

Constance Cary Harrison, Refugitta of Richmond:  
A Nineteenth-Century Southern Woman Writer's Critically Intriguing Antislavery Narrative  
Strategy

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## ABSTRACT

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Although often maligned by literary scholars, Constance Cary Harrison, nineteenth-century novelist, journalist, essayist, and short-story author, achieved popular success with her subtle, but often radical, explorations of gender, and slavery during the antebellum and post-Civil War years. Furthermore, Harrison developed innovative characterizations of African-Americans while seeking nineteenth-century southern and northern readership through conciliatory prose.

In particular, Harrison characterized a slave who gained his freedom and maintained a successful, independent life, without white assistance. This unique perspective for a Southern writer of her era stemmed from the war time destruction of her homestead, Vaocluse, which compelled Harrison to recreate an idealized perspective of the South, influenced, no doubt by her matriarchal family's vexed position as the first Virginians to manumit their slaves, and then, subsequently, to hire neighboring plantation slaves as servants.

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Because of the previous scholarly neglect of Harrison's work, research for this thesis depended almost entirely on primary sources; locating her numerous manuscripts, novels, articles, and essays demanded a great deal of assistance cheerfully given by Marshall's interlibrary staff, including the greatly appreciated efforts of Cathy Alford and Stephen Tipler. Additionally, Monica Brooks, Associate Dean of Marshall University Libraries, helped organize my research assistantship in Rare Collections, where librarian, Lisle Brown, and Confederate bibliographer, Jack Dickinson, provided me invaluable assistance in analyzing numerous nineteenth-century works from Marshall University's Rosanna Blake Confederate Library.

However, some existing restrictions regarding the more fragile works necessitated my extensive travel to recover further primary data; therefore, I am grateful to those who supported my work through travel monies. These research trips included the Virginia Historical Society, which holds Harrison's donated book/manuscript collection, and the Library of Congress, where, with the superb assistance of Fred Bauman, Manuscript Division Reference Specialist, I

examined several of Harrison's manuscripts, poems, and correspondence.

Additionally, I wish to thank Dr. Dorothy Scura, Harrison's most prolific scholar, for allowing me to visit her home in Knoxville and openly sharing her years of research, which further enlightened my perception of Harrison's strategies.

Furthermore, I would like to thank Dr. Armand E. Singer, Editor of *The West Virginia University Philological Papers*, Department of Foreign Languages at West Virginia University, for warmly receiving my presentation at the colloquium, *Race and Racism in Literature*. He has subsequently accepted for publication a chapter of this thesis, "Vaucluse's Servants: 'Not Slaves of Ours.'"

Still, I would be remiss to not include a dear friend and fellow scholar, Paul Russell, who helped verify my belief that Harrison was well acquainted with the racial attitudes of France in the nineteenth-century.

Of course, I also wish to thank my family for their encouragement. It is my greatest ambition to be an example of strength to my granddaughters, Jassae and Jacey; as well as Jason Walter and Shannon Rapacilo, who gave me hope and grandchildren.

Finally, I wish to thank my husband of twenty-one years, always there, always wise.  
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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

ABSTRACT	ii
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	iii
TABLE OF CONTENTS	v
PREFACE	vi
INTRODUCTION	1
CHAPTER I: The Importance of Vacluse	15
CHAPTER II: Harrison: Witness and Participant in History	20
CHAPTER III: Refugitta of Richmond	27
CHAPTER IV: Post-bellum Reconstruction of Vacluse Through Prose	63
CHAPTER V: Vacluse's Servants: "Not Slaves of Ours"	76
CHAPTER VI: Harrison's Significance in American Literature	88
CONCLUSION	97
BIBLIOGRAPY	101
Appendix A: Manuscripts, Letters, Journals, Memorabilia locations	112
Appendix B: Map of Vacluse area, northern Virginia	114
Appendix C: Constance Carry Harrison	116
Appendix D: Unpublished Manuscript, Virginia Historical Society	117
Appendix E: Unpublished Manuscripts, Rodger Cary	139
"Recollections of Vacluse	140
"Virginia Before the War"	163
"Housekeeping in Virginia, After the War!"	176
ENDNOTES	190

## PREFACE

The experience of being Marshall's Blake Scholar has been one of the most exciting and challenging projects of my life. During my research, I became a bibliophile. Now, the smell and texture of nineteenth-century's ornate cover designs stir my imagination and move my heart with nostalgic regret over our generation's poor replacements, paperbacks.

My initial exploration of nineteenth-century Southern literature stemmed from an interest in Civil War censorship. I have always had an intense curiosity regarding how women of all races and backgrounds managed to have their voices heard, particularly during war. As a child, I watched the soldiers die nightly on television during the Vietnam era, and I remembered how difficult it was for women to present their opinions, even in daily conversations, where instead of discussing world events, they organized the dinner meal. The effects of the pained, stressful silences, mixed with cigarette smoke and baritone voices of World War II memories, forever altered my perception of free speech.

I recall going to school and trying to express my voice through art, but failed when the instructor, objecting to the subject matter of my work, insisted that I throw my anti-war sculpture in the clay waste bin. This was during the time of American civil upheaval, with race riots during the day and war at night, and only the strongest and the quick-witted were allowed to speak.

Years later, I found Harrison's name mentioned among the women journalists of the Civil War, and I knew she had a story to tell; however, I never dreamt that story would have included the tragic loss of her home or her decisive antislavery narrative. One can only admire the intelligence it took to outmaneuver so many, and yet maintain her voice throughout her journey of personal growth.

Beyond all the people who have guided me, I wish to thank Constance Cary Harrison for leading me.

## INTRODUCTION

Unable to physically rebuild her family's homestead, destroyed during the Civil War, Constance Cary Harrison deliberately reconstructed Vacluse, Virginia, through literature. Her published and unpublished efforts to recreate and idealize Vacluse first appeared in correspondence and Southern newspapers early in the war, and afterwards, continued to surface throughout her career in nearly every domestic description within her prose. Nonetheless, Harrison successfully secured nineteenth-century cultural acceptance of her nostalgic works regarding Vacluse and the South. In fact, she produced nearly forty novels and over a hundred articles, poems and essays, while bridging the Romantic and Realistic periods. Today, unfortunately, no complete accounting of Harrison's work exists, and her articles, poems, novels, editings, diaries, and letters remain uncollected. Furthermore, of the few critical works that regard Harrison, most are brief biographical sketches and take little note of her versatility as a novelist, journalist, essayist, memoirist, and short-story author. Consequently, there exists only one thesis, which analyzes her plantation descriptions, and one dissertation, which provides excerpts from her unpublished manuscripts, journals and letters.

Further analysis of Harrison's work depends on understanding her desire to address the realities of slavery, nineteenth-century women's issues, and the domestic upheaval of war, while simultaneously reconstructing her homeland, Vacluse, through prose. Of course, limits exist for the scope of this thesis; therefore, the fertile fields of Harrison's extensive oeuvre remain unharvested except for the narrow path regarding Vacluse's literary reconstruction interwoven with explorations of race and gender, influenced, no doubt by her matriarchal family's vexed position as the first Virginians to manumit their slaves, and then, subsequently, hire neighboring plantation slaves as servants.

The contentious friction between her family's ideology and their private complicity in slavery invalidated the perception of injustice regarding Vacluse's leveling, which affected Harrison to the degree that she often referred to herself as a refugee. For example, in her work

“Richmond Scenes in '62” describes the adverse conditions of her nomadic existence: “it was the old-time Clifton Hotel, honeycombed by subterranean passages, and crowded to its limits with refugees like ourselves from country homes within or near the enemy's lines—or 'fugees,' as we were all called.” The abbreviation of the word *refugees* suggests a reflection of the derogatory manner in which Harrison perceived the townspeople felt toward the war's homeless.

Furthermore, Harrison's personal identification with her transitory life is evident in her selection of *refugee* as a pseudonym during the Civil War, between the years of 1862-1865. George C. Rable, in his work Civil Wars: Women and the Crisis of Southern Nationalism, relates the conditions of living as exiles in the following:

Refugee women naturally dwelt in the past and fondly recalled the familiar sights, sounds and smells of their old haunts. As they went back over the large and small events of their lives, the modest homes left behind now seemed like palaces, and in the warm glow of hindsight, crotchety neighbors became dear friends. Such fond recollections helped to shut out the present and provided a psychological defense against unpleasant reality. For refugees painfully adjusting to their new surroundings, spare moments allowed them to think over what might have been. Waves of homesickness welled up and temporarily overwhelmed any determination to build a better future. (189)

Harrison's refugee identity compelled her to explore the picturesque landscape and mental vistas of Vacluse through her literature as she attempted to recreate the past, and, in fact, she titled her autobiography, Recollections Grave and Gay, which primarily focused on the Civil War era and in particular, Vacluse.

Sherrolyn Maxwell, author of the dissertation, Constance Cary Harrison: American Woman of Letters (1977) refers to this autobiography as well as several unpublished letters and journals, through which she furnishes future researchers a preliminary selection of quotations from Harrison's letters and diaries. This source provides insight into the motivation behind her prose:



Began the same day, my long planned, eagerly intended, hopelessly – halting southern novel!! Will it ever come to ought? I found somebody else had recently taken my name 'the Berkeleys', oddly enough, and so ransacked Bishop Meade for a new family name for my dear old 'Colonel.' Settled on Throckmorton because it once existed on the James, and has moved away from there (to Kentucky, I believe) and 'Flower de Hundred' for the plantation. I wanted what George Eliot called a good mouth-filled English name – and so took Throckmorton, but it is going to be a heavy burden to carry through sixty thousand words. I have all the tables in my room piled with Colonial literature, and have brought to the surface innumerable letters and diaries and slips of print kept for the purpose; it's all rather heart rendering to lay bare the breast of old Virginia in this fashion. Oh! may it only succeed – I should die happy. If I can tell the story simply, unaffectedly of things as I remember them and have heard of them in childhood, and yet preserve a thread of dramatic interest, I'll ask no more. No one knows how deeply I have this at heart. I am afraid to speak of it.

(qtd. in Maxwell pg. 150)

This quotation reveals Harrison's hope to reproduce her memories of the South. However, the literary blending of recollections with her family records reveals antagonistic contrasts between the reality of slavery and her fictional paradise, resulting in the creation of critically intriguing passages, which disrupt the reader's ability to perceive an explicit motif. Moreover, Kathy Ryder's bibliographic essay characterizes Harrison's work as “a valuable register of American social custom and history because it is marked by the ideological rifts produced by her stake in the turbulent social and political contexts in which she lived.” Furthermore, nineteenth-century domestic issues, such as slavery, clashed with her utopian images of Vacluse and the South. Aware of these incongruities, Harrison progressively sought to explore the divisive issues that affected her life at Vacluse. Unfortunately, Maxwell does not examine these undercurrents, nor does she analyze the nineteenth-century cultural restraints of female writers.

However, a contemporary of Maxwell, Dorothy M. Scura, wrote several brief works on Harrison, which press beyond other researchers and provide the perspective of nineteenth-century women's literary constraints. In fact, Scura notes Harrison's historical essays are "well-written, respectably researched, and properly documented works, which have added interest because of the author's personal connections with each of her subjects" ("Homage" 36).

Scura views Harrison's overall writing style as:

Superb in depicting setting, whether a plantation in Virginia, an ocean liner, or places in England, Spain, or Morocco. She was also adept in writing dialogue, including dialect. Those two qualities she shares with other local-color writers. But she was never able to construct believable plots based on the needs of her characters. She drew instead on formulaic, romantic plots with farfetched, frequently Gothic, elements. Her characters lack depth and are depicted with attention to surface appearance. She knew well only her own class and was unable to treat believably the great conflicts of her time. ("Harrison" 206).

Within this quotation, Scura perceives Harrison's skill resides in creating settings, but that her characterizations lack development. I, however, respectfully argue that the setting, often Vaucluse, was in fact, the significant "character," which Harrison depicts with perplexing details and ambiguous images that reflect her exploration of social issues during a time of intense literary suppression.

Furthermore, Elizabeth Fox-Genovese relates that southern society oppressed women's writings to a greater degree than the northern culture, in the following:

Women's tradition of public self-representation developed slowly and largely within the confines of dominant attitudes toward appropriate gender roles. Even by these standards, southern women proved reticent. When they broke the barriers, they normally represented women's identity in conformity with the southern gender conventions that linked the status and identities of ladies directly to the requisites of a God-fearing, slaveholding society. (247)

While Fox-Genovese correctly represents the regional differences in restraints regarding the publication of women's writings, I assert that the strategies used by published southern women at times reflect an intensification of the narrative strategies utilized by nineteenth-century northern women writers, particularly in Harrison's case. For example, Harrison's cloaking technique, that of embedding divisive passages within conciliatory prose, resembles an area of interest in Susan K. Harris's 19th-century American Women's Novels, in which the “overplot functions to disguise multiple hermeneutic possibilities” (13). Harrison demonstrated this technique during the Civil War when she published an abolitionist poem, (explicated in chapter three of this thesis), which reflected her desire to examine the issue of slavery while maintaining publication during a period of censorship. Obviously, the surrounding rhetoric is offensively racist, but the effect of publishing an abolitionist poem holds significance, particularly since Harrison inserts the poem in the center of a southern loyalist article in a southern newspaper during the Civil War, possibly as a means of discourse.<sup>1</sup>

Moreover, Harris adds that nineteenth-century exploratory novels contain “middle portions . . . [which] establish an area of female independence, competence, emotional complexity, and intellectual acumen” (19th 21). Harris correctly assesses the significance of the nineteenth-century novelists' strategy of inserting explorative sections within the center of their works. Furthermore, I assert that Harrison follows this same pattern of placing complicated and ambiguous textual references within the center of her fictional works, thus creating a venue in which to examine the social issues of the Southern region, slavery, racism, and gender oppression.

Additionally, Harris notes that “prior to evaluating any given nineteenth-century sentimental novel, . . . it is important to establish the terms of the debate(s) in which the text participates, the positions it takes, and how these positions are embodied in its textual structure” (“But” 46). Harris's insistence in ascertaining the social milieu in which a writer creates a work is particularly crucial to the understanding of Harrison's fiction. For example, throughout the war Harrison published her examinations of the loss of Vaucluse, the issue of race, and slavery,

while defeating the system of wartime censorship through her use of subtle narrative strategies. However, her writings often contain racist, ambiguous, and disruptive phrases, suggesting the works stemmed from either an unskilled author, or perhaps, represent the literary tactics that Harrison utilized to secure publication. Ultimately, as Fox-Genovese notes, some southern women writers of Harrison's era did succeed in breaking through the cultural barriers of their time and gain a foothold in publishing their works.

Jay Hubbell, author of Southern Life in Fiction, reveals that southern patriarchal society suppressed women through the threat of exclusion. In fact, white southern women were expected to be “thoroughly feminine” and “well-read, but . . . not wish[ing] to be regarded as intellectual” (54). While Hubbell aptly describes the environment of the nineteenth-century southern white society, I argue that his statement reveals a rift, which explored, reflects the very strategy that Harrison dealt with through her fiction. In particular, Hubbell states that the women did not want to be considered *intellectual*, but this does not mean the women were not well educated, it only suggests that they did not openly resist the patriarchal expectation that women should appear unintelligent. Moreover, I argue that Harrison cloaked her published writings in much the same manner as the southern women apparently sought to conceal their education in exchange for social inclusion. Furthermore, women who conformed, at least outwardly, to these conventions represented “the Virginia lady of plantation days [who] was not in any way unworthy of her father, her husband, or her sons” (56). Moreover, Hubbell offers an adage through which he describes the social environment of Harrison's era, stating, “[t]here was a saying in Virginia that it takes three generations to make a gentleman and four to make a lady” (38). This remark, of course reveals the patriarchal assumption that women were intrinsically of less value; and, therefore, required an additional generation to increase their worth. Overall, he perceives that “[i]n Virginia the belle was an institution,” and subsequently quotes from Harrison's autobiography to further describe the idyllic life of a southern woman, in the following:

In those days a Southern beauty tripped through life on a path strewn with roses,

hearts, and darts. All men became Sir Calidores on her behalf. (55)

Harrison, at first glance, seems to agree with the portrayal of a belle's perfect life; however, all the images quoted have multiple symbolic meanings: *roses* with thorns, the trodden *hearts* that line the pathway, representing either the man's or the Southern beauty's broken love, and of the *darts*, the image is one of a dagger thrust, again through either the man or the woman. Also, her choice of the word *tripped* in the image of the woman going down life's pathway evokes the impression that the "roses, hearts, and darts" at the least hazard the woman's progress.

Moreover, had she wished to convey the life of a protected woman who did not witness the harsh realities of her time, as Hubbell insinuates, then she could have chosen any number words, such as *glided* instead of *tripped*. Furthermore, she could have reinforced the belle persona by simply dropping the word *darts* from her description. However, the imagery she produces with this combination of "roses, hearts, and darts" presents the belle as a woman who struggles to find and hold her footing on life's trail. Therefore, the passage Hubbell selects describing the idyllic existence of a belle, instead reveals Harrison's ability and tendency to subvert expected female attitudes and actions, producing, through prose, her vision of reality. The fact that she was successful in her attempt to outmaneuver her critics is apparent in Hubbell selecting this passage to exemplify the life southern women led prior to the war.

By enduring, throughout her life, the social constraints presented in Hubbell's observations, Harrison, no doubt learned how to circumvent patricidal boundaries and, further, how to create literary works which employed characters types and stock plots, at least superficially, while subverting the deeper issues of women's rights and racism beneath the surface to secure the social acceptance of her disruptive writings. In agreement, Ryder notes that "the Civil War years shaped Harrison's social identity as well as her writings" (195). While Ryder rightly observes Harrison's personal and professional identities stem from her Civil War experiences, she does not examine Harrison's explorations of the complex issues of race and gender within her idealized Southern texts. Nonetheless, the demise of Vacluse, complicated by Harrison's matriarchal family's inconsistent attitudes toward slavery, produced within her

literature critically intriguing passages which reveal Harrison's inquiry into the social issues of her era.

Furthermore, even within Maxwell's neglect of the social constraints through which Harrison subverted her writings, she notes Harrison's awareness of nineteenth-century reader's expectations as well as her resistance toward submitting to these literary restraints in a quote from her diary passage, October 18, 1890, regarding her most influential novel, Anglomaniacs, published in 1890:

I am abused for it in the roundest terms by the old-fashioned novel readers who want the conventional happy ending – and in spite of all they say, my conviction remains unalterable – my story could not have ended otherwise.

(qtd in Maxwell 170)

Harrison's novel, Anglomaniacs, published anonymously, explored gender and class issues beyond traditional boundaries through the use of narrative strategies. Only after the publication received wide notice, did she allow the release of her name, apparently in order to secure readership for her upcoming southern novel, Flower de Hundred: The Story of a Virginia Plantation.

Further understanding of the restrictions which hindered Harrison's open exploration of slavery, gender, and class, comes from turn of the century biographers who provide a perspective often lost to later scholars. Critical reviews of her era tend to reflect the pressure women, particularly southern women, faced to remain conservative or risk non-publication, censure or rebuke. Aware of the social constraints under which Harrison struggled to have her southern view published, Caroline Wardlaw Martin, author of "A Favored Daughter of the South," 1894, described Harrison as ultra-feminine and provided examples to which nineteenth-century readers could relate, such as Harrison possessing "too much delicacy to speak of her business relations with her publishers, who are also her literary friends, still those who are in a position to know say that only one or two of the most prominent of the authors on this side the Atlantic are paid so munificently as she is, for a story" (75).

In 1903, Henry N. Snyder also considered Harrison's use of formulated plots and stock characterizations, noting, "as far as plot, the working out of a complicated series of events, is concerned, these stories have comparatively little" (259). Nonetheless, he views Harrison's strength resides in her use of dialogue:

For clear, sparkling dialogue – the real talk of real persons – Mrs. Harrison is unsurpassed among writers who are now doing fiction work. Certainly no other American writer makes dialogue sustain so important a relation to the story. (260)

Martin, however, surmises the simplistic characterizations and plots result from Harrison's social position, since she is "too highly bred to have any fierce feelings, yet she does abhor and eschew the brutal realistic analysis of morbid passion, such as is now the fad of the widely sold sensational novels of the day." Further social stigmas which bound Harrison and other authors of her era are apparent in Martin's statement that Harrison "has nothing in common" with these authors and "cannot conceive how their husbands and sons can conceal their mortification at finding on the news-stands such books by their wives and mothers" (75). Furthermore, Martin assures her readers within the first paragraph of the article that Harrison was in fact "womanly" (67).

Martin further enhances Harrison's idealized female persona by stating, "the praise or criticism that goes to her heart's core, that is most tenderly cherished and eagerly sought and fervently appreciated is that – wholly, frank and true – that comes from her sympathetic husband, or from her three fondly admiring sons, who are dearer to her than any other audience in all the world" (75). Continuing to present a possible description of the pressure to conform to societal demands, Martin states that Harrison accepts criticism from not only her husband, but that of her sons as well, where "what they do not like is instantly cut out" (76). Notably, Martin's observations of Harrison's family perhaps indicate an attempt to present a socially acceptable persona; however, the insights could also evidence Harrison's acceptance of input from the patriarchal system by allowing her male family members to influence her literary decisions.

Significantly, Martin perceives Harrison's work as being "just this light and brilliant

touch that imparts vivacity to literature, that more than anything else marks the artist, who makes you feel the weight of the thought without letting you feel heaviness of expression, who floats the idea to you upon airy wings.” Martin further suggests that, “one is carried away by the brilliancy of the witty talk of the writer, that fascinates by its rapid and delightful sallies” (76). Through these descriptions, Martin assists Harrison in gaining access to the popular audience and reveals the author's techniques utilized to publish within the social confines of nineteenth-century.

Another contemporary biographer, Edward Francis Harkins presents Harrison's own views on her writing. This work allows the author to respond to the criticism of weak characterizations and thin plots. Harrison states:

I would be unable to write did I not thoroughly believe in my characters. I am always living and observing a dozen lives. There is much satisfaction in doing work correctly. I am in love with mine, and am a hard worker. I would like to write something that every one would read, something powerful. (74)

Harkins follows Harrison's hope to create “something powerful,” with his assessment that “perhaps she may, such persistence and patient toil are worthy of accomplishing the desired end” (74). However, contemporary and current criticisms tend to miss what Harrison considered as *powerful*, her southern heritage and the demise of Vaucuse. Through her literary reconstruction of Vaucuse, and her examination of racism, she may have created the significant work of her hopes, the antislavery short story "Leander of Betsy's Pride," which compares racism in America to the acceptance of African-Americans in France, explicated in chapter five.

In an interview with the Critic, March 31, 1894, Harrison, once again addressed her use of type characterizations, which she described as “composite photographs of half a dozen people” from which she created “one portrait” (227). Further she stated:

I have never taken one person, man or woman, from any one man or woman I have known. I use types, not individuals. People sometimes say to me, “You mean so-and-so in your book,” when I have never seen or heard of so-and-so in



my life, but there are so many people who are just like so many other people that you get the name of painting portraits when you are only painting types. (227)

This characterization by type, although a consequence of her focus on setting and issues, possibly produced many benefits for the author. Harrison constructed characters and plots through which she could explore diverse perspectives of the Southern defeat, Vaucuse's destruction, slavery, and women's issues, without risking rejection from the popular audience or offending the real individuals portrayed within her novels. Type characterizations, therefore, gave her *portraits*, which were socially acceptable and yet durable enough to permit the exploration of subjects, particularly through the use of subplots, but always within the realms of social boundaries.

In fact, in "Society's Critic at Home," an unknown journalist questioned Harrison about her use of type characterizations, to which she replied:

My characters are taken from life. Yes, indeed, but they are copies of types rather than individuals. That may be one of the reasons that I have not been persecuted by an angry original. Types, after all, are composites. (22)

Ultimately, whether the genre was an historical essay or a work of fiction, Harrison diligently recreated the South, drawing characters, settings, and plots not from her imagination, but largely from her memory.

Looking beyond type characterizations and social stigmas, Martin succeeds in finding a pivotal motivation in Harrison: her southern persona, created through her life at Vaucuse. To this end, Martin includes an extensive outline of Harrison's maternal and paternal heritages. Furthermore, Martin understands Harrison's need to be considered a southern loyalist, a fact reflected in the title of the article, "A Favored Daughter of the South." Collectively, therefore, Martin addresses the influences that became fundamental to Harrison's literary treatments of the ante-bellum, Civil War, and post-bellum social issues.

Perhaps in response to her nomadic life, Harrison deliberately sought to present herself as a southern writer, and, more to the point, a Virginian writer and loyalist. During Scura's

research, she brought to the forefront the important debate on Harrison's place of birth, Kentucky, which evokes questions regarding Harrison's desire to suppress the knowledge of her true place of birth.

Even in her autobiography Recollections Grave and Gay, Harrison gives no enlightenment on the details regarding her birthplace. Consequently, many Harrison biographers assert her birth state is possibly Virginia, Mississippi, or Kentucky, and her birth date is either April 25, 1843, or sometime in 1845, 1846 or even in 1835; however, no one disputes that Harrison's homeland or rather "heartland" is Virginia. Her genuine attachment and loyalty possibly stem from the fact that her family had resided in Virginia since 1640.

Scura notes Harrison "was, in a sense, an artistic prisoner of her class and of her time who remained committed to the values of her genteel and aristocratic past" ("Harrison" 206). In fundamental agreement, Hubbell perceives that "the writer, young or old, is limited by his temperament, his taste, and his talent, by literary tradition, by fashion and convention, by the policies of his editors and his publishers . . ." (Southern Life 7). Furthermore, of Harrison's writing in particular, Hubbell states:

*Belhaven Tales* (1892) is a delightful account of old Alexandria somewhat in the vein of *Cranford*. There is no such account of ante-bellum urban life anywhere; it deserves recognition as the classic complement to *In Ole Virginia*. Two of the short stories in that volume, *Crow's Nest* and *Una and King David*, are among the best short stories of the Civil War. (Virginia 30)

Recent reviews of Harrison, however, tend to perceive her work not only as a southern loyalist, but also as a southerner whose writing projects a conciliatory tone. Maxwell notes that Harrison's "overriding voice was invariably the one which came closest to reconciling the conflict, however strained or unconvincing it might sound" (3). Maxwell also perceives her work to be "slightly self-conscious in tone;" but "is nonetheless lively, and amusing in its presentation of country scenes and manners" (61). Harrison's representations of Vacluse's scenic area allow her to intersperse reflections regarding slavery and gender issues, which

possibly produce the *self-conscious* tone to which Maxwell is referring. Moreover, the didactic tone which Martin refers to in her interview suggests that the reader receives “the weight of the thought without [the] . . . heaviness of expression” (76). In agreement, Ryder notes Harrison's instructional tone, assessing that her fiction is “set in the South [and] weaves together the romantic militarism of mock-chivalry and the moral precepts of Christianity” (201). Ultimately, Harrison's didactic writings utilize several strategies to secure publication and readership, as in the case of her antislavery narrative “Leander.”

However, apparently in answer to Harrison's southern loyalty, American Women Writers brought one of the harshest reviews to print with Janet E. Kaufman's statement:

A great deal of H.'s fiction can be dismissed as pulp. Her novels and stories dealing with southern life before the Civil War were, for the most part, poorly written. Filled with stock characters, predictable plots, and phony dialogue, works such as *Flower de Hundred: The Story of a Virginia Plantation* (1890) and *The Carlyles: A Story of the Fall of the Confederacy* (1905) were little more than mass-market teasers. Postwar readers were fascinated by anything dealing with the antebellum South, perhaps wanting to know why a social system they found repugnant had exercised such a hold over the imaginations of those who had lived under it. Therefore, H. and countless other writers found a ready market for otherwise undistinguished writing. (257)

The dismissive element of this critique reveals the prejudice that, unfortunately, has defined the scholarly analysis of Harrison's work. By regarding her literature as *pulp*, Kaufman devalues Harrison's nineteenth-century success in publishing works that examine many social issues including white's failure to absolve the country from the horrific legacy of slavery and racism as well as the subject of women's rights, and the destruction of numerous homes and families on both sides of the war. Furthermore, Kaufman, as with many other scholars, fails to perceive the success Harrison claimed with the publication of her views on individual autonomy regardless of race, while simultaneously recreating Vaucuse.

Ultimately, nineteenth-century's social upheaval and cultural restraints, represented in part by readers' expectations, complicated Harrison's ambition to recreate through literature her lost homestead, Vacluse. Therefore, in response to southern patriarchal oppression, and, later, to a lesser degree northern impediments, Harrison created and utilized numerous strategies through which she secured publication and maintained mass acceptance of her conflicting and subtly subversive works.

## CHAPTER I: The Importance of Vacluse

Harrison reveals the significance of Vacluse within her opening remarks of her final literary work, Recollections, where she relates that “all old-time Virginians loved to write themselves down as part of their parental estates” (3). This reference to *estates* produces two perspectives of inheritance, one of human connections and traits, the other of material substance. The Vacluse estate provided both realms to Harrison, one in the family unit, missing from her early childhood, and the other in the physical buildings and artifacts of the homestead.

Ryder noted Harrison's transient lifestyle began when her father, Archibald, “evidently wished to distance himself from his father-in-law's reach” and moved “to Martinsville, Virginia, 160 miles south of Alexandria on the North Carolina border, a four-day trip on horseback” (196).

At age three, Harrison visited Vacluse, then owned by her maternal grandfather, Thomas, by descent ninth Lord of Fairfax. He was a devout follower of the eighteenth-century Swedish philosopher, scientist, and Christian mystic Emanuel Swedenborg. Fairfax, due to his religious beliefs, was the first Virginian to manumit his slaves. Thereafter, he taught each freed slave a trade and sent those who were self-sufficient to Liberia. However, shortly before the war, Thomas died and the ownership of Vacluse went “to the widow during her lifetime, to her son Reginald after her,” thus creating the matriarchal system of Harrison’s childhood after her father’s death (Recollections 15).

Daniel E. Sutherland presents Harrison's nomadic upbringing as a “vagabond existence” which began when she was born (151). He further states that “she cannot be said to have settled in her 'native' Virginia until her father died in 1854” (151). Unfortunately, this family tragedy struck Harrison at the early age of eleven, when her father, Archibald Cary, died from typhoid fever in Cumberland, Maryland. Subsequently, the family moved to the matriarchal homestead, Vacluse, near Alexandria. Further, Sutherland sensed that these “dislocations of her life” were reflected in her “contributions to the wartime Richmond periodicals for which she wrote as ‘Refugitta’” (151).

Harkins noted that her home “was destroyed by the government engineers, during the construction of the chain of fortifications around Washington City, which were thrown up under the direction of General McClellan” (64). He further assess the personal damage done to Harrison at the loss of Vaocluse:

The effect of this loss of home, coupled with the other misfortunes which crowded upon Constance Cary at this period of her life, left a deep impression upon her sensitive nature. A shade of bitterness fostered by these events may be traced in some of her writings, most noticeably, perhaps, in “Flower de Hundred” and “Crow's Nest.” (64-65)

Martin, in conjunction with the other critics of her era, also expounded on the effect Vaocluse had on Harrison:

Mrs. Burton Harrison was Constance Cary, of Fairfax County, Virginia. “Vaocluse,” the residence of her maternal grandfather, Thomas IX. Lord Fairfax, was her home during many years of her mother's early widowhood. It was there she received her first impressions of the vicinage of aristocratic old Alexandria, which have found record in what some of her critics have declared to be her best work, “Belhaven Tales.” Mrs. Harrison's childhood was passed in the atmosphere of all that is most typical of Virginia allegiance to tradition. Fed upon the romantic histories of the family from which she was descended, of an eager mind, rapid in decision, firm of purpose, but dominated by the picturesque, she grew to maidenhood a true daughter of her State. (67)

Martin's comments regarding Harrison's genealogy, both maternally and paternally, perhaps touch on Harrison's perceived personal worth, particularly after the leveling of Vaocluse. Harrison apparently based a great deal of value on her illustrious family; however, this legacy became a physically reality only at Vaocluse, within its portrait hung walls. Prior to her idyllic life in the Virginia countryside, the list of her ancestral literary greats and illustrious genealogy, later intertwined throughout her prose, came to her only through oral and written history.

Furthermore, the hallways and artifacts of Vacluse provided her not only a sanctuary from a nomadic life, but a touchstone to her family's significance in history and literature, perhaps instilling her with a sense of self-worth.

An appreciation for her genealogy is understandable as these notables included Thomas Jefferson; Virginia Randolph Cary (author of Letters on Female Character and The Christian Parents' Assistant); Mrs. Robert E. Lee; Mrs. Wilson Jefferson Cary; Lord Faulkland, Henry Cary (translator of Dante and Plato); Edward Fairfax (poet and translator of Tasso); Mary Summerville (astronomer); Dr. James Blair (founder of William and Mary College); and Archibald Cary, (lawyer and editor of Cumberland Ceorlian and Cumberland Civilian). Significantly, Harrison's frequent references to ancestral luminaries during interviews, such as with Martin, combined with her subsequent career in writing, suggests a concerted effort through literature to connect with previous generations of her extended family.

Moreover, Vacluse itself provided a physical connection to her extended family, living and dead, through the predominately matriarchal society of the home, particularly after the death of her elder brother at age sixteen, shortly after the Cary family settled there. At the family homestead, the Carys stayed with “an endless procession, coming and going, of aunts and cousins,” until the Civil War's escalation forced them to flee and eventually reside in Richmond as refugees (Recollections 22). Within months of their departure, however, “the Union army in the building of their fortifications” leveled Vacluse (Snyder 247-248).

The extensive work on the loss of homes through manmade events, Domicide: The Global Destruction of Home, relates that “the meaningfulness of domicile resides in the probability that home is central to our lives, and the likelihood that the forcible destruction of it by powerful authorities will result in suffering on the part of the home dweller” (4). This description defines Harrison's lifelong sorrow over the loss of her home. The authors of Domicide, J. Douglas Porteous and Sandra E. Smith, suggest the neologism “domicide,” since, remarkably, even in the year 2001, “no word exist[ed] for the action of destroying peoples' homes and/or expelling them from their homeland” (ix).

The reality of the circumstances under which Harrison suffered, become apparent with the abbreviated definition, “domicide is the murder of home” (3). The absolute destruction of Vacluse, according to Domicide, “can thus be one of the deepest wounds to one's identity and self-esteem, for both of these props to sanity reside in part in objects and structures that we cherish” (5). Porteous and Smith further relate the significance of the home in that it “creates and supports identity, provides shelter, gives privacy and security, and is the predominant centre of our lives” (31). It is not inconceivable then that Vacluse provided Harrison a degree of support and security that she had never known as a child.

Domicide further provides insight into Harrison's strongest writing, her regionalist work, when “we learn that home is not simply one's dwelling, but can also be one's homeland or native region” (6). Therefore, her works naturally sought to recreate Vacluse, and on a grander scale, Virginia. Furthermore, in regards to Harrison creating through literature her Virginian self-identity, possibly harmed through the destruction of her home, Julia Bader notes that “a region may exist and be described in close detail, but in the process it also becomes a region of the mind” (29).

The authors of Domicide further depict the significance of home to Harrison and other refugees:

Home is the place in which memories and dreams meet, and identity is formed. Domicide erases the physical place of memory and source of identity not by conscious choice, as when one changes homes, but through the deliberate acts of others. It is suggested that the loss is worst for those whose home has become a living memorial – when they worked on the land or the structure of the home, and when it is meant to be passed on to future generations. (62)

Harrison's home had, in fact, been meant as a memorial to her family. The Harrison family historian, Rodger Cary, relates that the land had been part of the most extensive land grant in the history of America; and furthermore, her family, until the leveling of Vacluse, had had full intentions of continuing the transference of the property throughout future generations.



Ironically, Harrison's novels have been left as an *estate* for descendants, instead of Vacluse.

Therefore, it is reasonable that Harrison found solace in her depictions of Vacluse, a fact which the authors of Domicide support, stating “home is portrayed in ideal, imagined ways, and for those whose home is destroyed, this may be the only hope to which they can cling” (62). It is fitting, then, that even with her death, the loss of Vacluse is apparent, when, after residing in Washington, D.C. and dying there on November 21, 1920, she chose to be buried at Ivy Hill Cemetery, Alexandria, Virginia, beside her husband, Burton Harrison, Confederate President Davis' private secretary, close to the leveled foundations of Vacluse. Furthermore, Harrison's estate, that of her literature, reflects her transitory life and her struggle to reconstruct her only subsistent home, Vacluse, thus providing future scholars evidence of the creative desire to connect the survival of home with self-identity. Moreover, as mentioned, her estate did not expire with her death, and, in fact, affected American history, as the following chapter explores.

## CHAPTER II: Harrison: Witness and Participant in History

Prior to the Civil War, Harrison's aunt, Mrs. Irwin, escorted her to the White House to meet President Abraham Lincoln; she recalled the moment in her autobiography, stating:

Budding secessionist although I was, I can distinctly remember that the power of Abraham Lincoln's personality then impressed itself upon me for a lifetime. Everything faded out of sight beside the apparition of the new President, towering at the entrance of the Blue Room. He held back the crowd a minute, while my hand had a curious feeling of being engulfed in his enormous palm, clad in an ill-fitting white kid glove. He said something kind to his youthful visitor, and over his rugged face played a summer lightning smile. We passed on, and I saw him no more till he drove past our house in captured Richmond, in an ambulance, with his little son upon his knee. (43)

She contrasts this image with the memory of the inauguration of Confederate President Jefferson Davis, on February 22, 1862, in the following:

It was a dismal day, depressing to stoutest spirits, rain falling heavily, and Capitol Square beneath us one mass of open umbrellas. When the poor wet bishop and the President-elect came upon the stand, there was an immediate, portentous hush in the crowd. One heard nothing but the patter of the winter rain. The brief ceremony over, when President Davis kissed the book, accepting, under God, the great trust of our young and struggling nation, a great shout went up and we distinctly heard cries of "God bless our President!" (69)

She presents the two images as seasonal contrasts with the reference to summer in Lincoln's smile and the oppressive winter climate of Davis' inauguration. However, both descriptions carry images of storms, as in the word *lightning* in the first passage and the numerous storm references in the second. Significant in the differences of the storms, however, is the *lightning* is held aloft in Lincoln's *towering* figure, and in Davis' induction, the storm has overtaken the

crowd and depressed even the “stoutest spirits” (69).

Apparently, in order to further strengthen her Southern persona, particularly with regard to southern readers, Harrison relates significant details in her autobiography regarding her family's involvement with the Civil War. For example, Harrison notes that she combined her intense feelings for the South with her literary and volunteer work by writing letters for dying soldiers as she cared for the wounded, with her mother, at Camp Winder near Richmond. Furthermore, she states that her brother, Clarence, fought in the “first Manassa” in 1861 and later “received his commission as midshipman in the Confederate States navy” (Recollections 53). Also, Harrison's cousins, Hetty and Jennie, daughters of Wilson Miles Cary of Baltimore, joined her in Richmond and were active in the cause; the trio became known as the “Cary Invincibles” (59).

Harrison also mentions that her cousin Hetty “incurred the displeasure of the military government of Baltimore” by shaking a Confederate banner from the window of her father's home as Union troops marched by, and was thus warned to leave Baltimore or face immediate arrest and transferal to a Northern Bastille (58). Hetty's sister, Jennie Cary, also showed her loyalty to the South when she set James Ryder Randall's poem, “Maryland,” to the tune “Lauriger Horatius,” which became the famous Confederate battle-song, “Maryland, My Maryland.” Together, the sisters, with their brother, smuggled drugs and clothing through the blockade and escaped to Richmond where they resided with Harrison's mother, who served as the girls' chaperone.

Harrison's autobiography relates many of the war's most poignant moments, including the events regarding the famous Maryland song:

The Cary Invincibles being once bidden to a certain head-quarters dinner, given on a hot summer's day at a little roadside cabin near Bull Run, were treated afterward to the stirring spectacle of a division on the march, defiling along a red clay road gashed in Virginia soil, thus to be pictured by me as it appeared to my eager eyes: What was yonder cloud of luminous vapor rolling in – that wave of

sound, gathering strength and substance as it reached the ear? Presently, emerging from the golden mist, we saw, first, horsemen, pacing leisurely; then caissons and guns; and after them, rank upon rank of marching men in gray! And above the dust, banners of scarlet crossed with blue! And as they passed our group, some officer, recognizing us, started a chant, caught up along the line and rendered into a grand sonorous swing:

“She breathes, she burns, she'll come, she'll come  
Maryland! My Maryland!” (60)

Harrison observed “One may grow old and the snows of 'yesteryear' may have fallen thick over young hearts and hopes, but one does not forget such scenes or the spirit that inspired them!” (63).

Furthermore, she relates that the “Cary Invincibles” contributed more than songs to the southern cause and “had the honor of being asked by the committee of Congress to make the first battle-flags of the Confederacy” (61). Jennie's went to General Beauregard, and later draped his coffin and the coffin of President Jefferson Davis, while General Joseph E. Johnston received Hetty's flag, and General Earl Van Dorn accepted Harrison's, which now resides at the Virginia Historical Society Museum, Richmond, Virginia, and can be viewed on-line at <[Richmondguide.com/flags.shtml](http://Richmondguide.com/flags.shtml)>.

However, significant within the discourse regarding the cousins' flag making, is Harrison's reference to Vacluse in the letter she wrote to General Van Dorn on November 10, 1861, which accompanied her flag:

Will General Van Dorn honour me by accepting a flag which I have taken great pleasure in making, and now send with an earnest prayer that the work of my hand may hold its place near him as he goes out to a glorious struggle – and, God willing, may one day wave over the re-captured batteries of my home near the down-trodden Alexandria? (62)

General Van Dorn allowed only two days before sending his response, dated November 12,

1861:

Dear Lady: The beautiful flag made by your hands and presented to me with the prayer that it should be borne by my side in the impending struggle for the existence of our country, is an appeal to me as a soldier as alluring as the promises of glory; but when you express the hope, in addition, that it may one day wave over the re-captured city of your nativity, your appeal becomes a supplication so beautiful and holy that I were craven-spirited indeed, not to respond to it with all the ability that God has given me. Be assured, dear young lady, that it shall wave over your home if Heaven smiles upon our cause, and I live, and that there shall be written upon it by the side of your name which it now bears, 'Victory, Honor and Independence.'

In the meantime, I shall hope that you may be as happy as you, who have the soul thus to cheer the soldier on to noble deeds and to victory – should be, and that the flowers wont to bloom by your window, may bloom as sweetly for you next May, as they ever did, to welcome you home again. (62-63)

As history revealed, such was not the case; and although Harrison's maternal grandfather, Thomas, by descent ninth Lord of Fairfax, manumitted his slaves, her family's religious stance did not save their home place. Moreover, this correspondence, possibly the first example of Harrison's compulsion to revisit Vacluse through literature, reveals her effort to produce an idyllic homestead. Furthermore, Harrison's statement that she desired her flag “to wave over the re-captured batteries of my home” suggests that she empowers Vacluse through the imagery of a fortified home, possessing its own *batteries*. Moreover, the tense of the verb *re-captured* suggests the deeper imagery that Vacluse had possessed the fortifications before they were actually built by Union troops on the ground of the leveled Vacluse. These conflicting images reveal Harrison's fragmented perception of her homeplace, and through the definition of *domicide*, quite possibly reflect her emotional upheaval.

Although Harrison witnessed hardships and blockade shortages throughout the war in

Richmond while assisting her mother at the camp hospital and writing letters for the wounded and dying, the devastation of Vacluse had only been relayed to her through letters from family, friends, and neighbors. However, in the spring of 1863, Harrison successfully ran the blockade to secure funds for her family's future. True to expected hazards of such an adventure, Union forces captured and escorted her to Alexandria as a prisoner of war. Later, while on parole, she visited her great-aunts, previously evicted from Vacluse. This visit provided her first-hand accounts of Vacluse's last days and yet, spared her momentarily, the physical evidence of the destruction.

This physical evidence, however, was manifested shortly afterwards, as Harrison's relates in her autobiography, when "certain Union sympathizers among our whilom friends having taken pains to communicate to the Secretary of War that he was harboring dangerous characters from the seat of rebellion, nearly allied with the leaders of Confederate Government, and full of menace to the Union cause." Subsequently, the Union army placed Harrison under house arrest and deported her back to Virginia, "with orders not to return inside the lines of the United States forces" (Recollections 108).

Ultimately, the strength and vitality of the Union stood in sharp contrast to the wasteland Harrison witnessed while traveling back to Richmond. Many years later she recounted the return journey in her autobiography with the devastation echoing timelessly through her prose:

In bleak March weather, we crept wearily over deep-rutted clay roads, or "Black Jack" sloughs of Virginia mire, through melancholy wastes of landscape strewn with felled trees and burned houses. We recognized Camp Pickens, the seat of former gay visits to the troops, only by the junction of the Manassas and Orange railroads. At another old camping ground the earth was inlaid with hundreds of shoes cast away by Union troopers, newly shod. Handsome homesteads crowning the hills looked at us through empty eye-sockets, showing no sign of life; burnt barns and mills, trampled fields were everywhere – it was depressing in the extreme. (111-112)

Through her firsthand account of the devastation, Harrison probes the inescapable loss of the war and her homeland. She recites these graphic details, often verbatim, throughout her career. Her repetitious use of punctuation cuts the image into fragments. In one fragment, the word *crept* reinforces the impression of a broken body or spirit bent with an oppressive weight. Next, the ground has lost its solidity in the word *mire* and can no longer be trusted to support the weight of the travelers. Furthermore, the *wastes* hold the human emotion *melancholy*, which reinforces the sense of a strong sentimental attachment to the land, perhaps even endowing it with the capability of sharing the feelings of loss and pain with her. By contrasting the past “gay visits” with the present “landscape strewn with felled trees and burned houses,” Harrison magnifies the sense of devastation. She nearly abuts the words “newly shod” with “[h]andsome homesteads crowning the hills,” but separates the phrases with a period. This punctuation separates the reality of the Union acquiring new shoes, from the nearly hidden destruction of the gutted homes, which appear in the distance as sanctuaries, but on closer view have already been emptied of life. Still, she presents a struggle for existence in the contradictory phrase, “looked at us through empty eye-sockets, showing no sign of life” (112).

At the close of the Civil War and having lost the refuge of Vacluse, Harrison, with her mother, left America and toured Europe to study music and French. Significantly though, her life in France further influenced her understanding of the injustice of racism through her association with Madame Letellier, Alexandre Dumas, descendents of an African slave. Also, she records in Recollections, yet another account of a home destroyed by war, her French residence:

“La Ville au Bois,” a villa boarding and apartment house, at the Porte Maillot in Neuilly, as pretty a place as could be, with ivy-grown buildings surrounding a paved courtyard, where in fine weather the tables for meals were set out of doors under the shade of great old trees. A high brick wall, overhung with creepers, divided us from the Bois de Boulogne. There, in a small but daintily furnished *rez de chaussee*, consisting of two bedrooms and a sitting-room, the latter

upholstered in a warm crimson moreen stuff, opening upon a wee garden of our own, we spent the winter. We grew so attached to our French home that when, during the Franco-Prussian war, we heard it had been destroyed by shot and shell – the second abode of mine laid low through war's necessities – we were genuinely grieved. (246)

As with Vacluse, Harrison details the home's description before disclosing its destruction, which reveals her need to revisit the memory of her home through details within prose.

Upon returning from her European tour, she married Burton Harrison, whom she had met during the siege of Richmond. The ceremony occurred on November 26, 1867, at Morrisania, New York, the home of her uncle Gouverneur Morris, being related to a “member of the convention which adopted the Constitution of the United States, senator, and minister to France during the Reign of Terror” (40). Burton, an 1859 Yale graduate, served President Jefferson Davis during the Civil War as his private secretary. At war’s end, he was captured in Georgia with Davis and imprisoned in Fort Monroe, Virginia, and later at Fort Delaware. Harrison, with her family's aid, secured Burton's release in January 1866. Subsequently, he traveled to Canada and Europe, while studying law. Upon passing the New York State bar exam, he assisted in freeing Davis.

Nearly eleven years later, after the couple had become a fixture of New York society, Harrison renewed her literary vocation. However, even prior to her national publications, her literary work during the Civil War reveals Harrison's efforts to reconstruct Vacluse through prose and her ambition to maneuver past the cultural censorship of the times and publish her antislavery message.



### CHAPTER III: Refugitta of Richmond

During the Civil War, Harrison released her initial serial publication, titled “Summer Idyl.” The Southern Illustrated News ran the fictional romance from November 22, 1862 through December 6, 1862. Other articles published by The Southern Illustrated News included, “Marian ‘Victa et Vincita,’” April 25, 1863; “Sic Semper Trossulis!” May 9, 1863; “A Blockade Correspondence,” August 8, 1863 through November 14, 1863; and “A Boy's Love and a Man's Love or the Cup and the Lip,” October 3-17, 1863. Harrison published anonymously and used several pseudonyms during the war, including, “Refugitta,” “Florence,” and “Secessia.”

Another Richmond newspaper, The Magnolia Weekly, published “Three Meetings,” March 7, 1863; “A Winter's Wind,” May 2, 1863; “Until Death do us Part,” August 29, 1863; and “A Woman of the World,” November 14, 1863. Her first novel, Skirmishing and final offering of prose during the Civil War did not survive the siege of Richmond but burned with the publishers' offices as the Confederate government evacuated the city in April 1865. Harrison, in a letter to her mother, described the last days of Richmond and noted the value of the lost manuscript by surmising that “if West and Johnson, who are clever men, hadn't thought it worth publishing they wouldn't have accepted it” (Recollections 214).

However, other uncollected published poems and prose, as well as unpublished journals and poetry did survive the war; one poem, with its unpublished counterpart, in particular is of note.<sup>2</sup> Through this work Harrison addresses the razing and rebirth of her idyllic southern existence. Maxwell's dissertation dates the initial version as being written during 1861; however, no date appears on the original.

Harrison's initial version of this poem was substantially edited and subsequently published with only five stanzas, two years after the leveling of her home place, under the title, “Farewell to Vaocluse” on April 4, 1863, in The Magnolia Weekly.

Significantly, Harrison's short stories and editorials carried the pseudonym Refugitta, while her Vaocluse poem ran unattributed. The possible reasons for anonymity are boundless,

including, perhaps, Harrison's search for a position within a unified southern population, where attribution created distance from her readership, particularly in the case of women writers.

Regardless of her reasoning, Harrison did select The Magnolia Weekly in which to publish this work and although this was a small press its proprietor, Charles Bailie, stated he held the paper to high literary and moral standards. In its first issue, October 4, 1862, Bailie wrote:

Our literary friends are requested to send us prose and poetical contributions, as it is our intention to make originality the prominent feature of The Magnolia Weekly. Nothing of political or sectarian nature will be published, but every article must be of highly moral tone. (2)

By releasing her poem in The Magnolia, Harrison secured a sympathetic audience, particularly by 1863, when the South had suffered so many losses of home and life.<sup>3</sup> The readership of this paper would have been the southern states, hungry for literature and news. Bailie strove to guarantee his readers that:

This paper will be published every week. Its contents will be composed of choice selections, both prose and poetical, – besides excellent contributions from writers of acknowledged ability. – Every effort will be made to make this sheet an entertaining companion at the fire-side, the field, and the mess-board. Nothing of immoral nature will be admitted in its columns – the aim of its conductor being to encourage a wholesome Southern literature. Each number will contain interesting articles, consisting of Tales, History, Biography, Poetry and General News. (Magnolia 8)

Harrison's selection of The Magnolia for the publication of her Vaucluse poem reveals her ambition to share her version of an idyllic southern existence with a discerning and compassionate readership, interested in *wholesome* literature. Moreover, the level of understanding and acceptance from her readership was nearly guaranteed, since Richmond's refugee population had increased dramatically as the war progressed. Furthermore, the receptive readership provided Harrison an arena in which to develop her strategies for the publication of

her divisive views on slavery and gender as well as her idealized southern home. Therefore, through the southern newspaper market, Harrison could rework her private literary material and reproduce it for public consumption, thus creating a means of presenting her Virginian identity to a larger audience. Furthermore, as her career progressed, incrementally, her readership increased, resulting in an expanded audience with which to share Vaucuse. Ironically, only through the publication of Harrison's works could she invite her southern, and later, northern neighbors to Vaucuse.

Therefore, it is not surprising that Harrison expressed her gratitude toward Richmond newspapers for printing her initial works:

. . . I had begun to write stories, verses, and sketches which the editors of various war papers flattered me by consenting to print. *The Southern Illustrated News*, the “Best Family Journal in the Confederacy,” edited by Messrs. Ayers and Wade, had for its “regular contributors” Messrs. John R. Thompson, John Esten Cooke, Harry Timrod, James Barron Hope, and Paul H. Hayne, certainly a list of important and charming writers. The *News*, “sent to all parts of the Confederacy at ten dollars a year,” paid me my first literary checks. The paper on which it was printed was yellow and coarse, and the illustrations, mainly of generals in the field, made those hopes of our nation look like brigands and cutthroats of the deepest dye. *The Magnolia Weekly*, “A Home Journal of Literature and General News,” was the other patron of my budding literary ambition. Both of these weeklies struggled under the drawback of having the military authorities of Richmond descend at any moment and drag off editors, printers, engravers, and contributors to delve in the mud of trenches or to stand guard around the prisons and bridges of the Confederate capital. At that peremptory call of the alarm bell Richmond learned to know so well, the entire staff of the two periodicals often had to forsake office duty and be absent for an indefinite time.

(Recollections 118-119)

Significantly, Harrison notes the potential absence of traditionally male employees at the newspaper offices, which may have allowed more women access to publication than in the antebellum era, where men created the majority of the literary works published.

Of contextual note, as Harrison's relationship with her future husband progressed, during January 1863, Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation. Therefore, Burton Harrison possibly discussed the ramifications of this act, which freed the slaves of several southern states, but not the northern states. The proclamation ultimately shifted many Northern, Southern, and international perspectives from the war being for states' rights to a fight against human rights, thus dissolving any hope of Great Britain or France ever recognizing the Confederacy as a nation and coming to its aid. With this turn of the war, the prospects of a Confederate victory and the reclamation of Harrison's homeplace diminished.

Notably, within months of these events, Harrison, presumably, edited the original poem "Vaucluse" down to five stanzas and renamed the work "Farewell to Vaucluse." The textual variants of the two editions of the poem Harrison revised are numerous. Not only do structural changes appear in the texts, such as visual effects and the different number of stanzas, but also the poem underwent a dramatic change in focus from imageries of nature and God, in the original version, to the published representation of an idealized memory shattered by reality. Only one other version of this poem exists, published posthumously by Maxwell in 1977.<sup>4</sup>

Unfortunately, a handwritten fair-copy of the published variation of this poem, "Farewell to Vaucluse," has not surfaced; however, the edition presented by The Magnolia Weekly used the format of indenting the end-rhyming lines of the five stanzas octosyllabic quatrain poem, with the rhyming pattern of abcb, defe, dghg, ijkj, lmmn. Although the first line of the third stanza does carry the end-rhyme (d) of the second stanza, it does not indent and instead maintains the format of only second and fourth line indentations. Whether this format was Harrison's authorial intent or the intent of the newspaper editors is unknown. However, the difference between the visual schemes of the unpublished twelve stanzas and the published five stanzas is, perhaps, the reflection of Harrison's intimate pain, unbounded by a physical structure,

yet restrained within a quatrain verse.

The reader is drawn into the poem through the use of a first person narrative and links of punctuation and rhyme throughout the poem further direct the reader. The first line, "One little year ago! and now!" begins with a capitalization and ends with the emotional signal of the exclamation mark, which imparts a sense of the speaker's emotional shock at her loss. This line, ironically, deals with 1861, a year in which Harrison had suffered the loss of family, friends and home place. This phrase builds on the use of an ordinal number followed by an adverb phrase depicting time, which pulls the speaker back from a memory to the present condition of loss. Through the technique manipulating time, Harrison can withhold the moment of Vaocluse's destruction, if only momentarily. The two stanzas read as follows:

One little year ago ! and now  
How changed the scene\_\_ I far away  
An exile from my childhoods home  
That home become th invader's prey.  
“Vaocluse”<sup>5</sup>

One little year ago! and now  
How changed the scene – I far away,  
An exile from my precious home,  
That home become the dastard's prey.  
“Farewell to Vaocluse”

Ultimately, the speaker does not relinquish the reader's attention after the exclamation mark, but instead, strengthens the connection to the present moment through the use of the conjunction and the adverb of time, and then relentlessly continues with a linked rhyme to the next line intertwining the rhymes *now* and *how*. By inserting the adverb of manner nearly mid-sentence the speaker intensifies the focus on the rhymed *how* and produces the silent question of

how this present circumstance could happen. Further, the speaker uses the past participle transitive verb, which reflects the action taken in the past on the scene of the present. The line is severed visually by a dash and then the speaker drops the BE verb at the beginning of the next clause which demonstrates the severance of the *Home* from the speaker. This division is explored fully in the adverb clause reflecting condition. Within the clause, the speaker presents the conflict of the loss by using an indefinite determiner with the word exile and a possessive pronoun with the adjective and noun combination, *my precious home*. The identical rhyme of *home* in the third line links internally to the fourth line. The final line, although connected by punctuation and rhyme to the previous line, stands alone grammatically. This isolating tactic symbolizes the unprotected status of the *home*, which has now, through the use of a linking verb, become *prey*. The demonstrative determiner reflects the distance the speaker feels from the *home*. Also notable, is the use of the genitive noun to portray the conquered status of the *home*. Ultimately, the reader is freed to hear the silent rhyme of *Dastard's*. Harrison's apparent restraint in vocalizing the expected rhyme may reside in her ever-present ambition to create and portray the genteel Virginian belle persona.

Furthermore, to expand on the visual variants, the placement of dashes shifts between the “Vaucluse” and “Farewell to Vaucluse.” When the seventh stanza of “Vaucluse” became the first stanza of “Farewell to Vaucluse” the dashes between the words *scene* and *I*, line two, were raised from the base of the sentence to the mid-letter placement. This dash, particularly in the higher placement of the published version, intensifies the visual severing of the line. Also, a comma, not existing in the original, resides at the end of the second line in the published version, suggesting editorial influences.

Additionally, the vocabulary changes within this stanza created a consistent octosyllabic pattern, such as in line three, the use of *childhoods* in “Vaucluse” to *precious* in “Farewell to Vaucluse,” and in line four, *invader's* in “Vaucluse” to *dastard's* in “Farewell to Vaucluse.” Harrison appears uncomfortable with the original use of *invader's*, so much in fact, that she deletes the final *e* in the preceding word, *the*. Moreover, the differences in imagery between

*invader's* and *dastard's* are remarkable, in that the former produces the sense of physical intrusion, while the latter suggests a base characterization of the enemy, thus negating the power of the adversary to actually enter Vaocluse, perhaps a tactical maneuver to reduce the effects of Vaocluse becoming living *prey* under invasion.

Visually, four changes occurred when stanza eight of “Vaocluse” became stanza two of “Farewell to Vaocluse:”

A hostile touch, a hostile tread  
Has dared to break the mild repose  
That like a blessing, hovered o'er  
The fairy realm of sweet vaocluse.  
“Vaocluse”

The Vandal's touch, the Vandal's tread  
Has dared to break the mild repose.  
That like a blessing hovered o'er  
The fairy realm of sweet Vaocluse.  
“Farewell to Vaocluse”

Most noticeable of the differences between the published and unpublished poems is the use of slanting, as noted previously; next a comma resides between the words *blessing* and *hovered* in line three, and further, a period is found only at the end of line four, and finally, the appearance of an uncapitalized Vaocluse, perhaps reflecting Harrison's diminished ability to accept the overall destruction of her homeplace, even through literature.

This stanza also undergoes vocabulary changes that strengthen an interpretation of a specific enemy possessing her home place, with the use of *a hostile* (indefinite article with the uncapitalized and unpossessive noun) in the original, and *The Vandal's* (definite article with the

capitalized and genitive noun) in the published version.

The interweaving of internal rhyme, *Vandal's*, and alliteration, *touch* and *tread*, throughout a lengthy noun phrase subject, demonstrates to the reader the overpowering odds against the *home*, through the repetitive, striking consonants. Further, the sensory vocabulary, *touch* and *tread*, present an image of physical oppression – first a touch, then pressed underfoot, in conquest. This, combined with the present perfect tense verb, presents the speaker as acknowledging the completed defeat. The use of the consonant ending infinitive phrase, *to break*, actually forces a “break” mid-sentence and emphasizes the severing of *the mild repose*.

However, the speaker reaches for a release from pain through the heavenly image connected to the line by the use of a relative clause. This moment of verbal refuge, allows the speaker to see *Vaucluse* as an eternally idealized *fairy realm*, through the combined use of a noun phrase and a genitive prepositional phrase. Therefore, the imagery of a blessing hovering and the fairy realm combined with the linking rhymes of *repose* and *Vaucluse* creates a vision of paradise in the reader's mind.

Of the visual aspects that occurred when stanza nine became stanza three of “Farewell to *Vaucluse*” the most significant involved a vocabulary change as well:

Never again shall I retread

Those dewy vales, and hill sides green

Or trace the winding of the path

That interlaced the old ravine.

“*Vaucluse*”

Ah! never more shall I re-tread

Those dewy glades and hillsides green,

Or trace the mossy winding paths,

That interlaced the old ravine.



## “Farewell to Vaucluse”

The unpublished stanza begins with a capitalized *Never*, while the published stanza signaled an intensified emotional shock with the initial interjection followed by an exclamation mark. The use of the interjection in the first line, more of an emotional discharge from the soul than a word, breaks the idyllic spell woven previously. Immediately after this explosion of grief, the reader is forced to abruptly accept reality, through the use of the adverb phrase of duration, *never more*. Maxwell's version sides with the “Vaucluse” version by capitalizing the *N*; however, in every other sense, Maxwell maintains the format and vocabulary of The Magnolia Weekly version.

Another visual variant is the use of a hyphen in the word *retread* in “Vaucluse” and *re-tread* in “Farewell to Vaucluse.” A combination of comma placement and vocabulary selection also changes the poem visually, when a comma occurs after the word *vales* but not at the end of line two in the published version, while no comma occurs after the word *glades* and does reside at the end of the line. Additionally, the words *hill* and *sides*, separated in the unpublished version, become one word, *hillsides*, in the published version. Significant, is the end-rhyme connection between the first line in the second stanza, *Vandals' tread*, and the first line of the third stanza, *I re-tread*, which places the *Vandal's* footsteps upon the same hallowed ground the speaker once walked. Ultimately, the speaker witnesses the intruder's advancement over Vaucluse's grounds.

Moreover, Harrison's vocabulary for this stanza continued to change in the third line with the replacement and reordering of the words “the winding of the path,” originally, to “the mossy winding paths,” which gave the poem a more inclusive imagery, thus, embracing many *paths* instead of signaling the loss of only one *path*. Through this embracing device, Harrison invites her reader to empathize with the loss of Vaucluse.

Also, the use of the personal pronoun subject mid-sentence embodies the emotion of being captured between longing for the past and realizing the present. This pattern of interjections followed by lines using personal pronouns strengthens the sense of personal loss of

paradise, as in the first line of stanzas three and four, which, through the first-person narrative, draws the reader closer to the phrase. Moreover, through the use of personal pronouns, Harrison utilizes the tool of empathy to create a moment of interaction between her reader and Vaocluse.

Moreover, the transitive verb connects the speaker to the forest, where, as in the past, she is able to *trace* the wood *paths*. The use of conjunctions and a relative clause develop the sensation of traveling through the *interlaced* pathways. The use of adjectives combined with each noun phrase, provides the reader an extended visit. Further, the use of the internal rhymes *trace* and *interlaced* connecting the third line to the fourth, completing the sense of intertwining pathways, allows the exploration of Vaocluse.

Stanza four of the published version begins with line one from stanza ten of the unpublished, with only a visual change occurring in the word *goodbye* as the *e* rests below the base line in the unpublished version, with no comma following and the published version uses a hyphenated *good-bye* followed by a comma. To complete the stanza, Harrison creates the three last lines anew; however, the deleted lines from the unpublished poem represent the emotional state of the speaker, who implores God to provide *aid* during the intense moments of grief:

Yes, I must bid them all goodbye  
The visions of my childish love  
Oh! Father in this hour of grief  
Give me thine aid to-look above.

“Vaocluse”

Yes, I must bid them all good-bye,  
The grand old oaks, the solemn pines,  
The spring, the stream, the cedar walk,  
To thee I dedicate these lines.

### “Farewell to Vaocluse”

Significantly, the first word, *Yes*, uses an interjection to stop the reader and enforces the importance of the personal pronoun, which demands the reader feel the individual pain at this loss and accept the finality of the moment. The emotional trauma, intensified as the speaker uses the transitive verb against the personal pronoun, is reiterated when the description of *them* occurs after the first end-stopped line. This use of punctuation occurs in the first line of the stanza, drawing focus to the word *good-bye*. Most notably, of the deleted lines from the unpublished poem are the religious references through which the speaker explores God to provide *aid* during the intense moments of grief, which may reflect Harrison's grief over the loss of Vaocluse, which she was apparently hesitant to share publicly, seeking rather to share an idealized perspective of her homestead.

The next two lines follow the theme of the last three lines of stanza three as the speaker returns (from the previous end-stopped line) and lingers to tour Vaocluse further, through alliteration; however, this list begins with the combination of adjectives and nouns, but then as the pain overcomes the speaker, the text becomes more concise as the adjectives are lost, symbolic of the lost *home*.

Finally, the speaker addresses Vaocluse directly by beginning the brief sentence with a prepositional phrase, which signals that the indirect object of the present tense verb, *To thee* (the *home*), is more significant to the speaker, than the direct object, *these lines*, (even more significant than the subject, the speaker).

The fifth stanza of the published version is also the final stanza of “Vaocluse:”

And while in retrospection's halls  
My longing fancy loves to dwell  
Sadly I trace my parting words  
Vaocluse. my beautiful. farewell!  
“Vaocluse”

And while in retrospection's halls  
My longing spirit loves to dwell—  
Sadly I trace my parting words—  
Vaucluse, my beautiful! farewell!  
“Farewell to Vaucluse”

The visual variants in this stanza include slanting, noted previously, and shifts in punctuation, where Harrison changes the period after *Vaucluse* to a comma, and further, the dashes appear after the words  *dwell*  and  *words* , which did not exist in the unpublished version. Also, in the unpublished version, Harrison makes a firm exclamation mark after the word *farewell* but the punctuation after the word *beautiful* is uncertain, more of a period with a hint of the exclamation that appears in the published version, possibly reflecting the intensity of her emotion over the effort to conclude a literary work which represents the death of Vaucluse.

Only one vocabulary change exists in this stanza, where in line two, the word *spirit* replaces the word *fancy*. The introductory conjunction links the fifth stanza to the previous stanzas and forces the reader to linger before the final farewell. Furthermore, this line allows the speaker to expound on her need to escape through idyllic memories. Here, the speaker describes her soul's actions through the use of the transitive verb combined with the infinitive phrase, which illustrates the most comforting place for her *spirit*, through the use of a genitive noun within the direct object. The first use of a four-syllable word in the poem, *retrospection's*, reinforces the sensation of extending time and emotionally resonates within the second and third lines where the images of remaining at Vaucluse are held in the word *dwell* and reintroduced in the word *trace*. Although the word *trace* is identical in stanza three, its meaning, altered to include a sketching of the home place, reflects the actions of the speaker, who “trace(s) her parting words” much as she once “trace(d) the mossy winding paths.” This sentence begins with an adverb that relates the emotional state of the speaker, while following with both a personal pronoun and two possessive pronouns, drawing the reader along the *trace* of the “parting words.”

Moreover, the octosyllabic verse, which has been generally held throughout the poem, becomes concise and emotionally restrictive as the speaker works through the trauma of loss to its end.

Although the speaker again addresses Vaocluse directly, as in the last line of the fourth stanza, the combined use of an interjection and an exclamation mark, demonstrates Harrison's struggle to accept the emotional severance. Furthermore, the use of exclamation marks in the first line of the first stanza and in the first line of the third stanza, center of the poem, reverberates within the last line of the fifth stanza, which contain two exclamation marks. Therefore, Harrison's conclusion of the poem does not apparently resolve her grief over the loss of Vaocluse.

Through the numerous textual variants of the two editions the published poem became a stronger political and emotional statement; however, the loss of the eight stanzas from the unpublished poem represent a loss of Harrison's personal reflections on God and nature and their significance to her perception of a lost Vaocluse. Additionally, the loss of these stanzas may even reflect Harrison losing faith in God's ability to recover her home place or, taken a step further, it may represent her loss of faith in the Confederate's "just cause" and ultimately God's judgment being against the reclaiming of Vaocluse. Therefore, the appearance that Vaocluse suffered destruction as a result of the judgment of God perhaps relates to her family's inconsistent attitude toward slavery and racism.

Moreover, a published work comparing the three editions of this poem would prove fruitful, particularly if a fair-copy of The Magnolia Weekly version surfaces. Also, annotations regarding Harrison's references of God and nature juxtaposed with the published version would bring to light a greater understanding of such phrases as the second line of the third stanza within the original poem, "Its foliage lit with Tyrian haze." Perhaps this is an allusion to the color of royalty/majesty (referring to God, Virginia or the Confederacy) on the other hand, the "Tyrian haze" could signify the rising storm of war, overtaking and annihilating her idyllic world, thus forcing Harrison back to her pre-Vaocluse nomadic lifestyle.

Significantly, Harrison continued to relate the emotional upheaval of being exiled from

the northern states in several of her other works published in the southern papers. While she initially wrote to aid in the uplifting of southern morale, her later works explored more intimately the losses she suffered and the complexities of the war. However, the emotionally elevated tone of these initial works succeeded in providing a diversion for the populace within the blockade.

Harrison's first foray into this diversionary form of fiction resulted in The Southern Illustrated publishing, "A Summer Idyl," November 22 1862. For this work, she received a glowing letter of acceptance from the editors of The Southern Illustrated, which is presently housed at the Library of Congress. The letter, dated November 20, 1862, contains Harrison's handwritten note at the top right-hand margin, stating, "about my very first story!" Regardless of when this comment was added, her enthusiasm echoes that of the editors:

Congratulate "Refugitta" warmly on her debut as a writer of Prose. The first *Idyl* is refreshing. It is striking & most agreeable in its style; the humor is undeniable—the descriptions are racy & most happy in the attention to minutia. The introduction is graceful. The whole number is a pledge to the public, which expects to see early redeemed of an accomplished author, who will do much to interest the Readers of light literature in the South. Bel Peyton promises to be a rare creature – differing, however, almost too little from a living heroine of your acquaintance. Josh should not have fared so well – he was permitted to shield himself too securely with that umbrella. Taking the place & occasions all together it would have been nothing but fair for him to have fallen into the meshes of Cupid & been left tangled there. The season is well chosen for romance but scarcely judicious for hog killing. – Though the good people of that fable land may be permitted to indulge in raspberries & sausages if they please, I suppose. The next number is anxiously looked for – The fellow who affords Havanas nowadays – and two one evening too – must certainly become detracted at the sight of the recherché Bel. Poor Allen of the \_\_\_st is I suppose to be his foil. — Well in the language of Shakespeare were reasons as plenty as blackberries I'd

give no man a reason upon compulsion. Camp – One Among Many. (1-2)

This lighthearted work of fiction served the purpose of entertainment for diversion's sake; however, the editor, apparently known to Harrison, described the character of Bel Peyton as being developed too close to reality. Therefore, Harrison risked losing the ability to examine issues of gender or slavery through a recognizable characterization. Nonetheless, she successfully introduced an undercurrent discourse within “Idyl,” regarding gender, albeit, through this nearly identifiable character.

Additionally, Harrison's utilization of Vaucuse's artifacts to create the setting for “Idyl,” and several others, serves the purpose described earlier in the Introduction section, where Domicide creates “one of the deepest wounds to one's identity and self-esteem, for both of these props to sanity reside in part in objects and structures that we cherish” (5). Therefore, Harrison embedded within “Idyl” references to the lost comforts of Vaucuse, which reflect her desire to recreate her homeplace, while simultaneously strengthening her public persona as a southern belle. In fact, comparisons of "A Summer Idyl" to Harrison's Recollections reveal fragments of Vaucuse within the home's interiors:

There was the white-washed hearth, filled with asparagus branches and hollyhocks, the ostrich egg, and shells on the mantelpiece. (“Idyl” 6)

A large open grate held in winter a fire of logs and lumps of coal making a royal blaze; upon the mantle were girandoles and ostrich eggs, with some Dresden cups and saucers beautifully painted with wreath of blossoms. (Recollections 23)

Significantly, the detailed listing of the home's contents appears almost ceremonial, with each passing season requiring its own unique collection of artifacts with which to create a closer image of reality. Moreover, Harrison's use of a fireplace in each setting focuses the reader's attention on the possibility of finding warmth and security within the home. Furthermore, Juhani Pallasmaa notes, “the power of the image of fire is so vivid that hearths are often built solely as symbols, in the form of mere mantles without any possibility of actual fire” (141). Pallasmaa's

statement suggests that mantels incapable of producing actual warmth can still create the sense of a warm and safe environment. By applying Pallasmaa's observations to fictional works, Harrison's setting in "Idyl," with its "white-washed hearth" filled with flowers, appears too symbolic, even unprepared to blaze with inviting warmth. However, the less fictional, more realistic genre of the autobiography apparently allows Harrison the ability to produce a tangible visualization of Vacluse as an inviting sanctuary. However, the tense of the phrase "held in winter a fire of logs and lumps of coal making a royal blaze" relegates the seasonal warmth to the past; therefore, Harrison's reconstructed Vacluse again does not have the capacity to produce warmth and security in the present moment. Furthermore, the phrase "royal blaze" evokes the image of aristocracy through the element of Vacluse's ancestral ownership. Remarkably, the actual destruction of the homestead extinguished the hearth fire and the future of Vacluse aristocracy.

Moreover, Harrison continued to use other artifacts of Vacluse within "Idyl," her autobiography, and her unpublished manuscript, "Recollections of Vacluse – for my children," housed at the Library of Congress:

. . . she pattered up the homely staircase, past the high ticking clock, with its gaudy rising run, over the landing, every board of which gleamed like white satin ("Idyl" 6)

Between this delightful haunt, and the family sitting room, was a narrow flight of stairs to the bedrooms above, ending in an entry just large enough to hold a tall black clock-case. We found in the book closet once, a hideous old English tale called "The Long Pack" wherein a peddler left his pack set up on end, [sic] as a lovely dwelling, and the woman who went into the room containing it, distinctly saw it move. "Her flesh felt like a nest of pismires," was the description of her sensation, I remember. A murder, a robbery, and much bloodshed followed, I believe. I never could go past that old clock without thinking I saw it move. It was the nightmare of my childhood and I was ashamed to tell of it. The distance



between the top of the dark flight of bedroom stairs, and the family room far below which was light, warmth and gentillesse sympathy, seemed to me interminable. The war was upon us, before I quite liked to pass that clock, at night. ("Recollections" 6-7)

There was a flight of stairs leading past his [Thomas Fairfax] door to my mother's room, up which I used to fly with fast-beating heart after nightfall. Also, I dreaded a long clock-case standing at the foot, which I associated with a story in a chapbook, told me by my nurse, about a corpse set on end in one of them.

(Recollections 16)

Harrison reverses the reality of her unpublished work where "the dark flight of bedroom stairs" separated her from the "family room far below" to create the fictionalized "homely staircase. . . [where] every board of . . . gleamed like white satin" in "Idyl." Therefore, Harrison creates an idealized version of Vacluse within her ironically named short story "Idyl," including descriptions that remove the conflicting tensions and fears experienced every time she climbed or descended Vacluse's *dark* stairs to gain access to the sanctuary of her *family*. The element of colors as portraying safety and danger within Vacluse's walls suggests that if the tension did not arise directly from her family's conflicted stance on slavery, then at the least, Harrison did associate darkness with oppressive fear and whiteness with safety among her family.

Moreover, the description of the clock within the idealized version of Vacluse mitigates the power of the "tall black clock-case" of "Recollections" by brightening its appearance through the imagery of a "gaudy rising run," which reverses, yet again, the symbolic element of color producing fear or safety. Although Harrison relates that her apprehension stems from a nurse's story, it is inconclusive whether this woman was in fact, a hired slave. However, the element of identifying fear and safety with colors exists within the passages of Harrison's text. While it is impossible to say whether she was aware of her color associations in her descriptions of Vacluse, there is textual evidence that she purposely utilized degrees of whiteness and darkness

to address the issue of racism in her short story “Leander,” explicated in chapter five.

Additionally, further fragments of Vaocluse continue to appear in “Idyl.” One in particular, the use of the word *Vandal*, mirrors the poem, “Farewell to Vaocluse.” As mentioned, two versions of the poem regarding Vaocluse exist. The initial version, “Vaocluse” was edited from its original twelve stanzas and subsequently published with only five stanzas, two years after the leveling of her home place, on April 4, 1863, in The Magnolia Weekly. The stanza from “Farewell to Vaocluse,” which reflects the use of the word *Vandal*:

The Vandal's touch, the Vandal's tread  
Has dared to break the mild repose,  
That like a blessing hovered o'er  
The fairy realm of sweet Vaocluse. (5-8)

The protagonist, Bel Peyton, uses the word *Vandal* in “Idyl,” during an exchange with her intended lover, Hugh Vernon:

“You are very fortunate,” she began again, after a slight pause, “in having your house so far from the desolating influences of the Yankee hordes.”

Bel brode [sic] down precipitately, as she met the keen, quizzical glance, and burst into a laugh. “I had better say 'Vandal hordes' at once, and be original,” she cried merrily. (7)

In these passages, Bel reveals the physical evidence of her complex emotional response to the threat of the invading forces. However, Harrison not only brings the subject of impending destruction into the story, but also adds the element of the Northern forces' ability to influence the Southern region as the war advanced. Remarkably, the overall tone remained lighthearted, with the theme that love prevails, even during war. It apparently succeeded in uplifting morale through the presentation of loyalist characters, who not only could win true love, but the war as well.

On a related note, the question of morale was of importance during war, particularly within in the Confederacy. Harrison, therefore, in an apparent attempt to strengthen her

Southern belle persona, relates in the diversionary activities in which she participated:

Now was instituted the "Starvation Club," of which, as one of the original founders, I can speak with authority. It was agreed between a number of young women that a place for our soldier visitors to meet with us for dancing and chat, once a week, would be a desirable variation upon evening calls in private homes. The hostesses who successively offered their drawing-rooms were among the leaders in society. It was also decided that we should permit no one to infringe the rule of suppressing all refreshment, save the amber-hued water from the classic James. We began by having piano music for the dances, but the male members of the club made up between them a subscription providing a small but good orchestra. Before our first meeting, a committee of girls waited on General Lee to ask his sanction, with this result to the spokeswoman, who had ended with: "If you say no, general, we won't dance a single step!" "Why, of course, my dear child. My boys need to be heartened up when they get their furloughs. Go on, look your prettiest, and be just as nice to them as ever you can be!"

(Recollections 150)

Although the frivolous tone of this passage regards dancing and social interaction, the undercurrent of deprivation resides within the comments concerning inadequate food and water supplies. Moreover, in the spring of 1863 Harrison's fiction held a disconsolate tone. The somber mood of her short stories reflected a lost diversionary aspect as the military conflict became more than a setting for lovers in distress; it now controlled the characters and moved the plot. In her fiction, the war was beyond devastating; it claimed families and homes, and further, it manipulated the lives of those who survived its fatal blows. The change within her fiction quite possibly stemmed from Harrison's realization that Vacluse, forever listed among the war's casualties, could no longer reunite her family within its walls.

Moreover, Harrison's mother, Monimia Fairfax Cary, separated herself from her children, Constance and Clarence, early in the fight. Furthermore, the war's progression continued to

separate Harrison from her family, first through her mother's volunteer work in the Confederate hospitals and secondly through her brother's enlistment with the Confederate forces. Therefore, even without the loss of life within her immediate family, Harrison experienced isolation and deprivation. Furthermore, she explored the oppressive conditions of war within her literature, particularly after her blockade run, an event that visually substantiated the loss of Vacluse and allowed her to compare the opulence of the North to the destitution of the South. After this event, Harrison, forced to accept the inevitable Southern defeat, began to consider the alternative realities of a post-war Vacluse, Virginia, and, moreover, the South.

In effect, the war, and all that it manifested, devoured her home, her youth, and her family, leaving Harrison only her literature as a means to examine these losses and the possibilities of a post-war Southern existence. Moreover, the war created within her a self-reliance, which may, in conjunction with Vacluse's matriarchal environment, explain her unique perspectives on women's issues, revealed through characterizations and plots.

Moreover, Harrison complicates her fiction by exploring several divisive issues such as gender, the loss of Vacluse, and her aspirations for a renewed South. For example, she produces an alternative theme to her work "Idyl" (Hugh Vernon, the strong male, saves Bel Peyton, the weak female, from a possible drowning) by creating within her work, "Marian 'Victa et Vincita,'" a strong, rebellious, and independent female protagonist, Marian who "loves, wrongs, and repents," and yet manages to save herself on her own terms. As Marian's rejected Confederate lover recovers from a near fatal wound, she offers to "commence. . . active reformation . . . after next month. . . [when she] will read St. Paul diligently" (4). This delaying tactic demonstrates the female character's ability to control her life and determine her own punishment. Moreover, Harrison resists the perspective that religion, and therefore, omnipotent power, unquestionably warrants a woman's submission. Additionally, an earlier reference to scripture within this work reveals the Confederate soldier admonishing Marian to "read more carefully the Epistle of Paul to the Ephesians – the 22nd verse of the 5th chapter, particularly" (4). This verse, from King James Version:

Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. (American) Marian and the Confederate soldier were not married and, therefore, Harrison is addressing the larger issues of rebellion, that of the rebellion against humanity and God. By moving away from the traditional endings of the “damsel in distress saved by the gallant knight” or the “woman who dies for her sins,” Harrison is able to explore the question of rebellion and recovery. She produced, for this exploration, a rare female character who sins and lives. This quite possibly symbolizes the hope Harrison held for her beloved South.

Within this fiction, the character rebels against both man, represented by the military figure, and God, revealed through scripture references, and yet, in the end, she is physically united with the soldier as well as his family, represented by the Confederate's mother. As Marian's sin of rebellion is revealed she finds empathy, a shared agony of suffering, in the defeated soldier. Harrison captures this mutual anguish:

Marian's groan, wrung for the first time from her hopeless misery, was re echoed within and she caught a glimpse of a low cot containing a man's prostrate form.

(4)

Having witnessed the wasted land of northern Virginia, she perhaps portrayed this defeated ground in the “prostrate form” of the Confederate soldier. Therefore, Harrison apparently believed the act of rebellion would destroy the country, just as Marian's rebellion destroyed the Confederate soldier. Harrison, however, could do two things through literature that the south could not do for itself; first, she could allow Marian to survive the war on her own terms and second, she could unify humanity in a shared grief. However, no element of the issue of slavery enters the discourse over rebellion and redemption within this work.

Nonetheless, Harrison's subsequent publishing for The Southern Illustrated, “Sic Semper Troussulis!” strengthens the use of an allegorical reference to the south, particularly Virginia. Moreover, Harrison names the protagonist “Virginia.” Furthermore, within the first few lines she stresses the sense of the ambiguous subject:

What a villainous little flirt she was! From the patent leather tips of her small

Congress boots, to the oval pink tinted finger nails, she was steeped in coquetry.

And truth compels me to state, that Virginia was not much better. (1)

Within this fiction Harrison explores the power of two women who are aware of a wager made by an “Adonis of West Point.” The antagonist, Annesley, ultimately defeated, attempts to engage himself to both of the women he describes as:

. . . tender, innocent little Virginia girls. So clinging and childlike – one mild, pure and stately as a Madonna – the other naive and brimming over with girlish joyousness. (1)

Furthermore, Harrison, works within the patriarchal boundaries by maintaining ultra-feminine characters. However, with many of her works, she excels at creating plots wherein the female characters overcome obstacles, while maintaining their independence. Moreover, Harrison presents the character Virginia, along with her companion, Madge, as capable of duping Annesley. Furthermore, the shared victory over the cadet from a northern institution, between the two female characters Virginia and Madge, provides an image of a united sisterhood within the southern states.

The outcome of this work provided Harrison an environment in which Virginia, either the character or the state, could overcome a “West Point” cadet and maintain her dignity. The conquest of a cadet from the most significant northern military academy by Virginia demonstrates Harrison's ability to create a fictional realm in which the south, constructed to appear weak, is still able to outmaneuver its adversary. Moreover, Harrison strives within this brief work, only two pages in length, to dispel the oppressive memories of her decimated idyllic life. Nonetheless, she is unable to control the reality of her memories, which surface repeatedly throughout this and other works.

Her last short story published in The Southern Illustrated, October 1863, “A Boy's Love and a Man's Love,” once again appears to be written as a diversion for her Southern readers, suffering emotionally and physically from the extended war. Remarkably, Harrison does not address the ongoing conflict and, instead, produces the characterizations of two intended lovers

who marry after fate separates them only momentarily. However, the somber undercurrent reflects the loss of lightheartedness since Harrison's blockade run. Furthermore, instead of ending the work with two young lovers embracing, she leaves the reader with the image of an older jilted lover who "like many another, . . . is waiting still," possibly alluding to the Southerners who longed for a united country as well as the end of war (119).

Harrison relinquished her protagonist to fate's whim and allowed the female of this work to possess no independence and no victories over foes. Instead, the lovers find a peaceful existence only outside of the United States, where the protagonist is last seen "standing by Reginald's side, on the deck of a steamer, watching the 'dim and distant shores of America'" (119). Apparently, in October of 1863, Harrison doubted peace would come to Virginia or America. Furthermore, Harrison's selection of the male character's name, Reginald, which was the name of her deceased brother, possibly symbolizing that peace could be found only in the afterlife.

Harrison's blockade run allowed her to compare the conditions in the north to the desolate conditions in the south, an event that instilled in her an awareness of the most logical conclusion to the war. This revelation drove her to explore, through literature, the future of a defeated south, an effort evidenced in her literary shift from diversionary works to somber fictions. The issue of surviving a war with dignity pressed on Harrison and in response she began to use allegories to illuminate the Confederacy and reveal the southern people as defeated and yet, left with honor intact.

Significantly, The Southern Illustrated allowed Harrison to explore these possibilities through yet another genre. This alternative literature, published from 8 August 1863, through 14 November 1863, was an exchange of fictional letters, "A Blockade Correspondence," and serialized Harrison's opinions on the war. However, to remain publishable, Harrison often cloaked these war editorials within fashion critiques, an ironic device. Therefore, the strategy of exploring political commentary, while appearing to stay within the parameters of the "woman's sphere" allowed Harrison the freedom to examine issues of slavery, gender, and a renewed

Southern existence.

Moreover, Harrison published the fictional “A Blockade Correspondence” approximately four months after her blockade run. Through the use of a unified sisterhood, she developed a tripod correspondence network that consisted of three women, Florence – the southerner, Secessia – her northern contemporary, and Refugitta (Harrison's well-published pseudonym) – the editor of the exchanges. This configuration of unity illustrated Harrison's desire to see the south reconnect with her sisters of the north, while maintaining an equal footing, perhaps through the use of a mediator (editor).

The first correspondence begins with Secessia writing to Florence and imparts a sense of empathy:

Whenever I sit down, my dear Florence, to prepare a budget for my friend, the underground agent, I feel the heaviest weight of responsibility that has ever been inflicted on me by letter-writing in all my life. (37)

As this work continues, the description of the Washington trip possibly represents Harrison's recent journey north and her recollections of the peace prior to the loss of Vaucluse, once located just across the river from Washington:

Well, I have just returned from a Spring visit to Washington, which city seems to have grown Yankee-mad, under the new domination. Spite of it all, I used to wander in the lovely park of the White House, and hiding beneath one of those clustering bouquets, shut my eyes and fancy our peaceful time back again. How pretty it always was! That intensely green expanse of turf, with its circle of swelling hillocks, the fountain playing in the evening sun-light, the red-coated Marine Band, like a circle of huge primdablias; the dozens of merry children, happy and heedless as the little gold buttercups over which they rolled; the streams of well-dressed promenades; the distant view of the Potomac bounding one side of the landscape, the white columns and trailing rose-wreaths of the Executive Mansion on the other; and, over all, the dolce far niente of those



holiday afternoons! But alas! what a leap back over the gulf of this dismal war. It seems to me that the past contains our all of sunshine. No more, no more, is the bourn to every future! Do you remember what Longfellow says of those two words? – that 'they sound like the roar of the wind through the forest of pines.'

(37)

Significantly, Harrison recalls the idealized whiteness of antebellum Washington in the phrase “the past contains our all of sunshine,” which correlates with her color associations of dark as fearful, apparently in this passage referring to the present state of the war and the increasing number of African-Americans in positions of power in the North.

However, Harrison places the responsibility for the loss of the idealized antebellum country, and in particular Vacluse: first to the Union government and then to the slavery institution. Moreover, she shifts culpability by quoting a poem that places the fault on the southern slave owners. Whether she agrees with the sentiments of the poem or the slave owners is unclear, and this ambiguity may be deliberate. However, with this poem she exposes the fact that she is reading abolitionist writing, and ultimately, that she evades censorship by leading into the poem with a discussion of recent publications:

I know you miss the monthly calls from the 'Atlantic,' with its pepperings from the witty Autocrat. I have blotted his muse off my books, though! She is debased to firing the most disgustingly violent denunciations against the South – filled with torture and tyranny from Southern masters – anguish and unearthly resignation from the slave. We are called the 'lords of the lash;' and in one poem he says:

So pleads the proud planter. What echoes are these?  
The bay of his blood-hound is borne on the breeze  
And lost in the shriek of his victim's despair. His voice  
dies unheard. (37)

Publishing this poem within this southern newspaper during the Civil War would have been

unlikely other than through these means. Still, Harrison's intent can only be surmised.

Nonetheless, the placement of the last two words notably increases their significance, that of the slave's anguish going *unheard*.

Harrison then moves to a discussion on Shakespeare's Othello and recent political developments in Washington. This exchange, openly racist, could possibly be Harrison cloaking divisive issues within Confederate prose, particularly since Harrison's exploration of racial equality at the highest levels of government regards a reference to Othello, who achieved success politically, until a white subordinate deceived him, which led to Othello's downfall. The tone of the passage, however, seems meant only to appease those readers who stand against the equality of races:

Well if Desdemona listened to the strange stories of her Moor so intently, we have at least a precedent for Miss \_\_\_'s absorption and evident delight; but may Heaven defend her taste! On dit – that an alliance will be sought between a young ebony prince and one of the blood-royal of the baboon family. Mr. Lincoln would, of course, be charmed. (37)

From this obviously racist statement Harrison abruptly leaves the discussions of the war and shifts to a fashion critique, thus fitting her usual pattern for embedding controversial issues within discussion of apparel:

Oh, dear! my paper nearly out, the underground impatient, and the fashions not yet breached. I know you would die of envy to see my newest dress – an azuline silk. (37)

In the second edition of this correspondence, as Florence replies to Secessia, Harrison notes:

Thanks to the inefficient blockade of King Abe, the route via Nassau furnishes not a few of our families with all necessaries, and a great many luxuries. (45)

However, this boast of a luxurious life turns sharply to a discussion of the “woman's war:”

But a truce with domestic afflictions! We Southern people have learned and

applied that rough old motto of ‘grin and bear it.’ The hardest lesson that has ever been offered us, and one that, God willing, we will never grovel to accept, is that of Yankee subjugation! Do you ever wish that you were a man, my love? Before this many-colored, many-sided war began, they used to tell us that what required most courage was to walk into a battle-field, and die amid its thunders. We waiting women at home can tell a different tale. There is not one of us who would not rather be ‘up and doing’ herself, than to face the blackness of those awful ‘battle returns.’ I have seen such sights – heard such sounds of anguish from stricken women, that until my dying day the shadow will never leave me. One after the other among my acquaintances has fallen back from our circle, crushed with the weight of her allotted burden. Over all our land tears are flowing, that God’s hand alone can wipe away – sorrow and sighing, that shall vanish only in a realm to come! (45)

Within these passages Harrison unites the sisterhood of the south and faces the “many-colored, many-sided war.” Moreover, knowing her association of dark colors with the emotion of fear, Harrison's wording suggests a strong sense of apprehension exists in her effort to “face the blackness.” Furthermore, she apparently believes that “the shadow [of war and death] will never” leave America; therefore, she places her hope for peace in the hands of God.

However, she continues with an account of the war’s progress and the South’s struggles to survive after the loss of Stonewall Jackson. After a description of his funeral she moves to close the letter on the lighter topics, first of recent publications and then finally to fashion, but ending with a somber note: “write soon, and relieve the anxiety of your friend.” Harrison's utilization of the exchange of fashion and recent publications between fictional characters allows her to address the common concerns of women, both North and South, through the newspapers, thus circumventing the patriarchal system that controlled the outcome of the war and destroyed her home.

However, unable to set aside or accept her loss of Vauclose, Harrison echoes a reference

of her poem, "Farewell To Vacluse," in her third edition of the correspondence, as Secessia replies to Florence, stating ". . . the curses of a dastard, baffled foe – and better than all" (53). Significantly, the published line read: "That home become the dastard's prey" (4). Furthermore, the reference to her Vacluse poem suggests that the loss of her home still functions as an undercurrent within her text and life. Moreover, this edition provides yet another example of her political observations steeped within a dialogue of fashion and literature, while blending with the memories of her lost southern existence.

Additionally, with the seventh edition, Harrison, after a lengthy discussion on the war, pulls the cloak of "women's issues" close around her:

In the excitement of my feeling, I wander far away from the topics that are inside the chalkmarks of a woman's allotted scope. Well, sustained by a mighty faith in Southern chivalry, my modest 'place aux dames!' goes forth. (85)

Furthermore, she recovers her genteel persona by referring to a Godly anecdote and then continues with "some of the lighter tints" (85). These "lighter tints," however, are in fact an agricultural update and a prospectus on future developments, an apparent reference to her hopes of rebuilding the South and her homeplace. True to form though, Harrison closes the dialogue with some statements regarding fashion.

In the eighth correspondence, from Secessia to Florence, Harrison briefly mentions the ending of a "dreary summer;" however, in the next paragraph she refers to the first biblical account of fratricide by stating, "truly, we can cry with Cain, 'my burden is greater than I can bear!'" (93). Furthermore, she alters the somber tone with discussions of fashion throughout the exchange: first suggesting that those who had died earlier were more fortunate than the living, and then, addresses the deceit among women friends with regards to fashion critique. However, when she focuses on the political issue of the fortifications around Baltimore, remarkably, the line spacing is condensed, from a ten point leading to an eight-point leading. Of course, no conclusive evidence exists to determine if this is an editor's effort to suppress her writings; however, within this condensed printing of political opinion is a possible account of her

expulsion from the north, after her arrest:

The offenders were summarily sent South, and ever since the gravity exhibited by the passers-by leads one to believe them the avant garde of a funeral procession.

(93)

Harrison, with unusual candidness, closes the letter without reentering the subject of fashion and instead relates that the citizens of Baltimore are under constant guard by Union forces and are required to take an oath of allegiance to America before traveling outside of the city. Therefore, Harrison uncharacteristically ends this work without seeking the “women's sphere,” and yet her literary voice appears visually suppressed.

Furthermore, edition nine also presents a melancholy tone as Harrison reflects on the lost lands of Virginia. Apparently, though, since no political topics are discussed specifically, the editors allow the line spacing to remain uniform throughout. Significantly, she details the account of her return trip through Virginia after her arrest, an incident that her autobiography echoes forty-eight years later and explicated in chapter two. Moreover, Harrison's later editings removed many of the original version's significant nuances:

Why must the dark back-ground be to every bright web of tapestry I weave from the skein of the Past? Running the blockade last March, I passed over every spot of the classic soil from Manassas to Union Mills, Centreville, and Fairfax. The last time I was one of a jovial ambulance party, under escort of a picked cavalry band, trotting lightly through the leafy forest roads, and making the woods ring with our bandied jests and nonsense. Now, we crept wearily on, over deserted wagon-tracks, over desolate sloughs of ‘black-jack’ mud, through melancholy wastes of moorland, and under weeping skies – our vehicle a market trap of the most forlorn, drawn by two starved nondescripts, who varied our freezing drive by halting every five moments, to evince their stolid determination not to budge an inch farther. Here and there came something that our imperturbable driver called ‘only a *litttle* [sic] skip for the beasts, maam, but what, to my inexperienced

eyes, looked like a precipice, with a foaming torment beneath, which Heaven only knew how we were to cross – finally accomplished, however; by an amount of banging, coaxing, cursing, prizing, pushing and tugging, that outdoes my descriptive faculties. The little 'skip' so frequently recurring, proved quite too much for my patience, as well as that of the 'beasts' and once, if a convenient Hercules, from a neighboring farm, had not appeared in answer to my cry, for aught I know, we might have remained bawling forever in the Slough of (Prince William) Despond! You cannot conceive a more desolate picture than that stretched around as we plodded our weary way. Dear old camp Pickens, that gathering place of Southern chivalry could be recognized alone by the junction of the Manassas and Orange railroads and the position of the ground. Every tree was felled and building destroyed, while waste and solitude reigned absolute. At another camp ground farther on, the earth was inlaid with some curious foreign substance, which, upon examination, proved to be hundreds of old shoes cast away by the Yankee troops when newly shod upon the onward march. What had been handsome old homesteads, crowning the various heights, glared solemnly down at us out of their hollow eye-sockets, and showed ghastly whitened fronts, round which the wild March winds soughed bleakly. Over the barren hillside was scattered an occasional tall old pine, and for miles the silence was mournfully unbroken, save by the cawing of an evil crow. Oh! how I shuddered at the ghostly sound and the supernatural calm! Always remembering that the night was falling, and our nervous driver in constant tremor on the subject of a stray Yankee scouting party, you may imagine my feelings were none of the pleasantest. I felt, in contrasting my last experience with this like some spirit come back to survey the sepulcher of ages. How many of the intellects, the strengths, the youthful hopes, that would have built up the destiny of our blighted Southern land, had found their end upon these awful plains. All about me were sown mounds of

earth, the only sign to mark our unrecorded dead – sole mausoleum of a nation's pride! (101)

Harrison again introduces the imagery of color within this passage, albeit through the analogy of her life as a tapestry. Moreover, she senses the existence of a “dark back-ground” behind “every bright web of tapestry . . . [woven] from the skein of the Past.” This reference to dark, a coloring she associates with fear, could also represent the institution of slavery, which existed throughout her life as servants who waited on her as a child and a young adult. However, she offers no suggestion as to what creates the “dark back-ground.”

Additionally, comparisons between the two versions of her return trip South reveal a different perspective of Virginia, perhaps acquired from the intervening years of meditation on the loss of Vaucluse. One of the most significant differences between the versions refers to the work Recollections reference to “‘Black-Jack’ sloughs of Virginia mire” and the ninth edition’s conflicting descriptions of Virginia’s “classic soil” and “desolate sloughs of “‘black-jack’ mud.” As mentioned in chapter two, the image of the *mire* suggests that the ground has lost its ability to support human life; moreover, Harrison’s editing out the phrase “classic soil” serves to strengthen the image of Virginia as too weak to sustain human existence. Furthermore, by replacing the word *mud* with the word *mire* Harrison complicates the imagery with the suggestion that the ground does more than splatter the travelers or hinder their progress, *mire* evokes the sense of immovability, thus the land itself seeks to obstruct the travelers’ progress. Furthermore, as Harrison notes there exists the element of *dark* behind her memories, and the darkness of these passages reveals itself as the very essence of Virginia within the image of the “Black-Jack” soil, thus the sin of slavery clings to the inhabitants of Virginia. If this reading seems extreme, consider Harrison’s reference to the “Slough of (Prince William) Despond,” which evokes the connection to The Pilgrim’s Progress as Bunyan “describes Christian as having sunk and become bemired” (The Encyclopaedic Dictionary). Moreover, the meanings of *slough* are complicated far beyond that of mere mud, and although Harrison edits out her reference to Pilgrims Progress, she leaves in the word *slough*, perhaps allowing herself an equivocal

reference to the complex interpretations of the passage. Remarkably, one of the definitions for *slough* is “moral degradation,” which strengthens the connection to sin (Webster's). Moreover, Harrison presents the aspect of remaining in forever in the *slough* if it were not for the appearance of a “convenient Hercules, from a neighboring farm.” Two elements within the description of her savior evoke significant imageries: first Hercules is hero of Greek and Roman mythology, who, as a slave gained his freedom through his own labors (an accomplishment which a later Harrison character achieves, Leander), and second, the “slave” Hercules came from a “neighboring farm,” the same location from which Harrison's family hires their servants, slaves from neighboring farms.

However, the images of color continue to contrast within this passage as the once “handsome old homesteads. . . glared solemnly down. . . [and] showed ghastly whitened fronts,” while the sound of the “cawing of an evil crow” was heard. Therefore, when recalling her association of dark colors as fearful objects and light colors as symbols of warmth and security, Harrison reveals her color associations have undergone a shift in perception. Furthermore, the images within this passage, ultimately, present her fear of both the “evil crow” and the *whitened* homes that *glared* from an elevated position above her, perhaps even suggesting the white patriarchal system which destroyed her homeplace, or possibly even the image of the destroyed Vaucluse glaring at Harrison accusatorially, because of her family's participation in slavery.

Significantly, Harrison, true to her cloaking strategy, abruptly ends her extensive narrative regarding her return from Washington, and closes with:

But tiens! If I go on with these doleful retrospects you will think me on a par with the croaking bird of my story; and, as to my moralizings, Joseph Surface would find it hard to exceed them. Write to me again, and this time I will solicit a small rechauffe of the banquet spread for you by that delightful caterer, Dame Fashion. The swift tread of the melancholy days makes me shiver in the embrace of summer muslins. (101)

Significantly, Harrison, once again, covers her conflicting and divisive prose with clothes.



Moreover, her reference to her “croaking bird,” if in fact the “evil crow” represented an African-American, provides a connection between Harrison and the dark element which frightens her, particularly since patriarchal oppression forced the slaves to be filled with “doleful retrospects,” while the war and the loss of Vacluse also affected her, although to a far lesser degree.

Additionally, the tenth edition begins with a light tone and defends its focus on fashion by quoting from Montesquieu, “if the cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the color betoken Temper and Heart.” Furthermore, Harrison nearly balances the article between fashion and politics as she first describes the return of a particular hat design that falls “in a graceful point over the part of the hair, and then moves to discuss the news that Republican journals whisper of a withdrawal of the Confederate envoy in consequence of the position assumed by England.” Significantly, the editors allow Harrison her say on a diverse assortment of political comments within this article. However, perhaps because of the editor's leniency in publishing her editorial without condensing the leading and if she had prior knowledge of this openness, Harrison does not seek to clothe her observations as completely as usual. However, the closing statement suggests a step back into the “women's sphere” since she “out-scribbled even the limits” she “allow[ed] for [Florence's] partiality, and, after all, have left much untold” (117). Therefore, Harrison, to a degree, retreats to the socially appropriate parameters for women, before closing the letter.

In another significant example, the eleventh edition begins with a lighthearted subject, that of the weather and changing seasons, before Harrison follows her strategic pattern and drives the subject of politics to the forefront. This edition, however, carries a change in tone, as if the impending demise of the Confederacy demands the debate of the basic reasons for the war's purpose. She initiates the discourse through the use of racist remarks, which blame Lincoln and the African-Americans for the war:

Nearly three years now since the election of the King of the Chimpanzees to rule over the Republic once glorified by the leadership of a Washington; since the act of a usurping party annihilated our national rights, and sent the stars upon our

banner "Driven apart, and dimmed with blood;" and since our little cluster of rebellious states banded together, to defy not only great Yankeedoodledom, but the aid or opposition of a universe! (125)

However, whether of not this is her usual technique of cloaking divisive issues with conciliatory remarks in order to secure publication of her next statement is unknown, although Harrison's following remark, which directly questions the Southern institution of slavery, suggests this is her strategy at work:

And, as yet, the shadows are not lifted – the bow of peace is yet hidden in the gloom that hangs, pall-like, between us and our goal! – We have passed through the bath of fire – have been tried in the crucible of affliction, national and domestic –and, thank God, have come out purified! – purified of the selfish indolence that for years has girt with its ever-increasing web, the limbs of our slumbering South; of the dependence that has paralyzed our energies, and overrun our land with the evil tares of Yankee depotism and fanatic rule; of the effect, too sadly visible, of a damning influence at the core of our most cherished institutions – of the great Circean spell, in fine, that for years has lulled our every sense into sloth and forgetfulness of duty to ourselves. (125)

Yet again Harrison suggest that slavery is the sin for which the South has received God's judgment, an image she reveals in the phrase “damning influence at the core of our most cherished institutions.” However, by altering the traditional reference to slavery from “peculiar institution” to “cherished institutions” she negates the accusatory effects of her writing, thus making it more acceptable to her Southern readership. Moreover, Harrison introduces a reference to Homer's *Odyssey*, in the phrase “the great Circean spell, in fine,” which suggests that the slavery institution holds a false appearance of value, and, ultimately, allows white slave owners to live a dubious life of leisure. Moreover, through the image of the *Circean spell*, Harrison suggests that the poison from the sin of slavery has turned Southern society into swine, an animal considered unclean in the Old Testament and thus repulsive to God, according to

various religious beliefs.

Subsequently, Harrison relinquishes the subject, after declaring that she relishes her moment of “glory to have been born in the zenith of my country's fame,” an ambiguous phrase in the sense that if she perceives the Confederacy has reached its *zenith*, then she also foresees its fall. However, Harrison may have provided the statement as a conciliatory gesture in light of the previous divisive passage (125). Furthermore, Susan K. Harris notes that “exploratory novels create a reading environment that tolerates a high degree of ambiguity” (19th 40). Harrison's examinations of the slavery issue through the use of ambiguous passages and cloaking strategies corresponds to the techniques used in Northern women writer's exploratory novels.

In fact, in the next paragraph Harrison moves the reader to a discussion of agriculture, which she carries on at length, finally ending the missive on the topic of fashion. Again, Harrison uses the pattern of embracing a loyalist view, presenting an alternative view, reembracing the loyalist beliefs (after a topic has been discussed), and then closing with a respectable “woman's issue.”

Harrison continues her fictional correspondence for only two more editions, both of which thoroughly discuss the oppressive mood of the South through the use of political and emotional tirades, and yet, something seems lost in her voice. Moreover, the authoritarian confidence she once wielded as she utilized her strategies is missing, leaving only lists of racist remarks and complaints regarding the war's deprivations. Significantly, on November 14, 1863 the trio of sisterhood is silenced. Furthermore, as mentioned, her last short story, published in The Southern Illustrated, October 1863, “A Boy's Love and a Man's Love,” also portrays a difference in Harrison's writing style; therefore, the source of the weakened works does not stem from her exhausting the usefulness of a particular genre. Moreover, the tone of her last tripod exchanges and her final short story for The Southern Illustrated both reflect a sense of surrender as the characters no longer move within these works on their own accord, but instead react to the surrounding events, as represented in the final image of the story with the elder gentleman waiting for fate's next move.

Furthermore, of the several reasons possible for her overall presentation of apparently fragmented discussions, two seem the most likely: first, the loss of Vacluse pressed on Harrison so intensively that she sought someone or something to blame for its demise, and second, events, such as the war's escalation and the subsequent loss of the Confederacy, forced her to continually reevaluate her family's stance on slavery. Regardless of the driving personal reasons behind these discourses, however interesting, the point of this examination has been to explore the strategy Harrison used in order to gain publication of her divisive rhetoric, and of particular importance, how she maintained her readership throughout the war while inserting radical images within her texts.

However, as Harrison continues to write throughout her lengthy career, spanning nearly five decades, she cannot reconstruct Vacluse physically any more than she can absolve her family from the sin of slavery. Therefore, her writings often address the social issues of slavery, racism, and gender while employing tactics such as conciliatory prose wrapped around her desired discourse in order to gain publication. Moreover, the loss of Vacluse, her idyllic southern existence, the responsibility for its demise, and her family's shared guilt of slavery, resurfaces within every genre of her literature.

#### CHAPTER IV: Post-bellum Reconstruction of Vacluse Through Prose

In 1875, the death of her mother again forced Harrison to face the unresolved issue of the destruction of Vacluse. Her struggle to cope with the grief merges with shards of shattered memories of Vacluse within the prose dedicated to her mother, In Memory of Monimia Fairfax Cary, Died October 19, 1875, aged fifty-five years, Widow of Archibald Cary, of Carysbrooks, Virginia. Memories of Vacluse first emerge in Harrison's retelling of the lonely young bride, Cary, filled with “longings for her home [Vacluse] and mother” (6). Through the connection to Vacluse, Harrison then introduces the subject of her brother, Falkland, who died at age sixteen. Remarkably, she then recreates the setting of Vacluse to relate her most cherished memory of her brother's return home from his first employment. Significantly, Harrison's placement of Vacluse within the telling of this poignant moment, the memory of her brother's short life and the loyal love her mother devoted to him, signifies the depth to which Harrison felt Vacluse held her family together:

We were all safe and happy in the dear old Virginia home at this time, after my father's death, and I can never forget the holiday when Falkland came back, laden with his first earnings, and, with a flushed, beautiful, exulting face, laid them in his mother's lap; and who shall tell the pride and joy she yielded in return? (7-8)

Significantly, Harrison notes the family's sense of safety and joy after her father's death, which highlights the fact that she associated safety, warmth, and pleasure with Vacluse.

Harrison reaches to her homeplace again only a few pages later to describe the last moments as her “grandmother, Margaret Fairfax, died at Vacluse in March 1858, surrounded and mourned by a numerous family of chilren (sic) and grandchildren, who treasure her sweet, saint-like memory as an inspiration to true womanhood” (11-12). Therefore, Harrison recalls the strong influences of Vacluse's matriarchal system through which she received the comfort of an idyllic southern home filled with family, ready to support her physically, emotionally, and

financially. Moreover, the very physical structure of Vaocluse surrounded and embraced Harrison. Furthermore, prior to her father's death, Harrison had never experienced this degree of security.

Since her mother traveled to Vaocluse to escape solitude and poverty, Harrison's feelings of security and self-value were quite possibly intertwined with this experience and became fundamental to Harrison's ability to face future tragedies. Her regard for the physical structure of Vaocluse itself reveals the depth to which Harrison depended on her homestead:

For a few peaceful years, we remained in the shelter of the old homestead, around which cling our happiest thoughts of childhood. Vaocluse was the rallying place of the Fairfax clan, the centre of cheerful hospitality. Many a mature man and woman, struggling now with the cares of after-life, recalls with emotion the picture of that sweet country home, shut in by clustering tree-tops, but ever open to the wayfarer. To children it was a very Paradise; by their elders thought of in distant lands, in weary tossings upon far-off seas, upon languishing sick beds, amid all the turmoil of the outer world, as the one privileged spot of earth, green, calm, and soothing to the longing soul. (12)

Within this passage, Harrison reveals her need to establish a connection to her extended family through the common ground of Vaocluse. Moreover, her selection of tranquil colors and images strengthens the presentation of a haven, which provided succor from her previous nomadic life.

Additionally, in this pamphlet Harrison exposes the rising anguish and tension of a nation preparing for Civil War. Written with a pained nostalgic view, Harrison tells of the coming demise of Vaocluse:

Then came the first war-cry, and the whole southern border was astir. Our home lying directly in the track of the advancing Federal troops, we were forced to leave it, and to seek refuge farther on. Sons, brothers, and cousins went first, each "his soul in arms, and eager for the fray;" the young girls and women were sent into safe homes within our own lines. When all preparations were complete, and

the dear old house was ready to be abandoned to its final doom of fire and demolition, my mother and aunt took sad leave of Vacluse and drove in their own carriage through Fairfax County, to the lines where all of their dear ones awaited them. (12-13)

Remarkably, Harrison's assignment of the passive and active voice within this passage reflects a gender association. For example, as a male/female unity they "were forced" to leave Vacluse; however, when the men prepared to leave for war, they "went first." Moreover, "the young girls and women were sent into safe homes," while all the preparations "were complete[d]," apparently by a predominately female group, since nearly all of the men and boys had left earlier, excepting of course the servants, hired slaves, of Vacluse. However, when considering Harrison's constant underlying issue within her prose, that of the destruction of Vacluse, it is not surprising that the only active voice clearly used by women within this passage is that of her mother and aunt who "took sad leave of Vacluse and drove in their own carriage," thus deserting her homeplace in its final moments of existence. Moreover, this gender shift from the passive voice of the "young girls and women" to the active voice, generally reserved for males in this passage, reveals the empowerment of her mother and aunt, exposing the strong matriarchal system which existed at Vacluse. However, while her mother and aunts controlled the society of antebellum Vacluse, they could not protect the homeplace from destruction, a fact to which Harrison returned within her literature throughout her life.

After relating the demise of Vacluse, Harrison, seeking to establish her identity without the foundation of her homeplace, began to build a literary support within this memorial pamphlet which relates to her genealogy, as she stresses that "the Fairfaxes were ever an heroic race, and it has pleased me to think that in my mother's veins there ran blood not unworthy the traditions of her high lineage" (14). Therefore, even though the matriarchal home no longer existed, Harrison still maintained a connection to the extended family through her literary recording of her bloodlines. Nonetheless, after the demise of the homestead, no other structure existed wherein her extended family could gather and enjoy the idyllic life of safety she had only known at

Vaucluse. Therefore, there still existed a strong desire within Harrison to remain connected to Vaucluse and Virginia. In fact, Harrison returned her mother to Virginia through the selection of this state as the burying ground for her: “my precious one—she was taken back to her loved Virginia, and laid to rest” (22). This too, became the burying ground for Harrison and her husband, Burton.

From her first published work after the war, In Memory, to her final work, Recollections, Harrison addressed the issue of self-worth, viewed through the shattered prism of Vaucluse's destruction. It is apparent that on the surface of Harrison's autobiography, she sought to preserve her own legacy through her depictions of her Southern belle persona and the extensive listings of well-known individuals with whom she associated; however, consciously or not, here too, she unearthed shards of Vaucluse. To that end, Harrison relates the significance of her family, the *connection* and *brotherhood*, which she found at Vaucluse after her father's death:

Our establishment at Vaucluse now consisted of the dear and beneficent lady, its head, and her two widowed daughters with their children (six of the latter, off and on), together with an endless procession, coming and going, of aunts and cousins, who stayed as long as they found it convenient and agreeable. Now, the “connection,” as it was called, embraced a surprising number of people with the same blood in their veins, and habit had made it law that any one included in this brotherhood should be sacrosanct and free of all the house could offer as entailed upon hospitality. So the old white stucco dwelling, with its wings to right and left under the great oak trees of its lawns, went on stretching to receive guests, the stable took in their horses, the servants' building, a little way from the pantry wing, received their attendants, and nobody ventured to think anybody was ever inconvenienced! (22-23)

As Harrison relives these halcyon days through prose, she describes, first the physical grounds of Vaucluse and then the interior walls, focusing on the tangible artifacts with which she could physically connect to her heritage. Also of significance, Harrison relates her chosen status



within this family unit as being the sole girl child (except for a disparagingly described cousin), which suggests she held the attention of her extended family, from which she received love and a sense of her identity as the Southern belle, giving a greater degree of insight into her view of the paradise Vauclose. Ultimately, Harrison endows Vauclose itself with a physical power capable of sending young men and boy to war:

There was no farm attached to the place, only gardens, a chicken-yard, orchard, and dairy, from which the table was supplied with country dainties. In the rooms were assembled the flotsam of family furnishings accumulated from other homes in England and Virginia, Towlston, Belvoir, and Ashgrove. We had on the walls a few interesting old Fairfax portraits: a "Percy, Earl of Northumberland," a "Parliamentary General," a Lady Fairfax with a busk, carrying a long feather in her hand, Roundheads and Cavaliers; and in the secretary many old parchments and a pedigree illuminated in Elizabethan days, with a land transfer of the date of Richard Coeur de Lion. The drawing-room was large and bright, with many windows, all furnished and curtained in crimson damask. A large open grate held in winter a fire of logs and lumps of coal making a royal blaze; upon the mantle were girandoles and ostrich eggs, with some Dresden cups and saucers beautifully painted with wreaths of blossoms. In an alcove to one side were shelves of books, mostly old English volumes, saffron-hued and musty, that when opened were apt to send little queer bloodless insects scuttling out of them. There I sat (oftenest upon my foot) poring over the world of joy I got from this fragment of a library. When not thus employed, I was out-of-doors, scouring the woods, climbing trees, riding horses to water, wading streams, and picking wild flowers. Except for my cousin, Meta Hyde, younger than I, a big-eyed quaint creature whom her brothers teased and petted alternately, I was the only girl child at Vauclose. Of the young men and boy cousins, passing in and out of the house, Vauclose sent fourteen or fifteen to the war. (23)

The combination of Harrison being the only girl child, except for the cousin, and the way in which Harrison chose to describe this cousin, displays Harrison's perception of being a cherished child, perhaps the most cherished child, growing up at Vacluse. As a matter of fact, Harrison continued her reminiscing by stating, “the wonder is I was not spoiled utterly by their [her family] setting me on a pinnacle and doing all I asked, big or little, in or out of season” (24).

Furthermore, Harrison included in her autobiography her impressions of the last residents to leave Vacluse as “two old maiden ladies everybody in our connection called ‘my aunts’” and “a cousin who lived with them, who rarely went abroad on account of her unusual size” (30, 31). She described one “aunt” as being “rather an alarming old lady” who had a “stern Roman profile [which] resembled that of a warrior on a bas-relief, her hawk's eye seemed to be searching for juvenile depravity” (31). However, Harrison viewed the aunt who carried the record of ancestry within her memory as:

Warm, generous, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, a walking encyclopedia of Virginian genealogy. She would “comfort us with apples,” also gingercakes, and send us out into the backyard to pick up the little pipes that fell from a great sycamore tree shading it. (31)

It is not surprising that the aunt whom Harrison regarded with fondness also held the family's historical legacy. Although Harrison does not relate the year in which her aunts came to live at Vacluse, it was apparently after her father's death as she recalls visiting them at their home in Alexandria on King Street, after she had moved to Vacluse. Furthermore, Harrison relates how she viewed these women as a fixture of the homeplace:

After “my aunts” came to reside at Vacluse with “Sister Peggy,” I cannot think of its long, cheerful living-room without seeing on either side of the fireplace a large beaded mahogany arm-chair containing an ancient dame poring over book and newspapers, which they kept stuffed around their persons as they sat. They read, from morning until night, grave books, and all sorts and conditions of fiction, from Madame d'Arblay to George Eliot, when not talking about people

who seemed to me coeval with the flood. (31-32)

Harrison describes her aunts in terms of being so physically connected to the home that they appear almost as part of the furnishings, never moving from their allocated position within the dwelling, “from morning until night,” suggesting that once a family member arrived at Vauclose they became identified with the homestead, a persona which Harrison embraced and strengthened throughout her literary career.

Moreover, the family felt such a strong attachment to Vauclose her aunts refused to leave the homestead when ordered by the advancing Union soldiers. Furthermore, Harrison presents their action of resistance as admirable and depicts them as heroines who stay with the home during the last moments of its existence. Significantly, Harrison nearly absolves her mother of the responsibility for Vauclose's destruction because Cary answered the “higher calling” of leaving the homeplace to tend the wounded. However, Harrison’s selection of the word *elected*, suggests that Harrison resented to some degree her mother not remaining with her aunts who stayed and resisted:

At the outbreak of the war, when my mother and Mrs. Hyde elected to leave Vauclose and go to the scene of fighting in order to be near their volunteer soldiers and serve as nurses if desired, “my aunts” declined to move elsewhere. They were not afraid of armies, nor indeed of anything but mice. They stayed till the place was taken as a United States camp, and when courteously informed by the officer in command that they must go into Alexandria, for which purpose the war-carriage, an ambulance, stood in waiting at the door, the older sister positively refused to move of her own accord; and there she sat defying them, fire in her glance, iron in her veins, till two soldiers between them lifted her, chair and all, and bore her forever from the chimney-corner of Vauclose. (32)

Significantly, Harrison's description of her aunts' resistance empowers them with masculine traits, such as the *defying* manner and the “iron in her veins,” thus revealing the matriarchal society of Vauclose. Therefore, Harrison, within her own identity, mirrored the strength and

independence of her aunts. Furthermore, her upbringing in a matriarchal society provided her an understanding of the gender conflict within the patriarchal system of the South, a subject which she often explores through literature.

To reach further into Harrison's literary use of Vacluse, and its complexities, a scholar should accept her lifelong perspective that genealogy and revered home places were essential to her self-worth. Therefore, Harrison's accounting of an illustrious family branch, which lived near Mount Vernon at Belvoir, again anchors her genealogy to a physical structure (34). Her devotion to this structure and its inhabitants mirrors her beloved Vacluse and family. Ironically, war, Revolutionary and Civil, destroyed both dwellings. Harrison relates the important connection between genealogy and physical property:

On a high bluff commanding beautiful reaches of the Potomac, just below Mount Vernon, from which estate it was divided by a creek called Dogue Run, stand in a tangled wilderness of trees and shrubs, relics of the foundation walls of old Belvoir House, burnt down during the Revolution. This dwelling, familiar in Virginia annals as the home of Colonel William Fairfax, of Yorkshire, collector of the king's customs on the Potomac, and the frequent stopping-place of the bachelor Lord Fairfax of Greenway Court, has an especial interest to patriotic Americans in that it was the second home and beloved resort of Washington in youth. Of Belvoir, he himself writes that the happiest hours of his life were spent there.

My childhood was fed upon stories of old Belvoir and its inmates – the master, Washington's mentor in the art of war – his son, the young soldier who went away from there to find his death with Montcalm before Quebec – he to whom Wolfe said, "Young man, when we come into action, remember the name you bear" – and the sailor boy Thomas who went down in his majesty's ship *Harwich* fighting the French off Bourdaloue in the East Indies. Anne, the oldest daughter, married Lawrence Washington, and became the first mistress of Mount

Vernon. George was Washington's comrade in the surveying tour in the Western wilderness. Hannah became Mrs. Warner Washington, and last, not least, was Brian, my great-grandsire, subsequently eighth lord. I cannot remember when I did not wish that the family would recreate the traditions of this old home. (34-35)

Significantly, Harrison's listing of her predecessors and their connections to physical structures/artifacts suggests an almost ritualistic endeavor, through which she records the sequence of interrelated human lives, juxtaposed with historical events, and supported by a system of human interaction with ancestral homes.

Moreover, Harrison, since early childhood, sought to connect herself to this system of interrelationship with an ancestral home. However, the destruction of Vaucluse severed the physical lineage, which connected Harrison to her personal identity. Therefore, she sought to recreate her cherished homeplace through literature. Nonetheless, the literary effort failed to reconstruct an environment wherein her family and historic artifacts could in fact reside. Therefore, Harrison reveals a sense of disappointment within the statement, "my son, Fairfax Harrison, has come nearer than any other to realizing my dreams, for he has established a new Belvoir in Fauquier County, Virginia, upon land formerly belonging to the Greenway Court properties" (35). Notably, she uses the phrase "has come nearer than any other," which evokes the image of an incomplete success in recreating the family homestead, even through the physical construction of a new home.

Moreover, even within her son's newly built structure, she continued the pattern of describing the grounds and the interiors, followed by the family heirlooms, while always recounting her genealogy, as it related to the artifacts and structure. Harrison's detailed account of the interior reveals the significance of his library table upon which "lies the original 'visitors' book' of the Revolutionary home, a copy of Thoresby's 'Antiquities of Yorkshire,' which, he had the luck to secure from England," thus, once again Harrison assigns a connection between an ancestral identity and a physical artifact (35).

Still struggling to comprehend Vaucluse's destruction, as well as the interrelated social

issues of slavery and gender, Harrison recalls her mother's efforts to preserve the family silver, when it became apparent the homeplace and artifacts, which linked the family to their predecessors, would be lost:

One of the letters from my mother of this date told how at the last moment before leaving Vaucuse, having no way of dispatching the silver to a safety-vault in Washington or Alexandria, she had undertaken to bury it in the cellar of the house. Aided by a young nephew who was to go on the morrow to volunteer at Manassas, and a faithful old negro gardener, who died soon afterward, they worked half the night (she holding a lantern) till pits were made large enough to contain two large travelling trunks, into which the silver had been hastily packed. The pits filled in and rubbish strewn over them, my mother got into the carriage before daybreak and drove away to the Confederate lines.

Four years later, the house having been destroyed by incendiaries, all the trees on the place cut down for breastworks, and the site used for a United States camp during many months, she came back to her home, accompanied by men with spades and picks. Save for slight depressions in the grass, there was no token of where the house had stood, and many bewildered moments were spent in searching for it. Some hours followed while the men toiled, and my mother sat on the ground and looked on, amid gathering tears. Any idle soldier prodding the ground might have struck the boxes, she argued, and there was little hope. Just as she was about giving the order to stop work, one of the men cried out, holding up a teaspoon black as jet! Soon the earth was covered with dark objects from around which the boxes had rotted. Candelabra, urn, tea-set, tankards, bowls, dishes, and the complete service of small silver were recovered, not a salt-spoon missing! Sent to Galt's, in Washington, for treatment, they were soon restored to pristine brilliancy. (44-45)

The complexities within this passage address the foundation of Harrison's conflicting discourses

within her literary works. For example, the image of the “faithful old negro gardener, who died soon” after helping to bury the silver, suggests Harrison's desire to see the subservience of African-Americans as a position of loyalty. Moreover, she negates his power by introducing the image of his age, too elderly to be violent, and his occupation, belonging to the soil of Virginia through his labors to grow produce quite possibly for whites. Furthermore, the fact that she includes his subsequent death, after having “worked half the night” to protect a white family's possessions, suggests at least two elements: the first, the African-American's faithfulness to the white's secret was strengthened by his death, and second, that the labor to hide the white's treasures possibly led to his demise.

Furthermore, through the acknowledgment of Harrison's concept of dark as fearful and white as safety, the imagery of the worker “holding up a teaspoon black as jet!” reveals the element of the fear with which Harrison felt toward the loss of her artifact. Moreover, she depicts the silver in a devalued state as “dark objects from around which the boxes had rotted,” which evokes the image of decay and ruin existing within the realm of darkness. Significantly, Harrison's answer to the fear of loss is to have the silver “sent to Galt's, in Washington, for treatment,” thus sending the dark pieces to the Union side to be “restored to pristine brilliancy,” in essence, purified and made whole. The decision to send the silver North may simply refer to the nearest facility trained in the restoration of heirlooms; however, the coloring within the phrase does evoke an interesting contrast in regional capabilities, with the North creating a whitening influence over the dark artifacts from the South. Moreover, the passage, taken as a whole and examined through symbolic associations of coloring significant to Harrison, at the least projects a racist view of the African-American who helped save the artifacts through which Harrison claimed her identity.

Furthermore, the issue of gender courses through this passage as Harrison alternates between masculinizing and feminizing her mother. Harrison empowers her mother through the imagery of Cary making the decision to bury the silver and then supervising the digging of the pits. However, Harrison then feminizes her mother by relegating her to the position of only

“holding a lantern” while the men work to achieve the goal. Still, the power again shifts back to her mother as she supervises the men “with spades and picks” during the excavation of the silver. Still, Harrison, once again removes her mother's power by placing her mother in a seated position instead of standing on the ground where Vaocluse once stood. Moreover, the complete feminization of her mother resides in the image of Cary's tearful attitude while the men continued to search for the artifacts. In fact, Harrison produces the image of the mother losing control over her sensibilities as she argues with the workers, who ultimately recover her lost silver, thus recover Harrison's, and possibly her mother's, identity which is founded in her family artifacts. Remarkably, Harrison negates the power of the men at the moment of the artifacts recovery through the phrase “the men cried out,” which further strengthens the empowering connection between the artifacts and the owners’ identities.

Ultimately, Vaocluse represents a complex system, which disrupted the family unit long before its demise. Moreover, these same divisive systemic issues reside at the heart of the Civil War and the continuing role of racism inherent within the American society, a fact, which Harrison consciously addresses in her literary works, but often, apparently overlooks in her descriptions of Vaocluse.

Moreover, Harrison's grief at the loss of Vaocluse drove her to read of its demise from other sources and then relate these accounts in her biography. One of these renditions, that of Mrs. Judith Brockenborough McGuire's “Diary of a Southern Refugee,” exemplifies the significance that Harrison placed on the loss of Vaocluse as an idyllic place of sanctuary:

Vaocluse, too, the seat of such elegant hospitality, the refined and dearly loved home of the Fairfax family, has been levelled to the earth, fortifications thrown up across the lawn, the fine old trees felled, and the whole grounds, once so embowered and shut out from public gaze, now laid bare and open – Vaocluse no more! (45)

Harrison's sorrow and shock are apparent not only in her seeking an outside source in which to describe the destruction of Vaocluse but also in the uncharacteristic citing mistake she makes.



Harrison dates McGuire's journal entry as July 30, 1862; however, the actual date is July 30, 1861. Harrison was a renowned researcher, known for her accurate information and, as mentioned previously, Scura found Harrison's work to be “respectably researched, and properly documented works” (Southern 36). Furthermore, Harrison notes Brockenborough McGuire's observation that Vaocluse had once kept its family, and their complex lives “shut out from public gaze,” which presents the ironic perspective that now with the demise of the homestead, Harrison's family life became public property, “laid bare and open.” Moreover, Harrison, beyond any other family member, persisted in unveiling the inner turmoils of Vaocluse to the “public gaze.”

Notably, as Harrison's autobiography moves past the war years, more specifically away from the topic of Vaocluse, the pace of the prose accelerates. Her anecdotes, which covers pages of war stories regarding her Southern persona, becomes paragraphs of encounters with illustrious personages throughout the world. Moreover, Harrison's work becomes more fragmented, while the prose grasps for a depth beyond the mere listings of names and dates, unconnected to Vaocluse. Finally, Harrison ends the effort abruptly:

The following winter I took up my abode in Washington. In our busy world events go on accumulating till there seems no way to call a halt in a chronicle like this save by laying down the pen, and that I proceed to do. (370)

This ending, so uncharacteristic of Harrison, lacks the usual detailed descriptions that garnered her attention as an adept travel writer. The stark emptiness of this ending elicits more questions than do the numerous pages regarding Vaocluse. When writing about Vaocluse, Harrison's words explore the open wound of her sacrificed home, and yet, in near silence, she defines what she must know will be her last home on earth. With her husband and mother dead, and her children grown, Harrison is approaching the end of her life as she writes this paragraph; still, she does not describe one inch of the structure. It seems apparent, therefore, that the reason Harrison did not refer to this place as home, but as an “abode,” is because it could never replace Vaocluse.

## CHAPTER V: Vaocluse's Servants: "Not Slaves of Ours"

The loss of Vaocluse was perhaps instrumental in Harrison's continual reevaluation of her views on slavery within her fictional works. Although Harrison could easily have ignored the issues of race from her position as a non-slave owning white, she often created plot lines from the perspective of her family's failure to resolve the race issue. One short story in particular, "Leander of Betsy's Pride," presents her advanced insights which possibly resulted from her family's conflicting attitudes toward African-Americans and her familiarity with enlightened French racial perspectives. As followers of Swedenborg, Harrison's family were among the first Virginians to manumit their slaves, and yet, they hired replacement slaves to work as servants, as noted in chapter one.

In her autobiography, she discloses the incongruities of a non-slave owning environment immersed in a slave-owning state by rationalizing, "our servants were hired black people, good and faithful souls, but, thank Heaven! not slaves of ours" (22). She expounds on the contradiction of her family's beliefs and their actions in her article, "A Virginia Girl in the First Year of the War," stating that the "people who served us [were] hired from their owners and remain[ed] in our employ through years of kindest relations" (606). This statement relates the strong inconsistencies within her life at Vaocluse, where, instead of hiring freed African-Americans or servants from other races the family hired slaves from neighboring slave-owners, a practice which contradicted the Swedenborgian ideal of freedom.

Consequentially, the effects of living with her family's failure to absolve themselves from the responsibility and guilt of slavery produced within Harrison a unique ability to identify with the pro-and anti-slavery viewpoints. In "Leander," Harrison explores her family's fractured stand on racial equality at Vaocluse by presenting revolutionary characterizations of African-Americans while revealing the hypocritical racial attitudes of white Americans based on degrees of color. She reveals an example of the tension created by the failure to resolve the slavery issue even in the limited arena of Vaocluse, by referring to herself in her autobiography as a "budding

secessionist,” who read Uncle Tom's Cabin (43). As Harrison observed:

In some mysterious way I had drunk in with my mother's milk—who inherited it from her stern Swedenborgian father—a detestation of the curse of slavery upon our beautiful Southern land. Then, of course, omnivorous reader that I was—I had early found and devoured “Uncle Tom's Cabin,” “that mischievous, incendiary book,” as some of our friends called it. When the thunderbolt of John Brown's raid broke over Virginia I was inwardly terrified, because I thought it was God's vengeance for the torture of such as Uncle Tom. (42)

In this quotation, Harrison mentions her family's ancestral stance on slavery without discussing their practice of hiring neighboring slaves as servants; however, she acknowledges her fear that John Brown's raid “was God's vengeance for the torture of such as Uncle Tom” (42). Harrison also presents the conflicting perspectives of the family who viewed slavery as “the curse” and the friends who deemed Stowe's work as, “that mischievous, incendiary book” (42).

As Harrison *devoured* Stowe's work, she may have internalized several stylistic strategies with which she examined her divided perspectives through her own writings, particularly in “Leander.” As with Stowe, she used conciliatory prose to gain both the Northern and the Southern readership. As previously mentioned, Harrison practiced this same strategy to reveal progressive antislavery narrative strategies during the Civil War in the Southern Illustrated News, (Richmond: Aug. 8 1863). She cloaked the passage in much the same manner as in “Leander,” by embedding the divisive issue within pro-Confederate prose. Although the surrounding rhetoric is repulsive, the facts remain: Harrison read and published abolitionist writings during a period of intense censorship. Maxwell also noted Harrison's use of conciliatory prose, stating, “Constance attempted . . . to present all possible viewpoints on a given issue, but to assert a conciliatory stance through a central and clearly admirable character” (159).

Nonetheless, Kathy Ryder assumes Harrison's technique of presenting both sides of an issue reflected a racist opinion, not a literary strategy. Ryder comments on Harrison's use of

racially marked passages and conflicting perspectives, stating, “the most interesting and well written of her Confederate romances, both rationalizes and denounces slavery” (201). From this observation Ryder concludes, “Harrison, a racist and elitist, did not speak for, but certainly spoke to, a large audience of genteel middle-class Americans whose conservatism was affirmed by her work” (202). However, Susan K. Harris notes that within sentimental novels, Harrison's usual genre, “themes and structures tend to work at cross purposes.” Furthermore, these works, “once dismissed as confused . . . are now described as dialogic” (“But” 46).

Therefore, through the conciliatory prose strategy in “Leander” Harrison provides the rationalization for Southern readers that slavery existed in large part because of hereditary and economic obligations, points also reflected in Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin. Furthermore, in these works both authors secured the diverse readerships of North and South by presenting perspectives favorable to widespread audiences, while blending in the volatile message of slavery. However, Harrison foresaw African-Americans as more autonomous than did Stowe, possibly as a result of the outcome of the Civil War and her interactions with people of African descent in America and France.

For example, “Leander,” Harrison's most progressive work, published in 1899, forty-eight years after Uncle Tom's Cabin, seems to share the similar plot of white owners in financial straits reneging on a promised freedom for a slave (Stowe's character Shelby). However, Harrison's African-American character, Leander Jameson, attains his freedom from slavery without white assistance and, subsequently, lives successfully in France, whereas Stowe's slave characters in Uncle Tom's Cabin need white aid for emancipation and can only enjoy a secure life in Africa.

The element of securing freedom without aid is critical to Harriett Jacobs in her work, Incidents in the Life of a Slave: Written by Herself. In fact she deeply resented she had not garnered her own liberty, but instead had white assistance to pay for her emancipation. She stated, “The more my mind had become enlightened, the more difficult it was for me to consider myself an article of property; and to pay money to those who had so grievously oppressed me

seemed like taking from my sufferings the glory of triumph” (199). Therefore, not only did Jacobs suffer from slavery but also had to see those who caused her pain, profit. Whether Harrison understood the depths to which this insulted and grieved slaves is unknown; however, through her characterization of Jameson, the exchange of money travels in reverse, as the ex-slave profits from the slave trade.

Additionally, with the help of her publisher, Harrison utilizes several tactics to achieve the publication of her radical slave characterization who secures his freedom without white intervention. Therefore, she utilizes her Civil War strategy of embedding the divisive issue of slavery within phrases that embrace the rationalizations of slave-owners and abolitionists. Moreover, by inserting “Leander” in the center of a collection of light-hearted romance stories entitled, The Carcellini Emerald with Other Tales, the publishing firm, Herbert S. Stone & Company, also follows the pattern of concealing the divisive issue of slavery in socially acceptable packaging. Notably, there is a difference in the tone of “Leander” and the other accompanying stories. This unconformity adds to the tension of the story since the surrounding stories involve simplistic and easily resolved themes, such as the theft of an emerald, whereas “Leander” addresses the issue of slavery and the failure of white society.

The socially acceptable packaging of this story does not end with its position in the collection, as Harrison then wraps the volatile slavery story within a pilgrimage story. Harrison cloaks the racially charged didactic message further from her readers' notice by creating the regionally unifying characterizations of a Confederate Brigadier-General, narrator of the internal slave story, and a group of young northern tourists, children of abolitionists, who listen to his tales while visiting a southern spa during the summer heat.

As Harrison's northern and southern characters provide a human connection to the regional readerships of North and South, she introduces an undercurrent of physical renewal and rejuvenation through the healing properties of water and heat. Harrison leads the reader to understand these regionally healing powers: “the staid old mountain spa, whither their respective families had journeyed for health and pleasure” (103). Therefore, suggesting that the same

healing powers of the South are available to the young northerners, as it had been for their ancestors. Within this sacred setting of restoration, Harrison unites her readership physically in a healing environment before moving to the divisive issue of slavery.

Harrison also uses gender to further mask her examination of the treatment of African-Americans by portraying one of the young women tourists as the character who initiates the topic of the Civil War through her desire “to unearth every item concerning this mighty question that had rent asunder for a time the great country she revered” (105). Although this character supposedly seeks an understanding of the war, Harrison never directly addresses the subject of the Civil War. Instead, through the utilization of a time-distance strategy, Harrison forces her readers to face the exploitation of African-Americans, while allowing the white readership a time-bracket of innocence. By presenting the narrative in the nostalgic pre-Civil War era, before the fracturing of the nation, Harrison provides her a southern and northern readership a generational distance, which places the guilt of slavery into the past, away from any whites of her present period.

Furthermore, Harrison continues to attempt to mitigate racial qualms, while also introducing the undercurrent element of racial bias based on shades of darkness, by creating a bridge to her readers through the degrees of color of African-Americans. Harrison, following Stowe's characterization of mulatto slaves: presents a pale-complexioned character, described as a “very light mulatto, tall, erect, manly, good-looking as his master” (109), making the slave and master more equal in appearance, apparently seeking to provide her readers the opportunity to perceive the equality of Africans and whites. However, it is significant that Harrison's attempt to equalize the races through whitening the ex-slave character reflects the institutionalized racism within her culture.

Nonetheless, Harrison expands Stowe's plot by not only placing the blame of slavery on whites, but also examining the issue of acceptance by degrees of color, such as empathy toward characters with light complexions and associating evil with darker characters. Like Stowe's slave-trader, the slave-trader character in “Leander,” Israel Johns, represents the epitome of evil;

however, Harrison strengthens her argument of racial bias based on shades of color by presenting Johns as neither white nor black, but ambiguously, dark similar to an Hispanic. Thus, Harrison explores the treatment of humans based solely of the degree of darkness. Harrison's Confederate character provides the description of the slave-trader as, "a middle-sized, low-browed, swart, powerful fellow, dark as a Spaniard, with thick lips, curly black hair, and black, shifty eyes that couldn't look you in the face" (112-113). Through this racially marked sketch, Harrison reveals cultural racism based on degrees of color. The Spanish-American War began in 1898, a year before "Leander's" publication; therefore, this description of the slave-trader may be evidence of increasing racial tensions against Hispanics.

Therefore, she creates empathy within the white reader for the character Jameson, while with the coloring of the slave-trader, she reveals the mounting tensions based on shade. Furthermore, she emphasizes the significance of the shading differences for example, by having an unnamed character in the central story state, "By Jove! it's he that looks like the master, and Johns like the man, I am thinking" (113). This is the only narrator presented from within the central slavery story, whereas either the young northerners or the Confederate deliver all other narrations, which demands the reader's attention to the fact that the Southern characters recognized the transitory nature of racism since it increased and decreased by degrees of darkness and lightness. Notably, Jameson is never heard throughout the story, revealing either Harrison's lack of skill at presenting the dialogue of an intelligent African-American or her lack of faith in her anticipated readers' acceptance of the French and English speaking patterns necessary to Jameson's characterization. Toni Morrison, however, notes that "to enforce its [race] invisibility through silence is to allow the black body a shadowless participation in the dominant cultural body" (10). Morrison makes a significant point that a voiceless African-American, such as in Harrison's work, leaves no shadow of interaction. The reader then sees only the white characters reactions to the African-American's life, not the life itself, but the white interpretation of, in this case, Jameson's existence. From this correct perspective, Harrison then has fallen short of her goal, if it was her ambition, to enlighten the South/North on the issue of racism.

However, perhaps as an initial introduction to a discourse on racism, Harrison uses the Confederate voice to propel the most volatile points of the slavery to the forefront of the story. She appears to use this technique to reduce the discomfort of her southern readers, and for her northern readers, Harrison presents an avenue of acceptance through the northern tourists' absolute trust in the Confederate's observations. For example, the Confederate contrasts the social acceptance of Africans in France to the racist treatment of African-Americans in America when he relates how the young men of "Leander," slave and master, travel abroad to France. This change of location provides the Confederate the opportunity to state, "Leander was, of course, received as an equal by his class among the whites" (109). This progressive insight into the treatment of Africans, presented thirty-four years after the Civil War, compares whites' post-Civil War treatment of African-Americans in America to whites' pre-war treatment of Africans in France. Ultimately, Harrison presents the French attitude toward Africans as one of equality and the American attitude as one of injustice against African-Americans.

Harrison's familiarity with nineteenth-century France stems from the influence of her French governess and several trips to France, including an excursion with her mother immediately after the Civil War. In Recollections, Harrison describes a conversation with Mademoiselle Letellier, Alexandre Dumas's sister, who presented her with a Dumas manuscript and spoke at length about racial issues and quite possibly about the mademoiselle's African grandmother, Marie-Cessette Dumas, a slave from Jeremie, Saint-Domingue.

In fact, Letellier presented a lock of her "sainted father's" head to Harrison and inquired if it was similar to that of the general population of the South. From this, Harrison surmised that Letellier considered all people "of the South . . . off color in complexion," suggesting that everyone from that region was of mixed race (246). It is possible that she relates this story in her autobiography to bring attention to racism or even regarding the treatment of slave women by white slave owners, particularly since Harrison notes that Letellier thought they shared the same African ancestry. Moreover, Harrison, apparently not offended by the assessment, records the conversation in her autobiography and presents their relationship as close.



She also mentions the relationship with Letellier in her essay, “My Favorite Novelist,” thanking the mademoiselle for lending her several volumes, which helped her pass the time during an illness. Harrison’s recording of these interactions within her published works suggests that Letellier's progressive views on race had an impact on her, and, therefore, was instrumental in enlightening Harrison on racial equality, as she reflected on these issues in her post-war writings.

Harrison, perhaps to present the progressive French attitude on race, reworks the plot of Uncle Tom's Cabin to expose the failure of whites and to create a slave character who is morally and intellectually superior to his white owners. Furthermore, Harrison uses the Confederate voice to reveal the failure of whites to uphold the promised freedom for slaves. Through the Confederate voice, she builds the southern readers' confidence in her story by providing an overabundance of extreme rationalizations for the sale of slaves. Harrison exposes the hypocrisy of the South's stance on the treatment of African-Americans through the narrative strategy of presenting “the curse of slavery” as an inherited obligation (Recollections 42). In The Plantation Mistress, Catherine Clinton explains, “Southerners actually complained that this system had been foisted upon them and that they had simply made the best of *their* burden” (184). Intimately aware of the Southerners' justifications for slavery, Harrison transfers the blame of slavery to prior southern generations, relieving her southern readership of the guilt of slavery and reducing the readers' defensive attitude. This strategy of transferring blame to past generations, combined with the southern voice of her Confederate narrator, strengthens Harrison's hold on her southern readers. Further, to insure her readership embraces this strategy, Harrison uses the Confederate narrator to state “[i]f anybody ever tells you to the contrary, Miss Eunice, send him to me to be convinced,” to close the message which absolves the present age of Southerners from the sin of slavery (111).

To maintain her Northern readership, Harrison presents the listening tourists as attentive and open to the southern portrayal of slavery as an inherited burden. Harrison reduces the need for judgment on the part of her Northern readership by presenting the issue of slavery to her

northern audience as an outdated southern lifestyle. The tactic of setting the story in the past frees the northerners from the need to ascertain responsibility for slavery by presenting the view that history was responsible for slavery, not their southern neighbors. Therefore, by pushing the guilt over slavery into the past Harrison maintains both southern and northern readerships until she fully exposes the contemporary generation's unequal treatment of African-Americans in both regions of America.

The Southern voice of the Confederate narrator begins the passage containing the southern rationalizations for slavery by relating the slave-owners' financial and physical difficulties; then the narrator pauses and shifts the focus away from the slave-owning family to the regional regrets of southerners at the sale of their slaves:

“Here comes in,” went on the General, doughtily, “a chapter fortunately not common among the slave-holding families of those days. As the negroes on large plantations went on multiplying and exacting care and outlay, the revenues of their owners were naturally consumed. But it was part of our religion to hold fast to the trust committed to us by our fathers. Nothing but dire want ever made a Virginian of 'the real sort' part with a slave for money. When dire want came, so much the worse for slave and master. It was a degradation that bowed down the seller to the earth with shame—to have to part with these people of our black families. If anybody ever tells you to the contrary, Miss Eunice, send him to me to be convinced.” (111)

Subsequently, Harrison portrays the Confederate as deeply moved by his own speech: his face turned red, he gulped, walked back and forth, and finally sat down, preparing to finish his story. However, what he had just related to the readership was that the slaves were responsible for whites' selling African-Americans at auction. Harrison introduces this profoundly racially biased aspect into the story just before she relates how Jameson is both morally and intellectually superior to his white master and the slave-trader. As if trying to balance the import of what she reveals next to the southern readers, she removes as much guilt from southern whites as possible,

gaining their trust long enough to evaluate the treatment of African-Americans in America based on the degree of color.

Furthermore, Harrison makes her point that the African-American slave shows a higher moral standard than that of the master by having the Confederate soldier state:

When you know that Chester [the white owner] had promised to free Leander in order to enable the fellow to go back and marry a Creole girl from Martinique whom he had met in Paris, and had died without doing so, you see how the affair stood. (113)

Within this statement, Harrison not only reveals the failure of the whites morally to hold true to their promise, but also examines the futuristic ramifications of this action as she shows the lives of the African-Americans being altered by slavery. Harrison draws the pathways of the future for the reader, defining the two alternatives for Jameson's life: if freed as promised, he would live as an equal to whites in France, whereas if he lost his freedom, he would continue to live as a slave, subject to a master and never as an equal to whites. Furthermore, Harrison's selection of the name Leander reinforces the sense that the reader should consider the futuristic fate of Leander's family, particularly the wife who waits for him in France, since the poetical history of the name Leander suggests a connection to the Greek legend of two lovers, prevented from marriage. Moreover, the Leander of mythology attempts to swim every night to his lover, Hero; however, during one night of darkness he drowns and, subsequently, Hero leaps into the water to perish with him. Harrison, then rewrites the telos of Greek mythology by offering a Leander who, once freed, will marry and live prosperously in a mixed race society as an equal.

Therefore, Harrison concludes the development of her slave characterization with Jameson escaping to France, without white aid. Yet again, Harrison selects her narrator of choice for revealing radical ideas as the Confederate describes the events by which Jameson acquires his freedom:

He managed to get his master [the slave-trader] drunk, and on arriving at New Orleans to actually sell him for a thousand dollars to a buyer before whom

Leander had posed as a Virginian planter on his travels, encumbered with a tipsy ruffian he was glad to dispose of cheap. The complexion, good manners, educated voice, and easy diction of Leander made this thing possible. Upon receiving, as was agreed, the money down, he at once disappeared. (114)

With these passages, Harrison relates to her readers the intelligence of the African-American and the failure of whites' to free the slaves, thus forcing the slaves to undergo extreme ordeals in order to secure their freedom. The ability of Jameson to outmaneuver the slave-trader allows the reader an opportunity to view the African-American as a being independent, astute and able to overcome adversity.

To bond Harrison's readers, both North and South, to the revelation of the ex-slave's successful life in France, the Confederate relates how he recently saw the ex-slave's ghost at the old plantation home. The northern tourists then compare the Confederate's ghost sighting to a newly arrived invalid foreigner, both with identical telltale scars, which reveals the two descriptions belong to one man, Jameson, who has returned to view the old homestead once more and then disappear again.

Moreover, through the appearance of an aging Jameson, Harrison depicts a positive example of an African-American's existence through his affluent life, as the Confederate narrator observes, "the ex-slave had prospered in circumstances his appearance and surroundings left no room to doubt" (118). This tension between a haunted past and a successful life aids Harrison in her efforts to sustain a mixed readership until she is able to reveal the equal treatment of Africans in France compared to the hypocritical views of white Americans toward African-Americans in America. Subsequently, she forces the reader to witness the uneasy fact that Jameson had suffered more in his homeland than in France, his "adopted home;" furthermore, America was "the scene of his birth and of his early tragedy" (118).

Only in the last paragraph does she again rewrap this short story in conciliatory passages, having made her point on the treatment of African-Americans with its prejudice based on degree of color. Here, at the last moment, she relates that the young woman who initially sought "to

unearth every item concerning this mighty question” now decides to shift her attention away from the Civil War and concentrate her efforts on only one man (105). By reintroducing the subject of gender, Harrison softens the aspect of needing to know the truth about slavery and prejudice as being essentially a female's curiosity. This gender strategy in the last moments of the story does not reduce the significance of the racially charged message, but it does allow Harrison to maintain her hold on her readers throughout the work, without leaving the post-Civil War whites feeling offended by the residual suggestion that they too had failed to follow the French example and treat African-Americans as equals.

Harrison was a non-slave owning adolescent at the beginning of war, but her family's failure to resolve the issue of slavery created within her a multifaceted perspective. The sliver of difference between direct ownership and the practice of hiring slaves from their owners obscured the thin line of responsibility of a non-slave owner living in a slave-owning state. Furthermore, her family's contradictory stance placed Harrison at the center of the race issue, forcing her to constantly reexamine the reality of white responsibility for slavery and to reassess white racial attitudes of the Civil War and the Reconstruction era, which Harrison reveals in “Leander of Betsy's Pride.”

## CHAPTER VI: Harrison's Significance in American Literature

During her life, Harrison witnessed many fundamental changes of society, as a result of war, technology, and social awareness. However, she chose to be more than just an observer or reporter, often working as activist and a philanthropist. Furthermore, Harrison used these pursuits and historical events as the groundwork of plots, settings, and characterizations with which she explored her concerns for society. To establish a means of further analyzing Harrison's literature this chapter presents a partial post-bellum bibliography (the most extensive listing of Harrison's fictional/dramatic works available, including several international publications) as well as a brief overview of her interaction with other writers of her era. Notably, Ryder's bibliographic section lists several significant articles and essays not included in this chapter.

She began her post-bellum writings with a privately published memorial to her mother, In Memory of Monimia Fairfax Cary, Died October 19, 1875, aged fifty-five years, Widow of Archibald Cary, of Carysbrooks, Virginia, (1875). Significant in this volume is Harrison's extensive treatment on the existence and destruction of Vacluse, an unusual topic particularly since her admitted goal in writing this work was to immortalize her mother's life as "a sacrament of love" (2).

A year later, Scribner's Monthly released "A Little Centennial Lady." This fictional-historic novel, concerning her aunt Sally Fairfax's relationship with General Washington received wide notice in great part because of Harrison's literary strategies. It can hardly be a coincidence that the novel's setting takes place in pre-war, still unified Virginia, that the characters are American revolutionary figures, and that the publication date is July of the centennial year. As a result of the non-divisive theme and her planned publication date, Harrison greatly increased her chances of public acceptance. Her diplomatic efforts to secure popular acceptance succeeded, and the serialized novel was well received.

Harrison often selected the diplomatic approach with her publications, a tactic which

Daniel E. Sutherland, author of "Virginia's Expatriate Artists: A Post-Civil War Odyssey," noted several southern writers used:

. . . were also careful to distinguish between the Old South and the Confederacy. The latter topic had to be treated gingerly when addressing northern readers. Writers did not denounce or ignore the war years, but they tended to be preoccupied with happier days. Indeed, many authors successfully integrated their praise of the South with appeals for sectional reconciliation, which they hoped would make their writing more acceptable to the northern reading public. (144-145)

Harrison understood the strategy of setting her Southern works in the era before the conflict, therefore, secured her position in the literary world of the nineteenth-century.

Moreover, Harrison continued her wartime practice of publishing anonymous works, as in the case of the "Golden Rod: An Idyl of Mount Desert," (1880) published in Harper's Weekly, and subsequently reprinted several times, first by Harper & Brothers,(1880) in the Half-Hour Series , and in An Edelweiss of the Sierras, Golden-Rod and Other Tales, (1892). Books For Libraries Press (Short Story Index Reprint Series) reprinted An Edelweiss of the Sierras, Golden-Rod and Other Tales in 1969.

However, she released her name on the Charles Scribner's Sons editions of two children's books, The Old Fashioned Fairy Book, (1884) and Bric-a-Brac Stories, (1884, 1885, and 1916) with illustrations by Walter Crane (the final version published in England by Ward and Downey and titled Folk and Fairy Tales),(1885). Sampson, Marston, Searle, and Rivington Publishers reprinted The Old Fashioned Fairy Book in 1890 and 1899, with illustrations by Rosina Emmet. Harrison created these adaptations from existing international folk tales.

Afterwards, she wrote an original children's book regarding her summer home, Bar Harbor Days, published in 1887 by Harper & Brothers with illustrations by Fenn and Hyde; subsequently reprinted, without illustrations, under the title A Virginia Cousin & Bar Harbor Tales by Lamson Wolffe and Company, (1895); and reprinted in 1969 by Books for Libraries

Press (Short Story Index Reprint Series).

Sutherland points out that "Virginia writers embarked on varied careers in the North, but one characteristic shared by most of them was their literary homage to the Old Southern," among them, Harrison, who remained a southern loyalist throughout her career (144). He provides further insight into the acceptance of Harrison's southern works:

[B]y 1880 reconciliation was a common motif among both northern and southern writers. In the new realistic and local color fiction of the last quarter of the century, as well as in the persisting Romantic tradition, the South, and especially the antebellum South, became the "most popular setting" in American literature. The South possessed an irresistible, almost exotic, glamour for all sections of the country. In the hands of a skillful writer, the South's colorful cast of characters -- genteel aristocrats, coquettish belles, devoted mammies, and rambunctious hill folk -- could enchant. By the mid-1880s a former northern carpetbagger asserted that American literature was "not only Southern in type, but distinctly Confederate in sympathy." Several Virginia expatriates stood in the vanguard of this conversion, and none was more prominent than George Cary Eggleston and Constance Cary Harrison. (145)

Harrison successfully utilized popular interest in Southern writings to her advantage and continued to produce numerous works relating to her homeplace. She also used her fluency in French, acquired while living at Vacluse and France, to further her literary success. Harrison related in her autobiography that she "learned to like reading in French," a talent that enabled her to translate and adapt plays for children and adults, of which several were printed as a collection in Short Comedies for Amateur Players as Given at the Madison Square and Lyceum Theaters, New York by Amateurs: Adapted and Arranged by Mrs. Burton Harrison, published in 1889 by The De Witt Publishing House.

Reprinted from this collection was Weeping Wives, A comedietta, in One Act, From the French of MM. Paul Siraudin and Lambert Thiboust, (1892) published by The De Witt



Publishing House, issued as De Witt's Acting Plays, No. 373; and reprinted by Dramatic Publishing Company, (1892).

Also reprinted from the collection was The Mouse-Trap, A Comedietta, in One Act, As Played at the Madison Square Theatre, New York City, January 13, 1887, (1892), published by The De Witt Publishing House, issued as De Witt's Acting Plays, No. 372; and reprinted by Dramatic Publishing Company, (1892).

The De Witt Publishing House reprinted, also from the collection, Behind a Curtain, A Monologue as Played by Mrs. Charles Dennison at the Madison Square Theatre, January 14, 1887, (1892) issued as De Witt's Acting Plays, No. 374.

The collection continued with the reprint of Tea at Four O'clock, A Drawing Room Comedy, in One Act, (1892) published by The De Witt Publishing House, issued as De Witt's Acting Plays, No. 375; and reprinted by Dramatic Publishing Company, (1892).

The De Witt Publishing House, further, reprinted Two Strings to Her Bow, A Comedy in Two Acts, in 1892, issued as De Witt's Acting Plays, No. 376; and subsequently reprinted by Dramatic Publishing Company.

The De Witt Publishing House and The Dramatic Publishing Company also published A Russian Honeymoon: A Comedy in Three Acts Adapted by Mrs. Burton Harrison from the French of Eugene Scribe, in 1883. Madison Square Theatre in New York presented the play production in 1883.

Profits from these adaptations enabled Harrison to donate "to worthy funds and charities, during that time of enthusiasm and energy in dramatic undertaking, the sum of thirty-two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars" (Recollections 333).

Harrison's historical essays include a paper titled "Fairfaxes in America," presented to the New York Historical Society on June 2, 1888, by Professor Charles Carroll, University of New York. Several essays appeared in The Century, including, "A Virginia Girl in the First Years of the War," (1885); "Home and Haunts of Washington," (1887); "Washington at Mount Vernon after the Revolution," (1889); "Washington in New York in 1789," (1888); and "Colonel William

Bird, of Westover," (1891).

Harrison also wrote essays regarding northern history, including "Externals of Modern New York," in Martha J. Lamb's History of the City of New York, in Three Volumes, (A. S. Barnes and Company, 1896). However, never relinquishing her southern identity, Harrison became one of only two women to contribute to Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, (The Century Company, 1887-1998), "Virginia Scenes in '61," volume 2, pages 160-166, and "Richmond Scenes in '62," volume 13. "Virginia Scenes in '61," contains an excerpt from the August 1885, issue of Century Magazine, which reveals Vaucluse's servants were not free people, but hired slaves from neighboring slave owners, a topic which Harrison returns to often in her writings.

The Century published Harrison's first post-war Southern novel, "Crow's Nest," serially in 1885. The Century Company subsequently reprinted the work under the title Belhaven Tales: Crow's Nest Una and King David, (1892). The Southern Historical Publication Society, in 1909, reprinted "Crow's Nest" in The South in the Building of the Nation, volume eight. The first story in Belhaven Tales: Crow's Nest, Una and King David is "When the Century Came In," which Scribner's first printed in August 1892.

Harrison's skills also included editing and in 1892 Harper & Brothers Publishers released her editorial work of Short Stories, covering stories from Elizabeth Dean Barstow Stoddard, Caroline Chesebro, Margaret Crosby, Annei Trumbull Slosson and her own short story, Monsieur Alcibiade, previously released in Belhaven Tales: Crow's Nest Una and King David.

The Anglomaniacs, published anonymously, brought Harrison international attention when The Century Magazine ran it serially in June 1890. Within the same year, Cassell Publishing Company released the novel in book form, with printings in New York and London (reissued in 1891, Cassell's Sunshine Series). In 1977, Arno Press reprinted the novel in its Rediscovered Fiction by American Women Series with an introduction by Elizabeth Hardwick.

Riding on the successful reception of The Anglomaniacs, Harrison released the identity of its authorship in time to benefit her next novel, Flower de Hundred: The Story of a Virginia

Plantation, which the Cassell Publishing Company published in November 1890. Harrison generally published her novels in serial form first; however, she released this work in book form only.

Harrison followed with another Southern fiction novel published by Cassell Publishing Company, (1892), and reissued in Cassell's Union Square Library series, (1896), A Daughter of the South and Shorter Stories.

In 1892 and 1893, The Century published Harrison's societal novel, Sweet Bells Out of Tune, in serial form. The Century Company released the work in book form and reprinted it in 1898 with illustrations by C. D. Gibson.

The Century published Harrison's A Bachelor Maid, in serial form and book form in 1894. The Century Company's editions included illustrations by Irving R. Wiles (reprinted by The Century Company in 1899). An Errant Wooing ran the same year serially in The Century, 1894, and in 1895 The Century Company published it in book form.

After a short hiatus, Harrison released a historical novel situated in Colonial times, A Son of the Old Dominion, (1897) published by Lamson, Wolfe and Company in America and England. She then released the Good Americans, printed serially in The Century, (1897), and in book form by The Century Company, 1898.

Lamson, Wolfe and Company published The Merry Maid of Arcady, His Lordship and Other Stories, (1897) and Books for Libraries Press, the Short Story Index Reprint Series reprinted it in 1973.

Harrison also wrote home economics and etiquette books which included, The Well-Bred Girl in Society, (1898), published by Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, and reprinted in 1904 and 1906 by Doubleday & McClure Company, New York in the Ladies' Home Journal Girl's Library series.

A Triple Entanglement, (1898) T. Fisher Unwin published the work in London and in 1899, J. B. Lippincott Company reprinted the novel. Two other novels printed in 1899 include, The Carcellini Emerald with Other Tales, published by Herbert S. Stone & Company and The

Circle of a Century, published by The Century Company. Books for Libraries Press with the Short Story Index Reprint Series reprinted the former in 1969.

The new century began with Harrison releasing A Princess of the Hills: An Italian Romance, (1901) published by Lothrop Publishing Company, with illustrations by Orson Lowell and The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch: A Drama of Every Day, (1901) published by C. G. Burgoyne and reprinted in 1903, by D. Appleton & Company.

Several of the era's most acclaimed authors anonymously wrote a collection of short stories, A House Party: An Account of the Stories Told at a Gathering of Famous American Authors, the Storytellers Being Introduced by Paul Leicester Ford, (1900) and reprinted in 1901, as part of a contest. The reader who identified each story's author and submitted the form attached to the first pages within the book would win the thousand dollar prize. Small, Maynard & Company published this work with Harrison's short story, "The Fairy Godmother's Story." The other authors participating in the book's contest included: Paul Leicester Ford, John Kendrick Bangs, George Washington Cable, Robert Grant, Sarah Orne Jewett, Charles George Douglas Roberts, Bertha Runkle, Frank Richard Stockton, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Octave Thanet, and Owen Wister.

In 1904, Harrison released Sylvia's Husband , published by D. Appleton & Company and The Carlyles: A Story of the Fall of the Confederacy in 1905, published by D. Appleton and Company.

She followed with the Latter-Day Sweethearts, (1906), published in London by T. Fisher Unwin and also by The Authors and Newspapers Association in New York and London, with illustrations in watercolors by Frank T. Merrill. Subsequently, Cupples & Leon, along with, The Authors and Newspapers Association in New York and London, reprinted the novel in 1907.

1908 brought the release of The Count and the Congressman, published by Cupples & Leon Company, with illustrations by Alex O. Levy.

Although Harrison released several novels internationally, Transplanted Daughters (published by T. Fisher Unwin in 1909), is possibly her only novel released solely in England.

Charles Scribner's Sons, (1911, 1912, and 1916) published and reprinted Harrison's final novel, her autobiography, Recollections Grave and Gay, while Smith, Elder and Company released it in London,(1912).

Beyond her own literary works, Harrison influenced American literature through her ongoing correspondence with several authors, including Emma Lazarus, Matthew Arnold, Joel Chandler Harris, and Thomas Nelson Page.

Also, she combined her efforts with Hawthorne's son-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, and organized the first Authors' Readings to support the International Copyright Bill. However, always the southern loyalist, Harrison "helped organize a New York chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy," in the 1890s as well (Sutherland 153).

Additionally, Harrison's philanthropic works, involving literature and society, included her continued volunteer work in hospitals and fund raising projects for Mount Vernon and the Statue of Liberty pedestal. Not only did she strive to obtain the funds: she convinced Emma Lazarus to write the poem that eventually became inscribed on the pedestal, "The New Colossus." The poem had originally been written as a contribution to an album Harrison "brought together to be sold for the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund" (Recollections 313). The following lines are as quoted by Harrison in her autobiography:

"Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame  
With conquering limbs astride from land to land.  
Here at our sea-washed, sunset gates shall stand  
A mighty woman, with a torch, whose flame  
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name  
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand  
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command  
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.

"'Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!' cries she

With silent lips. 'Give me your tired, your poor,  
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.  
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore -  
Send these, the nameless, tempest-tossed, to me,  
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!'"

(313-314)

Harrison's empathy for exiles no doubt stemmed from the years spent as a refugee during the Civil War and the never-ending grief she suffered from the loss of her family's homestead.

Ultimately, Harrison's complicated life served her well with regard to the tenacious pursuit of publishing her works. Moreover, her strength resided in her talent to outmaneuver societal boundaries and explore various genres such as historical essays, unique to women writers of her time. She did not hesitate to assist and support the literary community of the nineteenth-century. Therefore, future scholars will profit from an extensive examination of the interrelationship between women writers, both North and South, a particular area of interest to Harrison since she introduced the subject through her work "A Blockade Correspondence," a fictional exchange during the Civil War (explicated in chapter three). Moreover, Harrison's writings reveal an ongoing discourse regarding the social issues of America.

## CONCLUSION

Constance Cary Harrison, whose literary career extended from the Romantic period to the Realistic period, struggled within her prose to present a nostalgic view of the South. Her aspirations to create and preserve the appearance of an idyllic southern existence occurred when the physical realities of the Confederate's loss and the slavery issue conflicted with her perceived reality of a romanticized southern "just cause" which in turn, shattered her memories of her homeland, Vacluse, leaving its residual fragments throughout her prose. Harrison then collected these fragments and reconstructed Vacluse through literature, thus providing her an arena in which to examine the social issues that had destroyed her homestead.

As her critics' use of the word nostalgia suggests, Harrison viewed the past with pain, possibly more than most writers, since she repeatedly experienced the severing and recovering of the country through her memories and insights. She knew the life of a non-slave owning southern belle who wrote for dying Confederate soldiers after witnessing two presidents, Union and Confederate, lead their country through war. This life, a continuum of irony and incongruities, forced her habitually to review the physical realities of the war and the slavery issue, as well as to comprehend and accept the required sacrifice of Vacluse, "laid low through war's necessities" (Recollections 246).

Obviously, further research on Harrison's work would provide scholars a rich source of critical analysis into the social constraints of her region and era. Furthermore, an exploration of early biographies and critical essays of that century will provide insight into the characterizations and plots available to other nineteenth-century southern women writers, particularly the use of narrative strategies and subplots to explore and challenge racial and gender issues.

This research may delve into Harrison's need to publish anonymously, as in the case of, her poem "Farewell to Vacluse," published in The Magnolia Weekly,(1863); The Anglomaniacs, (1890); Golden-Rod: An Idyl Of Mount Desert, (1880); and "The Fairy Godmother's Story," published in A House Party, (1901). This research should also include

Harrison's use of pseudonyms during the war, such as, "Refugitta," "Florence," and "Secessia." Also of note is the question of why the different styles in attribution exist: for her articles, Constance Cary Harrison, whereas, for her novels, Mrs. Burton Harrison, regardless of the year published.

To aid in this research, Harrison's Civil War publishings should be collected and analyzed. This work includes a serial titled "Summer Idyll," The Southern Illustrated News from November 22, 1862 through December 6, 1862, "Marian 'Victa et Vincita,'" April 25, 1863; "Sic Semper Trossulis!" May 9, 1863; "A Blockade Correspondence," August 8, 1863 through November 14, 1863; and "A Boy's Love and a Man's Love or the Cup and the Lip," October 3-17, 1863. Furthermore, from The Magnolia Weekly, the Harrison's articles during the war include, "Three Meetings," March 7, 1863; "A Winter's Wind," May 2, 1863; "Until Death do us Part," August 29, 1863; and "A Woman of the World," November 14, 1863.

Additionally, Civil War research should include Harrison's letters written to the families of dying soldiers during her work at the Confederate hospitals. Research in this area may provide historical as well as literary scholarship. Harrison's poetry from this era, published and unpublished works, should be examined for literary significance. One poem, printed during the war in The Examiner, concerns "a lament of a mother for a son killed in battle" (67). Harrison's autobiography reveals Elizabeth Barrett Browning's influences during the forming of this particular poem.

Harrison's historical essays may provide insight into the emerging avenues for nineteenth-century women writers, such as, her paper "Fairfaxes in America," presented to the New York Historical Society on June 2, 1888, by Professor Charles Carroll, of the University of New York. Several essays also appeared in The Century Magazine, including, "A Virginia Girl in the First Years of the War," (1885); "Home and Haunts of Washington," (1887); "Washington at Mount Vernon after the Revolution," (1889); "Washington in New York in 1789," (1888); and "Colonel William Bird, of Westover," (1891). Also, "Externals of Modern New York," in Martha J. Lamb's History of the City of New York, in Three Volumes, published by A. S. Barnes



and Company, (1896), and two Civil War historical essays, printed in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, published in 1887-1898, are "Virginia Scenes in '61" and "Richmond Scenes in '62." Possibly, women foresaw the genre of historical essays in their efforts to maintain journals/diaries throughout the Civil War.

Examination of Harrison's internationally published works and unpublished manuscripts could provide insight into possible changes in themes or other alterations, which allowed her publication in diverse societies. A study of her translated selections of plays and adaptations may add to this area. Transcripts of Harrison's international correspondence with other authors, editors, friends, and family, may also aid the research. Chapter six of this thesis provides a starting place for this research; however, no complete collection exists, particularly regarding Harrison's international publications.

A study examining the reciprocal influences of writers would also prove productive. Harrison read numerous works including those of Richardson, Henry Fielding, Scott, Thomas De Quincey's The Confessions of an Opium Eater, George Eliot's Mill on the Floss, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Guy Livingstone's Barren Honour, Trollope's Orley Farm and performed in Sheridan's "The Rivals. She also corresponded with several authors such as Emma Lazarus, Matthew Arnold, Joel Chandler Harris, and Thomas Nelson Page.

Publication of an annotated Recollections Grave and Gay would further aid in future biographical work. Additionally, in-depth documentation of Harrison's life and her philanthropic works involving literature would prove useful in analyzing the history of American literature. This research should include her work toward the funding of the Statue of Liberty pedestal, the collaborative effort with Hawthorne's son-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop to organize the first series of authors' reading, and her support of the International Copyright Bill.

Comparisons between slavery narratives and Harrison's prose would add significantly to an understanding of the white strategy to cloak slavery in a socially acceptable "institution." For example, readings of Harriet Jacobs's depictions of slavery and Harrison's writings reveal similar references to tidy gardens and well-tended homes, and yet, these passages are true mirror images,

that of a reality twisted in reverse: one of wealthy whites desiring to rationalize slavery and another of a slave explaining these “model” homes are the facade to a gruesome reality, created only for inquisitive abolitionists and traveling Northerners to view.

One final question to explore regarding Harrison’s work, is why scholars have practically ignored her influence on American history and literature. Perhaps future scholars will address this deficit and recover all of our nineteenth-century southern women writers, and then presumably, we will finally accept the moral responsibility for past and present “peculiar institutions.” Moreover, Harrison’s extensive oeuvre may provide the starting point at which to investigate the genre of southern loyalists’ antislavery works, albeit divisive and critically intriguing.

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## Appendices

Appendix A: Manuscripts, Letters, Journals, Memorabilia locations

Appendix B: Map of Vacluse area, northern Virginia, Plate VII, Atlas to Accompany the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1891-1895.

Appendix C: Illustration of Vacluse, Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Ed. R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel. 2 vols. New York: The Century Company, 1887-1889.

Appendix D: Published manuscript reprinted with the permission the Virginia Historical Society (In Memory of Monimia Fairfax Cary, Died October 19, 1875, Aged Fifty-five Years, Widow of Archibald Cary, of Carysbrook, Virginia.1875).

Appendix E: Unpublished manuscripts reprinted with the permission of Rodger Cary, Harrison Family Historian.

“Recollections of Vacluse – For My Children – CCH”

“Virginia Before the War.”

“Housekeeping in Virginia, After the War!”

## APPENDIX A. MANUSCRIPTS, LETTERS, JOURNALS, MEMORABILIA

Sherrolyn Maxwell published the most comprehensive work on the letters and diaries of Harrison in 1977. This North Carolina University dissertation, Constance Cary Harrison: American Woman Of Letters, 1843-1920, provides excerpts from the Burton Norvell Harrison Family papers, specifically portions of Harrison's unpublished first works, her Civil War and post-war letters, and six post-war diaries, which are housed in the Library of Congress Manuscript Collection. Maxwell's selections include a rejection letter and Harrison response to the editor, which showed a willingness to improve her writing skills.

Dorothy M. Scura also published transcript fragments in "Homage to Constance Cary Harrison," 1976. Scura discusses the significance of a letter, regarding Harrison's birth, written by her father, Archibald Cary, to his brother, Wilson Miles Cary. The Alderman Library, University of Virginia holds a full transcript. This letter lends support to the theory that Harrison's native state is Kentucky, not Virginia. Scura notes Francis Burton Harrison quotes this letter in the, Archibald Cary of Carysbrook, Virginia, published in 1942.

Caroline Wardlaw Martin's, "A Favored Daughter of the South," 1894, published a one-page facsimile manuscript page of The Anglomaniacs.

Sterling Memorial Library, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut, houses Harrison's manuscript of "Richmond Scenes in '62," in Battles and Leaders of the Civil War, published during 1887-1889.

The Virginia Historical Society, Richmond, houses a manuscript of the short story, "The Last Christmas of the Confederacy," published in the Paris edition of the New York Herald published in 1904. Also, the VHS holds several letters regarding Harrison, which include seven letters written by Fitzhugh Lee, commander of the 1st Virginia Cavalry Regiment, Confederate States Army, to Constance Cary during the years of 1861 and 1862. Harrison also wrote another letter of interest in 1886, to her husband, Burton Harrison, regarding Fitzhugh Lee. Also of significant importance within the collection is a portion of Harrison's personal library and a

Statue of Liberty gold medal from the sculptor Bartholdi.

The University of Virginia Library Special Collections Department, Charlottesville, house Harrison's papers within the Women Authors Collection, 1847-1970, and the Harrison Family Papers 1744 - 1930, Accession #2536 collection, including a letter from Jefferson Davis and Varina Davis to Burton Harrison and Constance Cary Harrison.

The New York Public Library, as well as Dartmouth College, Hanover, house significant holdings of Harrison documents and manuscripts.

The Henry E. Huntington Library and Museum, San Marino, California; Newberry library, Chicago; Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore; Massachusetts Historical Society; Cornell University, Ithaca; Columbia University, New York; University of Rochester, Rochester; Newark Public Library; and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, house various Harrison letters.

APPENDIX B. MAP OF THE VAUCLUSE AREA, NORTHERN VIRGINIA

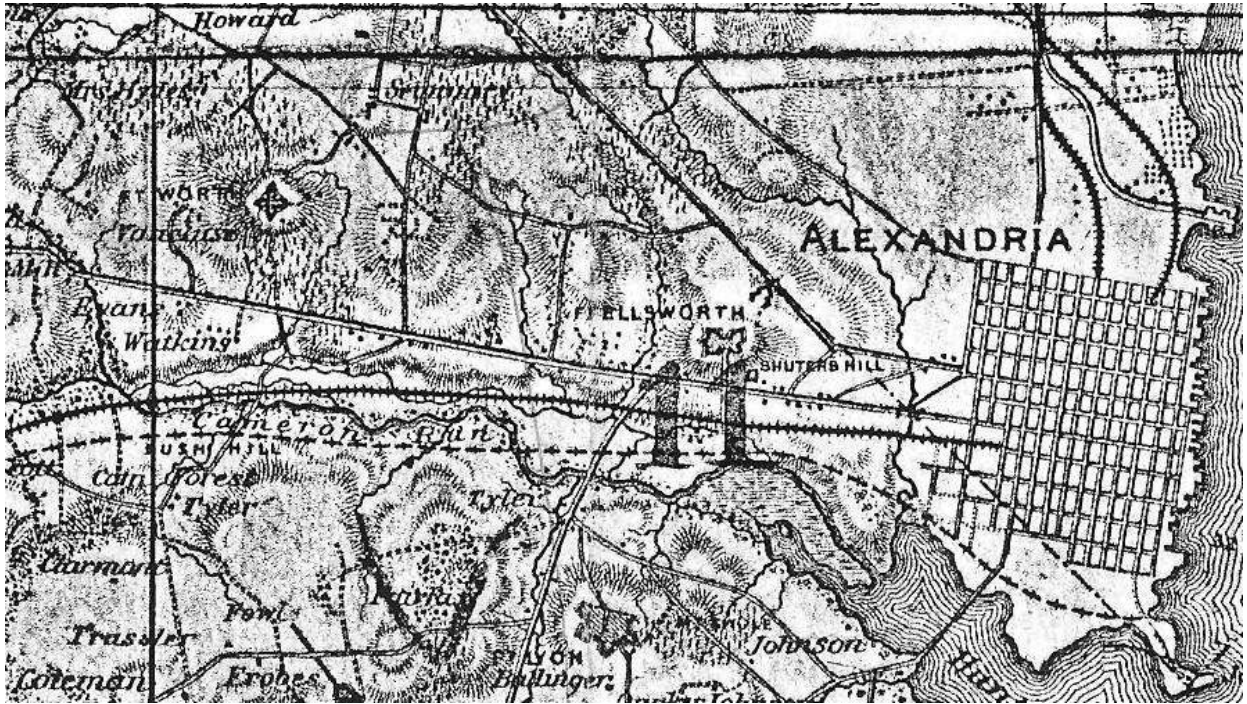


Plate VII, Atlas to Accompany the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, Washington: Government Printing Office, 1891-1895.



APPENDIX C: CONSTANCE CARRY HARRISON



Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. Ed. R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel. 2 vols. New York: The Century Company, 1887-1889.

APPENDIX D: PUBLISHED MANUSCRIPT

Reprinted with the permission of the Virginia Historical Society.

In Memory of

MONIMIA FAIRFAX CARY,

Died October 19, 1875,

AGED FIFTY-FIVE YEARS.

Widow of

ARCHIBALD CARY,

Of Carysbrooke, Virginia

"THE God of Abraham praise,  
At whose supreme command  
From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
At His right hand.  
I all on earth forsake—  
Its wisdom, fame and power—  
And Him my only portion make,  
My shield and tower.

He by Himself hath sworn,  
I on His oath depend ;  
I shall, on angel-wings upborne,  
To heaven ascend.  
I shall behold His face,  
I shall His power adore,  
And sing the wonders of His grace  
For evermore."

WITH the sense of loss so vividly upon us—her empty place in our homes and hearts ever before our sight—not an hour passing away that does not recall some remembrance of the precious dead, it is hard to put into words any thoughts of her that make a fitting memorial. But there will be no criticism in the eyes for which this is destined, for they will read it through tenderest tears.

Her life was a sacrament of love—love to God and to her neighbor, in its fullest meaning. It was so—in the early years, when, as an old nurse told me, "she was always a lamb among her brothers and sisters"—in her brief girlhood, when the beautiful MONIMIA FAIRFAX, "lovely, bright, sparkling, chaste as morning dew,"

came upon the scene of brilliant Washington society and won universal homage, whose traditions have followed all her after life—at eighteen, when she became a wife, and went with the husband of her choice far away to the distant Mississippi town, where her son Falkland was born almost in solitude, and, as she has often told me, amid longings for her home and mother, that she never would have then confessed. And, later on, as the burden of life grew heavier and cares multiplied, when the cross began to weigh upon the dear shoulders only now eased and rested in God's own time, she who had been the petted darling of her father's home, facing trial and disappointment with the brave spirit that never knew complaint, showed always that, with her, love was the fulfilling of the Law. True wife, true mother, loving heart, was it a reward to win, from the dying lips of the husband called home before you, that tender whisper: "You have been the angel of my life?"

Left alone, with three young children upon whom to lavish the rich treasures of her heart and mind, how nobly she fulfilled the trust. In her boy just entering upon a manhood full of promise, gifted with a rich inheritance of beauty and goodness, intellectually all that she could have wished for his father's son, her very life seemed centred. The intercourse of this mother and son has always seemed to me a page from some high heroic tale. He was her red-cross knight, she his inspiration. His dreams, his hopes, his ambitions, all united in her, and she responded to him in kind. Eager to go out into the world and secure for himself an independence, Falkland assumed at sixteen the duties of a man, and, during the short time allotted him, performed them thoroughly. We were all safe and happy in the dear old Virginia home at this time, after my father's death, and I can never forget the holiday when Falkland came back, laden with his first earnings, and, with a flushed, beautiful, exulting face, laid them in

his mother's lap; and who shall tell the pride and joy she yielded in return?

Then came to her the crucial test. God saw fit to rend asunder these two clinging hearts; to claim back again the one, and leave the other crushed and desolate. She has left behind, written down in a private book, a record of Falkland's death, which I almost hesitate to reproduce, except that we who loved her so know how to echo it.

"Died, on the 2d day of June, 1856, at Alexandria, Virginia, Falkland Cary, aged sixteen years, in the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church. So young, so loved, so early lost! Oh! grief too great for words! Death has torn from my arms my beautiful, my beloved, my precious son—the desire of my eyes, the treasure of my heart. How can I give him up? How shall I endure this lonesome world without him? Oh! thou great and compassionate Savior, who didst, in Thy tender mercy, reveal Thyself to *his* soul, and who didst, day by



day, as the outward man decayed, strengthen and sustain him by Thy grace and Holy Spirit, grant to me, his desolate mother, patience under Thy rod. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Falkland died at the house of his uncle, Doctor Fairfax, in Alexandria, where they had halted for a night's rest, on the journey homeward from Baltimore, and where the fatal relapse overtook him. Died, as she herself has inscribed upon the stone that covers him: "In the confidence of a certain faith." During the nineteen years of pilgrimage that remained to his mother, before their reunion, I can truly say, that this sorrow was ever with her; not acute and poignant, as at first, when it wasted her strong frame and took the sparkle from her eye, and the brilliant roses from her cheek, never to bloom again, but deep, tender, yearning, so that even to me she could not speak of him without a sudden catching of

the breath. To others she never mentioned his name.

In fulfilling, latterly, that saddest duty of searching through the secret places of the one who has just been taken out of our daily life, I was inexpressibly touched to find a collection of relics, garnered by the bereaved mother, and shut away from all save her own eyes. The glass he had used, the withered rose of June that had laid upon his dead young heart, the cloth that wiped the death-dews from his face—poor little treasury, visited in secret, and hoarded throughout these years, left behind at last with all the lendings of this weary world. Who that has mourned for her, has not thought with a sudden joy of those two pure spirits blending in the ineffable happiness of a love that cannot die? When I say now, that I believe in the Communion of Saints, it has entirely a new significance to me.

From that most affecting hymn, beginning, "What are these in bright array," I derive

peculiar comfort. All those thronging multitudes—who have come from great affliction, through fiery trials, from hunger, thirst, disease, to wear their "raiment pure and white," and win their victor palms—glow with a strange radiance. Thus it is ever, when God takes from us His chosen—though bitter the wrench at parting, and we lie prone and desolate, looking up through dim eyes at the unanswering heaven, light breaks, and illumines the path by which they passed, like the shining track of the moon upon the sea.

But, even in the death of husband and son, her cup was not yet full. The tender mother, whose love then closed around her poor bruised spirit like a blessing, was soon called away from the scene of a beautiful and useful life, and entered into rest. My grandmother, Margaret Fairfax, died at Vacluse in March, 1858, surrounded and mourned by a numerous family of children and grandchildren, who treasure her sweet,

saint-like memory as an inspiration to true womanhood.

For a few peaceful years, we remained in the shelter of the old homestead, around which cling our happiest thoughts of childhood. Vacluse was the rallying place of the Fairfax clan, the centre of cheerful hospitality. Many a mature man and woman, struggling now with the cares of after-life, recalls with emotion the picture of that sweet country home, shut in by clustering tree-tops, but ever open to the wayfarer. To children it was a very Paradise; by their elders thought of in distant lands, in weary tossings upon far-off seas, upon languishing sick beds, amid all the turmoil of the outer world, as the one privileged spot of earth, green, calm, and soothing to the longing soul.

Then came the first war-cry, and the whole southern border was astir. Our home lying directly in the track of the advancing Federal troops, we were forced to leave it, and to seek refuge farther on. Sons, brothers, and

cousins went first, each "his soul in arms, and eager for the fray;" the young girls and women were sent into safe homes within our own lines. When all preparations were complete, and the dear old house was ready to be abandoned to its final doom of fire and demolition, my mother and aunt took sad leave of Vacluse and drove in their own carriage through Fairfax County, to the lines where all of their dear ones awaited them. I cannot here pretend to introduce anything of the details of that most exciting time. We were all crowded together, with various families of Confederate officers engaged at the front, at Bristoe Station, four miles beyond Manassas, upon the days of the first battles of Bull Run and Manassas.

It was at this time that my dear mother entered upon her first experience as hospital nurse. Volunteering at Culpepper Court-house, the nearest hospital station to the field where her son was in active service, she at once went into the rough life, where

self was daily and hourly crucified by acts of truest heroism. Sleeping on the rude bunk of a soldier, rising at dawn, laboring till midnight, here, there, and everywhere among the wards, my mother faced death and suffering with the same stout spirit that had stood her in good stead, for all the years before. Her record—is it not the record of a thousand other saintly women during that terrible war? How many dying eyes looked wistfully into hers; how many dying hands clung to hers as the poor lonely spirit, far from home and kin, fluttered feebly out into the vast unknown! What words of Christian cheer she whispered, what faith, hope, love, were embodied in that noble figure, and sweet sad face, moving tirelessly upon her rounds!

The Fairfaxes were ever an heroic race, and it has pleased me to think that in my mother's veins there ran blood not unworthy the traditions of her high lineage.

A young soldier lay dying of a painful wound

in the Culpepper hospital; as a last hope, the surgeons decided to probe the wound in search of the missing ball. It was a terrible operation, and chloroform was forbidden him. "Can you bear it?" my mother asked him tenderly. "Oh! If you will let me hold your hand and think it is my mother." Without shrinking, she took her place beside the bed. The clasp of his fingers tightened until the nails drew blood from her hand, but she held them close until the end. A little later, and the same dear wounded hand rested upon that poor dying boy's forehead; and his last word was one of blessing on her.

I know, too, of a night when she went alone to the dead-house of the hospital to visit the remains of a young soldier from Maryland, of gentle blood, whose family was known to her by name only, and whom she had most lovingly nursed through a painful illness. "I could not bear to think of him alone in that dreadful place," she said; "I

felt 'what would his mother feel,' and I went to see if all had been done that could be done, before he was buried, and for his mother's sake to watch with him a little while."

To multiply here instances of this sort would be impossible. In this brief sketch, I cannot linger upon the events of her life during the war, or more than touch the subject of her enthusiasm in the Southern cause, and her passionate devotion to her native State. All that she had, her own life, and that of her son who at sixteen had begun to fill his brother's place to her, she offered cheerfully; but God was pleased to spare them both.

For months my mother lived in the Culpepper hospital, afterwards going to the same duties in Camp Winder, at Richmond.

Early in the war, in the summer of 1862, during those days when the beleaguered capital lay with the thunder of many battles around her gates, my beloved and revered uncle, Reginald Fairfax, my



mother's darling and the playmate of her earlier years, a Bayard among men, simple, lowly, noble, generous, with all the high chivalric spirit of his father's race, came back from his post of naval duty, after long years of faithful service to his country, to die among his own people. In losing him, we lost a second father, she a friend and brother round whom her warm affections had entwined with peculiar tenderness. She had walked so long in the valley of the shadow, that her feet wavered not even in this fresh, great grief.

Through all those trying times, and afterwards, when her heart was rent by the bereavement of her only surviving brother, whose noble son, Randolph Fairfax, fell at Fredericksburg a year later, my mother bore her cross with uncomplaining bravery—thenceforth until the day of her death preserving an even cheerfulness of disposition, which was a constant source of surprise even to those who knew her best. Out of her soft, dark eyes shone the peace that passeth understanding, while her thoughts

and habit of mind seemed to take a more elevated range. Her intellect, always commanding, derived a keener susceptibility to culture from her daily, hourly communion with higher things. After her great sorrows she was never much known in the mere society of any city. Genial as she was, naturally fitted for social life, sympathetic with the joys of the young almost more than any one I ever knew, she yet shrank from the cold sunshine of heedless gaiety, and lived in a region of chastened calm, of constant prayer, of tender forethought, of bounteous charity, of love which flowed like a river over all.

I know I am not saying too much of our beloved dead. What might be pardoned to the yearning heart of an only daughter thus bereaved, and seeking solace in this shape, is doubled and trebled by the testimony of her friends. It is sweet to read the letters that pour in. One, "how she comforted me in sorrow;" another, "how she nursed me in sickness;" another, "how she strengthened

my faith, when all seemed dark;" from her nieces, "who shall we go to with all our joys and sorrows, now that she is gone?" from a comparative stranger, "I deem it an inestimable privilege to have passed a month in the house with her;" from the poor work-women whom she befriended "where shall I find a lady like her again?" from the servants who hung sobbing round the doors of her sick-room, "Oh, ma'am, if she dies, she will go straight to heaven, for she is one of God's saints upon earth."

When the war ended, and my mother's self-imposed labors were over, we went abroad for a year. Enjoying with the zest of youth all that we heard and saw in foreign lands, I think her chief pleasure was in our brief visit to England, which the custom of her family had taught her to look upon as the mother-land. We were most kindly entertained at Leeds Castle, in Kent, where she was made welcome as the representative of her father's house.

Our return to America was followed by my marriage in 1867; and my brother having been admitted to the bar of New York, this city we have ever since called our home. Here the late years of her life have been spent in blessing and beautifying ours. Here a new element of happiness came to her, so strong and vivid that I cannot pass it by. It was a beautiful part of God's plan for her, that, after all the weary years gone by, He should have led her, for a little while out into the happy light. Baby hands claimed her; little feet trotted beside her; soft lips showered kisses upon her; winsome eyes claimed tribute from her—and never was there a more willing captive to imperious rule. Her grandchildren seemed to blossom out over all her later days. First to welcome them into loving arms, standing by them at the sacramental font, she taught, tended, cherished and enjoyed them with all the fervor of her generous heart. Never was she more bright, more charming, more like her old self, than

when seized first by one, then the other little one, led hither and thither, appealed to, made the repository of all their wants and wishes, adored with the frank selfishness of babyhood. I picture her still, that tall, black-robed figure, with the little golden-haired child catching at her skirts, as she was daily seen wandering over green lawns and through the country lanes last summer. She is walking now in sweet fields beyond the swelling flood, walking before the Lord in the land of the living, by the glorious privilege of Christ's blood that was shed for her, having attained the promise of her favorite hymn :

" Labor ended, sorrow vanquished,  
" Jordan past."

Upon the last days of her life, after the sudden development of her insidious disease—pneumonia, which was contracted while on a visit to the Central Park, with her little grandson—I cannot bear to touch. It is enough that her brief illness of eight days was surrounded by all that loving care could do for her. That

God's mercy so ordered it that her beloved son reached home from Europe, in time to soothe her dying pillow. That the dear sisters, to whom her heart was continually turning, came and ministered to her with devoted love, day and night, during the short time allotted them. That mortal pain was conquered before the end. And that her passing away, from the arms of her children to the bosom of her God, was but the heaving of one sigh, and all was over.

After a touching funeral service at our home—when she lay so beautiful and young and untroubled beneath the palms of victory we laid across her breast, that I could not think her dead—my precious one—she was taken back to her loved Virginia, and laid to rest. It was a beautiful autumn day when the gentle hands of kinsmen to whom her loyal spirit ever turned faithfully, bore her to her grave there—heavy hearts gathered around—and dim eyes look for the last time upon her coffin-lid \* \* \* \*

I believe in the communion of saints, and  
I look for the Resurrection of the dead, and  
the life of the world to come. *Amen.*

C. C. H.

NEW YORK, *November, 1875.*

APPENDIX E: UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS

“Recollection of Valcluse — For My Children — CCH”

“Virginia Before the War”

“Housekeeping in Virginia, After the War”

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**“Recollection of Valcluse — For My Children — CCH”**

Recollections of Vancluse -  
for my children - CCH

much of this is in the "Recollections"  
but not the student seeing it

It is good to look back upon  
a happy childhood; and it is  
better, if that childhood should  
have been spent in the country.  
After the early sorrow of my  
father's death, when my mother  
came back with her children to  
live at her old home, Vancluse  
in Fairfax County, I can remember  
few no days, save those clouded  
by family bereavement, that were  
not full of sunshine. Vancluse  
was probably the less attractive  
of my grandfather Fairfax's homes,

Ashgrove, farther up in the <sup>2.</sup>  
country, being more of a place, as  
far as extent and situation went.  
I have heard that he associated  
Ashgrove with the sudden death <sup>the</sup>  
of his first wife, <sup>(his gun</sup> Louisa Washington  
(daughter of old William of Belton),  
who lived but a few months after  
their marriage. There were gruesome  
talks about poor Louisa having been  
poisoned by a watched house  
servant at Ashgrove, but when,  
as children, we asked for partic-  
ulars, we were always brushed  
and checked, as if somebody whose  
feelings could be hurt, were listen-  
ing around the corner. We never  
could see that it made much

experience in our day, especially <sup>3</sup>  
as grandpapa had checked up  
sufficiently. I marry a pretty  
littler eighteen-year old Mary  
Ayleth of Westing - (we have her  
profile, cut in paper) who also  
died <sup>soon</sup> - and after her, his other  
cousin, Marjaret & Herbert of Alex-  
andria, our own dear grandmamma  
and the progenitors of all of his  
descendants.

Vaucluse was three miles from  
Alexandria, the house an old <sup>stone</sup>  
<sup>flint</sup> structure of brick and stone,  
to which wings and caddies had  
been added, neither convenient  
nor handsome I dare say, but to

no, extremely agreeable. There <sup>4</sup>  
was the dining room, where every  
body met and eat; a long low  
pitched room, with many narrow  
windows curtained with turkey red, &  
with furniture of dark mahogany.  
On one side of it, extended the  
Long Room, occupying a wing & itself.  
It had been grandpapa's bed-room,  
and there he died. I remember  
that comes outline of his exquisitely  
featured face against the pillar  
as he sat up in bed, long below  
looked on either side of it. It was  
a glimpse caught at the open  
ing of a door, and I was hardly  
more than a baby when he died -  
but the picture is indelible. ~~The~~  
By the time we came to live at

5'

Vaucluse, the Long Room  
was a cheerful place; our school  
room, where Mlle. Adams, the  
French governess, led us daily.  
After school hours, the "Boys" - Cousins  
Gravins also and Stajis always in  
residence at Vaucluse - took possession.  
They mended fishing rods, and cleaned  
guns, and whittled sticks, and read  
novels, and smoked pipes, over the  
fire. There were so many dogs,  
and windows, and cracks, and creaking  
in the Long Room; it never had a  
chance to smell of smoke.

When my uncle Reginald, the  
Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, was  
at home between his cruises, the  
Long Room was always renovated,  
and set aside for him. He

was extremely shy and reserved <sup>6</sup>  
in company, and liked to be free  
to come and go by an outer door.  
Between this delightful haunt, and  
the family sitting room, was a  
narrow flight of stairs & the bed room  
above, ending in an entry just  
large enough to hold a tall  
black clock-case. We found in the  
top closet once, a hideous old  
English tale called "The Long Pack",  
<sup>up on end,</sup>  
~~where~~ a peddler left his pack, set  
up a lovely dwelling, and the woman  
who went into the room containing  
it, distinctly saw it move. "How flesh  
felt like a nest of spiders", was  
the description of her sensations, I  
remember. A murder, a robbery, and  
much bloodshed followed, I believe.  
I never could go past that old clock

without thinking I saw it more. 7  
It was the nightmare of my childhood  
and I was ashamed to tell of it. The  
distance between the top of the <sup>steps</sup> flight  
of bedroom stairs, and the dining-room  
door beyond which was light, warmth  
and gentlest sympathy, seemed to  
me interminable. The war was  
upon us, before I quite liked to  
pass that clock, at night.

In the dining-room we always sat  
eating, in the later days, after grand  
dinner persuaded them to shut up  
the gloomy old house in King Street  
near the tower, <sup>in addition</sup> and come down into  
the ~~del.~~ see the two maiden ladies, Miss  
Berberts, known among us all as "my  
Auntie". The older of the ladies was  
sufficiently alarming in appearance  
& a casual observer. She was nobody.  
Known too old, when she died, early in  
the war. She would never tell her of,



but owned that she had  
played at Mount Vernon before <sup>in 1789</sup>  
Washington was inaugurated President.  
It was a family tradition that  
Aunt Nancy, in her youth, had  
been in love with Aaron Burr, when  
she met first on the ~~hall~~ stairway  
of her father's house, The Carlyle  
House, Alexandria - and bumped  
into violently. Col. Burr's way of  
taking her horrified apology capti-  
vated her young imagination. Certain-  
ly, I remember her saying to me  
"There have been many ~~pretenders~~, my dear  
- but I remember one perfect gentle  
man - and that was Col. Burr."  
Aunt Nancy was tall and gaunt  
with a severe Roman profile, and  
yellowish gray hair. She disdained  
a cap, and wore a thin plait of  
hair twisted up on top, & secured with

a truly estimable Comber ~~with~~ ?  
far too big for the service required  
of it. She could not endure boys, nor  
cats, nor perfumes of any kind, even  
flowers, so there was never a flower upon  
the parlour table. After I grew up  
I be rather sentimental and fondle,  
I ~~tried~~ deck the drawing room  
with flowers in every corner, like my  
Lewins in bits, and the old lady used  
to come to the threshold and sniff  
and glare, and walk away. She  
had always ruled with a rod of  
iron ~~and~~ meek Aunt Eliza, who was  
large and plump, and as kind as  
kind could be - many years younger  
than her sister, and spoken to by her,  
as to a young rather pious girl.  
It was said that Aunt Nancy in-  
terfered in an engagement she once  
made, with ~~the~~ love of her youth,  
after which Aunt Eliza submitted to

10

Fate, and went down the stream of  
in maiden meditation. Aunt E - was  
a perfect encyclopedia about families  
and their ins and outs, and skeletons.  
She would relentlessly tear up any  
pretender who had presumed to  
grasp himself on the wrong genealogical  
tree, and could tell like a chat  
who had married whom back to  
Adam and Eve. Otherwise, she was  
as gentle as Aunt Nancy who  
severed and tyrannical. Aunt H.  
had a painful way of talking.  
About, without knowing it - one night  
when a theological student from  
the Seminary had been airing some  
views that did not suit her, at  
the tea-table, she said with a  
sort of snort - "Tut, tut, Moronica  
your little man's a dunce! This, to  
my mother, who was pouring out the tea,  
quite looked her over - and lay body! -

Another time she commented " " on a hungry visitor. "The man will eat us out of house and home!" Both old ladies were insatiable romance readers. They borrowed, and sent to the circulating library, and read constantly; stuffing the books under their chair cushions, when forced to leave the room - newspapers were a mania with them - old and new, weekly, daily, agricultural, religious, medical, fashionable, statistical - all were for them - came into the net. When Aunt Nancy lay in her last illness, in Alexandria, her bed was kept covered with papers - she could not read, but liked to feel them breathe! This is actually true. She never recovered, nor did Lady from the shock of having the Yankee house seized by the Yankee authorities for a fort - and being

12  
Carried in her chair and sent  
by two soldiers into the ambulance  
provided to take the sister into town.  
She died early in the war, was  
carried with her nephew Edward  
Herbert's house, & buried in the old  
Herbert grave-yard near Walnut  
grove in Maryland; and the sister  
returning from the General, planned  
to pass away, and soon followed her.  
I was surprised to find that Aunt  
Nancy had desired that I should have  
the quilt she made at Mt Vernon  
in her youth, and the picture of  
General Greene that was hung  
at Mt. Vernon, given by Washington  
to her grandfather Carlyle.  
One of the wretched tricks my cousin  
Edward Hyde, a sandy logg-eyed cat,  
used to play upon our older Aunt, was  
to walk through the dining room with  
a perfectly new, <sup>& empty</sup> clay pipe in his

13  
mouth, and provoked her to cry  
out. "Edward Hyde! You good-for-nothing  
boy! How dare you push that nasty  
smelling pipe into this room." And he was  
stay there till she had worked herself  
into a phrensy of abuse, then calmly  
exhaled the pipe, and smile, and  
walk away.

The dining room near door at back was  
opened upon a little porch which  
into a cluster of honeysuckle vine.  
All the rest was ~~open~~ lawn,  
front and back, and tall splendid  
oak trees that were renowned even in  
Fairfax County, where there was  
so many famous trees. Near the back  
porch, grew a spreading box tree like  
a small house inside, where we  
had delightful hours of play, dis-  
rupted by the chickens - Sloping sharply  
down from the carriage way that  
wound around the house, on one side,

14

was a steep ravine, shady and  
moosey, full of ferns and trailing  
periwinkle. (myrtle we called it) various  
and jingies and arbutus in spring,  
and countless other wild flowers as  
the season advanced. Oh! that ravine,  
it is blent with my whole childhood,  
& every square inch of it was known to  
me. At the bottom, ran a stream  
connecting two springs, gushing from  
under caverns of limestone rock, where  
ferns and myrtle trailed into the  
water from their crevices, and moss  
made velvet cushions of the step-  
ping stones that lined the little  
brook. It was all undisturbed, an-  
cients, overgrown, cool, dewy. ~~The~~  
had a dairy house in the stream,  
and labouring made better tale,  
which in the night was eaten by a squirrel  
but I remember not, my love.

15

The woods, around Dancluse, were  
enchanted. actual fairy land, crowded  
with mossy rocks, and secret springs,  
and winding grape-vines, and except  
for lessons, we were from morning  
till night upon the trumps - I waded,  
and climbed trees, up to the day the  
trunks were lit out of my frocks, and  
I went into the drawing room to  
receive "students" - "Seminary pigs" -  
as my big Cousins called them  
Excellent young men who were the  
fine flower of our ~~own~~ neighborhood  
society. Half a mile away from  
us, or less, was the Theological  
Seminary, with the Professors house  
around it, and a little farther on,  
lived dear old Bishop Moore - near  
him, the Hill, where the General  
Cople lived, Miss Emily Mason &  
Mrs Rowland & her daughters, Miss &



-16

and I was conscious of red hair plates,  
and freckles, while she had a sweet  
Madonna face like a lily under her  
sloop bonnet - with brown bandeau (or  
window curtains) of hair.

The most distinguished students when  
I was a curious little girl just  
beginning to take notice, were Henry  
Parker, now the Bishop of New York -  
Phillips Brooks - rector of Trinity  
Church Boston, Alfred Randolph  
now Bishop of Virginia - and some  
others, whose names I forget. Speaking  
of Bishops, a handsome, golden-  
haired boy who graduated at me.  
His father was George Peterkin,  
now Assistant Bishop of Virginia -  
He delivered a valedictory poem,  
& took a medal, and the same day  
came over to Danvers to tea, we  
thanked him a wonder - Clarence was  
a little surprised by in the junior

Department at the High School. 17  
Randolph Fairfax one of the prize-  
scholars. He left them <sup>off</sup> into the  
war, was a private <sup>of artillery</sup> in Stonewall  
Jackson's brigade - and was killed  
at Fredericksburg, Dec '62 -  
Near the Seminary, lived Dr. May, a  
tall gaunt, gray gentleman as I  
remember him, whose wife was an  
invalid. He sometimes came to  
Danbury, but was ascetic in his eating  
I used to wonder how he could refuse  
those waffles, and soda biscuit &  
preserved peaches. + ask for "a little  
of the cold treat, if you please." Dr  
Sparrow had a ~~fine wife~~ <sup>and</sup> numerous  
family. He preached the longest, most  
deeply doctrinal sermons, during which  
we young ones ~~watched~~ <sup>tramped</sup> as best we could.  
He always put on the black gown  
& preached in. There was a paper that  
Mrs Sparrow's mantilla was made of  
his fair gown. She had, also, a large  
dotted muslin collar, gray edged with cotton  
lace, and pinned with - a hair brush, and  
a piece of Arab silk drawn, when

She had soon & showed every — 18  
Sunday in the morning of the  
Confession. They had several <sup>clerk</sup> daughters  
all of whom a buried Clergyman, one  
or two, missionaries: I think one of them  
was taken to Canada, but has not  
been seen since. ~~Somebody~~ <sup>will</sup> certainly see the  
distinction. Almost every girl in that  
neighborhood fell into the clutches of  
the clergy. It seemed inevitable that  
one after the other became a Rev.  
Mrs. Somebody, and he whisked away  
to reside over a pinched little parish  
somewhere. When we next saw them,  
they were ~~all~~ <sup>seemed</sup> pale & overworked, with  
staggered figures, and shabby gowns, and a  
knowingness of babies to look after, and  
stupid negro servants to direct. But  
one would as soon "speak disrespect-  
fully of the Equator", or "damn the  
North Pole", as think, much less say  
so, in those days! it was thought meet,  
right, and their bounden duty, to accept  
this fate.

19

Dr Packard, another professor, was  
good and unselfish - not eloquent  
but well informed, and much beloved  
in the neighborhood - They had many  
children in that house opposite  
the deminary gate - [blue flag - or  
'flowers de lys' - used to grow in a clump  
halfway down the road, past Ben  
house, and the bottom of the hill.] Nanny  
his oldest daughter, grew up to be a  
fine woman, but died after the war -  
She is now a lawyer in Baltimore -  
I don't know about her sister - Joe  
was a Capital fellow, we all thought,  
and still is, I don't doubt.

The dear good Bishop - I remember  
him tenderly - reverently - He is daughter,  
Miss Lullie, did not marry, Miss  
Nannie married Richard Mason, &  
his son is a lawyer in Baltimore,

On the 'stumpy road' a short cut  
to Alexandria, lived Cleveland, the mail



It was a very stylish party, 21  
from our neighborhood, and people  
who had been there held their heads  
up. The Commodore was a fine old  
gentleman, all of the older time, and  
his wife, lovely. Their only son Douglas  
is now a senator in Washington - <sup>in 1861</sup> ~~Clermont~~  
Their charming house upon the hill, was occu-  
pied, after they went South, in 1861 by the  
40th regiment of New York volunteers, as  
a picket post.

Bush Hill, the Scott place, had a  
delightful, but-walled garden, and  
a "maze" behind the house. I always  
associated it with Calycanthus shrubs,  
and the slippery leather cushions of my  
grandmother's family coach - why, I  
can't imagine, unless some juvenile  
visit was made there, centuries ago,  
when we drove away, I with 'shrubs'  
tied up in the corner of my pocket hand-  
kerchief, like the darkies, on a Sunday -  
But, talking of Sundays, I must not

forgot to tell about a very nice 22  
young man who died early of Consump-  
tion, who, while I was still in the  
School-room, serenaded me with a  
guitar. Some of the maiden aunts or  
Cousins made me put a light in  
my bed-room window, and tried to  
draw me them out flowers - (we all  
lived in the golden age together, then -).  
But I struck on the flowers, and squib  
went in an agony of shame. Because  
I knew these wretched boys were up,  
and guffing at my key hole. Soon, they  
were heard to move, and something  
awful happened. Edward crept down  
& Lured Alf & Bruce the two dogs,  
whom he had just trained to tree all  
foreign animals - in the middle of  
a nervous strain while the ser-  
enade was warbling, "Green of my soul  
heart," there were barkings, scuffles,

23

and silence - The dogs ran  
the poor fellow up a neighboring  
tree, and remained beneath it  
until one of the men servants went  
out and freed the prisoner! of  
course the dogs were all gone  
gone at breakfast - but very soon  
they began to <sup>congregate</sup> about a piece of  
dog ~~meat~~ "Suet", and I never heard the  
rest of it. Needless to say that  
the swain came ~~back~~ <sup>back</sup>  
down noon, in our direction.



**“Virginia Before the War”**

Virginia, before the war.

Virginia before the war! What pleasant visions are conjured by the phrase. To those whose associations with the Mother State date no farther back than the dark period that seemed her broad extent with graves, I should like to portray her in the glow of a sunshine soon to be merged in night. Like a matron fair and prosperous, who seeing her daughters married and settled afar, each one modelling her household after the maternal maxims, sits down to await the crepuscule afternoon of life, did

old-time Virginia, seem. Proud  
 of her and fond always, tenderly  
 reverential indeed, are those born  
 upon her soil, no matter how  
 many years, how ~~long~~ many miles  
 of space divide them. To understand  
 this, the outsider must look  
 back of war, to the days there  
 seem now so few to chronicle. I  
 recall vividly the impression pro-  
 duced upon my youthful imag-  
 ination by a certain visit to a  
 country neighborhood where the  
 children of our family were sent  
 at the first outbreak of the struggle  
 we so dimly understood. Our own  
 family homestead, <sup>in Virginia</sup> was in the very

3  
track of armies. It was therefore  
deemed advisable to curtail the  
household of its impedimenta, and  
to prepare for the sudden move  
that might at any moment be impe-  
rative.

I remember a short railway journey,  
and a long, back-breaking expedi-  
tion in a stage of the approved  
old-fashioned pattern. We were  
three young people, two girls and a  
boy, and it was one just jaunty  
anywhere, free from maternal sus-  
cellence. Our way led over mountain  
roads into the heart of the Shenandoah  
valley region, so famed in the Colonial  
history of Virginia, so intimately asso-  
ciated with the earliest efforts made  
by Washington to work out for himself  
an honorable independence.

4

Here still grew the glorious  
forests through which the young surveyor  
rode, brushing the dew from virgin  
solitudes. Here were those mountain  
tops which kindled in him the enthusi-  
asism appearing in his journal of the  
time. Here, ran the road and  
crossing Shenandoah "Daughters of the  
Stars."

We crossed the river on a rude  
flat bottomed ferry boat. A few hours  
later, we were driving up the bowery  
street of an ancient Virginia  
village. ~~The village was~~ This place  
was a centre and stronghold of  
old time aristocracy. Most of the  
houses of consequence were at some  
distance from the church, which with  
a shop or two, a blacksmithy, and  
the graveyard, made the objective

5

points of view from the  
neighbourhood. Grass grew over the road-  
way, honey-suckle, rose and ayinga  
bore to earth the slanting fences. A  
few fat, drowsy looking negroes we  
saw, fewer slowly moving whites. The  
cattle grazing in crops or meadows,  
were sleek and luxuriant in colour  
that touched their flanks. Birds  
trilled in the branches of the trees;  
frogs and pigs wandered unbothered  
by impertinent surprise of whistles or  
voices. It was actually the greenest,  
dewiest, most blooming spot we  
had ever seen. But where, or! where,  
were the first families?

That they flourished hereabout, we  
knew for a certainty. We had an  
idea ~~that~~ they would be walking two  
and two along the street, with their  
noses rather high in the air, and

as yet there was not one. At 6  
last, an old gentleman, sitting on  
a beautiful Thompson's horse with  
satin sides, came toward us. He wore  
a nankeen waistcoat, we observed,  
a <sup>rusty</sup> blue coat with large brass buttons,  
Corduroy trousers, and a broad straw  
hat. His face beamed with a most  
cordial welcome. He is our great  
relief, he turned out to be one - and  
every body's - "Cousin John".

From that hour, our happiness was  
assured... From the sweet old home  
that just opened its hospitable portals,  
to the rather forlorn little "refugees",  
we ~~of~~ were passed on to be the <sup>honored</sup>  
guests of one after another. When  
we found out the extent of territory  
those dignities considered necessary,

for breathing space around <sup>7</sup>  
each family, we no longer wondered  
at the sparse inhabitation of the  
village. To reach most of these  
houses, you turned in from the  
high road through a substantial  
gate, to open which a small  
darkey dropped from some un-  
suspected perch on the rear of  
the carriage. After a long drive  
through fertile well-kept fields,  
or towering forests, another gate  
~~was~~ arose to bar the path.  
This was the entrance to the house  
road proper. Sometimes it skirted  
the negro quarter, and you caught  
a glimpse through shrubbery, of



8

A neat row of white-washed cabins,  
with hollyhocks and sunflowers rising  
their heads beside the open doors. And  
there were Negro women knitting, weaving,  
spinning within the cabins, negro babies  
and children rolling and romping  
around the door ways, negro men  
at work in the fields, supplied abun-  
dant animation to the scene. When, on  
one time, we came to make acquaint-  
ance with the black people, we were  
tired of resorting to the quarter. Genuine-  
ly hospitable, our dusky entertainers  
tried with each other in producing  
delicacies to regale their visitors. An ash-  
cake and frying butter-milk, nuts,  
pop-corn, and melons, apples and  
sweet-potatoes, were urged on our  
acceptance. There was something distinct-  
ly agreeable too, in the under current

9

of complimentary observations that accompanied our progress from house to house. A happy, heedless life they led, throwing off cares and responsibilities upon their master and mistress, who were, by the way, occupied from morning until night, as far as we could see, in thinking for, conducting with, doing and giving audience to their numerous dependants.

The houses in that neighborhood, if so it can be called, were in varied styles of old fashioned architecture. All of them were of stone, with broad colonnades and verandahs wrought with ivy, wisteria and roses. The <sup>floor of the</sup> great central halls, when the front door stood wide open to visitors, children and

dogs, was sometimes matted,  
 but generally of polished oak. Guns,  
 whips <sup>and</sup> fishing-rods, lined the walls.  
 The ~~new~~ dining-room with its  
 glittering bare floor and mahoga-  
 ny furniture, was hung with family  
 portraits. Three times a day, ~~the~~  
 antique table occupying ~~the~~ a consid-  
 erable portion of the room, was ~~ever~~  
 spread with ~~brunches~~. At breakfast,  
 a half dozen varieties of hot cakes,  
 espresso bread and biscuit, exquisitely  
 light and tempting, all compounded  
 by recipes peculiar to the kitchen  
 of 'Oak Grove', on 'Brier Hill', a  
~~box~~ whatever the mansion might be  
 called. At dinner, not one dish of  
 meat, but several, followed the soup  
 and fish. It was a ~~connoisseur's~~

To see a saddle of home grown  
 mutton at the foot, ducks at  
 the top, a clove-beespinkled hen  
 at one side, fried chicken ~~with~~ <sup>and</sup> butter  
 cakes opposite, with every delicious  
 vegetable the season afforded, in tureen  
 appearing at ~~the~~ one's elbow. Virginia  
 Cooking depended greatly upon Cream  
 and Butter used with prodigal hand,  
 upon high flavoring, ~~and~~ <sup>rich</sup> mate-  
 rials; I suppose I may sum it all  
 up, by saying, upon a total disre-  
 gard of petty economy in the store-  
 room. Then the desserts, to serve  
 which the cloth was removed, the  
 board entirely re-set! If you would ~~know~~  
<sup>what</sup> good Virginia served for these desserts,  
 read old Mrs Randolph's Cook-book.  
 Between meals, it was considered  
 the part of hospitality to "cut

a watermelon", brought direct from 13  
The ice-house. Paches were handed at  
intervals during the day, not to mention  
mint-juleps, cherry-brance, sponge-cake  
and black cake.

That the house full of guests assembled  
to enjoy these dainties, were ever  
the worse for them, I do not recall.  
Certainly their number never grew less.  
Friends were free to come when they would,  
to stable their steeds, use guns, <sup>fishing</sup> tackle,  
vehicles and horses <sup>according to their</sup> ~~at~~ fancy.  
When the bed-rooms overflowed <sup>with</sup>  
sleepers, cots and lounges were put in  
requisition. At a summer ball, young men  
have been known to retreat to the barn, and  
after a nap upon the hay, take their  
morning dip in a crawling rivulet pouring  
its ice-cold torrent into a natural bath  
tub of granite, close at hand.

**“Housekeeping in Virginia, After the War”**

Winekeeping in Virginia, after the war.

After the war! None but he who gave and took away the prosperity of Old Virginia, can measure the dreariness of life in a region whence all who were able, took flight to better their fortunes, or support their families. Of those who remained, most of the soldiers laying down their arms at Appomattox, went back to work against tremendous odds. They found upon their desolated hearth-stoves no cheerful glow of welcome, but scattered brands and drifting ashes. Well for them,

2

That beneath, glowed a spark  
which kindled into flame, sufficed  
to warm numb hands and  
rouse chill hearts to hope! Then and  
there they took up the burden of life  
again, and went forward, manfully,  
although often halting, stumbling  
by the way.

Just Virginia today, and you  
will hear everywhere the same  
tale of how much harder to endure  
was the time just after the war,  
than even the terrible four  
years of strife and famine.  
A journey to some of the old  
seats of hospitality speaks for itself  
more eloquently than could any written  
page. But to give some idea of the  
changed conditions of affairs, perhaps



3

I can do no better than  
quote from the <sup>recent</sup> diary of a gentle-  
woman of Virginia, who records  
as follows, some chapters of winter  
experience at her home in one of  
the remote Counties.

"Christmas has come again. It  
is piercing cold. The snow falls  
thick and fast, the evergreens are  
laden with their glistening covering, oaks  
maples and fruit-trees are beautified  
by a net-work of snow. The fields  
lie untrodden and glistening in  
the chill moonlight. From this  
scene, as I look at it through my  
chamber window, I am glad, after  
a while, to turn to life in - doth,  
weighted although it be, by domestic

4

troubles and complications such  
as try a woman's soul. By way  
of a Christmas celebration, Anna,  
my faithful friend and servant  
during so many years, has taken  
it into her head to be married.

We have officiated ~~assisted~~ at  
the ceremony; have done what  
was possible to contribute to the  
happiness of the new couple, and  
have seen them depart with sinking  
hearts. Who shall succeed her! That  
is now the question.

Our household, consisting first of  
the Doctor, a dignified, abstracted,  
personage, with genial face and  
laughing eyes, next of myself, the  
housekeeper, more strong of will  
than of body, then two ladies, one

5

son and nephew, both bordering  
on manhood, is luckily a small  
one. But the kitchen, like all  
Virginia kitchens, is at some dis-  
tance from the house, and to reach  
it, one has a snowy walk. All  
poetry and beauty vanishes from  
sight when it rises above one's shoe-  
tops, and clings persistently to  
one's skirts, besides which, my  
health will not admit of the  
exposure. I therefore resolve to  
put my dependence on the  
"Parlor Cook", a highly recommen-  
ded stove established in the  
sitting room. After Anna's depar-  
ture, I make my first batch of  
bread, and trustingly confide

6

it to the "Parlor Cook". Out upon  
her for a fraud! At the end of  
an hour, my bread still looks  
the beautiful brown that we have  
been accustomed to, in Anna's. So  
what I may, gorge her with  
fuel, the "Parlor Cook" continues  
obdurate. After many struggles,  
I succeed in getting a breakfast  
they can eat. As, flushed and  
nervous, I proceed to eat it, the  
good Doctor comes in to announce  
that he has been making beds,  
and very respectable looking ones  
I found them to be, to my surprise.  
In come the ladies, rosy and happy,  
from their cares about the farm.  
They get more cause, which  
the milk rich cream, and

Letter from Mrs Hanway of westmoreland 7.  
Compliment the coffee. After  
breakfast, the boys are off to  
school. To us, remain the care  
of our stock and feathered  
creatures. The weather continuing  
intensely cold, it is as much as  
we can do in these short days,  
to get around to them. Our two  
aids are a stout colored man  
named <sup>super</sup> Senrub, and the boy Jack,  
deserving a paragraph to himself.  
Jack is part Indian, part African,  
very proud of the first named  
lineage. He has straight, coarse  
black hair, and a low forehead.  
His eyes are large and black,  
and he has a merry, pretty

8  
mouth. His legs are bowed until  
they resemble pot-hooks, his feet  
so pigeon-toed that he frequently  
trips and falls sprawling, through  
careless use of these untoward  
members. I shall not easily forget  
my first attempt at teaching  
Lask his prayers. When told to  
kneel beside his bed, he looked  
at me with astonishment, and  
finally got down on all-fours,  
spreading his fingers out like  
claws, and twisting his head  
around, he watched my counte-  
nance with a startled look in  
his big black eyes, while repeating  
the words after me. Being a  
privileged character, he often

9

Comes in of an evening to the sitting-room, where, crouching in a corner, he follows the family chat with sympathetic interest. The boys love to make him sing and 'pat lute', and sometimes play him in hymns, of which the following stanza is a sample.

"Ef ligion was a thing dat money could <sup>buy</sup>  
De rich would lib, and de po' would die.  
But Thanks be to God, dat's not so!  
De po' hev a right to de hev'nly do!"

The other day, the Doctor asked Jack when he came in early to kindle the fire, if the day was cloudy. "Dedd, sah, I dunno," said Jack "I cyaan tell cloudy from clarry fo' de sun's up."

With horses, mules, cows, pigs and  
 sheep to look after, I can expect  
 little help from the male members  
 of our household. The "Pasha Cook"  
 continues so obstreperous, that we  
 vote the cooking stove into the  
 dining-room. This accomplished,  
 we find the pipe quite ~~too~~ too  
 large for the stove-hole. No can  
 another one be procured in this  
 frozen-up region, between the Poto-  
 mac and the Rappahannock ~~river~~  
 cut off from the outer world in  
 winter (almost entirely), as we are.  
 So back goes the stove to the  
 deserted kitchen. Griddle-cakes, baked  
 on top the Pasha Cook, who contin-  
 ues so far as to give them a



11

golden coat, are our resource.

But with appetites sharpened by the cold, my stalwart family is not to be stayed with griddle cakes. Impossible to take them fast enough. I am literally in despair.

At this juncture, arrives Martha, a genuine 'corn-field hand'; low in stature, stout and very black, the whites of her eyes uncommonly noticeable. Martha says with a giggle that she "aint never lib'd with gent'folks befo'"; a fact painfully apparent on further acquaintance. But with the thermometer where it is, at present, milk frozen, lard frozen, myself frozen, I welcome even Martha.

She addresses me habitually as 'Old o'man', my husband as "ole man", or "Mr Doctn". Coming into my bedroom, and eyeing my flannel wrapper admiringly, she exclaims "Gemini! dat dat thing certain is putty. De nex cote I gits, I wans make like it sho. I don' make no practise we tryin' on white folks close, no how, but I jess tried dat dat thing on to'ken day, an it do fit me, certain." One Sunday morning, she sent back in to borrow my comb, with the message "she'll wash it afo' she send it back." I have cause to be grateful to the inventor of locks, since Martha became my mainstay.

To our amusement, she has  
 conceived a sentimental attachment  
 for Wrentham, which he does not  
 reciprocate. When her brief reign is  
 at an end, she tells the doctor  
 on departing that she was <sup>certainly</sup> ~~was~~  
 sorry to part from Mr. ~~Wrentham~~<sup>Jupiter</sup>,  
 and even he told her good bye  
 two cheers even a running down  
 his cheeks." To which ~~Wrentham~~<sup>Jupiter</sup>  
 replies indignantly. "What I  
 don't want 'nuther' to do is to  
 see you as dat."

At last comes Ellen. Cheerful, teachable  
 and brisk. The weather has moderated.  
 There is a promise of spring in the elastic  
 atmosphere. "Hope springs eternal in  
 the human breast."

## End Notes

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<sup>1</sup> I owe much of this work to Toni Morrison's Playing in the Dark: Whiteness and the Literary Imagination, which provided me a clearer perspective on "whiteness" as well as the significance of the silent African-America character.

<sup>2</sup> The twelve stanza original rendering of "Vaucluse" is a relatively fair-copy handwritten manuscript housed at the Library of Congress, Manuscript Division, Burton N. Harrison Family Papers, Container 14, "Speech, Articles and Book File." The location of this manuscript, along with several other Harrison works, is ironic in that the Library of Congress resides where the old Capitol Prison once stood. This prison, at the close of the Civil War, held as a prisoner, Harrison's husband, Burton N. Harrison, private secretary to President Jefferson Davis.

<sup>3</sup> The proprietor did, on occasion, seek to increase the notoriety of the newspaper by promoting influential contributing writers, including Marion Harland, as Bailie announced on October 18, 1862. Marion Harland was the pseudonym of Mary Virginia Terhune (Hawes), a novelist and writer who wrote Alone (1854) and Nemesis (1860).

<sup>4</sup> Maxwell's version is a transcription of The Magnolia Weekly version except for one variant.

<sup>5</sup> The longer poem, "Vaucluse," is a fair-copy in Harrison's cursive handwriting. The paper used for this copy is significant in its unusual size, being two large sheets, 15 1/2 inch by 9 3/4 inch, the thickness of notebook paper. These individual sheets are folded lengthwise to produce eight sides, 7 3/4 inch by 9 3/4 inch. All sides are lined except the back fourth page. Harrison wrote this poem on the front and inside right of one folded sheet and the front of the second sheet. A second poem, "Virginia Time," begins on the inside of this sheet. She created several poems in this same manner and these also reside at the Library of Congress. This copy of "Vaucluse" contains several visual variants. Notably, Harrison begins this twelve-stanza quatrain poem by indenting the end-rhyming lines of the first stanza; however, this indentation decreases dramatically in the second stanza, and by the third—only the second line is indented slightly.

The poem breaks mid-stanza from page one to the inside page, where stanza five begins its first two lines, as though she measured the distance with a ruler, at one inch from the edge, while on the second page the last two lines begin the margin one space indented from the previous two lines.

In the sixth stanza the margins of the first three lines match stanza five, however, the fourth line is indented slightly. Thereafter, the seventh stanza takes on a slanting appearance, which angles from the first line holding to the left margin and each subsequent line moves one-half space toward the right. The eighth stanza also slants, however, the indentations are one space each.

In stanza nine, the first line begins at a margin equal to the last line of stanza eight. The second line indents one space, while the third and fourth lines move back a space to equal the margin of the first line.

The tenth stanza both unites and alters these patterns of indenting, slanting, and recovering margins by beginning at the top of page three with the first line introducing a margin that remains for all but two of the next nine lines. The two differing lines, lines two and three of stanza ten, appear within line two the indentation is three spaces while line three sets a quarter-space closer to the left margin, opposite of the slanting style used previously. As noted, Harrison maintains a straight margin throughout stanza eleven, echoing the first line of stanza ten.

The final stanza, twelve, places line one on an equal margin as stanzas ten and eleven, however, line two indents one-half space, with lines three and four following suit. This final slanted stanza mirrors the slanting style of stanzas three, four, six, seven, eight, and nine.

## CURRICULUM VITAE

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Virginia University Colloquium on Race and Racism in  
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