

***ELLEN ANDERSON  
GHOLSON GLASGOW***



***VIRGINIA***

**Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow**

# **Virginia**

**Enriched edition.**

*Introduction, Studies and Commentaries by Brett Morgan*

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# Introduction

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At the heart of Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow's *Virginia* lies the quiet but unrelenting struggle between the comforts of conformity and the cost of erasing oneself to keep a world of gracious appearances intact, a conflict that surfaces in drawing rooms and kitchens as surely as in private reveries, where duty sounds like love and tradition feels like safety, yet the faint pulse of desire and ambition keeps time beneath the lace, asking whether a life devoted to pleasing others can still belong to the person who lives it, or whether the price of harmony is the silencing of a human voice and how a community's praise can become the softest kind of prison.

Published in the 1910s, *Virginia* is a realist social novel rooted in the American South, where Glasgow probes the manners, hierarchies, and rituals that sustain a communal ideal of womanhood. The setting moves through parlors, churches, and streets shaped by memory and aspiration, revealing a culture poised between inherited codes and the temptations of modern possibility. Working within the tradition of American regional realism, Glasgow composes a portrait attentive to habit and environment rather than melodrama. The period atmosphere is precise yet unostentatious, giving readers a clear window onto everyday life as the South recalibrates itself in the early twentieth century.

The novel's premise is disarmingly simple: it follows its title figure from sheltered girlhood into the responsibilities of adulthood, laying out the daily textures of family life and the expectations that accompany praise for being good. The young woman's gifts—kindness, patience, tact—are celebrated by those around her, and those very virtues guide the choices she makes about love, marriage, work within the home, and service to her community. Without disclosing later turns, Glasgow's narrative traces how small, reasonable decisions can accumulate into a life-shaping pattern, letting readers feel the steady pressure of custom, affection, and habit.

Glasgow's voice is poised and exacting, enriched by a steady undercurrent of irony that never hardens into scorn. The narrator observes gestures, rooms, weather, and social rituals with patient clarity, allowing implications to emerge from action rather than authorial sermon. Dialogue is crisp and revealing; silence is eloquent. The tone is compassionate but unsentimental, luminous in moments of tenderness and cool in scenes of social performance. The style is deliberate, creating a reading experience that unfolds like a long look at a familiar household, where meaning lies in what people do repeatedly, and where the difference between seeming and being becomes gradually, quietly legible.

Among the novel's central themes are the shaping force of gendered expectation, the labor—often invisible—required to maintain respectability, and the tension between self-sacrifice and self-realization. Glasgow is equally attentive to class markers, communal surveillance, and the

moral vocabulary by which neighbors judge one another. She shows how notions of feminine goodness can become a currency, conferring safety while exacting a price in spontaneity and ambition. The book also weighs the promises and perils of modern change, from shifting economic prospects to new ideas about education and work, without simplifying the pull of tradition that many characters genuinely love.

For contemporary readers, *Virginia* resonates as a study in emotional labor, boundary-setting, and the ways culture scripts intimacy in families and partnerships. Its questions—What does kindness cost? When does duty shade into self-erasure? How do communities reward compliance and punish divergence?—remain piercingly relevant. The novel offers a vocabulary for thinking about fairness within relationships, about the difference between being needed and being known, and about the narratives that shape a woman's sense of worth. It invites reflection on how institutions—church, neighborhood, kin—can nurture belonging yet narrow possibility, often in the very same gesture.

To approach *Virginia* today is to find a classic of American realism that refuses caricature, searching instead for the dignity and damage within ordinary lives. Glasgow's art lies in her steadiness: she observes without sensationalism, critiques without cruelty, and allows readers to recognize patterns that feel enduringly true. Without revealing later developments, it is enough to say that the novel rewards attention to nuance, offering both social history and intimate psychological insight. It matters still because it

asks how a good life is measured—and by whom—and because it shows that goodness, untended, can become a story that quietly writes over the self.



# Synopsis

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Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow's *Virginia* (1913) traces the life of a Southern woman from girlhood to middle age, using her experience to examine the inherited codes that govern gender and class in the postbellum South. Raised amid habits of gentility and deference, the heroine learns to equate virtue with pleasing others and to value self-effacement over self-assertion. Glasgow arranges the narrative chronologically, letting social custom shape individual fate. The book's central concern is the ideal of womanly sacrifice—how it is taught, why it is prized, and what it costs—set against a region adjusting, unevenly, to modern economic and cultural change.

Virginia grows up in a household where obedience, charm, and uncomplaining service are presented as the highest achievements. She is praised for conformity and learns to translate desire into duty, even as she senses capacities that have no sanctioned outlet. The social calendar, church, and neighborhood visits define her sphere, and the lessons of womanhood are conveyed as much by example as by explicit instruction. When a gifted, ambitious young man enters her life, his admiration seems to confirm the usefulness of her training. Their courtship frames love as approval, aligning her private hopes with a future organized around his promise.

Marriage deepens the pattern. Virginia measures success by how completely she can anticipate and serve, directing



her intelligence into household order and the care of family. The domestic sphere becomes her vocation, a place where she exercises tact, endurance, and thrift while her husband pursues recognition beyond the home. Their resources are often strained by aspiration, and she accepts economies without complaint, believing that her quiet efficiency is the indispensable foundation of his future. Small compromises accumulate: invitations declined, preferences suppressed, hours absorbed by invisible labor. Glasgow emphasizes the way affection merges with obligation until sacrifice appears not exceptional but ordinary.

As her husband's ambitions expand and new associations form, Virginia encounters the modern world largely through absence—his, and her own exclusion from his pursuits. Society applauds her steadiness even as it discounts her perspective, treating her as custodian of appearances rather than partner in decisions. She quietly absorbs slights and rumors that accompany competitive, public striving, refusing to dramatize what she is trained to endure. Glasgow's narration remains cool and observant, showing how a culture that prizes feminine sweetness also licenses others to take it for granted. The resulting tension is less scandal than erosion: devotion worn thin by neglect.

In middle years, the family's outward respectability is unquestioned, yet Virginia experiences a new kind of solitude as daily routines tighten into maintenance and her sphere contracts. Community talk, kindly or critical, keeps score according to double standards that excuse masculine self-seeking while prescribing feminine patience. Alongside this, Glasgow introduces women who choose paid work,

education, or delayed marriage, their practicality contrasting with Virginia's ideal of unconditional service. These figures are not caricatures but signals of social transition. They reveal paths by which a woman might claim competence publicly without forfeiting tenderness, making Virginia's habitual self-forgetfulness appear less inevitable.

A late disruption compels Virginia to take stock of what her devotion has purchased and what it has obscured. The crisis is presented without sensationalism, emphasizing consequences rather than dramatics. In its wake, she begins to negotiate small, durable changes—claims on time, judgment, and respect that do not repudiate her affections but reframe them. Glasgow resists delivering a simple reversal or punishment; the interest lies in a consciousness learning to name its own value. The closing movement balances tenderness with candor, suggesting that moral growth can consist less in outward defiance than in a clear, inward accounting of one's worth.

Published in 1913, *Virginia* stands as a major statement in Glasgow's ongoing reassessment of Southern tradition, pairing close psychological portraiture with social analysis. Without sensational scenes or moral dogma, the novel exposes how a celebrated ideal of womanhood can become a mechanism of erasure, even as it yields comfort and meaning. Its measured realism, dry irony, and attention to everyday economies of care make it a touchstone in American regional and feminist readings of the period. The book endures for the clarity with which it asks what love asks of women—and what remains when the roles they serve no longer suffice.

# Historical Context

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Published in 1913, Ellen Glasgow's *Virginia* unfolds against the social landscape of Richmond and central Virginia from the late nineteenth century into the Progressive Era. Richmond, the former Confederate capital, modernized quickly, launching the nation's first successful large-scale electric streetcar system in 1888 and expanding public schools, civic associations, and retail districts. Middle-class neighborhoods grew along new lines, while older churches remained anchors of community life. The household, sustained by rigid codes of respectability, was the primary social institution. In this setting Glasgow situates a heroine shaped by local custom, observing how an urbanizing South negotiated change while clinging to inherited norms.

Post-Reconstruction politics in Virginia were dominated by Redeemer Democrats, who consolidated control by the late 1870s and rewrote the state constitution in 1902. The new constitution entrenched Jim Crow through poll taxes and literacy requirements that sharply curtailed Black and many poor white voters. Segregation statutes expanded alongside a culture of Confederate remembrance. In Richmond, Monument Avenue began with the Robert E. Lee statue in 1890 and grew as civic groups and the United Daughters of the Confederacy promoted memorial projects and school textbooks valorizing the "Lost Cause." This

political and commemorative order framed civic expectations and defined who counted as a citizen.

Economic life reflected New South ambitions for industry and commerce. Richmond's Tobacco Row processed cigarettes and plug tobacco for national markets under firms tied to the American Tobacco Company trust, which the U.S. Supreme Court dissolved in 1911. Tredegar Iron Works and regional railroads linked the city to inland mills and ports, while department stores such as Thalhimers and Miller & Rhoads symbolized an expanding consumer culture. Middle-class households depended on low-paid Black domestic labor, a pervasive pattern in Virginia's cities under segregation. These arrangements supported a genteel lifestyle that prized female self-effacement at home, even as the city's economy grew more modern and outward-looking.

Gender expectations in Virginia at the turn of the century centered on the ideal of the "Southern lady," an ethic of piety, purity, submissiveness, and domestic service that resonated with evangelical and genteel Protestant culture. Respectable women were expected to marry, manage households, and engage in approved benevolence through churches, women's clubs, and temperance work. Reformers such as Lila Meade Valentine organized civic campaigns for public health and education while working within restrictive norms. The double standard that tolerated male autonomy yet praised female self-sacrifice remained strong. These conventions circumscribed women's economic options and shaped courtship, marriage markets, and reputations.

By the 1910s, Virginia's woman suffrage movement challenged these limits directly. The Equal Suffrage League of Virginia formed in Richmond in 1909 under leaders including Lila Meade Valentine, Adele Clark, and Nora Houston, organizing lectures, petitions, and parades. The General Assembly refused statewide enfranchisement repeatedly, but national momentum culminated in the Nineteenth Amendment's ratification in 1920, extending voting rights to women despite Virginia's opposition; the Commonwealth did not symbolically ratify until 1952. Suffrage debate permeated newspapers, civic halls, and parlors, sharpening public arguments about women's duties, paid work, and marriage—conflicts that Glasgow's fiction registers in its attention to custom and consequence.

Educational and employment avenues for women widened gradually. Virginia established teacher-training institutions such as the State Female Normal School at Farmville (founded 1884, later Longwood University), and private colleges like Randolph-Macon Woman's College opened in 1891 at Lynchburg. In Richmond, Hartshorn Memorial College, founded in 1883, provided higher education for Black women. Yet most jobs available to white middle-class women were limited to teaching, clerical work, sales, and millinery, with social penalties often attached to full-time employment after marriage. This constrained labor market reinforced dependence on husbands or kin, even as expanding schooling promised skills compatible with new urban livelihoods.

Beyond Virginia, national cultural markets exerted a steady pull. By 1900–1910, New York had consolidated its

status as the center of American publishing and the commercial stage, with Broadway's theater district expanding and mass-circulation magazines multiplying. Rail connections and telegraphy tightened ties between Southern cities and northern venues, carrying touring companies south and new fashions back. Ambitious writers and performers increasingly sought audiences in New York while depending on sales in the provinces. For Virginians committed to propriety and domestic routine, this modern cultural economy offered both temptations and shocks, testing local ideals about art, ambition, and a woman's proper sphere.

Ellen Glasgow, a Richmond native associated with American realism, used fiction to examine the South's transformation without the romantic gloss of Lost Cause nostalgia. In Virginia she turns to the city's middle-class domestic sphere, measuring inherited doctrines of feminine submission against the realities of modern urban life, segregated labor, and shifting civic ideals. The novel's ironic tone and close attention to manners align with Progressive Era debates over women's citizenship, paid work, and personal fulfillment. By dramatizing how social codes reward self-effacement and punish independence, the book critiques the culture that produced them, revealing the human costs of conformity in postbellum Virginia.

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# THE DREAM

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# CHAPTER I

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## THE SYSTEM

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Toward the close of a May afternoon in the year 1884, Miss Priscilla Batte, having learned by heart the lesson in physical geography she would teach her senior class on the morrow, stood feeding her canary on the little square porch of the Dinwiddie Academy for Young Ladies[1]. The day had been hot, and the fitful wind, which had risen in the direction of the river, was just beginning to blow in soft gusts under the old mulberry trees in the street, and to scatter the loosened petals of syringa blossoms in a flowery snow over the grass. For a moment Miss Priscilla turned her flushed face to the scented air, while her eyes rested lovingly on the narrow walk, edged with pointed bricks and bordered by cowslips and wallflowers, which led through the short garden to the three stone steps and the tall iron gate. She was a shapeless yet majestic woman of some fifty years, with a large mottled face in which a steadfast expression of gentle obstinacy appeared to underly the more evanescent ripples of thought or of emotion. Her severe black silk gown, to which she had just changed from her morning dress of alpaca, was softened under her full double chin by a knot of lace and a cameo brooch bearing the helmeted profile of Pallas Athene[2]. On her head she wore a three-cornered cap trimmed with a ruching of organdie, and beneath it her thin gray hair still showed a

gleam of faded yellow in the sunlight. She had never been handsome, but her prodigious size had endowed her with an impressiveness which had passed in her youth, and among an indulgent people, for beauty. Only in the last few years had her fleshiness, due to rich food which she could not resist and to lack of exercise for which she had an instinctive aversion, begun seriously to inconvenience her.

Beyond the wire cage, in which the canary spent his involuntarily celibate life, an ancient microphylla rose-bush, with a single imperfect bud blooming ahead of summer amid its glossy foliage, clambered over a green lattice to the gabled pediment of the porch, while the delicate shadows of the leaves rippled like lace-work on the gravel below. In the miniature garden, where the small spring blossoms strayed from the prim beds into the long feathery grasses, there were syringa bushes, a little overblown; crape-myrtles not yet in bud; a holly tree veiled in bright green near the iron fence; a flowering almond shrub in late bloom against the shaded side of the house; and where a west wing put out on the left, a bower of red and white roses was steeped now in the faint sunshine. At the foot of the three steps ran the sunken moss-edged bricks of High Street, and across High Street there floated, like wind-blown flowers, the figures of Susan Treadwell and Virginia Pendleton.

Opening the rusty gate, the two girls tripped with carefully held flounces up the stone steps and between the cowslips and wallflowers that bordered the walk. Their white lawn dresses were made with the close-fitting sleeves and the narrow waists of the period, and their elaborately draped overskirts were looped on the left with graduated

bows of light blue ottoman ribbon. They wore no hats, and Virginia, who was the shorter of the two, had fastened a Jacqueminot rose[3] in the thick dark braid which was wound in a wreath about her head. Above her arched black eyebrows, which lent an expression of surprise and animation to her vivid oval face, her hair was parted, after an earlier fashion, under its plaited crown, and allowed to break in a mist of little curls over her temples. Even in repose there was a joyousness in her look which seemed less the effect of an inward gaiety of mind than of some happy outward accident of form and colour. Her eyes, very far apart and set in black lashes, were of a deep soft blue—the blue of wild hyacinths after rain. By her eyes, and by an old-world charm of personality which she exhaled like a perfume, it was easy to discern that she embodied the feminine ideal of the ages. To look at her was to think inevitably of love. For that end, obedient to the powers of Life, the centuries had formed and coloured her, as they had formed and coloured the wild rose with its whorl of delicate petals. The air of a spoiled beauty which rested not ungracefully upon her was sweetened by her expression of natural simplicity and goodness.

For an instant she stood listening in silence to the querulous pipes of the bird and the earnest exhortations of the teacher on the joys of cage life for both bird and lady. Then plucking the solitary early bud from the microphylla rose-bush, she tossed it over the railing of the porch on the large and placid bosom of Miss Priscilla.

"Do leave Dicky alone for a minute!" she called in a winning soprano voice.

At the sound, Miss Priscilla dropped the bit of cake she held, and turned to lean delightedly over the walk, while her face beamed like a beneficent moon through the shining cloud of rose-leaves.

"Why, Jinny, I hadn't any idea that you and Susan were there!"

Her smile included Virginia's companion, a tall, rather heavy girl, with intelligent grey eyes and fair hair cut in a straight fringe across her forehead. She was the daughter of Cyrus Treadwell, the wealthiest and therefore the most prominent citizen of the town, and she was also as intellectual as the early eighties and the twenty-one thousand inhabitants of Dinwiddie permitted a woman to be. Her friendship for Virginia had been one of those swift and absorbing emotions which come to women in their school-days. The stronger of the two, she dominated the other, as she dominated every person or situation in life, not by charm, but by the force of an energetic and capable mind. Though her dress matched Virginia's in every detail, from the soft folds of tulle at the neck to the fancy striped stockings under the *bouffant* draperies, the different shapes of the wearers gave to the one gown an air of decorous composure and to the other a quaint and appealing grace. Flushed, ardent, expectant, both girls stood now at the beginning of womanhood. Life was theirs; it belonged to them, this veiled, radiant thing that was approaching[1q]. Nothing wonderful had come as yet—but to-morrow, the day after, or next year, the miracle would happen, and everything would be different! Experience floated in a luminous mystery before them. The unknown, which had



borrowed the sweetness and the colour of their illusions, possessed them like a secret ecstasy and shone, in spite of their shyness, in their startled and joyous look.

"Father asked me to take a message over to General Goode," explained Virginia, with a little laugh as gay as the song of a bird, "but I couldn't go by without thanking you for the cherry bounce. I made mother drink some of it before dinner, and it almost gave her an appetite."

"I knew it was what she needed," answered Miss Priscilla, showing her pleasure by an increasing beam. "It was made right here in the house, and there's nothing better in the world, my poor mother used to say, to keep you from running down in the spring. But why can't you and Susan come in and sit a while?"

"We'll be straight back in a minute," replied Susan before Virginia could answer. "I've got a piece of news I want to tell you before any one else does. Oliver came home last night."

"Oliver?" repeated Miss Priscilla, a little perplexed. "You don't mean the son of your uncle Henry, who went out to Australia? I thought your father had washed his hands of him because he had started play-acting or something?" Curiosity, that devouring passion of the middle-aged, worked in her breast, and her placid face grew almost intense in expression.

"Yes, that's the one," replied Susan. "They went to Australia when Oliver was ten years old, and he's now twenty-two. He lost both his parents about three years ago," she added.

"I know. His mother was my cousin," returned Miss Priscilla. "I lost sight of her after she left Dinwiddie, but

somebody was telling me the other day that Henry's investments all turned out badly and they came down to real poverty. Sarah Jane was a pretty girl and I was always very fond of her, but she was one of the improvident sort that couldn't make two ends meet without tying them into a bow-knot."

"Then Oliver must be just like her. After his mother's death he went to Germany to study, and he gave away the little money he had to some student he found starving there in a garret."

"That was generous," commented Miss Priscilla thoughtfully, "but I should hardly call it sensible. I hope some day, Jinny, that your father will tell us in a sermon whether there is biblical sanction for immoderate generosity or not."

"But what does he say?" asked Virginia softly, meaning not the rector, but the immoderate young man.

"Oh, Oliver says that there wasn't enough for both and that the other student is worth more to the world than he is," answered Susan. "Then, of course, when he got so poor that he had to pawn his clothes or starve, he wrote father an almost condescending letter and said that as much as he hated business, he supposed he'd have to come back and go to work. 'Only,' he added, 'for God's sake, don't make it tobacco!' Wasn't that dreadful?"

"It was extremely impertinent," replied Miss Priscilla sternly, "and to Cyrus of all persons! I am surprised that he allowed him to come into the house."

"Oh, father doesn't take any of his talk seriously. He calls it 'starvation foolishness,' and says that Oliver will get over

it as soon as he has a nice little bank account. Perhaps he will—he is only twenty-two, you know—but just now his head is full of all kinds of new ideas he picked up somewhere abroad. He's as clever as he can be, there's no doubt of that, and he'd be really good-looking, too, if he didn't have the crooked nose of the Treadwells. Virginia has seen him only once in the street, but she's more than half in love with him already."

"Do come, Susan!" remonstrated Virginia, blushing as red as the rose in her hair. "It's past six o'clock and the General will have gone if we don't hurry." And turning away from the porch, she ran between the flowering syringa bushes down the path to the gate.

Having lost his bit of cake, the bird began to pipe shrilly, while Miss Priscilla drew a straight wicker chair (she never used rockers) beside the cage, and, stretching out her feet in their large cloth shoes with elastic sides, counted the stitches in an afghan she was knitting in narrow blue and orange strips. In front of her, the street trailed between cool, dim houses which were filled with quiet, and from the hall at her back there came a whispering sound as the breeze moved like a ghostly footstep through an alcove window. With that strange power of reflecting the variable moods of humanity which one sometimes finds in inanimate objects, the face of the old house had borrowed from the face of its mistress the look of cheerful fortitude with which her generation had survived the agony of defeat and the humiliation of reconstruction. After nineteen years, the Academy still bore the scars of war on its battered front. Once it had watched the spectre of famine stalk over the

grass-grown pavement, and had heard the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon borne on the southern breeze that now wafted the sounds of the saw and the hammer from an adjacent street. Once it had seen the flight of refugees, the overflow of the wounded from hospitals and churches, the panic of liberated slaves, the steady conquering march of the army of invasion. And though it would never have occurred to Miss Priscilla that either she or her house had borne any relation to history (which she regarded strictly as a branch of study and visualized as a list of dates or as a king wearing his crown), she had, in fact, played a modest yet effective part in the rapidly changing civilization of her age. But events were powerless against the genial heroism in which she was armoured, and it was characteristic of her, as well as of her race, that, while she sat now in the midst of encircling battlefields, with her eyes on the walk over which she had seen the blood of the wounded drip when they were lifted into her door, she should be brooding not over the tremendous tragedies through which she had passed, but over the lesson in physical geography she must teach in the morning. Her lips moved gently, and a listener, had there been one, might have heard her murmur: "The four great alluvial plains of Asia—those of China and of the Amoo Daria[5] in temperate regions; of the Euphrates and Tigris in the warm temperate; of the Indus and Ganges under the Tropic—with the Nile valley in Africa, were the theatres of the most ancient civilizations known to history or tradition——"

As she ended, a sigh escaped her, for the instruction of the young was for her a matter not of choice, but of

and early 20th centuries to treat or prevent respiratory complaints and rickets.

**46** A smelling-salt preparation (ammonium carbonate often combined with a fragrance) used as a stimulant to revive fainting or nausea; commonly carried in households and travel kits in the period.

**47** A traditional topical poultice made from ground mustard seed mixed with water and applied (usually on cloth) to the skin to produce heat and relieve chest congestion or muscle pains; a conventional domestic remedy of the era.

**48** A raw-hide whip; in hunting and rural work it referred to a long flexible whip carried by huntsmen or drivers, used to urge animals or control packs.

**49** A private railroad car owned or hired by an individual (here General Goode); in the late 19th/early 20th century wealthy people sometimes attached private cars to passenger trains for comfort and privacy.

**50** An infectious bacterial disease that causes a membrane in the throat and severe breathing problems; it was a common and often deadly childhood illness before antitoxin treatment and widespread vaccination in the early 20th century.

**51** A preparation of oil containing camphor used historically as a topical remedy or inhalant for respiratory symptoms and chest rubs; it was a common home treatment in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

**52** A volatile solvent distilled from pine resin that was traditionally used as a folk topical or inhaled remedy for

chest and throat complaints, though it is an irritant and can be toxic if misused.

**53** A rector is the priest in charge of an Anglican or Episcopal parish; the phrase here indicates the local parish clergyman had gone away to serve in the war.

**54** A historical term used in the period to denote a person of mixed white and Black ancestry; it is now considered archaic and offensive, but was commonly used in 19th/early 20th-century U.S. writing.

**55** Refers to the Civil War battlefields near Manassas, Virginia (also called Bull Run), sites of two major 1861–1862 battles between Union and Confederate forces.

**56** An extrajudicial killing by a mob, historically used in the United States to terrorize and punish Black people and others without legal trial; the term denotes a violent, unlawful hanging or killing.

**57** A tightly woven woolen or wool-mix fabric popular in the 19th century for garments and outerwear; used here as a material for a black mourning dress.

**58** A variant spelling of crepe, a lightweight, often crinkled fabric commonly used for mourning clothes in the 19th century; 'crape' could also refer to the smell or presence of such mourning material.

**59** A colloquial term for zig-zag or split-rail fences (also called snake-rail fences) typical of rural American landscapes, built without posts and often winding across fields.

**60** A dated and now offensive term for Black people that appears in historical literature; its use here reflects period

language and racial attitudes rather than contemporary standards.

**61** A women's hairstyle fashionable in the late 19th and early 20th centuries in which the hair is swept up and worn high at the front of the head; here it denotes a then-current fashionable hairdo Lucy favors.

**62** A French phrase literally meaning 'a woman's trade' or 'woman's métier,' used here to mean traditional domestic roles and skills associated with womanhood.

**63** A small room or space adjoining the kitchen and dining room used historically for storage and service tasks (china, silver, serving) in middle- and upper-class houses.

**64** Bryn Mawr is a women's liberal-arts college in Pennsylvania founded in 1885; in the text it is mentioned as a place Jenny might take the furs, implying a college connection.

**65** Refers to the University of Oxford in England, one of the world's oldest universities; Harry is said to be finishing studies there, indicating advanced study abroad.

**66** Title of a stage play mentioned in the chapter that has brought Oliver theatrical success; within the novel it functions as a popular, money-making production rather than a real historical title.

**67** A fictional actress in the novel who takes the leading part in 'Pretty Fanny' and is described as a prominent stage performer admired for her power and presence.

**68** A recurring local figure in the novel associated with conservative female education and manners (teacher or chaperon type); she represents the older generation's social and moral ideals.



**69** A church-affiliated organization that raised funds and organized support for overseas or domestic missionary work; late 19th/early 20th-century middle-class women commonly supported such societies.

**70** Reference to the Apostle Paul of the Christian New Testament, often cited in discussions of marriage and moral duty; here Virginia invokes his authority on traditional views of wifely conduct.

**71** A common British and colonial term for the principal commercial street in a town or village; in Anglophone places it usually denotes the main shopping or civic thoroughfare.

**72** A historical phrase used in Anglo-American sources to refer to Black domestic workers; the term reflects language of the period and is now considered outdated and offensive.

**73** A written message transmitted over a telegraph network and delivered to the recipient, widely used for urgent communication in the 19th and early 20th centuries before widespread telephone and electronic messaging.

**74** The title character of a famous early-17th-century Spanish novel by Miguel de Cervantes, commonly invoked in English to describe a person who is idealistic or romantically impractical.

**75** Short for the Waldorf (often the Waldorf-Astoria) hotel in New York City, a famous luxury hotel complex established in the 1890s and associated with high society and public spectacle.

**76** A well-known path at Magdalen College, Oxford, associated with the essayist Joseph Addison and often mentioned in literary and collegiate contexts as a picturesque spot in the university grounds.