

leans. It was a Southern statesman who added the Louisiana territory of more than 1,000,000 square miles to our domain. Under a Southern statesman Florida was acquired from Spain. Against the opposition of the free States, the Southern influence forced the war with Mexico, and annexed the superb empire of Texas, brought in New Mexico, and opened the gates of the republic to the Pacific. Scott and Taylor, the heroes of the Mexican war, were Southern men. In material, as in political affairs, the old South was masterful. The first important railroad operated in America traversed Carolina. The first steamer that crossed the ocean cleared from Savannah.

The first college established for girls was opened in Georgia. No naturalist has surpassed Audubon; no geographer equalled Maury; and Sims and McDonald led the world of surgery in their respective lines. It was Crawford Long, of Georgia, who gave to the world the priceless blessing of anæsthesia.

The wealth accumulated by the people was marvellous. And, though it is held that slavery enriched the few at the general expense, Georgia and Carolina were the richest States, per capita, in the Union in 1800, saving Rhode Island. Some idea of the desolation of the war may be had from the fact that, in spite of their late remarkable recuperation, they are now, excepting Idaho, the poorest States, per capita, in the Union. So rich was the South in 1860, that Mr. Lincoln spoke but common sentiment when he said: "If we let the South go, where shall we get our revenues?"

In its engaging grace—in the chivalry that tempered even Quixotism with dignity—in the piety that saved master and slave alike—in the charity that boasted not—in the honor held above estate—in the hospitality that neither

condescended nor cringed—in frankness and heartiness and wholesome comradeship—in the reverence paid to womanhood and the inviolable respect in which woman's name was held—the civilization of the old slave *régime* in the South has not been surpassed, and perhaps will not be equalled, among men.

And as the fidelity of the slave during the war bespoke the kindness of the master before the war, so the unquestioning reverence with which the young men of the South accepted, in 1865, their heritage of poverty and defeat, proved the strength and excellence of the civilization from which that heritage had come. In cheerfulness they bestirred themselves amid the ashes and the wrecks, and, holding the inspiration of their past to be better than their rich acres and garnered wealth, went out to rebuild their fallen fortunes, with never a word of complaint, nor the thought of criticism!

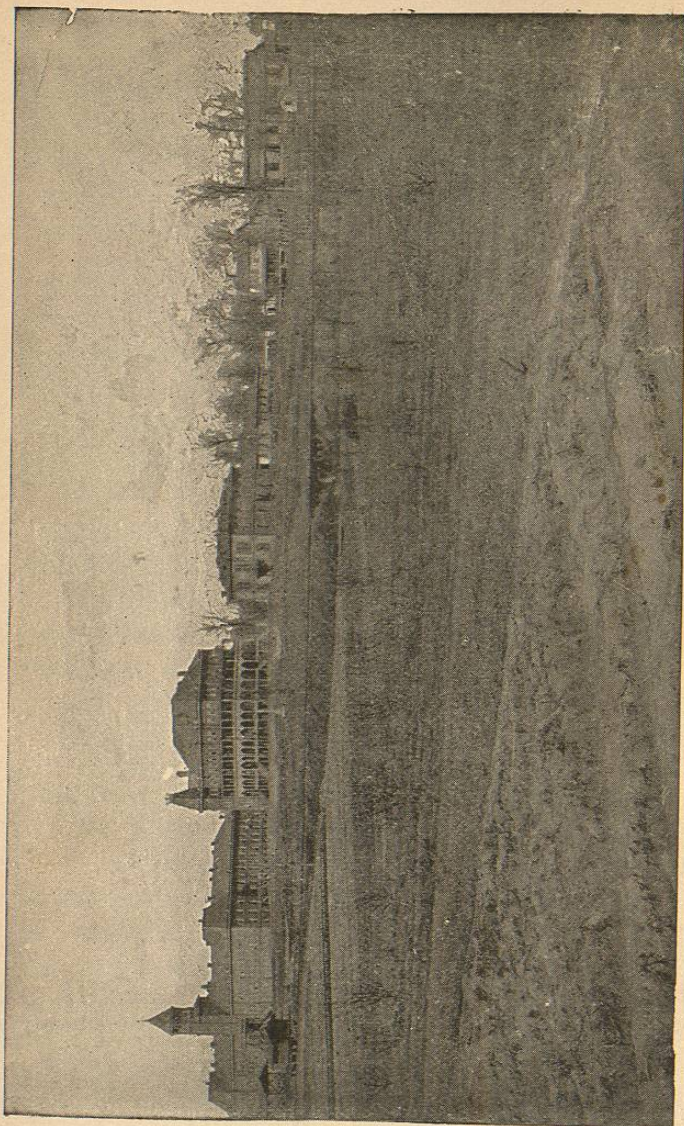
THOMAS NELSON PAGE. K+

1853—.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE was born at "Oakland," Hanover County, Virginia, of distinguished ancestry. He was educated at Washington and Lee University, studied law, and settled in Richmond. His first writings were poems and stories in the Virginia negro dialect, some of them in connection with Armistead Churchill Gordon. He is now (1894) editor of "The Drawer" in Harper's Monthly, and stands high as one of the younger writers of our country.

WORKS.

- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| In Ole Virginia, [stories in negro dialect]. | Befo' de Wa', (with A. C. Gordon). |
| Two Little Confederates. | On New Found River. |
| Elsket, and other Stories. | Pastime Stories, [written for "The |
| Essays on the South, its literature, the | Drawer"]. |
| Negro question, &c., in magazines. | Among the Camps, [stories]. |



Agricultural and Mechanical College of Mississippi.

[420]

Mr. Page delineates finely the old Virginia darkey and his dialect, as Mr. Harris does the darkey of the Carolinas and Georgia. There is a marked difference between them.

“The naturalness of his style, the skill with which he uses seemingly indifferent incidents and sayings to trick out and light up his pictures, the apparently unintentional and therefore most effective touches of pathos, are uncommon.”

MARSE CHAN'S LAST BATTLE.

(From *Marse Chan: In Ole Virginia*.)

“Well, jes' den dey blowed boots an' saddles, an' we mounted: an' de orders come to ride 'roun' de slope, an' Marse Chan's comp'ny wuz de secon', an' when we got 'roun' dyah, we wuz right in it. Hit wuz de wust place ever dis nigger got in. An' dey said, 'Charge 'em!' an' my king! ef ever you see bullets fly, dey did dat day. Hit wuz jes' like hail; an' we wen' down de slope (I 'long wid de res') an' up de hill right to'ds de cannons, an' de fire wuz so strong dyar (dey had a whole rigiment of infintrys layin' down dyar onder de cannons) our lines sort o' broke an' stop; de cun'l was kilt, an' I b'lieve dey wuz jes' 'bout to bre'k all to pieces, when Marse Chan rid up an' cotch hol' de fleg, an' hollers, 'Foller me!' and rid strainin' up de hill 'mong de cannons.

“I seen 'im when he went, de sorrel four good lengths ahead o' ev'ry urr hoss, jes' like he use' to be in a fox-hunt, an' de whole rigiment right arfter 'im. Yo' ain' nuver hear thunder! Fust thing I knowed, de roan roll' head over heels an' flung me up 'g'inst de bank, like yo' chuck a nubbin over 'g'inst de foot o' de corn pile. An' dat's what kep' me from bein' kilt, I 'spects. Judy she say she think 'twuz Providence, but I think 'twuz de bank. O' c'ose,

* By permission of author, and publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

Providence put de bank dyah, but how come Providence nuver saved Marse Chan?

"When I look 'roun' de roan wuz lyin' dyah by me, stone dead, wid a cannon-ball gone 'mos' th'oo him, an' our men had done swep' dem on t'urr side from de top o' de hill. 'Twan' mo'n a minit, de sorrel come gallupin' back wid his mane flyin', an' de rein hangin' down on one side to his knee. 'Dyar!' says I, 'fo' God! I 'spects dey done kill Marse Chan, an' I promised to tek care on him.'

"I jumped up an' run over de bank, an' dyar, wid a whole lot o' dead men, an' some not dead yit, onder one o' de guns, wid de fleg still in he han', an' a bullet right th'oo he body, lay Marse Chan. I tu'n him over an' call him, 'Marse Chan!' but 'twan' no use, he wuz done gone home, sho' 'nuff. I pick 'im up in my arms wid de fleg still in he han's, an' toted 'im back jes like I did dat day when he wus a baby, an' ole marster gin 'im to me in my arms, an' sez he could trus' me, an' tell me to tek keer on 'im long ez he lived.

"I kyar'd 'im 'way off de battle-fiel' out de way o' de balls, an' I laid 'im down onder a big tree till I could git somebody to ketch the sorrel for me. He wuz cotched arfter a while, an' I hed some money, so I got some pine plank an' made a coffin dat evenin', an' wrapt Marse Chan's body up in de fleg, and put 'im in de coffin; but I didn' nail de top on strong, 'cause I knowed ole missis wan' see 'im; an' I got a' ambulance, an' set out for home dat night. We reached dyar de nex' evenin', arfter travellin' all dat night an' all nex' day."

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE.

"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK."

MISS MURFREE was born at "Grantlands," near Murfreesboro, Tennessee, the family home inherited from her great-grandfather, Colonel Hardy Murfree, for whom the town was named. Her youth was spent here and in Nashville, the summers being passed in the Tennessee Mountains: shortly after the Civil War, her father removed to St. Louis, and it was there that she began to write.

Her stories are laid mainly in the mountains of Tennessee and describe vividly and truly the people, life, and exquisite scenery of that region.

WORKS.

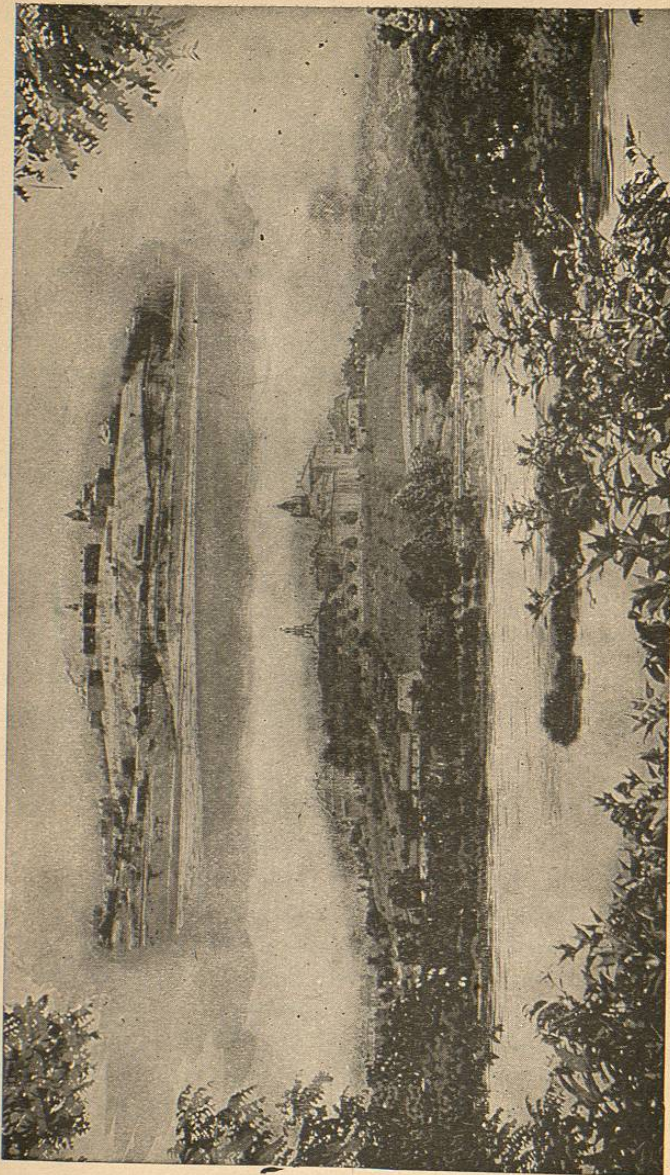
In the Tennessee Mountains, [short stories].	Phantoms of the Foot-Bridge.
Down the Ravine.	Where the Battle Was Fought.
In the Clouds.	Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains.
Despot of Broomsedge Cove.	Story of Keedon Bluffs.
	In the "Stranger People's" Country.

THE "HARNT" THAT WALKS CHILHOWEE.

(From *In the Tennessee Mountains*.)

June had crossed the borders of Tennessee. Even on the summit of Chilhowee Mountain the apples in Peter Giles' orchard were beginning to redden, and his Indian corn, planted on so steep a declivity that the stalks seemed to have much ado to keep their footing, was crested with tassels and plumed with silk. Among the dense forests, seen by no man's eye, the elder was flying its creamy banners in honor of June's coming, and, heard by no man's ear, the

*By permission of Houghton, Mifflin, and Company, Boston.



A Summer and Winter View of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.

pink and white bells of the azalea rang out melodies of welcome.

Then the two men tilted their chairs against the little porch in front of Peter Giles' log cabin, and puffed their pipes in silence. The panorama spread out before them showed misty and dreamy among the delicate spiral wreaths of smoke. But was that gossamer-like illusion, lying upon the far horizon, the magic of nicotian, or the vague presence of distant heights? As ridge after ridge came down from the sky in ever-graduating shades of intenser blue, Peter Giles might have told you that this parallel system of enchantment was only "the mountings"; that here was Foxy, and there was Big Injun, and still beyond was another, which he had "hearn tell ran spang up into Virginny." The sky that bent to clasp this kindred blue was of varying moods. Floods of sunshine submerged Chilhowee in liquid gold, and revealed that dainty outline limned upon the northern horizon; but over the Great Smoky mountains, clouds had gathered and a gigantic rainbow bridged the valley.

Simon Burney did not speak for a moment.

"That's a likely gal o' yourn," he drawled, with an odd constraint in his voice,— "a likely gal, that Clarsie."

"Yes," Peter Giles at length replied, "Clarsie air a likely enough gal. But she air mightily sot ter havin' her own way. An' ef 't ain't give to her peaceable-like, she jes' takes it, whether or no."

This statement, made by one presumably informed on the subject, might have damped the ardor of many a suitor,— for the monstrous truth was dawning on Peter Giles's mind that suitor was the position to which this slow elderly widower aspired. But Simon Burney, with that odd, all-

pervading constraint still prominently apparent, mildly observed, "Waal, ez much ez I hev seen of her goin's-on, it 'pears ter me az her way air a mighty good way. An' it ain't comical that she likes it."

The song grew momentarily more distinct: among the leaves there were fugitive glimpses of blue and white, and at last Clarsie appeared, walking lightly along the log, clad in her checked homespun dress, and with a pail upon her head.

She was a tall lithe girl, with that delicately transparent complexion often seen among the women of these mountains. Her lustreless black hair lay along her forehead without a ripple or a wave; there was something in the expression of her large eyes that suggested those of a deer,—something free, untamable, and yet gentle. "'Tain't no wonder ter me ez Clarsie is all tuk up wjth the wild things, an' critters generally," her mother was wont to say; "she sorter looks like 'em, I'm a-thinkin'."

As she came in sight there was a renewal of that odd constraint in Simon Burney's face and manner, and he rose abruptly. "Waal," he said, hastily, going to his horse, a raw-boned sorrel, hitched to the fence, "it's about time I war a-startin' home, I reckons."

He nodded to his host, who silently nodded in return, and the old horse jogged off with him down the road, as Clarsie entered the house and placed the pail upon a shelf.

The breeze freshened, after the sun went down, there were stars in the night besides those known to astronomers; the stellar fire-flies gemmed the black shadows with a fluctuating brilliancy; they circled in and out of the porch, and touched the leaves above Clarsie's head with quivering points of light. A steadier and

an intenser gleam was advancing along the road, and the sound of languid footsteps came with it; the aroma of tobacco graced the atmosphere, and a tall figure walked up to the gate.

"Come in, come in," said Peter Giles, rising, and tendering the guest a chair. "Ye air Tom Pratt, ez well ez I kin make out by this light. Waal, Tom, we hain't furgot ye sence ye done been hyar."

The young man took leave presently, in great depression of spirits.

Clarsie ascended the ladder to a nook in the roof which she called her room.

For the first time in her life her slumber was fitful and restless, long intervals of wakefulness alternating with snatches of fantastic dreams. And then her mind reverted to Tom Pratt, to old Simon Burney, and to her mother's emphatic and oracular declaration that widowers are in league with Satan, and that the girls upon whom they cast the eye of supernatural fascination have no choice in the matter. "I wish I knowed ef that thar sayin' war true," she murmured, her face still turned to the western spurs, and the moon sinking slowly toward them.

With a sudden resolution she rose to her feet. She knew a way of telling fortunes which was, according to tradition, infallible, and she determined to try it, and ease her mind as to her future. Now was the propitious moment. "I hev always hearn that it won't come true 'thout ye try it jes' before daybreak, an' kneelin' down at the forks of the road." She hesitated a moment and listened intently. "They'd never git done a-laffin' at me, ef they fund it out," she thought. [She went out into the road.] She fixed her eyes upon the mystic sphere dropping down the sky, knelt among the azaleas at the forks of the

road, and repeated the time-honored invocation: "Ef I'm a-goin' ter marry a young man, whistle, Bird, whistle. Ef I'm a-goin' ter marry an old man, low, Cow, low. Ef I ain't a-goin' ter marry nobody, knock, Death, knock."

There was a prolonged silence in the matutinal freshness and perfume of the woods. She raised her head, and listened attentively. No chirp of half-awakened bird, no tapping of wood-pecker or the mysterious death-watch; but from far along the dewy aisles of the forest, the ungrateful Spot that Clarsie had fed more faithfully than herself, lifted up her voice, and set the echoes vibrating. Clarsie, however, had hardly time for a pang of disappointment.

While she still knelt among the azaleas, her large deer-like eyes were suddenly dilated with terror. From around the curve of the road came the quick beat of hastening footsteps, the sobbing sound of panting breath, and between her and the sinking moon there passed an attenuated one-armed figure, with a pallid sharpened face, outlined for a moment on its brilliant disk, and dreadful starting eyes, and quivering open mouth. It disappeared in an instant among the shadows of the laurel, and Clarsie, with a horrible fear clutching at her heart, sprang to her feet.

the ghost stood before her. She could not nerve herself to run past him, and he was directly in her way homeward.

"Ye do ez ye air bid, or it'll be the worse for ye," said the "harnt" in a quivering shrill tone. "Thar's hunger in the nex' worl' ez well ez in this, an' ye bring me some vittles hyar this time ter-morrer, an' don't ye tell nobody ye hev seen me, nuther, or it'll be the worse for ye."

The next morning, before the moon sank, Clarsie, with a tin pail in her hand, went to meet the ghost at the appointed

place. Morning was close at hand. the leaves fell into abrupt commotion, and he was standing in the road, beside her. He did not speak, but watched her with an eager, questioning intentness, as she placed the contents of the pail upon the moss at the roadside. "I'm a-comin' agin ter-morrer," she said, gently. Then she slowly walked along her misty way in the dim light of the coming dawn. There was a footstep in the road behind her; she thought it was the ghost once more. She turned, and met Simon Burney, face to face. His rod was on his shoulder, and a string of fish was in his hand.

"Ye air a-doin' wrongful, Clarsie," he said sternly. "It air agin the law fur folks ter feed an' shelter them ez is a-runnin' from jestic. An' ye'll git yerself inter trouble. Other folks will find ye out, besides me, an' then the sheriff 'll be up hyar arter ye."

The tears rose to Clarsie's eyes. This prospect was infinitely more terrifying than the awful doom which follows the horror of a ghost's speech. "I can't help it," she said, however, doggedly swinging the pail back and forth. "I can't gin my consent ter starvin' of folks, even if they air a-hidin' an' a-runnin' from jestic."

DANSKE DANDRIDGE.

1859—.

MRS. DANDRIDGE was born in Copenhagen, when her father, Honorable Henry Bedinger, was minister to Denmark. In 1877 she was married to Mr. Stephen Dandridge of Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Her first name, Danske, is the pretty Danish word for Dane, and is pronounced in two syllables.

WORKS.

Joy, and other Poems.

Mrs. Dandridge's poems are as dainty and airy as if the elves themselves had led her to their bowers and discovered to her their secrets; and this is truly what her poetic sense has done, for the poet is a seer and singer of the secrets of nature.

THE SPIRIT AND THE WOOD SPARROW.

*(From Joy, and other Poems.)**

'Twas long ago :
 The place was very fair ;
 And from a cloud of snow
 A spirit of the air
 Dropped to the earth below.
 It was a spot by man untrod,
 Just where
 I think is only known to God.
 The spirit, for a while,
 Because of beauty freshly made
 Could only smile ;
 Then grew the smiling to a song,
 And as he sang he played
 Upon a moonbeam-wired cithole
 Shaped like a soul.

There was no ear
 Or far or near,
 Save one small sparrow of the wood,
 That song to hear.
 This, in a bosky tree,
 Heard all, and understood
 As much as a small sparrow could
 By sympathy.
 'Twas a fair sight
 That morn of Spring,
 When on the lonely height,

* By permission of the author, and publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

The spirit paused to sing,
 Then through the air took flight
 Still lirting on the wing.
 And the shy bird,
 Who all had heard,
 Straightway began
 To practice o'er the lovely strain ;
 Again, again ;
 Though indistinct and blurred,
 He tried each word,
 Until he caught the last far sounds that fell
 Like the faint tinkles of a fairy bell.

Now when I hear that song,
 Which has no earthly tone,
 My soul is carried with the strain along
 To the everlasting Throne ;
 To bow in thankfulness and prayer,
 And gain fresh faith, and love, and patience, there.

AMELIE RIVES CHANLER.

1863—.

MRS. CHANLER, or AMÉLIE RIVES as she still styles herself in writing, was born in Richmond, Virginia, but passed her early life at the family place in Albemarle County, called "Castle Hill." She is a granddaughter of William Cabell Rives, once minister to France and author of "Life of Madison"; and her grandmother, Mrs. Judith Walker Rives, was a woman of much ability, and left some writings entitled "Home and the World," and "Residence in Europe."

She was married in 1888 to Mr. John Armstrong Chanler of New York and has since spent much time in Paris, studying painting for which she has as great fondness as for writing.