



# American Literature

Student Book

Unit 3



Alpha Omega Publications®

# AMERICAN LITERATURE LIFE PAC 3 WAR AND RECONCILIATION 1855–1865

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# WAR AND RECONCILIATION LIFE PAC 3

## 1855–1865

### OBJECTIVES

1. Gain an overview of the circumstances and movements that led to the Civil War.
2. Recognize the damaging effects of slavery on individuals and society.
3. Identify the religious motivations for abolition.
4. Recognize the changes in American society after the Civil War.
5. Identify the influences of Darwin's theory of evolution on society and religion.
6. Discern the influence of the revivals on society before World War I.
7. Recognize the relationship between naturalism and evolution.
8. Identify the causes of pessimism in the realistic and naturalistic writers.

### VOCABULARY

**abolition** - the act of putting an end to something, especially slavery

**benevolent** - intending to be loving or kind to others

**depravity** - wickedness; sinfulness

**intimately** - closely related or associated

**irony** - the occurrence of something unexpected or what might have been

**oppress** - to treat unjustly by force or authority

**orthodox** - conforming to traditional beliefs or doctrines

**pessimism** - the tendency to only see or anticipate what is dismal and futile

**secession** - the act of removing oneself from a group or union, esp. a religious or political group

## I. SECESSION AND LOYALTY

### INTRODUCTION

When Alexis de Tocqueville toured America in 1835, he observed that the nation had the soul of a church. Unlike his own country, France, where he “had almost always seen the spirit of religion and the spirit of freedom marching in opposite directions,” America was vastly different. He wrote, “In America I found [religion and freedom] were intimately united and that they reigned in common over the same country.” Since the Puritans traveled to its shores seeking freedom, America has been a place of religion. As a nation chosen by God, it had, by necessity, to be governed by the Law of God. Even the deists who followed the Puritans could not deny that the virtues of the Christian religion would ensure the nation's success. “There is no country in the world,” Tocqueville wrote, “where the Christian religion retains a greater influence over the souls of men than in America.”

In the wake of the Revolution, almost every sector of life demanded freedom. Traditional beliefs and practices brought over from England were abandoned for beliefs that were more compatible with the principles and ideals of the self-governing individual. Puritanism, with its stress on the sovereignty of God and man's dependency, however, was viewed as an obstacle to freedom, a restraint on the will of man.

American democracy was about a government “of the people, by the people, and for the people.” And so, many thought, religion should follow suit. Denominations such as Congregationalists and Presbyterians, which were associated with Puritan traditions, began to decline after the Revolution. However, denominations and sects that focused on “what man can and must do” flourished. Man's abilities and responsibilities were popular subjects with both orthodox and unorthodox Christians. Both Baptist and Unitarian preachers appealed to people because they emphasized man's duties in religion. This emphasis came about because of the Revolution and the economic successes of the nineteenth century. Americans were optimistic about man's ability to achieve. Consequently, the

only pulpits and soapboxes that commanded attention were the ones that informed Americans what *they* could do for themselves and their country.

**Second Awakening.** From about 1800 until after the Civil War, America experienced a series of revivals. This period of spiritual awakening has been called the Second Great Awakening. Although it is termed the “Second,” it was very different from the first. During the Great Awakening of the 1700s, Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield preached that, because of sin, man was helpless to save himself. God, in His gracious mercy, chose, or elected, those who would be saved. Men and women, fearful of damnation, turned to God in humble repentance.

In the Second Awakening, however, the doctrine of man’s dependence and helplessness were not used to motivate the people. Unlike Edwards’ sermon “Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God,” the sermons of the Second Awakening reflected the optimistic spirit of the age, carrying such titles as “Sinners Bound to Change Their Own Hearts.” Preachers who believed in man’s ability to choose led the revivals of the 1800s. God did not choose or elect man, they taught; on the contrary, *man* chose God. This reversal of beliefs and emphasis was intended to propel church-going folks into a frenzy of righteous living and social reformation. A famed revivalist of the age, Charles Finney, echoed President Andrew Jackson’s democracy by proclaiming that all men were equal in their freedom to choose. Finney believed that the Puritan view of man was counterproductive to the preaching of the gospel. He wrote, “Original or constitutional sinfulness, physical regeneration, and all their kindred and resulting dogmas, are alike subversive of the gospel, and repulsive to the human intelligence.”

Consequently, Finney adopted a view of revival contrary to that of Jonathan Edwards. He wrote, “A revival is not a miracle, nor dependent on a miracle, in any sense. It is a purely philosophical result of the right use of the constituted means—as much as any other effect produced by the application of means.” In other words, Finney believed that “the sinner has all the faculties and natural attributes requisite to render perfect obedience to God. All he needs is to be induced.”

Finney and other revivalists “induced” men and women by the use of techniques and emotions. Dwight L. Moody, a revivalist who lived toward the end of the nineteenth century, put it plainly: “It makes no difference how you get a man to God, provided you get him there.” The revivalists of the Second Awakening were practical. They avoided formal doctrines and told the people what they needed to do.

**Social Reforms.** The revivals effected many reforms in society. As one historian has noted, the cause for abolition, woman’s suffrage, and temperance were all intimately connected with the revivals of the nineteenth century. As a platform for truth and liberty, the revival podium was a powerful tool of social reform. The necessity of freedom for all people was tied intimately to transforming qualities of religion. Revivalists, both men and women, often called for the abolition of slavery and the political and social rights of women.

With the removal of traditional church organizations, women were allowed to perform religious duties that in the past had been reserved for men. They were acknowledged as revivalists and preachers. Moreover, in sects such as the Seventh-Day Adventists and the Christian Scientists, they were heralded as prophets. Consequently, this new prominence and freedom encouraged women to become more involved in social and political affairs.

**Abolition.** During the early part of the nineteenth century, however, the cause of abolition occupied the energies of revivalists and social reformers more than did the public rights of women. Slavery was a greater bondage that called for immediate liberation. The cause of abolition was approached with “an intense religious fervor.” The existence of slavery threatened freedom. Ultimately, the religious soul of the nation was in danger. Historian Mark Noll observed, “By mid-century...a growing number of Northerners had come to link the future of the faith as well as the future of the country with an end to slavery.” Southern Christians, however, did not agree.

**The North and The South.** The North and the South were founded on two different economic and social systems. The North was a bustling territory full of industrial commerce and technological advances. Transportation and communication between the northern states helped to foster the exchange of new ideas. Progress and change were typical characteristics of northern life.

The pace of life in the South, however, was much slower. The plantation was at the center of economic and social circles. Much like the aristocratic system of England and Europe, the many were governed by an elite few. Cotton, sugar, rice, and tobacco were planted, grown, and harvested largely by slaves. The South depended heavily on slave labor. Without it, southerners protested, the plantation system and their way of life would collapse. The South had only one hundred fifty textile factories in contrast to the North's nine hundred factories. Before the Civil War, representatives from the South fought politically to preserve their right to hold slaves. The Missouri Compromise in 1820 and the Compromise of 1850 were only the beginnings of confrontations between the North and the South.

**Division in the Churches.** Before the Civil War, Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists divided over slavery. Presbyterians in the North called for immediate abolition of slavery while Presbyterians in the South insisted that the church had no business in such affairs. Baptists argued over the right of missionaries to own slaves. Consequently, that denomination also divided into northern and southern factions.

The greatest division came with the breakup of the Methodist church. As the largest denomination, it had the power to hold the nation together or pull it asunder. Before the decision had been made as to whether Methodist bishops could hold slaves, Thomas Crowder accurately stated, "The division of our Church may follow—a civil division of this great confederation may follow that." As a nation with the soul of a church, the strife within its religious bodies brought war of the "fiercest passions and energies."

The cords that held the United States together were many, as John C. Calhoun observed, but they were not "able to resist the explosive effect of slavery agitation." It was not a matter of one side being more religious-minded than the other; both North and South believed that God was on their side. As one critic observed, the songs of both the Union and the Confederacy showed a confidence in God's power to lead them to victory. Julia Ward Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and Henry Timrod's hymn "Ethnogenesis," written for the Confederate Congress, reflect the contrasting opinions.

#### **"The Battle Hymn of the Republic"**

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,

His day is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His day is marching on.



#### **"Ethnogenesis"**

Now, come what may, whose favor need we court?  
And, under God, whose thunder need we fear?  
Thank Him who placed us here  
Beneath so kind a sky—the very sun  
Takes part with us; and on our errands run.

**The Confederacy.** On February 18, 1861, the division that was foreshadowed in the churches became a reality. After the election of President Abraham Lincoln, representatives from Mississippi, South Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas met in Montgomery, Alabama, to form a new nation, the Confederate States of America. The struc-

ture of the government was very similar to that of the Union but with a weaker central government. They elected Jefferson Davis of Mississippi to be their president, and they adopted a federal constitution.

By April 1861, the Confederacy consisted of eleven Southern slaveholding states. President Lincoln rejected the right of secession and on April 12, 1861, ordered Union soldiers to take possession of Fort Sumter in South Carolina. The Confederates resisted, and the Civil War began.

What was expected to be a quick victory for the North was not so quick. The South, with its superior military leaders such as Robert E. Lee and Thomas “Stonewall” Jackson, resisted defeat for four years. Despite a comparatively small army and poor resources, the South pushed the fighting as far north as Pennsylvania.

As the casualties mounted, questions concerning the war’s purposes also increased. Before to the war, many states had not objected to secession. In defense of his purposes, Lincoln stated, “My paramount objective in this struggle is to save the Union, it is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would do this.”

But on January 1, 1863, President Lincoln made a radical change in his policy concerning slavery and the South by issuing the Emancipation Proclamation. It overturned previous laws requiring Union soldiers to return fugitive slaves to their masters and declared that all “slaves within any State, or designated part of a State...then...in rebellion,...shall then be, thenceforth and forever free.” From this point, the Civil War took on a singular meaning. Freedom was the cry. But what freedom meant depended on where you called home. Blacks served both Union and Confederate armies. More than 160,000 black soldiers served in the Union army, and both slaves and freemen served as laborers for the Confederacy.

In 1865 the War Between the States was over. The Union was restored and 4 million blacks were set free, but as always, freedom came with a price. The destruction of human life was devastating. The American people suffered more casualties during this war than they have in any other war in their history. Both the North and the South lost at least one-fourth of their soldiers. In all, more than 600,000 American men lost their lives. The Reconstruction period that followed the war sought to reconcile the seceded states and establish blacks as full citizens of the Union. Unfortunately, black Americans would have to wait another hundred years to reap the civil and political freedoms won for them.

**Wartime Literature.** “All arts disappear in the one art of war,” Emerson said. As with the Revolutionary War, the literature of the period was dominated by speeches, newspapers, journals, letters, and songs. Few works of fiction were published during that time. All energies, both mental and physical, were focused upon one event—the war.

Before the war, writers on both sides of the slavery issue spoke with great power and religious conviction. One woman’s work stood out from among the rest. Although her book is not the most eloquent, it nonetheless was praised as the novel that “encircled the globe.” Upon meeting Harriet Beecher Stowe, President Lincoln said, “So this is the little lady who made this big war!” As the daughter of the renowned Congregationalist preacher and abolition activist Lyman Beecher, Stowe made her work an extension of her socially active Christianity. Her novel *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* is a dramatic portrayal of the often difficult and humiliating life of a slave. As Lincoln’s statement indicates, the novel had a powerful effect on the opinion and sentiment of the nation. Mark Noll described the book as “a forceful summation of Christian revivalism, Christian domesticity, and Christian abolition.”

Stowe gathered the information for *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* not from visiting the South, but from reading slave narratives. Among the more widely published of these narratives

was that of Fredrick Douglas. His autobiography, *Narrative of the Life of Fredrick Douglas*, was a powerful and convincing cry for freedom.

The most soulful cries were heard in the spirituals, songs of the slaves, which were a combination of African music and Protestant beliefs. They relieved the labor of work, the oppression of enslavement, and the sorrows of the soul. As the well-known line “Swing low, sweet chariot, /Coming for to carry me home” indicates, the spirituals looked forward to a time when they would know, either in heaven or on earth, the sweetness of freedom.



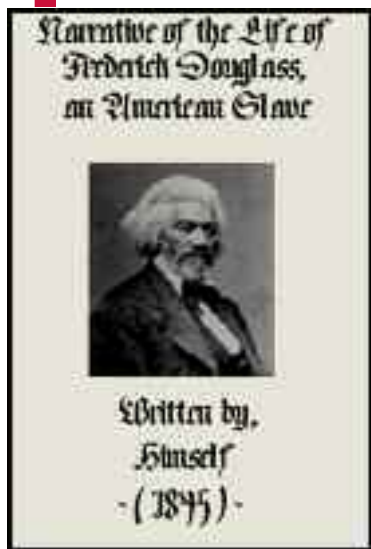
**Answer true or false for each of the following statements.**

- 1.1 \_\_\_\_\_ Alexis de Tocqueville said that religion and freedom were intimately united in America.
- 1.2 \_\_\_\_\_ After the Revolution, Puritanism was viewed as an obstacle to freedom.
- 1.3 \_\_\_\_\_ Man’s dependence and hopelessness were popular subjects for sermons after the Revolution.
- 1.4 \_\_\_\_\_ After the Revolution, Americans were pessimistic about man’s ability to achieve.
- 1.5 \_\_\_\_\_ The Second Great Awakening was very similar to the first.
- 1.6 \_\_\_\_\_ Preachers who believed in man’s ability to choose led the revivals of the 1800s.
- 1.7 \_\_\_\_\_ Jonathan Edwards echoed President Andrew Jackson’s democracy.
- 1.8 \_\_\_\_\_ The revivalists of the Second Great Awakening preached formal doctrine.
- 1.9 \_\_\_\_\_ The cause for abolition, woman’s suffrage, and temperance were all intimately connected with the revivals of the nineteenth century.
- 1.10 \_\_\_\_\_ During the Second Great Awakening, women were acknowledged as preachers and revivalists.
- 1.11 \_\_\_\_\_ Women became more involved in social and political affairs after they were permitted to perform religious duties that had traditionally been reserved for men.
- 1.12 \_\_\_\_\_ Revivalists often called for the abolition of slavery.
- 1.13 \_\_\_\_\_ The North and the South were founded on two similar economic and social systems.
- 1.14 \_\_\_\_\_ The South depended heavily on factories.
- 1.15 \_\_\_\_\_ Both the North and the South believed that God was on their side.
- 1.16 \_\_\_\_\_ The Confederate States of America was formed after the election of President Abraham Lincoln.
- 1.17 \_\_\_\_\_ The South was expected to achieve a quick victory over the North.
- 1.18 \_\_\_\_\_ At the beginning of the Civil War, Lincoln’s main goal was to save the Union.
- 1.19 \_\_\_\_\_ The Emancipation Proclamation marked a radical change in Lincoln’s policy on slavery.
- 1.20 \_\_\_\_\_ Blacks served only in the Confederate army.
- 1.21 \_\_\_\_\_ The literature of the Civil War was dominated by fiction.
- 1.22 \_\_\_\_\_ Harriet Beecher Stowe based her novel, *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, on her visits to the South.
- 1.23 \_\_\_\_\_ The spirituals of the slaves are a combination of English folk music and Protestant beliefs.

**Fredrick Douglass (1817–1895).** The life of Fredrick Douglass has been described as one of the greatest success stories in American history. Born into slavery, Douglass escaped and became a leader for the cause of abolition. He has become a symbol of freedom and determination to all peoples.

Douglass was born on a plantation in Tuckahoe, Maryland. When he was eight, he was sold to the Auld family in Baltimore. As a slave, Douglass received little education, but he learned enough from others to educate himself. His ability to read and write encouraged his desire for freedom. In 1838 Douglass, disguised as a sailor, escaped to Massachusetts. For three years, he lived in hiding, always fearful that he would be arrested and returned to slavery

His work for the abolitionist cause began suddenly and unexpectedly. As a fugitive slave, Douglass was asked to stand up and say a little to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. His impromptu speech, full of power and eloquence, established him as one of the most moving orators of the abolitionist cause. As “a recent graduate from the institution of slavery with his diploma on his back,” Douglass toured the Northeast, lecturing on the inhumanity of slavery.



In 1845 Douglass published his autobiography, *Narrative of the Life of Fredrick Douglass, an American Slave*. The fugitive slave narrative was well received in the North, but his fame put him in even greater danger of arrest. He fled to Britain, where he tried to rally support for the cause of abolition. After two years, Douglass returned to the United States a free man. Friends and admirers in Britain purchased his freedom for \$700. Douglass moved to Rochester, New York and established the *North Star*, a newspaper for blacks and abolitionists. While in Rochester, Douglass also acted as the “station-master and conductor” of the Underground Railroad. During his involvement with the Underground Railroad, Douglass became a close friend of the militant abolitionist John Brown. But Douglass objected to many of Brown’s tactics. He preferred to push his cause in a manner that would not directly assault the U.S. government. During the election campaign of 1860, for example, Douglass lent his support to the election of Abraham Lincoln. And after the outbreak of the

Civil War, he helped raise enough black soldiers to form two regiments for the Union army.

Tireless in his fight to ensure freedom and equality for former black slaves, Douglass continued to use his abilities as a speaker and writer long after the war. Even during his service as the United States Marshal and later the Recorder of Deeds for the District of Columbia and the minister to Haiti, he spoke out against laws that discriminated against blacks. The final edition of his autobiography was published in 1882, under the title *Life and Times of Fredrick Douglass*.







Fill in each of the the blanks using items from the following word list.

abolitionist	write	read
discriminated	Union	Great Britain

- 1.24 Fredrick Douglass’s ability to \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ encouraged his desire for freedom.
- 1.25 Douglass’s impromptu speech at the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society established him as one of the most moving orators of the \_\_\_\_\_ cause.
- 1.26 Douglass toured \_\_\_\_\_ trying to rally support for the cause of abolition.
- 1.27 During the Civil War, Douglass encouraged blacks soldiers to join the \_\_\_\_\_ army.
- 1.28 After the Civil War, Douglass spoke out against laws that \_\_\_\_\_ against blacks.

**What to Look For:**

The following excerpts from Douglass’s autobiography are records of significant events in his life as a slave. As you read, think about the effects of these events. How did they permanently change his thinking and his actions?

**My Bondage and My Freedom**

From: **Chapter 10, Life in Baltimore**



My new mistress happily proved to be all she seemed to be, when, with her husband, she met me at the door, with a most beaming, benignant countenance. She was, naturally, of an excellent disposition, kind, gentle and cheerful. The supercilious\* contempt for the rights and feelings of the slave, and the petulance and bad humor which generally characterize slaveholding ladies, were all quite absent from kind “Miss” Sophia’s manner and bearing toward me. She had, in truth, never been a slaveholder, but had—a thing quite unusual in the south—depended almost entirely upon her own industry for a living. To this fact the dear lady, no doubt, owed the excellent preservation of her natural goodness of heart, for slavery can change a saint into a sinner, and an angel into a demon. I hardly knew how to behave toward “Miss Sopha,” as I used to call Mrs. Hugh Auld. I had been treated as a pig on the plantation; I was treated as a child now. I could not even approach her as I had formerly approached Mrs. Thomas Auld. How could I hang down my head, and speak with bated breath, when there was no pride to scorn me, no coldness to repel me, and no hatred to inspire me with fear? I therefore soon learned to regard her as something more akin to a mother, than a slaveholding mistress. The crouching servility of a slave, usually so acceptable a quality to the haughty slaveholder, was not understood nor desired by this gentle woman. So far from deeming it impudent in a slave to look her straight in the face, as some slaveholding ladies do, she seemed ever to say, “Look up, child; don’t be afraid; see, I am full of kindness and good will toward you.” The hands belonging to Col. Lloyd’s sloop, esteemed it a great privilege to be the bearers of parcels or messages to my new mistress; for whenever they came, they were sure of a most kind and pleasant reception. If little Thomas was her son, and her most dearly beloved child, she, for a time, at least, made me something like his half-brother in her affections. If dear Tommy was exalted to a place on his mother’s knee, “Feddy” was honored by a place at his mother’s side. Nor did he lack the caressing strokes of her gentle hand, to convince him that, though motherless, he was not friendless. Mrs. Auld was not only a kind-hearted woman, but she was remarkably pious; frequent in her attendance of public worship, much given to reading the Bible, and to chanting hymns of praise, when alone. Mr. Hugh Auld was altogether a different character. He cared very little about religion, knew more of the world, and was more of the world, than his wife. He set out, doubtless to be—as

the world goes—a respectable man, and to get on by becoming a successful ship builder, in that city of ship building. This was his ambition, and it fully occupied him. I was, of course, of very little consequence to him, compared with what I was to good Mrs. Auld; and, when he smiled upon me, as he sometimes did, the smile was borrowed from his lovely wife, and, like all borrowed light, was transient, and vanished with the source whence it was derived. While I must characterize Master Hugh as being a very sour man, and of forbidding appearance, it is due to him to acknowledge, that he was never very cruel to me, according to the notion of cruelty in Maryland. The first year or two which I spent in his house, he left me almost exclusively to the management of his wife. She was my law-giver. In hands so tender as hers, and in the absence of the cruelties of the plantation, I became, both physically and mentally, much more sensitive to good and ill treatment; and, perhaps, suffered more from a frown from my mistress, than I formerly did from a cuff at the hands of Aunt Katy. Instead of the cold, damp floor of my old master's kitchen, I found myself on carpets; for the corn bag in winter, I now had a good straw bed, well furnished with covers; for the coarse corn-meal in the morning, I now had good bread, and mush occasionally; for my poor tow-lien shirt, reaching to my knees, I had good, clean clothes. I was really well off. My employment was to run errands, and to take care of Tommy; to prevent his getting in the way of carriages, and to keep him out of harm's way generally. Tommy, and I, and his mother, got on swimmingly together, for a time. I say for a time, because the fatal poison of irresponsible power, and the natural influence of slavery customs, were not long in making a suitable impression on the gentle and loving disposition of my excellent mistress. At first, Mrs. Auld evidently regarded me simply as a child, like any other child; she had not come to regard me as property. This latter thought was a thing of conventional growth. The first was natural and spontaneous. A noble nature, like hers, could not, instantly, be wholly perverted; and it took several years to change the natural sweetness of her temper into fretful bitterness. In her worst estate, however, there were, during the first seven years I lived with her, occasional returns of her former kindly disposition.



The frequent hearing of my mistress reading the bible for she often read aloud when her husband was absent soon awakened my curiosity in respect to this mystery of reading, and roused in me the desire to learn. Having no fear of my kind mistress before my eyes, (she had then given me no reason to fear,) I frankly asked her to teach me to read; and, without hesitation, the dear woman began the task, and very soon, by her assistance, I was master of the alphabet, and could spell words of three or four letters. My mistress seemed almost as proud of my progress, as if I had been her own child; and, supposing that her husband would be as well pleased, she made no secret of what she was doing for me. Indeed, she exultingly told him of the aptness of her pupil, of her intention to persevere in teaching me, and of the duty which she felt it to teach me, at least to read the Bible. Here arose the first cloud over my Baltimore prospects, the precursor of drenching rains and chilling blasts.

Master Hugh was amazed at the simplicity of his spouse, and, probably for the first time, he unfolded to her the true philosophy of slavery, and the peculiar rules necessary to be observed by masters and mistresses, in the management of their human chattels. Mr. Auld promptly forbade continuance of her instruction; telling her, in the first place, that the thing itself was unlawful; that it was also unsafe, and could only lead to mischief. To use his own words, further, he said, “if you give a slave an inch, he will take an ell;” “he should know nothing but the will of his master, and learn to obey it.” “if you teach that slave—speaking of myself—how to read the Bible, there will be no keeping him;” “it would forever unfit him for the

duties of a slave;” and “as to himself, learning would do him no good, but probably, a great deal of harm—making him disconsolate and unhappy.” “If you learn him now to read, he’ll want to know how to write; and, this accomplished, he’ll be running away with himself.” Such was the tenor of Master Hugh’s oracular exposition of the true philosophy of training a human chattel; and it must be confessed that he very clearly comprehended the nature and the requirements of the relation of master and slave. His discourse was the first decidedly anti-slavery lecture to which it had been my lot to listen. Mrs. Auld evidently felt the force of his remarks; and, like an obedient wife, began to shape her course in the direction indicated by her husband. The effect of his words, on me, was neither slight nor transitory. His iron sentences—cold and harsh—sunk deep into my heart, and stirred up not only my feelings into a sort of rebellion, but awakened within me a slumbering train of vital thought. It was a new and special revelation, dispelling a painful mystery, against which my youthful understanding had struggled, and struggled in vain, to wit: the white man’s power to perpetuate the enslavement of the black man. “Very well,” thought I; “knowledge unfits a child to be a slave.” I instinctively assented to the proposition; and from that moment I understood the direct pathway from slavery to freedom. This was just what I needed; and I got it at a time, and from a source, whence I least expected it. I was saddened at the thought of losing the assistance of my kind mistress; but the information, so instantly derived, to some extent compensated me for the loss I had sustained in this direction. Wise as Mr. Auld was, he evidently underrated my comprehension, and had little idea of the use to which I was capable of putting the impressive lesson he was giving to his wife. He wanted me to be a slave; I had already voted against that on the home plantation of Col. Lloyd. That which he most loved I most hated; and the very determination which he expressed to keep me in ignorance, only rendered me the more resolute in seeking intelligence. In learning to read, therefore, I am not sure that I do not owe quite as much to the opposition of my master, as to the kindly assistance of my amiable mistress. I acknowledge the benefit rendered me by the one, and by the other; believing, that but for my mistress, I might have grown up in ignorance.

**From:** **C**hapter 12, Religious Nature Awakened

Previous to my contemplation of the anti-slavery movement, and its probable results, my mind had been seriously awakened to the subject of religion. I was not more than thirteen years old, when I felt the need of God, as a father and protector. My religious nature was awakened by the preaching of a white Methodist minister, named Hanson. He thought that all men, great and small, bond and free, were sinners in the sight of God; that they were, by nature, rebels against His government; and that they must repent of their sins, and be reconciled to God, through Christ. I cannot say that I had a very distinct notion of what was required of me; but one thing I knew very well—I was wretched, and had no means of making myself otherwise. Moreover, I knew that I could pray for light. I consulted a good colored man, named Charles Johnson; and, in tones of holy affection, he told me to pray, and what to pray for. I was, for weeks, a poor, brokenhearted mourner, traveling through the darkness and misery of doubts and fears. I finally found that change of heart which comes by “casting all one’s care” upon God, and by having faith in Jesus Christ, as the Redeemer, Friend, and Savior of those who diligently seek Him.

After this, I saw the world in a new light. I seemed to live in a new world, surrounded by new objects, and to be animated by new hopes and desires. I loved all mankind—slaveholders not excepted; though I abhorred slavery more than ever. My great concern was, now, to have the world converted. The desire for knowledge increased, and especially did I want a thorough acquaintance with the contents of the Bible. I have gathered scattered pages from this holy book, from the filthy street gutters of Baltimore, and washed and dried them, that in the moments of

my leisure, I might get a word or two of wisdom from them. While thus religiously seeking knowledge, I became acquainted with a good old colored man, named Lawson. A more devout man than he, I never saw. He drove a dray for Mr. James Ramsey, the owner of a rope-walk on Fell's Point, Baltimore. This man not only prayed three time a day, but he prayed as he walked through the streets, at his work—on his dray everywhere. His life was a life of prayer, and his words (when he spoke to his friends), were about a better world. Uncle Lawson lived near Master Hugh's house; and, becoming deeply attached to the old man, I went often with him to prayer-meeting, and spent much of my leisure time with him on Sunday. The old man could read a little, and I was a great help to him, in making out the hard words, for I was a better reader than he. I could teach him "the letter," but he could teach me "the spirit"; and high, refreshing times we had together, in singing, praying, and glorifying God. These meetings with Uncle Lawson went on for a long time, without the knowledge of Master Hugh or my mistress. Both knew, however, that I had become religious, and they seemed to respect my conscientious piety. My mistress was still a professor of religion, and belonged to class. Her leader was no less a person than the Rev. Beverly Waugh, the presiding elder, and now one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church. Mr. Waugh was then stationed over Wilk Street Church. I am careful to state these facts, that the reader may be able to form an idea of the precise influences which had to do with shaping and directing my mind.



In view of the cares and anxieties incident to the life she was then leading, and, especially, in view of the separation from religious associations to which she was subjected, my mistress had, as I have before stated, become lukewarm, and needed to be looked up by her leader. This brought Mr. Waugh to our house, and gave me an opportunity to hear him exhort and pray. But my chief instructor, in matters of religion, was Uncle Lawson. He was my spiritual father; and I loved him intensely, and was at his house every chance I got.

This pleasure was not long allowed me. Master Hugh became averse to my going to Father Lawson's, and threatened to whip me if I ever went there again. I now felt myself persecuted by a wicked man; and I would go to Father Lawson's, notwithstanding the threat. The good old man had told me that the "Lord had a great work for me to do"; and I must prepare to do it; and that he had been shown that I must preach the gospel. His words made a deep impression on my mind, and I verily felt that some such work was before me, though I could not see how I should ever engage in its performance. "The good Lord," he said, "would bring it to pass in his own good time," and that I must go on reading and studying the scriptures. The advice and the suggestions of Uncle Lawson, were not without their influence upon my character and destiny. He threw my thoughts into a channel from which they have never entirely diverged. He fanned my already intense love of knowledge into a flame, by assuring me that I was to be a useful man in the world. When I would say to him, "How can these things be and what can I do?" his simple reply was, "Trust in the Lord." When I told him that "I was a slave, and a slave FOR LIFE," he said, "the Lord can make you free, my dear. All things are possible with him, only have faith in God." "Ask, and it shall be given." "If you want liberty," said the good old man, "ask the Lord for it, in faith, AND HE WILL GIVE IT TO YOU."

Thus assured, and cheered on, under the inspiration of hope, I worked and prayed with a light heart, believing that my life was under the guidance of a wisdom higher than my own. With all other blessings sought at the mercy seat, I always prayed that God would, of His great mercy, and in His own good time, deliver me from my bondage....

*At age sixteen, Douglass was shipped to Mr. Covey. Known for his abilities to break and humble proud slaves, Mr. Covey was a cruel and hypocritical man.*

From: **C**hapter 17, The Last Flogging



Life, in itself, had almost become burdensome to me. All my outward relations were against me; I must stay here and starve (I was already hungry) or go home to Covey's, and have my flesh torn to pieces, and my spirit humbled under the cruel lash of Covey. This was the painful alternative presented to me. The day was long and irksome. My physical condition was deplorable. I was weak, from the toils of the previous day, and from the want of food and rest; and had been so little concerned about my appearance, that I had not yet washed the blood from my garments. I was an object of horror, even to myself. Life, in Baltimore, when most oppressive, was a paradise to this. What had I done, what had my parents done, that such a life as this should be mine? That day, in the woods, I would have exchanged my manhood for the brutehood of an ox...

During the night, I heard the step of a man in the woods. He was coming toward the place where I lay. A person lying still has the advantage over one walking in the woods, in the day time, and this advantage is much greater at night. I was not able to engage in a physical struggle, and I had recourse to the common resort of the weak. I hid myself in the leaves to prevent discovery...

As soon as I had ascertained that the disturber of my solitude was not an enemy, but the good-hearted Sandy—a man as famous among the slaves of the neighborhood for his good nature, as for his good sense—I came out from my hiding place, and made myself known to him. I explained the circumstances of the past two days, which had driven me to the woods, and he deeply compassionated my distress. It was a bold thing for him to shelter me, and I could not ask him to do so; for, had I been found in his hut, he would have suffered the penalty of thirty-nine lashes on his bare back, if not something worse. But Sandy was too generous to permit the fear of punishment to prevent his relieving a brother bondman from hunger and exposure; and, therefore, on his own motion, I accompanied him to his home, or rather to the home of his wife—for the house and lot were hers. His wife was called up—for it was now about midnight—a fire was made, some Indian meal was soon mixed with salt and water, and an ash cake was baked in a hurry to relieve my hunger. Sandy's wife was not behind him in kindness—both seemed to esteem it a privilege to succor me; for, although I was hated by Covey and by my master, I was loved by the colored people, because they thought I was hated for my knowledge, and persecuted because I was feared. I was the only slave now in that region who could read and write...

This was, of course, Sunday morning. Sandy now urged me to go home, with all speed, and to walk up bravely to the house, as though nothing had happened. I saw in Sandy too deep an insight into human nature, with all his superstition, not to have some respect for his advice; and perhaps, too, a slight gleam or shadow of his superstition had fallen upon me. At any rate, I started off toward Covey's, as directed by Sandy...



All went well with me till Monday morning; and then, whether the root had lost its virtue, or whether my tormentor had gone deeper into the black art than myself (as was sometimes said of him), or whether he had obtained a special indulgence, for his faithful Sabbath day's worship, it is not necessary for me to know, or to inform the reader; but, this I may say—the pious and benignant smile which graced Covey's face on Sunday, wholly disappeared on Monday. Long before daylight, I was called up to go and feed, rub, and curry the horses. I obeyed the call, and would have so obeyed it, had it been made at an earilier {sic} hour, for I had brought my mind to

a firm resolve, during that Sunday's reflection, viz: to obey every order, however unreasonable, if it were possible, and, if Mr. Covey should then undertake to beat me, to defend and protect myself to the best of my ability. My religious views on the subject of resisting my master, had suffered a serious shock, by the savage persecution to which I had been subjected, and my hands were no longer tied by my religion...

Whilst I was obeying his order to feed and get the horses ready for the field, and when in the act of going up the stable loft for the purpose of throwing down some blades, Covey sneaked into the stable, in his peculiar snake-like way, and seizing me suddenly by the leg, he brought me to the stable floor, giving my newly mended body a fearful jar. I now forgot my roots, and remembered my pledge to stand up in my own defense. The brute was endeavoring skillfully to get a slip-knot on my legs, before I could draw up my feet. As soon as I found what he was up to, I gave a sudden spring (my two day's rest had been of much service to me,) and by that means, no doubt, he was able to bring me to the floor so heavily. He was defeated in his plan of tying me. While down, he seemed to think he had me very securely in his power. He little thought he was—as the rowdies say—"in" for a "rough and tumble" fight; but such was the fact. Whence came the daring spirit necessary to grapple with a man who, eight-and-forty hours before, could, with his slightest word have made me tremble like a leaf in a storm, I do not know; at any rate,—I was resolved to fight, and, what was better still, I was actually hard at it. The fighting madness had come upon me, and I found my strong fingers firmly attached to the throat of my cowardly tormentor; as heedless of consequences, at the moment, as though we stood as equals before the law. The very color of the man was forgotten. I felt as supple as a cat, and was ready for the snakish creature at every turn. Every blow of his was parried, though I dealt no blows in turn. I was strictly on the defensive, preventing him from injuring me, rather than trying to injure him...



Covey at length (two hours had elapsed) gave up the contest. Letting me go, he said—puffing and blowing at a great rate—"Now, you scoundrel, go to your work; I would not have whipped you half so much as I have had you not resisted." The fact was, he had not whipped me at all. He had not, in all the scuffle, drawn a single drop of blood from me. I had drawn blood from him; and, even without this satisfaction, I should have been victorious, because my aim had not been to injure him, but to prevent his injuring me.

During the whole six months that I lived with Covey, after this transaction, he never laid on me the weight of his finger in anger. He would, occasionally, say he did not want to have to get hold of me again—a declaration which I had no difficulty in believing; and I had a secret feeling, which answered, "You need not wish to get hold of me again, for you will be likely to come off worse in a second fight than you did in the first."

Well, my dear reader, this battle with Mr. Covey—undignified as it was, and as I fear my narration of it is—was the turning point in my "life as a slave." It rekindled in my breast the smouldering embers of liberty; it brought up my Baltimore dreams, and revived a sense of my own manhood. I was a changed being after that fight. I was nothing before; I WAS A MAN NOW. It recalled to life my crushed self-respect and my self-confidence, and inspired me with a renewed determination to be A FREEMAN. A man, without force, is without the essential dignity of humanity. Human nature is so constituted, that it cannot honor a helpless man, although it can pity him; and even this it cannot do long, if the signs of power do not arise...



**Answer true or false for each of the following statements.**

- 1.29 \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Auld treated Douglass as a child and not like a piece of property.
- 1.30 \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Auld encouraged his wife to teach Douglass to read the Bible.
- 1.31 \_\_\_\_\_ As a child, Douglass recognized that the direct pathway from slavery to freedom was the ability to read.
- 1.32 \_\_\_\_\_ At the age of thirteen, Douglass felt the need for God as a father and protector.
- 1.33 \_\_\_\_\_ After Douglass put his faith in Jesus Christ, he loved all mankind, even slaveholders.
- 1.34 \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Covey was Douglass's spiritual father.
- 1.35 \_\_\_\_\_ Uncle Lawson had a great influence upon Douglass's character and destiny.
- 1.36 \_\_\_\_\_ While hiding from the cruel Mr. Covey in the woods, Douglass would have exchanged his manhood for the brutehood of an ox.
- 1.37 \_\_\_\_\_ Sandy discovered Douglass and returned him to his master.
- 1.38 \_\_\_\_\_ After he returned from the woods, Douglass allowed Mr. Covey to beat him.
- 1.39 \_\_\_\_\_ The battle with Mr. Covey signified a turning point in Douglass's life as a slave.
- 1.40 \_\_\_\_\_ Douglass's "victory" over Mr. Covey renewed his determination to remain a slave.



**Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811–1896).** Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, has been one of the most powerful and most read novels of American literature. Its command of popular sentiment was so forceful that President Lincoln called her "the little lady that started the big war." The daughter of the preacher and abolitionist Lyman Beecher, Stowe was shaped from birth to become a passionate supporter of the antislavery movement, but the full weight of her contributions would not be felt until later in her life.

In 1836 she married Calvin Ellis Stowe. He was a professor at Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, where her father resided as president. During the first four years of their marriage, Stowe gave birth to four children. Undaunted by the labor of motherhood, Stowe continued to write as she had done before marriage. In 1843 she published her first book, *The Mayflower, or Sketches of Scenes and Characters Among the Descendants of the Pilgrims*.

In 1850 her husband accepted a position as a professor at Bowdoin College in Maine. During that time, Stowe's personal and moral outrage came to a boiling point. She began to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in partial reaction to the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850, a law that allowed slaveholders to retrieve their slaves that had escaped to free territories. The novel was originally published as a series in the *National Era* from June of 1851 to April of 1852. As a magazine story, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not overwhelmingly popular, but when the story was finally published as a novel, its success was unparalleled. In the first five years, the book sold more than 500,000 copies in the United States alone. Since that time, it has been published in more than forty languages.



Although the style of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been criticized by many, its content was nonetheless praised by such literary giants as Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Whittier. In his book, *A History of Christianity in the United States and Canada*, Mark Noll described the book as “a forceful summation of Christian revivalism, Christian domesticity, and Christian abolition.”

In reply to Southern criticism of the novel's factual basis, Stowe published in 1853 *A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the documented history of slave treatment that she had used to write the novel. In 1856 she published *Dred, A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, which continued the theme of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

After the war, Stowe continued to write. She published romantic novels, short stories, and religious poetry. Her influence and success afforded her the company of both President Abraham Lincoln and Queen Victoria.



**Underline the correct answer in each of the following statements.**

- 1.41 President (Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson) called Harriet Beecher Stowe “the little lady that started the big war.”
- 1.42 *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has been one of the (least, most) read novels of American literature.
- 1.43 Stowe's father was a preacher and a leader in the (Abolitionist, Romantic, Naturalist) movement.
- 1.44 Stowe wrote (*Uncle Tom's Cabin*, patriotic poetry, *The Mayflower*) in response to the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850.
- 1.45 *Uncle Tom's Cabin* sold more than (one million, two billion, 500,000) copies in the United States in only the first five years after it was published.
- 1.46 In addition to her novels about slavery, Stowe wrote (romantic, adventure, science fiction) novels, short stories, and religious poetry.

### What to Look For:

Stowe's novel is a dramatized version of what slave life was like. Nevertheless, it was based on the narratives of escaped slaves. As you read, look for the effects of slavery on the lives of Tom and Cassy. How do Tom and Cassy deal with cruelty differently? Why do Tom and Cassy deal with cruelty differently?

### From: **U**ncle Tom's Cabin

#### Chapter 34, The Quadroon's Story

And behold the tears of such as are oppressed; and on the side of their oppressors there was power. Wherefore I praised the dead that are already dead more than the living that are yet alive—ECL. 4:1.

It was late at night, and Tom lay groaning and bleeding alone, in an old forsaken room of the gin-house, among pieces of broken machinery, piles of damaged cotton, and other rubbish which had there accumulated.

The night was damp and close, and the thick air swarmed with myriads of mosquitos, which increased the restless torture of his wounds; whilst a burning thirst—a torture beyond all others—filled up the uttermost measure of physical anguish.

“O, good Lord! *Do* look down,—give me the victory!—give me the victory over all!” prayed poor Tom, in his anguish.

A footstep entered the room, behind him, and the light of a lantern flashed on his eyes.

“Who's there? O, for the Lord's massy, please give me some water!”



The woman Cassy—for it was she—set down her lantern, and, pouring water from a bottle, raised his head, and gave him drink. Another and another cup were drained, with feverish eagerness.

“Drink all ye want,” she said; “I knew how it would be. It isn’t the first time I’ve been out in the night, carrying water to such as you.”



“Thank you, Missis,” said Tom, when he had done drinking.

“Don’t call me Missis! I’m a miserable slave, like yourself,—a lower one than you can ever be!” said she, bitterly; “but now,” said she, going to the door, and dragging in a small paillasse, over which she had spread linen cloths wet with cold water, “try, my poor fellow, to roll yourself on to this.”

Stiff with wounds and bruises, Tom was a long time in accomplishing this movement; but, when done, he felt a sensible relief from the cooling application to his wounds.

The woman, whom long practice with the victims of brutality had made familiar with many healing arts, went on to make many applications to Tom’s wounds, by means of which he was soon somewhat relieved.

“Now,” said the woman, when she had raised his head on a roll of damaged cotton, which served for a pillow, “there’s the best I can do for you.”

Tom thanked her; and the woman, sitting down on the floor, drew up her knees, and embracing them with her arms, looked fixedly before her, with a bitter and painful expression of countenance. Her bonnet fell back, and long wavy streams of black hair fell around her singular and melancholy face.

“It’s no use, my poor fellow!” she broke out, at last, “it’s of no use, this you’ve been trying to do. You were a brave fellow, you had the right on your side; but it’s all in vain, and out of the question, for you to struggle. You are in the devil’s hands;—he is the strongest, and you must give up!”



Give up! And had not human weakness and physical agony whispered that, before? Tom started; for the bitter woman, with her wild eyes and melancholy voice, seemed to him an embodiment of the temptation with which he had been wrestling.

“O Lord! O Lord!” he groaned, “how can I give up?”

“There’s no use calling on the Lord,—He never hears,” said the woman, steadily; “there isn’t any God, I believe; or, if there is, He’s taken sides against us. All goes against us, heaven and earth. Everything is pushing us into hell. Why shouldn’t we go?”

Tom closed his eyes, and shuddered at the dark, atheistic words.

“You see,” said the woman, “you don’t know anything about it; I do. I’ve been on this place five years, body and soul, under this man’s foot; and I hate him as I do the devil! Here you are, on a lone plantation, ten miles from any other, in the swamps; not a white person here, who could testify if you were burned alive, if you were scalded, cut into inch-pieces, set up for the dogs to tear, or hung up and whipped to death. There’s no law here, of God or man, that can do you, or any one of us, the least good; and, this man! there’s no earthly thing that he’s too good to do. I could make any one’s hair rise, and their teeth chatter, if I should only tell what I’ve seen and been knowing to, here, and it’s no use resisting! Did I want to live with him? Wasn’t I a woman delicately bred; and he God in Heaven! What was he, and is he? And yet I’ve lived with him, these five years, and cursed every moment of my life, night and day! And now, he’s got a new one,—a young thing, only fifteen, and she brought up, she says, piously. Her good mistress taught her

to read the Bible; and she's brought her Bible here—to hell with her!" And the woman laughed a wild and doleful laugh, that rung, with a strange, supernatural sound, through the old ruined shed.

Tom folded his hands: all was darkness and horror.

"O Jesus! Lord Jesus! have you quite forgot us poor critters?" He burst forth, at last; "help, Lord, I perish!"

The woman sternly continued: "And what are these miserable low dogs you work with, that you should suffer on their account? Every one of them would turn against you the first time they got a chance. They are all of 'em as low and cruel to each other as they can be; there's no use in your suffering to keep from hurting them."



"Poor critters!" said Tom, "what made 'em cruel? and, if I give out, I shall get used to 't, and grow, little by little, just like 'em! No, no, Missis! I've lost everything, wife, and children, and home, and a kind Mas'r,—and he would have set me free, if he'd only lived a week longer; I've lost everything in this world, and it's clean gone, forever,—and now I can't lose Heaven, too; no, I can't get to be wicked, besides all!"

"But it can't be that the Lord will lay sin to our account," said the woman; "He won't charge it to us, when we're forced to it; He'll charge it to them that drove us to it."

"Yes," said Tom; "but that won't keep us from growing wicked. If I get to be as hard-hearted as that ar' Sambo, and as wicked, it won't make much odds to me how I come so; it's the bein' so, that ar's what I'm a dreadin'."

The woman fixed a wild and startled look on Tom, as if a new thought had struck her; and then, heavily groaning, said, "O God a' mercy! You speak the truth! O— O— O!" And, with groans, she fell on the floor, like one crushed and writhing under the extremity of mental anguish.

There was a silence, a while, in which the breathing of both parties could be heard, when Tom faintly said, "O, please, Missis!"

The woman suddenly rose up, with her face composed to its usual stern, melancholy expression.

"Please, Missis, I saw 'em throw my coat in that ar' corner, and in my coat-pocket is my Bible; if Missis would please get it for me."

Cassy went and got it. Tom opened, at once, to a heavily marked passage, much worn, of the last scenes in the life of Him by whose stripes we are healed.

"If Missis would only be so good as to read that ar', it's better than water."

Cassy took the book, with a dry, proud air, and looked over the passage. She then read aloud, in a soft voice, and with a beauty of intonation that was peculiar that touching account of anguish and of glory. Often, as she read, her voice faltered, and sometimes failed her altogether, when she would stop, with an air of rigid composure, till she had mastered herself. When she came to the touching words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," she threw down the book, and burying her face in the heavy masses of her hair, she sobbed aloud, with a convulsive violence.

Tom was weeping, also, and occasionally uttering a smothered ejaculation.

"If we only could keep up to that ar'!" said Tom; "it seemed to come so natural to him, and we have to fight so hard for 't! O Lord, help us! O blessed Lord Jesus, do help us!"

“Missis,” said Tom, after a while, “I can see that, somehow, you’re quite ‘bove me in everything; but there’s one thing Missis might learn even from poor Tom. Ye said the Lord took sides against us, because he lets us be ‘bused and knocked round; but ye see what come on his own Son, the blessed Lord of Glory,—wa’nt he allays poor? And have we, any on us, yet come so low as he come? The Lord han’t forgot us,—I’m sartin’ o’ that ar’. If we suffer with him, we shall also reign, Scripture says; but, if we deny him, he also will deny us. Didn’t they all suffer? The Lord and all his? It tells how they was stoned and sawn asunder, and wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, and was destitute, afflicted, tormented. Sufferin’ an’t no reason to make us think the Lord’s turned agin’ us; but jest the contrary, if only we hold on to him, and doesn’t give up to sin.”

“But why does he put us where we can’t help but sin?” said the woman.

“I think we can help it,” said Tom.

“You’ll see,” said Cassy; “what’ll you do? To-morrow they’ll be at you again. I know ‘em; I’ve seen all their doings; I can’t bear to think of all they’ll bring you to; and they’ll make you give out, at last!”

“Lord Jesus!” said Tom, “You will take care of my soul? O Lord, do! Don’t let me give out!”

“O dear!” said Cassy; “I’ve heard all this crying and praying before; and yet, they’ve been broken down, and brought under. There’s Emmeline, she’s trying to hold on, and you’re trying, but what use? You must give up, or be killed by inches.”

“Well, then, I will die!” said Tom. “Spin it out as long as they can, they can’t help my dying, some time! And, after that, they can’t do no more. I’m clar, I’m set! I know the Lord’ll help me, and bring me through.”

The woman did not answer; she sat with her black eyes intently fixed on the floor.

“May be it’s the way,” she murmured to herself; “but those that have given up, there’s no hope for them!—none! We live in filth, and grow loathsome, till we loathe ourselves! And we long to die, and we don’t dare to kill ourselves! No hope! no hope! no hope!—this girl now, just as old as I was!

“You see me now,” she said, speaking to Tom very rapidly; “see what I am! Well, I was brought up in luxury; the first I remember is, playing about, when I was a child, in splendid parlors;—when I was kept dressed up like a doll, and company and visitors used to praise me. There was a garden opening from the saloon windows; and there I used to play hide-and-go-seek, under the orange-trees, with my brothers and sisters. I went to a convent, and there I learned music, French, and embroidery, and what not; and when I was fourteen, I came out to my father’s funeral. He died very suddenly, and when the property came to be settled, they found that there was scarcely enough to cover the debts; and when the creditors took an inventory of the property, I was set down in it. My mother was a slave woman, and my father had always meant to set me free; but he had not done it, and so I was set down in the list. I’d always known who I was, but never thought much about it. Nobody ever expects that a strong, healthy man is a-going to die. My father was a well man only four hours before he died;—it was one of the first cholera cases in New Orleans. The day after the funeral, my father’s wife took her children, and went up to her father’s plantation. I thought they treated me strangely, but didn’t know. There was a young lawyer who they left to settle the business; and he came every day, and was about the house, and spoke very politely to me. He brought with him, one day, a young man, whom I thought the handsomest I had ever seen. I shall never forget that evening. I walked with him in the garden. I was lonesome and full of sorrow, and he was so kind and gentle to me;

and he told me that he had seen me before I went to the convent, and that he had loved me a great while, and that he would be my friend and protector;—in short, though he didn't tell me, he had paid two thousand dollars for me, and I was his property,—I became his willingly, for I loved him. Loved!" said the woman, stopping, "O, how I did love that man! How I love him now,—and always shall, while I breathe! He was so beautiful, so high, so noble! He put me into a beautiful house, with servants, horses, and carriages, and furniture, and dresses. Everything that money could buy, he gave me; but I didn't set any value on all that,—I only cared for him. I loved him better than my God and my own soul; and if I tried, I couldn't do any other way from what he wanted me to.

"I wanted only one thing. I did want him to marry me. I thought, if he loved me as he said he did, and if I was what he seemed to think I was, he would be willing to marry me and set me free. But he convinced me that it would be impossible; and he told me that, if we were only faithful to each other, it was marriage before God. If that is true, wasn't I that man's wife? Wasn't I faithful? For seven years, didn't I study every look and motion, and only live and breathe to



please him? He had the yellow fever, and for twenty days and nights I watched with him. I alone,—and gave him all his medicine, and did everything for him; and then he called me his good angel, and said I'd saved his life. We had two beautiful children. The first was a boy, and we called him Henry. He was the image of his father,—he had such beautiful eyes, such a forehead, and his hair hung all in curls around it; and he had all his father's spirit, and his talent, too. Little Elise, he said, looked like me. He used to tell me that I was the most beautiful woman in Louisiana, he was so proud of me and the children. He used to love to have me dress them up, and take them and me about in an open carriage, and hear the remarks that people would make on us, and he used to fill my ears constantly with the fine things that were said in praise of me and the children. O, those were happy days! I thought I was as happy as any one could be; but then there came evil times. He had a cousin come to New Orleans, who was his particular friend,—he thought all the world of him;—but, from the first time I saw him, I couldn't tell why, I dreaded him; for I felt sure he was going to bring misery on us. He got Henry to going out with him, and often he would not come home nights till two or three o'clock. I did not dare say a word; for Henry was so high-spirited, I was afraid to. He got him to the gaming-houses; and he was one of the sort that, when he once got a-going there, there was no holding back. And then he introduced him to another lady, and I saw soon that his heart was gone from me. He never told me, but I saw it,—I knew it, day after day,—I felt my heart breaking, but I could not say a word! At this the wretch offered to buy me and the children of Henry, to clear off his gambling debts, which stood in the way of his marrying as he wished;—and he, sold us. He told me, one day that he had business in the country, and should be gone two or three weeks. He spoke kinder than usual, and said he should come back; but it didn't deceive me. I knew that the time had come; I was just like one turned to stone; I couldn't speak, nor shed a tear. He kissed me and kissed the children, a good many times, and went out. I saw him get on his horse, and I watched him till he was quite out of sight; and then I fell down, and fainted.

"Then he came, the cursed wretch! he came to take possession. He told me that he had bought me and my children; and showed me the papers. I cursed him before God, and told him I'd die sooner than live with him.

"Just as you please," said he; "but, if you don't behave reasonably, I'll sell both the children, where you shall never see them again." He told me that he always had meant to have me, from the first time he saw me; and that he had drawn

Henry on, and got him in debt, on purpose to make him willing to sell me. That he got him in love with another woman; and that I might know, after all that, that he should not give up for a few airs and tears, and things of that sort.

“I gave up, for my hands were tied. He had my children;—whenever I resisted his will anywhere, he would talk about selling them, and he made me as submissive as he desired. O, what a life it was! to live with my heart breaking, every day,—to keep on, on, on, loving, when it was only misery; and to be bound, body and soul, to one I hated. I used to love to read to Henry, to play to him, to waltz with him, and sing to him; but everything I did for this one was a perfect drag,—yet I was afraid to refuse anything. He was very imperious, and harsh to the children. Elise was a timid little thing; but Henry was bold and high-spirited, like his father, and he had never been brought under, in the least, by any one. He was always finding fault, and quarrelling with him; and I used to live in daily fear and dread. I tried to make the child respectful;—I tried to keep them apart, for I held on to those children like death; but it did no good. He sold both those children. He took me to ride, one day, and when I came home, they were nowhere to be found! He told me he had sold them; he showed me the money, the price of their blood. Then it seemed as if all good forsook me. I raved and cursed,—cursed God and man; and, for a while, I believe, he really was afraid of me. But he didn’t give up so. He told me that my children were sold, but whether I ever saw their faces again, depended on him; and that, if I wasn’t quiet, they should smart for it. Well, you can do anything with a woman, when you’ve got her children. He made me submit; he made me be peaceable; he flattered me with hopes that, perhaps, he would buy them back; and so things went on a week or two. One day, I was out walking, and passed by the calaboose; I saw a crowd about the gate, and heard a child’s voice,—and suddenly my Henry broke away from two or three men who were holding him, and ran, screaming, and caught my dress. They came up to him, swearing dreadfully; and one man, whose face I shall never forget, told him that he wouldn’t get away so; that he was going with him into the calaboose, and he’s



get a lesson there he’d never forget. I tried to beg and plead,—they only laughed; the poor boy screamed and looked into my face, and held on to me, until, in tearing him off, they tore the skirt of my dress half away; and they carried him in, screaming ‘Mother! mother! mother!’ There was one man stood there seemed to pity me. I offered him all the money I had, if he’d only interfere. He shook his head, and said that the

man said the boy had been impudent and disobedient ever since he bought him; that he was going to break him in, once for all. I turned and ran; and every step of the way, I thought that I heard him scream. I got into the house; ran, all out of breath, to the parlor, where I found Butler. I told him, and begged him to go and interfere. He only laughed, and told me the boy had got his deserts. He’d got to be broken in,—the sooner the better; ‘what did I expect?’ he asked.

“It seemed to me something in my head snapped, at that moment. I felt dizzy and furious. I remember seeing a great sharp bowie-knife on the table; I

remember something about catching it, and flying upon him; and then all grew dark, and I didn't know any more—not for days and days.

“When I came to myself, I was in a nice room,—but not mine. An old black woman tended me; and a doctor came to see me, and there was a great deal of care taken of me. After a while, I found that he had gone away, and left me at this house to be sold; and that's why they took such pains with me.

“I didn't mean to get well, and hoped I shouldn't; but in spite of me, the fever went off, and I grew healthy, and finally got up. Then, they made me dress up, every day; and gentlemen used to come in and stand and smoke their cigars, and look at me, and ask questions, and debate my price. I was so gloomy and silent, that none of them wanted me. They threatened to whip me, if I wasn't gayer, and didn't take some pains to make myself agreeable. At length, one day, came a gentleman named Stuart. He seemed to have some feeling for me; and he saw that something dreadful was on my heart, and he came to see me alone, a great many times, and finally persuaded me to tell him. He bought me, at last, and promised to do all he could to find and buy back my children. He went to the hotel where my Henry was; they told him he had been sold to a planter up on Pearl River; that was the last that I ever heard. Then he found where my daughter was; an old woman was keeping her. He offered an immense sum for her, but they would not sell her. Butler found out that it was for me he wanted her; and he sent me word that I should never have her. Captain Stuart was very kind to me; he had a splendid plantation, and took me to it. In the course of a year, I had a son born. O, that child! How I loved it! How just like my poor Henry the little thing looked! But I had made up my mind,—yes, I had. I would never again let a child live to grow up! I took the little fellow in my arms, when he was two weeks old, and kissed him, and cried over him; and then I gave him laudanum, and held him close to my bosom, while he slept to death. How I mourned and cried over it! And who ever dreamed that it was anything but a mistake, that had made me give it the laudanum? But it's one of the few things that I'm glad of, now. I am not sorry, to this day; he, at least, is out of pain. What better than death could I give him, poor child! After a while, the cholera came, and Captain Stuart died; everybody died that wanted to live,—and I,—I, though I went down to death's door,—I lived! Then I was sold, and passed from hand to hand, till I grew faded and wrinkled, and I had a fever; and then this wretch bought me, and brought me here, and here I am!”



The woman stopped. She had hurried on through her story, with a wild, passionate utterance; sometimes seeming to address it to Tom, and sometimes speaking as in a soliloquy. So vehement and overpowering was the force with which she spoke, that, for a season, Tom was beguiled even from the pain of his wounds, and, raising himself on one elbow, watched her as she paced restlessly up and down, her long black hair swaying heavily about her, as she moved.

“You tell me,” she said, after a pause, “that there is a God, a God that looks down and sees all these things. May be it's so. The sisters in the convent used to tell me of a day of judgment, when everything is coming to light; won't there be vengeance then!”

“They think it's nothing, what we suffer,—nothing, what our children suffer! It's all a small matter; yet I've walked the streets when it seemed as if I had misery enough in my one heart to sink the city. I've wished the houses would fall on me, or the stones sink under me. Yes! and, in the judgment day, I will stand up before God, a witness against those that have ruined me and my children, body and soul!”

“When I was a girl, I thought I was religious; I used to love God and prayer. Now, I’m a lost soul, pursued by devils that torment me day and night; they keep pushing me on and on—and I’ll do it, too, some of these days!” she said, clenching her hand, while an insane light glanced in her heavy, black eyes. “I’ll send him where he belongs,—a short way, too,—one of these nights, if they burn me alive for it!” A wild, long laugh rang through the deserted room, and ended in a hysteric sob; she threw herself on the floor, in convulsive sobbings and struggles.

In a few moments, the frenzy fit seemed to pass off; she rose slowly, and seemed to collect herself.

“Can I do anything more for you, my poor fellow?” she said, approaching where Tom lay; “shall I give you some more water?”

There was a graceful and compassionate sweetness in her voice and manner, as she said this, that formed a strange contrast with the former wildness.

Tom drank the water, and looked earnestly and pitifully into her face.

“O Missis, I wish you’d go to Him that can give you living waters!”

“Go to him! Where is he? Who is he?” said Cassy.

“Him that you read of to me, the Lord.”

“I used to see the picture of Him, over the altar, when I was a girl,” said Cassy, her dark eyes fixing themselves in an expression of mournful reverie; “but, He isn’t here! There’s nothing here, but sin and long, long, long despair! O!” She laid her hand on her breast and drew in her breath, as if to lift a heavy weight.

Tom looked as if he would speak again; but she cut him short, with a decided gesture.

“Don’t talk, my poor fellow. Try to sleep, if you can.” And, placing water in his reach, and making whatever little arrangements for his comfort she could, Cassy left the shed.



**Answer true or false for each of the following statements.**

- 1.47 \_\_\_\_\_ Tom asked Cassy for a piece of bread to eat.
- 1.48 \_\_\_\_\_ Cassy told Tom to pray to God for mercy.
- 1.49 \_\_\_\_\_ Tom asked Cassy to get his Bible out of his coat pocket.
- 1.50 \_\_\_\_\_ Cassy told Tom that the last scenes of the life of Jesus were more refreshing to her than water.
- 1.51 \_\_\_\_\_ Cassy’s father was a white man, and her mother was a slave woman.
- 1.52 \_\_\_\_\_ Cassy wished to marry her first master.
- 1.53 \_\_\_\_\_ One of Cassy’s masters made her obey him by threatening to sell her children.
- 1.54 \_\_\_\_\_ Cassy never had any children.
- 1.55 \_\_\_\_\_ To prevent her newborn baby from growing up a slave, Cassy sent the child away to boarding school.
- 1.56 \_\_\_\_\_ After enduring such hardships at the hands of men, it was difficult for Cassy to believe in God.
- 1.57 \_\_\_\_\_ Tom, after hearing Cassy’s story, exclaimed, “God isn’t here! there’s nothing here, but sin and long, long despair!”



**Underline the correct answer in each of the following statements.**

- 1.86 The United States is dedicated to the proposition that all men are created (different, equal, on varying levels of importance).
- 1.87 The Civil War was testing whether the government of the United States as originally founded could (endure, fight, dissolve).
- 1.88 The soldiers who gave their lives at the Battle of Gettysburg did so that the nation might (dissolve, live, die).
- 1.89 Lincoln resolved not to let the government of the people, by the people, for the people (perish, survive, arise) from the earth.



Review the material in this section in preparation for the Self-Test, which will check your mastery of this particular section. The items that you miss on this Self-Test will indicate specific areas where restudy is needed for mastery.

## SELF-TEST 1

**Answer true or false for each of the following statements** (each answer, 2 points).

- 1.01 \_\_\_\_\_ Alexis de Tocqueville said that religion and freedom were intimately united in America.
- 1.02 \_\_\_\_\_ Man's dependence and hopelessness were popular subjects for sermons after the Revolution.
- 1.03 \_\_\_\_\_ After the Revolution, Americans were pessimistic about man's ability to achieve.
- 1.04 \_\_\_\_\_ The Second Great Awakening was very similar to the first.
- 1.05 \_\_\_\_\_ The revivalists of the Second Great Awakening preached formal doctrine.
- 1.06 \_\_\_\_\_ The causes of abolition, women's suffrage, and temperance were all intimately connected with the revivals of the nineteenth century.
- 1.07 \_\_\_\_\_ Women became more involved in social and political affairs after they were permitted to perform religious duties that had traditionally been reserved for men.
- 1.08 \_\_\_\_\_ Revivalists often called for the abolition of slavery.
- 1.09 \_\_\_\_\_ The North and the South were founded on two similar economic and social systems.
- 1.010 \_\_\_\_\_ The South depended heavily on factories.
- 1.011 \_\_\_\_\_ Both the North and the South believed that God was on their side.
- 1.012 \_\_\_\_\_ At the beginning of the Civil War, Lincoln's main goal was to save the Union.
- 1.013 \_\_\_\_\_ Blacks served in only the Confederate army.



**Fill in each of the blanks using items from the following word list** (each answer, 2 points).

forever	write	John Wilkes Booth
Protestant	reading	Bible
Confederate	North	Union
discriminated	Virginia	graciously
African	read	

- 1.014 Fredrick Douglass's ability to \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ encouraged his desire for freedom.
- 1.015 During the Civil War, Douglass encouraged blacks soldiers to join the \_\_\_\_\_ army.
- 1.016 After the Civil War, Douglass spoke out against laws that \_\_\_\_\_ against blacks.
- 1.017 Black spirituals are a combination of \_\_\_\_\_ musical patterns and \_\_\_\_\_ hymns.
- 1.018 The black spirituals contain many references to the \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.019 Many of the black spirituals contained secret directions to the \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.020 Robert E. Lee's superior military tactics were a great asset to the \_\_\_\_\_ army.
- 1.021 Lee was from a respected family in Stratford, \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.022 Lee encouraged fellow southerners to accept defeat \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.023 Lincoln educated himself by \_\_\_\_\_.
- 1.024 The Emancipation Proclamation declared every slave in Confederate territory not controlled by the Union army to be "\_\_\_\_\_ free."
- 1.025 Lincoln was assassinated by \_\_\_\_\_.

**Answer true or false for each of the following statements** (each answer, 2 points).

- 1.026 \_\_\_\_\_ Mrs. Auld treated Douglass as a child and not like a piece of property.
- 1.027 \_\_\_\_\_ Mr. Auld encouraged his wife to teach Douglass to read the Bible.
- 1.028 \_\_\_\_\_ After Douglass put his faith in Jesus Christ, he loved all mankind, even slaveholders.
- 1.029 \_\_\_\_\_ The battle with Mr. Covey signified a turning point in Douglass's life as a slave.
- 1.030 \_\_\_\_\_ Douglass's "victory" over Mr. Covey renewed his determination to remain a slave.
- 1.031 \_\_\_\_\_ Uncle Tom asked Cassy to get his Bible out of his coat pocket.
- 1.032 \_\_\_\_\_ Cassy told Tom that the last scenes of the life of Jesus were more refreshing to her than water.
- 1.033 \_\_\_\_\_ One of Cassy's masters made her obey him by threatening to sell her children.
- 1.034 \_\_\_\_\_ After enduring such hardships at the hands of men, Cassy had difficulty believing in God.
- 1.035 \_\_\_\_\_ In the spiritual "Go Down, Moses," the speaker asks Moses to tell Pharaoh to release his people.

- 1.036 \_\_\_\_\_ The “drinking gourd” in “Follow the Drinking Gourd” symbolizes the Little Dipper.
- 1.037 \_\_\_\_\_ “Follow the Drinking Gourd” is filled with directions to freedom.

**Underline the correct answer in each of the following statements** (each answer, 3 points).

- 1.038 President (Theodore Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln, Andrew Jackson) called Harriet Beecher Stowe “the little lady that started the big war.”
- 1.039 *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* has been one of the (least, most) read novels of American literature.
- 1.040 *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* sold more than (one million, two billion, 500,000) copies in the United States in only the first five years after it was published.
- 1.041 Lee described secession as nothing but (revolution, anarchy, peace).
- 1.042 If the Union were dissolved, Lee vowed to draw his sword on none except in (defense, offense, fear) of Virginia.
- 1.043 In the “Gettysburg Address,” Lincoln resolved not to let the government of the people, by the people, for the people (perish, survive, arise) from the earth.

**For Discussion and Thought:**

Explain to a parent or teacher the cruelty and the oppression about which you read in the excerpts from *My Freedom and My Bondage* and *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*. Discuss what it would be like to have been a slave in America before the Civil War. How would your life be different? If you were treated cruelly, would you react like Tom or like Cassy?



Score \_\_\_\_\_

Teacher check \_\_\_\_\_

Initial \_\_\_\_\_

Date \_\_\_\_\_