

THESIS

on

American Literature in the South.

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## AMERICAN LITERATURE IN THE SOUTH.

"Literature is the greatest of all sources of refined pleasure."-Huxley.

Literature is recorded thought or knowledge; the aggregate of books and other publications, in either an unlimited or a limited sense; the collective body of literary productions in general, or within a particular sphere, period, country or language. In a restricted sense, the class of writings in which expression and form, in connection with ideas of permanent and universal interest are characteristic or essential features, as poetry, romance, history, biography and essays in contradistinction to scientific works, or those written to impart knowledge.

It is in this restricted sense that we shall regard the literature of the South, which is to be considered in this brief sketch. A few of the most important writers will be presented, with a short biography and a resume of one or more of the best known works.

The literature of a nation is the entire body of literary productions that has emanated from the people of the nation during its history, preserved by the arts of printing and writing. It is the embodiment of the best thought and fancies of a people. Again it may be defined as all the literary productions of a given language.

According to this latter definition, English literature embraces all the writings which have been produced by the

English speaking peoples. American literature, then, is only a branch of English literature, although it is now considered as independent.

American literature differs from the literature of all other nations in that it had no youth. It has no remote poetic origins, tradition, or mythology from which it may draw material for modern writings. It must go to the beginning of the English language, to her myths, legends and traditions for supplies for its poets, orators, novelists and romance writers. Chaucer is as truly the father of American literature as of English, and the unsurpassed Shakespeare is as truly the king of our literature as of that of his native land. All that was theirs is ours and all of our great achievements reflect honor upon England as well as upon America.

There were very few additions made to English literature by America during the early part of her history. The time was occupied by the people in building homes and establishing a government. There was no leisure at that time and leisure is the first requisite of a successful literary period.

American Literature as a whole is divided into three general periods. The first, or Colonial Period, beginning in 1607 extends to 1765. The Period of the Revolution begins in 1765 and extends to the establishment of the government in 1789. The National Period which follows is sub-divided into first and second parts by the Civil War. Beside these divisions, American Literature is divided into Literature of the North, South and West. The Literature of the South will be regarded exclusively here.

Conditions of the South before the Civil War were unfavorable for literary productions and there were few writings of any value added at that time. Not only were there no publishing houses or centers of intellectual influence to encourage and support literary genius, but any one who devoted himself to this occupation was considered unmanly and hence was almost an outcast from society. Very few overcame all the difficulties of the time and succeeded in recording their names high on the roll of fame. Some who wrote, placed their works in the hands of the public with no names attached because they dreaded the contempt and neglect which would be sure to ensue if they were known to belong to hated group of writers.

Among the poets of the South during this early period, Edgar Allan Poe alone arose to enduring fame. He was not compelled to make his own way during his early life, and as he had a great love for literary work, he persevered notwithstanding the contempt and neglect of his fellowmen. Although poverty overtook him in later life, all the suffering and pain he was compelled to endure did not turn him from his chosen career. Among the Southern writers, Poe stands pre-eminent, not only as a poet but as a prose writer as well.

#### EDGAR ALLAN POE.

After more than fifty years, Poe is still something of a riddle. He was unfortunate in his biographers, who were either eulogists or outspoken enemies. He was more unfortunate in himself; he had not the capacity of truth, and mystified the events of his career. The son of actors, his in-

herited histrionic instinct prompted him to act many parts until he lost the sense of his own individuality. He applied the great force of his imagination not only to the production of stories, but to the facts of real life; and his morbid vanity accentuated the distortion thus produced. In him a small and selfish nature was ever at war with a powerful and curious intellect; his character was a medley--fickle, weak and inconsistent.

His career is a story of petty vicissitudes and ignoble misfortunes; of brilliant successes counterbalanced by perverse and unworthy follies. He was unfaithful to his friends and bitter against his enemies; an unhappy man, driven to and fro by storms largely of his own raising. A congenital tendency to intemperance, ever confirming its hold upon him, darkened his life and hastened his death, which occurred in 1849 in his forty first year. His wife "Annabel Lee" had died two years before.

So far as his personal acts and passions are concerned, Poe might have been pronounced insane; but in the domain of intellect as applied to literature, he was a unique and towering genius, author of some of the most exquisite and fascinating poetry, and of many of the most original, ingenious tales ever written in this country. His fame has traveled far beyond his own country and he is to-day more read in France than any other American author.

He was born in Boston in 1809. Early left an orphan, he was adopted by Mr. Allan, a wealthy Southerner, whose money gave Poe his education and helped him in his early career. His stories fall into <sup>two</sup> classes; the analytical and the supernatural. He was

neither a humorist nor a character painter and none of his stories touch the heart. They are, to a high degree, strange, impressive and ingenious, faultless in workmanship and structure, and masterpieces of art. They are finished like gems and are of permanent worth. His style is clear, succinct and polished, but self-conscious and artificial. His career was pathetic but his genius is triumphant.

In poetry as well as in prose his theme was of a fantastical and gloomy kind; his stories began in the "bleak December" upon some "midnight dreary" and all his characters were either ghost-like or angelic. His subjects seem to reflect the gloom and despair of his own pathetic life. Among the most beautiful of his many poems is the one called "Annabel Lee". This story gives a glimpse into his own soul and his love for his wife whom he little less than worshipped. The best known of his poems and the one which will live to tell his fame to many future generations is "The Raven." It alone places the name of Edgar Allan Poe side by side with the greatest poets of the modern age.

#### "THE RAVEN"

One dreary midnight, while I pondered over the contents of a number of quaint and forgotten volumes of ancient poems, I was suddenly startled from a light doze by a faint rapping at my chamber door. Some late visitor perchance was tapping at my chamber door.

I distinctly remember, it was in the bleak December and each ember of dying fire cast a shadow upon the floor. In vain had I attempted to forget my sorrow for the death of Lenore, by

the study of the books. She was a rare and beautiful maiden whom the angels named Lenore; Nameless here forevermore.

I was thrilled and filled with hitherto unfelt terrors, by the sad rustlings of the purple silken curtains. To calm my wildly beating breast, I repeated to myself that some late visitor was entreating entrance at my chamber door, only this and nothing more.

Long I stood there peering into the darkness, dreaming dreams never dreamed before. The silence was unbroken and the only word spoken was my whispered word Lenore. Only this and nothing more.

Turning back into the chamber, my very soul burning within me, I soon heard the tapping somewhat louder than before. Surely thought I, there is something at my window. Let my heart calm its fears while I explore the mystery. Surely it is nothing but the wind.

Then, as I opened the shutter, a stately, but ancient raven stepped into the room with many flirts and flutters. He made no obeisance, did not stop a minute, but with the mien of some lord or lady, he perched upon a bust of Pallas just above the door.

The stern countenance of this ebony bird beguiled my sad fancy into smiling. "You are surely no craven," said I, "even though your crest is shorn. Ghastly, grim and ancient Raven, wandering in from the night, tell me your name on the Night's Plutonian shore." And the Raven answered, "Nevermore."

I marvelled much at the discourse of this ungainly fowl, though its answer bore little meaning, for we must agree that no

human was ever blessed with seeing a bird above his chamber door, and one who bore the name of "Nevermore."

But the Raven sitting lonely on the bust spoke only that one word, as if in it he outpoured his whole soul. He uttered nothing further, nor ever moved a feather and I muttered, "Other friends have gone before, on the morrow he too will leave me as all my hopes have gone before." The bird said, "Nevermore!"

This apt reply breaking the stillness startled me, and I thought that this were the only word he was able to speak; one perhaps he had learned from some unhappy master who was followed by misfortune. The dirges of his hope bore that melancholy burden of "Nevermore."

But, still smiling at the Raven, I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of the bird and, sinking upon the velvet, I began linking fancy to fancy. I was thinking what this aged bird, so grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous, meant in croaking "Nevermore".

I sat guessing this, but spoke no word to the fowl whose fiery eyes burned into my very soul. This and more I sat divining, with my head reclining on the velvet cushion over which the lamplight fell, but whose velvet lining she shall press no more..

Then I thought the air grew denser as if perfumed from an unseen censer swung by seraphim whose footfalls sounded on the tufted floor. "Thy god hath sent thee by the angels as a respite from the memories of Lenore. Quaff this nepenthe and forget your lost Lenore." But the Raven answered "Nevermore."

He is prophet, whether bird or devil. Whether sent by the



Tempter or driven here by the storm, desolate yet undaunted, I implore you, tell me truly is there balm in Gilead? The Raven said "Nevermore."

" Though a prophet, whether bird or devil, by the Heaven that is above us and by the God we both adore, tell this sad soul if within the distant Aidem it shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels call Lenore." But the Raven quoth "Nevermore."

Upstarting I shrieked "Let that word be our sign of parting. Get thee back into the storm and the night, leave no black plume as a token of that lie you have spoken; leave my loneliness unbroken, quit the bust above my door. Take your beak from my heart and your form from my door." "Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven still is sitting on the bust of Pallas above my chamber door. And his eyes seem the eyes of a demon, and the lamplight streaming over him casts a shadow on the floor; and my soul shall be lifted from out that shadow "Nevermore."

"Annabel Lee."

Many years ago, in a kingdom by the sea, lived a maiden whom you may call Annabel Lee. This maiden lived with no other thought than to love me and be loved in return.

She and I were children in this country by the sea, but we loved with an intense love, Annabel Lee and I. We loved with a love that was coveted by the winged seraphs of Heaven.

And for this reason, long ago, in the kingdom by the sea, a wind blew from the clouds and chilled the beautiful Annabel Lee. Her noble kinsmen came and bore her away and placed her in a sepulchre by the sea.

The angels were not half so happy in heaven and envied her and me. That was the reason, everyone knows, that the wind came

out of the clouds in the night and killed my Annabel Lee.

But our love was far stronger than the love of those who were older and wiser than we. Neither the heavenly angels or the demons of the sea can dis-sever our souls.

The moon never beams but I dream of the beautiful Annabel Lee. And the stars seem only the eyes of beautiful Annabel Lee. Every night in my dreams I lie down by the side of my darling in her sepulchre by the sounding sea.

### "THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH." .

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. The plague was very fatal and hideous. It came with sharp pains, dizziness, and bleeding at the pores. Red blotches appeared on the face and the victim survived only about half an hour after the appearance of the disease.

Prince Prospero, a wealthy gentleman, together with a thousand of his friends, retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castles. Having made ample provision for the entertainment of the company, he caused the bolts of the castle to be welded in order that no one might be allowed to come in or go out. They therefore thought themselves secure from the terrible scourge raging about them.

The Duke planned a grand masked ball for his guests and made extensive preparations. His castle was so arranged that he had seven large reception rooms opening into each other. Each one was decorated in a different color, such as white, violet, orange, blue, purple, green, and the seventh was hung in black velvet and by a strange device, a lurid red light illuminated it. On the evening of the masquerade, the suite of rooms pre-

sented a fascinating and weird appearance. The costumes were gorgeous and picturesque. All the dancers avoided the room hung in black. In this room was a strange old clock. Each hour when it clanged the time, a hush fell upon the throng of dancers and the musicians discontinued the music.

At midnight a strange figure appeared among the dancers. This figure was shrouded in the habiliments of the grave. His masque so resembled the countenance of a corpse that the closest scrutiny could scarcely detect the cheat. The most horrible part of the masque was that the garments were covered with spots of blood and the face was besprinkled with scarlet spots. He was assuming the type of the Red Death.

Prince Prospero was enraged that anyone should appear in such a masque and as he was about to strike him with his sword, he fell to the floor dead. The revellers in the presence of the Red Death dropped, one by one, in the blood covered halls of their revel and the Red Death held dominion over all.

#### "M.S. FOUND IN A BOTTLE."

I became separated from my family and had a great tendency to travel. I had received an exceptionally good education and as a result was free from superstitious fears.

After many years of foreign travel, I sailed from the port of Batavia, Java, to the Archipelago Islands to alleviate a sort of restlessness which had, of late, haunted me night and day. Our vessel was a fine ship of about four hundred tons and was loaded with cotton, wool, oil, coconuts and a few cases of opium.

One evening, after several days out, the air became close

and oppressive; the sky was copper-colored, and the sea, unusually transparent. I feared a simoon and told my fears to the Captain. However, all on board went to sleep. I could not rest so I went on deck about midnight and found that we were in the toils of a fearful Simoon. All the deck hands were swept away except an old Swede and myself. The ship emerged from the great mountains of foam and for six days we were carried South at a terrific rate by the wind. At times we were at an elevation beyond the albatross. We were in the bottom of a abyss when we looked up and saw a gigantic ship of perhaps four thousand tons directly above us. It came gradually down upon our small ship and when the crash came I was hurled upon its deck.

For awhile I hid myself in the hold but finally I found that the men took no notice of me whatever. Now I wander about the vessel at my own free will. The men are all hoary with age and their limbs tremble when they walk. Their shrivelled skins rattle in the wind.

All the sails of the mysterious vessel are unfurled to the wind and she speeds on at a terrific rate through the water which is filled with ice. It is a miracle of miracles that our enormous bulk is not swallowed by the enraged sea. The ship proves to be in a current and thunders on to the Southward with a velocity like the headlong dashing of a cataract. The ice opens suddenly and we are whirling in circles, round and round. The circles grow rapidly smaller and we are in the grasp of the whirlpool--the ship is quivering and going down--down---down.

### HENRY TIMROD.

Henry Timrod was born at Charleston, S.C. December 8th, 1829 and died in Columbia, S.C. in 1867. He was educated at the University of Georgia. He was a writer of verse from early childhood. He studied law for a time but his preference for literature caused him to abandon it. His first volume of poems, published in 1860, contains some excellent work. In 1861 he began to write the war lyrics which made his name popular throughout the South. He went to Columbia in 1864 and edited the "South Carolinian." He lost everything when the town was burned in 1865 and the family was reduced to beggary and starvation. His delicate health could not hold out against hardships and he died. His life long friend, Paul Hamilton Hayne, published a volume of his collected works in New York in 1873. The South has probably never produced a poet of more delicate imagination; of more rhythmic sweetness; of more tender emotions; of purer sentiment than this man who passed away before he had time or opportunity to attain that high standard of excellence which his unwonted genius fitted him to reach. His best known poem is "An ode to the Confederate Dead" which was published in 1867. Timrod has left very few poems, but those which do remain are singularly beautiful and some are perfect. These will insure for his name a sweet remembrance among his countrymen for all time.

### PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

Paul Hamilton Hayne, son of Lieutenant Hayne, a naval officer, was born in Charleston, S.C., January first, 1830. He showed a love for literature from early childhood, especially was he fond of poetry. This love was fostered by his

surroundings and led him to choose this as his life work. Hayne was educated at Charleston College, from which he graduated. His first volume of poems was published in 1855. The great success of these encouraged him in his literary career.

Mr. Hayne married Miss Mary Michel, a Charleston lady, who was ever the inspiration, the stay, the joy of his life. During the Civil War he, like Timrod, lost all his worldly possessions. He bought a small tract of land among the mountains in Georgia and here he built a cottage which was his home for the remainder of his life. To this humble abode he gave the poetic name "Copse Hill."

In this secluded spot, Hayne studied nature and produced some of the most excellent poetry that our literature contains. They are filled with unsurpassable beauty and a note of sadness may be distinguished in some, though others are full of joy. Each line is filled with sweetness and the thoughts are most beautiful. His life, as well as that of Timrod, was filled with poverty and suffering, but a brave heart and a noble ambition aided these two in producing some of the sweetest poems of the land.

#### "MACDONALD'S RAID. A. D. 1780."

I remember it well; 'twas a dull gray morning, a cold drizzling rain was falling. The legion was idle. MacDonald arose, drew his sword and called for volunteers to accompany him in a raid on the Redcoats.

From the number of eager soldiers who leaped up at his summons, he chose four men. He warned these that they would be as

strong as four score if they followed him that day. He bade them load their guns and bring their horses, threatening death to the Redcoat and the downfall of the King.

We were soon mounted. The tall form of MacDonald was firm in the saddle, his face a storm when the dark clouds hang over Ben Lomond and lightning flashed through the air. His Arabian steed bounded forward as he felt the spir in his side. Swift as an arrow to the death of the Redcoats and the downfall of the King.

It was three leagues to the town in which had collected the proud Britons who were dreaming of no harm. They are startled by the fierce yells and the cheer after cheer which echo outside of the city as the raiders advance, shouting "Death, death to the Redcoats and down with the King."

The tumult of steel, hoofstroke, and shout was so great that the foemen rushed into the inmost redoubt, trembling and pale. They are convinced that the whole army of the rebels is besieging the front wall. They examine the strenght of the garrison and tremble at the horrible din.

Meanwhile the raiders sped through the town and soon their swords are red from the blood of the soldiers who chanced in the way. By one back handed blow, MacDonald cut down a fat sergeant-major. The single blow cleaved through his crown to his shoulder blades.

Thus they clear all the streets, not an enemy remained whose heart was not pierced or whose headpiece was unleft. Then as calm and careless as if scenting the balm of a summer morn in a peaceful land, they visited the few friends who remained in town

and were royally welcomed. In their presence, Redcoats and King were forgotten.

War and its scars were as far removed as the fierce front of Mars from a love girdled earth. Suddenly their quiet was disturbed by the mad rush of the Britons who had become aware of their ruse. Then they hastened to their horses, and as they fly from the pursuers, they again shout the old watchword, "Down with the Redcoats and the King."

As the raiders fly over the hard beaten road, they glance back and behold the long earthworks compassed in flame. The musket balls rush past them with a hiss and plow up the soil between the trees. Above the din, the shout of the raiders is still heard.

Do you dare doubt my story? Give me the heaviest of the sheathed sabers which are hanging on the wall. Throw away the scabbard; give the blade to me. Do you see how I grasp the rough iron-bound hilt and poise the sword? With this long hissing sweep have I smitten many a foe and put him to his long last sleep. There are many memories of those old times when we fought against the King.

"THE FIRST MOCKING BIRD IN-SPRING."

Winged poet of vernal ethers, where have you lingered so long? I have missed your passionate skyward flights and your changeful song. Have you been dreaming in the old woodlands, drowsed by the cold winter, crooning your song to the shadows? Or have you been by a tropical shore, singing your song on the waves of the Southern sea? What matter? You have returned to your early home again and your melodious song falls in rhythmic rain.



The wren and field-lark listen to the song of the laureate, and the blue-bird stops on the oak to hear the perfect notes. The sparrow ceases his own song to criticise that of the mocking-bird, and the blackbird seems lost in rapture. The thrush and the dove too are silently listening. All nature is harkening, charmed and mute.

We can scarcely deem it marvelous, for the songs of our nightingale are warm and sweet with the rhythm of the fervors of innumerable springs. From that mellow throat all the beautiful measures of earth and sky are poured out in a second and rarer birth. When winds are still and he follows his mate to the tryst-place, his music is half divine. And I wonder if a human spirit has part in you. Some Lesbian singer, who died too soon in the summer of a Grecian romance, but his unfinished song finds a voice in your beautiful song.

#### SIDNEY LANIER.

Sidney Lanier was born in Macon, Georgia in 1842 and died in 1881 at Lynn, North Carolina. He was very musical and devoted himself especially to the flute. He graduated from Oglethorpe College in 1860. During the Civil War he enlisted in the Confederate army. He was captured and imprisoned for five months at Point Lookout. His experience is related in a novel entitled "Tiger Lilies," which he wrote in three weeks.

Lanier was chosen to write the words of the Cantata for the opening of the Centininal Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. In December 1880, he wrote his poem "Sunrise," one of a projected series entitled "Hymns of the Marshes."

His scholarship was wide and accurate, and his scientific investigations in the construction of verse are formulated in his "Science of English Verse," published in 1880. "The English Novel and the Principles of its Development" was published in 1883. Among all the poets of the South, after Poe, Sidney Lanier's works have most strongly impressed themselves upon the period in which he wrote. Because of the purity and refinement of his character and the noble and devoted ideals, Sidney Lanier was called "The Sir Galahad among American poets."

He, like many of his fellow poets, was followed through life by misfortune and suffering. Regardless of all this and of his poverty, he clung to the two passions of music and poetry. It was his highest ambition in life to unite these two beloved arts. His poems are full of sunlight and gladness, yet between their cheerful lines Hayne could detect the slow, half-muffled throb of heartbreak.

#### "SUNRISE."

I was in the City of Sleep, but the breath from the marshes, the leaves swaying, the free sea breeze, kept coming to the gates of sleep and they were shaken with such happiness that they stood open.

I suddenly became aware of the live-oaks and want to hide in their gloom before the dawn. The dewdrops form tears beneath the tree and I ask why. I bid the leaves teach me the terms of silence, the lesson of patience and to pray for me. It is my gossip, the owl, that is disturbed as I passed beneath the trees. The solution of man, matter, doubt, disgrace, death, love, sin, sanity, lies in the silence of the Marsh. We could get more news from the blackest night than from it.

It is at high tide and the streams in the marsh are still. Everything is so peaceful and tranquil that if a sound were to be made, I fear the ball of clear light in the east would break as a bubble that is overblown. But suddenly motion is perceptible I do not know whether it is in the leaves or in the air, but it is the motion of dawn. The air is a thrill and the tide is ebbing to the sea. The east is alive; it is unveiled and Dawn is come. A flame of gold ascends to the zenith in the shape of a bee-hive, but the Sun-Bee is of dazzling gold, and shall flash over all the sea. The dewdrops are exhaled away and the silent marsh lies worshipping the golden rays. Gradually the sun emerges above the horizon and the woods, marsh, sea, and my soul cry, "Good morning, lord Sun."

Workman Heat, as the sun is called, you are the most important factor in all the universe--friend of the rich and poor alike. You travel very fast, and are even recognized by the maiden, the rose, the seashells. Every gleam of light that shines from the stones is yours. You break up the storms and you are the subject of much comment, and many questions are asked about <sup>you</sup>, questions which can never be answered. But ever you remain a globe of light. But I must leave you now and go to my work in the town, however, I have no scruples about it, for I have derived strength from you.

You can never be hidden by the trafficking sea, or the smoke from the factories or time's passage. You will be in my heart at night, and by day I will follow my art till I shall float beside you when life is over.

## NOVELISTS AND STORY-WRITERS.

### JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

The most attractive vein of folk-lore ever worked in this country was that which Joel Chandler Harris disclosed by the publication of his "Uncle Remus" sketches. These tales, all brought from Africa by the progenitors of our colored population had passed down through generations by word of mouth only; scarcely one of them had been put in print until the appearance of "Uncle Remus." They might have been printed in such manner to be uninteresting, as some volumes of folk-lore that have been issued by learned societies, only to gather dust on book-shelves; but who ever saw, outside of a bookstore, a volume of "Uncle Remus" that did not show signs of many readings? The difference is due less to the matter than to the manner of telling. The old negro, who relates the tales, is, despite, his rags, his rheumatism, and his fondness for stimulants, an engaging personality.

The author was born in Eatonton, Georgia, in 1848, and has been engaged chiefly in journalism. It is not alone through "Uncle Remus", however, that the author has interested the reading world; he has written some realistic sketches of life in Georgia,— sketches full of unusual incidents and characters, all of which he handles with genuine dramatic skill. All his literary work has been done in moments stolen from exacting journalistic duties.

#### "WHY THE MOON'S FACE IS SMUTTY."

Uncle Remus tells the little child that it is money, the world over, that the people are hunting for all the time. He says, even the moon is on her first quarter or on her last

quarter, and that one time a man was going through the woods when the moon was changing and she lacked a quarter. The man took out his purse and flung a quarter in and then she changed forthwith. At this time, he says, the moon used to come down behind a big poplar log when she made a change; but she did not want any one to see her. One day a man was going through the woods carrying a sack of charcoal. He had watched the coal kiln since midnight and was so tired that he did not whistle or sing like the people usually did when they went through the woods. He was going quietly along when, before he hardly knew it, he came right up on the moon while she was changing. There was terrible excitement, both on the part of the moon and the man. One ran in one direction and one in another. The man dropped his charcoal and rushed away like a hurricane. The moon, however, tripped and fell right on top of the sack of charcoal and you can see the sign of it down to this day.

She looks just as if she had been hit across the face with a soot-bag. If you do not believe the story, you can just look for yourself. Ever since that day the moon does her changing up in the elements. The little boy inquired what beacme of the man with the charcoal and Uncle Remus said, "What dat got der to wid' de tale? Long ez de moon is up dar all safe en soun' 'ceppin' de smut , it don't make no diffunce 'bout no man."

## GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE.

George Washington Cable was born at New Orleans in 1844. He entered the Confederate army during the Civil War and employed his leisure time in study. He began writing for the "New Orleans Picayune," contributing critical and humorous papers and an occasional poem and soon became attached to the regular editorial staff. His sketches of Creole life published in Scribner's Monthly (now the Century) proved so successful that he determined to give all his time to literature. He opened a new field of fiction, introducing to the outside world a phase of American life hitherto unsuspected, save by those that have seen it. His rendering of the Creole dialect is full of originality. His published works are "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," "Dr. Sevier," "The Silent South," and "The Creoles of Louisiana."

Cable on account of misfortunes, was deprived of an early education. His style is one fashioned by himself without literary associations and almost without books. Nevertheless this style is unsurpassed for grace and delicacy of finish in modern fiction. His English is pure, smooth and simple and some parts are almost poetical. His stories are full of color and romance, and are quaint and picturesque.

### "THE GRANDISSIMES"

G.W. CABLE.

In September, 1803, a charity ball was given in New Orleans at St. Phillips Theatre. Honore Grandissime and Dr. Charley Keene met the beautiful Widow Nancanous and her lovely daughter Clotilde. Since the mother was young and handsome, it was difficult to tell which was the daughter and which the mother.

It was the year the First Consul of France gave Louisiana away. The pretended treaty contained no provision relative to the great family of Brahmin Mandarin Fusilier de Grandissime, therefore old Agricola Fusilier was furious.

Two weeks later, Joseph Frowenfeld came to New Orleans from Germany and became a great friend of both Dr. Keene and Honore Grandissime. He began business in a drug store and this store became the meeting-place for men to gather and discuss the political issues of the day. From Honore he learned the history of the great Grandissime family. They traced their history back to Lufki-Humma, an Indian princess, and were very proud of it. They were strong of limb and handsome of face.

He also learned the sad story of Bras-Coupe, a giant negro who was brought to New Orleans from Africa and who chose rather to be hunted like a wild beast among the cypress swamps, than to be yoked and beaten like a tame one. When caught at last, he was hamstrung and many other tortures inflicted upon him. He died from the cruelty and his wife Palmyre vowed vengeance against Agricola Fusilier who had ordered this horrible work to be done. At one time she tried to kill him but did not succeed.

The husband of Aurora Nancanous squandered their fortune and when he died, his wife and daughter were left penniless. The De Grapion Nancanous estate finally came into Honore Grandissime's possession. The Nancanous took rooms in New Orleans and lived very economically. Here they became better acquainted with Honore and Dr. Keene, and learned to know Joseph Frowenfeld. Honore incurred the disfavor of the entire Grandissime family by returning to Aurora and Clotilde the De Grapion Nancanous estate, together with all the rents which he had collected while

it had been in his possession. The De Grapion and Grandissime families were very hostile toward each other. He angered his kinsmen still farther by taking his Creole brother into partnership with him. As a result of this proceeding, Agricola Fusilier demanded that this brother of Honore's remove his hat when in his presence. The free man of color refused to do this-- a struggle ensued and Agricola was stabbed and killed.

Honore Grandissime all this time was deeply in love with Aurora Nancanous; and Joseph Frowenfeld with her daughter Clotilde. It is not strange that these two beautiful women should return the affection of these two noble men.

Dr. Charley Keene also loved Clotilde; his health failed, however, and he was forced to travel. Owing to this he never declared himself. Clotilde let Frowenfeld invest her money in his drug store, so they became partners in business as well as in marriage.

All the great Grandissime estates were taken back by the government and the large and aristocratic family was scattered to the four winds.

#### JAMES LANE ALLEN.

James Lane Allen was born near Lexington, Kentucky in 1849. He received a thorough education at Transylvania University in his native state and was successively an instructor in Kentucky University and Bethany College, West Virginia. In his short stories and novels he has usually employed a Kentucky background. His finished literary style, though somewhat too highly elaborated for the taste of the average reader, has been much admired by the



more critical. His prose is characterized by a marked poetic cast, and his realism is of that profounder kind which concerns itself with essential truths. His published books are "The Flute and Violin," "The Blue-grass Region," "A Kentucky Cardinal," "Aftermath," "The Choir Invisible," and "The Reign of Law."

### "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

A rude log school house stood at the edge of the forest which surrounded a newly built town in Kentucky. John Gray, the schoolmaster, after finishing his lessons, made his way through the town and strode rapidly along the narrow path which led into the wilderness. At a short distance from the town dwelled Major Falconer with Mrs. Falconer and their adopted niece, Amy.

John Gray had been Amy's lover for several years but on account of his lack of wealth, he had refrained from asking her to be his wife. Now he had come to tell her of his inheritance and ask her to be his bride.

When he arrived at their home he found Mrs. Falconer alone. Amy had gone to town to visit a friend and attend a ball. Mrs. Falconer had long known all of John's secrets and now she advised him not to speak with Amy until he knew more of her.

Nevertheless he called on Amy at her friend's home but she would not see him alone. This angered him but he forgave her easily. She did not regard his affections so seriously as he intended that she should. Thus a coldness grew up between them and, womanlike, she encouraged his rival to show him she was not heartbroken. He did not let it pass so lightly, however.

One day he was seriously injured in a hand to hand fight with a panther. Amy did not visit him but Mrs. Falconer came of-

ten and always brought something to add to his comfort. When he became convalescent she brought him books to read. Each visit he enjoyed and each time he saw more and more plainly her goodness and purity, until at last he ceased to grieve over Amy in his admiration of her Aunt's unsurpassed character.

Still he could not forget Amy and, when he was well again, he called on her and asked her to be his wife. She told him of her engagement to Joseph Holden and they parted forever. As soon as she was married he bade a last farewell to Kentucky and went to Philadelphia where he spent the remainder of his life. Before he left he came to tell Mrs. Falconer goodbye and when he parted from <sup>her</sup> he knew he had parted from his most sincere friend. When he was gone he wrote occasionally to her and she answered as his friend, telling him of all the old friends and asking him of this outer world of which she had once been a part.

In her girlhood she had lived in Virginia, but after she lost her relatives, as well as her home, she had accepted Major Falconer's offer and came with him to Kentucky. Their home, although peaceful, was not a happy one and when John Gray came to Kentucky, Mrs. Falconer found in him her truest friend. After the Major's death she watched and waited for him to return to her, but this was destined never to be.

After many years he wrote to her the story of his life. He told her how he had always loved her and would have come to her after the death of the Major, had there been no obstacle in his way. He had become engaged to a girl who had befriended him. At the death of Mrs. Falconer's husband, he explained the situation to her and asked to be released from the engagement, but she refused to do this.

Quietly each awaited the time when, passing from this life of sorrow, they might lift their voices with the Choir Invisible and be united for all eternity.

#### THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

Thomas Nelson Page was born the twenty third day of April in 1853, in Hanover County, Virginia. He was educated at Washington and also studied law in the University of Virginia for one year. He was admitted to the bar and practiced in Richmond.

Page is supreme in the line which he chose for his literary subjects, that of the relation of the slave and the master before the Civil War. He pictures both the negro and white life of that time with rare skill. His works contain both humor and pathos and each is handled with skill. His style is simple, smooth, and original. Page was both a poet and a novelist, his latter works, however, were novels. "Before the War," a little volume of poems published in 1883 secured his fame as a literary man. "In Old Virginia," "Elsket," and "Red Rock" are among his best known prose works.

#### "RED ROCK."

By Thomas N. Page.

For years innumerable it had been the belief of the negroes, as well as of some of the white people, that the red stain on the great rock at the back of the garden in Red Rock had been formed by the blood of the Indian murderer. This Indian, having murdered the wife of the first Jacquelin Gray, had been killed by Mr. Gray on this rock and his blood remained as a warning to all his tribe. Thus came the name of the Red Rock district.

The picture of the Indian killer still hung at the head of

the hall in the Red Rock mansion and was a lasting terror to both the negroes and the children. Steve Allen, Mr. Gray's nephew, refused to give credit to this story and was consequently looked upon by the negroes and children as something supernatural. The young Jacquelin adored his cousin Steve and tried to imitate him in many ways.

A party was in progress at Red Rock and all the neighbors for miles around had gathered to join in the revel. Early in the evening, Mr. Welch and Larry Middleton, two strangers from the North, had been invited to accept of the southern hospitality. Regardless of the Southerner's hatred of the Northerners, they were treated with the utmost cordiality.

This was their first visit to the South. When they came a second time, they came in uniform at the heads of large companies of soldiers and their former hosts met them resplendent in their gray uniforms and brass buttons. Long and terrible was the memorable struggle and when the smoke from the cannons cleared away, a very different country was brought to view.

Many had gone to war never to return. Others who entered as boys came out as grown men. Jacquelin's father had been killed early in the struggle and Jacquelin had taken his place in the old company of which Steve was captain. Dr. Cary and General Legale, other prominent men from this district fought side by side for their rights and took their defeat as only brave soldiers can.

The ladies who remained at home helped the cause in numerous ways and were always true to their colors. Blair Cary, the Doctor's daughter, was always first in these occupations. When at last the fighting ceased and the soldiers came trooping home, they were all given a hearty welcome by their brave mothers and  
(sisters.)

Steve Allen was among the first to arrive and Jacquelin, who had been wounded and in prison, was the last to return. He was carried home from the railway station in an ambulance, which had been furnished by Larry Middleton. With his friend, Reely Thurston, Larry had been sent with a company of soldiers to restore the government and keep peace among the negroes.

Jacquelin found his old home much changed and Mr. Still, the overseer, seemed to be one of the most important men. With Jonadab Leech, a very overbearing official who had been placed in the county seat to care for the welfare of the negroes, he had conspired to gain possession of some of the best estates in the district. Among these were Red Rock and Birdwood, Dr. Cary's old home. It is needless to say their dealings were not altogether honest.

Thus those, who were formerly the richest in the district, worked in the fields and offices, and lived in the cottages, while Red Rock and Birdwood were occupied by Mr. Still and Mr. Leech.

Again Mr. Welch came to the South, but this time he came with his family and made his home on part of the old Red Rock plantation. Mrs. Welch was an active worker among the negroes, teaching them and helping them in various ways. Ruth, their only child, soon became the favorite of every one through her kindheartedness. She and Blair Car were soon the best of friends.

Years passed and the South still remained in a state of lawlessness. Men were thrown into prison without cause and the negroes, who were now without occupation spent their time in causing trouble to their former masters.

Leech, who was hindered in his underhand dealings by Steve, Jacquelin, his younger brother Rupert, and others, made numerous attempts to imprison them. He succeeded in catching all except Steve, who, by a daring step, carried Leech away and imprisoned him in an old deserted house. In a short time he succeeded in gaining the liberty of his friends and Leech was allowed to return home.

Thus for many years the old district remained under the sway of the unjust, but at last the tables turned and those who had been beaten out of their fortunes regained them, little by little. Red Rock and Birdwood were restored to their rightful owners and, as they had lost their influence here, Leech and Still removed to new fields.

Steve had greatly admired Ruth Welch since her arrival in the South, and after a long time he was rewarded and Ruth became his wife. Jacquelin and Blair had been lovers since childhood but, owing to some trifling misunderstanding had been separated for several years. The cloud was finally cleared away and they were united in marriage.

At last Red Rock, although greatly different from the old district, came under the rule of its former masters and all were able to settle down to their duties in peace.

#### WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

William Gilmore Simms was born at Charleston, South Carolina, April 17, 1806 and made his literary debut in 1837 with a volume of poems. Excepting Cooper, no American author of his period was more popular than Simms. In 1828, he became editor of a newspaper, but continued to write verse, of which he soon pub-

lished two volumes. In 1833, on the failure of his paper, he issued still another volume of verse and also his first romance, "Martin Faber." An able story "Guy Rivers" soon followed, and in 1835 appeared the "Yemassee," an Indian story, which is regarded as his best book. This was followed by many romances in rapid succession; they were evidently modeled upon those of Scott and Cooper, but the scenes and characters were all from Simms' native state..

All the works of Simms display a pleasing combination of realism and imagination, and their descriptions and combinations of all classes of South Carolinians, of a former period, were accepted as historically true. Most of Simms' pages are spirited, few are sentimental and all evince the vigor and heartiness for which their author was noted. He edited several magazines and reviews, in which he labored earnestly to promote the growth of Southern literature and to defend the institutions of the South. Simms wrote several historical and biographical works, all with Southern subjects. His romances were collected in a uniform edition of seventeen volumes, and in 1867 he compiled a large volume entitled "The War Poetry of the South." He died at Charleston, June 11, 1870.

#### "THE YEMASSEE."

In 1712, Charles Craven became governor of South Carolina and during his administration, the war with the Yemassee Indians broke out. When the colonists first came to South Carolina, they were treated very kindly by the Yemassee and fought together with them against the encroachments of the Spanish at St. Augus-

tine. As the strength of the colonists grew, they ceased to ask the Indians for aid and they gradually drove them back, farther from the coast, thus taking a great deal of their good hunting grounds.

The chiefs began to show discontent and a great mass of their people assumed a sullen demeanor. Their greatest chief was Sanutee and he, urged on by the Spaniards of St. Augustine, induced other tribes to join him in a plot to destroy the colony. The whites had two block houses along the Pocotaligo River in which they kept a few men.

Pastor Mathews was a stern Presbyterian, who had come to the new world for religious freedom. He lived on the bank of the river with his wife and daughter Elizabeth, or Bess as she was called.

The people were surprised one morning to see a large ship anchored in the Pocotaligo River. A young man named Gabriel Harrison, believed it to be a Spanish boat loaded with arms for the Yemasseees, and this proved to be true. This young Harrison was greatly attracted by the charms of Bess Mathews and she returned his affections. He persuaded all the whites to move to the block house for protection, since he knew the Indians were on the verge of rebellion.

The Indians, under Sanutee and Ishiagaska, another great chief, collected great numbers of Indians from other tribes and suddenly began an attack on the outlying settlements, burning houses and massacring the whites without mercy. They then marched toward the capitol, but Gabriel Harrison had been prompt in taking measures for defense. Quickly organizing the fighting



force of the colony, he advanced against the enemy with an army of twelve hundred men. A fierce battle was fought at and around the block house, in which the Indians were totally defeated and put to flight. Ishiagaska was killed and Sanute was so badly wounded that he soon expired with the warcry of his people, "Sangarrah-me Yemassee," on his lips.

After the battle, Gabriel told Bess that his name was not the one by which she had known him, but that it was Charles Craven, and that he was the governor. She was satisfied and, together with her father and mother, took boats to Charleston.

Sanutee, the Yemasses chief, is a very striking and interesting personage. In him we have a fair type of the patriot Indian of that period—love for his native forests and his jealousy of the encroachments of the whites, who were often cruel and unjust in their treatment of the Red Men. Sanutee's son, the young chief Oconestoga, represents the Indian demoralized by contact with the evil side of European civilization. The picture of the brave youth ruined by strong drink, the frenzied love of his mother and his terrible fate, form the most dramatic features of the book.

#### MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

(Charles Egbert Craddock)

Mary Noailles Murfree was born at Grantlands near Murfreesborough, Tennessee in 1850. Early in life she became lame from a stroke of paralysis, and thus prevented from indulging in the ordinary amusements of youth, she turned to books and became a good student. The family fortune was greatly reduced by the Civil War. They removed from their residence in Nashville back

to Grantlands, and then to St. Louis, Missouri. Under these circumstances, she began to write stories of her life in the Tennessee mountains, where she had spent much of her life. These she published under the pen name of Charles Egbert Craddock, they having first appeared in the Atlantic Monthly. These were followed by longer stories, but it was several years before her identity became known. Her published works are, "In the the Tennessee Mountains," "Where the Battle was Fought," "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," "In the Clouds," and "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove."

"Where the Battle was Fought."

Often at twilight the residents of a beautiful little valley in Tennessee are startled by dim echoes from an old battle field. Can it be the spirits of the brave soldiers, who fell in that bloody battle, still inhabit the dismal fort? The song of the nightingale is frequently interrupted by the blood chilling blast of the bugle. The flash of the bayonets is still seen and often the very earth trembles with the roll of the drums and the march of many feet, or can it be the rumble of a distant train thundering through the valley? This dismal old battlefield is appropriately called Fort Despair.

Beside this historic scene is the old and delapidated mansion of General Vayne, a veteran who lost his right arm on this very battlefield. Here he lived with his children, while in a corner of the old cemetery, a grass grown grave marks the last resting place of his beloved wife. Her place in the home was reverently filled by Marcia, the oldest

daughter, who cared for the younger children and helped her father bear the burden of his lost wealth.

Just beyond the river, which flows beside the decaying earthworks of Fort Despair, lies Marston, a small village. Here are stationed a number of soldiers and among these is one, Captain Estwicke, with whom Marcia became acquainted and a strong friendship grew up between them. He was a frequent visitor at the home of General Vayne. One evening, while visiting here, Captain Estwicke showed his bravery by aiding in extinguishing a fire which destroyed a small cotton warehouse and the cotton which it contained. Hereafter he held a warmer place in the hearts of all the family.

During the summer, Marcia was visited by her friend, Antoinette St. Pierre. Miss St. Pierre, who was alone in the world, had recently inherited some property from her half-sister, Mrs. Perrien. Mr. Travis, a half-brother of Mrs. Perrien, seeing the source of some much needed ready money in these houses, formed a plot, together with his partner, Maurice Brennett, whereby they might compel her to give over the property to them. In examining the records, they learned that the person of whom Mrs. Perrien had bought the property, held only a life title. A certain John Fortescue was the retainer.

Now by hiring a man to act as John Fortescue, they hoped to gain the desired property. For some time their plan promised to be successful, but finally their good fortune deserted them without their knowledge. For unwilling to trust to her own small knowledge of law, Antoinette placed the case in the hands of a young lawyer, Mr. Meredith.

While he was visiting in New York, Maurice Brennet came to Chattalla and, by thrusting himself into her company, made Antoinette's life unpleasant during his stay. After Meredith returned, he called upon Miss St. Pierre and after a short time the case was cleared up. In payment for his services, the sly lawyer recieved the heart of his fair client.

Meanwhile, Estwicke still continued his regular visits to the bullet-shattered old mansion beside the fort. One day, as he rode by the old fort, he was startled by a great flash and report from the ruins of the old powder magazine. It was the fourth of July and a little boy had placed some powder on the top of the ruins and had left Graffy Beale, a half-witted man to watch while he procured a fuse. The old man, having lighted his pipe, carelessly threw the still burning match down beside him. This, falling through a crevice, had lodged in some powder, thus causing the horrible explosion by which the half-witted outcast was hurled into eternity.

In an attempt to rescue the boy, Captain Estwicke was seriously wounded by a second explosion. The wounds, however, did not prove fatal and after a short time he was again at his post.

One evening while visiting at General Vayne's home, he was mistaken for John Fortescue by the man hired by Brennett to play the part of Fortescue. The Captain soon told the story of his life and convinced the man that, although his name was John Fortescue, he was the son of the man who had

been the stranger's comrade in the bloody battle of Fort  
Despair..

All misunderstandings were hereby made clear and when  
Captain Estwicke returned to his quarters that night, he  
bore with him the promise of the girl whom he had loved so  
long and seemingly hoplessly. Thus we leave him to follow  
his life journey in peace and happiness.

THE END.