear life, and to the frequent peril of persons on foot. Sometimes these small dun or cream-colored marsh tackeys needed only a cropped mane to prove their suspected descent from the little steeds of the Northmen, or their cousinship to those of the Greek friezes; they were, indeed, a part of the picturesqueness of the city.

The high gray towers of the beautiful Ponce de Leon Hotel, with their pointed red roofs, were crowned with ornaments like the berries of the chinaberry-trees, and Marty looked up at them as she walked along, and at the trees themselves, hung with delicate green leaves like a veil. Spring seemed to come into the middle of summer in that country; it was the middle of February, but the season was very early. There was a mocking-bird trying its voice here and there in the gardens. The wind-tattered bananas, like wrecked windmills, were putting out fresh green leaves among their ragged ones. There were roses and oranges in bloom, and the country carts were bringing in new vegetables from beyond the old city gates; green lettuces and baskets of pease and strawberries, and trails of golden jasmine were everywhere about the gray town. Down at the foot of the narrow lanes the bay looked smooth and blue, and white sails flitted by as you stood and looked. The great bell of the old cathedral had struck twelve, and as Marty entered the plaza, busy little soul that she was and in a hurry as usual, she stopped, full of a never outgrown Northern wonder at the foreign sights and sounds[,] -- the tall palmettoes; the riders with their clinking spurs; the gay strangers; the three Sisters of St. Joseph, in their quaint garb of black and white, who came soberly from their parish school close by. Jim's little woman looked more childlike than ever. She always wore a short dress about her work, and her short crop of red curly hair stood out about her pale face under the round palmetto hat. She had been thinking of Jim, and of her afternoon's affairs, and of a strange little old negro woman who had been looking out of a doorway [on George Street,] as she passed. It seemed to Marty as if this old withered creature

could see ghosts in the street instead of the live passers-by. She never looked at anybody who passed, but sometimes she stood there for an hour looking down the street and mumbling strange words to herself. Jim's little woman was not without her own superstitions; she had been very miserable of late about Jim, and especially since she found his lucky shell. If she could only see him coming home in her dream; she had always dreamed of him before!

Suddenly she became aware that all the little black boys were running through the streets like ants, with single bananas[,] or limp, over-ripe bunches of a dozen; and she turned quickly, running a few steps in her eagerness to see the bay. Why had she not looked that way before? There at the pier were the tall masts and the black and green hull of the *Dawn of Day*. She had come in that morning. Marty felt dizzy, and had to lean for a minute against the old cathedral doorway. There was a drone of music inside; she heard it and lost it; then it came again as her faintness passed, and she ran like a child down the street. Her hat blew off and she caught it with one hand, but did not stop to put it on again. The long pier was black with people down at the end next the schooner, and they were swarming up over the side and from the deck. There were red and white parasols from the hotel in the middle of the crowd, and a general hurry and excitement. Everybody but Marty seemed to have known hours before that the schooner was in. Perhaps she ought to go home first; Jim might be there. Now she could see the pretty Jamaica baskets heaped on the top of the cabin, and the shining colors of shells, and green plumes of sprouted cocoa-nuts [cocoanuts] for planting, and the great white branches and heads of coral; she could smell the ripe fruit in the hold, and [caught] [catch] sight of some of the crew. At last she was on the gangway, and somebody on deck swore a great oath under his breath. "Boys," he said, in a loud whisper, "here's Jim's little woman!" and two or three of them dropped quickly between decks and down into the hold rather than face her. When she came on board[,] there was nobody to be seen but the hard-faced cabin-boy whom she had taken care of in a fever as they came down from Boothbay. He had been driving a brisk trade with some ladies down in the captain's cabin.

"Where's Jim gone?" said Marty, looking at him fiercely with her suspicious gray eyes.

"You'd better go ask the cap'n," said the boy. He was two years older than when she first knew him, but he looked much the same, only a little harder. Then he remembered how good Marty had been to him, and that the "old man"

was in a horrid temper. He took hold of Marty's thin, freckled, hard-worked little hand, and got her away aft into the shadow and behind the schooner's large boat. "Look here," he faltered, "I'm awful sorry, Marty; it's too bad, but -- Jim's dead."

Jim's [little woman] [wife] looked the young fellow straight in the face, as if she were thinking about something else, and had not heard him.

"Here, sit right down on this box," said the boy. But Marty would not sit down; she had a dull sense that she must not stay any longer, and that the sun was hot, and that she could not walk home along the sea-wall alone.

"I'll go home with you," said the boy, giving her a little push; but she took hold of his hand and did not move.

"Say it over again what you said," she insisted, looking more and more strange[.] [;] her short red hair was blowing in the wind all about her face, and her eyes had faded and faded until they looked almost white.

"Jim's dead," said the hard-looking boy, who thought he should cry himself, and wished that he were out of such a piece of business. The people who had come to chaffer for shells began to look at them and to whisper. "He's dead. He -- well, he was as steady as a gig 'most all the time we was laying off o' Kingston, and the ol' man couldn't master him to go an' drink by night; and Jim he wouldn't let me go ashore; told me he'd 'bout kill me; an' I sassed him up an' down for bossin', and he never hit me a clip back nor nothin': he was [strange] [queer] this voyage. I never see him drunk but once[,] -- when we first put into Nassau[,] -- and then he was a-cryin' afterwards; and into Kingston he got dizzy turns, and was took sick and laid in his bunk while we was unloadin'. 'Twas blazin' hot. *You* never see it so hot; an' the ol' man told how 'twas his drinkin' the water that gave him a fever; an' when he went off his head, the old man got the hospit'l folks, an' they lugged him ashore a-ravin'; an' he was just breathin' his last the day we sailed. We see his funeral as we come out o' harbor; they was goin' out buryin' of him right off. I ain't seen it myself, but Jim Peet was the last ashore, an' he asked if 'twas our Jim, an' they said 'twas. They'd sent word in the mornin' he was 'bout gone, and we might 's well sail 'f we was ready."

"Jim Peet saw his funerial?" gasped the little woman. "He felt sure 'twas *Jim*?"

"Yes 'm. You come home 'long o' me; folks is lookin'," said the boy. "Come, now; I'll tell you some more goin' along."

Marty came with him through the [crowd; she] [crowd. She] held her hat in her hand, and she went feeling her way, as if she were blind, down the gangway plank. When they reached the shore and had gone a short distance, she turned, and told the lad that he need not come any [further] [farther]; if he would bring his [togs] [clothes] over before the schooner sailed, she would mend them all up nice for him. Then she crept slowly along Bay Street bareheaded; the sun on the water at the right blinded her a little. Sometimes she stopped and leaned against the fence or a house front, and so at last got home. It was mid-day [midday], there was not a soul in the house, and Jim was dead.

That night she dreamed of a blue sky, and white sails, and Jim, with his head up, walking the deck, as he came into harbor.

[IV.]

All the townsfolk who lived by the water-side and up and down the lanes, and many of the strangers at the hotels, heard of poor Marty's trouble. Her poorest neighbors were the first to send a little purse that they had spared out of their small savings and earnings; then by-and-by [by and by] some of the hotel people and those who were well to do in the town made her presents of money and of clothes for the children; and even the spying neighbor of the balcony brought a cake, and some figs, all she had on her tree, the night the news was known, and put them on the table, and was going away without a word, but Marty ran after her and kissed her, for the poor soul's husband had been lost at sea, and so they could weep together. But after the dream everybody said that Marty was hurt in her mind by the shock. She could not cry for her own loss when she was told over and over about her neighbor's man; she only said to [everyone] [the people] who came that they were very kind, and she was seeing trouble, but she was sure that Jim would come back; she knew it by her dream. They must wait and see. She could not force them to take their money back, and when she grew too tired and unstrung to plead about it any longer, she put it together in a little box, and hid it on a high cupboard shelf in the chimney. There was a wonderful light of hope in her face in these days; she kept the little black girl to tend the two babies, and kept on with her own work. Everybody said that she was not quite right in the brain. She was often pointed out to strangers in that spring season, a quaint figure, so small, so wan, and battling against the world for her secret certainty and hope.

Never a man's footstep came by the house at night that she did not rouse and start with her

heart beating wildly; but one, two, three months went by, and still she was alone. Once she went across the bay to the light-house [lighthouse] island[,] -- babies, baby-carriage, the small hired help, and all[,] -- and took the railway that leads down to the south beach. It was a holiday, and she hoped that from [that] [this] southern point she might look far seaward, and catch sight of the returning sails of the old schooner. She would not listen to her own warnings that Jim had plenty of ways of getting home besides waiting for the *Dawn of Day*. Those who saw the little company strike out across the sand to the beach laughed at the sight. The hired help pushed the empty perambulator with all the strength she could muster through the deep white sand, and over the huge green, serpent-like vines that wound among the low dunes. Marty carried the baby and tugged the little boy by the other hand, and sat down at the edge of the beach all alone, while the children played in the sand or were pushed to and fro. She strained her eyes after sails, but only a bark was in sight to the northward beyond the bar, and a brigantine was beating southward, and far beyond that was a schooner going steadily north, and it was not the *Dawn of Day*. All the time Jim's little woman kept saying to herself: "I had the dream; I had the dream. Jim will come home." But as this miserable holiday ended, and they left the great sand desert and the roar of the sea behind them, she felt a new dread make her heart heavier than ever it had been before; perhaps [even] the dream was mocking her, and he was dead indeed.

Then Marty had need of comfort. She believed that as long as she kept faith in her omen it would come true, and yet her faith slowly ebbed in spite of [her] [everything]. It was a cruel test, and she could not work as she used; she felt the summer heat as she never had before. All her old associations with the cool Northern sea-coast began to call her to come home. She wondered if it would not do to go [north] [North] for a while and wait for Jim there. The old friend had written that next winter she would come down for [the] [a] visit, and somehow Marty longed to get home for a while, and then they could come South together; but at last she felt too tired and weak, and gave up the thought. If it were not for the children, she could go to Jamaica and find out all about Jim. She had sent him more than one letter to Kingston, but no answer came. Perhaps she would wait now until next summer, and then go [north] [North] with Lizzie.

In midsummer the streets are often empty at mid-day [midday], and the old city seems deserted. Marty sometimes took the children

and sat with them in the plaza, where it was shady. Often in the spring they all wandered up the white pavement of the street by the great hotel to see the gay Spanish flags, and to hear the band play in the gardens of the Ponce de Leon; but the band did not play [any more] [as it used]. Marty used to tell the eldest of the children that when his father came home he would take him sailing in the bay, and the little fellow got a touching fashion of asking every morning if his father were coming that day. It was a sad summer[,] -- a sad summer. Marty knew that her neighbors thought her a little crazed; at last she wondered if they were not right. She began to be homesick, and at last she had to give up work altogether. She hated the glare of the sun and the gay laughter of the black people; when she heard the sunset gun from the barracks it startled her terribly. She almost doubted sometimes whether she had really dreamed the dream.

[Harper's inserts an extra line space here.]

One afternoon when the cars stopped at the St. Augustine station, Marty was sitting in the old chair by the seaward window, looking out and thinking of her sorrow. There was a vine about the window that flickered a pretty shadow over the floor in the morning, and it was dancing and waving in the light breeze that blows like a long[,] soft breath, and then stops at sundown. She saw nothing in the bay but a few small pleasure-boats, and there was nothing beyond the bar. News had come some time before that the *Dawn of Day* had gone north again with yellow pine, and the few other schooners that came now and then to the port were away on the sea, nobody knew where. They came in as if they dropped out of the sky, as far as Marty was concerned. She thought about Jim as she sat there; how good he was before he sailed that last time, and [then] had [really] tried to keep his promise on board ship, according to the cabin-boy's story. Somehow Jim was like the moon to her at first; his Spanish blood and [his] [the] Church gave an unknown side to his character that was always turned away; but [he] [another side] shone fair [always] through his Northern traits, and of late she had [known] [understood] him as she never had before. She used to be too smart-spoken and too quick with him; she saw it all now; a quick man ought to have a wife with head enough to keep her own temper for his sake. "I couldn't help being born red-headed," thought Marty[,] with a wistful smile, and then she was dreaming and dozing, and fell fast asleep.

The [cars] [train] had stopped in the station, and among the strangers who got out was a very dark young man, with broad shoulders[,]

and of uncommon height. He was smartly dressed in a sort of uniform, and looked about him with a familiar smile as he strolled among the idlers on the platform. Suddenly somebody caught him by the hand, with a shout, and there was an eager crowd about him in a minute. "Jim! Here's dead Jim!" cried some one, with a shrill laugh, and there was a great excitement.

"No," said Jim, "I ain't dead. What's the matter with you all? I've been up North with the best yacht you ever see; first we went cruisin' in the Gulf an' over to Martinique. Why, my wife know'd I was goin'. I had a fellow write her from Kingston, an' not to expect me till I come. I give him a quarter to do it."

"*She* thinks you're dead. No; other folks [said] [says] so, an' she [won't] [won't]. Word come by the schooner that you was dead in hospit'l, of a Jamaica fever," somebody explained in the racket and chatter.

"They always was a pack o' fools on that leaky old Dawn o' Day," said Jim[,] contemptuously, looking down the steep, well-clothed precipice of himself to the platform. "I don't sail with [that] [those] kind o' horse-marines any more."

Then he thought of Marty with sudden intensity. "She never had got his letter!" He shouldered his great valise and strode away; there was something queer about his behavior[,] [;] nobody could keep up with his long steps and his quick runs, and away he went toward home.

Jim's steps grew softer and slower as he went down the narrow lane; he saw the little house[,] and its door wide open. The woman in the blue balcony saw him, and gave a little scream[,] as if he were a ghost. The minute his foot touched the deep-worn coquina step, Marty in her sleep heard it and opened her eyes. She had dreamed again at last of the blue sky and white sails; she opened her eyes to see him standing there, with his head up, in the door. Jim not dead! not dead! but Jim looking sober, and dressed like a gentleman, come home at last!

[Harper's inserts an extra line space here.]

That evening they walked up Bay Street to King Street, and round the plaza[,] and home again through George Street, making a royal progress, and being stopped by everybody. They told the story over and over of its having been another sailor from a schooner, poor fellow! who had died in Kingston that day, alone in hospital. Jim himself had gone down to the gates of death[,] and turned back. There was a yacht in harbor that had lost a hand, and the owner saw handsome Jim on the pier, looking pale and unfriended, and took a liking to him,

and found how well he knew the Gulf and the islands, so they struck a bargain at once. They had cruised far south and then north again, and Jim only had leave to come home for a few days to bring away his little woman and the children, because he was to keep with the yacht, and spend the summer cruising in Northern waters. Marty had always been wishing to make a visit up in Maine[,] where she came from. Jim fingered his bright buttons and held his head higher than ever, as if he had been told that she felt proud to show him to her friends. He looked down at little Marty affectionately; it was very queer about that dream and other people's saying he was dead. He must buy her a famous new rig before they started to go [north] [North]; she looked worn out and shabby. It seemed all a miracle to Marty; but her dream was her dream, and she felt as tall as Jim himself as she remembered it. As they went home at sunset[,] they met the bishop, who stopped before them and looked down at the little woman, and then up at Jim.

"So you're doing well now, my boy?" he said[,] good-humoredly [good humoredly], to the great[,] smiling fellow. "Ah, Jim, many's the prayer your pious mother said for you, and I myself not a few. Come to [Church] [Mass] and be a Christian man for the sake of her. God bless you, my children!" and the good man went his wise and kindly way, not knowing all their story either, but knowing well and compassionately the sorrows and temptations of poor humanity.

It seemed to Marty as if she had had time to grow old since the night Jim went away and left her sleeping, but the long misery was quickly fading out of her mind, now that he was safe at home again. In a few days more[,] the [yellow] old coquina house was carefully shut and locked for the summer, and they gave the key to the woman of the blue balcony. The morning that they started northward, Marty caught a glimpse of the *Dawn of Day* coming in through the mist over the harbor bar. She wisely said nothing to Jim; she thought with apprehension of the captain's usual revelry the night he came into port. She took a last look at the tall light-house, and remembered how it had companioned her with its clear ray through many a dark and anxious night. Then she thought joyfully how soon she should see the far-away spark on Monhegan, and the bright light of Seguin, and presently the towers of St. Augustine were left out of sight behind the level country and the Southern pines.

Jewett's St. Augustine in the 21st Century A Photo Essay

In February 2015, I travelled to St. Augustine to see as much as I could of what Jewett and Fields would have seen there in the 1880s and 1890s. Though I probably should not have been, I was surprised at how much of the historic city remained, despite the many changes over about 14 decades. The photos in this essay document scenes from the "Jim's Little Woman" as they appeared in 2015.

They went together to do their marketing, and he showed her ... the great hotels with the towers



St. Augustine skyline from the lighthouse on Anastasia Island, looking northwest.

The above photo shows the hotel towers of St. Augustine, and other towers as well.

- On the far right, the tower belongs to Grace Methodist Church, (1887) built by Henry Flagler.
 - The multi-story building on the right, The Treasury on the Plaza (1928) stands on the north side of the Plaza, east of the cathedral.
 - The first tower to the left of this is the cathedral bell tower, which may have been donated by Henry Flagler after the fire of 1887.
 - To the left of the bell tower is the smoke-stack of the Ponce de Leon power plant. Henry Flagler's hotels made extensive use of electric lighting and steam heating. The generating plant was provided by the Thomas Edison Company (Graham 2014, pp. 126-7).
 - The dome that appears next on the left belongs to the Memorial Presbyterian Church built by Henry Flagler.
 - Next on the left is the matching pair of towers of Flagler's Ponce de Leon Hotel (January 1888).
 - The next square tower with three windows and the shorter terracotta roofed tower to the left of it belong to the Casa Monica Hotel (January 1888), which was not built by Henry Flagler, though he purchased it soon after it was built. He renamed it the Hotel Cordova.
 - The final pair of towers on the left belong to the Alcazar Hotel (December 1888), the roof line of which extends to the left side of the frame.
- When Marty first arrived in St. Augustine, the Treasury Building was absent; therefore, virtually all of the towers visible to her on the skyline were built or owned by Henry Flagler.
- Missing from the above contemporary photo is another set of towers, those of the San Marco Hotel. Opened in 1885, the San Marco burned in 1897. Henry Flagler's 1885 stay in Isaac Smith Crufts' new San Marco Hotel is believed to have inspired him to make a tourist center of St. Augustine (Graham 2014, p. 44).

The Great Hotels



The Alcazar Hotel, now the Lightner Museum,
opened in December 1888.
Included casino, pool, steam room, gym, tennis courts,
and other facilities for amusement and health.
See Graham (2004), pp. 42-55.



Dining Room of the Ponce de Leon Hotel



Foyer balcony of the Ponce de Leon Hotel

Old Spanish Cemetery

Tolomato Cemetery (Old Spanish Cemetery) in St. Augustine is on Cordova St. between Orange and Saragossa Sts, just west of the old fort. On this site was Christian Indian village of Tolomato; it became a Catholic burial ground in the 18th and 19th centuries. Now it is named the Minorcan Burial Place and Parish Cemetery. See Karen Harvey (1997) for a summary history of this cemetery (pp. 179-81).

Sometimes they went to the old Spanish burying-ground, and Jim used to put the baby on his grandfather's great tombstone, built strong over his grave like a little house, and pick the moss from the epitaph with his great sea jack-knife



Castillo San Marcos / Fort Marion

... he showed her the gray old fort one afternoon



Waterfront and Anastasia Island



New sea wall near the Plaza, with "shelly mud" at low tide.

Looking southward from the Bridge of the Lions.



United States Military Barracks
Though the original barracks were damaged by fire, the current building follows the same plan

Once she went across the bay to the lighthouse island The hired help pushed the empty perambulator with all the strength she could muster through the deep white sand, and over the huge green, serpent-like vines that wound among the low dunes



Lighthouse viewed from the north.

Note that the black and white stripes appear to have been reversed since 1890 (Reynolds p. 78).



Near South Beach on Anastasia Island

Though the vines in this image are not huge, one can see that navigating a perambulator on the beaches along the east side of Anastasia Island would be difficult.

The Coquina House

Their old coquina house near the sea-wall faced one of the narrow lanes that ran up from the water, but it had a wide window in the seaward end, and here Jim remembered that the intemperate old sailor sat and watched the harbor, and criticised the rigging of vessels, and defended his pet orange-tree from the ravages of boys.



The Fernandez-Llambias House on St. Francis Street

This historic house may illustrate the color of the yellow wash with which Jim and Marty spruced up the exterior of their house. Except that their house is not said to have a balcony or a walled garden, the appearance and configuration of this house could indicate how Jewett imagined their residence.



Grapefruit tree hanging over coquina wall.

The Old Gate and the Plaza: Opposite ends of St. George's Street



South view from the Old Gate down George St. toward the Plaza.



The Plaza -- west toward Government House, Cathedral bell tower just visible on top right, coquina Civil War memorial obelisk to left of center.



Cathedral Basilica of St. Augustine
Main Door facing the Plaza.



Site of the St. Joseph Academy in 1890,
According to Mary Atwood and William Weeks in *Historic Homes of Florida's First Coast* (89-92), the original convent and school were in the Father O'Reilly house at 32 Aviles St.

