Literatur des Südens und Anfänge der afroamerikanischen Literatur

Phillis Wheatley, “On Being Brought From Africa to America”

’Twas mercy brought me from my Pagan land,
Taught my benighted soul to understand
That there’s a God, and there’s a Saviour too:
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew.
Some view our sable race with scornful eye,
‘Their colour is a diabolic die.’
Remember, Christians, Negroes, black as Cain,
May be refin’d, and join th’ angelic train.


“That Uncle Tom,” she said, one day, when she was reading to her friend, “I can understand why Jesus wanted to die for us.”

“Why, Miss Eva?”

“Because I’ve felt so, too.”

“What is it, Miss Eva?—I don’t understand.”

“I can’t tell you; but, when I saw those poor creatures on the boat, you know, when you came up and I, some had lost their mothers, and some their husbands, and some mothers cried for their little children; and when I heard about poor Prue—oh, wasn’t that dreadful!—and a great many other times I’ve felt that I would be glad to die, if my dying could stop all this misery. I would die for them, Tom, if I could,” said the child earnestly, laying her little thin hand on his.

Tom looked at the child with awe; and when she, hearing her father’s voice, glided away, he wiped his eyes many times as he looked after her.

Eva came tripping up the veranda steps to her father. It was late in the afternoon, and the rays of the sun formed a kind of glory behind her, as she came forward in her white dress, with her golden hair and glowing cheeks, her eyes unnaturally bright with the slow fever that burned in her veins.

Kap. 40

Legree drew in a long breath; and, suppressing his rage, took Tom by the arm, and, approaching his face almost to his, said, in a terrible voice, “Hark’e, Tom—ye think, ’cause I’ve let you off before, I don’t mean what I say; but, this time I’ve made up my mind, and counted the cost. You’ve always stood it out agin’ me—now I’ll conquer you or kill you!—one or t’ other. I’ll count every drop of blood there is in you, and take ’em, one by one, till ye give up!”

Tom looked up to his master, and answered, “Mas’r, if you was sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save ye, I’d give ye my heart’s blood; and, if taking every drop of blood in this poor old body would save your precious soul, I’d give ’em freely, as the Lord gave his for me. Oh mas’r! don’t bring this great sin on your soul! It will hurt you more than ’twill me! Do the worst you can, my troubles’ll be over soon; but if ye don’t repent, yours won’t never end!”

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music, heard in the lull of a tempest, this burst of feeling made a moment’s blank pause. Legree stood aghast, and looked at Tom; and there was such a silence, that the tick of the
old clock could be heard, measuring, with silent touch, the last moments of mercy and probation to that hardened heart.

It was but a moment. There was one hesitating pause, one irresolute, relenting thrill, and the spirit of evil came back with sevenfold vehemence; and Legree, foaming with rage, smote his victim to the ground.

Sidney Lanier, “Song of the Chattahoochee”, 1. Strophe

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

Charles W. Chesnutt, The House Behind the Cedars, Kap. 9

Rena was struck by a brilliant idea. She would test her lover. Love was a very powerful force; she had found it the greatest, grandest, sweetest thing in the world. Tryon had said that he loved her; he had said scarcely anything else for several weeks, surely nothing else worth remembering. She would test his love by a hypothetical question.

“You say you love me,” she said, glancing at him with a sad thoughtfulness in her large dark eyes. “How much do you love me?”

“I love you all one can love. True love has no degrees; it is all or nothing!”

“Would you love me,” she asked, with an air of coquetry that masked her concern, pointing toward the girl in the shrubbery, “if I were Albert’s nurse yonder?”

“If you were Albert’s nurse,” he replied, with a joyous laugh, “he would have to find another within a week, for within a week we should be married.”

The answer seemed to fit the question, but in fact, Tryon’s mind and Rena’s did not meet. That two intelligent persons should each attach a different meaning to so simple a form of words as Rena’s question was the best ground for her misgiving with regard to the marriage. But love blinded her. She was anxious to be convinced. She interpreted the meaning of his speech by her own thought and by the ardor of his glance, and was satisfied with the answer.

Booker T. Washington, Up From Slavery, Kap. 14

I believe it is the duty of the Negro—as the greater part of the race is already doing—to deport himself modestly in regard to political claims, depending upon the slow but sure influences that proceed from the possession of property, intelligence, and high character for the full recognition of his political rights. I think that the according of the full exercise of political rights is going to be a matter of natural, slow growth, not an overnight, gourd-vine affair. I do not believe that the Negro should cease voting, for a man cannot learn the exercise of self-government by ceasing to vote, any more than a boy can learn to swim by keeping out of the water, but I do believe that in his voting he should more and more be influenced by those of intelligence and character who are his next-door neighbors.

Literaturhinweise


Timeline: Geschichte und Literatur des Südens

1619
Einführung der Sklaverei in den Kolonien

1705
R. Beverley, *History and Present State of Virginia*

1708
Ebenezer Cook, *The Sot-Weed Factor*

1719/20
William Byrd, *The Secret Diaries*

1728
William Byrd, *The History of the Dividing Line*

1773
Phillis Wheatley, *Poems on Various Subjects*

1777-83
Unabhängigkeitskrieg verlagert sich in den Süden

1784
Gründung d. ersten abolitionistischen Gesellschaft

1788
Thomas Jefferson, *Notes on the State of Virginia*

1789
Olaudah Equiano, *The Interesting Narrative*

1804
Sklaverei in allen Nordstaaten abgeschafft

1808
Abschaffung des internationalen Sklavenhandels

1820
*Missouri Compromise; Gründung Liberias*
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Jahr</th>
<th>Ereignis</th>
<th>Autoren/ Werke</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1831</td>
<td>Nat Turner Rebellion</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835-37</td>
<td>Poe beim <em>Southern Literary Messenger</em></td>
<td>John Pendleton Kennedy, <em>Horse-Shoe Robinson</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1835</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1845</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>F. Douglass, Life and Times of Frederick Douglass</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1850</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1850</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1852</td>
<td></td>
<td>*(Harriet Beecher Stowe, <em>Uncle Tom’s Cabin</em>)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1854</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>William G. Simms, The Sword and the Distaff</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1857</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1859</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1861</td>
<td></td>
<td>John Pendleton Kennedy, <em>The Border States</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1863</td>
<td></td>
<td>Harriet Jacobs, <em>Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1865</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1867</td>
<td></td>
<td>Henry Timrod, „Ode: Sung on the Occasion of Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead ...“</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1875</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1876</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Sidney Lanier, „Corn“</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1877</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Mark Twain, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1884</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>George Washington Cable, The Grandissimes</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1887</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Mark Twain, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1892</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Thomas Nelson Page, In Ole Virginia</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1895</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Charles Chesnutt, The House Behind the Cedars</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1899</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1901</td>
<td></td>
<td><em>Booker T. Washington, Up from Slavery</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>