

G2f
F210
E341

DOWN SOUTH



RR

RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

Gf
F210
E341

FOLIO
F210
E341

NO PHOTOCOPYING

Photographs available
from existing
negatives.
See attached.

GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA
MOORE PURCHASE, 1936

**Neg. #'s for Photographs
in Down South (f F210 E341):**

A Cabin	
A Cypress Swamp	
A Still October Day	
Asking the Way	
Aunt Chloe	
Aunt Chloe Preparing Dinner	3221
Aunt Mahalie's Pets	3219
Auntie Mahalie's Half Acre	
Craps in the Field	
Curiosity	
Gabe	
Gossip	2677
Minding Budder	
Old Uncle Ned	
Picking Time	2675
Pounding Rice	2673
Returning from the Fields	3097
Solid Comfort	2676
Stripping the Cane	2674
The Cane Field	4673
The Cotton Field at Sundown	
The Day's Work Done	3222
The Dying Embers	
The Gin	
The Great House	3151
The Lane to the Great House	3220
The Lonely Path	
The New South	2678
The Old Well	3224
The Peanut Field	2671
The Plantation Well	2672
The Pool	3223
The Sweet Potato Patch	
The Thanksgiving Turkey	
The Widow's Patch	2679
Thoughts of Other Days	4674
Uncle Essick	
Unloading the Cotton	
Vanity	
Wash Day on the Plantation	3225
When the Cat's Away	
Who's Dat?	3218



A CYPRESS SWAMP.

Copyright, 1900

Robert Howard Russell



DOWN SOUTH



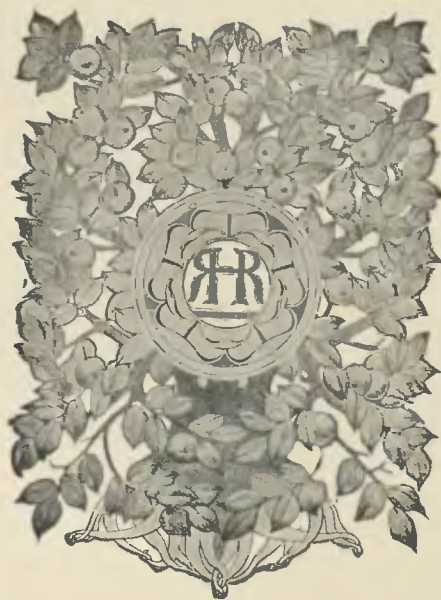


WHO 'S DAT?

DOWN SOUTH

Pictures by
RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.

With a Preface by
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



New York R. H. RUSSELL, Publisher 1900



HERE is a feeling in the minds of those who are familiar with the course and development of our national history, from the colonial period down to the present time, that the most inviting as well as the most accessible field of American romance is to be found in the Southern States of the Union. This feeling has a most substantial basis in fact, for it is in the old slave States, on the cotton, tobacco and rice plantations, that the most startling contrasts and contradictions whirled and swarmed, dancing, as it were, a perpetual morris-dance, while the rest of the world looked on with wonder or interest, with admiration or indignation.

Here cavalier and covenanter joined hands to resist the aggressions of monarchy; here was a rampant and raging love of liberty existing side by side with human slavery; here were to be found culture, refinement, learning, the highest ideals of character and conduct, the most exacting standards of honor in private and official life, and the most sensitive insistence on justice and right, all touching elbows with an ignorance dense and barbarian. Here for the first and perhaps for the last time in the history of civilization were to be found aristocracy and democracy knocking about the country (as the saying is) arm in arm, hail-fellows-well-met. Here, too, was the hospitality, hearty, simple and unaffected, living next door to desperate feud.

It is contrasts and contradictions such as these, and the possibilities lurking behind them, that romancers take for their material; and it is in such a field as this that the novelists proper find the atmosphere and color necessary to give harmony and vitality to their character creations. Here



is not only the background, but all the details necessary to the building of romance and reporting the essence of human life; all the accessories, all the particulars are here.

A critic was saying the other day that we lack in this republic the atmosphere necessary to the production of really great fiction, and he cited the reader to the old world, where there are ruins of castles, and ivy-covered wrecks of an older civilization. But it is clear that the citation is not to the ruins and wrecks, but to the historic associations which they recall. What we have lacked hitherto is not the necessary atmosphere, but the eyes capable of perceiving it in the fulness of its beauty. Fortunately there are very recent evidences going to show that the trained eyes and the inspired hands have arrived upon the scene.

Meanwhile, an artist of the camera has been looking about in the South for the picturesque and has succeeded in finding it in all sorts of out-of-the-way places. He has found it even in what is homely and commonplace. The result is the series of photographic representations embodied in this volume. Ordinarily the camera is but a reporter of facts, altogether devoid of imagination, but the pictures herein reproduced show the camera is a very susceptible instrument in the hands of one who has a feeling for the artistic. A happy selection, not only of character and scene, but of the apt moment, has enabled him to present here a series of most remarkable photographs. The most striking of them give wide wings to the imagination, and the most familiar, such as the lonely path through the cotton-patch, possess a charm that cannot be defined. It is possible to believe that the man behind the instrument was both a poet and an artist.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.





RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS.

112121



THE LONELY PATH.



THE PEANUT FIELD.



AUNT MAHALIE'S PETS.



THE PLANTATION WELL.



POUNDING RICE.



THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.



THE LANE TO THE GREAT HOUSE.



THE GREAT HOUSE.



AUNT CHLOE.



UNCLE ESSICK.





AUNT CHLOE PREPARING DINNER.



THE CANE FIELD.



STRIPPING THE CANE.



THE SWEET POTATO PATCH.



A STILL OCTOBER DAY.



"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY."



VANITY.



THE COTTON FIELD AT SUNDOWN.



PICKING TIME.



"CRAPS" IN THE FIELD.



UNLOADING THE COTTON.



THE CIN.



A CABIN.



OLD UNCLE NED.



SOLID COMFORT.



THE DAY'S WORK DONE.



AUNTIE MAHALIE'S HALF ACRE.



THE POOL.



ASKING THE WAY.



COSSIP.





THE NEW SOUTH.



THE OLD WELL.



WASH DAY ON THE PLANTATION.



MINDINC "BUDDER."



THE WIDOW'S PATCH.



THE DYING EMBERS.



THOUGHTS OF OTHER DAYS.