

has honors which have naught to do with titles, and I will remain as I am."

"I sail for Virginia by the first ship that goes," said Calhoun. "It is good here, but I shall go to a place where things are better, and where I shall have work to do. I must decline the baronetcy, your honor. I go to a land where the field of life is larger, where Britain shall remake herself."

"It will take some time," said the governor tartly. "They'll be long apart."

"But they will come together at last—for the world's sake."

There was silence for a moment, and through it came the joy-chant from the fields:

Hold up yo hands,
 Hold up yo hands,
 Bress de Lord for de milk and honey—