

WPA Slave Narratives
North Carolina Part 1
Events: Things Seen and Heard Tell Of
John Sepich, ed.

Louisa Adams NC1-1

We went barefooted in a way. What I mean by that is, that we had shoes part of the time. We got one pair o' shoes a year. When dey wore out we went barefooted. Sometimes we tied them up with strings, and they were so ragged de tracks looked like bird tracks, where we walked in the road.

I 'member one 'oman dying. Her name wuz Caroline Covington. I didn't go to the grave. But you know they had a little cart used with hosses to carry her to the grave, jist a one horse wagon, jist slipped her in there.

When the Yankees come through I did not know anything about 'em till they got there. Jist like they were poppin up out of de ground.

Ida Atkins NC1-2

I wuz skeered near 'bout to death, but I run in de kitchen an' got a butcher knife, an' when de Yankees wasn' lookin', I tried to cut de rope an' set Marse Frank free. But one of dem blue debils seed me an' come runnin'. He say:

'Whut you doin', you black brat! you stinkin' little alligator bait!' He snatched de knife from my hand an' told me to stick out my tongue, dat he wuz gwine to cut it off. I let out a yell an' run behin' de house.

I done quit peepin' in de window an' wuz standin' 'side de house when de Yankees come out in de yard wid all de stuff dey wuz totin' off. Marse Frank wuz still settin' on de po'ch [HW correction: porch] floor wid his han's tied an' couldn' do nothin'. 'Bout dat time I seed de bee gums in de side yard. Dey wuz a whole line of gums. Little as I wuz I had a notion. I run an' got me a long stick an' tu'ned over every one of dem gums. Den I stirred dem bees up wid dat stick 'twell [HW correction: 'till] dey wuz so mad I could smell de pizen. An' bees! you ain't never seed de like of bees. Dey wuz swarmin' all over de place. Dey sailed into dem Yankees like bullets, each one madder den de other. Dey lit on dem ho'ses 'twell [HW correction: till] dey looked like dey wuz live [HW correction: alive] wid varmint. De ho'ses broke dey bridles an' tore down de palin's an' lit out down de road. But dey [HW correction: dar] runnin' wuzn' nothin' to what dem Yankees done. Dey bust out cussin', but what did a bee keer about cuss words! Dey lit on dem blue coats an' every time dey lit dey stuck in a pizen sting. De Yankee's forgot all about de meat an' things dey done stole; dey took off down de road on er [HW correction: a] run, passin' de horses. De bees was right after dem in a long line. Dey'd zoom an' zip, an' zoom an' zip, an' every time dey'd zip a Yankee would yell.

When dey'd gone Mis' Mary Jane untied Marse Frank. Den dey took all de silver, meat an' things de Yankees lef' behin' an' buried it so if dey come back dey couldn' fin' it.

Den day called ma an' said:

'Ida Lee, if you hadn't tu'ned [HW correction: turned] over dem bee gums dem Yankees would have toted off near 'bout everythin' fine we got. We want to give you somethin' you can keep so' you'll always remember dis day, an' how you run de Yankees away.'

Den Mis' Mary Jane took a plain gold ring off her finger an' put it on mine. An' I been wearin' it ever since.

Martha Allen NC1-3

De young marster sorta wanted my mammy, but she tells him no, so he chunks a lightwood knot an' hits her on de haid wid it. Dese white mens what had babies by nigger wimmens wuz called 'Carpet Gitters'. My father's father wuz one o' dem.

I 'members dat de Ku Klux uster go ter de Free Issues houses, strip all de family an' whup de ole folkses. Den dey dances wid de pretty yaller gals an' goes ter bed wid dem. Dat's what de Ku Klux wuz, a bunch of mean mens tryin' ter hab a good time.

I'se wucked purty hard durin' my life an' I done my courtin' on a steer an' cart haulin' wood ter town ter sell. He wuz haulin' wood too on his wagin, an' he'd beat me ter town so's dat he could help me off'n de wagin. I reckon dat dat wuz as good a way as any.

Cornelia Andrews NC1-6

Yo' know dat dar wuz a big slave market in Smithfield dem days, dar wuz also a jail, an' a whippin' post. I 'members a man named Rough somethin' or other, what bought forty er fifty slaves at de time an' carried 'em ter Richmond to re-sell. He had four big black horses hooked ter a cart, an' behind dis cart he chained de slaves, an' dey had ter walk, or trot all de way ter Richmond. De little ones Mr. Rough would throw up in de cart an' off dey'd go no'th. Dey said dat der wuz one day at Smithfield dat three hundret slaves wuz sold on de block. Dey said dat peoples came from fer an' near, eben from New Orleans ter dem slave sales.

"My uncle Daniel Sanders, wuz beat till he wuz cut inter gashes an' he wuz tu be beat ter death lak Alex wuz, but one day atter dey had beat him an' throwed him back in jail wid out a shirt he broke out an' runned away. He went down in de riber swamp an' de blow flies blowed de gashes an' he wuz unconscious when a white man found him an' tuk him home wid him. He died two or three months atter dat but he neber could git his body straight ner walk widout a stick; he jist could drag."

Jane Arrington NC1-8

Marster tole us we wuz free but mother an' father stayed on with Marster. He promised 'em sumptin, but he give 'em nothin'. When de crop wuz housed dey left.

Father and mother went to Hench Stallings plantation and stayed there one year. Then they went to Jim Webbs farm. I don't remember how long they stayed there but round two years. They moved about an' about among the white folks till they died. They never owned any property. They been dead 'bout thirty years.

Sarah Louise Augustus NC1-9

The slave block stood in the center of the street, Fayetteville Street, where Ramsey and Gillespie Street came in near Cool Springs Street. The silk mill stood just below the slave market. I saw the silkworms that made the silk and saw them gather the cocoons and spin the silk.

They hung people in the middle of Ramsey Street. They put up a gallows and hung the men exactly at 12 o'clock.

I ran away from the plantation once to go with some white children to see a man hung.

I can remember when there was no hospital in Fayetteville. There was a little place near the depot where there was a board shanty where they operated on people. I stood outside once and saw the doctors take a man's leg off. Dr. McDuffy was the man who took the leg off. He lived on Hay Street near the Silk Mill.

The bodies were carried to the grave after the services in a black hearse drawn by black horses. If they did not have black horses to draw the hearse they went off and borrowed them.

Charity Austin NC1-10

We children stole eggs and sold 'em durin' slavery. Some of de white men bought 'em. They were Irishmen and they would not tell on us. Their names were Mulligan, Flanagan and Dugan. They wore good clothes and were funny mens. They called guns flutes.

The doctor came to see us sometimes when we were sick, but not after. People just had to do their own doctorin'. Sometimes a man would take his patient, and sit by de road where de doctor travelled, and when he come along he would see him. De doctor rode in a sully drawn by a horse. He had a route, one doctor to two territories.

Blount Baker NC1-11

You know, missy, dar ain't no use puttin' faith in nobody, dey'd fool you ever time anyhow. I know once a patteroller tol' me dat iffen I'd give him a belt I found dat he'd let me go by ter see my gal dat night, but when he kotch me dat night he whupped me. I tol' Marse Henry on him too so Marse Henry takes de belt away from him an' gives me a possum fer hit. Dat possum shore wus good too, baked in de ashes like I done it.

We ain't seed no Yankees 'cept a few huntin' Rebs. Dey talk mean ter us an' one of dem says dat we niggers am de cause of de war. 'Sir,' I sez, 'folks what am a wantin' a war can always find a cause'. He kicks me in de seat of de pants fer dat, so I hushes.

Viney Baker NC1-13

One night I lay down on de straw mattress wid my mammy, an' de nex' mo'nin' I woked up an' she wuz gone. When I axed 'bout her I fin's dat a speculator comed dar de night before an' wanted ter buy a 'oman. Dey had come an' got my mammy widout wakin' me up. I has always been glad somehow dat I wuz asleep.

Charlie Barbour NC1-14

I 'members onct de houn's struck a trail an' dey tree de coon. Uncle Jeems sen's Joe, who wuz bigger den I wuz, up de tree ter ketch de coon an' he warns him dat

coons am fightin' fellers. Joe doan pay much mind he am so happy ter git der chanct ter ketch de coon, but when he ketched dat coon he couldn't turn loose, an' from de way he holler yo' would s'pose dat he ain't neber wanted ter ketch a coon. When Joe Barbour wuz buried hyar las' winter dem coon marks wuz still strong on his arms an' han's an' dar wuz de long scar on his face.

I 'members onct a Yankee 'oman from New York looks at him an' nigh 'bout faints. 'I reckon', says she, dat am what de cruel slave owner or driver done ter him'.

I 'members de days when mammy wored a blue hankerchief 'round her haid an' cooked in de great house. She'd sometimes sneak me a cookie or a cobbler an' fruits. She had her own little gyardin an' a few chickens an' we w'oud ov been happy 'cept dat we wuz skeered o' bein' sold.

Mary Barbour NC1-15

We had our little log cabin off ter one side, an' my mammy had sixteen chilluns. Fas' as dey got three years old de marster sol' 'em till we las' four dat she had wid her durin' de war.

Alice Baugh NC1-16

I jist thought of a tale what I hyard my mammy tell 'bout de Issue Frees of Edgecombe County when she wuz a little gal. She said dat de Issue Frees wuz mixed wid de white folks, an' uv cou'se dat make 'em free. Sometimes dey stay on de plantation, but a whole heap uv dem, long wid niggers who had done runned away from dere marster, dugged caves in de woods, an' dar dey lived an' raised dere families dar. Dey ain't wored much clothes an' what dey got to eat an' to w'ar dey swiped from de white folkses. Mammy said dat she uster go ter de spring fer water, an' dem ole Issue Frees up in de woods would yell at her, 'Doan yo' muddy dat spring, little gal'. Dat scared her moughty bad.

When de Yankees come, dey come a burnin' an' a-stealin' an' Marster Charlie carried his val'ables ter mammy's cabin, but dey found 'em. Dey had a money rod an' dey'd find all de stuff no matter whar it wuz.

John C. Bectom NC1-18

They fed us mighty good. The food was well cooked. They gave the slaves an acre of ground to plant and they could sell the crop and have the money. The work on this acre was done on moonshiny nights and holidays. Sometimes slaves would steal the marster's chickens or a hog and slip off to another plantation and have it cooked.

Mat Holmes, a slave, was wearing a ball and chain as a punishment for running away. Marster Ezekial King put it on him. He has slept in the bed with me, wearing that ball and chain. The cuff had embedded in his leg, it was swollen so. This was right after the Yankees came through. It was March, the 9th of March, when the Yankees came through. Mat Holmes had run away with the ball and chain on him and was in the woods then. He hid out staying with us at night until August. Then my mother took him to the Yankee garrison at Fayetteville. A Yankee officer then took him to a black smith shop and had the ball and chain cut off his leg.

On the plantations not every one, but some of the slave holders would have some certain slave women reserved for their own use. Sometimes children almost white would be born to them. I have seen many of these children. Sometimes the child

would be said to belong to the overseer, and sometimes it would be said to belong to the marster.

Laura Bell NC1-19

"Marse Mack's overseer, I doan know his name, wuz gwine ter whup my mammy onct, an' pappy do' he ain't neber make no love ter mammy comes up an' takes de whuppin' fer her.

Emma Blalock NC1-20

I never seen a slave whupped but dey wuz whupped on de plantation an' I heard de grown folks talkin' 'bout it. My uncles Nat an' Bert Griffiths wuz both whupped. Uncle Nat would not obey his missus rules an' she had him whupped. Dey whupped Uncle Bert 'cause he stayed drunk so much. He loved his lickin' an' he got drunk an' cut up bad, den dey whupped him. You could git plenty whiskey den. Twon't like it is now. No sir, it won't. Whiskey sold fur ten cents a quart. Most ever' body drank it but you hardly ever seed a man drunk. Slaves wuz not whupped for drinkin'. Dere Marsters give 'em whiskey but dey wuz whupped for gittin' drunk.

When you gits a tooth pulled now it costs two dollars, don't it? Well in slavery time I had a tooth botherin' me. My mother say, Emma, take dis egg an' go down to Doctor Busbee an' give it to him an' git your tooth pulled. I give him one egg. He took it an' pulled my tooth. Try dat now, if you wants to an' see what happens.

David Blount NC1-21

I 'members onct de marster had a oberseer dar dat wuz meaner dan a mean nigger. He always hired good oberseers an' a whole lot of times he let some Negro slave obersee. Well, dis oberseer beat some of de half grown boys till de blood run down ter dar heels an' he tole de rest of us dat if we told on him dat he'd kill us. We don't dasen't ast de marster ter git rid of de man so dis went on fer a long time.

It wuz cold as de debil one day an' dis oberseer had a gang of us a-clearin' new groun'. One boy ast if he could warm by de bresh heap. De oberseer said no, and atter awhile de boy had a chill. De oberseer don't care, but dat night de boy am a sick nigger. De nex' mornin' de marster gits de doctor, an' de doctor say dat de boy has got pneumonia. He tells 'em ter take off de boys shirt an' grease him wid some tar, turpentine, an' kerosene, an' when dey starts ter take de shirt off dey fin's dat it am stuck.

Dey had ter grease de shirt ter git it off case de blood whar de oberseer beat him had stuck de shirt tight ter de skin. De marster wuz in de room an' he axed de boy how come it, an' de boy tole him.

De marster sorta turns white an' he says ter me, 'Will yo' go an' ast de oberseer ter stop hyar a minute, please?'

When de oberseer comes up de steps he axes sorta sassy-like, 'What yo' want?'

De marster says, 'Pack yo' things an' git off'n my place as fast as yo' can, yo' pesky varmit.'

De oberseer sasses de marster some more, an' den I sees de marster fairly loose his temper for de first time. He don't say a word but he walks ober, grabs de oberseer by de shoulder, sets his boot right hard 'ginst de seat of his pants an' sen's him, all drawed up, out in de yard on his face. He close up lak a umbrella for a minute den he

pulls hisself all tergether an' he limps out'n dat yard an' we ain't neber seed him no more.

When de men brings back de guns I tells de marster, an' I also tells him dat dey wants ter hold er meetin'.

'All right,' he says an' laughs, 'dey can have de meetin'. Yo' tell 'em, Dave, dat I said dat dey can meet on Chuesday night in de pack house.'

Chuesday ebenin' he sen's dem all off to de low groun's but me, an' he tells me ter nail up de shutters ter de pack house an' ter nail 'em up good.

I does lak he tells me ter do an' dat night de niggers marches in an' sneaks dar guns in too. I is lyin' up in de loft an' I hyars dem say dat atter de meetin' dey is gwine ter go up ter de big house an' kill de whole fambly.

I gits out of de winder an' I runs ter de house an' tells de marster. Den me an' him an' de young marster goes out an' quick as lightnin', I slams de pack house door an' I locks it. Den de marster yells at dem, 'I'se got men an' guns out hyar, he yells, 'an' if yo' doan throw dem guns out of de hole up dar in de loft, an' throw dem ebery one out I'se gwine ter stick fire ter dat pack house.'

Clay Bobbit NC1-22

He ain't whupped me fer nothin' 'cept dat I is a nigger.

Henry Bobbitt NC1-23

We libed in log houses wid sand floors an' stick an' dirt chimneys an' we warn't 'lowed ter have no gyarden, ner chickens, ner pigs. We ain't had no way o' makin' money an' de fun wuz only middlin'. We had ter steal what rabbits we et from somebody elses [TR correction: else's] boxes on some udder plantation, case de massa won't let us have none o' our own, an' we ain't had no time ter hunt ner fish.

I reckon 'bout de funniest thing 'bout our plantation wuz de marryin'. A couple got married by sayin' dat dey wuz, but it couldn't last fer longer dan five years. Dat wuz so iffen one of 'em got too weakly ter have chilluns de other one could git him another wife or husban'.

Herndon Bogan NC1-24

I kin barely recollect 'fore de war dat I'se seed a heap o' cocks fightin' in pits an' a heap o' horse racin'. When de marster winned he 'ud give us niggers a big dinner or a dance, but if he lost, oh!

I 'members dat dem wuz bad days fer South Carolina, we gived all o' de food ter de soldiers, an' missus, eben do' she has got some Yankee folks in de war, l'arns ter eat cabbages an' kush an' berries.

Andrew Boone NC1-25

One time a Rebel saw a Yankee wid one eye, one leg an' one arm. De Yankee wuz beggin'. De Rebel went up to him an' give him a quarter. Den he backed off an' jes' stood a-lookin' at de Yankee, presently he went back an' give him anudder quarter, den anudder, den he said, 'You take dis whole dollar, you is de first Yankee I eber seed trimmed up jes' to my notion, so take all dis, jes' take de whole dollar, you is trimmed up to my notion'.

We wurked from sun to sun. If we had a fire in cold weather where we was wurkin' marster or de overseer would come an' put it out. We et frozen meat an' bread many times in cold weather

I can't read an' write but dey learned us to count. Dey learned us to count dis way. 'Ought is an' ought, an' a figger is a figger, all for de white man an' nothin' fer de nigger'. Hain't you heard people count dat way?

When de whuppin' wid de paddle was over, dey took de cat o' nine tails an' busted de blisters. By dis time de blood sometimes would be runnin' down dere heels. Den de next thing was a wash in salt water strong enough to hold up an egg

W.L. Bost NC1-26

Plenty of the colored women have children by the white men. She know better than to not do what he say. Didn't have much of that until the men from South Carolina come up here and settle and bring slaves. Then they take them very same children what have they own blood and make slaves out of them. If the Missus find out she raise revolution. But she hardly find out. The white men not going to tell and the nigger women were always afraid to. So they jes go on hopin' that thing won't be that way always.

I remember how the driver, he was the man who did most of the whippin', use to whip some of the niggers. He would tie their hands together and then put their hands down over their knees, then take a stick and stick it 'tween they hands and knees. Then when he take hold of them and beat 'em first on one side then on the other.

Then the Ku Klux Klan come 'long. They were terrible dangerous. They wear long gowns, touch the ground. They ride horses through the town at night and if they find a Negro that tries to get nervy or have a little bit for himself, they lash him nearly to death and gag him and leave him to do the bes' he can. Some time they put sticks in the top of the tall thing they wear and then put an extra head up there with scary eyes and great big mouth, then they stick it clear up in the air to scare the poor Negroes to death.

They had another thing they call the 'Donkey Devil' that was jes as bad. They take the skin of a donkey and get inside of it and run after the pore Negroes. Oh, Miss them was bad times, them was bad times. I know folks think the books tell the truth, but they shore don't. Us pore niggers had to take it all.

Then after the war was over we was afraid to move. Jes like tarpins or turtles after 'mancipation. Jes stick our heads out to see how the land lay.

Mary Wallace Bowe NC1-27

In dem days dey wuz peddlers gwine 'roun' de country sellin' things. Dey toted big packs on dey backs filled wid everythin' from needles an' thimbles to bed spreads an' fryin' pans. One day a peddler stopped at Mis' Fanny's house. He was de ugliest man I ever seed. He was tall an' bony wid black whiskers an' black bushy hair an' curious eyes dat set way back in his head. Dey was dark an' look like a dog's eyes after you done hit him. He set down on de po'ch an' opened his pack, an' it was so hot an' he looked so tired, dat Mis' Fanny give him er cool drink of milk dat done been settin' in de spring house. All de time Mis' Fanny was lookin' at de things in de pack an' buyin', de man kept up a runnin' talk. He ask her how many niggers dey had; how

many men dey had fightin' on de 'Federate side, an' what wuz was she gwine do if de niggers wuz was set free. Den he ask her if she knowed Mistah Abraham Lincoln.

'Bout dat time Mis' Virginia come to de door an' heard what he said. She blaze up like a lightwood fire an' told dat peddler dat dey didn't want to know nothin' 'bout Mistah Lincoln; dat dey knowed too much already, an' dat his name wuzn [HW correction: wasn't] 'lowed called in dat [HW correction: her] house. Den she say he wuzn [HW correction: wasn't] nothin' but a black debil messin' in other folks biznes' [HW correction: business], an' dat she'd shoot him on sight if she had half a chance.

De man laughed. "Maybe he [HW correction: Mr. Lincoln] ain't so bad," he told her. Den he packed his pack an' went off down de road, an' Mis' Virginia watched him 'till he went out of sight 'roun' de bend."

Two or three weeks later Mis' Fanny got a letter. De letter was from dat peddler. He tole her dat he was Abraham Lincoln hese'f; dat he wuz peddlin' over de country as a spy, an' he thanked her for de res' on her shady po'ch an' de cool glass of milk she give him.

When dat letter come Mis' Virginia got so hoppin' mad dat she took all de stuff Mis' Fanny done bought from Mistah Lincoln an' made us niggers burn it on de ash pile. Den she made pappy rake up de ashes an' th'ow dem in de creek.

Midge Burnett NC1-29

As I said de patterollers watched all paths, but dar wus a number of little paths what run through de woods dat nobody ain't watched case dey ain't knowed dat de paths wus dar.

On moonlight nights yo' could hear a heap of voices an' when yo' peep ober de dike dar am a gang of niggers a-shootin' craps an' bettin' eber'thing dey has stold frum de plantation. Sometimes a pretty yaller gal er a fat black gal would be dar, but mostly hit would be jist men.

Fanny Cannady NC1-30

My mammy an' pappy, Silo an' Fanny Moss belonged to Marse Jordan an' Mis' Sally Moss. Dey had 'bout three hundred niggahs an' mos' of dem worked in de cotton fields.

Marse Jordan wuz hard on his niggahs. He worked dem over time an' didn' give den enough to eat. Dey didn' have good clothes neither an' dey shoes wuz made out of wood. He had 'bout a dozen niggahs dat didn' do nothin' else but make wooden shoes for de slaves. De chillun didn' have no shoes a tall; dey went barefooted in de snow an' ice same as 'twuz summer time. I never had no shoes on my feets 'twell I wuz pas' ten years ole, an' dat wuz after de Yankees done set us free.

I wuz skeered of Marse Jordan, an' all of de grown niggahs wuz too 'cept Leonard an' Burrus Allen. Dem niggahs wuzn' skeered of nothin'. If de debil hese'f had come an' shook er stick at dem dey'd hit him back. Leonard wuz er big black buck niggah; he wuz de bigges niggah I ever seed, an' Burrus wuz near 'bout as big, an' dey 'spized Marse Jordan wus'n pizen.

I wuz sort of skeered of Mis' Polly too. When Marse Jordan wuzn' 'roun' she wuz sweet an' kind, but when he wuz 'roun', she wuz er yes, suh, yes, suh, woman. Everythin' he tole her to do she done. He made her slap Marmy one time kaze when she passed his coffee she spilled some in de saucer. Mis' Sally hit Mammy easy, but

Marse Jordan say: 'Hit her, Sally, hit de black bitch like she 'zerve to be hit.' Den Mis' Sally draw back her hand an' hit Mammy in de face, pow, den she went back to her place at de table an' play like she eatin' her breakfas'. Den when Marse Jordan leave she come in de kitchen an' put her arms 'roun' Mammy an' cry, an' Mammy pat her on de back an' she cry too. I loved Mis' Sally when Marse Jordan wuzn' 'roun'.

Marse Jordan's two sons went to de war; dey went all dressed up in dey fightin' clothes. Young Marse Jordan wuz jus' like Mis' Sally but Marse Gregory wuz like Marse Jordan, even to de bully way he walk. Young Marse Jordan never come back from de war, but 'twould take more den er bullet to kill Marse Gregory; he too mean to die anyhow kaze de debil didn' want him an' de Lawd wouldn' have him.

One day Marse Gregory come home on er furlo'. He think he look pretty wid his sword clankin' an' his boots shinin'. He wuz er colonel, lootenent er somethin'. He wuz struttin' 'roun' de yard showin' off, when Leonard Allen say under his breath, 'Look at dat God damn sojer. He fightin' to keep us niggahs from bein' free.'

'Bout dat time Marse Jordan come up. He look at Leonard an' say: 'What yo' mumblin' 'bout?'

Dat big Leonard wuzn' skeered. He say, I say, 'Look at dat God damn sojer. He fightin' to keep us niggahs from bein' free.'

Marse Jordan's face begun to swell. It turned so red dat de blood near 'bout bust out. He turned to Pappy an' tole him to go an' bring him dis shot gun. When Pappy come back Mis' Sally come wid him. De tears wuz streamin' down her face. She run up to Marse Jordan an' caught his arm. Ole Marse flung her off an' took de gun from Pappy. He leveled it on Leonard an' tole him to pull his shirt open. Leonard opened his shirt an' stood dare big as er black giant sneerin' at Ole Marse.

Den Mis' Sally run up again an' stood 'tween dat gun an' Leonard.

Ole Marse yell to pappy an' tole him to take dat woman out of de way, but nobody ain't moved to touch Mis' Sally, an' she didn' move neither, she jus' stood dare facin' Ole Marse. Den Ole Marse let down de gun. He reached over an' slapped Mis' Sally down, den picked up de gun an' shot er hole in Leonard's ches' big as yo' fis'. Den he took up Mis' Sally an' toled her in de house. But I wuz so skeered dat I run an' hid in de stable loft, an' even wid my eyes shut I could see Leonard layin' on de groun' wid dat bloody hole in his ches' an' dat sneer on his black mouf.

After dat Leonard's brother Burrus hated Ole Marse wus' er snake, den one night he run away. Mammy say he run away to keep from killin' Ole Marse. Anyhow, when Ole Marse foun' he wuz gone, he took er bunch of niggahs an' set out to find him. All day long dey tromped de woods, den when night come dey lit fat pine to'ches an' kept lookin', but dey couldn' find Burrus. De nex' day Ole Marse went down to de county jail an' got de blood houn's. He brung home er great passel of dem yelpin' an' pullin' at de ropes, but when he turned dem loose dey didn' find Burrus, kaze he done grease de bottom of his feets wid snuff an' hog lard so de dogs couldn' smell de trail. Ole Marse den tole all de niggahs dat if anybody housed an' fed Burrus on de sly, dat he goin' to shoot dem like he done shot Leonard. Den he went every day an' searched de cabins; he even looked under de houses.

One day in 'bout er week Mis' Sally wuz feedin' de chickens when she heard somethin' in de polk berry bushes behin' de hen house. She didn' go 'roun' de house but she went inside house an' looked through de crack. Dare wuz Burrus layin' down

in de bushes. He wuz near 'bout starved kaze he hadn' had nothin' to eat since he done run away.

Mis' Sally whisper an' tole him to lay still, dat she goin' to slip him somethin' to eat. She went back to de house an' made up some more cawn meal dough for de chickens, an' under de dough she put some bread an' meat. When she went 'cross de yard she met Marse Jordan. He took de pan of dough an' say he goin' to feed de chickens. My mammy say dat Mis' Sally ain't showed no skeer, she jus' smile at Ole Marse an' pat his arm, den while she talk she take de pan an' go on to de chicken house, but Ole Marse he go too. When dey got to de hen house Ole Marse puppy begun sniffin' 'roun'. Soon he sta'ted to bark; he cut up such er fuss dat Ole Marse went to see what wuz wrong. Den he foun' Burrus layin' in de polk bushes.

Ole Marse drag Burrus out an' drove him to de house. When Mis' Sally seed him take out his plaited whip, she run up stairs an' jump in de bed an' stuff er pillow over her head.

Dey took Burrus to de whippin' post. Dey strip off his shirt, den dey put his head an' hands through de holes in de top, an' tied his feets to de bottom, den, Ole Marse took de whip. Dat lash hiss like col' water on er red hot iron when it come through de air, an' every time it hit Burrus it lef' er streak of blood. Time Ole Marse finish, Burrus' back look like er piece of raw beef.

Dey laid Burrus face down on er plank den dey poured turpentine in all dem cut places. It burned like fire but dat niggah didn' know nothin' 'bout it kaze he done passed out from pain. But, all his life dat black man toted dem scares on his back.

When de war ended Mis' Sally come to Mammy an' say: 'Fanny, I's sho glad yo's free. Yo' can go now an' yo' won' ever have to be er slave no more.'

But Mammy, she ain't had no notion of leavin' Mis' Sally. She put her arms' roun' her an' call her Baby, an' tell her she goin' to stay wid her long as she live. An' she did stay wid her. Me an' Mammy bof stayed Mis' Sally 'twell she died.

Betty Cofer NC1-31

"Yes'm, we saw Yankee soldiers. (Stoneman's Cavalry in 1865.) They come marchin' by and stopped at 'the house. I wasn't scared 'cause they was all talkin' and laughin' and friendly but they sure was hongry. They dumped the wet clothes out of the big wash-pot in the yard and filled it with water. Then they broke into the smokehouse and got a lot of hams and biled 'em in the pot and ate 'em right there in the yard. The women cooked up a lot of corn pone for 'em and coffee too. Marster had a barrel of 'likker' put by an' the Yankees knocked the head in an' filled their canteens. There wasn't ary drop left. When we heard the soldiers comin' our boys turned the horses loose in the woods. The Yankees said they had to have 'em an' would burn the house down if we didn't get 'em. So our boys whistled up the horses an' the soldiers carried 'em all off. They carried off ol' Jennie mule too but let little Jack mule go. When the soldiers was gone the stable boss said, 'if ol' Jennie mule once gits loose nobody on earth can catch her unless she wants. She'll be back!' Sure enough, in a couple of days she come home by herself an' we worked the farm jus' with her an' little Jack.

John Coggin NC1-32

"Dat ebenin' I wuz drawin' water when all of a sudden I looks up de road, an' de air am dark wid Yankees. I neber seed so many mens, hosses an' mules in my life. De band wuz playin' an' de soldiers wuz hollerin' an' de hosses wuz prancin' high. I done what all of de rest o' de slaves done, I run fer de woods."

Mandy Coverson NC1-33

Marster Moses wuz good ter me. Dey warn't so good ter my mammy, case dey makes her wuck frum sunup till sundown in de hot summertime, an' she ain't had no fun at all. She plowed two oxes, an' if'en yo' has eber been around a steer yo' knows what aggravatin' things dey is.

Willie Cozart NC1-34

A moderate whuppin' wuz thirty-nine or forty lashes an' a real whuppin' wuz a even hundred; most folks can't stand a real whuppin'.

De slave weddin's in dat country wuz sorta dis way: de man axed de master fer de 'oman an' he jist told dem ter step over de broom an' dat wuz de way dey got married dem days; de pore white folks done de same way.

Hannah Crasson NC1-35

Daddy stayed at home with mother. They worked their patches by moonlight; and worked for the white folks in the day time.

Our great grand mother wuz named granny Flora. Dey stole her frum Africa wid a red pocket handkerchief. Old man John William got my great grandmother. De people in New England got scured of we niggers. Dey were afrid me would rise against em and dey pushed us on down South. Lawd, why didn't dey let us stay whur we wuz, dey neber wouldn't a been so menny half white niggers, but the old marster wuz to blame for that.

Yes, we seed the patterollers, we called 'em pore white trash, we also called patterollers pore white pecks. They had ropes around their necks. They came to our house one night when we were singin' and prayin'. It wuz jist before the surrender. Dey were hired by de slave owner. My daddy told us to show 'em de brandy our marster gib us, den dey went on a way, kase dey knowed John Walton wuz a funny man about his slaves.

One of the slaves, my aint, she wuz a royal slave. She could dance all over de place wid a tumbler of water on her head, widout spilling it. She sho could tote herself. I always luvud to see her come to church. She sho could tote herself.

Mr. Joe Walton said when he went to war dat dey could eat breakfast at home, go and whup the North, and be back far dinner. He went away, and it wuz four long years before he cum back to dinner. De table wuz shore set a long time for him. A lot of de white folks said dey wouldn't be much war, dey could whup dem so easy. Many of dem never did come back to dinner.

The first band of music I ever herd play the Yankees wuz playin' it. They were playin' a song. 'I am tired of seeing de homespun dresses the southern women wear'.

Julia Crenshaw NC1-36

My mammy wuz named Jane an' my pappy wuz named Richard. Dey belonged ter Lawyer R. J. Lewis in Raleigh

Before de Yankees come Mr. Lewis said, dat he dreamed dat de yard wuz full uv dem an' he wuz deaf. When dey comed he played deaf so dat he won't have ter talk ter 'em. Him he am dat proud.

Zeb Crowder NC1-37

I wus seven years old when de Yankees come through. All de niggers 'cept me an' de white folks ran to de woods. I didn't have sense enough ter run, so I stayed on de porch where dey were passin' by. One of 'em pointed his gun at me. I remember it as well as it was yisterday.

I 'member choppin' cotton on Clabber branch when I wus a little boy before de surrender. When de surrender come I didn't like it. Daddy an' de udders didn't like it, 'cause after de surrender dey had to pay marster fer de meat an' things. Before dat dey didn't have nuthin' to do but work. Dere were eight slaves on de place in slavery time. Clabber branch run into Swift Creek. Lord have mercy, I have caught many a fish on dat branch. I also piled brush in de winter time. Birds went in de brush ter roost. Den we went bird blindin'. We had torches made o' lightwood splinters, and brushes in our han's, we hit de piles o' brush after we got 'round 'em. When de birds come out we would kill 'em. Dere were lots o' birds den. We killed' em at night in the sage fields[5] where broom grass was thick. Dem were de good times. No sich times now. We killed robins, doves, patridges and other kinds o' birds. Dey aint no such gangs o' birds now. We briled 'em over coals o' fire and fried 'em in fryin' pans, and sometimes we had a bird stew, wid all de birds we wanted. De stew wus de bes' o' all. Dere aint no sich stews now. We put flour in de stew. It was made into pastry first, and we called it slick. When we cooked chicken wid it we called it chicken slick.

Charlie Crump NC1-40

When we got hongry an' could fin' a pig, a calf or a chicken, no matter who it had belonged to, it den belonged ter us. We raised a heap o' cane an' we et brown sugar. Hit 's funny dat de little bit dey gibed us wuz what dey now calls wholesome food, an' hit shore make big husky niggers.

My mammy had more grit dan any gal I now knows of has in her craw. She plowed a hateful little donkey dat wuz about as hongry as she wuz, an' he wuz a cuss if'en dar eber wuz one. Mammy wuz a little brown gal, den, tough as nails an' she ain't axin' dat donkey no odds at all. She uster take him out at twelve an' start fer de house an' dat donkey would hunch up his back an' swear dat she wuzn't gwine ter ride him home. Mammy would swear dat she would, an' de war would be on. He'd throw her, but she'd git back on an' atter she'd win de fight he'd go fer de house as fast as a scalded dog.

Dem Yankees tuck eber thing dat dey saw eben to our kush, what we had cooked fer our supper. Kush wuz cornmeal, onions, red pepper, salt an' grease, dat is if we had any grease. Dey killed all de cows, pigs, chickens an' stold all de hosses an' mules.

Mattie Curtis NC1-41

Preacher Whitfield, bein' a preacher, was supposed to be good, but he ain't half fed ner clothed his slaves an' he whupped 'em bad.

We ain't had no sociables, but we went to church on Sunday an' dey preached to us dat we'd go ter hell alive iffen we sassed our white folks.

Speakin' 'bout clothes, I went as naked as Yo' han' till I wus fourteen years old. I wus naked like dat when my nature come to me. Marse Whitfield ain't carin', but atter dat mammy tol' him dat I had ter have clothes.

Mr. Mordicia had his yaller gals in one quarter ter dereselves an' dese gals belongs ter de Mordicia men, dere friends an' de overseers. When a baby wus born in dat quarter dey'd sen' hit over ter de black quarter at birth. Dey do say dat some of dese gal babies got grown an' atter goin' back ter de yaller quarter had more chilluns fer her own daddy or brother. De Thompson's sprung from dat set an' dey say dat a heap of dem is halfwits fer de reason dat I has jist tol' yo'. Dem yaller wimen wus highfalutin' too, dey though [HW correction: thought] dey wus better dan de black ones.

Charles Lee Dalton NC1-42

Ole Marse was kind to us, an' I stayed on his plantation an' farmed till I kum to Madison. Dee Yankees, day didn't giv us nuthin so we had kinduh to live off'n old Marse.

John Daniels NC1-43

Talkin' 'bout ghostes I wants ter tell you dat de air am full of 'em. Dar's a strip from de groun' 'bout four feet high which am light on de darkes' night, case hit can't git dark down dar. Git down an' crawl an' yo'll see a million laigs of eber' kin' an' if'en you lis'ens you'll hyar a little groanin' an' den you has gone through a warm spot.

W.S. Debnam NC1-46

I remember the coon and possum hunts an' the rabbits we caught in gums. I remember killin' birds at night with thorn brush. When bird blindin' we hunt 'em at night with lights from big splinters. We went to grass patches, briars, and vines along the creeks an' low groun's where they roosted, an' blinded 'em an' killed 'em when they come out. We cooked 'em on coals, and I remember making a stew and having dumplings cooked with 'em. We'd flustrate the birds in their roostin' place an' when they come out blinded by the light we hit 'em an' killed 'em with thorn brush we carried in our han's.

They [Yankees] went down to the lot, turned out all the horses an' tuck two o' the big mules, Kentucky mules, an' carried 'em off. One of the mules would gnaw every line in two you tied him with, an' the other could not be rode. So next morning after the Yankees carried 'em off they both come back home with pieces o' lines on 'em. The mules was named, one was named Bill, an' the other Charles. You could ride old Charles, but you couldn't ride old Bill. He would throw you off as fast as you got on 'im.

Sarah Debro NC1-47

I 'members when Wheelers Cavalry come through. Dey was 'Federates but dey was mean as de Yankees. Dey stold everything dey could find an' killed a pile of niggers. Dey come 'roun' checkin'. Dey ax de niggahs if dey wanted to be free. If dey say yes, den dey shot dem down, but if dey say no, dey let dem alone. Dey took three of my uncles out in de woods an' shot dey faces off.

One day me an' my brother was lookin' for acorns in de woods. We foun' sumpin' like a grave in de woods. I tole Dave dey wuz sumpin' buried in dat moun'. We got de grubbin hoe an' dug. Dey wuz a box wid eleven hams in dat grave. Somebody done hid it from de Yankees an' forgot whare dey buried it. We covered it back up kaze if we took it home in de day time de Yankees an' niggers would take it away from us. So when night come we slipped out an' toted dem hams to de house an' hid dem in de loft.

Charles W. Dickens NC1-48

My uncle, Louis Scarborough, stayed wid de horses. He is livin' yet, he is over a hundred years old. He lives down at Moores Mill, Wake County, near Youngsville. Before de surrender one of de boys and my uncle got to fightin', one of de Scarborough boys and him. My uncle threw him down. The young Master Scarborough jumped up, and got his knife and cut uncle's entrails out so uncle had to carry 'em to de house in his hands.

Rev. Squire Dowd NC1-50

If we could catch the master after the shucking was over, we put him in a chair, we darkies, and toted him around and hollered, carried him into the parlor, set him down, and combed his hair.

The darkies also stole for deserters during the war. They paid us for it. I ate what I stole, such as sugar. I was not big enough to steal for the deserters. I was a house boy. I stole honey.

Fannie Dunn NC1-51

One Yankee would come along an' give us sumptin' an' another would come on behind him an' take it. Dats de way dey done. One give mother a mule an' when dey done gone she sold it. A Yankee give mother a ham of meat, another come right on behind him an' took it away from her. Dere shore wus a long line of dem Yankees.

Tempie Herndon Durham NC1-54

My white fo'ks lived in Chatham County. Dey was Marse George an' Mis' Betsy Herndon. Mis Betsy was a Snipes befo' she married Marse George. Dey had a big plantation an' raised cawn, wheat, cotton an' 'bacca. I don't know how many field niggers Marse George had, but he had a mess of dem, an' he had hosses too, an' cows, hogs an' sheeps. He raised sheeps an' sold de wool, an' dey used de wool at de big house too. Dey was a big weavin' room whare de blankets was wove, an' dey wove de cloth for de winter clothes too. Linda Hernton an' Milla Edwards was de head weavers, dey looked after de weavin' of de fancy blankets. Mis' Betsy was a good weaver too. She weave de same as de niggers. She say she love de clackin' soun' of de loom, an' de way de shuttles run in an' out carryin' a long tail of bright

colored thread. Some days she set at de loom all de mawnin' peddlin' wid her feets an' her white han's flittin' over de bobbins.

De cardin' an' spinnin' room was full of niggers. I can hear dem spinnin' wheels now turnin' roun' an' sayin' hum-m-m-m, hum-m-m-m, an' hear de slaves singin' while dey spin. Mammy Rachel stayed in de dyein' room. Dey wuzn' nothin' she didn' know' bout dyein'. She knew every kind of root, bark, leaf an' berry dat made red, blue, green, or whatever color she wanted. Dey had a big shelter whare de dye pots set over de coals. Mammy Rachel would fill de pots wid water, den she put in de roots, bark an' stuff an' boil de juice out, den she strain it an' put in de salt an' vinegar to set de color. After de wool an' cotton done been carded an' spun to thread, Mammy take de hanks an' drap dem in de pot of bollin' dye. She stir dem' roun' an' lif' dem up an' down wid a stick, an' when she hang dem up on de line in de sun, dey was every color of de rainbow. When dey dripped dry dey was sent to de weavin' room whare dey was wove in blankets an' things.

Uncle Edmond Kirby married us. He was de nigger preacher dat preached at de plantation church. After Uncle Edmond said de las' words over me an' Exter, Marse George got to have his little fun: He say, 'Come on, Exter, you an' Tempie got to jump over de broom stick backwards; you got to do dat to see which one gwine be boss of your househol'.' Everybody come stan' 'roun to watch. Marse George hold de broom 'bout a foot high off de floor. De one dat jump over it backwards an' never touch de handle, gwine boss de house, an' if bof of dem jump over widout touchin' it, dey won't gwine be no bossin', dey jus' gwine be 'genial. I jumped fus', an' you ought to seed me. I sailed right over dat broom stick same as a cricket, but when Exter jump he done had a big dram an' his feets was so big an' clumsy dat dey got all tangled up in dat broom an' he fell head long. Marse George he laugh an' laugh, an' tole Exter he gwine be bossed 'twell he skeered to speak less'n I tole him to speak.

I was worth a heap to Marse George kaze I had so manny chillun. De more chillun a slave had de more dey was worth. Lucy Carter was de only nigger on de plantation dat had more chillun den I had. She had twelve, but her chillun was sickly an' mine was muley strong an' healthy. Dey never was sick.

De Yankees wuzn' so bad. De mos' dey wanted was sumpin' to eat. Dey was all de time hungry, de fus' thing dey ax for when dey came was sumpin' to put in dey stomach. An' chicken! I ain' never seed even a preacher eat chicken like dem Yankees. I believes to my soul dey ain' never seed no chicken 'twell dey come down here. An' hot biscuit too. I seed a passel of dem eat up a whole sack of flour one night for supper. Georgianna sif flour 'twell she look white an' dusty as a miller

[A]fter while be bought a farm. We paid three hundred dollars we done saved. We had a hoss, a steer, a cow an' two pigs, 'sides some chickens an' fo' geese. Mis' Betsy went up in de attic an' give us a bed an' bed tick; she give us enough goose feathers to make two pillows, den she give us a table an' some chairs. She give us some dishes too. Marse George give Exter a bushel of seed cawn an some seed wheat, den he tole him to go down to de barn an' get a bag of cotton seed. We got all dis den we hitched up de wagon an' th'owed in de passel of chillun an' moved to our new farm, an' de chillun was put to work in de fiel'; dey growed up in de fiel' kaze dey was put to work time dey could walk good.

Doc Edwards NC1-56

I growed up to be de houseman an' I cooked for Marse Benehan,--Marse Paul's son. Marse Benehan was good to me. My health failed from doing so much work in de house an' so I would go for a couple of hours each day an' work in de fiel' to be out doors an' get well again.

We had big work shops whare we made all de tools, an' even de shovels was made at home. Dey was made out of wood, so was de rakes, pitchforks an' some of de hoes. Our nails was made in de blacksmith shop by han' an' de picks an' grubbin' hoes, too.

We had a han' thrashing machine. It was roun' like a stove pipe, only bigger. We fed de wheat to it an' shook it' til de wheat was loose from de straw an' when it come out at de other end it fell on a big cloth, bigger den de sheets. We had big curtains all roun' de cloth on de floor, like a tent, so de wheat wouldn' get scattered. Den we took de pitchfork an' lifted de straw up an' down so de wheat would go on de cloth. Den we moved de straw when de wheat was all loose Den we fanned de wheat wid big pieces of cloth to get de dust an' dirt outen it, so it could be taken to de mill an' groun' when it was wanted.

When de fall come we had a regular place to do different work. We had han' looms an' wove our cotton an' yarn an' made de cloth what was to make de clothes for us to wear.

We had a shop whare our shoes was made. De cobbler would make our shoes wid wooden soles. After de soles was cut out dey would be taken down to de blacksmiyh an' he would put a thin rim of iron aroun' de soles to keep dem from splitting. Dese soles was made from maple an' ash wood.

Lindsay Faucette NC1-58

One thing dat made our Marse an' Mistis so good wuz de way dey brought up us niggers. We wuz called to de big house an' taught de Bible an' dey wuz Bible readin's every day.

Marse John never worked us after dark. We worked in de day an' had de nights to play games an' have singin's. We never cooked on a Sunday. Everything we ett on dat day was cooked on Saturday. Dey wuzn' lighted in de cook stoves or fire places in de big house or cabins neither. Everybody rested on Sunday. De tables wuz set an' de food put on to eat, but nobody cut any wood an' dey wuzn' no other work don' on dat day. Mammy Beckie wuz my gran'mammy an' she toted de keys to de pantry an' smoke house, an' her word went wid Marse John an' Mis' Annie.

I wuz de cow-tender. I took care of de cows an' de calves. I would have to hold de calf up to de mother cow 'til de milk would come down an' den I would have to hold it away 'til somebody done de milkin'. I tended de horses, too, an' anything else dat I wuz told to do.

Our own sojers did more harm on our plantation den de Yankees. Dey camped in de woods an' never did have nuff to eat an' took what dey wanted. An' lice! I ain't never seed de like. It took fifteen years for us to get shed of de lice dat de sojers lef behind. You jus' couldn' get dem out of your clothes les' you burned dem up. Dey wuz hard to get shed of.

Ora M. Flagg NC1-59

I wuz only a child and, of course, I thought as I could get a little something to eat everything wuz all right, but we had few comforts. We had prayer meeting and we went to the white people's church. I heard mother say that they had to be very careful what they said in their worship. Lots of time dey put us children to bed and went off.

Analiza Foster NC1-60

I wuz borned in Person County ter Tom Line an' Harriet Cash. My mammy belonged ter a Mr. Cash an' pappy belonged ter Miss Betsy Woods. Both of dese owners wuz mean ter dere slaves an' dey ain't carin' much if'en dey kills one, case dey's got plenty. Dar wuz one woman dat I hyard mammy tell of bein' beat clean ter death.

De 'oman wuz pregnant an' she fainted in de fiel' at de plow. De driver said dat she wuz puttin' on, an' dat she ort ter be beat. De master said dat she can be beat but don't ter hurt de baby. De driver says dat he won't, den he digs a hole in de sand an' he puts de 'oman in de hole, which am nigh 'bout ter her arm pits, den he kivers her up an' straps her han's over her haid.

He takes de long bull whup an' he cuts long gashes all over her shoulders an' raised arms, den he walks off an' leabes her dar fer a hour in de hot sun. De flies an' de gnats dey worry her, an' de sun hurts too an' she cries a little, den de driver comes out wid a pan full of vinegar, salt an' red pepper an' he washes de gashes. De 'oman faints an' he digs her up, but in a few minutes she am stone dead.

Ter show yo' de value of slaves I'll tell yo' 'bout my gran'ma. She wuz sold on de block four times, an' eber time she brung a thousand dollars. She wuz valuable case she wuz strong an' could plow day by day, den too she could have twenty chilluns an' wuck right on.

Georgianna Foster NC1-61

We lived in a little log houses at marsters. De food wuz short an' things in general wuz bad, so mother tole me. She said dey wuz a whole lot meaner den dey had any business bein'. Dey allowed de patterollers to snoop around an' whup de slaves, mother said dey stripped some of de slaves naked an' whupped 'em. She said women had to work all day in de fields an' come home an' do de house work at night while de white folks hardly done a han's turn of work.

Frank Freeman NC1-62

Marster also owned three and a quarter plantations in Franklin County. He kept about ten men at home and would not let his slave boys work until they were 18 years old, except tend to horses and do light jobs around the house.

Addy Gill NC1-63

De north turned us out wid out anything to make a livin' wid.

Mother belonged to Sam Krenshaw before she wuz bought by Marster Gill. Her missus when she was a girl growin up wuz Mrs. Louise Krenshaw. De missus done de whuppin on Mr. Krenshaw's plantation an she wuz mighty rough at times. She whupped mother an cut her back to pieces so bad dat de scars wuz on her when she died.

Robert Glenn NC1-64

I was a slave before and during the Civil War. I am 87 years old. I was born Sept. 16, 1850. I was born in Orange County, North Carolina near Hillsboro. At that time Durham was just a platform at the station and no house there whatever. The platform was lighted with a contraption shaped like a basket and burning coal that gave off a blaze. There were holes in this metal basket for the cinders to fall through.

My mother found out by the "Grapevine telegraph" that I was going to be carried to Kentucky. She got permission and came to see me before they carried me off. When she started home I was allowed to go part of the way with her but they sent two Negro girls with us to insure my return. We were allowed to talk privately, but while we were doing so, the two girls stood a short distance away and watched as the marster told them when they left that if I escaped they would be whipped every day until I was caught.

He furnished me books and slipped all the papers he could get to me and I was the best educated Negro in the community without anyone except the slaves knowing what was going on.

Sarah Anne Green NC1-65

My pappy had blue eyes. Dey wuz jus' like Marse Billy's eyes, kaze Ole Marse wuz pappy's marster an' his pappy too. Ole Marse wuz called Hickory Billy, dey called him dat kaze he chewed hickory bark. He wouldn' touch 'bacca, but he kept er twis' of dis bark in his pocket mos' all de time. He would make us chillun go down whare de niggers wuz splittin' rails an' peel dis bark off de logs befo' dey wuz split. De stuff he chewed come off de log right under de bark. After dey'd skin de logs we'd peel off dis hickory 'bacca in long strips an' make it up in twis's for Ole Marse. It wuz yellah an' tas' sweet an' sappy, an' he'd chew an' spit, an' chew an' spit. Mis' Roby wouldn' 'low no chewin' in de house, but Ole Marse sho done some spittin' outside. He could stan' in de barn door an' spit clear up in de lof'.

Sarah Gudger NC1-67

Mah pappy, he lib wif Joe Gudgah (Gudger). He ole an' feeble, I 'membahs. He 'pend on mah pappy t' see aftah ebbathin' foah him. He allus trust mah pappy. One mo'nin' he follah pappy to de field. Pappy he stop hes wok and ole Marse Joe, he say: "Well, Smart (pappy, he name Smart), I's tard, wurried, an' trubble'. All dese yeahs I wok foah mah chillun. Dey nevah do de right thing. Dey wurries me, Smart. I tell yo', Smart, I's a good mind t' put mahself away. I's good mind t' drown mahself right heah. I tebble wurried, Smart."

Pappy he take hole Ole Marse Joe an' lead him t' de house. "Now Marse Joe, I wudden talk sich talk effen I's yo'. Yo' ben good t' yo' fambly. Jest yo' content yo'self an' rest."

But a few days aftah dat, Ole Marse Joe wah found ahangin' in de ba'n by de bridle. Ole Marse had put heself away.

I 'membah well how I use t' lie 'wake till all de folks wah sleepin', den creep outen de do' and walk barfoot in de snow, 'bout two mile t' mah ole Auntie's house. I knowed when I git dar she fix hot cawn pone wif slice o' meat an' some milk foah me t' eat. Auntie wah good t' us da'kies.

Wahn't none o' de slaves offen ouh plantation ebbah sold, but de ones on de othah plantation ob Marse William wah. Oh, dat wah a tebble time! All de slaves be in de field, plowin', hoein', singin' in de boilin' sun. Ole Marse he cum t'ru de field wif a man call de specalater. Day walk round jes' lookin', jes'lookin', All de da'kies know whut dis mean. Dey didn' dare look up, jes' wok right on. Den de specalater he see who he want. He talk to Ole Marse, den dey slaps de han'cuffs on him an' tak him away to de cotton country. Oh, dem wah awful times! When de specalater wah ready to go wif de slaves, effen dey wha enny whu didn' wanta go, he thrash em, den tie em 'hind de waggin an' mek em run till dey fall on de groun', den he thrash em till dey say dey go 'thout no trubble. Sometime some of dem run 'way an cum back t' de plantation, den it wah hardah on dem den befoah. When de da'kies wen' t' dinnah de ole niggah mammy she say whar am sich an' sich. None ob de othahs wanna tell huh. But when she see dem look down to de groun' she jes' say: "De specalater, de specalater." Den de teahs roll down huh cheeks, cause mebbe it huh son o' husban' an' she know she nebbah see 'em agin. Mebbe dey leaves babies t' home, mebbe jes' pappy an' mammy. Oh, mah Lawdy, mah ole Boss wah mean, but he nebbah sen' us to de cotton country.

I 'membahs when mah ole mammy die. She live on Rims (Reems) Crick with othah Hemphills. She sick long time. One day white man cum t' see me. He say: "Sarah, did yo' know yo' manmy wah daid?" "No," I say, "but I wants t' see mah mothah afoah dey puts huh away."

I went t' de house and say t' Ole Missie: "Mah mothah she die tofay. I wants t' see mah mothah afoah dey puts huh away," but she look at me mean an' say: "Git on outen heah, an' git back to yo' wok afoah I wallup yo' good." So I went back t' mah wok, with the tears streamin' down mah face, jest awringin' mah hands, I wanted t' see mah manmy so. 'Bout two weeks latah, Ole Missie she git tebble sick, she jes' lingah 'long foah long time, but she nebbah gits up no mo'. Wa'nt long afoah dey puts huh away too, jes' lak mah mammy.

I 'membahs de time when mah mammy wah alive, I wah a small chile, afoah dey tuk huh t' Rims Crick. All us chilluns wah playin' in de ya'd one night. Jes' arunnin' an' aplayin' lak chillun will. All a sudden mammy cum to de do' all a'sited. "Cum in heah dis minnit," she say. "Jes look up at what is ahappenin'", and bless yo' life, honey, de sta's wah fallin' jes' lak rain.[7] Mammy wah tebble skeered, but we chillun wa'nt afeard, no, we wa'nt afeard. But mammy she say evah time a sta' fall, somebuddy gonna die. Look lak lotta folks gonna die f'om de looks ob dem sta's. Ebbathin' wah jes' as bright as day. Yo' cudda pick a pin up. Yo' know de sta's don' shine as bright as dey did back den. I wondah wy dey don'. Dey jes' don' shine as bright. Wa'nt long afoah dey took mah mammy away, and I wah lef' alone.

One day, I nebbah fo'git, we look out an' see sojers ma'chin'; look lak de whole valley full ob dem. I thought: "Poah helpless crittahn, jes' goin' away t' git kilt." De drums wah beatin' an' de fifes aplayin'. Dey wah de foot comp'ny. Oh, glory, it wah a sight. Sometime dey cum home on furlough.

Thomas Hall NC1-68

My name is Thomas Hall and I was born in Orange County, N. C. on a plantation belonging to Jim Woods whose wife, our missus, was named Polly. I am eighty one years of age as I was born Feb. 14, 1856. My father Daniel Hall and my mother

Becke Hall and me all belonged to the same man but it was often the case that this was not true as one man, perhaps a Johnson, would own a husband and a Smith own the wife, each slave goin' by the name of the slave owners, family. In such cases the children went by the name of the family to which the mother belonged.

Gettin married an' having a family was a joke in the days of slavery, as the main thing in allowing any form of matrimony among the slaves was to raise more slaves in the same sense and for the same purpose as stock raisers raise horses and mules, that is for work. A woman who could produce fast was in great demand and brought a good price on the auction block in Richmond, Va., Charleston, S. C., and other places.

The food in many cases that was given the slaves was not given them for their pleasure or by a cheerful giver, but for the simple and practical reason that children would not grow into a large healthy slave unless they were well fed and clothed; and given good warm places in which to live.

Conditions and rules were bad and the punishments were severe and barbarous. Some marsters acted like savages. In some instances slaves were burned at the stake. Families were torn apart by selling. Mothers were sold from their children. Children were sold from their mothers, and the father was not considered in anyway as a family part. These conditions were here before the Civil War and the conditions in a changed sense have been here ever since. The whites have always held the slaves in part slavery and are still practicing the same things on them in a different manner. Whites lynch, burn, and persecute the Negro race in America yet; and there is little they are doing to help them in anyway.

Lincoln got the praise for freeing us, but did he do it? He give us freedom without giving us any chance to live to ourselves and we still had to depend on the southern white man for work, food and clothing, and he held us through our necessity and want in a state of servitude but little better than slavery. Lincoln done but little for the Negro race and from living standpoint nothing. White folks are not going to do nothing for Negroes except keep them down.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, the writer of Uncle Tom's Cabin, did that for her own good. She had her own interests at heart and I don't like her, Lincoln, or none of the crowd. The Yankees helped free us, so they say, but they let us be put back in slavery again.

When I think of slavery it makes me mad. I do not believe in giving you my story 'cause with all the promises that have been made the Negro is still in a bad way in the United States, no matter in what part he lives it's all the same. Now you may be all right; there are a few white men who are but the pressure is such from your white friends that you will be compelled to talk against us and give us the cold shoulder when you are around them, even if your heart is right towards us.

You are going around to get a story of slavery conditions and the persecutions of Negroes before the civil war and the economic conditions concerning them since that war. You should have known before this late day all about that. Are you going to help us? No! you are only helping yourself. You say that my story may be put into a book, that you are from the Federal Writer's Project. Well, the Negro will not get anything out of it, no matter where you are from. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote Uncle Tom's Cabin. I didn't like her book and I hate her. No matter where you are from I don't

want you to write my story cause the white folks have been and are now and always will be against the negro.

Hecter Hamilton NC1-69

Dey wuz two General Lee's, in de 'Federate War. One los' his fight, but de other won his.

One of dese Generals wuz a white man dat rode a white hoss, an' de other wuz a mean fightin' gander dat I named General Lee, though I didn' know den dat he wuz goin' to live up to his name. But when de time come dat long neck gander out fit de whole 'Federate army.

Marse Peter had acres an' acres of woods dat wuz his huntin' 'zerve. Dey wuz every kind of bird an' animal in dem woods in shootin' season. Dey wuz snipes, pheasants, patridges, squirrels, rabbits, deers, an' foxes; dey wuz even bears, an' dey wuz wolfs too dat would come an' catch de sheeps at night.

Dey wuz always a crowd at Easy Acres huntin' ridin' dancin' an' havin' a good time. Marse Peter's stables wuz full of hunters an' saddlers for mens an' ladies. De ladies in dem days rode side saddles. Mis' Laura's saddle wuz all studded wid sho nuff gol' tacks. De fringe wuz tipped wid gol', an' de buckles on de bridle wuz solid gol'. When de ladies went to ride dey wore long skirts of red, blue, an' green velvet, an' dey had plumes on dey hats dat blew in de win'. Dey wouldn' be caught wearin' britches an' ridin' straddle like de womens do dese days. In dem times de women wuz ladies.

De decanters wuz all set out on de sideboard wid de glasses, an' de wine an' brandy wuz so ole dat one good size dram would make yo' willin' to go to de jail house for sixty days.

I wuz Marse Peter's main sideboa'd man. When he had shootin' company I didn' do nothin' but shake drams. De mens would come in from de huntin' field col' an' tired, an' Marse Peter would say: 'Hustle up, Hecter, fix us a dram of so an' so.' Dat mean dat I wuz to mix de special dram dat I done learned from my gran'pappy. So, I pours in a little of dis an' a little of dat, den I shakes it 'twell it foams, den I fills de glasses an' draps in de ice an' de mint. Time de mens drink dat so an' so dey done forgot dey's tired; dey 'lax, an' when de ladies come down de stairs all dredd up, dey thinks dey's angels walkin' in gol' shoes.

Dat is, I wuz set to watch de commissary to see dat de niggers wuzn' give no more den dey share of eats, den I looked after de chickens an' things, kaze de patter-rollers wuz all 'roun' de country an' dey'd steal everythin' from chickens to sweet taters an cawn, den dey'd sell it to de Yankees. Dat's when I named dat ole mean fightin' gander General Lee.

Everywhare I went 'roun' de place dat gander wuz right at my heels. He wuz de bigges' gander I ever seed. He weighed near 'bout forty pounds, an' his wings from tip to tip wuz 'bout two yards. He wuz smart too. I teached him to drive de cows an' sheeps, an' I sic'd him on de dogs when dey got 'streperous. I'd say, Sic him, General Lee, an' dat gander would cha'ge. He wuz a better fighter den de dogs kaze he fit wid his wings, his bill, an' wid his feets. I seed him skeer a bull near 'bout to death one day. Dat bull got mad an' jump de fence an' run all de niggers in de cabins, so I called General Lee an' sic'd him on dat bull. Dat bird give one squawk an' lit on dat bull's back, an' yo' never seed such carryin's on. De bull reared an' snorted an' kicked, but

dat gander held on. He whipped dat bull wid his wings 'twell he wuz glad to go back in de lot an' 'have hese'f. After dat all I had to do to dat bull wuz show him General Lee an' he'd quiet down.

Now I's goin' to tell yo' 'bout Mis' Laura's diamon' ear rings.

De fus' Yankees dat come to de house wuz gentlemens, 'cept dey made us niggers cook dey supper an' shine dey muddy boots, den dey stole everythin' dey foun' to tote away, but de nex ones dat come wuz mean. Dey got made kaze de fus' Yankees done got de pickin's of what Mis' Laura hadn' hid. Dey cut open de feather beds lookin' for silver; dey ripped open de chair cushings lookin' for money, dey even tore up de carpets, but dey didn' fin' nothin' kaze all de valuables done been buried. Even mos' of de wine done been hid, 'twuz' all buried in de ole graves down in de family grave yard wid de tombstones at de head an' foots. No Yankee ain't goin' be diggin' in no grave for nothin'.

Dey wuz one Yankee in dis las' bunch dat wuz big an' bustin'. He strut bigoty wid his chist stuck out. He walk 'roun' stickin' his sword in de chair cushions, de pictures on de walls an' things like dat. He got powerful mad kaze he couldn' fin' nothin', den he look out de window an' seed Mis' Laura. She wuz standin' on de po'ch an' de sun wuz shinin' on de diamon' ear rings in her ears. Dey wuz de ear rings dat belonged to Marse Peter's great-great-gran'mammy. When de sojer seed dem diamon's his eyes 'gun to shine. He went out on de po'ch an' went up to Mis' Laura. 'Gim me dem ear rings,' he say jus' like dat.

Mis' Laura flung her han's up to her ears an' run out in de yard. De sojer followed her, an' all de other sojers come too. Dat big Yankee tole Mis' Laura again to give him de ear rings, but she shook her head. I wuz standin' 'side de house near 'bout bustin' wid madness when dat Yankee reach up an' snatch Mis' Laura's hands down an' hold dem in his, den he laugh, an' all de other sojers 'gun to laugh too jus' like dey thought 'twuz funny. 'Bout dat time Ole General Lee done smell a fight. He come waddlin' 'roun' de house, his tail feathers bristled out an' tawkin' to he'sef. I point to dem sojers an say, "Sic him, General Lee, sic him."

Dat gander ain't waste no time. He let out his wings an' cha'ged dem Yankees an' dey scatter like flies. Den he lit on dat big sojer's back an' 'gun to beat him wid his wings. Dat man let out a yell an' drap Mis' Laura's hands; he try to shake dat goose, but General bit into his neck an' held on like a leech. When de other sojers come up an' try to pull him off, dat gander let out a wing an' near about slap dem down. I ain't never seed such fightin'! Every time I holler, Sic him, General Lee start 'nother 'tack.

'Bout dat time dem Yankees took a runnin' nothin'. Dey forgot de ear rings an' lit out down de road, but dat gander beat dat bigoty yellin' sojer clear down to de branch befo' he turned him loose, den he jump in de water an' wash hese'f off. Yes, suh, dat wuz sho some fightin' goose; he near 'bout out fit de sho nuff Marse General Lee.

George W. Harris NC1-70

De plantation wuz fenced in wid rails about 10 ft. in length split from pine trees. De cattle, hogs an' hosses run out on de free range. The hosses ran on free range when de crap wuz laid by. There wuz an ole mare dat led de hosses. She led 'em an' when she come home at night dey followed her.

De first work I done wuz drappin' tater sprouts, drappin' corn, thinnin' out corn and roundin' up corn an' mindin' the crows out of de field.

Marster told us directly after dey declared war dat he expected we would all soon be free. De majority of de slaves did not want to be free. Dey were stirred up. Dey didn't want it to be. Dey didn't want no fightin'. Dey didn't know.

Cy Hart NC1-72

We had what wuz den called a 'groun' hog. It wuz a cylinder shaped contraption. We put de wheat straw an all in it an' knock de grain loose from de straw. Den we took de pitchforks an' tossed de straw up an' about, an' dat let de wheat go to de bottom on a big cloth. Den we fan de wheat, to get de dust an' dirt out, an' we had big curtains hung 'roun' de cloth whar de wheat lay, so de wheat wouldn' get all scattered, on de groun'. Dis wheat was sacked an' when wanted 'twus took to de mill an' groun' into flour. De flour wuz made into white bread an' de corn wuz groun' into meal an' grits.

Alonzo Haywood NC1-73

Father told me a story once 'bout de devil traveling and he got sore feet and was awful lame but he went in a blacksmith shop and the blacksmith shoed him.

The devil traveled longer and the shoes hurt his feet and made him lamer than ever so he went back and asked the blacksmith to take off de shoes.

The blacksmith took them off under the condition that wherever the devil saw a horse shoe over a door he would not enter. That's the reason that people hang up horseshoes over their door.

Barbara Haywood NC1-74

Jest 'fore de war wus ober we wus sent ter Mr. William Turner's place down clost ter Smithfield an' dats whar we wus when de Yankees come.

One day I wus settin' on de porch restin' atter my days wurk wus done when I sees de hoss-lot full of men an' I sez ter Marse William, who am talkin' ter a soldier named Cole, 'De lot am full of men.'

Marse Cole looks up an' he 'lows, 'Hits dem damned Yankees,' an' wid dat he buckles on his sword an' he ain't been seen since.

Essex Henry NC1-76

De wuck wus hard den, I knows case I'se seed my little mammy dig ditches wid de best of 'em. I'se seed her split 350 rails a day many's de time. Dat wus her po'tion you knows, an' de mens had ter split 500. I wus too little ter do much but min' de chickens outen de gyarden, an' so I fared better dan most of 'em.

Dar wus a few spirited slaves what won't be whupped an' my uncle wus one. He wus finally sold fer dis.

Hit wus different wid my gran'mother do'. De oberseer tried ter whup her an' he can't, so he hollers fer Mr. Jake. Mr. Jake comes an' he can't, so he hauls off an' kicks granny, mashin' her stomick in. He has her carried ter her cabin an' three days atterward she dies wid nothin' done fer her an' nobody wid her.

Mr. Jake orders de coffinmaker ter make de pine box, an' den he fergits hit. De slaves puts de coffin on de cyart hin' de two black hosses an' wid six or maybe seben hundert niggers follerin' dey goes ter de Simms' graveyard an' buries her. All de way

ter de graveyard dey sings, 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot,' 'De Promised Lan', 'De Road ter Jordan,' an' 'Ole Time Religion.'

Hit's a good thing dat none of de white folkses ain't went to de funerals case iffen dey had de niggers can't sing deir hymns. Does you know dat dey warn't no 'ligion 'lowed on dat plantation. Ole lady Betsy Holmes wus whupped time an' ag'in fer talkin' 'ligion er fer singin' hymns.

Mr. Henry, Mr. Jake's bruder an' his Uncle Moses uster come a-visitin' ter de house fer de day. Mr. Henry wus little wid a short leg an' a long one, an' he had de wust temper dat eber wus in de worl'; an' he loved ter see slaves suffer, near 'bout much as he loved his brandy. We knowed when we seed him comin' dat dar wus gwine ter be a whuppin' frolic 'fore de day wus gone.

Dar wus three niggers, John Lane, Ananias Ruffin an' Dick Rogers what got de blame fer eber'thing what happens on de place. Fer instance Mr. Henry 'ud look in de hawg pen an' 'low dat hit 'peared dat he bruder's stock wus growin' less all de time. Den Mr. Jake sez dat dey done been stold.

'Why doan you punish dem thievin' niggers, Jake'?

Jake gits mad an' has dese three niggers brung out, deir shirts am pulled off an' dey am staked down on deir stomichs, an' de oberseer gits wored out, an' leavin' de niggers tied, dar in de sun, dey goes ter de house ter git some brandy.

Dey more dey drinks from de white crock de better humor dey gits in. Dey laughs an' talks an' atter awhile dey think o' de niggers, an' back dey goes an' beats 'em some more. Dis usually lasts all de day, case hit am fun ter dem.

Milly Henry NC1-77

An interview with Milly Henry 82 of 713 South East Street, Raleigh, N. C.

I wus borned a slave ter Mr. Buck Boylan in Yazoo City, Mississippi. I doan know nothin' 'bout my family 'cept my gran'maw an' she died in Mississippi durin' de war.

De Yankees am a-comin' to take my slaves 'way from me an' I don't 'pose dat dey am gwine ter do dat. Fer dem reasons we leaves fer No'th Carolina day atter termorrer an' I ain't gwine ter hyar no jaw 'bout hit.'

Dat day he goes over de slaves an' picks out 'roun' five hundret ter go. He picks me out, but my gran'maw he sez dat he will leave case she am so old an' feeble. I hates dat, but I don't say nothin' at all.

I went right home an' tol' Mr. Buck dat Miss Sue whupped me, an' dat I runned away. He said dat hit wus all right, an' he hired me out ter Mis' Lee Hamilton who lived dar on de Fayetteville Street.

She wus a widder an' run a boardin' house an' dar's whar I seed de first drunk man dat eber I seed. He put de back o' his knife ginst my neck an' said dat he wus gwine ter cut my throat. I tell you dat I is knowed a drunk eber since dat time.

I wus drawin' water at de well at de end of Fayetteville Street when de Yankees comed. I seed 'em ridin' up de street wid deir blue coats shinin' an' deir hosses steppin' high. I knowed dat I ought ter be skeered but I ain't, an' so I stands dar an' watches.

Suddenly as dey passes de bank out rides two mens frum Wheeler's calvary an' dey gits in de middle o' de street one of de hosses wheels back an' de man shot right at de Yankees, den he flewed frum dar.

Two of de Yankees retracts frum de army an' dey flies atter de Rebs. When de Rebs git ter de Capitol one o' dem flies down Morgan Street an' one goes out Hillsboro Street wid de Yankees hot in behin' him.

Dey ketched him out dar at de Hillsboro Bridge when his hoss what wus already tired, stumbles an' he falls an' hurts his leg.

Durin' dat time de big man wid de red hair what dey calls Kilpatrick brung his men up on de square an' sets under de trees an' a gang o' people comes up.

When dey brung de young good lookin' Reb up ter de redheaded Gen'l he sez 'What you name Reb?'

De boy sez, 'Robert Walsh, sir.

What for did you done go an' shoot at my army?

"Case I hates de Yankees an' I wush dat dey wus daid in a pile," de Reb sez, an' laughs.

"De Gen'l done got his dander up now, an' he yells," 'Carry de Reb sommers out'r sight o' de ladies an' hang him.'

De Reb laughs an' sez, 'kin' o' you sir,' an' he waves goodbye ter de crowd an' dey carried him off a laughin' fit ter kill.

Dey hanged him on a ole oak tree in de Lovejoy grove, whar de Governor's mansion am now standin' an' dey buried him under de tree.

Way atter de war dey moved his skiletion ter Oakwood Cemetery an' put him up a monument. His grave wus kivered wid flowers, an' de young ladies cry.

He died brave do', an' he kep' laughin' till his neck broke. I wus dar an' seed hit, furdernore dar wus a gang of white ladies dar, so dey might as well a hanged him on de Capitol Square.

Chaney Hews NC1-78

When dey had a cornshuckin' we slaves had a good time, plenty to eat, whiskey for de grown folks and a rastlin' match after de corn wus shucked. A nigger dat shucked a red ear of corn got a extra drink of whiskey. Dat wus de custom in dem days.

Dey whupped mother 'cause she tried to learn to read, no books wus allowed. Mother said dat if de blue jackets had not come sooner or later I would have got de lash.

Joe High NC1-79

There wuz a block in de yard, where missus got up on her horse. There were two steps to it. Slaves were sold from this block. I 'member seein' them sold from this block. George High wuz one, but they got him back.

I 'members one day my young master, Green High, and me wuz standin' in de front yard when two men come down the avenue from de main road to the house. Dey wanted to know how fer it wuz to Green High's. Master told 'em it wuz about 2 miles away and gave 'em the direction. Dey were Yankees. Dey got on their horses and left. Dey didn't know dey wuz talking to Green High then. When dey left, master left. I didn't see him no more in a long time. Soon next day the yard wuz full uv Yankee soldiers. I 'members how de buttons on dere uniforms shined. Dey got corn, meat, chickens, and eveything they wanted. Day didn't burn the house.

Susan High NC1-80

Women cleared land by rollin' logs into piles and pilin' brush in de new grounds. Dey were 'lowed patches, but dey used what dey made to eat. Daddy said dey didn't have time to fish and hunt any. Dey were too tired for dat. Dey had to work so hard.

Daddy said he wus proud o' freedom, but wus afraid to own it. Dey prayed fer freedom secretly. When de Yankees come daddy saved a two horse wagon load of meat for marster by takin' it off in de swamp and hidin' it, an' den marster wouldn't give him nary bit uv it. After de surrender, dey turned him out wid a crowd o' little chillun wid out a thing. Dey give him nothin'.

My mother saved her marster's life, Charles Underhill.

Well you see he wus takin' care uv a lot o' meat and whiskey for Dick Jordon, an' de Yankees come an' he treated 'em from whiskey he had in a bottle, an' tole 'em he had no more. Dey searched his home an' found it in a shed room, an' den dey said dey were goin' to kill him for tellin' 'em a lie. She herd [HW correction: heard] 'em talkin' and she busted through de crowd and tole 'em dat de stuff belonged to anudder man and dat her marster was not lyin', an' not to hurt 'im. De Yankees said, 'You have saved dis ole son of a bitch, we won't kill' em den.' Dey took all de meat, whiskey, an' everything dey wanted. Marster promised mother a cow, and calf, a sow, and pigs for what she had done for him an' to stay on an' finish de crop. When de fall o' de year come he did not give her de wrappin's o' her finger. Dat's what my mudder tole me. We wus teached to call 'em mammie and pappie. I is gwine to tell you just zackly like it is we were taught dese things. I wants to be pasidefily right in what I tell you.

Kitty Hill NC1-81

A Yankee wus pisen to a yard full of fowls. Dey killed turkeys, chickens and geese. Now dats de truth. Mother said de Yankees skinned turkeys, chickens and geese 'fore dey cooked 'em. Sometimes dey would shoot a hog an' jist take de hams an' leave de rest dere to spile. Dey would kill a cow, cut off de quarters an' leave de rest ter rot.

Jerry Hinton NC1-82

I wus neber whapped. Dey wrung my ears an' pulled my nose to punish me.

Martha Adeline Hinton NC1-83

Durin' slavery dey tried to sell daddy. De speculator wus dere an' 'daddy suspicion sumpin. His marster tole him to go an' shuck some corn. Dey aimed to git him in de corn crib an' den tie him an' sell him but when he got to the crib he kept on goin'. He went to Mr. Henry Buffaloe's an' stayed two weeks den he went back home. Dere wus nuthin' else said 'bout sellin him. Dey wanted to sell him an buy a 'oman so dey could have a lot of slave chilluns cause de 'oman could multiply.

Robert Hinton NC1-84

I have lived in North Carolina all my life, right here in Wake County. We used to set gums and catch rabbits, set traps and caught patridges and doves.

Yes sir, I went blindin'. I 'members gittin' a big light an' jumpin' 'round de bresh heaps, an' when a bird come out we frailed him down. We went gigging fish too. We

found 'em lying on de bottom o' de creeks an' ponds at night, an' stuck de gig in 'em an' pulled 'em out.

William George Hinton NC1-85

I was born in Wake County in de year 1859. August 28th. I 'members seeing de Yankees, it seems like a dream. One come along ridin' a mule. Dey sed he wus a Yankee bummer, a man dat went out raging on peoples things. He found out whur the things wus located an' carried the rest there. The bummers stole for de army, chickens, hogs, an' anything they could take. Atter de bummer come along in a few minutes de whole place wus crowded wid Yankees. De blue coats wus everywhere I could look.

I seed de Yankees atter de surrender. Dey wus staying at de ole Soldiers Home on New Bern Avenue. One day mother carried me there to sell to 'em. One time she went there an' she had a rooster who wus a game. His eyes wus out from fighting another game rooster belonging to another person near our home, Mr. Emory Sewell. She carried de rooster in where dere wus a sick Yankee. De Yankee took him in his hands an' de rooster crowed. He give mother thirty-five cents for him. De Yankee said if he could crow an' his eyes out he wanted him. He said, he called dat spunk.

Eustace Hodges NC1-86

Yes'um I heard a heap 'bout de Yankees but I ain't prepared fer dere takin' eben our bread.

Alex Huggins NC1-87

Well, I coaxed two other boys to go with me, an' a grown man he got the boat an' we slipped off to the beach an' put out to sea. Yes'm, we sho' was after adventure. But, we did'n get very far out from sho', an' I saw the lan' get dimmer an' dimmer, when I got skeered, an' then I got seasick, an' we was havin' more kinds of adventure than we wanted, an' then we saw some ships. There was two of 'em, an' they took us on board.

Charlie H. Hunter NC1-88

When the Yankees come they asked me where wus my marster. I told them I didn't know. Marster told me not to tell where he wus. He had gone off into the woods to hide his silver. In a few minutes the ground wus covered with Yankees. The Yankees stole my pen knife. I thought a lot of it. Knives wus scarce and hard to get. I cried about they taking it. They got my marster's carriage horses, two fine gray horses. His wife had lost a brother, who had been in the army but died at home. He wus buried in the yard. The Yankees thought the grave wus a place where valuables wus buried and they had to get a guard to keep them from diggin' him up. They would shoot hogs, cut the hams and shoulders off, stick them on their bayonets, throw them over the'r shoulders an' go on.