

STORIES HISTORIANS MAKE OUT OF THE STORIES THEY FIND

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History writing is a political, and so a moral act. It is a shaping not of the past but of its own present; and so it is an intervention toward shaping of the future. It is with strengthening that moral act that a gathering to confer on History and the Public must concern itself.

Titus Livius, native of this many-cultured North-Italian land, did it. He was a historian who commanded a public for nearly two thousand years - from the time of Augustus to at least the time when first the Americans and then the French made their great rolling revolution with their heads full of Livy's stories of the Roman Republic.

Can we do it? ("We" here being the historians and our associates in the present-day academy.) Can we command a public like that? Can we of academia be tellers of strong stories that edify the readers of serious books in our world?

Our doom, we modern-day historians tell ourselves, is the footnote. We are locked into critical scholarship and evidentiary discourses in ways that Livy was not. Factuality and criteria of verification, we may tell ourselves, dictate the story and crush the rhetoric. But, is that not self-delusion? Surely, it is we who have doomed ourselves to muffle human stories in ways of writing more and more about less and less for fewer and fewer readers! Is not this post-positivist age the time to affirm that we *can* be - and *should* be - both factual *and* rhetorical in our history writing? We must now confirm our commitment both to be faithful to the surviving evidence *and* to be meaningful in the stories we tell ourselves, and that we tell our age from those records. My own endeavour now - my sense of mission, and that of my closest colleagues - is to find ways to write history closely attentive both to the records and to the concerns of our day. If historians are to be heard as storytellers in their own time, AND if they are to report faithfully on the legacy of stories told in multitudinous ways by past people in the records, must they not be fascinatedly reflective on the stories historians make from the stories they find?

Finding Stories

I turn from questions in general to my own current engagement with them. I bring from my workshop a draft of my engagement with the diary stories one man told of the Revolution coming home to him - *his* stories that I expect to use to open and project a historical metanarrative. My metanarrative will be the history I write of this diarist, of his world, and of what was becoming of it.

First I must introduce this storyteller from the past who I am telling into our present. Colonel Landon Carter, of Sabine Hall in Northern Virginia, was born in August 1710 (in the ninth year of the reign of Queen Anne); he died in December 1778 (in the third year of the republic of the United States of America). His famous diary, in one form and another - with gaps and intermissions - runs from 1752 to 1778.

Here is a draft of a possible opening for the story - indeed for the metanarrative - I mean to make of the stories I have found:

On June 20th in the fateful year, 1776, the plantation diarist, the sixty-five-year-old Colonel Landon Carter, master of Sabine Hall, Virginia, seemed to be recording his usual observation and accumulated wisdom concerning field crops and their prospects. There were hopes perhaps - fears and apprehensions certainly - in his noting how: "Stiff land and dry weather never did well together since the creation, and my home cornfield shows it, though the ground has been so vastly well watered".

Five days later on the 25 June, it was more of the same - only the diarist now included an indirect obeisance to the Author of Creation, some characteristic book learning, and with it a characteristic Enlightenment spirit of enquiry, as he wrote that:

Wheat has the rust. Rust is a mystery to man and never has been explained from the days of Virgil to this time. I always remember that spells of northerly rains bring the rust, provided they are early in the year.

And then, on the morning of the next day, he woke to learn that it had happened.... What he had been dreading for a year and more had come to pass within his own household. Over decades now it had been coming to be sure...; he, unknowing, and wilfully blind along with his generation, had been preparing the way....

Eight slaves had taken firearms and fine clothing from inside the great house, and had gone for freedom. They had been led - it seemed to be known with certainty - by Moses who was surely abetted by an older slave, Manuel. All the signs showed that they had gone to join Lord Dunmore, the Royal Governor of Virginia. (At the outbreak of hostilities, a year earlier, Lord Dunmore had raised "the King's Standard", and proclaimed freedom to the slaves of rebels who would rally to it.)

Colonel Landon Carter was evidently deeply shaken by this defection now suddenly from within his own house, from under his own roof The shock of the realisation that slaves could make against him their own version of the revolution that he and his peers were making against George III, reverberated through the remaining pages of Colonel Carter's diary. (He died in December 1778, just two-and-a-half years after recording the outrageous defection of June 25/26 1776).

The Colonel listened avidly for news and sent messengers determinedly to get word of the self-emancipated eight. He believed - and vengefully recorded - an early report that they had been seen on the river by the militia stationed near his house, "going very fast" for the further shore. The story was that they had made it to that shore, had abandoned the canoe there, and soon been killed by the militia on that side. The Colonel's response was divided. On the one hand he took satisfaction in the report of their fitting deaths; and on the other hand he needed for them to live to repent - and if possible to beg for his forgiveness and the renewal of his patriarchal protection; he therefore, anxiously sought more certainty than rumours gave. Upon hearing further rumours, he recorded, vengefully again, the reported misery of all the slaves who had made it to Lord Dunmore's camp on Gwynn's Island. His Lordship was said to have, "last week sent off a load of negroes" to the West Indies - always the punishment believed to be feared more than death by Virginia slaves. Their anguish was said to be such that the whole of the county adjacent to the Island, "was disturbed with their howlings."

Yet vengefulness was not enough. The old planter had to go over for himself the rightness of slavery - its inevitability and appropriateness for those he had held in bondage. For the first time he reflected on the legitimacy of the institution on which was based his own, his forefathers', and his heirs' wealth and privilege. "Much is said of the slavery of negroes", he observed, and then he asked rhetorically: "but how [else] will servants be provided in these times? Those few [indentured] servants we have don't do as much as the poorest slaves If you free the slaves, you must send them out of the country or they must steal for their support".

And when he contemplated the eight and their betrayal of him, he was sure of the appropriateness of their being shipped away to the Islands. He

combined his personal vengefulness with a further rationalisation of slavery: "Possibly Captain Moses, the *freeman*, may be one of them " the Colonel speculated. Once there, he gloated, Moses might try - in vain of course - "to glut his genius for liberty, which" - and here came the final vicious outburst - "he was not born to".

All this punitive vengeance against slaves' renounced allegiance could not assuage the old master's wrathful unease. Nothing would really do but they would repent and seek to be taken back under his protection. So the Colonel eagerly recorded one of the very first reports he heard - that a returning runaway slave coming from Dunmore's camp to his Virginian master, had said that he had spoken with Moses on Gwynn's Island. Moses, it was said, not only declared concerning the Governor that "he never met so barbarous or so vile a fellow in his life", but that "if he could get back he would return to his master" at Sabine Hall, "for Dunmore had deceived all the Poor Slaves".

And then, two weeks later, the master's troubled psyche produced momentarily the longed-for restoration of the old order. The Colonel took pleasure in having received in person a sad recantation from one of the eight; as he recorded: "A strange dream this day about these runaway people. One of them I dreamt awakened me, and appeared most wretchedly meagre and wan. He told me of their great sorrow And he had come to ask if I would endeavour to get them pardoned."

With that enactment of a return to slave submission, the old master seems to have won some peace. But the trauma did not go away. Dunmore was still out there. When, a year later, more slaves from an out plantation ran for freedom, the deep disturbance resurfaced. The old gentleman gave a whole day's entry of his diary to reviewing his relationship to the freedom-choosing eight. He began with a sweeping declaration that: "I am glad to reflect on my own conduct to Moses and his gang that I have no kind of Severity in the least to accuse myself of to one of them; but on the contrary [only] a behaviour that should have taught them gratitude if there ever was a virtue of the sort in such creatures".

Then the Colonel assigned a number to each runaway, and as it were mustered them by number on the page, entering how each owed him life itself. He began, of course, with the arch defector: "1. Mr Moses, before I lost him to my son, was so very subject to worms as to be at times almost in the Jaws of death, And yet by God's blessing my care constantly saved him."

And so on, with all eight, through to the men the master reckoned the least ill-willed, the least ingrate.

But even this recital could not bring permanent reassurance. The revolutionary spectre of "the genius of liberty" moving those not "born" to

it, continued to haunt even the few remaining fragments of diary for the last year and a half of old Landon Carter's life. In one of the very last entries he was able to make, he was still venting rage at the very idea of revolution extending to 'his people'. "Slaves are devils", he wrote at the end of August 1778, three months before his death, "and to make them otherwise than slaves will be to set devils free".

Making Stories

The story we make out of the stories we find

What stories did I find in this instance?

Well, Colonel Landon Carter was an accomplished narrator, and he had come in his later years to fill his diary with artfully introduced, developed, and concluded stories. Continuing this practice, from 26 June 1776 on, he began the passionate set of stories of the eight runaways that I have resumed in the draft above.

The Colonel's stories are my first 'find' in this case. As you, the reader, must have sensed from the samples given, they were stories told in passion to relieve pent up feelings. The diarist identified traitors - persons whom he had known all their joint lives long He told his diary that he had trusted them - at any rate, he had done all he could to render them trustworthy by the combination of firmness, justice, and benevolence with which he claimed he had always treated them. They had shown some deference to this in their going - they spared his fine clothes and his silver shoe buckles But he had always known that no amount of his caring concern could make such persons trustworthy - especially not in times when sons, and overseers even, were turning the world upside down. (The reference here is to juxtaposed stories omitted in the short draft of my draft). So the Colonel passionately told of his deep desires. He told of his need for vengeance - his need to know that the defectors had been killed or were about to perish miserably. But his metanarrative is from his deepest desire - restitution. As they felt their justly deserved misery, the traitorous defectors must see their delusion, and must yearn to be taken once more into their former master's care and protection. The most cherished fantasy was of their actually coming to beseech him that all be as it was before.

I have tried to bring the Colonel's break-out stories forward into 1996, letting his narrative voice be heard. That is already highly problematic. How does one put a narrator from two-hundred years ago on stage now? -

especially when he comes to one with a rich and dramatic but wholly undisciplined script? - when his passion has frequently led him to splutter or stammer with his pen? I have done as most historian theatre directors do. I have not just edited but gutted Colonel Carter's script. More, I have written it into a script of my own - putting myself, the historian, also on stage to introduce Colonel Carter and to provide a narrative continuo by which the Colonel's story fragments are to be presented and sustained. But that narrative continuo is a second - now inevitably dominant - story. At the least - now replete with ironies and commentaries - it is my story - of the Colonel's unfolding of his metanarrative in episodes, each of which did and did not take him by surprise. At the most, it is the opening of my own historical metanarrative.

The more I reflect upon these matters, the more profoundly am I persuaded that it is upon the strength and appropriateness of my metanarrative that the success of the history I am trying to write will depend. Of course I must be factual - everything reported by me from 1776 must demonstrably have been done or said or written in that time. Of course I must be an effective anecdotal dramaturge - the narrative and dialogue of the scenes that I present on the stage of my history must be believable and dramatically arresting.

I know that this is a challenge I am only just beginning to meet. In the balancing of 'informant's' voice (Carter's in this case) in quotations (as against my own) and in my summarising of my 'informant', and in all that as against commenting and putting him in perspective, I have a lot of learning and revising to do. But I also know that the effort will only be worthwhile, if it is contributing to the unfolding of a historical metanarrative that matters.

The reader's attention may be fixed for a paragraph or even a page or so by vivid reportage of dramatic situation (or by striking discoveries of some kind), but even the academic reader, and surely the reader from the public out there, is going to leave off, if they do not sense that this is going somewhere - that it adds to understanding of something larger than itself.

What might that larger something be? Novels (along with their film and television counterparts) draw on and contribute to our mythology to show - through conflict and/or striking growth - life in varied forms, as we hope or (more commonly) fear it may turn out. The story is recognised from ones we already know; in its particular twists and variations it adds to our stock. I suppose that a dramatisation of Colonel Landon Carter - trying both to quell and to come to terms with large and small rebellions in his own family and household - has potential as a story for our times. It has the ironies - especially in this time of still-challenged, not-yet-fallen patriarchy - to be presented as an engrossing drama for the 1990s and beyond.

I am, however - for better or worse - not a novelist, but a historian. Colonel Landon Carter's story from his diary must in any case be read as History. This means that the metanarrative will be expected - by historians, I know, and by the reading public, I suspect - to enter into elaborating or revising already known and changing historical metanarratives.

Part of the metanarrative I will create in this endeavour is of an entering into a process of modern historiography - in itself a kind of drama. I will join with others in adding to the writing - in contrast to the Popes-and-Emperors history of all the time up to the latest decades - a history that is more democratic and inclusive of both sexes, all ages, and all races.

I must also meet an expectation that History carries a metanarrative of changing times. In this regard the narrative of Colonel Carter's trauma that I have given here in draft from my workshop, is an opening contribution to a metanarrative that I believe has eerie resonances with experiences of our own world from its 1950s mid-century to its 1990s *fin de siècle*. At Colonel Carter's mid-century I perceive a quite general bright-Enlightenment world in which the educated sensed themselves actually and potentially in rational control as never before. Then, from the 1760s on I see how they sensed themselves slipping into a clouded-over time of authority crisis. Emotional conflicts were increasingly threatening to disrupt controls, even as they - uncertainly - promised a being-true-to-the-emotions way of reconstituting authority. All that is apparent in my metanarrative - even before the smoke-palled and flickering-flame-glare of revolutionary conflagrations.

Seeking Stories

Colonel Carter's stories as just reviewed here, are only the first and most obvious stories discoverable in his diary. Moses and Manuel and those who went with them, told their stories in deeds. They were last seen headed for the further shore, and "going very fast" - a powerful metaphor in our reading of the Colonel's narrative.

They had already carefully armed themselves with firearms from the household arsenal, and furnished themselves with fine clothes and silver buckles from members of the master's family. Their only provision known to have been taken - were - strangely - four bottles of milk! as one of the Colonel's retrospections revealed. But all this is the men's deeds in the Colonel's telling. Of the way they might have rendered the sense of self, of purpose, and of destiny in their momentous actions, we have no word.

A novelist or a film-maker would unfold those stories assuredly, giving words to these African-American actors bursting onto the stage of

History. Can historians in any way compete with these dreamers of imagined stories? Can we - record-bound as we are - do anything to find the words, the visions, of these bold revolutionaries?

Our predicament seems hopeless. But is there not drama - a story of human interest - also in our twentieth-century scholar's predicament itself? Can we not dramatise and share with readers both a commitment to telling everyone's story and the seemingly impossible commitment to telling only from the record? and the brutal fact that the record is overwhelmingly a telling by the privileged few of their world as they saw it? Surely we can make compelling stories of the very re-interrogation of the records to make them tell the stories of those others whose final oppression was that they had a story imposed on them?

In this spirit I am now going back into the records to find out the most I can about 'who' Moses and Manuel and their six companions were. I mean to draft narratives of this quest - and of what it reveals - into the writing of the history. The story *made* out of stories *found* will include a story of the *seeking* of those most elusive stories. There is a whole potentially fascinating process of deciphering clues, piecing together character - of which I can only give summary indications here.

Moses, when he is sought in this way, first appears in the record as a younger man with a taste for travel and showy dress - and some skill in advancing his own purposes. Loaned by the father to the son, he evidently came to enjoy journeying forth as liveried postilion - riding "before his Grace's portmantua"; the old man caustically recorded it. Attaching himself to the always-on-the-road, gambling young-man master, Moses released himself from the more restricted world of the stay-at home older master - and thereby indeed had first earned the character of 'traitor' in the diarist's eyes. Perhaps Moses had the younger gentleman where he wanted him; certainly he secured himself treatment as a favourite. An episode of this remained fresh in the old betrayed master's mind. In his very first diary entry concerning the June 25/26 breakout, Colonel Carter wrote of the time when he had reproved Robert Wormeley Carter for cutting off choice portions of the family roast to give to Moses. He had then been told by his son that this was typical of his sour old man's "inhumanity" to his slaves. The diarist had reported his own angry retort that he had "never used angry words to Moses" or his fellow slaves. What, we may ask, must have been Moses's feelings - behind the impassive mask he was compelled to wear as he stood in his waiter's position in the dining room - most indignation? most amusement? We do not know this; we only know that before long Moses had left both masters for a new future.

Manuel's profile has to be pieced together from many more fragments. It is more complex and perhaps elusive. He was an older man, longer in the record; he was the father of a family as rebellious as himself.

As a trainer and driver of ox teams, Manuel was a plowman who had appeared in his master's earliest surviving plantation journal, some twenty years before his final dramatic exit: "1756 ... November 12 ... Left Manuel plowing my Fork Land for Wheat" Manuel was thus long engaged not only with the cattle - the flocks and herds from which his patriarch master drew an important part of his Old-Testament self image - but also with the tilling of the earth that - from Virgil as well as the Bible, from English tradition ancient and now 'improving' modern - contributed so much of the rest of the old gentleman's self esteem.

Manuel was thus in a perilous closeness to all that the master held dearest - as the cumulating record came to show. Manuel might get warm praise and appreciation; indeed he might be said to be "the best plowman & mower I ever saw" - but that was only when his falls from grace made this but an angry recollection. In the category of delinquent, only occasionally redeemed by good work, Manuel began, after ten or twelve years in the record, to attract a lot of entries. He was said to be careless - letting valuable draft oxen mire and die; he was said to have taken to "whoring and drinking", so that the beasts in his care were not trained, or else - through his failure to coordinate arrangements with his wife, the "cowkeeper" - they were turned out into the woods when they were needed for service.

Twice, when the charge sheet against Manuel was recapitulated, it was noted that - having turned robber of the master's storehouses, in order to support his habits - he was prosecuted, convicted of felony, condemned to death. Only after he had stood "with a halter round his neck at the gallows", was he pardoned by the intercession of his master - who was pleased to note that this terrorising "for a while had some good effect".

The pattern however was not broken; and the game of holding a sword of Damocles over the errant plowman's head was renewed - with periodic diary resolutions (never acted upon) that Manuel would be sold away from Sabine Hall and his numerous family.

The same extreme menace was held over the head of Manuel's rebellious daughter, Sarah, who kept claiming sickness from debilitating pregnancy as a reason for remission of her field labours. In doing so she called forth Colonel Carter's most horrifying recital of the steps he would take, the lengths he would go to, in order to ensure that women who might not be pregnant, would not impose on him.

Manuel himself put an end to the terrible cycle of rebellion, and stand-over by taking himself away - perhaps meaning to come back in another more awesome role than that of an armed fugitive.

There is a powerful story of being a slave that can be pieced together for every one of the eight who broke out on the night of 25/26th June, 1776. There is a fascination in seeing the pieces come together. Furthermore, such personal-experience stories matter in this television-saturated late-twentieth-century time. They are indeed what will give our age the sense that it has really learned about slavery - as about war. All these profiles of the Eight thus assembled, strongly belie the deeply threatened master's repeated disclaimers about never having treated these or other slaves harshly. All these fragments of biography show vividly and in horrifying particularity the system from which these men ran. But, alas, the stories are all still told in the master's words, framing what he chose to see, asserting the motivations that his stereotyping prejudices attributed to his slaves.

Can the historian get beyond that? Is there a way to get at the Eight Men's own stories - as they might have told them, their destinies as they might have imagined them in their decisive revolutionary action?

Again, surely the historian can dramatise the poignancy of this question. Must Colonel Carter's records be the only narratives? Can ways - other than sheer fabrication - be found to give voice to such persons and their actions?

Yes! There is a way the quest can go. The African Americans of 1776 are certainly not a complete unknown as to consciousness, world view, or story scripts from which they might have acted.

The Other's Stories

That the times were experienced as portentous, indeed apocalyptic, by slaves in this period is beyond doubt.

In South Carolina slave sedition trials revealed something of words of a Black preacher, himself named George, who has told "Great crowds of Negroes in the Neighbourhood of the Chyhaw" that "the old King [George II?] had rece[ive]d a Book from our Lord by which he was to Alter the World (meaning to let the Negroes free) but for his not doing so, he was now gone to Hell, and punishment". Enslaved George had gone on to proclaim "That the Young King, meaning our Present One, came up with the Book, and was about to alter the World, and set the Negroes Free". (For these words, slave George had been sent to the gallows.)

In Georgia a Black preacher named David - who would have been lynched had he not been gotten aboard a departing ship - had preached to Blacks and Whites together, prophesying that "God would send Deliverance

to the Negroes, from the power of their Masters, as he freed the Children of Israel from Egyptian Bondage". (Frey, 1991, p. 62)

*Go down, Moses
Way down in Egypt land,
Tell ole Pharaoh Let my people go*

and

*We 're travelling to Immanuel's Land
Glory! Halle-lu-yah*

Thus, Moses and Manuel in the great story songs of their people

Men are wicked, master, look see the Grass is burnt: God burns it to punish us! ... Oh! all dry all burnt. Thus spoke the Old Slave, Daddy Gumby, to the young master on Sunday, July 31st, 1774 on the Nomini Carter plantation, only 10 miles or so north of Sabine Hall.

Old Captain - known as just that - was one of the legendary early African American preachers, gatherers of his people in the Virginia-Kentucky region

Was it with such vision, then, that *Captain Moses* and *Manuel* led that small determined band out from *more than Egyptian bondage* in the time when God had begun to speak to their people, His People - giving names of power, prophecies of deliverance They bore such names of God's power and promise as they went eastward forth from Sabine Hall *across the River*.

Historian's choices

I have here taken my listeners on a preliminary version of what I know is a truly dramatisable search for the early voices of Afro-Judaeo-Christian apocalyptic vision in the Revolutionary emergence of African-American Christian identity. Should the historian attend to such visionary voices, bring them into narrative juxtaposition with known fragments of life stories and revolutionary actions of such as the Eight? Are there not dramatic narrative possibilities in such juxtapositioning with the telling of a master who knew the Eight only as slaves? who knew nothing of the visionary stirrings among 'his people' (beyond a few hints that he angrily rejected)? Surely, yes!

There can be no pretence - we have nothing in the words of the Eight themselves about the story of the Book of Exodus or of the promise of the Messiah as applied to themselves But surely it is the historian's duty to set authentic sacred knowledge from the people from among whom the Eight came, beside their known actions? surely historians make a truer story out of the stories found than if - not taking that step - they leave readers secure in a twentieth-century demystified cosmos. Would such an omission not leave the Eight without the possibility even of a story of their own that might suggest how they engaged in the Revolution that we know swept them into history?

In making a story - a metanarrative, a history along such lines, out of the stories I have found, I mean, of course, to properly meet all the requirements of historical factuality. Furthermore I **do see** both in Carter's diary and in his North-Atlantic world - a slipping from a predominant sense of masculine reason in control to a predominant sense of being guided by individualising (and not especially masculine) emotions. Now - and I have a question that is also a bold talking point for our conference: Will I be acting properly as a critical historian if I determinedly work my staging and the re-scripting of Colonel Carter's polymorphous diary so as to enact the metanarratives I have indicated?

Can I? Must I not turn monologue into polyglossia by writing in (from whatever sources they can be culled from) the stories of the Others - the African-American women and men, of the ladies, of the young, and of the white farmfolk of both sexes?

What focusses my mind on this arduous task is my further question: can I so construct metanarratives as to break out of the more-and-more-about-less-and-less-for-fewer-and-fewer bind that academic history has got itself into? Can I win a 'public' - first no doubt among historians (but not

just narrow specialists) - and then among serious bookreaders more generally? Can the story - the history - I make thus, say enough to our world of the turn of the twenty-first century - a world that has also gone through an eerily parallel transition from faith in science and education to the bleak disillusionment of dry economic cost accounting?

That, for me, will be the test of my success in honing whatever historical scientific and narrative and metanarrative skills I can muster. If I can do it, I also believe that I will have carried forward into this present the stories not just of Colonel Landon but also of Moses, of Manuel, and - by expanding the process - of others of both sexes, all ages, ranks and races.

I will then have tried to realise history writing as that political and moral act which I proclaimed at the outset. I will have tried to make my history meaningful to a reading public - whose shared present I will have tried to shape in some of the ways a historian can - toward a possibly better future.

About the Sources

I have been guided toward the positions proclaimed in this historying manifesto by conversations with my colleagues in 'the Melbourne Group' - Inga Clendinnen, Greg Dening, Donna Merwick - and by readings of their writings (especially those referenced below). I also get invaluable advice, information and encouragement from my colleague in Sydney, the inimitable Shane White.

I was influenced at a time I was most intensely wrestling with problems of textual strategy (in the book I am trying to write about Colonel Carter's world), by Simon Schama's *Landscape and Memory* (1995). His strategy of discontinuous juxtaposed narratives, seemed to me a strategy that could be adapted to 'bring' words - authentic words - to the 'silent' in documented situations such as the one that supplies my central example in this manifesto.

The narratives of the Eight who Went Forth Armed for Freedom can be followed in Jack P. Green ed., 1965. The 'biographies' of the Eight have been compiled from the same source. The power of the names of Moses and Manuel is identified in a preliminary way from traditional African-American songs (Fisher 1968: 40; Levine 1977: 37). Daddy Gumby's words are recorded in the journal of Philip Vickers Fithian, the New Jersey tutor in the Nomini Hall establishment of Robert Carter III - Colonel Landon's

nephew (Farish, ed., 1968: 151). The "Old Captain's" gathering of his people and the words "more than Egyptian bondage" are to be found, along with so much else, in Mechal Sobel's searching history of the African-American journey into Afro-Baptist faith. (Sobel, 1979: 203, 204).

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