

1820

**The Johnson Family
of Pike County, Missouri**

**From Enslavement
to Freedom**



1820

The Johnson Family of Pike County, Missouri

1820 is an important year in Missouri history. We had applied to be a state, but there was an angry debate whether we would be a free state or a slave state. Slavery had long been legal. The French had brought enslaved people to work in their lead mines and farms. Joseph Bogey would have seen them in Ste. Genevieve. He might have even seen people being sold during a slave auction. Those who owned slaves wanted to keep them. Others thought Missouri would be a better place if there were no slaves. Some also thought this would be a better place with no Indians.

A enslaved family named Johnson lived in Pike County, located between St. Louis and Hannibal. Grandpa Johnson had been a teenager in 1820. When his son Edward (called Ned) was four years old, the family was sold to Benjamin Jeans from Kentucky. Twenty years later, Ned's son, Dudley, was born on the Jeans plantation. It was south of Paynesville in Pike county.

Grandpa Johnson probably never learned to read or write, but he would have told Ned about when Missouri's people and Congress's members were arguing over slavery. In 1820, it was illegal in Missouri to teach a slave to read and write. Some slave owners secretly allowed their slaves to learn so they could read the Bible. Grandpa Johnson could not read nor write, but Ned may have learned.

All his life, Dudley would have heard the stories of his grandfather and grandmother and how in 1820 some people wanted Missouri to be a slave state and others want it to enter the United States as a free state. There were 11 free states and 11 slave-owning states. Enslaved people like Dud's grandparents hoped to be free. They would have also worried that owners might have sold them "down South" if owners thought the new government would take away their "property."

Eventually, Congress decided to allow Missouri to enter the Union as a slave state while Maine entered as a free state. This was the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Missouri slaves would have to wait another 45 years for freedom. How disappointed they must have been!

Life changed little for enslaved people in Pike County between 1820 and the start of the Civil War in 1860. They were not allowed to go to school. They worked on the plantations. The boys helped in the fields, while the girls took care of the chickens and rabbits, tended the gardens, helped in the kitchen, and took care of the children of the slave owner. They had many of the same chores as Sacred Sun. The only difference was that they could be sold away from their families at any time. If the slave owner needed money, he could take slaves to the Pike County Court House in Bowling Green and sell them at an auction. Slave parents had no right to keep their children. Husbands and wives could be sold to different owners. If slaves disobeyed the owner, they could be beaten or chained in a barn or basement until they agreed to obey. The worst punishment was to be "sold South," to a large plantation in Louisiana or Mississippi. They would never see their families again. If they ran away, bounty hunters would keep looking for them to collect the reward for their return.

By 1860, there were 4,000 enslaved people in Pike County. 1 out of every 4 persons in the county was actually owned by someone. Some slaves lived in town, but most worked on the plantations which grew corn and wheat and raised hogs. Ham, bacon, and salt pork made the plantation owners rich.

Ned and his wife, Violet, lived on the Jeans Plantation when their son, Dudley (nicknamed Dud) was born in 1844. He was born a slave and the family just expected that he would be a slave his entire life. When Dud turned 20, something unexpected happened. An army recruiter came to Paynesville. He was looking for African-American men to join the United States Army and fight in the Civil War. Dud was promised his freedom if he would join. Did Dud run away from the Jeans plantation? Did Mr. Jeans let him join the Union Army in exchange for money from the U.S. government? We do not know.

Dud joined one of many units of U.S. Colored Troops from Missouri. At Clarksville, the recruiter would have put him and other colored recruits on a train.

Dud had probably never been so far from home in his life. His parents and two sisters would have missed him very much. It was difficult to get letters from the fighting front sent home, so they may have not gotten a letter for over a year. As the family could not read, they probably would have take a letter from their son to either the Union recruiter in Louisiana, Missouri, or to the minister at the Ramsey Creek Church which they attended. There it could be read to them, and they could dictate an answer. Over 8,000 African-Americans served in the Missouri United States Colored Troop units during the Civil War.

By the time Dud came home, Missouri had a new Constitution which ended slavery here. The 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, co-authored by Missouri Senator John Brooks Henderson from Pike County, had also ended all slavery in the U.S.

In 1866, Dud came home, married, and moved to Lincoln County just south of Pike County. There he and his wife raised two daughters and two sons. His descendants would all be free men and women. When he died in 1913, his children brought him back to Pike County where he was born. He is buried in the Ramsey Church Cemetery just north of Paynesville. His grandfather had his hopes for freedom destroyed when Congress approved the Missouri Compromise in 1820, but Dudley and his father lived to see his family be free after the bloody Civil War.

Activity One

Historical Fiction

People write historical fiction when they make up stories about the past and use actual events and often real people from the past in their stories.

We would like to have a letter Dud wrote home, but none are known to exist. The historical fiction below is the kind of letter he would have sent telling about his adventures as a soldier. It is dated two months after a new Missouri Constitution had been adopted which abolished slavery. It was not until December that slavery was finally abolished in the rest of the United States.

Assignment: Read this letter carefully. Then write a letter from the father or mother back to Dud. Include what you think might have been happening with the family's farm work in Missouri.

18th Regiment, USCT

March 1, 1865, Northern Alabama

Dear Daddy, Momma, and Sisters,

Now that I hear the Missouri Constitution has been changed and you no longer are slaves, I can write a letter without worrying you might get whipped if someone learns you can read.

I missed you all so much this last year. There were six of us boys who signed up in Paynesville. That evening, the officer took us right over to Clarksville and put us on a train for St. Louis. It was an adventure - none of us had ever ridden a train before!

When we got to St. Louis, we were marched to Benton Barracks for training. It wasn't a nice place to be. White soldiers made fun of us and called us names. They

gave us the dirtiest jobs to do. We didn't know if we were really soldiers or just house slaves -- we did laundry, fixed meals, and took care of the horses.

Finally, we got real uniforms and felt we might actually be soldiers after all. We marched and drilled and practiced shooting until most days we were dead on our feet. At night, some of us got lessons in reading and writing. I practiced every day, though I was tired to the bone.

From St. Louis, we took a big steamboat to Tennessee. Never thought I'd be on one of those. It had four decks and two smoke stacks. Soldiers everywhere, so many some had to sleep outside on the deck, even when it rained.

At Nashville, we saw our first action. We beat the Rebs! Then chased General Hood and his men across the state. They ran like dogs with their tails between their legs like after the Massa give them a good beating.

From Tennessee, we marched across the hills into Alabama. Here we guard the railroad. It's not hard duty, just long hours walking the tracks and standing guard at bridges. I have time to practice my reading and writing and even help some of the officers with their paperwork. Talk going round I might even get a promotion.

When Rebs get near, we have to go out and run them off - like we did a few days ago. We ambushed their camp at the Elrod farm and run them off. Wasn't but a skirmish, but one of my best friends, Leander Martin, got killed by one of them Rebs. Leander was good man.

Don't know when this war will be over, but now we hear General Sherman has captured Atlanta so the Rebs can't go on much longer. If you leave Massa Jean's place, let Rev. Smith at the A.M.E. church or the priest at the Episcopal Church in Clarksville know which direction you might head and I'll look for you.

I keep thinking how Grandpa had hoped he'd be free in 1820. I wish he were alive now to see all of us free. Won't be any more slaves sold in front of the Court House in Bowling Green! Not ever!

Your loving son,
Dud

P.S. Give a kiss to Ann and Harriet from their soldier brother.

Activity Two

Pictures to Color



The General Store and Post Office in Paynesville, Pike County, Missouri, where Dudley would have signed up for the Union Army.



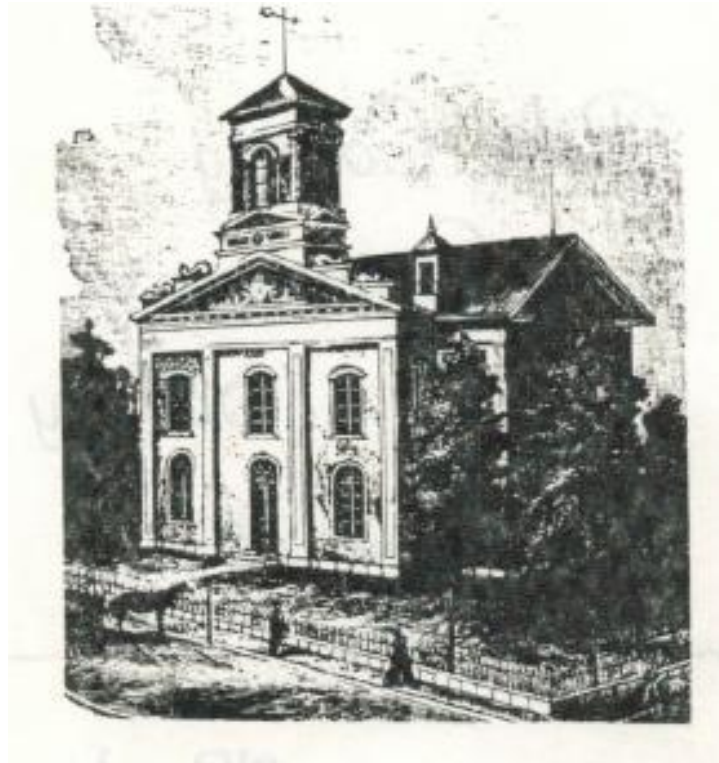
An abandoned plantation house near Paynesville, MO.



Picture of an African-American soldier taken at Benton Barracks in St. Louis, Missouri, 1865. U.S. Library of Congress, Washington, D.C.



The Train Station in Clarksville, Pike County, Missouri



The 1844 Pike County, Missouri Courthouse in Bowling Green.
Sales of enslaved African Americans took place on the front steps.



Ramsey Creek Church. Dudley is buried in the cemetery next to the church.

Activity Three

Working with Primary Source Documents

Primary sources are documents produced at the time of an event. They include newspapers, wills, letters, and maps. They simply tell what happened, not why it happened or why it is important in history. Look at the primary sources below and then do one of the suggested activities.

1. The map on the new page is part of a "plat map." These are made by counties to keep track of who owns each piece of property in the county. This map is part of Pike County from 1875. In which section number was the Jeans Plantation where Dudley was raised?

Below is the record of the Johnson family on the plantation of Benjamin Jeans in the 1850 Missouri Slave Census. Enslaved people's names were not recorded, just the names of their owners and the slave's gender and age.

District 69.
SCHEDULE 2. Slave Inhabitants in Calumet Township in the County of Pike State
 of Missouri, enumerated by me, on the 16th day of October, 1850. Levi Pettibone Ass't Marshal

NAMES OF SLAVE OWNERS.		Number of Slaves.	DESCRIPTION.				Paupers from 16 to 20.	Number maimed.	Deaf & dumb, blind, insane, or idiotic.	NAMES OF SLAVE OWNERS.		Number of Slaves.	DESCRIPTION.				Paupers from 16 to 20.	Number maimed.	Deaf & dumb, blind, insane, or idiotic.
1	2		Age.	Sex.	Color.	1				2	Age.		Sex.	Color.					
1	John Fielder	1	31	m	B.					1	Philip Shaw	1	15	m	B.				
2		1	25	m	B.					2		1	14	m	B.				
3		1	22	m	B.					3		1	11	m	B.				
4		1	15	m	B.					4		1	9	m	B.				
5		1	9	m	B.					5		1	8	m	B.				
6		1	20	F	B.					6		1	4	m	B.				
7		1	10	F	B.					7		1	3	m	B.				
8		1	1	F	M.					8		1	2	m	B.				
9		1	1	F	M.					9		1	12	m	M.				
10	David Ferguson	1	22	m	B.					10		1	9	m	M.				
11		1	12	m	M.					11		1	6	m	M.				
12		1	10	m	M.					12		1	3	m	M.				
13		1	45	F	M.					13		1	35	F	B.				
14		1	14	F	M.					14		1	35	F	B.				
15		1	7	F	M.					15		1	7	F	B.				
16	Benjamin F. Jones	1	28	F	B.					16		1	2	F	B.				
17		1	5	F	B.					17		1	13	F	M.				
18		1	3	F	B.					18		1	8	F	M.				
19		1	20	m	B.					19		1	3	F	M.				
20		1	5	m	M.					20		1	2	F	M.				
21	Frederick Lewis	1	24	F	B.					21		1	5	F	M.				
22		1	7	F	B.					22		1	5	F	B.				

Township 52 North
Range 1 East
of 3rd Principal Meridian

The map displays a grid of land parcels, each labeled with the owner's name and the acreage. Notable owners include John B. Henderson, Dr. S. Buckner, John Turner, Mrs. Leanna Ferguson, John M. Rogers, James Darron, and many others. The map also shows the town of Paysonville, the Payson River, and various land grants and surveys. The map is color-coded with yellow and green areas.

2. This ad appeared in the Louisiana Missouri newspaper in March of 1850.
 - a. In which city was the sale to take place?
 - b. How far is this sale from the Jeans Plantation?
 - c. How might such a sale have impacted the Johnson family?

March 4th, 1850. 4w

**ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.**

—o—

BY virtue of an order of the Pike county court, made at the February term, 1850, I shall expose to sale, on a credit of 12 months, before the Court-house door in Bowling Green, Mo., on the First Day of the next April term of the Pike Circuit Court, the S W fractional quarter of section No. (6) six, T 52 R 1 west, belonging to the estate of John Worsham, deceased, or so much thereof as will be sufficient to pay the debts against said estate. Bond and approved security will be required for the purchase money.

WASHINGTON WATTS, Adm'r.
estate of Jno. Worsham, dec'd.
March 4th, 1850. (45-4.)

Negroes for Sale.

IN pursuance of an order of the Pike county court, made on the fifth day of February, 1850, we shall sell to the highest bidder, before the Court-house door, in the town of Bowling Green, on the FIRST DAY OF APRIL NEXT, Three Negroes, belonging to the estate of Eve Willhoite, deceased, consisting two young men and one young woman. A credit of twelve months will be given, by the purchaser's giving bond with two good securities. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

JAMES COLWELL,
BENJAMIN WILLHOITE, } Admr's.
March 4th, 1850. (45-4)

Final Settlement.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of SILAS RHEA, dec'd., late of Pike county, will apply at the next June term of the said county court for a final settlement of his administration on said estate, when and where all persons interested may attend if they think proper.

HAMILTON L. RHEA, Adm'r.
March 4th 1850. (45-4)

3. This is Dudley's record of enlistment.
- When did he enlist?
 - When was he released from army service?
 - Where was he released from army service?

377

18 Reg't U. S. C. T. Inf. Co. 1

Johnson Dudley

Rank Capt Age 20

Captain Proddy Com'd'g.

Enlisted Apr 13 64

Where Payneville

Mustered in Apr 13 64

Where Benton Ark

Remarks

Mustered out Feb 21 66

Where Wentzville Ark

Form No. 241g, A. G. O., 1-23-10-8 M.

Additional information about Missouri African-American soldiers can be found on the Secretary of State's Website:

www.sos.mo.gov/archives/education/usct/usct_history.asp

Use the "Soldiers and Sailors Data Base" on the same website to look up information on individual soldiers. Then look on the "Digital Birth and Death Certificates" to find death certificates for any soldiers who died between 1910 and 1963. A list of men from Dudley's unit can be found at:

<https://s1.sos.mo.gov/records/archives/archivesdb/soldiers/Results.aspx?unit=18th%20Regiment%20USCT%20Infantry&conflict=Civil%20War>

The State Archives has provided a lesson plan for teaching about primary sources. It can be found on the website above.

Activity Four

Oral History

During the 1930s, the U.S. Government funded a program to record the memories of the former slaves who were still alive. What they told the interviewers was collected. A book was published for each state that had slaves before the Civil War. The books are now available online through the Library of Congress. The web address for the Missouri Slave Narratives is:

<https://www.loc.gov/item/mesn100>

Here are transcripts of the memories of former slaves William Black from Hannibal and Mary A. Bell from St. Louis. William Black was never allowed to attend school. The interviewers tried to capture their dialect of English. A dialect is form of a language spoken in a particular area that uses some of its own words, grammar, and pronunciations.

Assignments:

1. Read either the oral history of William Black or Mary A. Bell. Your partner will read the other memory. Each of you will describe to your partner three facts you learned about your person's life.
2. Complete the Venn diagram on the page following the interviews. In the left circle, put events or activities which only William mentioned. In the right circle, put events or activities which only Mary mentioned. In the center, write activities or events which were mentioned by both.

William Black

***Interview with William Black**

***Hannibal, Missouri**

"He's Quit Having Birthdays"

William Black of 919 South Arch Street, Hannibal, Missouri, is one of the few ex-slaves living in Marion County. He is now about eighty-five years old, and has lived his entire life in Marion, Monroe, and Ralls Counties. In chatting about his life and experiences he says:

"My mother and father come from Virginia. I don't know how old I is, but I have had one birthday and the rest is anniversaries. I think I is about eighty-five. I was born in slavery and when I was eight years old was bonded out to Sam Briggs of New London. Mr. Briggs was a good master and I didn't have a whole lot to do. My job was to take his children to school and go after dem of an evening. In the mean time I just piddled around in de fields.

"In de evening when de work was done we would sit 'round and play marbles and sing songs. We made our songs up as we went along. Sometimes dere would be a corn shuckin' and dat is when we had a good time, but we always shucked a lot of dat corn.

"I did not go to school any and today I do not even have de sense of writing at all. Unless someone guides my hand I cannot make a mark. I wish I wasn't so old now so I could go to school and learn how to read and write.

"I 'member one day when de master was gone, us slaves thought we would have a party. I guess de master knowed we was going to have one, 'cause dat night, when we was all having a good time, my sister said to me, 'Bill, over dere is old master Sam.' He had dressed up to look like us and see what we was up to. Master Sam didn't do anything to us dat time 'cause he had too good a time hisself.

"At the age of thirteen my sister was bonded out to some man who was awful mean, she was a bad girl, too. After we were freed she told me all about her old master. She said, 'One Christmas my master was drunk and I went to wish him a merry Christmas and get some candy. He hit at me and I ducked and run 'round

de house so fast I burnt de grass 'round dat house and I know dere ain't no grass growing dere yet.'

"When we was freed our master didn't give us nothing, but some clothes and five dollars. He told us we could stay if we wanted to, but we was so glad to be free dat we all left him. He was a good man though.

"Durin' de war we could not leave de master's house to go to de neighbors without a pass. If we didn't have a pass de paddyrollers would get us and kill us or take us away.

"After de freedom come we could vote, but some of us never done it. To dis day I ain't never voted. De government has been as good to us as dey could. I get ten dollars a month and think I should have more, but I know dey is giving us all dey can and someday dey will give us ex-slaves more.

"I am glad dat we have our churches and schools. We don't have no business being with de good white people. Dey is cultured and we is not, but someday we will be as good and dey will be glad to have us 'round dem more. Just 'cause we is black is no sign that we ain't good people.

"I don't like de way de younger generation is doin'. As my neighbors say, 'the devil is gettin' dem and it won't be long 'fore he will come and get dem all.' When I was young we didn't act like dey do now-a-days. We didn't get drunk and stay dat way and kill each other. De good Lord is going to do something to all of dem, mark my word.

"I can't 'member some of the songs we sung, but when we was freed we sang 'Master's Body is Molding in the Grave', and I know some of dem is."

Transcriber's Note: William Black lives by himself in a house owned by his daughter. He is unable to do any kind of manual labor and has not done any kind of work for about five years. He is active in religious affairs and attends church regularly. He is one of the few persons living in Marion County who raises tobacco. His garden plot, five by ten feet, is close to his house.

Mary A. Bell

***Interview with Mary A. Bell**

***St. Louis, Missouri**

"She Loves Army Men"

The subject of this sketch is Mary A. Bell, 85 years old, living in a 4-room frame cottage at 1321 Argus Street, St. Louis County, Missouri.

Mary Bell has a very light complexion, light brown eyes, mixed gray hair, very long and straight. She has fine features. She is quite bent, and shows her years, but is cheerful. She is living in the same yard with her daughter who is married and lives next door with her family, Mrs. Virginia Miller and six children. Her story follows:

"I was born in Missouri, May 1, 1852 and owned by an old maid named Miss Kitty Diggs. I had two sisters and three brothers. One of my brothers was killed in de Civil War, and one died here in St. Louis in 1919. His name was Spot. My other brother, four years younger than I, died in October, 1925 in Colorado Springs.

"Slavery was a mighty hard life. Kitty Diggs hired me out to a Presbyterian minister when I was seven years old, to take care of three children.

"I nursed in dat family one year. Den Miss Diggs hired me out to a baker named Henry Tillman to nurse three children. I nursed there two years. Neither family was nice to me. De preacher had a big farm. I was only seven years old so dey put me on a pony at meal time to ride out to de field and call de hands to dinner. After the meals were finished, I helped in de kitchen, gathered the eggs, and kept plenty busy. My father was owned by de Lewis family out in the country, but Miss Diggs owned my mother and all her children. I never attended school until I came to St. Louis. When Abraham Lincoln was assassinated I had never been to school. Dat same year I attended school at Benton Barracks and went about six or seven months with de soldiers. There was no Negro school in St. Louis at dat time. The next school I attended was St. Paul Chapel, 11th and Green Streets. I went dere about six months. De next place I went to school was 18th and Warren. I went there about two years. My next school was 23rd and Morgan, now Delmar Boulevard, in a store building. I went dere between two and three years. I was

very apt and learned fast. My father at de time I was going from school to school, was a nurse in Benton Barracks and my mother taken in washing and ironing. I had to help her in de home with de laundry.

"I married at de age of twenty-two and was de mother of seven children, but only have two now living, my daughter dat lives next door and in de same yard with me, and a son in the Philippine Islands. I have eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

"I so often think of de hard times my parents had in dere slave days, more than I feel my own hard times, because my father was not allowed to come to see my mother but two nights a week. Dat was Wednesday and Saturday. So often he came home all bloody from beatings his old overseer would give him. My mother would take those bloody clothes off of him, bathe de sore places and grease them good and wash and iron his clothes, so he could go back clean.

"But once he came home bloody after a beating he did not deserve and he run away. He scared my mother most to death because he had run away, and she done all in her power to persuade him to go back. He said he would die first, so he hid three days and three nights, under houses and in the woods, looking for a chance to cross the line but de patrollers were so hot on his trail he couldn't make it. He could see de riders hunting him, but dey didn't see him. After three days and three nights he was so weak and hungry, he came out and gave himself up to a slave trader dat he knew, and begged de trader to buy him from his owner, Mr. Lewis, because Marse Lewis was so mean to him, and de slave trader knew how valuable he was to his owner. De trader promised him he would try to make a deal with his owner for him, because de trader wanted him. So when dey brought father back to his owner and asked to buy him, Mr. Lewis said dere wasn't a plantation owner with money enough to pay him for Spot. Dat was my father's name, so of course that put my father back in de hands of Marse Lewis. Lewis owned a large tobacco plantation and my father was de head man on dat plantation. He cured all de tobacco, as it was brought in from the field, made all the twists and plugs of tobacco. His owner's son taught him to read, and dat made his owner so mad, because my father read de emancipation for freedom to de other slaves, and it made dem so happy, dey could not work well, and dey got so no one could manage dem, when dey found out dey were to be freed in such a short time.

"Father told his owner after he found out he wouldn't sell him, dat if he whipped him again, he would run away again, and keep on running away until he made de free state land. So de slave trader begged my father not to run away from Marse Lewis, because if he did Lewis would be a ruined man, because he did not have another man who could manage de workers as father did. So the owner knew freedom was about to be declared and my father would have de privilege of leaving whether his owner liked it or not. So Lewis knew my father knew it as well as he did, so he sat down and talked with my father about the future and promised my father if he would stay with him and ship his tobacco for him and look after all of his business on his plantation after freedom was declared, he would give him a nice house and lot for his family right on his plantation. And he had such influence over de other slaves he wanted him to convince de others dat it would be better to stay with their former owner and work for him for their living dan take a chance on strangers they did not know and who did not know dem. He pleaded so hard with my father, dat father told him all right to get rid of him. But Lewis had been so mean to father, dat down in father's heart he felt Lewis did not have a spot of good in him. No place for a black man.

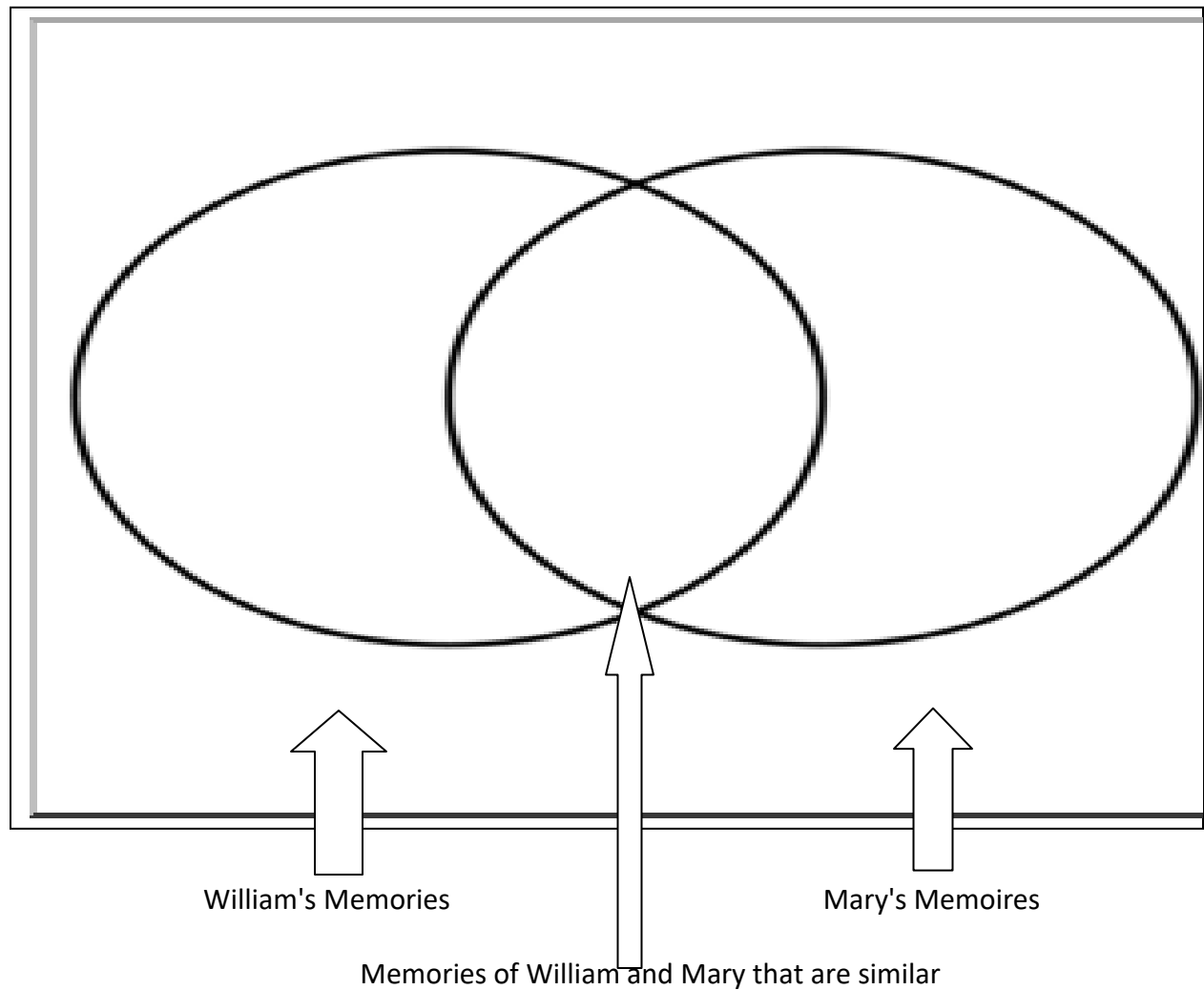
"So father stayed just six months after dat promise and taken eleven of de best slaves on de plantation, and went to Kansas City and all of dem joined the U.S. Army. Dey enlisted de very night dey got to Kansas City and de very next morning de Pattie owners were dere on de trail after dem to take dem back home, but de officers said dey were now enlisted U.S. Soldiers and not slaves and could not be touched.

"In de county where I was raised de white people went to church in de morning and de slaves went in de afternoon. I was converted at the age of fourteen, and married in 1882. My husband died May 27, 1896 and I have been a widow every since. I do get a pension now, I never started buying dis little old 4-room frame dwelling until I was 64 years old and paid for it in full in six years and six months.

"I am a member of St. Peter's A.M.E. Church in North St. Louis. I told you my father's name was Spot, but that was his nickname in slavery. His full name was Spottwood Rice and my son's full name is William A. Bell. He is enlisted in de army in de Philippine Islands. I love army men, my father, brother, husband and son were all army men. I love a man who will fight for his rights, and any person that wants to be something.

Memories from an Enslaved Life

William Black and Mary Bell



Activity Five

Primary and Secondary Sources

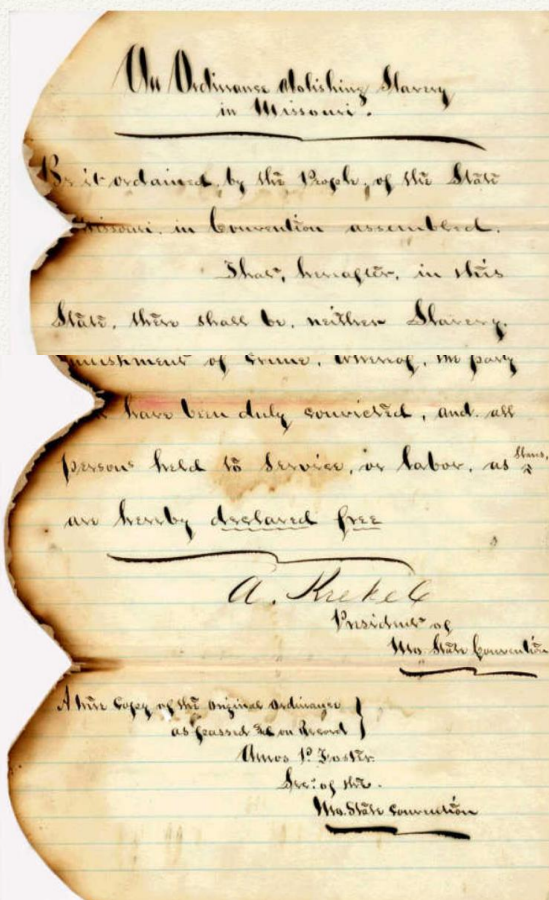
An Ordinance Abolishing Slavery in Missouri

Be it ordained by this Project(?) of the State of Missouri in Convention Assembled.

That, hereafter in this State, there shall be neither Slavery, nor involuntary Servitude, except in punishment of crime whereof the party must have been duly convicted, and all persons held to service, or labor as slaves are hereby declared free.

A. Krekel
President of
Missouri State Convention

A [????] copy of the Original Ordinance
as passed and on record
Amos P. Foster
Secr. of the
Mo. State Convention



This document is from the 1865 Constitutional Convention, written just before the end of the Civil War. During the war, Missouri was in the difficult position of being a Union state with countless southern sympathizers. With the end of war in sight, many citizens, Radical Republicans chief among them, felt a new constitution was in order. In February 1864, the General Assembly called for a vote on a convention and ordered that, if approved, the convention would first consider amendments deemed necessary for the emancipation of slaves and then determine how to maintain voting privileges for loyal citizens.

This ordinance was proposed at the constitutional convention that convened January 6, 1865, in St. Louis. Passed on January 11, 1865, the ordinance abolished slavery in Missouri; only four delegates voted against it. This document is significant in the state's history because it was approved three weeks before the United States Congress proposed the Thirteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. The Thirteenth Amendment, abolishing slavery in the United States, did not go into effect until December 18, 1865.

This document was one of those rescued from the burning Capitol building after it was struck by lightning on February 5, 1911. Although the Capitol was destroyed, many important documents were saved with varying degrees of damage.

The Day That Missouri Finally Freed Its Slaves

By Tim O'Neil toneil@post-dispatch.com [edited]

Jan 11, 2018

ST. LOUIS • 60 cannon thundered along Clark Street. The evening sparkled with a fireworks show and thousands of lanterns and candle. The occasion was the celebration on Jan. 14, 1865, of Missouri's decision to emancipate [free] all slaves within its borders. A state constitutional convention, meeting at the Mercantile Library, 510 Locust Street, had abolished slavery on January 11. Freedom for Missouri slaves began that day.

When the Civil War began, 115,000 Missourians were slaves, most in counties along the Missouri River. Gov. Claiborne Jackson, a slaveholder, tried to join the state to the Confederacy. Pro-Unionists, concentrated in St. Louis, thwarted Jackson but had wildly differing views on slavery. The next governor, Hamilton Gamble, wanted to save slavery and the Union. U.S. Sen. Gratz Brown supported letting blacks vote; few Missourians wanted that. Guerrilla war raged in the state.

President Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of Jan. 1, 1863, did not cover border states like Missouri. The 13th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution abolishing slavery would not be ratified by the states until December 1865.

In October of 1864, Union soldiers crushed a final Confederate invasion led by Gen. and former governor Sterling Price. The Missouri special convention ended slavery but refused to give voting rights to blacks.

But emancipation was momentous enough for a celebration. The *Missouri Democrat*, a pro-Lincoln newspaper in St. Louis, cheered the decision with a headline, "Glad Tidings of Great Joy."

The *Missouri Democrat* said an integrated crowd of thousands mingled near today's Old Courthouse for the fireworks show. Candles brightened the windows of homes and shops. "In many parts of the city the colored people had meetings, and their rejoicings were unbounded," the newspaper wrote.

Its rival, the conservative newspaper *Missouri Republican*, sniffed that the event "was by no means universally participated in by the citizens." It did call the fireworks "very brilliant."

The Missouri Voting Rights League, led by former slave James Milton Turner of St. Louis, worked to extend the vote to blacks. White voters rejected the idea in 1868, but the state accepted the 15th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which extended the vote to African-American men in 1870.


Answer these questions concerning the two readings:

1. What is a primary source?
2. What is a secondary source?
3. Is the first or the second artifact a primary source?
4. What date was the second artifact published?
5. The fireworks show was integrated. What does that mean?
6. Why would some Missouri citizens not have participated in the celebration?

Additional Resources

These are provided so the educator can create additional activities should class time allow.

RANAWAY,



From the residence of A. King, in St. Charles, on Wednesday night, the 2nd instant, my servant girl, named "ANN." She is a bright copper-colored mulatto, medium height, rather slight form, quite likely, and about 20 years of age.

Reward.

I will pay a reward of \$25 for the arrest of said girl, if taken in St. Charles county, \$50 if taken out of said county, and \$100 if taken out of the State and returned to me or said King, in St. Charles county, or placed in confinement so I obtain possession of her.

CATHARINE E. PITTS.

St. Charles, Mo., August 7th, 1854.

This notice appeared in the archives of the St. Charles County Historical Society.

Political Cartoons

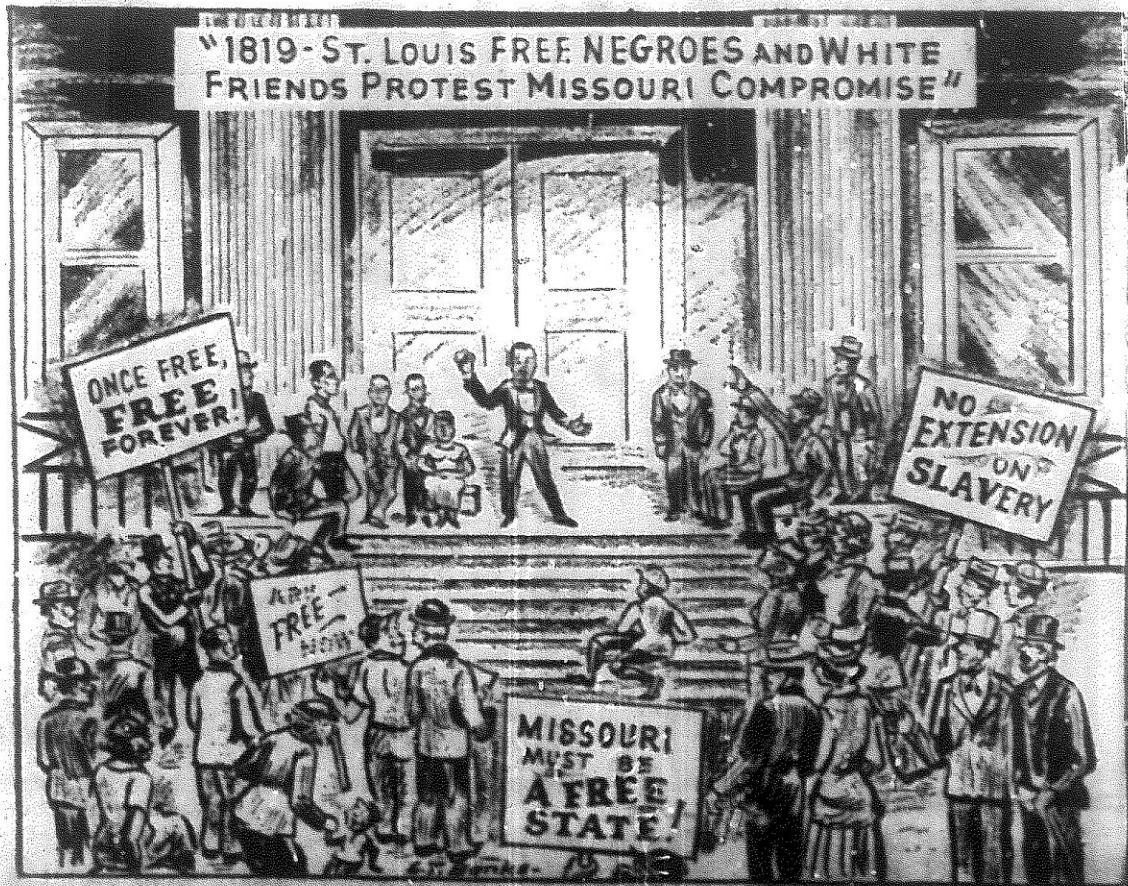
A political cartoon is a drawing that shows the political opinion of the artist. Some political cartoons may show an event for which there is no photograph. In others, the people in the cartoon are caricatured (drawn to make fun of some facial or body features). Two famous political cartoons are shown below:



The first one was drawn by Benjamin Franklin to tell Americans what he thought would happen if the colonies did not unite their forces against the French during the French and Indian Wars. It was again used to encourage the newly independent colonies to join the United States.

The second cartoon shows the rulers of Europe dividing China in the early 1900s. China looks like a pie being cut for other nations to take control. Each ruler's subjects would run a different part of China. The Chinese Emperor is upset and in the background because he is not being consulted about the Europeans dividing and controlling his country.

Below is a cartoon which ran in the September 1964 St. Louis American newspaper. St. Louis was again experiencing protests seeking civil rights for African Americans and they wanted to remind citizens that the struggle for equal rights went back to the beginning of the state.



*First Civil Rights Protest Over
Missouri Compromise in 1819*

Two Additional Slave Narratives

Mary Armstrong

This interview is from an exhibit at the Missouri State Museum sponsored by the Missouri Parks Department. This narrative and several others can be found on the website which accompanied the exhibit:

<https://mostateparks.com/page/58373/individual-slave-narratives>

MARY ARMSTONG, ST. LOUIS, MO.

"I'se Aunt Mary all right, but you all has to 'scuse me if I don't talk so good 'cause I has been feelin' porly for a spell an' I ain't so young no more. I's 91 years old. Law me, when I think back what I used to do. Why Mis' Olivia, my mistress, used to put a glass plumb full of water on my head an' then have me waltz 'round the room an' I would dance so smooth like, I don't spill nary a drop. That was in St. Louis whar I was born. You see when I was born my mamma belong to old William Cleveland an' old Polly Cleveland an' they was the meanest two white folks what ever lived 'cause they was always beatin' on their slaves. Old Polly whipped my little sister what was only nine months old, ... jus' cause she cry like all babies do, an' it killed my sister.

The farms was lots difrunt from down here [in Texas]. They call 'em plantations down here, but up at St. Louis they was jes' farms. An' that's jes' what they was, cause we raise wheat, barley, rye, oats, corn, an' fruit. They wasn't no cotton growin' up there. The houses was built with brick an' heavy wood 'cause ... it was sure cold in the wintertime.

Mamma had been put together with my father, Sam Adams, what belonged to a slave trader what had a place next to old Cleveland. But that didn' make no difference to old Cleveland. He was so mean that he never would sell the man an' woman, an' chillen to the same one. He would sell the man here, an' the woman there, an' if they was chillen, he would sell them someplace else. An' when he would sell a slave, he would grease their mouth all up to make it look like they had been fed good an' was strong an' healthy.

Mis' Olivia had took a likin' to me an', though her papa and mama so mean, she's kind to everyone, an' they jes' love her. She marries to Mr. Will Adams what was a fine man, an' has 'bout five farms, and 500 slaves, an' he buys me for her from old Cleveland.

We don't live on the farm, but we live in St. Louis on Chinquapin Hill, an' I's house girl for Mis' Olivia, an' when the babies starts to come I nusses 'em, an' when they was asleep, I spins thread for clothes.

Then I hear old Cleveland take my mamma to Texas... but I couldn' do nothin' 'bout it.

I stayed with Mis' Olivia 'til in '63 when Mr. Will set all his slaves free. He said we had a right to freedom an' read a proclamation. I was a big girl then, bout 17 years old. Mis' Olivia, she ask me what I want to do an' I tell her I want to find my mamma. Mis' Olivia talk to Mr. Will an' he fixes me up two papers... both has written, 'on what I don't know about, an' big gold seals what he says is the seal of the State of Missouri. An' he gives me money, an' buys my fare ticket to Texas. He tells me they is still slave times down here, an' to put the papers in my bosom, but to do whatever the white folks tells me to, even if they want to take an' sell me. But he says, 'Before you get of the block jes' pull out the papers, but jes' hold 'em up to let folks see 'em, an' not let 'em get out of your hands, an' when they see them they has to let you alone.'

"They put me in the back end [of the boat] whar the big old wheel what run the boat was. Nobody bothers me 'tall 'cause de Capt'ins all tell folks I has papers an' has had the fare all the way paid. I looks 'round Houston, but not long, ... an' I gets the stagecoach to go to Austin.

Then I has trouble sure. Some man...come to whar I is at an' say 'Who you belong to?' I tells him nobody now, I has been freed an' am lookin' for my mamma. Then I sure 'nuff got scared... They takes me to a block what they sells slaves on. I gets right up like they tells me, 'cause I rec'lec's what Mr. Will had tol' me to do, an' they starts lookin' me over an' biddin' on me. An' when they cried off, an' ...Mr. Crosby come up to get me, I jes' pulled out my papers an' held 'em up high,... an'

when he sees the gold seals, he says 'Lemme; see it,' but I says 'You jes' look at it up here.' Mr. Crosby he squints up an' say, 'Why sure 'nuf, this gal is free an' has papers.'

Mr. Crosby he say to me, in a few days that they is a slave refugee camp of slaves an' some of 'em been brought down from Missouri. Mr. Crosby tells me how I can get there, but I din' have no money much left. But he let me work in the house for my livin' an' paid me a little besides an' when the war was over, I started out an' looked for mamma again an' found her like they said. Law me, talk 'bout cryin', an' singin', an' crying some more. We sure done it.

But law me, so much has gone out of my mind years 'cause I'se 91 years old now an' my mind jes' like my legs, jes' kinda hobble 'round a bit."



This photo of Mary was taken in Texas about the same time the narrative was done. It was posted to Pinterest on the Internet by Theodore Bolton of Texas.

Note: Other slave narratives from the WPA Project are available on the following website:

<https://www.gutenberg.org/files/11255/11255-h/11255-h.htm>

Cudjo Lewis

In the 1930s, African American Author Zora Neale Hurston interviewed the last living slave known to have been brought to America in a slave ship. The section of her interview below is from the website:

<http://www.vulture.com/2018/04/zora-neale-hurston-barracoon-excerpt.html>

The website has more information about the Hurston - Lewis Interview and about Lewis and his family. Hurston's book gives more details about Lewis and what it was to be a kidnapped African aboard a slave ship bound for America across the Middle Passage.

“Barracoon,” by Zora Neale Hurston

Excerpt from [Barracoon: The Story of the Last “Black Cargo,”](#) by Zora Neale Hurston. Published by Amistad Press. Copyright © 2018 by the Zora Neale Hurston Trust.

IN AFRICA

My father he name O-lo-loo-ay. He not a rich man. He have three wives. My mama she name Ny-fond-lo-loo. She de second wife. My mama have one son befo' me so I her second child. She have four mo' chillun after me, but dat ain' all de chillun my father got. He got nine by de first wife and three by de third wife.

In de compound I play games wid all de chillun. We wrassle wid one 'nother. We see which one kin run de fastest. We clam de palm tree wid coconut on it and we eatee dat, we go in de woods and hunt de pineapple and banana.

One day de chief send word to de compound. He want see all de boys dat done see fourteen rainy seasons. Dat makee me very happy because I think he goin' send me to de army. But in de Affica soil dey teachee de boys long time befo' dey go in de army. First de fathers (elders) takee de boys on journey to hunt. Dey got to learn de step on de ground (tracks). De fathers teachee us to know a place for de house (camp site). We shoot de arrows from de bow. We chunkee spear. We kill de beastes and fetchee dem home wid us.

I so glad I goin' be a man and fight in de army lak my big brothers. Every year dey teachee us mo' war. But de king, Akia'on, say he doan go make no war. He make us strong so nobody doan make war on us. Four, five rainy seasons it keep on lak dat, den I grow tall and big. I kin run in de bush all day and not be tired.

CAPTURE

De King of Dahomey, you know, he got very rich ketchin slaves. He keep his army all de time making raids to grabee people to sell. One traitor from Takkoi (Cudjo's village), he a very bad man and he go straight in de Dahomey and say to de king, "I show you how to takee Takkoi." He tellee dem de secret of de gates. (The town had eight gates, intended to provide various escape routes in the event of an attack.)

Derefore, dey come make war, but we doan know dey come fight us. Dey march all night long and we in de bed sleep. It bout daybreak when de people of Dahomey breakee de Great Gate. I not woke yet. I hear de yell from de soldiers while dey choppee de gate. Derefore I jump out de bed and lookee. I see de great many soldiers wid French gun in de hand and de big knife. Dey got de women soldiers too and dey run wid de big knife and dey ketch people and saw de neck wid de knife den dey twist de head so it come off de neck. Oh Lor', Lor'! I see de people gittee kill so fast!

Everybody dey run to de gates so dey kin hide deyselves in de bush, you unnerstand me. I runnee fast to de gate but some de men from Dahomey dey

dere too. I runnee to de nexy gate but dey dere too. Dey surround de whole town. One gate lookee lak nobody dere so I make haste and runnee towards de bush. But soon as I out de gate dey grabee me, and tie de wrist. I beg dem, please lemme go back to my mama, but dey don't pay whut I say no 'tenshun.

While dey ketchin' me, de king of my country (Akia'on) he come out de gate, and dey grabee him. Dey take him in de bush where de king of Dahomey wait wid some chiefs. When he see our king, he say to his soldiers, "Bring me de word-changer" (interpreter). When de word-changer came he say, "Astee dis man why he put his weakness agin' de Lion of Dahomey?" Akia'on say to de Dahomey king, "Why don't you fight lak men? Why you doan come in de daytime so dat we could meet face to face?"

Den de king of Dahomey say, "Git in line to go to Dahomey so de nations kin see I conquer you."

Akia'on say, "I ain' goin' to Dahomey. I born a king in Takkoi where my father and his fathers rule. I not be no slave."

De king of Dahomey askee him, "You not goin' to Dahomey?"

He tell him, "No, I ain' goin'."

De king of Dahomey doan say no mo'. One woman soldier step up wid de machete and chop off de head of de king, and pick it off de ground and hand it to de king of Dahomey. When I think 'bout dat time I try not to cry no mo'. My eyes dey stop cryin' but de tears runnee down inside me all de time. I no see none my family.

All day dey make us walk. De sun so hot. De king of Dahomey, he ride in de hammock and de chiefs wid him dey got hammock too. Dey tie us in de line so nobody run off. In dey hand dey got de head of de people dey kill in Takkoi.

Some got two, three head. Oh Lor' I wish dey bury dem! I doan lak see my people head in de soldier hands; and de smell makee me so sick.

After a three-day forced march, the party arrived at the coast; Cudjo had never seen the ocean before.

When we git in de place dey put us in a barracoon behind a big white house and dey feed us some rice. We see many ships in de sea, but we cain see so good 'cause de white house, it 'tween us and de sea. But Cudjo see de white men, and dass somethin' he ain' never seen befo'.

De barracoon we in ain' de only slave pen at the place. Sometime we holler back and forth and find out where each other come from. But each nation in a barracoon by itself. We not so sad now, and we all young folks so we play game and clam up de side de barracoon so we see whut goin' on outside.

When we dere three weeks a white man come in de barracoon wid two men of de Dahomey. Dey make everybody stand in a ring. Den de white man lookee and lookee. He lookee hard at de skin and de feet and de legs and in de mouth. Den he choose. Every time he choose a man he choose a woman. He take sixty-five men wid a woman for each man. Den de white man go way. But de people of Dahomey come bring us lot of grub for us to eatee 'cause dey say we goin' leave dere. We eatee de big feast. Den we cry, we sad 'cause we doan want to leave the rest of our people in de barracoon. We all lonesome for our home. We doan know whut goin' become of us.



Lewis in his home in the 1930s. Photo: Erik Overbey Collection, The Doy Leale McCall Rare Book and Manuscript Library, University of South Alabama.

MIDDLE PASSAGE

Dey come and tie us in de line and lead us round de big white house. Den we see so many ships. We see de white man dat buy us. I in de last boat go out. Dey almost leavee me on de shore.

As the slaves were being rowed out to the Clotilda, the ship's captain began to suspect that the Dahomey were going to trick him and try to recapture the people he'd just bought, so he gave orders to "abandon the cargo not already on board, and to sail away with all speed."

When I see my friend Keebie in de boat I want go wid him. So I holler and dey turn round and takee me. When we ready to leave and go in de ship, dey snatch our country cloth off us. Dey say, “You get plenty clothes where you goin’.” Oh Lor’, I so shame! We come in de ’Merica soil naked and de people say we naked savage.

Soon we git in de ship dey make us lay down in de dark. Dey doan give us much to eat. Me so thirst! Dey give us a little bit of water twice a day. De water taste sour. (Vinegar was usually added to the water to prevent scurvy.)

On de thirteenth day dey fetchee us on de deck. We so weak we ain’ able to walk ourselves, so de crew take each one and walk ’round de deck till we git so we kin walk ourselves. We lookee and lookee and lookee and we doan see nothin’ but water. Where we come from, we doan know. Where we goin, we doan know. Cudjo suffer so in dat ship. I so skeered on de sea! De water, you unnerstand me, it makee so much noise! It growl lak de thousand beastes in de bush. De wind got so much voice on de water. Sometime de ship way up in de sky. Sometimes it way down in de bottom of de sea. Dey say de sea was calm. Cudjo doan know, seem lak it move all de time.

When the Clotilda arrived on the Alabama Gulf Coast, Cudjo and his fellow captives were ordered to stay below deck; they were taken ashore after dark and made to hide in a swamp for several days.

SLAVERY

Cap’n Tim Meaher, he tookee thirty-two of us. Cap’n Burns Meaher he tookee ten couples. Some dey sell up de river. Cap’n Bill Foster he tookee de eight couples and Cap’n Jim Meaher he gittee de rest. We very sorry to be parted from one ’nother. We seventy days cross de water from de Affica soil, and now dey part us from one ’nother. Derefore we cry. Our grief so heavy look lak we cain stand it. I think maybe I die in my sleep when I dream about my mama.

Cap'n Jim he tookee me. Dey doan put us to work right away 'cause we doan unnerstand what dey say and how dey do. But de others show us how dey raisee de crop in de field. Cap'n Tim and Cap'n Burns Meaher workee dey folks hard. Dey got overseer wid de whip. One man try whippee one my country women and dey all jump on him and takee de whip 'way from him and lashee him wid it. He doan never try whip Affican women no mo'.

We doan know why we be bring 'way from our country to work lak dis. Everybody looker at us strange. We want to talk wid de udder colored folkses but dey doan know whut we say. Some makee de fun at us.

Cudjo's owner, Jim, ran a shipping business on the Alabama River between Mobile and Montgomery, and Cudjo was eventually enlisted to "tote freight" on and off the boats.

Every time de boat stoppee at de landing, you unnerstand me, de overseer, he go down de gangplank and standee on de ground. De whip stickee in his belt. He holler, "Hurry up, dere, you! Runnee fast! Can't you runnee no faster dan dat? Hurry up!" He cuttee you wid de whip if you ain' run fast 'nough to please him. If you doan git a big load, he hitee you too.

De war commences but we doan know 'bout it when it start. Den somebody tell me de folkses way up in de North make de war so dey free us. I lak hear dat. But we wait and wait, we heard de guns shootee sometime but nobody don't come tell us we free. So we think maybe dey fight 'bout something else.

Know how we gittee free? Cudjo tellee you dat. De boat I on, it in de Mobile. We all on dere to go in de Montgomery, but Cap'n Jim Meaher, he not on de boat dat day. It April 12, 1865. De Yankee soldiers dey come down to de boat and eatee de mulberries off de trees. Den dey see us and say, "Y'all can't stay dere no mo'. You free, you doan b'long to nobody no mo.' "

Oh, Lor'! I so glad. We astee de soldiers where we goin'? Dey say dey doan know. Dey told us to go where we feel lak goin', we ain' no mo' slave.

FREEDOM

After dey free us, we so glad, we makee de drum and beat it lak in de Affica soil. We glad we free, but we cain stay wid de folks what own us no mo'. Where we goin' live, we doan know.

We want buildee de houses for ourselves, but we ain' got no lan'. We meet together and we talk. We say we from cross de water so we go back where we come from. So we say we work in slavery five year and de six months for nothin', now we work for money and gittee in de ship and go back to our country. We think Cap'n Meaher dey ought take us back home. But we think we save money and buy de ticket ourselves. So we tell de women, "Now we all want go back home. Derefo' we got to work hard and save de money. You see fine clothes, you must not wish for dem." De women tell us dey do all dey kin to get back, and dey tellee us, "You see fine clothes, don't you wish for dem neither."

But it too much money we need. So we think we stay here. We see we ain' got no ruler, no chief lak in de Affica. Dey tell us nobody doan have no king in 'Merica soil. Derefo' we make Gumpa de head. He a nobleman back in Dahomey. We ain' mad wid him 'cause de king of Dahomey 'stroy our king and sell us to de white man. He didn't do nothin' 'ginst us. We join ourselves together to live.

Because Cudjo "always talkee good," the Africans selected him to approach their former owners and ask for land in exchange for their years of free labor. One day not long after dey tell me to speakee, Cudjo cuttin' timber for de mill. Cap'n Tim Meaher come sit on de tree Cudjo just choppee down. I say, now is de time for Cudjo to speakee for his people. We want lan' so much I almost cry and derefo' I stoppee work and lookee and lookee at Cap'n Tim. He set on de tree choppin splinters wid his pocket knife. When he doan hear de axe on de tree no mo' he look up and astee me,

"Cudjo, what make you so sad?"

I tell him, “Cap’n Tim, I grieve for my home.”

He say, “But you got a good home, Cudjo.”

Cudjo say, “Cap’n Tim, how big is de Mobile?”

“I doan know, Cudjo, I’ve never been to de four corners.”

“Well, if you give Cudjo all de Mobile, dat railroad, and all de banks, Cudjo doan want it ’cause it ain’ home. Cap’n Tim, you brought us from our country where we had lan’. You made us slave. Now dey make us free but we ain’ got no country and we ain’ got no lan’! Why doan you give us piece dis land so we kin buildee ourself a home?”

Cap’n jump on his feet and say, “Fool do you think I goin’ give you property on top of property? I tookee good keer my slaves and derefo’ I doan owe dem nothin.”

Cudjo tell de people whut Cap’n Tim say. Dey say, “Well, we buy ourself a piece of lan’. ” We workee hard and save, and eat molasse and bread and buy de land from de Meaher. Dey doan take off one five cent from de price for us.

We make Gumpa de head and Jaybee and Keebie de judges. Den we make laws how to behave ourselves. When anybody do wrong we make him ’pear befo’ de judges and dey tellee him he got to stop doin’ lak dat ’cause it doan look nice. We doan want nobody to steal, neither gittee drunk, neither hurtee nobody.

We call our village Affican Town.

FAMILY

Abila, she a woman, you unnerstand me, from cross de water. Dey call her Seely in Americky soil. I want dis woman to be my wife. Whut did Cudjo say so dat dis woman know he want to marry her? I tellee you de truth how it was. One day Cudjo say to her, “I likee you to be my wife. I ain’ got nobody.”

She say, “Whut you want wid me?”

“I wantee marry you.”

“You think if I be yo’ wife you kin take keer me?”

“Yeah, I kin work for you. I ain’ goin’ to beat you.” I didn’t say no more. We got married one month after we ’gree ’tween ourselves.

We didn’t had no wedding. Whether it was March or Christmas day, I doan remember now. We live together and we do all we kin to make happiness. After me and my wife ’gree ’tween ourselves, we seekee religion and got converted. Den in de church dey tell us we got to marry by license. In de Afficky soil, we ain’ got no license. So den we gittee married by de license, but I doan love my wife no mo’ wid de license than befo’ de license. She a good woman and I love her all de time.

Me and my wife we have de six chillun together. Five boys and one girl. Oh, Lor’! Oh, Lor’! We so happy. We been married ten months when we have our first baby. We call him Yah-Jimmy, just de same lak we was in de Afficky soil. For Americky we call him Aleck.

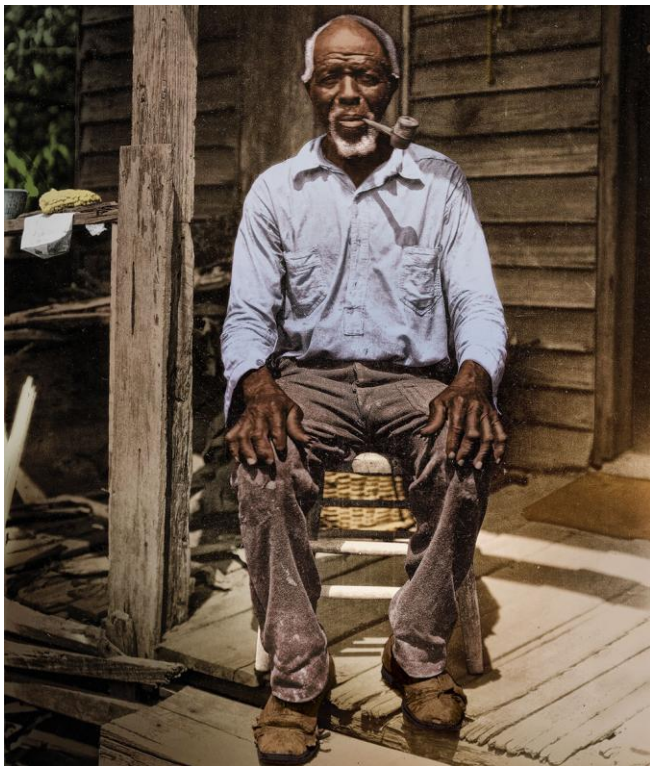
So you unnerstand me, we give our chillun two names. One name because we not furgit our home; den another name for de Americky soil so it won’t be too crooked to call. All de time de chillun growin’ de American folks dey picks at dem. Dey callee my chillun ig’nant savage and make out dey kin to monkey. Derefo’, my boys dey fight. Dey got to fight all de time. Me and dey mama doan lak to hear our chillun call savage. It hurtee dey feelings. When dey whip de

other boys, dey folks come to our house and tellee us, “Yo’ boys mighty bad, Cudjo. We ’fraid they goin’ kill somebody.”

Cudjo meetee de people at de gate and tellee dem, “You see de rattlesnake in de woods?” Dey say, “Yeah.” I say, “If you bother wid him, he bite you. Same way wid my boys, you unnerstand me.” But dey keep on.

We Afficans try raise our chillun right. We Afficky men doan wait lak de other colored people till de white folks gittee ready to build us a school. We build one for ourself den astee de county to send us de teacher. Oh, Lor’! I love my chillun so much! I try so hard be good to our chillun.

Cudjo’s wife died about 20 years before Hurston interviewed him, and all six of his children were gone by then, too. Three died of illnesses, his only daughter at age 15; his youngest son was shot and killed; another died in an accident; and another left home one day to go fishing and never came back.



A Discussion of Nomenclature: Words Matter

Students may have noticed that the narrative and activities in this unit use both the terms "slave" and "enslaved person or persons." They may also have noted that in many of the primary source documents the names of enslaved persons are not recorded at all or they are listed only by first name. For example, the first name of Dudley Johnson's grandfather has been lost because he is listed in county documents by only gender and age. Even his age is not certain, as the birth of enslaved persons was frequently not recorded.

Historians are currently divided as to nomenclature to use when referring to people of color who were owned by others before the Civil War. The term "slave," which has traditionally been used, is considered dehumanizing. It reflects the fact that enslaved persons had no legal rights. They were considered property. Therefore, many scholars prefer to use the term "enslaved person." The authors have chosen to use both terms so as to be consistent with the primary sources, but to also recognize the humanity of enslaved persons.

More mature students may wish to discuss "Nomenclature" - how terms used to name groups of people reflect an opinion about the status of the individuals in society. Here the teacher must use care in keeping the class discussion at a level that does not drift into students using terms which would offend members of the class.

Another approach for a class discussion would be to discuss why and when groups and people prefer to change the terms and names used to define them. For example, should the indigenous people of North America be called Indians, American Indians, Native Americans, or called by the name of their tribes. The term Indians was used for over 150 years, but it is obvious that these indigenous people are not from India.

A discussion of family names (last names) might be appropriate for younger students. They may be familiar with the practice of a woman taking her husband's last name when she gets married. Why would she do this? Why might a woman wish to keep her maiden name or use a hyphenated last name? What about children who are adopted? Should they keep their original last name or take the family name of their stepfather?

Words matter. Older students need to be prepared to read documents from the past which use terms which are inappropriate today. It is important that students see the value of individuals despite derogatory terms which may have been applied to their ethnic group in the past. The history of the United States is composed of all the stories of these groups which came from all over the world. Each group has a story to tell. Each individual needs a voice.