

MEMORIES OF CAROLINIAN IMMIGRANTS

*AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, DIARIES,
AND LETTERS FROM COLONIAL
TIMES TO THE PRESENT*

edited by
ANDREAS LIXL

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Introduction: Carolinian Immigrants: Memories of Pride, Grief, and Liberty

“Remember; remember always, that all of us, and you and I especially, are descended from immigrants and revolutionists.”

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Memories of Carolinian Immigrants is a book about liberty, pride, grief, and remembrance from colonial times to the present. The broad historical framework of this anthology focuses on autobiographical accounts and illustrations that illuminate common immigrant experiences in North and South Carolina. The assembled authors come from all walks of life and represent three hundred years of social, political, artistic, and cultural developments. Represented are the memories of country folks and city dwellers, men and women, young and old, free and enslaved, privileged and prominent as well as exploited and undocumented immigrants. The assembled letters, diaries and memoirs reflect diverse psychological strategies and integration processes that evolved from pre-industrial times to the post-modern era and from colonial settings to multicultural environments.

The purpose of this book is to historicize and personalize our understanding of the immigrant experience and its formidable impact on the social and cultural fabric of Carolinian life. In order to contribute differentiated and informed perspectives to our discourse surrounding immigrant issues, *Memories of Carolinian Immigrants* invite the reader to look beyond conventional, cultural and political paradigms. Rather than contrasting inside and outside viewpoints, or profiling native-born and foreign-born outlooks, this anthology highlights the historical transformations of generations of immigrants into new Carolinians.

The sustained influx of foreign experiences into the social trajectory of the American Southeast created complex cultural and political dynamics that deeply influenced the economic fabric of North and South Carolina. Over the last 10 years, the two states incorporated over one million immigrants, arriving primarily from Asia, the Caribbean, Mexico, and South America.

In stark contrast to modern day arrival patterns, Carolina's colonial and ante-bellum immigration was dominated by Europeans as well as Africans, most of whom arrived as slaves. These memoirs and autobiographical narratives, depicting over three centuries of immigrant experiences, far outnumber the accounts of modern day immigrants in state archives and library collections. The records of Africans and their involuntary migrations are incomplete, although they constituted a major portion of newcomers in the Carolinas during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Moreover, the memories of European arrivals full of hopes for finding better fortunes depict entirely different landscapes than the recollections of the majority of Africans captives before the transatlantic slave trade came to an end. Although legislation banning the slave trade¹ took effect in 1808 during the presidency of Thomas Jefferson, Africans continued to be brought into the United States until the eve of the Civil War.

The narratives of immigrant slaves provide valuable insights into Carolina's intertwined ethnic history, as well as the emergence of reconciliation and remembrance paradigms. Boyrereau Brinch from West Africa, who enlisted in the Continental Army in hopes of winning his manumission during the American Revolution, remembers his dilemma while fighting for the banners of freedom: "Alas! Poor African Slave, to liberate freemen, my tyrants." As slaves, African immigrants found little opportunities to attain the cultural status, and the literary legacy of their European counterparts, whose accounts overshadowed the region's diverse ethnic, social, artistic, intellectual, and political past.

This anthology focuses on autobiographical accounts of newcomer families of all ethnic and educational backgrounds that expand the view of Carolina's social legacy beyond the familiar immigration patterns and participants. The memories and personal accounts assembled in this anthology highlight poverty and grief as well as pride and freedom for those who established new roots and better opportunities for themselves and their kin. The book presents, for the first time, a compilation of texts that have been accessible only piecemeal in publications, collections, and exhibits. 11 of the 36 chapters are published here for the first time. *Memories of Carolinian Immigrants* aims at balancing the accounts of established autobiographers with lesser known or forgotten authors to reflect the region's heterogeneous legacy and its ethnically diverse traditions since colonial times. Reading across his-

tory and against the “euthanasia of memories” as evoked by Oscar Handlin many years ago in his inspiring book *The Uprooted* (1951) can highlight both the roadmaps towards assimilation as well as the mechanisms to sustain memory and diversity.

An array of premier archives facilitated the selection of texts published here. The earlier chapters come from Carolinian collections as well as libraries beyond the boundaries of the two states. Repositories at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, the North Carolina Department of Archives and History, Duke University Libraries, the South Caroliniana Library, the South Carolina Department of Archives and History, the Student Action with Farm Workers at Duke University, the Moravian Archives, the College of Charleston Library, the Leo Baeck Institute, and the “American Memory” collection at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C., among many others have contributed to the collection of texts represented in this anthology.

The progression of chapters follows a historical timeline with colonial memories illuminating immigrant experiences up to the American Revolution, followed by chapters focusing on Carolinian life before and during the Civil War. The third part of the book centers on Reconstruction era experiences, the emergence of the New South, and the years before World War II, while the last part of the anthology emphasizes experiences of 20th century immigrants, who arrived during the Cold War and after 2000.

Carolina’s immigrants have come from all corners of the globe. Their history² is largely a record of the quest for personal improvement and commitment to overcome the forces of economic exploitation, religious oppression, social and political inequality, and poverty. Tria Her, a Hmong immigrant from southeast Asia, remembers his personal plight and his motivation to come to the United States in 1990.

If we had to stay in Laos, we would have died. We had nothing—no gun, no food, no house, we got nothing. A lot of people were like us, and needed to go to the camp in Thailand. This provided an opportunity to leave and go to the United States or another country. (Chapter 33)

To be sure, the experiences of African immigrants who arrived as slaves reflect entirely different perspectives. Africans of Sudanese origin, from Sierra Leone, Angola, from the Windward and Gold Coasts, the West Indies, as well as Bantus from the Congo region created sizeable immigrant populations in the Carolinas. In Charleston, slaves and free blacks outnumbered whites. By 1870, South Carolina’s population³ was almost 60 percent African-American while in North Carolina the figure stood at 36 percent.

The character of Carolinian culture was greatly influenced by African traditions in the 17th and 18th centuries, whereas Europeans, Asians, and Hispanics dominated 19th and 20th century immigration trends. Some of the most significant migrations occurred around the turn of the last century before the outbreak of World War I, and the biggest, perhaps, in Carolinian history has been in progress since the 1990s.

Before highlighting the contours of the region's immigrant legacy, it is important to remember the fact that most Carolinians, and indeed most Americans, descended from immigrant families. The only indigenous Carolinians are Native Americans that inhabited this region long before the first Europeans and Africans arrived on the scene in the 16th century. Few Carolinians, not even those who trace their ancestry back to the earliest settlers and their families, are far removed from immigrant traditions. Those who came on their own free will migrated to this region for exactly the same reasons which motivate present-day immigrants: Hispanics, Asians, and Europeans. Pioneer settlers possessed no more wealth when they arrived here than most newcomers today carry in their luggage. Just as many of today's *arrivistas* live in simple rooms and dwellings, as did immigrants of a few generations ago, who lived in humble log cabins or small huts on the countryside (Illustration 13). In truth, most voluntary migrants are driven by similar motives and similar ambitions, the biggest difference between them being the chronology of their resettlement, and the context of their acculturation or assimilation.

Memories of early settlers often foreground their families' struggles for survival and overcoming nature's challenges, while 20th-century accounts focus more on questions of integration and cultural inclusion. The narrative shift from nature to culture parallels Carolina's shift from an agricultural state to an industrial and post-industrial economy.

Human beings are migratory creatures, willing to expose themselves to perilous voyages⁴ across oceans and deserts. Emigrants who voluntarily uprooted themselves in the pursuit of hopes and adventures to better their lives usually belong to the bold and sturdy types. The autobiography of the Scottish-Irish immigrant Robert Witherspoon, who moved his family to South Carolina in 1734, offers glimpses into such adventurous mindsets and the serious risks of transatlantic travel:

My grandfather . . . lived in good circumstances and in good credit until the year 1734, when he removed with his family to South Carolina. We went on board a ship on the 14th of September [. . .]. The second day of our sail my grandmother died and was interred in the rigid ocean which was an afflictive sight to her offspring. We were sorely tossed at sea with storms which caused our ship to spring

a leak. Our pumps were kept incessantly at work day and night. For many days our mariners seemed many a time at their wits end but it pleased God to bring us all safe to land, which was about the 1st of December. (Chapter 2)

During colonial times, most European settlers came from central, western, and northern parts of the continent. Their migration took them from Scotland, Ireland, the British Isles or Switzerland to the harbors of Charleston and Wilmington, then the immigration centers of the Carolinas. Sizeable groups, including the Moravians and the Huguenots, arrived from Germany and France during the 17th and 18th centuries to escape religious persecution, hardship and poverty.

Whereas most early settlers came from humble backgrounds, some arrived with the backing of wealthy families, like Janet Schaw, author of the *Journal of a Lady of Quality*, who described Carolinian culture on the eve of the American Revolution (Chapter 7). Older narratives like Schaw's *Journal* are quite different in tone and substance than the newer entries in this anthology, which show less literary and polished qualities. Writing journals, diaries, memoirs, autobiographies and letters formed part of an early modern European culture that carried over to the New World. Letters, in particular, formed crucial links between immigrants and the families they left behind. Their impact on popularizing, promoting, and legitimizing immigration projects was significant and far reaching. The Christian diary of Moravian Bishop Spangenberg (Chapter 5) and the Jewish journals of Lena Berkman (Chapter 14) and Anna Berendt (Chapter 22) form cases in point which reflect the importance of church chronicles and family histories for the advancement of European immigrant cultures. These texts were written within historical frameworks to record religious and emotional experiences that reflected the hopes, dreams, and thoughts that dominated the transposed realities of migration and resettlement.

Colonial pioneers saw and experienced an entirely different set of circumstances than those encountered by immigrants in modern times. During pre-revolutionary days there were no smooth roads to travel and no waterways ready for easy navigation. There were few towns to provide safe havens and few authorities to ensure law and order. Each group of settlers had to negotiate its own approach to feel at home away from home. Some could count on the financial assistance of relatives and friends abroad, while others came alone and had to fend for themselves. Among the most interesting narratives are those of youngsters and second generation immigrants who witnessed the acculturation struggles of their parents. They remember the grief of leaving family members behind, the tragedy of losing loved ones in transit, and the pride of families finding new opportunities in this land of liberty.

Slave autobiographies project radically different perspectives as they center on coercion and captive labor. Memories of dehumanizing punishments and cruelties function prominently in these narratives as do reflections on the value of human dignity, morality, and spiritual salvation. The *Autobiography of Omar ibn Said, Slave in North Carolina, 1831* belongs to a handful of immigrant memoirs which highlight these religious dimensions:

“I fell into the hands of a small, weak and wicked man, who feared not God at all nor did he read (the gospel) at all nor pray. I was afraid to remain with a man so depraved and who committed so many crimes and I ran away. After a month our Lord God brought me forward to the hand of a good man, who fears God, and loves to do good, and whose name is Jim Owen and whose brother is called Colonel John Owen. These are two excellent men. . . .” (Chapter 12)

The common denominators that link these diverse personal accounts involve transcultural desires that operate on all immigrants to make the best of their new circumstances. As divergent as the paths of these narratives may appear at first glance, the prospects of integration and assimilation figure prominently in the personal and political roadmaps that all immigrants have to master. The more diverse and different their cultures of origin, the more complicated and challenging these processes of acculturation usually become. The dynamics of resettlement and integration always rely on retooling one’s identity and social standing, which can be both liberating and limiting. The memories of African slaves illuminate the latter while the accounts of self-reliant immigrants tend to focus on the former.

The historical *Zeitgeist* that permeates the fabric of these chapters has shifted considerably throughout the centuries. Popular media and mass culture dominate the integration paradigms for the most recent generation of immigrants whereas patriarchal traditions, church, as well as family expectations largely defined immigrant behavior before the modern era.

As the book’s chapters follow chronological timelines, Carolinian memories of colonial and antebellum immigrants illuminate distinctly different views than the later chapters with their focus on industrial and late modern perspectives. Agricultural lives centered on plantation experiences determine the memories of several autobiographers who present conflicting views on these matters. Indian encounters and the conflicts that arose when European settlers expanded their influence across Native American lands establish the historical backdrop of several chapters in Parts I and II. The social scenarios presented by colonial planters, traders, merchants, and administrators chronicle a defiant search for suitable new homesteads.

Part II of the anthology focuses on the period between the Revolutionary War and the Civil War. Immigrant perspectives from this period show a re-

gion in transition, both politically, socially, and economically. The reliance on slave labor and the reluctance to incorporate new industrial modes of production put the Southeast in stark contrast with the Northeast and Midwest and their expanding urban populations. The Carolinas attracted different settlers than the northern, eastern and western regions of the nation, particularly during the decades after the Emancipation Proclamation of 1863. Because adherence to race-based politics perpetuated an unfavorable image of the South, fewer immigrants chose North and South Carolina as their destinations. Many of those who settled here, however, spoke quite favorably about their experiences. Jewish immigrants, in particular, were very happy to leave their old countries and tended not to look back with homesickness or remorse. Joseph Salvador (Chapter 9) might be the exception to the rule as the old man displayed a rather grumpy attitude after his arrival in South Carolina in 1785.

The chapters in the middle of the book are rooted in the tragic realities of the Civil War and the devastation and rebirth it spawned across the Carolinas. For many newcomers, distance from their place of birth and a sense of cultural isolation and alienation, as horrendous as they are to experience, nonetheless can generate critical insight and original viewpoints, forcing immigrants to question traditional notions of identity⁵ as well as national attachments and gender paradigms. Confederate viewpoints of the War Between the States narrated by a woman soldier (Chapter 16) are included side by side with pro-Northern attitudes that abhorred slavery and all it stood for. The memories presented in Part III center on immigrant perspectives during the Reconstruction period. In particular, its mixed record of attracting new settlers and the slow emergence of a *New South* that began to shed social stigmas and stereotypes.

The decades immediately following the Civil War witnessed a drastic drop of the numbers of immigrants as few newcomers wanted to try their luck in a region ravaged by war and ethnic strife. Moreover, many who did arrive were lured away by better farming opportunities in the Midwest, in Texas, and in the Gold Rush regions of the West. Moreover, bad press reports about Ku Klux Klan activities, racism, and poverty, coupled with deliberate attempts by North and South Carolina's administrators to solicit white immigrants to solve a so-called 'negro problem' prolonged cultural isolation and the reputation of social backwardness.⁶

During the second half of the 19th century, several highlights of Carolinian immigrant memories focus on Charleston, which saw a steady influx of Jewish families, particularly from Eastern Europe and Russia. During Reconstruction times, the 'Jerusalem of the South' witnessed the arrival of more immigrants than all of South Carolina combined.⁷ This pattern began to change around

1890 when larger numbers of immigrants settled throughout the Carolinian South. The immigrant landscape shifted to accommodate the arrivals from Southern and Eastern Europe. Italians in Valdese, Greeks on the Outer Banks, Hungarians, Poles, Ukrainians, and Russians greatly outnumbered Austrians, Swiss, Germans, Britons, Scotch and Scandinavians, all of whom arrived during an epoch when industrial progress and technology began to shape modern immigrant experiences. Louis Philippe Guigou, who came with a group of immigrants in 1893, remembers resettling in the Appalachian foothills west of Winston-Salem.

With the purchase of a sawmill and the needed stock and equipment in the month of June, the lumber cutting operations began in earnest, and soon, too, the house building began. Others, with the help of Dr. Tron, planned houses to live in, and some buildings for public conveniences and public activities. Just north of the now Southern Railway depot in Valdese were built three one-story homes and one two-story building, the latter designed for public gathers, etc. An 8x10 ft. lean-to was later added to the two-story house as the first Post Office. Mr. Ipolito Salvagiott, who spoke good English, was the first appointed Postmaster. (Chapter 20)

The 1920s and the decades until the outbreak of World War II saw another wave of social and economic transitions in both Carolinas. Electricity, new roads, and the rise of new industries fostered the growth of towns and cities across the region. Images of modern and forward-looking Southerners punctured the narrative stereotypes of Carolinian backwardness and intolerance. As always, immigrants stood at the center of these transformations. Raleigh, Chapel Hill, Greensboro, and Charlotte in North Carolina, and Greenville, Spartanburg, Myrtle Beach, Columbia, and Charleston in South Carolina attracted most of the newcomers, whose industrial skills helped these cities grow and prosper.

A dramatic downturn came with the onset of the Great Depression and the outbreak of World War II in 1939, which drastically curtailed the arrival of immigrants across the nation. For centuries, free Europeans had migrated to America as they saw fit. Beginning with the Pilgrims, emigration⁸ was a safety valve for many oppressed and free-thinking minorities, including religious outcasts, social reformers, renegades, and revolutionaries. Immigration was not curtailed or controlled until the second half of the 19th century. An abundance of American land and space had ensured that newcomers were rarely met with animosity by native citizens, with the notable exception, of course, of the Native American resistance. The chorus of Indian voices, however, remained muted as were the voices of approximately 400,000 Africans who came as captives.

More than 55,000 slaves arrived in the Carolinas⁹ between 1802 and 1808, when the business was at its zenith. The forced migration of hundreds of thousands of Africans exerted a tremendous economic as well as cultural impact on the region. Africans, whose agricultural skills and knowledge greatly benefited their captors, formed the labor foundation for the agricultural boom before the Civil War. Especially in South Carolina, immigrant slaves had a major impact on the prosperity of the region and its cultural development. Most of these immigrants entered through the port of Charleston, often called the ‘Ellis Island of black Americans.’ Some came on route through the Caribbean, Canada, or South America, but the majority arrived from West-Central Africa and the provinces surrounding Gambia, the Gold Coast, the Congo, Angola, Mozambique and Benin, the Biafra region in Nigeria. As a result, more than half of South Carolina’s population in 1830 was of African descent, whereas enslaved blacks¹⁰ constituted approximately a good third of North Carolina’s population.

Free Carolinians, on the other hand, rapidly developed another American brand of confidence and culture. They saw themselves as essentially Europe’s distant siblings. Most settlers with roots in English, French, Scotch, Dutch, German, and Spanish-speaking cultures, whether they adhered to Huguenot, Catholic, Moravian or Jewish practices and beliefs identified with Greco-Roman legacies, humanist traditions, and Enlightenment philosophies. Their new world practices often relied on contradictory practices and economies, however, that combined both diligence and slavery.

Economic backslides marked the decades before and after 1900, as well as the Depression era of the 1930. Declining American prospects prompted a slew of anti-immigrant legislation and quotas that significantly altered immigration patterns. The first restrictions of free immigration into the United States were enacted in 1882 and 1907 with the Chinese and Japanese Exclusion Acts, which cut immigration rates by more than 40 percent at the close of the 19th century. Only four years later, the Statue of Liberty, ‘Mother of Exiles’ in the words of poet Emma Lazarus, was unveiled in New York Harbor (Illustration 42). Ellis Island, the immigrant portal in New York, began to operate in 1892 and ended up processing some 17 million immigrants before closing its doors in 1954. Immigration and integration issues flared up as political topics when the numbers rose significantly in the 1840s, 1890s, and early 1920s, but faded when the numbers fell, either spontaneously in the 1850s or through legislation in the 1930s.

Stricter quotas curtailed the arrival of immigrants in the Carolinas prior to World War II. The political climate of the late 1930s prompted additional quota restrictions for various ethnic groups. Only a limited number of war refugees were admitted, particularly from Hitler’s Germany. Immigrants from

Mexico, South America, and Asia were routinely profiled, or deported or interned in so-called alien detention camps. Between 1931 and 1939, U.S. authorities returned over 400,000 immigrants to their homeland in Mexico¹¹. Total immigration quotas remained restricted and curtailed until the 1950s, when the beginning of the postwar economic boom eased restrictions again.

The common denominators of the memories in Part III and IV hinge on the confluence of new world patriotism and pride coupled with old world loyalties and remembrances. The autobiographical narratives resemble prevalent notions of American melting pot ideologies¹² which superimposed divergent cultural and social traditions with uniquely American ways of life. Many of the memories presented in Part IV project successful attempts to combine modern life-styles with affirmations of old-world family traditions and loyalties.

It is interesting to note in this context that many newcomers in their quest to acculturate and assimilate tended to lose their native language loyalties rather quickly. The majority of second generation immigrants in the Carolinas have preferred the use of English over their heritage languages. These adaptation patterns survived World War II into the Cold War era. The chapters in Part IV reflect post-war mindsets that mirror the rising influence of acculturation models propagated by popular media and culture outlets as well as a gradual shift in immigration patterns favoring the developing world. Critiques of the American dominance of global politics permeate these autobiographical narratives which also project the emergence of more critical gestures of remembrance. This signifies the rise of transcultural paradigms that question the adherence to patriarchal hegemonies while simultaneously affirming America's reputation as the cradle of liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The immigration trends of the 1960s and 1970s shifted from Europe towards the Caribbean, South America and Asia. Expanding business opportunities within the prospering economies of the Southeast launched North and South Carolina on quick paths to becoming prime immigration destinations. The corridors between Charlotte and Columbia, and the sector between North Carolina's Triad and Triangle attracted hundreds of thousands of newcomers who found broad employment spectrums involving construction industries and farming opportunities, high tech manufacturing as well as service jobs.

The chapters in Part IV foreground the ethnic diversity that informs present-day Carolinian immigrant experiences. The newest arrivals hail from a much broader range of social and educational backgrounds than the newcomers of fifty or hundred years ago. Traditional melting pot metaphors no longer match the multicultural dimensions of today's immigration and integration patterns. Perhaps, it would be more accurate to compare Carolina's

contemporary ethnic mix to a spicy multicultural stew. Drafting an ethnocentric recipe for a one-dimensional definition of the 'Carolinian way of life' no longer can capture the transcultural realities and projections for the 21st century. No single social group or sub-culture monopolizes the immigrant dream. The paradigms of identity politics and social acceptance have provided incentives for affirming and legitimizing cultural differences, gender equalities, and ethnic diversities.¹³

On the downside, this climate of tolerance and acceptance can also produce indifference and sub-cultural isolation. The outcomes of such cold cultural climates are reflected in the memories of modern day immigrants who focus their narratives more on polyglot notions of identity and diversity compared to earlier generations whose reflections project more cooperative and homogenous perspectives. This is particularly true of the narratives of younger contemporaries who openly question the smorgasbord model of integration and assimilation. Instead of adopting mass-mediated notions of 'southern life,' newer generations¹⁴ favor bicultural modes of expression. Their ideals advocate the blending of public and private identities to embrace Carolinian lifestyles in public while affirming ethnic traditions at home. The story of the Khalid family illuminates the contours of this hybrid cultural identity. The highly educated parents and their two young daughters emigrated from Pakistan in the 1990s. The parents remember the tensions between the family's public and private personae:

This society has some traditions that are alien to our culture, but the thing is that it's quite natural that whenever you go to a new place, you will find things that are good and bad. So it depends upon how you establish yourself. And once you get here, one thinks, what is this? I mean, liquor is available openly, women are going around in shorts, I mean kissing is commonplace, I mean, you name it! (Chapter 29)

Most of the chapters in Part IV are contributions from special collections, among them the *Student Action with Farmworkers* at Duke University, where American interns interviewed young immigrants and their families to document work conditions and immigrant folklore across the Carolinas. Three of the most recent chapters were submitted to a special essay contest solicited by the Department of German and Russian at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro in 2007 entitled *My Life before and after Coming to the Carolinas*.

It is too soon to evaluate the historic outcome of the vast and varied influx of immigrants still arriving in the Carolinas today other than stating the fact that the impact will be formative, far-reaching, and long-lasting. The hopes,

dreams, and memories of newcomers will depend not only on how they will manage the challenges and opportunities available to them but also how they handle the prevailing policies, expectations and attitudes towards legal and illegal, documented and undocumented aliens. Projections by the Pew Research Center in 2008 indicate that more than 30 percent of all newcomers to the U.S. between 2000 and 2010 are illegal immigrants.

Immigration and integration are inseparably linked in the minds and hearts of all those who seek to establish new identities and opportunities. What many older immigrants find taxing in today's world is the need to engage in unfamiliar and informal communication patterns, including those governing the relationships between parents and children. Growing accustomed to informal social protocols and fast-paced lifestyles that emphasize self-reliance over family traditions and conventions has not always been easy for the parent generation.

Memories of recent Carolinian immigrants tend to juxtapose the calmer neighborhood climates of their old worlds with quick-fix communication modes of the virtual age and its Internet routines, including voice mails, e-mails, instant messages, you-tube postings, *iPod*-pictures, and cell phone messages. Torn between the need to adapt and fit in, and the need to validate native traditions, adult immigrants frequently rely on their children, who often find themselves acting as anchors and support pillars to provide better footing for immigrant parents in their new surroundings.

The memories of youngsters map fascinating vistas as they present unique vantage points into the spectrum of migration and resettlement. Their perspectives highlight integration issues within families where old world standards and new world expectations frequently clash. Children experience firsthand the crosscurrents of bicultural social gravities and allegiances.¹⁵ Seira Reyes describes her emotional and patriotic reaction to the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001 in her journal *An Artist's Journey* as follows:

I remember seeing the planes crash into the twin towers, people running through the streets, children screaming, and the President speaking on television, while I listened to the Enrique Iglesias' song *Hero*, with tears rolling down my cheeks." (Chapter 31)

The memories of immigrant youngsters in Part IV reflect the cultural tensions that shape their successful or failed attempts to adopt unfamiliar values and life-styles. Bilingual skills and bicultural perspectives provide younger generations with challenging opportunities to bridge the ethnic gaps that separate their parents from the cultural mainstream. Children of immigrants born or raised in the Carolinas are often caught between the world of their parents

and the world of their peers. The resulting cultural conflict is amplified if this involves extended contacts with “American” children with whom they attend schools and share social networks within the larger context of mainstream culture.

Older adolescents and young adults of immigrant parents often possess conflicting attitudes towards their heritage and their parents’ country of origin. Fitting in requires more than good language skills, however, and more than reshaping family routines. Modern-day immigrants increasingly link the Carolinas to all corners of the globe, and the Hispanic world in particular. As Tamar Jacoby documented in her remarkable study *Reinventing the Melting Pot*, recent surveys of young Hispanic immigrants on both American coasts provide fascinating snapshots of what critics call the ‘post-ethnic’ generation. These teenagers often speak Spanish at home and English among friends. They prefer English television programs over Spanish channels, and when they surf the Internet, they almost always use English language pages. When asked how they identify themselves culturally, young immigrants affirm their preference for American rock, pop, or rap music rather than highlighting their own or their parents’ ethnic backgrounds. Their hybrid identities straddle two countries, two cultures, two languages, while belonging to neither. The memories of Hispanic teens who immigrated to the Carolinas with their families certainly reflect these “post-ethnic” identity traits. 14 year-old Lizeth T. remembers:

“My sister and I speak English. My mom doesn’t understand English. I have to speak both languages. It’s hard. I am at school all day speaking English. Sometimes around white people, if I am speaking Spanish, they think I am talking about them. At home, if I speak English, my parents think I am saying something bad. They say, “speak Spanish so we can understand.” I feel distant from my parents. They think I should know more Spanish than I do. My mom is afraid I’ll forget my Spanish. She thinks I’ll be less Mexican. It’s important to her. If my children don’t speak Spanish, she won’t be able to speak to them.” (Chapter 34)

The nation’s immigrant population reached 40 million in 2008, more than double the number at the peak of the last great immigration wave of 1910. Not surprisingly, newcomers and their children today face radically different problems than settlers encountered in the past.¹⁶

Legal status, visa papers, and asylum regulations never played very dominant roles in the lives of those who arrived before stricter immigration quotas were implemented during the second decade of the 20th century. And although the norms of integration and assimilation have been greatly redefined within the context of American multiculturalism, the specter of racism does

still exist today. It cuts more deeply into the memories of immigrants from South America, the Caribbean, and Asia compared to those from Northern or Central Europe.

Today, many undocumented workers hide among the immigrant population, particularly the younger generation, who do not have the right to live here legally, although many have come of age in the Carolinas. They constitute their own sub-cultures within the divergent immigrant communities. They do not have an option of going back to their parents' homeland, yet they can not take advantage of any of the opportunities available to legal aliens.

Another set of evolving paradigms facing recent immigrants involve the changing gender roles that open new perspectives and assumptions. Migrations both reassert and compromise these habits which may liberate as well as stifle the development of new identities among immigrants. Gender identities among today's immigrants are more fluid¹⁷ than those of previous generations. These reconfigurations form the topics of reflections and criticisms of several autobiographers in Part IV.

Turning into new Carolinians means more than attaining green cards, passports, and voting rights. It means adopting new identities, negotiating new gender roles, and understanding shared notions of history. Foreigners have come to the Carolinas by the thousands since the earliest known African set foot on the East Coast in 1528. Spaniards established mission outposts in the Cape Fear River area in the 1500s long before the proclamation of the Carolina Charter in 1663. The intertwining legacies of immigrants who came in search of freedom and opportunity and those who came in bondage deserve much more historical scrutiny. This is particularly true in regards to recognizing the formative impact early African immigrants had in improving Carolina's social and ethnic development toward diversity.

Whether it is driven by grief or glory, ambivalence or triumph, the process of resettlement involves hard work and disappointments as well as ambition, pride, and talent. These attributes shaped Carolina's history and culture from the beginning, and propelled this region into the foreground of America's social and economic progress today. To a significant degree, immigrants generated North and South Carolina's economic boom after 1990.

During the last two decades, Carolina's growth patterns duplicated national trends which reflected far-reaching preference and acculturation shifts. Whereas earlier arrivals preferred larger coastal and industrial cities, the newest immigrants resettled in urban areas as well as smaller towns with good job opportunities and welcoming communities. The 2000 U.S. Census lists North Carolina's Hispanic and Latino populations as the third fastest growing in the nation. The three American cities with the highest growth rates

of immigrant populations since the 1990s are all located in North Carolina. Greensboro, Charlotte, and Raleigh lead the list followed by Atlanta, Georgia, and Las Vegas, Nevada.¹⁸

The influx of more than one million Carolinian immigrants over the last 10 years created pronounced needs for multicultural and multilingual networks to make social, cultural and economic integration more accessible. However, complex legal processes, strict immigration bills, ethnic, linguistic, and religious isolation, and limited educational opportunities for immigrant youth have complicated the process of acculturation and assimilation. Broadening pluralist social policies with melting pot agendas in the tradition of America's venerated 1782 motto "*e pluribus unum*" has fostered ethnic pride as well as isolation and desperation among the latest newcomers. This twisted reality of living the American dream while at the same time experiencing life on the social periphery has done much to destabilize postmodern immigrant identities.

Some contend that the country faces an unprecedented immigration crisis while others oppose this perception as a myth that has muddled immigrant issues with confusion, prejudice, and irrational fears. To be sure, the proliferation of proposals to draw iron curtains along southern borders or to extract millions of undocumented workers from the American economy¹⁹ can corrode the development of cogent outlooks and realistic frameworks to implement effective immigration and integration policies. Rather than dwelling on zero-sum equations that weigh foreigners against Americans, more constructive solutions frame immigration issues within broader civil rights agendas. Cultural, economic, and political rivalry among competing groups is inevitable in a multiethnic society, but balanced and enlightened forums of public discourse can adjudicate such competing claims.

Reading immigration narratives against the grain of ethnic friction reveals transcultural and transracial insights that foster the discussion of civil rights issues and concerns. This anthology aims to enhance the critical reception of multiethnic memories, voices, and experiences through the infusion of practical and polyglot perspectives. Immigrants and revolutionists have shaped Carolina's history from the beginning. They have enriched and strengthened the economic, social, and cultural fabric of the region as documented by the more than 90 works listed in this collection of autobiographies, diaries, and letters. The renewed focus on this literature illuminates the trajectories that established the Carolinas as modern day Gold Rush regions. The critical realism and bold honesty of the assembled autobiographies, diaries, and letters reflect the great range of immigrant talents, ambitions, and ambiguities, as well as the open spectrum of achievements and expectations that inform North and South Carolina's history and future.

NOTES

1. The British Parliament banned the slave trade in 1807. The U.S. Congress passed a law effective on January 1, 1808, which outlawed the importation of slaves as piracy, punishable by the death penalty. In 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, Portugal, Spain, France, and the Netherlands agreed to abolish the slave trade.

2. Elmer T. Clark, *The Latin Immigrant in the South* (Nashville: The Cokesbury Press, 1924), 7.

3. Population Division Working Paper Series No. 56: "Historical Census Statistics on Population Totals By Race, 1790 to 1990, and By Hispanic Origin, 1970 to 1990, For The United States, Regions, Divisions, and States," *U.S. Census Bureau*, 2006, <<http://www.census.gov/>> (8 February 2008).

4. Glick Schiller, Nina, Linda Basch, and Cristina Blanc-Szanton, "From Immigrant to Transnational Migrant: Theorizing Transnational Migration," *Anthropological Quarterly*, vol. 68 (1995): 50–51.

5. Ali Behdad, "Nation and Immigration," *Journal of Multidisciplinary International Studies*, vol. 2, no. 2 (July 2005): 2. See also a forthcoming study on *Immigrants and Homesickness in America* by Susan Matt, Weber State University (2010).

6. Bernard A. Weisberger, "A Nation of Immigrants," *American Heritage*, vol. 45, issue 1 (February 1994): 82–83.

7. Dale Rosengarten, et al., *A Portion of the People. Three Hundred Years of Southern Jewish Life* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 2002), 6.

8. Seth N. Asumah, et al., "Making Sense of U.S. Immigration Policy and Multiculturalism," *The Western Journal of Black Studies*, vol. 25, no. 2 (2001): 84.

9. James A. McMillin, *The Final Victims. Foreign Slave Trade to North America, 1783–1810* (Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 2004), 32f.

10. William L. Andrews (ed.), *North Carolina Slave Narratives* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 2005), 15f. See also William L. Andrews, *To Tell a Free Story: The First Century of Afro-American Autobiography, 1760–1865* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1986).

11. Roger Rouse, "Mexican Migration and the Social Space of Postmodernism," *Diaspora*, vol.1, no. 1 (Spring 1991): 8–23.

12. Tamar Jacoby, *Reinventing the Melting Pot: The New Immigrants and What It Means to Be American* (New York: Basic Books, 2004), 27.

13. See Anny Brooksbank Jones, *Telling to Live: Latina Feminist Testimonios* (Durham: Duke University Press, 2002).

14. Ali Behdad, *A Forgetful Nation: On Immigration and Cultural Identity in the United States* (Duke University Press, Durham, 2006).

15. Marjorie Faulstich Orellana, Barrie Thorne, Wan Shun Eva Lam, and Anna Chee, "Transnational Childhoods: The Participation of Children in Processes of Family Migration," *Department of Sociology, University of California, Berkeley* 2000, <http://sociology.berkeley.edu/public_sociology_pdf/thorne.pdf> (8 February 2008).

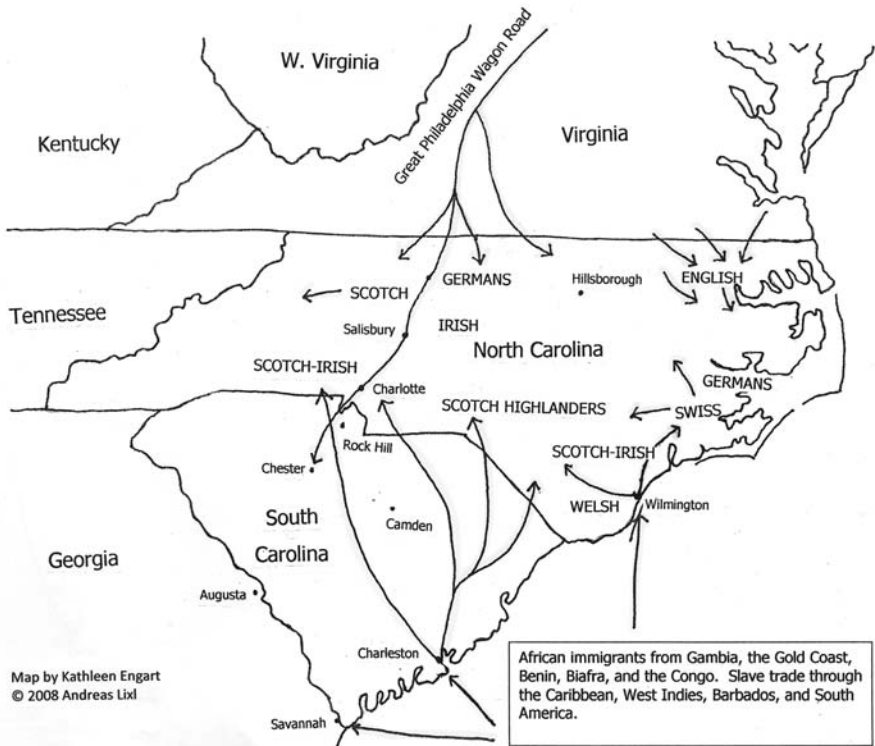
16. Haya El Nasser, "A Nation of Immigrants," *USA Today*, 5 July 2006, 6(A).

17. See Pierrette Hondagneu-Sotelo, *Gender and U.S. Immigration: Contemporary Trends* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2003). See also Sarah Mahler

and Patricia Pessar (eds.), "Gendering Transnational Spaces," A special issue of *Identities: Global Studies in Culture and Power*, vol. 7, no. 4 (January 2001).

18. Tamar Jacoby, *Reinventing the Melting Pot: The New Immigrants and What It Means to Be American* (New York: Basic Books, 2004), 19. For interesting immigrant data, see also Mintz, S., *Digital History* 2007, <<http://www.digitalhistory.uh.edu>> (29 Feb. 2008)

19. For opposing views, see Heather Mc Donald, Victor Davis Hansen, Steven Malanga, *The Immigration Solution. A Better Plan Than Today's* (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 2007), 59. See also Geraldo Rivera, *His Panic: Why Americans Fear Hispanics in the U.S.* (New York: Celebra, 2008).



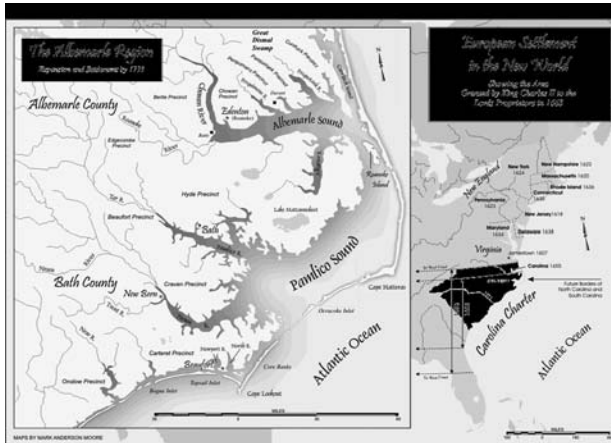
1. North and South Carolina map showing colonial immigration movements of settlers and slaves who arrived by sea and overland.

2. Baron Christoph von Graffenried (1661–1743) brought a group of German speaking colonists to North Carolina, where they founded New Bern in 1710.





3. Graffenried's hand-drawn plan for his "Swiss Colony." New Bern later became the first permanent seat of the colonial government of North Carolina.



4. The map on the left shows settlements in the Albemarle Region in North Carolina in 1733, which included the towns of Bath, New Bern, and Edenton. The map on the right shows immigrant settlements on the Atlantic Seaboard and in the territory of the Carolina Charter granted to the Lords Proprietors in 1663 and 1665. Maps by Mark Anderson Moore.



5. Drawing in Graffenried's journal (Chapter 1). It shows the Swiss author, an English land surveyor, and an African slave as prisoners put on trial by Tuscarora Indians in 1711. The English geographer was killed, but the Swiss and the African were released. Conflicts with European immigrants resulted in the defeat of the Tuscaroras who left the Carolinas, moved to New York, and joined the Iroquois League, a confederation of Native American nations.



INDIAN IN BODY PAINT (no. 52A, cf. pls. 83 (a), 123 (b))

6. Watercolor drawing "Indian in Body Paint" by John White (created 1585–1586).



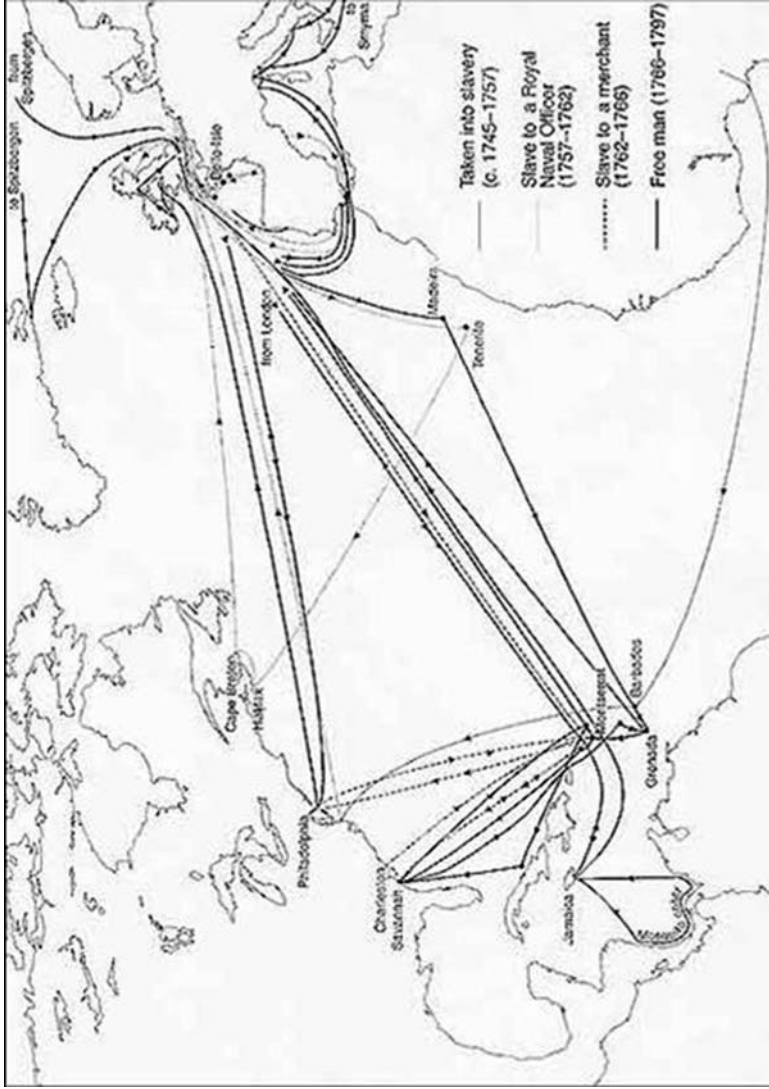
7. Tryon Palace Historic Sites and Gardens contain this Georgian style mansion, built in New Bern between 1767 and 1770, and reconstructed after 1950. It was the home of British Governors, and the first capitol of the North Carolina Colony. After the Revolutionary War, the first session of the General Assembly met in Tryon Palace to draft the formation of a free and independent state.



8. Engraving by Henry Toms in 1739, entitled "Prospect of Charles-Town." The port was founded in 1669 by English settlers who faced hostile Indians to the west and bellicose Spanish to the south. In the early 1680s, they were joined by Protestant Huguenots, who escaped French Catholic persecution. In 1682, an English visitor reported a population of at least "1000 or 1200 souls." The port developed into a commercial center for the export of colonial products and the import of slaves. By 1730, most of South Carolina's immigrants worked as indentured servants or as slaves on plantations. Two-thirds of South Carolina's population had family ties to Angola, the Gambia River region, and the Gold Coast. Charleston developed into North America's fifth largest city behind Philadelphia, New York City, Boston, and Quebec City. (Photo courtesy of Winterthur Museum)



9. Historical map of the *Province of South Carolina and a Part of Georgia*, composed from surveys taken by William Bull, Captain Gascoign, Hugh Bryan, and [. . .] William De Brahm. Published in London in 1757.



10. Map of Olaudah Equiano's odyssey. His autobiography entitled *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, the African*. Written by Himself describes his experiences aboard a slave ship (Chapter 4). Map by Miles Ogborn and Edward Oliver.

11. Portrait of Olaudah Equiano, who was born in Nigeria, c. 1745, and sold into slavery. In 1766, Equiano succeeded in buying his freedom.





12. Africans cramped into low quarters under deck on a slave ship traveling along the so-called *Middle Passage*. It formed the center portion of a three-prong trade route between Europe, Africa, and the Americas. European textiles, guns, and iron were exported to Africa, where this cargo was sold and replaced by slaves, who were shipped to the New World and sold. On the route back to Europe, the vessels carried sugar, rum, tobacco, and other products from the colonies. (Chapter 4)



13. Sketch of a simple log cabin of the type used by Mary Gloud (Chapter 6), and other European settlers in the Carolinas during the 18th and early 19th centuries. The illustration comes from a memoir entitled *Travels in North America in the Years 1827 and 1828*, published by Basil Hall in Edinburgh and London in 1829.



Anne Rutherford Schaw.
Mother of Janet. The latter, of whom no portrait is known,
is said to have resembled her mother.
Arist unknown.

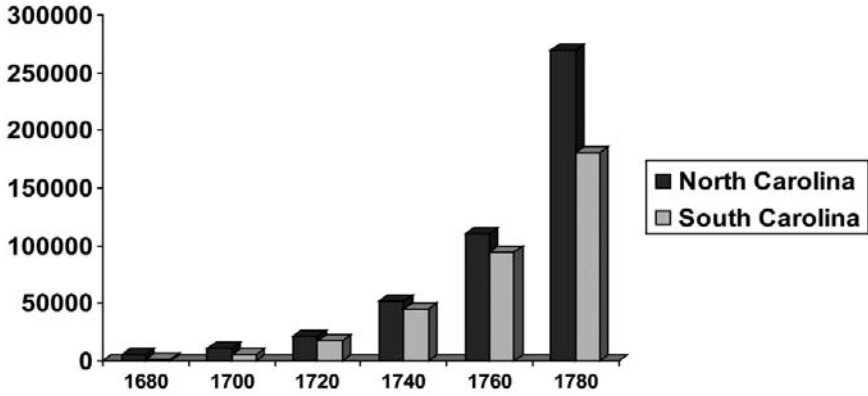
14. Drawing of Anne Rutherford Schaw, mother of the author Janet Schaw, whose *Journal of a Lady of Quality* describes Scottish immigrants and their culture in North Carolina shortly before the outbreak of the American Revolution. (Chapter 7)



15. Portrait of Alexander Schaw, Janet Schaw's brother, friend, and fellow traveler near Wilmington, North Carolina in the 1770s. (Chapter 7)

Part I

**RECOLLECTIONS OF
COLONIAL IMMIGRANTS**



16. Immigration Statistics. Estimated Colonial Population of North and South Carolina 1680–1780

Chapter One

Christoph von Graffenried Account of the Founding of New Bern

The following account describes the early history of New Bern, North Carolina's first capitol and second oldest colonial town. Written by a Swiss immigrant, the autobiography comes in two manuscripts, one composed in German and one in French. Together, they constitute one of the most detailed accounts of the founding of a colonial settlement in the Southeast.

Graffenried departed England in 1710 with great hopes of finding fertile farmlands, prosperous silver mines, and peaceful relations with the local populations. He led a group of over 400 Swiss and German religious immigrants, who acquired inexpensive land for their colonial project from the Tuscarora Indians. In 1711, one of the settlers named Christen Janzen wrote an enthusiastic diary description of the area around New Bern: "It is almost wholly forest, with indescribably beautiful cedar wood, poplars, oaks, beech, walnut and chestnut trees [. . .] There is sassafras also, and so many other fragrant trees that I cannot describe the hundredth part. Cedar is red like the most beautiful cherry and smells better than the finest juniper. They are commonly, as well as the other trees, fifty to sixty feet below the limbs."

Hardships and tragedies, however, were common in the colony. Food was scarce, travel was hazardous, political infighting was fierce, and many settlers succumbed to the summer's heat and humidity. Unfamiliar diseases posed great threats, particularly to pregnant women. New Bern ran into further troubles when neighboring settlers incited hostilities among Europeans and Native Americans. The political situation was one of jealousy and mistrust pitching German-speaking settlers against English administrators and local Indian tribes who were determined to resist the newcomers. In 1711, when Graffenried, his friend John Lawson, the Surveyor General of North Carolina, and an African slave traveled across Tuscarora territory, they were arrested and put on trial, but acquitted. Other immigrants, however, were less fortunate when

Tuscarora Indians raided and torched New Bern, and massacred some residents. The colony seemed doomed to fail. Lack of government support, frictions between religious sects, and outbreaks of yellow fever further decimated the settlement. Graffenried fell ill, and Governor Edward Hyde, whom he depended on for support, succumbed to the epidemic.

In 1713, Graffenried sailed to England to pay off mortgages and debts. “No good star shone for me,” wrote Graffenried, remembering his disappointment at having to forsake the remnants of the colony. His autobiography was published to pay off further debts and to justify his colonial enterprise to investors, who accused Graffenried of political recklessness and financial incompetence. Disillusioned, the author returned to Switzerland, where he died in distress in 1743.

Against all odds, however, Graffenried’s colony managed to recoil from the brink. Overcoming economic, social, and political challenges, New Bern began to grow and prosper. The land’s resources as well as the use of slavery provided the town with a good livelihood. New Bern became the first capital of North Carolina in 1765, a privilege it held for 25 years.

PREFACE

This account was written in haste, without much thought, just as the things occurred to my weak memory, so that here no special style is to be observed; and it has been arranged in 12 chapters or “misfortunes” for my society and for others who might have unfavorable ideas with regard to my American projects, thinking that I had undertaken them without consideration and foresight, and had passed my time in Carolina in splendor and luxury. So then I have shown the contrary. The beginning is also arranged to show that it was not merely carelessness which brought me to this distress, but serious reverses and unfortunate accidents. If ever I revise this in time of leisure, everything shall be better written and arranged.

MY AMERICAN PROJECT

Written on account of certain persons who complained that I had undertaken this colony imprudently, to the disadvantage and ruin of many people—a charge which is easily cleared up.

After I had, at the end of my travels, been living in England for two years, and had made such advantageous and eminent acquaintances in that country

during the reign of Charles II that, had I remained, I might have made a considerable fortune. At that time I informed myself, partly from oral and partly from written accounts, and more recently, from a more accurate report, and especially after I had heard through a citizen of this city, who had lived in America five or six years, what fine lands there were and how cheap; what liberty, what great, good, and increasing trade, what rich mines and other advantages there were, and had been told what fine rich silver mines he had discovered and found, and when I considered that I was burdened with rather heavy debts, which I had contracted even before my travels, [. . .] I was impelled to do something to satisfy the creditors and to help my family.

Since there was now in the [Swiss] Fatherland little hope of my being able to relieve such great distress, I took strongly into consideration the fine propositions of the above mentioned citizen, to whom out of consideration I shall here give no name, and consoling myself with my old and new friends of rank in England, and relying upon them, I finally took a firm resolution to leave my Fatherland and to see if fortune would be more favorable to me in England. Not to be detained by the creditors and my own people, I began my journey secretly, leaving to my father, who was financially able to do so to take charge of my debts and business.

When I arrived in Holland certain persons almost turned me aside from my plan, and other propositions were made me in which I was to be given support and something as a profit, but I did not find enough in this to make good my losses, and continued my journey to England. [. . .]

At this very time there came over 10,000 souls from Germany to England, all under the name of Palatines, but among them were many from Switzerland, and people brought together from other provinces of Germany. This caused the royal court as well as private individuals much concern and also unspeakable costs, so that they were embarrassed because of these people, and therefore there soon went out an edict by which it was allowed to many persons to take some of these people and care for them, and a good share of them had been sent into three kingdoms, but partly because of their laziness, partly because of the jealousy of the poor subjects of the country, they did not do so well as it was supposed they would, and so they had begun to send a considerable number of these people to America, and the Queen had had great sums distributed for that purpose.

At this juncture different persons of high and of middle rank, to whom my undertaking was known, advised me not to lose so favorable an opportunity; and at the same time gave me good hopes that, if I wished to take a considerable number of these people, the Queen would not only grant me the money for their passage, but in addition, would give me a good contribution for them. These hopes were realized and the sum reached almost £4,000 Sterling.

Besides this, the Queen had granted to the royal council land upon the Potomac River, as much as we immediately needed, and moreover had given strong recommendations to the governor of Virginia. All this with the advantageous promises of the Proprietors of Carolina¹ gave to the undertaking a good appearance, and there was as much hope for a fortunate outcome as the beginning seemed good and prosperous.

To provide for and send this colony I took indescribable pains. (1) I tried to choose for this project healthy, industrious people and among them those of all sorts of trades necessary for this undertaking. (2) A supply of all kinds of necessary tools and things. (3) Also sufficient and good food. (4) Good ships and sailors, also certain over- and under-directors for these people, to keep every thing in good order. (5) In order that no negligence or lack of knowledge should be attributed to us, I have begun nothing without the knowledge, advice, and instruction of the royal committee. (6) Upon the ships, as afterwards upon the land, the over-directors were three of the most prominent persons from Carolina itself, who had already lived there many years and were acquainted with everything in those parts. These were the Chief Judge or Justice of the Peace, the Chief or General Surveyor, and the Receiver General, who were on business in London at this very time and were appointed by the royal committee, as well as by the Lords Proprietors, to have a close, faithful, and good watch over these people. The under-directors were composed of more than twelve of the most orderly and honorable men among the people—according to appearances.

So then, after everything had been adjusted, concluded, and ratified, by the royal committee as well as by the Lords Proprietors for me and the people, even before the departure, I begged the royal committee to be pleased to send some of their members, who were experienced in travel by ship, to examine whether everything was arranged as it should be, and to talk with the captain; this they did and the report was given in the committee. The day before the departure I went, with the pastor who remained in London after the company had gone to America, to Gravesend; to which place, because I was waiting for the little colony coming on from Bern, as well as for some of my associates, I could not go with them. I took my leave of them with a necessary exhortation, and then, when the German minister, Mr. Caesar, had given the people a fine sermon, commending them to the protection of the Most High, I let them sail away, not without taking precaution on account of the dangerous war times, for I then obtained this favor from the Chief Admiral, Count Pembroke, that he ordered Vice Admiral Norris to accompany our people or ship with his squadron out upon the broad sea or towards Portugal. This took place in the winter—in January—and then, because of the rough winds and storms,

this ship was so driven about that it did not arrive in Virginia until after thirteen weeks.

This, along with the salt food to which the people were not accustomed, and the fact that they were so closely confined, contributed very much to the sickness and death of many upon the sea. Others could not restrain their desires when they came to land, drank too much fresh water and overloaded themselves with raw fruit, so that they died of fever, and this colony therefore had half died off before it was well settled.

The one ship which was filled with the best goods and on which those in best circumstances were traveling, had the misfortune, at the mouth of the James River, in sight of an English man-of-war, which however lay at anchor, to be attacked by a bold French privateer and plundered. This is the first misfortune.

After the surviving colony had regained health in Virginia where they were received very kindly, they betook themselves about twenty English miles towards Carolina, all of which, along with the goods cost a great deal. And now when they came into the County of Albemarle to the home of one Colonel Pollock upon the river called Chowan, a member of the council and one of the wealthiest in North Carolina, he provided these people, (but for money or the worth of it) with ships, so that they were conducted through the Sound into the County of Bath upon the River Neuse, with provision for only the most urgent necessity; and there the Surveyor General settled them on a point of land between the Neuse and the Trent River. This place called Chattoka is where the city of New Bern was afterwards founded. [See illustration 4.]

Here begins the second fatality or misfortune. This Surveyor General L[awson], by name, who should have located the people immediately upon their allotted land and the plantations assigned to them, claimed that, in order to save time to enable them to clear their land, he had placed them on the south side of this point of land along the Trent River, in the very hottest and most unhealthy portion, instead of toward the north, on the Neuse River, where they could have been better placed and in a more healthy locality. But he did it for his own advantage, because this was his own land, in order that it might be cleared by these people for his benefit. But since he sold that same land and ours—and dear enough—yes wrongfully, (for he had no right to it), and moreover, since it was inhabited by Indians, (although he sold it to us for unencumbered land) the poor people had to live in great distress until fall, when I came. From lack of sufficient provisions they were soon compelled to give their clothes and whatever they possessed to the neighboring settlers for food. The misery and wretchedness were almost indescribable, for, on my arrival, I saw that almost all were sick; yes, even in extremity, and the well were

all very feeble. In what a labyrinth and danger I then found myself, even my life not safe, the good Lord knows.

Consider how my Bern people, who in every other respect had had a favorable passage with me in a good and favorable time of year, with plenty of room, and not one sick on the way, looked on this tragedy, where sickness, despair, and lack of the most necessary things reigned supreme.

The thing that caused this distress was in part, the bad conduct of the over- and under-directors as well as their faithlessness; [. . .] When the newly elected Governor Hyde (though he was the representative of the Queen) and when I and the above mentioned three directors wished to introduce ourselves and show our patents (papers) and credentials before the council, this same Colonel Cary, disregarding the command of the Proprietors, boldly refused us all. Thus the promises of the Lords Proprietors, upon which I and my whole undertaking especially rested, came to nothing.

I and the whole colony were shamelessly exposed to all those reverses which I have experienced up to this hour. And so this Cary finally became an actual rebel and made himself a following by spending money, so that Governor Hyde, for that reason, did not dare, at first, to take possession of the government by force; so much the less, because he really had no special patents in his hands. And since the governor of South Carolina had the order to install him, the time was already set for this purpose and letters were written to the council of North Carolina. Misfortune, however, would have it that the above mentioned governor of South Carolina, Colonel Tynte, died at this time. This death caused great confusion. In this interregnum I was not assisted, and because of the rebellion arising at this time, I was in great and pressing distress, since every one looked out for himself and kept what he had.

The question arose whether I should risk my life and abandon this colony, yes, even let it die of hunger, or whether I should go into debt to save this people in such an extremity. As was only proper for a Christian-minded man there could be no hesitation. Since at that time news of my arrival had gone abroad in America and I was in good credit, I sent immediately to Pennsylvania for flour, because fortunately, I had already made arrangements there, and in Virginia, and also here and there in the province, for the necessaries of life. Through notes which I gave, the provisions eventually came, and slowly enough. Meanwhile our own goods and wares and those of the poor people were being used up for the necessaries which we managed to get from the neighboring inhabitants.

During this time I had the land surveyed and every family given its own plot of ground, so that they could clear it, build their cabins, and prepare their soil for planting and sowing. And so there arrived also with great expense and

trouble, provision of corn, salt, lard in place of butter, and salt meat, also rum, and other products of the soil.

But with the cattle there was difficulty. The people did not want to go where I showed them to get them, and I could not bring the animals right before their doors. But they accommodated themselves gradually, so that inside of 18 months these people were so well settled and had their affairs so well arranged that in this short time they had made more advancement than the English inhabitants in four years.

Just one instance: for example, since there is in the whole province only one poor water mill, the people of means have hand mills, while the poor pound their corn in a hollow piece of oak and sift the cleanest through a basket. This takes much time. Our people on the contrary sought out convenient water brooks and in that way, according to the condition of the water and the strength of the current, made themselves regular stamping mills by which the corn was ground, and the good man-of-the-house had time to do other work. I had already commenced to build a grist and saw mill in a very convenient place, but what happened?

When we were all hoping, after great effort and anxiety, to enjoy the fruits of our labor, aside from the reverses we had endured, and notwithstanding the fine prospect for a good establishment of the colony, there came the genuine storm of misfortune through the wild Indians, who were inspired by certain jealous and revengeful rebels of Cary's following, which overturned everything. The outcome of this tragedy is told in a separate account, and it is unnecessary to tell about it here. [. .]

Not long after this Governor Hyde sent me expresses with a whole package of patents, one of them for me, which made me Colonel over the district of Bath County and gave to me the appointing of the under officers, for their names were left blank, and begged me earnestly to assist him against the rebels.² [. .]

We put ourselves in the best position possible, and had only two pieces and not more than some 60 armed men with us. Along towards morning the rebels let fly a couple of balls from the brigantine at the house in which we were, but they were fired too high and merely grazed the ridge so that we were not harmed by it. Upon this we also shot off our pieces at the brigantine, and likewise did no damage. So the rebels began to send some of their best armed soldiery towards the land in two small barques (boats). When we became aware of that, we drew up our force towards the landing as a defense, among whom was my servant in a yellow livery. This frightened our opponents not a little, and the reason for it was they thought that my whole colony was holding itself there in the bushes. We immediately fired off our piece again. When the one shot merely grazed the mast and it fell over, it had such a good effect that

the barques turned back, and as soon as the men had climbed into the ship, they hoisted up the sails and made off. Thereupon we ordered our most resolute men to follow in a sloop, but they could not overtake them.

However, when they had gone down into the Sound the brigantine landed at a convenient place, and the most prominent ones got away through the woods. And so the small band won over the greater and the sloop brought the brigantine back, along with some provisions and the pieces. This scattered the opposing party and strengthened ours, so that we thereupon decided it would be well to announce a general pardon for all except the ringleaders, to which every one who desired to yield and submit to the Governor should subscribe. After this a parliamentary assembly was proclaimed in which, then, were treated the matters relating to these disturbers. The worst ones of the insurgents whom we could catch were taken into custody, but those who repented of their wrong and had been debauched only through instigation were accorded the amnesty. In this affair I for the most part had to take the lead. This did not suit me very well because I feared it would make me enemies. After one thing and another had been arranged as well as possible and Governor Hyde and myself had been accepted and acknowledged, every one went home in the hope that all would quiet down. This calm did not last long; the authors of the revolt collected themselves together and the above mentioned Roach (a rebel) seated himself on an island, well provided with food, shot, and munitions, and stirred up as many as he could. We tried, indeed, to drive him out of his nest, but it was not to be done. This fire of sworn conspirators gradually took hold again and increased, so that the last was soon worse than the first.

Knowing how things were, it was thought best to make an effort to get other help. And so I was sent to Alexander Spotswood, Governor of Virginia, with two members of the Council, who were given to me, to beg assistance of him. But before this we sent by expresses a writing to Governor Spotswood who appointed us a day in a village which lay between the two provinces, because, aside from seeing us, he wanted to muster his troops on the border.

So I traveled by water in the captured brigantine because it was not quite safe by land, and in addition, we wanted to get provisions out of the neighborhood. After we had traveled several hours there arose such a contrary wind that we were driven back; and so we took the canoe, a little narrow boat made from a piece of tree trunk hollowed out, and continued our journey, now that the wind was somewhat quieted down. We came too late, however, for the muster was already past, but the Governor directed further, that when I came an express should be sent immediately to him, and so I wrote a polite letter to the above mentioned gentleman, who came the next day with his secretary and two gentlemen to the appointed place where the conference was held, and

the Governor received me in an exceedingly friendly manner. This business was more important than I supposed. After giving in my credentials I began my proposal, but there was immediately a strong objection made, namely, that the Virginians were not at all inclined to fight against their neighboring brethren, for they were all equally subjects of the Queen, and the cause was not so entirely just, for at least Governor Hyde had no patents. And so we had to try some other method. And because Governor Spotswood wished to show himself somewhat more agreeable to me the first time he had seen me, since I had been introduced to him by the Queen herself, on account of the Virginia affairs, he finally considered that he should do Governor Hyde, myself, and the province the favor of sending us a man-of-war with the usual equipment of soldiers. Since they were likewise servants of the Queen, were in their red uniforms, and moreover, were good soldiers, they would accomplish much. This was granted, and we took our friendly leave of each other. With what expressions he invited me to him, and what proffers of service he made, and what marks of respects he showed me I can not sufficiently indicate.

Meanwhile I made my way home very joyously. After such happy negotiations, as soon as I had made my report, I was received with a general applause of the whole people, and this increased my credit not a little.

NOTES

1. Proprietors of Carolina. The Carolina Charter, issued by Charles II in 1663 and extended in 1665 was granted to eight Lords Proprietors, who had helped him regain the throne of England.
2. A conflict arose between Governor Hyde and an army colonel over political leadership issues. Colonel Cary began to recruit his own militia to oust the Governor in an "open rebellion."

Source: Graffenried, *Christoph*. *Christoph von Graffenried's Account of the Founding of New Bern*, edited by Vincent H. Todd. Raleigh: State Printers, 1920.

Chapter Two

Robert Witherspoon Memories of a South Carolinian Settler

The memories of the Irish immigrant Robert Witherspoon offer rare glimpses into the social and cultural scenes in the Carolinas during the years leading up to the Revolutionary War. Witherspoon was born in 1728, and recorded his recollections when he was already in his fifties, chronicling the hardships and struggles of his family in the pioneer days of the colony, battling nature, disease, and poverty. Robert was a child when he emigrated from Ireland with his parents. After landing in Charleston, the family moved inland towards Kingstree and then north along the Black River. After Robert was old enough to work as a foreman, he cleared and cultivated his own farmstead, got married and started a family. Witherspoon wrote his memories in 1780, to record his family's background and to "bear them this testimony, that they were servers of God." The chronicle was published in 1835, from which this transcript was taken. Some of his spelling has been updated to fit current conventions. Witherspoon's report sketches the history of his ancestors in Scotland and Ireland, and maps the immigrants' journey after they landed in South Carolina in 1734. The geographical references can be traced on the historical map presented in illustration 9.

MEMORIES OF A SOUTH CAROLINIAN SETTLER

My grandfather and grandmother were born in Scotland about the year 1670, they were cousins and had both the same surname. His name was John and hers was Janet. They lived in their younger years in or near Glasgow and in 1695 they left Scotland and settled in Ireland in the County of Down and Parish of Drumbo, at a place called Knockbrackon, where he lived in good

circumstances and in good credit until the year 1734, when he removed with his family to South Carolina. We went on board a ship on the 14th of September [. . .]. The second day of our sail my grandmother died and was interred in the rigid ocean which was an afflictive sight to her offspring. We were sorely tossed at sea with storms which caused our ship to spring a leak. Our pumps were kept incessantly at work day and night. For many days our mariners seemed many a time at their wits end but it pleased God to bring us all safe to land, which was about the 1st of December. But to return, my grandfather and mother had 7 children, namely, Janet, David, James, Elizabeth, Robert, Mary and Gavin. Their daughter Janet was born in Scotland and was married to John Flemming in Ireland, they had a large family of children born in Ireland, they brought seven with them to this place, Isabella, John, Elizabeth, James, Janet, Penelope and William. My uncle John died in the year 1750 in a good old age. My aunt Janet died 1761 in the 66th year of her age. [. . .]

As I said we landed in Charleston three weeks before Christmas. We found the inhabitants very kind. We stayed in town till after Christmas and we put on board of an open boat, with tools and one year of provisions, and one still mill. They allowed each hand upwards of 14 years of age one axe, one broad hoe and one narrow hoe. Our provision was Indian corn, rice, wheaten flours, beef, pork, some rum and salt. We were much distressed in this part of our passage, as it was the dead of winter; we were exposed to the inclemency of the weather day and night, and which added to the grief of all pious persons on board, the atheistical and blasphemous mouths of our patrons and other hands. They brought us up as far as Potato Ferry. It turned us on shore, where we lay in Samuel Commanders' barn for some time, and the boat wrought her way up to the "King's Tree" with the goods and provisions, which I believe was the first boat ever to come up so high before. Whilst we lay at Mr. Commanders, our men came up in order to get dirt houses or rather like potato houses, to take their families to. They brought some few horses with them, what help they could get from the few inhabitants, in order to carry children, and other necessaries up, as the woods were full of water and most severe frosts, it was very severe for women and children. We set out in the morning and some got no farther that day than Mr. McDonalds and some as far as Mr. Plowdens, some to James Armstrongs, and some to uncle William James. Their little cabins were as full that night as they could hold, and the next day every one made the best they could to their own place, which was the 1st day of February. [. . .]

My father's name was James. He was my grandfather's third child and second son. He was born at the beginning of this present century and lived with his parents at Drumbo, until he was 25 years old, when he was married to my

mother, in the 20th year of her age. Her name was Elizabeth McQuoid, daughter of Robert McQuoid. Her mother's name was Sarah Campbell. My grandfather, Robert McQuoid, died in Ireland in the year 1728 in the 86th year of his age. My grandmother died in Ireland also in the 80th year of her age. My father and mother settled in Grabo Parish near the Cuning Burn Mill, where they lived about nine years, when they sold their privileges there in order to embark for America. My father brought up his family to grandfather's at Knockbrackon about the 1st of May and left us there and went and wrought at the reed making trade until the 1st of September. They brought on ship board four children, David, Robert, John, and Sarah. Sarah died in Charleston and was the first buried at the Scotch Meeting House graveyard.

It was the 1st of February (1735) when we came to the Bluff. My mother and us children were still in expectation that we were coming to an agreeable place, but when we arrived and saw nothing but a wilderness and instead of a fine timbered house, nothing but a very mean dirt house, our spirits quite sunk, and what added to our trouble, our pilot we had with us from uncle William James left us when he came in sight of the place. My father gave us all the comfort he could by telling us we would get all these trees cut down and in a short time there would be plenty of inhabitants that we could see from house to house.

Whilst we were at this, our fire, which we brought from Bog Swamp, went out. Father had heard that up the river swamp was the King's Tree, although there was no such path, neither did he know the distance, yet he followed up the swamp until he came to the branch and by that found Roger Gordens. We watched him as far as trees would let us see and returned into our dolorous hut, expecting never to see him or any human person more, but after some time he returned and brought fire. We were somewhat comforted but evening coming on, the wolves began to howl on all sides, we then feared being devoured by wild beasts, having neither gun or dog, nor any door to our house. Howbeit, we set to and gathered fuel and made on a good fire and so passed the 1st night.

The next day being a clear warm morning, we began to stir about, but about midday there rose a great cloud south west, attended with a high wind, thunder and lightening. The rain quickly penetrated through between the powls [?] and brought down the sand that covered over, which seemed to threaten to cover us alive. The lightening and claps of thunder were very awful and lasted a good space of time. I do not remember to have seen a much severer gust than that was. I believe we all sincerely wished ourselves again at Belfast but this fright was soon over and the evening cleared up comfortable and warm.

The boat that brought up the goods arrived at the King's Tree. People were much oppressed in bringing their things, as there was no other way but to

carry them on their backs, which consisted of their bed clothing, chest, provisions, pots and tools. And at that time there was few or no roads, every family had to travel the best way they could, which was here double distance to some, for they had to follow swamps and branches for their guides, for some time. And after some time some men got such a knowledge of the woods as to blaze paths, so the people soon found out to follow blazes from place to place.

As the winter was far advanced, the time to prepare land for planting was very short, yet people were very strong and healthy. All that could, worked diligently and continued clearing and planting as long as the season would admit, so that they made provisions for the ensuing year. As they had but few beasts, a little served them and as the range was good, they had no need of feeding creatures for some years. I remember that amongst the first thing my father brought from the boat was his gun, which was one of Queen Ann's muskets. He had her loaded with swan shots. One morning when we were at breakfast, there was a traveling possum on his way passing by the door. My mother screamed out saying that there is a great bear. Mother and us children hid ourselves behind some barrels and a chest at the other end of our hut, whilst our father got his gun and studied her past the fork, that held up that end of the house and shot him about the hinder parts, which caused poor possum to grin and open her mouth in a frightful manner. Father was in haste to give him a second shot, being mislaid in the hurry, could not be found. We were penned up for some time. Father at length ventured out and killed it with a pail.

Another alarming circumstance was the Indians. When they came to hunt in the spring they were in great numbers in all places, like the Egyptians' locusts, but they were not hurtful. We had a great deal of trouble and hardships in our first settling but the few inhabitants continued yet in health and strength. Yet we were still oppressed with fears on divers accounts, especially of being massacred by the Indians or bit by the snakes or torn by wild beasts or being lost or perished in the woods.

Of the lost there were three persons. About the latter end of August 1736, my uncle Robert arrived here. The ship he came in was called *New Built*. She was a ship of great burden and brought many passengers which chiefly came up here and obliged to travel up by land; they, instead of provisions, had money given them by the public. Our second crop was on the ground when they came. As it was in the warm season, they were much fatigued in coming up and many were taken with the fever and ache. Some died with that disorder and many after the ache ceased grew dropsical (drowsy) and died. About this time people began to form into societies and sent to Ireland for a minister. One came, named Robert Heron. He stayed three years and returned back

to Ireland. In the fall of 1737 my grandfather took the rose (shingles) on his leg which occasioned a fever of which he died and was the first buried at Williamsburg Meeting House.

About the same time my father had a daughter, who died, named Elizabeth, born at the Bluff, about three years old. He was a man of middling stature, a firm healthy constitution, some with bandy legged, of a fair complexion, he was all acquainted with the scriptures, and had a volubility of expressions in prayer. A zealous adherent to the reformed protestant principles of the Church of Scotland, he had a great aversion against Episcopacy and who ever impartially reads the history of the times of his younger years may see that his prejudices were not without cause, as it was his lot to be in the time of great distress to the perugated [?] church in the reign of James the 7th of Scotland, and 2nd of England. As he was one of the set that followed field meetings, some of his kindred and himself were much harassed by them. Yet, notwithstanding if his younger years was attended with some trouble, he enjoyed much peace and tranquility in his after life and had the comfort of living to see all his seven children creditably married and settled for themselves, except the death of my grandmother, his beloved wife, he never knew what it was to part by death in his own family, which blessing few have enjoyed.

In May 1743 the Reverend John Roe arrived here from Scotland. He came upon a call from this congregation sent some time before to the Reverend Willison from Dundee. He continued to be a faithful and laborious pastor in this congregation until the year 1761, when he went up the Black River, was taken sick with the pleurisy and died; his remains were brought and buried at the meeting house, being 46 years old.

I was born on August 20th, 1728 in Ireland. I was my father's second son. In my youth he taught me to weave, also my eldest brother David he taught to make reeds. The family lived at the Bluff until March 1749, when my father moved his family to Thorn Tree. I went and wrought at uncle Gavin's, who lived then in Megerth Swamp, the weaving business until the following September, when I went to overseeing and lived with Mr. Flemming, near Black River Church. I lived with him until August 1750, when he died. I continued with his widow until January, 1752, when I returned home to my father again. The reason of my return was, it pleased God in the late awful distemper—that was in Williamsburg, which began the 1st of November 1750 and carried off near 80 persons in a short time, many of which were the principle people of this congregation—to remove by death my eldest brother, David and my sister Jane.

My father being in a very weakly state, unable to take care of his plantation, I left my own concerns to take care of his. I remained with my parents until March 2, 1758, when I left them and settled for myself. The aforesaid

2nd of March, I was married to Elizabeth Heathly, a young woman in the 18th year of her age. Our son James was born the 22nd of March, 1761, and died the 8th of September 1765. Our daughter Ann was born January 4th, 1763. Our 3rd son named John was born January 20th 1765, and died the 24th of July, 1767. Our son Robert was born January 29th, 1767. Our daughter Mary was born 20th March 1769. Our daughter Elizabeth was born July 25th, 1771. Our son John was born March 17th, 1774. Our son Thomas was born July 23rd, 1776.

My honored mother departed this life the 25th of January, 1777, in the 72nd year of her age. She was the last surviving branch of the old tock of our family and as I have had an opportunity of having a personal knowledge of their lives and deaths, I bear them this testimony; that they were servers of God, they were all acquainted with the scriptures, they were much in prayer, they were strict observers of the Sabbath, in a word, they were a stock that studied outward piety and inward purity.

Indeed, God blessed this settlement at first with a number of godly, pious men, out of which I choose to set down some of their names—William Wilson, David Allen, William Hamilton, John Porter, William James, David Wilson, John James, James McCollond, Robert Pressly, James Bradley, John Lemon, William Frierson, to which I add my own father and my three uncles David, Robert, and Gavin. They were men of great piety in their day and indeed they were men of renown. May the glorious king and head of his church for his own glory still maintain and keep up men of piety and holiness, as a blessing to this place to the latest posterity is the heart request of the unworthy scribe.

Source: Witherspoon, Robert. "Recollections of a Settler in South Carolina" [1734–1750]. Pp.122–129 in *The Colonial South Carolina Scene. Contemporary Views, 1697–1774*, edited by H. Roy Merrens. Columbia: University of South Carolina Press, 1977.

Chapter Three

James Murray: Letters from a Scottish Pioneer

James Murray emigrated from Scotland to South Carolina in 1735 to work as a planter and to start his own trading business. “From hence,” he wrote home to his cousin, John Murray, “I shall in about ten days proceed to Cape Fear. [. . .] If I may judge from the short trial I have had of this country,” he added, “I think it is a very agreeable one, particularly at this season, and the people seem very friendly among themselves and kind to strangers.” He traveled to New Town, also known as New Liverpool, later renamed Wilmington, and moved to Brunswick in the Cape Fear region in North Carolina, where he bought a plantation and resettled with his family. Murray later served on the Provincial Council of the colony, and also as an Associate Justice of the General Court. His letters reflect a proactive personality with an optimistic outlook but also an immigrant’s struggle to make it through life’s losses and hardships. His hopes and concern focus on transactions involving his business and the affairs of his extended family, some of whom lived as far north as Boston.

JAMES MURRAY TO A FAMILY FRIEND, WILLIAM ELLISON

Brunswick, 14th February, 1736

DEAR SIR—We sailed from Charles Town the last day of December, and came over the bar of Cape Fear the 2nd day of January and camped ashore all night by a good fire in the woods. Next day we got up to this town (Brunswick). I intended to have gone up to New Town, alias New Liverpool, but was told there was no house there to be had except I built one; so was obliged to bring all ashore here, where I have got a good convenient house on

rent, which I shall keep until I can purchase a few slaves and a plantation in the country where I can have all kind of provisions of my own raising. Here I am obliged to pay no less than 17 to 20 Pounds per bushel for corn, and 10, 12 and 14 Pounds per lb. for meat. I am told this place is every bit as healthy as New Town. There is a great emulation between the two towns, but I intend to concern myself with neither, but throw myself easily out of trade into the plantation.

As to your son William I have the pleasure of giving you a just and good account of his behavior, which has been very discreet and sober ever since he left you. While at Charles Town he lodged and boarded in the same house with us, and as soon as my house here was fitted up he stayed with me till we went up to the Governor's, and there I left him to come down to court with his Excellency next week. The only fault that I and every body else has to him is, that he has not picked up a common (much less a lawyer's) assurance, the want of which I tell him will be a vast loss to him. . . .

I have supplied William with what money he wanted and shall continue so to do as he has occasion for it; but if you send him a fresh supply, it must be in some thing else than wigs, for I have not been able to sell one of them, though I offered them both in Charles Town and here. [. .]

You are mistaken. We are not deprived of the advantages of the gospel preached, for we have the best minister that I have heard in America to preach and read prayers to us every 2nd or 3rd Sunday at least, and in a cold day a good fire in the church to sit by. In these and many other respects this town is preferable to New Town, and I believe the last will be first in a little time. We have had a great deal of snow and cold weather since we came here.

I shall deliver William his indentures, and put him in mind to look out for his 50 acres. If he can find land, he may have 10 times that quantity; if not, he will get none that is worth while, nor no body else, for people that are acquainted with the country only know where the vacant land is, so they get a warrant survey and patents and then screw as much as they can from a stranger for it, who in his turn serves others the same way.

JAMES MURRAY TO A BUSINESS FRIEND, DAVID TULLIDEPH

Brunswick, 31st March, 1736

DEAR SIR,—Since my last letter [. . we] have been up the North East branch of this river about 180 miles from the mouth of it. We found a little difficulty in getting up and down, with our canoes, which were deep loaded, by reason of logs lying across; but where the river was clear we had 6 foot water as far as we went and an easy current. There is not such a quantity of

land in any part of this country that was discovered as good as the one that lies on the head of the North East and Black River, whose branches interlock one another, which is the centre of the province. And in all probability it would far exceed any part of it were there industrious people enough to inhabit it. But notwithstanding all I have said and a great deal more I could say in praise of it, the Governor thinks it will not be for your interest to take up any land here unless you come to live on it yourself. And indeed, I am of the same opinion, for I observe that this country even exceeds all ever I heard of the West Indies (islands) about bad Attorneys and overseers. If it was in my way to overlook your plantation, you might expect to be better served; but I do not intend to take up any land within 100 miles of it for some time, till I see how it is like to be inhabited and improved, and I am afraid you will get none to live in such an out of the way place. As it will be for some time, to be strictly honest to you, and you are obliged to clear about 60 acres of your 2000 within three years after you are in possession of it or else your right lapses [. . .]

(Note: James Murray later purchased a tract of land near Newton which he intended to turn into a plantation big enough to feed the growing community. An influx of Swiss and Irish Protestants was expected to arrive within a year. These immigrants, seeking homes in North Carolina, were brought over by a Scottish business friend of Murray and a correspondent, who later migrated himself to the Cape Fear region to work for King George II as a “surveyor, inspector and controller of the revenue and grants of land.”)

**JAMES MURRAY TO HIS BUSINESS FRIEND,
DAVID TULLIDEPH**

Newton, January 10th 1737

DEAR SIR,— . . . I can write you nothing entertaining from this, but from the number of the Irish and Swiss that are soon expected here some of us imagine the prosperity of the country and happiness of its inhabitants in general to be at hand. Others are in dread and confusion, fearing an end will be put to their lording over the King’s heritage.

When I first came in I rented a house of Roger Moore’s, to whom my behavior and intimacy with some gentleman was so disagreeable that he told me to turn out before I had been nine months of a year in the house. Then I bought a house and lot in this town where I now live, and immediately thereafter purchased a plantation within fifteen miles of about 500 acres. The one

cost me 1000 Pounds and the other 500£ of this currency. With both I am very well satisfied, and since I cannot make remittances to carry on trade I intend to turn planter as soon as possible.

(Note: Murray wrote the following letter from London. He traveled there to arrange a shipment of merchandise which he intended to sell for high profits in the Carolina colony. Murray's correspondence describes these plans to his brother-in-law.)

JAMES MURRAY TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THOMAS CLARK

London, 23rd December, 1738

DEAR SIR,— . . . You'll be surprised when I tell you that, instead of my scheme of retired life, I am going to involve myself in the Cape Fear trade deeper than myself or any of my predecessors or contemporaries have done hitherto, and am now fitting out a Cargo of above £1500 Pound-Sterling to begin with, and have chartered a ship to load directly back with such commodities as can be got.

If our Gentlemen Planters have a mind to set their trade on the footing of South Carolina now they'll have a fair opportunity. If I find they are not ready and willing to encourage it, especially in the loading of this ship, I shall set down my little family with you and go away without breaking bulk to South Carolina or Georgia, for my cargo is suited for either of these places, and shall come back with the refuse of my cargo (if any), for which I shall expect 2000–3000 per cent profit, as other people as well as I used (and I presume still continue) to sell for. Let them pay when they will.

(Note: In 1755, James Murray writes about his wife's good health. A rainy and humid season in the summer of 1757, however, caused her to come down with a low fever, which worsened in the fall. Mrs. Murray's illness continued with added symptoms through the winter. James Murray's letters to his mother and his daughter Dolly, who lived in Boston at the time, reveal the husband's grief and distress.)

JAMES MURRAY TO HIS MOTHER, MRS. BENNET

Cape Fear, March 25th, 1758

DEAR MADAM,— . . . The Waters continued on our low grounds part of July and August with little intervals and, at going off in September, the vapors

from the swamps made the inhabitants near the low grounds very sickly. Hence Mrs. Murray's and my daughter Jeany's sickness begun. We went to the Sound near the sea in October, and they recovered so fast that she was impatient to be home that I might be disengaged to look after my business; but no sooner came we home than she relapsed into her intermittent fevers, attended with swellings. We went back to the Sound in November, but not with equal benefit. . . . At length on the 17th of February, Mrs. Murray was delivered of a daughter in the 8th month, and died on the 19th. The young child lived only a fortnight after her, and Jeany died on the 23rd of this Month.

I am Your dutiful and Affectionate Son.

JAMES MURRAY TO HIS DAUGHTER, DOROTHY MURRAY

Cape Fear, March 21st 1758

MY DEAR DOLLY—Your letter to your Mama of the 20th February came to my hand a few days since with the worked chair, both of which would have given her great pleasure, but she is gone to enjoy pleasures infinitely greater. This loss, both you and I have reason to thank God, will be well made up to you in an aunt whose affection has been always more like a Mama's than an aunt's; and as to the two younger children, if they survive. It is probable I may get them tolerably well taken care of until you come up to be a mother to them. If you answer my expectations, you may rest assured I shall be as good a father as you can desire. Such as one of the children of the best of wives deserves, and shall glory in denying myself the enjoyments of a world I am shortly to leave in purpose that you may the better enjoy a world you are soon to come into. Have therefore no anxiety or suspicion about my conduct, but be careful of your own. You have a good example before you. Be constant in your prayers to God and in endeavors to imitate it. It is my purpose, if it is agreeable to your uncle and aunt, to continue you where you are till the autumn of 1760, unless they come hither in the time and then you can return with them.

If my Sister thinks proper all or part of your Mama's cloths shall be sent for you. May God direct and preserve you for a comfort to a father who at present is desolate enough.

Your affectionate J M

March 23. Your sister Jeany dead

DOROTHY MURRAY TO HER FATHER, JAMES MURRAY

Boston, June 24th 1758

HONOURED FATHER,—I received your most affectionate letter which brought the melancholy news of my Dear Mamma's death. It greaves me very much . . . I have an Aunt that has always been like a mother to me which I am very thankful for, notwithstanding the loss of so dear and tender a mamma is very great to me, but God's will must be done. I hope He will enable me to submit as becomes one who has been brought up as I have. You my Dear Papa meet with great afflictions; how moving your letter. The death of my two sisters so soon after my Mamma must increase your grief though small in comparison to the first, that to so tender and good a father it is melancholy. You bid me have no anxiety or suspicion about your conduct. No my Papa, far be it from me to suspect you in anything that would not be to my advantage. I am very anxious about your health. I hope you will do everything to contribute to it and pray keep up your spirits. I shall endeavor with the assistance of my aunt to be qualified as you direct, and hope with your good advice from time to time to answer your expectations in every particular. I am determined to do everything in my power that she thinks will be agreeable to you.

May God Almighty of his Infinite Goodness, bless and preserve My Dear Papa for a director to his helpless babes—helpless indeed without your paternal care. I hope we shall have gratitude enough to acknowledge your goodness to the last moment of our lives. Even after this mortal state that we meet never to part and give thanks that we had so good a Father and Mother, is the sincere prayer of

Your most dutiful Daughter
DOROTHY MURRAY

P. S.—Give my love to my dear little sister Betzy. I have sent her a doll and a few other things which I hope she will like. Please offer my compliments to Miss McNel and I am very glad she is with you.

Adieu

Source: Murray, James. "The Letters of James Murray, Loyalist," edited by Nina Moore Tiffany. Privately printed, 1901.

Chapter Four

Olaudah Equiano An African's Account

The following excerpt from Olaudah Equiano's autobiography, entitled *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, the African. Written by Himself*, describes his forced migration in the 1750s as a captive on board a slave ship. The voyage followed the so-called Middle Passage, a slave-trading route between Africa and the Americas. Equiano recalls his experiences between West Africa and the Caribbean island of Barbados in the Lesser Antilles, a region filled with British sugar plantations. The author's narrative is a rare literary example depicting the horror and anguish of enslaved immigrants in the mid-18th century. Captured in Africa, Olaudah Equiano was sold into servitude as a young boy. He grew up in a prominent Ibo family in the African kingdom of Benin in today's Nigeria. His own family owned slaves, which was not an uncommon practice among the indigenous tribes of Benin. Children, who played alone or strayed too far from their villages, faced the danger of being abducted into the slave trade. This happened one day to young Equiano and his sister, who were kidnapped and got separated. Equiano was transported to the African coast, where a European vessel was waiting to sail along the Middle Passage to America. It was a deeply terrifying and traumatizing experience for the young boy and his older companions. In his autobiography Equiano described the agonizing plight of the victims, the "shrieks of the women," the "groans of the dying," the floggings, and his own desperate thoughts of throwing himself overboard. The ship finally arrived in the West Indies, where buyers were eager to purchase the human cargo. There was no buyer, however, for young Equiano. Less than two weeks after his arrival, he was shipped out to a southern port, most likely Charleston in South Carolina, from where he was moved to Virginia. There he was put to work by a new master, Michael Henry Pascal, a lieutenant in

the Royal Navy, who owned Equiano for the next seven years. He brought him to England, where Equiano received an education, and traveled the world on ships under Pascal's command. In 1766, Equiano bought his freedom. He found work in the West Indies, and later in London, where Equiano became an active abolitionist. He spoke up against the cruelty of the slave system and all it entailed. When he published his autobiography in 1789, the year of the French Revolution, Olaudah Equiano was a well-known anti-slavery activist. Ten years after the author's death in 1797, the English parliament abolished the slave trade.

BOARDING A SLAVE-SHIP

The first object which saluted my eyes when I arrived on the coast was the sea, and a slave-ship, which was then riding at anchor, and waiting for its cargo. These filled me with astonishment, which was soon converted into terror, which I am yet at a loss to describe, nor the then feelings of my mind. When I was carried on board I was immediately handled, and tossed up, to see if I were sound, by some of the crew; and I was now persuaded that I was got into a world of bad spirits, and that they were going to kill me. Their complexions too differing so much from ours, their long hair, and the language they spoke, which was very different from any I had ever heard, united to confirm me in this belief. Indeed, such were the horrors of my views and fears at the moment, that, if ten thousand worlds had been my own, I would have freely parted with them all to have exchanged my condition with that of the meanest slave in my own country. When I looked round the ship too, and saw a large furnace of copper boiling, and a multitude of black people of every description chained together, every one of their countenances expressing dejection and sorrow, I no longer doubted of my fate, and, quite overpowered with horror and anguish, I fell motionless on the deck and fainted. When I recovered a little, I found some black people about me, who I believed were some of those who brought me on board, and had been receiving their pay; they talked to me in order to cheer me, but all in vain. I asked them if we were not to be eaten by those white men with horrible looks, red faces, and long hair? They told me I was not; and one of the crew brought me a small portion of spirituous liquor in a wine glass; but, being afraid of him, I would not take it out his hand. One of the blacks therefore took it from him and gave it to me, and I took a little down my palate, which, instead of reviving me, as they thought it would, threw me into the greatest consternation at the strange feeling it produced, having never tasted any such liquor before. Soon after this,

the blacks who brought me on board went off, and left me abandoned to despair. I now saw myself deprived of all chance of returning to my native country, or even the least glimpse of hope of gaining the shore, which I now considered as friendly: and I even wished for my former slavery in preference to my present situation, which was filled with horrors of every kind, still heightened by my ignorance of what I was to undergo. I was not long suffered to indulge my grief; I was soon put down under the decks, and there I received such a salutation in my nostrils as I had never experienced in my life; so that with the loathsomeness of the stench, and crying together, I became so sick and low that I was not able to eat, nor had I the least desire to taste any thing. I now wished for the last friend, Death, to relieve me; but soon, to my grief, two of the white men offered me eatables; and, on refusing to eat, one of them held me fast by the hands, and laid me across, I think, the windlass, and tied my feet, while the other flogged me severely. I had never experienced any thing of this kind before; and although, not being used to the water, I naturally feared that element the first time I saw it; yet, nevertheless, could I have got over the nettings, I would have jumped over the side, but I could not; and, besides, the crew used to watch us very closely who were not chained down to the decks, lest we should leap into the water; and I have seen some of these poor African prisoners most severely cut for attempting to do so, and hourly whipped for not eating. This indeed was often the case with myself. In a little time after, amongst the poor chained men, I found some of my own nation, which in a small degree gave ease to my mind. I inquired of these what was to be done with us? They gave me to understand we were to be carried to these white people's country to work for them. I was then a little revived, and thought, if it were no worse than working, my situation was not so desperate: but still I feared I should be put to death, the white people looked and acted, as I thought, in so savage a manner; for I had never seen among any people such instances of brutal cruelty; and this not only shown towards us blacks, but also to some of the whites themselves. One white man in particular I saw, when we were permitted to be on deck, flogged so unmercifully with a large rope near the foremast, that he died in consequence of it; and they tossed him over the side as they would have done a brute. This made me fear these people the more; and I expected nothing less than to be treated in the same manner.

THE MIDDLE PASSAGE

At last, when the ship we were in had got in all her cargo, they made ready with many fearful noises, and we were all put under deck, so that we could

not see how they managed the vessel. But this disappointment was the least of my sorrow. The stench of the hold while we were on the coast was so intolerably loathsome, that it was dangerous to remain there for any time, and some of us had been permitted to stay on the deck for the fresh air; but now that the whole ship's cargo were confined together, it became absolutely pestilential. The closeness of the place, and the heat of the climate, added to the number in the ship, which was so crowded that each had scarcely room to turn himself, almost suffocated us. This produced copious perspirations, so that the air soon became unfit for respiration, from a variety of loathsome smells, and brought on a sickness among the slaves, of which many died, thus falling victims to the improvident avarice, as I may call it, of their purchasers. This wretched situation was again aggravated by the galling of the chains, now become insupportable; and the filth of the necessary tubs, into which the children often fell, and were almost suffocated. The shrieks of the women, and the groans of the dying, rendered the whole a scene of horror almost inconceivable.

Happily perhaps for myself I was soon reduced so low here that it was thought necessary to keep me almost always on deck; and from my extreme youth I was not put in fetters. In this situation I expected every hour to share the fate of my companions, some of whom were almost daily brought upon deck at the point of death, which I began to hope would soon put an end to my miseries. Often did I think many of the inhabitants of the deep much more happy than myself; I envied them the freedom they enjoyed, and as often wished I could change my condition for theirs.

Every circumstance I met with served only to render my state more painful, and heighten my apprehensions, and my opinion of the cruelty of the whites. One day they had taken a number of fishes; and when they had killed and satisfied themselves with as many as they thought fit, to our astonishment who were on the deck, rather than give any of them to us to eat, as we expected, they tossed the remaining fish into the sea again, although we begged and prayed for some as well we could, but in vain; and some of my countrymen, being pressed by hunger, took an opportunity, when they thought no one saw them, of trying to get a little privately; but they were discovered, and the attempt procured them some very severe floggings.

One day, when we had a smooth sea, and a moderate wind, two of my wearied countrymen, who were chained together (I was near them at the time), preferring death to such a life of misery, somehow made through the nettings, and jumped into the sea: immediately another quite dejected fellow, who, on account of his illness, was suffered to be out of irons, also followed their example; and I believe many more would soon have done the same, if they had not been prevented by the ship's crew, who were instantly alarmed. Those of

us that were the most active were, in a moment, put down under the deck; and there was such a noise and confusion amongst the people of the ship as I never heard before, to stop her, and get the boat to go out after the slaves. However, two of the wretches were drowned, but they got the other, and afterwards flogged him unmercifully, for thus attempting to prefer death to slavery. In this manner we continued to undergo more hardships than I can now relate; hardships which are inseparable from this accursed trade. - Many a time we were near suffocation, from the want of fresh air, which we were often without for whole days together. This, and the stench of the necessary tubs, carried off many.

During our passage I first saw flying fishes, which surprised me very much: they used frequently to fly across the ship, and many of them fell on the deck. I also now first saw the use of the quadrant. I had often with astonishment seen the mariners make observations with it, and I could not think what it meant. They at last took notice of my surprise; and one of them, willing to increase it, as well as to gratify my curiosity, made me one day look through it. The clouds appeared to me to be land, which disappeared as they passed along. This heightened my wonder: and I was now more persuaded than ever that I was in another world, and that every thing about me was magic.

At last we came in sight of the island of Barbados, at which the whites on board gave a great shout, and made many signs of joy to us.

Source: Equiano, Olaudah (or Gustavus Vassa). *The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano, or Gustavus Vassa, the African. Written by Himself*. London, 1789.

Chapter Five

August Spangenberg The Moravian Diary

The Wachovia region around Winston-Salem in North Carolina attracted immigrants of Moravian, Czech, German, and Bohemian origin. The Moravians traced their religious history to the preacher John Hus, who was condemned by the Catholic Church, declared a heretic, and burned at the stake in 1415. His followers, the Hussites, later formed the “Unity of Brethren” which thrived throughout the central part of Europe where they formed a new denomination known as the Moravian Church. The congregation sent missionaries to all parts of the new world. Many came to the American colonies to proselytize among European settlers and Native Americans, and to settle communities that exemplified their religious and humanist ideals. As colonial administrators in the Carolinas were anxious to attract immigrants to the new territories, one of them, Lord Granville, approached Bishop August Gottlieb Spangenberg, Head of the Moravian Church, about the prospect of bringing more immigrant Brethren to the South. In 1752 Bishop Spangenberg led a small group of prospective settlers from Pennsylvania to survey a tract of land in the foothills east of the Appalachians. After much exploration Spangenberg decided that the Moravians should purchase about thousand acres near the town of Winston in present day Forsyth County. They called their new settlement Salem. Below is an excerpt of Bishop Spangenberg’s diary describing the arrival of his group in North Carolina and their efforts to find suitable land for the Moravian settlement.

EDENTON, SEPTEMBER 10, 1752

Yesterday we arrived in Carolina. On the entire journey from Bethlehem the Lord has kept us in good health, and has guided us with His eye. Letters from

My Lord Granville¹ to Mr. Corbin² had given us good introduction, so that all were ready to welcome us so soon as we reached our lodgings. Mr. Corbin himself called on us, and told us he was ready and willing to give us all possible assistance. We delivered to him My Lord Granville's letter, commending us to him, and also His Lordship's Warrant.³ He stayed with us three hours, telling us many things that will be helpful. [. . .]

EDENTON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1752

If I am to say how I find things in North Carolina I must admit that there is much confusion. There is discord between the Counties, which has greatly weakened the authority of the Legislature, and interferes with the administration of justice. The reason is this,—as I hear it from both sides: When the Colony was still weak the older Counties were permitted to send five men each to the Assembly. After a long time the Colony increased in size, and new Counties were formed, but were allowed only two representatives each. That continued until the newer Counties were numerous enough to have the majority in the Assembly; then before the older Counties realized what was being done, an Act was passed reducing the representation of the older Counties to two each also. This irritated the older Counties, and they refused to send any one at all to the Assembly, but dispatched an agent to England to try to regain for them their ancient rights, and meanwhile they declined to respect any Act passed by the Assembly. So in some respects anarchy reigns in these older Counties; there are many cases of murder, theft, and the like, but no one is punished. The men will not serve as jurors, so when Court is held for the trial of criminal cases no one is there. If a man is imprisoned the jail is broken open; in short “fist law” is about all that is left. But the County Courts are held regularly, and matters within their jurisdiction are attended to as usual.

Land matters in North Carolina are also in unbelievable confusion, and I do not see how endless law-suits are to be avoided. A man settles on a piece of land and does a good deal of work on it (from the Carolina standpoint), then another comes and drives him out,—and who is to definitely settle the matter? There surely should have been a general surveyor from the beginning of the Colony, who should have had a map of the whole territory, and as from time to time land was surveyed, and the special surveyor made his returns, it should have been entered on the map, which would then have shown what land was vacant and what had been taken up. Unfortunately we can neither find nor hear of such a map. [. . .]

When I asked Mr. Francis Corbin about a map he told me that he had been doing his best to have one made, and had given orders to the surveyor in each

County to make a chart showing the land that had been taken up in his County. The line between Virginia and North Carolina has been run to the Blue Mountains; and the line between the Crown lands and the Granville District in North Carolina is now in hand, and will be run as soon as necessary information is received, though only by the one party, as the Crown commissioners are not assisting. When that is done there will probably be a map of the Granville District, from which one can see where the vacant land lies. Meanwhile there is neither a general surveyor's map of the Granville District nor of the individual Counties. Therefore we do not know what land is vacant, and can only take for granted the word of the surveyor who says that such and such a piece has already been taken up. Mr. Francis Corbin himself does not know, and is still "in the dark." His suggestion is that we go to the "Back of the Colony," that is west to the Blue Mountains, taking a surveyor, and that perhaps there we can find a suitable tract of land that has not hitherto been surveyed. We will see.

EDENTON, SEPTEMBER 13TH

If, as I hope, we settle in North Carolina, it will be very important that from the beginning we have some one who will pay particular attention to the laws of the land, for from the law book I see that there are many rules and laws of which our Brethren would not think. For example: If any one living within three miles of a public ferry takes a man, horse, or cow across the stream, receiving payment therefore, he must pay £5 for each man or animal so set across. A man must have his marriage, or the birth of a child, or the burial of a member of his family registered by the Recorder, if there is no Clerk of the Church in the County. And he is fined one shilling, to be paid to the Recorder, for each month that he delays registration. A man is fined £10 if he gives permission to a non-resident of Carolina to pasture cattle, horses or hogs on his land. Any man who buys land from the Indians, without special permission from the Governor and Council, loses the land, and is fined £20. Every third year a land-owner must have a certain person follow the bounds of his property, renew the marks, and register the same. There is a penalty of £5 for killing deer between February 15th and July 15th. All marriages must be performed by a minister of the Church of England, or by a Justice of the Peace. If there is a minister of the Church of England in the Parish, a Justice of the Peace cannot marry a couple without paying a fine of £5. To marry without a License or without the Publication of the Bans three times, entails a penalty of £50.

A man wishing to marry must go to the Clerk of the County in which the woman lives and give a bond of £50 that there is nothing to prevent the

marriage; then he takes the Clerk's certificate to a Justice of the Peace, and he issues the License. The fees are 20 shilling for the Governor, 5 shilling for the Clerk, 5 shilling for the Justice, and 10 shilling for the Minister. If the Bans are published there is no charge for a License. If the marriage is not performed by the minister in the Parish where the woman lives he must still be offered the fee. A man marrying a Negress, Indian, Mulatto, or any one of mixed blood, is fined £50; the minister or justice performing the ceremony must also pay £50. [. . .]

No Christian, brought into this land, can be a bond-servant, even though he has made a written agreement to that effect with some one. Who buys from or sells to a slave, without permission of the slave's master, shall lose three times the value of the article bought or sold, and pay a fine of £6. Whoever gives assistance to a slave who is trying to run away shall serve the slave's master five years as penalty. A man who owns no land but hunts in the woods and shoots a deer shall forfeit his gun and pay £5, unless he can show a certificate from two Justices that the preceding year he had planted and cultivated at least 5000 hills of corn in the County where he is hunting. Each house-holder, overseer, etc., whether summoned or not, must appear before a Justice each year before the 1st of May and give in an accurate list of the names and ages of all persons subject to tax, white or black, free or slave. Failure to do this entails a fine of 40 shilling with 20 shilling additional for each month's delay. There are other similar laws, not unreasonable, but if they are not known they might easily be broken. Here, as in all English countries, there are good laws that are not kept, but the Brethren can not act in that way. [. . .]

EDENTON, SEPTEMBER 15TH

The Indians in North Carolina are in a bad way. The Chowan Indians are reduced to a few families, and their land has been taken from them. The Tuscaroras live 35 miles from here, and are still in possession of a pretty piece of land. They are the remnant of that tribe with which Carolina was formerly at war, and part of them went to the Five Nations,⁴ and united with them. Those that are still here are much despised, and will probably soon come to an end. The Meherrin Indians, living further west, are also reduced to a mere handful. It looks as if they were under a curse that crushes them. Still further west live the Catawbias, who will probably be our neighbors. They are still at war with the Six Nations.

Marginal note, written Nov. 4th. The Catawbias and the Five Nations have made peace.

South-west from here, behind South Carolina, are the Cherokees, a great Nation. I cannot ascertain definitely whether there is peace or war between them and the Six Nations.

Marginal note. The Tuscaroras say the Cherokees have made peace with the Five Nations, and the Cherokees say the same. I asked one whether the Five Nations were their brothers, and he crooked two fingers, linking them together like a chain. Brother Antes asked the same question of others, and one of them crooked his arm and linked it into that of the other, and then embraced him,—so is it between them and the Five Nations!

The Cherokees are in league with South Carolina, and once each year go to Charlestown to receive their presents. [. . .]

As soon as we settle in North Carolina we will have to pay Poll Tax. It is required from all white men, masters or servants, from 16 to 60 years of age. Poll Tax must be paid on all Negroes, male and female, from their twelfth year. If a man marries a Negress, Indian, or Mulatto, or anyone of mixed blood, his children to the fourth generation must pay the Tax from the 12th year on, and the Indian or Mulatto wife is also taxable.

This Poll Tax is collected by the Sheriff, and if anyone does not pay it the Sheriff must seize a sufficient amount of property, sell it at auction, take out his fees for the sale, and also the Poll Tax, and return the balance. The Sheriffs account to the Treasurer, and from these taxes the public expenses are met.

Each County has one or more Parishes, with Vestrymen for each, and the Vestry has the right to lay a tax (often not a small one) on each resident of the County, whether he belongs to the Church of England or not.

The Justices of a County may also impose a Poll Tax, the income to be used for the building of a court-house, jail, etc. The Brethren, when they pay, must be careful to take and keep a receipt, or they may be obliged to pay one or more additional times,—the men of Carolina say this has often happened.

**NORTH CAROLINA IN GRANVILLE COUNTY, 153 MILES
FROM EDENTON, AT THE HOME OF MR. JOHN SALLIS,
SEPTEMBER 25, 1752**

Here at the home of Mr. John Sallis the Savior has stopped us for a little while, and four of our company have been in bed with a bad attack of chills and fever. All this section of North Carolina lies low, and there is much water, fresh and stagnant, which breeds fever every year, and many die from it. Br. Henry Antes, Johann Merck, Hermann Loesch, and Timothy Horsefield are now in bed sweating under the influence of a root that is here used as a

remedy for the fever. I hope the Savior will lay His blessing upon the treatment.

We believe that we caught the fever in Edenton, and brought it with us, for there is so much fever in that town that hardly anyone gets through a year without an attack. It lies low, surrounded by water, which has neither ebb nor flow on account of the sandbanks, which lie between North Carolina and the sea, and hinder the tide. For this reason the large rivers, e.g., the Chowan, Roanoke, etc., have no free outlet, and little return of water from the sea. Therefore, North Carolina has less chance for trade than Virginia or South Carolina, for, accurately speaking, there is no navigable river in the part of the country belonging to Lord Granville. But to resume,—we plan to remain here until our men are again on their feet, and will then continue our journey.

We are staying with a man who spent a year and a half alone in Guinea.⁵ The Captain with whom he sailed maltreated and then abandoned him. The Negroes took him, bound him, and intended to kill him, but changed their minds, allowed him to live, and were good-natured and friendly. They wanted him to stay with them but he longed for home, and took the first good opportunity to return. We are receiving much kindness in his house. He serves us like a brother, and his wife gladly does everything she can also. We wish the Unity of Brethren to pray for a blessing upon them, that they may receive mercy even as he and his wife and children have shown it unto us.

Trade and business are poor in North Carolina. With no navigable rivers there is little shipping; with no export trade of importance the towns are few and small. Edenton is said to be one of the oldest towns in America, but it is hardly one quarter as large as Germantown (Pennsylvania), though it is well situated on a rather large Sound. There are other towns mentioned in the law books, but they have neither houses nor inhabitants, are towns only by Act of Assembly.

A good deal of tobacco is raised, but is generally taken to Suffolk or Norfolk in Virginia. There it is viewed by the Inspectors, that is the officers who must inspect all tobacco offered for export, and must burn all that is not merchantable. Then it is shipped by the Virginia merchant, and the Carolinian must accept whatever price he chooses to pay. Many cattle are also sold outside of North Carolina, but the profit is in Virginia, not here. They are not killed, salted, and exported from this Province, but are driven to Virginia and sold on the hoof, at a loss rather than a profit, for the buyer only pays for the meat, by weight, when he has butchered, and does not pay for the hides, tallow, etc., although he takes them.

Hogs also are driven to Virginia and sold, and are there killed, salted, and exported as Virginia pork. The pork is shipped to the West Indies, rum, sugar, molasses, etc., being imported in exchange, and then these things are sold to

the Carolinians for cash. Of handicrafts I have seen practically nothing in the 150 miles we have traveled across this Province. Almost nobody has a trade. In Edenton I saw one smith, one cobbler, and one tailor at work, and no more; whether there are others I do not know. In 140 miles I saw not one wagon or plough, nor any sign of one.

We have now traversed several Counties of North Carolina, Chowan, Bertie, Northampton, Edgecombe, and Granville, that is so far as Mr. John Sallis, 153 miles. From here we go through Orange and Anson, which is the last county lying toward the west. The land that we have seen is not particularly good, and yet we are told that it has all been taken up; I presume this is so, for otherwise people would not go 200 miles further west to settle.

In Chowan and Bertie Counties one can ride for three hours without seeing anything except Pine Barrens that is white sand grown up in pine trees, which will hardly produce anything else. Yet we are told it is all taken up, and the people make tar, pitch, and turpentine, wherever they are near enough to a river to load the products on small boats and take it to a sloop or other small vessel. Here and there are stretches of oak and other woods, indicating better soil, and here the farms are located, that is farms of a North Carolina kind, for with the exception of corn—of which a good deal is raised—and hogs—the chief support of most of the farmers—the work is poorly done.

Cattle and horses must look out for themselves in winter,—if they live, they live. No hay is given them, for no one makes meadows; fodder does not go far; and who could feed them on grain? So ordinarily in winter there is neither milk nor manure, and when spring comes the animals are so reduced by hunger and cold that they hardly recover before fall. So even in spring and summer they do the people little good. Probably this is the reason that horses and cattle are so small in the part of North Carolina which we have seen, not larger than English colts and yearling calves.

The best land lies along the rivers, for example the Chowan and the Roanoke, but it is always in danger of being flooded. The Roanoke often rises 25 ft. above its usual level, especially when the banks are high, as they generally are. But this too is all taken and we could not find 1000 acres there, not to speak of 100,000.

GRANVILLE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, SEPTEMBER 25TH

[. . .] The inhabitants of North Carolina are of two kinds. Some have been born in the country, and they bear the climate well, but are lazy, and do not compare with our northern colonists. Others have moved here from the northern colonies or from England, Scotland, or Ireland, etc. Many of the first

comers were brought by poverty, for they were too poor to buy land in Pennsylvania or Jersey, and yet wished to have land of their own; from these the Colony receives no harm. Others, however, were refugees from debt, or had deserted wives and children, or had fled to escape punishment for evil deeds, and thought that here no one would find them, and they could go on in impunity. Whole bands of horse thieves have moved here, and constantly show their skill in this neighborhood; this has given North Carolina a very bad name in the adjoining Provinces. Other people move hither because they hear that it is not necessary to feed the stock in winter, and that pleases them; this brought in crowds of Irish, who will certainly find themselves deceived, for if they do not feed their cattle in winter, the animals will certainly be badly injured or will die. I am told that a different type of settler is now coming in,—sturdy Germans,—of that we will know more later.

Post script. Having crossed the length and breadth of North Carolina we have found that toward the west, nearer the mountains, many families are moving in from Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Jersey, and even New England; in this year alone more than four hundred families have come with horse and wagon and cattle. Among them are sturdy farmers and skilled men, and we can hope that they will greatly help Carolina.

We also visited the Tuscaroras, who live on the Roanoke. They have a tract of good land, secured to them by Act of Assembly; I should judge that it contains twenty or thirty thousand acres. It is twelve miles long, but not wide. Their Interpreter, Mr. Thomas Whitemeal, was kind to us, took us to them, showed us their land, and introduced us to them. He was at one time a Trader among them, understands their language fairly well, and speaks it with ease. Now he is one of the richest men in the neighborhood, and is respected by everybody.

The Indians have no king, but a Captain elected from among them by the whites. There are also several Chiefs among them. The Tuscaroras are few in number, and they hold with the Six Nations against the Catawbas, but suffer much on this account. They live in great poverty, and are oppressed by the whites.

Mr. Whitemeal is their Agent and Advocate, and stands well with them.

Hitherto no one has tried to teach them of their God and Savior; perhaps that is well, for the Lord has His own time for all. If it will be the duty of the Brethren to work among them I do not know, but I rather think so, and should like to hear what the Brethren think.

They told us that if we saw the Catawbas we should tell them that there were plenty of young men among the Tuscaroras who knew the way to the Catawba town, and that they could go and return in about twenty days. That so far they had kept quiet and had not gone into the Catawba country except

to hunt a little, and they would do no more unless they were disturbed,—then they knew the way to the Catawba town.

We were courteously treated by the Indians, and they sent greetings by us to the Shawanos on the Susquehanna. [. . .]

**NORTH CAROLINA ON THE CATAWBA RIVER, 300 MILES
FROM CHARLESTOWN, SOUTH CAROLINA,
OCTOBER 28TH**

Yesterday we arrived here from Edenton, which is more than 400 miles away. We have been long on the way, for the Savior permitted us to be sick in Granville County. I was in bed with high fever; all the others had chills and fever except Joseph Müller, who was our faithful and unwearying nurse. John Sallis, a planter of the neighborhood, was our friendly host, and did everything for us that he could. The Lord and the Brethren will never forget him.

While we were sick there was much rain, and streams were higher than men have ever known them to be before. It is said that the Roanoke rose 25 ft. Houses and fences, even on the highest banks, have been swept away; many cattle have been drowned; and no one was able to travel. We have ourselves seen the results of the flood, as we came hither,—it is hard to believe that such little streams can rise so high. But the western part of North Carolina is all hills and valleys, and that pours the water together.

When some of us had recovered, and others were somewhat improved, we took up our journey, though it went poorly, especially for me. The first day we made no progress. The second day we tried it again, but had to rest frequently, for I could hardly ride an hour at a time. My fever had settled in my limbs, and was constantly with me. Brother Horsefield had a return of fever, and finally had to stop at the home of a certain Captain [Sennett] where we could have good accommodations, and we left Brother Joseph Müller, our never-to-be-forgotten nurse, to take care of him. The rest of us went on, and are here⁶ preparing for our journey into the forest. I am taking as good care of my health as I can. Brother Antes is purchasing our needed supplies, for here we leave all roads and all men. We are taking along two hunters, partly to hunt for us—though there is little game to be found—, and partly to carry the chains for the surveyor. May God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost direct us!

I must now record some of the difficulties which our Brethren will have to face here. They will settle in the western part, or in Anson County. Where remains to be seen. They will need salt, and other things which they cannot make or raise. Where shall they get them? They must go from here to

Charlestown, South Carolina, about 300 miles, and the length of the way is not the worst part, for there is little except bad water to be had, and there is danger of robbers; or else they must go to Bolings Point, Virginia, on a branch of the James River, about 300 miles from here. The latter is the way usually taken by the planters of this section, but it takes several weeks for the trip, and the road is bad, with many hills and streams. Or they could go down the Roanoke River, I do not know how many miles, to a point where salt can be brought up the river from Cape Fear, but there is as yet no road which a man can use.

But why do I so write? Who knows what the Lord will show us that we do not yet know?

Who waits until the Savior leads
 Will see the joy intended
 No anxious questions will he need
 With difficulties ended.

NOVEMBER 4TH

Forks of Little River, in the forest, Anson County, North Carolina, at the Brushy Mountains, about twenty miles from the Catawba, to the north-west, counting from the mouth of Little River. This is the first piece of land that we have taken up. It lies on the two branches of Little River, the one flowing⁷ south-west, the other south-east. Little River flows into the Catawba, about twenty miles above the land of Andreas Lambert, a well-known Scotchman. We have finished the survey today.

This tract contains 1000 acres, of 160 perches to the acre. The best part is the lowland that lies like an elbow in the angle between two hills. It is very rich, and is sometimes flooded by the river. The strip of lowland is about three miles long [. . .] and according to our judgment it contains 300 acres more or less. Most of it is already clear, and can be used part for a meadow, part for Indian corn, and part for hemp. Hemp will be particularly profitable, for it sells at a good price, and there is also a bounty on it, to encourage its culture.

The land lying next the lowland is dry, and about as good as that at Bethlehem (Pennsylvania) some of it a little better. There is not much timber, but enough to serve for a while if we are careful. In the upper part of the elbow there is a small piece of good woodland, and on one side of the dry ground there are a number of fine young trees.

The tract is well adapted for the raising of cattle, and ten couples of our Brethren can make a good living here, though it seems essential that at first

they should have a joint house-keeping. Any one who knows how, and is willing to work, can make good meadows here, and can care for the cattle through the winter, until the meadows are ready, by using the small reeds which grow in the lowland, and which stay green all, or nearly all, winter. Cattle, and especially horses, eat these reeds eagerly. The land lies so that neighbors cannot build near, and that guarantees the cattle a free range.

This tract is well watered. On the upper side there is a site for an overshot millwheel, and on the east branch a mill could be built with an undershot wheel. The banks of the streams are so high that a man could not ride across, had not the buffalo broken them down here and there. There are also good springs. [. . .]

NOTES

1. Lord Granville was the son of one of the eight Lords Proprietors who received the Carolina Charter from King Charles II. Granville later inherited one-eighth of this large territory.

2. Francis Corbin was the agent of Earl Granville in North Carolina.

3. The Warrant authorized Spangenberg to select 100,000 acres of land in the Granville district, and have it surveyed for the United Brethren.

4. There were five Nations in the Iroquois Confederacy; when the Tuscaroras joined them they became known as the Six Nations. Spangenberg uses the terms Five Nations and Six Nations interchangeably. The people of the Six Nations, also known by the French term, Iroquois, call themselves the Hau De No Sau Nee. Located in the northeastern region of North America, the original Five Nations included the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas.

5. Country in Western Africa, bordering the Atlantic Ocean, between today's Guinea-Bissau and Sierra Leone.

6. Home of Andreas Lambert, a Scotchman, living on the Catawba River, where it was crossed by the Trading Path.

7. Lower Little River in Alexander County.

Source: Spangenberg, August Gottlieb. *Diary of Bishop Spangenberg*. Translated from the German original in the archives of the Moravian Church at Salem, North Carolina. N.p., 1900.

Chapter Six

Mary Gloud Testimony in the Indian Book

The expanding number of townships along the Carolinian coast attracted a flow of European immigrants in the 1730s. Whereas many newcomers preferred to stay within the safety of more established town like Charleston, Port Royal, Wilmington, or New Bern, the more adventurous of the settlers sought their fortunes further inland, along the trading routes of the Cherokees, Savannahs, and other Native American tribes. As Europeans crossed deeper into Indian lands, however, relations between immigrants and natives became ever more difficult and strained. Tensions arose over land intrusions, unfair business deals, and acts of crime and corruption. In 1751, an Indian altercation with an isolated trader family in South Carolina's backwater caused much anxiety throughout the region. Below is the testimony of the middle-aged English wife and mother, Mary Gloud, who described the shocking events that took place one morning in her family's log cabin not far from today's town of Saluda in South Carolina. Gloud filed this report in the form of an affidavit, a sworn statement, with a Captain in the U.S. Army, who recorded her testimony in the "Indian Book."

SOUTH CAROLINA INDIAN AFFAIRS

The affidavit of Mary Gloud who came sorely wounded to Martin Friday's house, at midnight, on 7th May. Taken before me, Daniel Sellider, Captain of the Saxagotha Company this 8th Day of May 1751.

The said Mary Gloud being first sworn upon the Holy Evangelists said upon her oath that on the holy Saturday on the 4th of May: "Two Indians came to my house about halfway between the Congaree River and Savannah Town. The Indians were Savannahs. They came here about dark and sat down

very civil with my husband, being able to talk their tongue. They talked a great while together, and I gave them supper, and they asked my husband for pipes and tobacco, and he gave it to them.

We all sat up until midnight, and then we all went to sleep, and they lay down too, and pulled off their moccasins and boots. One of them broke his pipe, and he came to the bed of my husband and handed to him his pipe out of his mouth and lay down again, and we all dropped into sleep. And when the cocks began to crow, they came as I suppose to the bed and shot my husband through the head, and a young man lying upon the floor was shot in the same minute. And the Indians I suppose thinking that the bullet had gone through my husband's head and mine too, struck me with a tomahawk under my right arm. They supposed that I was dead, and one of them went and killed both my children, and then they came and took the blankets from us, and plundered the house of all that was valuable and went off.

And in that bad condition I have lain amongst my dead two days, and by the help of Providence one of my horses came to the house. And so I came to Martin Friday's house.

Taken and Sworn before me—Daniel Sellider

Council Journal May 11, 1751, No. 18, Part 1, 77

Source: Gloud, Mary. "Affidavit letter of Mary Gloud" (Gold) describing Savannah-Indian attack on her English family in South Carolina [1751]. Records of the General Assembly, *Indian Book, 1750–1752*.

Chapter Seven

Janet Schaw Journal of an English Lady

Janet Schaw's diary focuses on her voyage through the Caribbean and North Carolina. She offers fascinating insights into immigrant culture and society on the eve of the American Revolution. Janet Schaw was not a revolutionary, and had little sympathy for rebels. She grew up in a prosperous family in Scotland, and her brothers were among the many thousand immigrants who came to the Carolina colony attracted by its fertile and affordable lands. Janet Schaw was probably thirty-five or forty years of age in 1774, when she began writing her diary while on the way with other relatives to visit her brother near Brunswick and Wilmington in North Carolina. Very little is known about Janet herself. After composing this eloquent and perceptive portrait of the southern colony, the author vanished from historical view, leaving only the legacy of her diary entitled *Journal of a Lady of Quality; Being the Narrative of a Journey from Scotland to the West Indies, North Carolina, and Portugal, in the years 1774 to 1776*.

RESIDENCE IN NORTH CAROLINA. BRUNSWICK

We got safe on shore, and though quite dark landed from the boat with little trouble, and proceeded through rows of tar and pitch to the house of a merchant, to whom we had been recommended. He received us in a hall, which though not very orderly, had a cheerful look, to which a large carrion stove filled with Scotch coals not a little contributed. The night was bitterly cold, and we gathered round the hearth with great satisfaction, and the master of the house gave us a hospitable welcome. This place is called Brunswick, and though the best sea port in the province, the town is very poor—a few scattered houses on the edge

of the woods, without street or regularity. These are inhabited by merchants, of whom Mr. Quense [Quince] our host is the first in consequence. He is deeply engaged in the new system of politics, in which they are all more or less, though Mr. Dry, the collector of the customs, is the most zealous and talks treason by the hour. The arrival today of my brother Bob and Mr. Murray of Philiphaugh gives us great pleasure. Bob is really a handsome fellow. I did not know how much I was complimented, when told I was like him. [. . .]

SCHAWFIELD, MARCH 1775

We have been these three or four days here, but this is the first time it has been in my power to write, but I have now sat down to bring up my Journal from leaving Brunswick; which we did last Friday, under the care of a Mr. Eagle, a young gentleman just returned from England and who owns a very considerable estate in this province. The two brothers were to follow and be up with us in a few miles, which however they did not. We were in a Phaeton (carriage) for four belonging to my brother, and as the roads are entirely level, drove on at good speed, our guide keeping by us and several Negro servants attending on horse back. During the first few miles, I was charmed with the woods. The wild fruit trees are in full blossom; the ground under them covered with verdure and intermixed with flowers of various kinds made a pleasing scene. But by and by it begins to grow dark, and as the idea of being benighted in the wilds of America was not a pleasing circumstance to an European female, I begged the servant to drive faster, but was told it would make little difference, as we must be many hours dark, before we could get clear of the woods, nor were our fears decreased by the stories Mr. Eagle told us of the wolves and bears that inhabited that part of the country.

Terrified at last almost to agony, we begged to be carried to some house to wait for daylight, but we had driven at least two miles in that situation before Mr. Eagle recollected that a poor man had a very poor plantation at no great distance, if we could put up with it and venture to go off the road amongst the trees. This was not an agreeable proposition; however it was agreed to, and we soon found ourselves lost in the most impenetrable darkness, from which we could neither see sky, nor distinguish a single object. We had not gone far in this frightful state, when we found the carriage stopped by trees fallen across the road, and were forced to dismount and proceed through this dreary scene on foot. All I had ever heard of lions, bears, tigers and wolves now rushed on my memory, and I secretly wished I had been made a feast to the fishes rather than to those monsters of the woods. With these thoughts in my head, I happened to slip my foot, and down I went and made no doubt I was sinking into the centre

of the earth. It was not quite so deep however, for with little trouble Mr. Eagle got me safe up, and in a few minutes we came to an opening that showed us the sky and stars, which was a happy sight in our circumstances.

The carriage soon came up, and we again got into it. I now observed that the road was enclosed on both sides, and on the first turning the carriage made, we found ourselves in front of a large house from the windows of which beamed many cheerful tapers, and no sooner were we come up to the gate than a number of black servants came out with lights. Mr. Eagle dismounted, and was ready to assist us, and now welcomed us to his house and owned that the whole was a plan only to get us to it, as he feared we might have made some objections; he having no Lady to receive us.

I had a great mind to have been angry, but was too happy to find myself safe and every thing comfortable. We found the tea table set forth, and for the first time since our arrival in America had a dish of tea. We passed the evening very agreeably, and by breakfast next morning, the two brothers joined us. Mr. Eagle was my brother Bob's ward, and is a most amiable young man. We stayed all the forenoon with him, saw his rice mills, his indigo works and timber mills. The vast command they have of water makes those works easily conducted. Before I leave the country, I will get myself instructed in the nature of them, as well as the method of making the tar and turpentine, but at present I know not enough of them to attempt a description.

We got to Schawfield to dinner, which is indeed a fine plantation, and in the course of a few years will turn out such an estate, as will enable its master to visit his native land, if his wife, who is an American, will permit him, which I doubt. This plantation is prettily situated on the northwest branch of the river Cape Fear. Every thing is on a large scale, and these two great branches of water come down northeast and northwest, and join at Wilmington. They are not less in breadth than the Tay at Newburgh, and navigable up a vast way for ships of pretty large burthen.

Mr. Eagle, who is still here, appears every day more worthy of esteem. He is not yet a Major, yet has more knowledge than men I have met with at any age. He left his country a child, and has just returned, so is entirely English, as his father and mother were both of that part of our Island and his relations all there. He very justly considers England as the terrestrial paradise and proposes to return, as soon as he is of age. I would fain hope his good sense will prevent his joining in schemes, which I see plainly are forming here, and which I fear you at home are suffering to gain too much ground from mistaken mercy to a people, who have a rooted hatred to you and despise your mercy, which they view in a very different light. We have an invitation to a ball in Wilmington, and will go down to it some day soon. This is the last that is to be given, as the congress has forbid every kind of diversion, even card-playing.

This morning a fine wood was set on fire just by us, and though I was informed of the reason and necessity of it, yet I could not look at it without horrors; before it could be extinguished twenty thousand trees at least must have been burnt. I wish you had them and the ground they stand on. We had yesterday a curious though a frightful diversion. On a visit down the river, an alligator was observed asleep on the bank. Mrs. Schaw was the first who saw it, and as she is a notable housewife was fired with revenge at the loss of many a good goose they have stolen from her. We crept up as softly as possible hardly allowing the oars to touch the water, and were so successful as to land part of the Negroes before it waked, which it did not do till all was ready for the attack. Two of the Negroes armed with strong oars stood ready, while a third hit him a violent blow on the eye, with which he awaked and extended such a pair of jaws as might have admitted if not a Highland cow, at least a Lowland calf. The negroes who are very dexterous at this work, presently pushed the oars down his throat, by which means he was secured, [but not] till he received thousands of blows which did him no harm, as he is covered with a coat of mail, so strong and compact, that he is vulnerable no where but in the eye, and a very small opening under the throat and belly. His tail is long and flexible, and so are his huge arms. [. . .]

I think I have read all the descriptions that have been published of America, yet meet every moment with something I never read or heard of. I must particularly observe that the trees every where are covered over with a black veil of a most uncommon substance, which I am however at a loss to describe. It is more like sea weed than any vegetable I ever saw, but is quite black and is a continued web from top to bottom of the tallest trees and would be down to the ground, were it not eat up by the cattle. But as it is full of juice and very sweet, they exert their whole strength to obtain it, in which they receive no assistance from their masters, though they own it is excellent feeding, but they are too indolent to take any trouble, and the cattle must provide for themselves or starve.

The women however gather it at a certain season, lay it in pits as we do our green lint, till the husk rot. It is made up of small tubes, within each of which is a substance, which exactly resembles that of the baken hair with which we stuff chairs, mattresses, etc. etc. and which answers pretty well with a very little trouble and no cost. [. . .]

WILMINGTON

I have been in town a few days, and have had an opportunity to make some little observations on the manners of a people so new to me. The ball I mentioned

was intended as a civility, therefore I will not criticize it, and though I have not the same reason to spare the company, yet I will not fatigue you with a description, which however lively or just, would at best resemble a Dutch picture, where the injudicious choice of the subject destroys the merit of the painting. Let it suffice to say that a ball we had, where were dresses, dancing and ceremonies laughable enough, but there was no object on which my own ridicule fixed equal to myself and the figure I made, dressed out in all my British airs with a high head and a hoop and trudging through the unpaved streets in embroidered shoes by the light of a lantern carried by a black wench half naked. No chair, no carriage—good leather shoes need none. The ridicule was the silk shoes in such a place. I have however gained some most amiable and agreeable acquaintances amongst the ladies; many of whom would make a figure in any part of the world, and I will not fail to cultivate their esteem, as they appear worthy of mine.

I am sorry to say, however, that I have met with few of the men who are natives of the country, who rise much above my former description, and as their natural ferocity is now inflamed by the fury of an ignorant zeal, they are of that sort of figure, that I cannot look at them without connecting the idea of tar and feather. Though they have fine women and such as might inspire any man with sentiments that do honor to humanity, yet they know no such nice distinctions, and in this at least are real patriots. As the population of the country is all the view they have in what they call love, and though they often honor their black wenches with their attention, I sincerely believe they are excited to that crime by no other desire or motive but that of adding to the number of their slaves.

The difference between the men and the women surprised me, but a sensible man, who has long resided here, in some degrees accounted for it. In the infancy of this province, said he, many families from Britain came over, and of these the wives and daughters were people of education. The mothers took the care of the girls, they were trained up under them, and not only instructed in the family duties necessary to the sex, but in those accomplishments and genteel manners that are still so visible amongst them, and this descended from mother to daughter. As the father found the labors of his boys necessary to him, he led them therefore to the woods, and taught the sturdy lad to glory in the stroke he could give with his ax, in the trees he felled, and the deer he shot; to conjure the wolf, the bear and the alligator; and to guard his habitation from Indian inroads was most justly his pride, and he had reason to boast of it. But a few generations this way lost every art or science, which their fathers might have brought out, and though necessity no longer prescribed these severe occupations, custom has established it as still necessary for the men to spend their time abroad in the fields; and to be a good marksman is the high-

est ambition of the youth, while to those enervated by age or infirmity drinking grog remained a last consolation.

The Ladies have burnt their tea in a solemn procession, but they had delayed however till the sacrifice was not very considerable, as I do not think any one offered above a quarter of a pound. The people in town live decently, and though their houses are not spacious, they are in general very commodious and well furnished. All the Merchants of any note are British and Irish, and many of them very genteel people. They all disapprove of the present proceedings. Many of them intend quitting the country as fast as their affairs will permit them, but are yet uncertain what steps to take. This town lies low, but is not disagreeable. There is at each end of it an ascent, which is dignified with the title of the hills; on them are some very good houses and there almost all my acquaintances are. They have very good Physicians, the best of whom is a Scotchman, at whose house I have seen many of the first planters. I do not wish however to be much in their company, for, as you know, my tongue is not always under my command; I fear I might say something to give offence, in which case I would not fail to have the most shocking retort at least, if it went no further.

The ports are soon to be shut up, but this severity is voluntarily imposed by themselves, for they were indulged by parliament and allowed the exclusive privilege of still carrying on their trade with Europe, by which means they would not only have made great fortunes themselves by being the mart for the whole continent, but they would have had the power to serve the other colonies by providing them in those commodities, the want of which they will ill brook. This is a distress they themselves must soon suffer, as European goods begin to be very scarce and will daily be more so, as the merchants are shipping off their properties, either to Britain or the West Indies. I know not what my brother proposes to do with himself or me; for if he stays much longer, he will find himself in a very disagreeable situation.

(Note: Schaw is alluding here to the immanent outbreak of the American Revolution, which polarized the town, and pitted rebels against royalists.)

He is just now up the country at a town called New Bern, where Governor Martin resides, whose situation is most terrible. He is a worthy man by all accounts, but gentle methods will not do with these rustics, and he has not the power to use more spirited means. I wish to God those mistaken notions of moderation to which you adhere at home may not in the end prove the greatest cruelty to the mother country as well as to these infatuated people; but I am no politician, as yet at least, though I believe I will grow one in time, as I am beginning to pay a good deal of attention to what is going on about me. [. . .]

SCHAWFIELD

After I put my last packet into a safe hand, I left Wilmingtown and returned to Schawfield by water, which is a most delightful method of traveling through this noble country, which indeed owes more favors to its God and king than perhaps any other in the known world and is equally ungrateful to both, to the God who created and bestowed them and to the king whose indulgent kindness has done every thing to render them of the greatest utility to the owners. Well may the following text from the prophets be applied to this people, and with very little alteration may be addressed to them. "My beloved has a vineyard in a very pleasant land, he dug it, he planted it, he hedged it round, and built a winepress in the midst thereof, but when he looked for grapes, they brought forth wild grapes. Judge I pray you between me and my vineyard, what more could I do for it than I have done, yet when I looked for grapes, behold it brought forth only wild grapes. Go to, I will tell you what I will do to my vineyard, I will take away the fence thereof, I will break down the wine press in the midst thereof, and I will leave it as I found it a habitation to wolves and bears." Such is the fate it deserves, but both its God and its king are merciful. May they be inspired to seek it before it be too late.

Nothing can be finer than the banks of this river; a thousand beauties both of the flowery and sylvan tribe hang over it and are reflected from it with additional luster. [. . .] This north west branch is said to be navigable for ships of 400 tons burthen for above two hundred miles up, and the banks so constituted by nature that they seem formed for harbors, and what adds in a most particular manner to this convenience is, that quite across from one branch to the other, and indeed through the whole country are innumerable creeks that communicate with the main branches of the river and every tide receive a sufficient depth of water for boats of the largest size and even for small vessels, so that every thing is water-borne at a small charge and with great safety and ease.

But these uncommon advantages are almost entirely neglected. In the course of sixteen miles which is the distance between these places and the town, there is but one plantation, and the condition it is in shows, if not the poverty, at least the indolence of its owner. My brother indeed is in some degree an exception to this reflection. Indolent he is not; his industry is visible in every thing round him, yet he also is culpable in adhering to the prejudices of this part of the world, and in using only the American methods of cultivating his plantation. Had he followed the style of an East Lothian farmer, with the same attention and care, it would now have been an Estate worth double what it is. Yet he has done more in the time he has had it than any of his neighbors, and even in their slow way, his industry has brought it to a wonderful length.

He left Britain while he was a boy, and was many years in trade before he turned planter, and had lost the remembrance of what he had indeed little opportunity of studying, I mean farming. His brother easily convinced him of the superiority of our manner of carrying on our agriculture, but Mrs. Schaw was shocked at the mention of our manuring the ground, and declared she never would eat corn that grew through dirt. Indeed she is so rooted an American that she detests every thing that is European, yet she is a most excellent wife and a fond mother. Her dairy and her garden show her industry, though even there she is an American. However he has no cause to complain. Her person is agreeable, and if she would pay it a little more attention, it would be lovely. She is connected with the best people in the country, and, I hope, will have interest enough to prevent her husband being ruined for not joining in a cause he so much disapproves. [. . .]

POINT PLEASANT, WILMINGTON

I recollect I closed my last with a promise of writing you from Wilmington, and should not have failed, had not sundry events prevented me till now, when I once more resume my Journal. [. . .]

I rose this morning with a violent headache. The mosquitoes, though not yet so troublesome as at Point Pleasant, are swarming in town, which stands on a sandy soil, and is rendered from that situation intolerably hot. What they do in the low parts of the town, heaven knows. We are just now at the house of Doctor Cobham which is the best house and much the airiest situation, yet it is hardly possible to breathe, and both Miss Rutherford and myself appear as in the height of the small-pox; but terrible as this is, I will stay till I learn something of what is going on both here and at New Bern. I have sent to Mr. Hogg and Mr. Campbell, both merchants of eminence; from them I will hear truth not always to be met every where. My friends have been with me, by them I learn things are going on with a high hand. A boat of provisions going to the king's ship has been stopped, and Mr. Hogg and Mr. Campbell, the contractors, ordered to send no more.

Good God! What are the people at home about, to suffer their friends to be thus abused? Two regiments just now would reduce this province, but think what you will, in a little time, four times four will not be sufficient. Every man is ordered to appear under arms. This the town's folks have been forced to comply with, though determined to go no further in a cause they so much disapprove. Melancholy clouds every honest face, while ferocity and insolence blaze in those of their enemies. Heaven grant them deliverance, for much they are to be pitied. Miss Rutherford and I intended going up the North

West to Schawfield, but have changed our design, as we find the boys very unhappy at the house where they are boarded. Jack naturally despises a schoolmaster, who knows not half what he does himself, so we carry them up to Point Pleasant and return next Monday to see the review of all the troops raised in this province. I will leave this letter to be sent, though I risk tar and feather were it to be seen. Perhaps it may be the last I will ever write you at least from this part of the world.

Source: Schaw, Janet. *Journal of a Lady of Quality; Being the Narrative of a Journey from Scotland to the West Indies, North Carolina, and Portugal, in the years 1774 to 1776*, edited by Evangeline Walker Andrews with Charles McLean Andrews. New Haven: Yale, 1921.



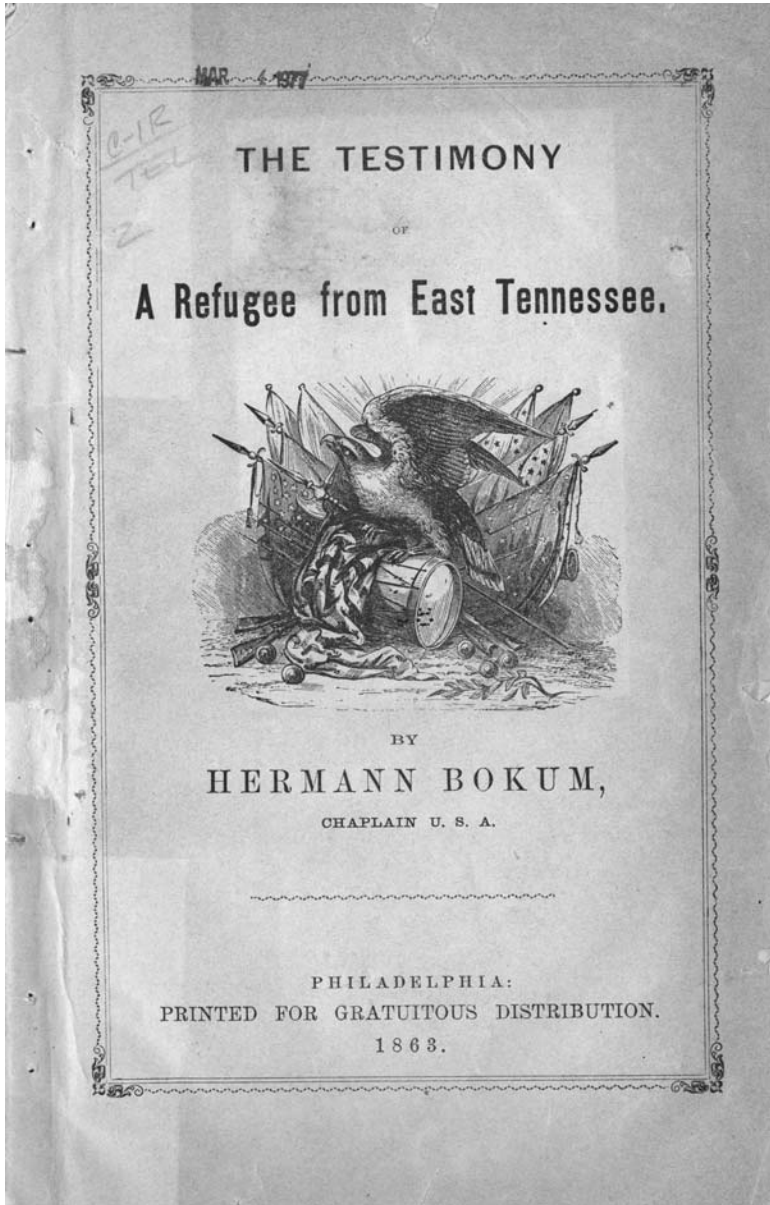
17. Photograph of the “Siamese Twins” Eng and Chang Bunker with their wives and two of their 21 children circa 1865. The brothers grew up near Bangkok, Thailand, left Asia in 1828, and worked as circus entertainers in America and Europe. In 1843, they immigrated to Surry County, North Carolina, where they bought a farm, married the sisters Adelaide and Sarah Ann Yates, and settled down with their families. Both brothers died within hours of each other in January of 1874. (Chapter 11)



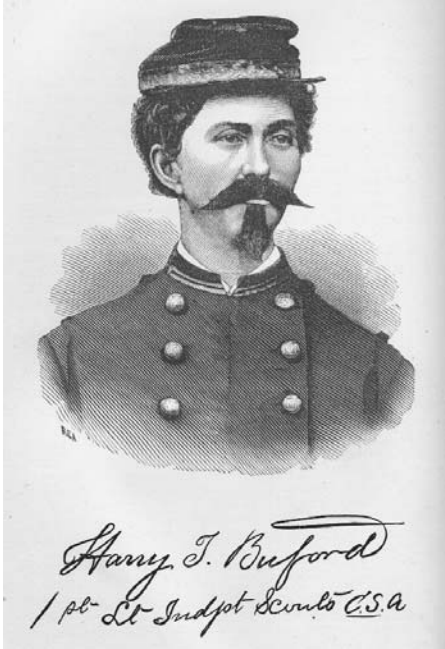
18. Photograph of Omar ibn Said, circa 1860? (Chapter 12)

ان ارجا النصر من الله
وفتح قريب وبشر المؤمن
منين ورايت الناس
يدخلون في الدين
الله ارجوا بسبح
بحمه ربك
واستخبره انه
كان قواجا
تمت اسمه عمر بن الخطاب

19. Arabic writing attributed to Omar ibn Said - Surat 110 from the Koran. (Chapter 12)



20. Cover page of *The Testimony of a Refugee from East Tennessee* by the German immigrant Hermann Bokum who published his autobiography in Philadelphia in 1863. Bokum describes his experiences in the Appalachian region bordering North Carolina, where he promoted strong abolitionist views and his unwavering commitments to preserve the Union. (Chapter 15)



21. Cuban immigrant Loreta Janeta Velazquez in uniform as Lieutenant Harry T. Buford of the Confederate States Army. Her memoirs *The Woman in Battle* was published in Richmond, Virginia, in 1876. (Chapter 16)

22. Loreta Velazquez' controversial Civil War memoir *The Woman in Battle* describes her work as a soldier and a spy. Many of her eloquent observations of Southern military history and culture, however, could not be confirmed. (Chapter 16)



Part II

MEMORIES OF REVOLUTION, PEACE, AND WAR 1776–1865

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS

In 1790, more than two-thirds of the population in the United States had family connections to Great Britain. During the first half of the 19th century, immigration increased greatly. 143,000 newcomers arrived in the 1820s, but that number grew more than four-fold during the following decade and even more so during the period from 1841 to 1850, when 1,713,000 immigrants arrived in the U.S. The motivating factors behind this increase were rooted in economic difficulties abroad, failed revolutions in Europe, and famine in Ireland (1845–49). U.S. and Carolinian immigration statistics reflect the following trends:

- In 1860, the foreign-born population of South Carolina outnumbered that of North Carolina, despite North Carolina having the larger total population. South Carolina was home to about 10,000 foreigners while North Carolina had a little more than 3,000.
- Between 1820 and 1860, a third of all U.S. immigrants had Irish Catholic backgrounds. The next largest groups consisted of Germans, British, and French.
- The Californian Gold Rush of 1849 attracted a large wave of immigrants from Mexico, Australia, Europe, and China.
- Many Chinese immigrants, who left Asia during times of political and economic turmoil, worked on western railroads and later settled in so-called Chinatowns, the biggest being in San Francisco.

Chapter Eight

Christiana Teulon Declaration of a Revolutionary War Widow

The revolutionary activism of Carolinian immigrants and their descendents frame the narratives of numerous autobiographies that emphasize patriotic engagement and heroism as well as personal suffering and loss. As the American War of Independence (1775–1783) drew to a close, one of General Washington’s officers remembered the contributions of South Carolina women to the cause: “I have no doubt that the historian who treats of our times will do them justice for their patriotism, for it is a circumstance much more worthy of history than a thousand idle stories that are daily retailed to us.” Christiana Teulon was one of those women whose contributions highlight the personal and political impact of the war. An immigrant from Ireland, Teulon wrote her testimony to draw attention to her plight as a war widow. She lived in Badwell in the Abbeville District of South Carolina for many years after her husband’s death, which left her in impoverished circumstances. Teulon’s case was taken up by one of her husband’s former students, later a state legislator named James Petigru. He helped Teulon draft the following petition, and presented it to the Committee on Pensions in 1836, which awarded her a payment of thirty dollars a year until her death in 1845. Below is Teulon’s autobiographical account entitled “The Declaration of Christiana Teulon of Abbeville District, Widow of Charles Teulon, Schoolmaster.”

I was born 20 June 1756 in the City of Limerick in the Kingdom of Ireland, the daughter of George Patterson & Catharine Teulon his wife. From Limerick my parents removed to Kilkenny in the West of Ireland, and afterwards to Glasgow and from thence to the neighborhood of Edinburgh. To avoid a press, my father enlisted in a Regiment which was afterwards ordered to

America. He served at the Siege of Quebec, and after his discharge got his bounty land and took up his abode not far from Charlotte, North Carolina, and sent for his family. My mother came out to him with me and my sister Jenny. We landed in Charleston in June 1768 where my father met us and carried us to his home in what was afterwards called the New Acquisition.

I was married first to George Henderson in March 1772—a Lieutenant in Captain Sumter's militia company. He died after the Snowy Camps as well as I recollect in 1775. He had resigned his Commission some time before on account of ill health. On the 1 January 1779, Charles Teulon and I were married at Brier Creek in the State of Georgia by the Reverend Mr. Lewis, a Presbyterian minister. Charles Teulon was a warm and active friend of America. During the war he was almost always out with the militia, and always a volunteer—never stood but one draft that I know of and that was in an expedition against the Quarters house under Captain McGaw. He was at the Battle of Fort Moultrie a private in Captain Snipes' Company and received three wounds and had a rib broken on Goat Island. At the siege of Augusta he was in a party of scouts and received in a skirmish a saber wound in the head. He was in a great many expeditions, which from the great lapse of time I cannot now recount. During the siege of Augusta I stayed on this side of the River at the house of one Lamar, where a Mrs. McCoy was living.

One day while at the house of one Flanagan a foraging party of British and Tories came. They charged me with being a rebel and having a husband out, and knowing where they were. I denied knowing where they were, as I did not know in fact, and a man called Conner pushed at me with his bayonet and gave me a sever wound on the left breast: and I believe he would have killed me, if one Blaney had not pushed him back as he made his lunge, which shortened the blow. I still have the scar of this wound from which I suffered a long time, and felt the pain many years after it was healed particularly when nursing—and feel it even yet sometimes.

My husband died on October 12, 1812. In the latter part of his life when he was hypochondriac, a set of swindlers got away his land which was all he had, and I was left in poverty. My two sons died young—my daughters are married or dead, and all of them at a distance but one, and she is very poor. I am solitary and destitute and have made this declaration reluctantly at the earnest request of the writer, who went to school when he was a boy, to my husband—but if I could get my dower, I would ask for nothing but the laws of my country and what they would give me.

Christiana Teulon

25 NOVEMBER 1836

I knew Charles Teulon and went to school to him in the year 1799—But never saw him since 1806 or 1807. I believe firmly all that his widow has stated, and have not the least doubt that he did serve. My impression is that he had the scar on his head that his widow speaks of and that I have heard in his lifetime of his services, but all his contemporaries from whom I would have expected information about him are dead except his widow.

James L. Petigru

Source: Teulon, Christiana. “The Petition of Christiana Teulon.” South Carolina Archives, microcopy no. 8, account no. 7701, roll 145, frames 267–70.

Chapter Nine

Joseph Salvador Letter from Charleston

This correspondence was written in 1785 by a prominent London scientist and business man one year after his arrival in South Carolina. Joseph Salvador was already 73 years of age when he conveyed his impressions, experiences and disappointments to a cousin in Great Britain, Mendes da Costa, a member of the Spanish and Portuguese Jewish community. Himself an accomplished scholar, da Costa was eager to learn more about Carolina's natural history as well as its social and cultural life nine years after the establishment of the United States of America. Da Costa and Salvador both belonged to the Royal Society and several other learned associations which Salvador briefly mentioned in this letter. The author found much to criticize in his new homeland. The swampy climate of Coroneka near Charleston irritated him and so did the unruly behavior of some Americans around him. The letter reflects Salvador's sense of sadness and melancholy coupled with scientific observations and historical sketches of his immigrant environment.

CORONEKA, 22 JANUARY 1785

My dear friend and Cousin:
Sir,

I have long since desired to write to you, but have been so distressed and ill that I could not do it.

I have suffered every want and, having no one within this month to write for me, have been forced to write too much myself; my eyes and hands are very much impaired, and I am entirely deprived of doing anything at night as

candles are not in use in this country, nor does anyone know how to make a pen; few write or read.

I am now in a wild country, have but one servant, and, though they speak English, we frequently don't understand each other. The inhabitants are descendants of the wild Irish and their ignorance is amazing; they have all the bad Spanish customs but none of that nation's good qualities. They are as poor as rats, proud as dons. They will not work nor permit their families to serve. They are naked and famished and immensely lazy. They have no religion or morals, the few that have any adopt the patriarchal system. They have no belief in Christ, little in Judaism or a future state. Their minds are wholly bent on their horses whom they prize more than their wives and families. They have society and pass their days in the woods or, loitering about, they drink hard. Rum is their deity; they ruin their health and are short livers, always happy when they can do any ill natured thing and molest their neighbors. The better sorts of people are here very docile and tractable and don't lack good sense, but are totally unimproved. They wish good government, but dare not oppose the others. In short there is no power in government; all goes by chance and time must bring amendment. They now are like a set of Tartars; there are above 50,000 whites in the district. Scarce fifty houses, the rest are cabins or huts. They are daily extending backwards in the country and always moving; not a village, and scarce two houses together.

As to the face of the country, it is all woods with brooks and some fine rivers, but, strange to tell, you have woods without shade, brooks without water or fish, few birds but some beautiful, as the red nightingale and a green and gold small bird. The wild beasts are wolves, panthers, a wild cat, foxes, the hideous pole cats, deer and buffalo. We have oxen, sheep, and goats, sufficient tame fowl, wild turkeys, partridge and doves and larks and black birds which are good, few hares or other game, very bad roads. Our swamps are something particular: with distance they form in winter a most beautiful view, being framed by the most elegant evergreens. In the bogs, cedars, cypress, firs of all kinds, form the tops; the bottoms are full of myrtle, evergreen privets, the sensitive plant, magnolias and a variety that would adorn the most curious garden of exotics in Europe; but beware, enter with care; in them they are full of dangerous serpents, the wild beasts harbor in the bogs, and holes are dangerous and uncertain, and all travelers are glad to be safe through them. Something peculiar is a sort of oaks called black jacks; a dark filament hangs over these and down them, and owing to the moisture, they look like pallbearers, even when green in summer time, and remind you of death. These range along the roads in low lands and are sure tokens of bad air; indeed anyone going through them is happy if he escapes the country fever and must be

cautious and guard the most he can. The whole country is unhealthy; the heat, cold is immoderate; last June I felt the hottest day in my life, the air was above blood warm or a feverish heat; in eight days after it was very cold. The winters I have felt are much sharper than common winter in London; everything in my room froze, and water even by the fire.

The soil is excellent and would produce anything, but the inhabitants will cultivate nothing. They have all fruits, but bad—peaches, pears, mulberries, plums, grapes, but none good, they being ungrafted, bad strawberries, some water melons, gourds and pumpkins, and middling melons, some other southern fruits, and greens, pineapples, oranges, and limes from abroad, but not good; they have apples from the north, but no cherries or currants. They are very scarce of greens, mostly kidney beans, cabbage, and lettuce, some peas, but rare and bad; small greens in general are all wanting, some bad asparagus and artichokes. Their wheat is good and Indian corn plenty. I hope to get some hops and beer; we have deer skins and bear skins. Tobacco and indigo maintain this country, the first is grown common and is as good as Virginia, the indigo is ordinary but will mend. In the low land vast quantities of fine rice is made. There is little or no credit or money in the country.

I would continue my narrative, but have no time. The wagons are upon departure and there is no other conveyance. I will beg you to wait on the president of our society, wishing my compliments. Tell him I have met with nothing worthy his attention in my passage, and have been very ill, but hope to be soon able to communicate some matters of these inland countries which are little known in Europe; that about this date last year, being ill at Cross Creek, I saw a small bearded comet.¹ Having no instrument in the place, all I could do was to observe her course with the eye. She seemed to me to be about eighteen degrees to the southward of Capricorn; I don't know the name of the constellation, knowing little astronomy and particularly of the southern heavens. Her course seemed to me near W.S.W., going to the sun. The comet every day gained that way, set sooner, and about the thirty was not visible to the eye, setting nearly with the sun, but more to the southward. Perhaps she grew visible at sunrise; I doubt it as she declined so much to the southward.

In June, we had the hottest day known here; it is said the thermometer reached 107 in the shadow. I went into the air and felt as if warm water was thrown on me, and all agreed in the coolest places our blood and pulses were above fever heat for three hours; eight hours thereafter, it was cold. There was frost last winter and this has been very cold, frequently freezing all liquids in my room but spirits, and close by large wood fires. Few such days are in England.

I can write no more on these subjects.

Enclosed go three requests, one to the Royal Society, another to the Society of Antiquaries, another to the Society of Arts and Manufactures, to deliver

to you my books and papers which pray send me, and Joshua will pay you the little charge. I shall soon write to you with some.

Pray wait on the president of the Society of Antiquaries with my respects. I shall endeavor to give him information. I have a hint of something which may lead to some considerable discovery.

On natural history, I hope soon to write to you; there seems to be less than one would expect.

My love to Joshua and Judy² and communicate this to them, my service to all friends. I am

Dear Sir

Your cousin and humble servant

Joseph Salvador³

NOTES

1. This probably refers to a so-called *Pigott's Comet*, which appeared in the sky in November of 1783.

2. Probably a reference to his son-in-law Joshua Mendes da Costa and his daughter Judith.

3. Joseph Salvador was also known as Joseph Jessurun Rodrigues among the congregation in his synagogue.

Source: Salvador, Joseph. "Letter to Emanuel Mendes Da Costa of London, 1785," in *A Description of America, 1785*, edited by Cecil Roth. *American Jewish Archives*, vol.17, no. 1 (1965): 27–33.

Chapter Ten

The Confession of Monday Gell

In the Carolinas, African and Caribbean slaves constituted a large portion of the population, particularly in South Carolina. The state maintained an extensive trade with Barbados and Jamaica which were the primary markets for Carolinian products. These business exchanges created formidable cultural influences that endured for centuries. In 1822, a remarkable incident involving Caribbean immigrants unfolded in the area around Charleston, then North America's fifth largest city behind Philadelphia, New York City, Boston, and Quebec City. It involved a former slave born either in Africa or the West Indies, Denmark Vesey, who was a fifty-five-year-old carpenter and abolitionist. Allegedly, he plotted a broad-based rebellion to put an end to slave exploitation in Charleston. Court documents indicate that Vesey enlisted black churches as resistance centers for his abolitionist insurrection. Authorities heard about the pending rebellion, and moved quickly to arrest him and his followers. Among Vesey's allies were Gullah Jack Pritchard, an African priest from Mozambique, and Monday Gell of Nigeria. Gell was a craftsman with political ties to the Caribbean, particularly Santo Domingo and Haiti, a free republic with revolutionary black leadership. Evidence indicates that Monday Gell cooperated with Charleston authorities. He entered court as a prosecution witness against Vesey and several followers. The court proceedings ended with death sentences against Vesey and thirty-six of his supporters. On the day of the executions, many African-Americans in the Charleston area defied authorities by wearing black funeral clothing to express their solidarity with Vesey's liberation movement.

In 2002, the City of Charleston proposed the construction of a monument to honor the memory of Vesey's anti-slavery rebellion. Recent research by historian Michel Johnson discovered evidence that put much of this history

and its legacy into question: Vesey might have neither planned nor carried out a slave rebellion as alleged by the courts in 1822. Vesey certainly opposed slavery as a moral and social curse. Instead of promoting an uprising against the establishment, it seems that Vesey was most likely the target of a white smear campaign against his abolitionist movement. Trial documents include confessions from thirty-three accused conspirators, many of them immigrants, whose testimonies might have been coerced by threats or force. Denmark Vesey, Gullah Jack, Monday Gell and others probably faced a vicious choice: saving themselves by falsely testifying, or getting executed for refusing to lie. The historical details regarding this episode are still emerging. Vesey's legacy suggests a different kind of heroism: an uncompromising stand in support of the abolitionist cause. Only a handful of men gave incriminating testimony. Monday Gell was among them, and his "confession" must be read with a sense of caution. Whether fabrication or reality, the 1822 incident had an impact far beyond South Carolina. Frederick Douglass and other abolitionists used Vesey's name as a rallying cry during the Civil War to advance the cause of freedom and justice for African-Americans across the country.

CONFESSION OF MONDAY GELL

I come out as a man who knows he is about to die some time after Christmas. Vesey passed my door, he called in and said to me, that he was trying to gather the black to try and see if anything could be done to overcome the whites; he asked me to join; I asked him about his plan and his numbers; he said he had Peter Poyas, Ned Bennet, and Jack Purcell; he asked me to join; I said no; he left me and I saw him not for some time. About four or five weeks ago as I sent up Wentworth Street; Frank Ferguson met me, and said he had four plantations of people who he was to go for on Saturday, June 15th. How, said I, will you bring them down; he said through the woods; he asked me if I was going towards Besey's to ask Vesey to be at home that evening; and he should be there to tell him his success. I asked Jack Purcell to carry this message; he said he would; that same evening at my house I met Vesey's mulatto boy; he told me Besey wished to see me, I sent with him; when I went into Vesey's I met Ned Bennett, Peter Poyas, and Frank Ferguson, and Adam, and Gullah Jack, they were consulting about the plan; Frank told Vesey on Saturday, June 15th he would go and bring down the people and lodge them near town in the woods; the plan was to arm themselves by breaking open the stores; with some business of my own I asked them to excuse me; I went away, and only then was I ever there. One evening, Perault, Strohecker, and Cacchus Hammett brought

to my shop a keg, and asked me to let it stay there till they sent for it; I said yes, but did not know the contents; the next evening Gullah Jack came and took away the keg, this was before the 16th of June; since I have been in prison I learnt that the keg contained powder.

Pharo Thompson is concerned; and he told me, a day or two after Ned and Peter were taken up, if he could get a fifty dollar bill, he would run away; about two Sundays before I was brought here, he asked me, in Archdale Street, when shall we be like those white people in the church; I said when it pleased God; Sunday before I was taken up, he met me as I came out of Archdale Church, and took me into a stable in said street, and told me that he had told his master, who had asked him, that he had nothing to do in this affair; which was a lie. William Colcock came to my shop once and said a brother told him that five hundred men were making up for the same purpose. Frank said he was to send to Hell-Hole Swamps to get men.

Perault Strohecker is engaged; he used to go on a Sunday on horse back up the road to a man he knows on the same errand. One Sunday he asked me to go with him; I went and met Smart Anderson; we went to a small house a little ways from the road after you turn into the ship yard road, on its left hand; they too went into the stable with an old man that lived there, I remained in the yard; they remained in the stable about half an hour; as soon as they came out, I and Perault started to town to go to church and left Smart there; I was told by Denbow Martin, who has a wife in Mr. Smith's house, that Stephen Smith belonged to some of the gangs.

Saby Guillard is concerned; he met me on the Bay, before the 16th of June and gave me a piece of paper from this pocket; this paper was about the battle that Boyer had in St. Domingo; in a day or two he called on me and asked if I had read it, and said if he had as many men he would do the same too; as he could whip ten white men himself; he frequently came to me to speak about this matter, and at last I had to insult him out of the shop; he and Paris Ball were often together. A week before I was taken up, Paris told me that my name was called.

Billy Palmer and Vesey were constantly together; there was once in my shop a long talk between them about this same matter; I begged them to stop it; Vesey told him to try to get as many as he could; he said he would.

John Vincent told me that Edward Johnson, a free man, had said, as he was a free man he would have nothing to do with slaves, but the night they began he would join them.

I told Charles Drayton what uproar there was about this business, and since we have been here we have talked together.

Albert Inglis came to me and asked if I knew any thing about it; I said yes. He asked me if I had joined; I said yes; he said he was one also; he said Adam,

a free man wanted to see me; I went with him one night; Adam asked me how many men had joined; I told him what Frank Ferguson had said; he asked me if I believed it; I said yes; he said if he could only find men behind him he would go before. Previous to the 16th, Albert said to me: quit the business; I told him I was too far into it, so I must stick to it.

I never wrote to St. Domingo or any where else on this subject, nor kept a list or books, nor saw any such things, but heard that Paul Williams had a list; nor did I hear any thing about arms being in possession of the blacks. I don't know that Tom Russel makes pikes, nor that Gullah Jack had any of them.

Lewis Remoussin called at my shop and asked me to call at his house, he had something to tell me, but I did not go; Jack Glen told me he was engaged.

I met Scipio Sims one Sunday, coming from the country, who said he had been near the Savannah's to Mr. Middleton's place; I heard afterwards that his errand was on this business.

I know John the cooper, who said he was engaged too in this business.

William Garner said he was engaged in it and had got twelve or thirteen men to join.

Sandy Vesey told me he belonged to it too.

At Vesey's house, Frank told Gullah Jack, to put one ball and three buck shot in each cartridge.

Mingo Harth acknowledged to me that he had joined, and Peter Poyas told me so too; he, Mingo, told me so several times; Mingo said he was to have his master's horse on the night of the 16th.

Lot Forrester told me frequently that he was one of the company; and I know that he had joined in the business myself. Isaac Harth told me once that he had joined; he knew I was in the business.

Morris Brown knew nothing of it, and we agreed not to let him, Harry Drayton, or Charles Corr, know anything about it.—told me in my store that he was to get some powder from his master and give it to Peter Poyas; he seemed to have been a long time engaged in it, and to know a great deal. Joe Jore acknowledged to me once or twice that he had joined, he said he knew some of the Frenchmen concerned; he knew I was in it.

Source: Gell, Monday. "The Confession of Monday Gell." In *Slave Insurrections: Selected Documents*. Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, 1970.

Chapter Eleven

Chang and Eng Bunker Family Letters

Eng Bunker and his brother Chang were born in 1811 in a fishing village in Siam, today's Thailand. They became known world-wide as the "Siamese Twins," the first documented case of siblings physically conjoined since birth. Eng and Chang left Asia at the age of seventeen to tour the continents with a show business manager. The twins performed as "freaks" in country fairs throughout Europe, Canada and the United States, where they later worked for the Barnum and Bailey Circus. The show business career of the Bunker brothers was rigorous, tiresome, and often demeaning, but also very profitable. So much so, that after ten years of traveling, the twins decided to move far away from show business and big city crowds. On a visit to the foothills of North Carolina during a fishing and hunting trip in 1838, the Bunkers decided to settle in Wilkes County. There, Eng and Chang met two sisters, Adelaide and Sarah Yates. They got married in 1843 and moved to Surry County. The brothers became dedicated family men and successful farmers who occasionally reactivated their show business career to generate additional income. The letters of Chang and Eng presented below were written between 1854 and 1860. Although their handwriting was quite good, their English grammar was less than perfect. The first letter was addressed to the wives and children and conveyed news about their children Kate and Chris on a trip to Baltimore. The second letter was written in 1860 by Eng and his son James. They addressed it to the family at home with instructions about working the farm and news about their tour from New York to San Francisco, then the gold rush capitol.

LETTER FROM BALTIMORE, 19 MARCH 1854

Dear wives and children:

We are happy to inform you that Kate is getting well fast—and also Chris.— We want you to write to us when you receive this—to Petersburg, VA. Be sure to put Siamese Twins to it.

We have written to you a few days ago telling you about Kate having the measles—thank God she is nearly well— We have seen good many of our old friends here—we long to be home. The time passes off very slow with us. We hope, when we come, to find you all well.

Yours as ever!

C & E Bunker

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DEC 10, 1860

Dear wives and children:

We wanted to know very much how are you coming on. We have not heard from you for six weeks. We got two letters from you since we left. I hope you are done hauling the corn from Mr. Whitlock before now. Tell Mary to take care of cattle and pigs. I wanted to know very much how Mill is coming on.

Most likely we will be back in March, maybe not till May or June. You must tell Mary to have everything with the carriage on right. I leave a truck in New York with Mr. Hale. He will send it home by way of Marmadow. Tell Mr. Gilmer if he has anything to haul from there to have our truck. Bring it on too—nothing in them but shoes and a coat for Mary—

We have not seen much gold yet but hope to get some before long—I must bring this close—hope this will find you all well and happy. Take good care of the five—write soon to this place.

Yours as ever!

C & E Bunker

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DEC 10, 1860

My dear Brothers and Sisters:

We are all well and I hope these few lines will find you all the same. We were twenty-four days coming from New York to California. There were about six hundred passengers on board of the ship. We saw a plenty of whales. I was

seasick a little. We were eight days coming from New York . . . and we got on the cars and went to Panama and we got on the boat at Panama. The boat's name was Uncle Sam. We were sixteen days coming from Panama to California. . . . We saw plenty of flying fish. We have plenty of green corn and beans and pears and we saw a plenty of nuts and cocoa nut trees. We stopped at a little place to get coal.

. . . Papa says take good care of the sons and do not let them get rusty. We will . . . bring home some shells.

James

Write to here: To the care of R. S. Stiffany, N 171 Washington Street, San Francisco

Source: Bunker, Chang and Eng. "Chang Papers, 1833–1874, 1833–1867, 1898." Archive Papers #3761. *Southern Historical Collection*, Manuscripts Department, Wilson Library, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Chapter Twelve

Omar ibn Said Autobiography of a Slave in North Carolina

The following slave narrative was written in 1831 by an African immigrant in North Carolina. Omar ibn Said remembers his life as a series of trials and tribulations which he presented within the Christian framework, which he adopted in captivity. Omar was born in Senegal in the 1770s, and educated as a Muslim in a well to do household. When local wars ravaged the land, young Omar was captured and sold into slavery. He arrived in Charleston in 1807, where his Carolinian odyssey began. Well versed in Arabic Studies, his polite and dignified demeanor attracted attention. Omar was interviewed by several journal editors and church officials while he worked for the Owen family in Fayetteville. Ibn Said's autobiography is one of only a handful of immigrant texts that survived the slavery era. Most notable in his narrative is the embrace of Christianity and the faith it offered him. Some of his masters interpreted Omar's conversion as a sign of the institution's redeeming value leading slaves to humility and salvation "by the hand of the Great Master." Ibn Said died in 1864. He was buried in Bladen County, North Carolina.

A rather patronizing introduction to Omar ibn Said's autobiography appeared in *The North Carolina University Magazine* in 1854. Excerpts from the magazine article below highlight the considerable impact Omar, who was also known as "Uncle Moreau," had on his contemporaries in 1854.

"The town of Wilmington, though of much commercial importance to the good State of North Carolina, cannot boast of many notable personages, and is woefully destitute of "lions." Perhaps it may strike some strangely, and others ludicrously, that many persons inquire with most apparent interest, or at least curiosity, after the venerable colored man whose name stands at the head of this article. The reason of this we will make an attempt to disclose by a short sketch of his life.

“Uncle Moreau” is now well stricken in years, being, according to his own account, eighty-four years of age. He was born in eastern Africa, upon the banks of the Senegal River. His name originally was Umeroh. His family belonged to the tribe of the Foutahs, whose chief city was Foutah. The story that he was by birth a prince of his tribe is unfounded. His father seems to have been a man of considerable wealth, owning as many as seventy slaves, and living upon the proceeds of their labor. The tribes living in eastern Africa are engaged almost incessantly in predatory warfare, and in one of these wars the father of Moreau was killed. This occurred when he was about five years old, and the whole family was immediately taken by an uncle to the town of Foutah. This uncle appears to have been the chief minister of the King or Ruler of Foutah. Here Moreau was educated, that is, he was taught to read the Koran (his tribe being Mohammedans) to recite certain forms of prayer, and the knowledge of the simpler forms of Arithmetic. So apt was he to learn, that he was soon promoted to a mastership, and for ten years taught the youth of his tribe all that they were wont to be taught, which was for the most part, lessons from the Koran. Those barbarians did not think, like the more Enlightened States of excluding their sacred books from their schools.

After teaching for many years, Moreau resolved to abandon this pursuit and become a trader, the chief articles of trade being salt, cotton cloths, &c. While engaged in trade, some event occurred, which he is very reluctant to refer to, but which resulted in his being sold into slavery. He was brought down the coast, shipped for America, in company with only two who could speak the same language, and was landed at Charleston in 1807, just a year previous to the final abolition of the slave trade. He was soon sold to a citizen of Charleston, who treated him with great kindness, but who, unfortunately for Moreau, died in a short time.

He was then sold to one who proved to be a harsh cruel master, exacting from him labor which he had not the strength to perform. From him Moreau found means to escape, and after wandering nearly over the State of South Carolina, was found near to Fayetteville in this State. Here he was taken up as a runaway and placed in the jail. Knowing nothing of the language as yet, he could not tell who he was, or where he was from, but finding some coals in the ashes, he filled the walls of his room with piteous petitions to be released, all written in the Arabic language. The strange characters, so elegantly and correctly written by a runaway slave, soon attracted attention, and many of the citizens of the town visited the jail to see him.

Through the agency of Mr. Mumford, then Sheriff of Cumberland County, the case of Moreau was brought to the notice of Gen. Jas. Owen, of Bladen County, a gentleman well known throughout this commonwealth for his pub-

lic services, and always known as a man of generous and humane impulses. He took Moreau out of jail [. . .] and to his plantation in Bladen County. For a long time his wishes were baffled by the meanness and the cupidity of a man who had bought the runaway at a small price from his former master, until at last he was able to obtain legal possession of him, greatly to the joy of Moreau. Since then, for more than forty years, he has been a trusted and indulged servant.

At the time of his purchase by Gen. Owen, Moreau was a staunch Mohammedan, and the first year at least kept the fast of Ramadan, with great strictness. Through the kindness of some friends, an English translation of the Koran was procured for him, and read to him, often with portions of the Bible. Gradually he seemed to lose his interest in the Koran, and to show more interest in the sacred Scriptures, until finally he gave up his faith in Mohammed, and became a believer in Jesus Christ. He was baptized by Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, of the Presbyterian Church in Fayetteville, and received into the church. Since that time he has been transferred to the Presbyterian Church in Wilmington, of which he has long been a consistent and worthy member. There are few Sabbaths in the year in which he is absent from the house of God.

Uncle Moreau is an Arabic scholar, reading the language with great facility, and translating it with ease. His pronunciation of the Arabic is remarkably fine. An eminent Virginia scholar said, not long since, that he read it more beautifully than any one he ever heard, save a distinguished savant of the University of Halle. His translations are somewhat imperfect, as he never mastered the English language, but they are often very striking. We remember once hearing him read and translate the twenty-third psalm, and shall never forget the earnestness and fervor which shone in the old man's countenance, as he read of the going down into the dark valley, and using his own broken English said, 'Me, no fear, master's with me there.'" There were signs in his countenance and in his voice, that he knew not only the words, but felt the blessed power of the truth they contained.

Moreau has never expressed any wish to return to Africa. Indeed he has always manifested a great aversion to it when proposed, changing the subject as soon as possible. When Dr. Jonas King, now of Greece, returned to this country from the East, he was introduced in Fayetteville to Moreau. Gen. Owen observed an evident reluctance on the part of the old man to converse with Dr. King. After some time he ascertained that the only reason of his reluctance was his fear that one who talked so well in Arabic might have been sent by his own countryman to reclaim him, and carry him again over the sea. After his fears were removed he conversed with Dr. King with great readiness and delight.

He now regards his expatriation as a great providential favor. "His coming to this country," as he remarked to the writer, "was all for good." Mohammedanism has been supplanted in his heart by the better faith in Christ Jesus, and in the midst of a Christian family, where he is kindly watched over and in the midst of a church which honors him for his consistent piety.—He is gradually going down to that dark valley, in which, his own firm hope is, that he will be supported and led by the hand of the Great Master, and from which he will emerge into the brightness of the perfect day."

Omar's own voice projects a less patronizing tone, but instead the harsh honesty and realism of a slave narrative written by an old man who tried to make peace with his lot in life.

FROM OMAR TO SHEIKH HUNTER

You asked me to write my life. I am not able to do this because I have much forgotten my own, as well as the Arabic language. Neither can I write very grammatically or according to the true idiom. And so, my brother, I beg you, in God's name, not to blame me, for I am a man of weak eyes, and of a weak body.

My name is Omar ibn Said. My birthplace was Fut Tûr [Futa Toro, one of the Fula states of that time, now a part of French Senegal] between the two rivers. I sought knowledge under the instruction of a Sheikh called Mohammed Said, my own brother, and Sheikh Soleiman Kembeh, and Sheikh Gabriel Abdal. I continued my studies twenty-five years, and then returned to my home where I remained six years. Then there came to our place a large army, who killed many men, and took me, and brought me to the great sea, and sold me into the hands of the Christians, who bound me and sent me on board a great ship and we sailed upon the great sea a month and a half, when we came to a place called Charleston in the Christian language.

There they sold me to a small, weak, and wicked man called Johnson, a complete infidel, who had no fear of God at all. Now I am a small man, and unable to do hard work so I fled from the hand of Johnson and after a month came to a place called Fayd-il [Fayetteville] There I saw some great houses (churches). On the new moon I went into a church to pray. A lad saw me and rode off to the place of his father and informed him that he had seen a black man in the church. A man named Handah (Hunter?) and another man with him on horseback came attended by a troop of dogs. They took me and made me go with them twelve miles to a place called Fayd-il, where they put me into a great house from which I could not go out. I continued in the great house (which, in the Christian language, they called *jail*) sixteen days and

nights. One Friday the jailor came and opened the door of the house and I saw a great many men, all Christians, some of whom called out to me, "What is your name? Is it Omar or Said?" I did not understand their Christian language. A man called Bob Mumford [Sheriff of Cumberland County, of which Fayetteville is the county seat] took me and led me out of the jail, and I was very well pleased to go with them to their place. I stayed at Mumford's four days and nights, and then a man named Jim Owen¹ asked me if I was willing to go to a place called Bladen [Bladen County, North Carolina].

I said, Yes, I was willing. I went with them and have remained in the place of Jim Owen until now. Before [after?] I came into the hand of General Owen a man by the name of Mitchell came to buy me. He asked me if I were willing to go to Charleston City. I said "No, no, no, no, no, no, no, I not willing to go to Charleston. I stay in the hand of Jim Owen."

O ye people of North Carolina, O ye people of S. Carolina, O ye people of America all of you; have you among you any two such men as Jim Owen and John Owen?² These men are good men. What food they eat they give to me to eat. As they clothe themselves they clothe me. They permit me to read the gospel of God, our Lord, and Savior, and King; who regulates all our circumstances, our health and wealth, and who bestows his mercies willingly, not by constraint. According to power I open my heart, as to a great light, to receive the true way, the way of the Lord Jesus the Messia.

Before I came to the Christian country, my religion was the religion of "Mohammed, the Apostle of God—May God have mercy upon him and give him peace." I walked to the mosque before day-break, washed my face and head and hands and feet. I prayed at noon, prayed in the afternoon, prayed at sunset, prayed in the evening. I gave alms every year, gold, silver, seeds, cattle, sheep, goats, rice, wheat, and barley. I gave tithes of all the above-named things. I went every year to the holy war against the infidels. I went on pilgrimage to Mecca, as all did who were able.

My father had six sons and five daughters, and my mother had three sons and one daughter. When I left my country I was thirty-seven years old; I have been in the country of the Christians twenty-four years.—Written A. D. 1831.

O ye people of North Carolina, O ye people of South Carolina, O all ye people of America. The first son of Jim Owen is called Thomas and his sister is called Masa-jein (Martha Jane?). This is an excellent family. Tom Owen and Nell Owen³ have two sons and a daughter. The first son is called Jim and the second John. The daughter is named Melissa. Jim Owen and his wife Betsey have two sons and five daughters. Their names are Tom, and John, and Mercy, Miriam, Sophia, Margaret and Eliza. This family is a very nice family. The wife of John Owen is called Lucy and an excellent wife she is. She had five children. Three of them died and two are still living. O ye Americans,

ye people of North Carolina—have you, have you, have you, have you, have you among you a family like this family, having so much love to God as they?

Formerly I, Omar, loved to read the book of the Koran the famous. General Jim Owen and his wife used to read the gospel, and they read it to me very much,—the gospel of God, our Lord, our Creator, our King, He that orders all our circumstances, health and wealth, willingly, not constrainedly, according to his power.—Open thou my heart to the gospel, to the way of uprightness.—Thanks to the Lord of all worlds, thanks in abundance. He is plenteous in mercy and abundant in goodness. For the law was given by Moses but grace and truth were by the Jesus the Messiah.

When I was a Mohammedan I prayed thus: “Thanks be to God, Lord of all worlds, the merciful the gracious, Lord of the day of Judgment, thee we serve, on thee we call for help. Direct us in the right way, the way of those on whom thou hast had mercy, with whom thou hast not been angry and who walks not in error. Amen.”—But now I pray “Our Father”, etc., in the words of our Lord Jesus the Messiah.

I reside in this our country by reason of great necessity. Wicked men took me by violence and sold me to the Christians. We sailed a month and a half on the great sea to the place called Charleston in the Christian land. I fell into the hands of a small, weak and wicked man, who feared not God at all nor did he read (the gospel) at all nor pray. I was afraid to remain with a man so depraved and who committed so many crimes and I ran away. After a month our Lord God brought me forward to the hand of a good man, who fears God, and loves to do good, and whose name is Jim Owen and whose brother is called Col. John Owen. These are two excellent men.—I am residing in Bladen County.

I continue in the hand of Jim Owen who never beats me, nor scolds me. I neither go hungry nor naked, and I have no hard work to do. I am not able to do hard work for I am a small man and feeble. During the last twenty years I have known no want in the hand of Jim Owen. [. . .]

This is my home, and here are my friends, and here is my Bible; I enjoy all I want in this world. If I should return to my native land, the fortune of war might transport me to a country where I should be deprived of the greatest of all blessings, that of worshipping the true and living God, and his Son Jesus Christ, whom to worship and serve is eternal life. [. . .]

Do not be hard upon me, my brother. To God let many thanks be paid for his great mercy and goodness. In the name of God, the Gracious, the Merciful.—Thanks be to God, supreme in goodness and kindness and grace, and who is worthy of all honor, who created all things for his service, even man’s power of action and of speech.

NOTES

1. James Owen (1784–1865), Member of Congress from North Carolina 1817–1819, and afterward president of the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad and major general of militia.

2. John Owen (1787–1841), brother of James, Governor of North Carolina from December 1828, to December, 1830.

3. According to recollections by an acquaintance, Miss Graham, the genealogical details which Omar here inserts are not quite correct, assuming that “Tom Owen and Nell Owen” of whom he speaks in the next paragraph were Colonel Thomas Owen of Revolutionary days and his wife Eleanor Porterfield Owen, father and mother of the two brothers with whom Omar spent his later years.

Source: Ibn Said, Omar. “Autobiography of Omar ibn Said, Slave in North Carolina, 1831,” edited by John Franklin Jameson. In *The American Historical Review*, 30, no. 4. (July 1925): 787–795.

Chapter Thirteen

Charles Ball Slave Migration

Charles Ball, the grandson of an African, was sold into slavery during the first decade of the nineteenth century. He published his autobiography in 1859 under a pseudonym to protect his identity. Ball describes the memory of his parents, his wife and little children, and his forced migration across the South. The author worked as a plantation slave in South Carolina before the outbreak of the Civil War. He managed to escape and move to the North, where friends helped him settle in Pennsylvania and publish his memories. “I expect to pass the evening of my life, in working hard for my subsistence, without the least hope of ever again seeing, my wife and children:—fearful, at this day, to let my place of residence be known, lest even yet it may be supposed, that as an article of property, I am of sufficient value to be worth pursuing in my old age.” The following excerpt comes from the autobiography of a 3rd-generation African-American entitled “Fifty Years in Chains or the Life of an American Slave.” Ball starts by remembering the separation from his parents in Maryland.

SEPARATED

My grandfather was brought from Africa and sold as a slave in Calvert County, in Maryland. I never understood the name of the ship in which he was imported, nor the name of the planter who bought him on his arrival, but at the time I knew him he was a slave in a family called Maud, who resided near Leonardtown. My father was a slave in a family named Hauty, living near the same place. My mother was the slave of a tobacco planter, who died when I was about four years old. My mother had several children, and they were sold

upon master's death to separate purchasers. She was sold, my father told me, to a Georgia trader. I, of all her children, was the only one left in Maryland. When sold I was naked, never having had on clothes in my life, but my new master gave me a child's frock, belonging to one of his own children.

After he had purchased me, he dressed me in this garment, took me before him on his horse, and started home; but my poor mother, when she saw me leaving her for the last time, ran after me, took me down from the horse, clasped me in her arms, and wept loudly and bitterly over me. My master seemed to pity her; and endeavored to soothe her distress by telling her that he would be a good master to me, and that I should not want anything. She then, still holding me in her arms, walked along the road beside the horse as he moved slowly, and earnestly and imploringly besought my master to buy her and the rest of her children, and not permit them to be carried away by the negro buyers; but whilst thus entreating him to save her and her family, the slave-driver, who had first bought her, came running in pursuit of her with a raw-hide in his hand. When he overtook us, he told her he was her master now, and ordered her to give that little Negro to its owner, and come back with him.

My mother then turned to him and cried, "Oh, master, do not take me from my child!" Without making any reply, he gave her two or three heavy blows on the shoulders with his raw-hide, snatched me from her arms, handed me to my master, and seizing her by one arm, dragged her back towards the place of sale. My master then quickened the pace of his horse; and as we advanced, the cries of my poor parent became more and more indistinct—at length they died away in the distance, and I never again heard the voice of my poor mother. Young as I was, the horrors of that day sank deeply into my heart, and even at this time, though half a century has elapsed, the terrors of the scene return with painful vividness upon my memory.

Frightened at the sight of the cruelties inflicted upon my poor mother, I forgot my own sorrows at parting from her and clung to my new master, as an angel and a savior, when compared with the hardened fiend into whose power she had fallen. She had been a kind and good mother to me; had warmed me in her bosom in the cold nights of winter; and had often divided the scanty pittance of food allowed her by her mistress, between my brothers, and sisters, and me, and gone supperless to bed herself. Whatever victuals she could obtain beyond the coarse food, salt fish and corn bread, allowed to slaves on the Patuxent and Potomac rivers, she carefully, distributed among her children, and treated us with all the tenderness which her own miserable condition would permit. I have no doubt that she was chained and driven to Carolina, and toiled out the residue of a forlorn and famished existence in the rice swamps, or indigo fields of the South.

My father never recovered from the effects of the shock, which this sudden and overwhelming ruin of his family gave him. He had formerly been of a gay, social temper, and when he came to see us on a Saturday night, he always brought us some little present, such as the means of a poor slave would allow—apples, melons, sweet potatoes, or, if he could procure nothing else, a little parched corn, which tasted better in our cabin, because he had brought it. [. . .]

FORCED MIGRATION AND PLANTATION LIFE

After more than four weeks of travel we entered South Carolina near Camden, and for the first time I saw a field of cotton in bloom. As we approached the Yadkin River the tobacco disappeared from the fields and the cotton plant took its place as an article of general culture.

I was now a slave in South Carolina, and had no hope of ever again seeing my wife and children. I had at times serious thoughts of suicide so great was my anguish. If I could have got a rope I should have hanged myself at Lancaster. The thought of my wife and children I had been torn from in Maryland, and the dreadful undefined future which was before me, came near driving me mad. It was long after midnight before I fell asleep, but the most pleasant dream, succeeded to these sorrowful forebodings. I thought I had escaped my master, and through great difficulties made my way back to Maryland, and was again in my wife's cabin with my little children on my lap. Every object was so vividly impressed on my mind in this dream, that when I awoke, a firm conviction settled upon my mind, that by some means, at present incomprehensible to me, I should yet again embrace my wife, and caresses my children in their humble dwelling.

Early in the morning, our master called us up and distributed to each of the party a cake made of corn-meal and a small piece of bacon. On our journey, we had only eaten twice a day, and had not received breakfast until about nine o'clock; but he said this morning meal was given to welcome us to South Carolina. He then addressed us all, and told us we might now give up all hope of ever returning to the places of our nativity; as it would be impossible for us to pass through the States of North Carolina and Virginia, without being taken up and sent back. He further advised us to make ourselves contented, as he would take us to Georgia, a far better country than any we had seen; and where we would be able to live in the greatest abundance. About sunrise we took up our march on the road to Columbia, as we were told.

Hitherto our master had not offered to sell any of us, and had even refused to stop to talk to any one on the subject of our sale, although he had

several times been addressed on this point, before we reached Lancaster; but soon after we departed from this village, we were overtaken on the road by a man on horseback, who accosted our driver by asking him if his "*niggers*" were for sale. The latter replied, that he believed he would not sell any yet, as he was on his way to Georgia, and cotton being now much in demand, he expected to obtain high prices for us from persons who were going to settle in the new purchase. He, however, contrary to his custom, ordered us to stop, and told the stranger he might look at us, and that he would find us as fine a lot of hands as were ever imported into the country—that we were all prime property, and he had no doubt would command his own prices in Georgia.

The stranger, who was a thin, weather-beaten, sunburned figure, then said, he wanted a couple of breeding wenches, and would give as much for them as they would bring in Georgia—that he had lately heard from Augusta, and that *niggers* were not higher there than in Columbia, and, as he had been in Columbia the week before, he knew what *niggers* were worth. He then walked along our line, as we stood chained together, and looked at the whole of us—then turning to the women; asked the prices of the two pregnant ones. Our master replied, that these were two of the best breeding—wenches in all Maryland—that one was twenty-two, and the other only nineteen—that the first was already the mother of seven children, and the other of four—that he had himself seen the children at the time he bought their mothers—and that such wenches would be cheap at a thousand dollars each; but as they were not able to keep up with the gang, he would take twelve hundred dollars for the two. The purchaser said this was too much, but that he would give nine hundred dollars for the pair. This price was promptly refused; but our master, after some consideration, said he was willing to sell a bargain in these wenches, and would take eleven hundred dollars for them, which was objected to on the other side; and many faults and failings were pointed out in the merchandise.

After much bargaining, and many gross jests on the part of the stranger, he offered a thousand dollars for the two, and said he would give no more. He then mounted his horse, and moved off; but after he had gone about one hundred yards, he was called back; and our master said, if he would go with him to the next blacksmith's shop on the road to Columbia, and pay for taking the irons off the rest of us, he might have the two women.

This proposal was agreed to, and as it was now about nine o'clock, we were ordered to hasten on to the next house, where, we were told, we must stop for breakfast. At this place we were informed that it was ten miles to the next smith's shop, and our new acquaintance was obliged by the terms of his contract, to accompany us thither. We received for breakfast, about a pint of boiled rice to each person, and after this was dispatched, we again took to the

road, eager to reach the blacksmith's shop, at which we expected to be relieved of the iron rings and chains, which had so long galled and worried us.

About two o'clock we arrived at the longed-for residence of the smith; but, on inquiry, our master was informed that he was not at home, and would not return before evening. Here a controversy arose, whether we should all remain here until the smith returned, or the stranger should go on with us to the next smithery, which was said to be only five miles distant. This was a point not easily settled between two such spirits as our master and the stranger; both of whom had been overseers in their time, and both of whom had risen to the rank of proprietors of slaves.

The matter had already produced angry words, and much vaunting on the part of the stranger;—"that a freeman of South Carolina was not to be imposed upon; that by the constitution of the State, his rights were sacred, and he was not to be deprived of his liberty, at the arbitrary will of a man just from amongst the Yankees, and who had brought with him to the South as many Yankee tricks as he had *niggers*, and he believed many more." He then swore, that "all the *niggers* in the drove were Yankee *niggers*."

"When I *overseed* for Colonel Polk," said he, "on his rice plantation, he had two Yankee *niggers* that he brought from Maryland, and they were running away every day. I gave them a hundred lashes more than a dozen times; but they never quit running away, till I chained them together, with iron collars round their necks, and chained them to spades, and made them do nothing but dig ditches to drain the rice swamps. They could not run away then, unless they went together, and carried their chains and spades with them. I kept them in this way two years, and better *niggers* I never had. One of them died one night, and the other was never good for anything after he lost his mate. He never ran away afterwards, but he died too, after a while."

He then addressed himself to the two women, whose master he had become, and told them that if ever they ran away, he would treat them in the same way. Wretched as I was myself, my heart bled for these poor creatures, who had fallen into the hands of a tiger in human form. The dispute between the two masters was still raging, when, unexpectedly, the blacksmith rode up to his house, on a thin, bony-looking horse, and dismounting, asked his wife what these gentlemen were making such a *frollick* about. I did not hear her answer, but both the disputants turned and addressed themselves to the smith—the one to know what price he would demand to take the irons off all these *niggers*, and the other to know how long it would take him to perform the work.

It is here proper for me to observe, that there are many phrases of language in common use in Carolina and Georgia, which are applied in a way that would not be understood by persons from one of the Northern States. For in-

stance, when several persons are quarrelling, brawling, making a great noise, or even fighting, they say, "*the gentlemen are frolicking!*" I heard many other terms equally strange, whilst I resided in the southern country, amongst such white people as I became acquainted with; though my acquaintance was confined, in a great measure, to overseers, and such people as did not associate with the rich planters and great families.

The smith at length agreed to take the irons from the whole of us for two dollars and fifty cents, and immediately set about it, with the air of indifference that he would have manifested in tearing a pair of old shoes from the hoofs of a wagon-horse. It was four weeks and five days, from the time my irons had been riveted upon me, until they were removed, and great as had been my sufferings whilst chained to my fellow-slaves, I cannot say that I felt any pleasure in being released from my long confinement; for I knew that my liberation was only preparatory to my final, and, as I feared, perpetual subjugation to the power of some such monster, as the one then before me, who was preparing to drive away the two unfortunate women whom he had purchased, and whose life's-blood he had acquired the power of shedding at pleasure, for the sum of a thousand dollars.

After we were released from our chains, our master sold the whole lot of irons, which we had borne from Maryland, to the blacksmith, for seven dollars. The smith then procured a bottle of rum, and treated his two new acquaintances to a part of its contents—wishing them both good luck with their *niggers*. After these civilities were over, the two women were ordered to follow their new master, who shaped his course across the country, by a road leading west. At parting from us, they both wept aloud, and wrung their hands in despair. We all went to them, and bade them a last farewell. Their road led into a wood, which they soon entered, and I never saw them nor heard of them again.

These women had both been driven from Calvert County, as well as myself, and the fate of the younger of the two, was peculiarly severe. She had been brought up as a waiting-maid of a young lady, the daughter of a gentleman, whose wife and family often visited the mistress of my own wife. I had frequently seen this woman when she was a young girl, in attendance upon her young mistress, and riding in the same carriage with her. The father of the young lady died, and soon after she married a gentleman who resided a few miles off. The husband received a considerable fortune with his bride, and amongst other things, her waiting-maid, who was reputed a great beauty among people of color.

He had been addicted to the fashionable sports of the country, before marriage, such as horse-racing, fox-hunting, etc., and I had heard the black people say he drank too freely; but it was supposed that he would correct all these

irregularities after marriage, more especially as his wife was a great belle, and very handsome. The reverse, however, turned out to be the fact. Instead of growing better, he became worse; and in the course of a few years, was known all over the country, as a drunkard and a gambler. His wife, it was said, died of grief, and soon after her death, his effects were seized by his creditors, and sold by the sheriff.

The former waiting-maid, now the mother of several children, was purchased by our present master for four hundred dollars, at the sheriff's sale, and this poor wretch, whose employment in early life had been to take care of her young mistress, and attend to her in her chamber, and at her toilet, after being torn from her husband and her children, had now gone to toil out a horrible existence beneath the scorching sun of a South Carolina cotton-field under the dominion of a master, as void of the manners of a gentleman, as he was of the language of humanity.

It was now late in the afternoon; but, as we had made little progress today, and were now divested of the burden of our chains, as well as freed from the two women, who had hitherto much retarded our march, our master ordered us to hasten on our way, as we had ten miles to go that evening. I had been so long oppressed by the weight of my chains, and the iron collar about my neck, that for some time after I commenced walking at my natural liberty, I felt a kind of giddiness, or lightness of the head. Most of my companions complained of the same sensation, and we did not recover our proper feelings until after we had slept one night. It was after dark when we arrived at our lodging place, which proved to be the house of a small cotton-planter, who, it appeared, kept a sort of a house of entertainment for travelers, contrary to what I afterwards discovered to be the usual custom of cotton-planters.

This man and my master had known each other before, and seemed to be well acquainted. He was the first person that we had met since leaving Maryland, who was known to my master, and as they kept up a very free conversation, through the course of the evening, and the house in which they were, was only separated from the kitchen, in which we were lodged, by a space of a few feet, I had an opportunity of hearing much that was highly interesting to me. The landlord, after supper, came with our master to look at us, and to see us receive our allowance of boiled rice from the hands of a couple of black women, who had prepared it in a large iron kettle. Whilst viewing us, the former asked the latter, what he intended to do with his drove; but no reply was made to this inquiry—and as our master had, through our whole journey, maintained a studied silence on this subject, I felt a great curiosity to know what disposition he intended to make of the whole gang, and of myself in particular.

On their return to the house, I advanced to a small window in the kitchen, which brought me within a few yards of the place where they sat, and from which I was able to hear all they said, although they spoke in a low tone of voice. I here learned, that so many of us as could be sold for a good price, were to be disposed of in Columbia, on our arrival at that place, and that the residue would be driven to Augusta and sold there.

The landlord assured my master that at this time slaves were much in demand, both in Columbia and Augusta; that purchasers were numerous and prices good; and that the best plan of effecting good sales would be to put up each *nigger* separately, at auction, after giving a few days' notice, by an advertisement, in the neighboring country. Cotton, he said, had not been higher for many years, and as a great many persons, especially young men, were moving off to the new purchase in Georgia, prime hands were in high demand, for the purpose of clearing the land in the new country—that the boys and girls, under twenty, would bring almost any price at present, in Columbia for the purpose of picking the growing crop of cotton, which promised to be very heavy; and as most persons had planted more than their hands would be able to pick, young *niggers*, who would soon learn to pick cotton, were prime articles in the market.

As to those more advanced in life, he seemed to think the prospect of selling them at an unusual price, not so good, as they could not so readily become expert cotton-pickers—he said further, that for some cause, which he could not comprehend, the price of rice had not been so good this year as usual; and that he had found it cheaper to purchase rice to feed his own *niggers* than to provide them with corn, which had to be brought from the upper country. He therefore advised my master not to drive us towards the rice plantation of the low country. My master said he would follow his advice, at least so far as to sell a portion of us in Carolina, but seemed to be of opinion that his prime hands would bring him more money in Georgia, and named me, in particular, as one who would be worth, at least, a thousand dollars, to a man who was about making a settlement, and clearing a plantation in the new purchase.

I therefore concluded, that in the course of events, I was likely to become the property of a Georgian, which turned out in the end to be the case, though not so soon as I at this time apprehended. I slept but little this night, feeling a restlessness when no longer in chains; and pondering over the future lot of my life, which appeared fraught only with evil and misfortune. Day at length dawned and with its first light we were ordered to betake ourselves to the road, which, we were told, would lead us to Columbia, the place of intended sale of some, if not all of us.

For several days past, I had observed that in the country through which we traveled, little attention was paid to the cultivation of anything but cotton.

Now this plant was almost the sole possessor of the fields. It covered the plantations adjacent to the road, as far as I could see, both before and behind me, and looked not unlike buckwheat before it blossoms. I saw some small fields of corn, and lots of sweet potatoes, amongst which the young vines of the water-melon were frequently visible. The improvements on the plantations were not good. There were no barns, but only stables and sheds, to put the cotton under, as it was brought from the field. Hay seemed to be unknown in the country, for I saw neither hay-stacks nor meadows; and the few fields that were lying fallow, had but small numbers of cattle in them, and these were thin and meager.

We had met with no flocks of sheep of late, and the hogs that we saw on the road-side were in bad condition. The horses and mules that I saw in the cotton-fields, were poor and badly harnessed, and the half-naked condition of the negroes, who drove them, or followed with the hoe, together with their wan complexions, proved to me that they had too much work, or not enough food. We passed a cotton-gin this morning, the first that I ever saw; but they were not at work with it. We also met a party of ladies and gentlemen on a journey of pleasure, riding in two handsome carriages, drawn by sleek and spirited horses, very different in appearance from the moving skeletons that I had noticed drawing the ploughs in the fields. The black drivers of the coaches were neatly clad in gay-colored clothes, and contrasted well with their half-naked brethren, a gang of whom were hoeing cotton by the road-side, near them, attended by an overseer in a white linen shirt and pantaloons, with one of the long Negro whips in his hand.

I observed that these poor people did not raise their heads, to look at either the fine coaches or horses then passing, or at us; but kept their faces steadily bent towards the cotton-plants, from among which they were removing weeds. I almost shuddered at the sight, knowing that I myself was doomed to a state of servitude equally cruel and debasing, unless, by some unforeseen occurrence, I might fall into the hands of a master of less inhumanity of temper than the one who had possession of the miserable creatures before me.

Source: Ball, Charles. *Fifty Years in Chains; or, The Life of an American Slave*. New York: H. Dayton Publisher, 1859.

Chapter Fourteen

Lena Pearlstine Berkman Passage from Poland

Born in December 1848 into an orthodox Jewish family in Trzcianne in eastern Poland, Lena Pearlstine Berkman left home at the age of seven with her mother, Janetta Pearlstine, several of her siblings, and a young uncle. The party traveled along the Baltic coast, crossed Germany and arrived in Liverpool, England, where all but two family members boarded a sailing ship for New Orleans. As for countless other immigrants who made the passage across the Atlantic, the journey was exhausting and dangerous. Stormy weather, dirty conditions on deck, and poor provisions made the voyage particularly perilous for middle-aged mothers and their children. Because of Lena's mother's orthodoxy regarding kosher food and her inability to communicate with the ship's crew, who spoke little Polish, Yiddish or German, the family did not get enough to eat. When Janetta requested more grain, tragic events unfolded. Her daughter's account of what happened on the ship, and the sadness and grief it brought the family is heart-wrenching even today, a century and a half later. The entry comes from a diary Lena Berkman wrote in 1931, when the author was 82 years old and living in Charleston, South Carolina.

I will write a few things of our coming over to the United States, as far as I can remember. Had I thought of doing so earlier in my younger years, I could have had better data, as my parents and brothers, the latter who were so much older than I, would have been able to give me facts that I do not know or cannot recall. However, I will begin by saying:

My father Tanchum (Thomas) Pearlstine and brother Isaac Moses (Masheh Itzhok [?]) came over in 1854 at New York and came to Charleston in August of the same year. My father was then 35 years of age, my brother about

11 years. My mother and three children came to Charleston [in] December 1856 via New Orleans by way of a sail ship from Liverpool, England. [. . .]

When we first left Tresteny, Russia, my birth town (now Trzcianne, Poland), it was in the fall of 1855 after Succoth, near Hanukah. We started out in a covered wagon, bedded with straw at bottom and with feather beds and pillows. Mother tried all she could to make us comfortable, as no doubt, all mothers do. Those that were with us were my dear mother, then about 34 years of age, my oldest brother, Louis, about 18, my uncle Jacobs, 16, my oldest sister, Fagah Etta, 14, Miriam Rose, 11, brother Samuel Wolff, 9, Bailey Leah, not quite 7, sister Sarah Hyah, 3, and my brother Louis's baby boy not quite a year old, who died in Berlin, Germany. Brother Louis was divorced from his wife and she refused to keep their child, although she was given every assurance for its support and hers. I cannot perceive how a young mother would part from her first child or any of her children. My dear mother often remarked that she, my dear, good, pious mother was punished for taking the child from its mother, but there was no alternative left her. Even the grandparents on the mother's side refused to keep the child.

The weather was bitter cold, I well remember. We got as far as the town of Starwick and Grye [near Białystok, Poland]. We could go no farther, so had to turn back home 'til after "Pasah" [Pesach, or Passover]. I remember so well that Saturday night when again we left the dear home, relatives, friends, and all that were dear and near. I also remember my dear mother would not let her mother know she was leaving. That night the grief of parting was far too great to go through again, so my dear grandmother did not know we had left that night, never to see each other again. My uncle Jacobs was her youngest son—just 16 years of age. My dear old grandmother did not live very long after. She died heartbroken. I think she lived two months after we left.

I cannot remember where we went from the last towns but recollect we were in Königsberg (now Kaliningrad, Russia), Danzig (now Gdansk, Poland), Berlin—all German towns. Also Liverpool, London—I fail to remember where we sailed from, but I think it was Liverpool, England. We were to sail in a steamship with a captain, a very nice and good man, a German, but when we got to the pier, it was another, a sail ship [. . .]

We were on this sail ship eleven weeks. My poor mother was sick nearly all the time. The ship [belonged to] an English company. The only one that could speak German was the mate. My mother asked for some food so that she could make soup or gruel, so the mate and the captain gave her a grain that was prepared for rats. Of course, they did not mean to do harm, and yet they did not take the precaution they should, for my mother saw when they put some of the grain on their tongue, that showed a doubt they had. [They] should not have given [it] to the cook without further proof. The sad conse-

quence was that two of my sisters were poisoned by eating the food that was prepared with [the] grain. [. . .]

My oldest sister, Fagah Etta, cooked the food and while cooking must have undoubtedly tasted, as to its seasoning, [so] that it had a quicker effect on her than on the others that had partaken of it. I noticed my mother bringing up the food she ate. I distinctly remember her telling me not to eat any of the food as the Irish potatoes came out of the soup. Of course, I did just the opposite, went down and ate some potatoes out of a pot. Evidently I did not eat enough to hurt for I did not get sick as the others did. My sister could not bring up any of the food. Although she was given emetics it had no effect as to produce vomiting. She died that night. Being next to me, I asked her to give me a drink of water. She got up, got the water. I drank it. She again lay down and in about half hour or so I again woke her to give me more water but she failed to answer me. With that I, as young as I was (only six and a half years) woke my mother and told her "Fagah is dead. Fagah is dead." I remember so well I repeated she was dead twice.

As soon as the officers found she was dead, they immediately took her from us and my mother never saw her again, although she begged and implored of them to let her dress her as becomes one of our kind. But all her beseeching was in vain. They, the officers and ship's crew, threw her in the ocean garbed, we were told by one of the crew, in a crocus sack. That was some time in August 1856.

My younger sister, Miriam Rose, was eleven years [old] and died the next day about sunset. I remember so well every detail of her death, witnessed her dying and what she said 'ere she died. [I] remember telling my poor mother, "Don't delay her death, doesn't she see her grandfather waiting on her and they must not tarry and keep them waiting. And, also, so many distinguished people waiting to take her." [. . .] I noticed her closing her eyes and she was no more. A few minutes before she died, I saw my mother motion to those that were standing behind her to step back. As soon as they did, breath left my darling sister. My mother dressed her or rather wrapped her in a clean white sheet. Some of the men on board tied her on a board with a large rock on each end, put on the railing of the ship, and shoved her overboard. I can see everything now, as then, after more than 75 years. The splash. I shall never forget, if I live to be a thousand years.

Years after, when I would see my poor mother weeping, I would say to her, "Mother, why are you crying?" Her answer was, "My dear child, haven't I got lots to cry for?" My poor dear mother. My great and sore regret shall always be, as long as I live, that I was not good enough to my suffering mother as I should have been [. . .] I've been praying and begging her forgiveness ever since she died. She was so good to everybody and particularly to me. (The

Lord rests her soul in peace, Amen.) I knew she was received immediately after death by the good angels into heaven and feel sure her good pious ancestors were there to meet her. [. . .]

Source: Based on two typescripts, “Aunt Lena (Pearlstine) Berkman’s Diary (as written by her)” and “Journal of Mrs. Lena Berkman, written 1931, at 82 years of age,” as well as photocopies of two pages of the original manuscript, all on file at the Jewish Heritage Collection, College of Charleston Library, Charleston, South Carolina.

Chapter Fifteen

Hermann Bokum A Refugee's Testimony

Hermann Bokum was born in 1807 and immigrated as a young man in search of good career opportunities. The German born preacher, teacher, and social activist worked and lived for many years in the northern States before he settled down in the Appalachian region bordering Tennessee and North Carolina. In his role as a Reverend for the Knoxville Bible Society, Bokum turned into an avid advocate for the abolitionist movement and spoke up in support of Union causes. Following the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861, his anti-secessionist views drew much criticism from local politicians. When friends warned him of pending arrest and transfer to a Confederate prison, Bokum escaped and sought refuge in the North. His personal testimony of a refugee from East Tennessee was written in the wake of Bokum's report to a Congressional Committee in Washington, D.C. that investigated improprieties of the war, including prison camp atrocities. Bokum's testimony was published in 1863. It presented a compassionate critique of secessionist ideologies as well as an appreciation of the Union's commitment to federalist principles and the cause of liberty and freedom.

It may seem bold and self-confident, indeed, that in the face of the multitude of pamphlets, addresses, essays and treatises, which this war has called forth, I should add one or more to the number. And yet there are some facts connected with my past history and my present position, which may sufficiently account for my appearing before the public just at this time.

Born and educated in Germany, I arrived in this country in my twenty-first year, and after having spent twenty-eight years in the North, under circumstances which were especially calculated to endear to me the historic life, and the institutions of the country I had adopted, I lived in East Tennessee till treason there overthrew, for a time at least, the Government of the United States.

My attachment to the Union compelled me to leave my home and my family to avoid a dungeon. It was then, when for more than a year I had had to witness the effects of a military despotism, which exalted falsehood, fraud and robbery to the rank of virtues, and rode rough-shod over every one that was unwilling to adopt this creed, that I prayed God that the time might come when I, in some humble way, might bear witness to the fearfulness of the crime, which, by means the most foul, had in that region of country at least, placed at the mercy of villains, the most abandoned, the noble and devoted men of the country. Similar prayers have risen from other lips, but their testimony will only be heard in the Day of Judgment, for they have sealed their faithfulness with their death. Yet it is not only recollections like these which now impel me to write. When after having fled from my home I at last had reached the lines of our troops which were then stationed near Cumberland Gap, I saw myself surrounded by hundreds of men with whom for years I had mingled at their altars and their firesides, and who like myself had been compelled to leave their homes and families. Impressed with the fact, that my past life would give me an influence in the North, which they could not have, they asked me to do all in my power to induce the men of the North to come to their relief, that they might be enabled with their swords to make their way back to their homes. I promised it, and now while I am about to fulfill this promise, I pray God that He may prepare for my words a ready access to the hearts of my readers.

To all this I may add that I am once more standing upon the ground on which first I stepped when I came to this country, that not a few of those with whom I became acquainted in early life are now, when far advanced in years, my honored friends, and that they have expressed a conviction that my extensive acquaintance in Pennsylvania, where for years I have labored as a preacher and a teacher, might enable me to impart information concerning the first workings and the gradual progress of treason in the South. Right or wrong I have acceded to their request, and I would have acceded sooner if my duties as chaplain of a hospital had not been of such a character as to claim the whole of my time.

East Tennessee, which late events have brought into such general notice, is a portion of that elevated region of country which embraces Southern Kentucky, Northern Alabama, Northern Georgia and Western North Carolina. The Cumberland Mountains in East Tennessee reach occasionally the height of 2,000 feet, they are rich in minerals, from their sides leap innumerable springs, flowing through productive valleys and emptying finally into the Tennessee or Cumberland rivers, the climate is magnificent, the scenery grand and picturesque, the population of an agricultural character, having comparatively few slaves. To this region of country I had moved in 1855, I

had purchased a farm, planted vineyards and had gathered a small congregation. I had indulged the hope that in the same measure as I was endeavoring to make this home beautiful and productive, my children would resist the temptation to change, and this farm would be an heirloom in my family for many years to come. [. . .]

These humble hopes, however, were not to be realized. It is now two years ago when I no longer could resist the conviction that we were standing on the very threshold of a treasonable attempt to break up the Union. At that time I happened to be in the house of one of my neighbors. In the course of the conversation the Union was mentioned by me. "The Union," said he, with a contemptuous smile, "the Union is gone!" I could hardly trust my ears. Here stood a man before me, who was not like myself an adopted citizen, but a native of this country, yet who was ready to obliterate from the family of nations the land which for more than thirty years I had learnt to regard as my own, and which had conferred on me innumerable blessings. "Hear me," said I to him, there was a time when the disciples of the Lord had called blessings upon Him;—the Pharisees asked him to stop his disciples, but the Lord told them that if his disciples were to be silent, the very stones would cry out. "You," added I, "were born in this country, you have Washington and his time handed down to you as a direct inheritance, I am but an adopted citizen, I am but as one of the stones, but as one of the stones I cry out against you."

It was at that time that a great Union meeting was held in the vicinity of Knoxville. Horace Maynard was occupied in another part of the State, but Andrew Johnson and other leading Union men were there, and the question was seriously debated whether East Tennessee should take up arms and destroy the bridges in order to prevent the sending of rebel troops from Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama to Virginia. Less extreme measures prevailed, the bridges were not burnt, the troops from the Southern States rushed into East Tennessee, and the Union men of East Tennessee were singly overpowered and disarmed.

In the meantime Fort Sumter had fallen and some of the secessionists came to me and asked me to join the Southern Confederacy. "You remind me," said I, "of a good old bishop, when he was led to the stake he was advised to abjure the Savior and save his life." Eighty and five years, was the answer of the bishop, has my Savior graciously protected me, and should I now forswear him? So say I to you; thirty and five years has the flag of the Union with the help of God nobly protected me, and should I now forswear it?" The secessionists, however, became so violent in their measures that I found it necessary to go to Washington in order to consult the Hon. Andrew Johnson, who by that time had succeeded in taking his place in Congress, and to find out

whether we soon would obtain help or whether I would be compelled to move with my family to the North.

When I went to Washington, Tennessee was still in the Union, when I returned it had been taken out by force and by fraud, and I was compelled to find my way through the Cumberland Mountains as best I might. Governor Harris had in vain endeavored to get a convention sanctioned by the people, by the means of which he had hoped to carry the State out of the Union. He had then called an extra session of the Legislature, and that body in violation of the express will of the people had declared an ordinance of separation on the 6th of May, submitting the question of Separation from the Federal Government and of Representation in the Richmond Congress to be voted on by the people on the 8th day of June. *Against Separation from the Federal Government and Representation in Richmond, East Tennessee* gave a majority of 18,300. It would have been much larger if the votes of rebel troops had not been counted, though under the constitution they had no authority to vote at any election. In this way however the State was forced out of the Union when a majority of her people were utterly averse to any such separation.

Having arrived at home after having past through many trying scenes, I found that my journey to the North had excited attention, and that threats had been made of hanging me as soon as I should return. I, however, had to visit Knoxville. When I entered the court house in that city, I found Judge Humphreys occupied in judging men, who had committed no crime, but in various ways had expressed their partiality for the Union. This is the same Judge Humphreys against whom others as well as myself were cited to bear testimony in Washington a few months ago, and who in consequence of that testimony was deposed from his office. When I had left the court house a friend took me aside, himself a secessionist, and told me that I would do well to leave the city, since in case the soldiers were to learn that I had just come from the North, I in a few minutes might be a dead man.

Then came a time of darkness and oppression. The battle of Manassas had taken place, and for four months we were kept in the dark with regard to almost everything, which could have a favorable bearing on the preservation or restoration of the Union. It was during this time that Judge Humphreys held court again in Knoxville, and that he himself told the State's Attorney that he had no right to send Union men to Tuscaloosa¹ (prison) unless they were taken with arms in their hands. The State's Attorney, a wretched drunkard, replied that they had only been sent to Tuscaloosa in order to make of them good Southern men. Shortly before this time some of the Union men had secretly combined and had burned certain bridges, in order to put a stop to the thousands of soldiers who were every day passing on to Virginia. Mr. Pick-

ens, who is now a Major in the U. S. Army, had taken part in this enterprise and had escaped. In consequence of it, his father, a Senator in the State's Legislature, had been seized and taken to Tuscaloosa.

One of my neighbors returned at that time from Tuscaloosa, where he had been imprisoned, sick in body and in mind. He told me that he had left the aged Pickens in good health, but that he could not live, since he was confined with twenty-seven others in a small room, and in the night they were not permitted to open the windows. Pickens died. His wife when she heard it, lost her reason and died; a daughter being thus suddenly deprived of her parents also cried of a broken heart! It was in this way that the State's Attorney in Knoxville made of Union men *Good Southern Men!*

An acquaintance of mine, the Reverend Mr. Duggan, a highly respectable clergyman, was compelled on a hot day to walk twenty miles as a prisoner to Knoxville, because long before the State had been carried out of the Union he had prayed for the President of the United States. His horse was led behind him, and he, though old and very corpulent, was not permitted to mount it. When he had arrived in Knoxville, he was declared free, and free he soon was, for God took him to himself. That journey on foot had become the cause of his death.

A man named Haun had been taken to prison, because he had taken part in the burning of the bridges. The names of the persons who tried him have never been made public. Not until he had arrived at the place of execution did the public learn why he was to be executed. He was asked whether he was sorry for what he had done, he replied, that if placed in similar circumstances he would do it again, and that he was prepared to die. Others beside him were hung; still others were shot down or otherwise murdered. Nor did this spirit of oppression extend to Union men alone. Shortly before I left East Tennessee, a wealthy secessionist named Jarnagan, who lived in my vicinity, did not rest, till two companies were quartered in that town, in order to keep down the Union men. Three months afterwards he left his residence, because, as he himself declared, his own friends had robbed him of property worth \$3,000, and would take his life if he would not give up all.

It was as still worse with Daniel Yarnall, another secessionist, and also one of my neighbors. He had complained concerning the conduct of some soldiers in the Confederate army, and these soldiers had been punished; in consequence of it they went to his house and stripped him. He himself counted forty lashes, and then could count no more. When the workings of this treason first commenced, and I on my missionary tours was passing through the fruitful valleys and over the pleasant hill sides of East Tennessee, and beheld the fields ready for the harvests, and the industrious men and women engaged in their daily round of duties, I asked myself, whether indeed it was possible,

that the mad ambition of men would go so far as to desolate these scenes of beauty. It has proved possible indeed!

Where but two years ago there were all the elements calculated to make a community prosperous, there is now misery and wretchedness the most fearful, and the rule of an armed mob bent upon indiscriminate plunder. Do you see yonder wretch? He has been a drunkard and a vagabond all his life-time, yet he has thousands of dollars in his pocket now, and he rides the most beautiful horse in that whole region of country. I could take you to the industrious farmer from whom he took the horse, and whom he robbed of his money, and who now, together with his wife and children is left in penury! Do you see yonder girl? How beautiful she would be, if it were not for the loss of that eye! That eye she lost in successfully defending her honor against the assault of a Confederate soldier, until her father could come to her aid and slay him.

Ah, my reader, you who live here so comfortable and so undisturbed, have little knowledge of what is going on but a few hundred miles from here. I have seen the man of eighty, the oldest and the wealthiest man of a loyal district, who at his age had joined the Home Guards, raise his trembling hands to heaven, and ask God whether there was no curse in store for deeds so cruel. I have heard the gentle woman exclaim that she must have the blood of one of these men, her spirit being maddened to desperation because they had fired a hundred shots at her husband. Who could remain cold at the sight of enormities like these? [. . .]

I wish to draw the attention of the reader to certain subjects which are of vital importance to all of us, and on which my past experience, such as I have just described it, may enable me to shed some light. In the first place, then, let me advise every one who reads these pages to turn away from the man, who attempts to persuade himself and others, that the South has been driven into her treasonable course in consequence of the wrong inflicted on her by the North. This, indeed, is one of the falsehoods by which the men of the South have attempted to excuse their treason, but it was not the cause of it. Do you think, I believed them, when they came to me about that time and told me that the men of the North were a set of cowards who would not fight, and that one Southerner could whip five of them at any time? Do you think I believed them when they spoke of drawing the line between the North and the South along the Ohio River, and of erecting an immense fortress opposite Cincinnati, and of battering down that city, whenever the North interfered with slavery? Or do you think I believed them, when they advised me to join the South, because, if the South succeeded, East Tennessee would be a great manufacturing country, and my little property would increase a hundred-fold in value? Of course I did not believe them.

I knew too much about my friends in the North to doubt their bravery, and I had seen too much of the want of manufacturing enterprise in the South to indulge the hope that my property would be worth any thing, if the South should gain the ascendancy. Just as little did I believe it, when they came to me and told me that they were compelled to rise in rebellion, because the North was resolved to rob the South of their slaves. Had not I listened to the Reverend Dr. Ross and many of the other leaders of the movement?

Washington and Jefferson and the men of *their* time had, indeed, regarded slavery as an evil which would gradually give way under the influence of Christianity; but not so these apostles of our own time or of the immediate past. According to them, slavery is the very foundation, on which Christianity is resting, take it away and Christianity crumbles to pieces; according to them on the existence of slavery depends the cause of freedom, touch that institution and freedom as well as Christianity are crushed.

Strange doctrines these, you say, yet these are the doctrines which have been taught in the South by divine and layman for more than twenty-five years, and taught for the very purpose, which they now attempt to realize by their treasonable movement, and into which they have been drawn for reasons very different from those which they have made public. It was indeed not abolition nor any other imaginary wrong inflicted on them by the North, which influenced their action, but a conviction of a very different character. With all their boasts concerning the divine character of the institution of slavery, and the spiritual and temporal blessings which resulted from it, they could not conceal from themselves that in its practical workings slavery in many respects looked very much *like a curse*.

Why was it that these vast multitudes of emigrants were peopling the North, while they kept away from the South? Why, that manufactures and commerce selected the North for their favored home? How did it happen that if you started from Pittsburg on your way to St. Louis, you would see on the right hand side of the Ohio River, flourishing towns and cultivated fields without number, while on the left, nature reigned beautiful but unproductive? It was slavery which was the cause of it, and the time was fast approaching when the South compared to the North would be in a lamentable minority and would lose that influence over the General Government which it had so long enjoyed. [. . .]

By facts like these I am readily reminded of others, which it may be as well to mention in this connection. I have very frequently heard of late the assertion, that this is not a war for the Union but for the freeing of the negroes, and gentlemen have told me, that they, indeed, are as much for the Union as ever, but that they are constrained to oppose the administration, because it has now

raised issues which are altogether foreign to the original objects of the war. Now in order to meet this objection in a satisfactory manner, I beg the reader to look at the beginning of this war. When the South was going on in taking one aggressive step after the other, and the United States Government still bore it patiently, a gentleman, who is now prominent in the ranks of secession, but who at that time had not made up his mind which way he would turn, expressed great astonishment at this conduct. "The United States," he said, "are a powerful nation, but even for a nation so powerful it seems strange to be so slow in punishing treason."

Ignorant as I then was of the extent of this treason, I gloried in this forbearance of the United States because it was so much in keeping with the spirit it had ever manifested to leave room for the loyalty that might still exist in the South to make itself felt. At a later period, however, the necessity of an energetic movement had become evident, and government and people unanimously declared that they were fighting, and would fight on for the Union and the Constitution. I became well acquainted with this state of feeling, for I was then in the North. But then, again, there came another phase of the struggle. The Federal arms had been sufficiently successful in taking possession of large portions of slave territory, and they had to meet the question, what they should do with the Negroes of disloyal slaveholders.

The question was finally solved by the proclamation of the President, a document, which is the result of the circumstances in which the disloyalists of the South have placed themselves by their treasonable course. Thus it has happened that thousands, and let me add, I am of the number, while they have at all times opposed abolitionism, and have been in favor of securing the South in all their rights, have now come to feel, that treason has no rights whatever, and that the Negroes, if they furnish to traitors the means of support, and of carrying on this war against the Union, should be deprived of these means wherever an opportunity offers, and that they ought to sustain the Government to the utmost in their power, because it is acting in accordance with these views. [. . .]

So it is, my reader, those who declare that the Government is no longer fighting for the Union and the Constitution are far from the truth. We have to accustom ourselves to the thought, that as matters now stand in the South, traitors have no right under the Constitution, and that the safety and the perpetuity of the Union, demand that they should be deprived of every means by which they are aided in their treasonable course. He, who opposes the Government in this respect, is aiding and abetting treason, and to arrest such and punish them is the duty which the Government owes to the safety of its loyal citizens and to itself.

And this brings me to another branch of my subject. I have been often asked, what is likely to be the final result of all this loss of treasure and of blood. A similar question, I understand, one of my friends addressed the other day to a prominent individual in Washington. The person thus addressed was silent for a time, and then said with deep earnestness: "Our prophets are dead and I cannot tell." By the prophets he meant those great statesmen Jefferson, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Clay,² Webster³ and others, who in times gone by have been our political teachers, and who have pointed out to us the course we must take in order to enjoy peace and prosperity. But however interesting and touching this answer may appear, he could have given a better one. He could have said: "Our prophets are dead, and yet they speak." They speak by their example, and by the writings which they have bequeathed to us.

Jefferson when he had been elected President said in his inaugural address: "We have called those who are our brothers, and who hold the same principles with ourselves by different names," referring thus mildly to the spirit of party which had been manifested previous to the election. Monroe when he had been President for four years, had so acted in the spirit of the words of Jefferson, that when his re-election was to take place, there was none to oppose him; the whole people formed a great American Union party. When Jackson, the democrat, had to contend against the doctrine of separation as promulgated by South Carolina, there stood by his side, Daniel Webster, the Whig, and proved, particularly in his celebrated speech against Colonel Hayne of South Carolina, that the Constitution does not confer the right upon a single State, to cut loose from the Union at its pleasure. And when, on another occasion, again the safety of the Union was imperiled, it was Henry Clay, the Whig, who expressed his gratitude to certain democratic members, because in the hour of danger they had set aside all considerations of party, and had aided him in preserving the Union.

Nor would I forget John Quincy Adams, who, when he entered upon his presidential career, declared that no man, who bore a good character and was fit for the office he held should be deprived of it from considerations of party, and who acted in accordance with this declaration. Though dead, they speak. They tell us that now as in time of Jefferson there are those, who, though they are called by different names, are yet our brethren, who are holding the same principles with us; they admonish us, that when the existence of the Union is at stake, we for a time at least ought to keep up our party lines less strictly, taking for our platform the *Union* as our forefathers have done; they speak to those in power and tell them that in the choice of the men they employ, they ought to be guided by merit and not by party considerations, and they speak

to those who hold responsible positions under the Government, and remind them that they are bound to carry out the policy of the Government, independent of the fact that their associations of party would lead them in a different direction.

It is this ground which the Union men of East Tennessee desire to occupy. When one of our wealthy slaveholders, after months of imprisonment, had returned, he was one day near his house, sitting upon a fence. Some Confederate soldiers were passing by, and one of them called to him to shout for Jefferson Davis. My friend refused to do so. "Are you for Lincoln?" asked the other. "I am for the Union," answered my friend, "and if Lincoln is for the Union, then am I for Lincoln." The soldiers threatened to kill him, but at that time did not do it. The Union is with the Union men of East Tennessee the paramount question. Every other is secondary. They are willing to lose sight of all party distinctions for a time, if the safety of the Union should require it. [. . .]

And there is still another representation made by designing men, in order to mislead those who are little acquainted with the condition of affairs in the South. It is said that if in consequence of the war the Negroes are set free they will come to the North and will bring down the free labor of the North to a ruinous extent. I have lived but six years in the South, and I have seen slavery but in Tennessee, in Georgia and in portions of South Carolina, Virginia and Alabama. As far as my knowledge extends I am fully persuaded that statements such as the one referred to are utterly void of foundation. Let me say to my readers emphatically, that the impressions which many have here in the North concerning the slaves of the South are extremely erroneous. The Negroes are attached to the South by many bonds which are not easily broken. The South they regard as their home, they greatly prefer its climate; there many of them have families to whom they are attached, and church relations which they highly value; there they have an opportunity of making a good living, with but little labor, and though many desire to be free and daily pray for the success of the Northern arms, yet there is not one of them, I believe, who would think of coming North after he has obtained his freedom, and is placed in circumstances which will permit him quietly to enjoy it. "I care little," said a wealthy slaveholder to me, shortly before I left East Tennessee, "whether my slaves are set free or not. If they were set free they would not leave me. I would pay them what is right, and they would continue to work my plantation."

Before concluding I may be permitted to make another brief reference to myself. I need not say that Germany is dear to me; in Germany rest the bones of my fathers; there have I lived the beautiful days of my childhood and early youth. In Germany there are now living those who are bound to me not only by the ties of blood, but by ties which reach far beyond the grave.

Yet while Germany is dear to me, I have also learnt to love this country during the thirty-five years I have lived here. I love it because it has invited millions like myself to its hospitable shores; I love it because it has extended its protection not only in distant lands or on distant seas, but also in every humble valley and on every retired hillside. There the industrious farmer could quietly attend to his daily avocation, and in the evening return to the circle of his family, as I have done for years, and there under his own vine and fig-tree he could look forward to the time when he would peacefully close his life.

When it seemed to be placed beyond a doubt that the Union had ceased to exist, the friends of the South came to me once more, and told me that I could have now no objection to unite with them. I replied, that when I came to this country, I swore allegiance to *the Union*, that in case the Union had indeed ceased to exist, I did not own allegiance either to the South or to the North, that I would return to my native land and there perhaps after many years, when far advanced in life, I would take my children's children upon my knees, and with streaming eyes I would tell them of a noble land, a powerful Union, of which at one time I was a citizen.

Since I have come North and have once more met with old friends, who with the fire of youth are ready to battle for the Union, which has protected them for so many years, and since I have been brought in contact with so many youthful spirits who go to the field of battle with the same spirit which filled the heroes of the past, I am strongly impressed with the fact that this Union is by no means so near its dissolution as some of my Southern friends seemed to think it was, and with John Adams I am ready to say, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, the fortunes of this country shall be my fortunes!"

I stood the other day on the spot where Melchior Mühlentburg, the founder of the Lutheran church in the United States, had labored for many years. There at the time of the revolution and on a certain Sabbath he had stood in his pulpit and had preached Christ and Him crucified; he descends from the pulpit, he puts off his gown, and he stands there before his astonished congregation in full military costume. There is a time for preaching, he says, and there is a time for fighting, and my time for fighting has come." Many clergymen are now following his example. [. . .]

And now, in conclusion, I shall be permitted to make another brief reference to one of our "prophets." It is Daniel Webster, who in closing the speech, in which he proves that the constitution is not a compact between sovereign States, dwells in a strain of touching sadness on the possible future of the United States if the friends of nullification should be able to give practical effect to their opinions. "They would prove themselves in his judgment, the

most skilful architects of ruin, the most effectual extinguishers of high raised expectations, the greatest blasters of human hopes that any age has produced. They would stand forth to proclaim in tones which would pierce the ears of half the human race that the last experiment of representative government had failed. . . . Millions of eyes, of those who now feed their inherent love of liberty on the success of the American example, would turn away on beholding our dismemberment, and find no place on earth whereon to rest their gratified sight. Amidst the incantations and orgies of nullification, secession, disunion and revolution would be celebrated the funeral rites of constitutional and republican liberty!" I am thankful that it is not my task to trace in detail how much of the ruin which Daniel Webster thus anticipated has actually come to pass. Mine is a more cheerful task. However heart-rending the struggle may be through which we are passing, it is not a hopeless struggle to him who looks higher than the earth for a solution of it. If we see many things passing away which long familiarity has endeared to us, it is that they may be supplanted by higher and better ones.

When the city of Geneva,⁴ threatened by the Duke of Savoy, the Pope and the Emperor, was reduced to the greatest weakness, its inhabitants still remained undismayed. "Geneva," they said, "is in danger of being destroyed, but God watches over us; better have war and liberty than peace and servitude; we do not put our trust in princes, and to God alone be the honor and glory!" How important the lesson which Geneva then was learning, and how well for us if we prove equally teachable, if we also learn to put our trust more fully in God than we have been disposed to do, fearful as the trials may be through which we may have to pass, we shall not be left without help. But in this respect also our prophets are our teachers.

The sentiments with which Daniel Webster closed the speech, I have referred to, and which are conceived in this spirit we are fearlessly to put into action. "With my whole heart I pray for the continuance of the domestic peace and quiet of the country. I desire, most ardently, the restoration of affection and harmony to all its parts. I desire that every citizen of the whole country may look to this government with no other sentiments than those of grateful respect and attachment, but I cannot yield even to kind feelings the cause of the constitution, the true glory of the country, and the great trust which we hold in our hands for succeeding ages. If the constitution cannot be maintained without meeting these scenes of commotion and contest however unwelcome, they must come. We cannot, we must not, we dare not omit to do that which in our judgment, the safety of the Union requires. . . ."

I am ready to perform my own appropriate part, whenever and wherever the occasion may call on me, and to take my chance among those upon whom blows may fall first and fall thickest. I shall exert every faculty I possess in

aiding to prevent the constitution from being nullified, destroyed or impaired; and even should I see it fall, I will still with a voice feeble, perhaps, but earnest as ever issued from human lips, and with fidelity and zeal which nothing shall extinguish, call on the PEOPLE to come to its rescue.”

NOTES

1. Tuscaloosa was the site of a Confederate prison camp during the American Civil War.

2. Henry Clay, a prominent politician, was a major promoter of the so-called Compromise of 1850 and other efforts to balance the rights of free and slave states. Clay was twice the unsuccessful Whig candidate for president (1832, 1844).

3. Daniel Webster, a noted orator and politician, strongly espoused the preservation of the Union. He twice served as U.S. Secretary of State (1841–1843 and 1850–1852).

4. Geneva is a Swiss city located on Lake Geneva. It was a focal point of religious strife during the Reformation after the arrival of John Calvin in 1536.

Source: Bokum, Herman. *The Testimony of a Refugee from East Tennessee*. Philadelphia: Printed for Gratuitous Distribution, 1863.

Chapter Sixteen

Loreta Velazquez Civil War Exploits and Travels

The memoirs of Loreta Janeta Velazquez are entitled *The Woman in Battle*, and are unique among the personal histories of southern immigrants. Inspired by other Civil War memoirs, battle stories, spy novels, travelogues, political narratives, and other first-person female accounts, Velazquez' autobiography caused much controversy when it was published in 1876. The author recounted how the Civil War obliterated traditional boundaries and borders, re-defined gender roles, and disrupted people's sense of loyalty and identity. Velazquez started her story describing the background of her family in Cuba, where she was born in 1842. The Velazquez family migrated to Mexico when she was still a child, and then resettled in New Orleans, Louisiana. A strong allegiance to the southern way of life drew Loreta into the Civil War, for which she volunteered in disguise as a male soldier and as a secret-service agent in the Confederate Army. Her assignments led her through Virginia, the Carolinas, and many other war-torn regions of the South. The extended subtitle of her autobiography lists the "Exploits, Adventures, and Travels of Madame Loreta Janeta Velazquez, Otherwise Known as Lieutenant Harry T. Buford, Confederate States Army. In Which Is Given Full Descriptions of the Numerous Battles in which She Participated as a Confederate Officer; of Her Perilous Performances as a Spy, as a Bearer of Dispatches, as a Secret-Service Agent, and as a Blockade-Runner; etc." One of her contemporaries described Loreta Velazquez as "a slender woman, above medium height, with more than the average of good looks, quick and energetic in her movements, and very vivacious in conversation." Velazquez was a dramatic writer and social critic with keen eyes for tracing the cultural and political impact of the Civil War.

THE VELAZQUEZ FAMILY

I have every reason to be proud of the name I bear, and of the ancestry from whom I inherited it. My father's family is a very ancient one, and the blood which flows in my veins is that of Castilian nobles, whose deeds are intimately connected with some of the most impressive episodes of Spanish history. Reckless as some portions of my own career may seem to unthinking persons, I have the satisfaction of knowing, in my own soul, that by no act of mine has the noble name of Velazquez been brought into discredit, and that at all times, and under the most discouraging circumstances, I have ever upheld my own honor and that of my family.

Both in Spain and in the Spanish dominions on this side of the Atlantic, is the name of Velazquez well known and highly honored. Don Diego Velazquez, the conqueror and the first governor of Cuba, under whose superintendence the expedition which discovered Mexico was sent out, was one of my ancestors, and Don Diego Rodriguez Velazquez, the greatest artist that Spain ever produced, was a member of my family. It will thus be seen that I came of excellent, although somewhat fiery and headstrong stock, and, if in assuming the garments of a man, and endeavoring to do a man's work on the battle-field, I transgressed against the conventionalities of modern society, the reader will, I am sure, charitably attribute some of the blame to the adventuresome blood of old Governor Don Diego, which I inherited, and, which fired my brain and steeled my nerves when there was a prospect held out that, despite the fact of my being a woman, I might be able to enjoy the excitements of the battlefield, and win for myself a warrior's fame.

My father was a native of the city of Carthagen, and he received a very thorough education at the universities of Madrid and Paris. He was an accomplished Latin, French and German scholar, and spoke all these languages fluently. English he paid but little attention to until after his marriage with my mother. Like all the members of his family, he was a very strict Catholic. Two of his brothers being in the Spanish army, and his tastes inclining him to the life of a civilian, a diplomatic appointment was procured for him, and he went to Paris as an attaché of the Spanish embassy.

It was while residing in Paris that my father became acquainted with the lady whom he married, and made the mother of his children. My mother was the daughter of a French naval officer, by an American lady, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. She, of course, spoke English fluently, and tried to instruct my father in it. He managed, in time, to understand it very well, but he never spoke it without some accent. My father's marriage occurred a short time before the expiration of his term of office, and after his recall to Spain

he took up his residence in the city of Madrid, where three sons and two daughters were born.

MY BIRTH

In 1840 my father was appointed to an official position in Cuba, and two years later I, his sixth and last child, came into the world in a house on the Calle Velaggas, near the walls in the city of Havana, on the 26th of June, 1842. I was christened Loreta Janeta. When I was almost one year old, my father fell heir to a large estate in Texas, which was then a part of the republic of Mexico. He accordingly resigned his position as an employee of the Spanish government in Cuba, and in 1844 removed with his family to San Luis Potosi, in Central Mexico. His property consisted of a very large tract of land and immense herds of cattle, and as he was a careful and accurate business man, the probabilities are, that in a short time he would have become one of the wealthiest landed proprietors of that region. Unfortunately we had scarcely been settled in our new home a twelvemonth, when the war between Mexico and the United States broke out. I was too young at the time, of course, to recollect anything of this memorable contest, although it had a potent influence on my own destiny.

THE MEXICAN WAR 1846–1848

My father, as soon as war was declared, decided to take part in the conflict, and offered his services to the Mexican government to assist in expelling the invaders. His offer was accepted, and he received a commission as an officer in the army. Sending his family to the Island of St. Lucia, one of the British West Indian provinces, where my mother's only brother resided, he took the field, and fought until the end of the war against the forces of the United States. During the conflict his estates were devastated and his property destroyed, and this, combined with the non-success of the Mexican arms, greatly embittered him against the Americans, and this bitterness he retained till the day of his death.

When the war was ended, and a large portion of the northern part of Mexico ceded to the United States, my father, whose estates were included in this territory, refused to live under a government which he disliked so intensely, and he consequently abandoned his property and went to Santiago de Cuba, where he was rejoined by his family. In the meantime he had fallen heir to another valuable estate at Puerto de Palmas, and settling upon it, he engaged

actively in the sugar, tobacco, and coffee trade. The profits on these articles being very large, he speedily acquired great wealth, and was able to surround his family with every luxury.

While we were residing on the Puerto de Palmas plantation an English governess was employed to conduct my education. I remained under this good lady's instruction until 1849, learning the elementary branches, and acquiring a fair knowledge of the English language. In that year my father, at my mother's urgent solicitation, determined to send me to New Orleans for the purpose of completing my education. I accordingly took up my abode with Madame R., my mother's only surviving sister, who resided in Rue Esplanade, New Orleans. My aunt was rather strict with me, but she took many pains with my education, and for two years I studied under her supervision, mainly devoting myself to acquiring an accurate knowledge of English, so as to be able to read, write, and speak it with fluency. Having become reasonably proficient in such studies as were assigned me by my aunt, I was sent to the school conducted by the Sisters of Charity, to learn the ornamental branches. Here I remained until the romantic clandestine marriage, which did so much towards shaping my future career, took place. [. . .]

SOUTHERN EXPEDITION

[A Southern Tour.—Visit to Baltimore and Washington.—The Desolations of War as Visible in Richmond, Columbia, and Charlotte.—A Race with a Federal Officer at Charleston.—Meeting with old Friends at Atlanta.]

After the departure of my brother and his family, I started for the South. My first stopping-place was Baltimore, where I met many old friends, who expressed themselves as very glad to see me again, but who represented the condition of things at the South as most deplorable. What I learned from them made me more than ever resolved to continue my journey; for, although the war was over, I was still anxious to do something, so far as my power extended, for the Southern people. I accordingly announced my intention of making a tour through the late Confederacy, for the purpose of seeing for myself exactly what the situation really was; but preferred first to go to Washington, with a view of consulting certain persons there.

I was advised, in the strongest manner, not to visit Washington at this time, and was assured that it would be a very perilous thing to do. Naturally a little obstinate and self-willed, the opposition of my friends only made me the more desirous of carrying out my original intention, no matter what the hazard might be. To Washington, accordingly, I proceeded, and called on some acquaintances, who received me with the utmost cordiality.

The person whom I particularly wished to see—an official in the war department—had, however, gone south. My friend Colonel Baker was also out of the city. I did not know whether to congratulate myself or not at missing a meeting with him. I was resolved, on going to Washington, not to fight shy of him, and to give him an opportunity to pay off old scores if he wished. Baker was certainly the person of all others who had a right to have a grudge against me, and yet I had an ardent desire to meet him again, just to hear what he would have to say about the tricks I so successfully played upon him. As the colonel was out of the city, however, I did not have the pleasure of exchanging notes with him, and I do not know to this day whether he ever discovered that I was a Confederate secret-service agent.

Finding that there was nothing to be done in Washington, I went on to Richmond, where I took up my quarters at the Exchange Hotel. The news of my arrival soon spread around, and I received ample attentions from many old Confederate friends, who seemed disposed to treat me with all possible kindness.

RICHMOND AFTER THE WAR

The Richmond I beheld, however, was a very different place from the beautiful city I had visited for the first time in the summer of 1861, just before the battle of Bull Run. A four years' siege, ending in a fire which had consumed a large portion of the city, had destroyed its beauty as well as its prosperity, while the inhabitants wore such forlorn faces that I felt sick at heart at beholding them.

I hastened away, therefore, and passed through Charlotte, North Carolina, and Columbia, South Carolina, where the same dismal changes were visible. Charleston was badly battered and burned, but was not in quite as bad a plight as the other places named. The finest portion of the city was destroyed, however, and it looked very desolate.

I went to the Charleston Hotel, where I met an old friend from Columbia, who invited me to accompany him and some others on an excursion. His married daughter, and several intimate acquaintances, who were of the party, were introduced to me, among them a Yankee captain, who had married a fair daughter of South Carolina, who, with all her relatives, were strong secessionists.

This officer attached himself particularly to me, and urged me to give my views about the war, and the present condition of affairs, in the way of an argument with him. We accordingly had a very animated conversation for some

time, and he was obliged, finally, to retire from the contest, saying, that he could not quarrel with me as I was a lady, and, moreover, had everybody on my side. I did not think him a very brilliant genius, but he was quite a good fellow in his way, and to show that there were no hard feelings between us, we shook hands, and declared ourselves friends.

The next day one of the officers had the audacity to call on me simply out of curiosity. He had heard about my serving in the Confederate army in male attire, and he wished to see what kind of a looking woman I was. I thought it a rather impudent proceeding, but concluded to gratify him. I accordingly walked into the drawing-room where he was, and after some little conversation, which was conducted with considerable coolness on my side, he invited me to take a ride with him.

I was astounded that he should make such a proposition, knowing who I was, and I being where I was, surrounded by the friends of the cause I had served, while he, of course, expected to figure in his Federal uniform by my side.

I scarcely knew what to say; but finally told him that I could not go, as I had an engagement. This, however, was a mere pretence, and was intended to gain time for consultation with my friends. Some of these, however, suggested that I should accept the invitation, and give him a genuine specimen of my abilities as a horsewoman.

A TRIAL OF EQUESTRIAN SKILL

I accordingly went to every livery stable in the city, until I at length found a very swift horse, that I thought would suit my purpose. This being secured, I wrote a challenge for him to ride a race with me. We were to ride down the main street. He, without being aware of what was on foot, accepted; and the next afternoon, therefore, we mounted our steeds and started. When we arrived at the appointed place, I said, "Let us show these people what good equestrians we are." He gave his horse a lash, but I reined mine in, telling him that I would give him twenty feet. When he had this distance, I gave my steed a cut with the whip, and flew past my cavalier like the wind, saying, loud enough for every one to hear me, "This is the way we caught you at Blackburn's Ford and Bull Run."

This was enough for him; and turning his horse, he rode back to the hotel, to find that a large party there was interested in the race, and that there were some heavy bets on the result, the odds being all against him. This gentleman, apparently, did not desire to continue his acquaintance with me, for I saw no more of him.

A few days after this occurrence I said farewell to my Charleston friends, and went to Atlanta, where I was very warmly received. The surgeons who had been attached to the hospital, and many others, called, and a disposition to show me every attention was manifested on all sides.

The Federal General Wallace and his staff were stopping at the same hotel as myself, as was also Captain B., one of the officers whom I had met in Washington, and whom I had used for the purpose of getting acquainted, and of furthering my plans in that city. I met this gentleman in the hall, and passed friendly greetings with him, and shortly after he came into the parlor for the purpose of having a friendly chat. The captain, up to this time, had never suspected in the least that I was not, and had not been, an adherent of the Federal cause; and not supposing that I had any special interest in the war, our conversation turned chiefly upon other topics. I knew that he must shortly be undeceived, but I did not care to tell him about the part I had taken in the contest, or the advantages I had taken of his acquaintance with me.

UNDECEIVED

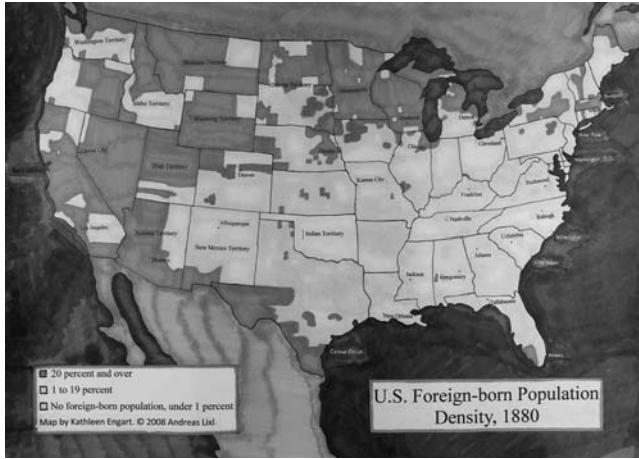
While we were talking, Confederate General G. T. Anderson came in, and called me "Lieutenant." The astonishment of the captain was ludicrous. He could not understand what the general meant at first, and thought it was a joke. The truth, however, came out at last, and he learned not only that I was a rebel, but that when I met him in Washington I was endeavoring to gain information for the Confederates.

The captain, being somewhat bewildered, took his departure soon after, and at the invitation of General Anderson, I went out to visit the entrenchments. When we got back, I found that General Wallace had been informed as to who I was, and that he was anxious to see me. I said that I would be very glad to meet him; and the general, and a number of his officers, accordingly came into the parlor to see me. General Wallace was very pleasant; and, as we shook hands, he complimented me, with much heartiness, upon having played a difficult part so long and so well, and with having distinguished myself by my valor. I thanked him very sincerely for his good opinion of me, and then fell into a lively conversation with him and his officers.

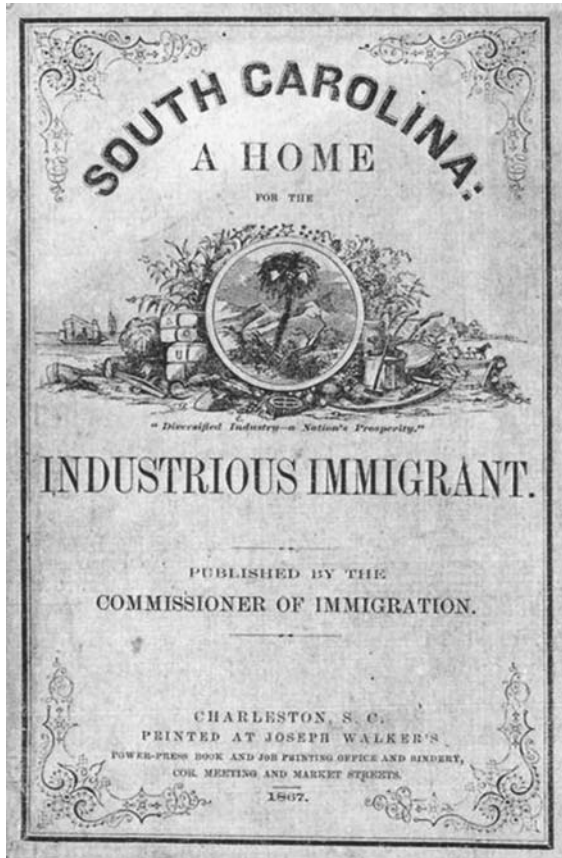
One of the officers asked me to ride with him; but I begged to be excused, as I did not think it would look well, especially in Atlanta, where everybody knew me, to be seen riding out with an escort wearing a Federal uniform. He understood and appreciated my feelings on the subject, and said no more about it. The next evening I started for New Orleans, and passed over a good deal of my old campaigning ground before I reached my destination.

My journey through the South had disclosed a pitiable state of things. The men of intellect, and the true representatives of Southern interests, were disfranchised and impoverished, while the management of affairs was in the hands of ignorant Negroes, just relieved from slavery, and white “carpet-baggers,” who had come to prey upon the desolation of the country. On every side were ruin and poverty; on every side disgust of the present, and despair of the future. The people, many of them, absolutely did not know what to do; and it is no wonder, that at this dismal time, certain ill-advised emigration schemes found countenance with those who saw no hope for themselves or their children but either to go out of the country, or to remove so far away from their old homes that they would be able to start life anew under better auspices than were then possible within the limits of the late Confederacy.

Source: Velasquez, Loreta Janeta. *The Woman in Battle: A Narrative of the Exploits, Adventures, and Travels of Madame Loreta Janeta Velazquez, Otherwise known as Lieutenant Harry T. Buford, Confederate States Army. In Which is Given Full Descriptions of the numerous Battles in Which She Participated as a Confederate Officer; of her Perilous Performances as a Spy, as a Bearer of Dispatches, as a Secret-Service Agent, and as a Blockade-Runner; of her Adventures Behind the Scenes at Washington, including the Bond Swindle; of her Career as a Bounty and Substitute Broker in New York; of her Travels in Europe and South America; her Mining Adventures on the Pacific Slope; her Residence among the Mormons; her Love Affairs, Courtships, Marriages, &c., &c.* Edited by C.J. Worthington. Richmond, Virginia: Dustin, Gilman & Co., 1876.



23. Map showing U.S. immigrant population density in 1880. Dark areas indicate regions with at least 20% immigrants; light areas show regions with less than 1% immigrants. Scandinavians, Poles, Germans, Jews, Austrians, Italians, and Russians gravitated toward the Midwest. Chinese immigrants settled primarily in the West, whereas Cubans preferred Florida or New Orleans. Mexicans congregated in the Southwest. Hardly any immigrants, however, came to the Southeast. This reluctance was rooted in perceptions that the region had not recovered from the Civil War that ethnic tensions stymied economic and political progress, and that low industrial wages offered limited opportunities to newcomers. Map by Kathleen Engart, 2008.



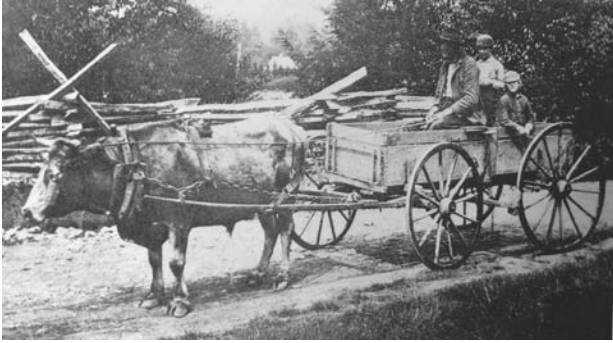
24. Pamphlets like John Andreas Wagener's *SOUTH CAROLINA: A HOME FOR THE INDUSTRIOUS IMMIGRANT* advertised agricultural opportunities to attract newcomers with the slogan "Diversified Industry – A Nation's Prosperity." The emancipation of slaves after the Civil War, and the departure of many African-Americans from southern plantations created acute labor shortages, which prompted the State of South Carolina to recruit immigrant workers from Europe. (Chapter 18)



25. Louis Philippe Guigou (2nd from the left) and his family were among the first Waldensian immigrants from northern Italy. His mother Catherine and five brothers are shown in this family photograph, which was taken near Valdese, North Carolina in the early 1920s. (Chapter 20)



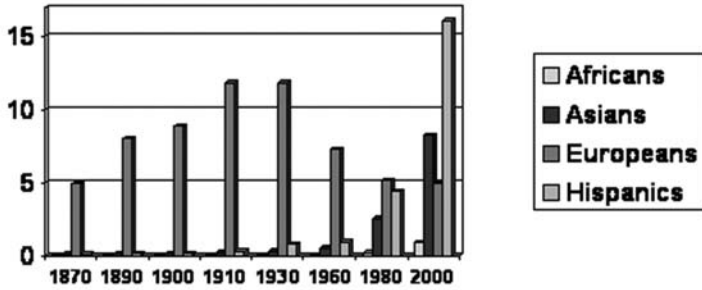
26. Italian Immigrants and their children pose for a photograph outside the Waldensian Sunday School in Valdese, North Carolina in 1894. (Chapter 20)



27. Ox and wagon carrying immigrants from northwestern Italy on a dirt road near Hickory, North Carolina, around 1895. (Chapter 20)

Ethnic Heritage of the Foreign-Born Population in the U.S.

Millions



28. Immigration patterns fluctuated greatly between 1870 and 2000. Scandinavians, British, Irish, and Germans dominated earlier trends while southern and eastern European immigrants, including Italians, Jews, Hungarians, Poles, Serbs, Russians, Greeks, and Ukrainians peaked after 1900. The trends reversed themselves after 1960, when Asians and Hispanics outnumbered European immigrants.

Part III

NEW CAROLINIANS IN THE NEW SOUTH 1865–1938

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS

- Immigration to the United States greatly increased after the Civil War, reaching more than 5 million in the 1880s then surging to more than 8 million in the first decade of the 20th century. Between 1882 and 1914, approximately 20 million immigrants came to the United States, mostly from southern and eastern Europe, including Italy, Poland, the Balkans, and Russia. 14% of the population was foreign born in 1900.
- From 1850 to 1930, more than five million German speaking immigrants arrived in the U.S. About two million Jews came between 1880 and 1924. Italian immigration peaked in the decade after 1910 with two million people.
- New visa restrictions and immigration quotas curtailed the number of newcomers during the twenties.
- The Mexican Revolutions caused the number of Latino immigrants to double in comparison with previous decades. At least one million arrived in the U.S. between 1911 and 1929.
- The census data for Carolinian immigrants during this period is somewhat skewed as African-Americans, as well as immigrants from India, Africa, China, and Japan were counted separately from European immigrants.
- The 1890 census counted only 3,555 North Carolinians or 0.5% of the total population, as foreign born, compared to a cohort of 400,000 who were lumped together under the rubric “colored population.” The same year, South Carolina’s figures show about 6,000 foreign-born—about 2% of the population—and about 470,000 people under the label “colored.”

Chapter Seventeen

Nicholas Said Memories of an African Muslim

The author of the following account was born in 1836 into a Muslim family in the Sudan region of central Africa. Kidnapped by a roaming gang, Said was sold into slavery as a young man. He worked for several wealthy businessmen, and accompanied them on extensive journeys throughout northern Africa, Europe and Asia. Fortunate financial circumstances allowed him to gain freedom and to continue his travels on his own. Said saw the world, lived a cosmopolitan life, mastered more than four languages, and enjoyed lecturing and working as a teacher. Said reached the shores of the United States as an educated man, an ex-slave and activist for the abolitionist cause. From 1863–65 he fought in the Civil War, first as a corporal and later as a sergeant before coming to the Carolinas. He moved to Charleston and then to Alabama, where he began writing essays and his autobiography. A charismatic speaker, Said supported himself giving lectures and public readings from his works. His memoirs present a fascinating panorama of immigrant experiences during the Reconstruction era. Towards the end of his life, Said dedicated himself to improving the educational opportunities for Blacks in the South. He hoped to “show the world the possibilities that may be accomplished by the African and stimulate some at least of my people to systematic efforts in the direction of mental culture and improvement.” Said published his autobiography nine years before his death in 1882.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NICHOLAS SAID

While in Sandusky City, I conceived the idea to go south, where I could be of great use to my benighted people in the capacity of a teacher. I selected

Charleston, South Carolina as the basis of my operation. Accordingly I left Sandusky City for Cleveland, Ohio, thence to Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Troy, Poughkeepsie and New York City, and embarked for the port of my destination.

Having taken up my quarters at Mrs. Cobb's boarding house in Calhoun Street, I soon became acquainted with Wright, Langston, Randolph, Bozeman, Ransier, and a host of other less notable Northern colored men who came there for political purposes. All the above named were very able men, but, with the exception of the last named, who was truly a very good and honest man, I have a very little opinion of their honesty.

I soon got into employment as a teacher, and taught here about a year. I am proud to say that I have gained the esteem of numerous white friends in Charleston, among which are Messrs. General Simmons, Kanapaux, Dr. Ogier, Sim, De Saussure, Chazal, Cohen, and a host of others who have shown me a great deal of favor.

I left Charleston for Savannah, Georgia, in the commencement of 1870, and only remaining here three days, I left for Thomasville, Thomas County, Georgia. While here I conceived the idea of writing my Biography or rather adventures. Several of my well-wishers to whom I communicated my idea said it was a very good thing. The Editor of the *Thomasville Enterprise* gave me a most flattering notice in his paper, by which I gained many friends.

I accordingly set to work and wrote an essay to that effect consisting of about one hundred pages. When I completed that, I proposed to give lectures on "Africa and its resources." I made my début in Thomasville, then at Bainbridge, Albany, Americus, Macon, Griffin, and Atlanta. I soon got tired of that business which in fact did not yield me much profit, I left Atlanta, and got down to Forsyth in Monroe, where I took up a school sixteen miles from here in a village called Culloden.

I taught here six months and then retraced my steps to Thomasville where I had left my effects with a colored friend of mine, Solomon Harvey by name. To my no small disappointment he had left for Texas taking my goods with him. After making arrangements as to the publication of my book, I started on a new plan, that of raising means by which to defray expenses of publication by voluntary subscriptions. I have got a great many subscribers from Thomasville, Bainbridge, Quitman, Valdosta, Ga., Monticello, Madison, Tallahassee and Quincy, Florida. From Quincy I returned to Bainbridge thence to Early county Georgia, always meeting with success and good treatment from the white and black people.

While in Georgia and Florida, I had heard from the black people that Alabama was a very dangerous State and filled with Ku-Klux [Klan]¹ that the freedmen there did not know what freedom was owing to the oppression of

the whites under which they were situated. I was advised not to go to that State; my life, they said, would be in great danger. My own common sense dictated to me, of course, that it was not possible that such a state of affairs could exist in Alabama, besides that, there were good and bad in all countries.

I shall here say, however, that it was thought by the blacks and a good number of whites [that] I traveled for the purpose of spying through the country. Blacks were sent at times to pick me, but I had nothing to tell them excepting that I traveled for my own amusement and gratification, at the same time, making a little something which I hoped would enable me to publish my Adventures.

Some said I was harmless and quiet, and others that I was a Yankee emissary and a scoundrel. I crossed the Chattahoochee into Henry County, Alabama, and to my great surprise, was received with respect and kindness. I shall truly say that I have never had such a reception heretofore. I shall never forget the kindness and attention paid to my humble self by that most intelligent and most gentlemanly Mr. M. Smith, of Columbia. When I left that place, after ten days stay, and was going to Abbeville, the county-seat, that kind man recommended me to Colonel Oates, of that town:

COLUMBIA, ALABAMA, JULY 21, 1871

Colonel Oates:

The bearer, Nicholas Said, who is without a shadow of a doubt, a native African, and whose ostensible object in traveling through this country, is to obtain subscribers to his Autobiography, lectured here today.

And I am glad to say, gave entire satisfaction to his audience, which was composed of a goodly number of white and black people. He is, by far, the most intelligent, and the best educated man of the African race, with whom I have ever conversed, etc. Any attention paid to Mr. Said will be thankfully received.

I am, Colonel,
Yours, most truly,

M. SMITH.

This letter did me an immense good in Abbeville, where I remained, and taught school until October of that year. I then went to Eufawla, Clayton, Troy, Montgomery, Selma, Greenville, Pineapple, Monroeville, Claiborne, Gainsville, and, finally to St. Stephen, Washington County, where I conceived the idea of settling myself for life.

On the 20th day of March, 1872, I found myself in St. Stephens, the county-seat of Washington County, Alabama, situated a few miles from the right bank of the Tombigbee river. Here I felt an insurmountable desire to put an end to my peregrinations, that is, at least for a season; for I was perfectly exhausted, and as I had a notion to enlarge my Biography, and as the manuscript had become worn out, by constant handling; I had nothing better to do than to take a school somewhere, in order to accomplish my desired end.

Accordingly, on inquiry, I found that I could get one in the neighborhood of St. Stephens, and was suggested by Mr. — —, one of the Trustees, to see one Dr. W. H. Coleman, who, it was said, lived six miles above that place on the road to Bladon Springs, in Choctaw County, Alabama. This gentleman was, it was said, one of the county supervisors, whose duty it was to examine teachers, as to their qualifications. Consequently, having received a note from Mr. Bailey, which ran thus:

Dr. W. H. Coleman:

SIR: The bearer, Nicholas Said, desires a situation in our neighborhood as a teacher, please to examine him and oblige,

Yours,
Most respectfully,

THOMAS BAILEY

Armed with this document, I proceeded onward to Dr. Coleman's. On entering the paling enclosure, I was informed that the Doctor was in the garden, and would be back in a few minutes. Presently I saw him coming, and I asked him whether he was Dr. Coleman, and on being answered affirmatively, I presented the paper to him.

The Doctor appeared to be a man of about fifty years of age, with a kind and gentlemanly looking face and highly polished manners, and in stature something above the medium height. His reception of me was quite flattering, for after my examination, I was asked whether I had been to breakfast. I told him I had not, whereupon "Bright," the servant girl, was called and instructed to furnish me with my breakfast.

This most kind and hospitable gentleman furthermore promised to protect me during my stay in his neighborhood; and I can truly say did more than he promised. Shortly after I opened my school, the Doctor loaned me \$5.00, thereby showing that he had confidence in my honesty. Through his instrumentality, my name has become popular through Washington and Choctaw counties. I shall, so long as life lasts, remember him with unfailing gratitude,

and shall render myself not unworthy of his confidence and good opinion of me. The colored people in this section of the country should certainly be grateful to him for his unwearied zeal in causing a school to be established in their midst. But alas! Though painful to say, it is sadly true that my people here appreciate but slightly the benefits of education.

My honest and ardent desire is to render myself useful to my race wherever it may be. I have no aspirations for fame, nor anything of the sort. But I shall always prefer at all times to find myself in the midst of the most ignorant of my race, and endeavor to teach the rising generation the advantages of education.

Self-denial is now-a-days so rare, that it is thought only individuals of insane mind can speak of it. A person who tries to live only for others, and puts himself in the second place, is hooted at, and considered a fit inmate for the asylum. The man who artfully extorts the earning of his fellow-man, and who seems to have no feeling for his daily wants, is, by a strange perversion, deemed the wise. To me, it is impossible to conceive how a human being can be happy through any other channel, than to do as much good as possible to his fellow-man in this world.

NOTE

1. The Ku Klux Klan was founded in 1866 by Confederate Army veterans, whose main purpose was to resist racial integration in the South. The group's past and present agenda advocates anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, anti-Communism, and white supremacy. Between 1868 and 1870 the Ku Klux Klan played an important role in restoring white rule in North Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia

Source: Said, Nicholas. *The Autobiography of Nicholas Said; A Native of Bornou, Eastern Soudan, Central Africa*. Memphis: Shotwell & Co., Publishers, 1873.

Chapter Eighteen

John Wagener South Carolina: Home of the Industrious Immigrant

Wagener, a European by birth, immigrated to South Carolina as a young man three decades before the outbreak of the Civil War. He worked for the state government and built a career supervising the post-war reconstruction efforts to recruit new laborers to work the plantations that freed slaves had abandoned. As part of his duties as South Carolina's Commissioner of Immigration, Wagener wrote this brochure in 1867 to promote agricultural and business opportunities in the state to solicit potential settlers, preferably of Anglo-Saxon background. Published with the aim of attracting skilled workers to buy, lease, or cultivate vacant farm lands, Wagener's narrative sketched a very favorable profile of the conditions new immigrants would find in the South after the Civil War. The report is prefaced by a letter to the Governor of South Carolina, and concludes with excerpts from letters received by the author in his role as Commissioner of Immigration, in which local farmers advertised real estate for lease or sale to immigrants.

**TO HIS EXCELLENCY JAMES L. ORR,
GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA**

Charleston, South Carolina, 22nd March, 1867

Sir:

I have the honor herewith to transmit to your Excellency a brief sketch of the history and resources of South Carolina. The emigrant, when he has determined to quit the home of his fathers, will look for that region which offers him most chances of good health and prosperity. Our noble old State may safely invite investigation and comparison, and to facilitate this, these pages

have been written. What is here stated is based upon historical and official data, and believed to be strictly and honestly true. The undersigned, himself a foreigner by birth, of thirty-four years residence in the State, sincerely believes it to be so: and to remove all doubt, it is my intention to call a public meeting of the foreign residents of Charleston, and invite their strict investigation and confirmation or denial. There is no place in the world where all men are equally fortunate, or where there is no trouble, disappointment nor distress; there is no clime where there are no ills, and where man lives forever; neither can South Carolina lay claim to such great blessing; but there are few regions which are her equal—none that are her superior. If your Excellency approve of them, let these pages go forth, and let all interested judge fairly and determine for themselves.

I am, most respectfully,
Your Excellency's obedient servant,
John A. Wagener

(Note: The report proceeds with a short history of the State of South Carolina, a geographical overview, a summary of the climate, and cultural and social characteristics.)

CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE

This is a part of our subject which I approach with great diffidence. To judge the general character of a people, requires not only an intimate knowledge of them and their history, but an impartial and totally unbiased mind, rigidly determined to applaud what is good and freely to condemn what is bad. The knowledge of the people of South Carolina and of their history, I believe I possess; but I must candidly confess that I am so much inclined in their favor, and have entertained for many years such an exalted opinion of their character and worth, that I mistrust myself, and would very much rather have had another do this portion of my work. [. . .]

As a law-abiding and orderly community, South Carolina can have no superior; and to her the report of Hon. Mr. Peters, the great agriculturalist of New York, on the condition of the South, peculiarly applies, that here the "enforcement of the law is as rigid as it has ever been, and property and persons quite as safe; and that in none of the other States of the Union—not excepting any—are the people better protected, or the laws more impartially enforced.

As a liberal and enlightened community, South Carolina can fully compare with Old Virginia, the home of Washington and Jefferson. The European emigrants that look to the American continent for a home for their children,

should never forget that there was a time, not many years ago, when in the North and West the spirit of fanaticism was rampant against them, burning their churches and schools, and endeavoring with all its might to exclude them for a long term of twenty-one years from every political right and privilege, and that it was democratic South Carolina that was one of the strong pillars of their protection, and that never ceased for a moment to proclaim in the councils of the nation, that this is a country of equal rights, and a refuge for the distressed and oppressed of all peoples.

On the Savannah here is a monument for the Polish hero, Pulaski¹; on the Santee there is a monument for the German hero, De Kalb²; and never is the great day of Carolina's glory, the anniversary of Moultrie³, commemorated without a grateful allusion to the Irish hero, Jasper.⁴

As a religious community, South Carolina can proudly refer to her hundreds of churches that point their spires to heaven from her hills and dales everywhere. And not in pharisaical self-righteousness, but with the truly Christian liberality that knows no difference whatever in sect or creed, but appreciates the good in all.

As a prosperous and progressive community, South Carolina, although having every element of wealth within reach of her grasp, is just now in a less happy position than might be desired. This must be candidly confessed. But at the same time, the causes thereof may be as candidly indicated, and the sure and effective remedy suggested. Heretofore, the State relied for her prosperity exclusively upon the rich results of her agricultural pursuits. Her system of African slavery enabled her opulent planters without any other branch of industry but that of cultivating the soil. And even in that, their whole attention was given to the raising of the great staples of commerce, and very often even their bread and meat were imported from other parts of the world. [. . .]

Instead of repining and sorrowing over the lost comforts and riches of the past, [planters] are boldly and manfully grappling with their necessities of the present, and not infrequently the planter of former days may be seen guiding his plow or smiting with his axe, with an energy which will ensure his future prosperity. It has been reported that manual labor was not honorable in the South. If this ever was a truth, hard work and steady employ have now become fashionable; and whoever cultivates his fields best, and is personally most industrious, is the most successful and the greatest gentleman. And the immigrant, as a brother workingman, will be heartily welcomed, and will meet with encouragement and friendly offers wherever he exhibits habits of industry, frugality, honesty, and thrift. And the Carolinian, furthermore, instead as formerly preferring goods from abroad, will now prefer an article made at home, and feel proud of his choice. What an opening of the mechanic

of every trade! Every town, every village in the State has need of such, and will afford them a competency. Let them come!

(Note: At the end of Wagener's pamphlet, local merchants, business men and land owners advertised particular properties and investment opportunities as inducements to prospective immigrants.)

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE COMMISSIONER OF IMMIGRATION

From a letter of Jas. R. Aiken, Esq., of Winnsboro: "I propose, with a few of aiding you in part, to contribute, or donate, 500 acres of land, in lots of ten or twenty acres, free to any immigrant you may locate in this vicinity, who will settle upon the same and cultivate it, free of charge for rent for the space of five years. At the expiration of that time I will sell the land, with all the improvements, and allow its full value for the same, giving the immigrant the preference. In other words, I will give the use of 500 acres of land, in lots of ten to twenty acres, to encourage your scheme of immigration. This land lies within one and a half to two miles of town, and if cultivated as a vegetable garden, would pay handsomely. It is also within one mile of the railroad, and produce could be sold either in Columbia or Charleston."

Lands near Walhalla, the German town in Pickens. Overton Lewis, Esq., of Pendleton, one of the oldest citizens of Pickens District, has about 4000 acres of land, about three miles from Walhalla, for sale, of which he says: "This land was originally bought as a mineral interest by two wealthy and intelligent gentlemen, but the property has never been operated on. It was tested by an agent of a Northern company just before the war, and gold and copper were found. I saw it myself."

Mr. A. White, of Sumter: "I write to offer 2000 acres of land, about one-third cleared and under cultivation, situated from four to six miles from Sumter Court House, on the W&M Railroad. I will give them rent free for a year to persons intending to settle, and will then rent, lease, or sell, on fair terms. I hold the land at six dollars per acre, currency, and will sell on five years' time, if necessary; that is, in five annual installments with interest. A good grist and saw water mill is situated within a mile to two miles of these lands."

From Mrs. Susan E. Roper, Charleston: "I take the liberty of informing you of a tract of good planting land belonging to me, on John's Island, which I am desirous of selling. This tract consists of 500 acres, which I propose selling in 50 acre lots, or the whole, at ten dollars an acre."

NOTES

1. Casimir Pulaski (1745–1779) was a Polish general and politician and a leading figure in his country's effort against Russian domination in the 18th century. When this failed, he emigrated to America, where he became one of the notable commanders of the American Revolutionary War. He died in the Battle of Savannah.

2. De Kalb was a German born (1721) immigrant and hero of the American Revolutionary War. Johann de Kalb served under General Washington at Valley Forge. He led the American army to relieve the besieged port of Charleston, South Carolina, and died of wounds he received at the battle of Camden in 1780.

3. Moultrie was a leader in the American Revolution, where his military skill prevented British forces from taking Charleston, South Carolina, in 1776. After the war, William Moultrie served as South Carolina's governor and in 1802 published his *Memoirs of the Revolution as Far as It Related to the States of North and South Carolina*.

4. Jasper was an American Revolutionary soldier, who joined William Moultrie's regiment in the Revolution in 1775. William Jasper defended Fort Sullivan—now Fort Moultrie—in Charleston harbor with great bravery. He died in the attack on Savannah in 1779.

Source: Wagener, John Andreas. *South Carolina, a Home for the Industrious Immigrant*. Charleston, South Carolina: Joseph Walkers, 1867.

Chapter Nineteen

Nettie McCormick Henley Scottish Legacies

The impact of the New South was nowhere greater than in the Piedmont region of the Carolinas. After 1870, traditional farms and plantations gave way to textile mills, industrial factories, railroad tracks, and power lines. While struggling to accommodate the rapid influx of new modes of life, Carolinians also maintained many aspects of their agricultural past. Henley's autobiography describes these social transformations and their impact on immigrant families who settled in the border region between North and South Carolina well before the outbreak of the Civil War. The author introduces vivid cultural and historical perspectives on the blended traditions of close-knit communities of second and third-generation Scottish descendants. Although quite integrated into the American cultural mainstream, the heritage communities exhibited great pride in their traditions, and established themselves as successful citizens and role models for their extended families. The text presents the recollections of a great-grand mother who was born in 1874, and witnessed the rise of modernity that rapidly transformed family and community life in Scotland County, North Carolina. Henley's autobiography, entitled *The Home Place*, was published in 1955.

YESTERDAY

My granddaughter wants me to get a television set, and my granddaughter wants me to ride in an airplane to visit her, just an hour for three hundred miles. Me, who used to spend an hour behind oxen to travel three miles, and who was a grown woman before I used kerosene lamps instead of candles.

I can believe television and airplanes fairly well, but my children have trouble believing oxcarts and tallow candles, and to my grandchildren these

are fables of a far country. I look around me, and I cannot blame them. The way people live, the way they think and behave have changed more during my lifetime than in a dozen generations before me, I guess.

“We have so much more than you did,” they tell me.

They do, in some ways. But we had some things, we old folks that everybody is wishing mighty hard for nowadays, such as peace of mind, faith in each other and in God. I should like my children and their children to know how we lived and how we earned these blessings.

I was born in 1874, and the time I speak of was from then till 1904, when I married and moved away from the Home Place.

The North Carolina community where I grew up was in a stretch of good farmland which was then the eastern section of Richmond County, but which is now Scotland County. The town of Laurinburg is at the northeast, Smyrna Church below Johns Station at the southeast, Hasty near the South Carolina line at the southwest, and Laurel Hill at the northwest. This section is half-way on a straight line between Wilmington and Charlotte, and was settled by Scotch immigrants coming up the Peedee River from Charleston and the Cape Fear from Wilmington. After the Revolution, more Scotch families kept coming, and in my youth the people I knew best were only two or three generations from the Highlands.

They were of many clans and “septs,” including some famous in Scotch and English history: Stewart, Wallace, Buchanan, McBride, Sutherland, McLeod, Carmichael, McNair, McRae, McQueen, Graham, McDougald, McDonald, McNeill, Blue, Lytch-Leach-Leitch, McKenzie, McKay, McLean, McLauchlin, McMillan, McIntyre, McCormick, McIntosh, Fairley, McArn, McGregor, Murray, Chisholm, McLaurin, McKinnon, Cameron, Calhoun (Colquhoun), Ferguson, McArthur, McColl, Morrison, Shaw, Gibson, McCaskill, Purcell, and others. No wonder that when we cut off from Richmond County in 1900, there was no other name for us but Scotland. By the time I was grown, there was some relationship, blood or marriage, binding nearly all the old families.

Just about every family here gives as excuse for its presence that grandfather or great-grandfather ran away from Scotland to escape being hanged for sheep-stealing. Those who came after the Revolution usually came with enough money to buy land, so they must have made a good sale of those sheep. The real reasons were more likely poor crops, English taxes, English conscription for the French war, and the English Church.

What little I know of the Old Country makes me think that, except for our strong feeling for family and for the Presbyterian Church, we did not keep many special Scotch habits.

Our language was English, with some black softening. Scotch dialect such as in Ian McLaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* has no resemblance to the way we talked, and I never heard anybody speak Gaelic. We used some expressions that were different from those of other sections, but I think they developed here mostly—not in Scotland.

The land here is so different—flat, sandy, forested, with mild climate, instead of rocky northern hills—that our grandparents changed their living habits. The old farmhouses in Argyle, where the McCormicks came from, were built on the ground, of stone or turf, thatched, and within four walls. Here we built of wood, with shingled roof, setting the house up from the ground on wood or brick pillars, always with plenty of porches, and with the cook-house often set away from the main house and connected by a passageway or “dog-run.” Quarters for fowl and animals were set well away from the house here, too, instead of being adjoining or within the home as in some Scotch farmhouses.

We raised a lot of oats for cattle, but I never ate oatmeal, the Scotch national cereal, till I was grown. A very few farmers had some sheep—the Blues, Uncle Nath McCormick, the McRaes, and some others—but no big herds. They say it was the women's job to work the fields in Scotland, but except for emergencies our grown white women seldom did any more cultivation than tending the garden. The Scotch clans in the Highlands were reputed to be wild and warlike. Many men from our section fought bravely in the Civil War, but they were glad when fighting was done, and by my day their chief aim was to build back their farms and homes. Even hunting and fishing, beloved of Highlanders, were pursued by our men only occasionally and for food more than for sport.

The only legends of the Old Country that I heard were hazy stories of Flora McDonald, who saved Prince Charles from the English, and then helped the English against the Americans when she lived in Richmond County during the Revolution. Some of her relatives, the MacQueens of Queensdale, are buried at Stewartsville Graveyard not far from Laurinburg, I have been told.

Maybe one or two families had a reputation for closeness and Scotch stinginess, but open hospitality was the rule here. The unexpected guest did not have to depend on potluck, either; he almost always got something special if the woman of the house could manage it. There is a familiar story of a visitor who came to one modest home just before dinnertime and, of course, was asked to stay and eat. The wife hustled around pretty fast, so that when all sat down to the table, and the husband started to give thanks, instead of his usual blessing, he said:

Lord, we thank Thee how the dinner's been mended;

Chicken and dumplings where collards were intended.

With us it was the courteous thing to ask the guest to say the blessing, and it would have been considered impolite to suggest that he had caused any slightest trouble, but the dinner would certainly have been mended.

This section had escaped the main line of the Yankee march, though most families lost near relatives and much property in the Civil War. Yet none of them sat down to moaning and bitterness. I was born at the end of Reconstruction, and, by the time I was able to understand my elders' talk, I never heard much about the War or days before the War. What they did, it seems to me, was to pull down the curtain on the past, saving only their families, their land and their church—all that really mattered to them. (My aunts did explain one unmarried mother by saying, "A Yankee got a-foul of her.")

We did not worry over money and things money could buy. We worked but we did not count it drudgery—we enjoyed it. Nobody was in a hurry, and everybody took time to have fun.

What I tell here about the old days is what I myself understood and felt, but the folks in our community were so close to one another that, generally speaking, what came to me and my family came to all. We believed and worked and played together; one had about as much wealth and learning as another. What hurt one hurt all of us, what was good was good for everybody.

Source: Henley, McCormick Nettie. *The Home Place*. New York: Vantage Press, 1955.

Chapter Twenty

Louis Philippe Guigou Waldensian Trail of Faith

From a mountainous region bordering France and Italy called the Cottian Alps came a group of late 19th century immigrants who settled in the Appalachian foothills west of Winston-Salem. Known as the Waldensians or Waldenses, they were members of an early evangelical Christian denomination that had survived centuries of religious persecutions in Europe, particularly by the Catholic Inquisition in the 1400s and later by French troops. In the 1880s, poverty prompted many Waldensians to migrate from their overpopulated valleys to the Carolinas. The first group of 29 Italian settlers arrived in 1893. Their leader, Reverend Charles Albert Tron, acquired more than ten-thousand acres of land in Burke County, named after Governor Thomas Burke, an immigrant from Ireland. It was a vast tract of real estate for eleven families who began cutting timber, building saw mills, and farming hills. The newcomers found a friendly welcome by neighbors and town folks, and were soon joined by other countrymen who made Valdese, North Carolina their new home. By the 1920s, second and third generations of Waldensians joined the Presbyterians, forming today's Waldensian Presbyterian Church. The history of these "trail of faith" immigrants is exhibited in the Waldensian Heritage Museum, which includes open-air performances that illuminate their religious and cultural heritage. The autobiographical narrative by Louis Philippe Guigou, who was among the first Italians to arrive in Valdese, summarizes this remarkable chapter in North Carolina's immigrant history. Guigou entitled his essay "The Coming of the Waldensians to Burke County, North Carolina in May 1893."

I was persuaded to reduce to writing a short account of the events that led to the movement of choosing Burke County in North Carolina as a place to which a group of "Furriners" would come and establish new homes.

I have finally decided that I want to do it, but to this date I have not had the time to concentrate on the work to do a good job, because of other obligations that I have assumed, and must give my time to for the next twelve months. Just how much I may be able to accomplish in that field remains to be seen, but I have been, and am determined to try to disseminate certain information to the 60,000 members of the Masonic organization in North Carolina and through them to many others, that God is still in His Heaven and that all is well with His creatures and His creation.

Now, how did the Waldensian colonists happen to come to Burke County? It is recorded in various places that a certain Mr. Marvin F. Scaife, an individual of much means and ambition, heard a certain Waldensian Pastor, the Reverend Theofilo Gay in the city of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, talking on the subject of the Waldensians in the Cottian Alps of northwestern Italy, their church organization and beliefs, also their ambitions to push the work of evangelization in Italy. He further spoke of their poverty and need of financial help for the work of the Church. During these interviews the thought was voiced that the lands the Waldensians inhabited were mountainous and rugged and too thickly populated, and that many were leaving the Fatherland for new homes in the New World. This Mr. Scaife, being an enterprising capitalist and in touch with people controlling large tracts of land in western North Carolina, is said to have offered immediately to help locate a colony in western North Carolina; and from that start resulted: Valdese—in 1893.

After Dr. Gay returned to the Waldensian Valleys in late 1891, he told the assembled Church Synod in Session of his having met Mr. Marvin F. Scaife in the United States, and of the latter's interest in a colonization movement to the western part of North Carolina by the Waldensians. This information created a sincere interest in several of the leading ministers of the Church. In time they broadcast the information, and invited those interested to meet at various churches and discuss the offer.

In the meantime, Mr. Scaife, touring Europe visiting relatives, stopped in Rome, Italy to talk the proposition over with the leaders of the Waldensian Church. Among them were Dr. Buffa and Dr. Matteo Prochet. The two recognized leaders of the Church at that period were Dr. Prochet and Dr. C.A. Tron. Dr. Tron lived in St. Germain near La Tour, the capital of the Waldensian population and evangelical activity.

Drs. Tron and Prochet took part in the meetings with the interested Waldensians, and Dr. Tron radiated much enthusiasm for a colonization movement to North Carolina. Dr. Prochet liked the idea, but put forth the thought that if a worthwhile number of families were interested in moving to North Carolina, they should send two of their groups to see the lands offered for colonization, and await their return and reports on what they had seen.

This idea was accepted and a Mr. Jean Bounous and Mr. Louis Richards left the valleys of Italy in early March, arriving in Morganton, North Carolina on March 20th. (This from the *Morganton Herald*) They did not speak English and this proved a great handicap. The "Morganton Herald" recorded that they ate a meal at the Hunt House, but did not register there. The letter of introduction given them by Dr. Tron identified them, and they were taken to the Piedmont Bank, where a Mr. Pierson welcomed them and, knowing of the anticipated movement, accompanied them to the office of Mr. W.C. Ervin. Mr. Ervin did not speak French either, so he accompanied them to Mr. Emile Frisard, a beloved Morgantonian who spoke fluent French. The latter being very much interested in bringing a Colony to this section of North Carolina, after a preliminary conference with Mr. Ervin, took charge of the delegates and accorded them every courtesy. During the next two weeks he drove his fine horses many miles in different directions over lands owned by the Morganton Land and Improvement Company that they might see for themselves the acreage for the colonization.

They made a trip to the Round Knob section beyond Old Fort, North Carolina, and after they saw the heavily timbered mountain slopes, it was explained to them by Mr. Frisard that the newcomers could cut lumber of all dimensions for the building trade, and in season peel and sell enough tan bark, along with the lumber, to sustain a good livelihood, while progress was being made in clearing the more likely spots for cultivation and the development of good farming areas.

The delegates did not like the Round Knob areas, and were frank to state that this was no better than the high mountain regions they inhabited in Italy. Mr. Frisard next brought them to the areas on which Valdese is now located. He first showed the little farm known as "The Brick House Place," which was then the political center for the Lovelady Township. This house was also the voting place for the district. Mr. James Harbison, the surveyor, has measured many plots with his instruments, using the "Brick House" land lines as division lines. Other farms and farmers were the Berry Place, about one-half mile east of Valdese: the Bollinger farm settlements south of Valdese, about one mile. Towards Rutherford College were two or three small farms which they were shown. These made favorable impressions on the delegates.

Mr. Frisard, with some other representatives of the Morganton Land and Improvement Company, then took the delegates to the south of Valdese, and showed them the South Mountains, as we call them, and the High Peak section. They traveled on horseback over much of it, on the south and north slopes of the range. There they were shown and introduced to the heavily timbered lands, on which it was suggested the settlers could see much virgin

timber for the building trade and in season peel tan bark for the tanneries. This activity, as explained before, would make cash possible, while crops would be grown on the cultivated areas. This Valdese location impressed the “spies” more favorably, and the delegates wired Dr. Charles Tron a rather favorable report, although Mr. Louis Richards was not too favorably impressed with the layout or the fertility of the soil.

This report called for another meeting of the interested families in the Waldensian Valleys, which Dr. Tron called immediately, and several families, ours included, decided to make necessary preparations and start to the New World in May, which was only some six weeks off. In fact, these same families had been preparing since early March. There was only one condition, as my father told me later, that Dr. Tron would accompany them.

Dr. Tron, who spoke very good English, agreed and was chosen the leader of the movement in which he was very much interested. He, in turn, outlined the plans of procedure, and called the heads of families interested to the town of Pomaretto, Italy in late March. At the meeting the day was set for the departure from Pomaretto, Perosa, Argentina, and St. Germain. The folks concentrated, as outlined, and met at Pinerolo, moving from there by train to the city of Turin, Italy. From Turin they entrained for the town of Modane, the first railway station across the Cottian Alps in France. During this overnight ride the train perforated the second longest tunnel then in the world, known as the Mt. Cenis Tunnel.

The next stop was Lyons, France, then Paris, and the last destination in Europe was Boulogne sur Mer, in the northwest section of France, a seaport on the English Channel. In this city the travelers had a date with the Holland American Steamship Company for transportation to New York, which Dr. Tron had previously arranged. Here in Boulogne Sur Mer the emigrants stayed at the company hotel five days awaiting the arrival of the ship *Zaandam*. Company officials tricked our group in staying at company expense, because they wanted to get rid of other emigrants who had come there for transportation to New York without having made definite reservations. So, instead of crossing the Atlantic on the ship *Veindam*, our group later crossed on the *Zaandam*, which was some fifteen days in transit, arriving in New York on May 26.

Mr. Scaife and Dr. Tron met the group in New York and relieved the travelers of much anxiety. They had prearranged transportation on the old Dominion line from New York to West Point, Virginia. At West Point officials of the Richmond and Danville Railway met the folks and led them to a railroad car that was awaiting them. In that railroad car they remained until train No. 11 of the Southern Railway stopped at the spot that is now Valdese on Monday, May 29, 1893, about midday.

The group included 11 men, 13 children and 5 women, 29 in all. The men were J. Henry Tron, Jean Giraud, Jean Francois Refour, Phillippe Richard, Francois Tron, and Pierre Tron, Jean Guigou, Jaubert Micol, Albert Pons, Francois Pons, Jean Henri Pons.

Preparations had been made for the arrival of this group by the Morganton Land and Improvement Company. Some of the homes had been evacuated, so the newcomers could find shelter. The first meeting was held in the afternoon of the day they arrived, Dr. Tron leading, in the farm house near the place where the train stopped. The first meal was also prepared in that house, the good spring, later called the Ribet Spring, furnishing the best water the travelers had had in some time.

The next few days were spent in looking over the countryside and getting acquainted. A number of the neighboring farmers came to meet the newcomers, were pleasant, and as far as ever was known, welcomed the new arrivals.

Mr. W.C. Ervin, Dr. Rose, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Morganton, and Mr. Scaife were frequent visitors to the New Valdese, and rendered much assistance. Dr. Tron daily contacted each family and was most encouraging. The first Sunday activities proved eventful. Dr. Tron let it be known that the Big Hill Methodist Church, through its pastor, had invited the group about one mile south of Valdese. Dr. Tron occupied the pulpit as guest minister, preached the sermon in English and also spoke, explaining why the newcomers were in the Township. The get-together was a great success, and immediately made friends, etc.

As had already been planned, the first efforts, as well as the first results, were to be along communistic lines; each work for all and all for each. This procedure was to be practiced under the direction of selected leaders, on which all agreed. The leaders would outline the work for the different families, and in time all would become acquainted with procedure and efforts necessary to make a living in the new surroundings, new climate and new seasons.

A Mr. Will Powe was hired to take the lead in the farming effort, while a Mr. Dobie was hired to handle the sawmill crew and building enterprise. The latter had been planned by the leaders, so as to provide shelter for the various families and to prepare for the arrival of a larger group that was to reach Valdese in the late fall–November.

With the purchase of a sawmill and the needed stock and equipment in the month of June, the lumber cutting operations began in earnest, and soon, too, the house building began. Others, with the help of Dr. Tron, planned houses to live in, and some buildings for public conveniences and public activities. Just north of the now Southern Railway depot in Valdese were built three one-story homes and one two-story building, the latter designed for public

gathers, etc. An 8x10 ft. lean-to was later added to the two-story house as the first Post Office. Mr. Ipolito Salvagiott, who spoke good English, was the first appointed Postmaster.

Just south of the now Southern Railway depot in Valdese the colonists built a public stable and barn for mules and horses. This public stable was later re-conditioned to house the first hosiery knitting machines to come to Burke County. These were half-hose machines used to make work socks for the men.

The houses planned one could hardly call homes. For the most part they were one-room shelters, with one door and a small window. A terracotta pipe was placed in a convenient place in the roof for a stove. A little home-made furniture in time was set up, and straw ticks garnished the beds, the edge of which was also used for seats. In many cases the floors furnished a resting place for tired, weary, and worried bodies and minds.

Arriving in the late spring, the grass was in evidence, and the colonists that could afford it bought cows. My father, accompanied by Mr. Will Powe, walked away one morning toward Connelly Springs, and in the afternoon returned with a Jersey cow which he had bought from Mr. Berry, the section foreman of the Southern Railway. The Brick House place had a stable made of logs, and there the cow was housed. Later daddy bought another cow and red ox for work. Other colonists, as they were located, bought cows as the first necessity for existence and many of them were without shelter for months. To some, cows were furnished from public funds, as had been planned.

These animals needed grazing, and we younger ones were assigned that task. One Saturday I became so interested in playing with the neighbor's boy that I forgot the cows and they wandered to the corn field north of us. Later I went to mother crying. She and daddy started to hunt for them, after he came from the saw mill and found they had been chased from the corn field by a Mr. Page, and placed in his barn. He relinquished the cows, but the price was \$2, which daddy paid and I got a switching.

The first school attended by the immigrant children was in the Bollinger Chapel section about one mile south of Valdese. The county of Burke at that time paid for a 3-months rural school attendance. About 200 yards from what was then and is now "The Bollinger Chapel," a Methodist Church, was a one-story log building that was used for a school house. The room was about 20x40 ft. with one narrow door at the side and a fireplace at the other. For light there were several small windows neatly placed in the log structure.

The teacher for the year 1893-94 session was a Miss McGalliard from Connelly Springs, N.C. about four miles away. She had a rough home-made stand for a desk, and the pupils sat on rough home-made benches, no backs.

She organized for classes the best she could, and carried out a daily routine of instructions. A reader, a blue-back speller and an arithmetic book were the only school books used for daily lessons. The fourth was a switch. In turn, she called the classes to the 4th bench for recitation. She dismissed school for a few minutes at recess and called the pupils by rapping on the door with the switch that she kept near her stand. The stick was also called the symbol of discipline. For fuel to keep a fire in the fire place she instructed the larger boys, in turn, to bring fence rails, limbs or any wood they could get. She kept an axe to use in the preparation of the wood.

This County school system was considered inadequate, as the children understood no English, so a Waldensian School was opened in one of the first Colony Buildings built near the Southern Railway. Mr. A. Grill was appointed teacher, and in turn, he was relieved of his duties at the saw mill.

In February 1894 a retired professor, Mr. Michael Jahier came from New York to spend some time among the Waldensians. He was persuaded to help out with the school situation. Later the American Missionary Society of the Congregational Church paid him \$50 per month. He helped with the special school effort for the Waldensian children for some four years. He returned to Italy later where he died.

In the fall of 1896 the Women's Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church North opened a Mission Day School in Valdese. This school was in session nine months per year. It was operated by the Board until 1905. Beginning with the fall of 1906 the County public schools took over with a longer schedule and much better school work.

STORES

The first stores patronized by the Waldensians were at Connelly Springs, about 2½ miles east of Valdese on the Southern Railway. The prominent Hudson family operated one of the stores; the McGalliard family another. There was not too much buying from the stores by the Waldensian settlers, but they were visited and some necessities were purchased. Inasmuch as the newcomers could speak very little or no English, they would walk through the stores, point to the articles they were interested in. They paid cash for the articles, and no charge accounts to individuals were started for some years later, when as Mr. Francis Garrou (later the Representative from Burke County) was heard to say, "The younger Waldensians became Americanized pretty fast."

During the winter of 1893-94 the Valdese Corporation, as it was then designated from the very beginning organized and set up a grocery store in the name of the corporate colony, where each family could buy on credit provisions for

the table, principally flour, corn meal, fat back, salt, some eggs, etc. This was absolutely necessary, as most of the efforts for the first eighteen months was toward operating a saw mill in the South Mountains, where the timber was good, to produce lumber for sale. Also to have lumber in various dimensions to erect houses for the settlers and prepare for the newcomers that, as planned, would arrive in late November of 1893. So the first Waldensian Store was a corporate enterprise, managed by one appointed by the trustees of the Corporation, and also approved by the Moral Board that was also appointed by the heads of the families.

The first Manager was a Mr. John Meier of Swiss-German descent, but of Protestant faith, who had heard of the new colony through the *Charlotte Observer* and came to Valdese to investigate, and if possible, get a job. He managed the Corporation Store for a few months until relieved by the Trustees. This store furnished necessities for some 15 to 18 months until the Corporation was dissolved and liquidated. It was then that Dr. C.A. Tron came to the rescue and paid some 10,000 liras or about \$2,000 to pay the Corporation debts.

The first individually owned store was opened by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Tron in one room of their new home, about 200 yards north of the Morganton Road. They later built a store house on the highway through Valdese, and developed a pretty good business. Mr. Tron made regular trips to Morganton and Hickory with his white ox, pulling the new wagon he purchased from the Piedmont Wagon Works in Hickory, to supply the needs for the store.

A later community enterprise was the Valdese Cooperative Store, in which many individuals invested their savings in the hope of earning a little interest and also of buying a little cheaper because they were stockholders. This latter venture was liquidated in the mid 1920s. Mr. Louis Bounous was the leader in this enterprise.

FINANCING

While the colonists were exploring their new surroundings and establishing temporary lodgings, Dr. Tron spent much time in Morganton, discussing plans and making arrangements for financing the colony, as many of the folks did not have much money to go on.

It was agreed by all parties concerned that the colonists should organize as a corporation. They agreed on the name, "The Valdese Corporation." The incorporators, as recorded, were: C.A. Tron, W.C. Erwin, Isaac T. Avery, Marvin F. Scaife and Samuel T. Pearson. The Corporation was empowered to buy and sell real estate and personal property; to own, hold and control and de-

velop its real estate; to conduct any and all mining operations; to conduct and operate a saw mill, and do anything necessary to conduct a lumber business; to borrow money, issue corporation bonds or other evidence of indebtedness; to secure the same by mortgage or deed of trust on all of its property.

The duration of the Corporation was to be 60 years. The Capital Stock authorized was \$25,000 to be divided into shares of \$100 per value. The stockholders were not to be individually liable for the debt of the Corporation.

The Incorporators immediately named a Board of Directors, consisting of the following: Dr. C.A. Tron, Samuel T. Pearson, Jaubert Micol, Albert Pons, Rev. John M. Rose Jr., W.C. Ervin, and the new pastor of the colony when he arrived. [. . .]

On June 24, 1893, a deed from the Morganton Land and Improvement Company was recorded in Burke County, conveying to the Valdese Corporation, for the sum of \$25,000 seven tracts of land in Burke County, known as the Suddreth and Ervin South Mt. Speculation Tract, the Brick House Place, the Fullbright Lands, and four other tracts which had been sold to the Morganton Land and Improvement Company in 1892–93. All of said tracts contained about 10,000 acres.

The following day, Burke County records reflect an indenture by the Valdese Corporation to the Morganton Land and Improvement Company, and the Piedmont Bank as Trustees, setting forth that the Valdese Corporation was indebted to the Piedmont Bank as Trustees for the Morganton Land and Improvement Company the sum of \$25,000 and to secure the aforementioned debt, the Directors of the Corporation, with the unanimous consent of the stockholders, issued 250 bonds valued at \$100 each, payable in 20 years, said bonds to bear 5% interest. To secure the payment of the bonds and interest, the Valdese Corporation executed a mortgage to the Piedmont Bank as Trustees for the Land Company on all the lands covered by the deeds, also on all equipment owned by the Valdese Corporation, including saw mill, stock and supplies of all kinds and cattle on the lands at the time.

The Valdese Corporation agreed to use every honest effort to increase the colony, make it permanent, remain on the land and improve it. To this end, the colonists, all members of the Valdese Corporation, were given free use and occupation of the lands, with the right to cultivate, gather crops and receive rents and profits there from. Further permission was given to mine the lands and to sell the timber and standing wood.

The Trustees were to supervise these operations, and if at any time the timbers and woods sold and the profits realized were greater than the amounts of redeemed bonds, they, the trustees were to take possession of the lands and to stop the removal of the timbers and lumber until additional bonds were released. This indenture was filed and registered by the Register

of Deeds of Burke County on June 24th, 1893 on page 90. Note: this was done about 25 days after the arrival of the Colonists.

Source: Guigou, L. P. "The Coming of the Waldensians to Burke County, North Carolina in May 1893." Typescript, no date. Waldensian Heritage Museum, Valdese, North Carolina.

Chapter Twenty-One

George Mehales Dixie Lunch Memories

George Mehales came as a Greek immigrant to Spartanburg, South Carolina, where he operated a popular restaurant on East Main Street Place. In an interview with a reporter named Bob, who was recording the biographies of workers and their families for a federally funded project in 1938, Mehales discussed his background and his experiences as a newcomer to the state. The narrative includes the reporter's questions and comments and focuses on George's childhood before World War I, his service in the U.S. military, and the economic downturn of the Great Depression in the late Twenties and early Thirties. Like most immigrants, Mehales strongly identifies with his adopted homeland. He displays a proud sense of American patriotism as well as strong affinities with his native Greek culture. The following narrative forms part of an archive collection in the Library of Congress entitled *American Life Histories: Manuscripts from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936–1940*. The text begins with a flashback to Mehales' mother and her home in the Greek capital, Athens.

In 1892, Penelope Mehales gave birth to her sixth son in the ancient town of Athens, Greece. Because she had once been to America, and because she believed her sons would find a much brighter future in the United States than in her native country, she gave her new-born child the popular English name of "George," not at all realizing that this name, like her baby, was of Greek origin and meant "farmer." The family was poor, and George's father had died two months before he was born, but the mother was determined that her boys should come to America. She sold what little property she had; borrowed money from her kinfolks, and sent George, when he was but three years old, along with his brother, who was sixteen, to New York.

The two Greek boys were taken in charge by an uncle who had come to America several years before and who operated a small restaurant in Brooklyn. Louis, the older of the two boys, immediately went to work for his uncle. George was sent to school when he was six years old, attending the public school during the morning and the Greek school during the afternoon. In spare moments, he helped his brother and his uncle in the restaurant.

George finished high school in 1909 and went to work for Stove Bekettas, who had purchased his uncle's restaurant. The death of his mother in Greece, and the fact that four of his brothers were ill with tuberculosis and unable to work, caused George to return to his native country. There, for a while, he engaged in farming, thus literally justifying his name. Later, he became a teacher.

"We had only a few schools in Greece where English was taught." George said. "At that time there were many Greeks who planned to come to this country. The immigration laws were not so strict in those days. Most everybody who had enough money for their boat passage could get into the United States. Some of these people wanted to learn to speak English. I earned enough by teaching English to some of these people to take care of myself and my sick brothers. My uncle and brother in Brooklyn sent me money to help out. At last, I had enough money to care for my brothers for a while, and I came back to America. In New York, an old friend and I put our money together and opened up a restaurant. We bit off more than we could chew. We couldn't pay for the expensive fixtures we bought. In three months we were broke and had to close our place. I found myself with no money and no job. Some friends got me a job in a Greek school. I had only twenty pupils. I taught Greek to Greek children who had been born in this country. I didn't make much money, but I managed to save a little and to send a little to my brothers. Nothing much else happened to me until the War.¹ I enlisted in New York and came to Spartanburg with the 27th Division. When I enlisted, the officer told me I would be used as an interpreter. He said there were a lot of Greeks in the division who didn't understand English. When we got to Camp Wadsworth, they put me to cooking in Company 'C', 100th Infantry, and there wasn't a Greek in the whole company. I was never used as an interpreter."

"Do you remember that big snow we had when the camp was here? I don't remember the exact date, but anyhow, I slipped on the snow and fell from the back of the mess shack. I broke my ankle. It was a bad break. They took me to the hospital and operated. They took toe bones out of my foot. Then they told me I could never walk again without limping. Six long weeks I stayed in the hospital." [. . .]

“The officers came around to see me,” George continued. “They say I can get an honorable discharge. I don’t want to go. I beg them to let me stay when I get well. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., comes to the hospital. I tell my troubles, and he goes to see his father, Colonel Vanderbilt. Two or three days later, the officers tell me I can stay after doctors let me out of the hospital. I went back to the mess shack on crutches. They told me I didn’t have to go back yet I wanted to. I sat in the kitchen and supervised all cooking. Meats, pies, everything. Soon word starts around that we would move out any day now for France. I was still crippled. I want to go with the boys, but Captain Cline tells me I can’t go. The boys in the company hear I can’t go. They sign papers asking my officers let me go with them and do the cooking. I go back to the hospital for another examination, but they say it’s no use. It almost breaks my heart to see the boys go. I cried a lot.”

When the 27th Division left for France, George remained behind. He does not like to discuss the period of his war record. He had formed friendships with many men in the company, many of whom lost their lives when the 27th and 30th Divisions crashed through the Hindenburg Line.

“After the boys left,” George said, “I went back to the mess shack on crutches. I got rid of them as soon as possible. I went to this officer and that officer and asked them what company I was to work with. They said they would take it up with headquarters, but I guess they were too busy with other things because nothing happened. For about two months, I was just loafing around. I slept on a cot in my old mess shack. I folded it up every morning and packed it away. I ate with the new men that came in. They were from Indiana and belonged to the 91st Division. They were swell fellows. By this time, I could walk almost without a limp. My pay stopped coming. The captain told me to go to headquarters to see about it. I hung around there about three days before I could get any attention. Then an officer heard my story. He told me to go back to my mess shack and stay there until something was done. I went back and began to work in the kitchen. The boys liked to have me there because it made less work for them. Inspection day came along, and the officers wanted to know what I was doing there. They said my name was not on the company list. For about the hundredth time, I told my story. About a week later, some officer came in the mess shack and told me to go with him to headquarters. When I got there, some officers told me that a mistake had been made in the records. They said that the records showed I had been discharged about two months before. They told me that the papers had got lost somehow. They had the doctors at the hospital look me over again. Then they shoved a lot of papers at me to sign. I don’t know much what was in them but I didn’t care. I was glad that somebody was paying some attention to me.

They told me to go back to the mess shack and start to work. A few days after that, Captain Johnson came in and told me that I had been assigned to the company. On top of that, I got paid for the two months, and did that money look good. I guess for these two months, I was just lost to the United States Army. Armistice Day² was a great day at the camp. Our company had not used up its allotment of food for the period. The quartermaster decided to put on a spread. He went to Spartanburg and bought turkeys. It took us all day, even with an extra detail, to get ready. But we had a small dinner that night.”

After his discharge from the army, George found himself, like many other soldiers, without a job. For a while he worked in a restaurant owned by his brother, who had not gone to war, and who had profited during the period when some men amassed fortunes.

“My brother and I decided that it would be necessary for one of us to go to Greece to look after the property that Uncle Louis had left us. My brother said I was freer to go than he was. The trip was my second trip home. I was lucky to get it because the immigration officials told me I would have a hard time getting back. When they found out I was an American citizen and that I served during the war, I didn’t have any trouble at all. I stayed in Greece about three months, and then came back here. I stayed in New York for a while, and then came back to Spartanburg. I had always wanted to come back here. I lived here with some Greek friends for a while. I took up school teaching again while I was looking around for something better. Two of my brothers in Greece died within ten days of each other. They left me about three hundred dollars in American money.”

“What did you do with the money,” I asked him.

“I tell you, Bob, it was like this. I found an owner of a small restaurant here—not mentioning any names—that needed some capital. With what I had and what I borrowed from my brother, I went into business with him. Our business jumped up fast, and we had to hire extra people to take care of the trade. We were open day and night. Then his wife became sick—or should I say ill? She had the same disease that killed my brothers. He decided to take her to Arizona for her health, and he wanted to sell out to me. I bought it and was broke in less than six months. I couldn’t get it out of my head that I wanted the best restaurant fixtures that money could buy. I was making good money but it wasn’t enough to meet the expense of my new fixtures. And I was also playing the stock market. One day, one of my customers showed me how much money he was making in the market. I had never even thought about the stock market before. For a few days, I looked at the market page in the newspaper. It looked good to me, and I bit with what you folks call *hook, line and sinker*. All the money I took in, I put into stocks. The first day of October in 1929 made me feel like I was rich. The

stocks I bought had gone up and up. I sold some of them and bought others. I often thought about what my mother had said and that was ‘you’ll get rich in America someday!’ I should have paid for my fixtures, but I figured I could pay them any time. You might think I would have known better, but I didn’t. I figured I could pay my debts any time, and I just let them ride. Trouble hit me hard during the last day of October of that year. I had become so interested with the market that I let my own business go down. I wasn’t there half the time. I need my own place of business as a place to hang around in. Business dropped off, but I didn’t care because I was making plenty money in the market. During the last days of October, my stocks began to drop. I was gambling on the margin. My brother called me and told me I would have to put up more cash. I went to the bank and put up all the cash I had in the bank with my brother. It seemed to me that things would soon get better. I sent a telegram to my brother and he sent me one thousand dollars. I had about five thousand dollars invested. On that day of October 29 [Black Friday, stock market³ crash], they told me I needed more cash to cover up. I couldn’t get it. I was wiped out that day. I guess disappointment comes mighty hard to some people, but that almost killed me. My brother lost in the market like me, and he couldn’t help me out. I considered killing myself, because I had nothing left. I found out what a fool I had been. I did manage to pay my debts by selling my cafe at rock bottom prices. I learned a lesson then. It almost killed me to see my cafe go at such a cheap price. It taught me that you’ve got to pay your debts to get along.”

“Not long after my cafe was sold, I met a nice Greek girl named Penelope. Same name as that of my mother. We kind of seemed what you call matched for each other. She lived in Charlotte and came here to see her brother when I met her. We started to go out together. We decided to get married but I didn’t have much to get married on. We got married anyhow and struggled along on almost nothing. The flu⁴ took her after we had been together about six months. The doctor said it was ‘flu’ but I think it was pneumonia. Talk about committing suicide, I felt like it then sure enough. Just before she died, she asked me to look out for her brother. He was always getting into some kind of trouble. His name was Nick. He lived with us. I got him a job in Greenville. He stole some money from a guy named Gus Trakas when he was working there. I told Gus I would pay everything back if he wouldn’t have him arrested. Gus turned Nick over to me. I sent him to Greenville and he made good there. He owns a small interest in one of the best restaurants in that town. He paid me back every cent I ever spent on him. The rest of my life—there’s nothing much to it. I have been working and saving my money. I own an interest in this cafe. I’m pretty well fixed and I seem to have a lot of friends and I am happy here.”

George is spending most of his spare time reading such magazines as *Time*, *Readers' Digest*, etc., but his favorite magazine is *Asia*, because he says he often finds in it articles concerning his native country. He has many interesting stories to tell of his experiences in the restaurant business, but his favorite one is what he calls the *Tramp Mark*.

"One day a few years ago," George said, "a tramp came into my place and wanted something to eat. He said he had not anything to eat for three days. He said he would wash the dishes or do anything I wanted him to do if I would give him something to eat. I gave him a meal and some small change I had in my pocket. The next day, about six men came in with hard luck stories. Every day after that, a bunch of men would come in and ask for something to eat. I told a friend one day that I couldn't figure out where all the hoboes were coming from. He said I must have a *tramp mark* on my building. I had never heard of a *tramp mark* before. He said that when hoboes found a place where they could get a meal for nothing, they would put a mark on the building so that other tramps would know that the place was a place to get a free meal. I went back to my place and looked around. On the back door, I found the mark. It was a circle that somebody had put there in chalk. It was about as big around as a saucer, and it had something in it like a cross. I rubbed it out. From then on, I looked over the building every day to see if there were any marks. Those hoboes had about eaten me out of a place of business. There was a lot of hoboes then. Don't find so many now."

"Which do you find the hardest to please, George, men or women?"

"What you call the average man," George replied, "isn't so particular. He'll pick up the menu, glance at it a second or so, and then say, 'Give me a roast beef dinner,' or something like that. He never tells you what vegetables he wants to go along with his dinner. That's the average man, but there are some like old maids that want everything just so and so. Take the average woman, now. She studies the menu a long time before she orders anything. Then she will say just what vegetables she wants. Women eat less than men, and a lot of them still order some kind of a sandwich instead of a regular meal."

George believes that Americans would greatly improve their health if they would be more careful about their diet and would eat more slowly.

"Seems like most Americans eat just because they have to," George said. "Eating should be a pleasure and not just something you have to do. Men rush in, order something, and gobble down their food. It takes them about five minutes to eat. Everybody should take at least a half hour to eat. They always say they are in a hurry. Well, they may be in a hurry but they are just hurrying to the grave when they gobble down their food."

George is pessimistic about the future of his native country, although he says Greece is in far better financial condition today than any other country.

“There is no unemployment in Greece,” George said, “and everybody would be happy over there if the rest of the world would leave them alone. But they are all scared of Hitler. He’s heading that way, and the Greeks think it won’t be long before he takes over the Balkan states, and then he will want Greece. Nobody has stopped him yet in anything he wants, and the Greeks believe he wants Greece. Then they think he will take Egypt and move on to India. They think he’s trying to form a world empire.”

“That may sound what you call ‘far-fetched’ to people over here,” George continued, “but they believe it will happen unless somebody stops Hitler. The Germans and Greeks hate each other. Greece can’t stop Germany by herself. Italy doesn’t like Greece. Romania doesn’t like Greece. And you know from history what the Turks think about Greece. The Greek’s best friends are the English and the Americans. They might help out if the Greeks get in danger, but there is no promise of help. That’s why they worry so much.”

If a stranger went into George’s restaurant today, he would probably find him in the kitchen, supervising the cooking. During the morning he busies himself in the kitchen and making the necessary purchases of food. At noon, he comes out of the kitchen in a clean white uniform and a round white cap to talk with his customers. At two o’clock in the afternoon, he leaves his restaurant to take his *siesta*.

“In Greece,” George said, “everybody stops work from twelve till two. It is what you folks say is an old Spanish custom. I have to take mine from two till four. I spend that time resting and reading. The hours I like most are at night. I go back to work at seven and work till nine. People are through with their work and in no big hurry. They like to sit around and talk, and that suits me fine. I talk too much, I know, because I learn more from listening than from talking.”

About nine o’clock, George turns over his restaurant to the night shift. Then he invariably goes to his room and reads, retiring, he says, about eleven o’clock each night with his alarm clock set at seven the next morning.

“George,” I asked him, “I have always heard the expression that ‘The Greeks have a word for it.’ Do you know the origin of that saying?”

“I don’t,” George laughingly replied, “but I can tell you this. As for me, and for thousands of other Greeks who are happy here, I’d say that that word is ‘The United States.’”

NOTES

1. War refers to World War I which was a global military conflict from 1914–1918 that left more than nine million soldiers dead. The U.S. joined the Allies in the war against the Central Powers in 1917.

2. Armistice Day marks the anniversary of the peace treaty that ended World War I on November 11, 1918. After World War II, Armistice Day was renamed as Veterans Day in the United States.

3. October 29, 1929 was known as Black Friday, when the U.S. stock market crashed which caused general panic among investors and the public, as well as international markets. The ensuing economic collapse marked the beginning of the Great Depression.

4. Flu refers to the influenza pandemic after World War I, which killed more people than the war itself. Known as “Spanish Flu” or “La Grippe,” the disease turned into one of the most devastating pandemics in modern history. Current estimates indicate that 50–100 million people died across the globe.

Source: Source: Mehales, George. “George Mehales, 1938.” *American Life Histories*, Manuscripts from the Federal Writers’ Project, 1936–1940. South Carolina Writers’ Project, U.S. Work Projects Administration. *American Memory* collection, Library of Congress.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Anna Gelson Berendt From Ellis Island to Yonges Island

South Carolina has a long and complex Jewish history. Jews began settling in the port city of Charleston in the late 1600s. By 1749 the population was large enough to organize a congregation—Kahal Kadosh Beth Elohim. Fifty years later, more than two thousand Jews lived in the state and Charleston boasted the largest Jewish population of any city in the nation. Through the 1800s, South Carolina attracted a slow but steady flow of immigrants from central and Eastern Europe. The pace picked up in the early twentieth century, and Charleston’s “uptown” neighborhood north of Calhoun Street became known as “Little Jerusalem.”

Anna Gelson Berendt’s family numbered among two and a half million East European Jews who migrated to America in the period between 1881 and 1924. The Gelsons (originally named Getzen) began leaving Russia around the turn of the century. Family lore extends back to the 1890s, to a time of rising social tensions that ultimately ignited the Russian Revolution. Anna grew up as an immigrant daughter. The family settled first in Poughkeepsie, New York, and then on Yonges Island, South Carolina. She was only seven years old in 1920 when her father died. Life in the United States, she recounts, was no “bed of roses” for the newcomers.

In Part I of her narrative, Berendt traces the genealogies of the Rehelkin and Getzen families. She describes her life in Russia, and tells who among the clan came first to the “New Land.” Part II begins as Anna’s parents and aunt embark on the transatlantic voyage from Bremen, Germany, to Ellis Island¹ in New York, the federal gateway and entry port for most east coast immigrants. Berendt wrote her “family story” in 1974 and dedicated it to the memory of her mother and father, Zelda and Yena Gelson.

COMING TO AMERICA: THE BREMEN

Zelda, Yena, and Aunt Mary traveled by train through Germany and on to Liverpool, England, where they boarded the Bremen for the long sea voyage to the United States. My parents and my aunt endured many hardships on this long voyage. They were in the steerage section of the ship. This area was well below the decks and very crowded. Most of the Jewish passengers brought food with them as they did not eat non-kosher meals. However, most of them were too ill to eat very much.

My father was a very strong man. He was helpful to all. Aunt Mary told me that she was so sick on this three week voyage, she could not reach out to pick up an article from a small basket near her. Mama's cheeks were sunken. Papa did all he could to make them as comfortable as possible. Aunt Gussie and others have described similar conditions on their voyages to America.

ELLIS ISLAND

The weary travelers arrived at Ellis Island. They were treated kindly. Uncle Sam was there to show his credentials for the responsibility for their livelihoods. He was required to show his bank book. I assume the entire family was waiting in Poughkeepsie, New York, to celebrate their safe but debilitating trip to America. At Ellis Island, the name Rehelkin was changed to Rosen. The name Getzen was changed to Gelson. Zelda was Ella. Yena was Louis. [. . .]

THE FAMILY IN POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

The family settled in Poughkeepsie. I do not know why the city in New York was chosen as their home in the United States. When Uncle Sam, Aunt Gussie, and Uncle Sol arrived they lived in a cold attic. Later Aunt Gussie and Aunt Mary slept on cots in an apartment of relatives. My parents and members of my father's family lived on the third floor of the same building. Aunt Gussie tells of how water would seep into the room she and Aunt Mary slept in. The water froze. In the mornings she would grab her clothes and run up to the third floor to dress. My father had a way of resolving problems. Somehow he managed to keep their humble home warm and comfortable. The family gravitated to Zelda and Yena's place.

Aunt Gussie and the others would dress as warmly as possible. They would then rush off to their jobs. All of them worked hard for small salaries. They contributed to the upkeep of the Rosens and Gelsons.

I would like to have the original names of our families forever. Since the United States is a melting pot for all, the individuality of our names seems more meaningful. In the beginning perhaps it was easier for everyone to have more pronounceable names. Then again, I have a choice. I am either Anna Rosen Gelson Berendt or Asna Eta Rehelkin Getzen Berendt.

Aunt Ida, Uncle Dave, Mama, Papa, and their families remained in Poughkeepsie. Grandmother Sarah and Grandfather Moshe also remained there. The rest of the Rosens moved "South." Later the Yena Gelson family moved to join Zelda's family in Charleston, South Carolina.

ASNA ETA REHELKIN GETZEN IN POUGHKEEPSIE

I was born January 2, 1913 in Arlington, a suburb of Poughkeepsie, New York. I attended school at age five. I believe I started school about two other times as we later moved about a great deal due to my father's illness.

Many times Mama would spend the entire day with Aunt Ida Goldberg, her oldest sister. I do not remember how Leon got to the Goldberg home after school. He probably came there by trolley. Louis Goldberg, my teenage cousin, would pick me up at my school and ride me on the handle bars of his bike to the Goldberg home. My cousins Alex and Louis had a lot of fun with Leon and me. We were the only cousins left after the rest of the children went south.

Aunt Ida always gave me pretty jewelry . . . a ring . . . a bracelet . . . a locket. Should you visit our home you will see a picture of me wearing my jewelry. Doctor Goldberg and Dorothy (Dutch) Gelson were not born until some years later. I was the only little girl and be sure that my hair had the traditional curls with the ribbon on each side. I recall the constant twirling of Mama and Aunt Ida. Both Mama and my aunt sewed pretty dresses for me. I wore long white stockings and patent leather shoes. I loved to visit my grandparents. I remember the "sheitel" [wig] grandma wore. It was not becoming. Today wigs are beautiful.

Grandfather Moshe was a nice looking man with very blue eyes. He had a small goatee. He always had a book in his hand. My supposition is that he read English. I know that the Gelson family spoke, read, and wrote Russian. Perhaps Grandpa picked up the English language quickly. I am vague about this.

THE END OF WORLD WAR I

I recall the end of World War I in 1918. My mother and father took Leon and me to watch the parade. We slammed two pot tops together until we

were exhausted. We waved American flags. We screamed and jumped up and down. All the families we knew had flags waving from their homes. It was a time of rejoicing.

The thought occurs to me at this moment that my brother, Leon, who slammed two pots at the end of World War I, became one of the first radar officers of the United States Navy in World War II. The other “pot top slammer” watched many ships launched at the Charleston Navy Yard during the Second World War. At that time she was supervisor of the Requisition and Order Section “Swing Shift.” At dusk we would stop our work when a ship was being launched. Our section requisitioned the material and other necessities to make the building of these ships possible. [. . .]

YONGES ISLAND—ABOUT 1920

I thought God had forsaken us when we moved to Yonges Island, South Carolina, shortly after my father’s death. Leaving our relatives in Charleston to live in a small village broke my heart. I did not want to separate myself from my young cousins who had been so devoted to me. Mama would have to manage a business alien to her. But, as a widow at the age of thirty-two with three children, Mama felt she needed to make a good living even though the long hours and hard work of a general merchandise store seemed too much for her frail body.

My uncle Sol had gotten the business started for her, arranged for a clerk, and had everything in order for my mother’s entrance into the business world. Before Uncle Sol passed away, I had a long talk with him. He said, “I always worried about you all living in Yonges Island.” I assured him that some of my best times were spent in this beautiful little village among devoted friends. I often wonder how my mother handled this large store and took care of three children at the same time.

Luckily, our home was across the road from the store. It was a well built house, but as many others in the vicinity, there was no electricity or drinking water. We pumped water into the sink for dishes and bathing. A big black stove heated the kitchen and cooked, while another in a large bedroom kept us warm in the winter. For drinking and cooking a well nearby furnished as much water as needed. I don’t recall any real hardships in Yonges Island as all the residents of Yonges Island considered this condition normal at the time.

At the time of our move to Yonges Island, my brother Leon was nine years of age. I was about seven and my sister Dutch was about a year old. We were the only Jewish family of Yonges Island.

Leon and I helped Mama as much as possible on the busy Saturday evenings in the store. We packaged merchandise, ran errands, and watched the few well known thieves among the customers. One of us took care of our little sister who was made comfortable behind a counter in a blanket lined homemade bed, probably a large box.

Leon and I loved school and the good friends in our classes. My brother and I walked two miles with our Yonges Island friends to and from school in Meggett, South Carolina. On rainy days a neighbor drove us in a "Tin Lizzie" Ford. The boys and girls crowded into the canvas covered car among book bags and lunches. I recall the mixed odors of kosher salami sandwiches and ham sandwiches. Our friends loved salami. At recess we shared, although Leon and I tactfully refused their offer of ham.

The school we attended was "all white." Our teachers were graduates of Winthrop College in South Carolina. I recall my school days in the country as "my best days," however, the first few months in one of my classes stands out in my mind as a nightmare because one particular teacher frightened the children in our class in a way that caused many of us to become ill.

An example of her cruelty was observed by the classmates of one young boy who could not control his bladder because the teacher never allowed him to leave the room when he raised his hand. One of my friends became a stutterer in and out of the class. I seemed to weather the storm even though a complete blank covered my mind during competitive "spelling bees." It seemed that I was always at the end of the line, yet in my written work I spelled well. Once the teacher called me to the front of the room. She asked me to hold out my hands, palms down, then rapped me on my knuckles. I did not cry. I vowed I would get to the front of that line. With the help of Leon, I conquered my fear, got to the front of the line, and stayed there until our tyrant of the classroom was dismissed from her position. "Spelling bees" were discontinued.

Life in Yonges Island was not all work for us. Summer was a time for fun. The children of the village took off their shoes and ran free in their bare feet.

Anita Parks, one of the older girls of our village, was the self-appointed "activities chairman." She planned swimming parties, picnics, basketball games, and "little theater" productions in which all the children took part. "The Yonges Island Theater" was our garage which was lighted by Japanese lanterns. The seats were boxes from my mother's store. The store curtains were old sheets on a rope "draw string." The props were more boxes. Anita could work wonders with boxes.

Leon and I started our career as entertainers in this unique setting. We sang Jewish Yiddish songs that no one but Mama understood. The next day after our successful appearances, our friends could be heard humming "Ofen

Preperchick” (around the fireplace) and “A Briefala to de Mama” (a letter to my mother). Leon and I became familiar with “Jesus Loves Me” and other Christian songs.

The people of Yonges Island shared each other’s cultures. We respected each other and our religious differences added a colorful aura to what could have been a rather dull way of life.

NOTE

1. Between its opening in 1892 and its closing in 1954, more than 17 million immigrants came through Ellis Island in the harbor of New York City. They are the ancestors of well over 100 million Americans today.

Source: Berendt, Anna Gelson. “From Ellis Island to Yonges Island.” Excerpt from “A Family Story” by Anna Gelson Berendt, 1974. 44-page typescript on file at the Jewish Heritage Collection, College of Charleston Library, Charleston, South Carolina.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Hugh MacRay Bringing Immigrants to the South

The author of this essay on the status of Southern immigrants in 1908 worked for the North Carolina government to promote prosperity and economic growth. Unlike the previous narratives, this chapter does not focus on autobiographical material but instead illuminates official strategies to bring skilled foreign farm workers to the region. Between 1860 and 1900, more than ten million people immigrated to the United States, and a 1910 report on the country's key industries indicated that well over half of all wage earners were foreign born. Noticing the growing successes of the immigrant driven economies of the Northeast, the Midwest, and the Southwest, many Carolinian politicians recognized a dire need to attract higher percentages of newcomers. Two primary motives informed this new fondness for immigrant labor: one was based in parts on the recognition that Carolinian agriculture and industry could profit more from the influx of skilled foreign farmers, and thereby increase the labor force after the end of slavery. Another motive involved the aim of white politicians to diminish the influence of black constituencies by adding sturdy immigrants to the population. This policy was moderately successful at the turn of the 20th century, although many immigrants were still reluctant to relocate to a region considered slow in economic growth, high in racial tensions, and indifferent to progressive ideals. Moreover, many immigration agencies operating outside the South actively steered foreigners away from the region with promises of higher wages and better opportunities elsewhere. The essay below presents excerpts of a speech by a government official delivered to the North Carolina Society of New York in 1908.

It will be conceded by careful observers that there is no quicker way to increase the wealth of a country than to add to its industrious and thrifty

population. The demonstration is before us in the Northern States, and especially is this true in the Western States where millions of sturdy immigrants, English, Scotch, Irish, Germans, French, Canadians, Swedes, Hungarians, Poles, Finns, and Italians have in succession been distributed as wealth producers, each in turn lifting those who went before to higher levels of prosperity and wealth. Great agricultural development, great industries, and great cities have been the direct result of this ever-increasing army of producers of wealth.

The native-born American has always shown sufficient versatility and adaptability to rise to higher levels and remain on the surface of this rising tide of development.

No section which has experienced the benefits of immigration would part with its new population. Remove the Germans from the territory of St. Louis (Missouri), the Swedes from the region around St. Paul and Minneapolis (Minnesota), the Poles and Hungarians from Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania), and the Greeks, Italians, and Slavonic races from New England, and there would be a general calamity.

The South has stood aloof from immigration, partly from conservatism, but largely from the fact that immigration to the South has been, under the conditions heretofore prevailing, almost impossible. During the forty years following the war, when for lack of financial strength the South's energies were dormant and only slowly recovering from the effects of the complete exhaustion of the struggle, there was more labor available on account of the large Negro population than it was possible to use. For this reason wages remained low and in turn all industries languished because of the low earning power of labor and the low purchasing power of wages.

The sturdy immigrants naturally went where there was least competition and highest wages. The millions first established drew other millions of their countrymen, so that great railroads and steamship companies were built up by this movement of immigration, and in turn directed their energies to securing immigrants for their territory. It was easy to keep the immigrant from turning southward, as there was no demand for him there; he had neither relatives nor ties of friendship in the South; and on the maps of the steamship and railroad agents the southern country was designated as the "Country of the Black Man." Even now we find immigrants who fear cannibalism in the South.

The South's growth, though unassisted by immigration, has been marvelous. During the last four or five years it has become apparent that the growth of wealth and industry has outrun the supply of labor. The mills and mines rob the farms of their labor; agriculture becomes almost impossible to the man who has to hire help, and yet the mills are often forced to run short time.

As the tendency of the South will be to develop even more rapidly, we face a crisis through a labor famine. Laborers cannot be brought immediately into the South. The wage scale has not yet reached a level which will compete with the North and West; and to quickly pay this scale would be ruinous. It seems, therefore, that the logical way to increase the South's power of producing wealth is to bring in an agricultural population to supply the places of those who will be taken by the industries from the farms.

The ownership of land appeals strongly to the hardy, industrious peasants of Europe who have eked out an existence on farms, but have never been able to accumulate sufficient funds with which to buy land.

In our attempt to start colonization we have reached the broad conclusion that any immigrant coming from northern Italy, or northern Europe, who has lived on the land and who will devote himself to agriculture, will become a good citizen. [. . .]

The South need have no fear of getting too many immigrants; the competition is still too great, and the obstacles are still sufficient to make it a slow and difficult process. The countries of Europe are fully alive to the value of these people to them, and are placing every obstacle in the way of their coming. If we have any fear, it should be that we have let pass the golden opportunity.

For a number of years it has been a wish of mine to make the attempts to secure immigration, but it has only been within the past four years that this could take practical shape; and up to the present time the work has been largely experimental. We have established five colonies (in North Carolina), with Italians at St. Helena, Hungarians and Hollanders at Castle Hayne, Poles at Marathon, Germans at Newberlin, and Hollanders and Poles at Artesia. Americans and other nationalities are located also at Castle Hayne and at Artesia.

I shall refer especially to the Italian colony, as that is the oldest—three years old—and is the largest and most successful.

First, a word about the preliminary work. Having noted the success of farmers along the coastal region, from New Jersey through Maryland, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, to Florida, we became convinced that there was a vast area of fertile land available for profitable agriculture, which only needed proper drainage. The country is quite level, and the rainfall is from sixty to seventy inches per annum. We secured the assistance of government experts to make preliminary soil surveys of the section around Wilmington, which section has the peculiar advantage of being south of the line where the ground is subject to freezing in winter, and at the same time of being near to the great Northern markets.[. . .]

In the meantime, agents were sent abroad to study the sources of immigration, and the best manner of directing the immigrants to the desired locality.

Demonstration farms were started so that the first arrivals could be shown the best methods under the new conditions. The ditching, clearing, and fencing were first done by Negro labor, and later by the colonists as they arrived. A good superintendent, who was a skilled agriculturist, was placed in charge of each colony, even when it contained only two or three families. As the cost of preparing for and securing the first arrivals was enormous, it seemed wise to nurse them with the greatest care.

The Italian colony (in St. Helena) was started with seven families from northern Italy. They were chosen from a district in the province of Venetia, and it maybe interesting to know that our agent, upon investigation, found from the records that no serious crime had been committed in this district for more than four hundred years. To this can be added the statement that at St. Helena in three years there has not been a single lawless act. I have never seen any people more contented and happy. They are frugal and industrious, and compare satisfactorily in every way with the native white population.

We have found that colonies do not succeed without families. The women and children are necessary to a sound development. We established the custom of showing appreciation of this fact by giving a present of five dollars in gold to each bride in the colony, and a gift of ten dollars in gold for each child brought by the storks to St. Helena. We have no standards by which to gauge the efficiency of these bounties, but can say that the expenditure on that account has become quite an item in our budget.

St. Helena (named in honor of the Queen of Italy) was started in a pine forest. The pine wood as soon as it was cut from the land was purchased from the colonists, and each man was employed one-half of his time working for the company, ditching, fencing, and building roads. The women and children work all of their time in preparing the land for the first crops, the men giving half of their time to doing the heavy, rough work. At St. Helena there have been sold sixty-six farms of ten acres each. There are about three hundred people in the colony, and already there are about two hundred and fifty acres under cultivation, and two hundred additional acres cleared and ready for the plow. During the past season sufficient strawberries were planted which, in addition to those already bearing, will bring the total in strawberries up to one hundred acres. There are forty acres in cotton, fifteen acres in corn, fifteen acres in potatoes, and eighty acres in miscellaneous vegetables. It is estimated that next spring, during the strawberry season, the Italians at St. Helena will ship each day more than one solid refrigerator carload of strawberries to the Northern markets, and under market conditions as good as those of the past year this crop will bring more than \$10,000 in cash into the colony.

Our experimental work with colonies has necessarily been done at great expense, and we have made the usual mistakes which may be expected in pioneer work. But from these we have reached some conclusions.

We believe that the North Italians are particularly desirable for North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, because they are used to a climate similar to ours. They have been healthy and vigorous, and St. Helena has practically been free from sickness for three years. As to the immigration of North Italians, the South has no cause to fear the descendants of the people who were the builders of Rome and Venice, and of Florence and Milan.

It will be interesting in this connection to quote from a letter written by Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, after he visited Italy, as follows:

“Having myself been very pronounced in expressing the idea that Italians were undesirable immigrants for South Carolina, a sense of justice compels me to say that, having watched the people of Italy with that very question in view, I still feel that the people of Naples and those of Southern Italy, whom I saw at Salerno and Paestum, are not the type we would like to have. From Rome northward the impression made on me is entirely favorable, and I feel sure that if we could get any of the northern Italians into the Southern States they would make good citizens and help in every way to assist the white race in solving the race problem.”

To the immigrants we sell land, houses, and mules on long time; we also furnish those who are without means with seeds and fertilizers, and give them instructions as to planting and marketing.

The Italians of St. Helena are desirous of becoming American citizens; their children are attending the public schools, and the men and women are anxious to learn the English language. They take great pride in their community, and show a spirit of cooperation in many ways. They have organized a brass band of fifteen pieces, and on holidays and feast days they find great satisfaction in playing alternately the favorite airs of Italy and America.

We find that Hollanders will also prove very desirable colonists. They are among the most skilled agriculturists in the world. In one locality, from which the Hollanders at Castle Hayne have come, there are six hundred people making a living, by intensive farming, on a tract of land which has a total area of fifty acres.

We feel certain that the race problem of the South will be either solved by immigration, or will be so greatly minimized that its solution will not be a matter of supreme importance.

It seems clear that the development of the youth cannot be continued in the same ratio as for the past few years, except through an increase in its agricultural population. As has been shown in the west, this will not reduce the price of labor, nor will it adversely affect the value of farm products. The failure of the *Wittekind* experiment¹ and the failure of the attempts to bring English spinners to Greensboro, demonstrated that the immigrants should be directed to agriculture, and from this source the other demands for labor may later be supplied. The first immigrants to be brought to the South cannot be

broadcasted. They must be treated with great care, just as one would do with rare plants being brought to a new locality.

From the standpoint of the upbuilding of the State of North Carolina steps should be taken to secure a State Department of Immigration which would be under the supervision of intelligent, earnest, and effective workers and the work of this department should be mapped out along practical lines. For instance, it is useless to attempt at present to get a great movement of English or Germans, when the era of immigration from those countries has long since passed. The work should be done along the lines of least resistance and without prejudice; and as soon as North Carolina begins to develop as it should, we can feel assured that such English and Germans as can be attracted will come.

The United States Department of Agriculture has shown a willingness to cooperate actively with the state department in this work. Much can be done by furnishing expert instruction in agriculture to the new settlers, and the various departments of the government will undoubtedly assist in solving this great problem for the South.

NOTE

1. The so-called Wittekind experiment involved a group of more than 450 Belgian and German immigrants who came to Charleston, South Carolina in 1906 to work in cotton mills and on farms further inland. Many soon left their employment because of dismal working and living conditions, and decided to go elsewhere or return to Europe.

Source: MacRay, Hugh. "Bringing Immigrants to the South." Address delivered before the *North Carolina Society of New York* (7 Dec. 1908). Microfilm, reel 61, item 8 (SOLINET 1994). Rare Book Collection, Wilson Library, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Thelma Wingate Scandinavians follow the Sea

The following account comes from the daughter of a mixed Norwegian and Swedish family in Charleston, South Carolina, where Thelma worked as an office assistant. She grew up during the turn of the 20th century. Her father, a mariner, volunteered as a U.S. soldier in the Spanish-American War, when the United States acquired Puerto Rico and helped Cuba gain independence. Thelma talks fondly of her Scandinavian heritage and the family's successful integration into the American social fabric. She admired her father's work for the Coast Guard, and his ingenuity handling tough times after the stock market crash in 1929. The author chronicled her biography in 1939 during interviews conducted for an oral history initiative of the U.S. Work Projects Administration shortly before the outbreak of World War II. Wingate's autobiographical account offers a strong sense of self-reliance and a deep understanding of the intricate confluence of immigrant traditions and common values in the Carolinas. Thelma's story focuses on everyday life with her two children Buddie and Lela in the 1930s, and starts with memories of her childhood.

"I well remember how I used to climb the twisting stairs up to the tower to watch Pop light the kerosene lamp at sunset, when I was just a baby. And I remember to this day how scared I was when storms would hit our little island and cover it with water. The waves would be mountain high, and I'd think every one was going to wash us out to sea. I'd glue my nose to the window and chuck when I saw a big one coming."

"Pop was born in Norway," Thelma continued, "and we kids loved to hear him tell how he went to sea on the sailing vessels that put out from the Norway ports." [. . .]

“All my people follow the sea,” said Thelma. “Pop is a sail maker by trade. But when steam knocked the sail business to pieces he went to work for the government as a lighthouse keeper. Pop didn’t get much education because he had to hustle for himself when he was just a little boy, but he knows more than plenty of people who’ve been to college, because he’s been everywhere and seen everything for himself. He’s done all sorts of interesting things in his life. In the Spanish-American War¹ he was a diver. Destroying mine fields was a pretty dangerous job, but he was lucky, and never got hurt once.”

“When Pop gave up his lighthouse job to go to sea again,” Thelma went on, “we moved back to Old Town. Mama father was a life-saver at the lighthouse station just across the bay. He and Grandma Erickson came over here from Sweden before Mama was born, so Mama lived right in this section all her life. She finished at the same high school I did. I remember, too, how we children loved the Swedish dishes Grandma Erickson made for us. I liked *Prute* best of all. That’s a pudding made with prunes, cornstarch, and cinnamon stick, with cream or milk poured over it. At Christmas she always made sweet soup—I forget what she called that—and did I love fishing out the prunes and raisins! We’ve never had that since Grandma died,” she sighed regretfully. “I don’t know why. But we still have smelts and Swedish rye brown for supper every Saturday night. The bread is imported from the Old Country, and is about six inches across. Smelts are little fish pickled with onions, you know. We buy them by the keg, but everybody likes them so much that we can hardly keep any in the house. Another thing Grandma used to make for us was *Forecore*. That’s a boiled dish made of alternate layers of cabbage and meat. We still have that a lot, because the children like it.”

“Oh, yes, I’ve got two children,” she said. “I’ve been married and divorced, but everybody still calls me Thelma. Lela is seven, and Buddie is six. I took the commercial course at school, and was keeping books at a dairy, making fifteen dollars a week, when I met Ted. I liked the work fine, and it was pretty lively too, for the farmer boys used to invite me out to dances and oyster roasts when they came in the dairy to sell their eggs and butter. But when I met Ted all that was over. Ted was a swell dancer, and I’ve always been crazy about dancing. We fell for each other right away. But my people didn’t like him, and they tried their best to keep us from going together. He was working in a grocery store making twenty dollars a week. The store kept open Saturdays until almost twelve, so one Saturday night I met him, and we were married at midnight. We went to North Carolina for a wedding trip. I honestly believe we would have got along OK if it hadn’t been for Ted’s stepmother. Ted was crazy about her, and when we came back from our honeymoon we went to her home to live. I suppose she was just jealous because Ted loved me, but from the very first she watched me like a cat. If I’d go out

in the car without telling her where I was going, and how long I was going to be out, and every little detail, she'd phone Ted and tell him about it. And sometimes she'd even 'phone my friends to find out where I was. Then when Ted came in there'd be a row, and he'd always take up for his mother. So that's how we began to quarrel. At last it got so bad I couldn't stand it any longer. One day I walked out and rented a flat, and bought some furniture on the installment plan. I was lots happier then, and now that the old lady wasn't there to interfere with us, we didn't quarrel any more. I'm a good manager if I do say it, and before long we had saved enough to start a little grocery business for ourselves. Then pretty soon Leila was born, and a year later Buddie came along."

"They had bets up on Palmetto Row when Leila was coming, whether I'd live or die," said Thelma. "I've got a bad heart, and I'm not so terribly strong anyway. I ran a big risk to have those kids, but I wanted children, and I'm glad I took the chance. I sure was busy those days," she continued. "What with marketing, cooking, sweeping, sewing and baby-tending, time didn't hang heavy on my hands. Of course, I didn't have much fun, and I didn't have much money to spend on pretty clothes, but I was happy, just the same. Then Ted started staying out late at nights. When he came in I'd often smell whiskey on his breath. But what really spilled the beans was the night he got arrested for being 'drunk and disorderly.' I went up to the station house and paid his fine, but I told him in the morning: 'If this ever happens again, Ted, I'm through. I've stood a lot from you, but I'm not going to let my children have a jailbird for a father.'"

"Well, he behaved pretty well for a little while. Then one night his step-mother telephoned that Ted was at the Broad Street station house, and wanted me to come up and pay his bond. When I said 'there's nothing doing,' was the old lady mad! 'Are you going to let the poor boy stay all night in a cell?' she yelled. 'He can stay there forever,' I said, and hung up the receiver. Next day I packed my things, took the kids, and went back home. I've been there ever since. I expect if it hadn't been for the kids, Pop would never have taken me in again," she said with a smile, "for he certainly was angry when I married against his wishes. But the kids are his eyeballs, and he knew if he had them, he'd have to have me too."

"Pop's funny," Thelma said reflectively. "He believes in every member of a family paying his share of expenses, so pretty soon I went to work again. I got a [. . .] girl for a dollar a week to look after the children and wash out their clothes, so it wouldn't be too much extra work for Mama. They were just setting up the Emergency Relief then, and I got me a job at fifteen dollars a week doing clerical work. But I expect I hadn't realized what a strain I had been under with Ted drinking and quarreling all the time, because all of a sudden I

went down with rheumatic fever, and it was over two months before I could go back to work.”

“When I was well again, I went over to Georgia and got my divorce,” she said. “Ted’s been married again for a long time now, and he’s never sent one penny to the children, much less to me.” Suddenly Thelma laughed. “I didn’t know what to tell the kids,” she said, “When they asked me where their Daddy was, so I told them! ‘The angels took him to Heaven.’ Then one day Buddie came in, all excited: ‘Mommy,’ he cried, ‘you said the angels had taken Daddy to Heaven, but we saw him walking in the park with a crippled lady.’ ‘They brought him back,’ I told them.”

“Pop says he’s going to send them both to college, but I don’t think Buddie will want to go because all he talks about is the sea. Now Leila wants to be a nurse. But she likes her books already better than I ever did. She may want to go for a year or two. Believe me, though, I wouldn’t have gone to college if you had paid me a million dollars. Not me! I don’t like books that well, though I do like to read when I feel like it, and can get hold of an exciting story. Mama and I subscribe to a magazine club,” she said, “Sometimes I can hardly wait for the next installment to come. Mama reads them in the day. I read them at night. They sure are swell! I’ll tell you one I read last month if you want to hear it.” [. . .]

“I’ve got a good job now,” she said, changing the subject. “I’m a stenographer on the administrative staff of the WPA.² I make eighty dollars a month. It is hard work and people never leave you alone, but I like it. Often when I get home around six, worn to a bone, I’ll find a lot of people in the parlor, waiting to tell me about getting laid off, or trying to find out how to get a job on the WPA. But I don’t mind,” she said cheerfully. “I know how I’d feel if I didn’t have a job, and I’m glad to help them all I can—but I don’t let it get me down. Sometimes we have fun, too, in the office,” she said. “I like a good joke and at lunch time there’s always a crowd around my desk wanting to know if I’ve heard the latest. I expect I could write a good joke book if I lost my job,” she said with a laugh.

“But talking about losing my job. I wish times would get better, so I could get back in private work. WPA is so uncertain. I want something with a future. Down on Palmetto Row some stenographers are only getting seven dollars a week. I can’t live on that, I want a job bringing in at least a hundred bucks a month. You see, I have to look ahead. I don’t expect I’ll ever marry again, because not many men want to saddle with a ready-made family. I don’t know how Pop’s going to leave his money, but I’m sure if I peg out, he’ll look out for the kids. That means a lot to me, because I can’t get insurance on account of my bad heart.”

“I’ve got two sisters, Freida, who lives with us, and Crystal who’s married to an insurance collector. She’s Pop’s favorite child. Crystal’s expecting in the spring. Pop’s as excited as Nicky. If it’s a boy it’s going to be named for Pop. Then Leila and Buddie’s noses will be out of joint. Freida is a clerk at the telephone company. She started off as a telephone operator, and worked up to a clerical position. She gets seventy-five dollars a month, has a day off each week, and two weeks’ vacation in summer. But I’ll tell the world she’s a lot different from me. She worries all the time about her work. It seems she just can’t take it. I tell her not to let it get her goat, but sometimes she gets right much whipped down. It’s a good thing she’s on the clerical force now, instead of at the switchboard, because she has some kind of chronic ear trouble and is getting pretty deaf. The doctor says he’s done all he can, and it can’t be cured. When she has a cold, for instance, all the discharge is through her ear, instead of her nostrils, and it makes her awfully sick. Freida is literary, like Mama’s sister, Gretchen. You ought to see the high-brow books that gal reads. But she doesn’t care a thing about stepping out with men. It’s funny, too, because most people think she’s pretty. I know she’s got me beat a mile. And does that girl like to dress! But she doesn’t like housework,” said Thelma. “Mama hasn’t been well lately, so I make her stay in bed mornings, while I get up and cook breakfast and get the kids off to school. Then when everything quiets down, Mama comes down and straightens up the house and washes the dishes, and starts dinner cooking. We have a black girl who comes in once a week to help clean house and do the scrubbing. We give her fifty cents, and all she can eat for her dinner. Sundays I cook dinner, so Mama can have a rest. We usually have chicken and dumplings, with *Prute* for dessert. In summer we have ice cream and cake. Week days we have meat or fish; rice, two or three kinds of vegetables, bread and butter, and milk for the kids. For breakfast I always give them each a hot cereal with milk, an egg, and plenty of bread and butter. I make them buy chocolate milk for lunch, too, because Buddie isn’t a bit strong, and the doctor says to feed him up. Pop runs a string of freight boats now, hauling vegetables from the sea-islands to the city, where they ship them north, you know. It’s fine having fresh vegetables for the table all the time. Pop brings in fresh eggs and chickens from the country too.”

“Leila’s a husky kid,” said Thelma, “but poor little Buddie catches every disease that’s going around the neighborhood. In the last two years he’s had chicken pox, measles, whopping cough, and mastoids. Christmas he put his firecrackers on the stove to get ‘nice and hot.’ He’s had two fingers tied up ever since. Last week he chopped the end off of one of the other fingers with a hatchet, and had to go to the hospital. But in spite of being such a little runt,

Buddie's the image of his grand-dad. They look so much alike it's really funny to see them going hand in hand to the wharf on Saturday mornings. Buddie says he's going to 'follow the sea,' himself."

"I expect Pop's got the right idea about everybody sharing expenses," said Thelma, "for we do manage to set a good table, dress well, and save a little for emergencies, though I never seem to have much left out of my eighty bucks time I get through paying my share. What little is left usually goes toward a doctor bill for Buddie, or clothes or shoes for the kids or me. Buddie's shoes cost a lot, too, because he was club-footed when he was a baby, and he's been wearing specially built shoes for several years now. The bone specialist says he'll be all right before long. I hope so, anyhow. Those bone doctors charge plenty. But Pop makes me put up five dollars in the bank each pay day no matter how little I have left. And I've got a Christmas Savings club for the children. I bank the check each year for them. Each of us has our own car. At least, Pop and Freida both have theirs, and Mama and I bought one together. Pop has to have his car so much of the time, that we really needed one for me to go to work in, and to take the kids and Mama out driving. It's just a cheap one, but we have a lot of fun with it."

"Pop's awfully tight mouthed about his affairs," said Thelma. "He never tells us anything, but I think he's got a good many irons in the fire, because every now and then he'll say something like this: 'Thelma, I've got some free tickets on the ferryboat. Dress the kids and you and your mother take them for a trip around the harbor.' I think he owns a share in that business," she said. "Then last year when he was getting better from a slight stroke, he said: 'Daughter, go down to the bank and open my private security box and clip the coupons on the bonds for me.' That was the first time I ever knew he had any bonds to clip," said Thelma.

"We own this house. Dad paid cash for it about ten years ago. He's had some good offers for it, but he says he doesn't care to sell. He's right, too. Values are rising all the time in this part of town. He's wise to hold on to it."

The house is a comfortable two story brick dwelling of six rooms and bath, set well back from the street with a wide flower bordered lawn in front, which serves as a playground for Buddie and Leila. It is shaded by a giant umbrella tree. On the hardwood floor of the parlor is a dark brown velvet art square, matching in color the over-stuffed sofa and chairs. A small modern secretary in walnut finish holds some of Freida's books. On a drop-leaf table is a large gold-framed, tinted photograph of Leila in a fluffy white dress, with a big blue bow on her hair, while on the mantle between two antique china vases is one of Buddie in a sailor suit. The only wall decoration is a floral water color in an old gold-leaf frame, which hangs on the front wall above a large com-mode, between the tall, lace-curtained windows.

“Pop doesn’t much like us to bring people in here,” said Thelma, as she led the way out of the parlor again. “He says what’s good enough for us is good enough for our company. So we don’t get much of a chance to use this room except when Mama and I entertain our clubs. Bridge Club has eight members. We meet at each other’s homes one evening each week. We do more eating than playing I guess, though I like to play myself. I win lots of prizes, and they sure come in useful, because I put them away in my cedar chest and give them away again on Christmas and birthdays. Mama belongs to a Parcheesi Club.³ They go in big for refreshments, too,” said Thelma.

“This is where we really live,” she said, opening the door into the shabby dining room. Around an oval oak table, almost covered with a large, lace centerpiece, the family was gathered—her mother sewing; her father playing solitaire; and the children busily coloring picture books.

“The kids study in here, too,” Thelma told me, “though I don’t see them do much except color those little books. It seems it’s some new fangled system of teaching. I don’t understand it myself, but it certainly teaches them to read fast. But come upstairs and see our bathroom. That’s what we’re really proud of. We’ve just had it all done over. See how easy it is to keep clean. The floor and wainscoting are tiled, and the walls are washable. Dad and Buddie use the shower. The rest of us like a tub bath best. And here is the linen closet we’ve had built-in just outside the door. It’s very convenient. And I do want you to see all these things that Mama’s made,” said Thelma, showing me the piles of snowy linen, with their wide borders of hand-knit lace; the embroidered towels, and the bed spreads. “She’s always working at something.”

“I’m crocheting a bedspread myself,” she said, “but what with marketing, keeping house and working, I don’t have much time for sewing. Then on Sundays we usually go off to the beach or somewhere to spend the day, and I get up early and fry chicken, and make macaroni pie and pilaf rice to take with us. If we’re in town on Sundays the children usually go to Sunday school, and Mama and I go to church. We’re Lutherans, but we don’t go in much for any kind of church work. I’m not a bit prissy,” said Thelma, “I believe in stepping out every chance I get, Sunday or no Sunday. The better the day the better the deed.”

“Pop’s the real sport of the family, though. He plays cards, shoots crap, and loves a good joke. And everybody likes Pop. He goes hunting a lot, too. We have every kind of game in season, from venison to marsh-hen. He’s right much interested in politics, and I think he’s got quite a lot of pull. All of us vote the Democratic ticket. I think a lot of Roosevelt⁴ myself. No matter how strapped I am I always buy a ticket to the President’s Ball each year. I think he’s one grand man, and I think the New Deal is wonderful. I know it’s done a lot for me.”

“I’m going out now,” she said. Rising she placed a modish *pill box hat* with flying veil at a precarious angle on her newly set blond permanent; pulled on a pair of smart silk and leather gloves; and with a brisk “good-bye” sailed out into the street.

NOTES

1. Spanish-American War. A conflict between Spain and the United States in 1898, as a result of which Spain lost Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and Guam Island to the U.S., and abandoned all claim to Cuba, which became independent in 1902.

2. WPA or Work Progress Administration (renamed the Work Projects Administration in 1939) was a federal agency established in 1935 by President Roosevelt to provide employment for people during the Great Depression. WPA programs included the construction of public parks, buildings, bridges, roads, airports as well as art, theater, and literary initiatives, including the Federal Writers’ Project. Altogether WPA programs employed over eight million people.

3. Parcheesi Clubs were popular party places to play an Asian dice game, in which players raced around a track on a game board.

4. Roosevelt, Franklin Delano (1882–1945) was the 32nd President of the United States (1933–1945). He launched the “New Deal” marked by public relief programs to increase employment and assist people’s recovery from the Great Depression.

Source: Source: Wingate, Thelma. “We follow the Sea, 1939.” *American Life Histories*, Manuscripts from the Federal Writers’ Project, 1936–1940. South Carolina Writers’ Project, U.S. Work Projects Administration. *American Memory* collection, Library of Congress.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Constantin Geraris Life of a Greek Restaurateur

The biographical narrative below focuses on a middle-aged restaurant owner, Constantin Pete Geraris, a Greek immigrant, who resettled in North Carolina in 1932. Mr. Geraris told his life's story through a series of interviews conducted for the "Federal Writers Project" between 1936 and 1940. He remembers the course of events that prompted him to leave Greece and to settle near the Outer Banks. After several attempts to buy his own business, Constantin Pete partnered with a fellow immigrant to start a restaurant. Dedication and hard work made both successful and respected members of the community. The pride and loyalty of the Greek immigrant are evident as he reminisces about his life's trials and achievements as a newly minted citizen in his adopted homeland. Pete Geraris' life story was recorded and written down by his interviewer, who begins the biographical sketch with a short description of Pete's business in Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

Pete has a great little restaurant. He buys his steaks from a Chicago packer specializing in top choice ribs and loins. He uses a fine blend of coffee and serves real cream with his coffee. Cold storage eggs and [frozen] butter never enter into his cuisine. His fixtures are modern; his kitchen a model of orderliness and efficiency. And Pete is forever busy. When he isn't waiting on tables, ringing up sales or inquiring after the pleasure and comfort of patrons, he is filling up sugar bowls and salts and peppers, packing his butter tray, scalding out the coffee urns, replenishing his ice cubes, folding napkins, polishing glasses, mopping up, putting things generally to rights. I had to get his story in broken installments. Drawing himself a cup of coffee during a morning's lull he dropped down beside me at the lunch counter.

"Are you always busy like this?" I asked him.

“Always,” he replied; “there is always something to do in a dining room if you try to run a first class place and hold customers. I learned that long ago on an ocean liner and I have never forgotten it. I was a dining room helper on this liner. One day after lunch, when all the dishes had been taken back to the kitchen, the table cloths changed and the sideboard put in order, I sat down and opened up a magazine. The head steward came along and asked me what I meant by sitting down with a magazine? I told him I thought I was through with my work until the next meal time. He said to me, ‘Your work is never done in a dining room as long as you keep your eyes open.’ Always something to do as long as you keep your eyes open! It is true. I never forget that.”

In a succession of such interviews I pieced together this personal life history of a typical Greek-American restaurateur, such a fellow as one will find in almost any small town or city in America. His story, interspersed with more or less of his comment on life and its livers, takes up like this:

“My family name is Geraris; everybody calls me Pete for short. When I got my naturalization papers in 1925 I gave Pete as my first name. I was born in the village of Dervenion near the ancient Greek City of Corinth. Dervenion was a rural village where the people lived by agriculture and fishing. My people, like most villagers, grow fruits and vegetables and raised flax from which they spun and wove their own linen and made the cloth, on hand looms, from which most of our clothing was made. We made wine and olive oil and cured raisins, much of which we sold for cash. Our food was simple; bread and cheese, fruits and vegetables, with occasional meat or fish meals.”

“When I was 12 years old I went to Piraeus, the seaport town of Athens, to live with an uncle. He was a pharmacist and I worked in his drug store. And it was a drug store; no soda fountain, no cigar counter, no confectioneries, no novelties. At Piraeus ships came from all parts of the world. A Greek boy with lots of curiosity about the world of which he had learned much in school could hardly escape the call of the sea at Piraeus. When I was 14 years old I shipped on a British steamer bound for Australia. For six years I roamed the seven seas on everything from tramp freighters to ocean liners. I crossed the Atlantic 17 times, went twice around Cape Horn, crossed the Pacific three times, visited first and last [28?] countries. I worked as a coal passer, fireman, deck-hand and dining room helper. Once I almost lost my life. It was on a British steamer, loaded with munitions, bound from New York to Havre in October 1917. We were torpedoed by a German submarine without warning, about four o'clock one morning, about halfway through the Atlantic Ocean. There were 52 men on board. All turned into the water, many without other than the clothes they slept in. No time to lower a life boat or find a life preserver. By clinging to pieces of timber that floated up from the sinking ship, 17 of us managed to survive and were rescued by an American destroyer af-

ter being in the water for 49 hours. We were nearly frozen and dead from the waist up. We had been in the chilly ocean more than two days without food or water. They had to revive us slowly, so nearly frozen were we. One of our men died after being taken from the water. I made good money in my years at sea. Wages were usually good and the tips were good when I got into the dining saloons. On a trip from Cape Town or Singapore to Liverpool the tips would sometimes amount to 20 pounds, or about \$100 in American money. But money wasn't all I got out of my sea-going; it was an education for me, seeing new lands and meeting strange people, taking in their customs, their manners and their ways of living. My mathematics was helped too, learning the rates of exchange and how to figure in the currency of the many countries I visited. And, believe me; a fellow traveling all around the world has a lot to learn. I had to learn that P.M. (time) in Greece means one thing, and in England the opposite thing. I got shore leave one day from my ship at Liverpool. I inquired as to when the ship was to sail so I wouldn't over stay my leave. I was told the ship sailed at 6 P.M. Now in my country P.M. means Before Noon; but in England it means After Noon. I got back to my ship's dock about midnight to find that the ship had sailed six hours earlier. And there I was stranded in Liverpool without money or a change of clothing. But I found another Greek fellow who took me to the Greek Consular agent who helped me out and got another berth for me."

"What was the greatest thing I learned in all my travels? Well, maybe, it was that people are just people wherever you find them; black men, yellow men, brown men, white men—all just human. All eat, sleep, love [. . .], and treat you right if you treat them right. I have never found but one race of people I don't like, and I don't dislike all of them. There are the people who think they are better than everyone else; they push, they shove, they sneer, they want more for their money than anybody else. If I had to depend on their trade I would close up my business. How I came to locate in America was like this. I was a member of the International Seaman's Union. The union called a strike on my ship which docked at Norfolk in 1921. While we were still on strike, the ship got another crew and sailed. I was stranded in Norfolk. I couldn't get another berth right away but I had a little money; \$944 in fact. I was 25 days out of work and had spent \$25 when I got a job driving a bread wagon for a Greek bakery. I had learned to speak a little English. I drove that bread wagon for six years. I had only 15 restaurants on my route when I started. When I left I had 111 restaurants on my route and was making \$175 a month."

"In those days, making good money, I tried to live like a big shot; I owned a big car, gambled, played the ponies, thought nothing of taking a day off to see a prize fight. But I found it didn't pay, that I'd never got ahead that way.

I was making the mistake that most people in this country make—spending more than I could make. For three years I attended an Americanization night school in Norfolk, learning to speak English. The principal of the school told me I should take out citizenship papers. I was afraid to do this, because I had entered the country illegally. But the principal of the school, a mighty fine woman, told me what I should do to get my papers and helped me to make up my record.”

“I came to North Carolina in 1932 to help another Greek that I had struck up a friendship with in Norfolk. I came to help him for two weeks in his restaurant and stayed with him six years. I worked hard, saved my money, made friends and went into the restaurant business with a partner in 1936. My partner knows the kitchen end; I know the dining room end; we have been very successful. People have been very kind to me.”

“Tell me,” I asked: “Why do so many Greek people come to America and go into the restaurant business?”

“As simple as hot cakes,” he replied. “A Greek comes to America; he can speak little English; he doesn’t feel himself above any kind of work. In looking about for a job he finds dish washers in demand. He gets a job in a hotel or restaurant kitchen washing dishes. He learns to cook. He gets five or six hundred dollars ahead and opens a little restaurant of his own. We are used to work, used to long hours, we are a sober people, our eyes are bright, and we don’t always waste money. The AHEPA tells us that no member of its society has ever died in the electric chair or served a life term in prison.”

“And what is the AHEPA?” I asked.

“The AHEPA is the American Hellenic Educational Progressive Association. It aids American citizens of Hellenic descent to become better Americans. The AHEPA strives to bring the best in Hellenism to the solution of the problems of America. It teaches loyalty. It tries to keep our people from being a Relief problem, it is building homes for the aged and orphans in Florida; it maintains a fine tuberculosis sanatorium in New Mexico and provides \$200 for every family of a deceased member. It’s a fine order; it keeps us Greek Americans on our toes.”

“I crossed the Atlantic my last time in 1937; I went back to visit my old home and my people for the first time in 21 years. Everything had changed, except the people. When I left home as a small boy we had no automobiles, no electric lights, no telephones, no rouge, no lipsticks. All this had changed; automobiles, busses, trucks, electric lights everywhere. The telephone and telegraph had come to our village. The girls were using rouge and lipsticks, just as in America.” [. . .]

“Do you plan to go back to the old country to spend your last years?” I asked. “No; I do not think I shall go back; I am used to America and Ameri-

can ways now; and it is so much easier to make a living in America. A Greek can make enough in one week over here to live for a month. One does well in the old country if one makes half as much as in America. America is a land of easy money. There is more money in America and, strange to say, more suffering than in the old countries. The trouble in America is easy credit. It is so easy for a fellow making \$25 a week to try to live like a fellow making a hundred dollars a week. You can buy a suite of furniture for a dollar down and a dollar a week; a radio or a suit of clothes the same way. You can buy an automobile on time, trading in your old car as down payment. Credit is easy. This restaurant you see here represents an investment of \$10,000; I and my partner had only one thousand a piece to put in it to start. We would have had to put in \$5,000 to start a \$10,000 business in the old country. Yes, this America is a great country. [. . .] Still, my old country has its good points. If we Greeks are a law-abiding people it is because we have lived all our lives under strict laws. [. . .] All laws are federal laws; all our judges are federal judges; even the policemen are federal employees. A federal judge tries you for even a petty misdemeanor. And to keep our judges free from personal bias and favoritism, they shift the judges from province to province, never letting a judge stay in one town long enough to form friendships that might warp his judgment. The same way with policemen; they are not kept long in any one place.”

“But we Greeks are in some ways a peculiar people. If any person offends or insults us, or wrongs us in any way, we never have anything more to do with him. He may beg our pardon a thousand times, and we may forgive him; but we never have anything to do with him any more, for the man who insults you, abuses you or lies to you is by nature an ignorant or mean person that you can not afford to trust or respect. We don’t take any more chances with an ignorant or evil fellow when we get—what you call it—his number.”

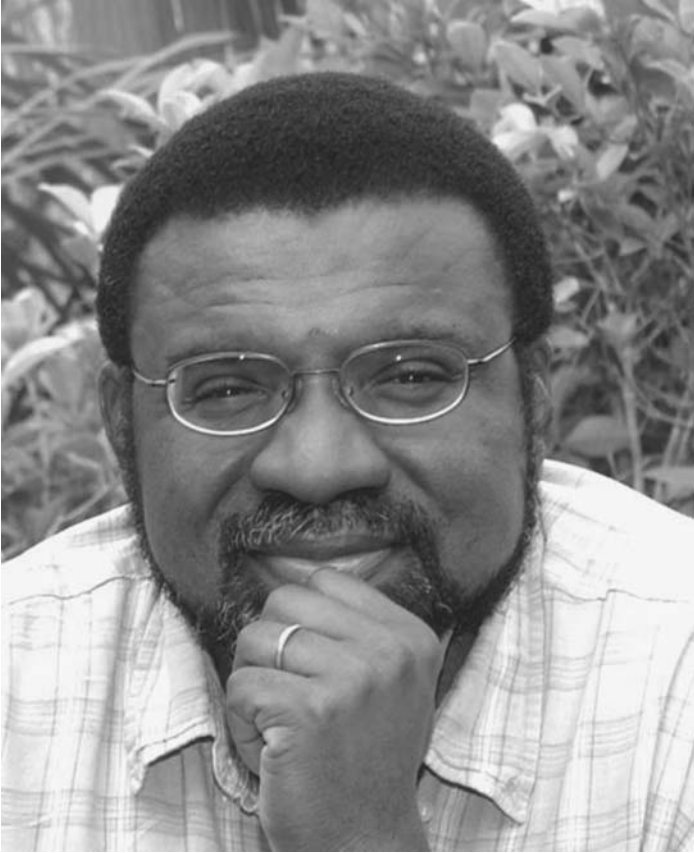
Source: Geraris, Gus Constantin (Pete). “Greek Restaurateur in Elizabeth City.” *American Life Histories*, Manuscripts from the Federal Writers’ Project, 1936–1940. Manuscript no. 63 in the North Carolina file. U.S. Work Projects Administration. *American Memory* collection, Library of Congress.



29. Photograph of Max Heller with former Secretary of State, Madeleine Albright, at Furman University in 2001. Max Heller fled from Nazi-occupied Austria in 1938. He came to Greenville, South Carolina, to work in a textile factory. He founded the Maxon Shirt Company, which he sold in 1969 to devote his career to public service. After two years on the Greenville City Council, he was elected to two terms as the city's mayor. In 1975 and 1999, Furman University awarded him and his wife Trude Heller honorary degrees in recognition of their special services and achievements. (Chapter 26)



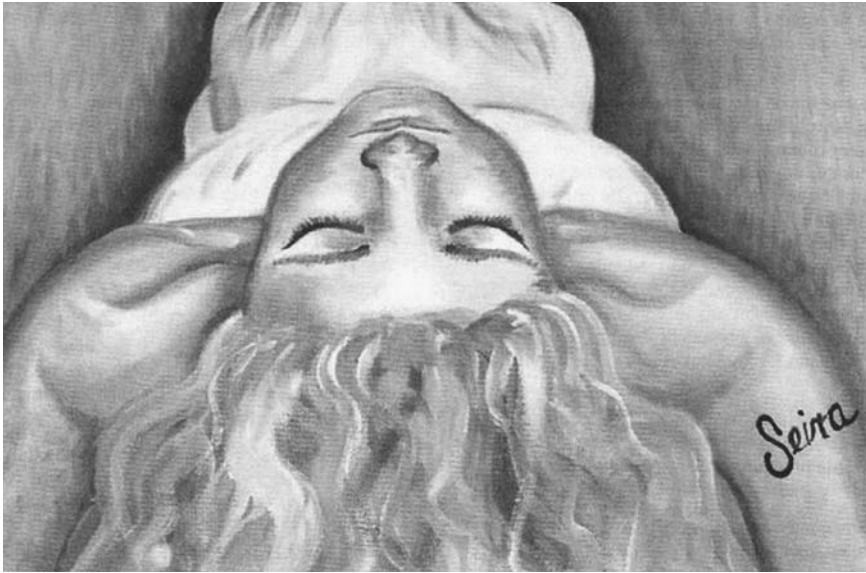
30. Rally in Greensboro, North Carolina in 2006 in support of reforms to legalize undocumented immigrants, guest workers, and asylum seekers. The signs criticize HR 4437, the *Border Protection, Anti-terrorism, and Illegal Immigration Control Act* for measures aimed against more than 11 million illegal aliens nationwide.



31. Photograph of Kwame Dawes, poet, teacher, and author of Chapter 30, *A Jamaican Father*.



32. Seira Reyes emigrated with her family from the small Mexican town of Cordoba, Veracruz, to Saluda, South Carolina in 1997. (Chapter 31)



33. Painting by Seira Reyes, whose work illustrates immigrant impressions and experiences: "I feel that thanks to my art I was able to stay focused and not really think about all of the frustrating things I was going through." (Chapter 31)



34. Drawing by Seira Reyes, entitled *September 11, 2001*. "I remember seeing the planes crash into the twin towers, people running through the streets, children screaming, and the President speaking on television, while I listened to the Enrique Iglesias' song *Hero*, and tears rolling down my cheeks." (Chapter 31)



35. Three-year old Marilia Salazar from Mexico at a celebration in *Our Lady of Guadalupe Catholic Church* in Newton Grove, North Carolina, 2000.



36. An immigrant farm worker removes dried tobacco leaves from a curing house on a farm in Wake County, North Carolina in 2000.



37. Children of Hispanic immigrants stand inside a turkey barn in Sampson County, North Carolina, 1995.



38. Catholic priest Alberto Ortega holds an evening mass for Spanish speaking workers near their living quarters in Carson Barnes' Camp in Nash County, North Carolina, 2002.



39. Photograph of Tria Her in 2006, author of Chapter 33, *Hmong Interview*.



40. Efrain Hernandez, *Look, The Mexicans*. Paper collage, 2002. (Chapter 34)



41. Photograph of Robert Saxby and Xiaolan Zhuang, author of Chapter 35, *My Life before and after Coming to the Carolinas*, 2006.



42. *Immigrants Arrive* at Ellis Island. U.S. postal stamp, 1998, styled after photographs of immigrants looking at the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor. These words from Emma Lazarus' poem "The New Colossus" (1883) are posted on the statue's pedestal: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

Official
First Day
Of Issue



**IMMIGRANTS ARRIVE
AT ELLIS ISLAND**

*Celebrating
the 20th Century*
1900 - 1909



42. (detail). Ellis Island Stamp.



42. (detail). Stamp: Immigrants Arrive.

Part IV

MODERN DAY MEMORIES OF CAROLINIAN IMMIGRANTS

IMMIGRATION STATISTICS

- Approximately 32 million immigrants came to America between 1920 and 2000.
- Immigration was as at a low point following the Great Depression after 1929. In fact, during its height in the 1930's, more people left the U.S. than arrived. While 279,678 immigrated in 1929, just four years later, the number was down to 23,068 immigrants.
- A total of 1,035,000 immigrants arrived in the 1940's. This number was helped by the War Brides Act after WWII as well as an increasing flow of Hispanic immigrants, many of whom were illegal. From 1944–54, the number of illegal aliens from Mexico increased by 6000%.
- Since the 1970's, immigration to the Carolinas increased steadily until today. In 2009, about 7% of North Carolina's population was foreign-born. In South Carolina, foreigners constituted almost 5 % of the total population.
- Between 1990 and 2009, the foreign-born population of South Carolina more than tripled and in North Carolina, it increased by more than 400 percent. In fact, North Carolina ranked first in the overall change in foreign-born population during the period from 1990 to 2000.
- The percent of foreign-born population in the year 2000 was the highest since 1930. From 1990 to 2000, the country saw a 57% increase in the foreign-born population.
- In 2004, about 6.5% of North Carolina's population of 8.2 million was foreign-born, while 3.9% of South Carolina's population of 4.05 million was foreign-born in 2004.

- By 2008, North Carolina's Hispanic population was the 12th largest in the nation. According to the Pew Research Center, about 600,000 Hispanics resided in North Carolina, representing 1% of all Hispanics in the United States.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Max Heller Memories of a Greenville Mayor

A native of Austria, Max Heller immigrated as a young man to Greenville after the Nazis' annexation of his home country in 1938. Following Heller's arrival in the U.S., he went to work in a local textile factory before launching his own company that eventually employed several hundred workers. After he sold the firm in 1962, Heller pursued a career in public service. He worked on the Greenville city council before being elected to two very successful terms as mayor. Heller was a moving force behind the economic and cultural life of his city from 1971 to 1979, transforming downtown with arts initiatives, shopping centers, restaurants, hotels, and business venues. Heller continued his political career with an appointment by Governor Richard Riley to lead the State Development Board for economic growth and expansion. Together with his wife Trude, also a Jewish refugee from Vienna, the Hellers became distinguished promoters of Greenville and South Carolina's Upstate. "Trude has been my life," Max remembers, "I met her when she was 14. We've been married for 59 years." The Hellers had three children and five grandchildren. The mayor was interviewed shortly after the September 11 attacks in 2001, by James Shannon, editor and publisher of *The Beat*, a magazine focusing on art and politics in Greenville, Anderson, Clemson, and Spartanburg. Heller reminisces about the triumphs and tragedies of his life before and after coming to South Carolina in 1938.

Heller: Then in 1938, there was the annexation of Austria by Nazi-Germany. The Austrians were jubilant. They were dancing in the streets. After it was announced on Friday afternoon, March 11, within an hour every public building had a swastika flag on it, and every police officer had a Nazi badge. On the way home, I already saw synagogues burning and stores being looted. There has always been some anti-Semitism, but it came in the form of small street fights. It

wasn't something the government had organized. When I went to work on Monday, most of the people with whom I had worked for years were wearing Nazi uniforms.

Shannon: One amazing fact about your story is the pure chance involved in you ending up in Greenville. As I've read, you were 17 years old when you met a woman named Mary Mills from Greenville who was on a chaperoned tour of Europe with four other women.

Heller: I'd say young women. They had just graduated from high school. I later found out that the women and their chaperone were all from Greenville. I was with a boy I knew in Vienna when we saw them. It was August of 1937. I told my friend I was going to ask one of them to dance and if she says said, "No", I'll walk right out. They didn't speak German, and I didn't speak English, but through their chaperone I managed to communicate with them. We danced from 11 until 1 o'clock. I asked if I could show them Vienna the next day. I went out the next morning and bought a dictionary the next day. We walked all around the city; we never held hands. I had already met my wife by this time. This was purely a meeting of someone I really liked. I told her I would learn how to speak English and asked to give me her name and address.

Shannon: After the *Anschluss* in 1938, you wrote to her and she helped you come to the Unites States. Obviously, those events changed your life. Tell us a little about your thoughts on that time.

Heller: I met Mary Mills in 1937, and Hitler came the following year. I told my parents, "We've got to get out of here and go to America." They said, "Who do you know?" I said, "Remember this girl I met?" They said, "Ridiculous! She'll never remember you." But I kept her address in my wallet. To make a long story short, I wrote her. I used the dictionary. It was awful English. But I got a letter from her weeks later. She had not forgotten. She had gone to see a man in Greenville who agreed to give me the necessary papers. That's how I came to Greenville.

Shannon: The Greenville of 1938 was a very different place than it is today, with streetcars, grand downtown movie palaces and thriving textile mills that encircled the city limits. What was this city like when you arrived?

Heller: It was also very segregated, as segregated as a community could possibly be. I would say 75 to 80 percent of the people worked in textile mills. That was the only way to survive. As far as entertainment was concerned, on Sundays everything was closed. You couldn't even go to a movie. The restaurants were not allowed to serve alcohol. You had what they called brown-bagging, where most people brought liquor into the restaurant and you would purchase set-ups. I don't remember what they charged. I was too young to drink then, but what happened was there was more alcohol used than there is today because people would bring the bottle in, and half the time they would want to finish it before they left. But those were tough times, 1938.

Shannon: I've read that the Ku Klux Klan last marched down Main Street in Greenville in 1941. Do you have any memories of that march or other Klan activities?

Heller: Oh yes, I remember the Klan. A lot of people just thought it was a bunch of hoods until we had a lynching.

Shannon: Are you talking about the Willie Earle case in 1947? [Note: Willie Earle was a black man who was accused of the killing of a white cab driver. A mob took him from the Pickens County jail and killed him. A group of 23 white men, most of them cab drivers, stood trial for the murder of Willie Earle in Greenville in 1947 and were acquitted of all charges.]

Heller: Yes, it was horrible. That was the only time I felt like I wanted to leave. How could I live here with a lynching? And if it hadn't been for Judge Robert Martin, who made a wonderful statement after the jury brought in the not-guilty verdict. He said, "This is a miscarriage of justice," and he really blasted them, so I said "Well, there's hope." But that was a horrible time.

Shannon: Around the same time, Bob Jones University¹ moved to Greenville. My understanding is that Bob Jones used to play a larger role in the secular life of the community. Did you have any contact with those folks while you were mayor?

Heller: Unfortunately, the contacts I had were not very pleasant because I organized a prayer breakfast. I went to the ministerial alliance and said I thought the community needed to be united and one way was to have a prayer breakfast with all religions. All I'm asking is that we have services where everyone can participate. It was a complete sell-out, but when I got to the hotel on Church Street there were pickets from Bob Jones University, about thirty young men with placards, "How Can You Follow a Man Who Doesn't Believe in Christ?" and a sign that said "The Mayor is the Devil in Sheep's Clothes" and things like that. One of the men that carried the placard was our yard man. He was a very nice young man who was very reliable, and as I walked by him he said, "Mayor, I apologize. This is not what I wanted to do, but we were handed these placards." So that was my experience with Bob Jones.

Shannon: Did that spell the end of the prayer breakfast?

Heller: No, it was the most touching event we ever had. It was standing room only. The newspaper really blasted the picketing. It was a highly emotional breakfast, and we continued to have them for a number of years. After I was no longer mayor they stopped doing it because there was a big controversy. They honored a woman from Sri Lanka, South Asia, who had been very much involved in the community. The then-mayor, when he gave her the award, said, "Only through Christ can you find redemption," or whatever. People were very upset because here is this woman, I guess she was Hindu, and there were all kinds of editorials and even the ministerial alliance objected, so they stopped

having the prayer breakfasts because they didn't want anymore controversy—which was a shame.

Shannon: There is an art gallery on Townes Street in a building that was originally a synagogue. Tell me about the state of the Jewish community in Greenville in 1938 and today.

Heller: That was Congregation Beth Israel. The Jewish community when I first came here we had, as we do now, a temple and a synagogue. The difference being the temple is Reformed Judaism, which is more liberal, and the synagogue, Congregation Beth Israel on Townes Street, is more conservative.

Shannon: Is it considered orthodox?

Heller: No, not orthodox but conservative-leaning. Well, in fact, when I first came here it was more orthodox because the men and women were separated. The women sat on one side in the pews, and on the other side were the men, which is no longer the case. The Jewish community has changed. When I first came here, most of the community was small business—there were very few professionals. Over the years, that changed. The children of those people who had retail stores, they weren't interested in the business, so they went off to college. Today, I would say the community is more transient than it was in 1940, but that's true anywhere.

Shannon: I understand you had some anxious moments on September 11. Did you have family in the World Trade Center area?

Heller: It was terrible! Thank God my grandchildren are okay. We have five of them, and out of the five, three of them worked across the street in the building which was damaged. When I first heard it, I called one of the granddaughters who was eight months pregnant. She answered the phone and I said, "Julie! You realize the World Trade Center is burning?" She said, "That's what they told us." She had not even seen it; it had just happened. And I said, "Get out!"

Shannon: She was still at work?

Heller: Yes! I said, "Get out!" She said, "They told us it's safer here and not to leave." I said, "You get out," and just as I was talking to her the second plane hit Tower Two. Then, we have a grandson in the building. I couldn't reach him. We have a third grandson who had an appointment in Building Number One at 9:30. Then we didn't hear anything until about one o'clock so you can just imagine. [. . .]

Shannon: The complex across from where we sit today, the Hyatt Regency Hotel, is in many ways a symbol of the revival of downtown Greenville. What is the significance of this project?

Heller: In 1975, I was not sure I would run for a second term [as mayor]. I was very doubtful and frustrated about a number of things. One of them was that we hadn't been able to get anything going downtown. You remember what down-

town looked like then? It was nothing. There were broken sidewalks and grass growing out of the sidewalks. We had tried to plant trees, and believe it or not, we had a lot of objections from some of the merchants who said, "We don't want trees. We don't want benches. It will just invite hoodlums, and that sort of thing." One day I got a call from the Chamber of Commerce to come to a meeting. When I got there, they had about a dozen of the leadership of Greenville who tried to ask me would I run again. I said, "It's easy for you to say." You are like the manager of a prizefighter. You sit by the ring, he goes in, gets bloodied, and comes back. You say, "You're doing great, go back." I said "I would not unless some things happened." They said, "Like what?" I said "We have to do something about the downtown," because it was just a disgrace. So one of the men by the name of Buck Mickel, who has since died, said, "Tell me what you want me to do." I said, "You've got to raise money, millions." So the next morning I had a call from him. He said, "Max, I've already started raising the money." I said, "Okay, I'm going to run."

Shannon: Talk about Greenville's transformation from the textile capitol of the world to a key hub for international manufacturing. How did that come about?

Heller: We realized we had to diversify. There was just no question about it. There were no opportunities here, and the textile industry was already having problems. A lot of that was created by the federal government creating programs in South America and the Pacific Islands and allowing the Chinese to bring in a lot of imports. The handwriting was on the wall, as far as that was concerned. Tom Barton of Greenville Technical College and I went to MIT and asked, "What is the future?" And the answer was that the future was not in textiles. That was when we started to go after a lot of high tech companies. Because of Greenville Tech—they deserve a lot of credit—they developed a wonderful training program. Because of that, we were able to attract a lot of companies to come here. We went to Europe and the Far East and convinced companies to locate here.

Shannon: When you went to Europe in 1977 as part of an official delegation from the US, the fact that you spoke fluent German made you stand out among the group. What is memorable to me about that account was your statement that this trip triggered what you described as the full realization that I am an American. Tell us a little about that.

Heller: One of the things that happened, I think it was in Stuttgart, I spoke to the German Chamber. I started speaking in German and without knowing, I got into English, then I fell back into German. I realized then that I am fully American. Another time, my wife and I went to Vienna and the border guard looked at my passport and said, "You've come home," and I said, "No, I'm going home." I really felt very much at home here from the very beginning.

Shannon: It has been observed that no place in the U.S. is as hostile towards organized labor as South Carolina in general, and the Upstate in particular. As the

former owner of a manufacturing company here in Greenville, does organized labor have a role to play?

Heller: If needed it does. If not needed, it doesn't. We employed about 700 people, and I never had an effort by the unions to organize. Not once. My feeling is you have a right to join, and you have a right not to join. That's your choice, but you shouldn't be forced to join. Just like you should not be coerced not to join. That is the so-called right to work law, and it seems to work. Most of the time, when a company gets a union, there's a reason. I've always believed that if you treat your people right, if you pay a decent wage, if you have decent benefits, then there's no reason for people to join. You have to remember, I left Austria with \$8 in my pocket. I had my ticket, and by the time I got to Greenville, I think I had \$1.80. But I had a job, and I went to work an hour after I came here. You know, the people who were opposed to the minimum wage in 1938 said, "We can't afford it. We're going to lose jobs." I hear the same thing today. It's now \$5.15, and they say, "We're going to lose jobs." That's nonsense! They can't prove what they say. The truth of the matter it's the other way around because we are a country of consumers. If the worker is well-off in America, the country is well-off.

Shannon: After a very successful tenure as mayor, you ran for a seat in the US Congress. By all accounts, your campaign was going very well. You were a popular mayor with a record of real achievement. But Carroll Campbell, your opponent, found the way to victory was to remind certain members of the electorate that you were a foreign-born Jew who does not accept Jesus Christ as his personal savior, and you lost the election.

Heller: Actually, to set the record straight, that statement was made by a third candidate. On the Thursday before the election, he called a news conference and made the statement that if I went to Washington, because I'm Jewish in a time of trouble I wouldn't have Jesus to call on. As far as Carroll Campbell is concerned, what they did was have a poll taken where the questions included, "Would you vote for a Jew? Would you vote for an immigrant?"

Shannon: I understand it was an early example of a push poll, where they ask an initial question then ask a follow-up question containing some information designed to push the respondent to a particular position.

Heller: Yes, that's right. And he made statements like the time he spoke to a group of Republican women and made a public statement, without mentioning my name, that "We need a congressman who doesn't have any loyalty to any other country besides the United States." I was ahead in the polls that Thursday, and I said, "Well, everybody knows I'm Jewish. That's going to backfire." On Monday, I was still ahead by nine points. On Tuesday, I lost the election by two points. I'm not saying I lost the election because of that. I may have lost anyway. I am saying this has no place in politics.

Shannon: Did this experience make you bitter?

Heller: No, who am I going to be bitter with? The people that made the statements? I don't care for them. They are not my kind of people. They never meant anything to me. I've been through a hell of a lot more than those kinds of statements. I take it as a whole. What is life like in the United States, in Greenville? People who feel the same way as the people in this poll did are the minority. I really don't care about them. I'd much rather spend whatever time, efforts and emotion I have with people I care about, the good people. And there are more good people than there are bad ones. This is the way I live. I can't live with hate. It would eat me up, and I like myself too much for that.

Shannon: You leave a legacy of service to the community that I'm not sure a lot of younger people would embrace today. When you give back to the community, when you help to build something, what do you get out of that?

Heller: It's my community. There's no question. This is my home. And I've been very lucky. I told you I had \$1.80 in my pocket when I came here. We sold our business in 1962, and I've made this statement before, that I didn't want to be the richest man in the cemetery. You've got to understand where we come from. My father fought in the First World War. He was wounded in the service. He lost a brother. He built a business. He built a home and was kicked out. And he left Austria like I did, with eight dollars in his pocket. We came here to Greenville, and people opened up their arms. This is my home. When we did well in the business, I said "We made enough. Enough for us." Maybe for some people there can never be enough. It's a natural thing for me to be involved. This is my home.

NOTE

1. Bob Jones University is a private, Protestant, liberal arts institution of higher learning in Greenville, South Carolina. It has a reputation for being one of the most conservative religious colleges in the United States.

Source: Heller, Max. "Max Heller Remembers, A former Greenville mayor reflects on the city's past & present." Interview with James Shannon, editor and publisher of the magazine *Creative Loafing – Greenville (The Beat)*, 6 October 2001.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Durba Ahmed Not as American as Apple Pie

This oral history of Bangladeshi immigrant Durba Ahmed was compiled by South Asian Voices, a collective of new immigrants to Chapel Hill and the Triangle area in North Carolina. The story presented here is a narrative distilled from interviews conducted with Durba Ahmed in 1999. The purpose of this oral history project was to record the experiences of new immigrants before and after coming to the South, and to document the multi-cultural complexion of Carolinian culture today. The author reflects on the vast differences between Western and Asian cultures, particularly the divergent gender roles and social expectations men and women face in Bangladesh and the United States. Ahmed's autobiographical account highlights the delicate balancing act immigrant women are accustomed to perform to bridge both cultures. The author's story is told through the narrative voice of an interviewer, whose editorial comments focus on Durba's past and present life.

Durba Ahmed is a woman from Bangladesh who has been living in the United States since 1990. She came here when she was in her mid-twenties to pursue higher education, and to enroll in a graduate program in Public Health Policy at the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. In Bangladesh, Durba had worked with the Ministry of Health as a dental surgeon involved with public health in rural areas.

For Durba, the biggest struggle here has been "living alone . . . doing everything alone with very little help." The first semester was especially hard, but, persuaded by her father to stay and complete her degree, Durba decided to stick it out, "not really liking it, very depressed." In her first three months she had "no contacts with any other sub-continental or Bangladeshi person, making her feel like an alien." In coming here, Durba was in effect leaving

“the family, the support . . . the ease of living and comfort of something known for something totally unknown.”

She attributes the fact that she stayed here to her “wanderlust” or sense of adventure. But her heart, she says, “still wants to go back to Bangladesh. That’s where my home is . . . America will always be a home: a second home, but never my first home.” But going back would have meant: “Oh, she couldn’t make it in America.” And there was the political angle too. “Bangladesh has always had its political problems . . . and I thought if I could stay here, and make my life worth living, I may be able to do something in public health there.” [. . .]

In Bangladesh, Durba grew up in a family of five sisters, with her father as the only male role model. He was a prominent film star, director, producer, and writer, who was also physically handicapped. Durba, like her sisters, juggled the world of her father with trying to “grow up like everybody else, go to school, excel in studies . . . nothing creative.” Durba, unable to go home, hasn’t seen her family in eight years, but has kept in touch over the telephone, about once a month. Meanwhile, her father has had two strokes, and this has brought feelings of regret in her mind.

Regarding the issue of community, Durba said that “the community feeling is very strong among most Bangladeshis.” However, she acknowledges that she has not been “much in touch with my community, only because there are certain limitations right now: not having a car, not having the time, not being in my field of work yet, as I wanted to be.” So at present, she interacts more with Americans. At first she resisted spending much time with her American friends, “maybe because I was new in the country and I wanted to retain myself in my culture and I was staunch about that But now I have friends from all walks of life, from bus drivers to cafeteria workers to sometimes even people who ask money in the streets.” . . . But still, she has to “explain a lot about myself . . . I am still an outsider.” She thinks there is always “that one final barrier,” which “isn’t anything to do with race or people,” but with “American-ness.” She says there are key cultural differences, of course, for this is “a more independent culture . . . independence is taught from childhood” here. She feels she can never be that “American” because she wasn’t born here, “because you relate to your childhood experiences.”

As a woman, she feels that she has found strength in herself that eight years back she did not think she had. In South Asian cultures, “girls or daughters of relatively upper middle-class families, or upper-class families, are sort of encouraged to remain dependent. You are not allowed to drive because your father forbade you, so you come to the United States not being able to drive.” [. . .]

A lot of her American friends find her “pretty liberated,” even by American standards, but for her it is not about liberty but about “basic human

rights.” Even though Durba does feel that she may have gained some new freedoms, she still feels that as a single woman in America, she lacks “a support system,” making her feel insecure “for the future or for anything.”

Community had far more meaning for Durba when she lived in Bangladesh with her parents. She feels a special bond with other South Asians because of what she sees as a “common cultural basis.” However, she sees the Triangle—Chapel Hill, Durham, and Raleigh—as an area where South Asians will keep coming for work and educational opportunities, making it more cosmopolitan. Durba says that if she ever has children she would want them to get the best of both worlds, Bangladesh and the U.S. Right now, she says her search is for a meaningful life—for a career, a family—a search that transcends geographical locations . . .

Source: Ahmed, Durba. “Not as American as Apple Pie.” *Southern Oral History Program Collection* (#4007, K-488 through K-497 “Asian Voices”). *Southern Historical Collection*, Manuscripts Department, Wilson Library, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Gisela Hood Cold War Bride

The author of this essay immigrated during the height of the Cold War as the bride of an American soldier stationed in West-Germany. Born and raised near Stuttgart, Gisela Hood witnessed her country's reconstruction after World War II, and the deep impact American democracy and popular culture exerted on her young generation which embraced the 1960s as a watershed experience. Americans represented a free-spirited nation with a strong sense of confidence and independence that many baby boomers in Western Europe admired. This stood in stark contrast to the more conformist and cautious cultural attitudes that prevailed at home. Gisela's decision to join her husband Dan in South Carolina in 1976 reflects an adventurous and pro-active spirit similar to that of millions of European immigrants who had come to these shores before. Gisela Hood established herself as an accomplished foreign language educator teaching German and focusing on internationalizing the Guilford County School System. She wrote down her memories in 2006 as part of an autobiographical essay project at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro entitled "My Life before and after Coming to the Carolinas."

As I attempt to summarize the time period from July 1976 to July 28, 2005, the day I started to write about my so-called immigrant experience, all I can think of is where has the time gone? 29 years ago I came as a young bride to the Deep South, to be exact, to Charleston, South Carolina. Never having been there before, it quickly became a reality as to where I was. When the door of the airplane opened, a moist and hot and humid air welcomed us despite it being midnight. The climate should not be the only culture shock that I would encounter in the New World.

I would call myself a "Cold War Bride" who followed her American husband who was stationed in Germany to the United States. Dan was serving his

country as a helicopter pilot in the Army. Prior to meeting him in 1971, I had had the opportunity to travel to the United States twice. The first time was when I worked as an *au-pair* for a family in Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. The second time I was an exchange student at Albion College in Michigan on a scholarship for a semester from my university in Germany where I studied to become a teacher. America had fascinated me since I started to learn English at the age of ten. Our textbooks contained great stories and information about the US and I knew that I wanted to travel there, but live?

Dan was admitted to Graduate School in Clemson and we lived there in our first apartment until 1980. Clemson to me was in the middle of nowhere, no stores, no cafes, but a lot of kudzu. What love can do to you! Following your man to the jungle, or at least I thought of it as the jungle. I tried to get a job as a teacher again, but the state of South Carolina did not recognize my German teaching certificate. I ended up going to Graduate School at Clemson too, to make up for classes which had not been offered at my German University.

To make ends meet I worked in the university's library while going to school. We lived at poverty level and we ate lots of hot dogs. To have more income I took a job in 1978 as a translator for Michelin Tires since I spoke also French.

1980 brought the birth of our first child, Daniel. A move followed to Simpsonville, South Carolina, and we were on our way to the American dream of buying our first home there. It was big enough and since we did not have enough furniture we made do with "box furniture" by using old boxes over which I draped clothes. I returned to work since Michelin offered me the opportunity to work in Greenville, South Carolina. for MARC, Michelin's Research and Development Division as the Manager of Production. There I was, a German girl, working for a French company in the United States.

1983 brought change. Dan, who had worked as an engineer for a company called Serrine, took a job in Greensboro, North Carolina, with Paul N. Howard Construction Company. This left me as a lone mother with a three year old during the week and Dan coming home on weekends. In July we learned that I was pregnant with our second child. I was sick constantly and really fortunate that Dan came home every weekend though he found me lying on the sofa being sick all the time. The plan was to sell the house in Simpsonville and Dan was looking for a residence in Greensboro. For me it meant many trips to my nurse and midwife in High Point for doctor's appointments.

We finally moved to Greensboro on February 28, 1984, Daniel's fourth birthday. We rented a furnished apartment while our house in Oak Ridge was under construction. In June we moved into our brand new house out in the woods. At that point Dan was traveling a great deal on business and there I

was with two small children in the middle of the woods. No street lights. When it was dark, it was dark. I decided to stay at home and raise our two children and became actively involved in the community. I became a member of the Oak Ridge Elementary PTA, chairing various committees and also became the PTA president. From 1993 to 1994 I served Guilford County Schools as their last PTA Council President and was involved in the merger of the Greensboro City system and the High Point system. I conducted language classes for children in Oak Ridge and Summerfield. Also, I established myself as an interpreter and helped Dan with the firm he established, HI-CAPS, Inc. In 1994 I started to teach at Northwest Guilford High School and became the first teacher to use the North Carolina Information Highway to be connected with High Schools throughout Guilford County as well as with counties outside to teach German language classes. As of now, in a few days, I will start a new school year and teach young people the German language and culture. Our children are grown. Daniel graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point in 2002 and is currently stationed in Schweinfurt, Germany, after a year of deployment in Iraq. Karoline, our daughter, is excited to start her *Firstie* year as the senior year is called at West Point Military Academy. She will follow her brother in the Long Gray Line and serve this country, also my homeland now, as an Environmental Engineer when she graduates in May 2006. I do not see any “box furniture” in our house in Oak Ridge and we were fortunate to build a beach home on Figure 8 Island where we love to spend our weekends now.

So, here it is, a story with a happy end, for a girl from Germany, the American dream really has come true. The time to show my love for my adopted country, the land with unlimited possibilities, came in January 2006 when I became a United States citizen. Receiving the American citizenship, after 30 years of being here as an alien with the infamous green card, completed my journey. After all, I have now lived here longer than I had lived in my native country of Germany.

Source: Hood, Gisela. “My Life before and after Coming to the Carolinas.” *Carolinian Immigrant Memory Project Collection*, 2006. Department of German, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese Studies, The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

The Khalid Family Every Place That You Call Yours Is God's

The Khalids, their two young daughters, and other family members emigrated from Pakistan at different times. Dr. Khalid's elder brother came first in the early 1970s, followed by his sister, and then their parents, each helping the other. Dr. Khalid and several other family members immigrated in 1991, and finally his wife, who arrived seven years later. The Khalids are highly educated professionals. The husband had an established career as a physician. Nevertheless, he encountered difficulties in transferring his degrees and obtaining American medical licenses. Before he could establish himself in the pharmaceutical industry, he worked in temporary jobs to make ends meet. Stressed and disappointed by these hardships, the family considered returning to Pakistan but decided to stay to provide their children with better educational opportunities. With the help of relatives and friends, the family eventually settled in the Triangle area of North Carolina. The Khalids appreciated the area's growing Muslim community and the foundation of a new Islamic Center. The parents are devout Muslims and hope that the daughters will cherish the teachings of Islam, and value their Pakistani language and cultural heritage. The following essay presents excerpts from a conversation with Dr. and Mrs. Khalid, who narrate their immigrant experiences between 1991 and 2001.

EDUCATION

If you ask us today what we have achieved in America, and how much money we have saved, we say that we don't want to make money. . . . Our reason for coming from Pakistan is to give our children a good education. There are universities here, if you want to get an education here, you can.

When one gets on a plane and gets off at New York airport, one can't ever forget one thing; what first impressed me most was to see the cleanliness here . . . At that time I recalled a verse from the Holy Koran, 'cleanliness is half your faith'¹ . . . The other important thing that happened immediately was that people treated you so politely, even though you're foreigner. You're coming to this country for the first time, and how the people deal with you, like 'thank you' and 'we apologize' for this or that, and this kind of stuff that we never hear in our country. I mean over there you have to fight to get your rights, if you don't fight, you get nothing.

The biggest hardship for me was that despite being a physician, I had to study here again. I mean that, I couldn't go to a school here, because I had studied under a different system. In the library, just imagine, that ten hours to twelve hours I had to study, and privately, on my own initiative. I would appear for examinations and was not able to pass them. That became a hardship, and I became very tense, wondering where I should go, and what I should do. At times, I even considered leaving everything and going away. I used to feel like going away to where my family wouldn't see me.

And the other big hardship was that I missed my friends a lot. I used to think how we used to go around on our motorbikes, how we used to go out to eat a dish of *nihari*, and how, at times we'd go out to eat *haleem*. I mean, we'd be just sitting around, and would just act on an idea, to go and eat something. I remember that another big thing over there in Pakistan was the sound of *Azaan*.² Other things we miss include the sights, sounds and sensations of Pakistani streets—horns honking, dust flying, and vendors selling varieties of fresh foods: mangoes, sugarcane juice, *nihari*, *karelas*, or *teendas*.

I always hoped for the best, and kept my faith in God. God has brought me this far, and all other needs, I mean, one's needs are never fulfilled, and everyone is not fortunate enough to have all needs fulfilled, but one should thank God to have brought us this far.

This society has some traditions that are alien to our culture, but the thing is that it's quite natural that whenever you go to a new place, you will find things that are good and bad. So it depends upon how you establish yourself. And once you get here, one thinks, what is this? I mean, liquor is available openly, women are going around in shorts, I mean kissing is commonplace, you name it! My daughters, I would definitely want them to follow the teachings of Islam. Islam does not forbid you from going to another society. Although, I think I have read this, and I am not sure if what I am saying is correct, that when you go into a different society, you have to adopt some traditions from that society. But the thing is, that I would never say to my daughters go to clubs, and do this or do that. I don't think I would ever want that. For that matter, I wouldn't want that for anybody's daughters. This is

my opinion that it depends on what kind of atmosphere you create in your home.

We place emphasis on the effort to keep our daughters from forgetting our language. The community organizes functions on the fourteenth of August, Pakistan's Independence Day, so that they know the importance of that day. Similarly, we celebrate *Eid*.³ They get to take days off for *Eid*. And for *Ramzan*,⁴ our kids here are more enthusiastic about it than those in Pakistan. I mean, even my six year-old niece, even she observes the fast on two or three days. I mean, the important thing is, what you teach them and how you teach them from the beginning.

When you don't have education, how can you make progress? You can see in the *Hadith*⁵, the Holy Prophet Mohammed, peace be upon him, said that he has been sent to earth as a teacher. If we make education our base, we can lead all nations. We Muslims did that before, didn't we? Today, America is leading; what do they have? They have education. They have knowledge.

EVERY PLACE THAT YOU CALL YOURS IS GOD'S

We have a lot of discussions amongst ourselves about going back to Pakistan. We both are leaning towards it, but then, when all things are said and done, the final question that remains is, if we go back, where do we educate our children?

And now the situation is that circumstances do not allow me to do anything but stay here. As a Punjabi idiom says: "I wish to leave the blanket, but the blanket would not leave me."

When I was taking Arabic lessons, I read that the love of one's country comes with one's faith. We now understand what Islam means by the phrase "every place that you call yours is God's."

NOTES

1. Arabic was the language of the Prophet Mohammed who wrote the Holy Book *Quran* or Koran. It is a sacred language to Muslims.

2. *Azaan* is the Muslim "call to prayer." It is sung immediately before each of the five daily prayers by a *Muezzin*, a servant at the mosque, who leads the call. It can be heard in many Muslim neighborhoods, where it is broadcast from the mosque over loudspeakers.

3. *Eid* refers to the festival of breaking the fast at the end of the month of *Ramadan*.

4. *Ramzan* or *Ramadan* refers to a month of blessing marked by fasting, prayer, and charity.

5. *Hadith* refers to traditions relating to the life, words and deeds of the Islamic prophet Mohammed.

Source: Khalid, Dr. and Mrs. "Every Place You Call Yours is God's." *Southern Oral History Program Collection* (#4007, K-488 through K-497 "Asian Voices"). *Southern Historical Collection*, Manuscripts Department, Wilson Library, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Chapter Thirty

Kwame Dawes A Jamaican Father

These reminiscences were written by a noted poet and educator. Kwame Dawes was born in Ghana, Africa, in 1962, and grew up in Jamaica, where he attended the University of the West Indies at Mona. He emigrated to Canada and later to the United States, where he settled in Columbia, South Carolina, in 1992. Dawes' keen philosophical mind together with his humanist perception of the world allows him to feel at home in several continents and cultures. His autobiographical reflections trace the dimensions of his role as an immigrant father and his sense of identity, heritage, and belonging. He projects a critical brand of patriotism and cosmopolitanism, admiration and reservation about the cultural and political predominance of the United States in the world.

The author has published several poetry collections, a study on reggae music entitled *Bob Marley: Lyrical Genius* and an autobiography entitled *A Far Cry from Plymouth Rock*. Dawes has performed and lectured to audiences of all ages and backgrounds in Europe, the Caribbean and North America. He currently holds an appointment as Louise Frye Liberal Arts Professor and Distinguished Poet in Residence at the University of South Carolina in Columbia. Dawes also directs the University's Arts Institute. The author's essay, which he entitled "The Other Tribe," was written in 2002.

Some Black folks I know in Columbia, South Carolina, fascinate me with their intense commitment to home. For them, life can simply happen, from birth to death, in the small confines of their county; that is enough. And for them, home is an uncomplicated equation. Home is the land that their family has lived on for decades, even centuries, despite the waves of migrations, flights and departures under cover of dark that have marked the history of their region.

Most people in the world understand home in this manner. I belong to the other tribe—the immigrants, the travelers, the people of multiple homes. I am kin to the old Jamaican woman in Brixton, England, whose face is worn with all the winters spent conserving every bit of warmth she could muster in that damp place, where she has been waiting for the right time to return home. She said to me, “Son, home is where you want to be buried.”

The comfort and truth of this lodged in my head some years ago. I was leaving Canada, where I had lived for six years, and was heading to South Carolina, where I had accepted a teaching job. To top it off, my wife, Lorna, and I had a Canadian daughter. I had wanted to go home. To my mind, home was Jamaica, even though I was born in Ghana and loved that country. Still, home was Jamaica, where I grew up, where my family was, where my wife’s family was, where my friends were. But the job was in South Carolina. I knew no one from South Carolina. Once again, I was complicating my sense of home.

Three years later we had two more children, both American. Was I going to tell them that America was home? Imagine: The grandchildren of my Marxist father, who kept his vow never to set foot in America, were going to be American. How could I teach them American patriotism when I did not quite trust it, did not quite feel at home in it? I wanted our children to understand Jamaica as home. It was where Lorna and I felt they would always be welcomed, taken in. It was where we felt they could learn something about the world that would never be available to them in America.

The truth is the place you might think of as home is not always where you choose to live. Home is not always pretty. Politics, the horror of memories, economic hardship, brutal exile, a complex loathing of one’s own origins—all these are themes for many who live far from home.

For some of us there are two notions of home contained in the one. That is certainly my story: On one hand, Jamaica is a rough place, a hard place. Yet when I face the Blue Mountains after stepping off the plane, when I hear the grumble of reggae and smell the cooking of yard cuisine, I breathe home. And when I think of where I want to deposit all that has been given to me as an artist and as a teacher, I think of Jamaica.

I realize that a tool of my survival in this country is the sense that I have a home away from here, a Black nation where I have rights. And I want my children to have that sense. I want them to have the feeling that they, too, have a place where they are not questioned about their ownership of the air, of the trees, of the mountains.

And yet it is clear to me that I must embrace America if I am to father these children. This country has not always been a hospitable place for children like mine. But somehow it manages to sustain a myth that is dogged and persistent, the myth of the person who comes here and is able to discard all the trappings of home.

What is truer is the strange and troubled schizophrenia at the heart of this nation, torn between tradition and the quest for legacy and the conviction that everything is new, that all things can begin again from scratch. And yet it is this conviction that makes this country thrive—that fills even a person like me with admiration for such a noble experiment.

Perhaps this will be the legacy of my children—and of people like me, the travelers from other homelands, who must finally plant roots in the place where they live and call that place home.

Source: Dawes, Kwame. “The Other Tribe. A Jamaican father in South Carolina reminisces about his family’s African heritage and home.” *Essence*, vol. 33, no. 5 (Sep. 2002): 128–29.

Chapter Thirty-One

Seira Reyes An Artist's Journey

Seira Reyes emigrated with her family in 1997 from the small Mexican town of Cordoba, Veracruz, to Saluda, a rural community in South Carolina. A gifted young artist, Seira began to paint personal impressions and experiences to help her overcome social obstacles, find new friends, and master a foreign language. (See illustrations 32–34.)

Together with her fellow immigrant, Diana de Anda, the two teenagers expressed their thoughts and feelings through paintings and poetry. Diana enjoyed writing short poems or “Versos”, remembering her experiences growing up in both Mexico and the United States in the 1990s.

Reyes and de Anda continued to paint and write autobiographical pieces to portray their emotional ties to Mexico, to nourish their friendship, and to express feelings and thoughts about issues close to their Latina culture. The joint efforts of the girls produced an impressive artistic and literary chronicle of what it means to grow up at the crossroads of two cultures. Reyes' journey was recorded in 2002 as part of a “Folklife Documentary Project” carried out by Samantha Fernandez and Lorena Magana-Ortiz, two interns with the “Student Action with Farmworkers” in Durham, North Carolina.

When I found out that I was coming to the United States I was very excited, yet confused by not knowing what to expect. The time this news came about was in the summer before I was about to enter school. I had been so excited to go to this new school, it had a great reputation, tuition was high in cost, and I would have never been able to go if it had not been for a scholarship that I had received prior to finding out about the move to the U.S. I knew this was going to be an interesting trip but I did not think it was such a big deal since we were only planning to stay for one year. My Dad had already been in the

U.S. for two years. We wanted to join him for a little while and accompany him. Actually now, that I think about it no one even told me or asked me what I thought. The only way I found out was through eavesdropping or overhearing conversations. One day they just said that we were going to the other side and I said, "Okay." What else could I say?

Many things have changed from how our lifestyle was in Mexico. The transition was at times a bit frustrating. At home, in Mexico, I had a close bond with my Mom because my Dad was not home. My Mom and I were inseparable, we would share secrets, cry together, and I would need to ask only her for permission to do anything. When we first got here, I felt like I was not getting the same attention, but it was something I had to get used to. After all, the family was now complete.

Another frustrating transition was when I first arrived at my new school here in the U.S. The size of this school was overwhelming. Even though Saluda, South Carolina is a small town, the schools here in the U.S. are humongous compared to the ones in Mexico. Over there, we have various schools, so there are fewer students per school. Here, there is only one. Even though I was thirteen, I cried the first day of school. My parents just left me in the hallway and as I saw them leave, I felt horrible; I yelled out to them and told them not to leave me. They left anyway, I felt so helpless, so alone, so lost. I was so confused because when the bells rang I did not know where to go. I was also very embarrassed because I was always late for the first couple of days. I had taken English classes in Mexico, and knew a lot of grammar, but I had never practiced speaking English or ever really listened to it so I didn't understand anything. Plus, it was intimidating because all the kids here look like giants compared to the kids in Mexico. Students that were thirteen looked like they were about fifteen to me. I tried really hard, studied a lot, and had to overcome many obstacles.

I feel that thanks to my art I was able to stay focused and not really think about all of the frustrating things I was going through. I think it allowed me the chance to occupy my time doing something positive, instead of letting my frustrations lead me into another direction such as partying, drinking, or doing drugs. I was young and this was and still is an environment with a lot of temptations. If you have a fragile character, then any person can influence you to do something that is not necessarily good for you. I consider my drawing ability as a gift from God. Not only do I enjoy doing it but it pleases me that others appreciate it.

Source: Reyes, Seira. "An Artist's Journey." Edited by Samatha C. Fernandez and Lorena E. Magana-Ortiz. *Student Action with Farmworkers Collection*,

2002. Durham, North Carolina. Excerpt from Reyes, Seira. "Todo Mi Equipage. My Only Luggage. Latino Teenagers in Transition." Authors: Ramiro Arceo, Noah Raper, Melinda Wiggins; Student Action with Farmworkers. In *NC Crossroads. A Publication of the North Carolina Humanities Council – Weaving Cultures and Communities*, vol. 7, no. 1 (May 2003): 4–12.

Chapter Thirty-Two

Diana de Anda Versos

Diana de Anda was of high school age when she arrived in North Carolina. In an interview with a teacher's aid in Louisburg, North Carolina, in 2002, Diana described a Mexican tradition involving so-called *Versos*, short little poems that illuminate adolescent life, love, and popular culture. The young Latina explained the importance of *Versos* in the acculturation process of her peers within the immigrant community and in the county's school system. Diana's poetry celebrates the power of romance, love, and trust in each other. It also explores the difficulties of developing multi-cultural identities and allegiances. The young author expressed much pride in her poetic creations and enjoyed trading them with new friends at school.

A *Verso* is something you feel, like a little bit of a poem. A *Verso* expresses the feelings you have inside. It has to rhyme. It is normally four or five lines and ten or eleven words per line. [. . .] People start collecting *Versos* when they are 12 or 13 years old. At the beginning, girls collect them more, but in grades seven to nine, the boys use them in letters and they ask girls to write them. [. . .] I help my friends write *Versos* for their girlfriends.

We Were Born

We were born to live
We live to dream
Our destiny is to die
And our goal is to love.

When I Met You

When I met you I was scared to speak to you
When I spoke to you I was scared to kiss you

When I kissed you I was scared to love you
Now that I love you I am scared to lose you.

Today I Say Good Bye
Today I say good bye to you
Tomorrow I am going away
A kiss of yours
Will be my only luggage.

Source: De Anda, Diana. "Versos." In "Todo Mi Equipage. My Only Luggage. Latino Teenagers in Transition." Authors: Ramiro Arceo, Noah Raper, Melinda Wiggins; Student Action with Farmworkers. *NC Crossroads. A Publication of the North Carolina Humanities Council – Weaving Cultures and Communities*, vol. 7, no. 1 (May 2003): 4–12.

Chapter Thirty-Three

Tria Her Hmong Interview

The following narrative is the transcript of an interview Kathleen Engart conducted in June 2006 with Tria Her, a Hmong immigrant from Southeast Asia. The Hmong tribes lived and worked in remote mountainous communities in the border regions between China, Laos, Thailand, and Vietnam. Some of the tribes collaborated with the U.S. military during the Vietnam War. After the victory of the communist North in 1975, many Hmongs became war refugees, and over 12,000 immigrated to Carolina's Piedmont region. Mr. Tria fled Laos alone in 1984 at the age of 15 seeking refuge from the communists who had taken over his country. He escaped to a refugee camp in Thailand where he lived for the next four years before entering the United States. Tria married and resettled in Hickory, North Carolina, where he found work as a custodian in an elementary school. He remembers his flight from the war zone and building a new life with his wife, Youa, and their daughter, Maikou, whom he sometimes calls by her American name Vicky.

My name is Tria Her. I left Laos to come to a refugee camp in Thailand in 1984. I lived in the camp until 1988. I came to North Carolina in 1997. I have one daughter. She attends the Hickory High School. I have been working here at Longview Elementary School for nine years.

When the CIA had the secret war with the Vietnamese, the CIA lost the war. My parents worked for the CIA. When we lost the country, I was 13 years old. I am 37 now, and I still miss my family. My dad just passed away four years ago. He was still fighting for the Vietnamese in Laos. We lived in the jungle when I was ten years old.

During the time when we were living in Laos, the Vietnamese were fighting. My family disappeared. When I disappeared, I lost my family. There was

fighting, and everyone ran out of the camp. My father, my mom, and I ran in all different directions. I never found them.

When I came to the United States, I wrote the Lao government a note. I told them that my parents were still alive, and in the jungle. My mom and my younger brother are still in Laos, but in the city.

If we had to stay in Laos, we would have died. We had nothing—no gun, no food, no house, we got nothing. A lot of people were like us, and needed to go to the camp in Thailand. This provided an opportunity to leave and go to the United States or another country. When we crossed the river, I was still young, but I still crossed the river to Thailand. A lot of Thai officers came to the camp and asked why we came to the country. We said, “We lost the war, we want to go to the camp. The Thai officers brought us to the refugee camp.”

I lived in the first camp for 2 years. It’s not legal to leave the camp. When I lived in the second camp, they had to issue the papers and make it legal—with the immigration. I had no family any more. I had one aunt who lived in California in the United States. They said that I should come to the United States and be with her. So my aunt was my sponsor. At that time I was 16 years old.

When I came to America, the first problem was that I didn’t know any English. I could not go to school because I was too old. At that time, I was married to my wife. I met her in the refugee camp, and we married there. When I finished my school for the camp, I came to the United States. My wife came over too, but she went to Colorado. I missed my wife, but I figured I needed some money to bring her to my aunt’s. So I figured I needed to work, and that is why I got a job as a custodian.

I talked to my aunt and she said when I get the money, I can bring her and I can have my own family. I thought it’s hard to be a family because I had no education and I couldn’t speak English very well. And I thought, what should I do? I am in the United States, I should speak English so that I can get a good job. I thought I should go to school. I went probably three months after school to a high school. I was on welfare too, and they said that I had to work too. If you don’t work, we’ll stop your unemployment. We came to North Carolina because they have more work, they have more jobs. When I moved to NC my first job was to work for Longview School. I think it’s very difficult for me, for my family, for my life.

Well, the first thing I thought was that I have no chance to go back to school, so I have to go to training to become a custodian. I had no other chance, so I had to. After three months, I could get a job, and they said the programs are over. When I came to North Carolina, the first thing I did was looking through the newspaper. So I applied at Longview. I still remember the

principal who hired me. I was so thankful just to have a job. Otherwise I wouldn't have had a chance.

When I came to North Carolina, no one helped me. I didn't know anyone. A lot of people were saying that there were a lot of jobs and that it was a good state. I talked to my wife and we decided to come. I didn't see any other Hmongs. I know there's a lot in Hickory and Morganton, but I didn't know anyone. I went to the car dealer and started talking to a lady who was Hmong. I asked her if she could help me find a job—you can apply for Hickory Public Schools. I asked how many Hmong people live in Hickory, and she said there are some. Right now, a lot of Hmong people live in this area. We tried to talk to the United Hmong Association. I have learned a lot from them.

It surprised me that the American people were so tall and spoke different. I thought, I should learn English. What are they saying? I just talked Hmong to them. I talked to my aunt, and I thought what are these crazy people? They're tall and they're white. . . some are black. We don't have any black people in Laos. How come some of those people are so black? Their eyes are different too. Maybe I'm the last Asian in this country.

When I first went to McDonald's, my aunt brought me there. She asked me, "What do you want to eat? A hamburger or fries?" "What's a hamburger?" I asked. "It's a hamburger. You want a hamburger or a Big Mac or French fries?" "What are French fries?" "It's a potato." "What's a potato? Can you explain for me? What's a hamburger mean?" I wanted rice, but they didn't have it. I didn't want to eat because it wasn't rice. After I tried it, I thought hamburgers are good! They are very good. Right now, I am allergic to cheese. I don't want to eat cheese. I get hamburgers without cheese now.

It's different for a family to understand. Me and my wife, we cannot speak English very well, but my daughter, Vicky, can speak it very well. The younger generation knows a lot of English. When we talk, we talk Hmong, but some things, my daughter cannot understand. "Say it English," she says. That's hard for me and my wife. While we live in the United States, our old men and the old ladies don't know English, but our children who are born in the United States cannot speak Hmong, but they can speak perfect English. They learn it at school and from every day life. At home, they speak English.

I push my daughter to speak Hmong. It's important to us. She translates for us, though. Sometimes when we go to pay bills, it is difficult. Sometimes I don't understand, so I take her to translate. We'll go to the store, and she'll say "Oh daddy, you cannot buy this—it has a lot of chemicals. Like if it is something to clean the house." I learn a lot from my daughter about the United States and English. She's helping my wife look for a job. We also don't know how to use a computer, but my daughter does. She says, "Look at this on the Internet. They have a lot of stuff." She wants to teach us to use the

computer. I've learned a little bit. Everything in the United States goes very fast—from the technology. Vicki can help us.

The first time we went to the store, all we ate was rice. We were looking for rice. They didn't know rice. They had a couple bags, but it's not good to cook that rice. It's hard to eat. We tried to cook it, but it didn't cook well. We cook it different. We buy big bags—like 100 pounds, but the Food Lion store only had 10 or 15 pound bags. That's a very small bag. I thought, how am I going to buy enough to feed the family? There was an Asian store, so we went there. They had a big bag. They had Asian food. I was very excited. We got lucky. We had a bunch of Asian stuff and food. We still buy vegetables and meat at Food Lion, but we can also go to the Asian store. They have dry meat and bamboo. We eat beans and corn too, but it's cooked differently. We mix it together. We have different soups. We use soy sauce. I don't like to cook without soy sauce. The soup here is too sour, so I add the soy sauce and sugar. They think I'm crazy here. I don't like milk either. I'm allergic to milk too. In Laos, we don't eat breakfast. They go to work, and they are not hungry. They only drink water. We only have lunch and dinner. My daughter eats any time, but I don't eat in the morning.

Now I am an immigrant. I told my wife that we have no chance to go back to Laos. Immigration won't let me go to visit my family. This year, I'm applying to become an American citizen. I am still waiting to find out. I'm going to change my life to be a citizen. I told my wife, that we need to be citizens. It's hard for me and my wife to go back to visit. If we were citizens, it would be easier. I've been planning for a long time to visit my mother. I haven't seen her since I was 13. My mom is a little bit old. I want Vicki to see her. She doesn't know her grandma or her uncle.

It's hard for Vicki. I tell her that we need to take her back to Laos. She asked if they have American food there. I said no, we eat rice. We don't have hamburgers in Laos. She asked if they have soda there. I said in the city, but not in the country. They do not have stores or nothing. They plant everything they eat. Vicki told me we have to buy soda and take it with us to Laos. That's hard for me. We would have to walk a long way through the mountains and hills to see her grandma. They live in the countryside. They don't have roads or cars. You must walk. She does not want to go. She does not want to walk. We would have to walk and cross a river for two or three days. She said that that would hurt her legs.

My mom wants to come to the United States. I have told her she can stay with me. "I will support you. I'm working. I have a good job and my wife has a good job too. I can sponsor you for the United States." But my mom does not know about living here. She doesn't know English or anything. She is not used to having electricity or living in the city. We do not have hot water there.

We have to boil it. It is different here, and she is kind of scared to come over. If we are working, she would be scared to stay here. She would come to visit for a few months, but it is hard for her to stay.

The first thing is that my wife made traditional clothes. Vicki said it was such a funny, funny dress. My wife said it was part of the Hmong culture, especially for New Year's. We dress traditionally. My wife said, "You have to dress like this, you are Hmong," but she did not want to. She said, "It's so heavy. There are too many things on your body." We have some people to visit her.

The Hmong have respect for each other, but the younger generation does not know about respecting the family. They do not have the respect for their parents or the rest of the family. I have met so many Hmong who do not respect their family, and I don't like that. The younger generation has a different culture. They think we have an old style. Vicki says that we are different and have an old style. We talk really low. In my culture, we don't look straight in the eyes with someone, but here in the States you do. Still when my wife and I talk, we don't look in the eyes. I don't look straight to Vicki either, but she says "Daddy, when you tell me something, you have to look in my eyes." I tell her it's not my culture. My mom and my family are very shy, and they will look the other way. Sometimes I ask Vicki to do things and she says no, that's the old style. If I ask her to carry water for us, she doesn't want to. She doesn't have the old respect. You have to say the proper greeting to me or my friends. Most of her friends are Hmong, but they speak English all the time. They hug each other, but we don't hug each other. That's not Hmong. We just shake hands and sit down. That's different.

Source: Her, Tria. "Hmong Interview." Conducted and transcribed by Kathleen Engart. *Carolinian Immigrant Memory Project Collection*, 2007. Department of German, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese Studies, The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Hispanic Voices Memories of New Carolinians

The views of young immigrants offer pointed perspectives of what it means to migrate across international borders, learn new languages, and feel at home abroad. The voices in this chapter represent the thoughts and memories of Hispanic teenagers who describe their impressions before and after coming to the Carolinas. They are among the more than one million immigrants¹ who arrived in this region between 1990 and 2008.

Some of the younger writers in this chapter did not have much say in the decision to immigrate but followed their parents across the border. Generational conflicts between immigrants and their children are often exacerbated by social, cultural, and linguistic barriers, which all age groups have to overcome on their path to integration and resettlement. Immigrant children frequently find themselves playing the roles of transnational and bilingual ambassadors who know how to reach across ethnic divides between immigrant and native-born communities. The following diary excerpts were written in 2002 by Hispanic teenagers in Randolph County, North Carolina.

MARIA M.

(Maria, 15 years old) When I first came to the United States, it seemed very different from Mexico. I felt sad about leaving my aunts and cousins back in Mexico. When we crossed the border it was kind of scary. It was during the night. I remember we were in a car. I was nine years old then. My family, all six of us, traveled to High Point, North Carolina. We lived in a house there for about a year and then moved to Level Cross, North Carolina. I found that the U.S. was different from Mexico. The food, dress, language, and everything else was different. Then we learned how to speak English. We had some

friends that could help us learn. Some people were not nice. They would make weird faces at us and talk about us. Now, that I have been here for about six years, the U.S. is still different from Mexico. But it is not that different because we know English, we like the food, and we dress like some other people at school.

LIZETH T.

(Lizeth, 14 years old) My sister and I speak English. My mom doesn't understand English. I have to speak both languages. It's hard. I am at school all day speaking English. Sometimes around white people, if I am speaking Spanish, they think I am talking about them. At home, if I speak English, my parents think I am saying something bad. They say, "speak Spanish so we can understand."

I feel distant from my parents. They think I should know more Spanish than I do. My mom is afraid I'll forget my Spanish. She thinks I'll be less Mexican. It's important to her. If my children don't speak Spanish, she won't be able to speak to them.

When I go to Mexico to see my grandma and grandpa, it will be weird. I am not used to the Mexican ways. They will think I am used to the American ways.

My six-year old sister said she doesn't want to speak Spanish anymore. My mom was upset. She is afraid that in becoming American we will lose our culture and language.

LUIS A.

(Luis, 15 years old) The border is one of the most difficult things for a Hispanic person. They cross it in order to make their lives and their families' lives better. They come over and start to make their lives a lot easier and know that they are working and helping out their families in Mexico, which makes them feel a whole lot better.

Mexico is calm, pretty, and relaxing. We go back to Mexico every two years in December or during the summer for vacation. We visit my grandparents and friends.

In the United States, we come to work in furniture factories—framing, upholstery, sewing, packaging, and delivering. People work real hard here, from the beginning of the day to the end of the day. Then they go home to work more.

JOEL M.

(Joel, 18 years old) The cactus and the house make me remember when I was a little boy in Mexico, six years ago. My cousin and I always got up from bed early to take the cows to the *llano* (pasture). We did that every morning, and then I went to school. After school, we went to bring them back home.

When my family and I came from Mi Lindo, Mexico, to the USA, I remember crossing the border with my cousins. I was very scared because I didn't know what to do. I came to this country because I wanted to know how life was in the United States. I realized that living here is easier than in Mexico. People don't have to work as hard here as in Mexico. But it's hard to find work. Sometimes we don't have the skills for some jobs. People work in factories. I install air conditioners.

REBECA A.

(Rebeca, 15 years old) My barriers were very difficult when I came to live in the United States. My brothers and I had been living with my grandparents for almost ten years. It was difficult to leave them and begin a new life with my parents. I felt very bad living with my parents in the United States. I had never shared anything with them.

My brother and I were afraid. We felt like we were in jail. We had no friends and did not know anybody. Sometimes we would lock ourselves up in the bedroom and start to cry. We had no freedom. If we went some place, we could not go by ourselves because we did not know English.

Everything was different in Mexico. We knew the people from the village. When we would go out to play, all our friends would go play with us. Now I am used to not having the same type of freedom that I had in Mexico.

EFRAIN H.

(Efrain, 16 years old) My barriers are many. I have overcome some, but not all. In my artwork, I represent those that are important to me. (See illustration 40.) There is a wall, a cat, a man, holes, and the color black. The wall represents a problem I can not resolve. I can not figure out what to do or a way out of my problem. The cat and the man represent the barrier of most importance to me. The man is a *Gringo*,² and I am the cat. The man is the *Gringo* who is making fun of me at school and anywhere I go. They make fun of the Mexicans. The holes represent the barriers that I have overcome. I have crumbled

the wall of those barriers that existed for me. The black color behind the wall represents times I do not have anyone to help me with my problems, or I have barriers that I can not resolve, and I feel alone here in the U.S. I believe these are the most important barriers for me. Some day I will be able to overcome them with effort and willingness.

ANNIA Z.

(Annia, 17 years old) Salsa music reminds me of many good and sad things. A sad thing is that when I listen to Salsa music I don't enjoy it as much as I did in Cuba. I don't enjoy it. I am not with my friends and my loved ones.

It brings me good thoughts. It brings me pleasant and happy memories of Cuba. I remember my past life that was fun and happy: Going to the discotheques, the swimming pools, the beaches. I would dance, eat, and swim. I enjoyed the marvelous things in my island, Cuba, and my friendship with Dana, Manota, and Alderete.

NOTES

1. From 1990 to 2004, the number of Hispanics in North Carolina grew 683 percent from 76,726 to 600,913, according to a report by the Frank Hawkins Kenan Institute of Private Enterprise at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. Asian born persons constituted 1.9% or 168,273 of North Carolina's population in 2006, according to the U.S. Census Bureau. In South Carolina, the number of Hispanics increased from 30,551 in 1990 to 95,076 in 2000, a jump of 211 percent. By 2006, the percentage of persons of Hispanic or Latino origin increased to 3.5% or 151,242. South Carolina's Asian born population constituted 1.1% or 47,533 persons in 2006, according to "State and County QuickFacts," *U.S. Census Bureau 2008*, <<http://quickfacts.census.gov/qfd/index.html>> (26 Feb. 2008).

2. *Gringo* (feminine *Gringa*): Spanish and Portuguese language terms referring to foreigners, especially those from the United States or people of Anglo or European descent.

Source: "Ni De Aqui / Ni De Alla, Not from Here / Not from There." Brochure, *Student Action with Farmworkers*; Randolph County AIM Club; *Randolph County Migrant Education Program*. Robert Shreefter, writer and artist in residence. Durham: Duke University Center for Documentary Studies, 2002.

Chapter Thirty-Five

Xiaolan Zhuang My Life before and after Coming to the Carolinas

The author of this autobiographical essay was born in 1970 in the Zhejiang province of the People's Republic of China. In 2001, while she was a graduate student at Zhejiang Normal University in Jinhua, Xiaolan participated in a study-abroad program at the University of Central Lancashire in Preston, Great Britain, where she trained for a career teaching English back home in China.

Before she completed her doctoral program, however, Xiaolan met and married her husband, Robert Saxby, who proposed that they move from England to the United States, where he had citizenship status. When Xiaolan applied for an immigrant visa, she encountered major difficulties submitting the necessary documents and papers. After filing several applications, Xiaolan managed to receive a marriage visa that permitted her to enter the United States as a legal immigrant. In 2005, the couple settled in Seagrove, North Carolina, where Robert worked as a potter with fine art ceramics, and Xiaolan advanced her career as a foreign language educator. She taught Chinese Studies courses at Randolph Community College in Asheboro, North Carolina.

BORN IN A VILLAGE AND WORKING IN THE CITY

In my wildest dreams, I would never ever have thought that I would marry an American and live in Seagrove North Carolina. In fact, before I came here in April 2005, I didn't even know where North Carolina was, let alone Seagrove. I came from a small village in China which is about the same size as Seagrove. My village is called Huangnitang which translates in English as "Yellow Mud Pond." The differences are that all the houses are built together

in one little area and the fields are divided into several pieces, one owned by each farmer going out from the village. In Seagrove everyone seems to live on a piece of land with the fields around them. Due to China's history, people use every piece of land to grow crops. They grow rice, wheat, cotton, vegetables and fruits, etc. All of the work is done by hand, which I hated to do.

In China about 20 years ago you were either registered as a "farmer" in the countryside or as a "worker" in the city. It is changing today, you can work and live in the city but it is still difficult to register in the big city without education. If you are born of a farmer, the only way to become a "worker" is by education. It was my destiny to be a farmer but unlike my brother and sisters, I was a scholar at school. This enabled me to go to different schools and to the university. So my registration became "worker" and I was allowed to live in the city. After graduation I was assigned to be a teacher in one of the city schools. I loved my students and I enjoyed my teaching job. I was devoted to my teaching career for the rest of my life, if I hadn't been offered a place to study for my Masters degree at the University of Central Lancashire in England.

THE HARDEST TIME OF MY LIFE IN ENGLAND

I love England, and I miss England. It was the first time I had been far away from my parents. I had both the pressures of studying to get my degree and making money for my living expense. I was the first and the only Chinese person in the Education and Social Sciences Department of the University. They have very high demands of their students in the English language program. Though my English has been good in China, now I have to take my masters degree in English, which is like an American studying in China using the Chinese language. Listening to the tutor in the class, reading books in the library and writing essays in the room I lived in were much harder for me than for my classmates who were natives. I had to spend most of my time studying. My learning curve was very quick and I believe "if there's a will, there's a way." I received my MA degree in Education with merits, and was top of the class and offered a place for a PhD.

As I mentioned before, I came from a small village. There was little or no money for my parents to provide me. Everything in England was much more expensive than in China. I had to get part time jobs. I didn't want to waste time waiting for the better job opportunity. Whatever job was available, I took it, whether I liked it or I didn't like it, so I could make some money to live

on. I had worked 20 hours a day during the Christmas holidays and I traveled everywhere by bicycle even though it was cold and rainy to save money on bus fare.

Every time I spoke to my parents on the phone, I couldn't help crying. The only hope was that I could go back to China as soon as I finished my studies which were the only thing that kept me going. It had been the hardest time of my life.

By chance I met my future husband on a boat ferry to France. While I was going to Amsterdam with international students, Robert was going to France shopping for Christmas, which was the beginning of my journey of coming to America.

THE VISA JOURNEY TO THE USA

"Xiaolan, I love you. I would like you to come to America to live with me," Robert said, after we met each other several times. "I will prepare a visa for you to visit me during the Easter holiday of 2002, to see whether you like it or not. I will send applications to the American Embassy. You will get the visa in two weeks." The refusal letter came one week after sending out the visa applications. I was fine with this news as I had to finish my studying anyways.

After graduation, I was offered a place in a PhD program and got a three-year extension on my student visa in England. I had enough documents to show that I would come back to England for my PhD program after visiting the United States. But the same happened again as it did the first time. I was so disappointed to hear that. We knew each other well enough to get married but we didn't want to do it in England as we didn't have anything there.

Well, we went to register at the city hall office with three Chinese students as witnesses to get married in January of 2004. I tried to get a tourist visa to go on our honeymoon to America. After one week of waiting my husband went back to the USA. So I interviewed for my third visa application. The visa officer was kind enough to give me a suggestion that I should apply for an immigration visa. However, I was denied again and I was totally destroyed by that news. Crying couldn't help anything, life had to be continued. E-mail once a day or one call a day still can't stop the misery of missing each other.

We were separated after marriage for two months and one year before I was issued a "K3 Marriage Visa" in March 2005. I was so scared to go to my fourth interview, as it was held in the same place that denied it to me three

times before. Thank goodness, this time they issued the visa to me. My husband and I were so happy and excited that we shared our happiness and success for one hour on the phone after getting the visa.

MY NEW LIFE IN SEAGROVE, NORTH CAROLINA

After I got off the plane at the Atlanta airport, everything was beyond my imagination except our love for each other. I was happy to be with my husband. But everything has changed overnight. It seemed that I lost everything that I had in China and England. No families and friends, no career, especially. I lost my students who were part of my life. I nearly spent 24 hours, 7 days a week with them. We started doing morning exercises at 6 am and spent time together until the evening when all went to bed and I made sure everybody went to sleep.

Certain things are so difficult that they make me dependant on my husband all the time. I couldn't get a driver's license for almost one year for different reasons. It seems I have no legs as public transportation is so limited: no buses, trains or even taxi services, which is so different from England and China. In China you can take buses, trains and taxies to go anywhere you want. The same is true for England. When I left England, I took a train to the airport. I was the only one on the train which was a nice surprise to me. It was good transportation.

I have some money in the bank, as I have no other credit. I can't get a credit card. In my traditional way of thinking, I don't need one anyway as I don't want to overspend. I realize, however, that if you live in America you have to have a credit card, a motorcar and a mobile phone.

We live in the country, and my husband has a pet dog. Sometimes we have arguments over it. In China dogs are raised for the table and for food consumption. When I went to the grocery store for the first time to look for the dog food, I didn't know that there was such a thing as "dog food" for dogs. It was just last week when I was reading a Sunday newspaper with a department store advertisement to sell one of those doggie steps so your dog will find an easy way to get on top of the bed or the couch. If I told anybody in China about those things, they would think I am crazy.

My husband and I overcame all these problems that we encountered. I have lived here for more than one year. I am a permanent resident of the United States of America. I have everything that I need: a driver's license, a motorcar, a credit card and a job. The most exciting thing is that I went back to my teaching career at Randolph Community College teaching Chinese language courses. Though it was the first time for me to teach Chinese—I taught En-

glish in China—my class was so well received. I now teach four classes each semester.

THE BRIGHT FUTURE OF AMERICAN LIFE

Love of my husband and the responsibility for the family made me come and live in North Carolina. It is very easy to make a life here as long as you work. But I need my own career, and that is teaching. I believe that the Chinese language will become more and more popular with the development of China and I will be very glad to develop the Chinese language program here.

Source: Zhuang, Xiaolan. "My Life before and after Coming to the Carolinas." *Carolinian Immigrant Memory Project Collection*, 2007. Department of German, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese Studies, The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

Chapter Thirty-Six

Jaime Farrugia My Immigrant Story

Mr. Farrugia was born in 1961 into a middle-class family in Mexico City. Confounded by traditional family expectations and career options, Jaime decided to explore more adventurous opportunities abroad that would lead him far beyond the place of his upbringing. In his early twenties, he decided to travel to the United States to find a community college where he could attend as a foreign student majoring in computer science. A close friend of his father helped the young Hispanic enroll in a program in the State of Ohio, where Jaime completed an associate's degree in data processing. What was planned as a two-year excursion, however, turned into a life-changing experience when Jaime met, and fell in love with his future wife Daccari. They got married in 1983, started a family, and settled down together in Ohio. After a summer trip to the mountains of North Carolina, the couple decided to move to the Greensboro area, where Daccari took a position in a legal office, and Jaime accepted a new job as a computer systems analyst. Their efforts to improve the family's prospects paid off. The couple purchased a comfortable home to raise their three children Nick, Derek, and Paige. The following story was written by the father in 2008. Jaime Farrugia remembers growing up in the Mexican metropolis, and recounts his intuition and motivation to leave familiar surroundings in order to pursue open-ended ambitions. The narrative reflects the difficult decision to part from parents and relatives, but also the considerable pride and determination to shape one's own destiny. Jaime's memories are reminiscent of the circumstances of today's younger immigrants, who arrive with hopes and dreams not unlike his own.

My story is probably not much unlike those of many others who came to this country seeking a higher education, and then decided to stay. As a young

college student in the early 80's, I was attending Anahuac University in Mexico City as an engineering student. I chose engineering because I really didn't have a clue what I wanted to do with my life at the time, but I knew I definitely didn't want to be an accountant like my Dad. My fears proved true as I found my major studies to be supremely boring with the exception of a computer programming course that I took in my freshman year. I became very interested in computers and data processing but at that time there weren't any career programs in Mexican universities that related specifically to computers. As fate would have it, during a chat with a friend of my father's, who lived in Ohio, he heard of my interest in computers and offered to assist me in attending college there. And so I did. I left my entire family and friends behind to attend a two-year college to obtain an associate's degree in data processing.

My English at the time was sufficient to act as a foreign tourist—I had traveled to the U.S. on vacation several times before—but it was a totally different ball of wax when it came to attending college and having to function in society. To better my language skills became an all important project. That wasn't easy. Other than a handful of Latin Americans with whom I associated, no one else spoke Spanish. But the toughest thing to get used to was the weather. Growing up in Mexico City involved three climate related factors that you had to deal with: the mild heat in April and May, the rainy season in June and July, and the temperate weather during the rest of the year. Well, it was a day of reckoning one week after my arrival in Ohio when the wind chill hit 30 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. Needless to say, I was woefully unprepared for that in terms of clothing. I had only seen snow flurries once before in my life! And the burning sensation that you feel when you breathe such cold air was something totally unexpected.

During my first year in Dayton, Ohio, I met my future wife Daccari. We became good friends and my fate was sealed when I fell in love with her. I should have told my parents at that time to get rid of my bed, because I knew that I wasn't coming back. Between my career, my marriage, and the birth of our first son, there was no going back. I was forging my life here in the U.S. as an active participant in the information technology revolution.

Around 1995, our family traveled through Asheville, North Carolina on the way to our vacation in Florida. We had a great time in the mountains and we promised ourselves to come back one day. After fifteen years of living in Ohio with our two sons and one daughter, my wife and I thought it would be exciting to pursue job opportunities in North Carolina. We did so partly to get away from the miserable Midwestern winters and partly because we had greatly enjoyed our previous visit to the Tar Heel state. Most of the opportunities that I found were located in Charlotte, except for one in Greensboro. I

traveled there to interview for the position and really enjoyed the place. Most people assume that because I grew up in Mexico City, one of the biggest metropolises in the world, that I enjoy the hustle and bustle of a big city but it's actually quite the opposite. In my opinion, Greensboro, or better yet, the Piedmont Triad area offers overall a better quality of life than a bigger city like Charlotte; less traffic and crime, better schools, more affordable housing, etc. Maybe there is not as much to do, but that is all right with me. One can always travel to a big city every once in awhile for that. We have lived here now for ten years, and we like the fact that we are only two hours away from the mountains and three or four hours from the coast.

I have just one last word about immigration. We have all seen the explosion in the count of Latin American immigrants to North Carolina in the last ten years. This has not only impacted the census statistics, but it is also a very palpable influence in our everyday lives. Chances are nowadays that wherever you go in North Carolina, you will see young immigrants hard at work. Behind every single one of them there is a story of struggle, I'm sure, and of pain, leaving their loved ones behind and seeking a better future. Sometimes I think to myself that if my struggles to migrate to this country can be measured on a yardstick, theirs must be measured in miles. Regardless of where one stands on immigration issues, let's at least offer them our sympathies.

Source: Farrugia, Jaime. "My Immigrant Story." *Carolinian Immigrant Memory Project Collection*, 2008. Department of German, Russian, Japanese, and Chinese Studies, The University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

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II. CRITICAL STUDIES AND ONLINE EXHIBITS

This section of the Bibliography presents research papers, scholarly essays, secondary literature, as well as recent studies and exhibits focusing on Carolinian immigrant history and related topics.

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