

DOWN SOUTH



RR

RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, Jr.
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

To Mrs. Elliotte G. Taber
whose early life was spent
among these scenes

With compliments of

Rudolf Eickemeyer Jr.

May 1906



Road between Scotia and
the Dean place

WHO 'S DAT?

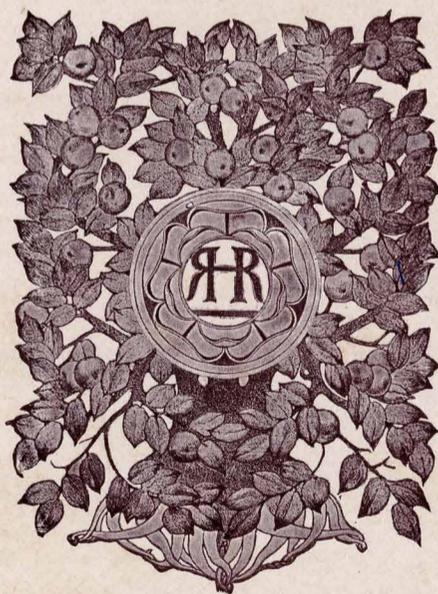
DOWN SOUTH

Pictures by

RUDOLF EICKEMEYER, JR.

With a Preface by

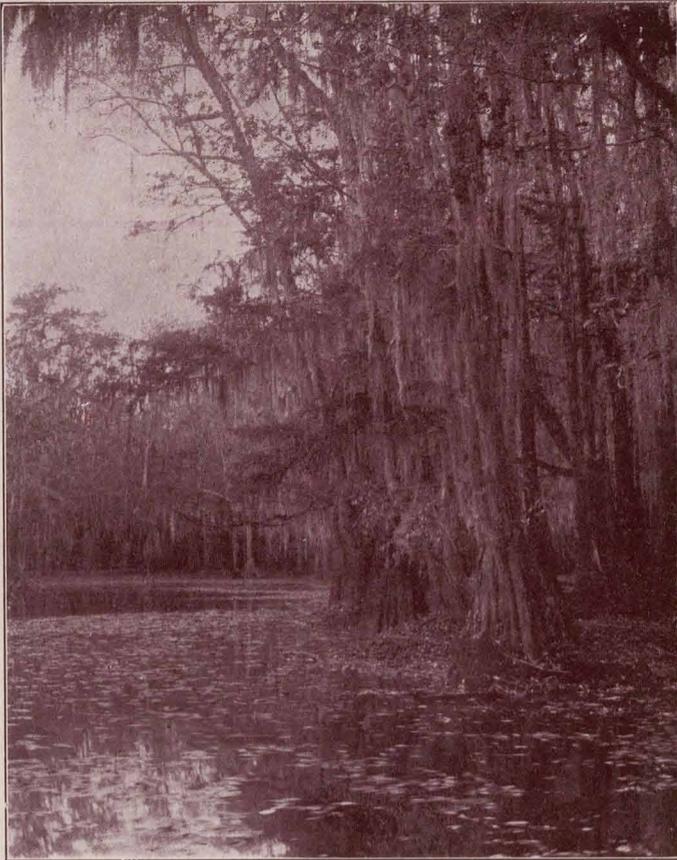
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS



New York

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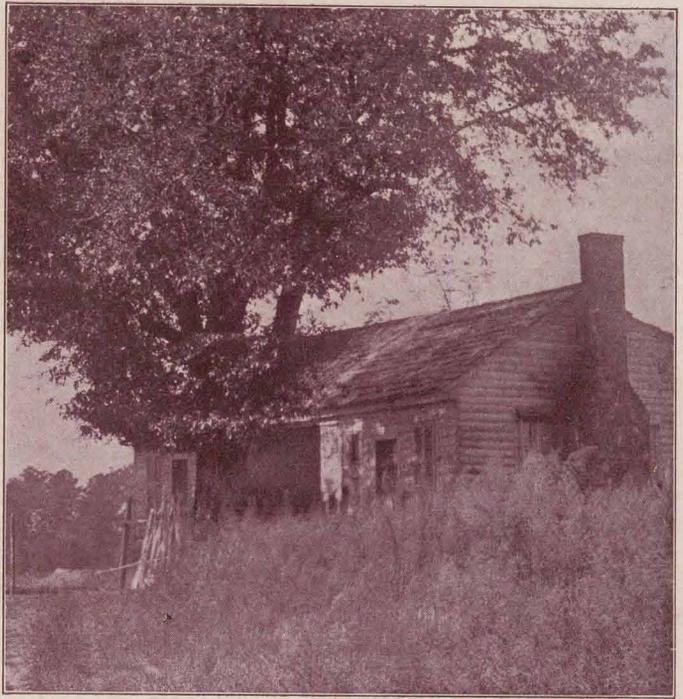
1900



Sine Creek

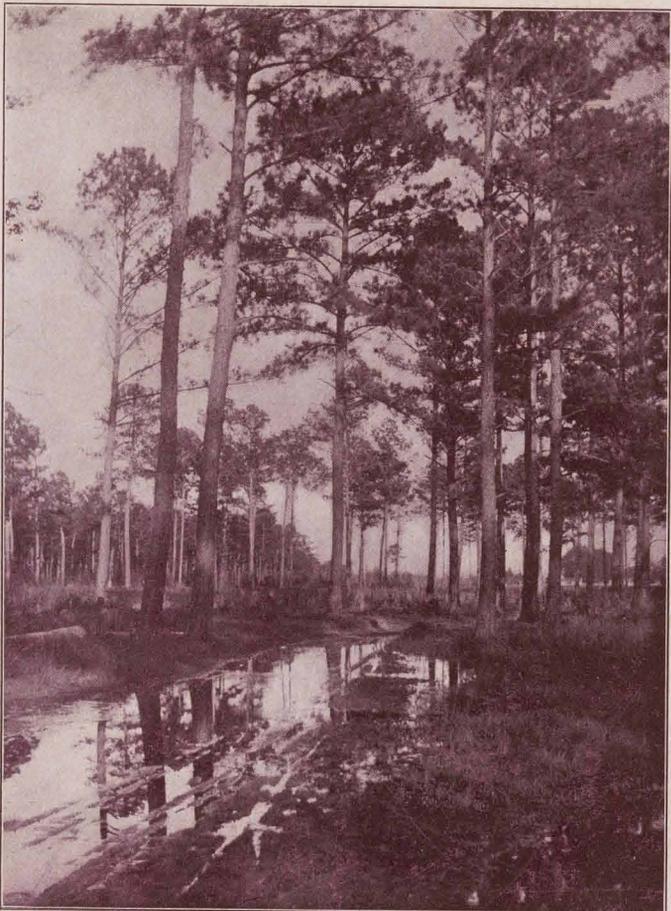
A CYPRESS SWAMP.

Copyright, 1900
Robert Howard Russell

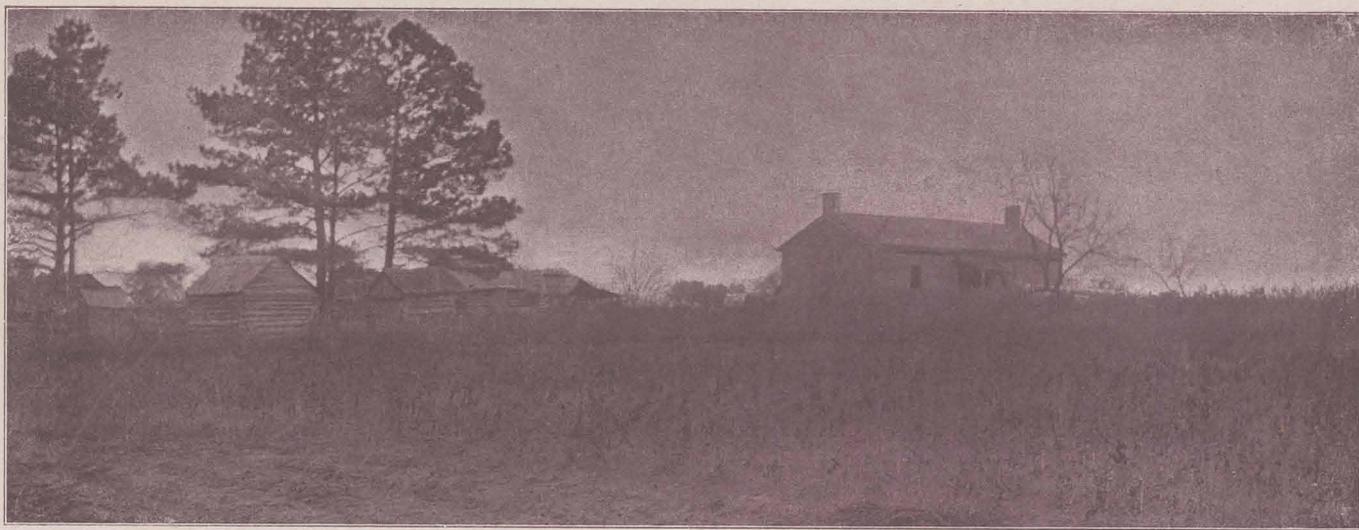


Perly Jeralde house at Sine Creek

DOWN SOUTH



Public road between
Mt. Meigs and Millie's Creek



Uncle Martin Murdock's house near
Mullies Creek on Atlantic Highway



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.

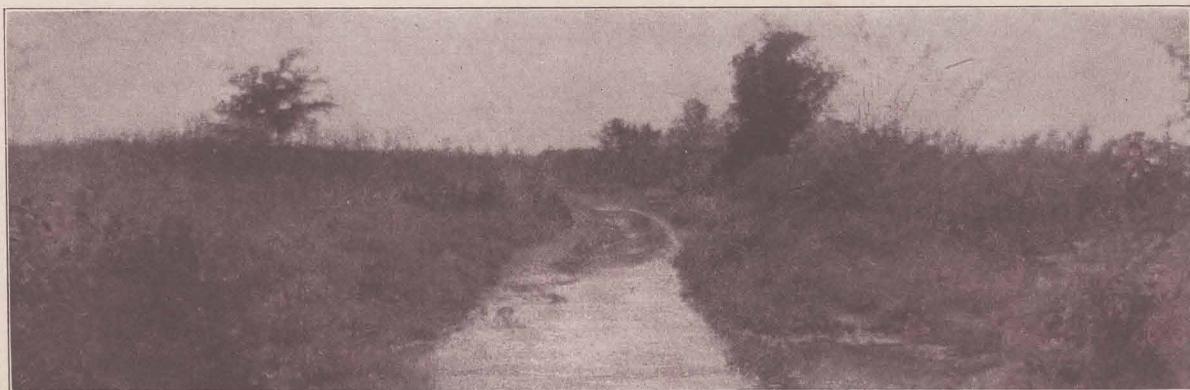
It is contrasts and contradictions such as these, and the possibilities lurking behind them, that romancers take for their material; and it is in such a field as this that the novelists proper find the atmosphere and color necessary to give harmony and vitality to their character creations. Here

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.

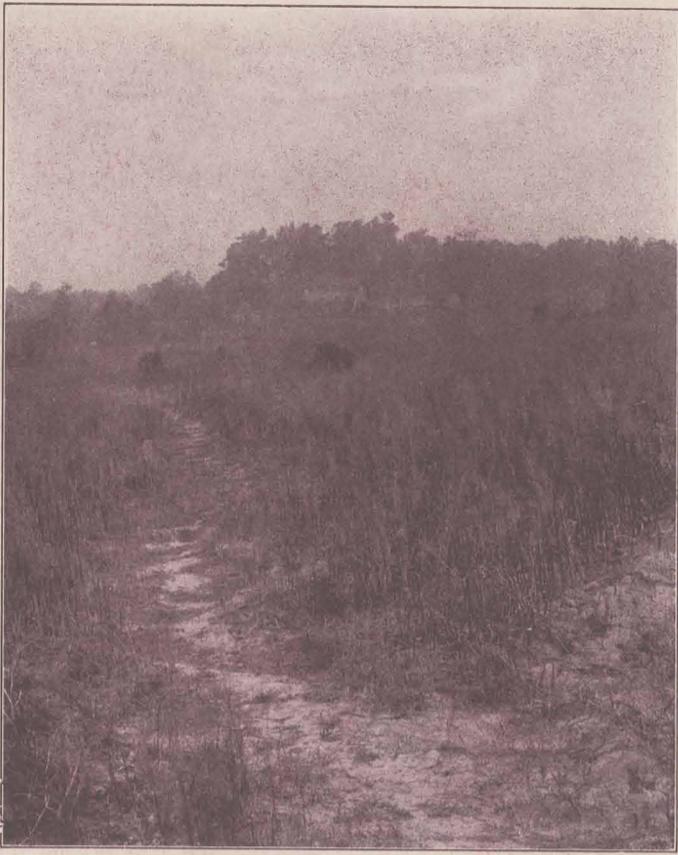
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.





Back of Gray Creek Swamp.

RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS.

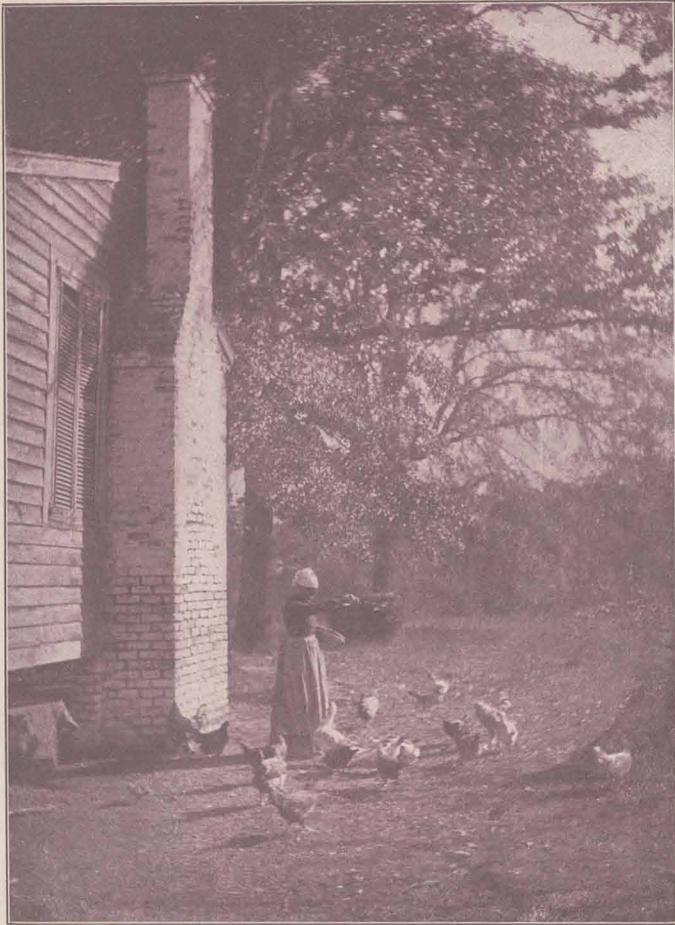


THE LONELY PATH.



Park Place

THE PEANUT FIELD.



End of dining room, "Ingle side", on Atlanta Highway
Mr. Adolph Dreyprung owner, Aunt Sucky feeding
chickens

AUNT MAHALIE'S PETS.