

IN THE SOUTHERN LAND.

A WELL KNOWN MERCHANT OF THIS CITY ON HIS TRAVELS.

His Visit to Atlanta Exposition and How It Impressed Him—The South, a Country of Which Strange Ideas Have Been Given by Novel Writers.

TO THE EDITOR PROGRESS: As I sit on the front of the Aragon Hotel, Atlanta, Georgia, this 9th day of December and watch the multitude of all classes, both white and colored, passing, some on foot, many in carriages and electric cars, and but few with overcoats or winter wraps, I just thought it might be interesting to some of your many readers to know something of the country in which this "Cotton States and International Exposition" was being held at a season of the year which would render such a fair in Saint John an utter impossibility owing to the inclemency of the weather.

Having conceived the idea of taking in the Atlanta Exposition, and, at the same time, see the country in which the great war of the rebellion took place some 30 years ago, and having the curiosity of seeing some of the old southern homes of the slave kings of those times about which we have all read to much, we left Washington on the 4:39 Southern Railway Atlantic Flyer, due in Atlanta at 10:20 next morning, and as it was nearly dark when we rolled out of the station we had not much opportunity of seeing any of the states of Maryland, Virginia, North or South Carolina, through which we had to travel before reaching Georgia. About 9 p.m. we had supper at a place called Charlottesville, in the state of Virginia, and such a supper, cooked in the real southern style, steak, sausage, chicken, oysters and sliced apples, all fried and fairly swimming in fat, and the way in which the landlord and his staff of colored waiters vied with each other in helping us, was something I had never seen before, and fully convinced me of all the reports I have heard of this truly hospitable people; and, if the price was rather high, it was readily overlooked by the desire evinced that you eat "heartily" as they put it. We then retired to our berths in the Pullman, but for my part it was not to sleep. I had partaken too heartily of Southern cooking.

In the morning at 9 o'clock, breakfast was announced at Grunville, but I was obliged to pass it. I had had one experience, and I was told by those who went in, that the same hospitality prevailed here, the waiters forcing them to take some apples and oranges with them as they were leaving the dining room.

But a few words in reference to the state of Georgia through which we were passing. Of all the poverty stricken poor and desolate sections of country the part through which our train carried us was the worst, very sparsely inhabited, and for the most part only shanties and log cabins with stove pipes projecting through the roofs and those that possessed chimneys were built on the outside and for the greater part were of stones brick and anything that came to hand. The colored inhabitants ran to the door as our train passed many of the children in rags, and some in their bare feet, and to see the gay colors of the women at some of the stations was amusing. And yet they seemed happy and contented and prepared to accept anything the passengers offered, but for the old Southern homes in this part of Georgia, I failed to discover. I saw an odd house here and there with a Verandah all around, but only the shadow of former days, without paint, without eaves gates or barns of any kind. In fact I have never seen a section of country in Canada that possess such poor soil, and in which poverty existed to anything like the extent it does in this part of the State. The Carolinas and Virginia through which I passed in daylight appeared to my eyes to be a much more prosperous land. A great many cotton factories are being established with their corporation houses built around them. And then there are many tobacco factories established throughout these States, all in nice order and apparently doing a healthy business.

I was told by a fellow passenger one who had travelled all over the South before and since the war that while the war had raged all over the South from Georgia to within a gunshot of the White House, the country was never in as prosperous a condition as at the present time, that as for as the old southern homes were concerned it was largely a myth, written up by northern men to adorn their stories. Of course at this season, the cotton and tobacco is all gathered, and the country has a rather cheerless appearance. The soil is of a sandy nature very red and lacking in depth and body. The pine forest is of very small growth, and very much scattered. No dense forests are to be seen.

Now for a few words in reference to (The Gate City) Atlanta, the population of which is variously estimated at 65,000, 100,000, and 125,000. Take your choice. I have endeavored to ascertain it properly with the above result. An Atlanta man will tell you that it is the largest city in the southern states not excepting New Orleans, and that it has a population of over 100,000 people including blacks, while another will say it is over 125,000. At all events, to the observer it is a real go-ahead city, and if it lacks the greater pop-

HOW HE MET HIS MYSTIE.

MR. HUTCHISON WILEY, FARMER TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE.

What He Thinks about "Progress", and How He Came to Write Something—Mystie Leads Her Aid—A Story of Love at First Sight in the Good Old Days.

Mr. PROGRESS, How are ye. If ye want to know who's askin', just get out yer subscription book, run yer finger up the alphabet till ye come to W. then find Mytie Wiley, Hutchinson Wiley, farmer, of Misspec, an' ye have me.

Mystie, that's my wife, thinks the grandest profession a man can follow (next to a minister, for which she admits I have no ability), is that of an author. I raised objections chiefly on the ground, that it is hard for a Scotchman to cater as a writer to an English speaking people. "Who wants ye to cater?" says she. "Just sit down an' write a story or something, an' surely, after livin' thirty year in this place, an' with a dictionary to help, ye can do that."

So here I am, pencil in hand, Mytie at my elbow, the dictionary an' two, no two or three sheets of foolscap in front of me, ready to begin.

"Hoo, no bother, how will this do Mytie?" "Stop a bit!" says she. "who are ye writin' to?" "To PROGRESS, of course," says I. "Then" says she, "say something nice about the paper before ye begin." That's gran' advice," says I, "an' what's more I'll take it."

Mr. Editor, Mytie an' I think yer paper the best ever published; the stories are good, the poems readable an' elevatin', yer society news, by the by, Mytie is thinkin' about startin' a society here in Misspec, one of those kind ye describe, where every woman has a different an' a richer dress than her neighbor, ye might give us the names of one or two in yer next edition. Asra's talks, I tell Mytie that Asra talks uncommonly sensible, for a woman. An' yer editorials, Mytie says they could not be better, tho' I wrote them myself.

"There, I think that will do," says I. "No it won't," says Mytie. "Now that ye have him, so as to speak, just tell him how interested we both are." "Stop Mytie," says I, "baith is no English." Well then, say she with a toss of her head, "just say the two o' us." "Tuts woman," says I, "that's more than ever, both is the right word."

"Well then, just tell him," says she, "how interested we be—both—are in his comfort an' welfare." "That I will," says I, an' in a very few words, for a wise man considereth his speech. I wonder now if that is a line from Burns. "An' what if it is?" says Mytie. "Burns is well worth quoting, even in an English story." "Right ye are, Mytie, right ye are, an' we'll list it an', a wise man considereth his speech."

Well, Mr. PROGRESS, Mytie thinks, if ye're increasing as fast an' in proportion to the size of yer paper, that it will take a whole web to make yer overcoat this winter. She thinks, an' so do I, that an extra shirt or two will keep ye just as warm an' no be near so heavy. An' further, altho ye're dependin' largely on yer head for a livin', do not neglect yer feet, keep them warm. Mytie gies me two—0 fiddlesticks—I'll begin that sentence again.—Mytie gies me two pair of socks to put under my boots an' one pair to put over them, an' in sloopy weather a pair of rubbers extra. It costs something, of course, but prevention is cheaper than cure. Now sir, after these preliminary remarks an' with Mytie's consent I will tell ye how Mytie an' I got acquainted.

I was livin' in St. John at the time. It was in the days when bar-rooms were more respectable, lawyers less plentiful, an' policemen less solicitous about the injunctions to visit the widow in her affliction than now. In the days, or rather nights, when Pete Lee charmed his friends the public, with his black face, long legs an' taperin' fingers, when the army worms crawled from the Market square to Indian-town an' back, an' when the yellow light of the street lamp flickered in the gloom.

I was a wee bit wild then, had a little control over my whims as a henpecked husband has over his wife, but Mytie soon fixed me, an' this is how it came about.

One day, not being workin', I started out the potery an' glassworks, just takin' a walk an' never dreamin' that my other self was comin' forth to meet me. The Black Maria passed me on its way to the mansion since reformed, I passed the Alms house, shook my head to some of its inmates an' hurried on, on to where one road becomes two, viz, the Black River an' the Head roads. I choose the latter, for at that time my own head was a little sandy an' so was the road.

I was just in the act of lightin' my pipe when there appeared on the brow of the hill as trim an' dainty a lass as ever graced a cottar's ha'. She was singin' "O where, tell me where is my highland lad-die gone." At such a distance I could not distinguish the words, just the air, but I knew the song by heart, an' unconsciously I uncovered my head. Whether it was the unusual sandiness of the road that first attracted her attention or not I cannot say, but she stopped singin' an' comin' at the same time.

I was afraid she might retrace her steps, so plain! my cap on my head an' my pipe in my pocket, I stepped off at a brisk pace

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

One of the Most Curious of His Very Many Remarkable Adventures.

"When I got up to the top of the first flight of stairs of a house that I was in one night," said the retired burglar, "and looked along the hall of the second story, I saw comin' from a partly opened door down toward the front of the hall on the left a bright light. The stairs came up at the rear of the hall and on the right. The door of this room where the light was opened on the side toward the front of the house, so that from where I stood I could see a little of the front of the room through the opening. I listened, but I didn't hear anything, and I went along down toward the front. I thought somebody had gone to bed and left the light up, but when I got up near the door I could see a man sitting in a big chair over on the other side of the room. Up there by the door I could see pretty much all of the front of the room. There was a bureau standing against the front wall between the two windows, and the man was over in the corner beyond. He wasn't sitting back comfortable in the big chair, but forward in it, with his arms resting on his knees and his hands together in front of him with finger tips touching, thinking; thinking hard about something. He didn't see me, he wouldn't have seen me if I'd stood right alongside of him, he was so busy thinking.

"Pretty soon he gets up and makes for the bureau. He laid his two hands on the handles of the top drawer, looking at the same time into the mirror, with a pretty solem sort of a face it was, too. Then he began to draw out the top drawer slow, still looking all the time into the mirror. I had a sort of an instinct then what it was all about, but still I didn't fully realize it till he'd got the drawer about half way out, and had let go of the right hand handle and reached over with his right hand into the drawer, still looking square into the mirror, and lifted out a gun and up with it to his head.

"Hey, there!" says I, "you brass-mounted, blue-moulded idiot! What's the matter with you?" and I makes a break for him, and, of course he swings around, for it is a tremendous surprise to him, and in about a sixteenth part of a second I've got his gun and we're standing there looking at each other; a young fellow he was, and not a bad looking chap.

"Well, do you know that young chap had just simply made a failure of some business undertaking and lost all his money, and he was sensitive and despondent over it till he thought he couldn't stand it any longer, and he'd just up set himself.

"Well! I gave him a kind of a talking to, I tried to make it clear to him that he wasn't poor, but rich. 'Lost your money?' says I. 'Why, great Cesar's gripack! You've got youth and health and strength, haven't you? What more do you want?' and he took it all in good part, and I left him feeling better and grateful to me for droppin' in."

"MISS VANDERBILT recently married was an expert stenographer. Many wealthy parents give their children a business education and make them earn their own living. Full information by asking."

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whistling "Shouldn't acquaintance be forgot." This reassured her, an' soon the distance between us was the width of the road. At this point I gallantly raised my cap an' said,

"May I ask where you learned to sing that beautiful song?"

She smiled, then blushed an' said, "I suppose it was in the same country where you learned to whistle Auld Lang Syne," I laughed an' said my name's Hutchinson Wiley; she laughed an' said her name was Mytie McFarlan; an' that is how Mytie an' I got acquainted.

HUTCHISON WILEY. Misspec, Dec. 1895.

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