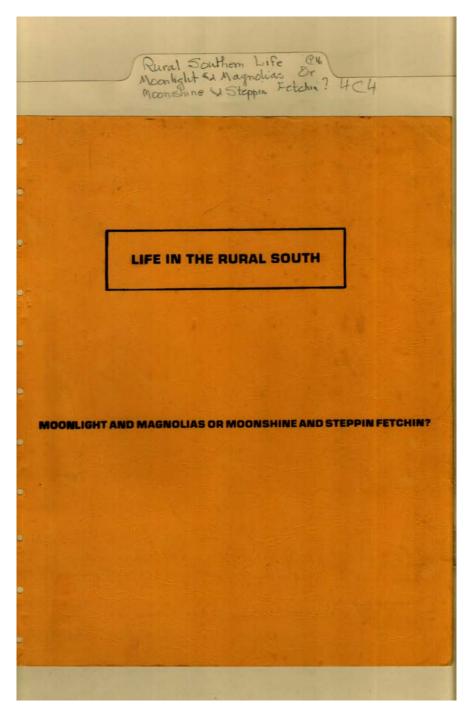
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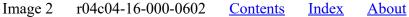
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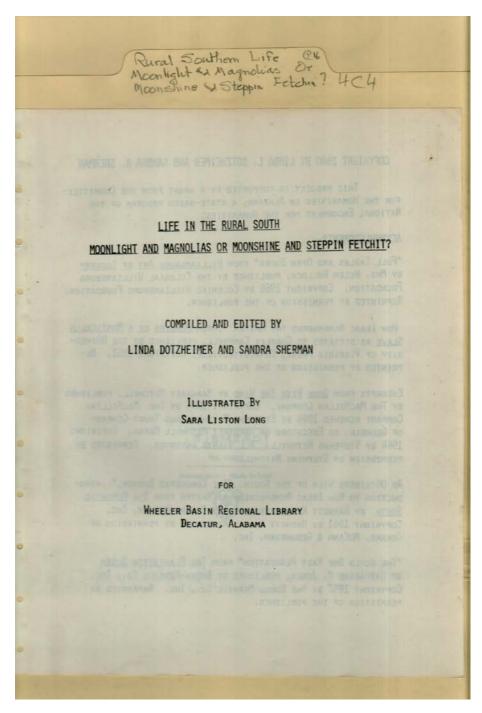
Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin

Life in the Rural South

Moonlight & Magnolias

Types:





Names:

Dotzheimer, Linda Long, Sara Liston Sherman, Sandra

Places:

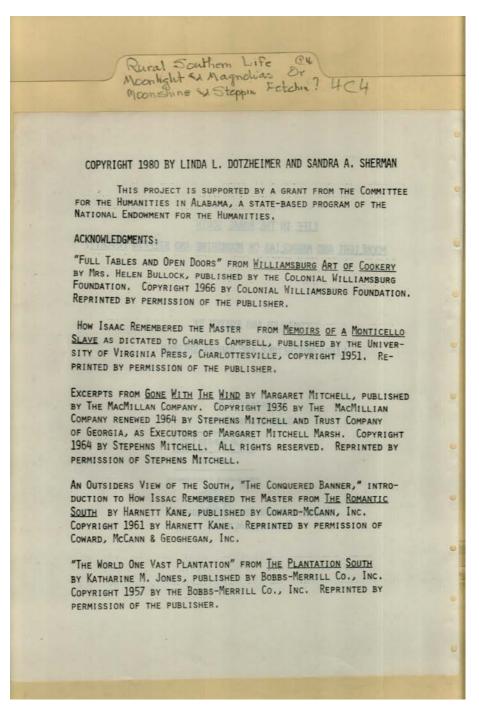
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anthology

Wheeler Basin Regional Library Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin Life in the Rural South Moonlight & Magnolias

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Bullock, Helen, Mrs. Campbell, Charles Dotzheimer, Linda

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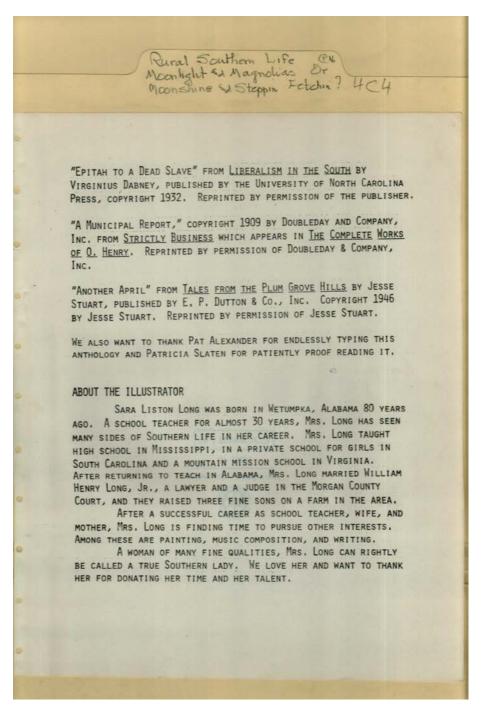
anthology

Dates:

1980

Humanities in Alabama Jones, Katharine M. Kane, Harnett Marsh, Margaret Mitchell Mitchell, Margaret Mitchell, Stephen Sherman, Sandra

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Alexander, Pat Dabney, Virginius Henry, O.

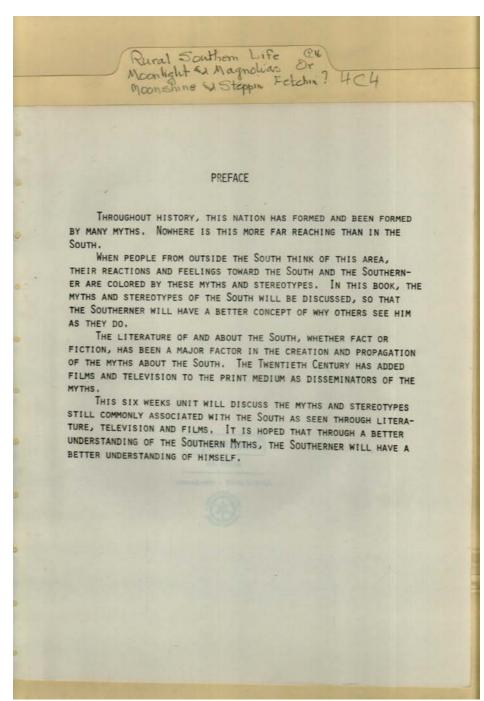
Types:

anthology

Long , William Henry, Jr.

Long, Sara Liston, Mrs. Slaten, Patricia Stuart, Jesse

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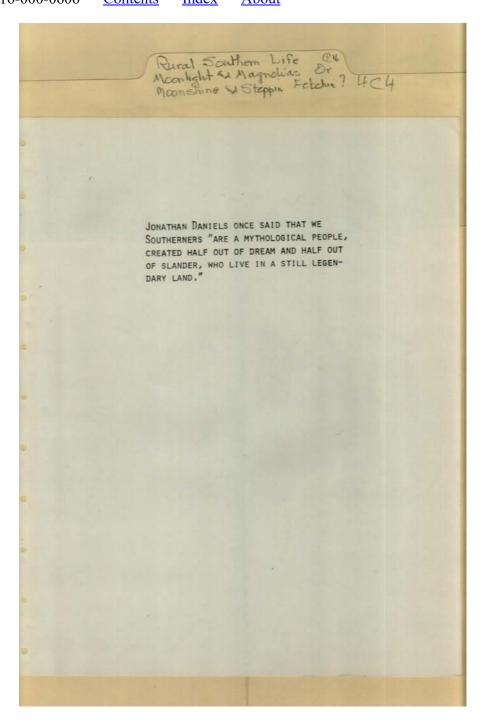


Names:

Southern Myths & Stereotypes

Types:

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"Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra
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Names:

Daniels, Jonathan

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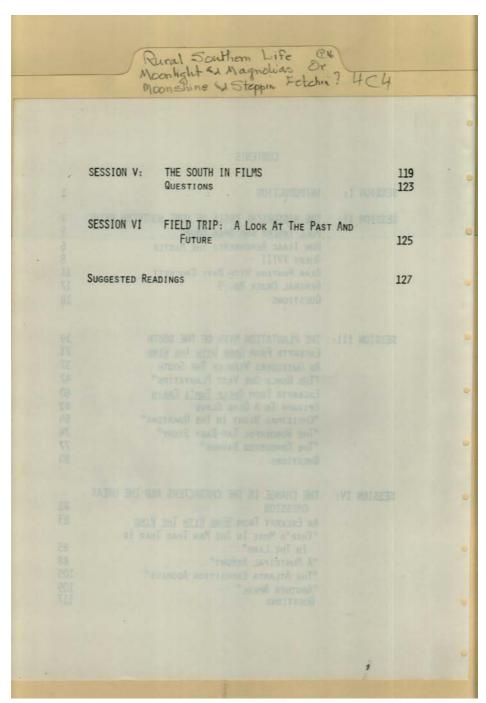
, Uncle Tom

Contents of Anthology about

South Crockett, Davy

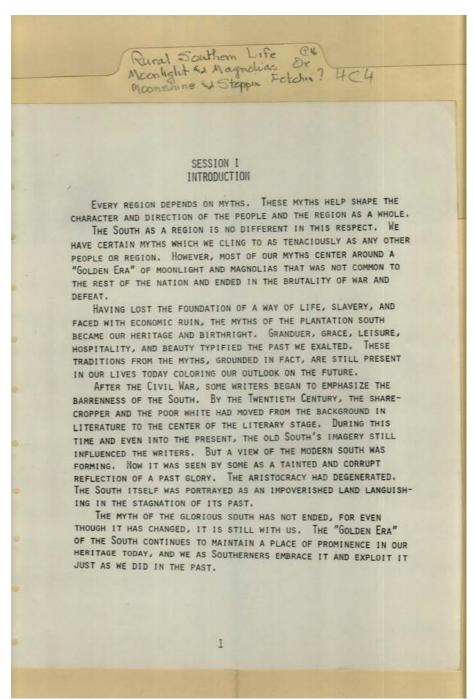
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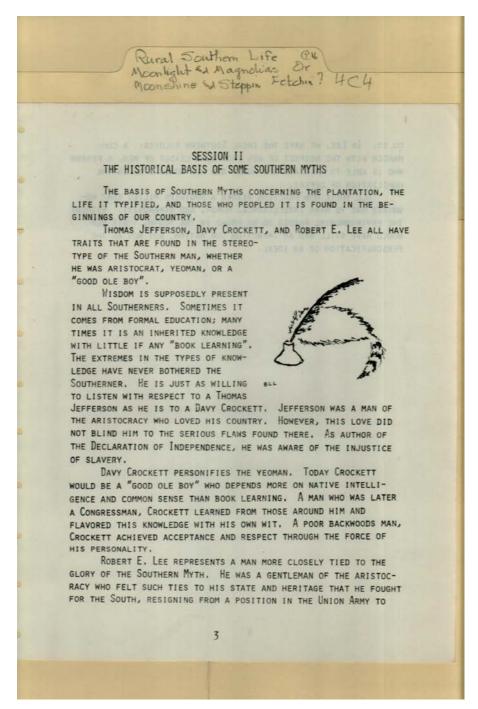


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Golden Era of South

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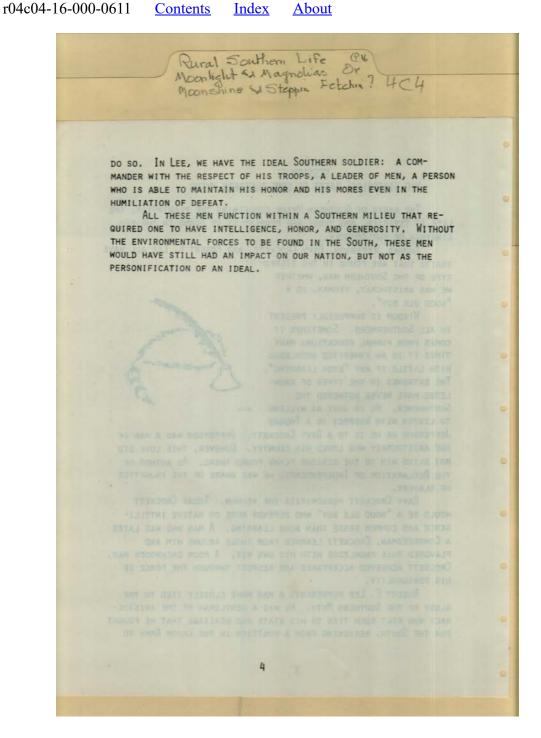
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Jefferson, Thomas

Lee, Robert E.

Types:

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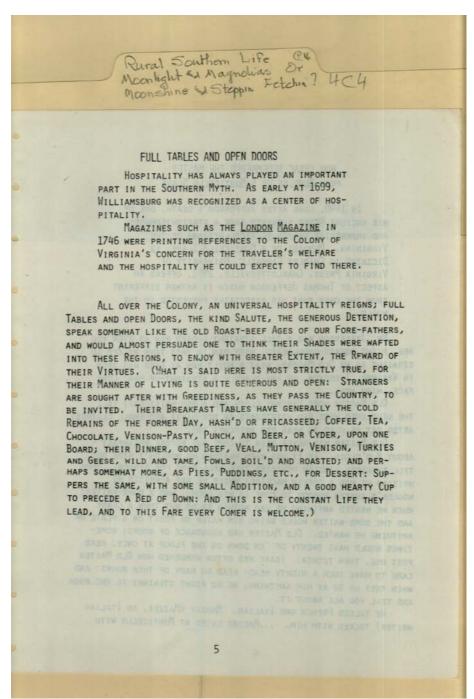


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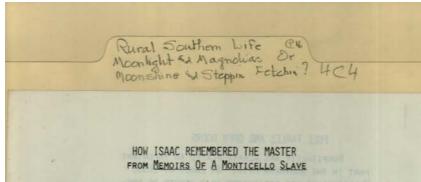
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IN 1840, LONG AFTER JEFFERSON'S DEATH, ONE OF HIS ANCIENT NEGRO SERVANTS GAVE A STRAIGHTFORWARD AND IMPRESSIVE SERIES OF RECOLLECTIONS OF THE VIRGINIAN. MEMOIRS OF A MONTICELLO SLAVE, AS DICTATED TO CHARLES CAMPBELL, UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA PRESS, CHARLOTTESVILLE, 1951, OFFERS AN ASPECT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON WHICH IS RATHER DIFFERENT FROM THE ONES THAT HIS ASSOCIATES PRESENTED TO THE WORLD,

Mr. Jefferson was a tall straight-bodied man as ever you see, right square-shouldered; nary man in this town walked so straight as my Old Master; neat a built man as ever was seen in Vaginny, I reckon, or any place - a straight-up man: long face, high nose....

OLD MASTER WORE VAGINNY CLOTH AND A RED WAIST-COAT (ALL THE GENTLEMEN WORE RED WAISTCOATS IN DEM DAYS) AND SMALL CLOTHES; ARTER DAT HE USED TO WEAR RED BREECHES TOO.

OLD MASTER WAS NEVER SEEN TO COME OUT BEFORE BREAKFAST ABOUT 8 O'CLOCK. IF IT WAS WARM WEATHER HE WOULDN'T RIDE OUT
TILL EVENING: STUDIED UPSTAIRS TILL BELL RING FOR DINNER. WHEN
WRITING HE HAD A COPYIN MACHINE; WHILE HE WAS A-WRITIN HE
WOULDN'T SUFFER NOBODY TO COME IN HIS ROOM: HAD A DUMB-WAITER:
WHEN HE WANTED ANYTHING HE HAD NOTHIN TO DO BUT TURN A CRANK
AND THE DUMB-WAITER WOULD BRING HIM WATER OR FRUIT ON A PLATE OR
ANYTHING HE WANTED. OLD MASTER HAD ABUNDANCE OF BOOKS: SOMETIMES WOULD HAVE TWENTY OF 'EM DOWN ON THE FLOOR AT ONCE: READ
FUST ONE, THEN TOTHER. ISAAC HAS OFTEN WONDERED HOW OLD MASTER
CAME TO HAVE SUCH A MIGHTY HEAD: READ SO MANY OF THEM BOOKS: AND
WHEN THEY GO TO AX HIM ANYTHING, HE GO RIGHT STRAIGHT TO THE BOOK
AND TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT.

HE TALKED FRENCH AND ITALIAN, MADZAY (MAZZEI, AN ITALIAN WRITER) TALKED WITH HIM. ...MADZAY LIVED AT MONTICELLO WITH

6

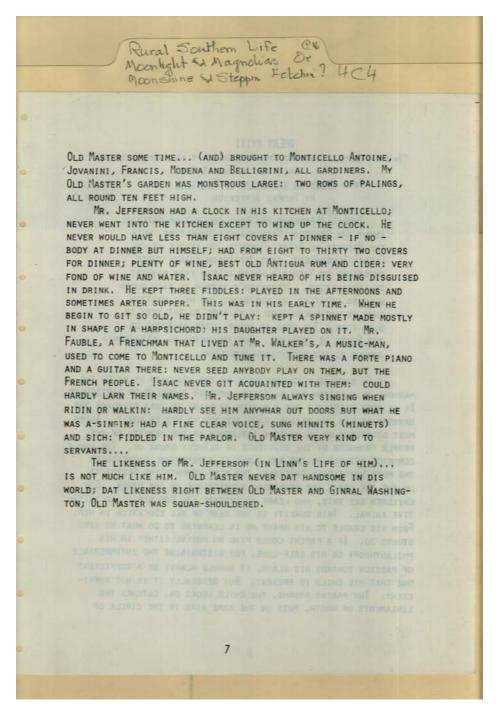
Names:

, Isaac (slave) Campbell, Charles Jefferson, Thomas Madzay,

Mazzei,

Types:

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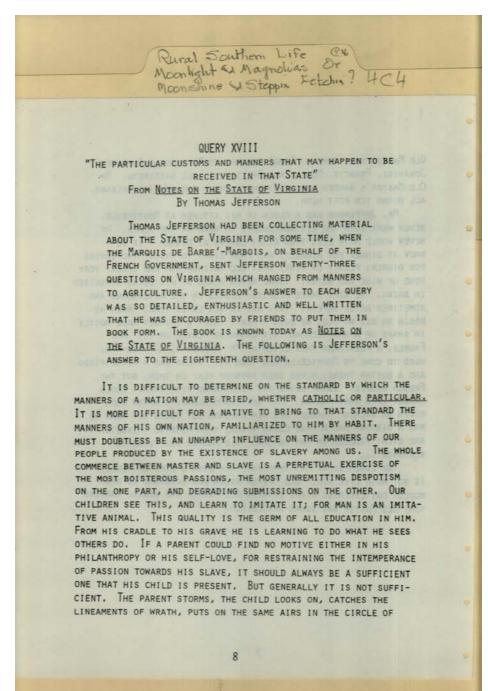


Names:

, Isaac (slave) Fauble, Gardiner, Antoine Gardiner, Belligrini Gardiner, Francis Gardiner, Jovanini Gardiner, Modena Jefferson, Linn, Walker, Washington, General

Types:

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Names:

Jefferson, Thomas

de Barbe'-Marbois, Marquis

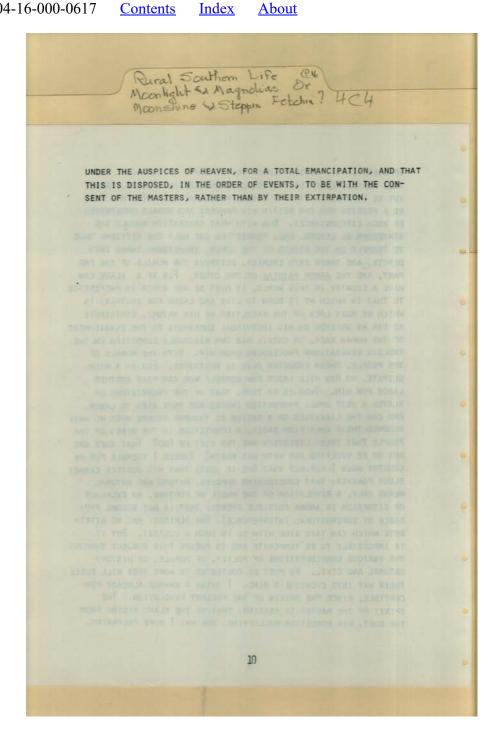
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Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Or ? Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? SMALLER SLAVES, GIVES A LOOSE TO THE WORST OF PASSIONS, AND THUS NURSED, EDUCATED, AND DAILY EXERCISED IN TYRANNY, CANNOT BUT BE STAMPED BY IT WITH ODIOUS PECULIARITIES. THE MAN MUST BE A PRODIGY WHO CAN RETAIN HIS MANNERS AND MORALS UNDEPRAVED BY SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES. AND WITH WHAT EXECRATION SHOULD THE STATESMAN BE LOADED, WHO, PERMITTING ONE HALF THE CITIZENS THUS TO TRAMPLE ON THE RIGHTS OF THE OTHER, TRANSFORMS THOSE INTO DEPOTS, AND THESE INTO ENEMIES, DESTROYS THE MORALS OF THE ONE PART, AND THE ARMOR PATRIAE OF THE OTHER. FOR IF A SLAVE CAN HAVE A COUNTRY IN THIS WORLD, IT MUST BE ANY OTHER IN PREFERENCE TO THAT IN WHICH HE IS BORN TO LIVE AND LABOR FOR ANOTHER; IN WHICH HE MUST LOCK UP THE FACULTIES OF HIS NATURE, CONTRIBUTE AS FAR AS DEPENDS ON HIS INDIVIDUAL ENDEAVORS TO THE EVANISHMENT OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR ENTAIL HIS OWN MISERABLE CONDITION ON THE ENDLESS GENERATIONS PROCEEDING FROM HIM. WITH THE MORALS OF THE PEOPLE, THEIR INDUSTRY ALSO IS DESTROYED. FOR IN A WARM CLIMATE, NO MAN WILL LABOR FOR HIMSELF WHO CAN MAKE ANOTHER LABOR FOR HIM. THIS IS SO TRUE, THAT OF THE PROPRIETORS OF SLAVES A VERY SMALL PROPORTION INDEED ARE EVER SEEN TO LABOR, AND CAN THE LIBERTIES OF A NATION BE THOUGHT SECURE WHEN WE HAVE REMOVED THEIR ONLY FIRM BASIS, A CONVICTION IN THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE THAT THESE LIBERTIES ARE THE GIFT OF GOD? THAT THEY ARE NOT TO BE VIOLATED BUT WITH HIS WRATH? INDEED I TREMBLE FOR MY COUNTRY WHEN I REFLECT THAT GOD IS JUST; THAT HIS JUSTICE CANNOT SLEEP FOREVER; THAT CONSIDERING NUMBERS, NATURE AND NATURAL MEANS ONLY, A REVOLUTION OF THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE, AN EXCHANGE OF SITUATION IS AMONG POSSIBLE EVENTS; THAT IS MAY BECOME PRO-BABLE BY SUPERNATURAL INTERFERENCE! THE ALMIGHTY HAS NO ATTRI-BUTE WHICH CAN TAKE SIDE WITH US IN SUCH A CONTEST. BUT IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO BE TEMPERATE AND TO PURSUE THIS SUBJECT THROUGH THE VARIOUS CONSIDERATIONS OF POLICY, OF MORALS, OF HISTORY NATURAL AND CIVIL. WE MUST BE CONTENTED TO HOPE THEY WILL FORCE THEIR WAY INTO EVERYONE'S MIND. I THINK A CHANGE ALREADY PER-CEPTIBLE, SINCE THE ORIGIN OF THE PRESENT REVOLUTION. THE SPIRIT OF THE MASTER IS ABATING, THAT OF THE SLAVE RISING FROM THE DUST, HIS CONDITION MOLLIFYING, THE WAY I HOPE PREPARING,

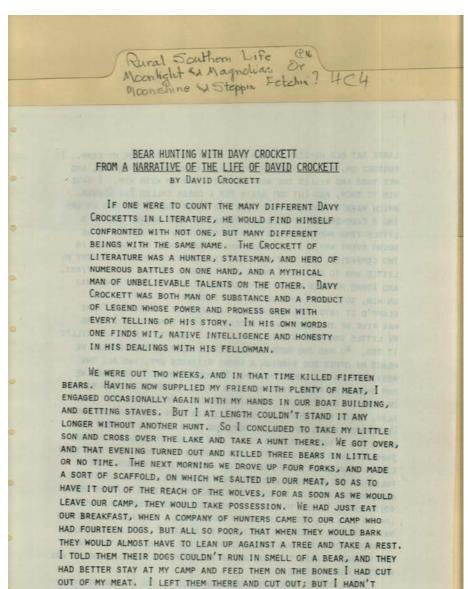
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"Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra
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GONE FAR, WHEN MY DOGS TOOK A FIRST-RATE START AFTER A VERY

Names:

Crockett, David Crockett, Davy

Types:

anthology

Bear Hunting with Davy Crockett

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Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Or Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? LARGE FAT OLD HE-BEAR, WHICH RAN RIGHT PLUMP TOWARDS MY CAMP. 1 PURSUED ON, BUT MY OTHER HUNTERS HAD HEARD MY DOGS COMING, AND MET THEM AND KILLED THE BEAR BEFORE I GOT UP WITH HIM. I GAVE HIM TO THEM, AND CUT OUT AGAIN FOR A CREEK CALLED BIG CLOVER, WHICH WASN'T VERY FAR OFF. JUST AS I GOT THERE, AND WAS ENTER-ING A CANE-BRAKE, MY DOGS ALL BROKE AND WENT AHEAD, AND IN A LITTLE TIME THEY RAISED A FUSS IN THE CANE, AND SEEMED TO BE GOING EVERY WAY. I LISTENED AWHILE, AND FOUND MY DOGS WAS IN TWO COMPANIES, AND THAT BOTH WAS IN A SNORTING FIGHT. I SENT MY LITTLE SON TO ONE AND I BROKE FOR T'OTHER. I GOT TO MINE FIRST, AND FOUND MY DOGS HAD A TWO-YEAR-OLD BEAR DOWN A-WOOLING AWAY ON HIM, SO I JUST TOOK OUT MY BIG BUTCHER, AND WENT UP AND SLAPP'D IT INTO HIM, AND KILLED HIM WITHOUT SHOOTING. THERE WAS FIVE OF THE DOGS IN MY COMPANY. IN A SHORT TIME I HEARD MY LITTLE SON FIRE AT HIS BEAR; WHEN I WENT TO HIM HE HAD KILLED IT TOO. HE HAD TWO DOGS IN HIS TEAM. JUST AT THIS MOMENT WE HEARD MY OTHER DOG BARKING A SHORT DISTANCE OFF, AND ALL THE REST IMMEDIATELY BROKE TO HIM. WE PUSHED ON TOO, AND WHEN WE GOT THERE, WE FOUND THAT HE HAD A STILL LARGER BEAR THAN EITHER OF THEM WE HAD KILLED, TREED BY HIMSELF. WE KILLED THAT ONE ALSO, WHICH MADE THREE WE HAD KILLED IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR. WE TURNED IN AND BUTCHERED THEM, AND THEN STARTED TO HUNT FOR WATER AND A GOOD PLACE TO CAMP. BUT WE HAD NO SOONER STARTED, THAN OUR DOGS TOOK A START AFTER ANOTHER ONE, AND AWAY THEY WENT LIKE A THUNDERGUST AND WAS OUT OF HEARING IN A MINUTE. WE FOLLOWED THE WAY THEY HAD GONE FOR SOME TIME, BUT AT LENGTH WE GAVE UP THE HOPE OF FINDING THEM, AND TURNED BACK. AS WE WERE GOING BACK, I CAME TO WHERE A POOR FELLOW WAS GRUBBING, AND HE LOOKED LIKE THE VERY PICTURE OF HARD TIMES. I ASKED HIM WHAT HE WAS DOING AWAY THERE IN THE WOODS BY HIMSELF? HE SAID HE WAS GRUBBING FOR A MAN WHO INTENDED TO SETTLE THERE; AND THE REASON WHY HE DID IT WAS, THAT HE HAD NO MEAT FOR HIS FAMILY, AND HE WAS WORKING FOR A LITTLE. I WAS MIGHTY SORRY FOR THE POOR FELLOW, FOR IT WAS NOT ONLY A HARD BUT A VERY SLOW WAY TO GET MEAT FOR A HUNGRY FAMILY; SO 12

Types:

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Rural Southern Life (Ph)
Moonlight & Magnohias Or
Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404

I TOLD HIM IF HE WOULD GO WITH ME, I WOULD GIVE HIM MORE MEAT THAN HE COULD GET BY GRUBBING IN A MONTH. I INTENDED TO SUPPLY HIM WITH MEAT, AND ALSO TO GET HIM TO ASSIST MY LITTLE BOY IN PACKING AND SALTING UP MY BEARS. HE HAD NEVER SEEN A BEAR KILLED IN HIS LIFE. I TOLD HIM I HAD SIX KILLED THEN, AND MY DOGS WERE HARD AFTER ANOTHER. HE WENT OFF TO HIS LITTLE CABIN, WHICH WAS A SHORT DISTANCE IN THE BRUSH, AND HIS WIFE WAS VERY ANXIOUS HE SHOULD GO WITH ME. SO WE STARTED AND WENT TO WHERE I HAD LEFT MY THREE BEARS, AND MADE A CAMP, WE THEN GATHERED MY MEAT, AND SALTED AND SCAFFOLD IT, AS I HAD DONE THE OTHER. NIGHT NOW CAME ON, BUT NO WORD FROM MY DOGS YET. I AFTERWARDS FOUND THEY HAD TREED THE BEAR ABOUT FIVE MILES OFF, NEAR TO A MAN'S HOUSE, AND HAD BARKED AT IT THE WHOLE ENDURING NIGHT. POOR FELLOWS! MANY A TIME THEY LOOKED FOR ME, AND WONDERED WHY I DIDN'T COME, FOR THEY KNOW'D THERE WAS NO MISTAKE IN ME, AND I KNOW'D THEY WERE AS GOOD AS EVER FLUTTERED. IN THE MORNING, AS SOON AS IT WAS LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE, THE MAN TOOK HIS GUN AND WENT TO THEM, AND SHOT THE BEAR AND KILLED IT. MY DOGS, HOWEVER, WOULDN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO THIS STRANGER; SO THEY LEFT HIM, AND CAME EARLY IN THE MORNING BACK TO ME.

ME GOT OUR BREAKFAST AND CUT OUT AGAIN, AND WE KILLED FOUR LARGE AND VERY FAT BEARS THAT DAY. WE HUNTED OUT THE WEEK, AND IN THAT TIME WE KILLED SEVENTEEN, ALL OF THEM FIRST RATE. WHEN WE CLOSED OUR HUNT, I GAVE THE MAN OVER A THOUSAND WEIGHT OF FINE, FAT BEAR-MEAT, WHICH PLEASED HIM MIGHTILY, AND MADE HIM FEEL AS RICH AS A JEW. I SAW HIM THE NEXT FALL, AND HE TOLD ME HE HAD PLENTY OF MEAT TO DO HIM THE WHOLE YEAR FROM HIS WEEK'S HUNT. MY SON AND ME NOW WENT HOME. THIS WAS THE WEEK BETWEEN CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR, THAT WE MADE THIS HUNT.

WHEN I GOT HOME, ONE OF MY NEIGHBORS WAS OUT OF MEAT,

AND WANTED ME TO GO BACK, AND LET HIM GO WITH ME, TO TAKE ANOTHER

HUNT. I COULDN'T REFUSE; BUT I TOLD HIM I WAS AFRAID THE BEAR

HAD TAKEN TO HOUSE BY THAT TIME, FOR AFTER THEY GET VERY FAT IN

THE FALL AND EARLY PART OF THE WINTER, THEY GO INTO THEIR HOLES,

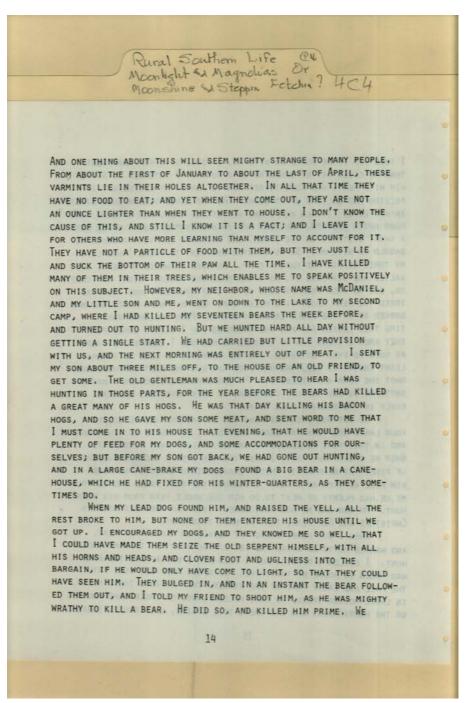
IN LARGE HOLLOW TREES, OR INTO HOLLOW LOGS, OR THEIR CANE-HOUSES,

OR THE HARRICANES; AND LIE THERE TILL SPRING, LIKE FROZEN SNAKES.

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Names:

McDaniel,

Types:

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Rural Southern Life (PK)
Moonlight & Magnolias Dr
Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404

CARRIED HIM TO OUR CAMP, BY WHICH TIME MY SON HAD RETURNED; AND AFTER WE GOT OUR DINNERS WE PACKED UP, AND CUT FOR THE HOUSE OF MY OLD FRIEND, WHOSE NAME WAS DAVIDSON.

WE GOT THERE, AND STAID WITH HIM THAT NIGHT; AND THE NEXT MORNING, HAVING SALTED UP OUR MEAT, WE LEFT IT WITH HIM, AND STARTED TO TAKE A HUNT BETWEEN THE ÜBION LAKE AND THE RED FOOT LAKE; AS THERE HAD BEEN A DREADFUL HARRICANE, WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THEM, AND I WAS SURE THERE MUST BE A HEAP OF BEARS IN THE FALLEN TIMBER. WE HAD GONE ABOUT FIVE MILES WITHOUT SEEING ANY SIGN AT ALL; BUT AT LENGTH WE GOT ON SOME HIGH CANY RIDGES, AND, AS WE RODE ALONG, I SAW A HOLE IN A LARGE BLACK OAK, AND ON EXAMINING MORE CLOSELY, I DISCOVERED THAT A BEAR HAD CLOMB THE TREE. I COULD SEE HIS TRACKS GOING UP, BUT NONE COMING DOWN, SO I WAS SURE HE WAS IN THERE. A PERSON WHO IS ACQUAINTED WITH BEAR-HUNTING, CAN TELL EASY ENOUGH WHEN THE VARMINT IS IN THE HOLLOW; FOR AS THEY GO UP THEY DON'T SLIP A BIT, BUT AS THEY COME DOWN THEY MAKE LONG SCRATCHES WITH THEIR NAILS.

My friend was a little ahead of Me, but I called him back, and told him there was a bear in that tree, and I must have him out. So we lit from our horses, and I found a small tree which I thought I could fall so as to lodge against my bear tree, and we fell to work chopping it with our tomahawks. I intended, when we lodged the tree against the other, to let my little son go up, and look into the hole, for he could climb like a squirrel. We had chopp'd on a little time and stopp'd to rest, when I heard my dogs barking mighty severe at some distance from us, and I told my friend I knowed they had a bear; for it is the nature of a dog when he finds you are hunting bears, to hunt for nothing else; he becomes fond of the meat and considers other game as "not worthy a notice," as old Johnson said of the Devil.

WE CONCLUDED TO LEAVE OUR TREE A BIT, AND WENT TO MY DOGS, AND WHEN WE GOT THERE, SURE ENOUGH THEY HAD AN ETERNAL GREAT BIG FAT BEAR UP A TREE, JUST READY FOR SHOOTING. MY FRIEND AGAIN PETITIONED ME FOR LIBERTY TO SHOOT THIS ONE ALSO. I HAD A LITTLE RATHER NOT, AS THE BEAR WAS SO BIG, BUT I COULDN'T REFUSE; AND SO HE BLAZED AWAY, AND DOWN CAME THE OLD FELLOW LIKE

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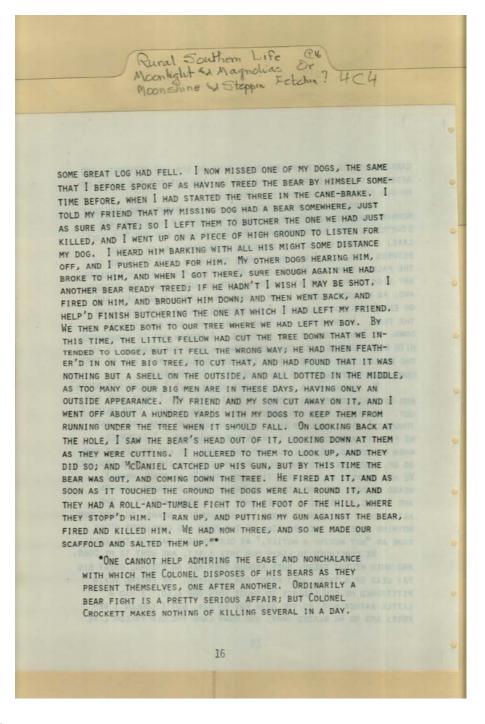
Names:

Davidson,

Johnson,

Types:

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Names:

Crockett, Colonel

Types:

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 4, Subseries C, Box 4, Folder 16
"Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra
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GENERAL ORDER NO. 9 BY ROBERT E. LEE

Nowhere has the Southern Gentleman been better personified than in the person of Robert E. Lee. Lee had strength and courage which was belied by his courtesy and kindness to all. Robert E. Lee was recognized even by his adversaries as the epitome of all the finer qualities of a Southern gentleman.

THE FOLLOWING IS HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA 10TH APRIL 1865

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF ARDUOUS SERVICE MARKED BY UNSURPASSED COURAGE AND FORTITUDE THE ARMY OF MORTHERN VIRGINIA HAS BEEN COMPELLED TO YEILD TO OVERWHELMING NUMBERS AND RESOURCES.

I NEED NOT TELL THE SURVIVORS OF SO MANY HARD FOUGHT BATTLES, WHO HAVE REMAINED STEADFAST TO THE LAST, THAT I HAVE CONSENTED TO THIS RESULT FROM NO DISTRUST OF THEM. BUT FEELING THAT VALOR AND DEVOTION COULD ACCOMPLISH NOTHING THAT COULD COMPENSATE FOR THE LOSS THAT WOULD HAVE ACCOMPANIED THE CONTINUANCE OF THE CONTEST, I DETERMINED TO AVOID THE USELESS SACRIFICE OF THOSE WHOSE PAST SERVICES HAVE ENDEARED THEM TO THEIR COUNTRY.

By the terms of the agreement Officers and men can return to their homes and remain there until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed and I earnestly pray that a merciful GoD will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, GENERAL

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Names:

Lee, Robert E.

Places:

Northern Virginia

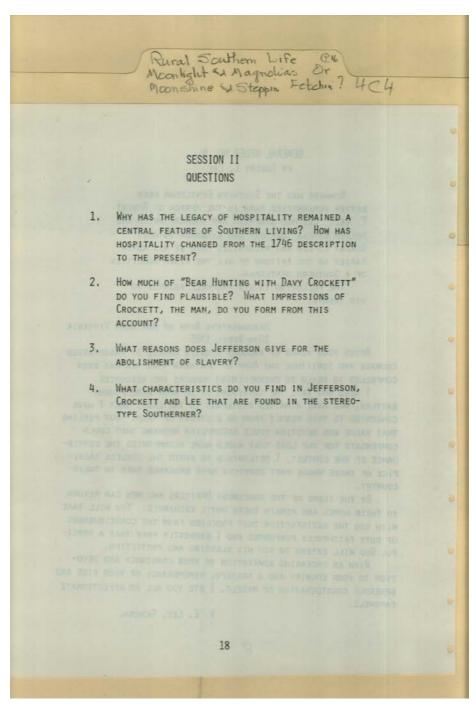
Types:

anthology

Dates:

Apr 10, 1865

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Names:

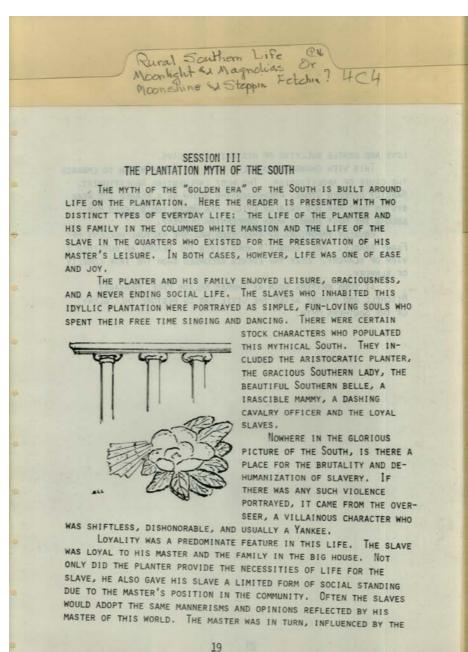
Crockett, Davy

Jefferson,

Lee,

Types:

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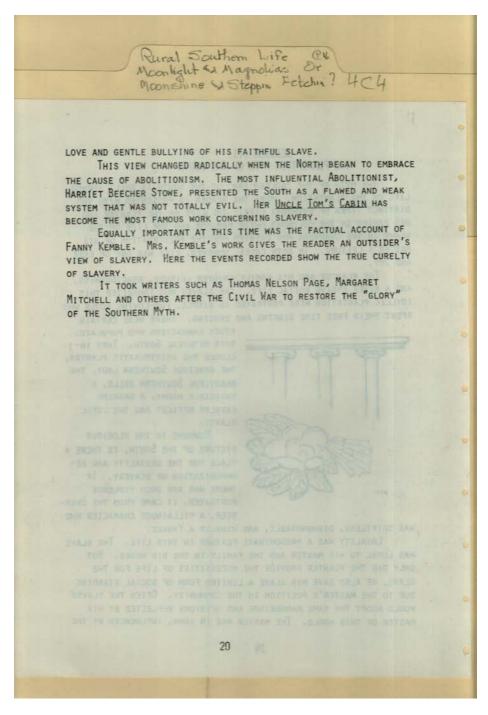


Names:

Plantation Myth of the South

Types:

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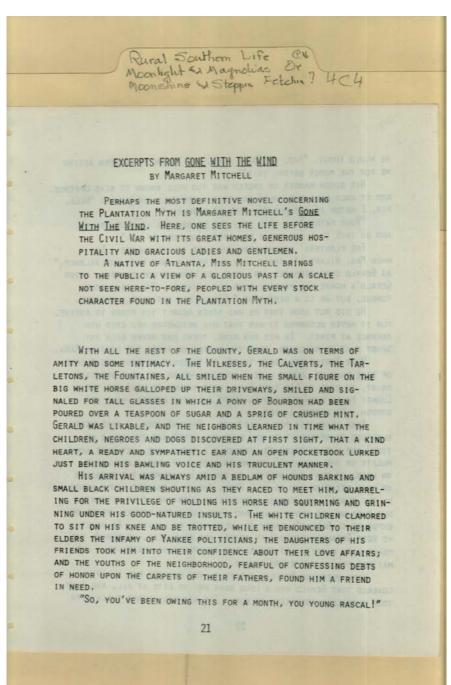
Names:

Kemble, Fanny, Mrs. Mitchell, Margaret Page, Thomas Nelson

Stowe, Harriet Beecher

Types:

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Names:

, Gerald Calvert,

Types:

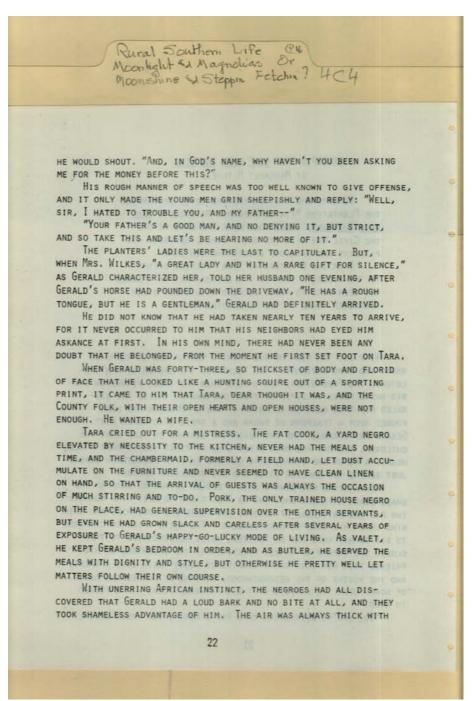
anthology

Fountaine, Mitchell, Margaret

Tarleton, Wilkes,

Gone with the Wind

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Names:

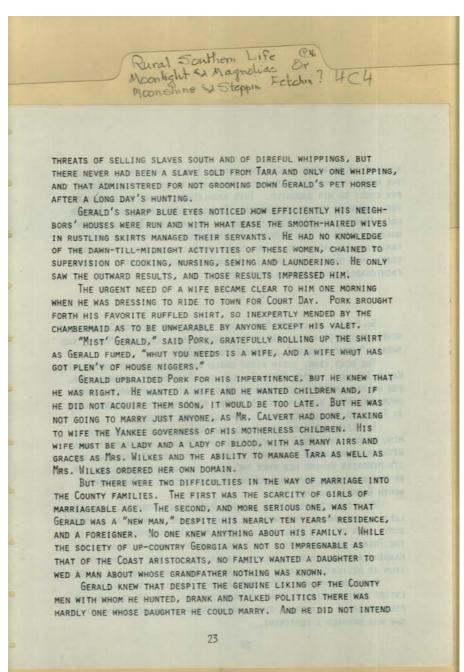
, Gerald

, Pork (slave)

Wilkes, Mrs.

Types:

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Names:

, Gerald

, Pork (slave)

Calvert,

Wilkes, Mrs.

Types:

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Rural Southern Life Ch Moonlight & Magnolias Dr Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404

TO HAVE IT GOSSIPED ABOUT OVER SUPPER TABLES THAT THIS, THAT OR THE OTHER FATHER HAD REGRETFULLY REFUSED TO LET GERALD O'HARA PAY COURT TO HIS DAUGHTER. THIS KNOWLEDGE DID NOT MAKE GERALD FEEL INFERIOR TO HIS NEIGHBORS. NOTHING COULD EVER MAKE GERALD FEEL THAT HE WAS INFERIOR IN ANY MAY TO ANYONE. IT WAS MERELY A QUAINT CUSTOM OF THE COUNTY THAT DAUGHTERS ONLY MARRIED INTO FAMILIES WHO HAD LIVED IN THE SOUTH MUCH LONGER THAN TWENTY-TWO YEARS, HAD OWNED LAND AND SLAVES AND BEEN ADDICTED ONLY TO THE FASHIONABLE VICES DURING THAT TIME.

. . .

So, Ellen, no longer Robillard, turned her back on Savannah, never to see it again, and with a middle-aged husband, Mammy, and twenty "house niggers" Journeyed Toward Tara.

THE NEXT YEAR, THEIR FIRST CHILD WAS BORN AND THEY NAMED HER KATIE SCARLETT, AFTER GERALD'S MOTHER. GERALD WAS DISAPPOINTED, FOR HE HAD WANTED A SON, BUT HE NEVERTHELESS WAS PLEASED ENOUGH OVER HIS SMALL BLACK-HAIRED DAUGHTER TO SERVE RUM TO EVERY SLAVE AT TARA AND TO GET ROARINGLY, HAPPILY DRUNK HIMSELF.

IF ELLEN HAD EVER REGRETTED HER SUDDEN DECISION TO MARRY HIM, NO ONE EVER KNEW IT, CERTAINLY NOT GERALD, WHO ALMOST BURST WITH PRIDE WHENEVER HE LOOKED AT HER. SHE HAD PUT SAVANNAH AND ITS MEMORIES BEHIND HER WHEN SHE LEFT THAT GENTLY MANNERED CITY BY THE SEA, AND, FROM THE MOMENT OF HER ARRIVAL IN THE COUNTY, NORTH GEORGIA WAS HER HOME.

When she departed from her father's house forever, she had LEFT a home whose lines were as beautiful and flowing as a woman's BODY, as a ship in full sail; a pale pink stucco house built in the French colonial style, set high from the ground in a dainty manner, approached by swirling stairs, banistered with wrought iron as delicate as lace; a dim, rich house, gracious but aloof.

SHE HAD LEFT NOT ONLY THAT GRACEFUL DWELLING BUT ALSO THE ENTIRE CIVILIZATION THAT WAS BEHIND THE BUILDING OF IT, AND SHE FOUND HERSELF IN A WORLD THAT WAS AS STRANGE AND DIFFERENT AS IF SHE HAD CROSSED A CONTINENT.

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Names:

, Ellen

, Katie Scarlett

, Mammy (slave) O'Hara, Gerald Robillard,

Types:

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Rural Southern Life (26) Moonlight & Magnolias Dr Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404

HERE IN NORTH GEORGIA WAS A RUGGED SECTION HELD BY A HARDY PEOPLE. HIGH UP ON THE PLATEAU AT THE FOOT OF THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS, SHE SAW ROLLING RED HILLS WHEREVER SHE LOOKED, WITH HUGE OUTCROPPINGS OF THE UNDERLYING GRANITE AND GAUNT PINES TOWERING SOMBERLY EVERYWHERE. IT ALL SEEMED WILD AND UNTAMED TO HER COAST-BRED EYES ACCUSTOMED TO THE QUIET JUNGLE BEAUTY OF THE SEA ISLANDS DRAPED IN THEIR GRAY MOSS AND TANGLED GREEN, THE WHITE STRETCHES OF BEACH HOT BENEATH A SEMITROPIC SUN, THE LONG FLAT VISTAS OF SANDY LAND STUDDED WITH PALMETTO AND PALM.

THIS WAS A SECTION THAT KNEW THE CHILL OF WINTER, AS WELL AS THE HEAT OF SUMMER, AND THERE WAS A VIGOR AND ENERGY IN THE PEOPLE THAT WAS STRANGE TO HER. THEY WERE A KINDLY PEOPLE, COURTEOUS, GENEROUS, FILLED WITH ABOUNDING GOOD NATURE, BUT STURDY, VIRILE, EASY TO ANGER. THE PEOPLE OF THE COAST WHICH SHE HAD LEFT MIGHT PRIDE THEMSELVES ON TAKING ALL OF THEIR AFFAIRS, EVEN THEIR DUELS AND THEIR FEUDS, WITH A CARELESS AIR BUT THESE NORTH GEROGIA PEOPLE HAD A STREAK OF VIOLENCE IN THEM. ON THE COAST, LIFE HAD MELLOWED - HERE IT WAS YOUNG AND LUSTY AND NEW.

ALL THE PEOPLE ELLEN HAD KNOWN IN SAVANNAH MIGHT HAVE BEEN CAST FROM THE SAME MOLD, SO SIMILAR WERE THEIR VIEWPOINTS AND TRADITIONS, BUT HERE WAS A VARIETY OF PEOPLE. NORTH GEORGIA'S SETTLERS WERE COMING IN FROM MANY DIFFERENT PLACES, FROM OTHER PARTS OF GEORGIA, FROM THE CAROLINAS AND VIRGINIA, FROM EUROPE AND THE NORTH. SOME OF THEM, LIKE GERALD, WERE NEW PEOPLE SEEKING THEIR FORTUNES. SOME, LIKE ELLEN, WERE MEMBERS OF OLD FAMILIES WHO HAD FOUND LIFE INTOLERABLE IN THEIR FORMER HOMES AND SOUGHT HAVEN IN A DISTANT LAND. MANY HAD MOVED FOR NO REASON AT ALL, EXCEPT THAT THE RESTLESS BLOOD OF PIONEERING FATHERS STILL QUICKENED IN THEIR VEINS.

These people, drawn from many different places and with many different backgrounds, gave the whole life of the County an informality that was new to Ellen, an informality to which she never quite accustomed herself. She instinctively knew how Coast people would act in any circumstance. There was never any telling what north Georgians would do.

AND, QUICKENING ALL OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE SECTION, WAS THE

25

Names:

, Ellen

, Gerald

Types:

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Rural Southern Life (Ph)
Moonlight & Magnolias Or
Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 4C4

HIGH TIDE OF PROSPERITY THEN ROLLING OVER THE SOUTH. ALL OF THE WORLD WAS CRYING OUT FOR COTTON, AND THE NEW LAND OF THE COUNTY, UNWORN AND FERTILE, PRODUCED IT ABUNDANTLY. COTTON WAS THE HEART-BEAT OF THE SECTION, THE PLANTING AND THE PICKING WERE THE DIASTOLE AND SYSTOLE OF THE RED EARTH. WEALTH CAME OUT OF THE CURVING FURROWS, AND ARROGANCE CAME TO--ARROGANCE BUILT ON GREEN BUSHES AND THE ACRES OF FLEECY WHITE. IF COTTON COULD MAKE THEM RICH IN ONE GENERATION, HOW MUCH RICHER THEY WOULD BE IN THE NEXT!

THIS CERTAINTY OF THE MORROW GAVE ZEST AND ENTHUSIASM TO LIFE, AND THE COUNTY PEOPLE ENJOYED LIFE WITH A HEARTINESS THAT ELLEN COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND. THEY HAD MONEY ENOUGH AND SLAVES ENOUGH TO GIVE THEM TIME TO PLAY, AND THEY LIKED TO PLAY. THEY SEEMED NEVER TOO BUSY TO DROP WORK FOR A FISH FRY, A HUNT OR A HORSE RACE, AND SCARCELY A WEEK WENT BY WITHOUT ITS BARBECUE OR BALL.

ELLEN NEVER WOULD, OR COULD, QUITE BECOME ONE OF THEM - SHE HAD LEFT TOO MUCH TO HERSELF IN SAVANNAH - BUT SHE RESPECTED THEM AND, IN TIME, LEARNED TO ADMIRE THE FRANKNESS AND FORTHRIGHTNESS OF THESE PEOPLE, WHO HAD FEW RETICENCES AND WHO VALUED A MAN FOR WHAT HE WAS.

SHE BECAME THE BEST-LOVED NEIGHBOR IN THE COUNTY. SHE WAS A THRIFTY AND KIND MISTRESS, A GOOD MOTHER AND A DEVOTED WIFE. THE HEARTBREAK AND SELFLESSNESS THAT SHE WOULD HAVE DEDICATED TO THE CHURCH WERE DEVOTED INSTEAD TO THE SERVICE OF HER CHILD, HER HOUSEHOLD AND THE MAN WHO HAD TAKEN HER OUT OF SAVANNAH AND ITS MEMORIES AND HAD NEVER ASKED ANY QUESTIONS.

From the day when Ellen first came to Tara, the place had been transformed. If she was only fifteen years old, she was nevertheless ready for the responsibilities of the mistress of a plantation. Before marriage, young girls must be, above all other things, sweet, gentle, beautiful and ornamental, but, after marriage, they were expected to manage households that numbered a hundred people or more, white and black, and they were trained

26

Names:

, Ellen

Types:

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Rural Southern Life (Pk)
Moonlight & Magnolias Or
Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404

WITH THAT IN VIEW.

ELLEN HAD BEEN GIVEN THIS PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE WHICH ANY WELL-BROUGHT-UP YOUNG LADY RECEIVED, AND SHE ALSO HAD MAMMY, WHO COULD GALVANIZE THE MOST SHIFTLESS NEGRO INTO ENERGY. SHE QUICKLY BROUGHT ORDER, DIGNITY AND GRACE INTO GERALD'S HOUSEHOLD, AND SHE GAVE TO TARA A BEAUTY IT HAD NEVER HAD BEFORE.

THE HOUSE HAD BEEN BUILT ACCORDING TO NO ARCHITECTURAL PLAN WHATEVER, WITH EXTRA ROOMS ADDED WHERE AND WHEN IT SEEMED CONVENIENT, BUT, WITH ELLEN'S CARE AND ATTENTION, IT GAINED A CHARM THAT MADE UP FOR ITS LACK OF DESIGN. THE AVENUE OF CEDARS LEADING FROM THE MAIN ROAD TO THE HOUSE - THAT AVENUE OF CEDARS WITHOUT WHICH NO GEORGIA PLANTER'S HOME COULD BE COMPLETE - HAD A COOL DARK SHADINESS THAT GAVE A BRIGHTER TINGE, BY CONTRAST, TO THE GREEN OF THE OTHER TREES. THE WISTARIA TUMBLING OVER THE VERANDAS SHOWED BRIGHT AGAINST THE WHITEWASHED BRICK, AND IT JOINED WITH THE PINK CREPE MYRTLE BUSHES BY THE DOOR AND THE WHITE-BLOSSOMED MAGNOLIAS IN THE YARD TO DISGUISE SOME OF THE AWKWARD LINES OF THE HOUSE.

IN SPRING TIME AND SUMMER, THE BERMUDA GRASS AND CLOVER ON THE LAWN BECAME EMERALD, SO ENTICING AN EMERALD THAT IT PRESENTED AN IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION TO THE FLOCKS OF TURKEYS AND WHITE GEESE THAT WERE SUPPOSED TO ROAM ONLY THE REGIONS IN THE REAR OF THE HOUSE. THE ELDERS OF THE FLOCKS CONTINUALLY LED STEALTHY ADVANCES INTO THE FRONT YARD, LURED ON BY THE GREEN OF THE GRASS AND THE LUSCIOUS PROMISE OF THE CAPE JESSAMINE BUDS AND THE ZINNIA BEDS. AGAINST THEIR DEPREDATIONS, A SMALL BLACK SENTINEL WAS STATIONED ON THE FRONT PORCH. ARMED WITH A RAGGED TOWEL, THE LITTLE NEGRO BOY SITTING ON THE STEPS WAS PART OF THE PICTURE OF TARA - AND AN UNHAPPY ONE, FOR HE WAS FORBIDDEN TO CHUNK THE FOWLS AND COULD ONLY FLAP THE TOWEL AT THEM AND SHOO THEM.

ELLEN SET DOZENS OF LITTLE BLACK BOYS TO THIS TASK, THE FIRST POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY A MALE SLAVE HAD AT TARA. AFTER THEY HAD PASSED THEIR TENTH YEAR, THEY WERE SENT TO OLD DADDY THE PLANTATION COBBLER TO LEARN HIS TRADE, OR TO AMOS THE WHEELWRIGHT AND CARPENTER, OR PHILLIP THE COW MAN, OR CUFFEE THE MULE BOY. IF THEY SHOWED NO APTITUDE FOR ANY OF THESE TRADES, THEY BECAME FIELD

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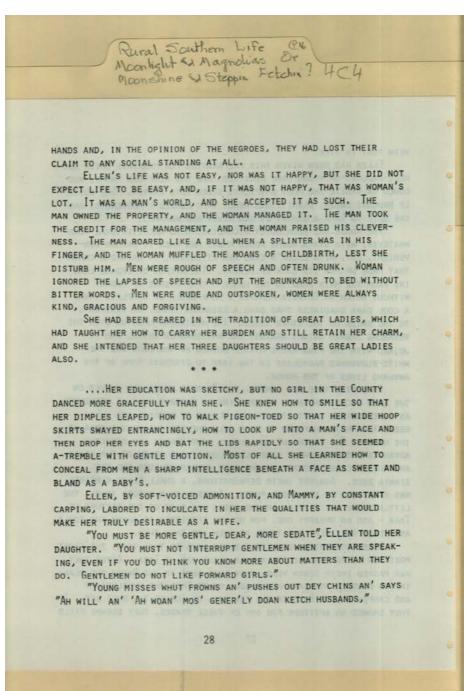
Names:

- , Amos (slave)
- , Cuffee (slave)
- , Ellen
- , Gerald

, Mammy (slave) , Phillip (slave)

Types:

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Names:

, Ellen

, Mammy (slave)

Types:

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Moonlight & Magnolius Or
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PROPHESIED MAMMY GLOOMILY. "Young misses should cas' down dey EYES AN' SAY, 'Well, SUH, AH MOUT' AN' 'JES' AS YOU SAY, SUH.'" BETWEEN THEM, THEY TAUGHT HER ALL THAT A GENTLEWOMAN SHOULD KNOW, BUT SHE LEARNED ONLY THE OUTWARD SIGNS OF GENTILITY.

ELLEN NEVER FULLY REALIZED THAT IT WAS ONLY A VENEER, FOR SCARLETT ALWAYS SHOWED HER BEST FACE TO HER MOTHER, CONCEALING HER ESCAPADES, CURBING HER TEMPER AND APPEARING AS SWEET-NATURED AS SHE COULD IN ELLEN'S PRESENCE, FOR HER MOTHER COULD SHAME HER TO TEARS WITH A REPROACHFUL GLANCE.

BUT MAMMY WAS UNDER NO ILLUSIONS ABOUT HER AND WAS CONSTANTLY ALERT FOR BREAKS IN THE VENEER. MAMMY'S EYES WERE SHARPER THAN ELLEN'S, AND SCARLETT COULD NEVER RECALL IN ALL HER LIFE HAVING FOOLED MAMMY FOR LONG.

IT WAS NOT THAT THESE TWO LOVING MENTORS DEPLORED SCARLETT'S HIGH SPIRITS, VIVACITY AND CHARM. THESE WERE TRAITS OF WHICH SOUTHERN WOMEN WERE PROUD.

SCARLETT WANTED VERY MUCH TO BE LIKE HER MOTHER. THE ONLY DIFFICULTY WAS THAT BY BEING JUST AND TRUTHFUL AND TENDER AND UNSELFISH, ONE MISSED MOST OF THE JOYS OF LIFE, AND CERTAINLY MANY BEAUX. AND LIFE WAS TOO SHORT TO MISS SUCH PLEASANT THINGS. SOME DAY WHEN SHE WAS MARRIED TO ASHLEY AND OLD, SOME DAY WHEN SHE HAD TIME FOR IT, SHE INTENDED TO BE LIKE ELLEN. BUT, UNTIL THEN ...

Jonas was a Yankee and a Bachelor, and the fact that he was an overseer forever barred him from any contact with the County social life. There was no family of any standing into which he could marry, no people with whom he could associate except the

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2

Names:

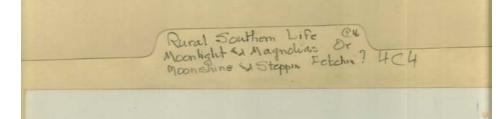
- , Ashley
- , Ellen

- , Jonas
- , Mammy (slave)

, Scarlett

Types:

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SLATTERYS AND RIFFRAFF LIKE THEM. AS HE WAS SEVERAL CUTS ABOVE THE SLATTERYS IN EDUCATION, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT HE SHOULD NOT WANT TO MARRY EMMIE, NO MATTER HOW OFTEN HE MIGHT WALK WITH HER IN THE TWILIGHT.

"Ah has said time an' again, it doan do no good doin' nuthin' fer w'ite trash. Dey is de shiflesses, mos' ungrateful passel of no-counts livin'. An' Miss Ellen got no bizness weahin' herseff out waitin' on folks dat did dey be wuth shootin' dey'd have niggers ter wait on dem. An' Ah has said --"

HER VOICE TRAILED OFF AS SHE WENT DOWN THE LONG OPEN PASSAGE-WAY, COVERED ONLY BY A ROOF, THAT LED INTO THE KITCHEN. MAMMY HAD HER OWN METHOD OF LETTING HER OWNERS KNOW EXACTLY WHERE SHE STOOD ON ALL MATTERS. SHE KNEW IT WAS BENEATH THE DIGNITY OF QUALITY WHITE FOLKS TO PAY THE SLIGHTEST ATTENTION TO WHAT A DARKY SAID WHEN SHE WAS JUST GRUMBLING TO HERSELF. SHE KNEW THAT TO UPHOLD THIS DIGNITY, THEY MUST IGNORE WHAT SHE SAID, EVEN IF SHE STOOD IN THE NEXT ROOM AND ALMOST SHOUTED. IT PROTECTED HER FROM REPROOF, AND IT LEFT NO DOUBT IN ANYONE'S MIND AS TO HER EXACT VIEWS ON ANY SUBJECT.

GERALD, PRIMED WITH BRANDY, HAD GIVEN JONAS WILKERSON HIS DISMISSAL THAT MORNING, AND ELLEN HAD REMAINED AT TARA TO GO OVER THE ACCOUNTS OF THE PLANTATION BEFORE HE TOOK HIS DEPARTURE. SCARLETT HAS KISSED HER MOTHER GOOD-BY IN THE LITTLE OFFICE WHERE SHE SAT BEFORE THE TALL SECRETARY WITH ITS PAPER-STUFFED PIGEONHOLES. JONAS WILKERSON, HAT IN HAND, STOOD BESIDE HER, HIS SALLOW TIGHT-SKINNED FACE HARDLY CONCEALING THE FURY OF HATE THAT POSSESSED HIM AT BEING SO UNCEREMONIOUSLY TURNED OUT OF THE BEST OVERSEER'S JOB IN THE COUNTY. AND ALL BECAUSE OF A BIT OF MINOR PHILANDERING. HE HAD TOLD GERALD OVER AND OVER THAT EMMIE SLATTERY'S BABY MIGHT HAVE BEEN FATHERED BY ANY ONE OF A DOZEN

30

Names:

- , Ellen
- , Emmie

- , Gerald
- , Mammy (slave)
- , Scarlett Slattery,

Slattery, Emmie Wilkerson, Jonas

Types:

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Rural Southern Life Ex Moonlight & Magnolius Or Moonlight & Magnolius Fetchin? 4C4

MEN AS EASILY AS HIMSELF - AN IDEA IN WHICH GERALD CONCURRED - BUT THAT HAD NOT ALTERED HIS CASE SO FAR AS ELLEN WAS CONCERNED.

JONAS HATED ALL SOUTHERNERS. HE HATED THEIR COOL COURTESY TO HIM AND THEIR CONTEMPT FOR HIS SOCIAL STATUS, SO INADEQUATELY COVERED BY THEIR COURTESY. HE HATED ELLEN O'HARA ABOVE ANYONE ELSE, FOR SHE WAS THE EPITOME OF ALL THAT HE HATED IN SOUTHERNERS.

MAMMY, AS HEAD WOMAN OF THE PLANTATION, HAD REMAINED TO HELP ELLEN, AND IT WAS DILCEY WHO RODE ON THE DRIVER'S SEAT BESIDE TOBY, THE GIRLS' DANCING DRESSES IN A LONG BOX ACROSS HER LAP. GERALD RODE BESIDE THE CARRIAGE ON HIS BIG HUNTER, WARM WITH BRANDY AND PLEASED WITH HIMSELF FOR HAVING GOTTEN THROUGH WITH THE UNPLEASANT BUSINESS OF WILKERSON SO SPEEDILY. HE HAD SHOVED THE RESPONSIBILITY ONTO ELLEN, AND HER DISAPPOINTMENT AT MISSING THE BARBECUE AND THE GATHERING OF HER FRIENDS DID NOT ENTER HIS MIND; FOR IT WAS A FINE SPRING DAY AND HIS FIELDS WERE BEAUTIFUL AND THE BIRDS WERE SINGING AND HE FELT TOO YOUNG AND FROLICSOME TO THINK OF ANYONE ELSE.

THEY CROSSED THE RIVER AND THE CARRIAGE MOUNTED THE HILL. EVEN BEFORE TWELVE OAKS CAME INTO VIEW SCARLETT SAW A HAZE OF SMOKE HANGING LAZILY IN THE TOPS OF THE TALL TREES AND SMELLED THE MINGLED SAVORY ODORS OF BURNING HICKORY LOGS AND ROASTING PORK AND MUTTON.

THE BARBECUE PITS, WHICH HAD BEEN SLOWLY BURNING SINCE LAST NIGHT, WOULD NOW BE LONG TROUGHS OF ROSE-RED EMBERS, WITH THE MEATS TURNING ON SPITS ABOVE THEM AND THE JUICES TRICKLING DOWN AND HISSING INTO THE COALS. SCARLETT KNEW THAT THE FRAGRANCE CARRIED ON THE FAINT BREEZE CAME FROM THE GROVE OF GREAT OAKS IN THE REAR OF THE BIG HOUSE. JOHN WILKES ALWAYS HELD HIS BARBECUES THERE, ON THE GENTLE SLOPE LEADING DOWN TO THE ROSE GARDEN, A PLEASANT SHADY PLACE AND A FAR PLEASANTER PLACE, FOR INSTANCE, THAN THAT USED BY THE CALVERTS. MRS. CALVERT DID NOT LIKE BARBECUE FOOD AND DECLARED THAT THE SMELLS REMAINED IN THE HOUSE FOR DAYS, SO HER GUESTS ALWAYS SWELTERED ON A FLAT UNSHADED SPOT A

31

Names:

- , Dilcey (slave)
- , Ellen
- , Gerald

- , Jonas
- , Mammy (slave)
- , Scarlett

, Toby (slave). Calvert, Mrs. O'Hara, Ellen Wilkerson, Wilkes, John

Types:

Image 39 r04c04-16-000-0640 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

Rural Southern Life (Ph)
Moonlight & Magnolias Or
Moon Shine & Steppin Fetchin? 464

QUARTER OF A MILE FROM THE HOUSE. BUT JOHN WILKES, FAMED THROUGH-OUT THE STATE FOR HIS HOSPITALITY, REALLY KNEW HOW TO GIVE A BARBECUE.

THE LONG TRESTLED PICNIC TABLES, COVERED WITH THE FINEST OF THE WILKES' LINENS, ALWAYS STOOD UNDER THE THICKEST SHADE, WITH BACKLESS BENCHES ON EITHER SIDE; AND CHAIRS, HASSOCKS AND CUSHIONS FROM THE HOUSE WERE SCATTERED ABOUT THE GLADE FOR THOSE WHO DID NOT FANCY THE BENCHES. AT A DISTANCE GREAT ENOUGH TO KEEP THE SMOKE AWAY FROM THE GUESTS WERE THE LONG PITS WHERE THE MEATS COOKED AND THE HUGE IRON WASH-POTS FROM WHICH THE SUCCULENT ODORS OF BARBECUE SAUCE AND BRUNSWICK STEW FLOATED. MR. WILKES ALWAYS HAD AT LEAST A DOZEN DARKIES BUSY RUNNING BACK AND FORTH WITH TRAYS TO SERVE THE GUESTS. OVER BEHIND THE BARNS THERE WAS ALWAYS ANOTHER BARBECUE PIT, WHERE THE HOUSE SERVANTS AND THE COACHMEN AND MAIDS OF THE GUESTS HAD THEIR OWN FEAST OF HOECAKES AND YAMS AND CHITTERLINGS, THAT DISH OF HOG ENTRAILS SO DEAR TO NEGRO HEARTS, AND, IN SEASON, WATERMELONS ENOUGH TO SATIATE.

. .

THEY TOPPED THE RISE AND THE WHITE HOUSE REARED ITS PERFECT SYMMETRY BEFORE HER, TALL OF COLUMNS, WIDE OF VERANDAS, FLAT OF ROOF, BEAUTIFUL AS A WOMAN IS BEAUTIFUL WHO IS SO SURE OF HER CHARM THAT SHE CAN BE GENEROUS AND GRACIOUS TO ALL. SCARLETT LOVED TWELVE OAKS EVEN MORE THAN TARA, FOR IT HAD A STATELY BEAUTY, A MELLOWED DIGNITY THAT GERALD'S HOUSE DID NOT POSSESS.

THE WIDE CURVING DRIVEWAY WAS FULL OF SADDLE HORSES AND
CARRIAGES AND GUESTS ALIGHTING AND CALLING GREETINGS TO FRIENDS.
GRINNING NEGROES, EXCITED AS ALWAYS AT A PARTY, WERE LEADING THE
ANIMALS TO THE BARNYARD TO BE UNHARNESSED AND UNSADDLED FOR THE
DAY. SWARMS OF CHILDREN, BLACK AND WHITE, RAN YELLING ABOUT THE
NEWLY GREEN LAWN, PLAYING HOPSCOTCH AND TAG AND BOASTING HOW
MUCH THEY WERE GOING TO EAT. THE WIDE HALL WHICH RAN FROM FRONT
TO BACK OF THE HOUSE WAS SWARMING WITH PEOPLE, AND AS THE O'HARA
CARRIAGE DREW UP AT THE FRONT STEPS, SCARLETT SAW GIRLS IN
CRINOLINES, BRIGHT AS BUTTERFLIES, GOING UP AND COMING DOWN THE

32

Names:

, Gerald

, Scarlett

O'Hara,

Wilkes, John

Types:

Image 40 r04c04-16-000-0641 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

Rural Southern Life (24) Moonlight & Magnolias Dr Moonshine & Steppin Fotohin? 404

STAIRS FROM THE SECOND FLOOR, ARMS ABOUT EACH OTHER'S WAISTS, STOPPING TO LEAN OVER THE DELICATE HANDRAIL OF THE BANISTERS, LAUGHING AND CALLING TO YOUNG MEN IN THE HALL BELOW THEM.

THROUGH THE OPEN FRENCH WINDOWS, SHE CAUGHT GLIMPSES OF THE OLDER WOMEN SEATED IN THE DRAWING ROOM, SEDATE IN DARK SILKS AS THEY SAT FANNING THEMSELVES AND TALKING OF BABIES AND SICKNESSES AND WHO HAD MARRIED WHOM AND WHY. THE WILKES BUTLER, TOM, WAS HURRYING THROUGH THE HALLS, A SILVER TRAY IN HIS HANDS, BOWING AND GRINNING, AS HE OFFERED TALL GLASSES TO YOUNG MEN IN FAWN AND GRAY TROUSERS AND FINE RUFFLED LINEN SHIRTS.

THE SUNNY FRONT VERANDA WAS THRONGED WITH GUESTS. YES, THE WHOLE COUNTY WAS HERE, THOUGHT SCARLETT.

. .

WHEN THE LAST FORKFUL OF PORK AND CHICKEN AND MUTTON HAD BEEN EATEN, SCARLETT HOPED THE TIME HAD COME WHEN INDIA WOULD RISE AND SUGGEST THAT THE LADIES RETIRE TO THE HOUSE. IT WAS TWO O'CLOCK AND THE SUN WAS WARM OVERHEAD, BUT INDIA, WEARIED WITH THE THREE-DAY PREPARATIONS FOR THE BARBECUE, WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO REMAIN SITTING BENEATH THE ARBOR, SHOUTING REMARKS TO A DEAF OLD GENTLEMAN FROM FAYETTEVILLE.

A LAZY SOMNOLENCE DESCENDED ON THE CROWD. THE NEGROES IDLED ABOUT, CLEARING THE LONG TABLES ON WHICH THE FOOD HAD BEEN LAID. THE LAUGHTER AND TALKING BECAME LESS ANIMATED AND GROUPS HERE AND THERE FELL SILENT. ALL WERE WAITING FOR THEIR HOSTESS TO SIGNAL THE END OF THE MORNING'S FESTIVITIES. PALMETTO FANS WERE WAGGING MORE SLOWLY, AND SEVERAL GENTLEMEN WERE NODDING FROM THE HEAT AND OVERLOADED STOMACHS. THE BARBECUE WAS OVER AND ALL WERE CONTENT TO TAKE THEIR EASE WHILE SUN WAS AT ITS HEIGHT.

IN THIS INTERVAL BETWEEN THE MORNING PARTY AND THE EVENING'S BALL, THEY SEEMED A PLACID, PEACEFUL LOT. ONLY THE YOUNG MEN RETAINED THE RESTLESS ENERGY WHICH HAD FILLED THE WHOLE THRONG A SHORT WHILE BEFORE. MOVING FROM GROUP TO GROUP, DRAWLING IN THEIR SOFT VOICES, THEY WERE AS HANDSOME AS BLOODED STALLIONS AND AS DANGEROUS. THE LANGUOR OF MIDDAY HAD TAKEN HOLD OF THE GATHERING, BUT UNDERNEATH LURKED TEMPERS THAT COULD RISE TO KILLING

33

Names:

, India

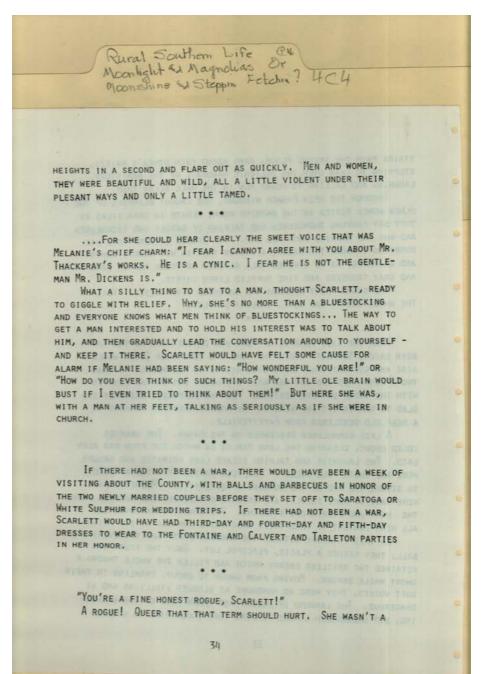
, Scarlett

, Tom (slave)

Wilkes,

Types:

Image 41 r04c04-16-000-0642 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



Names:

, Melanie

, Scarlett

Types:

anthology

Calvert, Dickens,

Fontaine, Tarleton,

Thackeray,

Image 42 r04c04-16-000-0643 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

Rural Southern Life (Pu) Moonlight & Magnolias Or Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404

ROGUE, SHE TOLD HERSELF VEHEMENTLY. AT LEAST, THAT WASN'T WHAT SHE WANTED TO BE. SHE WANTED TO BE A GREAT LADY. FOR A MOMENT HER MIND WENT SWIFTLY DOWN THE YEARS AND SHE SAW HER MOTHER, MOVING WITH A SWEET SWISH OF SKIRTS AND A FAINT FRAGRANCE OF SACHET, HER SMALL BUSY HANDS TIRELESS IN THE SERVICE OF OTHERS, LOVED, RESPECTED, CHERISHED. AND SUDDENLY HER HEART WAS SICK.

"IF YOU ARE TRYING TO DEVIL ME," SHE SAID TIREDLY, "IT'S NO use. I know I'm not as - scrupulous as I should be these days. NOT AS KIND AND AS PLEASANT AS I WAS BROUGHT UP TO BE. BUT I CAN'T HELP IT, RHETT. TRULY, I CAN'T. WHAT ELSE COULD I HAVE DONE? WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED TO ME, TO WADE, TO TARA AND ALL OF US IF I'D BEEN - GENTLE WHEN THAT YANKEE CAME TO TARA? I SHOULD HAVE BEEN - BUT I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK OF THAT. AND WHEN JONAS WILKERSON WAS GOING TO TAKE THE HOME PLACE, SUPPOSE I'D BEEN - KIND AND SCRUPULOUS? WHERE WOULD WE ALL BE NOW? AND IF I'D BEEN SWEET AND SIMPLE MINDED AND NOT NAGGED FRANK ABOUT BAD DEBTS WE'D - OH, WELL. MAYBE I AM A ROGUE, BUT I WON'T BE A ROGUE FOREVER, RHETT. BUT DURING THESE PAST YEARS - AND EVEN NOW - WHAT ELSE COULD I HAVE DONE? HOW ELSE COULD I HAVE ACTED? I'VE FELT THAT I WAS TRYING TO ROW A HEAVILY LOADED BOAT IN A STORM. I'VE HAD SO MUCH TROUBLE JUST TRYING TO KEEP AFLOAT THAT I COULDN'T BE BOTHERED ABOUT THINGS THAT DIDN'T MATTER, THINGS I COULD PART WITH EASILY AND NOT MISS, LIKE GOOD MANNERS AND -WELL, THINGS LIKE THAT. I'VE BEEN TOO AFRAID MY BOAT WOULD BE SWAMPED AND SO I'VE DUMPED OVERBOARD THE THINGS THAT SEEMED LEAST IMPORTANT."

"PRIDE AND HONOR AND TRUTH AND VIRTUE AND KINDLINESS," HE ENUMERATED SILKILY. "YOU ARE RIGHT, SCARLETT. THEY AREN'T IMPORTANT WHEN A BOAT IS SINKING. BUT LOOK AROUND YOU AT YOUR FRIENDS. EITHER THEY ARE BRINGING THEIR BOATS ASHORE SAFELY WITH CARGOES INTACT OR THEY ARE CONTENT TO GO DOWN WITH ALL FLAGS FLYING."

"They are a passel of fools," she said shortly. "There's a time for all things. When I've got plenty of money, I'll be nice as you please, too. Butter won't melt in my mouth. I can afford to be then."

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Names:

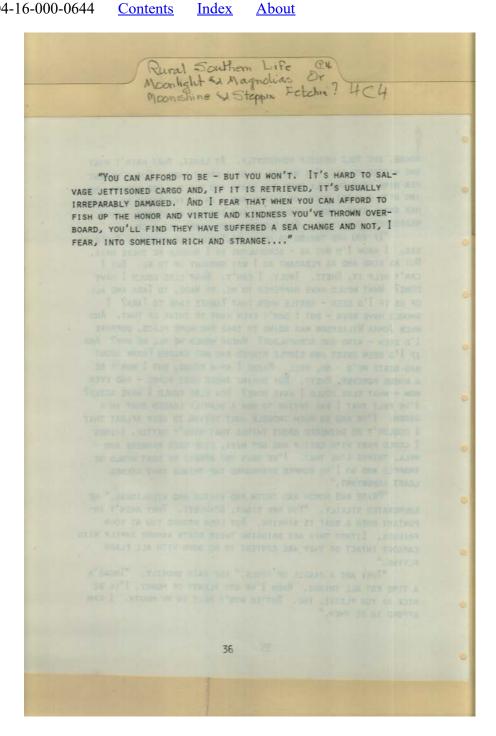
- , Frank
- , Rhett

- , Scarlett
- , Wade

Wilkerson, Jonas

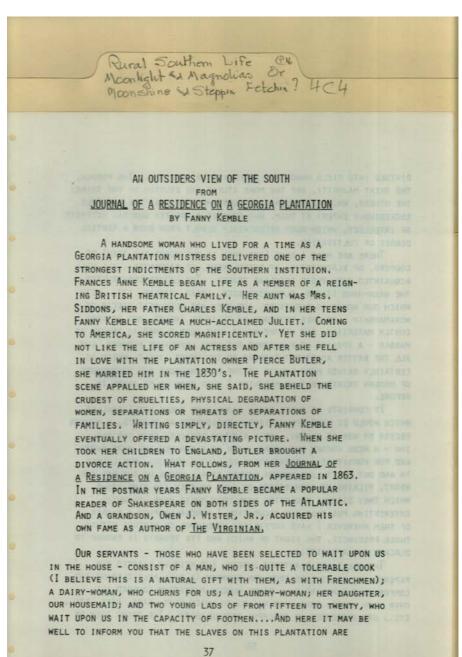
Types:

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 4, Subseries C, Box 4, Folder 16
"Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra
Image 43 r04c04-16-000-0644 Contents Index About



Types:

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Names:

Butler, Pierce Kemble, Charles Kemble, Fanny

Types:

anthology

Kemble, Frances Anne Shakespeare, Siddons, Mrs. Wister, Owen J., Jr. Outsider's View of South

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Rural Southern Life Ph Moonlight & Magnolias Or Moonshine & Stoppin Fetchin? 404

DIVIDED INTO FIELD HANDS AND MECHANICS OR ARTISANS. THE FORMER,
THE GREAT MAJORITY, ARE THE MORE STUPID AND BRUTISH OF THE TRIBE;
THE OTHERS, WHO ARE REGULARLY TAUGHT THEIR TRADES, ARE NOT ONLY
EXCEEDINGLY EXPERT AT THEM, BUT EXHIBIT A GREATER GENERAL ACTIVITY
OF INTELLECT, WHICH MUST NECESSARILY RESULT FROM EVEN A PARTIAL
DEGREE OF CULTIVATION.

THERE ARE HERE A GANG (FOR THIS IS THE HONORABLE TERM) OF COOPERS, OF BLACKSMITHS, OF BRICKLAYERS, OF CARPENTERS, ALL WELL ACQUAINTED WITH THEIR PECULIAR TRADES. THE LATTER CONSTRUCTED THE WASH-HAND STANDS, CLOTHESPRESSES, SOFAS, TABLES, ETC., WITH WHICH OUR HOUSE IS FURNISHED, AND THEY ARE VERY NEAT PIECES OF WORKMANSHIP - NEITHER VENEERED OR POLISHED INDEED, NOR OF VERY COSTLY MATERIALS, BUT OF THE WHITE PINE WOOD PLANED AS SMOOTH AS MARBLE - A SPECIES OF FURNITURE NOT VERY LUXURIOUS PERHAPS, BUT ALL THE BETTER ADAPTED THEREFORE TO THE HOUSE ITSELF, WHICH IS CERTAINLY RATHER MORE DEVOID OF THE CONVENIENCES AND ADORNMENTS OF MODERN EXISTENCE THAN ANYTHING I EVER TOOK UP MY ABODE IN

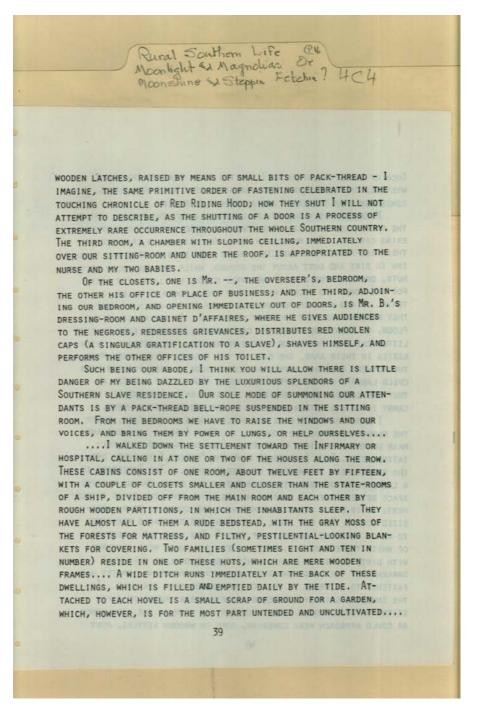
IT CONSISTS OF THREE SMALL ROOMS, AND THREE STILL SMALLER, WHICH WOULD BE MORE APPROPRIATELY DESIGNATED AS CLOSETS, A WOODEN RECESS BY WAY OF PANTRY, AND A KITCHEN DETACHED FROM THE DWELLING - A MERE WOODEN OUT-HOUSE, WITH NO FLOOR BUT THE BARE EARTH, AND FOR FURNITURE A CONGREGATION OF FILTHY NEGROES, WHO LOUNGE IN AND OUT OF IT LIKE HUNGRY HOUNDS AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT, PICKING UP SUCH SCRAPS OF FOOD AS THEY CAN FIND ABOUT, WHICH THEY DISCUSS SQUATTING DOWN UPON THEIR HAMS, IN WHICH INTERESTING POSITION AND OCCUPATION I GENERALLY FIND A NUMBER OF THEM WHENEVER I HAVE SUFFICIENT HARDIHOOD TO VENTURE WITHIN THOSE PRECINCTS, THE SIGHT OF WHICH AND ITS TENANTS IS ENOUGH TO SLACKEN THE APPETITE....

THE WALLS ARE PLASTERED INDEED, BUT NEITHER PAINTED NOR
PAPERED; IT IS DIVIDED FROM OUR BEDROOM (A SIMILARLY ELEGANT AND
COMFORTABLE CHAMBER) BY A DINGY WOODEN PARTITION COVERED ALL
OVER WITH HOOKS, PEGS, AND NAILS, TO WHICH HATS, CAPS, KEYS, ETC.,
ETC., ARE SUSPENDED IN GRACEFUL IRREGULARITY. THE DOORS OPEN BY

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Types:

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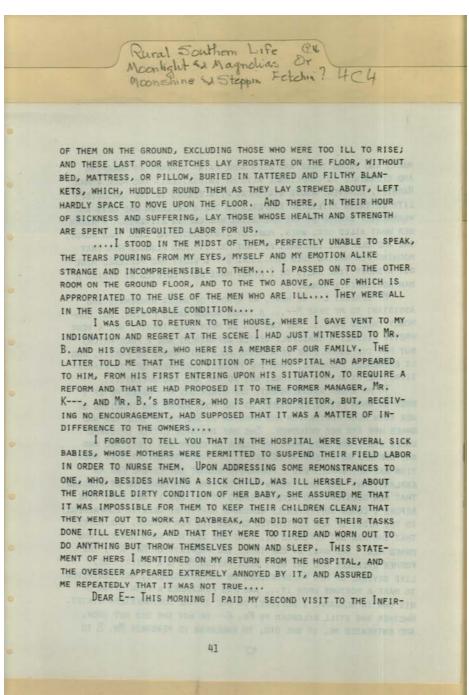
Types:

Image 47 r04c04-16-000-0648 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Or Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404 SUCH OF THESE BUILDINGS AS I VISITED TODAY WERE FILTHY AND WRETCHED IN THE EXTREME, AND EXHIBITED THAT MOST DEPLORABLE CONSEQUENCE OF IGNORANCE AND AN ABJECT CONDITION.... FIREWOOD AND SHAVINGS LAY LITTERED ABOUT THE FLOORS, WHILE THE HALF-NAKED CHILDREN WERE COWERING ROUND TWO OR THREE SMOULD-ERING CINDERS. THE MOSS WITH WHICH THE CHINKS AND CRANNIES OF THEIR ILL-PROTECTING DWELLINGS MIGHT HAVE BEEN STUFFED WAS TRAIL-ING IN DIRT AND DUST ABOUT THE GROUND, WHILE THE BACK DOOR OF THE HUTS, OPENING UPON A MOST UNSIGHTLY DITCH, WAS LEFT WIDE OPEN FOR THE FOWLS AND DUCKS, WHICH THEY ARE ALLOWED TO RAISE, TO TRAVEL IN AND OUT, INCREASING THE FILTH OF THE CABIN BY WHAT THEY BROUGHT AND LEFT IN EVERY DIRECTION. IN THE MIDST OF THE FLOOR, OR SQUATTING ROUND THE COLD HEARTH, WOULD BE FOUR OR FIVE LITTLE CHILDREN FROM FOUR TO TEN YEARS OLD, THE LATTER ALL WITH BABIES IN THEIR ARMS, THE CARE OF THE INFANTS BEING TAKEN FROM THE MOTHERS (WHO ARE DRIVEN AFIELD AS SOON AS THEY RECOVER FROM CHILD LABOR), AND DEVOLVED UPON THESE POOR LITTLE NURSES, AS THEY ARE CALLED, WHOSE BUSINESS IT IS TO WATCH THE INFANT, AND CARRY IT TO ITS MOTHER WHENEVER IT MAY REQUIRE NOURISHMENT.... I BADE THE ELDER BOYS AND GIRLS KINDLE UP THE FIRE, SWEEP THE FLOOR AND EXPEL THE POULTRY. WHEN I BEGAN TO SWEEP AND MAKE UP THE FIRE, THEY FIRST FELL TO LAUGHING, AND THEM IMI-TATING ME.... THUS I TRAVELED DOWN THE "STREET," IN EVERY DWELL-ING ENDEAVORING TO AWAKEN A NEW PERCEPTION.... THE INFIRMARY IS A LARGE TWO-STORY BUILDING, TERMINATING THE BROAD ORANGE-PLANTED SPACE BETWEEN THE TWO ROWS OF HOUSES WHICH FORM THE FIRST SETTLE-MENT; IT IS BUILT OF WHITEWASHED WOOD AND CONTAINS FOUR LARGE-SIZED ROOMS. BUT HOW SHALL I DESCRIBE THE SPECTACLE PRESENTED TO ME ON ENTERING THE FIRST OF THESE? BUT HALF THE CASEMENTS, OF WHICH THERE WERE SIX, WERE GLAZED, AND THESE WERE OBSCURED WITH DIRT, ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE OTHER WINDOWLESS ONES WERE DARKENED BY THE DINGY SHUTTERS, WHICH THE SHIVERING INMATES HAD FASTENED TO IN ORDER TO PROTECT THEMSELVES FROM THE COLD. IN THE ENORMOUS CHIMNEY GLIMMERED THE POWERLESS EMBERS OF A FEW STICKS OF WOOD, ROUND WHICH, HOWEVER, AS MANY AS THE SICK WOMEN AS COULD APPROACH WERE COWERING, SOME ON WOODEN SETTLES, MOST

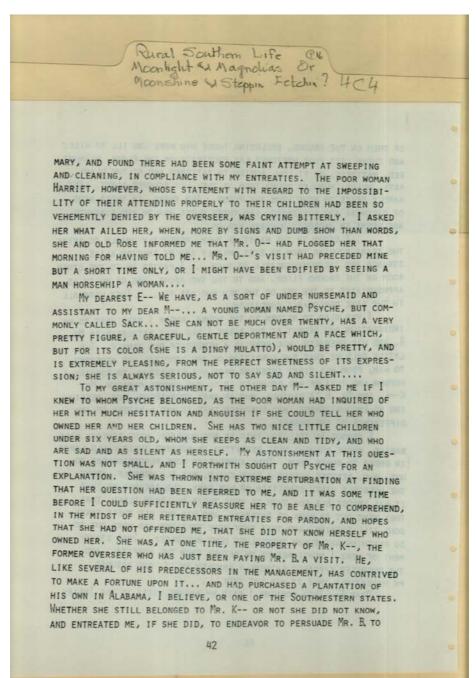
Types:

Image 48 r04c04-16-000-0649 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



Types:

Image 49 r04c04-16-000-0650 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



Names:

, Harriet (slave)

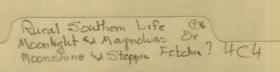
, Psyche (slave)

, Rose (slave)

, Sack (slave)

Types:

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BUY HER. NOW YOU MUST KNOW THAT THIS POOR WOMAN IS THE WIFE OF ONE OF MR. B'S SLAVES, A FINE, INTELLIGENT, ACTIVE, EXCELLENT YOUNG MAN.... I WAS SO ASTONISHED AT THE (TO ME) EXTRAORDINARY STATE OF THINGS REVEALED BY POOR SACK'S PETITION, THAT I COULD ONLY TELL HER THAT I HAD SUPPOSED ALL THE NEGROES ON THE PLANTATION WERE MR. B.'S PROPERTY, BUT THAT I WOULD CERTAINLY INQUIRE, AND FIND OUT FOR HER, IF I COULD, TO WHOM SHE BELONGED....

Now, E--, JUST CONCEIVE FOR ONE MOMENT THE STATE OF MIND OF THIS WOMAN, BELIEVING HERSELF TO BELONG TO A MAN WHO IN A FEW DAYS WAS GOING DOWN TO ONE OF THOSE ABHORRED AND DREADED SOUTH-WESTERN STATES, AND WHO WOULD THEN COMPEL HER, WITH HER POOR LITTLE CHILDREN, TO LEAVE HER HUSBAND AND THE ONLY HOME SHE HAD EVER KNOWN, AND ALL THE TIES AND AFFECTIONS... OF HER FORMER LIFE; AND THIS WAS SO COMPLETELY A MATTER OF COURSE THAT IT WAS NOT EVEN THOUGHT NECESSARY TO APPRISE HER POSITIVELY OF THE FACT, AND THE ONLY THING THAT INTERPOSED BETWEEN HER AND THIS MORE MISERABLE FACT WAS THE FAINT HOPE THAT MR. B. MIGHT HAVE PURCHASED HER AND HER CHILDREN.

I DID NOT SEE MR. B. UNTIL THE EVENING; BUT IN THE MEAN TIME, MEETING MR. O--, THE OVERSER, I ASKED HIM ABOUT PSYCHE, AND WHO WAS HER PROPRIETOR, WHEN, TO MY INFINITE SURPIRSE, HE TOLD ME THAT HE HAD BOUGHT HER AND HER CHILDREN FROM MR. K--, WHO HAD OFFERED THEM TO HIM, SAYING THAT THEY WOULD BE RATHER TROUBLE-SOME TO HIM THAN OTHERWISE DOWN WHERE HE WAS GOING; "AND SO," SAID MR. O--, "AS I HAD NO OBJECTION TO INVESTING A LITTLE MONEY THAT WAY, I BOUGHT THEM." WITH A HEART MUCH LIGHTENED, I FLEW TO TELL POOR PSYCHE THE NEWS, SO THAT, AT ANY RATE, SHE MIGHT BE RELIEVED FROM THE DREAD OF ANY IMMEDIATE SEPARATION FROM HER HUSBAND. YOU CAN IMAGINE BETTER THAN I CAN TELL YOU WHAT HER SENSATIONS WERE; BUT SHE STILL RENEWED HER PRAYER THAT I WOULD, IF POSSIBLE, INDUCE MR. B. TO PURCHASE HER, AND I PROMISED TO DO SO.

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, WHILE I WAS STILL DRESSING, I WAS SUDDENLY STARTLED BY HEARING VOICES IN LOUD TONES IN MR. B.'S DRESSING-ROOM, WHICH ADJOINS MY BEDROOM, AND THE NOISE INCREASING UNTIL THERE WAS AN ABSOLUTE CRY OF DESPAIR UTTERED BY SOME

4

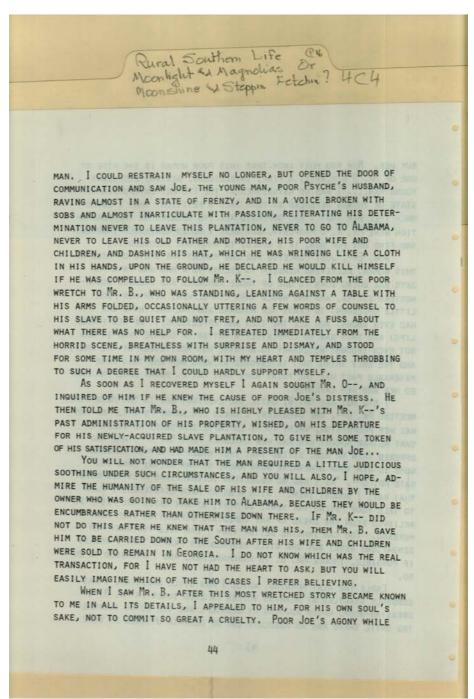
Names:

, Psyche (slave)

, Sack (slave)

Types:

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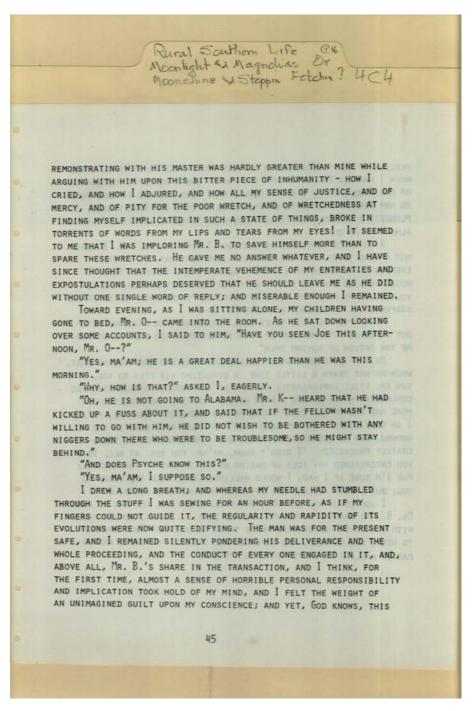
Names:

, Joe (slave)

, Psyche (slave)

Types:

Image 52 r04c04-16-000-0653 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



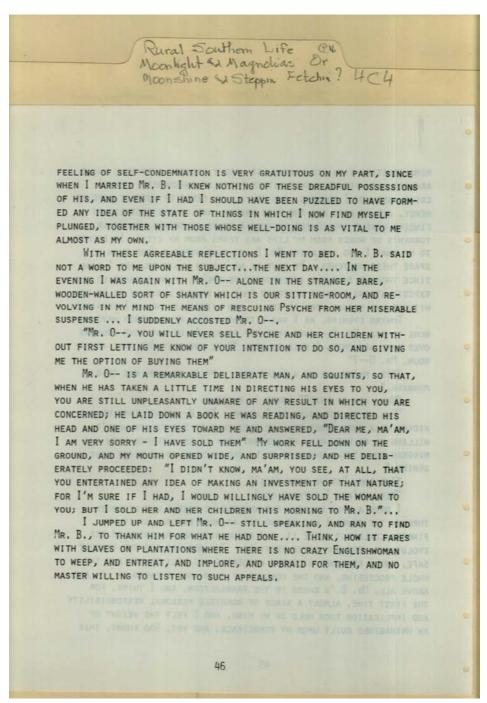
Names:

, Joe (slave)

, Psyche (slave)

Types:

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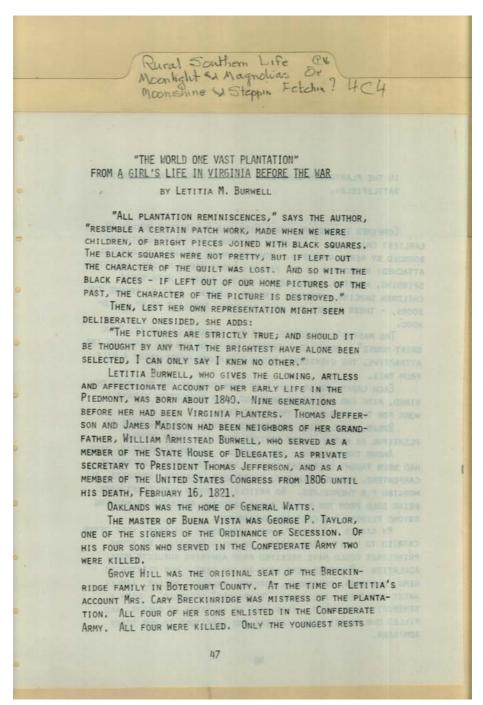


Names:

, Psyche (slave)

Types:

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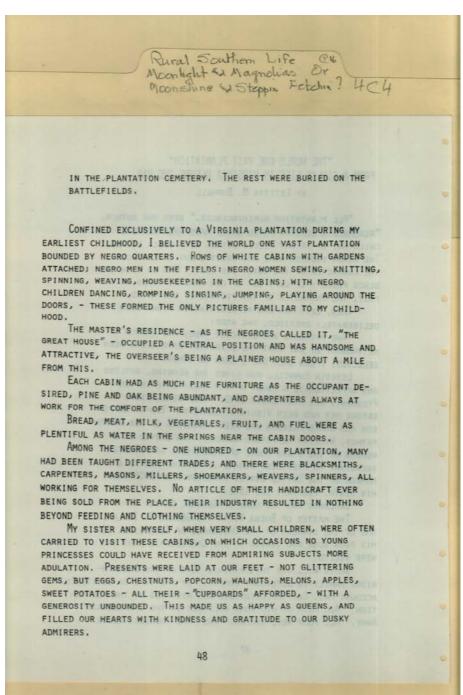
Breckinridge, Cary, Mrs. Burwell, Letitia M.

Types:

anthology

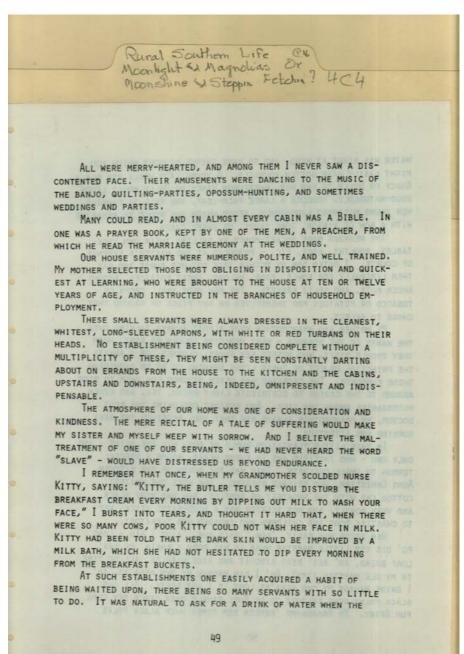
Burwell, William Armistead Jefferson, Thomas Madison, James Taylor, George P. Watts, General The World One Vast Plantation

Image 55 r04c04-16-000-0656 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



Types:

Image 56 r04c04-16-000-0657 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

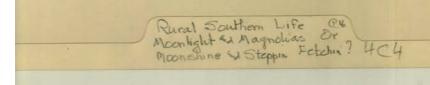


Names:

, Kitty (slave)

Types:

Image 57 r04c04-16-000-0658 Contents Index About



WATER WAS RIGHT AT HAND, AND TO HAVE THINGS BROUGHT WHICH YOU MIGHT EASILY HAVE GOTTEN YOURSELF. A YOUNG LADY WOULD ASK BLACK NANCY OR DOLLY TO FAN HER, WHEREUPON NANCY OR DOLLY WOULD LAUGH GOOD-NATUREDLY, PRODUCE A LARGE PALM-LEAF, AND FALL TO FANNING HER YOUNG MISTRESS VIGOROUSLY, AFTER WHICH SHE WOULD BE REWARDED WITH A BOW OF RIBBON, SOME CANDY, OR SWEET CAKES.

THE NEGROES MADE POCKET-MONEY BY SELLING THEIR OWN VEGETABLES, POULTRY, EGGS, ETC. - PRODUCED AT THE MASTER'S EXPENSE, OF COURSE. I OFTEN SAW MY MOTHER TAKE OUT HER PURSE AND PAY THEM LIBERALLY FOR FOWLS, EGGS, MELONS, SWEET POTATOES, BROOMS, SHUCK MATS, AND SPLIT BASKETS. THE MEN MADE SMALL CROPS OF TOBACCO OR POTATOES FOR THEMSELVES ON ANY PIECE OF GROUND THEY CHOSE TO SELECT.

My MOTHER AND GRANDMOTHER WERE ALMOST ALWAYS TALKING OVER THE WANTS OF THE NEGROES - WHAT MEDICINE SHOULD BE SENT, WHOM THEY SHOULD VISIT, WHO NEEDED NEW SHOES, CLOTHES, OR BLANKETS - THE PRINCIPAL OBJECT OF THEIR LIVES SEEMING TO BE IN PROVIDING THESE COMFORTS. THE CARRIAGE WAS OFTEN ORDERED FOR THEM TO RIDE AROUND TO THE CABINS TO DISTRIBUTE LIGHT-BREAD, TEA, AND OTHER NECESSARIES AMONG THE SICK. AND BESIDES EMPLOYING THE BEST DOCTOR, MY GRANDMOTHER ALWAYS SAW THAT THEY RECEIVED THE BEST NURSING AND ATTENTION.

In this little plantation world of ours was one being - and only one - who inspired awe in every heart, being a special terror to small children. This was the queen of the kitchen, Aunt Christian, who reigned supreme. She wore the whitest cotton cap with the broadest of ruffles; she was very black and very portly; and her scepter was a good-sized stick, kept to chastise dogs and children who invaded her territory.

HER PRIDE WAS GREAT, "FOR," SAID SHE, 'AINT I BIN - LONG FO' DIS YER LITTLE MARSTER WHAR IS WAS BORN - BAKIN' DE BES' LOAF BREAD, AN' BES' BEAT BISCUIT AND RICE WAFFLES, ALL DE TIME IN MY OLE MARSTER TIME? AN' I BIN MANAGE MY OWN AFFA'RS, AN' I GWINE MANAGE MY OWN AFFA'RS LONG IS I GOT BREFF. ALL OUR BLACK FOLKS DONE BELONKS TO DE BURL FAMBLY UVER SENCE DEY COME FUM AFIKY. MY GRANMAMMY 'MEMBER DEM TIMES WHEN BLACK FOLKS

50

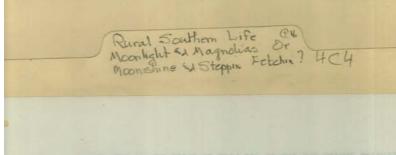
Names:

, Aunt Christian (slave)

, Dolly (slave) , Nancy (slave) Burl,

Types:

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Lan' HERE STARK NAKED, AN' WHITE FOLKS HAB TO SHOW 'EM HOW TO WAR CLOSE. BUT WE ALL DONE COME FUM ALL DAT NOW, AN' I GWINE MANAGE MY OWN AFFA'RS."

IT WAS A LONG TIME BEFORE IT DAWNED UPON MY MIND THAT THERE WERE PLACES AND PEOPLE DIFFERENT FROM THESE. THE PLANTATIONS WE VISITED SEEMED EXACTLY LIKE OURS. THE SAME HOSPITALITY WAS EVERYWHERE; THE SAME KINDLINESS EXISTED BETWEEN THE WHITE FAMILY AND THE BLACKS.

We often listened with pleasure to the recollections of an old blind man - the former faithful attendant of our grandfather-whose mind was filled with vivid pictures of the past. He repeated verbatim conversations and speeches heard sixty years before - from Mr. Madison, Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Clay, and other statesmen, his master's special friends.

"Yes," he used to say, "I stay wid your grandpa ten years in Congress, an' all de time he was secretary for President Jefferson. He nuver give me a cross word, an' I nuver saw your grandma de leas' out of temper nuther but once, an' dat was at a dinner party we give in Washington, when de French Minister said something disrespectful 'bout de United States."

The only negro on the place who did not evince an interest in the white family was a man ninety years old, who, forty years before, announced his intention of not working any longer, - although still strong and athletic, - because he said, "the estate had done come down so he hadn't no heart to work no longer." He remembered, he said, "when thar was three an' four hund'ed black folks, but sence de British debt had to be paid over by his old marster, an' de Macklenbu'g estate had to be sold, he hadn't had no heart to do nothin' sence." All his interest in life having expired with an anterior generation, we were in his eyes but a poor set, and he refused to have anything to do with us. Not being compelled to work, he passed his life principally in the woods, and wore a rabbit-skin cap and a leather apron. Having lost interest in and connection with the white family, he gradually relapsed into a state of barbarism,

51

Names:

Clay,

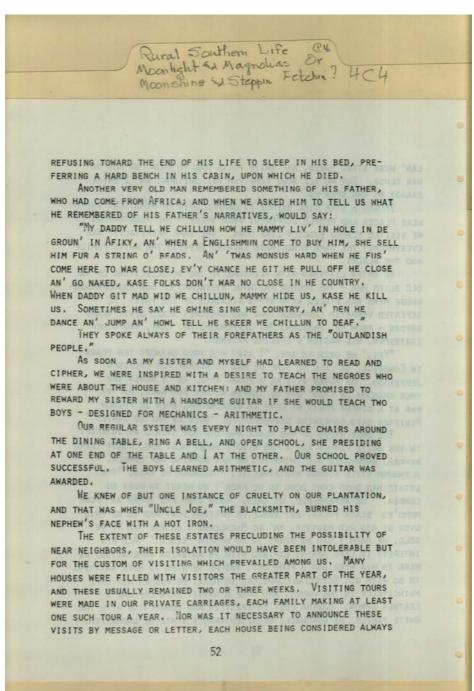
Jefferson,

Macklenbug,

Madison,

Types:

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Names:

, Uncle Joe (slave)

Types:

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SUED A LIVELY FLUTTER AMONG SMALL SERVANTS, WHO, BECOMING GENERALLY EXCITED, SPEEDILY GOT THEM INTO THEIR CLEAN APRONS, AND RAN TO OPEN GATES AND TO REMOVE PARCELS FROM CARRIAGES. LADY VISITORS WERE ALWAYS ACCOMPANIED BY COLORED MAIDS, ALTHOUGH SURE OF FINDING A SUPERFLUITY OF THESE AT EACH ESTABLISHMENT. THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE ALWAYS RECEIVED HER GUESTS IN THE FRONT PORCH, WITH A SINCERE AND CORDIAL GREETING.

THESE VISITING FRIENDS AT MY OWN HOME MADE AN IMPRESSION UPON ME THAT NO TIME CAN EFFACE...THOSE DEAR, GENTLE FACES, MY MOTHER'S EARLY FRIENDS, AND THOSE DELIGHTFUL OLD LADIES, IN CLOSE BORDERED TARLATAN CAPS, WHO USED TO COME TO SEE MY GRAND-MOTHER. THESE LAST WOULD SIT ROUND THE FIRE, KNITTING AND TALKING OVER THEIR EARLY MEMORIES: HOW THEY REMEMBERED THE RED COATS OF THE BRITISH; HOW THEY HAD SEEN THE RICHMOND THEATER BURN DOWN, WITH SOME OF THEIR FAMILY BURNED IN IT; HOW THEY USED TO WEAR SUCH BEAUTIFUL TURBANS OF CREPE LISSE TO THE CARTERS-VILLE BALLS, AND HOW THEY USED TO DANCE THE MINUET. AT MENTION OF THIS MY GRANDMOTHER WOULD LAY OFF HER SPECTACLES, PUT ASIDE HER KNITTING, RISE WITH DIGNITY, AND SHOW US THE STEP OF THE MINUET, GLIDING SLOWLY AND MAJESTICALLY AROUND THE ROOM.

My mother's friends belonged to a later generation. They combined intelligence with exquisite refinement. I enumerate some of their charms:

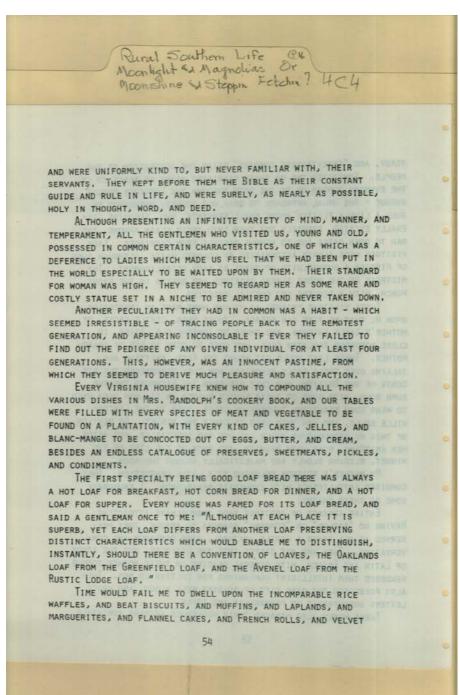
ENTIRE ABSENCE OF PRETENSE MADE THEM ALWAYS ATTRACTIVE.
HAVING NO "PARLOR" OR "COMPANY" MANNERS TO ASSUME, THEY PRESERVED AT ALL TIMES A GENTLE, NATURAL, EASY DEMEANOR AND CONVERSATION. THEY HAD NOT DIPPED INTO THE SCIENCES; BUT THE STUDY
OF LATIN AND FRENCH, WITH GENERAL READING IN THEIR MOTHER TONGUE,
RENDERED THEM INTELLIGENT COMPANIONS FOR CULTIVATED MEN. THEY
ALSO POSSESSED THE RARE GIFT OF READING WELL ALOUD, AND WROTE
LETTERS UNSURPASSED IN PENMANSHIP AND STYLE.

THESE WOMEN ALSO MANAGED THEIR HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS ADMIRABLE,

53

Types:

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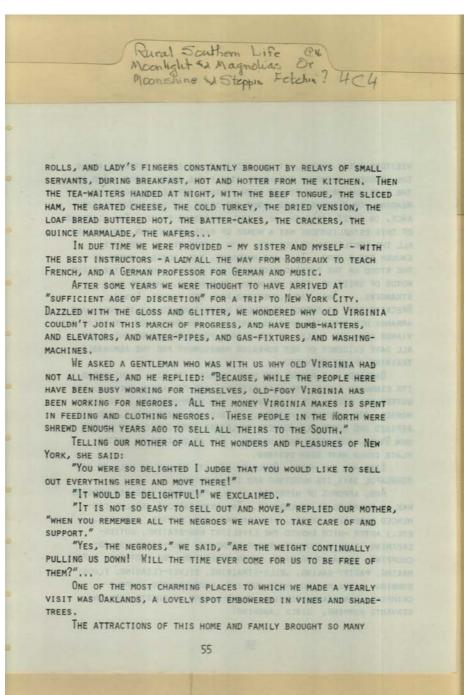


Names:

Randolph, Mrs.

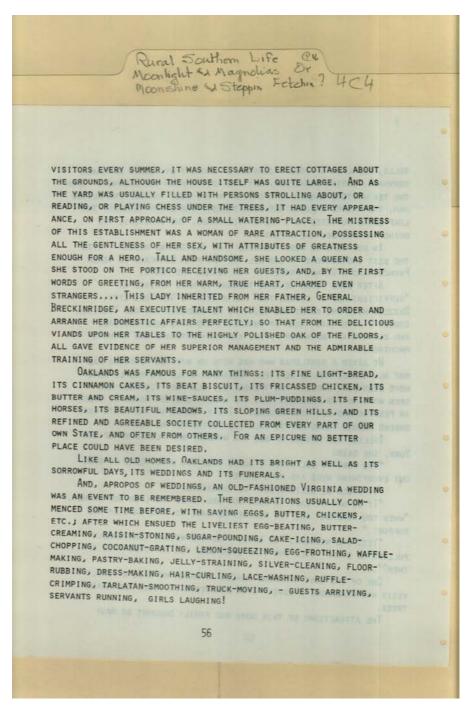
Types:

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Types:

Image 63 r04c04-16-000-0664 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

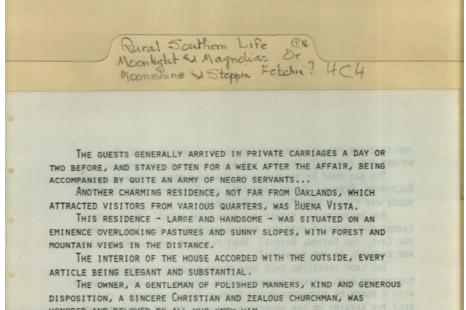


Names:

Breckinridge, General

Types:

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HONORED AND BELOVED BY ALL WHO KNEW HIM.

HIS DAUGHTERS, A BAND OF LOVELY YOUNG GIRLS, PRESIDED OVER HIS HOUSE, DISPENSING ITS HOSPITALITY WITH GRACE AND DIGNITY. THEIR MOTHER'S DEATH, WHICH OCCURRED WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG, HAD GIVEN THEM HOUSEHOLD CARES WHICH WOULD HAVE BEEN CONSIDERABLE BUT FOR THE ASSISTANCE OF UNCLE BILLY, THE BUTLER - AN ALL-IMPORTANT CHARACTER PRESIDING WITH IMPOSING DIGNITY OVER DOMESTIC

HIS MISSION ON EARTH SEEMED TO BE KEEPING THE BRIGHTEST SILVER URNS, SUGAR-DISHES, CREAM-JUGS, AND SPOONS; FLAVORING THE BEST ICE-CREAMS; BUTTERING THE HOTTEST ROLLS, MUFFINS, AND WAFFLES; CHOPPING THE BEST SALADS; FOLDING THE WHITEST NAPKINS; HANDING THE BEST TEA AND CAKES IN THE PARLOR IN THE EVENINGS; AND COOLING THE BEST WINE FOR DINNER.

OF ALL THE PLANTATION HOMES WE LOVED AND VISITED, THE BRIGHTEST, SWEETEST MEMORIES CLUSTER AROUND GROVE HILL, A GRAND OLD PLACE IN THE MIDST OF SCENERY LOVELY AND PICTURESQUE, TO REACH WHICH WE MADE A JOURNEY ACROSS THE BLUE RIDGE - THOSE GIANT MOUNTAINS FROM WHOSE WINDING ROADS AND LOFTY HEIGHTS WE HAD GLIMPSES OF EXQUISITE SCENERY IN THE VALLEYS BELOW.

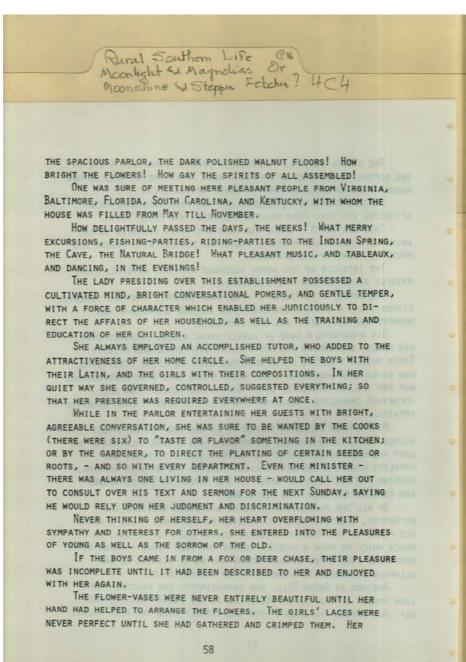
ARRIVED AT GROVE HILL, HOW ENTHUSIASTIC THE WELCOME FROM EACH MEMBER OF THE FAMILY ASSEMBLED IN THE FRONT PORCH TO MEET US! HOW JOYOUS THE LAUGH! HOW DELICIOUSLY COOL THE WIDE HALLS,

Names:

, Uncle Billy (slave)

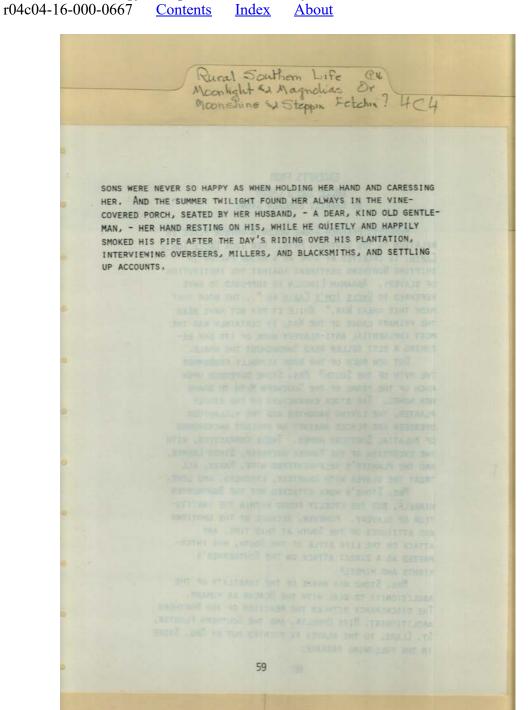
Types:

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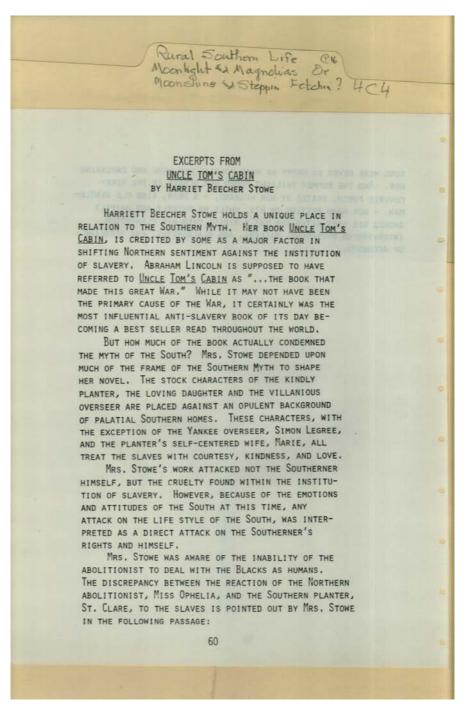
Types:

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 4, Subseries C, Box 4, Folder 16
"Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra
Image 66 r04c04-16-000-0667 Contents Index About



Types:

Image 67 r04c04-16-000-0668 Contents Index About



Names:

, Ophelia, Miss Legree, Simon

Types:

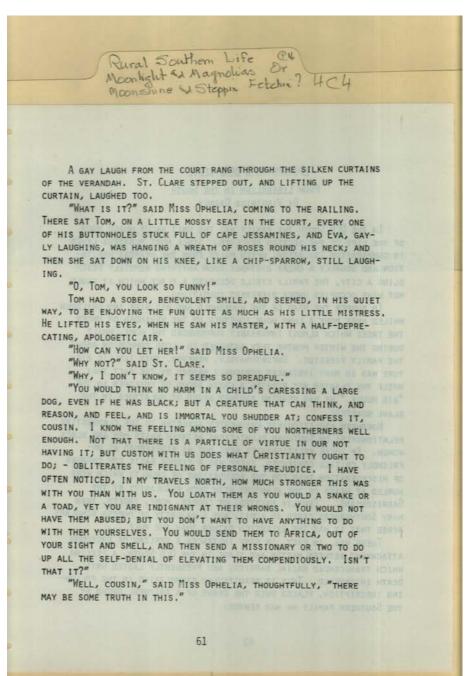
anthology

Lincoln, Abraham St. Clare,

Stowe, Harriet Beecher

Uncle Tom's Cabin

Image 68 r04c04-16-000-0669 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



Names:

, Eva

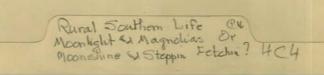
, Ophelia, Miss

, Tom (slave)

St. Clare,

Types:

Image 69 r04c04-16-000-0670 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



EPITAPH TO A DEAD SLAVE

FROM LIBERALISM IN THE SOUTH
BY VIRGINIUS DABNEY

In the Old South the family was the unit about which much of the life of the section revolved. Since most planters lived in comparative isolation, often miles from the nearest habitation and usually a great distance from anything remotely resembling a city, the family circle occupied a place which it could not have occupied under different conditions.

In summer the head of the household and his wife and children whiled away many a long hour together on the verandah or under the trees which almost invariably surrounded the home, while during the winter months they gathered in close communion about the family fireside. Unfortunately, however, this idyllic picture was in many instances seriously marred by the fact that while the planter was rearing a large brood of children in the "big house," he was rearing another brood of mulattoes in the slave quarters.

Northern abolitionists frequently adverted to the clandestine relationships on Southern plantations between white men and black women. If these relationships were not as widespread as unfriendly critics contended, there was a firmer basis for charges of miscegenation than for the accusations of cruelty which were hurled at heads of the planters with such regularity by the Garrisonians. Cruelty existed, of course, more, indeed, than many Southerners cared to admit, but a majority of modern scholars agree that it was the exception rather than the rule....

THERE WAS, IN FACT, IN MANY INSTANCES A FEELING OF PROFOUND ATTACHMENT BETWEEN MASTER AND SLAVE IN THE OLD SOUTH, A FEELING WHICH TRANSCENDED RACIAL BARRIERS AND FREQUENTLY LASTED UNTIL DEATH INTERVENED. THIS IS BEAUTIFULLY EXEMPLIFIED IN THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION, PLACED OVER THE GRAVE OF A FAITHFUL NEGRO BY THE SOUTHERN FAMILY HE HAD SERVED:

62

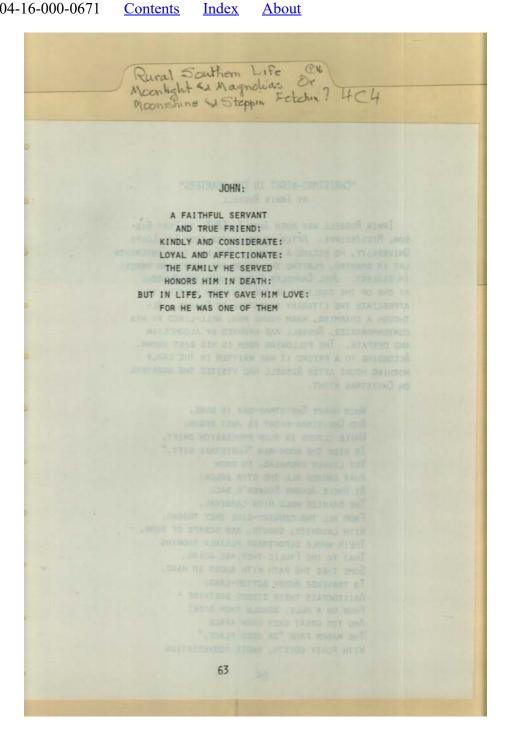
Names:

Dabney, Virginius

Epitaph to a Dead Slave

Types:

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 4, Subseries C, Box 4, Folder 16
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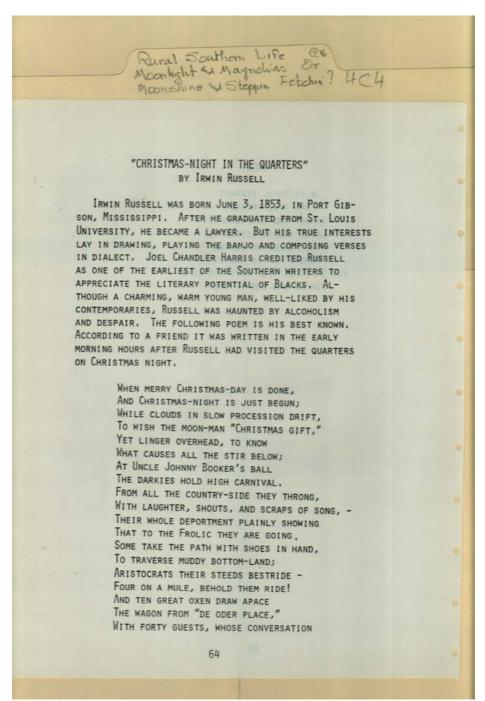


Names:

, John (slave)

Types:

Image 71 r04c04-16-000-0672 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



Names:

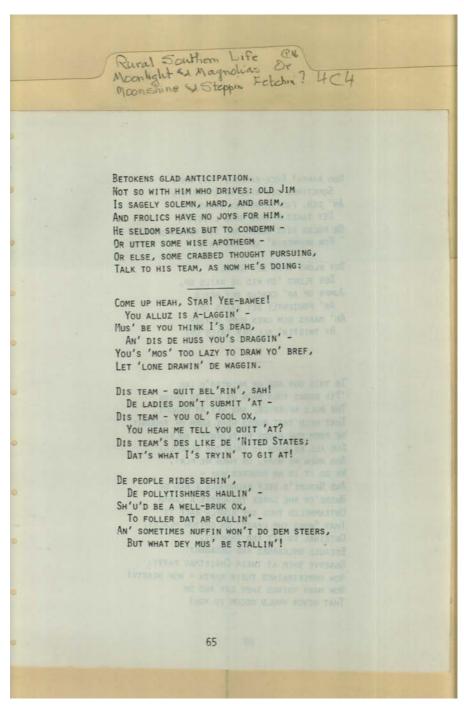
Booker, Johnny (slave)

Types:

anthology

Harris, Joel Chandler Russell, Irwin Christmas-Night in the Quarters

Image 72 r04c04-16-000-0673 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

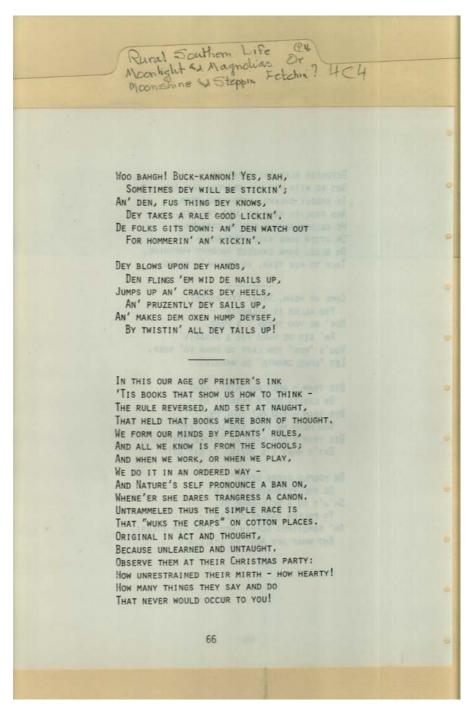


Names:

, Jim (slave)

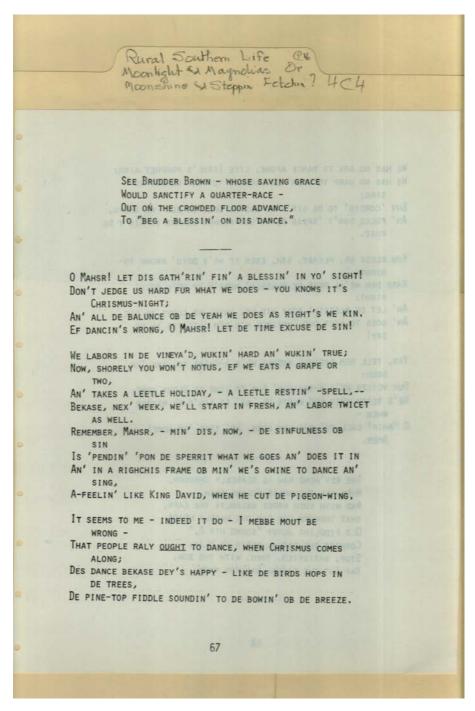
Types:

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Types:

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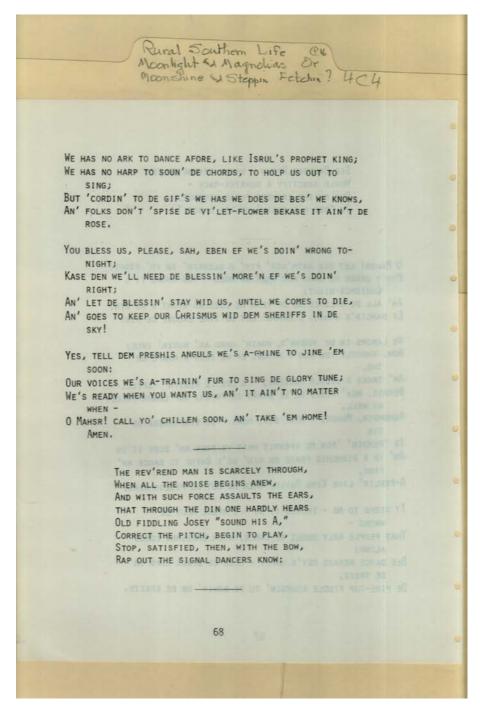


Names:

, Brown (slave)

Types:

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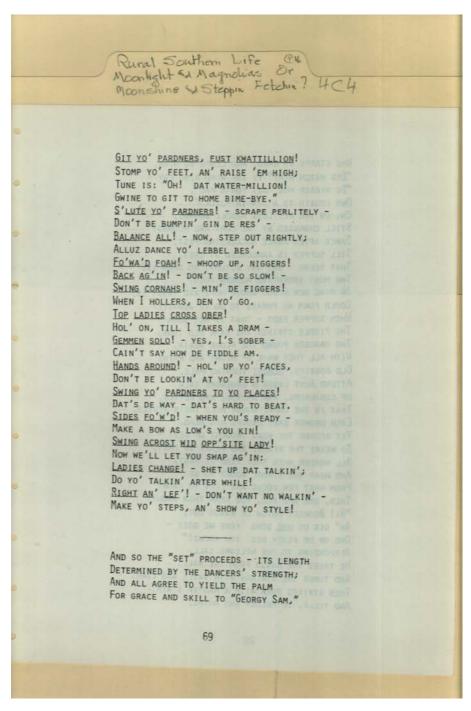


Names:

, Josey (slave)

Types:

Image 76 r04c04-16-000-0677 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

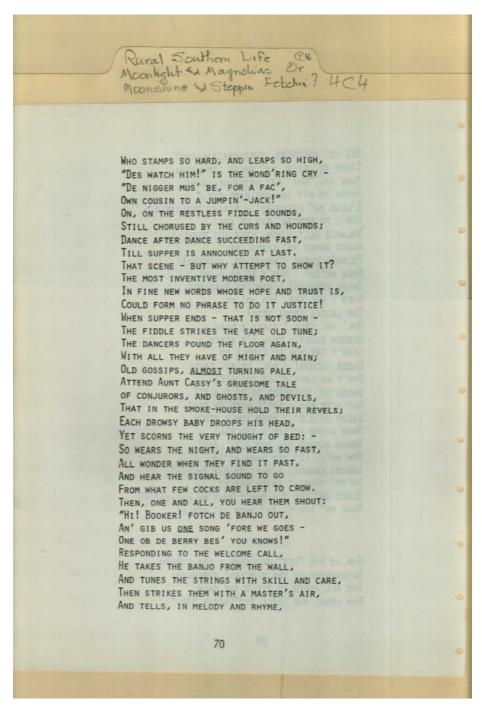


Names:

, Georgy Sam (slave)

Types:

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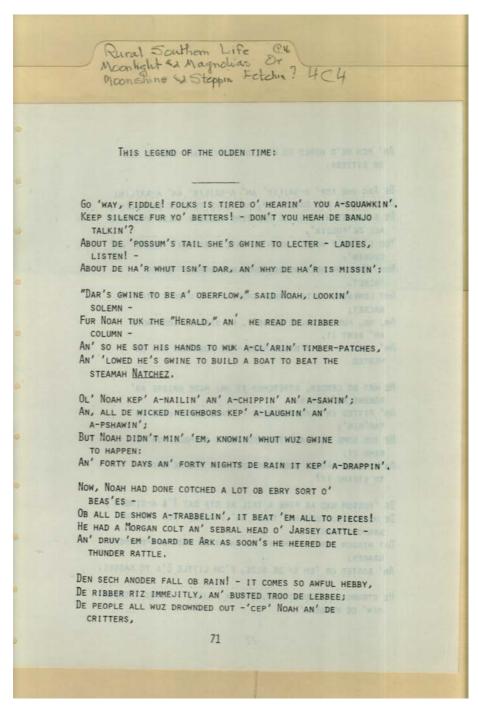
Names:

, Aunt Cassy (slave)

, Booker (slave)

Types:

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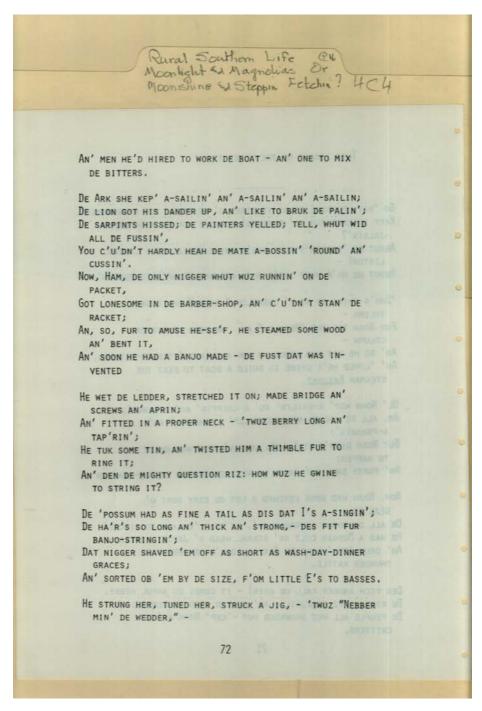


Names:

, Noah (slave)

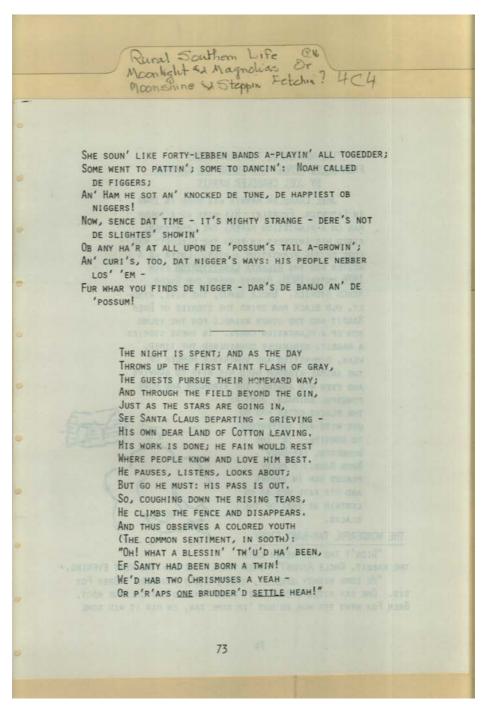
Types:

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Types:

Image 80 r04c04-16-000-0681 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



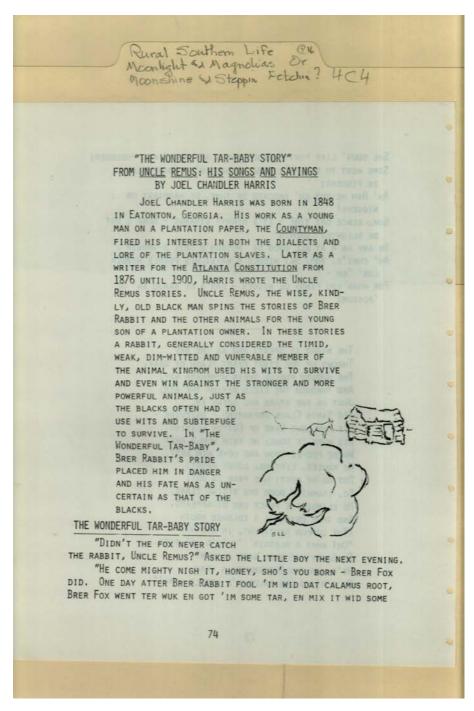
Names:

, Ham (slave)

, Noah (slave)

Types:

Image 81 r04c04-16-000-0682 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

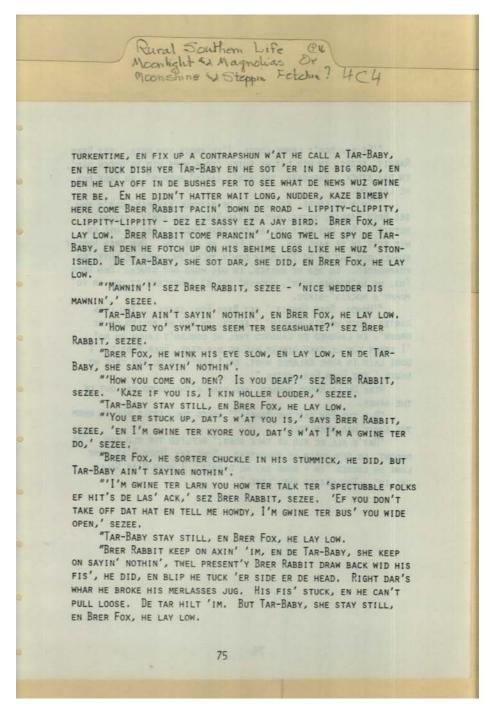


Names:

, Uncle Remus Harris, Joel Chandler The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story

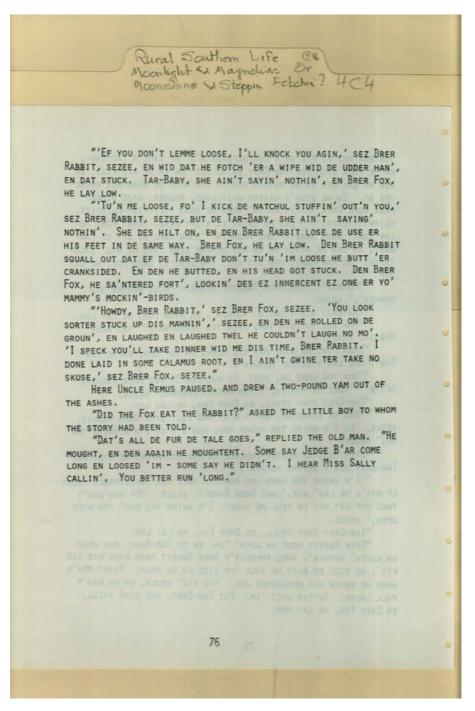
Types:

Image 82 r04c04-16-000-0683 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



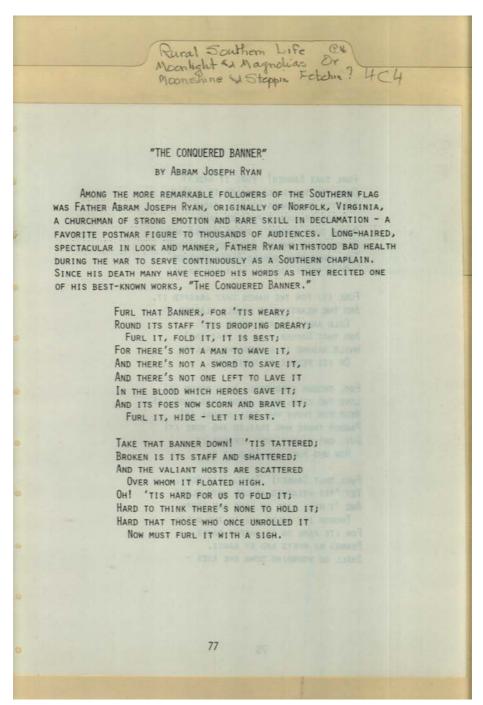
Types:

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Types:

Image 84 r04c04-16-000-0685 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



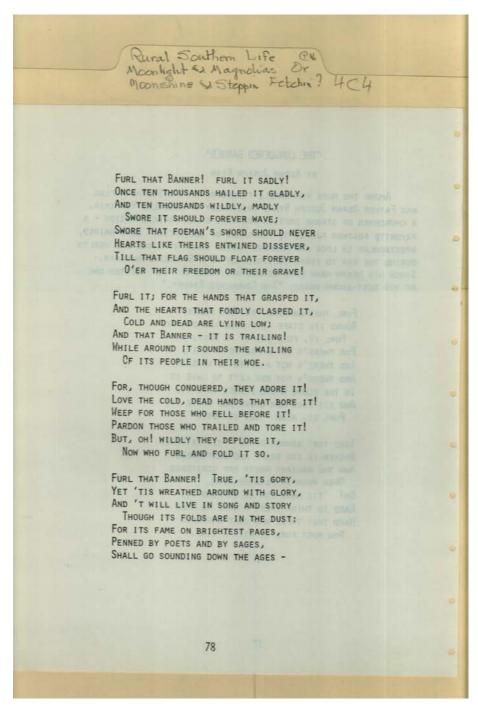
Names:

Ryan, Abram Joseph, Father

The Conquered Banner

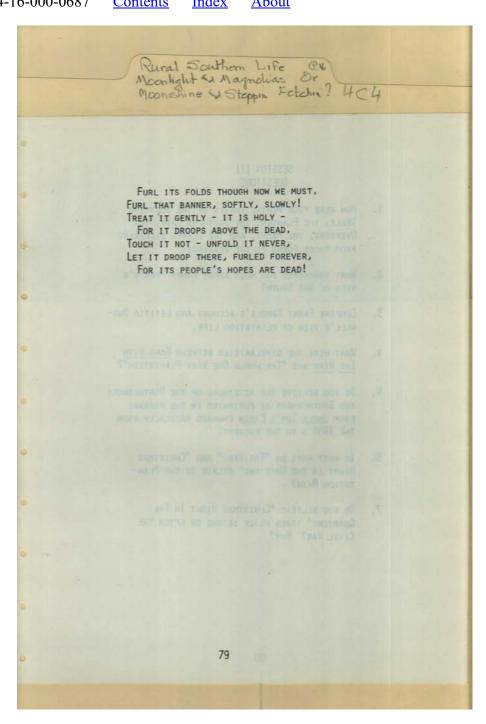
Types:

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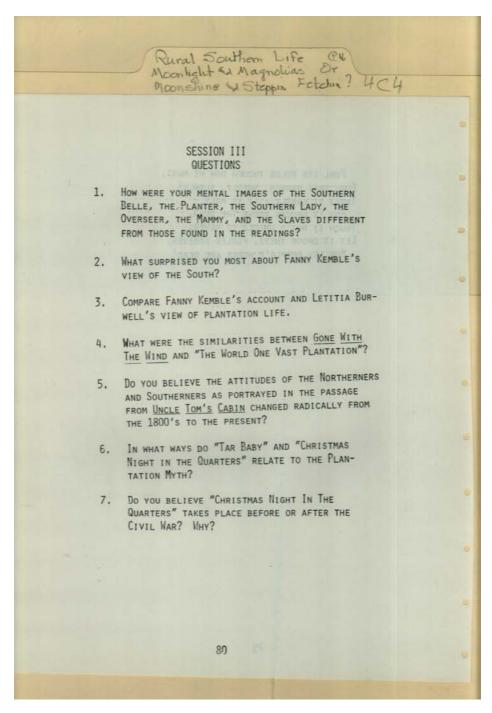
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Types:

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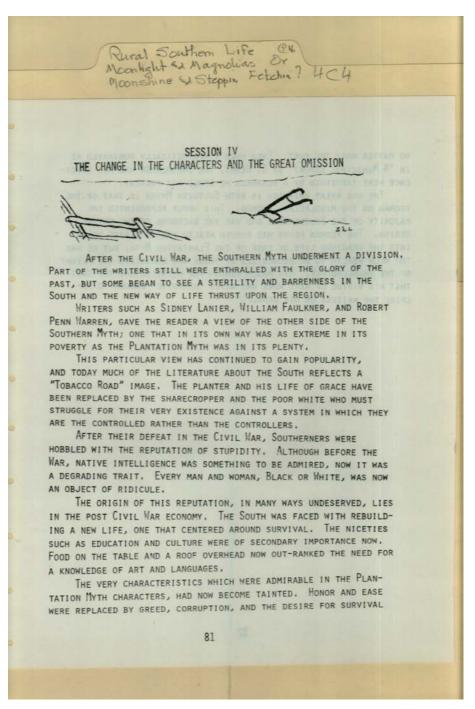
Names:

Burwell, Letitia

Kemble, Fanny

Types:

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Names:

Faulkner, William Lanier, Sidney

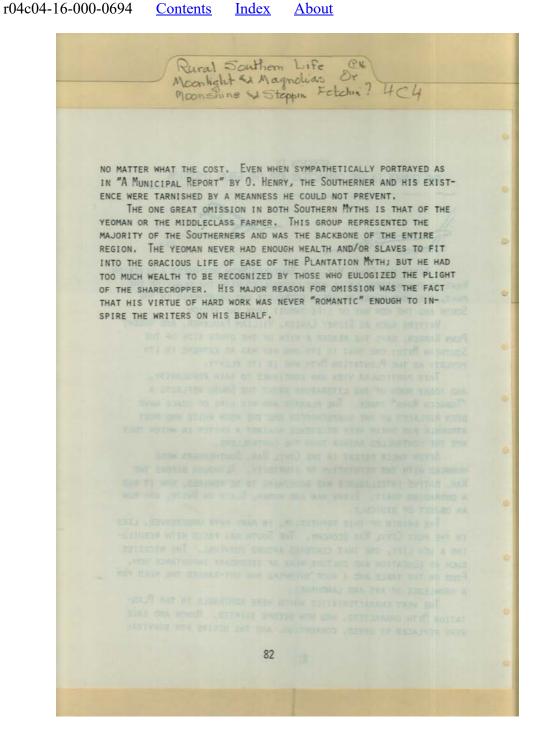
Warren, Robert Penn

Change in the Characters and the

Omission

Types:

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"Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra
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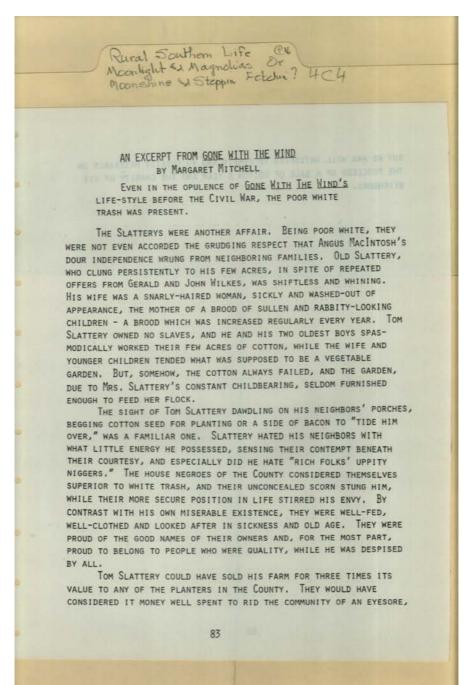


Names:

Henry, O.

Types:

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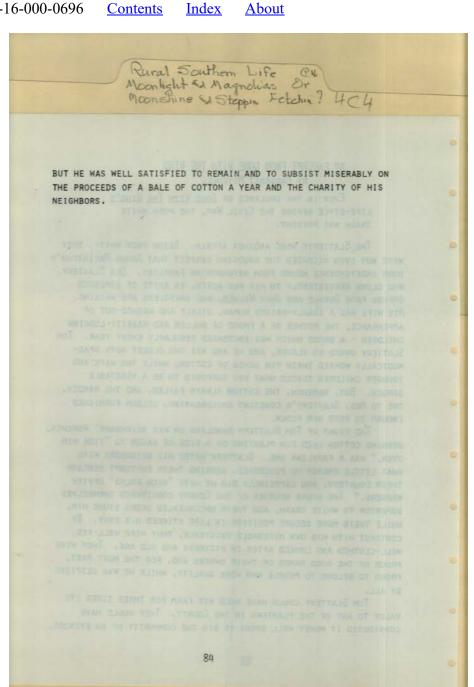
Names:

MacIntosh, Angus Mitchell, Margaret Slattery, Mrs. Slattery, Tom

Wilkes, Gerald Wilkes, John Gone with the Wind

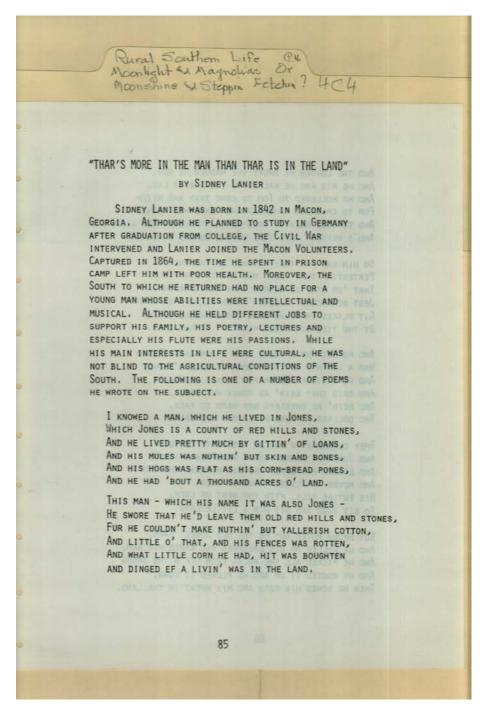
Types:

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Types:

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Names:

Lanier, Sidney

Places:

Macon, GA

Types:

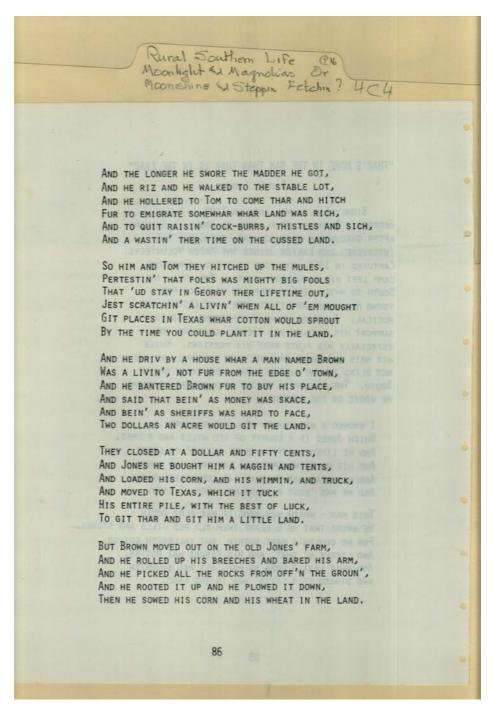
anthology

Dates:

1869

More in the Man than in the Land

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Names:

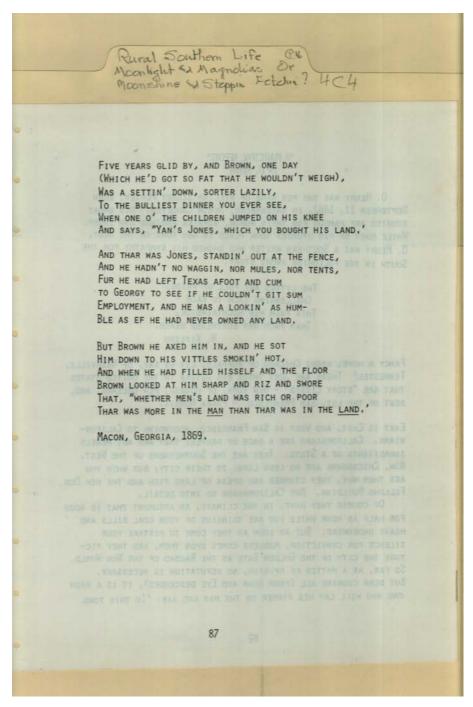
, Tom

Brown,

Jones,

Types:

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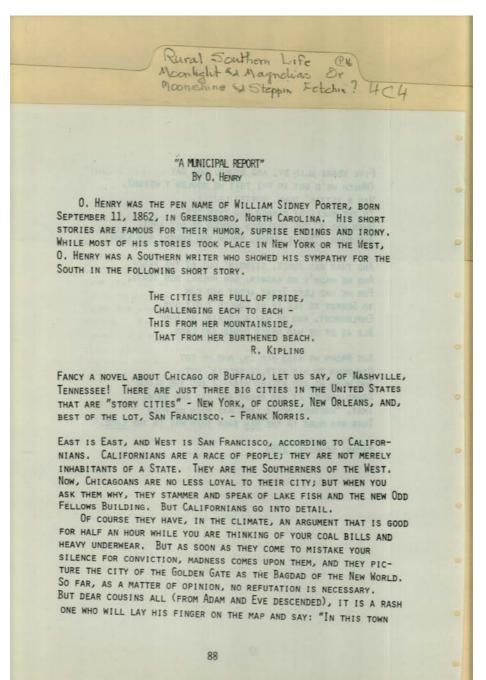
Names:

Brown,

Jones,

Types:

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Names:

Henry, O. Kipling, R.

Types:

anthology

Norris, Frank

Porter, William Sidney

A Municipal Report

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Moon Shine & Steppin Fetchin? 464

THERE CAN BE NO ROMANCE - WHAT COULD HAPPEN HERE?" YES, IT IS A

Rural Southern Life Che Moonlisht & Magnolias Or

BOLD AND A RASH DEED TO CHALLENGE IN ONE SENTENCE HISTORY, RO-MANCE, AND RAND AND MCNALLY.

NASHVILLE. - A CITY, PORT OF DELIVERY, AND THE CAPITAL OF THE

Nashville. - A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. & St.L. and the L.& N. Railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational centre in the South.

I STEPPED OFF THE TRAIN AT $8\ \text{p.m.}$ HAVING SEARCHED THESAURUS IN VAIN FOR ADJECTIVES, I MUST, AS A SUBSTITUTION, HIE ME TO COMPARISON IN THE FORM OF A RECIPE.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dew-drops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

THE MIXTURE WILL GIVE YOU AN APPROXIMATE CONCEPTION OF A NASHVILLE DRIZZLE. IT IS NOT SO FRAGRANT AS A MOTH-BALL NOR AS THICK AS PEA-SOUP; BUT 'TIS ENOUGH - 'TWILL SERVE.

I WENT TO A HOTEL IN A TUMBRIL. IT REQUIRED STRONG SELF-SUP-PRESSION FOR ME TO KEEP FROM CLIMBING TO THE TOP OF IT AND GIV-ING AN IMITATION OF SIDNEY CARTON. THE VEHICLE WAS DRAWN BY BEASTS OF A BYGONE ERA AND DRIVEN BY SOMETHING DARK AND EMAN-CIPATED.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurried-LY PAID IT THE FIFTY CENTS IT DEMANDED (WITH APPROXIMATE LAGNIAPPE, I ASSURE YOU). I KNEW ITS HABITS; AND I DID NOT WANT TO HEAR IT PRATE ABOUT ITS OLD "MARSTER" OR ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED "BEFO' DE WAH."

The hotel was one of the kind described as "Renovated."
That means \$20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L.& N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for.
There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such

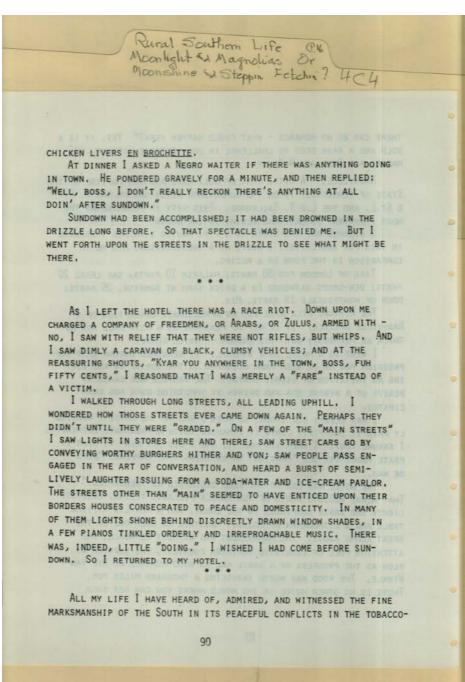
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Names:

Carton, Sidney

Types:

Image 97 r04c04-16-000-0702 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>



Types:

Image 98 r04c04-16-000-0703 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

Rural Southern Life (26) Moonlight & Magnolias Or Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 404

CHEWING REGIONS. BUT IN MY HOTEL A SURPRISE AWAITED ME. THERE WERE TWELVE BRIGHT, NEW, IMPOSING, CAPACIOUS BRASS CUSPIDORS IN THE GREAT LOBBY, TALL ENOUGH TO BE CALLED URNS AND SO WIDE-MOUTHED THAT THE CRACK PITCHER OF A LADY BASEBALL TEAM SHOULD HAVE BEEN ABLE TO THROW A BALL INTO ONE OF THEM AT FIVE PACES DISTANT. BUT, ALTHOUGH A TERRIBLE BATTLE HAD RAGED AND WAS STILL RAGING, THE ENEMY HAD NOT SUFFERED. BRIGHT, NEW, IMPOSING, CAPACIOUS, UNTOUCHED, THEY STOOD. BUT, SHADES OF JEFFERSON BRICK! THE TILE FLOOR- THE BEAUTIFUL TILE FLOOR! I COULD NOT AVOID THINKING OF THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE, AND TRYING TO DRAW, AS IS MY FOOLISH HABIT, SOME DEDUCTIONS ABOUT HEREDITARY MARKSMANSHIP.

HERE I FIRST SAW MAJOR (BY MISPLACED COURTESY) WENTWORTH CASWELL. I KNEW HIM FOR A TYPE THE MOMENT MY EYES SUFFERED FROM THE SIGHT OF HIM. A RAT HAS NO GEOGRAPHICAL HABITAT. MY OLD FRIEND, A. TENNYSON, SAID, AS HE SO WELL SAID ALMOST EVERYTHING:

PROPHET, CURSE ME THE BLABBING LIP, AND CURSE ME THE BRITISH VERMIN, THE RAT.

LET US REGARD THE WORD "BRITISH" AS INTERCHANGEABLE AD LIB. A RAT IS A RAT.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue - he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I HAPPENED TO BE STANDING WITHIN FIVE FEET OF A CUSPIDOR WHEN MAJOR CASWELL OPENED FIRE UPON IT. I HAD BEEN OBSERVANT ENOUGH TO PERCEIVE THAT THE ATTACKING FORCE WAS USING GATLINGS INSTEAD OF SQUIRREL RIFLES, SO I SIDESTEPPED SO PROMPTLY THAT THE MAJOR SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY TO APOLOGIZE TO A NONCOMBATANT.

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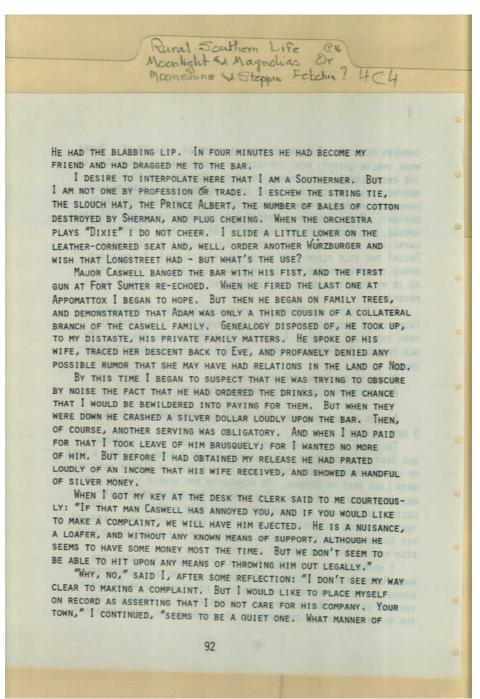
Names:

Caswell Wentworth, Major

Tennyson, A.

Types:

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Names:

, Adam

Caswell, Major

Longstreet,

Sherman,

Types:

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Rural Southern Life (PK)
Moonlight & Magnolias Or
Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? 4C4

ENTERTAINMENT, ADVENTURE, OR EXCITEMENT, HAVE YOU TO OFFER TO THE STRANGER WITHIN YOUR GATES?"

"Well, SIR," SAID THE CLERK, "THERE WILL BE A SHOW HERE NEXT THURSDAY. IT IS - I'LL LOOK IT UP AND HAVE THE ANNOUNCEMENT SENT UP TO YOUR ROOM WITH THE ICE WATER. GOOD-NIGHT."

AFTER I WENT UP TO MY ROOM I LOOKED OUT THE WINDOW. IT WAS ONLY ABOUT TEN O'CLOCK, BUT I LOOKED UPON A SILENT TOWN. THE DRIZZLE CONTINUED, SPANGLED WITH DIM LIGHTS, AS FAR APART AS CURRANTS IN A CAKE SOLD AT THE LADIES' EXCHANGE.

"A QUIET PLACE," I SAID TO MYSELF, AS MY FIRST SHOE STRUCK THE CEILING OF THE OCCUPANT OF THE ROOM BENEATH MINE. "NOTHING OF THE LIFE HERE THAT GIVES COLOR AND GOOD VARIETY TO THE CITIES IN THE EAST AND WEST. JUST A GOOD, ORDINARY, HUM-DRUM, BUSINESS TOWN."

I MUST TELL YOU HOW I CAME TO BE IN NASHVILLE, AND I ASSURE YOU THE DIGRESSION BRINGS AS MUCH TEDIUM TO ME AS IT DOES TO YOU. I WAS TRAVELING ELSEWHERE ON MY OWN BUSINESS, BUT I HAD A COMMISSION FROM A NORTHERN LITERARY MAGAZINE TO STOP OVER THERE AND ESTABLISH A PERSONAL CONNECTION BETWEEN THE PUBLICATION AND ONE OF ITS CONTRIBUTORS, AZALEA ADAIR.

ADAIR (THERE WAS NO CLUE TO THE PERSONALITY EXCEPT THE HAND-WRITING) HAD SENT IN SOME ESSAYS (LOST ART!) AND POEMS THAT HAD MADE THE EDITORS SWEAR APPROVINGLY OVER THEIR ONE O'CLOCK LUN-CHEON. SO THEY HAD COMMISSIONED ME TO ROUND UP SAID ADAIR AND CORNER BY CONTRACT HIS OR HER OUTPUT AT TWO CENTS A WORD BEFORE SOME OTHER PUBLISHER OFFERED HER TEN OR TWENTY.

AT NINE O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER MY CHICKEN LIVERS EN BROCHETTE (TRY THEM IF YOU CAN FIND THAT HOTEL), I STRAYED OUT INTO THE DRIZZLE, WHICH WAS STILL ON FOR AN UNLIMITED RUN. AT THE FIRST CORNER I CAME UPON UNCLE CAESAR. HE WAS A STALWART NEGRO, OLDER THAN THE PYRAMIDS, WITH GRAY WOOL AND A FACE THAT REMINDED ME OF BRUTUS, AND A SECOND AFTERWARDS OF THE LATE KING CETTIWAYO. HE WORE THE MOST REMARKABLE COAT THAT I EVER HAD SEEN OR EXPECT TO SEE. IT REACHED TO HIS ANKLES AND HAD

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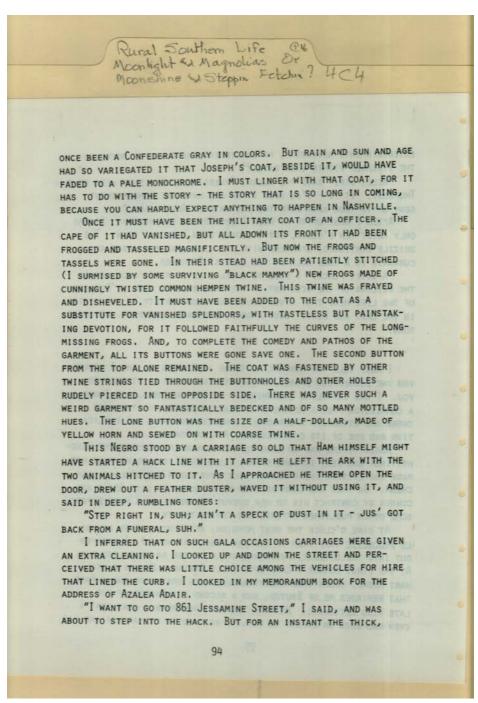
Names:

, Uncle Caesar

Adair, Azalea

Types:

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Names:

, Ham

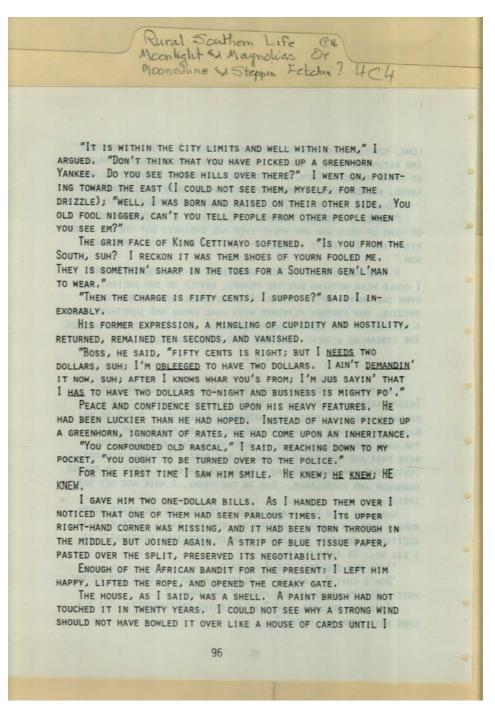
Types:

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Rural Southern Life CV Moonlight & Magnolias Or Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? LONG, GORILLA-LIKE ARM OF THE NEGRO BARRED ME. ON HIS MASSIVE AND SATURNINE FACE A LOOK OF SUDDEN SUSPICION AND ENMITY FLASH-ED FOR A MOMENT. THEN, WITH QUICKLY RETURNING CONVICTION, HE ASKED, BLANDISHINGLY: "WHAT ARE YOU GWINE THERE FOR, BOSS?" "WHAT IS THAT TO YOU?" I ASKED A LITTLE SHARPLY. "Nothin', suh, Jus' Nothin'. Only It's a Lonesome KIND OF PART OF TOWN AND FEW FOLKS EVER HAS BUSINESS OUT THERE. STEP RIGHT IN. THE SEATS IS CLEAN - JES' GOT BACK FROM A FUNERAL, SUH." A MILE AND A HALF IT MUST HAVE BEEN TO OUR JOURNEY'S END. I COULD HEAR NOTHING BUT THE FEARFUL RATTLE OF THE ANCIENT HACK OVER THE UNEVEN BRICK PAVING; I COULD SMELL NOTHING BUT THE DRIZZLE, NOW FURTHER FLAVORED WITH COAL SMOKE AND SOMETHING LIKE A MIXTURE OF TAR AND OLEANDER BLOSSOMS. ALL I COULD SEE THROUGH THE STREAMING WINDOWS WERE TWO ROWS OF DIM HOUSES. ... EIGHT-SIXTY-ONE JESSAMINE STREET WAS A DECAYED MANSION. THIRTY YARDS BACK FROM THE STREET IT STOOD, OUTMERGED IN A SPLENDID GROVE OF TREES AND UNTRIMMED SHRUBBERY. A ROW OF BOX BUSHES OVERFLOWED AND ALMOST HID THE PALING FENCE FROM SIGHT; THE GATE WAS KEPT CLOSED BY A ROPE NOOSE THAT ENCIRCLED THE GATE POST AND THE FIRST PALING OF THE GATE. BUT WHEN YOU GOT INSIDE YOU SAW THAT 861 WAS A SHELL, A SHADOW, A GHOST OF FORMER GRANDEUR AND EXCELLENCE. BUT IN THE STORY, I HAVE NOT YET GOT WHEN THE HACK HAD CEASED FROM RATTLING AND THE WEARY QUAD-RUPEDS CAME TO A REST I HANDED MY JEHU HIS FIFTY CENTS WITH AN ADDITIONAL QUARTER, FEELING A GLOW OF CONSCIOUS GENEROSITY AS I DID SO. HE REFUSED IT. "IT'S TWO DOLLARS, SUH," HE SAID. "How's THAT?" I ASKED, "I PLAINLY HEARD YOU CALL OUT AT THE HOTEL. 'FIFTY CENTS TO ANY PART OF THE TOWN.'" "IT'S TWO DOLLARS, SUH," HE REPEATED OBSTINATELY. "IT'S A LONG WAYS FROM THE HOTEL." 95

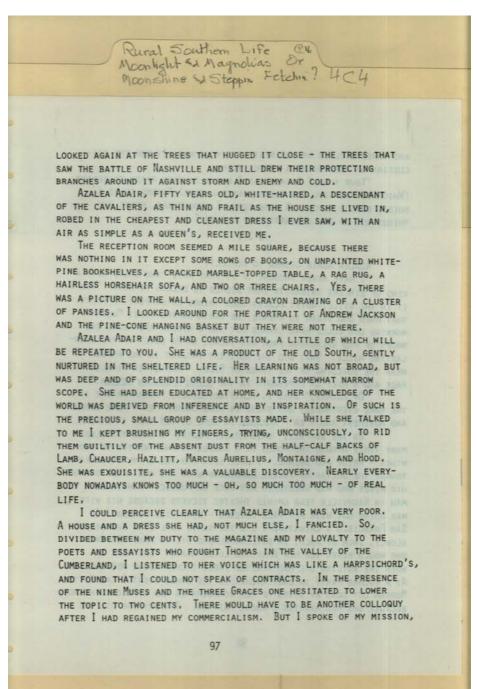
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Types:

Image 104 r04c04-16-000-0709 Contents Index About

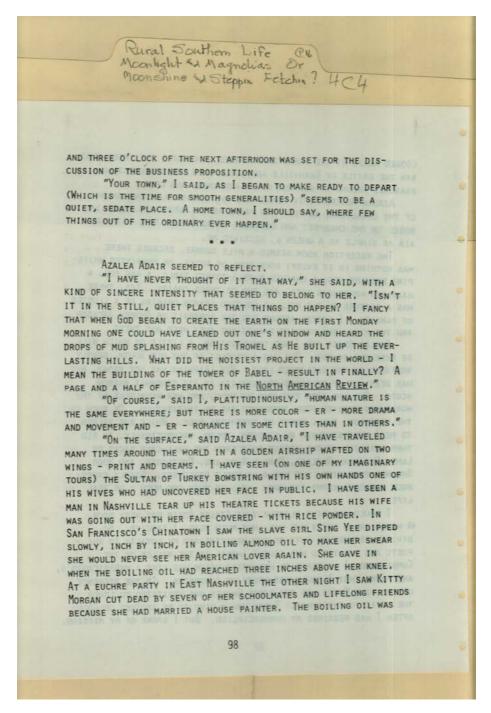


Names:

Adair, Azalea Aurelius, Marcus Chaucer, Hazlitt, Hood, Jackson, Andrew Lamb, Montaigne,

Types:

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Names:

, Sing Yee (slave)

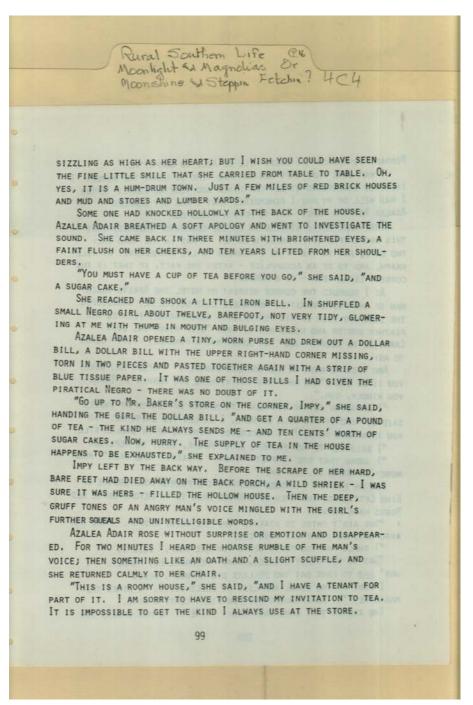
Adair, Azalea

Morgan, Kitty

Sultan of Turkey

Types:

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Names:

, Impy

Adair, Azalea

Baker,

Types:

Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 4, Subseries C, Box 4, Folder 16 "Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra Image 107 r04c04-16-000-0712 Contents Index About

Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Moonshine & Stoppin Fetchin! PERHAPS TO-MORROW MR. BAKER WILL BE ABLE TO SUPPLY ME." I WAS SURE THAT IMPY HAD NOT HAD TIME TO LEAVE THE HOUSE. I INQUIRED CONCERNING STREET-CAR LINES AND TOOK MY LEAVE. AFTER I WAS WELL ON MY WAY I REMEMBERED THAT I HAD NOT LEARNED AZALEA ADAIR'S NAME. BUT TO-MORROW WOULD DO. THAT SAME DAY I STARTED IN ON THE COURSE OF INIQUITY THAT THIS UNEVENTFUL CITY FORCED UPON ME. I WAS IN THE TOWN ONLY TWO DAYS, BUT IN THAT TIME I MANAGED TO LIE SHAMELESSLY BY TELE-GRAPH, AND TO BE AN ACCOMPLICE - AFTER THE FACT, IF THAT IS THE CORRECT LEGAL TERM - TO A MURDER. As I ROUNDED THE CORNER NEAREST MY HOTEL THE AFRITE COACH-MAN OF THE POLYCHROMATIC, NONPAREIL COAT SEIZED ME, SWUNG OPEN THE DUNGEONY DOOR OF HIS PERIPATETIC SARCOPHAGUS, FLIRTED HIS FEATHER DUSTER AND BEGAN HIS RITUAL: "STEP RIGHT IN, BOSS. CARRIAGE IS CLEAN - JUS' GOT BACK FROM A FUNERAL. FIFTY CENTS TO ANY ----AND THEN HE KNEW ME AND GRINNED BRADDLY. "'Scuse ME, BOSS; YOU IS DE GEN'L'MAN WHAT RID OUT WITH ME DIS MAWNIN'. THANK YOU KINDLY, SUH." "I AM GOING OUT TO 861 AGAIN TO-MORROW AFTERNOON AT THREE," SAID I, "AND IF YOU WILL BE HERE, I'LL LET YOU DRIVE ME. SO YOU KNOW MISS ADAIR?" I CONCLUDED, THINKING OF MY DOLLAR BILL. "I BELONGED TO HER FATHER, JUDGE ADAIR, SUH," HE REPLIED.
"I JUDGE THAT SHE IS PRETTY POOR," I SAID. "SHE HASN'T MUCH MONEY TO SPEAK OF, HAS SHE?" FOR AN INSTANT I LOOKED AGAIN AT THE FIERCE COUNTENANCE OF KING CETTIWAYO, AND THEN HE CHANGED BACK TO AN EXTORTIONATE OLD NEGRO HACK DRIVER. "SHE AIN'T GWINE TO STARVE, SUH," HE SAID, SLOWLY. "SHE HAS RESO'CES, SUH; SHE HAS RESO'CES." "I SHALL PAY YOU FIFTY CENTS FOR THE TRIP," SAID I. "DAT IS PUFFECKLY CORRECT, SUH," HE ANSWERED, HUMBLY. "I JUS' HAD TO HAVE DAT TWO DOLLARS DIS MAWNIN', BOSS." I WENT TO THE HOTEL AND LIED BY ELECTRICITY. I WIRED THE MAGAZINE: "A. ADAIR HOLDS OUT FOR EIGHT CENTS A WORD." THE ANSWER THAT CAME BACK WAS: "GIVE IT TO HER QUICK, YOU 100

Names:

, Impy

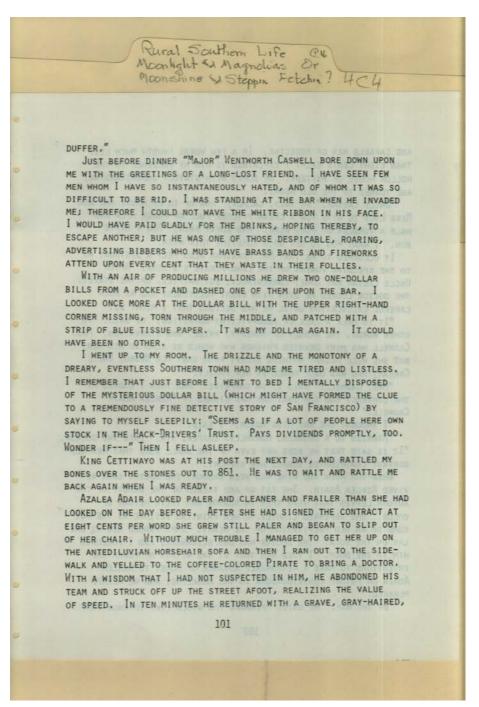
Adair, A.

Adair, Judge

Baker,

Types:

Image 108 r04c04-16-000-0713 <u>Contents Index About</u>



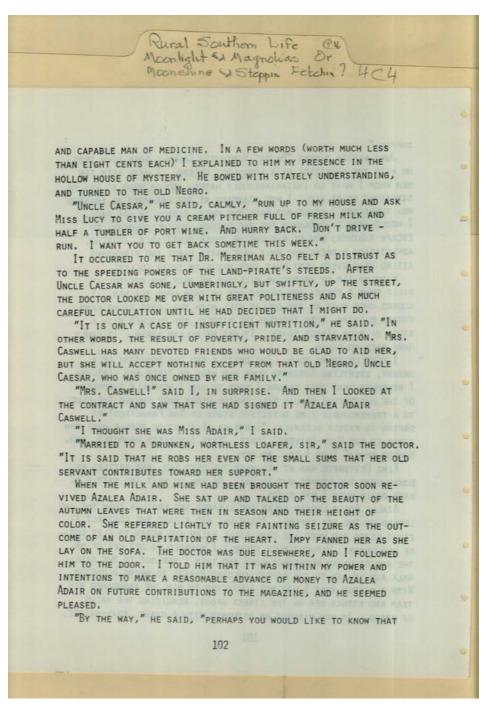
Names:

Adair, Azalea

Caswell, Wentworth, Major Cattiwayo, King

Types:

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Names:

, Impy

, Lucy, Miss

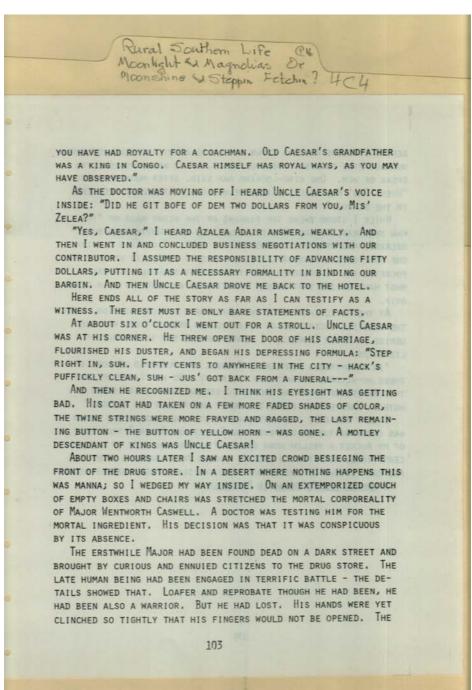
Types:

anthology

, Uncle Caesar

Caswell, Azalea Adair Caswell, Mrs. Merriman, Dr.

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Names:

, Caesar

, Zelea

Types:

anthology

Adair, Azalea

Caswell, Wentworth, Major Frances Cabaniss Roberts Collection: Series 4, Subseries C, Box 4, Folder 16
"Life in Rural South" Anthology Compiled and Edited by Dotzheimer, Linda and Sherman, Sandra
Image 111 r04c04-16-000-0716 Contents Index About

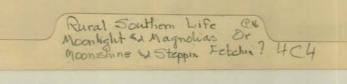
Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Or Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? GENTLE CITIZENS WHO HAD KNOWN HIM STOOD ABOUT AND SEARCHED THEIR VOCABULARIES TO FIND SOME GOOD WORDS, IF IT WERE POSSIBLE, TO SPEAK OF HIM. ONE KIND-LOOKING MAN SAID, AFTER MUCH THOUGHT: "WHEN 'CAS' WAS ABOUT FO'TEEN HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST SPELLERS IN THE SCHOOL." WHILE I STOOD THERE THE FINGERS OF THE RIGHT HAND OF "THE MAN THAT WAS," WHICH HUNG DOWN THE SIDE OF A WHITE PINE BOX, RELAXED, AND DROPPED SOMETHING AT MY FEET. I COVERED IT WITH ONE FOOT QUIETLY, AND A LITTLE LATER ON I PICKED IT UP AND POCKETED IT. I REASONED THAT IN HIS LAST STRUGGLE HIS HAND MUST HAVE SEIZED THAT OBJECT UNWITTINGLY AND HELD IT IN A DEATH GRIP. AT THE HOTEL THAT NIGHT THE MAIN TOPIC OF CONVERSATION, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTIONS OF POLITICS AND PROHIBITION, WAS THE DEMISE OF MAJOR CASWELL. I HEARD ONE MAN SAY TO A GROUP OF "IN MY OPINION, GENTLEMEN, CASWELL WAS MURDERED BY SOME OF THESE NO-ACCOUNT NIGGARS FOR HIS MONEY. HE HAD FIFTY DOLLARS THIS AFTERNOON WHICH HE SHOWED TO SEVERAL GENTLEMEN IN THE HOTEL. WHEN HE WAS FOUND THE MONEY WAS NOT ON HIS PERSON." I LEFT THE CITY THE NEXT MORNING AT NINE, AND AS THE TRAIN WAS CROSSING THE BRIDGE OVER THE CUMBERLAND RIVER I TOOK OUT OF MY POCKET A YELLOW HORN OVERCOAT BUTTON THE SIZE OF A FIFTY-CENT PIECE, WITH FRAYED ENDS OF COARSE TWINE HANGING FROM IT, AND CAST IT OUT OF THE WINDOW INTO THE SLOW, MUDDY WATERS BELOW. I WONDER WHAT'S DOING IN BUFFALO! 104

Names:

Caswell, Major

Types:

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"THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION ADDRESS" BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, BORN APRIL 5, 1856 IN FRANKLIN COUNTY, VIRGINIA, ESTABLISHED TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE IN ALABAMA. HE WAS WELL KNOWN AS AN EDUCATOR AND REFORMER AND WAS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL SPOKESMEN FOR BLACKS AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY. WASHINGTON SPOKE FOR MODERATION. HE ENCOURAGED THE BLACK COMMUNITY TO CONCENTRATE ON DEVELOPING VOCATIONAL SKILLS AND EXHIBITING GOOD MANNERS AND A HIGH MORAL STANDARD, BELIEVING THAT THIS WOULD WIN THE APPROVAL OF THE WHITE RACE ENABLING THE TWO RACES TO WORK TOGETHER IN HARMONY.

ALTHOUGH SUPPORTED BY THE MAJORITY OF THE BLACK POPULATION AT THE TIME, WASHINGTON'S WILLINGNESS TO ACCEPT SECOND PLACE TEMPORARILY FOR HIS PEOPLE, IN HOPES OF CONVINCING THE WHITE RACE TO EVENTUALLY ACCEPT THEM AS EQUALS, WAS PUBLICLY CRITICIZED BY ANOTHER PROMINENT BLACK INTELLECTUAL W.E.B. DUBOIS. DUBOIS BELIEVED THAT ACADEMIC EDUCATION OF THE BLACKS WOULD BE THE SALVATION OF THE RACE. HOWEVER, HE AND WASHINGTON BOTH SEEMED TO HAVE NEGLECTED THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF EDUCATION, THE EDUCATION OF THE WHITE POPULATION TO ACCEPT THE BLACK POPULATION AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON'S MOST FAMOUS SPEECH IN SUPPORT OF HIS IDEAS WAS KNOWN AS "THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION ADDRESS". THE MAJOR PORTION OF THIS SPEECH IS QUOTED HERE.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS AND CITIZENS.

One-third of the population of the South is of the Negro Race. No enterprise seeking the material, civil, or moral welfare of this section can disregard this element of our population and reach the highest success. I but convey to you, Mr. President and Directors, the sentiment of the masses of my race when I say that in no way have the value and manhood of the American Negro been more fittingly and generously recognized than by the managers of this magnificent Exposition at every

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Names:

Dubois, W. E. B.

Washington, Booker T.

Atlanta Exposition Address

Types:

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Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Dr Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? STAGE OF ITS PROGRESS. IT IS A RECOGNITION THAT WILL DO MORE TO CEMENT THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE TWO RACES THAN ANY OCCURRENCE SINCE THE DAWN OF OUR FREEDOM. NOT ONLY THIS, BUT THE OPPORTUNITY HERE AFFORDED WILL AWAKEN AMONG US A NEW ERA OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS. IGNORANT AND IN-EXPERIENCED, IT IS NOT STRANGE THAT IN THE FIRST YEARS OF OUR NEW LIFE WE BEGAN AT THE TOP INSTEAD OF AT THE BOTTOM; THAT A SEAT IN CONGRESS OR THE STATE LEGISLATURE WAS MORE SOUGHT THAN REAL ESTATE OR INDUSTRIAL SKILL; THAT THE POLITICAL CONVEN-TION OF STUMP SPEAKING HAD MORE ATTRACTIONS THAN STARTING A DAIRY FARM OR TRUCK GARDEN. A SHIP LOST AT SEA FOR MANY DAYS SUDDENLY SIGHTED A FRIENDLY VESSEL. FROM THE MAST OF THE UNFORTUNATE VESSEL WAS SEEN A SIGNAL, "WATER, WATER; WE DIE OF THIRST!" THE ANSWER FROM THE FRIENDLY VESSEL AT ONCE CAME BACK, "CAST DOWN YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE." A SECOND TIME THE SIGNAL, "WATER, WATER; SEND US WATER!" RAN UP FROM THE DISTRESSED VESSEL, AND WAS ANSWERED, "CAST DOWN YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE." AND A THIRD AND FOURTH SIGNAL FOR WATER WAS ANSWERED, "CAST DOWN YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE." THE CAPTAIN OF THE DISTRESSED VESSEL, AT LAST HEEDING THE INJUNCTION, CAST DOWN HIS BUCKET, AND IT CAME UP FULL OF FRESH, SPARKLING WATER FROM THE MOUTH OF THE AMAZON RIVER. TO THOSE OF MY RACE WHO DEPEND ON BETTERING THEIR CONDITION IN A FOREIGN LAND OR WHO UNDERESTIMATE THE IMPORTANCE OF CULTIVATING FRIENDLY RELATIONS WITH THE SOUTHERN WHITE MAN, WHO IS THEIR NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOUR, I WOULD SAY: "CAST DOWN YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE" -CAST IT DOWN IN MAKING FRIENDS IN EVERY MANLY WAY OF THE PEOPLE OF ALL RACES BY WHOM WE ARE SURROUNDED. CAST IT DOWN IN AGRICULTURE, MECHANICS, IN COMMERCE, IN DOMESTIC SERVICE, AND IN THE PROFESSIONS. AND IN THIS CONNEC-TION IT IS WELL TO BEAR IN MIND THAT WHATEVER OTHER SINS THE SOUTH MAY BE CALLED TO BEAR, WHEN IT COMES TO BUSINESS, PURE AND SIMPLE, IT IS IN THE SOUTH THAT THE NEGRO IS GIVEN A MAN'S CHANCE IN THE COMMERCIAL WORLD, AND IN NOTHING IS THIS EX-POSITION MORE ELOQUENT THAN IN EMPHASIZING THIS CHANCE. OUR GREATEST DANGER IS THAT IN THE GREAT LEAP FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM 106

Types:

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Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Dr Moonshine & Steppin Fotchin? 404 WE MAY OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT THE MASSES OF US ARE TO LIVE BY THE PRODUCTIONS OF OUR HANDS, AND FAIL TO KEEP IN MIND THAT WE SHALL PROSPER IN PROPORTION AS WE LEARN TO DIGNIFY AND GLORIFY COMMON LABOUR AND PUT BRAINS AND SKILL INTO THE COMMON OCCUPA-TIONS OF LIFE; SHALL PROSPER IN PROPORTION AS WE LEARN TO DRAW THE LINE BETWEEN THE SUPERFICIAL AND THE SUBSTANTIAL, THE ORNAMENTAL GENGAMS OF LIFE AND THE USEFUL. NO RACE CAN PROSPER TILL IT LEARNS THAT THERE IS AS MUCH DIGNITY IN TILLING A FIELD AS IN WRITING A POEM. IT IS AT THE BOTTOM OF LIFE WE MUST BEGIN, AND NOT AT THE TOP. NOR SHOULD WE PERMIT OUR GRIEVANCES TO OVERSHADOW OUR OPPORTUNITIES. To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those OF FOREIGN BIRTH AND STRANGE TONGUE AND HABITS FOR THE PROS-PERITY OF THE SOUTH, WERE I PERMITTED I WOULD REPEAT WHAT I SAY TO MY OWN RACE, "CAST DOWN YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE." CAST IT DOWN AMONG THE EIGHT MILLIONS OF NEGROES WHOSE HABITS YOU KNOW, WHOSE FIDELITY AND LOVE YOU HAVE TESTED IN DAYS WHEN TO HAVE PROVED TREACHEROUS MEANT THE RUIN OF YOUR FIRESIDES. CAST DOWN YOUR BUCKET AMONG THESE PEOPLE WHO HAVE, WITHOUT STRIKES AND LABOUR WARS, TILLED YOUR FIELDS, CLEARED YOUR FORESTS, BUILDED YOUR RAILROADS AND CITIES, AND BROUGHT FORTH TREASURES FROM THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, AND HELPED MAKE POSSIBLE THIS MAGNIFICENT REPRESENTATION OF THE PROGRESS OF THE SOUTH. CAST-ING DOWN YOUR BUCKET AMONG MY PEOPLE, HELPING AND ENCOURAGING THEM AS YOU ARE DOING ON THESE GROUNDS, AND TO EDUCATION OF HEAD, HAND, AND HEART, YOU WILL FIND THAT THEY WILL BUY YOUR SURPLUS LAND, MAKE BLOSSOM THE WASTE PLACES IN YOUR FIELDS, AND RUN YOUR FACTORIES. WHILE DOING THIS, YOU CAN BE SURE IN THE FUTURE, AS IN THE PAST, THAT YOU AND YOUR FAMILIES WILL BE SURROUNDED BY THE MOST PATIENT, FAITHFUL, LAW-ABIDING, AND UNRESENTFUL PEOPLE THAT THE WORLD HAS SEEN. AS WE HAVE PROVED OUR LOYALTY TO YOU IN THE PAST, IN NURSING YOUR CHILDREN, WATCHING BY THE SICK-BED OF YOUR MOTHERS AND FATHERS, AND OFTEN FOLLOWING THEM WITH TEAR-DIMMED EYES TO THEIR GRAVES, SO IN THE FUTURE, IN OUR HUMBLE WAY, WE SHALL STAND BY YOU WITH A DEVOTION THAT NO FOREIGNER CAN APPROACH, READY TO LAY DOWN OUR LIVES, IF NEED BE IN DEFENCE OF 107

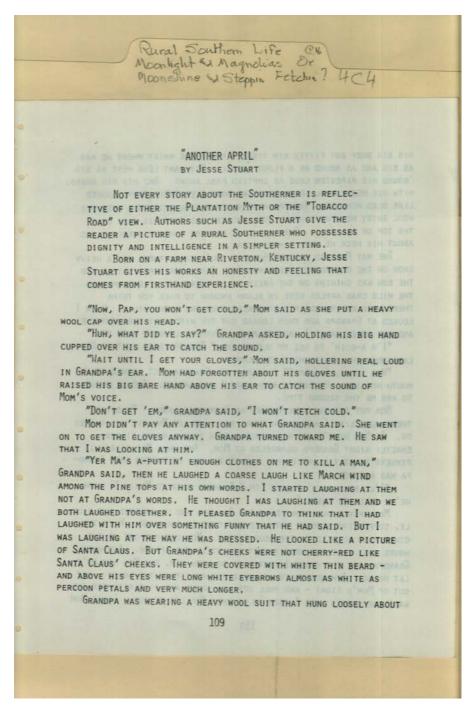
Types:

Image 115 r04c04-16-000-0720 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? YOURS, INTERLACING OUR INDUSTRIAL, COMMERCIAL, CIVIL, AND RELI-GIOUS LIFE WITH YOURS IN A WAY THAT SHALL MAKE THE INTERESTS OF BOTH RACES ONE. IN ALL THINGS THAT ARE PURELY SOCIAL WE CAN BE AS SEPARATE AS THE FINGERS, YET ONE AS THE HAND IN ALL THINGS ESSENTIAL TO MUTUAL PROGRESS. THERE IS NO DEFENCE OR SECURITY FOR ANY OF US EXCEPT IN THE HIGHEST INTELLIGENCE AND DEVELOPMENT OF ALL. IF ANYWHERE THERE ARE EFFORTS TENDING TO CURTAIL THE FULLEST GROWTH OF THE NEGRO, LET THESE EFFORTS BE TURNED INTO STIMULATING, ENCOURAGING, AND MAKING HIM THE MOST USEFUL AND INTELLIGENT CITIZEN, EFFORT OR MEANS SO INVESTED WILL PAY A THOUSAND PER CENT, INTEREST, THESE EFFORTS WILL BE TWICE BLESSED - "BLESSING HIM THAT GIVES AND HIM THAT TAKES." IN CONCLUSION, MAY I REPEAT THAT NOTHING IN THIRTY YEARS HAS GIVEN US MORE HOPE AND ENCOURAGEMENT, AND DRAWN US SO NEAR TO YOU OF THE WHITE RACE, AS THIS OPPORTUNITY OFFERED BY THE EX-POSITION; AND HERE BENDING, AS IT WERE, OVER THE ALTAR THAT REPRESENTS THE RESULTS OF THE STRUGGLES OF YOUR RACE AND MINE, BOTH STARTING PRACTICALLY EMPTY-HANDED THREE DECADES AGO, I PLEDGE THAT IN YOUR EFFORT TO WORK OUT THE GREAT AND INTRICATE PROBLEM WHICH GOD HAS LAID AT THE DOORS OF THE SOUTH, YOU SHALL HAVE AT ALL TIMES THE PATIENT, SYMPATHETIC HELP OF MY RACE; ONLY LET THIS BE CONSTANTLY IN MIND, THAT, WHILE FROM REPRESEN-TATIONS IN THESE BUILDINGS OF THE PRODUCT OF FIELD, OF FOREST, OF MINE, OF FACTORY, LETTERS, AND ART, MUCH GOOD WILL COME, YET FAR ABOVE AND BEYOND MATERIAL BENEFITS WILL BE THAT HIGHER GOOD, THAT, LET US PRAY GOD, WILL COME, IN A BLOTTING OUT OF SECTIONAL DIFFERENCES AND RACIAL ANIMOSITIES AND SUSPICIONS, IN A DETER-MINATION TO ADMINISTER ABSOLUTE JUSTICE, IN A WILLING OBEDIENCE AMONG ALL CLASSES TO THE MANDATES OF LAW. THIS, THIS, COUPLED WITH OUR MATERIAL PROSPERITY, WILL BRING INTO OUR BELOVED SOUTH A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH. 108

Types:

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Names:

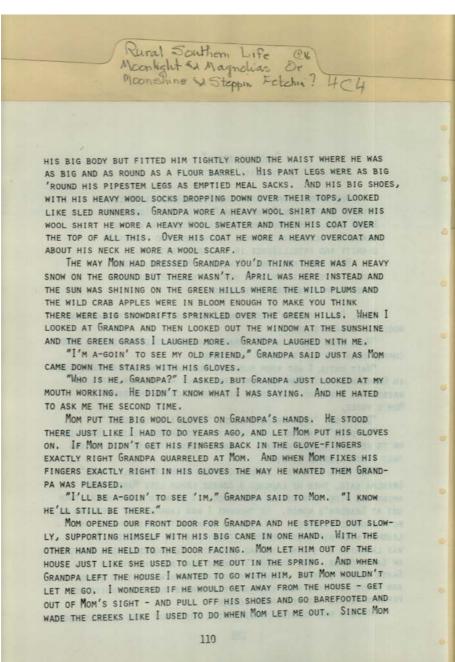
Stuart, Jesse

Types:

anthology

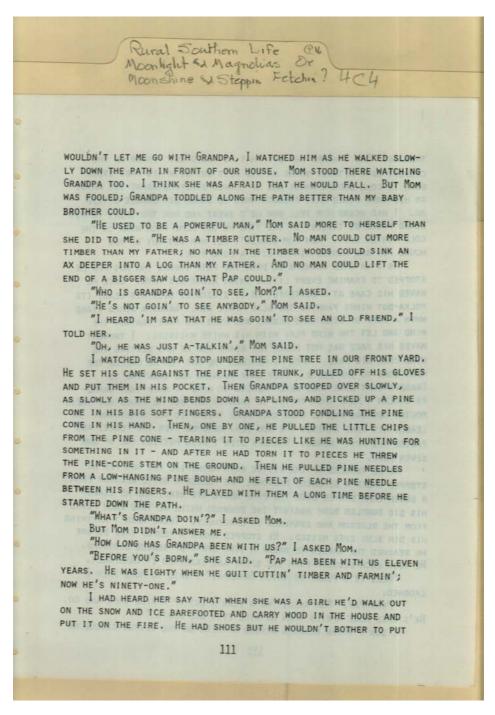
Another April

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Types:

Image 119 r04c04-16-000-0724 <u>Contents</u> <u>Index</u> <u>About</u>

Rural Southern Life Moonlight & Magnolias Dr Moonshine & Steppin Fetchin? THEM ON. AND I HEARD HER SAY THAT HE WOULD CUT TIMBER ON THE COLDEST DAYS WITHOUT SOCKS ON HIS FEET BUT WITH HIS FEET STUCK DOWN IN COLD BROGAN SHOES AND HE WORKED STRIPPED ABOVE THE WAIST SO HIS ARMS WOULD HAVE FREEDOM WHEN HE SWUNG HIS DOUBLE-BITTED AX. I HAD HEARD HER TELL HOW HE'D SWEAT AND HOW THE SWEAT IN HIS BEARD WOULD BE ICICLES BY THE TIME HE GOT HOME FROM WORK ON THE COLD WINTER DAYS. NOW MOM WOULDN'T LET HIM GET OUT OF THE HOUSE FOR SHE WANTED HIM TO LIVE A LONG TIME. AS I WATCHED GRANDPA GO DOWN THE PATH TOWARD THE HOG PEN HE STOPPED TO EXAMINE EVERY LITTLE THING ALONG HIS PATH. ONCE HE WAVED HIS CANE AT A BUTTERFLY AS IT ZIGZAGGED OVER HIS HEAD, ITS POLKA-DOT WINGS FANNING THE BLUE APRIL AIR. GRANDPA WOULD STAND WHEN A PUFF OF WIND CAME ALONG, AND HOLD HIS FACE AGAINST THE WIND AND LET THE WIND PLAY WITH HIS WHITE WHISKERS. I THOUGHT MAYBE HIS FACE WAS HOT UNDER HIS BEARD AND HE WAS LETTING THE WIND COOL HIS FACE. WHEN HE REACHED THE HOG PEN HE CALLED THE HOGS DOWN TO THE FENCE. THEY CAME RUNNING AND GRUNTING TO GRANDPA JUST LIKE THEY WERE TALKING TO HIM. I KNEW THAT GRAND-PA COULDN'T HEAR THEM TRYING TO TALK TO HIM BUT HE COULD SEE THEIR MOUTHS WORKING AND HE KNEW THEY WERE TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING. HE LEANED HIS CANE AGAINST THE HOG PEN, REACHED OVER THE FENCE, AND PATTED THE HOGS' HEADS. GRANDPA DIDN'T MISS PATTING ONE OF OUR SEVEN HOGS. AS HE TODDLED UP THE LITTLE PATH ALONGSIDE THE HOG PEN HE STOPPED UNDER A BLOOMING DOGWOOD. HE PULLED A WHITE BLOSSOM FROM A BOUGH THAT SWAYED OVER THE PATH ABOVE HIS HEAD, AND HE LEANED HIS BIG BUNDLED BODY AGAINST THE DOGWOOD WHILE HE TORE EACH PETAL FROM THE BLOSSOM AND EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY. THERE WASN'T ANYTHING HIS DIM BLUE EYES MISSED. HE STOPPED UNDER A REDBUD TREE BEFORE HE REACHED THE GARDEN TO BREAK A TINY SPRAY OF REDBUD BLOSSOMS. HE TOOK EACH BLOSSOM FROM THE SPRAY AND EXAMINED IT CAREFULLY. "GEE, IT'S FUNNY TO WATCH GRANDPA," I SAID TO MOM, THEN I "Poor Pap," Mom said, "HE'S SEEN A LOT OF APRILS COME AND GO. He'S SEEN MORE APRILS THAN HE WILL EVER SEE AGAIN." I DON'T THINK GRANDPA MISSED A THING ON THE LITTLE CIRCLE HE 112

Types:

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Rural Southern Life Ph Moonight & Magnolias Dr Moonshine & Stoppin Fetchin? 464

TOOK BEFORE HE REACHED THE HOUSE. HE PLAYED WITH A BUMBLEBEE THAT WAS BENDING A WINDFLOWER BLOSSOM THAT GREW NEAR OUR CORNCRIB BESIDE A BIG BLUFF. BUT GRANDPA DIDN'T TRY TO CATCH THE BUMBLEBEE IN HIS BIG BARE HAND. I WONDERED IF HE WOULD AND IF THE BUMBLEBEE WOULD STING HIM, AND IF HE WOULD HOLLER. GRANDPA EVEN PULLED A BUTTERFLY COCCOON FROM A BLACKBERRY BRIAR THAT GREW BESIDE HIS PATH. I SAW HIM TRY TO TEAR IT INTO SHREDS BUT HE COULDN'T. THERE WASN'T ANY BUTTERFLY IN IT, FOR I'D SEEN IT BEFORE. I WONDERED IF THE BUTTERFLY WITH THE POLKA-DOT WINGS, THAT GRANDPA WAVED HIS CANE AT WHEN HE FIRST LEFT THE HOUSE, HAD COME FROM THIS COCCOON. I LAUGHED WHEN GRANDPA COULDN'T TEAR THE COCCOON APART.

"I'LL BET I CAN TEAR THAT COCOON APART FOR GRANDPA IF YOU'D LET ME GO HELP HIM," I SAID TO MOM.

"You LEAVE YOUR GRANDPA ALONE," Mom SAID. "LET 'IM ENJOY APRIL."

Then I knew that this was the first time Mom had let Grandpa out of the house all winter. I knew that Grandpa loved the sunshine and the fresh April air that blew from the redbud and dogwood blossoms. He loved the bumblebees, the hogs, the pine cones, and pine needles. Grandpa didn't miss a thing along his walk. And every day from now on until just before frost Grandpa would take this little walk. He'd stop along and look at everything as he had done summers before. But each year he didn't take as long a walk as he had taken the year before. Now this spring he didn't go down to the lower end of the hog pen as he had done last year. And when I could first remember Grandpa going on his walks he used to go out of sight. He'd go all over the farm. And he'd come to the house and take me on his knee and tell me about all that he had seen. Now Grandpa wasn't getting out of sight. I could see him from the window along all of his walk.

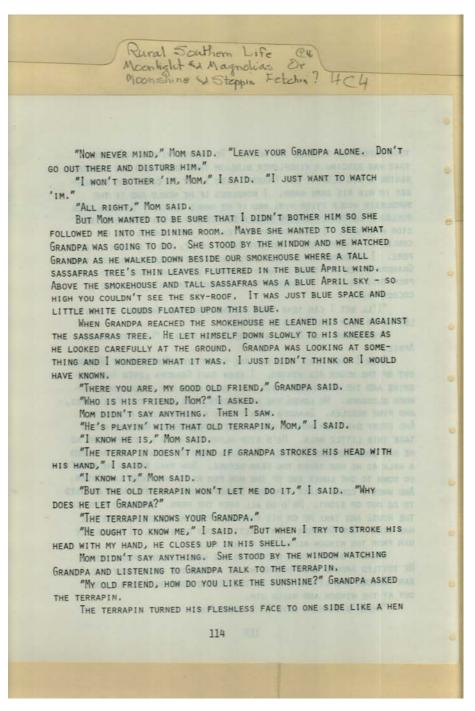
Grandpa didn't come back into the house at the front door. He tottled around back of the house toward the smokehouse and I ran through the living room to the dining room so I could look out at the window and watch him.

"WHERE'S GRANDPA GOIN'?" I ASKED MOM.

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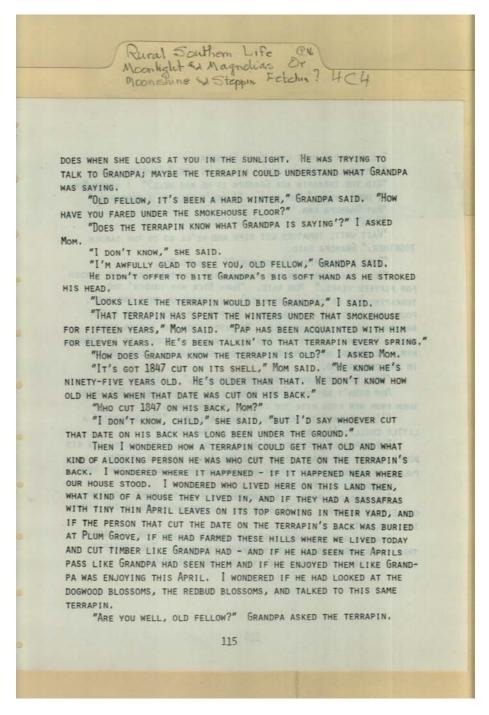
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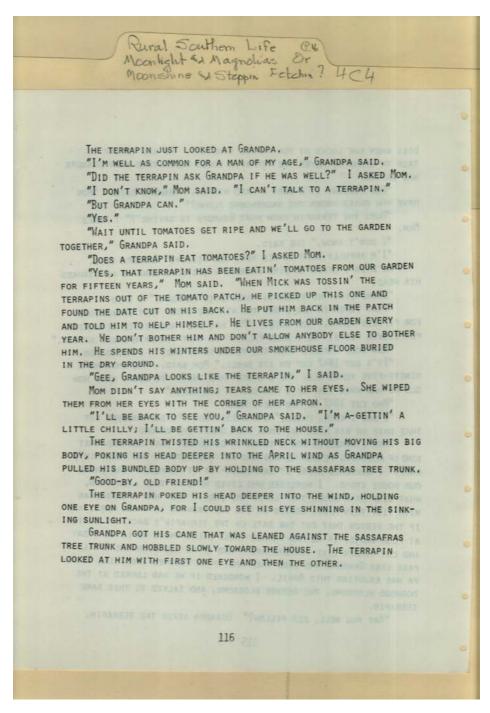
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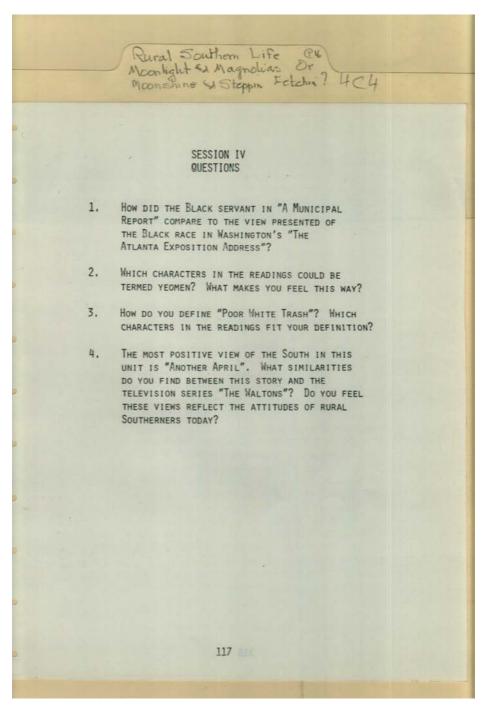
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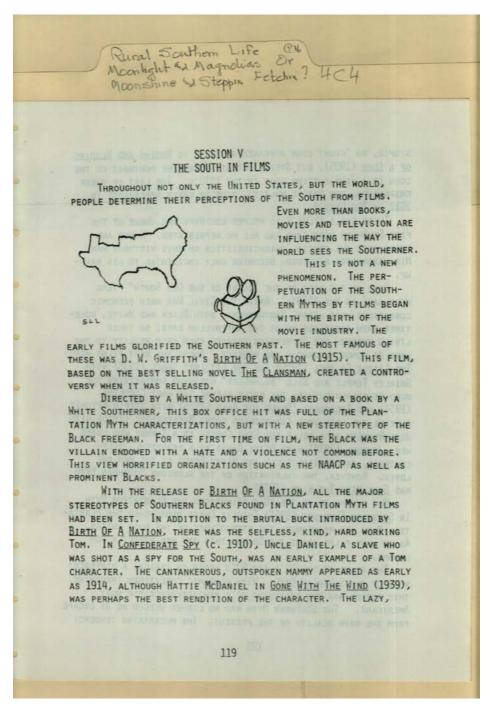


Names:

Walton,

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Names:

, Uncle Daniel

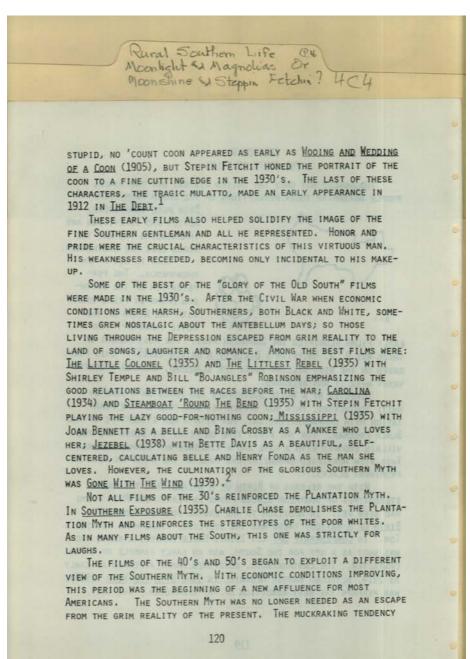
Griffith, D. W.

McDaniel, Hattie

South in Films

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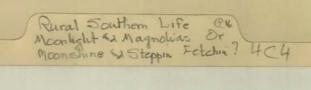
Bennett, Joan Chase, Charlie Crosby, Bing

Types:

anthology

Davis, Bette Fetchit, Stepin Fonda, Henry Robinson, Bill Bojangles Temple, Shirley

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OF THIS ERA DID NOT RESTRICT ITSELF TO POLITICS AND McCarthism.

The films produced during these years which reflected the Decadent South include: Erskine Caldwell's Tobacco Road (1941) and God's Little Acre (1958); William Faulkner's The Long Hot Summer (1957), and The Sound And The Fury (1960); as well as Tennessee Williams' Cat On A Hot Tin Roof (1958), A Streetcar Named Desire (1951), and The Glass Menagerie (1950). These films, based on books and plays written by Southerners, depict a Degenerate South, without glory or grandeur, a South of Violence, intense emotion, and unsavory characters.

HAVING FOUGHT ON A MORE OR LESS EQUAL FOOTING WITH WHITE SOLDIERS IN WORLD WAR II, BLACK'S DISSATISFACTION WITH THEIR STATUS IN SOCIETY INTENSIFIED. FROM THE 1940'S THROUGH THE 1960'S MOVIES REFLECTED THIS CHANGE. EVEN MORE THAN MOVIES, TELEVISION TODAY INFLUENCES AND REFLECTS THE PUBLIC'S CHANGING VIEW OF THE SOUTH. TELEVISION MINI-SERIES SUCH AS "ROOTS" AND "THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS JANE PITTMAN" ARE REWRITING THE PLANTATION MYTH FROM THE BLACK POINT OF VIEW. A LESS WELL KNOWN FILM, "ELYZA" PRODUCED FOR PUBLIC TELEVISION IN THE 1970'S REFLECTS THE CHANGES IN THE WHITE'S VIEW OF THE PLANTATION MYTH. BOTH RACES ARE SEEN WORKING TOGETHER AND THE CHARACTERS ARE MORE HUMAN. ALTHOUGH THERE IS A VILLAINOUS OVERSEER, THERE ARE MANY DIFFERENCES WHEN COMPARING THIS PLANTATION TO THOSE FOUND IN THE PLANTATION MYTH. PERHAPS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT CHANGE IS THAT HARD WORK AND NOT LEISURE DOMINATE THIS PICTURE.

THREE OF THE BEST KNOWN TELEVISION SERIES WHICH REPRESENT DIFFERENT FACETS OF THE SOUTH ARE "THE WALTONS," "DALLAS" AND THE "DUKES OF HAZZARD."

"THE WALTONS" REFLECT MIDDLE CLASS IDEALS AND, ALTHOUGH TOO-GOOD-TO-BE-TRUE, "THE WALTONS" REFLECT WHAT MOST SOUTHERNERS SEE AS THE BEST VALUES OF THE SOUTH - HOSPITALITY, PRIDE, FAMILY, COURAGE, AND RESPECT FOR TRADITION.

"Dallas" depends heavily on the Plantation Myth. Southfork, the plantation of the 80's, depends not upon cotton but oil and cattle, both of which are the new money crops of the South. The founder of this dynasty is Jock Ewing, a strong man who

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Names:

Caldwell, Erskine

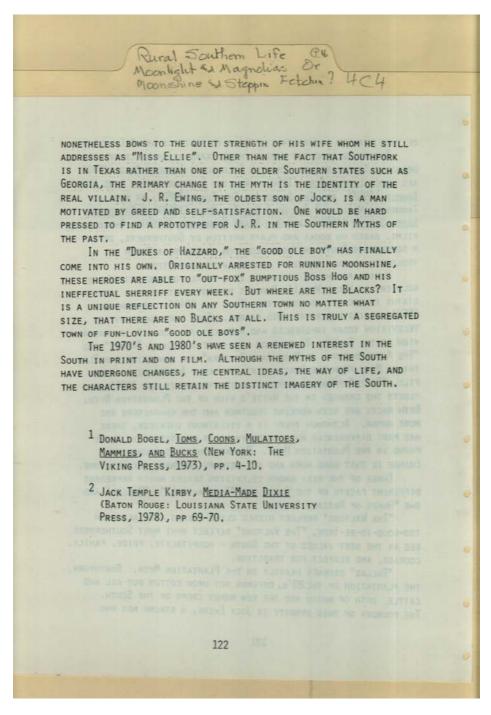
Ewing, Jock

Faulkner, William

Williams, Tennessee

Types:

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Names:

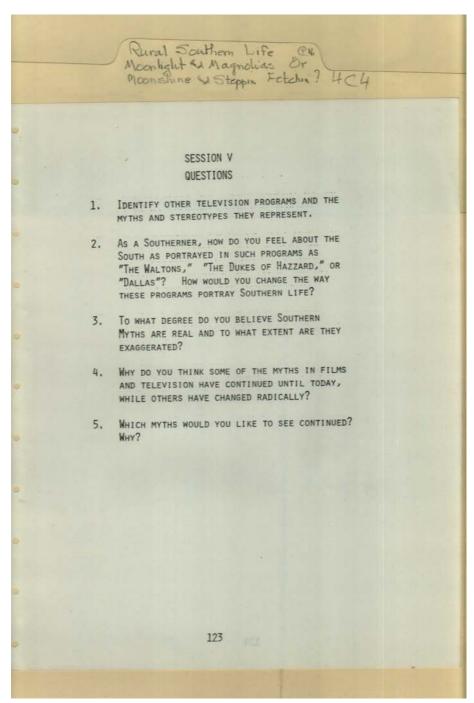
Bogel, Donald

Ewing, J. R.

Kirby, Jack Temple

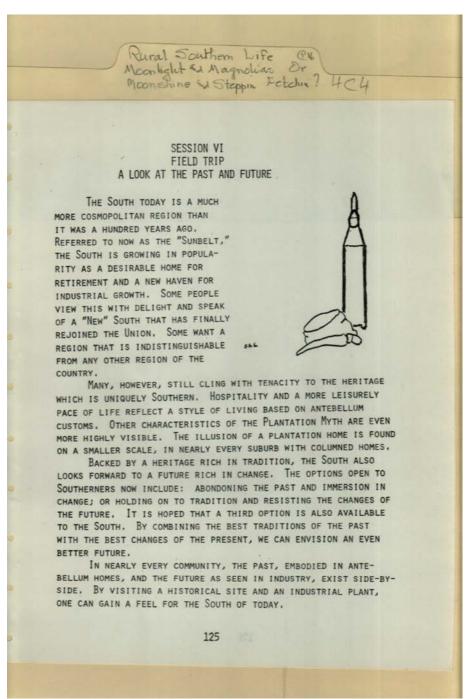
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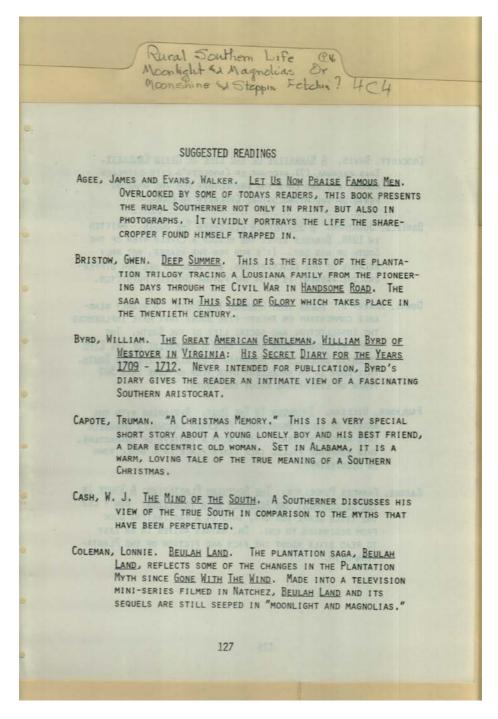


Names:

Past and Future

Types:

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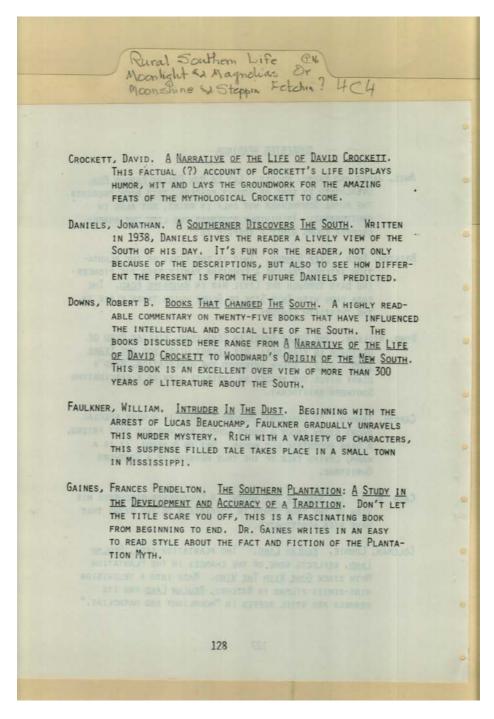
Names:

Agee, James Bristow, Gwen Byrd, William Capote, Truman Cash, W. J. Coleman, Lonnie

Evans, Walker

Types:

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Names:

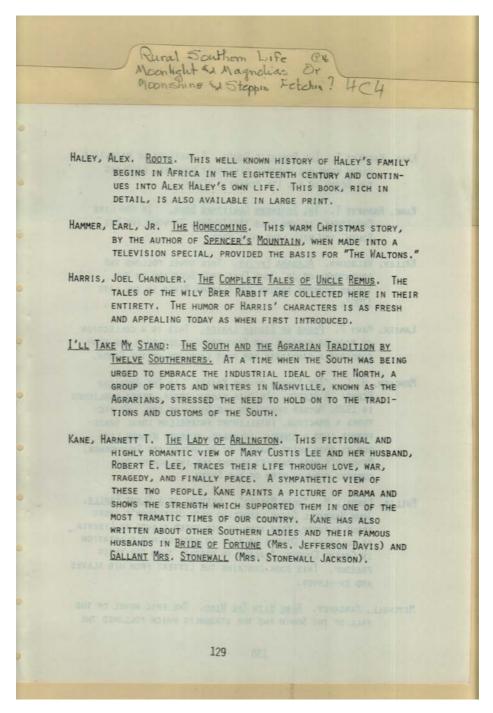
Crockett, David Daniels, Jonathan

Downs, Robert B. Faulkner, William

Gaines, Frances Pendelton, Dr. Woodward,

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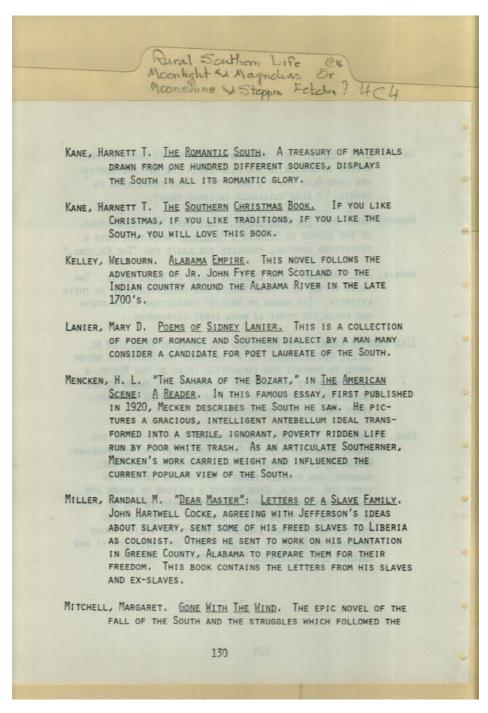


Names:

Davis, Jefferson, Mrs. Haley, Alexander Hammer, Earl, Jr. Harris, Joel Chandler Jackson, Stonewall, Mrs. Kane, Harnett T. Lee, Mary Custis Lee, Robert E.

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Names:

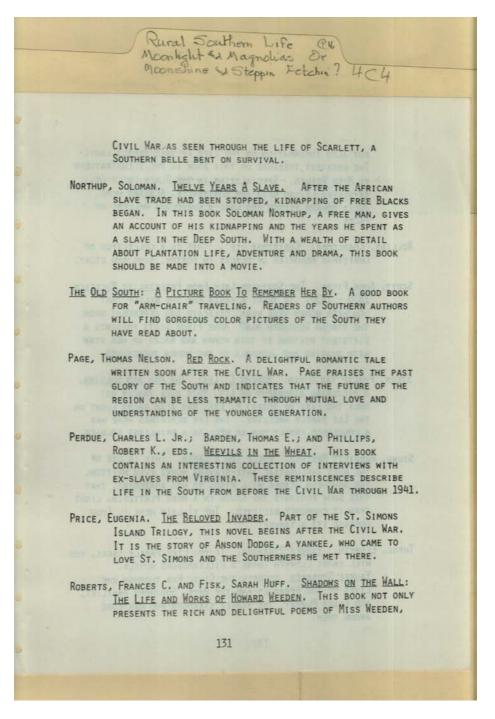
Cocke, John Hartwell Fyfe, John Jefferson,

Types:

anthology

Kane, Harnett T. Kelley, Welbourn Lanier, Mary D. Lanier, Sidney Mencken, H. L. Miller, Randall M. Mitchell, Margaret

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Names:

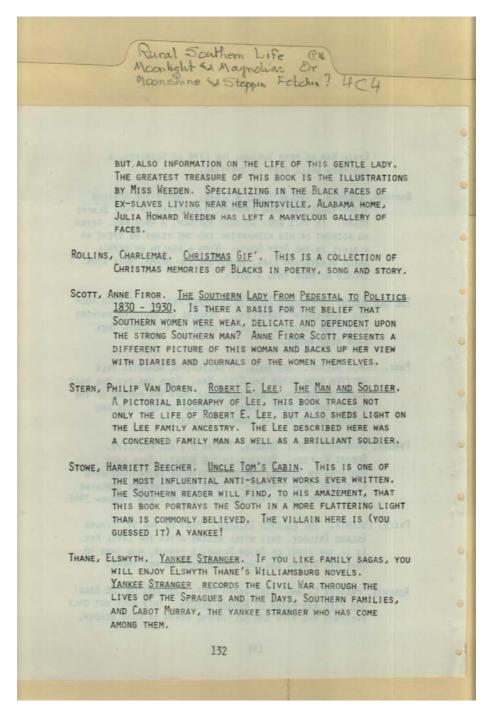
Barden, Thomas E. Dodge, Anson Fisk, Sarah Huff

Types:

anthology

Northup, Soloman Page, Thomas Nelson Perdue, Charles L., Jr. Phillips, Robert K. Price, Eugenia Roberts, Frances C. Weeden, Howard

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Names:

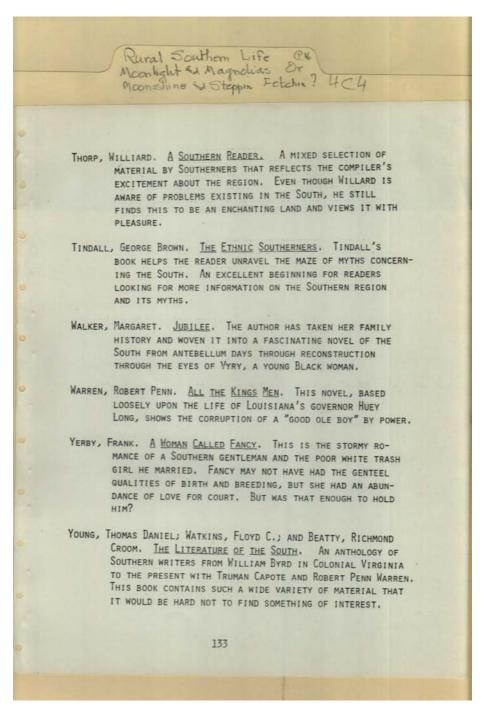
Lee, Robert E. Murray, Cabot Rollins, Charlemae Scott, Anne Firor

Types:

anthology

Sprague, Stern, Philip Van Doren Stowe, Harriet Beecher Thane, Elswyth Weeden, Julia Howard

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Names:

Beatty, Richmond Croom Capote, Truman Long, Huey, Governor Thorp, Williard Tindall, George Brown Walker, Margaret Warren, Robert Penn Watkins, Floyd C. Yerby, Frank Young, Thomas Daniel

Types:

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