

**THE SUMMER-
LAND: A SOUTHERN
STORY**

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The Summer-land: a southern story by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**THE SUMMER-
LAND: A SOUTHERN
STORY**

THE
SUMMER-LAND:

A Southern Story.

BY
A CHILD OF THE SUN.

"Know ye the Land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime;
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melts into sorrow, now maddens to crime?"

EDITOR OF ARYDOS.

NEW YORK:
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY,
346 & 348 BROADWAY.

M.DCCCLV.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1895, by

D. APPLETON & COMPANY,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of New York.

P R E F A C E .

It was said by Gray, and has been said by a good many others, that "any man, with talent or without, could write a useful and entertaining book, if he would only faithfully, and without affectation, detail what he has seen and heard in a sphere which the rest of the world had never seen, and was curious about." The author thinks that his little volume of *Journeyings* may claim to fulfil to some extent those conditions of a good book.

With the exception of a change of names, and the coloring of a story, a faithful endeavor has been made to depict a true and honest picture of life and scenery in the South ; with sketches of character, customs, etc., among the planters.

The author is a Southerner. He has travelled extensively over his native land, and these sketches are drawn almost entirely from his note-book, with the exceptions above mentioned. While there are no personal portraits, each character is intended as a type of such people as are found in the South.

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JAN JERED.

MY FIRST JOURNEY.

"This is the lad you are seeking, *Monsieur le Curé*," said the préfet of the *Ecole des Cinquies*, *rue Carrée-bonne*, No. 176, Paris, laying his hand on the head of a little white-haired urchin of nine or ten years old, who was playing at ball with half a score of comrades in the little court-yard in the rear of the school, which formed the gymnasium and playground for the *pensionnaires* of that famous institution.

"Is this Master Jered?" asked in French a squat-built personage, in a priest's habit, who accompanied the préfet.

"Yes, *Monsieur le Curé*," said I, bowing, and looking up surprised and a little startled by the suddenness of the apparition, "I am Jan Jered—at your reverence's service."

"Master Jered," said the préfet, "you will go to your room and make ready your *mattes*."

"Yes, sir," said I in suspense.