

Conflict in the West, 1865-1912

A Cherokee Explains the Origins of Disease and Medicine in the 1890s

The ethnologist James Mooney collected many myths and stories from Cherokee families who had remained hiding in the Appalachian mountains when the majority of the people were removed to Indian Territory (Oklahoma) in the 1830s. This myth attempts to make sense out of the existence of disease in the world.

SOURCE: Nineteenth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, 1897–98 (Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 1900).

In the old days the beasts, birds, fishes, insects, and plants could all talk, and they and the people lived together in peace and friendship. But as time went on the people increased so rapidly that their settlements spread over the whole earth, and the poor animals found themselves beginning to be cramped for room. This was bad enough, but to make it worse Man invented bows, knives, blowguns, spears, and hooks, and began to slaughter the larger animals, birds, and fishes for their flesh or their skins, while the smaller creatures, such as the frogs and worms, were crushed and trodden upon without thought, out of pure carelessness or contempt. So the animals resolved to consult upon measures for their common safety.

The Bears were the first to meet in council in their townhouse under Kuwâ'hi mountain, the "Mulberry Place," and the old White Bear chief presided. After each in turn had complained of the way in which Man killed their friends, ate their flesh, and used their skins for his own purposes, it was decided to begin war at once against him. Someone asked what weapons Man used to destroy them. "Bows and arrows, of course," cried all the Bears in chorus. "And what are they made of?" was the next question. "The bow of wood, and the string of our entrails," replied one of the Bears. It was then proposed that they make a bow and some arrows and see if they could not use the same weapons against Man himself. So one Bear got a nice piece of locust wood and another sacrificed himself for the good of the rest in order to furnish a piece of his entrails for the string. But when everything was ready and the first Bear stepped up to make the trial, it was found that in letting the arrow fly after drawing back the bow, his long claws caught the string and spoiled the shot. This was annoying, but someone suggested that they might trim his claws, which was accordingly done, and on a second trial it was found that the arrow went straight to the mark. But here the chief, the old White Bear, objected, saying it was necessary that they should have long claws in order to be able to climb trees. "One of us has already died to furnish the bowstring, and if we now cut off our claws we must all starve together. It is better to trust to the teeth and claws that nature gave us, for it is plain that Man's weapons were not intended for us."

No one could think of any better plan, so the old chief dismissed the council and the Bears dispersed to the woods and thickets without having concerted any way to prevent the increase of the human race. Had the result of the council been otherwise, we should now be at war with the Bears, but as it is, the hunter does not even ask the Bear's pardon when he kills one.

The Deer next held a council under their chief, the Little Deer, and after some talk decided to send rheumatism to every hunter who should kill one of them unless he took care to ask their pardon for the offense. They sent notice of their decision to the nearest settlement of Indians and told them at the same time what to do when necessity forced them to kill one of the Deer tribe. Now, whenever the hunter shoots a Deer, the Little Deer, who is swift as the wind and cannot be wounded, runs quickly up to the spot and, bending over the bloodstains, asks the spirit of the Deer if it has heard the prayer of the hunter for pardon. If the reply be "Yes," all is well, and the Little Deer goes on his way; but if the reply be "No," he follows on the trail of the hunter, guided by the drops of blood on the ground, until he arrives at his cabin in the settlement, when the Little Deer enters invisibly and strikes the hunter with rheumatism, so that he becomes at once a helpless cripple. No hunter who has regard for his health ever

fails to ask pardon of the Deer for killing it, although some hunters who have not learned the prayer may try to turn aside the Little Deer from his pursuit by building a fire behind them in the trail.

Next came the Fishes and Reptiles, who had their own complaints against Man. They held their council together and determined to make their victims dream of snakes twining about them in slimy folds and blowing foul breath in their faces, or to make them dream of eating raw or decaying fish, so that they would lose appetite, sicken, and die. This is why people dream about snakes and fish.

Finally the Birds, Insects, and smaller animals came together for the same purpose, and the Grubworm was chief of the council. It was decided that each in turn should give an opinion, and then they would vote on the question as to whether or not Man was guilty. Seven votes should be enough to condemn him. One after another denounced Man's cruelty and injustice toward the other animals and voted in favor of his death. The Frog spoke first, saying: "We must do something to check the increase of the race, or people will become so numerous that we shall be crowded from off the earth. See how they have kicked me about because I'm ugly, as they say, until my back is covered with sores"; and here he showed the spots on his skin. Next came the Bird—no one remembers now which one it was—who condemned Man "because he burns my feet off," meaning the way in which the hunter barbecues birds by impaling them on a stick set over the fire, so that their feathers and tender feet are singed off. Others followed in the same strain. The Ground-squirrel alone ventured to say a good word for Man, who seldom hurt him because he was so small, but this made the others so angry that they fell upon the Ground-squirrel and tore him with their claws, and the stripes are on his back to this day.

They began then to devise and name so many new diseases, one after another, that had not their invention at last failed them, no one of the human race would have been able to survive. The Grubworm grew constantly more pleased as the name of each disease was called off, until at last they reached the end of the list, when someone proposed to make menstruation sometimes fatal to women. On this he rose up in his place and cried: "Wadâñi! [Thanks!] I'm glad some more of them will die, for they are getting so thick that they tread on me." The thought fairly made him shake with joy, so that he fell over backward and could not get on his feet again, but had to wriggle off on his back, as the Grubworm has done ever since.

When the Plants, who were friendly to Man, heard what had been done by the animals, they determined to defeat the latter's evil designs. Each Tree, Shrub, and Herb, down even to the Grasses and Mosses, agreed to furnish a cure for some one of the diseases named, and each said: "I shall appear to help Man when he calls upon me in his need." Thus came medicine; and the plants, every one of which has its use if we only knew it, furnish the remedy to counteract the evil wrought by the revengeful animals. Even weeds were made for some good purpose, which we must find out for ourselves. When the doctor does not know what medicine to use for a sick man the spirit of the plant tells him.

1. *According to the Bible, God gave man and woman "dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the air and over every living thing that moves upon the earth." By contrast, what does this myth suggest about Cherokee beliefs concerning the relationship between people and the animals?*
2. *It is often said that Indian peoples viewed themselves as part of the natural world. Discuss the various elements in this tale that might support such an interpretation.*

Benjamin Harrison, Report on Wounded Knee Massacre and the Decrease in Indian Land Acreage (1891)

The following is an excerpt from President Benjamin Harrison's annual message, delivered December 9, 1891, in which he describes the Wounded Knee Massacre and the progress of the program to decrease Native American land acreage.

The outbreak among the Sioux which occurred in December last is as to its causes and incidents fully reported upon by the War Department and the Department of the Interior. That these Indians had some just complaints, especially in the matter of the reduction of the appropriation for rations and in the delays attending the enactment of laws to enable the Department to perform the engagements entered into with them, is probably true; but the Sioux tribes are naturally warlike and turbulent, and their warriors were excited by their medicine men and chiefs, who preached the coming of an Indian messiah who was to give them power to destroy their enemies. In view of the alarm that prevailed among the white settlers near the reservation and of the fatal consequences that would have resulted from an Indian incursion, I placed at the disposal of General Miles, commanding the Division of the Missouri, all such forces as we thought by him to be required. He is entitled to the credit of having given thorough protection to the settlers and of bringing the hostiles into subjection with the least possible loss of life. . . .

Since March 4, 1889, about 23,000,000 acres have been separated from Indian reservations and added to the public domain for the use of those who desired to secure free homes under our beneficent laws. It is difficult to estimate the increase of wealth which will result from the conversion of these waste lands into farms, but it is more difficult to estimate the betterment which will result to the families that have found renewed hope and courage in the ownership of a home and the assurance of a comfortable subsistence under free and healthful conditions. It is also gratifying to be able to feel, as we may, that this work has proceeded upon lines of justice toward the Indian, and that he may now, if he will, secure to himself the good influences of a settled habitation, the fruits of industry, and the security of citizenship.

John Lester, "Hydraulic Mining" (1873)

After the Gold Rush played out, hard rock mining and hydraulic mining took its place. This document by John Lester details the hydraulic mining process in California. This new process required an outlay of capital to buy the equipment and begin operations. In a short amount of time, the mining process in California was taken over by wealthy capitalists. This account also details the environmental damage caused by the hydraulic mining process.

All along the road now, for miles, we see little ditches filled with running water. These are dug around the sides of the hills, tapping the river near its source, where perpetual snows furnish a constant supply, and are carried on and on to the various mining "claims" below in the valleys. These claims are located upon what is known as the Blue Lead, which extends from Gold Run, a few miles beyond, through Nevada County, into and through a part of Sierra County, and constitute the best large "placer-mining" district in the State. The whole tract was, without doubt, the bed of a once large mountain stream, which has piled up these great beds, within which are the fine particles of gold, worn away from the great quartz mountains by the action of the water upon them. Petrified trees are now found like those growing upon the hills around — pines, oaks, the manzanita, the mahogany, and others — in this peculiar formation, which is from one to five or six miles in width. From these ditches the water is taken in a "telegraph," which is a long, narrow flume of wood, extending out over the claim; to this hose with a nozzle is attached, from which the water spouts in a constant stream, and is by the miners directed against the hillside. By this action the soft dirt is washed away from the gravel, and, forming one liquid mass, is carried through a "tail-race" into long flumes, often miles in length. Within these flumes are placed "riffles" — little slats attached to the bottom of the flume, for arresting the gold, which by its own gravity seeks the bottom. Along the flumes, at intervals, are stationed men, who throw out the large stones and pieces of rock from which the dirt was been washed. When the "riffles" are supposed to be full, the water is turned off, and the dirt, which contains the particles of gold, is taken out.

The next process is the use of the "long tom," which is a sheet-iron box with a duplicate bottom extending diagonally over a little more than half the box. This secondary iron plate is perforated with holes; and under it, in pockets made by two cross-slats upon the bottom, is placed the quicksilver. This "long tom" is not attached to a sluice-way, and the water turned through it. The dirt which has been taken from the riffles is shovelled upon this perforated plate; the particles of gold fall through, and unite their atoms with the quicksilver. This process of throwing the dirt upon the plate, washing away the sand and rock by the flowing water, and the taking up of the gold by the quicksilver, is continued until the "quicksilver is full," as they term it. Then the amalgam is removed, placed in a retort, heated to some 480 degree Fahrenheit; when the quicksilver is sublimed, and passes away in a vapour, leaving the gold.

Of course such mining is very expensive (vast sums having been laid out in building the ditches and flumes), and can never be an economical model; for, with every precaution, much of the gold is carried away. After the last riffle is passed, the "slum," as it is called, is carried into the streams which empty into the great Sacramento, the waters of which are now muddy and dirty from the vast amounts of sand, clay, and loam washed into it, as each miner, by his ceaseless labour, wears away the hills and the mountains, and carries them by his flumes into the rivers. It is a strange sight to look around and see what this constant flow of water has done in so short a time; and then we are enabled to understand some of those great changes which Nature has wrought by her rivers flowing on for ages and ages.

Since the miners began their work in California in 1849, they have levelled hills, often 300 feet in height and hundreds of acres in extent, and carried them into the valleys; they have denuded whole counties, and now only the watersworn surface and jaggy sides of the bed-rock are to be seen; they have turned the course of great rivers and dug their beds over and over; they have thrown the surface of the plains into ridges; and all this for the gold which they held.

Secretary of Interior's Congressional Report on Indian Affairs (1887)

By 1887, the U.S. government was changing its policies toward the Native American peoples. The Dawes Severalty Act divided up tribal lands and distributed them to individuals, greatly reducing the amount of land owned by Native Americans (much of the land was actually sold to whites). The government hoped that this action would "civilize" the Native Americans, in part by abolishing the traditional tribal system. In addition, some government officials felt it was necessary to force Native Americans to adopt the English language. These views are presented in the excerpt below.

Longer and closer consideration of the subject has only deepened my conviction that it is a matter not only of importance, but of necessity that the Indians acquire the English language as rapidly as possible. The Government has entered upon the great work of educating and citizenizing the Indians and establishing them upon homesteads. The adults are expected to assume the role of citizens, and of course the rising generation will be expected and required more nearly to fill the measure of citizenship, and the main purpose of educating them is to enable them to read, write, and speak the English language and to transact business with English-speaking people. When they take upon themselves the responsibilities and privileges of citizenship their vernacular will be of no advantage. Only through the medium of the English tongue can they acquire a knowledge of the Constitution of the country and their rights and duties thereunder.

Every nation is jealous of its own language, and no nation ought to be more so than ours, which approaches nearer than any other nationality to the perfect protection of its people. True Americans all feel that the Constitution, laws, and institutions of the United States, in their adaptation to the wants and requirements of man, are superior to those of any other country; and they should understand that by the spread of the English language will these laws and institutions be more firmly established and widely disseminated. Nothing so surely and perfectly stamps upon an individual a national characteristic as language. So manifest and important is this that nations the world over, in both ancient and modern times, have ever imposed the strictest requirements upon their public schools as to the teaching of the national tongue. Only English has been allowed to be taught in the public schools in the territory acquired by this country from Spain, Mexico, and Russia, although the native populations spoke another tongue. All are familiar with the recent prohibitory order of the German Empire forbidding the teaching of the French language in either public or private schools in Alsace and Lorraine. Although the population is almost universally opposed to German rule, they are firmly held to German political allegiance by the military hand of the Iron Chancellor. If the Indians were in Germany or France or any other civilized country, they should be instructed in the language there used. As they are in an English-speaking country, they must be taught the language which they must use in transacting business with the people of this country. No unity or community of feeling can be established among different people unless they are brought to speak the same language, and thus become imbued with the like ideas of duty.

Deeming it for the very best interest of the Indian, both as an individual and as an embryo citizen, to have this policy strictly enforced among the various schools on Indian reservations, orders have been issued accordingly to Indian agents. . . .

It is believed that if any Indian vernacular is allowed to be taught by the missionaries in schools on Indian reservations, it will prejudice the youthful pupil as well as his untutored and uncivilized or semicivilized parent against the English language, and, to some extent at least, against Government schools in which the English language exclusively has always been taught. To teach Indian school children their native tongue is practically to exclude English, and to prevent them from acquiring it. This language, which is good enough for a white man and a black

man, ought to be good enough for the red man. It is also believed that teaching an Indian youth in his own barbarous dialect is a positive detriment to him. The first step to be taken toward civilization, toward teaching the Indians the mischief and folly of continuing in their barbarous practices, is to teach them the English language. The impracticability, if not impossibility, of civilizing the Indians of this country in any other tongue than our own would seem to be obvious, especially in view of the fact that the number of Indian vernaculars is even greater than the number of tribes. Bands of the same tribes inhabiting different localities have different dialects, and sometimes can not communicate with each other except by the sign language. If we expect to infuse into the rising generation the leaven of American citizenship, we must remove the stumbling blocks of hereditary customs and manners, and of these language is one of the most important elements. . . .

But it has been suggested that this order, being mandatory, gives a cruel blow to the sacred rights of the Indians. Is it cruelty to the Indian to force him to give up his scalping-knife and tomahawk? Is it cruelty to force him to abandon the vicious and barbarous sun dance, where he lacerates his flesh, and dances and tortures himself even unto death? Is it cruelty to the Indian to force him to have his daughters educated and married under the laws of the land, instead of selling them at a tender age for a stipulated price into concubinage to gratify the brutal lusts of ignorance and barbarism?

Having been governed in my action solely by what I believed to be the real interests of the Indians, I have been gratified to receive from eminent educators and missionaries the strongest assurance of their hearty and full concurrence in the propriety and necessity of the order.

The Land Acts (1862, 1873, 1894)

During the Civil War, the U.S. Congress encouraged the settlement of the West through the passage of the Homestead Act, which offered 160 acres of land in exchange for a small fee and five years' residence. After passing this law, Congress struggled to encourage more settlers to move to the Great Plains by passing additional land acts, which were designed primarily to bring scarce water resources to the West. Some of these acts relied on faulty scientific information, such as the belief that planting trees would bring rainfall. This belief is evident in the Timber Culture Act, the second document. Additional acts, such as the Carey Act of 1894, encouraged irrigation developers to open up western lands by building dams and ditches. A report from the secretary of the interior describes the shortcomings of the Carey Act and details the problems with irrigating the West. Eventually the federal government would step in and use federal funding to irrigate western lands under the Newlands Act of 1902.

BE it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his declaration of intention to become such, ... and who has never borne arms against the United States Government or given aid and comfort to its enemies, shall, from and after the first January, eighteen hundred and sixty-three, be entitled to enter one quarter section or a less quantity of unappropriated public lands, ... to be located in a body, in conformity to the legal subdivisions of the public lands, and after the same shall have been surveyed....

*SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the person applying for the benefit of this act shall, ... make affidavit before the said register or receiver that he or she is the head of a family, or is twenty-one years or more of age, or shall have performed service in the army or navy of the United States, and that he has never borne arms against the Government of the United States or given aid and comfort to its enemies, and that such application is made for his or her exclusive use and benefit, and that said entry is made for the purpose of actual settlement and cultivation, and not either directly or indirectly for the use or benefit of any other person or persons whomsoever; and upon filing the said affidavit with the register or receiver, and on payment of ten dollars, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land specified: *Provided, however,* That no certificate shall be given or patent issued therefor until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry; and if, at the expiration of such time, or at any time within two years thereafter, the person making such entry; ... shall prove by two credible witnesses that he, she, or they have resided upon or cultivated the same for the term of five years immediately succeeding the time of filing the affidavit aforesaid, and shall make affidavit that no part of said land has been alienated, and that he has borne true allegiance to the Government of the United States; then, in such case, he, she, or they, if at that time a citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to a patent, as in other cases provided for by law:....*

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That no lands acquired under the provisions of this act shall in any event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt or debts contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.

Sec. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That if, at any time after the filing of the affidavit, as required in the second section of this act, and before the expiration of the five years aforesaid, it shall be proven after due notice to the settler, to the satisfaction of the register of the land office, that the person having filed such affidavit shall have actually changed his or her residence, or abandoned the said land for more than six months at any time, then and in that event the land so entered shall revert to the government.

Sec. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That no individual shall be permitted to acquire title to more than one quarter section under the provisions of this act; ... That no person who has served, or may hereafter serve, for a period of not less than fourteen days in the army or navy of the United States, either regular or volunteers under the laws thereof, during the existence of an actual war, domestic or foreign, shall be deprived of the benefits of this act on account of not having attained the age of twenty-one years.

[Source: Roth, *Reading the American West*, pg. 245-246]

Timber Act, 1873

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That any person who shall plant, protect and keep in a healthy growing condition for ten years, forty acres of timber, the trees thereon not being more than twelve feet apart each way on any quarter-section of any of the public lands of the United States shall be entitled to a patent for the whole of said quarter-section at the expiration of said ten years, on making proof of such fact by not less than two credible witnesses; *Provided*, That only one quarter in any section shall be thus granted.

SECTION 2. That the person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the register of the land-office in which he or she is about to make such entry, made affidavit before said register or receiver that said entry is made for the cultivation of timber, and upon filing said affidavit with said register and receiver, and on payment of ten dollars, he or she shall thereupon be permitted to enter the quantity of land specified; *Provided however*, That no certificate shall be given or patent issue therefor until the expiration of at least ten years from the date of such entry; and if at the expiration of such time, or at any time within three years thereafter, the person making such entry, or if he or she be dead, his or her heirs or legal representatives, shall prove by two credible witnesses that he, she, or they have planted, and for not less than ten years have cultivated and protected such quantity and character of timber as aforesaid, they shall receive the patent for such quarter-section of land.

[Source: Roth, *Reading the American West*, pg. 252-253]

Irrigation and the Carey Act of 1894 (1896)

I can not too urgently impress upon Congress the necessity for legislation upon the subject of the reclamation and disposal of lands within the arid region. When it is considered that five-sixths of the vacant public lands lie within a region where the rainfall is not sufficient to produce agricultural crops without artificial irrigation, that a comparatively small per cent of this territory can be utilized by reason of the limited supply of the water subject to control, and that existing laws are ineffective to secure the reclamation of the lands susceptible of irrigation, the demand for Congressional action comes to us with irresistible force.

It is assumed by persons familiar with the subject that of the 500,000,000 acres of arid lands, about 100,000,000 acres might be reclaimed by the most conservative use of the water and by the judicious selection of the lands to be irrigated. But unless some plan is adopted "by which the waters of the perennial streams which are wasted during the winter months could be stored and reservoirs constructed upon appropriate sites to impound the storm waters," the percentage would be very much reduced.

It is impossible, under the laws now in operation, to control the reclamation of lands in the arid region so as to prevent the improvident use of water over which the General Government has no control. This can only be accomplished by a system which contemplates the reclamation of the entire territories from a common source of supply and the utilization of that supply.

In his report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, my predecessor suggested that in view of the fact that the States control the water which is more valuable chiefly in the reclamation of the arid lands, that the practical solution of the question would be to place the lands under the direct control of the States in which they lie, under such restrictions and limitations as will insure their reclamation to the benefit of the actual settlers, to the end that the States may control both elements necessary to their development.

The act of August 18, 1894, known as the Carey Act, authorized the Secretary of the Interior, with the approval of the President, and upon proper application of each of the States in which there may be situated desert lands, to agree to donate and patent to the State free of cost such desert lands, not exceeding 100,000,000 acres to each State, conditioned upon the reclamation and settlement of the land, before title shall pass from the United States. The Carey Act, if properly amended so as to give to the State the power to pledge the lands for their reclamation, might accomplish the work of reclamation to the extent of the donation as effectually as if the lands were granted to the States unconditionally; but unless the bill could be so amended it would, in my judgment, be better to place the lands under the direct control of the States, only so far as may be necessary to secure their reclamation for the benefit of actual settlers.

But the Carey Act, using the language of Secretary Smith in the report above referred to, "fails to give to the State sufficient control over the lands to enable it to contract for their reclamation on the most favorable terms, because it is apparent that the lands to be reclaimed must in every instance form the basis of security for repayment of the money expended in their reclamation, and with such certificate of donation as is provided by the bill capital will not easily be induced to assume such risks."

When Historians Disagree

Frederick Jackson Turner and His Critics

Frederick Jackson Turner's "The Significance of the Frontier in American History" appeared over a hundred years ago and dominated interpretations of U.S. history for decades. Turner urged historians to look expansion and westward movement as the defining characteristic of American history. Fewer historians have looked seriously at the issues Pekka Hamalainen raises, especially the impact of American Indians, in creating the culture we now call American. While a century separates these two historians, the debates they represent are current today.

Frederick Jackson Turner, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," A paper read at the meeting of the American Historical Association in Chicago, July 12, 1893.

In a recent bulletin of the Superintendent of the Census for 1890 appear these significant words: "Up to and including 1880 the country had a frontier of settlement, but at present the unsettled area has been so broken into by isolated bodies of settlement that there can hardly be said to be a frontier line. In the discussion of its extent, its westward movement, etc., it can not, therefore, any longer have a place in the census reports." This brief official statement marks the closing of a great historic movement. Up to our own day American history has been in a large degree the history of the colonization of the Great West. The existence of an area of free land, its continuous recession, and the advance of American settlement westward, explain American development...

Thus American development has exhibited not merely advance along a single line, but a return to primitive conditions on a continually advancing frontier line, and a new development for that area. American social development has been continually

Pekka Hamalainen, *The Comanche Empire* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2008), pp. 6-7.

Over the past three decades, historians have conceived entirely new ways of thinking about Native Americans, Euro-Americans, and their tangled histories. Moving beyond conventional top-down narratives that depict Indians as bit players in imperial struggles or tragic victims of colonial expansion, today's scholarship portrays them as full-fledged historical actors who played a formative role in the making of early America... Indigenous societies did not simply vanish in the face of Euro-American onslaught. Many adjusted and endured, rebuilding new economies and identities from the fragments of the old ones. Indians fought and resisted, but they also cooperated and coexisted with the newcomers, creating new hybrid worlds that were neither wholly Indian nor European... .

Too often the alternations have been cosmetic rather than corrective. Historians have sanitized vocabularies and updated textbooks to illuminate the subtleties of colonial encounters, but the broad outlines of the story have largely remained intact. Outside a cadre of Native and early American specialists, the understanding of Indian-Euro-

beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating American character. The true point of view in the history of this nation is not the Atlantic coast, it is the Great West.

American relations is still limited by what Vine Deloria, Jr., called "the 'cameo' theory of history": indigenous peoples make dramatic entrances, stay briefly on the stage, and then fade out as the main saga of European expansion resumes, barely affected by the interruption.

The Gilded Age: Building a Technological and Industrial Giant and a New Social Order, 1876-1913

Andrew Carnegie, Wealth and Its Uses (1907)

Andrew Carnegie's life is the classic "rags-to-riches" story. Born in Scotland, Carnegie came to the United States as a teenager. His first job was in a textile factory. By the end of the Civil War, however, he was on his way to becoming the leader of the U.S. steel industry and the richest man in the world. Despite his success, however, Carnegie did not believe in simply amassing wealth. Rather, he felt that wealth should be used to improve society, not through "hand-outs," but through socially conscious investments. In his lifetime he gave away approximately \$350 million, a large portion of which was used to establish more than 2500 libraries and several institutes of higher learning. The Carnegie Corporation, along with a number of endowments, continues to operate today and funds a huge array of grants and other endeavors. The excerpt below explains Carnegie's theories about wealth, poverty, and the working class.

It is the fashion nowadays to bewail poverty as an evil, to pity the young man who is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth; but I heartily subscribe to President Garfield's doctrine, that "The richest heritage a young man can be born to is poverty." . . . It is not from the sons of the millionaire or the noble that the world receives its teachers, its martyrs, its inventors, its statesmen, its poets, or even its men of affairs. It is from the cottage of the poor that all these spring. . . . There is nothing so enervating, nothing so deadly in its effects upon the qualities which lead to the highest achievement, moral or intellectual, as hereditary wealth. And if there be among you a young man who feels that he is not compelled to exert himself in order to earn and live from his own efforts, I tender him my profound sympathy. . . .

The principal complaint against our industrial conditions of to-day is that they cause great wealth to flow into the hands of the few. . . . It was formerly so. . . . To-day it is not true. Wealth is being more and more distributed among the many. The amount of the combined profits of labour and capital which goes to labour was never so great as to-day, the amount going to capital never so small. . . .

You may be sure, gentlemen, that the question of the distribution of wealth is settling itself rapidly under present conditions, and settling itself in the right direction. The few rich are getting poorer, and the toiling masses are getting richer. Nevertheless, a few exceptional men may yet make fortunes, but these will be more moderate than in the past. This may not be quite as fortunate for the masses of the people as is now believed, because great accumulations of wealth in the hands of one enterprising man who still toils on are sometimes most productive of all the forms of wealth. . . .

The bees of a hive do not destroy the honey-making bees, but the drones. It will be a great mistake for the community to shoot the millionaires, for they are the bees that make the most honey, and contribute most to the hive even after they have gorged themselves full. It is a remarkable fact that any country is prosperous and comfortable in proportion to the number of its millionaires. . . .

But assuming that surplus wealth flows into the hands of a few men, what is their duty? How is the struggle for dollars to be lifted from the sordid atmosphere surrounding business and made a noble career? Now, wealth has hitherto been distributed in three ways: The first and chief one is by willing it at death to the family. Now, beyond bequeathing to those dependent upon one the revenue needful for modest and independent living, is such a use of wealth either right or wise? I ask you to think over the result, as a rule, of millions given over to young men and women, the sons and daughters of the millionaire. . . . Nothing is truer than this, that as a rule the "almighty dollar" bequeathed to sons or daughters by millions proves an almighty curse. It is not the good of the child which the millionaire parent considers when he makes these bequests, it is his own vanity. . . .

There is a second use of wealth, less common than the first, which is not so injurious to the community, but which should bring no credit to the testator. Money is left by millionaires to public institutions when they must relax their grasp upon it. There is no grace, and can be no blessing, in giving what cannot be withheld. It is no gift, because it is not cheerfully given, but only granted at the stern summons of death. The miscarriage of these bequests, the litigation connected with them, and the manner in which they are frittered away seem to prove that the Fates do not regard them with a kindly eye. We are never without a lesson that the only mode of producing lasting good by giving large sums of money is for the millionaire to give as close attention to its distribution during his life as he did to its acquisition. . . .

The third use, and the only noble use of surplus wealth, is this: That it be regarded as a sacred trust, to be administered by its possessor, into whose hands it flows, for the highest good of the people. Man does not live by bread alone, and five or ten cents a day more revenue scattered over thousands would produce little or no good. Accumulated into a great fund and expended as Mr. Cooper expended it for the Cooper Institute, it establishes something that will last for generations. It will educate the brain, the spiritual part of man. It furnishes a ladder upon which the aspiring poor may climb; and there is no use whatever, gentlemen, trying to help people who do not help themselves. You cannot push any one up a ladder unless he be willing to climb a little himself. When you stop boosting, he falls, to his injury. Therefore, I have often said, and I now repeat, that the day is coming, and already we see its dawn, in which the man who dies possessed of millions of available wealth which was free and in his hands ready to be distributed will die disgraced. . . .

Document Analysis

1. What are the three ways Carnegie identified to distribute wealth? Which did he endorse?
2. What trend did he see in the "distribution of wealth" in the United States? Has his prediction come true?
3. Were you surprised that such a rich man offered this commentary? Why or why not?

Chinese Exclusion Act (1882)

The Chinese Exclusion Act was the first law in U.S. history that significantly restricted immigration. Aimed at stemming the tide of Chinese workers, especially in the western states, the act not only curtailed Chinese immigration, it prohibited Chinese people who were legally in the country from attaining citizenship. The act was renewed in 1892 for another ten years, and it became permanent in 1902. It was finally repealed in December 1943 as a result of the World War II alliance between the United States and China, although quotas for Chinese immigrants remained lower than those for European immigrants.

Whereas, in the opinion of the government of the United States the coming of Chinese laborers to this country endangers the good order of certain localities within the territory thereof: Therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the expiration of ninety days next after the passage of this act, and until the expiration of ten years next after the passage of this act, the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States be, and the same is hereby, suspended; and during such suspension it shall not be lawful for any Chinese laborer to come, or, having so come after the expiration of said ninety days, to remain within the United States. . . .

Sec. 4. That for the purpose of properly identifying Chinese laborers who were in the United States on the seventeenth day of November, eighteen hundred and eighty, or who shall have come into the same before the expiration of ninety days next after the passage of this act, and in order to furnish them with the proper evidence of their right to go from and come to the United States of their free will and accord, as provided by the treaty between the United States and China dated November seventeenth, eighteen hundred and eighty, the collector of customs of the district from which any such Chinese laborer shall depart from the United States shall, in person or by deputy, go on board each vessel having on board any such Chinese laborer and cleared or about to sail from his district for a foreign port, and on such vessel make a list of all such Chinese laborers, which shall be entered in registry-books to be kept for that purpose, in which shall be stated the name, age, occupation, last place of residence, physical marks or peculiarities, and all facts necessary for the identification of each of such Chinese laborers, which books shall be

safely kept in the custom-house; and every such Chinese laborer so departing from the United States shall be entitled to, and shall receive, free of any charge or cost upon application therefor, from the collector or his deputy, at the time such list is taken, a certificate, signed by the collector or his deputy and attested by his seal of office, in such form as the Secretary of the Treasury shall prescribe, which certificate shall contain a statement of the name, age, occupation, last place of residence, personal description, and facts of identification of the Chinese laborer to whom the certificate is issued, corresponding with the said list and registry in all particulars. . . .

Sec. 14. That hereafter no State court or court of the United States shall admit Chinese to citizenship; and all laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

Henry Cabot Lodge, "The Business World vs. the Politicians" (1895)

In the age of expansionism, debates abounded over the constitutionality and morality of expanding U.S. control outside the nation's continental borders. Even before the Spanish-American War in 1898, politicians such as Henry Cabot Lodge, who served as both a congressman and senator during his long and influential career, argued over the propriety of annexation. In the selection below, Lodge invokes the ideas of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and John Adams in support of the annexation of Hawaii and continued control of Samoa.

If the Democratic party has had one cardinal principle beyond all others, it has been that of pushing forward the boundaries of the United States. Under this Administration, governed as it is by free-trade influences, this great principle of the Democratic party during nearly a century of existence has been utterly abandoned. Thomas Jefferson, admitting that he violated the Constitution while he did it, effected the Louisiana purchase, but Mr. Cleveland has labored to overthrow American interests and American control in Hawaii. Andrew Jackson fought for Florida, but Mr. Cleveland is eager to abandon Samoa. . . .

It is the melancholy outcome of the doctrine that there is no higher aim or purpose for men or for nations than to buy and sell, to trade jack-knives and make everything cheap. No one underrates the importance of the tariffs or the still greater importance of a sound currency. But of late years we have been so absorbed in these economic questions that we have grown unmindful of others. We have had something too much of these disciples of the Manchester school, who think the price of calico more important than a nation's honor, the duties on pig iron of more moment than the advance of a race.

It is time to recall what we have been tending to forget: that we have always had and that we have now a foreign policy which is of great importance to our national well-being. The foundation of that policy was Washington's doctrine of neutrality. To him and to Hamilton we owe the principle that it was not the business of the United States to meddle in the affairs of Europe. When this policy was declared, it fell with a shock upon the Americans of that day, for we were still colonists in habits of thought and could not realize that the struggles of Europe did not concern us. Yet the establishment of the neutrality policy was one of the greatest services which Washington and Hamilton rendered to the cause of American nationality. The corollary of Washington's policy was the Monroe doctrine, the work of John Quincy Adams, a much greater man than the President whose name it bears. Washington declared that it was not the business of the United States to meddle in the affairs of Europe, and John Quincy Adams added that Europe must not meddle in the Western hemisphere. As I have seen it solemnly stated recently that the annexation of Hawaii would be a violation of the Monroe doctrine, it is perhaps not out of place to say that the Monroe doctrine has no bearing on the extension of the United States, but simply holds that no European power shall establish itself in the Americas or interfere with American governments.

The neutrality policy and the Monroe doctrine are the two great principles established at the outset by far-seeing statesmen in regard to the foreign relations of the United States. But it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that our foreign policy stopped there, or that these fundamental propositions in any way fettered the march of the American people. Washington withdrew us from the affairs of Europe, but at the same time he pointed out that our true line of advance was to the West. He never for an instant thought that we were to remain stationary and cease to move forward. He saw, with prophetic vision, as did no other man of his time, the true course for the American people. He could not himself enter into the promised land, but he showed it to his people, stretching from the Blue Ridge to the Pacific Ocean. We have followed the teachings of Washington. We have taken the great valley of the Mississippi and pressed on beyond the Sierras. We have a record of conquest, colonization, and territorial expansion unequalled by any people in the nineteenth century.

We are not to be curbed now by the doctrines of the Manchester school which have never been observed in England, and which as an importation are even more absurdly out of place here than in their native land. It is not the policy of the United States to enter, as England has done, upon the general acquisition of distant possession in all parts of the world. Our government is not adapted to such a policy, and we have no need of it, for we have an ample field at home; but at the same time it must be remembered that while in the United States themselves we hold the citadel of our power and greatness as a nation, there are outworks essential to the defence of that citadel which must neither be neglected nor abandoned.

There is a very definite policy for American statesmen to pursue in this respect if they would prove themselves worthy inheritors of the principles of Washington and Adams. We desire no extension to the south, for neither the population nor the lands of Central or South America would be desirable additions to the United States. But from the Rio Grande to the Arctic Ocean there should be but one flag and one country. Neither race nor climate forbids this extension, and every consideration of national growth and national welfare demands it. In the interests of our commerce and of our fullest development we should build the Nicaragua canal, and for the protection of that canal and for the sake of our commercial supremacy in the Pacific we should control the Hawaiian Islands and maintain our influence in Samoa.

England has studded the West Indies with strong places which are a standing menace to our Atlantic seaboard. We should have among those islands at least one strong naval station, and when the Nicaragua canal is built, the island of Cuba, still sparsely settled and of almost unbounded fertility, will become to us a necessity. Commerce follows the flag, and we should build up a navy strong enough to give protection to Americans in every quarter of the globe and sufficiently powerful to put our coasts beyond the possibility of successful attack.

The tendency of modern times is toward consolidation. It is apparent in capital and labor alike, and it is also true of nations. Small States are of the past and have no future. The modern movement is all toward the concentration of people and territory into great nations and large dominions. The great nations are rapidly absorbing for their future expansion and their present defence all the waste places of the earth. It is a movement which makes for civilization and the advancement of the race. As one of the great nations of the world, the United States must not fall out of the line of march.

For more than thirty years we have been so much absorbed with grave domestic questions that we have lost sight of these vast interests which lie just outside our borders. They ought to be neglected no longer. They are not only of material importance, but they are matters which concern our greatness as a nation and our future as a great people. They appeal to our national honor and dignity and to the pride of country and of race. If the humiliating foreign policy of the present Administration has served to call attention to these questions and to remind us that they are quite as important at least as tariffs or currency, it will perhaps prove to have been a blessing in disguise. When we face a question of foreign relations it should never be forgotten that we meet something above and beyond party politics, something that rouses and appeals to the patriotism and the Americanism of which we never can have too much, and of which during the last two years our Government has shown altogether too little.

Lee Chew, "Life of a Chinese Immigrant" (1903)

This selection is excerpted from the biography of Chinese immigrant Lee Chew, which was commissioned by the reformist journal The Independent. Note that Chew arrived in the United States before the passage of the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 and was therefore dictating this document as a middle-aged man. Chew was involved in many of the jobs associated with Chinese immigrants during this period: mining, laundry, and railroad construction.

The village where I was born is situated in the province of Canton, on one of the banks of the Si-Kiang River. It is called a village, altho it is really as big as a city, for there are about 5,000 men in it over eighteen years of age – women and children and even youths are not counted in our villages...

I heard about the American foreign devils, that they were false, having made a treaty by which it was agreed that they could freely come to China, and the Chinese as freely go to their country. After this treaty was made China opened its doors to them and then they broke the treaty that they had asked for by shutting the Chinese out of their country....

The man had gone away from our village a poor boy. Now he returned with unlimited wealth, which he had obtained in the country of the American wizards. After many amazing adventures he had become a merchant in a city called Mott Street, so it was said....

Having made his wealth among the barbarians this man had faithfully returned to pour it out among his tribesmen,

and he is living in our village now very happy, and a pillar of strength to the poor. The Wealth of this man filled my mind with the idea that I, too, would like to go to the country of the wizards and gain some of their wealth, and after a long time my father consented, and gave me his blessing, and my mother took leave of me with tears, while my grandfather laid his hand upon my head and told me to remember and live up to the admonitions of the Sages, to avoid gambling, bad women and men of evil minds, and so to govern my conduct that when I died my ancestors might rejoice to welcome me as a guest on high. My father gave me \$100, and I went to Hong Kong with five other boys from our place and we got steerage passage on a steamer, paying \$50 each....

Of the great power of these people I saw many signs. The engines that moved the ship were wonderful monsters, strong enough to lift mountains. When I got to San Francisco, which was before the passage of the Exclusion act, I was half starved, because I was afraid to eat the provisions of the barbarians, but a few days' living in the Chinese quarter made me happy again....

The Chinese laundryman does not learn his trade in China; there are no laundries in China....

All the Chinese laundrymen here were taught in the first place by American women just as I was taught. When I went to work for that American family I could not speak a word of English, and I did not know anything about housework. The family consisted of husband, wife and two children. They were very good to me and paid me \$3.50 a week, of which I could save \$3....

In six months I had learned how to do the work of our house quite well, and I was getting \$5 a week and board, and putting away about \$.25 a week. I had also learned some English, and by going to a Sunday school I learned more English and something about Jesus, who was a great Sage, and whose precepts are like those of Kong-foo-tsze. It was twenty years ago when I came to this country, and I worked for two years as a servant, getting at least \$35 a month. I sent money home to comfort my parents....

When I first opened a laundry it was in company with a partner, who had been in the business for some years. We went to a town about 500 miles inland, where a railroad was building. We got a board shanty and worked for the men employed by the railroads....

We were three years with the railroad, and then went to the mines, where we made plenty of money in gold dust, but had a hard time, for many of the miners were wild men who carried revolvers and after drinking would come into our place to shoot and steal shirts, for which we had to pay. One of these men hit his head hard against a flat iron and all the miners came and broke our laundry, chasing us out of town. They were going to hang us. We lost all our property and \$365 in money, which a member of the mob must have found. Luckily most of our money was in the hands of the Chinese bankers in San Francisco. I drew \$500 and went east to Chicago, where I had a laundry for three years, during which I increased my capital to \$2500. After that I was four years in Detroit. I went home to China in 1897, but returned in 1898, and began a laundry business in Buffalo. The ordinary laundry shop is generally divided into three rooms. In front is the room where the customers are received, behind that a bedroom and in the back the work shop, which is also the dining room and kitchen. The stove and cooking utensils are the same as those of the Americans....

I have found out, during my residence in this country, that much of the Chinese prejudice against Americans is unfounded, and I no longer put faith in the wild tales that were told about them in our village, tho some of the Chinese, who have been there twenty years and who are learned men, still believe that there is no marriage in this country, that the land is infested with demons and that all the people are given over to general wickedness. I know better. Americans are not all bad, nor are they wicked wizards. Still, they have their faults, and their treatment of us is outrageous....

The reason why so many Chinese go into the laundry business in this country is because it requires little capital and is one of the few opportunities that are open....

There is no reason for the prejudice against the Chinese. The cheap labor cry was always a falsehood. Their labor was never cheap, and is not cheap now. It has always commanded and highest market price. But the trouble is that the Chinese are such excellent and faithful workers that bosses will have no others when they can get them. If you look at men working on the street you will find an overseer for every four or five of them. That watching is not necessary for Chinese. They work as well when left to themselves as they do when some one is looking at them....

Document Analysis

1. How and why did Lee Chew end up in the laundry business? Why was this business a common occupation for Chinese immigrants?
2. What kinds of prejudice did Lee Chew face because of his ethnicity?
3. Do immigrant workers face similar prejudices in the United States today?

Technology and the Shoe Industry in *Fincher's Trade Review* (1864)

The factory system was a technological and labor innovation of the Industrial Revolution. In this system large numbers of workers congregated in a factory to mass-produce goods that previously had been crafted by artisans one piece at a time. Whereas artisans traditionally had sold a finished product, factory workers sold their labor for wages. The factory system has existed in America since the late 18th century when the first textile mill was established in Rhode Island. The excerpt below explains the factory system of shoe production in New England.

Comparatively few people are aware of the quiet, steady revolution that is going on in the business of shoemaking, and particularly as that business is conducted in Lynn. Previous to the introduction of the original sewing machines, which are now universally used for the binding and stitching of the uppers, but little or no improvement or even change had been made in the manufacture of shoes. The awl, the bristle and thread, the lapstone and hammer, with plenty of "elbow grease" were, as they had been for years, the main appliances of the shoemakers, and little was known or thought of laborsaving machinery. After a time, women's nimble fingers were found inadequate to the demand, and sewing machines soon transformed the old-fashioned "shoe-binder" into a new and more expensive class of "machine girls" whose capacity for labor was only limited by the capabilities of the machines over which they presided. Iron and steel came to the aid of wearied fingers and weakened eyes. This was the beginning of the new era, which is destined to produce results big with lasting benefits to our flourishing city.

It is scarcely ten years since the first introduction of machinery of any kind into the manufacture of shoes in this city. Everything was done by hand, even to the cutting out of the soles, which was a slow process, and required the expenditure of a large amount of physical force. The introduction of sole-cutting and stripping machines, although used sparingly, was the first indication that a change was to take place in the business of shoemaking; but no one, even ten years ago, would have dared to prophesy that the change was to be so immediate and so great. The rapid progress that has been made during that time, and especially within the past year or two, in the introduction of machinery in shoemaking, has been beyond all previous calculation. It may almost be said that handwork has already become the exception, and machinery the rule. The little shoemaker's shop and the shoemaker's bench are passing rapidly away, soon to be known no more among us; and the immense factory, with its laboring steam engine and its busy hum of whirling wheels, is rising up in their place to change the whole face of things in this ancient and honored metropolis of the "workers in the gentle craft of leather."

The problem as to how best to bring in and concentrate the vast army of men and women employed in the shoe manufacture of Lynn is one that has attracted the attention of many thinking minds among our businessmen, but it has never been satisfactorily solved until now. Machinery, and particularly the sewing machine, has done in a few short months what years of theorizing and speculation could not do. It has demonstrated that the factory system can be successfully and profitably introduced into the shoe business; in fact, that, with the rapid strides which the business has made within a few years, it is the only system that can be made available for its successful application in the future. Of course, the new system is yet in its infancy—the business is yet in a transition state; but the wheels of revolution are moving rapidly, and they never move backward. Operatives are pouring in as fast as room can be made for them; buildings for "shoe factories" are going up in every direction; the hum of machinery is heard on every hand; old things are passing away, and all things are becoming new.

Thomas Edison, The Success of the Electric Light (October 1880)

In the late 1870's the electric light and power transfer were only at inventive stages, having been explored unsuccessfully by a number of inventors. At that time Thomas Edison, with his ideas and proven analytical abilities, undertook the problem. It was Edison's interest in technological systems that led him to a general system of incandescent lighting in the fall of 1878. Thomas developed a concept, and plans, for an underground distribution of electric light into private houses that would replace dangerous gas lighting—all based on the humble light bulb. Here, the inventor describes the finished prototype to the world.

NOT a little impatience has been manifested by the public at the seemingly unaccountable tardiness with which the work of introducing the carbon-loop electric lamp into general use has hitherto progressed. It is now several months since the announcement was made through the newspapers that all the obstacles in the way of the utilization of the electric light as a convenient and economical substitute for gaslight had been removed: that a method had been invented by which electricity for light or for power could be conveyed to considerable distances economically; that the current could be subdivided almost ad infinitum; and that the electric lamp was henceforth to be as manageable for household purposes as a gas-jet. But, so far as the public can see, the project has since that time made no appreciable advance toward realization. The newspapers have reported, on the whole with a very fair degree of accuracy, the results of the experiments made with this system of lighting at Menlo Park; scientific experts have published their judgments, some of them pronouncing this system to be the desiderated practical solution of the problem of electrical lighting which has vexed the minds of physicists since the day when Sir Humphry Davy produced his famous five-inch voltaic arc. Still it must be confessed that hitherto the weight of scientific opinion has inclined decidedly toward declaring the system a failure, an impracticability, and based on fallacies. It will not be deemed discourteous if we remind these critics that scientific men of equal eminence pronounced ocean steam-navigation, submarine telegraphy, and duplex telegraphy, impossibilities down to the day when they were demonstrated to be facts. Under the circumstances, it was very natural that the unscientific public should begin to ask whether they had not been imposed upon by the inventor himself, or hoaxed by unscrupulous newspaper reporters.

Now, the fact is, that this system of electrical lighting was from the first all that it was originally claimed to be, namely, a practical solution of the problem of adapting the electric light to domestic uses and of making it an economical substitute for gaslight. The delays which have occurred to defer its general introduction are chargeable, not to any defects since discovered in the original theory of the system or in its practical working, but to the enormous mass of details which have to be mastered before the system can go into operation on a large scale, and on a commercial basis as a rival of the existing system of lighting by gas.

With the lamp and generator which at the time of the first announcement it was proposed to use, the electric light could have been made available for all illuminating purposes as gas is now; the expense would have been considerably less with the electric light; the lamp would have been quite as manageable as a gas-burner. But, fortunately, the unavoidable delay interposed by administrative and economic considerations afforded opportunity for further research and experiment, and the result has been to introduce many essential modifications at both ends of the system both in the generator and in the lamp; at the same time sundry important changes, all in the direction of economy and simplification, have been made at almost every point in the system, as well as in the details of manufacturing the apparatus.

As for the lamp, it has been completely transformed. The external form of the two types of lamp is identical; the principle of illumination incandescence of a solid body in vacuis also the same; but, in the earlier lamp, light was produced by the incandescence of a platinum wire wound on a spool of zircon; in the perfected lamp the source of light is incandescent carbon. Another essential difference between the two is found in the form given to the incandescent body: in the platinum lamp it was coiled compactly on a small spool; in the carbon lamp it is a loop some five inches in total length. This incandescent loop is found in practice to afford a better light for domestic purposes than an incandescent mass of compact form: the shadows it casts are not so sharply defined, their edges being softened.

This loop of carbon is now prepared from the fiber of a cultivated species of bamboo from Japan. A thread of this material, after undergoing a certain chemical process, is bent into the required shape, and then reduced to carbon. The resulting carbon loop is of a remarkably homogeneous structure, and possessed of a high degree of tenacity, so that it can withstand, without breaking, all the concussions it is likely to be subjected to in household use.

The perfected lamp consists of an oval bulb of glass about five inches in height, pointed at one end, and with a short stem three quarters of an inch in diameter at the other. Two wires of platinum enter the bulb through this stem,

supporting the loop or U-shaped thread of carbon, which is about two inches in height. The stem is hermetically sealed after the introduction of the carbon loop. At its pointed end the bulb terminates in an open tube through which the air in the bulb is exhausted by means of a mercury-pump till not over one millionth part remains; the tube is then closed. The outer extremities of the two platinum wires are connected with the wires of an electric circuit, and at the base of the lamp is a screw by which the circuit is made or broken at pleasure. When the circuit is made, the resistance offered to the passage of the electric current by the carbon causes the loop to acquire a high temperature and to become incandescent; but, as this takes place in

a vacuum, the carbon is not consumed. The life of a carbon loop through which a current is passed continuously varies from seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred hours. With an intermitted current, the loop has an equal duration of life; and, as the average time an artificial light is used is five hours per day, it follows that one lamp will last about six months. Each lamp costs about fifty cents, and when one fails another may easily be substituted for it.

The light is designed to serve precisely the same purposes in domestic use as gaslights. It requires no shade, no screen of ground glass, to modify its intensity, but can be gazed at without dazzling the eyes. The amount of light is equal to that given by the gas-jets in common use; but the light is steadier, and consequently less trying to the eyes. It is also a purer light than gas, being white, while gaslight is yellow. Further, the electric lamp does not vitiate the surrounding atmosphere by consuming its oxygen, as gaslights do, and discharging into it the products of combustion. The heat emitted by the lamp is found to be only one fifteenth of that emitted by a gaslight of equal illuminating power: the glass bulb remains cool enough to be handled. Of course, there are here no poisonous or inflammable gases to escape, and the danger of fire is reduced to nil with a consequent reduction of the rate of insurance. Again, this light, unlike gas, is always of uniform quality. A sort of meter registers exactly the amount of electricity consumed in each house. Finally, not to enumerate all the advantages which this system possesses over gas-lighting, the lamp - can be manipulated even by the most inexperienced domestic servant; nor can the most careless person do injury to himself, to others, or to property, through not understanding its mechanism.

When Historians Disagree

Were They Robber Barons or Benefactors?

The two books cited here represent fundamentally different assessments of the financial titans of the late 1800s that some historians have called "robber barons" but others see as essential players in creating the wealth that made the U.S. the most powerful nation in the world after 1900. Both authors are nuanced in their work, but the perspectives represent important differences.

Sean Dennis Cashman, *America in the Gilded Age: From the Death of Lincoln to the Rise of Theodore Roosevelt*, Third Edition. New York: New York University Press, 1993, pp. 30-38.

The way the railroads were established and fortunes made from their operation has colored most interpretations of the Gilded Age according to which sharp practice became standard practice in commerce and politics. Whereas English historian Thomas Carlyle called the entrepreneurs of the Industrial Revolution "captains of industry," they were known more commonly in America as robber barons...

The House of Morgan had a uniform policy to all the insolvent companies it penetrated. It dried out the old stock, issued new bonds at a lower rate of interest, and insisted on consolidation or collusion

H.W. Brands, *American Colossus: The Triumph of Capitalism, 1865-1900*. New York: Doubleday, 2010, pp. 6, 542-545.

During the decades after the Civil War, Morgan and his fellow capitalists effected a stunning transformation in American life. They turned a society rooted in the soil into one based in cities. They lifted the standard of living of ordinary people to a plane associated, not long before in America and for decades after elsewhere, with aristocracy. They drew legions of souls from foreign countries to American shores. They established the basis for the projection of American economic and military power to the farthest corner of the planet...

The capitalist revolution was in many ways the best thing ever to befall the ordinary people of America. The country's population grew from 40 million in

with rivals. Once it had achieved a maximum of voting stock, it persuaded shareholders to surrender their duties to Morgan or his nominees on the board. This reputation for organizing himself and his staff into various interlocking directorates led to Morgan and his junior executives being called "Pierpontifex Maximus and his Apostles" ...

The plan for organizing the United States Steel Corporation was announced on March 3, 1901, through an advertisement posted by Morgan. U.S. Steel, a holding company, was chartered in New Jersey on April 1, 1901. The organization of U.S. Steel drew together the fortunes of Morgan, Rockefeller, and Carnegie. Morgan raised the funds and supplied the financial expertise...

John Brisbane Walker, editor of *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, wrote in the April 1901 issue how, "the world, one the 3rd day of March, 1901, ceased to be ruled by ... so-called statesmen. True, there were marionettes still figuring in Congress and as kings. But they were in place simply to carry out the orders of the world's real rulers—those who control the concentrated portion of the money supply."

1870 to 76 million in 1900, with the two-thirds of that growth derived from natural increase reflecting the healthful, hopeful conditions among those already in America, and the one-third from immigration the belief of the newcomers that they might share the natives' health and hope. Infant mortality declined by a third; life expectancy increased by a seventh (to nearly fifty years for whites; blacks died about a decade sooner). The nation's total output tripled in real terms; average per capita income nearly doubled. The portion of the workforce engaged in agriculture fell by almost half (till scarcely one worker out of three toiled on a farm) but that smaller group, employing machinery like the equipment showcased on the bonanza farms of North Dakota, outproduced their forebears by a substantial margin. Productivity gains among the nonfarm workforce were even more dramatic, as electricity gradually supplanted steam power, freeing tools from their tethering to central plants and allowing a closer fit between workers and their tasks.

Responses to Industrialism, Responses to Change, 1877-1914

"Get on the Ground and We Will Kick Your Head" In: A Reporter Tells of Terrorism in Alabama

In the last decade of the nineteenth century, witnessed some 1500 lynchings, three-quarters of them black. It was the worst period of lynching in U.S. history. And while many lynchings were not recorded outside their local areas, numbers alone cannot convey the brutality and fear the murders inculcated in black Americans. Often charged with crimes, many victims were guilty of nothing more than reaching a level of political or economic success many whites found unacceptable. More important, in the last decade of the nineteenth century and the early decades of the twentieth lynching became increasingly sadistic, marked by extra-ordinary torture, mutilation, and exhibitionism. Large crowds of white onlookers, men, women and children more often than not, witnessed lynchings. On April 23, 1899, some 2000 people witnessed the lynching of Sam Hose in Newman, Georgia. Lynchings continued to plague the nation. Between 1882 and 1964, perhaps as many as five thousand people were burned at the stake, hanged, or simply quietly murdered, the majority were African-American.

The House of Representatives investigated lynchings in 1949 and found that southern vigilante violence was directed not just at blacks. Statements from a Birmingham, Alabama newspaper reporter clearly shows the anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic, and anti-foreigner attitude of the Ku Klux Klan of the 20th century, which violently attempted to impose its standards of morality on men, women, and children who dishonored community norms.

SOURCE: Antilyching and Protection of Civil Rights, Hearings before Subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary, House of Representatives, 81st Congress, 1st and 2d Sessions, June 1949; January 1950. Washington, DC: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1950.

STATEMENT OF CLANCY E. LAKE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Mr. LAKE. Saturday, 2 weeks ago, I had a tip that two men had been beaten in Dora. I went to Dora . . . which is a small mining hamlet. The population is listed as about 1,000. The photographer and I moseyed around; we did not want to ask too many questions and as a result we got nothing. I went back Saturday afternoon. I got hold of my contact again and he told me to look up a man named L. M. Beard, who lived in a place called Palos. There is no community there, it is just a section, in the northwest section of Jefferson County.

I went to see Mr. Beard and his was the only name I had. He told me that on the night of June 3, while he was traveling through Dora in a truck, he noticed a group of cars on the side of the Dora road, and other cars parked on the side of the road. As he went past the line of cars he said the lead car swung out in front of him, blocking his way. Two hooded men jumped up to the side of his truck and snatched him out of the truck. He said they were armed with pistols and rifles. He look around and saw between 100 and 150 heavily armed men all wearing hoods. He said they hauled him into the woods a short way, put a pistol to his head and broke out a letter and shined a flashlight on it and made him read it. He said the letter was written in three different styles of handwriting, and accused him of nonsupport of his family, gambling, bootlegging, and so forth. He said they warned him it had better stop or they would be back again. Then they turned him loose. There was no violence attached to that particular case.

Mr. KEATING. No violence except holding a pistol to his head?

Mr. LAKE. What I mean is, he was not whipped or beaten; I mean physical violence. . . I asked Mr. Beard if he had heard of any other incidents. He was a railroadman and I thought perhaps that was one of the men I had been informed had been beaten. He told me about Troy Morrison. I went to Troy Morrison's home and he did not want to talk about it. I tried to sell him a bill of goods, that these things had to be made public or else we could not do anything about it. He still did not want to talk about it. He said, "You know, there is another fellow involved; his name is Bill Lowry." "Well," I said, "let us go see him." So, with Troy Morrison I went to where Bill Lowry works. Troy Morrison lived in Dora and so does Bill Lowry. We went over to see Bill Lowry. Bill did not want to talk about it, either. I kept up my sales talk about the fact that we have got to break this, we have got to make this story public and at that point I found out there were three women involved.

Mr. KEATING. One of these men told you that?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir; they told me there was one woman involved and that her name was Mrs. Irene Burton. She was a 38-year-old widow with five children. With Troy Morrison I went to Mrs. Burton's home and there I found out her two daughters were involved, Sally, 16 years old and Billie Fay, 18, and also another man named Willie Koogler. He is 39. He lives in Cordova, Ala.

Well, I got Mrs. Burton and Troy Morrison and Sally Burton together and the story they told me I talked with five of the seven persons who were involved that night and this is the story they told me: That at about 11 o'clock Mrs. Burton, her two daughters, Willie Koogler, Troy Morrison and Bill Lowry were sitting in Mrs. Burton's home in Dora. It was some time about 11 o'clock. There was a knock at the door. I do not recall which one answered the knock. But there were hooded men at the door. Someone had lit two railroad fuses in the front yard. Those hooded men came in. They were carrying rifles.

Mr. JENNINGS. A fuse is something that burns at the end of a pointed piece of iron, which railroadmen stick in a cross-tie when they want to flag down a train, is that right?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir; that is right.

Mr. BYRNE. And throws a red glare?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir. The men came in. Four of them were assigned to Billy Lowry. He is a 186-pound fellow and is pretty rugged. Four of them hustled him out of the front door. They blindfolded him. Two other persons, hooded persons, were assigned to each of the other persons in the house, Troy Morrison and Billy Lowry being the only ones who were blindfolded. Mrs. Burton told me that when she went out, she noticed that the house was surrounded. They were taken out of the house. There is a small dirt road that runs in front of the house. They were taken along that road to a corner and near the railroad trestle and there was a line of cars parked on a small dirt road which led up into the woods.

Mr. KEATING. Just one of them was blindfolded?

Mr. LAKE. Two men were blindfolded. Sally Burton told me that she counted the cars. She was put in the second car and she counted 23 cars by the time she got into it. She and her mother were put in one car. She said the men kept making filthy remarks to her.

Mr. JENNINGS. They did what?

Mr. LAKE. They kept making filthy remarks to her.

Mr. JENNINGS. Insulting remarks?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir.

Mr. KEATING. That is, these hooded men?

Mr. LANE. Yes, sir. They drove on up this dirt road. It is a very narrow dirt road; it is winding, with trees hanging over it, and is just wide enough for one car . . . When they got about 3 1/2 to 4 miles from their home on that dirt road they stopped at a small clearing where the road forked to the right and to the left and another dirt road continued almost straight ahead in a slight offset to the right. They took Mrs. Burton, Sally Burton, and Billie Fay Burton out of the car at that point, and took them about 25 yards down the road. They then brought Troy Morrison out of the car. They put a noose around his neck and towed him along to where the woman was standing, threw one end of the line over the tree, and pulled them up to tiptoe. . . They said, from what they told me, "Well, we won't hang them; we will just whip them." They made them get down in the manner that Mr. Stallworth has described, and they lashed them five times . . . Now, I may get this a little out of chronological order, but I believe the next order of business was a prayer. They held quite a long prayer for Billy Lowry.

Mr. JENNINGS. Was he praying to the Lord or to the Devil?

Mr. LAKE. He was just praying.

Mr. JENNINGS. Just praying.

Mr. LAKE. He led them all in prayer for Billy Lowry and then they brought Billy with a noose around his neck, and Mrs. Burton and Troy Morrison told me that when they brought Billy out of the car, they yanked on the rope and pulled him to his knees; and then they brought him about 20 yards out to this point where the rest were, and threw the rope over the tree and threatened to hang him. They hauled him up to tiptoe and then they said, "Well, we will just lash him," and they lashed him six times. He told me that he was cut very severely; that the blood was flowing down his legs even when he got home.

Mr. BYRNE. Did he say that more than one man lashed him, or just one?

Mr. LAKE. Just one man lashed him. I believe that at that point they had another prayer for all six of the persons who were out there.

Mr. KEATING. What kind of a prayer? Did they tell you what they said at the prayer?

Mr. LAKE. I would imagine it was a church-meeting prayer. That is what they indicated.

Mr. KEATING. They were praying foró

Mr. LAKE. For the salvation of these personsí souls.

Mr. KEATING. For their souls, so that they would be better people in the future?

Mr. LAKE. Better citizens; yes, sir.

Mr. KEATING. Better citizens?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir. Then they took Mrs. Burton and they made her bend over a manóthey had a man down on the groundóand made her bend over him and they hit her three licks with this belt.

Mr. JENNINGS. That was the mother of these girls?

Mr. LAKE. That is correct. And they accused her of running an indecent place. That is what she told me.

Mr. KEATING. They did make that accusation at that time?

Mr. LAKE. She told me that is what they accused her of and she denied it to them at the time. Next in order, they brought Willie Koogler out. Willie Koogler is a cripple; one of his legs, I believe, is shorter than the other. This is what the others told me. Willie told them he was a cripple and could not bend and they said, "That is all right; get on the ground and we will kick your head in."

Mr. JENNINGS. What did they say?

Mr. LAKE. "Get on the ground and we will kick your head in." But they did not actually carry any of that out. They put a noose around his neck three different times . . . They closed the ceremony with another prayer and put the persons back in the cars and took them to their homes. They told Mrs. Burton she would have to leave. Mrs. Burton told me that she had already made arrangements to move out and she did move out of Dora the next day, moved to Sumiton, Ala.

Mr. KEATING. How far away is that?

Mr. LAKE. About 5 miles, I believe, would be a good guess.

Mr. LANE. Will you tell me now whether or not in the course of your investigation you reported this other incident that has been mentioned about the bombing of the Negro minister's home, or his residence?

Mr. LAKE. That was on the night of or early in the morning of March 25, I believe. I just missed covering that story. I went out the next day, but we had two other men working on it. I was sent back to city hall. I did go out there the next morning and I saw three houses that had been dynamited. . . early that morning. I believe the reporter who went right to the scene told me about 10 o'clock in the morning; I may be wrong. There were three blasts about 1 minute apart. The sides of the houses were caved in. They were unfit for further use. . . They were located in the city of Birmingham in an area known as North Smithfield.

Mr. LANE. And in one of these homes lived a minister of the African Methodist Church?

Mr. LAKE. Two of the homes were purchased by him. They were in process of being remodeled so that he could move in. . .

Mr. KEATING. Were the homes occupied?

Mr. LAKE. None were occupied.

Mr. KEATING. Two were owned by the bishop of the African Methodist Church?

Mr. LAKE. That is my understanding.

Mr. KEATING. Was the other owned by a Negro?

Mr. LAKE. Yes.

Mr. LANE. Is that a white section of the city?

Mr. LAKE. The city of Birmingham has a zone law which sets aside a certain section for whites and Negroes. That particular section was zones for whites.

Mr. DENTON. That bombing took place on the 25th of March?

Mr. LAKE. Yes.

Mr. DENTON. Has anybody been indicted for that yet?

Mr. LAKE. No, sir.

Mr. DENTON. Was their complaint that this colored preacher was moving into a zone for whites?

Mr. LAKE. That is the inference that I draw. . . . [questioning on another incident] in another place called Brookside not far from Westwood in Jefferson County, and about 16 carloads of men drove up to a small café called the Brookside Café.

Mr. DENTON. Let me ask you something about that. Is that a white or colored café?

Mr. LAKE. It is like many southern places. They had a partition through the center, Negroes drinking on one side and whites drinking on the other. They served food that way.

Mr. DENTON. Was it a tavern?

Mr. LAKE. I would call it a tavern. He called it a café.

Mr. DENTON. Was it operated by a white or colored person?

Mr. LAKE. By a white person named Steve Marshalar.

Mr. DENTON. What took place there?

Mr. LAKE. Hooded men came to them and said they wanted to talk to him in the back. They passed through the store with him and went out the back way. They burned a cross there while these hooded men were taking Mr. Marshalar to the back. A cross was burning in front of the place. I have the exact words here of what they told Mr. Marshalar. I would just as soon read them.

Mr. KEATING. These words were given to you by Mr. Marshalar?

Mr. LAKE. Yes. These are the notes that I took on them. He said, "They told me you have got to keep those niggers down." That was told to him by one man, and another hooded man said, "we are tired of the Catholics running this town."

Mr. KEATING. This town?

Mr. LAKE. This town, yes. Mr. Marshalar is a member of the Russian Orthodox Church, and there are quite a few members of the church in that community.

Mr. DENTON. What did they do to him?

Mr. LAKE. They did nothing to him. There was no physical violence to him at all.

Mr. DENTON. Were there any prayers there?

Mr. LAKE. Not that I recall. He said that the trip was made as a warning to him.

Mr. KEATING. Were any weapons brandished there?

Mr. LAKE. It was the same gang. There were some pistols. He said the men had pistols. . . .

Mr. KEATING. Mr. Lake, you have been very careful in your answers to say that none of these incidents you investigated since June 1 involved racial questions or Negroes. Have you investigated questions prior to June 1 which did involve cases of violence or property damage to Negroes?

Mr. LAKE. Just one case involving a threat.

Mr. KEATING. Was that apart from the bombing of the houses?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir. It happened across the street from the house. It happened about 8 weeks ago.

Mr. KEATING. Did that involve a Negro?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir. That involved a Negro. . . It is a question of zoning. This area called North Smithfield is zoned for white persons. There is a street called Center Street which runs through the center of the area. At a recent city commission meeting the commission voted to establish all the territory west of that street to be set aside for white persons. On the east side there would be a 50-foot buffer strip established and it would be zoned for commercial purposes. No one could move into it except for commercial purposes. The area east of that would be zoned for Negroes.

However, a few months ago a Negro moved into one of the houses out there. His name was William German. He moved in on a Saturday afternoon and, a short while after he moved in, a man appeared and told him his name was Robert E. Chambless, said he was an officer, and a member of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Ku Klux Klan and he had better be out by midnight.

Mr. KEATING. This man was hooded?

Mr. LAKE. No, sir; he was not hooded.

Mr. KEATING. Did the Negro tell you that this man is in fact the man he said he was?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir. I saw the Negro. I saw Robert Chambless, and I saw a city detective who came up on the case.

Mr. KEATING. Chambless admitted he had been there and said that?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir; Chambless admitted he was there. He told me a few days later. He came in with a sworn statement made up by the Cyclops of the Robert E. Lee Klan.

Mr. KEATING. What is the Cyclops, the head of this outfit?

Mr. LAKE. The Cyclops is the head of this chapter, of the Robert E. Lee Chapter. . . The Cyclops came in and saw me at the city hall about 2 days later and told me this man Chambless was not a member of the Robert E. Lee Klan. Chambless also told me that he had been trying to get the fellow out of there, that he was not a member of the Klan.

Mr. KEATING. Did the fellow move out?

Mr. LAKE. He moved out that afternoon. Our city building inspector went out there and explained the zoning laws to him, and the Negro moved out. Mr. FRAZIER. Did he move out because the building inspector told him he was violating the laws of the city?

Mr. LAKE. I asked him; yes, sir; and he told me that was the reason, that the building inspector had instructed him to move out. Shortly thereafter another Negro moved into the house and he is living there. There already was a Negro minister living in the house next door, and just a short while ago another Negro minister moved in the house that German moved out of.

Mr. KEATING. Do these officers of the Ku Klux Klan down there in Alabama admit they are officers; in fact, boast of it?

Mr. LAKE. Yes. After all, the Ku Klux Klan has a charter. It was organized, I believe, in June of 1946. They are duly chartered. Of course, there is a fight on on two fronts to revoke that charter. The State attorney general has his men pushing as hard as they can for a court test on that charter. At the same time there is a move on for a joint resolution of the State legislature to revoke the charter. They found a small paragraph in the State constitution which permits the revocation of any charter of an organization which in the opinion of the legislators is harmful to the State, so there is a move on two fronts to get rid of the charter, to revoke the charter.

Mr. KEATING. Well, generally speaking, do members of the Klan down there admit such membership?

Mr. LAKE. No sir; except for the board of directors, the president of the corporation, Dr. Pruitt, and William U. Morrison, and a few others. A Klansman, when he takes an oath of office, has to swear he will lie about membership. In other words, if you walked up to a Klansman and said, "Are you a member of the Klan?" he is sworn to lie and tell you he is not a member of the Klan.

Mr. KEATING. Just like the Communists?

Mr. LAKE. Yes, sir; that is right. . . .

Advice on Keeping Children on the Farm (1881)

Although the Populist Party was not formally launched until 1892, the Grange and the Farmer's Alliance had preceded it in the 1870s and 1880s. These organizations had formed in order to confront changing times, as US business interests and cities began to dominate the nation's economic life. Although the title implies the practical agenda of making a profit, the focuses largely on moral and spiritual arguments in support of farming as a career.

How to keep the boys on the farm and induce them cheerfully to choose farming as their occupation for life is a question of deep interest to many parents. The stampede of young men from the country to cities and large towns is not an evil which finds its limit in the domestic circles which they leave, but is one which extends through society and makes its depressing influence felt everywhere. How to check this evil is a question of great importance and is well worthy of consideration.

In order to induce the boys to stay on the farm they must be informed of the true relation which exists between the city and the country. They must be shown that the expenses of living are so high that the city clerk, whom they envy because of his large salary, can hardly keep out of debt. And the fact that the man in the city is tied to his business a great deal more closely than the farmer is to his work should be set before them. . . .

Boys should be taught that farming is an honorable occupation. It is very true that the calling does not make the man, and that a man should not be respected because he follows one honest occupation or despised because he follows another. Character is what a man is, and cannot always be determined by reference to the kind of work which he performs. The farmer may be a gentleman or he can be a boor, he may build up a noble character or he may be a villain. He makes his own choice in these respects. Merely being a farmer will make him neither a good man nor a bad one. Still, farming is a business which does not open to its followers so many evil influences, and expose them to as many temptations, as some lines of business. It is the kind of labor which GOD directly marked out for man, and upon the cultivation of the soil the civilization and happiness of mankind must, in a great measure, depend. As far as occupation is concerned, the farmer has no occasion to "look up to" the merchant, manufacturer, or professional man. Clergymen and teachers are doing a work the value of which is beyond all price, and many boys will be called from the farm to fill the ranks of these professions. . . . But before a boy leaves the farm to become a merchant, or to go to a city as a laborer, or to engage in business of any kind, he should very carefully consider the question whether there is any good prospect that he can do better than the thousands of those who have preceded him, and who have soon been led to repent that they ever left the farm. . . .

The girls must be taught to respect farming as an occupation, and be required to help their mothers in the work of the house and the dairy. When farmers educate their girls in a manner which will fit them to become farmers' wives, and teach them that farming is one of the most honorable of all occupations, and that the girl who marries a farmer does fully as well as one who marries a merchant or a lawyer, they will thereby do a great deal towards keeping their boys on the farm. . . .

We are well aware that many farmers' wives have been terribly overworked, and we can sympathize with the mother who desires an easier lot for her child. But we know that this excessive labor is not an absolute necessity, and that with the aid of the labor-saving implements of the present day a farmer's wife can live as easily as the wives of men engaged in many other pursuits. . . . The wife of the farmer ought to be willing to work in order to help him, and if the man is what he should be he will see to it that she does not go beyond her strength.

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Anna Julia Cooper, From A Voice from the South: By a Black Woman of the South, 1892

*Born in Raleigh, North Carolina, Anna Julia Cooper was the daughter of a slave. Anna was educated at St. Augustine Normal School and Collegiate Institute, and in 1877 she married one of her teachers, George A. C. Cooper. By 1881, Cooper (a widow since her husband's death in 1879) was attending Oberlin College in Ohio. Earning a degree in 1884, she accepted a position in Ohio at Wilberforce University, but she stayed only a year, leaving to take a position at St. Augustine. After being awarded an MA from Oberlin College, she relocated to Washington, D.C., to teach at M Street School, where she served as principal from 1901 to 1906. Her speeches and essays were collected in *A Voice from the South: By a Black Woman of the South* (1892). She advocated civil rights, women's rights, suffrage for women, and an American literature that would be more inclusive and would render respectful images of African Americans. Believing in the importance of education for black Americans, she became one of the first African American women to receive a Ph.D. when she earned a doctorate from the Sorbonne at age 65. Cooper gave a voice to the disenfranchised black women of the nineteenth century while anticipating the feminist movement of the twentieth century.*

SOURCE: *A Voice From the South*, Anna Julia Cooper. Xenia, Ohio: The Aldine Printing House, 1892

The Status of Woman in America

Just four hundred years ago an obscure dreamer and castle builder, prosaically poor and ridiculously insistent on the reality of his dreams, was enabled through the devotion of a noble woman to give to civilization a magnificent continent.

What the lofty purpose of Spain's pure-minded queen had brought to the birth, the untiring devotion of pioneer women nourished and developed. The dangers of wild beasts and of wilder men, the mysteries of unknown wastes and unexplored forests, the horrors of pestilence and famine, of exposure and loneliness, during all those years of discovery and settlement, were braved without a murmur by women who had been most delicately constituted and most tenderly nurtured.

And when the times of physical hardship and danger were past, when the work of clearing and opening up was over and the struggle for accumulation began, again woman's inspiration and help were needed and still was she loyally at hand. A Mary Lyon, demanding and making possible equal advantages of education for women as for men, and, in the face of discouragement and incredulity, bequeathing to women the opportunities of Holyoke.

A Dorothea Dix, insisting on the humane and rational treatment of the insane and bringing about a reform in the lunatic asylums of the country, making a great step forward in the tender regard for the weak by the strong throughout the world.

A Helen Hunt Jackson, convicting the nation of a century of dishonor in regard to the Indian.

A Lucretia Mott, gentle Quaker spirit, with sweet insistence, preaching the abolition of slavery and the institution, in its stead, of the brotherhood of man; her life and words breathing out in tender melody the injunction

Have love. Not love alone for one But man as man thy brother call; And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

And at the most trying time of what we have called the Accumulative Period, when internecine war, originated through man's love of gain and his determination to subordinate national interests and black men's rights alike to considerations of personal profit and loss, was drenching our country with its own best blood, who shall recount the name and fame of the women on both sides the senseless strife,—those uncomplaining souls with a great heart ache of their own, rigid features and pallid cheek their ever effective flag of truce, on the battle field, in the camp, in the hospital, binding up wounds, recording dying whispers for absent loved ones, with tearful eyes pointing to man's last refuge, giving the last earthly hand clasp and performing the last friendly office for strangers whom a great common sorrow had made kin, while they knew that somewhere— somewhere a husband, a brother, a father, a son, was being tended by stranger hands—or mayhap those familiar eyes were even then being closed forever by just such another ministering angel of mercy and love.

But why mention names? Time would fail to tell of the noble army of women who shine like beacon lights in the otherwise sordid wilderness of this accumulative period—prison reformers and tenement cleansers, quiet unnoted workers in hospitals and homes, among imbeciles, among outcasts—the sweetening, purifying antidotes for the poisons of man's acquisitiveness,—mollifying and soothing with the tenderness of compassion and love the wounds and bruises caused by his overreaching and avarice.

The desire for quick returns and large profits tempts capital oftentimes into unsanitary; well nigh inhuman investments,—tenement tinder boxes, stiling, stunting, sickening alleys and pestiferous slums; regular rents, no waiting, large percentages,—rich coffers coined out of the life-blood of human bodies and souls. Men and women herded together like cattle, breathing in malaria and typhus from an atmosphere seething with moral as well as physical impurity; reveling in vice as their native habitat and then, to drown the whisperings of their higher consciousness and effectually to hush the yearnings and accusations within, flying to narcotics and opiates—rum, tobacco, opium, binding hand and foot, body and soul, till the proper image of God is transformed into a fit associate for demons,—a besotted, enervated, idiotic wreck, or else a monster of wickedness terrible and destructive.

These are some of the legitimate products of the unmitigated tendencies of the wealth-producing period. But, thank Heaven, side by side with the cold, mathematical, selfishly calculating, so-called practical and unsentimental instinct of the business man, there comes the sympathetic warmth and sunshine of good women, like the sweet and sweetening breezes of spring, cleansing, purifying, soothing, inspiring, lifting the drunkard from the gutter, the, outcast from the pit. Who can estimate the influence of these “daughters of the king,” these lend-a-hand forces, in counteracting the selfishness of an acquisitive age?

To-day America counts her millionaires by the thousand; questions of tariff and questions of currency are the most vital ones agitating the public mind. In this period, when material prosperity and well earned ease and luxury are assured facts from a national standpoint, woman's work and woman's influence are needed as never before; needed to bring a heart power into this money

getting, dollar-worshipping civilization; needed to bring a moral force into the utilitarian motives and interests of the time; needed to stand for God and Home and Native Land versus gain and greed and grasping selfishness.

There can be no doubt that this fourth centenary of America's discovery which we celebrate at Chicago, strikes the keynote of another important transition in the history of this nation; and the prominence of woman in the management of its celebration is a fitting tribute to the part she is destined to play among the forces of the future. This is the first congressional recognition of woman in this country, and this Board of Lady Managers constitute the first women legally appointed by any government to act in a national capacity. This of itself marks the dawn of a new day.

Now the periods of discovery, of settlement, of developing resources and accumulating wealth have passed in rapid succession. Wealth in the nation as in the individual brings leisure, repose, reflection. The struggle with nature is over, the struggle with ideas begins. 'We stand then, it seems to me, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, just in the portals of a new and untried movement on a higher plain and in a grander strain than any the past has called forth. It does not require a prophet's eye to divine its trend and image its possibilities from the forces we see already at work around us; nor is it hard to guess what must be the status of woman's work under the new regime.

In the pioneer days her role was that of a camp-follower, an additional something to fight for and be burdened with, only repaying the anxiety and labor she called forth by her own incomparable gifts of sympathy and appreciative love; unable herself ordinarily to contend with the bear and the Indian, or to take active part in clearing the wilderness and constructing the home.

In the second or wealth producing period her work is abreast of man's, complementing and supplementing, counteracting excessive tendencies, and mollifying over rigorous proclivities.

In the era now about to dawn, her sentiments must strike the keynote and give the dominant tone. And this because of the nature of her contribution to the world.

Her kingdom is not over physical forces. Not by might, nor by power can she prevail. Her position must ever be inferior where strength of muscle creates leadership. If she follows the instincts of her nature, however, she must always stand for the conservation of those deeper moral forces which make for the happiness of homes and the righteousness of the country. In a reign of moral ideas she is easily queen.

There is to my mind no grander and surer prophecy of the new era and of woman's place in it, than the work already begun in the waning years of the nineteenth century by the America, an organization which has even now reached not only national but international importance, and seems destined to permeate and purify the whole civilized world. It is the living embodiment of woman's activities and woman's ideas, and its extent and strength rightly prefigure her increasing power as a moral factor.

The colored woman of to-day occupies, one may say, a unique position in this country. In a period of itself transitional and unsettled, her status seems one of the least ascertainable and definitive of

all the forces which make for our civilization. She is confronted by both a woman question and a race problem, and is as yet an unknown or an unacknowledged factor in both. While the women of the white race can with calm assurance enter upon the work they feel by nature appointed to do, while their men give loyal support and appreciative countenance to their efforts, recognizing in most avenues of usefulness the propriety and the need of woman's distinctive co-operation, the colored woman too often finds herself hampered and shamed by a less liberal sentiment and a more conservative attitude on the part of those for whose opinion she cares most. That this is not universally true I am glad to admit. There are to be found both intensely conservative white men and exceedingly liberal colored men. But as far as my experience goes the average man of our race is less frequently ready to admit the actual need among the sturdier forces of the world for woman's help or influence. That great social and economic questions await her interference, that she could throw any light on problems of national import, that her intermeddling could improve the management of school systems, or elevate the tone of public institutions, or humanize and sanctify the far reaching influence of prisons and reformatories and improve the treatment of lunatics and imbeciles,—that she has a word worth hearing on mooted questions in political economy, that she could contribute a suggestion on the relations of labor and capital, or offer a thought on honest money and honorable trade, I fear the majority of "Americans of the colored variety" are not yet prepared to concede. It may be that they do not yet see these questions in their right perspective, being absorbed in the immediate needs of their own political complications. A good deal depends on where we put the emphasis in this world; and our men are not perhaps to blame if they see everything colored by the light of those agitations in the midst of which they live and move and have their being. The part they have had to play in American history during the last twenty-five or thirty years has tended rather to exaggerate the importance of mere political advantage, as well as to set a fictitious valuation on those able to secure such advantage. It is the astute politician, the manager who can gain preferment for himself and his favorites, the demagogue known to stand in with the powers at the White House and consulted on the bestowal of government plums, whom we set in high places and denominate great. It is they who receive the hosannas of the multitude and are regarded as leaders of the people. The thinker and the doer, the man who solves the problem by enriching his country with an invention worth thousands or by a thought inestimable and precious is given neither bread nor a stone. He is too often left to die in obscurity and neglect even if spared in his life the bitterness of fanatical jealousies and detraction.

And yet politics, and surely American politics, is hardly a school for great minds. Sharpening rather than deepening, it develops the faculty of taking advantage of present emergencies rather than the insight to distinguish between the true and the false, the lasting and the ephemeral advantage. Highly cultivated selfishness rather than consecrated benevolence is its passport to success. Its votaries are never seers. At best they are but manipulators—often only jugglers. It is conducive neither to profound statesmanship nor to the higher type of manhood. Altruism is its *mauvais succes* and naturally enough it is indifferent to any factor which cannot be worked into its own immediate aims and purposes. As woman's influence as a political element is as yet nil in most of the commonwealths of our republic, it is not surprising that with those who place the emphasis on mere political capital she may yet seem almost a nonentity so far as it concerns the solution of great national or even racial perplexities.

There are those, however, who value the calm elevation of the thoughtful spectator who stands aloof from the heated scramble; and, above the turmoil and din of corruption and selfishness, can

listen to the teachings of eternal truth and righteousness. There are even those who feel that the black man's unjust and unlawful exclusion temporarily from participation in the elective franchise in certain states is after all but a lesson "in the desert" fitted to develop in him insight and discrimination against the day of his own appointed tune. One needs occasionally to stand aside from the hum and rush of human interests and passions to hear the voices of God. And it not unfrequently happens that the All-loving gives a great push to certain souls to thrust them out, as it were, from the distracting current for awhile to promote their discipline and growth, or to enrich them by communion and reflection. And similarly it may be woman's privilege from her peculiar coigne of vantage as a quiet observer, to whisper just the needed suggestion or the almost forgotten truth. The colored woman, then, should not be ignored because her bark is resting in the silent waters of the sheltered cove. She is watching the movements of the contestants none the less and is all the better qualified, perhaps, to weigh and judge and advise because not herself in the excitement of the race. Her voice, too, has always been heard in dear unfaltering tones, ringing the changes on those deeper interests which make for permanent good. She is always sound and orthodox on questions affecting the well-being of her race. You do not find the colored woman selling her birthright for a mess of pottage. Nay, even after reason has retired from the contest, she has been known to ding blindly with the instinct of a turtle dove to those principles and policies which to her mind promise hope and safety for children yet unborn. It is notorious that ignorant black women in the South have actually left their husbands' homes and repudiated their support for what was understood by the wife to be race disloyalty or "voting away," as she expresses it, the privileges of herself and little ones.

It is largely our women in the South today who keep the black men solid in the Republican party. The latter as they increase in intelligence and power of discrimination would be more apt to divide on local issues at any rate. They begin to see that the Grand Old Party regards the Negro's cause as an outgrown issue, and on Southern soil at least finds a too intimate acquaintanceship with him a somewhat unsavory recommendation. Then, too, their political wits have been sharpened to appreciate the fact that it is good policy to cultivate one's neighbors and not depend too much on a distant friend to fight one's home battles. But the black woman can never forget—however lukewarm the party may to-day appear—that it was a Republican president who struck the manacles from her own wrists and gave the possibilities of manhood to her helpless little ones; and to her mind a Democratic Negro is a traitor and a time-server. Talk as much as you like of venality and manipulation in the South, there are not many men, I can tell you, who would dare face a wife quivering in every fiber with the consciousness that her husband is a coward who could be paid to desert her deepest and dearest interests.

Not unfelt, then, if unproclaimed has been the work and influence of the colored women of America. Our list of chieftains in the service, though not long, is not inferior in strength and excellence, I dare believe, to any similar list which this country can produce.

Among the pioneers, Frances Watkins Harper could sing with prophetic exaltation in the darkest days, when as yet there was not a rift in the clouds overhanging her people:

Yes, Ethiopia shall stretch Her bleeding hands abroad;
Her cry of agony shall reach the burning throne of God.
Redeemed from dust and freed from chains

Her sons shall lift their eyes,
From cloud-capt hills and verdant plains
Shall shouts of triumph rise.

Among preachers of righteousness, an unanswerable silencer of cavilers and objectors, was Sojourner Truth, that unique and rugged genius who seemed carved out without hand or chisel from the solid mountain mass; and in pleasing contrast, Amanda Smith, sweetest of natural singers and pleaders in dulcet tones for the things of God and of His Christ.

Sarah Woodson Early and Martha Briggs, planting and watering in the school room, and giving off from their matchless and irresistible personality an impetus and inspiration which can never die so long as there lives and breathes a remote descendant of their disciples and friends.

Charlotte Forten Grimke, the gentle spirit whose verses and life link her so beautifully with Americas great Quaker poet and loving reformer.

Hallie Quinn Brown, charming reader, earnest, effective lecturer and devoted worker of unflagging zeal and unquestioned power.

Fannie Jackson Coppin, the teacher and organizer, pre-eminent among women of whatever country or race in constructive and executive force.

These women represent all shades of belief and as many departments of activity; but they have one thing in common—their sympathy with the oppressed race in America and the consecration of their several talents in whatever line to the work of its deliverance and development.

Fifty years ago woman's activity according to orthodox definitions was on a pretty clearly cut "sphere," including primarily the kitchen and the nursery, and rescued from the barrenness of prison bars by the womanly mania for adorning every discoverable bit of china or canvass with forlorn looking cranes balanced idiotically on one foot. The woman of to-day finds herself in the presence of responsibilities which ramify through the profoundest and most varied interests of her country and race. Not one of the issues of this plodding, toiling, sinning, repenting, falling, aspiring humanity can afford to shut her out, or can deny the reality of her influence. No plan for renovating society, no scheme for purifying politics, no reform in church or in state, no moral, social, or economic question, no movement upward or downward in the human plane is lost on her. A man once said when told his house was afire: "Go tell my wife; I never meddle with household affairs." But no woman can possibly put herself or her sex outside any of the interests that affect humanity. All departments in the new era are to be hers, in the sense that her interests are in all and through all; and it is incumbent on her to keep intelligently and sympathetically en rapport with all the great movements of her time, that she may know on which side to throw the weight of her influence. She stands now at the gateway of this new era of American civilization. In her hands must be moulded the strength, the wit, the statesmanship, the morality, all the psychic force, the social and economic intercourse of that era. To be alive at such an epoch is a privilege, to be a woman then is sublime.

In this last decade of our century; changes of such moment are in progress, such new and alluring vistas are opening out before us, such original and radical suggestions for the adjustment of labor and capital, of government and the governed, of the family, the church and the state, that to be a

possible factor though an infinitesimal in such a movement is pregnant with hope and weighty with responsibility. To be a woman in such an age carries with it a privilege and an opportunity never implied before. But to be a woman of the Negro race in America, and to be able to grasp the deep significance of the possibilities of the crisis, is to have a heritage, it seems to me, unique in the ages. In the first place, the race is young and full of the elasticity and hopefulness of youth. All its achievements are before it. It does not look on the masterly triumphs of nineteenth century civilization with that blasé world-weary look which characterizes the old washed out and worn out races which have already, so to speak, seen their best days. Said a European writer recently: "Except the Slavonic, the Negro is the only original and distinctive genius which has yet to come to growth—and the feeling is to cherish and develop it."

Everything to this race is new and strange and inspiring. There is a quickening of its pulses and a glowing of its self-consciousness. Aha, I can rival that! I can aspire to that! I can honor my name and vindicate my race! Something like this, it strikes me, is the enthusiasm which stirs the genius of young Africa in America; and the memory of past oppression and the fact of present attempted repression only serve to gather momentum for its irrepressible powers. Then again, a race in such a stage of growth is peculiarly sensitive to impressions. Not the photographer's sensitized plate is more delicately impressionable to outer influences than is this high strung people here on the threshold of a career.

What a responsibility then to have the sole management of the primal lights and shadows! Such is the colored woman's office. She must stamp weal or woe on the coming history of this people. May she see her opportunity and vindicate her high prerogative.

Document Analysis

1. How does Cooper feel about politics? What reasons does she give for these feelings?
2. **Booker T. Washington, Atlanta Exposition Address (1895)**

With the rise of legalized racial segregation, African-American leader Booker T. Washington made a famous speech at the Atlanta Exposition espousing a policy of self-help and accommodation to white society.

. . . Ignorant and inexperienced, it is not strange that in the first years of our new life we began at the top instead of at the bottom; that a seat in Congress or the state legislature was more sought than real estate or industrial skill; that the political convention or stump speaking had more attractions than starting a dairy farm or truck garden.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal, "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back, "Cast down your bucket where you are." . . . The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water. . . . To those of my race who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are" - cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the

people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. . . . Our greatest danger is that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labour, and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life. . . . No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the 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, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth. . . . Casting down your bucket among my people . . . you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, lawabiding, and unresentful people that the world has seen. . . . In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the finders, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress. . . .

The wisest among my race understand that the agitation of questions of social equality is the extremest folly, and that progress in the enjoyment of all the privileges that will come to us must be the result of severe and constant struggle rather than of artificial forcing. No race that has anything to contribute to the markets of the world is long in any degree ostracized. It is important and right that all privileges of the law be ours, but it is vastly more important that we be prepared for the exercise of these privileges. 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.

"Imperial Laundry, We Wash for White People Only"

Homer C. Plessy sued a railroad claiming that the separate railroad cars for whites and blacks violated his rights under the Thirteenth and Fourteenth amendments. This landmark 1896 Supreme Court case basically legalized racial segregation for fifty years, claiming separate but equal conditions did not violate the Constitution.

This case turns upon the constitutionality of an act of the general assembly of the state of Louisiana, passed in 1890, providing for separate railway carriages for the white and colored races. . . .

The constitutionality of this act is attacked upon the ground that it conflicts both with the 13th Amendment of the Constitution, abolishing slavery, and the 14th Amendment, which prohibits certain restrictive legislation on the part of the states.

1. That it does not conflict with the 13th Amendment, which abolished slavery and involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, is too clear for argument. . . . Indeed, we do not understand that the 13th Amendment is strenuously relied upon by the plaintiff. . . .

The object of the [14th] amendment was undoubtedly to enforce the absolute equality of the two races before the law, but in the nature of things it could not have been intended to abolish distinctions based upon color, or to enforce social, as distinguished from political, equality, or a commingling of the two races upon terms

unsatisfactory to either. Laws permitting, and even requiring their separation in places where they are liable to be brought into contact do not necessarily imply the inferiority of either race to the other, and have been generally, if not universally, recognized as within the competency of the state legislatures in the exercise of their police power. . . .

We consider the underlying fallacy of the plaintiff's argument to consist in the assumption that the enforced separation of the two races stamps the colored race with a badge of inferiority. If this be so, it is not by reason of anything found in the act, but solely because the colored race chooses to put that construction upon it. . . .

The argument also assumes that social prejudice may be overcome by legislation, and that equal rights cannot be secured to the Negro except by an enforced commingling of the two races. We cannot accept this proposition. If the two races are to meet on terms of social equality, it must be the result of natural affinities, a mutual appreciation of each other's merits and a voluntary consent of individuals. . . . Legislation is powerless to eradicate racial instincts or abolish distinctions based upon physical differences and the attempt to do so can only result in accentuating the difficulties of the present situation. If the civil and political right of both races be equal, one cannot be inferior to the other civilly or politically. If one race be inferior to the other socially, the Constitution of the United States cannot put them upon the same plane.

George Engel, Address by a Condemned Haymarket Anarchist (1886)

The May 4, 1886, Haymarket Riot is infamous in U.S. history. A protest in support of an eight-hour workday deteriorated into a riot when an unknown person threw a bomb that killed 12 people. George Engel was one of the eight men tried for their participation in the protest, though there was ample evidence that none of them had thrown the bomb. Instead, they were tried as organizers of the rally, and their anarchist and socialist beliefs were used to convict them. All eight were found guilty, and seven were sentenced to death. Ultimately, four of the convicted men, including Engel, were hanged; one committed suicide; and the remaining three were pardoned in 1893.

When, in the year 1872, I left Germany because it had become impossible for me to gain there, by the labor of my hands, a livelihood such as man is worthy to enjoy—the introduction of machinery having ruined the smaller craftsmen and made the outlook for the future appear very dark to them—I concluded to fare with my family to the land of America, the land that had been praised to me by so many as the land of liberty.

On the occasion of my arrival at Philadelphia, on the 8th of January, 1873, my heart swelled with joy in the hope and in the belief that in the future I would live among free men and in a free country. I made up my mind to become a good citizen of this country, and congratulated myself on having left Germany, and landed in this glorious republic. And I believe my past history will bear witness that I have ever striven to be a good citizen of this country. This is the first occasion of my standing before an American court, and on this occasion it is murder of which I am accused. And for what reasons do I stand here? For what reasons am I accused of murder? The same that caused me to leave Germany—the poverty—the misery of the working classes.

And here, too, in this "free republic," in the richest country of the world, there are numerous proletarians for whom no table is set; who, as outcasts of society, stray joylessly through life. I have seen human beings gather their daily food from the garbage heaps of the streets, to quiet therewith their gnawing hunger. . . .

When in 1878, I came here from Philadelphia, I strove to better my condition, believing it would be less difficult to establish a means of livelihood here than in Philadelphia, where I had tried in vain to make a living. But here, too, I found myself disappointed. I began to understand that it made no difference to the proletarian, whether he lived in New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago. In the factory in which I worked, I became acquainted with a man who pointed out to me the causes that brought about the difficult and fruitless battles of the workingmen for the means of existence. He explained to me, by the logic of scientific Socialism, how mistaken I was in believing that I could make an independent living by the toil of my hands, so long as machinery, raw material, etc., were guaranteed to the capitalists as private property by the State. . . .

I took part in politics with the earnestness of a good citizen; but I was soon to find that the teachings of a "free ballot box" are a myth and that I had again been duped. I came to the opinion that as long as workingmen are economically enslaved they cannot be politically free. It became clear to me that the working classes would never bring about a form of society guaranteeing work, bread, and a happy life by means of the ballot. . . .

I . . . joined the International Working People's Association, that was just being organized. The members of that body have the firm conviction, that the workingman can free himself from the tyranny of capitalism only through force; just as all advances of which history speaks, have been brought about through force alone. We see from the history of this country that the first colonists won their liberty only through force that through force slavery was abolished, and just as the man who agitated against slavery in this country, had to ascend the gallows, so also must we. He who speaks for the workingman today must hang. And why? Because this Republic is not governed by people who have obtained their office honestly.

Who are the leaders at Washington that are to guard the interests of this nation? Have they been elected by the people, or by the aid of their money? They have no right to make laws for us, because they were not elected by the people. These are the reasons why I have lost all respect for American laws.

The fact that through the improvement of machinery so many men are thrown out of employment, or at best, working but half the time, brings them to reflection. They have leisure, and they consider how their conditions can be changed. Reading matter that has been written in their interest gets into their hands, and, faulty though their education may be, they can nevertheless cull the truths contained in those writings. This, of course, is not pleasant for the capitalistic class, but they cannot prevent it. And it is my firm conviction that in a comparatively short time the great mass of proletarians will understand that they can be freed from their bonds only through Socialism. One must consider what Carl Schurs said scarcely eight years ago: That, "in this country there is no space for Socialism;" and yet today Socialism stands before the bars of the court. For this reason it is my firm conviction that if these few years sufficed to make Socialism one of the burning questions of the day, it will require but a short time more to put it in practical operation.

All that I have to say in regard to my conviction is, that I was not at all surprised; for it has ever been that the men who have endeavored to enlighten their fellow man have been thrown into prison or put to death, as was the case with John Brown. I have found, long ago, that the workingman has no more rights here than any where else in the world. The State's Attorney has stated that we were not citizens. I have been a citizen this long time; but it does not occur to me to appeal for my rights as a citizen, knowing as well as I do that this does not make a particle of difference. Citizen or not-as a workingman I am without rights, and therefore I respect neither your rights nor your laws, which are made and directed by one class against the other; the working class.

Of what does my crime consist?

That I have labored to bring about a system of society by which it is impossible for one to hoard millions, through the improvements in machinery, while the great masses sink to degradation and misery. As water and air are free to all, so should the inventions of scientific men be applied for the benefit of all. The statute laws we have are in opposition to the laws of nature, in that they rob the great masses of their rights "to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

I am too much a man of feeling not to battle against the societary conditions of today. Every considerate person must combat a system which makes it possible for the individual to rake and hoard millions in a few years, while, on the other side, thousands become tramps and beggars.

Is it to be wondered at that under such circumstances men arise, who strive and struggle to create other conditions, where the humane humanity shall take precedence of all other considerations. This is the aim of Socialism, and to this I joyfully subscribe.

The States Attorney said here that "Anarchy" was "on trial."

Anarchism and Socialism are as much alike, in my opinion, as one egg is to another. They differ only in their tactics. The Anarchists have abandoned the way of liberating humanity which Socialists would take to accomplish this. I say: Believe no more in the ballot, and use all other means at your command. Because we have done so we stand arraigned here today-because we have pointed out to the people the proper way. The Anarchists are being hunted and persecuted for this in every clime, but in the face of it all Anarchism is gaining more and more adherents, and if you cut off our opportunities of open agitation, then will the work be done secretly. If the State's Attorney thinks he can root out Socialism by hanging seven of our men and condemning the other to fifteen years servitude, he is laboring under a very wrong impression. The tactics simply will be changed-that is all. No power on earth can rob the workingman of his knowledge of how to make bombs-and that knowledge he possesses. . . .

If Anarchism could be rooted out, it would have been accomplished long ago in other countries. On the night on which the first bomb in this country was thrown, I was in my apartments at home. I knew nothing of the conspiracy which the States Attorney pretends to have discovered.

It is true I am acquainted with several of my fellow-defendants with most of them, however, but slightly, through seeing them at meetings, and hearing them speak. Nor do I deny, that I too, have spoken at meetings, saying that, if every workingman had a bomb in his pocket, capitalistic rule would soon come to an end.

That is my opinion, and my wish; it became my conviction, when I mentioned the wickedness of the capitalistic conditions of the day.

When hundreds of workingmen have been destroyed in mines in consequence of faulty preparations, for the repairing of which the owners were too stingy, the capitalistic papers have scarcely noticed it. As with what satisfaction and cruelty they make their report, when here and there workingmen have been fired upon, while striking for a few cents increase in their wages, that they might earn only a scanty subsistence.

Can any one feel any respect for a government that accords rights only to the privileged classes, and none to the workers? We have seen but recently how the coal barons combined to form a conspiracy to raise the price of coal, while at the same time reducing the already low wages of their men. Are they accused of conspiracy on that account? But when working men dare ask an increase in their wages, the militia and the police are sent out to shoot them down.

For such a government as this I can feel no respect, and will combat them, despite their power, despite their police, despite their spies.

I hate and combat, not the individual capitalist, but the system that gives him those privileges. My greatest wish is that workingmen may recognize who are their friends and who are their enemies.

As to my conviction, brought about as it was, through capitalistic influence, I have not one word to say.

Jacob S. Coxey, "Address of Protest" (1894)

Jacob Coxey was a middle-aged businessman who wanted to put the nation's jobless to work building roads in the 1890s. His Coxey Good Roads bill would also authorize the printing of \$500 million in paper money to finance road construction. He marched for this on Easter Sunday 1894, from Massillon, Ohio to Washington D.C. Other groups would join him. Below is an excerpt from the address Coxey began on the steps before he was arrested.

From the Congressional Record, 53rd Congress, 2nd Session (9 May 1894), 4512.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees to all citizens the right to peaceably assemble and petition for redress of grievances, and furthermore declares that the right of free speech shall not be abridged.

We stand here to-day to test these guaranties of our Constitution. We choose this place of assemblage because it is the property of the people. . . . Here rather than at any other spot upon the continent it is fitting that we should come to mourn over our dead liberties and by our protest arouse the imperiled nation to such action as shall rescue the Constitution and resurrect our liberties.

Upon these steps where we stand has been spread a carpet for the royal feet of a foreign princess, the cost of whose lavish entertainment was taken from the public Treasury without the consent or the approval of the people. Up these steps the lobbyists of trusts and corporations have passed unchallenged on their way to committee rooms, access to which we, the representatives of the toiling wealth-producers, have been denied.

We stand here to-day in behalf of millions of toilers whose petitions have been buried in committee rooms, whose prayers have been unresponded to, and whose opportunities for honest, remunerative, productive labor have been taken from them by unjust legislation, which protects idlers, speculators, and gamblers: we come to remind the

Congress here assembled of the declaration of a United States Senator, "that for a quarter of a century the rich have been growing richer, the poor poorer and that by the close of the present century the middle class will have disappeared as the struggle for existence becomes fierce and relentless."

Leonora M. Barry, Report to the Knights of Labor (1887)

From: Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor and Industries of New Jersey (Somerville, 1888), pp. 202-204.

In 1886, Leonora M. Barry, who was born in Cork County, Ireland, became the national women's organizer and investigator for the Knights of Labor. She was directed to investigate women's working conditions, organize new chapters, recruit women members, and advocate the Knight's principle of equal pay for equal work. Below is an excerpt from her report of her work in New Jersey, which had 4,400 women members in the Knights.

"In 1886, the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, in session at Richmond, VA., appointed as general investigator of woman's work and wages, Mrs. Leonora M. Barry, with the main object of furthering the cause of the order (Knights of Labor) among the female wage-workers of the land, whose very unsatisfactory condition is due, primarily, to the absence of organization. Here are a few extracts from Mrs. Barry's first report, from October 1886-7, which are particularly interesting because the scene of a considerable part of her labors was in this State:

...December 6th I went to Trenton, N.J., in compliance with the request of L.A. 4925. While there made an investigation in three woolen mills, and found the condition of the female operatives to be in every respect above the average. Also visited the potteries, where many women are employed. Those people stand greatly in need of having their condition bettered, as they receive poor wages for laborious and unhealthy employment. Also visited the State Prison, and noticed with regret, the vast amount of work of various kinds the inmates were turning out to be put on the market in competition with honest labor. While in the city, I addressed five local assemblies and held one public meeting of working women. December 10th went to Newark to investigate the matter concerning the sewing-women of that city, which was referred to our committee at the General Assembly at Richmond. Found, after a careful study of the matter, that the case reported by the boys' shirt-waist makers was not only true, but that in general the working-women of Newark were very poorly paid, and the system of fines in many industries was severe and unjust. Instance: A corset factory where a fine is imposed for eating, laughing, singing or talking, of 10 cents each. If not inside the gate in the morning when the whistle stops blowing, an employee is locked out until half-past seven; then she can go to work, but is docked two hours for waste power; and many other rules equally slavish and unjust. Other industries closely follow these rules, while the sewing-women receive wages which are only one remove from actual starvation. In answer to all my inquiries, of employer and employed, why this state of affairs exists, the reply was, monopoly and competition. On January 6, 1887 took up the work again in Trenton, N. J., per instruction. Held several meetings, both public and private, of working-women for the purpose of getting them into the order, as the women of this city are not well organized. Went to Bordentown to a shirt factory there, but the unjust prejudice which they have always held toward organized labor cropped out on this occasion and they refused me admission.

At Lambertville I found a good local assembly, but no women had as yet joined the order there. I held several open meetings, and addressed eight local assemblies with such words of instruction as I was competent to give.

...March 14, was sent to Paterson to look into the condition of the women and children employed in the linen-thread works of that city. There are some fourteen or fifteen hundred persons employed in this industry, who were at that time out of employment for this reason: Children who work at what is called

doffing were receiving \$2.70 per week, and asked for an increase of 5 cents per day. They were refused, and they struck, whereupon all the other employees were locked out. This was what some of the toadying press called "Paterson's peculiar strike", or "unexplainable phenomena". The abuse, injustice and suffering which the women of this industry endure from the tyranny, cruelty and slave-driving propensities of the employers is something terrible to be allowed existence in free America. In one branch of this industry women are compelled to stand on the stone floor in water the year round, most of the time barefoot, with a spray of water from a revolving cylinder flying constantly against the breast; and the coldest night in winter as well as the warmest in summer those poor creatures must go to their homes with water dripping from their under-clothing along their path because there could not be space or a few moments allowed them wherein to change their clothing. A constant supply of recruits is always on hand to take the places of any who dare rebel against the iron-clad authority of those in charge. The law is evaded in this matter; but the passage-tickets on the Inman Steamship Line, that are advanced at from \$5 to \$7 more than they actually cost to the friends of those employed here or in the factory of this firm in Belfast, Ireland, and which are paid for after they commence work for the firm on this side of the ocean in \$1 installments, at their semi-monthly payments, furnish good ground for a test case in the near future. Add to this the most meager wages, crowded, badly ventilated rooms, want of proper sanitary conditions, and many other cruelties, and a fair-minded public can form some solution of this unexplainable "phenomena". A thorough account of all this was placed in the hands of State Deputy Factory Inspector Hall. Also notified L. T. Fell, Chief Factory Inspector, and through his efforts much child labor has been abolished and other defects somewhat remedied. But there is very much yet to be done."

Proceedings of the Thirteenth Session of the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry (1879)

Founded in 1867, the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, or the Grange, was a farmers' movement. Railroads, banks, and centralized grain storage facilities were changing the relationships between farmers and their commercial markets. Increasingly, farmers felt they had no control over marketing their products. The Grange encouraged farmers to form cooperatives to increase their influence over freight and storage rates, which generally tended to favor big business. In the excerpt below, the Grange identifies numerous injustices to which farmers are being subjected. The document concludes with a series of demands intended to alleviate these injustices.

Your Special Committee, raised "to take into consideration the state and condition of American agriculture, and to report such measures and policies as in their judgment will tend to afford relief from the weights, hindrances and difficulties that may beset it, and to suggest such methods as will restore to American farmers greater prosperity and promote their political and material welfare," have given the subject such consideration as opportunity and circumstances allowed, and present the following report. . . .

American farming is growing less profitable and less encouraging. In a country possessing so many facilities of cheap production this discouraging aspect of agriculture must be and is the result of other than natural causes. The annual additions of wealth under the enlightened system of agriculture are enormous, but from the unequal divisions of the profits of labor and the unjust discriminations made against it, the enlistments of property show that the farmers of the United States are not prospering. While it is rapidly extinguishing all debts and restoring an equilibrium to the currency of the country, its votaries are deprived of a just share of the rewards of their toil. Capital concentrates to make corners and form rings to fix prices. Transportation companies are allowed to make and unmake prices at will by their unjust and discriminating tariffs and freights. Subsidies and tariffs are created to protect other industries to the prejudice of agriculture. Commerce is shackled. American productions are denied the markets of the world through partial and restrictive laws. Agricultural property is made to bear an unequal and undue proportion of taxation to afford exemptions and privileges to other industries. Monopolies are permitted to assume power and control and exercise prerogatives and privileges justly belonging to sovereignty. Encouraged by legislation and stimulated by power, they have grown dictatorial and imperious in their demands, unrelenting in their exactions, and cruel and unmerciful in their impositions. Society has become extravagant and is now a heedless spendthrift of the painful

earnings of labor. Government has become proud and autocratic, while her toiling laborers are humiliated in their poverty. States are lavish and prodigal with the people's money. Cities and towns grow rich at the expense and impoverishment of the country. Laws are ingeniously formulated to make justice tardy and thus tend to encourage crime and disorder. In view of the well-established fact that the productive industries must bear the burdens of society, chief among which is agriculture, the national nursing mother of all the occupations, trades, and professions of our people, it is found that it is over-taxed and over-burdened with unnecessary, unjust, unequal, and flagrant impositions, that a just sense of right would transfer to where they justly belong. The farmers of America have on all occasions shown themselves to be a patient and enduring people, and further submission to wrong and injustice will be a sacrifice of manhood and exhibition of cowardice. Stirred with a just sense of right and supported by the integrity of our purpose, the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, in the name and interests of the farmers of the United States, sternly demand-

1st. That the Department of Agriculture shall be made an Executive Department, and the Commissioner a Cabinet officer.

2d. That the Agricultural Department shall be sustained and supported by annual appropriations commensurate with the importance of the great and permanent industry it represents.

3d. That commercial treaties shall be made with all foreign countries, giving to American products equal and unrestricted intercourse with the markets of the world.

4th. That governments be administered in a cheaper and simpler manner, consonant with the conditions of the people.

5th. That a more rigid economy in the expenditures of public moneys be re-established.

6th. That the laws shall be plain and simple, to the end that justice shall be speedy, crime punished, and good government maintained.

7th. That the creation or allowing of monopolies to exist is in violation of the spirit and genius of free republican government.

8th. That the tariffs of freight and fare over railroads and all transportation companies shall be regulated, and all unjust discriminations inhibited by law.

9th. That taxation shall be equal and uniform, and all values made to contribute their just proportion to the support of the government.

10th. That the revenue laws of the United States shall be so adjusted as to bear equally upon all classes of property, to the end that agriculture shall be relieved of the disproportion of burdens it bears.

11th. That the patent laws of the United States be so revised that innocent purchasers of patent rights shall be protected, and fraudulent vendors alone held responsible for infringements of rights and violations of law.

12th. That a system of elementary agricultural education shall be adopted in the common schools of the country.

13th. That we are entitled to and should have a fair representation in the legislative halls of the country, chosen from the ranks of the farmers.

Emphatically asserting our unalterable determination to support and maintain these principles, we demand that they shall be incorporated in the laws of the country for the protection of American agriculture, and invoke the aid of the farmers of the United States in their support, regardless of party affiliations and party mandates. To follow the dictation of partisan influences whilst our earnings are spirited away, and our families beggared, is a degradation and sacrifice that cannot longer be endured.

With manly dignity we boldly declare our rights and interests, and with unwavering devotion will maintain and defend them on all occasions, and this warning is defiantly thrown to the world.

The New Slavery in the South— An Autobiography

The following article was secured by a representative of THE INDEPENDENT specially commissioned for this work. It is a reliable story, and, we believe, a typical one. It was dictated to our representative, who took the liberty to correct the narrator's errors of grammar and put it in form suitable for publication.— EDITOR.

SOURCE: From *The Independent*, 56 (Feb. 25, 1904): 409–414. New York: Published for the proprietors, 1904.

The New Slavery in the South— An Autobiography BY A GEORGIA NEGRO PEON

I am a negro and was born some time during the war in Elbert County, Ga., and I reckon by this time I must be a little over forty years old. My mother was not married when I was born, and I never knew who my father was or anything about him. Shortly after the war my mother died, and I was left to the care of my uncle. All this happened before I was eight years old, and so I can't remember very much about it. When I was about ten years old, my uncle hired me out to Captain— . I had already learned how to plow, and was also a good hand at picking cotton. I was told that the Captain wanted me for his house-boy, and that later on he was going to train me to be his coachman. To be a coachman in those days was considered a post of honor, and, young as I was, I was glad of the chance. But I had not been at the Captain's a month before I was put to work on the farm, with some twenty or thirty other negroes—men, women and children. From the beginning the boys had the same tasks as the men and women. There was no difference. We all worked hard during the week, and would frolic on Saturday nights and often on Sundays. And everybody was happy. The men got \$3 a week and the women \$2. I don't know what the children got. Every week my uncle collected my money for me, but it was very little of it that I ever saw. My uncle fed and clothed me, gave me a place to sleep, and allowed me ten or fifteen cents a week for "spending change," as he called it. I must have been seventeen or eighteen years old before I got tired of that arrangement, and felt that I was man enough to be working for myself and handling my own wages. The other boys about my age and size were "drawing" their own pay, and they used to laugh at me and call me "Baby" because my old uncle was always on hand to "draw" my pay. Worked up by these things, I made a break for liberty. Unknown to my uncle or the Captain I went off to a neighboring plantation and hired myself out to another man. The new landlord agreed to give me forty cents a day and furnish me one meal. I thought that was doing fine. Bright and early one Monday morning I started for work, still not letting the others know anything about it. But they found out before sundown. The Captain came over to the new place and brought some kind of officer of the law. The officer pulled out a long piece of paper from his pocket and read it to my new employer. When this was done I heard my boss say:

"I beg your pardon, Captain. I didn't know this nigger was bound out to you, or I wouldn't have hired him."

"He certainly is bound out to me," said the Captain. "He belongs to me until he is twenty-one, and I'm going to make him know his place."

So I was carried back to the Captain's. That night he made me strip off my clothing down to my waist, had me tied to a tree in his backyard, ordered his foreman to give me thirty lashes with a

buggy whip across my bare back, and stood by until it was done. After that experience the Captain made me stay on his place night and day,—but my uncle still continued to “draw” my money.

I was a man nearly grown before I knew how to count from one to one hundred. I was a man nearly grown before I ever saw a colored school teacher. I never went to school a day in my life. To-day I can't write my own name, tho I can read a little. I was a man nearly grown before I ever rode on a railroad train, and then I went on an excursion from Elberton to Athens. What was true of me was true of hundreds of other negroes around me—'way off there in the country, fifteen or twenty miles from the nearest town.

When I reached twenty-one the Captain told me I was a free man, but he urged me to stay with him. He said he would treat me right, and pay me as much as anybody else would. The Captain's son and I were about the same age, and the Captain said that, as he had owned my mother and uncle during slavery, and as his son didn't want me to leave them (since I had been with them so long), he wanted me to stay with the old family. And I stayed. 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 one-room log cabin similar to those used by his other laborers.

During that year I married Mandy. For several years Mandy had been the house-servant for the Captain, his wife, his son and his three daughters, and they all seemed to think a good deal of her. As an evidence of their regard they gave us a suit of furniture, which cost about \$25, and we set up housekeeping in one of the Captain's two-room shanties. I thought I was the biggest man in Georgia. Mandy still kept her place in the “Big House” after our marriage. We did so well for the first year that I renewed my contract for the second year, and for the third, fourth and fifth year I did the same thing. Before the end of the fifth year the Captain had died, and his son, who had married some two or three years before, took charge of the plantation. Also, for two or three years, this son had been serving in Atlanta in some big office to which he had been elected. I think it was in the Legislature or something of that sort—anyhow, the people called him Senator. At the end of the fifth year the Senator suggested that I sign up a contract for ten years; then, he said, we wouldn't have to fix up papers every year. I asked my wife about it; she consented; and so I made a ten-year contract.

Not long afterward the Senator had a long, low shanty built on his place. A great big chimney, with a wide, open fireplace, was built at one end of it, and on each side of the house, running lengthwise, there was a row of frames or stalls just large enough to hold a single mattress. The places for these were fixed one above the other; so that there was a double row of these stalls or pens on each side. They looked for all the world like stalls for horses. Since then I have seen cabooses similarly arranged as sleeping quarters for railroad laborers. Nobody seemed to know what the Senator was fixing for. All doubts were put aside one bright day when about forty able-bodied negroes, bound in iron chains, and some of them handcuffed, were brought out to the Senator's farm in three big wagons. They were quartered in the long, low shanty, and it was afterward called to stockade. This was the beginning of the Senator's convict camp. These men were prisoners who had been leased by the Senator from the State of Georgia at about \$200 each per year, the State agreeing to pay for guards and physicians, for necessary inspection, for inquests, all rewards for escaped convicts, the costs of litigation and all other incidental camp expenses. When I saw these men in shackled, and the guards with their guns, I was scared nearly to death. I felt like running away, but I didn't know

where to go. And if there had been any place to go to, I would have had to leave my wife and child behind. We free laborers held a meeting. We all wanted to quit. We sent a man to tell the Senator about it. Word came back that we were all under contract for ten years and that the Senator would hold us to the letter of the contract, or put us in chains and lock us up—the same as the other prisoners. It was made plain to us by some white people that in the contracts we had signed we had all agreed to be locked up in a stockade at night or at any other time that our employer saw fit; further, we learned that we could not lawfully break our contract for any reason and go and hire ourselves to somebody else without the consent of our employer; and, more than that, if we got mad and ran away, we could be run down by bloodhounds, arrested without process of law, and be returned to our employer, who, according to the contract, might beat us brutally or administer any other kind of punishment that he thought proper. In other words, we had sold ourselves into slavery—and what could we do about it? The white folks had all the courts, all the guns, all the hounds, all the railroads, all the telegraph wires, all the newspapers, all the money, and nearly all the land—and we had only our ignorance, our poverty and our empty hands. We decided that the best thing to do was to shut our mouths, say nothing, and go back to work. And most of us worked side by side with those convicts during the remainder of the ten years.

But this first batch of convicts was only the beginning. Within six months another stockade was built, and twenty or thirty other convicts were brought to the plantation, among them six or eight women! The Senator had bought an additional thousand acres of land, and to his already large cotton plantation he added two great big saw-mills and went into the lumber business. Within two years the Senator had in all nearly 200 negroes working on his plantation—about his half of them free laborers, so-called, and about half of them convicts. The only difference between the free laborers and the others was that the free laborers could come and go as they pleased, at night—that is, they were not locked up at night, and were not, as a general thing, whipped for slight offenses. The troubles of the free laborers began at the close of the ten-year period. To a man, they all wanted to quit when the time was up. To a man, they all refused to sign new contracts—even for one year, not to say anything of ten years. And just when we thought that our bondage was at an end we found that it had really just begun. Two or three years before, or about a year and a half after the Senator had started his camp, he had established a large store, which was called the commissary. All of us free laborers were compelled to buy our supplies— food, clothing, etc.— from that 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 every year we would come out in debt to our employer. If not that, we seldom had more than \$5 or \$10 coming to us—and that for a whole year's work. Well, at the close of the tenth year, when we kicked and meant to leave the Senator, he said to some of us with a smile (and I never will forget that smile—I can see it now):

“Boys, I'm sorry you're going to leave me. I hope you will do well in your new places—so well that you will be able to pay me the little balances which most of you owe me.”

Word was sent out for all of us to meet him at the commissary at 2 o'clock. There he told us that, after we had signed what he called a written acknowledgment of our debts, we might go and look for new places. The storekeeper took us one by one and read to us statements of our accounts. According to the books there was no man of us who owed the Senator less than \$100; some of us were put down for as much as \$200. I owed \$165, according to the bookkeeper. These debts were

not accumulated during one year, but ran back for three and four years, so we were told—in spite of the fact that we understood that we had had a full settlement at the end of each year. But no one of us would have dared to dispute a white man's word—oh, no; not in those days. Besides, we fellows didn't care anything about the amounts—we were after getting away; and we had been told that we might go, if we signed the acknowledgments. We would have signed anything, just to get away. So we stepped up, we did, and made our marks. That same night we were rounded up by a constable and ten or twelve white men, who aided him, and we were locked up, every one of us, in one of the Senator's stockades. The next morning it was explained to us by the two guards appointed to watch us that, in the papers we had signed the day before, we had not only made acknowledgment of our indebtedness, but that we had also agreed to work for the Senator until the debts were paid off by hard labor. And from that day forward we were treated just like convicts. Really we had made ourselves lifetime slaves, or peons, as the law called us. But, call it slavery, peonage, or what not, the truth is we lived in a hell on earth what time we spent in the Senator's peon camp.

I lived in that camp, as a peon, for nearly three years. My wife fared better than I did, as did the wives of some of the other negroes, because the white men about the camp used these unfortunate creatures as their mistresses. When I was first put in the stockade my wife was still kept for a while in the "Big House," but my little boy, who was only nine years old, was given away to a negro family across the river in South Carolina, and I never saw or heard of him after that. When I left the camp my wife had had two children for some one of the white bosses, and she was living in fairly good shape in a little house off to herself. But the poor negro women who were not in the same class with my wife fared about as bad as the helpless negro men. Most of the time the women who were peons or convicts were compelled to wear men's clothes. Sometimes, when I have seen them dressed like men, and plowing or hoeing or hauling logs or working at the blacksmith's trade, just the same as men, my heart would bleed and my blood would boil, but I was powerless to raise a hand. It would have meant death on the spot to have said a word. Of the first six women brought to the camp, two of them gave birth to children after they had been there more than twelve months—and the babies had white men for their fathers!

The stockades in which we slept were, I believe, the filthiest places in the world. They were cesspools of nastiness. During the thirteen years that I was there I am willing to swear that a mattress was never moved after it had been brought there, except to turn it over once or twice a month. No sheets were used, only dark-colored blankets. Most of the men slept every night in the clothing that they had worked in all day. Some of the worst characters were made to sleep in chains. The doors were locked and barred each night, and tallow candles were the only lights allowed. Really the stockades were but little more than cow lots, horse stables or hog pens. Strange to say, not a great number of these people died while I was there, tho a great many came away maimed and bruised and, in some cases, disabled for life. As far as I remember only about ten died during the last ten years that I was there, two of these being killed outright by the guards for trivial offenses.

It was a hard school that peon camp was, but I learned more there in a few short months by contact with those poor fellows from the outside world than ever I had known before. Most of what I learned was evil, and I now know that I should have been better off without the knowledge, but much of what I learned was helpful to me. Barring two or three severe and brutal whippings which I received, I got along very well, all things considered; but the system is damnable. A favorite way

of whipping a man was to strap him down to a log, flat on his back, and spank him fifty or sixty times on his bare feet with a shingle or a huge piece of plank. When the man would get up with sore and blistered feet and an aching body, if he could not then keep up with the other men at work he would be strapped to the log again, this time face downward, and would be lashed with a buggy trace on his bare back. When a woman had to be whipped it was usually done in private, tho they would be compelled to fall down across a barrel or something of the kind and receive the licks on their backsides.

The working day on a peon farm begins with sunrise and ends when the sun goes down; or, in other words, the average peon works from ten to twelve hours each day, with one hour (from 12 o'clock to 1 o'clock) for dinner. Hot or cold, sun or rain, this is the rule. As to their meals, the laborers are divided up into squads or companies, just the same as soldiers in a great military camp would be. Two or three men in each stockade are appointed as cooks. From thirty to forty men report to each cook. In the warm months (or eight or nine months out of the year) the cooking is done on the outside, just behind the stockades; in the cold months the cooking is done inside the stockades. Each peon is provided with a great big tin cup, a flat tin pan and two big tin spoons. No knives or forks are ever seen, except those used by the cooks. At meal time the peons pass in single file before the cooks, and hold out their pans and cups to receive their allowances. Cow peas (red or white, which when boiled turned black), fat bacon and old-fashioned Georgia corn bread, baked in pones from one to two and three inches thick, make up the chief articles of food. Black coffee, black molasses and brown sugar are also used abundantly. Once in a great while, on Sundays, biscuits would be made, but they would always be made from the kind of flour called "shorts." As a rule, breakfast consisted of coffee, fried bacon, corn bread, and sometimes molasses—and one "helping" of each was all that was allowed. Peas, boiled with huge hunks of fat bacon, and a hoe-cake, as big as a man's hand, usually answered for dinner. Sometimes this dinner bill of fare gave place to bacon and greens (collard or turnip) and pot liquor. Tho we raised corn, potatoes and other vegetables, we never got a chance at such things unless we could steal them and cook them secretly. Supper consisted of coffee, fried bacon and molasses. But, altho the food was limited to certain things, I am sure we all got a plenty of the things allowed. As coarse as these things were, we kept, as a rule, fat and sleek and as strong as mules. And that, too, in spite of the fact that we had no special arrangements for taking regular baths, and no very great effort was made to keep us regularly in clean clothes. No tables were used or allowed. In summer we would sit down on the ground and eat our meals, and in winter we would sit around inside the filthy stockades. Each man was his own dish washer—that is to say, each man was responsible for the care of his pan and cup and spoons. My dishes got washed about once a week!

To-day, I am told, there are six or seven of these private camps in Georgia—that is to say, camps where most of the convicts are leased from the State of Georgia. But there are hundreds and hundreds of farms all over the State where negroes, and in some cases poor white folks, are held in bondage on the ground that they are working out debts, or where the contracts which they have made hold them in a kind of perpetual bondage, because, under those contracts, they may not quit one employer and hire out to another, except by and with the knowledge and consent of the former employer. One of the usual ways to secure laborers for a large peonage camp is for the proprietor to send out an agent to the little courts in the towns and villages, and where a man charged with some petty offense has no friends or money the agent will urge him to plead guilty, with the understanding that the agent will pay his fine, and in that way save him from the disgrace of being

sent to jail or the chain-gang! For this high favor the man must sign beforehand a paper signifying his willingness to go to the farm and work out the amount of the fine imposed. When he reaches the farm he has to be fed and clothed, to be sure, and these things are charged up to his account. By the time he has worked out his first debt another is hanging over his head, and so on and so on, by a sort of endless chain, for an indefinite period, as in every case the indebtedness is arbitrarily arranged by the employer. In many cases it is very evident that the court officials are in collusion with the proprietors or agents, and that they divide the “graft” among themselves. As an example of this dickering among the whites, every year many convicts were brought to the Senator’s camp from a certain county in South Georgia, ‘way down in the turpentine district. The majority of these men were charged with adultery, which is an offense against the laws of the great and sovereign State of Georgia! Upon inquiry I learned that a number of negro lewd women were employed by certain white men to entice negro men into their houses; and then, at a given signal, when all was in readiness, raids would be made upon these houses, and the men would be arrested and charged with living in adultery. Nine out of ten of these men, so arrested and so charged, would find their way ultimately to some convict camp, and, as I said, many of them found their way every year to the Senator’s camp while I was there. The low-down women were never punished in any way. On the contrary, I was told that they always seemed to stand in high favor with the sheriffs, constables and other officers. There can be no room to doubt that they assisted very materially in furnishing laborers for the prison pens of Georgia, and the belief was general among the men that they were regularly paid for their work. I could tell more, but I’ve said enough to make anyone’s heart sick. I am glad that the Federal authorities are taking a hand in breaking up this great and terrible iniquity. It is, I know, widespread throughout Georgia and many other Southern States. Since Judge Speer fired into the gang last November at Savannah, I notice that arrests have been made of seven men in three different sections of the State—all charged with holding men in peonage. Somewhere, somehow, a beginning of the end should be made.

But I didn’t tell you how I got out. I didn’t get out—they put me out. When I had served as a peon for nearly three years—and you remember that they claimed that I owed them only \$165—when I had served for nearly three years, one of the bosses came to me and said that my time was up. He happened to be the one who was said to be living with my wife. He gave me a new suit of overalls, which cost about seventy-five cents, took me in a buggy and carried me across the Broad River into South Carolina, set me down and told me to “git.” I didn’t have a cent of money, and I wasn’t feeling well, but somehow I managed to get a move on me. I begged my way to Columbia. In two or three days I ran across a man looking for laborers to carry to Birmingham, and I joined his gang. I have been here in the Birmingham district since they released me, and I reckon I’ll die either in a coal mine or an iron furnace. It don’t make much difference which. Either is better than a Georgia peon camp. And a Georgia peon camp is hell itself!

Document Analysis

1. Describe the ways the Senator manipulated free black laborers.
2. What were some ways in which negro men were turned into convict laborers?
3. Explain how some black people—white people too—were caught in an endless cycle of debt bondage.

The People's Party Platform (1892)

Feeling that neither major political party represented their interests, populists formed the People's Party in 1892 to pursue their political and economic agenda. Their party platform presented many reform ideas that were later implemented.

We have witnessed for more than a quarter of a century the struggles of the two great political parties for power and plunder, while grievous wrongs have been inflicted upon the suffering people. We charge that the controlling influences dominating both these parties have permitted the existing dreadful conditions to develop without serious effort to prevent or restrain them. Neither do they now promise us any substantial reform. They have agreed together to ignore in the coming campaign every issue but one. They propose to drown the outcries of a plundered people with the uproar of a sham battle over the tariff, so that capitalists, corporations, national banks, rings, trusts, watered stock, the demonetization of silver, and the oppressions of the usurers may all be lost sight of. They propose to sacrifice our homes, lives and children on the altar of mammon; to destroy the multitude in order to secure corruption funds from the millionaires. . . .

We declare, therefore, -

First. That the union of the labor forces of the United States this day consummated shall be permanent and perpetual; may its spirit enter all hearts for the salvation of the republic and the uplifting of mankind!

Second. Wealth belongs to him who creates it, and every dollar taken from industry without an equivalent is robbery. "If any will not work, neither shall he eat." The interests of rural and civic labor are the same; their enemies are identical.

Third. We believe that the time has come when the railroad corporations will either own the people or the people must own the railroads; and, should the government enter upon the work of owning and managing all railroads, we should favor an amendment to the Constitution by which all persons engaged in the government service shall be placed under a civil service regulation of the most rigid character, so as to prevent the increase of the power of the national administration by the use of such additional government employees.

First, Money. We demand a national currency, safe, sound, and flexible, issued by the general government only, a full legal tender for all debts, public and private, and that, without the use of banking corporations, a just, equitable, and efficient means of distribution direct to the people, at a tax not to exceed two per cent per annum, to be provided as set forth in the sub-treasury plan of the Farmers' Alliance, or a better system; also, by payments in discharge of its obligations for public improvements.

(a) We demand free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the present legal ratio of sixteen to one.

(b) We demand that the amount of circulating medium be speedily increased to not less than fifty dollars per capita.

(c) We demand a graduated income tax.

(d) We believe that the money of the country shall be kept as much as possible in the hands of the people, and hence we demand that all state and national revenues shall be limited to the necessary expenses of the government economically and honestly administered.

(e) We demand that postal savings banks be established by the government for the safe deposit of the earnings of the people and to facilitate exchange.

Second, Transportation. Transportation being a means of exchange and a public necessity, the government should own and operate the railroads in the interest of the people.

(a) The telegraph and telephone, like the post-office system, being a necessity for the transmission of news, should be owned and operated by the government in the interest of the people.

Third, Land. The land, including all the natural sources of wealth, is the heritage of the people, and should not be monopolized for speculative purposes, and alien ownership of land should be prohibited. All land now held by railroads and other corporations in excess of their actual needs, and all lands now owned by aliens, should be reclaimed by the government and held for actual settlers only.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, Other questions have been presented for our consideration, we hereby submit the following, not as a part of the platform of the People's party, but as resolutions expressive of the sentiment of this convention.

Resolved, That we demand a free ballot and a fair count in all elections, and pledge ourselves to secure it to every legal voter without federal intervention, through the adoption by the States of the unperturbed Australian or secret ballot system.

Resolved, That the revenue derived from a graduated income tax should be applied to the reduction of the burden of taxation now resting upon the domestic industries of this country.

Resolved, That we pledge our support to fair and liberal pensions to ex-Union soldiers and sailors.

Resolved, That we condemn the fallacy of protecting American labor under the present system, which opens our ports to the pauper and criminal classes of the world, and crowds out our wage-earners; and we denounce the present ineffective laws against contract labor, and demand the further restriction of undesirable immigration.

Resolved, That we cordially sympathize with the efforts of organized workingmen to shorten the hours of labor, and demand a rigid enforcement of the existing eight-hour law on government work, and ask that a penalty clause be added to the said law.

Resolved, That we regard the maintenance of a large standing army of mercenaries, known as the Pinkerton system, as a menace to our liberties, and we demand its abolition; and we condemn the recent invasion of the Territory of Wyoming by the hired assassins of plutocracy, assisted by federal officials.

Resolved, That we commend to the favorable consideration of the people and the reform press the legislative system known as the initiative and referendum.

Resolved, That we favor a constitutional provision limiting the office of President and Vice-President to one term, and providing for the election of senators of the United States by a direct vote of the people.

Resolved, That we oppose any subsidy or national aid to any private corporation for any purpose.

Resolved, That this convention sympathizes with the Knights of Labor and their righteous contest with the tyrannical combine of clothing manufacturers of Rochester, and declares it to be the duty of all who hate tyranny and oppression to refuse to purchase the goods made by said manufacturers, or to patronize any

merchants who sell such goods.

W.E.B. Du Bois, A Negro Schoolmaster in the New South, 1899

W.E.B. DuBois was a prominent African American at the turn of the twentieth century. Born in Massachusetts in 1868, he was the first black man to receive a doctorate from Harvard. Throughout his life he championed the cause of African Americans, challenging them never to accept segregation or second class citizenship. In the late decades of the nineteenth century he went south to teach. African Americans had to overcome many obstacles to learn, not the least was white resistance born of white fears about educated black people. For some, a black man with a book was as frightening as a black man with a gun. Following the Civil War, black children in Charleston, South Carolina were instructed to keep their books out of sight until they reached the schoolhouse. Southern politicians vowed not to spend “one dollar on nigger education” because “education unfits the nigger.” And in the last decade of the nineteenth century, white people burned the first black school created in Selma, Alabama.

SOURCE: “A Negro Schoolmaster in the New South” by W. E. B. Du Bois, *The Atlantic Monthly*, January 1899; Volume 83, No. 495; pages 99–105.

The Atlantic Monthly January 1899

ONCE upon a time I taught school in the hills of Tennessee, where the broad dark vale of the Mississippi begins to roll and crumple to greet the Alleghanies. I was a Fisk student then, and all Fisk men think that Tennessee — beyond the Veil — is theirs alone, and in vacation time they sally forth in lusty bands to meet the country school commissioners. Young and Happy, I too went, and I shall not soon forget that summer, ten years ago.

First, there was a teachers’ Institute at the county-seat; and there distinguished guests of the superintendent taught the teachers fractions and spelling and other mysteries, — white teachers in the morning, Negroes at night. A picnic now and then, and a supper, and the rough world was softened by laughter and song. I remember how — But I wander.

There came a day when all the teachers left the Institute, and began the hunt for schools. I learn from hearsay (for my mother was mortally afraid of fire-arms) that the hunting of ducks and bears and men is wonderfully interesting, but I am sure that the man who has never hunted a country school has something to learn of the pleasures of the chase. I see now the white, hot roads lazily rise and fall and wind before me under the burning July sun; I feel the deep weariness of heart and limb, as ten, eight, six miles stretch relentlessly ahead; I feel my heart sink heavily as I hear again and again, “Got a teacher? Yes.” So I walked on and on, — horses were too expensive, — until I had wandered beyond railways, beyond stage lines, to a land of “varmints” and rattlesnakes, where the coming of a stranger was an event, and men lived and died in the shadow of one blue hill.

Sprinkled over hill and dale lay cabins and farmhouses, shut out from the world by the forests and the rolling hills toward the east. There I found at last a little school. Josie told me of it; she was a thin, homely girl of twenty, with a dark brown face and thick, hard hair. I had crossed the stream at Watertown, and rested under the great willows; then I had gone to the little cabin in the lot where Josie was resting on her way to town. The gaunt farmer made me welcome, and Josie, hearing my errand, told me anxiously that they wanted a school over the hill; that but once since the war had a teacher been there; that she herself longed to learn, — and thus she ran on, talking fast and loud, with much earnestness and energy.

Next morning I crossed the tall round hill, lingered to look at the blue and yellow mountains stretching toward the Carolinas; then I plunged into the wood, and came out at Josie's home. It was a dull frame cottage with four rooms, perched just below the brow of the hill, amid peach trees. The father was a quiet, simple soul, calmly ignorant, with no touch of vulgarity. The mother was different, — strong, bustling, and energetic, with a quick, restless tongue, and an ambition to live "like folks." There was a crowd of children. Two boys had gone away. There remained two growing girls; a shy midget of eight; John, tall, awkward, and eighteen; Jim, younger, quicker, and better looking; and two babies of indefinite age. Then there was Josie herself. She seemed to be the centre of the family: always busy at service or at home, or berrypicking; a little nervous and inclined to scold, like her mother, yet faithful, too, like her father. She had about her a certain fineness, the shadow of an unconscious moral heroism that would willingly give all of life to make life broader, deeper and fuller for her and hers. I saw much of this family afterward, and grew to love them for their honest efforts to be decent and comfortable, and for their knowledge of their own ignorance. There was with them no affectation. The mother would scold the father for being so "easy;" Josie would roundly rate the boys for carelessness; and all knew that it was a hard thing to dig a living out of a rocky side hill.

I secured the school. I remember the day I rode horseback out to the commissioner's house, with a pleasant young white fellow, who wanted the white school. The road ran down the bed of a stream; the sun laughed and the water jingled, and we rode on. "Come in," said the commissioner, — "come in. Have a seat. Yes, that certificate will do. Stay to dinner. What do you want a month?" Oh, thought I, this is lucky; but even then fell the awful shadow of the Veil, for they ate first, then I — alone.

The schoolhouse was a log hut, where Colonel Wheeler used to shelter his corn. It sat in a lot behind a rail fence and thorn bushes, near the sweetest of spring. There was an entrance where a door once was, and within, a massive rickety fireplace; great chinks between the logs served as windows. Furniture was scarce. A pale blackboard crouched in the corner. My desk was made of three boards, reinforced at critical points, and my chair, borrowed from the landlady, had to be returned every night. Seats for the children, — these puzzled me much. I was haunted by a New England vision of neat little desks and chairs, but, alas, the reality was rough plank benches without backs, and at times without legs. They had the one virtue of making naps dangerous, — possibly fatal, for the floor was not to be trusted.

It was a hot morning late in July when the school opened. I trembled when I heard the patter of little feet down the dusty road, and saw the growing row of dark solemn faces and bright eager eyes facing me. First came Josie and her brothers and sisters. The longing to know, to be a student in the

great school at Nashville, hovered like a star above this child woman amid her work and worry, and she studied doggedly. There were the Dowells from their farm over toward Alexandria: Fanny, with her smooth black face and wondering eyes; Martha, brown and dull; the pretty girl wife of a brother, and the younger brood. There were the Burkes, two brown and yellow lads, and tine haughty-eyed girl. Fat Reuben's little chubby girl came, with golden face and old gold hair, faithful and solemn. 'Thenie was on hand early, — a jolly, ugly, good-hearted girl, who slyly dipped snuff and looked after her little bow-legged brother. When her mother could spare her, 'Tildy came, — a midnight beauty, with starry eyes and tapering limbs; and her brother, correspondingly homely. And then the big boys: the hulking Lawrences; the lazy Neills, unfathered sons of mother and daughter; Hickman, with a stoop in his shoulders; and the rest.

There they sat, nearly thirty of them, on the rough benches, their faces shading from a pale cream to a deep brown, the little feet bare and swinging, the eyes full of expectation, with here and there a twinkle of mischief, and the hands grasping Webster's blue-back spelling-book. I loved my school, and the fine faith the children had in the wisdom of their teacher was truly marvelous. We read and spelled together, wrote a little, picked flowers, sang, and listened to stories of the world beyond the hill. At times the school would dwindle away, and I would start out. I would visit Mun Eddings, who lived in two very dirty rooms, and ask why little Lugene, whose flaming face seemed ever ablaze with the dark red hair uncombed, was absent all last week, or why I missed so often the inimitable rags of Mack and Ed. Then the father, who worked Colonel Wheeler's farm on shares, would tell me how the crops needed the boys; and the thin, slovenly mother, whose face was pretty when washed, assured me that Lugene must mind the baby. "But we'll start them again next week." When the Lawrences stopped, I knew that the doubt of the old folks about book-learning had conquered again, and so, toiling up the hill, and getting as far into the cabin as possible, I put Cicero pro Archia Poeta in the simplest English with local applications, and usually convinced them — for a week or so.

On Friday nights I often went home with some of the children; sometimes to Doc Burke's farm. He was a great, loud, thin Black, ever working, and trying to buy the seventy-five acres of hill and dale where he lived; but people said that he would surely fail, and the "white folks would get it all." His wife was a magnificent Amazon, with saffron face and shining hair, uncorseted and barefooted, and the children were strong and beautiful. They lived in a one-and-a-half-room cabin in the hollow of the farm, near the spring. The front room was full of great fat white beds, scrupulously neat; and there were bad chromos on the walls, and a tired centre-table. In the tiny back kitchen I was often invited to "take out and help" myself to fried chicken and wheat biscuit, "meat" and corn pone, string beans and berries. At first I used to be a little alarmed at the approach of bedtime in the one lone bedroom, but embarrassment was very deftly avoided. First, all the children nodded and slept, and were stowed away in one great pile of goose feathers; next, the mother and the father discreetly slipped away to the kitchen while I went to bed; then, blowing out the dim light, they retired in the dark. In the morning all were up and away before I thought of awakening. Across the road, where fat Reuben lived, they all went outdoors while the teacher retired, because they did not boast the luxury of a kitchen.

I liked to stay with the Dowells, for they had four rooms and plenty of good country fare. Uncle Bird had a small, rough farm, all woods and hills, miles from the big road; but he was full of tales, — he preached now and then, — and with his children, berries, horses, and wheat he was happy

and prosperous. Often, to keep the peace, I must go where life was less lovely; for instance, 'Tildy's mother was incorrigibly dirty, Reuben's larder was limited seriously, and herds of untamed bedbugs wandered over the Eddinges' beds. Best of all I loved to go to Josie's, and sit on the porch, eating peaches, while the mother bustled and talked: how Josie had bought the sewing-machine; how Josie worked at service in winter, but that four dollars a month was "mighty little" wages; how Josie longed to go away to school, but that it "looked like" they never could get far enough ahead to let her; how the crops failed and the well was yet unfinished; and, finally, how "mean" some of the white folks were.

For two summers I lived in this little world; it was dull and humdrum. The girls looked at the hill in wistful longing, and the boys fretted, and haunted Alexandria. Alexandria was "town," — a straggling, lazy village of houses, churches, and shops, and an aristocracy of Toms, Dicks, and Captains. Cuddled on the hill to the north was the village of the colored folks, who lived in three or four room unpainted cottages, some neat and homelike, and some dirty. The dwellings were scattered rather aimlessly, but they centred about the twin temples of the hamlet, the Methodist and the Hard-Shell Baptist churches. These, in turn, leaned gingerly on a sad-colored schoolhouse. Hither my little world wended its crooked way on Sunday to meet other worlds, and gossip, and wonder, and make the weekly sacrifice with frenzied priest at the altar of the "old-time religion." Then the soft melody and mighty cadences of Negro song fluttered and thundered.

I have called my tiny community a world, and so its isolation made it; and yet there was among us but a halfawakened common consciousness, sprung from common joy and grief, at burial, birth, or wedding; from a common hardship in poverty, poor land, and low wages; and, above all, from the sight of the Veil that hung between us and Opportunity. All this caused us to think some thoughts together; but these, when ripe for speech, were spoken in various languages. Those whose eyes thirty and more years before had seen "the glory of the coming of the Lord" saw in every present hindrance or help a dark fatalism bound to bring all things right in His own good time. The mass of those to whom slavery was a dim recollection of childhood found the world a puzzling thing: it asked little of them, and they answered with little, and yet it ridiculed their offering. Such a paradox they could not understand, and therefore sank into listless indifference, or shiftlessness, or reckless bravado. There were, however, some such as Josie, Jim, and Ben, — they to whom War, Hell, and Slavery were but childhood tales, whose young appetites had been whetted to an edge by school and story and half-awakened thought. Ill could they be content, born without and beyond the World. And their weak wings beat against their barriers, — barriers of caste, of youth, of life; at last, in dangerous moments, against everything that opposed even a whim.

The ten years that follow youth, the years when first the realization comes that life is leading somewhere, — these were the years that passed after I left my little school. When they were past, I came by chance once more to the walls of Fisk University, to the halls of the chapel of melody. As I lingered there in the joy and pain of meeting old school friends, there swept over me a sudden longing to pass again beyond the blue hill, and to see the homes and the school of other days, and to learn how life had gone with my school-children; and I went.

Josie was dead, and the gray-haired mother said simply, "We've had a heap of trouble since you've been away." I had feared for Jim. With a cultured parentage and a social caste to uphold him, he might have made a venturesome merchant or a West Point cadet. But here he was, angry with life

and reckless; and when Farmer Durham charged him with stealing wheat, the old man had to ride fast to escape the stones which the furious fool hurled after him. They told Jim to run away; but he would not run, and the constable came that afternoon. It grieved Josie, and great awkward John walked nine miles every day to see his little brother through the bars of Lebanon jail. At last the two came back together in the dark night. The mother cooked supper, and Josie emptied her purse, and the boys stole away. Josie grew thin and silent, yet worked the more. The hill became steep for the quiet old father, and with the boys away there was little to do in the valley. Josie helped them sell the old farm, and they moved nearer town. Brother Dennis, the carpenter, built a new house with six rooms; Josie toiled a year in Nashville, and brought back ninety dollars to furnish the house and change it to a home.

When the spring came, and the birds twittered, and the stream ran proud and full, little sister Lizzie, bold and thoughtless, flushed with the passion of youth, bestowed herself on the tempter, and brought home a nameless child. Josie shivered, and worked on, with the vision of schooldays all fled, with a face wan and tired, — worked until, on a summer's day, some one married another; then Josie crept to her mother like a hurt child, and slept — and sleeps.

I paused to scent the breeze as I entered the valley. The Lawrences have gone; father and son forever, and the other son lazily digs in the earth to live. A new young widow rents out their cabin to fat Reuben. Reuben is a Baptist preacher now, but I fear as lazy as ever, though his cabin has three rooms; and little Ella has grown into a bouncing woman, and is ploughing corn on the hot hillside. There are babies a plenty, and one half-witted girl. Across the valley is a house I did not know before, and there I found, rocking one baby and expecting another, one of my schoolgirls, a daughter of Uncle Bird Dowell. She looked somewhat worried with her new duties, but soon bristled into pride over her neat cabin, and the tale of her thrifty husband, the horse and cow, and farm they were planning to buy.

My log schoolhouse was gone. In its place stood Progress, and Progress, I understand, is necessarily ugly. The crazy foundation stones still marked the former site of my poor little cabin, and not far away, on six weary boulders, perched a jaunty board house, perhaps twenty by thirty feet, with three windows and a door that locked. Some of the window glass was broken, and part of an old iron stove lay mournfully under the house. I peeped through the window half reverently, and found things that were more familiar. The blackboard had grown by about two feet, and the seats were still without backs. The county owns the lot now, I hear, and every year there is a session of school. As I sat by the spring and looked on the Old and the New I felt glad, very glad, and yet —

After two long drinks I started on. There was the great double log house on the corner. I remembered the broken, blighted family that used to live there. The strong, hard face of the mother, with its wilderness of hair, rose before me. She had driven her husband away, and while I taught school a strange man lived there, big and jovial, and people talked. I felt sure that Ben and 'Tildy would come to naught from such a home. But this is an odd world; for Ben is a busy farmer in Smith County, "doing well, too," they say, and he had cared for little 'Tildy until last spring, when a lover married her. A hard life the lad had led, toiling for meat, and laughed at because he was homely and crooked. There was Sam Carlon, an impudent old skinflint, who had definite notions about niggers, and hired Ben a summer and would not pay him. Then the hungry boy gathered his sacks together, and in broad daylight went into Carlon's corn; and when the hard-fisted farmer set

upon him, the angry boy flew at him like a beast. Doc Burke saved a murder and a lynching that day.

The story reminded me again of the Burkes, and an impatience seized me to know who won in the battle, Doc or the seventy-five acres. For it is a hard thing to make a farm out of nothing, even in fifteen years. So I hurried on, thinking of the Burkes. They used to have a certain magnificent barbarism about them that I liked. "They were never vulgar, never immoral, but rather rough and primitive, with an unconventionality that spent itself in loud guffaws, slaps on the back, and naps in the corner. I hurried by the cottage of the misborn Neill boys. It was empty, and they were grown into fat, lazy farm hands. I saw the home of the Hickmans, but Albert, with his stooping shoulders, had passed from the world. Then I came to the Burkes' gate and peered through; the inclosure looked rough and untrimmed, and yet there were the same fences around the old farm save to the left, where lay twenty five other acres. And lo! the cabin in the hollow had climbed the hill and swollen to a half-finished six-room cottage.

The Burkes held a hundred acres, but they were still in debt. Indeed, the gaunt father who toiled night and day would scarcely be happy out of debt, being so used to it. Some day he must stop, for his massive frame is showing decline. The mother wore shoes, but the lionlike physique of other days was broken. The children had grown up. Rob, the image of his father, was loud and rough with laughter. Birdie, my school baby of six, had grown to a picture of maiden beauty, tall and tawny. "Edgar is gone," said the mother, with head half bowed, — "gone to work in Nashville; he and his father could n't agree."

Little Doc, the boy born since the time of my school, took me horseback down the creek next morning toward Farmer Dowell's. The road and the stream were battling for mastery, and the stream had the better of it. We splashed and waded, and the merry boy, perched behind me, chattered and laughed. He showed me where Simon Thompsen had bought a bit of ground and a home; but his daughter Lana, a plump, brown, slow girl, was not there. She had married a man and a farm twenty miles away. We wound on down the stream till we came to a gate that I did not recognize, but the boy insisted that it was "Uncle Bird's." The farm was fat with the growing crop. In that little valley was a strange stillness as I rode up; for death and marriage had stolen youth, and left age and childhood there. We sat and talked that night, after the chores were done. Uncle Bird was grayer, and his eyes did not see so well, but he was still jovial. We talked of acres bought, — one hundred and twenty-five, — of the new guest, chamber added, of Martha's marrying. Then we talked of death: Fanny and Fred were gone; a shadow hung over the other daughter, and when it lifted she was to go to Nashville to school. At last we spoke of the neighbors, and as night fell Uncle Bird told me how, on a night like that, 'Thenie came wandering back to her home over yonder, to escape the blows of her husband. And next morning she died in the home that her little bow-legged brother, working and saving, had bought for their widowed mother.

My journey was done, and behind me lay hill and dale, and Life and Death. How shall man measure Progress there where the dark-faced Josie lies? How many heartfuls of sorrow shall balance a bushel of wheat? How hard a thing is life to the lowly, and yet how human and real! And all this life and love and strife and failure, — is it the twilight of nightfall or the flush of some faint-dawning day?

Thus sadly musing, I rode to Nashville in the Jim Crow car.

Document Analysis

1. What obstacle did DuBois face teaching children of black people?
2. Explain the “common hardship” that bound the black people DuBois encountered.
3. How is Burke's story typical of many southern farmers, black and white?
4. **W.E.B. Du Bois, from *The Souls of Black Folks* (1903)**

*Born and raised in a predominately white New England town, W.E.B. Du Bois seemed an unlikely figure to become the most prominent black leader in America in the first half of the twentieth century. Nevertheless, through diligent study at both Harvard University, where he earned a Ph.D. in history, and abroad in Germany, Du Bois became perhaps the greatest scholar-activist in American history. While often associated with Booker T. Washington, his approach to civil rights and white racism was in complete antithesis to Washington's - Du Bois had little patience for blacks unwilling to demand their civil and political rights (something Washington was often accused of). In chapter three of his *The Souls of Black Folks* (1903), Du Bois takes Washington to task (although not without conceding his triumphs) for his apparent passivity in the face of white domination*

*SOURCE: *The Souls of Black Folk: Essays and Sketches*, by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois. Chicago: A.C. McClurg & Co.; [Cambridge]: University Press John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A., 1903.*

Easily the most striking thing in the history of the American Negro since 1876 is the ascendancy of Mr. Booker T. Washington. . . . His programme of industrial education, conciliation of the South, and submission and silence as to civil and political rights was not wholly original. . . . But Mr. Washington first indissolubly linked these things; he . . . changed it from a by-path into a veritable Way of Life. . . .

Mr. Washington represents in Negro thought the old attitude of adjustment and submission; but adjustment at such a peculiar time as to make his programme unique. This is an age of unusual economic development, and Mr. Washington's programme naturally takes an economic cast, becoming a gospel of Work and Money to such an extent as apparently almost completely to overshadow the higher aims of life. . . . Mr. Washington's programme practically accepts the alleged inferiority of the Negro races. . . . In the history of nearly all other races and peoples the doctrine preached at such crises has been that manly self-respect is worth more than lands and houses, and that a people who voluntarily surrender such respect, or cease striving for it, are not worth civilizing. . . .

Mr. Washington distinctly asks that black people give up, at least for the present, three things, -

First, political power.

Second, insistence on civil rights.

Third, higher education of Negro youth,

. . . The question then comes: Is it possible, and probable, that nine millions of men can make effective progress in economic lines if they are deprived of political rights, made a servile caste, and allowed only the most meagre chance for developing their exceptional men? If history and reason give any distinct answer to these questions, it is an emphatic No. . . .

. . . while it is a great truth to say that the Negro must strive and strive mightily to help himself, it is equally true that unless his striving be not simply seconded, but rather aroused and encouraged, by the initiative of the richer and wiser envioning group, he cannot hope for great success. . . .

So far as Mr. Washington preaches Thrift, Patience, and Industrial Training for the masses, we must hold up his hands and strive with him, rejoicing in his honors and glorying in the strength of this Joshua called of God and of man to lead the headless host. But so far as Mr. Washington apologizes for injustice, North or South, does not rightly value the privilege and duty of voting, belittles the emasculating effects of caste distinctions, and opposes the higher training and ambition of our brighter minds, - so far as he, the South, or the Nation, does this, we must unceasingly and firmly oppose them.

When Historians Disagree

How Should Haymarket Be Remembered?

Haymarket—a rally that turned into a bombing that killed both police officers and labor militants that led to national outrage. For some the outrage focused on political anarchists who called the rally and who, some said, threw the bomb. For others the outrage focused on the trial and execution of anarchists accused of fomenting the explosion though none of them could have been the actual perpetrators. For decades after the actual event on May 4, 1886, Haymarket has stood as a symbol to many, though a radically different symbol depending on one's point of view. To this day, Chicago has two different Haymarket monuments representing different perspectives. And historians, like those reflected here, have told the Haymarket story from quite different points of view.

James Green, *Death in the Haymarket*. New York: Random House, 2006, pp. 10-12.

The bomb blast on May 4 triggered an avalanche of events: a police riot in which at least three protesters died, a wave of hysteria in which police and prosecutors violated civil liberties, a sensational show trial of the eight workers accused of the bombing and the intensely publicized hanging of four anarchists accused of committing the crime of the century. Indeed, the whole Haymarket affair, lasting from May 4, 1886, until November 11, 1887, when the anarchists swung from the gallows in the Cook County Jail, produced what one historian called "a drama without end." ...

To most Americans, the dead anarchists were, as Theodore Roosevelt put it, "the foulest sort of murderers." But to other people, especially immigrant workers in America, the Haymarket anarchists were heroic martyrs, brave enough to die for the cause of working-class emancipation. Indeed, the anarchists' trial and execution became, in the hands of working-class preservationists, a passion play about the prophets who surrendered their lives in order to give birth to a worldwide workers' movement. No other event in American history has exerted such a hold on the imaginations of people in other lands, especially on the minds of working people in Europe and the Latin world, where the "martyrs of Chicago" were annually recalled in the iconography of May Day...

Larry Schweikart and Michael Allen, *A Patriot's History of the United States*. New York: Penguin, 2004, pp. 438-439.

Regardless of why the rich behaved the way they did, or whether disparities were as great as some claimed, it is a fact that by the 1880s, farmers and factory laborers increasingly felt a sense of alienation and anxiety and searched for new forms of political expression. The most prominent of these political outlets were in the form of unions and new political organizations...

By 1886, the Knights [of Labor, founded in 1869] numbered more than seven hundred thousand, and they successfully struck the Denver Union Pacific railroads and achieved their greatest victory with a strike against Jay Gould's Missouri, Kansas, Texas, and Wabash Railroads, as well as the related Missouri-Pacific. In the face of such disciplined opposition, Gould had to restore the pay cuts he had made earlier.

A more disastrous incident occurred at Chicago's Haymarket Square in 1886 where the Knights protested at the McCormack Reaper Works for an eight-hour day. On May third two hundred policemen were watching an angry, but still orderly crowd of six thousand when the work day ended and strikebreakers left the plant. As the strikers converged on them, the police assumed the worst and began clubbing and shooting the strikers. Calling for a new mass meeting on May fourth,

The Haymarket case refuses to die because it involves so many troubling questions about the causes of violent conflict and the limits of free speech, about the justice of conspiracy trials and the fairness of the death penalty and about the treatment of immigrants, particularly foreign-born radicals, by the police, the newspapers and the courts. And perhaps most troubling of all, the Haymarket case challenged, like no other episode in the nineteenth century, the image of the United States as a classless society with liberty and justice for all.

radical editors like August Spies set the table for more violence: "Revenge! Workingmen, to arms! Your masters sent out their bloodhounds!" At the meeting the next day a bomb exploded, killing seven policemen and leaving more than sixty wounded, and the city was placed under martial law for what became known as the Haymarket Riot. Subsequent trials produced evidence that anarchists only loosely associated with the Knights had been involved, but a jury nevertheless convicted eight Knights of murder. Governor John Peter Atgeld, in 1893, pardoned three of the men.

The affair marked the end of the Knights as a force in organized labor (as well as the anarchist threat in America).

William D. Grady, *The New South* (1887)

*Henry W. Grady, the managing editor of the Atlanta Constitution in the 1880s, was a staunch, pro-industry Democrat and a major advocate for the "New South." The following is an excerpt from a speech he gave at the Texas State Fair, October 26, 1887. Source: Henry W. Grady, *The New South*. New York, Robert Bonner's Sons. 1890.*

Not alone in cotton, but in iron, does the South excel. The Hon. Mr. Norton, who honors this platform with his presence, once said to me: "An Englishman of the highest character predicted that the Atlantic will be whitened within our lives with sails carrying American iron and coal to England." When he made that prediction the English miners were exhausting the coal in long tunnels above which the ocean thundered. Having ores and coal stored in exhaustless quantity, in such richness, and in such adjustment, that iron can be made and manufacturing done cheaper than elsewhere on this continent, is to now command, and at last control, the world's market for iron. The South now sells iron, through Pittsburg, in New York. She has driven Scotch iron first from the interior, and finally from American ports. Within our lives she will cross the Atlantic, and fulfill the Englishman's prophecy. In 1880 the South made 212,000 tons of iron. In 1887, 845,000 tons. She is now actually building, or has finished this year, furnaces that will produce more than her entire product of last year. Birmingham alone will produce more iron in 1889 than the entire South produced in 1887. Our coal supply is exhaustless, Texas alone having 6000 square miles. In marble and granite we have no rivals, as to quantity or quality. In lumber our riches are even vaster. More than fifty per cent. of our entire area is in forests, making the South the best timbered region in the world.

We have enough merchantable yellow pine to bring, in money, \$2,500,000,000--a sum the vastness of which can only be understood when I say it nearly equaled the assessed value of the entire South, including cities, forests, farms, mines, factories and personal property of every description whatsoever. Back of this our forests of hard woods and measureless swamps of cypress and gum. Think of it. In cotton a monopoly. In iron and coal establishing a swift mastery. In granite and marble developing equal advantage and resource. In yellow pine and hard woods the world's treasury. Surely the basis of the South's wealth and power is laid by the hand of the Almighty God, and its prosperity has been established by divine law which work in eternal justice and not by taxes levied on its neighbors through human statutes. Paying tribute for fifty years that under artificial conditions other sections might reach a prosperity impossible under natural laws, it has grown apace--and its growth shall endure if its people

are ruled by two maxims, that reach deeper than legislative enactment, and the operation of which cannot be limited by artificial restraint, and but little hastened by artificial stimulus.

First. No one crop will make a people prosperous. If cotton held its monopoly under conditions that made other crops impossible--or under allurements that made other crops exceptional--its dominion would be despotism.

Whenever the greed for a money crop unbalances the wisdom of husbandry, the money crop is a curse. When it stimulates the general economy of the farm, it is the profiting of farming. In an unprosperous strip of Carolina, when asked the cause of their poverty, the people say, "Tobacco--for it is our only crop." In Lancaster, Pa., the richest American county by the census, when asked the cause of their prosperity, they say, "Tobacco--for it is the golden crown of a diversified agriculture." The soil that produces cotton invites the grains and grasses, the orchard and the vine. Clover, corn, cotton, wheat and barley thrive in the same inclosure; the peach, the apple, the apricot and the Siberian crab in the same orchard. Herds and flocks graze ten months every year in the meadows over which winter is but a passing breath, and in which spring and autumn meet in summer's heart. Sugar-cane and oats, rice and potatoes, are extremes that come together under our skies. To raise cotton and send its princely revenues to the west for supplies, and to the east for usury, would be misfortune if soil and climate forced such a curse. When both invite independence, to remain in slavery is a crime. To mortgage our farms in Boston for money with which to buy meat and bread from western cribs and smokehouses, is folly unspeakable. I rejoice that Texas is less open to this charge than others of the cotton States. With her eighty million bushels of grain, and her sixteen million head of stock, she is rapidly learning that diversified agriculture means prosperity. Indeed, the South is rapidly learning the same lesson; and learned through years of debt and dependence it will never be forgotten. The best thing Georgia has done in twenty years was to raise her oat crop in one season from two million to nine million bushels, without losing a bale of her cotton. It is more for the South that she has increased her crop of corn--that best of grains, of which Samuel J. Tilden said, "It will be the staple food of the future, and men will be stronger and better when that day comes"--by forty-three million bushels this year, than to have won a pivotal battle in the late war. In this one item she keeps at home this year a sum equal to the entire cotton crop of my State that last year went to the west.

This is the road to prosperity. It is the way to manliness and sturdiness of character. When every farmer in the South shall eat bread from his own fields and meat from his own pastures, and disturbed by no creditor, and enslaved by no debt, shall sit among his teeming gardens, and orchards, and vineyards, and dairies, and barnyards, pitching his crops in his own wisdom, and growing them in independence, making cotton his clean surplus, and selling it in his own time, and in his chosen market, and not at a master's bidding--getting his pay in cash and not in a receipted mortgage that discharges his debt, but does not restore his freedom--then shall be breaking the fullness of our day. Great is King Cotton! But to lie at his feet while the usurer and grain-raiser bind us in subjection, is to invite the contempt of man and the reproach of God. But to stand up before him, and amid the crops and smokehouses wrest from him the magna charta of our independence, and to establish in his name an ample and diversified agriculture, that shall honor him while it enriches us--this is to carry us as far in the way of happiness and independence as the farmer, working in the fullest wisdom, and in the richest field, can carry any people. But agriculture alone--no matter how rich or varied its resources--cannot establish or maintain a people's prosperity. There is a lesson in this that Texas may learn with profit. No commonwealth ever came to greatness by producing raw material. Less can this be possible in the future than in the past. The Comstock lode is the richest spot on earth. And yet the miners, gasping for breath fifteen hundred feet below the earth's surface, get bare existence out of the splendor they dig from the earth. It goes to carry the commerce and uphold the industry of distant lands, of which the men who produce it get but dim report. Hardly more is the South profited when, stripping the harvest of her cotton fields, or striking her teeming hills, or leveling her superb forests, she sends her raw material to augment the wealth and power of distant communities.