

literary centers; the cities few and far apart; the South was indifferent to popular education; home talent was not encouraged by the many, and those that read much preferred the classics; authorship, before the war, meant poverty and self-sacrifice. Such, in brief, is the history of our literary environments in the ante-bellum days. But the war practically removed these obstacles, and as our social compact began to adjust itself to the new order of things; authors received encouragement at home. To be sure, much that is being written, is intrinsically worthless, but the ambition and multiplied effort to win literary fame, are producing some good works. Southern cities are rapidly becoming literary centers; publishing houses are paying good dividends, and literary genius is appreciated and largely sustained by Southern readers. One thing is lacking. The schools, public and private, are not doing their duty in teaching the history and worth of our literature. Most of our literature stills comes from the North, and is unjust to the South in many respects. Think of the South—that section, for the first sixty-four years of our national life, furnished the president for fifty-two years, most of the cabinet officers, and the chief justice from 1801 to 1890—classed as a semi-barbarous people, saved only by Northern civilization! And we make so few protests against these misrepresentations that the outside world has come to believe and repeat them, to our great injury. The boys and girls of the South should be taught the true history of the South. They should become familiar with the literature of the South; with its songs; its civiliza-