THESIS on
THE GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF SOUTHERN LITERATURE
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APPROVED
Department of English
Dean School of Domestic Science and Art.
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The people of the South, i.e., the landed proprietors, have been, ever since the founding of the thirteen colonies, favorable to literature. The surrounding conditions, however, were of such a nature that the sweet flower of literature could not possibly flourish. The large, isolated plantations together with the practice of slavery, nurtured orators and men of executive ability rather than those of literary tendencies.

The necessity of attending to material conditions and development was so great as to preclude active literary work. However, the very climate, the breezes, and the balm and perfume of southern woods were conducive to the development of liking and relishing literary productions, particularly poetry. Had it not been for the presence of the feature of slavery, the South might have produced, ere this, men and women of excellent attainments in the world of literature. As it was, however, at first, the subduing of the wilderness, the fight with the Redmen, and the necessity for making homes, left no leisure for such
occupation. While literary taste was present, it was not productive; and not until the opening of the nineteenth century, (indeed far into the century), did the South produce anything that will ultimately live.

The literature that has been produced in the South springs from the depth and fulness of the southern nature; it is all picturesque, in one manner or another. Creative art is everywhere evident, especially in the works of Edgar Allan Poe. The works of George Washington Cable receive vitality through their artistic finish and rich southern atmosphere. Sidney Lanier, the author of our best and most melodious southern poetry has greatly added to American literature and may be ranked with Swinburne. He has revealed new possibilities for the English language, thereby greatly enriching it.

Again, that talent which sometimes pleases us most, is transcribing the old, well known things into fascinating and beautiful language. Joel Chandler Harris has accomplished this in his "Uncle Remus," a sympathetic interpretation of negro folklore, told with plenty of negro wit and dialect.

These four authors seem to me the most representative and the most important of those in the South. Extracts and reviews of their works follow:
ULALUME.

We have in this poem one of the fullest expressions of Poe's genius. It is given to the expression of one strain, that of melancholy, and relates to the death of his wife Virginia Clemm. Ulalume is symbolical of his wife.

Favorite words coined by Poe are used profusely here, as Weir, Auber, Yaunek, and the expression "ghoul-haunted," all of which heighten the characteristic, weird sound. The poem seems an unchanging dream of gloom made into music and there is a sinister menace throughout the whole which is explained and made more definite in the last stanza.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

This poem is framed in the story of Ligeia: The theme is well defined, being the ultimate end of physical man. The poem is less beautiful but more piteous than the others. Poe has produced minxes, angels, demons; and "those vast formless beings" which are his favorites are used here. The tone of this poem is purely terrible, unalloyed by any other emotion.
"THE GOLD BUG."

Mr. Legrand a gentleman who had formerly been well to do, lost his fortune and to avoid ensuing unpleasantness, moved to an uninhabited island, a short distance from New Orleans. Being an intelligent man and a good naturalist he attracted another, and on the particular day on which his friend came to visit him had found a very fine beetle on the beach which looked as if it might be of gold.

Sitting by the fire in the evening, speaking of the bug which he had sent in to the city, Mr. Legrand drew out what appeared to be a piece of white paper and diagrammed the beetle to better explain it. The other started to look at the drawing, was interrupted and when he again looked at it, he saw a very good drawing of a human skull. Mr. Legrand insisted he had drawn a beetle but on looking also, recognized a skull. His friend returned to the city that night.

A month later the naturalist met Jupitor, Mr. Legrand's old negro in New Orleans who begged him to return with him to the island. Jupitor asserted that his master seemed to be losing his mind, whereupon his friend went at once. On his arrival Mr. Legrand's excited appearance seemed to verify Jupitor's
assertion. He seemed anxious to make an expedition into the hills so the others reluctantly went with him, his friend carrying dark lanterns, Jupiter carrying spades while he carried the gold bug attached to a long string.

Mr. Leb-rand became more excited as they proceeded and at last stopped before a very large tulip tree. He then commanded Jupiter to climb the tree and take with him the gold bug. When the negro reached the seventh branch on a certain side of the tree he discovered a skull. Jupiter was then directed to drop the bug through the left eye. From the spot where the bug lit on the ground he measured several yards each way and directed everyone to dig.

After digging in the ground industriously for several feet and finding nothing Leb-rand suddenly asked Jupiter which eye he had dropped the bug through. They found he had chosen the wrong eye so the entire process was repeated, this time with great success. A great iron chest was unearthed and when the ponderous cover was lifted, there lay before them untold wealth.

Now having convinced his friend of his saneness, he set about to tell how he had discovered the treasure. The supposed paper proved to be parchment and on further heating a cryptogram appeared. The figure
of a kid at the bottom further revealed it to be in English as this particular pun could not be employed in any other Language, it having presumably been written by Captain Kidd. Translated, it directed one to the treasure spot.
WILLIAM WILSON.

This is the story of a man with an exceedingly strong and withal slightly disordered imagination. This predominant feature in his mental makeup together with a strong will and ungovernable temper, were the food which in later life plunged him into the most irregular and wayward existence. However, commendable qualities were not wholly lacking in his character, although they were seldom exercised and then but feebly.

William Wilson while still a small boy was entered at an Academy in England. He was chagrined and somewhat angry to find that another boy closely resembling him, of the same name, and of exactly the same age, entered the same day that he did.

By reason of his alert, ready mind and imperiousness of disposition, William Wilson was soon the dictator of "his set," with the single exception of his namesake who refused to submit. He did not openly rebel and the other pupils seemed never to know that a rival existed. The most singular thing about the second William Wilson was that his voice never rose above a whisper, and at every opportunity he offered advice to the first. It was, moreover, very good advice but it was either received with repugnance or,
more often utterly rejected.

After several years at the Academy, he transferred to Eton whence he was frightened by the appearance of his namesake and his whispered advice as he was about to execute some particularly flagrant misdeed. He then entered Oxford where he led a mad, extravagant life of dissolution.

One night in a fellow student’s apartments, he had allowed himself to reach the very acme of absolute profligacy, and after an excess of drinking, had gambled with a weak minded young lord, and won his entire fortune from him. Lord Glendenning appeared downcast and extremely depressed and then it was that something akin to sympathy entered William Wilson’s heart. Immediately the door opened and his namesake entered, and in a whisper advised him. When the now horrible visitor had again gone, he acknowledged having tricked Lord Glendenning out of his money, and then left Oxford in the deepest disgrace.

He was pursued to the end of the earth by the second William Wilson and his whisper. At last as he was about to perpetrate a particularly vicious deed, his namesake appeared and in desperation thrust his sword through him repeatedly. For an instant his attention was distracted; but when his eyes again returned to what had been a bloody, dying person, he beheld
a long mirror, and he himself seemed to hear a voice which was his own; he understood it to say that he only truly lived as long as the other being did, and that henceforth he would be dead to the world and heaven.

The second William Wilson, I have understood to be what is commonly termed conscience, while the outline of the life of the first William Wilson closely resembles that recorded of Poe.
"THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH."

The country was nearly depopulated from a pestilence which had raged over it. The "Red Death" was gruesome and horrible in its effects. It was incurable and the tortured patients died within half an hour after taking it.

However, Prince Prospero was still happy, and he gathered together the people who were left and went with them to one of his places. When the large company was inside, the great iron gates were locked and they imagined themselves safe from the ravages of the disease.

One night, to furnish a more hilarious time than usual, the Prince gave a masked ball. The people were dressed in the most fantastic, grotesque, and whimsical ways. The seven rooms where the ball was given were each furnished in one particular color, which lent an increasing glare and unusualness to the scene. There was one room however, which even the most daring and reckless did not care to enter. Everything was black, the walls were hung with black and fell to a carpet which was of the same. The panes of the window were a bright scarlet and illuminated the somber room with a ghastly, startling effect. A clock was situated
in this room, and when it struck the hours, the dancers invariably stopped and listened until it had ceased striking.

The gaiety was at its height when a masker appeared who had not been noticed before; it was a perfect likeness of the "Red Death." The people were angry to be so forcibly reminded of that from which they had fled, and demanded that it unmask. The figure ignored them. The Prince, bolder than the others, followed it into the black room. As he was about to thrust his sword through it, he found the mask contained nothing, and at that moment died. After this the entire company steadily decreased for the "Red Death" had entered their midst.
THE OBLONG BOX.

The narrator took passage from Charleston to New York. Among the passengers was a Mr. Wyatt, a particular friend of the former who had engaged passage for himself, wife, two sisters and servant. The vessel did not sail until a week after the intended departure, and Mr. Wyatt, wife and sisters, came on board the last moment but with no servant; a very queer oblong box was their only baggage.

Mr. Wyatt who was in the habit of telling his friend everything, remained silent both as to the box and its contents. This aroused his friend's curiosity and he thought of it a great deal, and also noticed that his friend avoided his wife altogether, and that he kept the box in his own room. One day when twitted as to the contents of the box Mr. Wyatt grew extremely red, then pale and suddenly fainted away. This surprised his friend very much who, however, attributed it to insanity.

After they had been seven days at sea, the weather became threatening, turning at last into a hurricane. The vessel was injured in the storm and the entire crew with passengers, embarked for an island, among them Mr. Wyatt and his company. When the boat was
but a short distance from the ship Mr. Wyatt stood up and demanded that his box be taken along. The Captain refused to turn back and the man jumped out of the boat and into the sea. By dint of great strength he secured the box but was unable to reach the boat; and clasping the box, he sank. The Captain said they would rise but not until the salt melted and then explained that the box contained the dead wife of Mr. Wyatt which he was taking back to her mother. It was taken as merchandise as the passengers would have refused to travel with a dead body had they known it.
LIGEIA.

Ligeia was beautiful, she was so lovely that her beauty could not be put down in words. She was tall, her features were classic, and her eyes, the most remarkable thing about her beauty, were extremely large and black. She was, withal, very intellectual, helping her husband in the most abstruse subjects. These two loved each other with the most undying devotion.

Ligeia became ill, and just before she died had her husband read to her the poem she had written shortly before, which was "The Conquerorr Worm." At the close she shrieked and threw her arms madly about, then became quiet and feebly murmured something she had read which had impressed her deeply. It was this, "Man doth not yield himself to the angels, nor unto death utterly, save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

After Ligeia had passed away, her husband could no longer remain where she had lived, and he moved to an abbey in an unfrequented and wild part of England. Here he became an abject slave to opium; and also in a short time, married Lady Rowena, who was fairhaired and blue-eyed. She grew to hate his moody ways and was taken sick in a short time. She seemed partly to
recuperate several times but each time she became worse afterwards. She spoke of whisperings she had heard, although no one else could ever hear any and it was attributed to her nervous state.

Lady Rowena died at last, and as her husband sat in the chamber with her dead body, he saw a flush rise in her cheek. Horrified, though with good intentions, he tried to bring her back to life but she again became as one dead. This same thing occurred repeatedly until he became stiff with horror and nameless dread. Near dawn he heard a sound; he looked and became rigid from fear as he saw the grave-bedecked form rise and come toward him. The cloth fell from about the head; the bandage from the eyes and he beheld Lightea.
"THE BELL S" and "THE RAVEN" (BY EDGAR ALLAN POE)

"The Bells" by Poe in four stanzas describe consecutively sleigh bells, wedding bells, fire bells and funeral bells. This poem is unique in that the vocal manipulation is without a rival. The words describing the sleigh bells are crisp and sharp and the time is quick. One can hear the merry jingle as he reads.

The wedding bells are described in full mellow tones using melodious words. Loveliness and happiness pervade the whole.

The ruling mood of the fire bells is terror. The words are harsh. This stanza has more of the wild elemental spirit than the others.

The funeral bells embody hopeless misery. The repulsive Ghouls, more horrible than any earthly being, ring the bells of death. The "melancholy menace" permeates the lines, rendering them gruesome, and showing the typical ghastly idea Poe had of death.

In "The Raven", the fantastic and ominous are deftly inter-blended. It has been called the most popular lyrical poem in the world. In this poem Poe has made use of a refrain which heightens the effect sought for.
Although Poe was the earliest writer of genius in the South, he was followed by a man who, although hampered by ill health and lack of means, has written some of the sweetest songs of the South. His literary work was cut off when it was about at its height by his early death. As it is, he is rated by a good critic as, "the rarest product of English or American literature during the last quarter of a century."
POEMS BY SIDNEY LANIER.

"Sunrise"; by Sidney Lanier, recounts in unrestrained and beautiful language the coming of dawn. The idea of dawn, the rising of the sun above the horizon, the going out of the stars and the beams of gold that shoot across the eastern sky, convey it to the mind without effort. Nothing seems to be too distinct or rigid, however impressions are not blurred.

"The Song of the Chattahoochee", although short, is one of Sidney Lanier's best. This river though detained and barred in its passage will not linger or stop, but flows on to water the burning prairies. The song carries one along with it, the metre and words are onomatopoetic.

"Corn" expresses the loveliness of growing things and brightness and sunshine. He describes as:

"Drawn to high plans,  
Thou lift'st more stature than a mortal man's  
Yet ever pierceth downward in the mold  
And keepest hold,  
Upon the reverend and the steadfast earth  
That gave thee birth;  
Yea, standest smiling in thy future grave,  
Serene and brave,  
With unremitting breath  
Inhaling life from death,  
Thine epitaph wait fair in fruitage eloquent  
Thyself thy monument."

"The Marshes of Glynn" seems, of all his poems, to be most delightful. A description which embodies
the spirit of the wildwoods, radiating peace and contentment, always has a charm for those who love nature. The manifold colors and shades found in the recesses of a wood could not be more delicately expressed than,-

'Emerald Twilights,-
Virgin'[al Sky Lights.]

These seem to have the very essence of the cool, shady woods in them.
George Washington Cable first established his fame when he wrote those artistic short stories of New Orleans, "Old Creole Days." Several books have since come from his pen, and these please one as much by the graceful and charming style in which they are written as by the stories themselves.
OLD CREOLE DAYS.

JEAN-AH POQUELIN.

In an old part of New Orleans, Jean Poquelin lived with his brother Jacques who was thirty years his junior. The two brothers were very devoted to each other by reason of their very natures, Jean being a bold adventurer, while the younger was gentle and studious. They lived together in the great old house in perfect peace; but Jean who had a roving disposition, and could not remain home long at a time, announced to Jacques that he was going on a long voyage. The younger begged him not to go but Jean could not be persuaded and in the end the two went together, leaving the gloomy old house and plantation to the care of an African mute.

Two years later Jean Poquelin returned. No one saw him come, and his brother was never seen, although it was reported that he also had returned. The people, knowing of the violent temper Jean possessed decided he had killed his brother in a fit of anger. Hideous stories of witchery about the old house and its master were circulated without number until the place became a terror to every one; while children, at a distance, jeered and mocked the
broken old man.

Americans were settling in the city and creating a sensation with their enterprising ways. They now proposed to build a public highway which would extend through Jean Poquelin's yard and very near his house. The Creole made a violent protest but to no avail. At last however one of the officers, a Mr. White, concerned in the enterprise, was asked secretly to investigate the premises of Jean Poquelin. He visited the place at night and the spectacle he saw there won his deepest sympathy and at the same time horrified him. His report to the Board was unsatisfactory and had an air of mystery about it. He also advised them strongly not to pursue their investigations further.

Mr. White heard the next night old Poquelin was to be charivaried. He did his best to prevent it, knowing that the old man was ill, having been knocked down with a clod the day before by some vicious boy. His efforts were in vain, however, and the noise-mob arrived in time to be present at the funeral of Jean Poquelin.

They reverently removed their hats as they saw the African mute come slowly towards the gate leading a small brown bull which drew a rude cart. A long box rested upon it which contained the remains of
of Jean Poquelin. There was a backward rush; then all stood as the semblance of a man, Jacques Poquelin, a leper and white as snow, passed by. They passed away, out of sight, into the jungle.

MADAME DELICIEUSE.

Madame Delicieuse, the most charming woman in New Orleans, was on her porch in company with her many lady friends, when there was a sound of clattering hoofs and the soldiers passed by, led by General Villivicencio, the most martial and proud man in the state. Dr. Mossy, his son, the opposite of his proud father, was kind, gentle as a child, patient, and beloved by all. The General had long been separated from his son and Madame Delicieuse had long desired their reconciliation, for she knew the worth of both. The General disapproved of his son, desiring a copy of himself rather than his son's real character.

After the procession, the General mounted the stairs at the invitation of Madame who, after a little well chosen flattery began to relate some gossip of the afternoon about himself and his son. This put the General in a very queer light and he went away very uncomfortable.

General Villivicencio was the man for the Creole Ticket and one morning was enraged and his colleagues
with him at a very slanderous item in the paper. Before this, at the request of Madame Deliciouse, the General had called upon his son but the visit had been very unsatisfactory. Now, however, the proud old gentleman rushed to his son's office to see if he could obtain help in avenging the article.

The two began to assume their old time relations when Dr. Mossy offered to search out the author of this attack. He had been in his son's office alone a long time and was becoming very uneasy when Madame Deliciouse entered. After arousing the father's anxiety by making him believe Dr. Mossy might be fighting a duel, she related to the General that his son was world-famous, a fact wholly unknown to him heretofore.

When Madame Deliciouse had exhausted all her resources to keep the General in the office, Dr. Mossy returned and Madame Deliciouse acknowledged the authorship of the article. She also told the general that she and his son had discovered an affection for each other ten years before; but being disinherited he would not marry.

The three were very happy, for father and son were reconciled and the Doctor and Madame could at last be married.
"THE GRANDESSIMES."

A Review.

After one has finished "The Grandissimes" by George W. Cable, the thought is firmly impressed on the mind of the reader that the author must necessarily have had a purpose, in order to produce such a striking and powerful book. The many animated discussions on the political topics of the day both from a Creole and American viewpoint, provide the reader with the contemporary history of the story, and are withal interesting as forming the basis of the novel. In this manner the book presents a picturesque part of our history and also reminds us of the present day, that we have the same problem, changed, it may be, in some of its aspects, but as large as ever to cope with, the negro. The book is named after the principal hero and his family.

The mention of political questions does not preclude an interesting book for the interest is intense and never seems to flag. However, the plot is complex to a degree, hard to follow at times, but if not read too hurriedly, the incidents resolve themselves into a most interesting and quite unusual story. The incidents are all probable there being nothing supernatural
introduced, although the majority of the characters are decidedly superstitious. There is a reverting narrative, that of Bras Coupi. Descriptive passages are often found and are beautiful and harmonious, transposing one to the luxuriant Southland. The principal climax is at the end, Honore Grandissimes' decision in regard to the property of the Nanconou's being only a minor one. Suspense is employed; however, the story ends happily for the principal characters. No other ending it seems would be possible and be at all according to human nature. Near the end of the narrative, there is an example of exquisite description of a water scene. The chapter containing the story of Bras Coupi stands out as the most conspicuous.

The characters are numerous although each is remembered for his or her distinguishing traits; they are not so bewildering as they might seem at first acquaintance. They are drawn from the highest classes of society and the negroes; all men and women; there is no place for children in this story. The people found in the Creole aristocracy here portrayed seem exceptional; the women are certainly more charming and some of the men more villainous than we are accustomed to find in ordinary society. Although each character is vividly portrayed, there seems no tendency to exaggeration or caricature. There are some
historical characters but the place they occupy is not prominent. The men and women, although exceptional in themselves, are very human in their actions, and good and bad traits are mingled together in a most entertaining way. Honore Grandissime is the only character who surprises one by being better than one expects him to be at a crucial point of the story; however, it must be comparatively easy for him to be thus, for he is aided to a great extent by Joseph Frowenfeld. The characters develop and unfold, their natures expand with the progress of the story, so that the end finds the principal members of the Grandissime family awakened from an unhealthy apathy to a knowledge of some of the surrounding evil conditions, and the destruction of their suicidal pride. Honore may be the hero, although Joseph Frowenfeld holds a place of fully as much importance. The negroes employ their magic and there would be no story without it; nevertheless the reader is fully aware that it is only superstition and not intended to be believed. Men occupy the chief place in the story.

The story is more a novel than a romance although it partakes of the nature of a romance in places.

The book abounds with beautiful descriptions usually at the beginning of a chapter; and instead of interfering with the story, they give the needed
background for the characters. Mr. Cable is strongest in character drawing but description and narration follow closely.

The two characters most vividly drawn are the least alike and show the greatest contrast; the mood of the story is also varied, destroying monotony and sameness which are fatal qualities in any book.

His style is full of a unique and charming individuality. There are many pithy remarks: for instance, Joseph Frowenfeld's statement, "to every desirable end there are two roads, the way of strife and the way of peace." and another made by him. "When a man's social or civil standing is not dependent on his knowing how to read he is not likely to become a scholar." Another extremely apt expression, that which describes Aurore Nanconou's dwelling. "It sat as squat on the ground as a toad," conveys at once the repulsive impression sought for. The interior is described in great contrast. The passages sometimes contain a pathos uncommonly delicate and lasting. His style is original which is irresistible to the reader.

Of the three chief qualities of style, beauty seems to me the most noticeable. Force and clearness are present but do not make themselves felt to such a marked degree.

The musical dialect of the Creole is used
pleasantly, giving a poetical effect; rarely is it hard to understand. The use of dialect serves as a potent reminder that the individuals are essentially non-American in thought, speech, and action. The diction is beautifully picturesque.

The characters are dealt with sympathetically and almost lovingly. The chapter entitled "Aurora's Last Picayune" is an example. The author possesses a vivid imagination as evidenced by descriptions wherein every detail is seen and felt, the fragrance of flowers, delicate sounds; the whirr and flutter of birds' wings and the graceful gestures of Aurora and Clotilde. Humorous passages are found throughout the book, but of a delicate sort. Mr. Cable, as we know, did have a varied experience in life and this is shown in his book. One would think him a man of broad culture; yet while this is true in a sense, he did not receive his training in school but assimilated it through an inherent love of learning and a desire to write. Nature must have strong attraction for him, for it is impossible to describe sympathetically that which does not appeal to one. I believe Chaucer may have been a favorite of his and perhaps Emerson and Hawthorne.
Dr. Sevier had just returned to his office when a young man entered and asked him to visit his wife as she was very ill. The Doctor seemed harsh but immediately upon entering the sickroom his manner changed and he became gentle and comforting. Mrs. Richling, for that was the wife's name, recovered and this was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between them.

The young people had been in New Orleans but a short time; John Richling had come with only a little money, expecting to find work and day after day he had tramped through the streets and found none. After a time the Richling's financial resources became so much reduced that they moved to cheaper apartments; and still it seemed that John could find no work, although he searched for it daily. During the winter the Doctor had lost sight of them and when he called, found them gone; and he concluded that they had returned to Milwaukee.

During the winter John Richling did find a little work, however; he straightened out one set of books, was recommended to another firm, and looked theirs over, but this short period of happiness did not last long. He was out of employment and looking for work as before.
The evenings were very beautiful, and early in the month of March John and Mary Richling took a walk. They were very devoted to each other and enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Dr. Sevier was returning from a call on a patient this same evening. When about half way home his attention was called to four people on the walk, an elderly couple and a younger one. Dr. Sevier's companion in the carriage thought there was to be a shooting scrape but the incident ended by the old gentleman commanding the young people to leave the city. They were the Richlings. After this when Mary saw Dr. Sevier he bowed only distantly and she knew that he was angry although she did not know the reason. Shortly after this John called at his office to see if he could obtain work through the Doctor's aid, but he was so distant and haughty that John left, angry and humiliated. Narcisse, his clerk, followed him to the foot of the stairs and tried to explain the Doctor's harshness and disclose his really admirable character. Later in the week as the Doctor was visiting a charity hospital with some medical students he came upon Mary Richling ill again. She was removed to a pay ward by the good Doctor's order. When Mary had again recovered they took rooms with the widow Riley. These were still less expensive than their last. One day
as John stood on a corner after a search for employment, an Italian touched him on the shoulder and asked for a loan of a dollar. At first he refused, for it was all he had, but at last he gave in and the next day Mr. Ristofalo returned it to him with fifty cents extra. Through the Richlings he met Mrs. Riley and they were afterwards married.

One night after thinking of the young people's reduced circumstances Dr. Sevier visited them and after a long talk induced them to take fifty dollars as a loan from him until John should be in a position to earn money. They subsisted on this for a time, although its benefit was much shortened by lending some of it to Narcisse. At last, however, they reached really desperate circumstances and John, after tramping all day, was resting himself wearily on some stairs when a policeman ordered him off. He resisted and was taken to the jail for the night. The next day he was tried, found guilty of some misdemeanor and taken to a prison for thirty days; but through Mr. Ristofalo, whom he also found there, he sent word to his wife of his condition. When John had not returned home, Mary was frantic and still more so when she found where he was. She appealed to Dr. Sevier and after a great deal of haggling his release was obtained. After his unsanitary confinement in the
prison John became very ill, but was attended by the faithful Doctor who, during John's recuperation would tell incidents of his own life, mostly of his wife Alice, who he thought resembled Mary. The Doctor persuaded Mary to go back to Milwaukee in order to allow John a better chance to earn money. She stayed away longer than was expected. John obtained a very remunerative position as bookkeeper in a bank, owned by an old German named Reisen. He made himself so useful that his wages were gradually increased. Meanwhile the Civil War broke out and when Mary was at last sent for she found it impossible to travel. John had never gotten over his prison experience; so that, depressed by his wife's absence and his added business cares after his employer's death, he failed rapidly. The Doctor had no hope of his recovery although he took the sick man into his own home that he might better care for him.

After receiving her husband's message, Mary started at once with her child Alice to reach New Orleans. After a long and strenuous journey and many long delays she reached her destination only to find him at the point of death. He lived twelve hours after she came and they were both glad for this precious respite. After her husband's death Mary and little Alice, who was named after the Alice
who had died long before, went to live with the good Doctor. Mary carried on his charity work for him among the poor.

During his last days Mr. Richling explained that he had left home to marry this girl and had been forbidden ever to come back. Richling was only an assumed name.

BONAVENTURE.

CARANCORO.

One day a sad-faced woman with a little boy stopped in front of an imposing home on the prairies of Louisiana. She asked for shelter and was directed to the house of Sosthene Gradneco; she soon died but left her little Creole son Bonaventure.

From a very young child he entertained an ardent affection for Josephine, his guardian's little daughter who was two years his senior. Bonaventure was different from the Acadians with whom he grew up and he was also very jealous of Josephine's cousin Thanese. When the Civil War broke out this cousin enlisted and went away through the agency of Bonaventure, who wished him out of the way. Shortly after this Bonaventure went to live with the cure (and) to be educated. Josephine was also taught to read.
The war closed and every one returned home except Thanase; still there was no record of his death. The suspense became too much for Bonaventure who blamed himself; and when he awoke one night, he went and confessed all to the cure. In the morning he went in search of Thanase. The youth traveled for many weeks and months and at last he was told by a sailor that Thanase had gone to Brazil. After receiving this news, Bonaventure turned homeward with gladdened heart expecting the reward of Josephine’s hand. On the way home he became ill and was delayed a long time. At last however, he resumed his journey homeward and arrived in the little town of Vermillionville, just in time to attend the gay wedding of Josephine and Thanase. No one noticed the young man who became ill in the church and had to be taken home by the cure; but at last news reached the ears of Josephine that Bonaventure had returned. He wanted to go away, but the good cure advised him to stay and told him, in time he would learn it was really better as it was, that he, Bonaventure, was too good, too self-sacrificing, and too high strung for Josephine.

One day a tragedy occurred. Thanase was killed in a village grocery in a fight. When the news was brought to Josephine she refused to be comforted; but as time passed Bonaventure seemed to be able to
quiet her grief, and teach her more self-control. He had refused one mission in order to comfort Josephine, but a year later he went to Grande Pointe to teach.

GRANDE POINTE.

A stranger entered the little village of Grande Pointe which was situated many miles from the outside world and was composed of the descendants of the Acadians. These people lived entirely uneventful lives and were withal rather indolent, although they could not be called lazy. Bonaventure Deschamps who was the stranger, was going to become their teacher and was viewed with much interest by the villagers.

The children grew to love him and the villagers greatly respected him until one day their priest intimated to them that Bonaventure was there for no good purpose. The people threatened to force him to leave but they compromised, for he said the pupils should be given an examination by the superintendent when he came and if the pupils made one mistake, the school should be closed. About this time a Mr. G. W. Tarbox happened to be going through the country selling books and was taken at once for the superintendent. He, recognized the position Bonaventure was put in, and what he was doing for the community, pronounced
Bonaventure had fallen in love with one of his pupils, Sidonie, as had also Claude St Pierre, another pupil. Sidonie chose Bonaventure and Claude went out into the world to try his fortune.

AU LARGE.

After Claude had been away from Grande Pointe about two months, he happened into the tavern of Madame Beausoleil. Here he met C. W. Tarbox who also happened to be there and Josephine's beautiful daughter with whom he at once fell in love as she did with him. The common theme was Bonaventure, for all of the four knew him. Claude remained several days at the now home-like tavern but at last found employment with a chief engineer.

Meanwhile back in Grande Pointe, St Pierre was pining for his son and he confided to Bonaventure that he was going to make him come home; but the teacher's advice was to go to Claude instead and it was accepted. Claude was working hard and was successful; but when his father joined him, he severed connections with the chief engineer and appeared to his father to be idle for three weeks. At the end of that time however, he presented the model of a machine he had invented and
after this he rose rapidly.

Marguerite, Madame Beausoleil's daughter, had gone to New Orleans for a change of scene, to crush out the memory of Claude and the better to study music. Here she grew into a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Claude was in the city on business and met her; this vision instantly supplanted the old one even while he was uncertain whether she was the old Marguerite or someone else.

Mr. Tarbox had also discovered an affection for Madame Beausoleil. Later he joined forces with Claude St Pierre in business thus insuring success for them both. At last the four lovers, in some unaccountable way, found themselves together and after Bonaventure and Sidonie had arrived, were married.
Joel Chandler Harris confined himself to middle Georgia; he deals lovingly with the negro and southern scenes. His works have a tang of the South which renders them fascinating.
"UNCLE REMUS."

"Uncle Remus", an original contribution to American literature by Joel Chandler Harris, is a masterpiece among short stories of this type. The negro myths herein related teem with dialect and show a wealth of poetry. These negro myths are as distinctly American as Longfellow's Hiawatha or as Arthur and his Round Table belong to the English. These myth stories were mainly discovered, and have found expression, through Joel Chandler Harris and embody the quaint, humorous philosophy and represent all the shrewdness and curiosity of the negro race; Uncle Remus is portrayed as the type.

The rabbit is the hero in all the stories, and it seems unconsciously to typify the racial characteristics, for instead of going about anything with bold assurance, the rabbit uses cunning and secrecy and mischievousness, taking plenty of time and withal being perfectly harmless. The rabbit does not lack initiative in little things, but any foresight in regard to larger matters is entirely absent; this expresses, on the whole, the characteristics of the entire race.

There is no plot except in the way in which the stories are told. Uncle Remus, a venerable old negro
is the story teller; these stories are told night after night to a little boy who listens enraptured. The child very rarely interrupts, but when he does ask what the aged negro regards as an impertinent question, he is answered in the quaintest, most evasive manner. Uncle Remus has all the pride of family and caste prejudice which had been installed in his mind in his days of slavery.

The negro songs cannot be judged by strict poetic methods but in most cases are written in regard to time only. "The Revival Hymn," "The Camp-meeting Song," "The Plantation Play Song" and others are pronounced by the author as characteristic in the highest degree. Their rhythm is very pronounced, almost senseless words sometimes being inserted to maintain it.

Mr. Harris is both humorous and sympathetic in his treatment of the negro, and imparts to his stories the genuine flavor of the South. "Brer Rabbit," acquires a new and picturesque interest. The dialect is melodious and artistic and reminds one of the musical talk of half-grown children.

His purpose was to preserve the folk-lore of the negro and unite it permanently with the older dialect before it completely passes away. Following are reproductions of three of the stories told by the old negro.
"MR. RABBIT FINDS HIS MATCH AT LAST."

Once as Brer Rabbit was running down the road he met Brer Terrapin and after a few remarks about the weather they began to dispute as to which was the swiftest runner. Each said he could outrun the other until they decided to put it to a test. Brer Turkey buzzard was selected as judge and he also held the stakes. They were to run five miles. Brer Terrapin was to run through the woods while Brer Rabbit was to go down the road. On the appointed day a great many had assembled to see the end of the race. Meanwhile Brer Terrapin who had a wife and three children, had stationed each of them near a mile post and himself very near the fifth one, this arrangement being possible as each one was the image of the other. At the signal Brer Rabbit and the first Terrapin were off when the first Terrapin would run into the woods and a second take his place as Brer Rabbit neared the next mile post. This continued until Brer Terrapin ran out and reached the last one first, winning the race and money from the crestfallen rabbit.

WHY THE NEGRO IS BLACK.

The little boy discovered one night that the palms of Uncle Remus' hands were light and this was
A long time ago all the people were black, however, one day a pond was discovered and the black man got in and came out white, having washed off the dirt. So many others then flocked to the pond that the water was nearly all used up. Those who came at this time and washed in the muddy water came out mulattoes, but for the last who went in there was only enough water to dabble their hands and feet in and these remained negroes.

"HOW MR. RABBIT SAVED HIS MEAT."

One day as Brer Wolf was returning from a fishing trip with his string of fish across his shoulder, a partridge hopped out from the bushes and fluttered along in front of him. He thought the partridge was trying to lead him away from her nest and he pursued her into the bushes. At this time Brer Rabbit happened along, noticed the fish in the road and took them. When Brer Wolf came out and noticed his fish were gone he went to Brer Rabbit's house; Brer Rabbit denied taking the fish and promised Brer Wolf the best cow he had if he thought he took them. Brer Wolf killed the cow but Brer Rabbit who did not want to lose his meat scared him away, then cut up the meat and salted it down. He then buried part of the tail in the ground.
and was pulling at the end to keep, as he said, the
cow from going in the ground farther when Brer Wolf
returned. Brer Wolf began to pull also and the tail
came out; however, he would not give up and procured
a spade and began to dig. He dug and dug and mean-
while Brer Rabbit was laughing at him. It is to be
supposed he stopped in due time although this is not
related.