from white indentured servants to black slave laborers. They wanted to diminish the presence and power of a white proletariat, armed and numerous. African slaves seemed to offer a solution to the problem of class conflict within white society. Slavery enabled planters to develop a disfranchised and disarmed black work force. Negative images of blacks that had predated the institutionalization of slavery in English America dynamically interacted with economic and political developments on the stage called Virginia.

Driven by immediate economic interests and blinded by a short time horizon, the planters had not carefully thought through what they were doing to black people as well as to American society and future generations. They had created an enslaved "giddy multitude" that constantly threatened social order. "As it is," Jefferson cried out, "we have the wolf by the ears, and we can neither hold him, nor safely let him go. Justice is in one scale, and self-preservation in the other." Jefferson had hoped America would be able to abolish slavery and remove the blacks. But, by then, it was too late. Like Caliban, blacks had been forced to become slaves and serve in "offices that profited" their masters, who, unlike Prospero, could not simply free them and leave the island. "All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement inhabits here," the English theatergoers heard the old counselor Gonzalo pray. "Some heavenly power guide us out of this fearful country!"[63]

PART TWO

Borders

5

NO MORE PECK O' CORN

Slavery and Its Discontents

UNLIKE INDIANS, blacks were not outside white society's "borders"; rather they were within what James Madison called the "bosom" of the republic, living in northern ghettos and on southern plantations. David Walker lived in both of these worlds. Born in North Carolina in 1785, he was the son of a slave father and a free mother. Walker himself was free: according to southern law, children inherited the status of their mothers. Living below the Mason-Dixon Line was a painful contradiction for him: he saw people who shared his color defined as property. Somehow, Walker learned to read and write; he studied history and pondered why blacks in America were in such a wretched condition.[1]

Walker continued to reflect on this question after he moved to Boston, where he sold old clothes. Freedom in northern society, he realized, was only a facade for the reality of caste. Blacks were allowed to have only menial jobs. "Here we are — reduced to degradation," Walker observed. "Here we are cleaning the white man's shoes." Resentful of stereotypes of blacks as savages, Walker countered that whites were the true barbarians: the enslavement of blacks, the selling and whipping of slaves — such practices were signs of savagery, not civilization. Slavery, he believed, could be destroyed only through violence. "Masters want us for their slaves and think nothing of murdering us in order to subject us to that wretched condition — therefore, if there is an *attempt* made by us, kill or be killed."[2]

In 1829, Walker published his revolutionary thoughts in an *Appeal to the Colored Citizens of the World.* Southern legislators denounced the pamphlet as "seditious" and restricted its circulation; even northern white abolitionists like Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison criticized it as "inflamatory" and "injudicious." A year later, Walker died, mysteriously. What he had presented was a candid, disturbing assessment of the condition of blacks: they had been reduced to slaves in the South and pariahs in the North.[3]

Racial Borders in the Free States

Very few blacks lived in the North. They were "free," for the northern states had abolished slavery after the American Revolution. In 1860, they represented 225,000, or a hardly noticeable one percent, of the total population. Their presence was far from pervasive, and blacks certainly did not threaten the racial homogeneity of white society. Yet they were the target of virulent racism. "The same schools do not receive the children of the black and European," Alexis de Tocqueville observed in the 1830s.

> In the theaters gold cannot procure a seat for the servile race beside their former masters; in the hospitals they lie apart; and although they are allowed to invoke the same God as the whites, it must be at a different altar and in their own churches, with their own clergy. The gates of heaven are not closed against them, but their inferiority is continued to the confines of the other world. When the Negro dies, his bones are caste aside, and the distinction of condition prevails even in the equality of death.[4]

Indeed, everywhere in the North, blacks experienced discrimination and segregation. "The colored people are . . . charged with want of desire for education and improvement," a black protested, "yet, if a colored man comes to the door of our institutions of learning, with desires ever so strong, the lords of these institutions rise up and shut the door; and then you say we have not the desire nor the ability to acquire education. Thus, while the white youths enjoy all these advantages, we are excluded and shut out, and must remain ignorant." Transportation facilities were often segregated. In Philadelphia, blacks were allowed to ride only on the front platforms of streetcars, and New York City had separate buses — one exclusively for blacks. Told their presence in white

residential districts would depreciate property values, blacks found themselves trapped in squalid slums.[5]

Although they were free, blacks were restricted in their right to vote. Ironically, the political proscription of blacks often accompanied the advance of democracy for whites. In 1821, for example, the New York constitutional convention expanded suffrage for free "white" male citizens: they had to own property, or they could qualify in other ways such as paying taxes, serving in the militia, and working on the highways. On the other hand, blacks were required to be property owners in order to vote. The Pennsylvania constitutional convention of 1838 was more direct: it simply established universal "white" manhood suffrage and thus disfranchised blacks completely.

Blacks also suffered from attacks by white workers. Time and again in northern cities, white mobs invaded black communities, killing black people and destroying their homes and churches. Philadelphia, the "city of brotherly love," was the scene of several bloody antiblack riots. In 1834, rampaging whites forced blacks to flee the city. Seven years later, in Cincinnati, white workers used a cannon against blacks, who armed themselves to defend their families. The mayor then persuaded about three hundred black men to be jailed for their own security, assuring them that their wives and children would be protected. But the white rioters attacked again, and order was not restored until the governor sent troops.

Victims of discrimination, segregation, and violence, blacks in the North encountered a powerful cluster of negative racial images. These stereotypes contributed to the conditions of racial degradation and poverty, which, in turn, reinforced prejudice.

Blacks were denounced as "immature," "indolent," and "good-for-nothing." As one white Pennsylvanian charged, they were "simply unfit," "naturally lazy, childlike." Stereotypes of blacks as children were linked to notions of black intellectual inferiority. In his research on racial differences in intelligence, Dr. Samuel Morton of Philadelphia measured the cranial capacities of the skulls of whites and blacks. Finding that those of whites were larger, Dr. Morton concluded that whites were more intelligent. But the skulls of the whites that Morton examined belonged to men who had been hanged as criminals. Thus, as historian Thomas F. Gossett has remarked, it "would have been just as logical to conclude that a large head indicated criminal tendencies." This presumably "scientific evidence" of black mental inferiority, however, was used to support the notion of white supremacy and to justify racial segregation. An Indiana senator, for example, declared in 1850: "The same power that has given him a black skin, with less weight or volume of brain has given us a white skin, with greater volume of brain and intellect; and that we can never live together upon an equality is as certain as that no two antagonistic principles can exist together at the same time."[6]

While northern whites generally viewed blacks as childlike and mentally deficient, they also feared them as criminals. During the 1820s, Pennsylvania's governor expressed apprehension about the rising crime rate among blacks, and newspapers repeatedly reported Negro burglaries, Negro robberies, and Negro assaults against whites. The image of the black criminal led whites to restrict black migration into certain states. Ohio and Indiana required entering blacks to post a $500 bond as a guarantee against becoming a public charge and as a pledge of good behavior. The editor of an Indiana newspaper demanded the law be enforced in order to "drive away a gang of pilferers."[7]

Moreover, blacks were seen as threats to racial purity — what Benjamin Franklin had described as "the lovely White." In Pennsylvania, whites petitioned the legislature to enact an antimiscegenation law, and Indiana and Illinois prohibited interracial marriages. Everywhere, white social sentiment abhorred white and black relationships. "It is true," observed Tocqueville, "that in the North . . . marriages may be contracted between Negroes and whites; but public opinion would stigmatize as infamous a man who should connect himself with a Negress, and it would be difficult to cite a single instance of such a union." Fears of miscegenation triggered demands for exclusion and political proscription. In a petition to the Indiana legislature, whites called for the exclusion of blacks, warning that their wives and daughters would be "insulted and abused by those Africans." At the 1847 Illinois constitutional convention, a delegate explained that the failure to restrict black migration was tantamount to allowing blacks "to make proposals to marry our daughters." Efforts to disfranchise blacks were often accompanied by denunciations of interracial sex. A delegate to the 1821 New York constitutional convention advocated the denial of suffrage to blacks in order to avoid the time "when the colors shall intermarry." In Wisconsin, opponents of black suffrage warned that political rights granted to blacks would encourage them to "marry our sisters and daughters."[8]

Fears of interracial unions stirred demands for segregated schools. Whites petitioned the Indiana Senate to establish segregated schools. The committee on education agreed that the Negro race was inferior and

that the admission of Negro children "into our public schools would ultimately tend to bring about that feeling which favour their amalgamation with our own people." When Massachusetts prohibited racial discrimination in the public schools, a northern newspaper cried: "Now the blood of the Winthrops, the Otises, the Lymans, the Endicotts, and the Eliots, is in a fair way to be amalgamated with the Sambos, the Catos, and the Pompeys. The North is to be Africanized."[9]

The North for blacks was not the promised land. Although they were not slaves, they were hardly free. Under slavery, they were forced to work; as wage-earners, they were excluded from many jobs. In New York, white dock workers attacked blacks seeking employment. In Cincinnati, white mechanics opposed the training of young blacks, and white cabinet shop workers demanded the dismissal of a recently hired black worker. Unable to find skilled jobs, many blacks were pushed into menial labor. In the 1850s, 87 percent of New York's gainfully employed blacks held menial jobs. Blacks were painfully aware of their grim prospects. "Why should I strive hard and acquire all the constituents of a man," a young man complained bitterly, "if the prevailing genius of the land admit me not as such, or but in an inferior degree! Pardon me if I feel insignificant and weak. . . . What are my prospects? To what shall I turn my hand? Shall I be a mechanic? No one will employ me; white boys won't work with me. . . . Drudgery and servitude, then, are my prospective portion."[10]

Was Sambo Real?

Meanwhile, in the South, four million blacks were slaves, representing 35 percent of the total population in 1860. Like Caliban, they served the Prosperos of the master class. They constituted the essential labor force in southern agriculture for tobacco, hemp, rice, sugar, and especially cotton cultivation. The majority of the slaves worked on plantations, agricultural production units with more than twenty slaves.

Work on the plantations, according to historian Kenneth Stampp, began early in the morning when a horn awakened the slaves an hour before daylight. "All work-hands are [then] required to rise and prepare their cooking, etc. for the day," a plantation manual stated. "The second horn is blown just at good day-light, when it is the duty of the driver to visit every house and see that all have left for the field." Work was highly regimented. A glimpse of plantation labor was captured by a traveler in Mississippi:

> First came, led by an old driver carrying a whip, forty of the largest and strongest women I ever saw together; they were all in a simple uniform dress of a bluish check stuff, the skirts reaching little below the knee; their legs and feet were bare; they carried themselves loftily, each having a hoe over the shoulder, and walking with a free, powerful swing, like *chasseurs* on the march. Behind came the cavalry, thirty strong, mostly men, but a few of them women, two of whom rode astride on the plow mules. A lean and vigilant white overseer, on a brisk pony, brought up the rear.[11]

A slave described the routine of a workday: "The hands are required to be in the cotton field as soon as it is light in the morning, and, with the exception of ten or fifteen minutes, which is given to them at noon to swallow their allowance of cold bacon, they are not permitted to be a moment idle until it is too dark to see, and when the moon is full, they often times labor till the middle of the night." After they left the fields, they had more work to do. "Each one must attend to his respective chores. One feeds the mules, another the swine — another cuts the wood, and so forth; besides the packing [of cotton] is all done by candle light. Finally, at a late hour, they reach the quarters, sleepy and overcome with the long day's toil."[12]

To manage this enslaved labor force, masters used various methods of discipline and control. They sometimes used kindness. "Now I contend that the surest and best method of managing negroes, is to love them," a Georgia planter explained. "We know . . . that if we love our horse, we will treat him well, and if we treat him well, he will become gentle, docile and obedient . . . and if this treatment has this effect upon all the animal creation . . . why will it not have the same effect upon slaves?" But masters also believed that strict discipline was essential and that power had to be based on fear. South Carolina's Senator James Hammond, owner of more than three hundred slaves, fully understood the need for the absolute submission of a slave to his master: "We have to rely more and more on the power of fear. We are determined to continue masters, and to do so we have to draw the reign [*sic*] tighter and tighter day by day to be assured that we hold them in complete check." Employing psychological reins, masters tried to brainwash their slaves into believing they were racially inferior and racially suited for bondage. Kept illiterate and ignorant, they were told they were incapable of caring for themselves.[13]

To many white southerners, slaves were childlike, irresponsible, lazy,

affectionate, and happy. Altogether, these alleged qualities represented a type of personality — the Sambo.

"Slaves never become men or women," a traveler in the South commented. Slavemasters frequently referred to adult blacks as "grown up children," or "boys" and "girls." Regarding themselves as guardians, they claimed their slaves had to be "governed as children." Unable to plan for their future, slaves would not "lay up in summer for the wants of winter" and "accumulate in youth for the exigencies of age."[14]

Slavemasters repeatedly complained about the problem of laziness, saying their black laborers had to be supervised or they would not work. If slaves were freed, they would become "an insufferable burden to society." Slavemasters insisted that blacks had to be kept in slavery; otherwise they would surely become "indolent lazy thievish drunken," working only when they could not steal.[15]

But slavemasters also cherished the bonds of affection they claimed existed between themselves and their childlike slaves. In his *Black Diamonds Gathered in the Darkey Homes of the South,* Edward Pollard exclaimed: "I love to study his affectionate heart; I love to mark that peculiarity in him, which beneath all his buffoonery exhibits him as a creature of the tenderest sensibilities, mingling his joys and his sorrows with those of his master's home." Slaveholders described their slaves as the happiest people in the world, working little and spending the rest of their time "singing, dancing, laughing, chattering, and bringing up pigs and chickens." "At present we have in South Carolina," one slaveholder boasted, "two hundred and fifty thousand civilized and peaceable slaves, happy and contented. . . ." In their private journals, masters recorded moments of closeness with their slaves. One of them scribbled into his diary on January 1, 1859: "The hands as usual came in to greet the New Year with their good wishes — the scene is well calculated to excite sympathies; notwithstanding bondage, affections find roots in the heart of the slave for the master."[16]

But the boast betrayed nervousness. The image of the slave as Sambo had special significance: the whole Western world was ideologically opposed to southern slavery, and therefore masters felt compelled to justify their peculiar institution as a "positive good." If they could show that their slaves were happy and satisfied with their condition, then perhaps they could defend themselves against their moral critics. They insisted that "ours is a patriarchal institution now, founded in pity and protection on the one side, and dependence and gratitude on the other."[17]

The planter class also had to persuade the white nonslaveholders of

the South that slavery was right. In 1860, only 5.5 percent of the southern white population were slaveholders. In fact, the vast majority of whites had no vested economic interest in slavery. One of them, an Alabama farmer, was asked by a northern visitor what he thought about emancipating the slaves, and he replied:

> Well, I'll tell you what I think on it; I'd like it if we could get rid on 'em to youst. I wouldn't like to hev 'em freed, if they was gwine to hang 'round. They ought to get some country and put 'em war they could be by themselves. It wouldn't do no good to free 'em, and let 'em hang 'round, because they is so monstrous lazy; if they hadn't got nobody to take keer on 'em, you see they wouldn't do nothin' but juss nat'rally laze 'round, and steal, and pilfer, and no man couldn't live, you see, war they was — if they was free, no man couldn't live — and this ere's the other. Now suppose they was free, you see they'd all think themselves just as good as we, of course they would, if they was free. Now, just suppose you had a family of children, how would you like to hev a niggar steppin' up to your darter? Of course you wouldn't, and that's the reason I wouldn't like to hev 'em free; but I tell you, I don't think it's right to hev 'em slaves so; that's the fac — taant right to keep 'em as they is.[18]

Thus, there were moral misgivings among white southerners themselves. "We must satisfy them that slavery is of itself right," the defenders of the institution declared, "that it is not a sin against God." Time and again they insisted that the slavemaster was "enlightened," "humane," and "Christian," and that the slave was "submissive," "docile," "happy," "conscious of his own inferiority and proud of being owned & governed by a superior."[19]

Many masters had doubts about the morality of the peculiar institution. "Slavery," admitted the governor of Mississippi, "is an evil at best." Similarly, a white Virginian anxiously confessed: "This, sir, is a Christian community. Southerners read in their Bibles, 'Do unto all men as you would have them do unto you'; and this golden rule and slavery are hard to reconcile." One slaveholder jotted in his diary: "Oh what trouble, — running sore, constant pressing weight, perpetual wearing, dripping, is this patriarchal institution! What miserable folly for men to cling to it as something heaven-descended. And here we and our children after us must groan under the burden — our hands tied from freeing ourselves." Few slaveholders could "openly and honestly look the thing

[slavery] in the face," a European traveler in the South observed. "They wind and turn about in all sorts of ways, and make use of every argument . . . to convince me that the slaves are the happiest people in the world."[20]

While claims that slaves were Sambos helped to comfort anguished consciences, they also offered the masters psychological assurances that their slaves were under control. Surely happy slaves would not come at night and slit the throats of their masters. In reality, slaveholders were terrified by the specter of slave rebellion. Aware of the bloody slave revolts in Santo Domingo in the 1790s, they were warned by an American official in Haiti: "Negroes only cease to be *children* when they degenerate into *savages*." After the brutal suppression of the 1822 Denmark Vesey slave conspiracy in Charleston, a worried South Carolina slaveholder warned that blacks were "barbarians who would, IF THEY COULD, become the DESTROYERS of our race."[21]

Holding what Thomas Jefferson had called the "wolf by the ears," masters lived in constant dread of slave insurrection. Southern newspapers frequently reported news of slave unrest and "evidences of a very unsettled state of mind among the servile population." Married to a Georgia planter, Frances A. Kemble reported that slaves were "a threatening source of constant insecurity" and that "every southern *woman*" lived in terror of her slaves. A Louisiana slaveholder recalled tense times "when there was not a single planter who had a calm night's rest," and when every master went to bed with a gun at his side.[22]

Here was a society almost hysterically afraid of a black "giddy multitude." The master-slave relationship was dynamic, contradictory, and above all uncertain. Sambo existed and did not exist. What was the reality? How did the slaves themselves view their own behavior?

There were slaves who appeared to be Sambos. Asked about whether he desired freedom, a slave replied to a curious visitor: "No, massa, me no want to be free, have good massa, take care of me when I sick, never 'buse nigger; no, me no want to be free." In a letter to his master who was away on a trip, a slave ended his report on plantation operations: "The respects of your affec. Svt. unto D[eath] in hopes ever to merit your esteem. Your most dutiful servant. Harford."[23]

But slaves who behaved like Sambos might not have actually been Sambos: they might have been playing the role of loyal and congenial slaves in order to get favors or to survive, while keeping their inner selves hidden. Masters themselves sometimes had difficulty determining a slave's true personality. "So deceitful is the Negro," a master explained,

"that as far as my own experience extends I could never in a single instance decipher his character. . . . We planters could never get at the truth." For many slaves, illusion protected them from their masters. "The only weapon of self defence that I could use successfully, was that of deception," explained fugitive slave Henry Bibb. Another former slave explained that one had to "know the *heart* of the poor slave — learn his secret thoughts — thoughts he dare not utter in the hearing of the white man."[24]

Indeed, many slaves wore masks of docility and deference in order to shroud subversive plans. Every year thousands of slaves became fugitives, making their way north to freedom, and many of these runaways had seemed passive and cheerful before they escaped.

No more peck o' corn for me,
No more, no more;
No more peck o' corn for me,
Many tousand go.

No more driver's lash for me.
No more pint o' salt for me.
No more hundred lash for me.
No more mistress call for me.[25]

After his flight north, fugitive J. W. Loguen received a letter from his former owner. "You know that we reared you as we reared our own children," wrote Mrs. Sarah Logue; "that you was never abused, and that shortly before you ran away, when your master asked you if you would like to be sold, you said you would not leave him to go with any body." In his reply, Loguen caustically remarked: "Woman, did you raise your *own children* for the market? Did you raise them for the whipping-post?" The ex-slave boldly proclaimed his love for liberty: "Wretched woman! Be it known to you that I value my freedom . . . more, indeed, than my own life; more than all the lives of all the slaveholders and tyrants under heaven."[26]

Sometimes a slave would play the role of Sambo and then strike directly at his tyrant. Slavemaster William Pearce told one of his erring slaves that he would be whipped after supper. When the slave was called out, he approached Pearce submissively. As soon as he was within striking distance, the slave pulled out a concealed ax and split his master's head. Nat Turner, according to historian Stampp, was "apparently as

humble and docile as a slave was expected to be." In Virginia on August 22, 1831, he led seventy fellow slaves in a violent insurrection that lasted two days and left nearly sixty whites dead. After his arrest, Turner made a statement to the authorities. His master, he acknowledged, was "kind": "in fact, I had no cause to complain of his treatment to me." But Turner had had a religious experience: "I had a vision — and I saw white spirits and black spirits engaged in battle . . . and blood flowed in streams. . . ." A voice told him to wait for a sign from heaven: "And on the appearance of the sign, (the eclipse of the sun last February) I should arise and prepare myself, and slay my enemies with their own weapons." Turner carried out his mission, and a white Virginian nervously observed: "It will long be remembered in the annals of our country, and many a mother as she presses her infant darling to her bosom, will shudder at the recollection of Nat Turner." The slave rebel's action was a frightening revelation to white southerners: smiling and holding his hat in hand, Sambo could be planning their destruction.[27]

The reality for many slaves may have been even more complex and subtle than a duality of roles. Some Sambo-like behavior may have been not so much a veil to hide inner emotions of rage and discontent as a means of expressing them. Lying, stealing, laziness, immaturity, and ignorance all contained within them an aggressive quality: they constituted, in effect, resistance to efficiency, discipline, work, and productivity.

"Hands won't work unless I am in sight," a Virginia planter scribbled angrily in his diary. "I left the Field at 12 [with] all going on well, but very little done after [that]." Slaves occasionally destroyed tools and machinery and treated farm work animals so brutally that they frequently crippled them. "They can neither hoe, nor ditch, chop wood, nor perform any kind of labor with a white man's skill," complained a master. "They break and destroy more farming utensils, ruin more carts, break more gates, spoil more cattle and horses, and commit more waste than five times the number of white laborers do." A continual problem for masters was the stealing of chickens and pigs. But slaves often viewed the matter differently: they were simply "taking" property (pigs) for use by other property (themselves). In other words, the master's "meat" was taken out of "one tub" and put in "another." "When I tuk the turkey and eat it," a slave said, "it got to be a part of me." This appropriation seemed justified because their weekly food allowance was so meager, and their masters were profiting from their labor. Slaves saw themselves as exploited workers. Even as they shucked corn, they sang:

Massa in the great house, counting out his money,
Oh, shuck that corn and throw it in the barn.
Missis in the parlor, eating bread and honey,
Oh, shuck that corn and throw it in the barn.

Resenting the unfair appropriation of their labor, many slaves feigned illness and lied in order to avoid work. One planter complained that slaves were sick on workdays but not on Sundays. One slave managed to avoid work for many years by claiming he was nearly blind; after the Civil War, he was suddenly able to see again and became a successful farmer. Where masters perceived the destructiveness, lying, and laziness of their slaves as mischievous, childish, and irresponsible behavior, many slaves saw refusal to be exploited.[28]

Unlike slaves on the plantation, many slaves in the cities did not have to engage in such ambiguity. In 1860, there were 70,000 urban slaves. They labored in textile mills, iron furnaces, and tobacco factories. Many of them had been "hired out" and were working as wage-earners. The hiring-out system generally involved a contract that specified the wage, the length of service, some assurances concerning treatment, and the type of work to be performed. In a contract signed on January 1, 1832, for example, C. W. Thruston and his brother promised "to pay James Brown Ninety Dollars for the hire of Negro Phill until 25 Dec. next. And we agree to pay taxes & doctor bills. Clothe him during said time & return him . . . with good substantial cloth . . . shoes and socks and a blanket."[29]

In this case it appears that the master found the job for his slave, but this was not always the practice. Slavemasters would often simply let their slaves find their own jobs and require them to make weekly payments. In effect, slaves were renting their own labor from their masters. One Savannah slave used the hiring-out system imaginatively. First, he purchased his own time from his master at $250 a year, paying in monthly installments. Then he hired about seven or eight slaves to work for him.[30]

The hiring-out system ruptured the border between slavery and freedom because it gave slaves a certain amount of bargaining power. While traveling through Richmond, Virginia, an English visitor overheard a conversation between a slave and a prospective employer:

> I was rather amused at the efforts of a market gardener to hire a young woman as a domestic servant. The price her owner put upon her services was not objected to by him, but they could not agree about other terms. The grand obstacle was that she would not consent

> to work in the garden, even when she had nothing else to do. After taking an hour's walk in another part of town I again met the two at the old bargain. Stepping towards them, I now learned that she was pleading for other privileges — her friends and favourites must be allowed to visit her. At length she agreed to go and visit her proposed home and see how things looked.

Unlike a plantation slave, this woman could negotiate her terms, insisting on certain work conditions almost as if she were a free laborer.[31]

Hiring out weakened the slave system. No longer directly under the supervision of their masters, slaves could feel the loosening of reins. They took care of themselves and had many of the privileges of free persons. In fact, they were sometimes called "free slaves." Many of them were even permitted to "live out" — to make their own housing arrangements by renting a room or a house. Living away from their masters' watchful eyes, they enjoyed a degree of independence. Though they were slaves, they were in contact with free laborers, black and white, and saw what it meant to be free. "Hundreds of slaves in New Orleans," Frederick Law Olmsted noted as he traveled in Louisiana, "must be constantly reflecting and saying to one another, 'I am as capable of taking care of myself as this Irish hod-carrier, or this German market-gardener; why can't I have the enjoyment of my labor as well as they? I am as capable of taking care of my own family as much as they of theirs; why should I be subject to have them taken from me by those men who call themselves our owners?' "[32]

No wonder one white southerner complained: "The cities is no place for niggers! They get strange notions into their heads and grow discontented. They ought, every one of them, be sent onto the plantations." A Louisville editor claimed that "negroes scarcely realize[d] the fact that they [were] slaves" in the city. They became "insolent, intractable, and in many cases wholly worthless." They made "free negroes their associates," "imbibing" their feelings and imitating their conduct. Another white southerner anxiously described the behavior of slaves in New Orleans: "It was not unusual for slaves to gather on street corners at night . . . where they challenged whites to attempt to pass, hurled taunts at white women, and kept whole neighborhoods disturbed by shouts and curses. Nor was it safe to accost them, as many went armed with knives and pistols in flagrant defiance of all the precautions of the Black Code." Urban slaves did not behave like Sambos.[33]

How did plantation slaves behave during the Civil War as federal

troops destroyed the authority of the slave system? The war, as historian Eugene Genovese observed, was "the moment of truth." Everyone — white and black — understood the meaning of the conflict. "There is a war commenced between the North and the South," a planter told his slaves. "If the North whups, you will be as free a man as I is. If the South whups, you will be slaves all your days." Information about the war circulated through the slave quarters. Pretending indifference, house servants listened intently as their masters talked among themselves about the military and political events of the conflict. "We'se can't read, but we'se can listen," a South Carolina slave told Union soldiers.[34]

When slave Abram Harris heard that his master had been killed in the war, he felt loss and sorrow. "Us wus boys togedder, me en Marse Hampton, en wus jist er bout de same size," he said. "Hit so did hurt me when Marse Hampton got kilt kase I lubed dat white man." There were other instances of slave affection. "I shall never forget the feeling of sickness which swept over me," recalled a former slave. "I saw no reason for rejoicing as others were doing. It was my opinion that we were being driven from our homes and set adrift to wander, I knew not where. I did not relish the idea of parting with my young master who was as true a friend as I ever had." Occasionally, expressions of loyalty were accompanied by demands for respect. One slave told his master: "When you'all had de power you was good to me, and I'll protect you now. No nigger, nor Yankee, shall touch you. If you want anything, call for Sambo. I mean, call for Mr. Samuel — that's my name now."[35]

Slave Dora Franks felt very differently as she overheard her master and mistress discussing the war: "He say he feared all de slaves 'ud be took away. She say if dat was true she feel lak jumpin' in de well. I hate to hear her say dat, but from dat minute I started prayin' for freedom." What was most striking was the way the presence of federal troops in an area stimulated noticeable changes in slave behavior. A few days after Union soldiers camped near her plantation, a slaveholder wrote in her diary: "The Negroes are going off in great numbers and are beginning to be very independent and impudent." In *The War Time Journal of a Georgia Girl*, Eliza Andrews described the strange behavior of one of her slaves. Alfred, "one of the most peaceful and humble negroes on the plantation," was charged with attacking a white man. "I hope there is some mistake," she commented fearfully, "though the negroes are getting unruly since the Yankees are so near." Mrs. Mary Jones recorded similar disillusionment in her diary. "The people are all idle on the plantations, most of them seeking their own pleasure," she wrote on January 6, 1865.

"Susan, a Virginia Negro and nurse to my little Mary Ruth, went off with Mac, her husband, to Arcadia the night after the first day the Yankees appeared. . . . She has acted a faithless part as soon as she could." On January 21, she reported that her "faithful" cook, Kate, had suddenly left the plantation. Disappointed and angry, Jones concluded: "Their condition is one of perfect anarchy and rebellion."[36]

Indeed, during the war, plantation discipline generally disintegrated. "The wretches [are] trying all they can," complained a slaveholder in Texas, "it seems to me, to agrivate me, taking no interest, having no care about the future, neglecting their duty." Many slaves engaged in work slowdowns; others refused to work. Masters had difficulty extracting obedience. With the coercive power of the government focused on the battlefronts, many slaves became assertive, redefining their relationships with their masters.[37]

Slaves were impatient, ready to break for freedom. An old slave who had fled to the Union lines told the Yankees: "Ise eighty-eight year old. Too ole for come? Mas'r joking. Neber too ole for leave de land o' bondage." During the war, some half million slaves ran off to the federal lines. In 1863, a northern clergyman asked a Virginia slave whether she had heard of the Emancipation Proclamation. "Oh, yes, massa!" she responded, "we all knows about it; only we darsn't let on. We pretends not to know. I said to my ole massa, 'What's this Massa Lincoln is going to do to the poor nigger? I hear he is going to cut 'em up awful bad. How is it, massa?' I just pretended foolish, sort of." Shortly after this conversation, she ran off to the Union lines. Another slave remembered the day the Union troops arrived at his master's plantation located on the coast of South Carolina: "De people was all a hoein'. . . . Dey was a hoein' in de rice-field, when de gunboats come. Den ebry man drap dem hoe, and leff de rice. De mas'r he stand and call, 'Run to de wood for hide. Yankee come, sell you to Cuba! run for hide!' Ebry man he run, and my God! run all toder way! Mas'r stand in de wood. . . . He say 'Run to de wood!' an ebry man run by him, straight to de boat."[38]

Watching their once loyal slaves suddenly bolt for the Union lines, many white southerners jettisoned their opinions about their slaves as Sambos. Emily C. Douglas was shocked that her trusted slaves had deserted her: "They left without even a good-bye." Notions of slave docility were nullified. "You can form no idea of my situation and anxiety of mind," an overseer wrote to his employer in 1863. "All is anarchy and confusion here — everything going to destruction — and the negroes on the plantation insubordinate — My life has been several times

in danger." In the minds of many whites, blacks had changed from children into savages. "The 'faithful slave' is about played out," a slaveholder observed bitterly. "They are the most treacherous, brutal, and ungrateful race on the globe." Similarly, a Georgia planter condemned the "ingratitude evinced by the African character." "This war has taught us the perfect impossibility of placing the least confidence in any Negro," he observed. "In too numerous instances, those we esteemed the most have been the first to desert us."[39]

Many of the deserters were women. For them, freedom had a particular meaning, for they had experienced bondage in different ways than the men. Like the men, they worked in the fields and the factories. But, as women, they were also important for the reproduction of the slave population. The federal government had prohibited the African slave trade in 1808, and the South had depended on natural increase for its supply of bonded labor. Slave women were viewed as "breeders," and the laws allowed masters to separate slave children from their mothers and sell them. A South Carolina court, for example, ruled that "the young of slaves . . . stand on the same footing as animals." As mothers, enslaved women bore a peculiarly heavy burden under slavery. They knew their children were not even legally theirs and could be taken away from them. Mothers were especially distressed over the future of their daughters. One mother, Margaret Garner, tried to escape with her daughter: as she was about to be apprehended near Cincinnati, she killed her own child. "Now she would never know," Garner exclaimed, "what a woman suffers as a slave." Hers were the anguish and rage of a slave mother — tormented feelings explored by novelist Toni Morrison in *Beloved*.[40]

As slaves, many women found that more than their labor and their children were appropriated: their bodies were regarded as property to be used to satisfy the erotic pleasures of their masters. "The punishment inflicted on women exceeded in intensity the punishment suffered by their men," Angela Davis argued, "for women were not only whipped and mutilated, they were also *raped*." A former female slave, Harriet Jacobs, had made a similar observation: "Slavery is terrible for men; but it is far more terrible for women. Superadded to the burden common to all, *they* have wrongs, and sufferings, and mortifications peculiarly their own." As a fifteen-year-old slave, Jacobs herself had been victimized by her master. "He peopled my young mind with unclean images, such as only a vile monster could think of," she recalled. "He told me I was his property; that I must be subject to his will in all things. . . . I

shuddered to think of being the mother of children that should be owned by my . . . tyrant. I knew that as soon as a new fancy took him, his victims were sold far off to get rid of them; especially if they had children. I had seen several women sold, with his babies at the breast. He never allowed his offspring by slaves to remain long in sight of himself and his wife." Sexual exploitation of enslaved women was widespread in the South. The presence of a large mulatto population stood as vivid proof and a constant reminder of such sexual abuse. "Like the patriarchs of old," a southern white woman bitterly complained, "our men live all in one house with their wives and their concubines; and the mulattoes one sees in every family partly resemble the white children. Any lady is ready to tell you who is the father of all the mulatto children in everybody's household but her own. These, she seems to think, drop from the clouds."[41]

Slave Son, White Father

One of these mulatto slave children was Frederick Douglass. As a young slave child on a Maryland plantation, he had been sent by his master, Thomas Auld, to live with his grandparents, Betsey and Isaac Bailey. Grandmother Bailey was in charge of the children of the younger slave women. Her cabin was isolated, located twelve miles from the plantation and far away psychologically from the reality of slavery. "I had always lived with my grandmother on the outskirts of the plantation," Douglass later recalled. "I had therefore been . . . out of the way of the bloody scenes that often occurred on the plantation."[42]

Douglass's childhood years at Grandmother Bailey's home were happy and secure. Frederick was never hungry, for his grandmother was skillful at fishing and farming. "Living here, with my dear old grandmother and grandfather," he noted later, "it was a long time before I knew myself to be a *slave*. . . . Grandmother and grandfather were the greatest people in the world to me; and being with them so snugly in their own little cabin — I supposed it to be their own — knowing no higher authority over me . . . than the authority of grandmamma, for a time there was nothing to disturb me."[43]

But this period turned out to be somewhat short. As a young boy, Douglass was placed in the home of Hugh Auld, his master's brother who lived in Baltimore. Sophia Auld had not owned slaves before, and she initially regarded him as "a child, like any other." Her own son, Tommy, and Frederick "got on swimmingly together." She was like a

mother to him, the slave thought. Under her care, he was "well-off": he had a straw bed with a cover, plenty of food, and clean clothes. "Why should I hang down my head, and speak with bated breath, when there was no pride to scorn me, no coldness to repel me, and no hatred to inspire me with fear?" Sophia seemed to say to him: "Look up, child; don't be afraid."[44]

But the slave system soon came down on both of them. Shortly after Frederick joined the Auld household, he developed a strong desire to learn to read, and Sophia gladly agreed to teach him. The boy was precocious and learned quickly. Sophia seemed almost as proud of his progress as if he had been "her own child" and told her husband about her new pupil. Hugh Auld scolded her severely, forbidding her to give the young slave any further lessons. "If you give a nigger an inch he will take an ell," he angrily lectured her. "Learning will spoil the best nigger in the world." Master Auld's fury had a damaging effect on Sophia. Her husband's "iron sentences, cold and harsh," disciplined her, and like "an obedient wife," she set herself like a "flint" against Frederick's education. "In ceasing to instruct me," he later wrote, "my mistress had to seek to justify herself to herself. . . . She finally became even more violent in her opposition to my learning to read than Mr. Auld himself." She spied on him and even interrogated him about his activities. Whenever she caught him reading a book, she would snatch it away.[45]

But Douglass's sense of selfhood had already been formed, and his experiences in Baltimore reinforced his inner urge for freedom. Urban slavery was not as closed and coercive as plantation slavery. Indeed, in Baltimore, which had a large population of free blacks, Douglass saw that not all blacks were slaves. "I was living among freemen, and was in all respects equal to them by nature and attainments. Why should I be a slave?" On the wharves, the young slave met two Irishmen who told him about the free society of the North, and he went home with thoughts of escape and freedom pounding in his head. The city also offered Douglass educational opportunities. Once he understood that knowledge could be a path to freedom, he was determined to educate himself. He carried a copy of *Webster's Spelling Book* in his pocket when he went outside to play and took spelling lessons from his white playmates. He bought an antislavery book, *The Columbian Orator,* with money he had earned from blackening boots. In the urban environment, he had greater freedom of movement and contact with a wider variety of people and ideas than slaves on the plantation. "It is quite probable," Douglass speculated, "that but for the mere circumstance of being thus

removed [to Baltimore], before the rigors of slavery had been fully fastened upon me, before my young spirit had been crushed under the iron control of the slave driver, I might have continued in slavery until emancipated by the war."[46]

Master Thomas Auld realized he had made a mistake. He complained that "city life" had influenced Frederick "perniciously" and made him restless. Consequently, Auld placed the sixteen-year-old slave under the supervision of slave-breaker Edward Covey. His instructions were simple and clear: Frederick was "to be broken," transformed psychologically into an obedient slave. "To make a contented slave," Douglass later explained, "you must make a thoughtless one. . . . He must be able to detect no inconsistencies in slavery. The man who takes his earnings must be able to convince him that he has a perfect right to do so. It must not depend on mere force — the slave must know no higher law than his master's will. The whole relationship must not only demonstrate to his mind its necessity, but its absolute rightfulness."[47]

Reduced to a field hand for the first time in his life, Douglass was so cruelly whipped and overworked that he felt Covey had indeed succeeded in breaking his spirit. "My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; the disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died out; the dark night of slavery closed in upon me, and behold a man transformed to a brute!" But the young man did not realize how greatly Grandmother Bailey, Sophia Auld, and Baltimore had unfitted him for slavery. Thus, though he found himself in a "sort of beast-like stupor between sleeping and waking," he still gazed at the sailboats skimming across Chesapeake Bay and exclaimed: "You are loosed from your moorings, and free. I am fast in my chains, and am a slave! . . . O, that I were free! . . . I will run away. . . . I had as well be killed running as die standing."[48]

Covey sensed the slave's discontent and was determined to stamp out any thoughts of freedom. While working in the treading yard one hot August day, Douglass collapsed from heat and exhaustion. Too ill to respond to Covey's order to get up and work, he was savagely kicked. Bleeding profusely, he crawled to Master Auld, pleading for protection from the inhuman slave-breaker. Instead, he was scolded and ordered to return to Covey. Douglass had not expected Auld to protect him "*as a man,*" but he had hoped his master would at least protect him "*as his property.*"[49]

Douglass knew he had to defend himself. Back at Covey's farm, he violently resisted the slave-breaker's efforts to tie and whip him. "The

fighting madness had come upon me, and I found my strong fingers firmly attached to the throat of the tyrant, as heedless of consequences, at the moment, as if we stood as equals before the law. The very color of the man was forgotten. . . . I held him so firmly by the throat that his blood followed my nails." In this supreme moment of physical confrontation, Douglass felt something profound. "I was a changed being after that fight. I was nothing before — I was a man now. . . . I had reached the point at which I was *not afraid to die.* This spirit made me a freeman in *fact,* though I still remained a slave in form."[50]

The fight with Covey taught him a lesson he would always remember: "A man without force is without the essential dignity of humanity." Years later, after Douglass escaped from slavery and was active in the abolitionist movement in the North, he broke from the moral suasion approach of William Lloyd Garrison and moved toward the violent strategy of radical abolitionist John Brown. After his meeting with Brown in 1847, Douglass became less confident in the peaceful abolition of slavery. "My utterances became more and more tinged by the color of this man's strong impressions." Two years later, Douglass announced that he would welcome the news that the slaves had rebelled and were spreading "death and devastation" in the South. In 1859, he justified Brown's attack on Harpers Ferry — a bold attempt to seize arms from an arsenal and lead slaves in armed insurrection. "Capt. Brown has initiated a new mode of carrying on the crusade of freedom," Douglass declared, "and his blow has sent dread and terror throughout the entire ranks of the piratical army of slavery."[51]

Yet violence against the oppressor was not easy for Douglass to embrace. Slavery, as he had experienced it, was too complicated and too contradictory for him to have a single and clear set of attitudes toward white southerners. The raised knife of revolt would be aimed not only at people tragically ensnared in a vicious system, but also at people he cared about — Sophia Auld and perhaps even his own father.

Douglass was never certain about his paternity. "In regard to the *time* of my birth, I cannot be definite as I have been respecting the *place.* Nor, indeed, can I impart much knowledge concerning my parents." But he thought that his father might have been Master Thomas Auld. "I was given away by my father [Thomas Auld], or the man who was called my father, to his own brother [Hugh Auld]." Told his father was a white man and possibly his owner, Douglass bitterly condemned slavery as a system that cruelly forced slavemasters to reject their slave children. Years later, after the Civil War and emancipation, Douglass visited Thomas

Auld, and as he stood at the old man's bedside, he crossed a significant border separating them. Douglass insisted that Auld call him "Frederick," "as formerly," and asked his former master to satisfy an old, lingering, and anxious curiosity — his birthdate. The date of his birth and his paternity were puzzling questions Douglass had linked in his mind. Reminiscing about his escape, Douglass assured Auld that he had not run away from him but from slavery. The two men had a warm reunion. "He was to me no longer a slaveholder either in fact or in spirit, and I regarded him as I did myself, a victim of the circumstances of birth, education, and custom."[52]

Douglass was intensely aware of his biracial ancestry. Time and again in his antislavery lectures he described himself as "the child of a white man" and "the son of a slaveholder." During an antislavery tour abroad, Douglass described England as "the land of my paternal ancestors." After the death of his wife Anna, he married Helen Pits, a white woman. In defense of this marriage, he remarked that his first wife "was the color of my mother and the second, the color of my father," and that "no one ever complained of my marriage to my former wife, though contrast of color was more decided and pronounced than in the present instance. . . ." Angry over the racial exclusion of his daughter from a private school, Douglass told one of the parents responsible for the injustice: "We differ in color, it is true, (and not much in that respect). . . ."[53]

Descended from both white and black parents, Douglass hoped for an integrated and interracial America, a society without racial borders. In his opposition to black emigration and separatism, Douglass argued that blacks were Americans and did not wish to return to Africa or form "a separate union" in America. In his essay on "The Future of the Colored Race," Douglass predicted that blacks would be "absorbed, assimilated," and would "only appear as the Phoenicians now appear on the shores of the Shannon in the features of a blended race."[54]

Black Nationalism: Nostalgia in the Niger

Douglass viewed the future of blacks in America very differently than did Martin Delany, the leading black nationalist of the nineteenth century. "I thank God for making me a man simply," Douglass observed, "but Delany always thanks him for making him a *black* man." Delany's pride in his blackness was reflected in his passionate interest in Africa. "*Africa for the African race,*" he declared, "*and black men to rule them.*

By black men, I mean, men of African descent who claim an identity with the race."[55]

Delany's African identity was inspired by his parentage. He was born in 1812 in Charles Town, (West) Virginia, the son of a slave father and a free mother — Samuel and Pati Delany. Samuel Delany, the son of a Golah chieftain, managed to purchase his freedom when Martin was about ten years old. Pati Delany's father was a Mandingo prince, Shango, who had been captured as a youth during intertribal hostilities and brought to America with his betrothed, Graci. Shango was given his freedom because of his noble birth and returned to Africa; Graci was also freed but remained in America with their daughter, Pati. During his childhood, Martin had an intimate source of contact with Africa — his Mandingo grandmother (who died at the age of 107).[56]

As a child, Martin learned that his membership in the black race made him the object of white scorn. Pati Delany's efforts to teach her children to read and write aroused angry opposition from white neighbors who were anxious to preserve their belief in black intellectual inferiority and were afraid of educated black rebels like Denmark Vesey. White resentment was so intense that she felt compelled to move her family across the border to Pennsylvania.

But even north of slavery, racism was prevalent. As a young man studying in Pittsburgh during the 1830s, Delany experienced the brutality of antiblack riots led by mobs composed of white workers.

As a journalist and as an antislavery lecturer during the 1840s, Delany traveled widely throughout the North and often encountered racial hostility and violence. On one occasion, a white mob in Marseilles, Ohio, threatened to tar and feather him and burn him alive. Delany found that white children, even while involved in play, were never too busy to notice a black passing by and scream "nigger." "As the deportment of individuals is a characteristic evidence of their breeding," he noted, "so is the conduct of children generally observed as an evidence of the character of their parents." Delany found the racial epithets not only "an abuse of the feelings," but also "a blasting outrage on humanity."[57]

His bitterness toward northern society was sharpened by an admissions controversy at Harvard Medical School. In 1850, Delany along with two other blacks had been admitted to the school. Their admission, however, was conditional: upon graduation, they would have to emigrate and practice medicine in Africa. Even so, their presence at Harvard provoked protests from white students. Demanding the dismissal of the blacks, they argued that integration would lower the "reputation" of

Harvard and "lessen the value" of their diploma. The whites refused to attend classes with the blacks. Racial integration at Harvard, they warned, was "but the beginning of an Evil, which, if not checked will increase, and that the number of respectable *white* students will, in future, be in an inverse ratio, to that of *blacks*." Finally, the angry students attached a threat to their protest: if the faculty did not heed their demand, they would transfer to another school.[58]

The faculty quickly capitulated, ignoring a student counterpetition favoring the admission of the blacks. Deeming it "inexpedient" to allow blacks to attend lectures, the faculty defended their decision based on their commitment to teaching and academic excellence. They explained that the presence of blacks was a "source of irritation and distraction," which interfered with the "success of their teaching." Furthermore, the "intermixing" of the white and black races was "distasteful" to a large portion of the class and therefore "injurious" to the interests of the school.[59]

The incident filled Delany with rage. He was fully qualified for admission to Harvard Medical School. His letters of recommendation from his private instructors, Dr. Joseph Gazzam and Dr. Julius Le Moyne, provided evidence of his competence to study medicine. Two years later, Delany issued his manifesto for black emigration — *The Condition, Elevation, Emigration and Destiny of the Colored People of the United States*. Emerging as a leading theoretician of black nationalism, he organized the National Emigration Convention; in 1859, Delany visited Africa to secure a land grant for the settlement of American blacks in the Niger Valley.

In his call for black emigration to Africa, Delany presented a detailed analysis of the degradation and despair blacks were experiencing in northern society. The inferior and dependent economic and social position blacks occupied in the North not only reinforced white prejudice, but also inculcated feelings of inferiority and self-hatred among blacks. "Caste our eyes about us and reflect for a moment," Delany sadly declared, "and what do we behold! every thing that presents to view gives evidence of the skill of the white man. Should we purchase a pound of groceries, a yard of linen, a vessel of crockeryware, a piece of furniture, the very provisions that we eat, — all, all are the products of the white man." Delany argued that this condition of dependency with its constant reminders of their subordinate status had an insidious influence on black self-esteem. Black children, born under oppression, could not "be raised in this country, without being stooped shouldered." Black men and

women, moreover, appeared to be satisfied as menial workers, "accustomed" to being maids and cooks. They seemed to lack a sense of "self-respect." In Delany's judgment, blacks had been so broken by white oppression that they were actually helping to perpetuate their tragic condition.[60]

Blacks would never achieve acceptance and equality in America, Delany contended, unless they changed their condition and became self-reliant like whites — "a business, money-making people," educated for "the Store and Counting House." Black liberation, he believed, depended upon entrepreneurial success. They must strive to acquire what had enabled whites to succeed — "a knowledge of all the various business enterprises, trades, professions, and sciences," a "practical Education" in business rather than a "Classical" education. "What did John Jacob Astor, Stephen Girard, or do the millionaires and the greater part of the merchant princes, and mariners, know of Latin and Greek, and the Classics?"[61]

But Delany had no confidence that blacks would be able to change their condition in America. In his judgment, the oppression of blacks was essentially based on caste, not class. Although white laborers shared many class interests with blacks, the two groups would never join in common efforts to elevate themselves. The problem for blacks was "not a question of the rich against the poor" but of "white against black." Aware of antiblack hatred among white workers, Delany ruled out class struggle as a strategy for black liberation.[62]

Even if slavery were abolished, Delany believed, racism would persist as long as there were both whites and blacks living in America. The only way to rid society of race would be through amalgamation — for Americans to become a blended people. Delany believed this would never happen; moreover, he did not view racial mixture as desirable. Unlike Frederick Douglass, Delany did not want blacks to lose their "identity as a distinct race." "The truth is," he declared, "we are not identical with the Anglo-Saxon . . . and the sooner we know and acknowledge this truth, the better for ourselves and posterity." Blacks should be proud of themselves, for they possessed "the highest traits of civilization" and would someday instruct the world in the true principles of morals, religion, and law.[63]

To be redeemed, blacks had to emigrate to Africa in order to separate themselves from their white oppressors. "Were we content to remain as we are," Delany warned, "sparsely interspersed among our white fellow-countrymen, we might never be expected to equal them in any

honorable or respectable competition for a livelihood." Therefore, the struggle had to focus on Africa. "No people can be free who themselves do not constitute an essential part of the *ruling element* of the country in which they live." If blacks were able to establish a proud and powerful black African nation, they would be able to win respect for blacks everywhere in the world and hasten the emancipation of slaves in America. "The claims of no people, according to established policy and usage," Delany insisted, "are respected by any nation, until they are presented in a national capacity."[64]

At the same time as Delany was celebrating Africa, he was also identifying with America. His book on emigration reflected this tension. It was "sincerely dedicated to the American people, North and South. By their most devout, and patriotic fellow-citizen, the author." Delany presented a strong case for black American citizenship by pointing to the immense contributions blacks had made to the American economy. Reminding readers about the black patriots of the American Revolution, he also argued: "Among the highest claims that an individual has upon his country, is that of serving in its cause, and assisting to fight its battles." America, for Delany, was home. "Here is our nativity," he observed, "and here have we the natural right to abide and be elevated through the measure of our own efforts. . . . Our common country is the United States. Here were we born, here raised and educated, here are the scenes of childhood . . . the sacred graves of our departed fathers and mothers." But here, too, Delany had experienced the abuse of white children, the violence of white mobs, and the scorn of the white students at Harvard. "We love our country, dearly love her," Delany cried, "but she [doesn't] love us — she despises us."[65]

This sense of agonizing ambivalence evoked complex and contradictory feelings within Delany during his visit to the Niger Valley in 1859. "The first sight and impressions of the coast of Africa are always inspiring, producing the most pleasant emotions," he scribbled in his diary. He was finally in the homeland described in his grandmother's Mandingo chants. During the first several days, Delany felt an "almost intense excitement," "a hilarity of feeling" approaching "intoxication." But then followed fatigue. This second "stage" of feeling, Delany thought, was "acclimation," often accompanied by nausea, chills, and violent headaches. During this period, he became homesick — "*a feeling of regret that you [had] left your native country for a strange one; an almost frantic desire to see friends and nativity; a despondency and loss of the hope of ever seeing those you [loved] at home again.*" Then Delany

added in his diary: "These feelings, of course, must be resisted, and *regarded as a mere morbid affection of the mind* at the time, arising from an approaching disease." When he recovered from his malady, Delany felt an "ardent and abiding" love for Africa. After he completed his negotiations for a land grant in the Niger Valley, Delany sailed for America, vowing he would return to Africa.[66]

"Tell Linkum Dat We Wants Land"

Deliverance from slavery, for both Douglass and Delany, was to come from the barrel of a gun. Black men in blue, Douglass pointed out, were "on the battlefield mingling their blood with that of white men in one common effort to save the country." Through their participation in the war to save the Union, they were earning their right to claim full citizenship. Abandoning his dreams of emigrating to Africa, Delany volunteered for the Union Army and received an appointment as a major in the 104th Regiment of United States Colored Troops. "It is the duty of every colored man to vindicate his manhood by becoming a soldier," Delany declared, "and with his own stout arm to battle for the emancipation of his race." Indeed, the federal occupation of the South as well as the Emancipation Proclamation and the Thirteenth Amendment liberated some four million blacks. But what were the hopes and dreams of these newly freed people?[67]

Blacks knew precisely what they needed to raise themselves from freedom to equality. Initially, many of them felt they needed to withdraw from their ex-masters and move their cabins away from the big house in order to separate themselves from white proximity and supervision. In 1865, General William Sherman asked twenty black leaders whether they preferred to live scattered among whites or in colonies by themselves. They replied that they would prefer to have their own separate communities because racial prejudice would take years to overcome. When the agents of the Freedmen's Aid Commission arrived in the South, they found blacks asking: "When will you open school?" In addition to education, blacks wanted political power through suffrage.[68]

What blacks wanted most of all, more than education and voting rights, was economic power:

Don't you see the lightning flashing in the cane brakes,
Looks like we gonna have a storm

Although you're mistaken it's the Yankee soldiers
Going to fight for Uncle Sam.
Old master was a colonel in the Rebel army
Just before he had to run away —
Look out the battle is a-falling
The darkies gonna occupy the land.[69]

Blacks viewed landownership as the basis of economic power. Their demand for land, they argued, was reasonable and just. For one thing, they had paid for it through their military participation in the war: 186,000 blacks, most of them recruited or conscripted in the slave states, had served in the Union Army, and one-third of them were listed as missing or dead. Black soldiers had fought bravely against their masters. "Now we sogers are men — men de first time in our lives," one of them stated proudly. "Now we can look our old masters in de face. They used to sell and whip us, and we did not dare say one word. Now we ain't afraid, if they meet us, to run the bayonet through them." Blacks as soldiers had helped to bring the war to an end, and they felt they were entitled to some land.[70]

Moreover, blacks had already paid for the land "through a life of tears and groans, under the lash and yoke of tyranny." When a freedman named Cyrus was questioned by his former owner about his absence from the fields, he explained the new situation: "Seems lak we'uns do all the wuck and gits a part. Der ain't goin' ter be no more Master and Mistress, Miss Emma. All is equal. I done hear it from de cotehouse steps. . . . All de land belongs to de Yankees now, and dey gwine to divide it out 'mong de colored people. Besides, de kitchen of de big house is my share. I help built hit." Another freedman, Uncle Smart, told a northern teacher: "Do, my missus, tell Linkum dat we wants land — dis bery land dat is rich wid de sweat ob we face and de blood ob we back."[71]

Some Radical Republicans including Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and George W. Julian understood the need to grant land to the freed slaves. They argued that emancipation had to be accompanied by land confiscation from the planter class and land distribution to the newly freed blacks. The perpetuation of the large estates would mean the development of a semifeudal system based on the cheap labor of exploited and powerless blacks. But Congress was only willing to grant them civil and political rights through the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments. The lawmakers rejected legislation for land distribution —

known as the "40 acres and a mule" bill. Land should not be given to the freedmen, the *New York Times* argued, because they had to be taught the lessons of hard work, patience, and frugality. *The Nation* protested that land confiscation and distribution would violate the principle of property rights.[72]

During the war, however, forty thousand blacks had been granted land by military order. In 1864, after General Sherman completed his march to the sea, black leaders told him: "The way we can best take care of ourselves is to have land, and turn it and till it by our own labor." In response, General Sherman issued Special Field Order Number 15, which set aside large sections of South Carolina and Georgia for distribution to black people. They were given "possessory titles" to forty-acre lots until Congress could decide their final disposition. The blacks believed that they owned the lands. But after the planters were pardoned by President Andrew Johnson, they began to reclaim the lands and force their former slaves to work for them. The black landowners resisted: "To turn us off from the land that the Government has allowed us to occupy, is nothing less than returning us to involuntary servitude." "We own the land now. Put it out of your head that it will ever be yours again." In their protest to President Johnson, they pointed out how they had joined the Union Army and had fought to put down the southern rebellion: "Man that have stud upon the feal of battle & have shot there master and sons now going to ask ether one for bread or for shelter or comfortable for his wife & children sunch a thing the U S should not ought to expect a man [to do]." Some of them declared they were prepared to defend their property with guns. Federal troops quickly crushed the resistance: seizing the lands, they tore up the freedmen's title papers and restored the lands to the planter class.[73]

Thus ended the possibility of real freedom. A Union general explained to Congress: "I believe it is the policy of the majority of the farm owners to prevent negroes from becoming landholders. They desire to keep the negroes landless, and as nearly in a condition of slavery as it is possible for them to do." The newly freed blacks made this same point more directly and frankly: "Gib us our own land and we take care ourselves, but widout land, de ole massas can hire us or starve us, as dey please." Frederick Douglass explained the failure of Reconstruction: "Could the nation have been induced to listen to those Stalwart Republicans, Thaddeus Stevens and Charles Sumner, some of the evils which we now suffer would have been averted. The Negro would not today be on his knees, as he is, supplicating the old master class to give him leave to toil."[74]

Though the Civil War had led to the destruction of slavery, blacks in the South found themselves transformed from "property" to "freedmen," not "free" people. No longer slaves, they became wage-earners or sharecroppers, working the land of their former master in exchange for a part of the crop. Forced to buy goods from the planter's store, they were trapped in a vicious economic cycle, making barely enough to pay off their debts. For example, according to an account book, the following transactions occurred between Polly and landowner Presley George:

Due Presley George by Polly:		
For 4¾ cuts wool @ 75 cents/cut		$ 3.50
22 yds. cloth @ 50 cents/yd.		$11.00
5 yds. thread @ 50 cents/yd.		2.50
Boarding one child (who didn't work) for 5 months		12.00
10 bushels corn @ $1.00/bushel		10.00
30 bushels corn @ $1.00/bushel		30.00
	TOTAL	$69.00
Due Polly by Presley George:		
For 3 months' work "by self" @ $4.00/month		$12.00
For 4 months' work by son Peter @ $8.00/month		32.00
For 4 months' work by son Burrel @ $4.00/month		16.00
For 4 months' work by daughter Siller @ $2.25/ month		9.00
	TOTAL	$69.00

Thus, the earnings of Polly and her family amounted to zero. All they had been able to do was to reimburse planter George for the debts they had incurred from their purchases.[75]

A black laborer described his condition of debt peonage: "I signed a contract — that is, I made my mark for one year. The Captain was to give me $3.50 a week, and furnish me a little house on the plantation. . . ." A year later, he found himself in debt to the planter, and so he signed another contract, this one for ten years. During this time, he was "compelled" to buy his food, clothing, and other supplies from the plantation store. "We never used any money in our dealings with the commissary, only tickets or orders, and we had a general settlement once each year, in October. In this store we were charged all sorts of high

prices for goods, because we seldom had more than $5 or $10 coming to us — and that for a whole year's work." At the end of his contract, he tried to leave the plantation but was told he owed $165 and consequently found himself reduced to a "lifetime slave." A black folk song lamented:

Slabery an' freedom
Dey's mos' de same
No difference hahdly
Cep' in de name.[76]

Meanwhile, the era known as the "New South" was emerging. Four years after the withdrawal of federal troops from the South in 1877, the editor of the *New Orleans Times-Democrat* reported that a "magic transformation" had occurred below the Mason-Dixon Line. The "stagnation of despair" had given way to the "buoyance" of hope and courage, and the "silence of inertia" to the "thrilling uproar of action." Southerners were a "new people," and the region was experiencing a "new birth." The vision of the "New South" was the industrialization of the old Cotton Kingdom.[77]

The signs of "progress" were especially evident in the rise of cities and the proliferation of factories. Atlanta, which had only 14,000 residents when General Sherman marched his army to the sea, had a population close to 40,000 in 1880 and 90,000 two decades later. The pride of the New South's manufacturing was centered on its textile and iron production. The number of spindles had jumped from 600,000 in 1860 to 175,000,000 in 1890; the number of textile mills from 161 in 1880 to 400 in 1900. By the late 1880s, southern pig-iron production had surpassed the total output of the entire country in 1860. Jefferson County, the home of Birmingham, had only twenty-two factories in 1870; thirty years later it had five hundred plants.

During this economic boom, blacks were drawn into the factories and mills of the "New South." Although they were systematically excluded from certain industries such as textiles and continued to be employed primarily in agriculture, blacks became an important source of industrial labor. In 1890, 6 percent of the total black work force was employed in manufacturing, compared with 19 percent of the total native white work force. Between 1890 and 1910, the number of black male workers in nonagricultural occupations increased by two-thirds, or to 400,000, due mainly to the expansion in sawmills, coal mining, and

railroad construction. in 1880, 41 percent of Birmingham's industrial workers were black; thirty years later, blacks made up 39 percent of all steelworkers in the South.

Southern industrialists were eager to employ blacks. Richard H. Edmunds, editor of the *Manufacturers' Record,* regarded blacks as "the most important working factor in the development of the great and varied resources of our country." The manager of Shelby Iron Works insisted he would not exchange his black workers "for any other people on earth." After white workers struck at Chattanooga and Knoxville iron companies in 1883, management turned to black laborers and found them to be "fully as good as" white labor. Praising his black workers, the superintendent of the Saluda Cotton Factory stated that they not only worked as well as whites, but were also less expensive and could be "easily controlled."[78]

One prominent symbol of the "New South" was the 1895 Atlanta Exposition. Thousands of visitors crowded into Atlanta to marvel at the industrial achievements of the postwar South. Included among the exhibits were the latest advances in technology, such as a battery of eight boilers and fourteen engines with a capacity of 2,250 horsepower. There was also a "Negro Building" designed and erected wholly by black mechanics and devoted to "showing the progress of the Negro since freedom." The main entrance of this building had relief work that depicted a "slave mammy" and a portrait of Frederick Douglass; inside was a steam engine built by students from the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.[79]

The most noted speaker at the opening of the exposition was Booker T. Washington, the thirty-nine-year-old principal of Tuskegee Institute. The invitation to give the address had greatly moved him. From slave to honored guest, he had been given the opportunity to speak to an audience composed of the wealth and culture of the South, the representatives of his former masters. The event was momentous: it was the first time in southern history that a black had been asked to speak at such an important occasion.

As Washington stood on the platform in Atlanta, he told his black and white listeners in the segregated auditorium to "cast down their buckets" where they were. To blacks, he declared: "It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top." The agitation for "social equality" was the "extremest folly." "The opportunity to earn a dollar in a factory just now is worth infinitely more than the opportunity to spend a dollar in an opera-house." To whites, Washington recommended: cast down your bucket "among eight millions of Negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labour wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, built your railroads and cities." To both races, Washington dramatically advised: "In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." Washington's speech "electrified" the audience, drawing a "delirium of applause." After his address, known as the "Atlanta Compromise," Washington suddenly found himself elevated by whites in power as the leader of his race.[80]

Although Washington had publicly offered black cooperation to the southern elite, he was actually not an accommodationist. In Chicago five years later, he gave a speech condemning racism in American society. Congratulating the country for its recent victory in the Spanish-American War, he declared that Americans had won every conflict in history, "except the effort to conquer ourselves in blotting out racial prejudice. . . . Until we thus conquer ourselves I make no empty statement when I say that we shall have a cancer gnawing at the heart of this republic that shall some day prove to be as dangerous as an attack from an army without or within." When Washington arrived to speak at a hall in Tampa, Florida, and found that the audience had been divided into blacks and whites with a line of sheets separating the two groups, he refused to speak until the sheets were taken down. Behind the scenes, Washington strenuously fought against discrimination and disfranchisement, covertly funding lawsuits against railroad segregation in Virginia and disfranchisement legislation in Louisiana and Alabama.[81]

Moreover, Washington had always felt a sense of race pride. "From any point of view," he acknowledged in his autobiography, "I had rather be what I am, a member of the Negro race, than be able to claim membership with the most favoured of any other race." Blacks, in Washington's view, should pursue a strategy of self-help, directing their own destiny, uplifting themselves, and establishing black institutions like Tuskegee and the Negro Business League. Like Delany, Washington urged blacks to pursue economic success. Before he sailed to Europe on a vacation in 1910, he resolved not to enter a single palace, gallery, cathedral, or museum. "I find markets more instructive than museums," he explained. As an educator, Washington had little respect for what he called "mere book education." He wanted his students to study "actual things," to acquire a practical education. For blacks, industrial training

would be the path to economic independence and racial equality. "Let there be in a community," Washington predicted, "a Negro who by virtue of his superior knowledge of the chemistry of the soil, his acquaintance with the most improved tools and best breeds of stock, can raise fifty bushels of corn to the acre while his white neighbor only raises thirty, and the white man will come to the black man to learn. Further, they will sit down on the same train, in the same coach and on the same seat to talk about it."[82]

By the end of the nineteenth century, however, the possibility of progress for blacks was distressingly remote. Racial borders had been reinforced by class and caste. Most black farmers were sharecroppers or tenants, working a white man's land with a white man's plow and a white man's mule. "Every colored man will be a slave, & feel himself a slave," a black soldier had warned during the Civil War, "until he can raise him own bale of cotton & put him own mark upon it & say dis is mine!" By this measure of freedom, blacks were still "slaves." During the 1890s, new laws buttressed segregation by defining more precisely the "Negro's place" on trains and streetcars and in schools, parks, theaters, hotels, and hospitals. Proclaiming the doctrine of separate but equal in the 1896 ruling of *Plessy v. Ferguson,* the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of segregation. Poll taxes and literacy requirements for suffrage were effectively disfranchising blacks, and hundreds of blacks were annually being lynched. This era was brutally repressive — what historian Rayford Logan described as "the nadir."[83]

6

EMIGRANTS FROM ERIN

Ethnicity and Class within White America

THE AGE OF Jackson witnessed not only Indian removal and the expansion of slavery, but also the massive influx of a new group of immigrants. Suddenly, blacks in the North were competing with Irish workers. "Every hour sees us elbowed out of some employment to make room perhaps for some newly arrived immigrants, whose hunger and color are thought to give them a title to special favor," Frederick Douglass complained. "White men are becoming house servants, cooks, stewards, common laborers and flunkeys to our gentry." Then he warned that Irish immigrants would soon find that in taking "our vocation" they had also assumed "our degradation." But Douglass also found himself empathizing with the Irish. During a visit to Ireland in the 1840s, he witnessed the terrible suffering inflicted by the potato famine and was "much affected" upon hearing the "wailing notes" of Irish ballads that reminded him of the "wild notes" of slave songs.[1]

The Irish Exodus

The Irish described their migration to America in Gaelic terms: *deorai* or "exiles," *dithreabhach* or "homeless," and *dibeartach* or "banished people." "*Dob eigean dom imeacht go Meirice,*" they explained, "I had to go to America," or "going to America was a necessity for me." As historian Kerby Miller pointed out, many did not want to leave Ireland.

13

TO THE PROMISED LAND

Blacks in the Urban North

LIKE THE MEXICANS trekking to El Norte, southern blacks were migrating northward by the tens of thousands during the early twentieth century. They went to the cities of the Midwest and the Northeast, where they joined European immigrants, including the Irish and Jews. Describing the powerful spirit behind this great black migration, the daughter of a sharecropper wrote: "And Black men's feet learned roads. Some said good bye cheerfully . . . others fearfully, with terrors of unknown dangers in their mouths . . . others in their eagerness for distance said nothing. The daybreak found them gone. The wind said North. Trains said North. The tides and tongues said North, and men moved like the great herds before the glaciers." Blacks listened and heard the message:

Some are coming on the passenger,
Some are coming on the freight,
Others will be found walking,
For none have time to wait.[1]

An exodus was under way. "The Afro-American population of the large cities of the North and West," the *New York Age* reported in 1907, "is being constantly fed by a steady stream of new people from the Southern States." Between 1910 and 1920, the black population jumped

from 5,000 to 40,800 in Detroit, 8,400 to 34,400 in Cleveland, 44,000 to 109,400 in Chicago, and 91,700 to 152,400 in New York. "There can be no doubt of the drift of the black South northward," W. E. B. DuBois noted. They were making a crossing, pulled by a powerful liminality called the North.[2]

The Black Exodus

All over the South, blacks found themselves swept up in the migration "fever." "Everybody seems to be asleep about what is going on right under their noses," a Georgia newspaper stated. "That is, everybody but those farmers who have awakened up of mornings recently to find every male Negro over 21 . . . gone — to Cleveland, to Pittsburgh, to Chicago. . . ." After half the black population left her little town in Mississippi, a black woman said: "If I stay here any longer, I'll go wild. Every time I go home I have to pass house after house of all my friends who are in the North and prospering. I've been trying to hold on here and keep my property. There ain't enough people here I now know to give me a decent burial." To be left behind was to feel a sudden loneliness:

I've watched the trains as they disappeared
Behind the clouds of smoke,
Carrying the crowds of working men
To the land of hope. . . .[3]

On one Georgia plantation, a landlord was surprised to find all of his tenants gone, except two old men. Uncle Ben and Uncle Joe were too poor to purchase train tickets. But they sorrowfully told their landlord that everyone else had abandoned him and that they had loyally remained behind on the plantation. The landlord gave the two men some money because they promised to work the crops. Immediately after he left, the old-timers took the money and boarded the train to join their companions in the North.[4]

Like the immigrants from Asia, Mexico, and Europe, southern blacks were driven by particular "pushes." After emancipation, most blacks had been forced to become sharecroppers and tenant farmers. Dependent on white landlords and enslaved by debts, they complained:

Working hard on southern
soil,
Someone softly spoke;

"Toil and toil and toil and toil,
And yet I'm always broke."

The ordeal of sharecropping was crushing: at the end of the harvest, tenant farmers were often disappointed to find themselves only deeper in debt. Though they were free, many were in economic bondage. "There was," they had painfully come to realize, "no rise to the thing."

Where I come from
folks work hard
all their lives
until they die
and never own no part
of earth nor sky.

Their economic situation became dire as floods destroyed their farms and insects ravaged their cotton crops.

Boll-weevil in de cotton
Cut worm in de cotton,
Debil in de white man,
Wah's goin' on.[5]

Meanwhile, there were "pulls" from the North. World War I had virtually cut off the flow of European immigrants, reducing their numbers from 1,200,000 in 1914 to only 110,000 in 1918. Facing tremendous labor shortages, factory managers dispatched labor recruiters to the South. "These same factories, mills and workshops that have been closed to us, through necessity are being opened to us," a black newspaper in Chicago reported. "We are to be given a chance, not through choice but because it is expedient. Prejudice vanishes when the almighty dollar is on the wrong side of the balance sheet." Traveling in the South, journalist Ray Stannard Baker reported: "Trains were backed into several Southern cities and hundreds of Negroes were gathered up in a day, loaded into the cars, and whirled away to the North. I was told of instances in which Negro teamsters left their horses standing in the streets, or deserted their jobs and went to the trains without notifying their employers or even going home." A black worker told Baker: "The best wages I could make [in Georgia] was $1.25 or $1.50 a day. I went

to work at a dye house at Newark, N.J., at $2.75 a day, with a rent-free room to live in. . . . The company paid my fare North."[6]

Like most Mexicans, blacks were following the jobs. "More positions open than men for them," announced the headlines of the *Chicago Defender,* which was owned by black editor Robert Abbott. Article after article described the great labor shortage and the willingness of employers to "give men a chance to learn the trade at $2.25 a day." Classified job listings beckoned:

> Wanted — 10 molders. Must be experienced. $4.50 to $5.50 per day.
>
> Men wanted at once. Good steady employment for colored. Thirty and 39½ cents per hour. Weekly payments. Good warm sanitary quarters free. . . . Towns of Newark and Jersey City.
>
> Laborers wanted for foundry, warehouse and yard work. Excellent opportunity to learn trades, paying good money. Start $2.50–$2.75 per day. Extra for overtime.
>
> $3.60 per day can be made in steel foundry in Minnesota, by strong, healthy, steady men.[7]

A young black woman asked the *Defender* to send her information about employment in the North:

> *Dear Sirs:* I am writeing to you all asking a favor of you all. I am a girl of seventeen. . . . I now feel like I aught to go to work. And I would like very very well for you all to please forward me to a good job. . . . I am tired of down hear in this ——— / I am afraid to say.[8]

Meanwhile, blacks who had left for the Promised Land sent home glowing reports about their jobs in the North. "M ———, old boy," one of them wrote, "I was promoted on the first of the month I was made first assistant to the head carpenter . . . and was raised to $95 a month. . . . What's the news generally around H'burg [Hattiesburg]? I should have been here 20 years ago. I just begin to feel like a man. It's a great deal of pleasure in knowing that you have got some privilege. My children are going to the same school with the whites and I dont have to umble to no one. I have registered — Will vote the next election and there isnt any 'yes sir' and 'no sir' — its all yes and no and Sam and

Bill." "I am well and thankful to say I am doing well," wrote a black woman who had recently arrived in Chicago. "I work in Swifts packing Co., in the sausage department. . . . We get $1.50 a day. . . . Tell your husband work is plentiful here and he wont have to loaf if he want to work." A South Carolina newspaper described the good fortune of a Greenwood County farm boy who had gone north to work for twenty-five dollars a week. "He came home last week to assist his people on the farm and brought more than one hundred dollars and plenty of nice clothes. He gave his mother fifty dollars, and put fifty dollars in the Greenwood bank and had some pocket change left."[9]

But there was something more, something deeper than economics: a new generation of blacks was coming of age. "I have men," a white plantation owner stated, "who were slaves on the place. . . . They have always lived there and will probably die there, right on the plantation where they were born." The old former slaves were passing away, however, and so was the racial etiquette of deference and subordination they seemed to represent. "The South," W. E. B. DuBois observed, "laments today the slow, steady disappearance of a certain type of Negro — the faithful, courteous slave of other days, with his dignified . . . humility."[10]

In the place of such old-time Negroes, there were younger blacks, born after the Civil War and after slavery, an institution and way of life that seemed to them in the far distant past. To them, accounts of slavery "were but childhood tales." Slavery was not something they had experienced, something they could remember. They did not feel, as did the older generation, the lingering vividness and sedimentary power of the peculiar institution. White southerners frequently complained that this new generation of blacks was "worthless." Lacking the habits of "diligence, order, faithfulness" of those who had been born in slavery, they "rarely remain[ed] long enough under the supervision of any planter to allow him sufficient time to teach them." These young people were different from the "good old negroes . . . negroes about grown before the war": they were unwilling to stay on the plantations as servile laborers. Compared to the "older class of colored labor," men who were "pretty well up in years" and who constituted a "first rate class of labor," the blacks of the "younger class" were "discontented and wanted to be roaming."[11]

Most of the blacks who were moving north belonged to this post–Civil War generation, restless, dissatisfied, unwilling to mask their true selves and accommodate to traditional subservient roles. In a statement to a Labor Department investigator in 1916, a black man explained this generational difference:

> My father was born and brought up as a slave. He never knew anything else until after I was born. He was taught his place and was content to keep it. But when he brought me up he let some of the old customs slip by. But I know there are certain things that I must do and I do them, and it doesn't worry me; yet in bringing up my own son, I let some more of the old customs slip by. For a year I have been keeping him from going to Chicago; but he tells me this is his last crop; that in the fall he's going. He says, "When a young white man talks rough to me, I can't talk rough to him. You can stand that; I can't. I have some education, and inside I has the feelings of a white man. I'm going."[12]

"Tired of the South," these young blacks "wanted to make a change." A migrant from North Carolina declared that he "couldn't live there and be a man and be treated like a man." A black in Mississippi told Ray Stannard Baker that he was planning to move to Indiana: "They're Jim Crowin' us down here too much; there's no chance for a coloured man who has any self-respect." "The exodus . . . of colored people from the sunny South to the colder states of the North," the *Richmond Reformer* explained, "has its very birth out of the 'Jim Crow' and 'Segregation' conditions which now exist in the cities of the South and which have crowded colored people into narrow unsanitary or unhealthy quarters . . . segregating them like cattle, hogs or sheep." More intolerable than segregation was racial violence. "For every lynching that takes place," noted Booker T. Washington in 1903, ". . . a score of colored people leave . . . for the city."

> *Yes, we are going to the north!*
> *I don't care to what state,*
> *Just so I cross the Dixon Line,*
> *From this southern land of hate,*
> *Lynched and burned and shot and hung,*
> *And not a word is said.*[13]

Young blacks spoke loudly with their feet: they left the South in search of what DuBois called "the possibility of escaping caste at least in its most aggravating personal features." Possessing "a certain sort of soul, a certain kind of spirit," they found the "narrow repression and provincialism of the South simply unbearable." Why stay in the South, asked the *Chicago Defender*, "where your mother, sister and daughter are raped and burned at the stake; where your father, brother and sons are

treated with contempt and hung to a pole, riddled with bullets at the least mention that he does not like the way he is treated"? In letters to the *Defender,* blacks described their flight from southern racism:

> *Dear Sir Bro.* . . . I seen in the Defender where you was helping us a long in securing a posission as brickmason plaster cementers stone mason. I am writing to you for advice about comeing north. . . . We expect to do whatever you says. There is nothing here for the colored man but a hard time wich these southern crackers gives us.

They refused to be victimized by southern police abuse:

> *Dear Sir:* I am writing you for information to come north [and] to see if there is any way that you can help me by giving me the names of some of the firms that will send me a transportation as we are down here where we have to be shot down lik rabbits for every little orfence as I seen an orcurince hapen down here this after noon when three depties from the shrief office . . . come out and found some of our raice mens in a crap game and it makes me want to leave the south worse than I ever did. . . .

And they demanded their dignity:

> *Dear Sir:* wanted to leave the South and Go and Place where a man will Be any thing Except A Ker I thought would write you for Advise As where would be a Good Place for a Comporedly young man That want to Better his Standing who has a very Promising young Family. I am 30 years old and have Good Experience in Freight Handler and Can fill Position from Truck to Agt. would like Chicago or Philadelphia. But I dont Care where so long as I Go where a man is a man.[14]

Free from the shadow of slavery, these young people were able to imagine new possibilities for themselves in the North. "[I] didn't want to remain in one little place all my days," one of them stated. "I wanted to get out and see something of the world." Hoping to become a writer, a young black man went north during the 1920s. "I went to Chicago as a migrant from Mississippi," Richard Wright recalled. "And there in that great iron city, that impersonal, mechanical city, amid the steam, the smoke . . . there in that self-conscious city, that city so deadly dramatic and stimulating, we caught whispers of the meanings that life could have. . . ." Like novelist Toni Morrison's Joe and Violet in *Jazz,* country people who moved from Virginia to New York City, these migrants were responding to the inner urges of "their stronger, riskier selves." Arriving in the northern cities, they shouted: "At last, at last, everything's ahead."[15]

By 1930, some two million blacks had migrated to the cities of the North and changed the course of history. "The migration is probably, next to emancipation, the most noteworthy event which has ever happened to the Negro in America," observed Ray Stannard Baker in 1917. "Negroes are acting for themselves, self-consciously, almost for the first time in their history. They did not win their freedom: it was a gift thrust upon them by the North. But in the present migration . . . they are moving of their own accord. . . ."[16]

As they traveled to the North, they gave their migration religious meaning. They spoke excitedly about the "Flight out of Egypt," "Bound for the Promised Land," and "Going into Canaan." Jeremiah Taylor of Mississippi had been resigned to remain on his farm until his son returned from town one day and told him that folks were leaving "like Judgment day." After a group of migrants crossed the Ohio River, they knelt down in prayer and then sang: "I Done Come out of the Land of Egypt with the Good News." "The cry of "Goin' Nawth' hung over the land like the wail over Egypt at the death of the first-born," reported a sharecropper's daughter. "Railroads, hardroads, dirt roads, side roads, roads were in the minds of the black South and all roads led North."[17]

The Urban Crucible

But, as they journeyed to their Promised Land, the migrants carried not only hope but also uncertainties. Richard Wright recalled how he had left the South to fling himself into the "unknown." The *Defender* described the migrants' feelings of "trembling and fear": "They were going — they didn't know where — among strange people, strange customs." A song captured their mood of ambivalence:

> *I'm a poor boy and I'm a stranger blowed in your town,*
> *Yes I am,*
> *I'm a poor boy and I'm a stranger blowed in your town,*
> *I'm a poor boy and I'm a stranger blowed in your town,*
> *I'm goin' where a friend can be found.*

But their expectations of freedom exceeded their uneasiness about becoming strangers. And so they went to northern cities, especially to Chicago and New York.[18]

Chicago was "the mouth of the stream of Negroes from the South." Emmett J. Scott's metaphor aptly described this brawling midwestern city — the home of the *Defender,* which had been urging young blacks to come north. Chicago was also the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad, with its rail lines connected to the small towns of Mississippi, Arkansas, and Louisiana. Chicago was a dynamic industrial center, spawning jobs and inspiring dreams.[19]

In 1900, Chicago had a black population of only thirty thousand. "I lived on Lincoln Street — there were foreigners there," a black resident remembered, describing the integrated neighborhoods of the time. "My children used to go to white kids' parties, for where we lived there was nothing much but foreigners. There was only one other colored family in that block." Only one ward in the entire city was 25 percent black, while 19 out of 35 wards were about 0.5 percent black. Twenty years later, however, the black population had jumped to 109,000, concentrated in the predominantly black neighborhoods of the South Side.[20]

The black migration to Chicago sparked an explosion of white resistance. "A new problem, demanding early solution, is facing Chicago," the *Tribune* warned. "It pertains to the sudden and unprecedented influx of southern Negro laborers." The newspaper depicted the newcomers as carefree and lazy: "In a house at Thirty-second and Wabash eight or ten Negroes were lying about on the floor, and one was picking a banjo and singing a song the chorus of which ended 'Mo' rain, mo' rest, / Mo' niggers sleep in de nest.' " Determined to repel this Negro "invasion," several hundred white residents organized the Hyde Park Improvement Protective Club, which announced that blacks must live in the "so-called Districts" and that real estate agents must not sell homes to blacks in white blocks. "The districts which are now white," a leader of the organization declared, "must remain white. There will be no compromise."[21]

The conflict over housing intensified during World War I as blacks responded to the labor needs of Chicago's war-related industries. In 1917, the Chicago Real Estate Board pointed out that southern blacks were "pouring into Chicago at the rate of ten thousand a month," and warned that this influx would precipitate a decline in property values. A year later, the Kenwood and Hyde Park Property Owners' Association urged whites not to sell or rent to blacks. Whites "won't be driven out,"

the association vowed; they would prevent a Negro "take-over" and keep their neighborhood "clear of undesirables . . . at all cost." "The depreciation of our property in this district has been two hundred and fifty millions since the invasion," the association's leaders argued. "If someone told you that there was to be an invasion that would injure your homes to that extent, wouldn't you rise up as one man and one woman, and say, as General Foch said: 'They shall not pass'?"[22]

Meanwhile, the schools had become racial battlegrounds. "I remember how I used to fight with the white children, especially the Dago children," said one black. "They would call out to us colored children, 'Nigger, nigger, never die, black face and China eye,' and when I catch one and get through with him he would think *he* was black." Another recalled: "The Italian boys were so low morally. They made several attempts to rape some of the girls . . . used to gang us. . . . We were always able to have a good fight and have some blood shed."[23]

Similarly, the workplace became a terrain of competition and conflict. Before the war, blacks were largely restricted to employment as servants. In 1910, over 60 percent of the women were domestic servants or laundresses; close to half of all the employed men worked as porters, servants, waiters, and janitors. Though generally excluded from industrial employment, blacks were allowed to cross caste labor lines occasionally as strikebreakers. Managers used them as scabs during the 1904 stockyards strike and the teamsters strike a year later. The *Broad Ax,* a black weekly, criticized employers for "bringing hundreds and hundreds of colored men here from the remote parts of the South . . . to temporarily serve as strikebreakers for such Negro-hating concerns as Marshall Field and Company, Mandel Brothers and Montgomery Ward and Company, who [had] no use for Negroes in general except to use them as brutish clubs to beat their white help over the head. . . ." After the settlement of both strikes, the black workers were discharged.[24]

The war, however, generated a sharp demand for labor and opened unusual opportunities for blacks in industries. By 1920, the majority of black men were employed in factories rather than domestic and personal services. Black women made similar, although smaller, inroads — 15 percent of them had become factory operatives. Blacks had been eager to get out of domestic work. Employers "almost make you a slave," complained a black woman who had quit her job as a maid to work in a mail-order house. Personal service reminded blacks of the South, where they had been dependent on whites and closely supervised. Like the Irish maids who left the "service" for factory work, many black women

wanted more autonomy. "I'll never work in nobody's kitchen but my own any more," exclaimed one of them who was employed in a box factory. "No indeed! That's the one thing that makes me stick to this job. You do have some time to call your own." For the first time in their lives, thousands of black men and women were working in industries, making what they considered good wages — 42 cents an hour in the packing houses and even higher rates in manufacturing.[25]

In the stockyards and packing houses, managers deliberately employed blacks in order to subvert the union activities of white workers. Seeking to keep the work force racially divided, they hired a black promoter to set up a black company union, the American Unity Labor Union. Richard Parker served as a front man for the interests of management, playing on black suspicions of the white labor movement and pitting the company union blacks against the white workers. Parker distributed twenty thousand handbills warning blacks not to join the "white man's union." One of his advertisements published in a black newspaper declared:

> GET A SQUARE DEAL WITH YOUR OWN RACE
>
> Time has come for Negroes to do now or never. Get together and stick together is the call of the Negro. Like all other races, make your own way; other races have made their unions for themselves. They are not going to give it to you just because you join his union. Make a union of your own race; union is strength. . . .
>
> This union does not *believe in strikes*. We believe all differences between laborers and capitalists can be arbitrated. Strike is our last motive if any at all.[26]

The Stockyards Labor Council tried to counter management's divide-and-conquer campaign by organizing an all-black local and launching its own recruitment drive among black workers. It issued appeals for interracial working-class unity: "The bosses think that because we are of different color and different nationalities we should fight each other. We're going to fool them and fight for a common cause — a square deal for all." At a union rally of black and white workers, a council leader declared: "It does me good to see such a checkerboard crowd — by that I mean all of the workers here are not standing apart in groups, one race huddled in one bunch, one nationality in another. You are all standing shoulder to shoulder as men, regardless of whether your face is white or black."[27]

But the council failed to organize the black laborers. "To be frank," an official conceded, "we have not had the support from the colored workers which we expected. Our method of propaganda may have been weak somewhere; probably we do not understand the colored workers as we do ourselves. . . . Be that as it may, the colored worker has not responded to the call of unionism." Actually, blacks did not respond because they lacked familiarity with unions, and many saw the union's all-black local as segregationist.[28]

Racial competition in the workplace added fuel to social antagonisms in the neighborhoods, where tensions were literally beginning to explode. In 1917, bombs destroyed the homes of several black families; a year later, a letter warned black tenants on Vincennes Avenue: "We are going to BLOW these FLATS TO HELL and if you don't want to go with them you had better move at once." Shortly after, three bombs went off in the neighborhood. Blacks complained that the police had failed to provide adequate protection for black families and to apprehend the bombers. In 1919, several bombings were aimed at the offices of real estate agents who had sold homes to blacks in white neighborhoods. Altogether scores of bombings resulted in two deaths and many injuries as well as the destruction of property worth thousands of dollars.[29]

To add to the terror, white gangs like Ragan's Colts attacked blacks in the streets and parks, especially Washington Park, which separated the black neighborhoods from Hyde Park. On June 21, 1919, white hoodlums killed two black men, reportedly because they wanted to "get a nigger." White gangs posted notices on the boundaries between white and black neighborhoods, threatening to "get all the niggers on the Fourth of July." Afraid and angry, blacks prepared to defend themselves. Black lawyer Beauregard Moseley warned that blacks had been pushed to the limit by racial violence and were "resolved to meet force with force."[30]

The Fourth of July passed, apparently without incident, but then the tinderbox of race hatred exploded on July 27. On that Sunday afternoon, Eugene Williams had been swimming at the segregated Twenty-ninth Street beach. Williams, who was clinging to a floating railroad tie, had drifted over to the white side of the beach. Somehow he drowned. Blacks at the scene claimed that Williams went down after he had been hit by stones thrown by whites. The charge swept across the beach: "White people have killed a Negro." Frustrated because the police refused to make any arrests, some blacks attacked several white men. Hours later, in retaliation, white gangs beat some blacks who had wandered into

white neighborhoods. General rioting broke out, leaving two people dead and over fifty injured. The next day, violence flared up again. As blacks tried to return home from work at the stockyards, they were dragged from streetcars and assaulted by white mobs; armed whites in cars invaded black neighborhoods, shooting indiscriminately at homes. Innocent whites who worked at businesses located in the black areas were beaten by blacks seeking revenge. The rioting continued throughout the week until the militia was finally able to restore order. The casualty figures were horrendous — twenty-three blacks and fifteen whites were killed, while 342 blacks and 178 whites were injured.[31]

The deaths of blacks at the hands of white mobs provoked an angry call for violent revenge:

If we must die — let it not be like hogs
Hunted and penned in an inglorious spot,
While round us bark the mad and hungry dogs,
Making their mock at our accursed lot.

If we must die — oh, let us nobly die,
So that our precious blood may not be shed
In vain; then even the monsters we defy
Shall be constrained to honor us though dead!

Oh, kinsmen! We must meet the common foe;
Though far outnumbered, let us still be brave,
And for their thousand blows deal one death-blow!
What though before us lies the open grave?
Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack
Pressed to the wall, dying, but — fighting back![32]

Another way to fight back was through black solidarity and ethnic enterprise. "We should hasten to build up our own marts and trades," a black minister told his congregation, "so we can give employment and help to provide against such a day as we are now experiencing." Many black political and business leaders advised blacks to turn inward and develop their own communities with their earnings from the steel mills, stockyards, and factories: "Why should these dollars be spent with white men . . . ? If white men are so determined that Negroes must live separate and apart, why not beat them at their own game?" Blacks were encouraged to establish their own banks, insurance companies, stores, churches, and communities.[33]

Chicago was the "Black Metropolis," but New York City was the home of Harlem, "the Negro Capital of the World." Blacks had been there since the seventeenth century: as slaves, they had constructed the original wagon road on Manhattan and also worked on farms and estates in New Amsterdam. Their presence continued after the transfer of the Dutch colony to England and after the American Revolution. In 1790, blacks constituted nearly a third of the population living in a section known as Harlem. But their presence gradually decreased over the years, and by 1890, Harlem had become predominantly white and wealthy. The community was soon to be rapidly transformed. Just as the black exodus from the South was beginning, a housing boom in Harlem collapsed.

The glut of vacant apartments attracted the attention of black real estate agents, especially Philip A. Payton, Jr. His strategy was simple: lease apartment houses from white landlords and then rent them to blacks at a profit. One of his advertisements in a real estate journal announced:

Colored Tenements Wanted

Colored man makes a speciality of managing colored tenements; references; bond. Philip A. Payton, Jr., agent and broker, 67 West 134th.

Payton explained: "By opening for colored tenants first a house on one block and then a house in another I have finally succeeded in securing over two hundred and fifty first class flats and private dwellings."[34]

But Payton's penetration encountered resistance from white residents. "Harlem has been devastated as a result of the steady influx of Negroes," a long-time resident complained in 1913. Some white homeowners organized to counter the black "invasion" and the "black hordes." They signed restrictive covenants which stated that their buildings should not be leased or sold to "colored" persons. The president of the Harlem Property Owners' Improvement Corporation declared: "It is the question of whether the white man will rule Harlem or the negro." He urged whites to drive the blacks out of Harlem "send them to the slums where they belonged." But white property owners often found that their choice was to rent to blacks or not rent at all. In order to make their own loan payments, many of them had to yield; reluctantly, they posted notices on their buildings:

NOTICE

We have endeavored for some time to avoid turning over this house to colored tenants, but as a result of . . . rapid changes in conditions . . . this issue has been forced upon us.[35]

"The 'border line' which separated whites and Negroes 'rapidly receded' each year," observed historian Gilbert Osofsky, "and by 1914 some 50,000 Negroes lived in the neighborhood." The border kept moving: between 1920 and 1930, 118,792 whites left the neighborhood, while 87,417 blacks arrived. Symbolically, Temple Israel of Harlem became Mount Olivet Baptist Church. Harlem became the home of more than two-thirds of all the blacks living in Manhattan — the "largest colony of colored people, in similar limits, in the world."[36]

Soon living conditions in Harlem became congested. In 1925, the population density was 336 persons per acre compared to only 223 for Manhattan as a whole. Meanwhile, landlords allowed their apartments to deteriorate, and tenants complained about broken pipes, leaking roofs, unsanitary conditions, and rats. Unable to move to other areas of the city because of discrimination, blacks were forced to pay higher rents, spending approximately 33 percent of their income on rent, compared to 20 percent for working-class whites. Housing costs were especially burdensome, for Harlem blacks were confined to low-wage employment. According to sociologist E. Franklin Frazier, New York had two types of businesses — those that employed "Negroes in menial positions" and those that employed "no Negroes at all." While some black women worked in the garment industry, most of them were domestic servants. Black men generally worked as longshoremen and teamsters or as elevator operators, janitors, porters, chauffeurs, and waiters.[37]

Though blacks were employed in the low-wage jobs, they felt a surge of power and a sense of pride. Coming to Harlem in search of the Promised Land, they had broken the chains of racial subordination forged by centuries of slavery. Harlem seemed liminal, a place where black people could begin anew in America. "I sit on my stoop on Seventh Avenue," one migrant declared, "and gaze at the sunkissed folk strolling up and down and think that surely Mississippi is here in New York, in Harlem, yes. . . ." This feeling of freedom inspired them to create a community that represented more than just a place where blacks lived. Restless and hopeful, they were ready, eager to listen to a charismatic leader articulate what was on fire within them — fierce dreams of dignity refusing to be deferred. Suddenly, in 1916, Marcus Garvey arrived in

Harlem. "Up, you mighty race," he declared, "you can accomplish what you will."[38]

Yearning for Blackness in Urban America

Garvey personified a new stirring, a vision of black pride sweeping through Harlem like a fresh breeze blowing north from Jamaica. In his autobiography, he recalled how he was unaware of race as a young child on the Caribbean island: "To me, at home in my early days, there was no difference between white and black." One of his friends was a "little white girl." "We were two innocent fools who never dreamed of a race feeling and problem. As a child, I went to school with white boys and girls, like all other negroes. We were not called negroes then." But at the age of fourteen, Garvey was told by his friend that her parents had decided to send her away to school and that she was not to write to him because he was a "nigger." The incident shook Garvey: "It was then that I found for the first time that there was some difference in humanity, and that there were different races, each having its own separate and distinct social life."[39]

A few years later, during a trip to Europe, Garvey began to formulate his ideology of black nationalism. "You are black," meaning inferior, he had been told. The insult led Garvey to ask: "Where is the black man's Government? Where is his King and his kingdom? Where is his President, his country, and his ambassador, his army, his navy, his men of big affairs?" Unable to find these institutions of power, Garvey declared: "I will help to make them." His imagination began to soar as he envisioned "a new world of black men, not peons, serfs, dogs and slaves, but a nation of sturdy men making their impress upon civilization and causing a new light to dawn upon the human race." In 1914, Garvey returned to Jamaica, where he founded the Universal Negro Improvement Association (UNIA) to unite all the "Negro peoples of the world" and establish a black nation in Africa.[40]

In order to expand his movement to the United States, Garvey contacted Booker T. Washington, whose book *Up from Slavery* had been a source of inspiration for him. In 1916, a year after Washington's death, Garvey visited Tuskegee to pay his "respects to the dead hero"; then he went to New York City to establish a division of the UNIA. When Garvey saw the thousands of blacks flocking to join his organization, he decided to stay and build the base for his movement in Harlem. The UNIA exploded with activity — colorful parades in Harlem led by Garvey

dressed in military uniform, the publication of *The Negro World,* the establishment of small-business enterprises like grocery stores and laundries in the community, and the launching of the Black Star Line. During the 1920s, Garvey's organization had 9,000 members in Chicago, 6,000 in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, 4,000 in Detroit, and over 30,000 in New York.[41]

Garvey offered a message that electrified many blacks in Harlem and many other ghettos of urban America: the color of their skin was beautiful, and Africa had a glorious past. "When Europe was inhabited by a race of cannibals, a race of savages, naked men, heathens and pagans, Africa was peopled with a race of cultured black men, who were masters in art, science, and literature. . . ." Many Harlemites found their voices in their new leader. "Now we have started to speak," Garvey declared, "and I am only the forerunner of an awakened Africa that shall never go back to sleep." Garvey depicted a glorious future for blacks: "We are the descendants of a suffering people; we are the descendants of a people determined to suffer no more." To overthrow oppression, they must reclaim their continent: "If Europe is for the Europeans, then Africa shall be for the black peoples of the world. We say it; we mean it. . . . The other races have countries of their own and it is time for the 400,000,000 Negroes to claim Africa for themselves." A song of the Garvey movement urged:

Advance, advance to victory,
Let Africa be free;
Advance to meet the foe
With the might
Of the red, the black, and the green.

Red symbolized the blood of the race, black their color, and green the greatness of Africa's future.[42]

Influenced by Washington's philosophy of black self-help and independence, Garvey promoted black capitalism and called upon his followers to invest in his shipping company: "The Black Star Line Corporation presents to every Black Man, Woman, and Child the opportunity to climb the great ladder of industrial and commercial progress. If you have ten dollars, one hundred dollars, or one or five thousand dollars to invest for profit, then take out shares in the Black Star Line, Inc. This corporation is chartered to trade on every sea and all waters. The Black Star Line will turn over large profits and dividends to stockholders, and operate to their interest even whilst they will be asleep." Some 40,000 blacks bought 155,510 shares amounting to three-quarters of a million dollars.[43]

The most prominent symbol of the UNIA, the Black Star Line became a slippery slope for Garvey. In 1922, the leader was arrested, charged with using the mails to defraud by advertising and selling stock for a nonexistent ship. According to Garvey, "a sum of $25,000 was paid by one of the officers of the corporation to a man to purchase a ship, but the ship was never obtained and the money was never returned." Garvey's managers had also made mistakes in their purchase of ships that required very costly repairs, and the corporation became mired in debt. The government's case was weak, for it could not prove intent to commit fraud. But Garvey was found guilty and sentenced to five years in prison. From the Atlanta penitentiary, Garvey sent a message: "My work is just begun. Be assured that I planted well the seed of Negro or black nationalism which cannot be destroyed even by the foul play that has been meted out to me." Released two years later by a presidential pardon, Garvey was deported to Jamaica as an undesirable alien.[44]

Garvey was gone, but the powerful dreams he represented remained in the hearts of Harlemites. The *New York News* declared that Garvey had "awakened the race consciousness and race pride of the masses of Africans everywhere as no man ever did . . . save Booker T. Washington." The *Spokesman,* a black publication, echoed: "Garvey made thousands think, who had never thought before. Thousands who merely dreamed dreams, now see visions."[45]

Actually, the visions were already there, carried to Harlem by the black migrants from the South. Many had been driven there by a sense of destiny. "If my race can make Harlem," exclaimed a proud resident, "good lord, what can't it do?" The Reverend Adam Clayton Powell of the Abyssinian Baptist Church declared: "Harlem became the symbol of liberty and the Promised Land to Negroes everywhere."[46]

For black intellectuals, Harlem was what Langston Hughes called the center of the "New Negro Renaissance," "a great magnet" pulling them from everywhere. "More than Paris, or the Shakespeare country, or Berlin, or the Alps," Hughes said, "I wanted to see Harlem, the greatest Negro city in the world." Hughes would remember forever the "thrill of the underground ride to Harlem": "I went up the steps and out into the bright September sunlight. Harlem! I stood there, dropped my bags, took a deep breath and felt happy again."[47]

The Harlem of the black literary renaissance was a place of the mind.

During the 1920s, in their flight from the Protestant ethic and materialism, white liberal intellectuals embraced Harlem and the "New Negro" as counterpoints to the bourgeois America of Babbitry. At night, they streamed to this black community to experience what they felt mainstream society was not — colorful, exotic, spontaneous, sensuous, and lively. "White people began to come to Harlem in droves," reported Hughes. Night after night, thousands of whites flooded the little cabarets and bars, "believing that all Harlemites left their houses at sundown to sing and dance in the cabarets."[48]

Black intellectuals were also gathering in Harlem and sitting in the cabarets. Drawing their inspiration and materials from black folk culture, they created a literature that rebelled against Middletown America. Actually, many of them had come from the black middle class. In his sociological profile of these writers, Robert Bone found that "the parents of the Renaissance novelists were 55 percent professional and 45 percent white collar." Hughes complained that his father, a wealthy rancher, was "interested only in making money." Many of the writers had attended college, and they felt especially hurt by the stings of discrimination and inequality. Educational and economic success, they had come to realize, did not mean social acceptance.[49]

To these middle-class black intellectuals, Harlem held out the promise of what Alain Locke called the "New Negro." The "mass movement of the urban immigration of Negroes" was "projected on the plane of an increasingly articulate elite." In the "largest Negro community in the world," "the peasant, the student, the business man, the professional man, artist, poet, musician, adventurer and worker, preacher and criminal, exploiter and social outcast" were coming together. They were forming a new community based on a vision of black pride. "In Harlem," Locke announced, "Negro life is seizing upon its first chances for group expression and self-determination. It is — or promises at least to be — a race capital."[50]

The "New Negro" would be "a collaborator and participant in American civilization," and black intellectuals would be in the forefront of this great movement. They would see the future in a different mirror. Hughes described the black tomorrow in song:

I am the darker brother.
They send me to sit in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,

And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I'll sit at the table
When company comes.
Nobody'll dare
Say to me,
"Eat in the kitchen,"
Then.

Besides,
They'll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed.[51]

But first blacks had to learn how to accept themselves. In his essay "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain," Hughes explained that the tragic problem of black intellectuals was denial: they did not want to be black or write about black life. A promising young Negro poet told Hughes: "I want to be a poet — not a Negro poet." What he meant, Hughes commented, was: " 'I want to write like a white poet'; meaning subconsciously, 'I would like to be a white poet'; meaning behind that, 'I would like to be white.' " But such a flight from black identity was bound to undermine his artistic creativity. "I was sorry the young man said that," Hughes continued, "for no great poet has ever been afraid of being himself. And I doubted then that, with his desire to run away spiritually from his race, this boy would ever be a great poet." Hughes understood this denial, for he knew that there was a "mountain standing in the way of any true Negro art in America — this urge within the race toward whiteness, this desire to pour racial identity into the mold of American standardization, and to be as little Negro and as much American as possible."[52]

To overcome the "racial mountain," Hughes insisted, black writers had to declare boldly: "I am a Negro — and beautiful!" The lives of common blacks had to be celebrated, for theirs was a counterculture affirming the joy of life rather than the fear of spontaneity. Simple people, they had their songs and a "nip of gin" on Saturday nights, Hughes stated; they were not obsessed with work and materialistic success. They furnished a "wealth of colorful, distinctive material for any artist" because they had been able to preserve their "own individuality in the face of American standardizations." "Perhaps these common people will give

to the world its truly great Negro artist," Hughes declared, "the one who is not afraid to be himself."[53]

In his own poems, Hughes described his own search for identity. Was he African? he had wondered. "So long, so far away" was Africa; "not even memories" were "alive." "I did not feel the rhythms of the primitive surging through me," he explained apologetically. "I was only an American Negro — who had loved the surface of Africa and the rhythms of Africa — but I was not Africa. I was Chicago and Kansas City and Broadway and Harlem." Still, though the drums were "subdued and time-lost," Hughes felt he could hear a song of Africa through "some vast mist of race."[54]

Hughes was struggling to create an identity that was both African and American, a racial self symbolized by the rivers of both continents.

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the flow of human blood in human veins.
My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile and raised pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.[55]

But, in the struggle against the "racial mountain," could the black artist create an African-American sensibility? This was the question that pulled an aspiring young writer, Claude McKay, to Harlem. McKay had come from Jamaica as a student in 1912, but after two years at the Tuskegee Institute and then Kansas State College, he joined the exodus to Harlem, where he hoped to become a poet and novelist. Educated, he was essentially a middle-class intellectual trying to find his roots in black folk culture. In *Home to Harlem,* McKay searched for his black identity through his characters.

In this novel, Jake personifies spontaneity and a repudiation of the

Protestant ethic. He has been away from the United States, traveling around the world, but now he has come home — to Harlem. The community's lustiness, freedom, and vibrancy electrify him. Harlem offers a place where he can luxuriate in a "primitive passion for going against regulation." Carefree, joyous, and proud of his race, Jake is "no lineal descendant of Uncle Tom." Soon after his arrival, Jake meets a prostitute. He has $59 — all the money he possesses — and he spends $9 for drinks with her. On their way to her apartment, he asks her how much it will cost for sex, and she says $50. "Fine," Jake exclaims. Giving her all of his money, he boasts in soliloquy: "I ain't got a cent to my name, but ahm as happy as a prince, all the same. Yes, I is." Jake does not calculate, does not worry about money, and he finds black women tantalizing. "Sometimes there were two or three white women, who attracted attention because they were white and strange to Harlem, but they appeared like faded carnations among those burning orchids of a tropical race." In contrast to Jake, the chef in McKay's story has a regular job on a train and likes its routine. He does not eat watermelons or even pork chops — foods he associates with blacks. "I don't eat no poke chops, nigger," he tells a black waiter. "I cooks the stuff, but I don't eat it nevah." The chef hates his past, his folk culture: he "grimly . . . exists."[56]

Unlike both Jake and the chef is Ray: college-educated and a reader of books written by Fyodor Dostoyevski and Sherwood Anderson, he is filled with a yearning for the primitive. He feels that his education has shackled rather than freed him. His greatest contentment would be to lose himself "in some savage culture in the jungles of Africa." Ray would like to be spontaneous and uninhibited like Jake. "If he could have felt about things as Jake," McKay observed, "how different his life might have been! Just to hitch up for a short while and be irresponsible!" But Ray is trapped, a "slave of the civilized tradition."[57]

What McKay was describing in Ray was the dilemma many black writers experienced as they tried to celebrate the very folk culture that also challenged their identity as middle-class, educated intellectuals. But where could black writers truly learn about this folk culture? One of them decided he had to go home, not to Harlem, but to the rural South.

As a young writer searching for his roots, Jean Toomer wandered from university to university — Wisconsin, Chicago, New York University, City College of New York. He was the son of a white father and a mulatto mother. His father, a planter, had abandoned the family shortly after Toomer was born, and Jean and his mother lived in Washington,

D.C. In 1921, he left New York to teach in a black school in rural Georgia. In the South, black folk culture beckoned, and Toomer felt something irresistible surge within him. In a letter to Claude McKay in 1922, Toomer described the epiphany he had experienced: "Within the last two or three years . . . my growing need for artistic expression has pulled me deeper and deeper into the Negro group. . . . It has stimulated and fertilized whatever creative talent I may contain within me. A visit to Georgia last fall was the starting point of almost everything of worth that I have done. I heard folksongs come from the lips of Negro peasants. I saw the rich dusky beauty that I had heard many false accounts about, and of which till then, I was somewhat skeptical. And a deep part of my nature, a part that I had repressed, sprang suddenly to life and responded to them."[58]

What came out of this powerful encounter was the lyrical novel *Cane*. The story opens in rural Georgia, where the soil is a rich red, and the black people strong and beautiful. A girl is singing: "her voice is loud," and the echoes of her song, "like rain, sweep the valley." The roots of black culture reach all the way back to a continent across the Atlantic. The Dixie Pike is described as a road that "has grown from a goat path in Africa." The land is nurturing:

> *O land and soil, red soil and sweet-gum tree,*
> *So scant of grass, so profligate of pines,*
> *Now just before an epoch's sun declines*
> *Thy son, in time, I have returned to thee,*
> *Thy son, I have in time returned to thee.*
>
> *In time, for though the sun is setting on*
> *A song-lit race of slaves, it has not set;*
> *Though late, O soil, it is not too late yet*
> *To catch the plaintive soul, leaving, soon gone,*
> *Leaving, to catch thy plaintive soul soon gone.*[59]

But something tragic and evil haunts the land. The people are trapped in a cage of racism conditioned by slavery. In one story, a white woman, Becky, has two mulatto sons; they are ostracized by both whites and blacks. The sons build a cabin and hide their mother; the isolation becomes overwhelming. Goddamn everybody, the sons scream as they leave town. The cabin collapses, killing Becky. People come by to see the ruins, and someone throws a Bible on the pile of bricks and splintered

lumber. But guilt cannot be so easily absolved. Racial hatred deforms lives, black and white. In another incident, Tom kills a white man in a fight over a black woman; caught and tied to a stake, Tom is drenched with kerosene. A match is thrown, and the white mob yells, then becomes silent as the air stinks of burning flesh and Tom's eyes pop. Rural Georgia, as it turns out, is a place of both beauty and brutality.[60]

In contrast, Washington, D.C., represents the city: its alleys, theaters, pool halls, and apartments symbolize a confinement stifling the souls of blacks from the rural South. Their culture has been carried to urban America, but here it struggles to survive: "A crude-boned, soft-skinned wedge of nigger life breathing its loafer air, jazz songs and love, thrusting unconscious rhythms, black reddish blood into the white and white-washed wood of Washington. Stale soggy wood of Washington. Wedges rust in soggy wood."[61]

Like a wedge, Dan Moore enters Washington. A young black man from rural Georgia, he has come to visit Muriel, a schoolteacher. When Dan arrives at her apartment, he encounters an iron gate and becomes confused because he cannot find the bell button. Frustrated, he wants to get an ax and smash the barrier. Proud of his rural roots, he declares to himself: "I am Dan Moore. I was born in a canefield." Finally, Muriel opens the door. Her hair is processed, her manner formal, her conversation mechanical. Muriel asks Dan what he is doing now. "Same old thing, Muriel," he replies. "Nothing, as the world would have it. Living, as I look at things. Living as much as I can without — ." "But you can't live without money, Dan," she interrupts. "Why don't you get a good job and settle down?" Dan rejects her lecture about conforming to middle-class standards and walks out of her apartment.[62]

Dan can always return home to the rural South, but such a journey can be difficult for college-educated blacks. Kabnis moves from the North to Georgia. The hills, valleys, folk songs, and red soil surround him, but he is unable to appreciate this beauty. Middle class and mulatto, he has become separated from blacks and their folk culture. He wants to connect himself to them but cannot come to terms with that part of his own black past symbolized by the old ex-slave Father John. When Kabnis sees Father John, he recoils, insisting: "An besides, he aint my past. My ancestors were Southern blue-bloods." His denial keeps him "suspended a few feet above the soil whose touch would resurrect him." To recover his wholeness would require his acknowledgment of slavery as well as his black ancestry.[63]

Toomer painfully understood this truth. Like Kabnis, he was never

able to resolve the dilemma of his identity — the liminality of being biracial. In 1924, the same year as the publication of *Cane,* he went to France to study at the Georges Gurdjieff Institute, seeking to develop a cosmic consciousness. "I am," he told friends. "What I am and what I may become I am trying to find out." According to Darwin Turner, he looked like "an Indian or a dark-skinned European." Toomer had difficulty forming an identity that would reflect his racial duality. "What was I?" Toomer asked. "I thought about it independently, and, on the basis of fact, concluded I was neither white nor black, but simply an American." In 1930, James Weldon Johnson requested Toomer's permission to publish some of his poems in a book entitled *American Negro Poetry.* Toomer refused, explaining: "My poems are not Negro poems. My prose likewise. They are, first, mine. And, second, in so far as general race or stock is concerned, they spring from the result of racial blending here in America which has produced a new race or stock. We may call this stock . . . American. . . ." Toomer's decision to identify himself as "American" rather than Negro prompted Langston Hughes to remark: "Why should Mr. Toomer live in Harlem if he doesn't care to? Democracy is democracy, isn't it?" But Toomer realized that his reality was much more complicated than the "racial mountain" as Hughes had defined it.[64]

Like Toomer, Zora Neale Hurston felt compelled to touch the "soil" of black folk culture in the South. Born and raised in the all-black town of Eatonville, Florida, she initially attended Howard University, where she began writing and publishing short stories. As a young writer, she realized that Harlem was the place to be: "So, beginning to feel the urge to write, I wanted to be in New York." There she could set her hat "at a certain angle and saunter down Seventh Avenue, Harlem City, feeling as snooty as the lions in front of the Forty-Second Street Library." During the 1920s, Hurston studied anthropology with Franz Boas at Barnard College and Columbia University. But Harlem was not home for her, and in 1927, she returned to the South to do research on rural blacks and write about them, especially in *Their Eyes Were Watching God.*[65]

In this novel published in 1937, Hurston's main character, Janie, has been raised by her grandmother. As a slave, Nanny had been forced to have sexual relations with her master. After Nanny gave birth to a child "wid gray eyes and yaller hair," she was scolded by her master's wife and whipped. Nanny insisted it was not her fault: "Ah don't know nothin' but what Ah'm told tuh do, 'cause Ah ain't nothin' but uh nigger and uh slave." After emancipation, Nanny's daughter attended school, but she was raped by her teacher and then gave birth to Janie.[66]

Nanny's hope for Janie is to fulfill her own dream of "whut a woman oughta be and to do." She explains to her teenage granddaughter what she sees as the problem of race and gender: "Honey, de white man is de ruler of everything as fur as Ah been able tuh find out. . . . So de white man throw down de load and tell de nigger man tuh pick it up. He pick it up because he have to, but he don't tote it. He hand it to his women-folks. De nigger woman is de mule uh de world so fur as Ah can see." Nanny does not want the "menfolks white or black" making "a spit cup" out of Janie; so she arranges for Janie to marry an old man, Logan Killicks. Janie is told she must marry him because he owns sixty acres and can support her. Love, she hopes, will come after their marriage.[67]

But love fails to develop, and Janie runs off with a young man. She finds Joe Starks exciting, for he is ambitious and has a dream of building an all-black town. "De man dat built things oughta boss it," he declares. "Let colored folks build things too if dey wants to crow over somethin'." Starks has his own idea of what Janie should be: "A pretty doll-baby lak you is made to sit on de front porch and rock and fan yo'self and eat p'taters dat other folks plant just special for you." Janie discovers she has become "Mrs. Mayor Starks," a possession for "*him* to look at." She tries to rebel: "You sho loves to tell me whut to do, but Ah can't tell you nothin' Ah see!" And Starks retorts: "Dat's 'cause you need tellin'. It would be pitiful if Ah didn't. Somebody got to think for women and chillun and chickens and cows. I god, they sho don't think none themselves." Forced into submission, Janie learns to hush, but the "spirit of the marriage" leaves the bedroom.[68]

Several years later, Stark dies from an illness, and Janie meets and falls in love with Tea Cake. He teaches her how to play checkers. She feels a glow inside, generated by the invitation to play and by the acknowledgment that she is intelligent. Janie decides to marry and go off with him. "Dis is uh love game," she tells a friend. "Ah done lived Grandma's way, now Ah means tuh live mine." Nanny's dream had been for a black woman to live like a white woman. "She was borned in slavery time when folks, dat is black folks, didn't sit down anytime dey felt lak it. So sittin' on porches lak de white madam looked lak uh mighty find thing tuh her. Dat's whut she wanted for me — don't keer whut it cost. Git up on uh high chair and sit dere. She didn't have time tuh think what tuh do after you got up on de stool uh do nothin'." But to sit high on a stool seemed like death to Janie.[69]

Janie and Tea Cake move to "de muck," the Everglades, to "make money and fun and foolishness." The marriage has its stormy moments.

Tea Cake, too, feels a need to show Janie that he is the "boss" and slaps her around a bit. But as they work together, they come to share love and mutual respect based on equality. During a destructive hurricane, they face the prospect of violent death. Janie tells Tea Cake that she is not afraid to die: "We been tuhgether round two years. If you kin see de light at daybreak, you don't keer if you die at dusk." A rabid dog tries to attack Janie, and Tea Cake is badly bitten fending off the beast. He becomes raving mad, and Janie has to shoot her husband to save her own life. The tragedy leaves Janie with an understanding of the love they had shared. "Love ain't somethin' lak un grindstone dat's de same thing everywhere and do de same thing tuh everything it touch," Janie explains to a friend. "Love is lak de sea. It's uh movin' thing, but still and all, it takes its shape from de shore it meets, and it's different with every shore."[70]

Like Toomer, Hurston found Hughes's concept of the "racial mountain" too simplistic, too one-dimensional. What rendered race especially complex for her was gender. The "Negro Renaissance" seemed stifling to Hurston as an artist and as a woman. "From what I had read and heard," she complained, "Negroes were supposed to write about the Race Problem. I was and am thoroughly sick of the subject. My interest lies in what makes a man or a woman do such-and-so, regardless of . . . color." Indeed, within the world of blacks and whites, as she saw it, there was a gender mountain.[71]

"But a Few Pegs to Fall": The Great Depression

By the 1920s, Harlem had become a slum, the home of poor people desperately clinging to deferred dreams. The Harlem Renaissance, with its cabarets and literary lights, hid much of the ghetto's squalor. Then came the Great Crash of 1929 and the shattering of the economy, unshrouding the grim reality behind this veil of glamour. "The depression brought everybody down a peg or two," Langston Hughes observed. "And the Negroes had but a few pegs to fall."[72]

Blacks fell into deeper poverty everywhere, in the South as well as the North. In 1930, the majority of blacks still lived below the Mason-Dixon Line, growing cotton as sharecroppers and tenant farmers. Their livelihoods crumpled along with the stockmarket: cotton prices had dropped sharply from 18 cents per pound in 1929 to 6 cents in 1933. That year, two-thirds of the blacks cultivating cotton only broke even or went deeper into debt. Moving to southern cities in search of work, blacks encountered angry unemployed whites, shouting: "No Jobs for

Niggers Until Every White Man Has a Job!" "Niggers, back to the cotton fields — city jobs are for white folks." By 1932, more than 50 percent of blacks living in southern cities were unemployed.[73]

In northern cities, unemployment rates among blacks soared to similar levels. In 1932, sociologist Kelley Miller described the black worker as "the surplus man, the last to be hired and the first to be fired." In Harlem, according to social worker Anna Arnold Hedgeman, blacks were "faced with the reality of starvation and they turned sadly to public relief. . . . Meanwhile, men, women, and children combed the streets and searched in garbage cans for food, foraging with dogs and cats. . . . Many families had been reduced to living below street level. It was estimated that more than ten thousand Negroes lived in cellars and basements which had been converted into makeshift flats. Packed in damp, ratridden dungeons, they existed in squalor not too different from that of Arkansas sharecroppers."[74]

The statistics told the story of hardship and hunger for blacks. In its survey of 106 cities, the Urban League found that "with a few notable exceptions . . . the proportion of Negroes unemployed was from 30 to 60 percent greater than for whites." Similarly, government reports showed that blacks joined the relief rolls two times more frequently than whites due to unemployment. In October 1933, 18 percent of the black population was on relief, compared to 10 percent for whites. "Heretofore [the black's] employment problem has been chiefly one of advancement to positions commensurate with his ability," an Urban League leader explained. "Today he is endeavoring to hold the line against advancing armies of white workers intent upon gaining and content to accept occupations which were once thought too menial for white hands."[75]

The New Deal seemed to offer little relief to blacks. Federal programs designed to provide a safety net for people in distress forced blacks to take a back seat. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration offered white farmers and workers higher rates of support than their black counterparts. "The AAA was no new deal for blacks," wrote historian Harvard Sitkoff; "it was a continuation of the same old raw deal." Similarly, the National Recovery Administration failed to protect black workers from discrimination in employment and wages. Blacks denounced the NRA as "Negroes Ruined Again" and "Negro Removal Act." In 1935, at a conference on "The Position of the Negro in the Present Economic Crisis," black leaders and intellectuals grimly assessed the Roosevelt administration: "The Negro worker has good reason to feel that his government has betrayed him under the New Deal."[76]

The economic crisis and the failure of the New Deal generated strategy

debates among blacks, especially within the NAACP. Feeling that blacks had been battered economically and politically, W. E. B. DuBois decided that they should consider "voluntary segregation." As a leader of the NAACP and the editor of *The Crisis*, DuBois had long been a fighter for integration. But the Great Depression led him to urge blacks to "herd together" and "segregate" themselves, at least on an interim basis, in order to survive. They should view themselves as black consumers and producers, committed to working together to build a black "economic nation within a nation." They should create a "closed economic circle" — shop at Negro-owned stores stocked with Negro-grown food, transported by Negro shippers, and processed by Negroes. What DuBois had in mind was not capitalism but a "cooperative and socialistic state" within the black community, "a collective system on a non-profit basis" with the consumers at "the center and the beginning of the organization."[77]

DuBois argued that such a separatist strategy was only "common sense." Blacks should "face the fact quite calmly that most white Americans [did] not like them." Criticized harshly by the NAACP for his segregationist proposal, DuBois resigned as editor. Declaring that segregation was an evil, the NAACP called for "the building of a labor movement, industrial in character, which will unite all labor, white and black, skilled and unskilled, agricultural and industrial."[78]

Indeed, blacks had begun to enter industrial employment and the labor movement. The economic crisis had underscored the power of management to use blacks as strikebreakers and the need for labor unions to combat this tactic by including black workers and by promoting unity among the Stephanos, Trinculos, and Calibans of depression America. Therefore, in 1933, the United Mine Workers led by John L. Lewis launched a campaign to bring black workers into the union by employing black organizers and demanding equal pay, regardless of race. Known as "the U.M.W. Formula," this strategy was adopted by the Committee for Industrial Organization (CIO), which initiated massive organizing drives across the country. Led by Philip Murray, the Steel Workers Organizing Committee announced that its policy was "one of absolute racial equality in Union membership." In St. Louis in 1937, an Urban League official reported: "The S.W.O.C. organizers are making it a point to have a Negro officer in each lodge, composed from a plant in which there are Negro workers." Practicing an early version of affirmative action, the Packinghouse Workers Organizing Committee successfully demanded that Swift and Company hire blacks in proportion to their

percentage of the Chicago population. In the auto industry, the United Auto Workers urged blacks to join, pledging its opposition to racial discrimination. In 1941, after it enrolled black workers, who constituted 12 percent of Ford Motor Company's labor force, the UAW won union recognition and wage increases. While these achievements did not mean the end of racism among white workers, they demonstrated that interracial labor solidarity was essential, especially in the struggle against management during a time of economic crisis. Like the "giddy multitude" of Bacon's Rebellion, these black and white workers understood their common class interests.[79]

Meanwhile, seeking to attract black voters, New Deal policymakers were beginning to address the needs of blacks. The Public Works Administration, for example, mandated the proviso "There shall be no discrimination on account of race, creed or color." Blacks praised the WPA for prohibiting racial discrimination and for giving them a chance to participate in the program. "In the northern communities, particularly the urban centers," a black journal editorialized, "the Negro has been afforded his first real opportunity for employment in white-color occupations." The Democratic strategy of appealing to blacks, according to Sitkoff, paid off "handsomely." The massive migration of blacks to northern cities had led to a national political realignment; increasingly, they became an important force in the northern states that possessed a large number of electoral votes. A contemporary political analyst calculated that black voters held the power to control elections in northern states totaling 157 electoral votes, 31 more than the southern states. During the depression, disillusioned with Herbert Hoover and the Republicans, blacks were starting to abandon the party of Lincoln. In the 1936 presidential election, according to George Gallup, over three-fourths of northern blacks voted for Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had been promoted among them as the second "Emancipator."[80]

Blacks were becoming players in a newly emerging Democratic coalition, but their advances in labor and politics would soon be swept into the powerful international currents of World War II.

19. Tomas Almaguer, "Racial Domination and Class Conflict in Capitalist Agriculture: The Oxnard Sugar Beet Workers' Strike of 1903," *Labor History*, vol. 25, no. 3 (summer 1984), p. 347; Howard M. Sachar, *A History of the Jews in America* (New York, 1992), p. 183.

20. For the concept of liminality, see Victor Turner, *Dramas, Fields, and Metaphors: Symbolic Action in Human Society* (Ithaca, N.Y., 1974), pp. 232, 237; and Arnold Van Gennep, *The Rites of Passage* (Chicago, 1960). What I try to do is to apply liminality to the land called America.

21. Kazuo Ito, *Issei: A History of Japanese Immigrants in North America* (Seattle, 1973), p. 33; Arnold Schrier, *Ireland and the American Emigration, 1850–1900* (New York, 1970), p. 24; Abraham Cahan, *The Rise of David Levinsky* (New York, 1960; originally published in 1917), pp. 59–61; Mary Antin, quoted in Howe, *World of Our Fathers*, p. 27; Lawrence A. Cardoso, *Mexican Emigration to the United States, 1897–1931* (Tucson, Ariz., 1981), p. 80.

22. Ronald Takaki, *Strangers from a Different Shore: A History of Asian Americans* (Boston, 1989), pp. 88–89; Jack Weatherford, *Native Roots: How the Indians Enriched America* (New York, 1991), pp. 210, 212; Carey McWilliams, *North from Mexico: The Spanish-Speaking People of the United States* (New York, 1968), p. 154; Stephan Thernstrom (ed.), *Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups* (Cambridge, Mass., 1980), p. 22; Sachar, *A History of the Jews in America*, p. 367.

23. Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass* (New York, 1958), p. 284; Mathilde Burton, "Negro Work Songs" (1940), 1 typescript in Box 91 ("Music"), Illinois Writers Project, U.S.W.P.A., in James R. Grossman, *Land of Hope: Chicago, Black Southerners, and the Great Migration* (Chicago, 1989), p. 192; Carl Wittke, *The Irish in America* (Baton Rouge, La., 1956), p. 39; Ito, *Issei*, p. 343; Manuel Gamio, *Mexican Immigration to the United States* (Chicago, 1930), pp. 84–85.

24. Abraham Lincoln, "First Inaugural Address," in *The Annals of America*, vol. 9, *1863–1865: The Crisis of the Union* (Chicago, 1968), p. 255; Lincoln, "The Gettysburg Address," pp. 462–463; Abraham Lincoln, letter to James C. Conkling, August 26, 1863, in *Annals of America*, p. 439; Frederick Douglass, in Herbert Aptheker (ed.), *A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States* (New York, 1951), vol. 1, p. 496.

25. Weber (ed.), *Foreigners in Their Native Land*, p. vi; Hamilton Holt (ed.), *The Life Stories of Undistinguished Americans as Told by Themselves* (New York, 1906), p. 143.

26. "Social Document of Pany Lowe, interviewed by C. H. Burnett, Seattle, July 5, 1924," p. 6, Survey of Race Relations, Stanford University, Hoover Institution Archives; Minnie Miller, "Autobiography," private manuscript, copy from Richard Balkin; Tomo Shoji, presentation, Ohana Cultural Center, Oakland, California, March 4, 1988.

27. Sandra Cisneros, *The House on Mango Street* (New York, 1991), pp. 109–110; Leslie Marmon Silko, *Ceremony* (New York, 1978), p. 2; Harriet A. Jacobs,

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl, written by herself (Cambridge, Mass., 1987; originally published in 1857), p. xiii.

28. Carlos Fuentes, *The Buried Mirror: Reflections on Spain and the New World* (Boston, 1992), pp. 10, 11, 109; Barbara W. Tuchman, *A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century* (New York, 1978), pp. xiii, xiv.

29. Adrienne Rich, *Blood, Bread, and Poetry: Selected Prose, 1979–1985* (New York, 1986), pp. 199.

30. Ishmael Reed, "America: The Multinational Society," in Rick Simonson and Scott Walker (eds.), *Multi-cultural Literacy* (St. Paul, 1988), p. 160; Ito, *Issei*, p. 497.

31. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., *The Disuniting of America: Reflections on a Multicultural Society* (Knoxville, Tenn., 1991); Carlos Bulosan, *America Is in the Heart: A Personal History* (Seattle, 1981), pp. 188–189.

Part I: Before Columbus

1. "The Saga of the Greenlanders: Eirik the Red Takes Land in Iceland" and "The Saga of Eirik the Red: Leif Eiriksson Discovers Vinland," in *Vinland the Good: The Saga of Leif Eiriksson and the Viking Discovery of America, with a Preface by Helge Ingstad* (Oslo, 1986). The Greenland saga was written down in the fourteenth century and the saga of Eirik in the fifteenth century.

2. *Vinland the Good*, pp. 20, 26, 28.

3. *Vinland the Good*, pp. 65–66, 34, 71–72. The name "Skraelings" was applied by the Norsemen to Indians in Vinland and may be related to the modern Norwegian term *skraela*, or "scream." See Gwyn Jones, *The Norse Atlantic Saga: Being the Norse Voyages of Discovery and Settlement to Iceland, Greenland, America* (New York, 1964), pp. 59–60.

4. *Vinland the Good*, pp. 66, 68, 36, 69.

5. Christopher Columbus, Journal, October 21 and 23, 1492, in Samuel Eliot Morison (ed.), *Journals and Other Documents on the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (New York, 1963), pp. 78, 79.

Chapter 2. The "Tempest" in the Wilderness

1. Frank G. Speck, "Penobscot Tales and Religious Beliefs," *Journal of American Folklore*, vol. 48, no. 187 (January–March 1915), p. 19; William Wood, quoted in William S. Simmons, *Spirit of New England Tribes: Indian History and Folklore, 1620–1984* (Hanover, N.H., 1986), p. 66; Edward Johnson, *Wonder-working Providence, 1628–1651*, edited by F. Franklin Jameson (New York, 1910; originally published in 1654), p. 39; Colin G. Calloway (ed.), *Dawnland Encounters: Indians and Europeans in Northern New England* (Hanover, N.H., 1991), pp. 30, 50; Roger Williams, *A Key into the Language of America* (Detroit, 1973), p. 191. See also

James Axtell, "Through Another Glass Darkly: Early Indian Views of Europeans," in Axtell, *After Columbus: Essays in the Ethnohistory of Colonial North America* (New York, 1988), pp. 125–143.

2. Simmons, *Spirit of New England Tribes,* pp. 71, 72; Axtell, *After Columbus,* p. 129; James Axtell, *The Invasion Within: The Contest of Cultures in Colonial North America* (New York, 1985), p. 8.

3. William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (New York, 1904), Act V, sc. i, 184–185. *The Tempest* has recently been swept into the storm over "political correctness." In 1991, George Will issued a scathing attack on "left" scholars and their "perverse" "liberation" of literature, especially their interpretation of this play as a reflection of "the imperialist rape of the Third World." Shakespeare specialist Stephen Greenblatt responded: "This is a curious example — since it is very difficult to argue that *The Tempest* is *not* about imperialism." Such an authoritative counterstatement clears the way for a study of this story in relationship to its historical setting. See George Will, "Literary Politics: 'The Tempest'? It's 'really' about imperialism. Emily Dickinson's poetry? Masturbation," *Newsweek,* April 22, 1991, p. 72; and Stephen Greenblatt, "The Best Way to Kill Our Literary Inheritance Is to Turn It into a Decorous Celebration of the New World Order," *Chronicle of Higher Education,* vol. 37, no. 39 (June 12, 1991), pp. B1, 3. As Adam Begley has recently noted, literary critic Stanley Fish reminds us that "the circumstances of an utterance determine its meaning." See Begley, "Souped-up Scholar," *New York Times Magazine,* May 3, 1992, p. 52. My appreciation to Frederick E. Hoxie and David Thelen for helping me develop the critical contours of my analysis.

4. Winthrop Jordan, *White Over Black: American Attitudes toward the Negro, 1550–1812* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1968), pp. 37–40. *Othello* was first performed in 1604, before the founding of Jamestown. Jordan overlooked the rich possibility of studying *The Tempest.*

5. Nicholas P. Canny, "The Ideology of English Colonization: From Ireland to America," *William and Mary Quarterly,* 3rd series, vol. 30, no. 4 (October 1973), p. 585; David B. Quinn, *The Elizabethans and the Irish* (Ithaca, N.Y., 1966), p. 161; Francis Jennings, *The Invasion of America: Indians, Colonialism, and the Cant of Conquest* (New York, 1976), p. 7. In *White Supremacy: A Comparative Study in American & South African History* (New York, 1971), George Frederickson describes the conquest of Ireland as a "rehearsal" (p. 13).

6. Canny, "Ideology," pp. 585, 588; Howard Mumford Jones, *O Strange New World: American Culture, the Formative Years* (New York, 1965), p. 169; Keith Thomas, *Man and the Natural World: A History of the Modern Sensibility* (New York, 1983), p. 42; Jennings, *Invasion of America,* pp. 46, 49; James Muldoon, "The Indian as Irishman," *Essex Institute Historical Collections,* vol. 111 (October 1975, 269; Quinn, *Elizabethans and Irish,* p. 76.

7. Muldoon, "Indian as Irishman," p. 284; Quinn, *Elizabethans and Irish,* p. 108.

8. Canny, "Ideology," pp. 593, 582; Jennings, *Invasion of America,* p. 153;

Frederickson, *White Supremacy,* p. 15; Quinn, *Elizabethans and Irish,* pp. 132–133.

9. Canny, "Ideology," p. 582; Jennings, *Invasion of America,* p. 168; Douglas Hyde, *Literary History of Ireland* (London, 1894), p. 473.

10. Canny, "Ideology," p. 588; Jennings, *Invasion of America,* pp. 46, 49; Quinn, *Elizabethans and Irish,* p. 76; Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act IV, sc. i, 188–189.

11. Quinn, *Elizabethans and Irish,* p. 121; William Christie MacLeod, "Celt and Indian: Britain's Old World Frontier in Relation to the New," in Paul Bohannan and Fred Plog (eds.), *Beyond the Frontier: Social Process and Cultural Change* (Garden City, N.Y., 1967), pp. 38–39; Jennings, *Invasion of America,* p. 312.

12. Quinn, *Elizabethans and Irish,* p. 121; Muldoon, "Indian as Irishman," p. 270; MacLeod, "Celt and Indian," p. 26; see also Canny, "Ideology," p. 576.

13. Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act I, sc. ii, 229; Frank Kermode, "Introduction," *The Tempest,* The Arden Edition of the Works of William Shakespeare (London, 1969), p. xxvii; Robert R. Cawley, "Shakespeare's Use of the Voyagers in *The Tempest,*" *Publications of the Modern Language Association of America,* vol. 41, no. 3 (September 1926), pp. 699–700, 689; Frederickson, *White Supremacy,* p. 22. See also Leo Marx, *The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America* (New York, 1964), pp. 34–75.

14. Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act II, sc. i, 45–53, 148–153; Cawley, "Shakespeare's Use," pp. 702, 703, 704; Kirkpatrick Sale, *The Conquest of Paradise: Christopher Columbus and the Columbian Legacy* (New York, 1990), p. 102. For analysis of America imaged as a woman, see Carolyn Merchant, *Ecological Revolutions: Nature, Gender, and Science in New England* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1989), p. 101; Annette Kolodny, *The Lay of the Land: Metaphor as Experience and History in American Life and Letters* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1975).

15. Kermode (ed.), introduction, *Tempest,* p. xxiv. For anagram of Hamlet, see dedication to William Shakespeare at Kronborg Castle, Denmark.

16. Christopher Columbus, Journal, November 12, 1492, in Samuel Eliot Morison (ed.), *Journals and Other Documents on the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus* (New York, 1963), p. 126; Sale, *Conquest of Paradise,* p. 126; Guillermo Coma to the Duke of Milan, December 13, 1494, in Morison (ed.), *Journals of Columbus,* p. 238; Cuneo to Lord Hieronymo Annari, October 15, 1495, in Morison (ed.), *Journals of Columbus,* pp. 226–227.

17. Kenneth M. Morrison, *The Embattled Northeast: The Elusive Ideal of Alliance in Abenaki-Euramerican Relations* (Berkeley, Calif., 1984), pp. 22–23; Leonard A. Adolf, "Squanto's Role in Pilgrim Diplomacy," *Ethnohistory,* vol. 11, no. 4 (fall 1964), pp. 247–248; Cawley, "Shakespeare's Use," pp. 720, 721; Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act II, sc. ii, 70–72; Kermode (ed.), text explanation, *Tempest,* p. 62.

18. William Bradford, *Of Plymouth Plantation: 1620–1647* (New York, 1967), p. 26; Frederickson, *White Supremacy,* p. 11; Roy Harvey Pearce, *Savagism and Civilization: A Study of the Indian and the American Mind* (Baltimore, 1967), p. 12; Calloway (ed.), *Dawnland Encounters, p.* 33.

19. Wilcomb Washburn (ed.), *Indian and White Man* (New York, 1964), pp. 4–5; Morrison, *Embattled Northeast*, pp. 22–23; see Riane Eisler, *The Chalice and the Blade: Our History, Our Future* (New York, 1988) for the significance of "the sword."

20. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, Act IV, sc. i, 16–17; Act I, sc. ii, 345–352; Washburn (ed.), *Indian and White Man*, pp. 4, 5, 7.

21. Frederickson, *White Supremacy*, p. 9; the terms "descent" and "consent" are from Werner Sollors, *Beyond Ethnicity: Consent and Descent in American Culture* (New York, 1986), p. 6. Sollors minimizes the significance of race, arguing that it is "merely one aspect of ethnicity" (p. 36). I take the opposite position here as well as in Takaki, "Reflections on Racial Patterns in America," in Takaki (ed.), *From Different Shores: Perspectives on Race and Ethnicity in America* (New York, 1987), pp. 26–38; and Takaki, *Iron Cages: Race and Culture in Nineteenth-Century America* (New York, 1979).

22. Sollors, *Beyond Ethnicity*, pp. 36–37; Frederickson, *White Supremacy*, p. 8; Columbus, Journal, November 12 and December 25, 1492, in Morison (ed.), *Journals of Columbus*, pp. 92, 136; Shakespeare, *Tempest*, Act III, sc. iii, 29–31.

23. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, Act I, sc. ii, 352–360; Cawley, "Shakespeare's Use," p. 715; Frederickson, *White Supremacy*, p. 12; Pearce, *Savagism and Civilization*, pp. 9, 10. Aimé Césaire also recognized this angry and articulate Caliban and moved him from margin to center. See his *Tempest* (New York, 1969).

24. Axtell, *After Columbus*, p. 190; Helen C. Rountree, *The Powhatan Indians of Virginia: Their Traditional Culture* (Norman, Okla., 1990), pp. 44, 45, 46, 49, 60, 63.

25. Mortimer J. Adler (ed.), *The Annals of America*, vol. 1, *Discovering a New World* (Chicago, 1968), pp. 21, 26, 22.

26. Gary Nash, *Red, White, and Black: The Peoples of Early America* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1974), p. 58; Adler (ed.), *Annals of America*, vol. 1, p. 26.

27. Cotton Mather, *Magnalia Christi Americana*, books 1 and 2 (Cambridge, Mass., 1977), p. 116; Frederickson, *White Supremacy*, p. 24; Sale, *Conquest of Paradise*, p. 277.

28. Jennings, *Invasion of America*, p. 66; Nash, *Red, White, and Black*, p. 57.

29. Merchant, *Ecological Revolutions*, p. 22; Shakespeare, *Tempest*, Act II, sc. i, 90–91; Act IV, sc. i, 160; Act III, sc. ii, 48–49; Thomas More, *Utopia* (New Haven, Conn., 1964), p. 76; Thomas, *Man and the Natural World*, p. 42; Cawley, "Shakespeare's Use," p. 715.

30. Jennings, *Invasion of America*, pp. 78, 80; Sale, *Conquest of Paradise*, p. 295.

31. Nash, *Red, White, and Black*, pp. 62, 63; Sale, *Conquest of Paradise*, pp. 293, 294; Jennings, *Invasion of America*, p. 153.

32. Sollors, *Beyond Ethnicity*, pp. 6, 36, 37.

33. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, Act IV, sc. i, 188–189; Act I, sc. ii, 255–260, 342–344, 350–365; Kermode (ed.), text explanation, *Tempest*, p. 63.

34. Howard S. Russell, *Indian New England Before the Mayflower* (Hanover, N.H., 1980), p. 11; John Smith, "A Description of New England," in Adler (ed.), *Annals of America*, vol. 1, p. 39.

35. Eva L. Butler, "Algonkian Culture and the Use of Maize in Southern New England," *Bulletin of the Archeological Society of Connecticut*, no. 22 (December 1948), p. 6; Speck, "Penobscot Tales," p. 75; Merchant, *Ecological Revolutions*, p. 72.

36. Russell, *Indian New England*, pp. 10, 11, 166; Merchant, *Ecological Revolutions*, p. 80; Peter A. Thomas, "Contrastive Subsistence Strategies and Land Use as Factors for Understanding Indian-White Relations in New England," *Ethnohistory*, vol. 23, no. 1 (winter 1976), p. 10; Williams, *A Key into the Language of America*, p. 170; Butler, "Algonkian Culture," pp. 15, 17. For a study of the Abenakis as hunters, see Merchant, *Ecological Revolutions*, pp. 29–68.

37. Johnson, *Wonder-working Providence*, p. 262; William Cronon, *Changes in the Land: Indians, Colonists, and the Ecology of New England* (New York, 1983), pp. 55, 56; William Wood, *New England's Prospect*, edited by Alden T. Vaughn (Amherst, Mass., 1977), p. 96.

38. Alfred W. Crosby, "Virgin Soil Epidemics as a Factor in the Aboriginal Depopulation in America," *William and Mary Quarterly*, vol. 33, no. 2 (April 1976), p. 289; Dean R. Snow, "Abenaki Fur Trade in the Sixteenth Century," *Western Canadian Journal of Anthropology*, vol. 6, no. 1 (1976), p. 8; Merchant, *Ecological Revolutions*, p. 90.

39. Bradford, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, pp. 270–271.

40. Roy Harvey Pearce, "The 'Ruines of Mankind': The Indian and Puritan Mind," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, vol. 13 (1952), p. 201; Peter Carroll, *Puritanism and the Wilderness: The Intellectual Significance of the Frontier, 1629–1700* (New York, 1969), p. 13; Johnson, *Wonder-working Providence*, p. 40.

41. Cronon, *Changes in the Land*, p. 90; Alfred W. Crosby, "God . . . Would Destroy Them, and Give Their Country to Another People," *American Heritage*, vol. 29, no. 6 (October/November 1978), p. 40; Bradford, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, pp. 65–66.

42. William S. Simmons, "Cultural Bias in the New England Puritans' Perception of Indians," *William and Mary Quarterly*, 3rd series, vol. 38 (January 1981), pp. 70, 62.

43. Kai Erikson, *Wayward Puritans: A Study in the Sociology of Deviance* (New York, 1966), pp. 13, 64; see also Pearce, *Savagism and Civilization*, p. 8.

44. Cotton Mather, *On Witchcraft: Being, The Wonders of the Invisible World* (New York, n.d.; originally published in 1692), p. 53; Simmons, "Cultural Bias," p. 71.

45. Richard Slotkin, *Regeneration through Violence: The Mythology of the American Frontier, 1600–1860* (Middletown, Conn., 1973), pp. 132, 142, 65.

46. Johnson, *Wonder-working Providence*, p. 263; Bradford, *Of Plymouth Plantation*, p. 205.

47. John Winthrop, *Winthrop Papers,* vol. 2 (1623–1630), Massachusetts Historical Society (1931), p. 139.

48. Thomas, "Contrastive Subsistence Strategies and Land Use," p. 4.

49. Charles M. Segal and David C. Stineback (eds.), *Puritans, Indians & Manifest Destiny* (New York, 1977), pp. 136–137, 111; Sherburne F. Cook, "Interracial Warfare and Population Decline among the New England Indians," *Ethnohistory,* vol. 20 (winter 1973), pp. 19–21; Simmons, "Cultural Bias," p. 67; Segal and Stineback (eds.), *Puritans, Indians & Manifest Destiny,* p. 182.

50. Johnson, *Wonder-working Providence,* pp. 71, 168, 211, 247–248; see Cronon, *Changes in the Land,* pp. 166–167.

51. Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act III, sc. ii, 62.

52. Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act IV, sc. i, 188–189; Sollors, *Beyond Ethnicity,* pp. 6–7, 36–37.

53. Perry Miller, "Errand into the Wilderness," in Miller, *Errand into the Wilderness* (New York, 1964), pp. 1–15; Miller's metaphor and theme originally came from Samuel Danforth's sermon, delivered on May 11, 1670, entitled "A Brief Recognition of New England's Errand into the Wilderness"; John Winthrop, "A Model of Christian Charity," in Perry Miller (ed.), *The American Puritans: Their Prose and Poetry* (New York, 1956), pp. 79–84; Simmons, "Cultural Bias," p. 67.

54. Speck, "Penobscot Tales," pp. 66–70.

55. Cronon, *Changes in the Land,* pp. 162–163.

56. Merchant, *Ecological Revolutions,* p. 93; Axtell, *Invasion Within,* p. 167.

57. Nash, *Red, White, and Black,* pp. 302–303.

58. Thomas Jefferson to Brother John Baptist de Coigne, chief of Kaskaskia, June 1781, and to John Page, August 5, 1776, in Andrew A. Lipscomb and Albert E. Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Thomas Jefferson,* 20 vols. (Washington, D.C., 1904), vol. 16, p. 372; vol. 4, pp. 270–271.

59. Jefferson to chiefs of the Shawnee Nation, February 19, 1807, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 16, p. 424.

60. Thomas Jefferson, *Notes on the State of Virginia* (New York, 1861), p. 91.

61. Jefferson to chiefs of the Upper Cherokees, May 4, 1808, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 16, p. 434; Jefferson to John Baptist de Coigne, June 1781, in Julian Boyd (ed.), *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson,* 18 vols. (Princeton, N.J., 1950–1965), vol. 6, pp. 60–63; Jefferson to Delawares, Mohicans, and Munries, December 21, 1808, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 16, p. 452.

62. Jefferson to Choctaw Nation, December 17, 1803, and to chiefs of the Ottawas, Chippewas, Powtewatamies, Wyandots, and Senecas of Sandusky, April 22, 1808, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 16, pp. 401, 429.

63. Jefferson, "Confidential Message Recommending a Western Exploring Expedition," January 18, 1803, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 3, pp. 489–490; Jefferson to Governor William H. Harrison, February 27, 1803, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 10, pp. 370–373; Jefferson to Horatio Gates, July 11, 1803, in Paul L. Ford (ed.), *The Works of Thomas Jefferson,* 20 vols. (New York, 1892–1899), vol. 10, p. 13; Jefferson, draft of an amendment to the Constitution, July 1803, in Ford (ed.), *Works of Jefferson,* vol. 8, pp. 241–248; Jefferson to Cherokees, January 9, 1809, in Lipscomb and Bergh (ed.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 16, pp. 458–459.

64. Jefferson to John Adams, June 11, 1812, in Lester J. Cappon (ed.), *The Adams-Jefferson Letters,* 2 vols. (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1959), vol. 2, pp. 307–308; Jefferson to Governor William H. Harrison, February 27, 1803; to chiefs of the Ottawas, Chippewas, Powtewatamies, and Senecas, April 22, 1808; and to chiefs of the Wyandots, Ottawas, Chippewas, Powtewatamies, and Shawnees, January 10, 1809, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Thomas Jefferson,* vol. 10, pp. 370–373; vol. 16, pp. 431–432, 463.

65. Jefferson to John Adams, June 11, 1812, in Cappon (ed.), *The Adams-Jefferson Letters,* vol. 2, pp. 307–308.

66. Jefferson to Adams, June 11, 1812, in Cappon (ed.), *The Adams-Jefferson Letters,* vol. 2, pp. 307–308; Jefferson to William Ludlow, September 6, 1824, in Lipscomb and Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Jefferson,* vol. 16, pp. 74–75.

Chapter 3. The "Giddy Multitude"

1. Winthrop Jordan, *White Over Black: American Attitudes toward the Negro, 1550–1812* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1968), pp. 6, 15.

2. William Shakespeare, *The Tempest* (New York, 1904), Act I, sc. ii, 269–270; Jordan, *White Over Black,* pp. 4–5, 7.

3. Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act I, sc. ii, 350–360; Jordan, *White Over Black,* pp. 24, 25.

4. Jordan, *White Over Black,* pp. 29–30; Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act II, sc. ii, 20–30.

5. Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act II, sc. ii, 310–311; Jordan, *White Over Black,* p. 73.

6. Olaudah Equiano, "Early Travels of Olaudah Equiano," in Philip D. Curtain, *Africa Remembered: Narratives by West Africans from the Era of the Slave Trade* (Madison, Wis., 1968), pp. 92–97.

7. Edmund Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom: The Ordeal of Colonial Virginia* (New York, 1975), p. 154. This is the most important study of class and race relations in early Virginia.

8. T. H. Breen and Shephen Innes, *"Myne Owne Grounde": Race and Freedom on Virginia's Eastern Shore, 1640–1676* (New York, 1980), p. 59; Abbot Emerson Smith, *Colonists in Bondage: White Servitude and Convict Labor in America, 1607–1776* (Gloucester, Mass., 1965), pp. 4, 13.

9. Smith, *Colonists in Bondage,* pp. 3, 45.

10. Smith, *Colonists in Bondage,* pp. 68–69, 163, 166–167; Marcus W.

Jernegan, *Laboring and Dependent Classes in Colonial America, 1607–1783* (New York, 1960), p. 50.

11. Smith, *Colonists in Bondage*, pp. 256, 253.

12. William W. Hening, *The Statutes at Large; Being a Collection of All the Laws of Virginia*, 13 vols. (Richmond, 1809–1823), vol. 2, p. 26; Helen Catterall (ed.), *Judicial Cases Concerning American Slavery and the Negro*, vol. 1, *Cases from the Courts of England, Virginia, West Virginia, and Kentucky* (New York, 1968), p. 80.

13. Catterall, *Judicial Cases*, pp. 77, 78; Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 155, 336; Winthrop Jordan, "Modern Tensions and the Origins of American Slavery," *Journal of Southern History*, vol. 28, no. 1 (February 1962), p. 28; Breen and Innes, *"Myne Owne Grounde,"* p. 96.

14. Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 1, p. 226; Breen and Innes, *"Myne Owne Grounde,"* pp. 25, 29; Catterall, *Judicial Cases*, p. 77.

15. "Inventory of the goods Cattle and Chattles of and belonging unto the estate of Mr. William Burdett," November 13, 1643, reprinted in Susie M. Ames (ed.), *County Court Records of Accomack-Northampton, Virginia, 1640–1645* (Charlottesville, Va., 1973), pp. 419–425.

16. Ames (ed.), *Court Records*, pp. 324, 255, 433–434; Jordan, *White Over Black*, p. 75; Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, p. 154; Carl Degler, *Out of Our Past: The Forces That Shaped Modern America* (New York, 1962), p. 34.

17. Oscar Handlin, *Race and Nationality in American Life* (New York, 1957), p. 7; Alden T. Vaughan, "The Origins Debate: Slavery and Racism in Seventeenth-Century Virginia," *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, vol. 97, no. 3 (July 1989), p. 354. See Degler, *Out of Our Past*, pp. 26–39, for a refutation of the Handlin thesis as presented in Handlin, *Race and Nationality*, pp. 3–22.

18. Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 2, pp. 26, 270.

19. Jordan, *White Over Black*, pp. 64, 69, 71; Mortimer J. Adler (ed.), *The Annals of America*, vol. 1, *Discovering a New World* (Chicago, 1968), p. 167.

20. Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 404, 422, 298; T. H. Breen, "A Changing Labor Force and Race Relations in Virginia, 1660–1710," *Journal of Social History*, vol. 7 (fall 1973), p. 8. Breen's essay is heuristic.

21. Smith, *Colonists in Bondage*, p. 29.

22. Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 2, pp. 260, 281. See Ann Stoler, "Sexual Affronts and Racial Frontiers: National Identity, 'Mixed Bloods,' and the Cultural Genealogies of Europeans in Colonial Southeast Asia," paper presented at the conference on "The Decolonization of Imagination: The New Europe and Its Others," Amsterdam, May 1991.

23. Jordan, *White Over Black*, p. 579.

24. Breen, "Changing Labor Force," pp. 16, 17; Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 404, 423; Degler, *Out of Our Past*, p. 27; Russell Menard, "From Servants to Slaves: The Transformation of the Chesapeake Labor System," *Southern Studies*, vol. 5 (winter 1977), p. 370; Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 3, pp. 447–448.

25. Handlin, *Race and Nationality*, pp. 13, 19.

26. Menard, "From Servants to Slaves," p. 363; Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, p. 299.

27. Shakespeare, *Tempest*, Act II, sc. ii, 180–190; Act II, sc. ii, 60–70; Act III, sc. ii, 110–140; Act IV, sc. i, 250–260.

28. Breen, "Changing Labor Force," p. 4.

29. Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 215–220.

30. Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, p. 221.

31. Breen, "Changing Labor Force," pp. 3, 8, 9; Breen and Innes, *"Myne Owne Grounde,"* p. 60; Smith, *Colonists in Bondage*, p. 138.

32. Breen, "Changing Labor Force," pp. 3–4; Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 241–242.

33. Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, p. 257. The House of Burgesses used the term "giddy multitude" to describe the followers of Nathaniel Bacon. H. R. McIlwaine (ed.), *Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia, 1659/60–1693* (Richmond, 1914). See Breen, "Changing Labor Force," p. 18.

34. Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 258, 260.

35. Breen, "Changing Labor Force," p. 10.

36. Breen, "Changing Labor Force," p. 11.

37. Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, p. 308; Breen, "Changing Labor Force," p. 12. Morgan is reluctant to press his analysis as far as I do. "The substitution of slaves for servants gradually eased and eventually ended the threat that the freedmen posed," he wrote. "As the annual number of imported servants dropped, so did the number of men turning free. . . . Planters who bought slaves instead of servants did not do so with any apparent consciousness of the social stability to be gained thereby." Perhaps not, but perhaps they did, though not apparently. See Theodore Allen, " '. . . They Would Have Destroyed Me': Slavery and the Origins of Racism," *Radical America*, vol. 9, no. 3 (May–June 1975), pp. 41–63, which I read after completing my analysis of Bacon's Rebellion, for an argument that the planters acted deliberately and consciously.

38. Darrett B. and Anita H. Rutman, *A Place in Time: Middlesex County, Virginia, 1650–1750* (New York, 1984), p. 165; Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, p. 306.

39. Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 2, pp. 481, 493.

40. Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 222, 339; Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 3, p. 451.

41. Breen and Innes, *"Mine Owne Grounde,"* p. 108.

42. Allen, " 'They Would Have Destroyed Me,' " p. 55; Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 3, pp. 86–87; Morgan, *American Slavery — American Freedom*, pp. 333, 335–337.

43. Hening, *Statutes*, vol. 2, p. 481; vol. 3, pp. 459–460; vol. 10, p. 331; Breen,

"Changing Labor Force," p. 17; Benjamin Quarles, *The Negro in the American Revolution* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1961), p. 108.

44. Thomas Jefferson, *Notes on the State of Virginia* (New York, 1861), pp. 157–158.

45. Jefferson to John Adams, October 28, 1813, in Adrienne Koch and William Peden (eds.), *The Life and Selected Writings of Thomas Jefferson* (New York, 1944), p. 633.

46. Jefferson, *Notes,* p. 167; Jefferson to John Jordan, December 21, 1805, and to W. Eppes, June 30, 1830, in Edwin M. Betts (ed.), *Thomas Jefferson's Farm Book* (Princeton, N.J., 1953), pp. 21, 43.

47. Jefferson to Daniel Bradley, October 6, 1805, and to Thomas M. Randolph, June 8, 1803, in Betts (ed.), *Jefferson's Farm Book,* pp. 21, 19.

48. Jefferson to Edward Coles, August 25, 1814, in Paul L. Ford (ed.), *The Works of Thomas Jefferson,* 20 vols. (New York, 1892–1899), vol. 11, p. 416; Jefferson, *Notes,* p. 132; Jefferson to Brissot de Warville, February 11, 1788, in Julian Boyd (ed.), *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson,* 18 vols. (Princeton, N.J., 1950–1965), vol. 12, pp. 577–578.

49. Jefferson to Francis Eppes, July 30, 1787, in Boyd (ed.), *Papers,* vol. 10, p. 653; Jefferson to Nicholas Lewis, July 29, 1787, in Boyd (ed.), *Papers,* vol. 10, p. 640.

50. Jefferson, *Notes,* p. 155.

51. Jefferson, *Notes,* pp. 85–86; Jefferson to John Holmes, April 22, 1820, in Ford (ed.), *Works,* vol. 12, pp. 334.

52. Jefferson to Jared Sparks, February 4, 1824, in Ford (ed.), *Works,* vol. 12, p. 159.

53. Jefferson, *Notes,* pp. 127, 138.

54. Jordan, *White Over Black,* pp. 283–284; Phillis Wheatley, *The Poems of Phillis Wheatley,* edited by Julian Mason (Chapel Hill, N.C., 1966), pp. 7, 34.

55. Jordan, *White Over Black,* p. 437; Jefferson, *Notes,* p. 135.

56. Banneker to Jefferson, August 19, 1791, reprinted in George Ducas, with Charles Van Doren (eds.), *Great Documents in Black American History* (New York, 1970), pp. 23–26.

57. *Ibid.*

58. Jefferson to Banneker, August 30, 1791, in Ford (ed.), *Works,* vol. 6, pp. 309–310; Jefferson to Joel Harlow, October 8, 1809, in Ford (ed.), *Works,* vol. 11, p. 121.

59. Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act IV, sc. i, 188–189; Jefferson, *Notes,* pp. 137–141.

60. Jefferson, *Notes,* pp. 138–139, 127.

61. Jefferson, *Notes,* pp. 132–133.

62. Jefferson to James Monroe, July 14, 1793, in Ford (ed.), *Works,* vol. 7, pp. 449–459; Jefferson to St. George Tucker, August 28, 1797, in Ford (ed.), *Works,* vol. 8, p. 335; Jefferson to James Monroe, September 20, 1800, in Ford (ed.), *Works,*

vol. 9, p. 147; Jefferson to William Burwell, January 28, 1805, in Betts (ed.), *Jefferson's Farm Book,* p. 20.

63. Jefferson to John Holmes, April 22, 1820, in Ford (ed.), *Works,* vol. 13, p. 159; Shakespeare, *Tempest,* Act I, sc. ii, 310–314; Act V, sc. i, 100–110.

Part II: Prospero Unbound

1. Jefferson to John Hollins, May 5, 1811, in Andrew A. Lipscomb and Albert E. Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Thomas Jefferson,* 20 vols. (Washington, D.C., 1904), vol. 13, p. 58. For the definitive study of the economy and society of the first half of the nineteenth century, see Charles Sellers, *The Market Revolution: Jacksonian America, 1815–1846* (New York, 1991). My appreciation to Professor Sellers for his inspiration and teaching.

2. Benjamin Franklin, *Observations Concerning the Increase of Mankind,* in Leonard W. Labaree (ed.), *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin* (New Haven, Conn., 1959–), vol. 4, p. 234.

3. *Debates and Proceedings in the Congress of the United States, 1789–1791,* 2 vols. (Washington, D.C.), vol. 1, pp. 998, 1284; vol. 2, pp. 1148–1156, 1162, 2264; Thomas Jefferson to James Monroe, November 24, 1801, in Paul L. Ford (ed.), *The Works of Thomas Jefferson,* 20 vols. (New York, 1892–1899), vol. 9, p. 317; Felix S. Cohen, *Handbook of Federal Indian Law* (Albuquerque, N. Mex., 1958), pp. 153–159.

4. Max Weber, *The Protestant Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism* (New York, 1958; originally published in 1930).

5. Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America,* 2 vols. (New York, 1945; originally published in 1835), vol. 2, pp. 23, 239, 137. See also Douglass C. North, *The Economic Growth of the United States, 1790–1860* (New York, 1966).

6. See George R. Taylor, *The Transportation Revolution, 1815–1860* (New York, 1962).

7. North, *Economic Growth,* p. 129.

8. James Madison, quoted in Michael Paul Rogin, *Fathers and Children: Andrew Jackson and the Subjugation of the American Indian* (New York, 1975), p. 319.

Chapter 4. Toward the Stony Mountains

1. Jefferson to Andrew Jackson, February 16, 1803, in Andrew A. Lipscomb and Albert E. Bergh (eds.), *Writings of Thomas Jefferson,* 20 vols. (Washington, D.C., 1904), vol. 10, pp. 357–359. While the title for this subsection comes from John William Ward, *Andrew Jackson: Symbol for an Age* (New York, 1955), it suggests here that Jackson was also another kind of symbol. Richard White's *Roots of Dependency: Subsistence, Environment, and Social Change among the Choctaws, Pawnees, and Navajos* (Lincoln, Nebr., 1983) is pathbreaking in its comparative focus

39. Gloria Levitas, Frank Vivelo, and Jacquelien Vivelo (eds.), *American Indian Prose and Poetry* (New York, 1974), p. 180; Wilkins, *Cherokee Tragedy*, p. 314.

40. George A. Dorsey, *The Pawnee Mythology* (Washington, D.C., 1906), pp. 21–28.

41. White, *Roots of Dependency*, pp. 172–173; Frances Densmore, *Pawnee Music*, in Smithsonian Institution, *Bureau of Ethnology*, Bulletin 93 (Washington, D.C., 1929), p. 32; Gene Weltfish, *The Lost Universe* (New York, 1965), p. 203; Dorsey, *Pawnee Mythology*, p. 213.

42. Martha Royce Blaine, *Pawnee Passage: 1870–1875* (Norman, Okla., 1990), p. 81.

43. David J. Wishart, "The Dispossession of the Pawnee," in *Annals of the Association of American Geographers*, vol. 69, no. 3 (September 1979), p. 386; John B. Dunbar, "The Pawnee Indians: Their Habits and Customs," *Magazine of American History*, vol. 5, no. 5 (November 1880), pp. 327–328, 331; White, *Roots of Dependency*, p. 188.

44. Levitas *et al.* (eds.), *American Indian Prose and Poetry*, p. 41; John B. Dunbar, "The Pawnee Indians: Their History and Ethnology," *Magazine of American History*, vol. 4, no. 4 (April 1880), p. 275; James R. Murie, *Ceremonies of the Pawnee*, in Douglas R. Parks (ed.), *Smithsonian Contributions to Anthropology*, no. 27 (Washington, D.C., 1981), pp. 80–82.

45. Dunbar, "Pawnee . . . History," p. 276.

46. White, *Roots of Dependency*, p. 172; Densmore, *Pawnee Music*, p. 5.

47. White, *Roots of Dependency*, pp. 191–192; Wishart, "Dispossession of the Pawnee," p. 387.

48. Jackson, Third Annual Message to Congress, 1831, in Richardson (ed.), *Papers of the Presidents*, vol. 2, p. 545.

49. "The Spirit of the Times; or the Fast Age," *Democratic Review*, vol. 33 (September 1853), pp. 260–261.

50. Alfred L. Riggs, "What Shall We Do with the Indians?" *The Nation*, vol. 67 (October 31, 1867), p. 356.

51. Ulysses S. Grant, First Annual Message, 1869, in Richardson (ed.), *Papers of the Presidents*, vol. 9, p. 3993.

52. Robert G. Athearn, *William Tecumseh Sherman and the Settlement of the West* (Norman, Okla., 1956), pp. 324–325.

53. Francis Amasa Walker, *The Indian Question* (Boston, 1874), p. 5; Ira G. Clark, *Then Came the Railroads: The Century from Steam to Diesel in the Southwest* (Norman, Okla., 1958), pp. 121, 128.

54. Wishart, "Dispossession of the Pawnee," p. 390.

55. Levitas *et al.* (eds.), *American Indian Prose and Poetry*, p. 229.

56. Wishart, "Dispossession of the Pawnee," p. 392.

57. White, *Roots of Dependency*, p. 201; Blaine, *Pawnee Passage*, p. 215; Dunbar, "Pawnee . . . History," p. 251; Weltfish, *Lost Universe*, p. 4.

58. Densmore, *Pawnee Music*, p. 90; White, *Roots of Dependency*, p. 210; Blaine, *Pawnee Passage*, p. 143.

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Chapter 13. To the Promised Land

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