

WPA Slave Narratives
North Carolina Part 2
Events: Things Seen and Heard Tell Of
John Sepich, ed.

John H. Jackson NC2-1

"Yes'm, they was slaves, mos' all the fine work 'round Wilmin'ton was done by slaves. They called 'em artisans. None of 'em could read, but give 'em any plan an' they could foller it to the las' line."

"I remember when the Confederates captured part of the Union Army at Fort Sumter, S.C., and they brought them here to Wilmin'ton and put them out under Fourth Street bridge, and the white ladies of Wilmin'ton, N.C. cooked food and carried it by baskets full to them. We all had plenty of food. A warehouse full of everything down there by the river nigh Red Cross Street, an' none of us ever went hungry 'till the war was over.

"I remember when they didn't have no trussels 'cross either river [at Wilmington], an' they had a passages boat by the name of Walker Moore, an' the warf was up there by the Charlotte railroad (S.A.L.) The Boat would take you from there to the bluff an' then you would have to catch the train to go to Greensboro, and other places in No'th Carolina.

Ben Johnson NC2-2

I doan know nothin' 'bout my mammy an' daddy, but I had a brother Jim who wuz sold ter dress young missus fer her weddin'. De tree am still standin' whar I set under an' watch 'em sell Jim. I set dar an' I cry an' cry, 'specially when dey puts de chains on him an' carries him off, an' I ain't neber felt so lonesome in my whole life. I ain't neber hyar from Jim since an' I wonder now sometimes if'en he's still livin'.

"De most dat I can tell yo' 'bout am de Ku Klux. I neber will fergit when dey hung Cy Guy. Dey hung him fer a scandalous insult ter a white 'oman an' dey comed atter him a hundert strong.

"Dey tries him dar in de woods, an' dey scratches Cy's arm ter git some blood, an' wid dat blood dey writes dat he shall hang 'tween de heavens an' de yearth till he am daid, daid, daid, an' dat any nigger what takes down de body shall be hunged too.

"Well sar, de nex' mornin' dar he hung, right ober de road an' de sentence hangin' ober his haid. Nobody'ud bother wid dat body fer four days an' dar hit hung, swingin' in de wind, but de fou'th day de sheriff comes an' takes hit down.

"Dar wuz Ed an' Cindy, who 'fore de war belonged ter Mr. Lynch an' atter de war he told 'em ter move. He gives 'em a month an' dey ain't gone, so de Ku Kluxes gits 'em.

"Hit wuz on a cold night when dey comed an' drugged de niggers out'n bed. Dey carried 'em down in de woods an' whup dem, den dey throws 'em in de pond, dere

bodies breakin' de ice. Ed come out an' come ter our house, but Cindy ain't been seed since.

"Sam Allen in Caswell County wuz tol' ter move an' atter a month de hundret Ku Klux come a-totin' his casket an' dey tells him dat his time has come an' if'en he want ter tell his wife good bye an' say his prayers hurry up.

"Dey set de coffin on two cheers an' Sam kisses his ole oman who am a-cryin', den he kneels down side of his bed wid his haid on de piller an' his arms throwed out front of him.

"He sets dar fer a minute an' when he riz he had a long knife in his hand. 'Fore he could be grabbed he done kill two of de Ku Kluxes wid de knife, an' he done gone out'n de do'. Dey ain't ketch him nother, an' de nex' night when dey comed back, 'terminated ter git him dey shot ano'her nigger by accident.

"I Imembers [TR: 'members] seein' Joe Turner, another nigger hung at Hillsboro in '69 but I plumb fergot why it wuz.

"I know one time Miss Hendon inherits a thousand dollars from her pappy's 'state an' dat night she goes wid her sweetheart ter de gate, an' on her way back ter de house she gits knocked in de haid wid a axe. She screams an' her two nigger sarvants, Jim an' Sam runs an' saves her but she am robbed.

"Den she tells de folkses dat Jim an' Sam am de guilty parties, but her little sister swears dat dey ain't so dey gits out of it.

"Atter dat dey fin's out dat it am five mens, Atwater, Edwards, Andrews, Davis an' Markham. De preacher comes down to whar dey am hangin' ter preach dar funeral an' he stan's dar while lightnin' plays roun' de dead mens haid an' de win' blows de trees, an he preaches sich a sermon as I ain't neber hyard before.

"Bob Boylan falls in love wid another oman so he burns his wife an' four youngins up in dere house.

"De Ku Kluxes gits him, of course, an' dey hangs him high on de old red oak on de Hillsboro Road. Atter dey hunged him his lawyer says ter us boys, 'Bury him good, boys, jist as good as you'd bury me if'en I wuz daid.'

"I shuck han's wid Bob 'fore dey hunged him an' I he'ped ter bury him too an' we bury him nice an' we all hopes dat he done gone ter glory."

Isaac Johnson NC2-3

"The white folks didn't teach us to read an' write. I cannot read an' write, but de white folks, only 'bout half or less den half, could read an' write den. Dere were very few pore white folks who could read an' write.

"Ole Marster loved his dram, an' he gave it to all his slaves. It sold for ten cents a quart. He made brandy by de barrels, an' at holidays all drank together an' had a good time. I never saw any of 'em drunk. People wan't mean when dey were drinking den. It wus so plentiful nobody notices it much. Marster would tell de children 'bout Raw Head and Bloody Bones an' other things to skeer us. He would call us to de barn to git apples an' run an' hide, an' we would have a time findin' him. He give de one who found him a apple. Sometimes he didn't give de others no apple.

Tina Johnson NC2-4

"We had done moved nigh Augusta when Sherman come, an' Sherman's sister wuz a-livin' in Augusta. Dat's de reason dat Sherman missed us, case he ain't wantin' ter 'sturb his sister none.

"I ain't seed nary a Yankee, but fer two days an' nights I hyard de guns roarin' an' felt de earth shakin' lak a earthquake wuz hittin' it. De air wuz dark an' de clouds hunged low, de whole earth seemed ter be full of powder an' yo' nostrils seemed lak dey would bust wid de sting of it.

Clara Jones NC2-6

"De white folks went off to de war; dey said dey could whup, but de Lord said, 'No', and dey didn't whup. Dey went off laffin', an' many were soon cryin', and many did not come back. De Yankees come through, dey took what dey wanted; killed de stock; stole de horses; poured out de lasses and cut up a lot of meanness, but most of 'em is dead and gone now. No matter whether dey were Southern white folks, or Northern white folks, dey is dead now.

We lived on Mr. Felton McGee's place hear in Wake County. I wurked lak a man dar an' de hours wus from sunup till dark mostly. He ain't had but about fifty slaves but he makes dem do de wurk of a hundret an' fifty. We ain't had no fun dar, case hit takes all of our strength ter do our daily task. Yes'um we had our tasks set out ever' day.

"One day, right atter my fifth chile wus borned, I fell out in de fiel'. Marster come out an' looked at me, den he kicks me an' 'lows, 'a youngin' ever' ten months an' never able ter wurk, I'll sell her'.

"A few days atter dat he tuck me an' my two younges' chilluns ter Raleigh an' he sells us ter Marse Rufus Jones.

"Marse Rufus am a good man in ever' way. He fed us good an' he give us good clothes an' we ain't had much wurk ter do, dat is, not much side of what we had ter do on McGee's plantation.

"We had some fun on Marse Rufus' plantation, watermillion slicin's, candy pullin's, dances, prayer meetin's an' sich. Yes mam, we had er heap of fun an' in dat time I had eleben chilluns.

"When de Yankees come Mis' Sally, Marse Rufus' wife cried an' ordered de scalawags outen de house but dey jist laughs at her an' takes all we got. Dey eben takes de stand of lard dat we has got buried in de ole fiel' an' de hams hangin' up in de trees in de pasture. Atter dey is gone we fin's a sick Yankee in de barn an' Mis' Sally nurses him. Way atter de war Mis' Sally gits a letter an' a gol' ring from him.

Dave Lawson NC2-9

MY FATHER WHO KNEW THE PRINCIPLE CHARACTERS TOLD ME THIS STORY YEARS AGO

"Yes, suh, de wus' I knows 'bout slavery times is what dey tols me 'bout how come dey hung my gran'mammy an' gran'pappy. Dey hung dem bof at de same time an' from de same lim' of de tree, but dat was way back yonder befo' Mistah Lincoln come down here to set de niggers free. My mammy wuzn' but six months ole den an' I wuzn' even bawn, but Aunt Becky tole me 'bout it when I was ole enough to lissen.

"Dis ain' no nice tale you gwine hear. It's de truf, but 'tain't nice. De fus' time I heard it I didn' sleep none for a week. Everytime I shut my eyes I seed Marse Drew Norwood wid dat funnel in his mouf an' de hot steam blowin' up like a cloud 'roun' his wicked face an' skeered eyes.

"Dey say my gran'pappy's Ole Marse was de meanes' white man de Lawd ever let breath de brea'f of life. His name was Marse Drew Norwood. He was de riches' lan' owner anywhere 'roun'. He owned more lan' an' more niggers den anybody in Person or Granville counties. But he didn' make his money wid no farm, no suh, he sho didn', he made his money buyin' an' sellin' niggers. He bought dem cheap an' sold dem high. He would catch all de niggers dat run away from other plantations an' keep dem in his lockup 'twell he fatten dem, den he would take dem way off down in Georgia, Alabama or some place like dat an' sell dem for a big price. He would come back wid his pockets runnin' over wid money. Some folks say he stold niggers to sell, but nobody never could catch him.

"Marse Drew lived over here on de Virginia line 'tween Red Bank an' Blue Wing. He owned lan' 'cross de No'th Carolina line too an' lived close to Blue Wing. He treated his niggers so mean dey was all de time runnin' off. If he caught dem he beat dem near 'bout to death. He did beat Cindy Norwood to death one time kaze she run off to Marse Reuben Jones place an' axed him to keep her. She got pizen in de cut places on her back an' had fits three days befo' de Lawd took her. But Marse Drew jus' laugh an' say he didn' keer; dat she wuzn' no 'count nohow.

"I ain't never seed Marse Drew kaze I was bawn way after de niggers was freed, but dey tole me he looked like a mad bull. He was short wid a big head set forward on his big shoulders. His neck was so short dat he couldn' wear no collar; he jus' kept de neck bindin' of his shirt pinned wid a diaper pin. De debil done lit a lamp an' set it burnin' in his eyes; his mouf was a wicked slash cut 'cross his face, an' when he got mad his lips curled back from his teef like a mad dog's. When he cracked his whip de niggers swunged an' de chillun screamed wid pain when dat plaited thong bit in dey flesh. He beat Mistis too. Mis' Cary wuzn' no bigger den a minute an' she skeered as a kildee of Marse Drew. She didn' live long dey say kaze Marse Drew whipped her jus' befo' dey fus' baby wuz bawn.

"Marse Drew done whip Luzanne kaze she burnt de biscuits, an' Mis' Cary give her some salve to rub on de cut places on her back. When Marse Drew foun' it out he got so mad dat he come back to de big house an' tole Mis' Cary dat he gwine touch her up wid his whip kaze she give Luzanne de salve, dat when he want his niggers doctored he gwine doctor dem hese'f, so he got to use his lash a little bit to make her remember.

"Mis' Cary got so skeered dat she run 'roun' an' 'roun' de house, but Marse Drew run after her, an' every now an' den he th'ow out dat plaited whip an' curl it 'roun' her shoulders. Every time it hit it cut clean through her clothes. Mis' Cary got so skeered dat de baby come dat night befo' 'twuz time. De baby wuz bawn dead an' Mis' Cary went on to glory wid it. Dey say she was glad to go. Yes, suh, everything on dat plantation, animal an' man was skeered of dat whip--dat whip dat never lef' Marse Drew's wris'. It was made of home-tanned leather plaited in a roun' cord big as a man's thum'. All day it swung from a leather strop tied to his wris' an' at night it lay on a chair 'side de bed whare he could reach it easy.

"It was jus' befo' de Yankees come over here to fight dat Marse Drew bought Cleve an' Lissa Lawson. Dey was my gran'mammy an' gran'pappy. My mammy den was a baby. Marse Drew bought dem for fo' hundred an' fifty dollars. Dat was cheap kaze de niggers was young wid hard farm trainin'. Ole Marse didn' buy mammy. He said a nigger brat wuzn' no good, dey wouldn' sell an' dey might die befo' dey growed up, 'sides dey was a strain on de mammy what breas' nussed it. Lissa cut up powerful kaze he made her leave de baby behin', but Marse Drew jus' laughed an' tole her dat he would give her a puppy; dat dey was plenty of houn's on de plantation. Den he snapped de chains on dey wris' an' led dem off. Lissa an' Cleve never seed dat baby no more. Aunt Beck Lawson took an' raised her an' when she got grown she was my mammy.

"Yes, suh, Marse Drew bought dem niggers like he was buyin' a pair of mules. Dey wuzn' no more den mules to him. It was early summer when he brung dem to de plantation, but when wheat cuttin' time come Lissa an' Cleve was sent to de wheat fiel's. Dey was smart niggers, dey worked hard--too hard for dey own good. In dem times 'twuz de smart, hard workin' niggers dat brought de bes' price, an' nobody didn' know dat better den Marse Drew.

"One day Cleve seed Marse Drew watchin' Lissa. She was gleamin' de wheat. Her skin was de color of warm brown velvet; her eyes was dark an' bright an' shinin' like muscadines under de frosty sun, an' her body was slender like a young tree dat bends easy. As she stooped an' picked up de wheat, flingin' it 'cross her arm, she swayed back an' fo'th jus' like dem saplins down yonder by de creek sways in de win'.

"Cleve watched Marse Drew on de sly. He seed him watchin' Lissa. He seed de lustful look in his eyes, but 'twuzn' Lissa he lustin' after; 'twuz money he seed in her slender swayin' body, in de smooth warm brown skin, an' de quick, clean way she gleam de wheat. Stripped to de wais' on de Alabama auction block she would bring near 'bout a thousan' dollars. Cleve 'gun to sweat. He turned so sick an' skeered dat he could hardly swing de scythe through de wheat. Marse Drew done took his baby away, an' now sumpin' way down in his heart told him dat he was gwine take Lissa. He didn' keer if he parted dem, 'twuz dollars he seed swingin' 'roun' his head--gol' dollars shinin' brighter den stars.

"'Twuz de nex' day dat Marse Drew went to Cleve's cabin. He walk up whistlin' an' knock on de door wid de butt of his whip.

"Cleve opened de door.

"Ole Marse tole him to pack Lissa's clothes, dat he was takin' her to Souf Boston de nex' day to sell her on de block.

"Cleve fell on his knees an' 'gun to plead. He knew Ole Marse wuzn' gwine take Lissa to no Souf Boston; he was gwine take her way off an' he wouldn' never see her no more. He beg an' promise Marse Drew to be good an' do anything he say [HW: to] do if he jus' leave him Lissa, dat she was his wife an' he love her. But Marse Drew hit him 'cross de face wid his whip, cuttin' his lip in half, den he went over an' felt of Lissa's arms an' legs like she might have been a hoss.

"When he done gone Cleve went over an' set down by Lissa an' took her han'. Lissa 'gun to cry, den she jumped up an' 'menced to take down her clothes hangin' on de wall.

"Cleve watched her for a while, den he made up his min' he gwine do sumpin', dat she ain't gwine be took away from him. He say: 'Quit dat, Lissa, leave dem clothes alone. You ain't gwine leave me, you ain't gwine nowhare, hear me?' Den he tole her to make up a hot fire while he brung in de wash pot. He brung in de big iron pot an' set it on de hearth an' raked de' red coals all 'roun' it, den he filled it wid water. While it was heatin' he went to de door an' looked out. De sun done gone down an' night was crowdin' de hills, pushin' dem out of sight. By daylight dat white man would be comin' after Lissa.

"Cleve turned 'roun' an' looked at Lissa. She was standin' by de wash pot lookin' down in de water, an' de firelight from de burnin' lightwood knots showed de tears droppin' off her cheeks. Cleve went outside. 'Bout dat time a scritch owl come an' set on de roof an' scritch. Lissa run out to skeer it away, but Cleve caught her arm. He say, 'Don't do dat, Lissa, leave him alone. Dat's de death bird, he knows what he's doin'. So Lissa didn' do nothin', she let de bird keep on scritchin'.

"When 'twuz good an' dark Cleve took a long rope an' went out, tellin' Lissa to keep de water boilin'. When, he come back he had Marse Drew all tied up wid de rope an' gagged so he couldn' holler; he had him th'owed over his shoulder like a sack of meal. He brung him in de cabin an' laid him on de floor, den he tole him if he wouldn' sell Lissa dat he wouldn' hurt him. But Marse Drew shook his head an' cussed in his th'oat. Den Cleve took off de gag, but befo' de white man could holler out, Cleve stuffed de spout of a funnel in his big mouf way down his th'oat, holdin' down his tongue. He ax him one more time to save Lissa from de block, but Marse Drew look at him wid hate in his eyes shook his head again. Cleve didn' say nothin' else to him; he call Lissa an' tole her to bring him a pitcher of boilin' water.

"By den Lissa seed what Cleve was gwine do. She didn' tell Cleve not to do it nor nothin'; she jus' filled de pitcher wid hot water, den she went over an' set down on de floor an' hol' Marse Drew's head so he couldn' move.

"When Ole Marse seed what dey was fixin' to do to him, his eyes near 'bout busted out of his head, but when dey ax him again 'bout Lissa he wouldn' promise nothin', so Cleve set on him to hol' him down, den took de pitcher an' 'gun to pour dat boilin' water right in dat funnel stickin' in Marse Drew's mouf.

"Dat man kicked an' struggled, but dat water scalded its way down his th'oat, burnin' up his insides. Lissa brung another pitcher full an' dey wuzn' no pity in her eyes as she watched Marse Drew fightin' his way to torment, cussin' all niggers an' Abraham Lincoln.

"After dat Lissa an' Cleve set down to wait for de sheriff. Dey knew 'twuzn' no use to run, dey couldn' get nowhare. 'Bout sunup de folks come an' foun' Marse Drew, an' dey foun' Lissa an' Cleve settin' by de door han' in han' waitin'. When dem niggers tole what dey done an' how come dey done it dem white folks was hard. De sheriff took de rope from' roun' Marse Drew an' cut it in two pieces. He tied one rope 'roun' Cleve's neck an' one rope 'roun' Lissa's neck an' hung dem up in de big oak tree in de yard.

"Yes, suh, dat's what happened to my gran'mammy an' gran'pappy in slavery times. Dis here cabin we's settin' in is de same cabin whare Cleve an' Lissa scalded Marse Drew, an' dat oak tree 'side de paf is de same tree dey was hung on. Sometimes now in de fall of de year when I'se settin' in de door after de sun done

gone down; an' de wheat am ripe an' bendin' in de win', an' de moon am roun' an' yeller like a mush melon, seems like I sees two shadows swingin' from de big lim' of dat tree--I sees dem swingin' low side by side wid dey feets near 'bout touchin' de groun'."

Chana Littlejohn NC2-11

I do remember de gatherin's at our home to pray fur de Yankees to come. All de niggers thought de Yankees had blue bellies. The old house cook got so happy at one of dese meetin's she run out in de yard an' called, 'Blue bellies come on, blue bellies come on.' Dey caught her an' carried her back into de house.

Tom Mitchell, a slave, sassed marster. Marster tole him he would not whup him, but he would sell him. Tom's brother, Henry, tol' him if he wus left he would run away, so marster sold both. He carried 'em to Richmond to sell 'em. He sold 'em on de auction block dere way down on Broad Street. When dey put Tom on de auction block dey found Tom had a broken leg and marster didn't git much fer him. He wanted to git enough fer these two grown settled men to buy two young men. Tom wus married. He wus sold from his wife and chilluns. Marster did not git enough fer 'em to pay for dese two young boys. He had to pay de difference in money. De boys were 'bout 21 or 22 years ole. When marster got back wid 'em de overseer tole him he had ruined his plantation. De boys soon become sick wid yeller fever an' both died. Dey strowed it 'round, an' many died. Marster shore made a mess o' things dat time.

Charity McAllister NC2-12

My mother first 'longed to John Greene. She got in de family way by a white man, and John Greene sold her to a speculator named Bill Avery of Raleigh, a speculator. Dey sold my brother. He wus as white as you is.

Oh! ho, de Ku Klux, Ha!, Ha! Dey were real scandals, and I jest caint tell you all de mean things dey done right after de war. Reubin Matthew's slave, George Matthews, killed two Ku Klux. Dey double teamed him and shot him, and he cut 'em wid de ax, and dey died.

Clara Cotton McCoy NC2-13

"Yes'm, I was bawn eighty-two years ago. My mammy died den an' my gran'mammy raised me. I sho do 'member when dat man Sherman an' his mens marched through Orange County, but, it didn' take no army of Yankees to ruin my white folks home, it took jus' one Yankee, but even dat didn' bow my Mistis' head.

"I ain't never seed nobody as proud as my Mis' 'Riah Cotton. She never bowed her head to trouble nor nobody; she never even bowed her head in chu'ch. When de preacher prayed she jus' folded her hands an' set up straight, facin' de Lawd wid no fear. No, suh, my Mistis ain't gwine bow her head no time. Young Mis' Laughter broke her mammy's heart, but she ain't make her bend her head.

"Mis' Laughter's sho nuff name was Mis' Clorena Cotton. She wasn' tall an' dark like Mis' 'Riah; she was little an' roun' an' pretty as a thorn flower, all pink an' gol'. She was jus' like a butterfly, never still a minute, skippin' here an' yonder, laughin' wid everybody. Dat's whare she got her name. Us niggers 'gun to call her Mis' Laughter kaze she was so happy. She was de only one dat could make Mis' 'Riah

smile. She would run up to Mis' 'Riah an' ruffle her hair dat she done comb back so slick an' smooth, den she would stick a red rose behin' her ear, an' say: 'Now, pretty Mammy, you look like you did when Pappy come cou'tin'.' Marse Ned would lay down his paper an' look fus' at Mis' 'Riah den at Mis' Laughter, an' for a minute Mis' 'Riah would smile, den she would look firm an' say to Mis' Laughter, 'Don't you know dat righteousness an' virtue am more 'ceptable to de Lawd den beauty? You's worldly, Clorena, you's too worldly.'

"Mis' Laughter would throw back her head an' laugh, an' her eyes would shine bright as blue glass marbles. She tole Mis' 'Riah dat she 'specs dat when her man come he gwine see her face befo' he seed her righteousness, so she gwine wear roses an' curls den he would know her when he seed her. Den befo' Mis' 'Riah could speak her mind, Mis' Laughter done gone skippin' down de hall, her little feets in de gol' slippers twinklin' from de ruffles of her pantalets. Everybody on de place love dat chile an' de house wasn' never de same after she done gone away.

"My gran'mammy, Rowena, say dat Mis' 'Riah was bawn for trouble. She was bawn de las' day of March 'tween midnight an' day. De moon was on de wane, an' jus 'as Mistis was bawn de wind come down de chimbley an' blew de ashes out on de hearth. Gran'mammy say dat mean trouble an' death; dat new bawn baby ain't never gwine keep long de things she love de mos', an' she better never love nobody too well, if she do dey gwine be took away from her, an' trouble sho did follow Mis' 'Riah after she grewed up.

"When de war come Marse Ned went off to fight. He was Marse General Cotton den. Dat didn't leave nobody at home 'cept Mis' 'Riah, her mammy, Mis' Roberta Davis, but we called her ole Mistis, den dare was Mis' Laughter an' young Marse Jerome. Young Marse wasn' but fifteen when de war started, but dey got him in de las' call an' he didn' never come back no more.

"De plantation was big, but Mis' 'Riah 'tended to things an' handled de niggers same as a man. De fus' year of de war she rode a hoss 'bout de fields like an overseer, seein' after de cotton an' cawn an' taters. But de Yankees come an' set fire to de cotton; dey took de cawn to dey camp for dey hosses, an' dey toted off de taters to eat. De nex year Mis' 'Riah didn' plant no cotton a tall kaze de seeds an' gin done been burned up, but she had de niggers plant cawn, taters an' a good garden. Dat fall de wind blew de hickory leaves to de no'th an' by spring trouble done come sho nuff. Dey was a drouth an' de cawn didn' come up; de garden burned to pa'chment, but de taters done all right. Wid all dat Mis' 'Riah held up her head an' kep' goin'. Den one day a buzzard flew over de house top an' his wings spread a shadow out on de roof. Dat night death come an' got Ole Mistis. She passed on to glory in her sleep. "Twas de lawd's will,' Mis' 'Riah tole gran'mammy, an' she still held up her head. But Gran'mammy said dat if somebody had shot dat buzzard an' wiped his shadow off de roof Ole Mistis wouldn' have gone nowhere.

"De nex' spring dey wasn' much to plant. De Yankees done kep' totin' off everything, hosses an' all, 'twell dey wasn' much lef'. But de niggers, gran'mammy an' pappy along wid dem, dug up de garden wid de grubbin hoe an' planted what seeds dey had. Mis' 'Riah's an' Mis' Laughter's clothes 'gun to look ole, but gran'mammy kep' dem washed an' sta'ched stiff. 'Twas Mis' Laughter dat kep' us from frettin' too much. She would look at Mis' Riah an' say, 'We'll be all right,

Mammy, when Marse Ned comes home.' Sometime she call her pappy Marse Ned jus' like dat. One day Marse Ned did come home. Dey brung him home. 'Twas 'bout sunset. I 'members kaze 'twas de same day dat my ole black hen hatched de duck eggs I done set her on, an' de apple trees wus bloomin'. De blooms look jus' like droves of pink butterflies flyin' on de sky. Dey brought Marse Ned in de house an' laid him out in de parlor. Mis' 'Riah stood straight 'side him wid her head up. 'Twas de Lawd's will, she tole Gran'mammy, but Gran'mammy shook her head an' 'gun to cry, an' say: 'You can't put dat on de Lawd, Mis' 'Riah, you sho can't. 'Twasn' de Lawd's will a tall, 'twas de will of de cussed Yankees.' Den she turn 'roun' an' took Mis' Laughter's hand an' led her up stairs an' put her to bed.

"After dat things got worse. Dat wind dat blew trouble down de chimbley for Mis' 'Riah when she was bawn 'gun to blow harder. De war got young Marse Jerome an' shot him down. Dey won't much to eat, de coffee was made out of parched cawn an' de sweetnin' was cane lasses, an' de ham an' white bread done been gone a long time. Dey won't no eggs an' chickens, an' dey won't but one fresh cow, but nobody ain't never seed Mis' 'Riah bow her head nor shed a tear.

"When de surrender come dey was Yankees camped all 'roun' de plantation an' Hillsboro was full of dem. One day a Yankee mans come to de house. He was young. He come to see if Mis' 'Riah didn' want to sell her place. Mis' 'Riah stood in de door an' talked to him, she wouldn' let him come on de po'ch. She tole him she would starve befo' she would sell one foot of her lan' to a Yankee, an' dat he shouldn' darken de door of her house.

"'Bout dat time Mis' Laughter come down de hall an' stood behin' her mammy. Her hair curled 'bout her head yellow as a dandy lion an' she had on a blue dress. When dat sojer seed her he stopped an' dey looked an' looked at each other 'twell Mis' 'Riah turned 'roun'. When she done dat Mis' Laughter turned an' run up de stairs.

"After dat Mis' 'Riah wouldn' let dat chile go no place by hersef. I was her bodyguard, everywhere she went I had to go too. We would go to walk down in de pine woods back of de paster, an' somehow dat Yankee would go to walk in dem woods too. Every time we seed him he would give me a piece of money, an' when I got back to de house I didn' tell nothin'. Den one day I heard dat sojer tell Mis' Laughter dat he was gwine away. Mis' Laughter 'gun to cry an' I didn' hear what else dey said kaze dey sent me down de path. But dat night Mis' Laughter put her clothes in her box an' made me tote it down to de paster an' hide it in de blackberry patch. Den she give me a note an' tole me to go to bed an' go to sleep, but when mornin' come to give de note to Mis' 'Riah.

"De nex' mornin' I give de note to Mis' 'Riah, but by den Mis' Laughter done gone off wid dat Yankee. Mis' 'Riah called all us niggers in de big room. She took down de family Bible from de stand an' marked out Mis' Laughter's name. 'I ain't got no daughter,' she say. "Member, de chile dat I had am dead an' her name mustn' never be called in dis house no more.'

"We all went out 'cept Gran'mammy, but Mis' 'Riah wouldn' let her talk to her 'bout forgivin' Mis' Laughter, an' when de letters 'gun to come dey was sent back unopened.

"Mis' 'Riah's niece, Mis' Betty an' Marse John Davis, hur husban', come to live wid Mis' 'Riah to help her 'ten' to things, but nobody was 'lowed to call Mis'

Laughter's name. Even though dey was free, gran'mammy an' pappy an' some more of us niggers stayed on at de plantation helpin' on de farm, but in 'bout a year Mis' 'Riah took sick. Mis' Betty wanted to sen' for Mis' Laughter, but Mis' 'Riah wouldn' even answer, but Mis' Betty sent for her anyhow an' kept her down stairs. Den one day de sun turned black an' de chickens went to roost in de day time. Gran'mammy flung her apron over her face an' 'gun to pray kase she knew de death angel was comin' after Mis' 'Riah. Mis' Betty got Mis' Laughter an' when she come up de stairs all us house niggers stood in de hall watchin' her go in to see Mis' 'Riah. She was layin' on de bed wid her eyes shut like she was sleep.

"Mis' Laughter went in an' kneel down by de bed. 'Mammy, Mammy,' she say soft jus' like dat.

"Mis' 'Riah's hands caught hold of de quilt tight, but she ain't opened her eyes. Gran'mammy went up an' laid her hand on her head, but she shook it off.

"De tears was runnin' down Mis' Laughter's cheeks. 'Mammy,' she say, 'I'se sorry-- I loves you, Mammy.'

"Mis' 'Riah turned her face to de wall an' her back on Mis' Laughter. She ain't never opened her eyes. 'Bout dat time de sun come out from behin' dem black wings of shadow an' Mis' 'Riah's soul went on to glory to meet Marse Ned.

"Yes'm, Mis' 'Riah sho was proud, but Gran'mammy say 'twon' no war dat brung all dat trouble on her, she say 'twas de wind dat come down de chimbley de night she was bawn--de no'th wind dat blowed de ashes 'bout de hearth."

Henrietta McCullers NC2-14

"Yo' ax me iffen Mis' Betsy was good ter us? She wus so good dat I loved her all her life an' now dat she's daid I loves her in her grave.

"We et de same rations what she et an' we slept in de same kind o' bed she slept in. I knows dat sometimes she'd have company an' she'd do a heap o' extra fixin'; but she ain't neber fix better fer de company dan fer us.

"She'd let us have a co'n shuckin' onct a year, an' of course, we had a heap of prayer meetin's an' a few socials. She ain't wanted her niggers ter dance case she am such a good Christian, but she let us have candy pullin's an' sich.

"When de wuck warn't pushin' she'd let us go fishin' an' swimmin' an' all, only we jist waded, case we ain't used enough ter de water. Yo' know dat niggers am natu'lly skeerd o' water anyhow.

"Iffen de wuck wus pushin' we wucked from sunup till dark an' Mis' Betsy wucked too. Man, she wus a wuckin' woman, an' she made us wuck too; but I loves her better dan I does my own chilluns now, an' dat's one reason dat I wants ter go ter heaben. All my life when I done a bad thing I think 'bout Mis' Betsy's teachin's an' I repents.

"I plowed an' dug ditches an' cleaned new groun'; an' hard wuck ain't neber hurted me yit. De master wus too puny to wuck, an' I often thinks dat maybe he married Mis' Betsy to look atter him. Dey only had one man, Uncle Mose, an' so, of course, he had to have some help ter ten' 'bout a hundert acres.

Willie McCullough NC2-15

"There was classes of slavery. Some of the half-white and beautiful young women who were used by the marster and his men friends or who was the sweetheart of the

marster only, were given special privileges. Some of 'em worked very little. They had private quarters well fixed up and had a great influence over the marster. Some of these slave girls broke up families by getting the marster so enmeshed in their net that his wife, perhaps an older woman, was greatly neglected. Mother and grandmother tole me that they were not allowed to pick their husbands.

"Mother tole me that when she became a woman at the age of sixteen years her marster went to a slave owner near by and got a six-foot nigger man, almost an entire stranger to her, and told her she must marry him. Her marster read a paper to them, told them they were man and wife and told this negro he could take her to a certain cabin and go to bed. This was done without getting her consent or even asking her about it. Grandmother said that several different men were put to her just about the same as if she had been a cow or sow. The slave owners treated them as if they had been common animals in this respect.

"I ran away from home at the age of twelve years and went to Charleston, South Carolina. I worked with a family there as waitin' boy for one year. I then went to Savannah, Ga. I had no particular job and I hoboed everywhere I went. I would wait all day by the side of the railroad to catch a train at night. I rode freight trains and passenger trains. I rode the blind baggage on passenger trains and the rods on freight trains. The blind baggage is the car between the mail car and the engine. The doors are on the side and none at the end. I hoboed on to Miami over the Florida East Coast Railroad. I next went from Miami to Memphis, Tenn. after staying there a few days and working with a contractor, I again visited Charleston, S.C. I had been there only two days when I met some Yankees from Minnesota. They prevailed on me to go home with them, promising if I would do so they would teach me a trade. I went with them. We all hoboed. We were halted at the Blue Ridge mountains but we got by without going to jail. We then went to N.J. From N.J. to Chicago, Ill., then into Milwaukee, Wis., then on into Minneapolis, Minn. Many towns and cities I visited on this trip, I did not know where I was. My Yankee companions looked out for me. They taught me the trade of making chairs and other rustic furniture. They taught me 164 ways of making different pieces of furniture. I spent 11 years in Minnesota but during that time I visited the South once every three years, spending several days in the county of my birth. Mother and father farmed all their lives and they often begged me to settle down but the wanderlust had me and for 30 years I travelled from place to place. Even while in Minnesota I did not stay in Minneapolis all the time. I visited most every town in the state during the eleven years I stayed there and made hobo trips into most of the adjoining states.

James Turner McLean NC2-16

They did not have me to do any heavy work just tending to the calves, colts, and goin' to the post office.

"The post office was at Mr. Sexton's and we called it Sexton's post office, on the Raleigh and Fayetteville Road. The stage run on this road and brought mail to this place. This post in my yard is part of a stage coach axle. You see it? Yes sir, that's what it is. I got it at Fayetteville when they were selling the old stage coach. We bought the axle and wheels and made a cart. We got that stuff about 1870; my father bought it. He gave twelve dollars for jes' the wheels and axle. This was after we had taken the iron clad oath and become more civilized.

We had to have a pass to go around on, or the paterollers would work on us. I saw a lot of paterollers. Marster gave his Negroes a pass for twelve months. He sent his timber to Wilmington, and worked timber at other places so he gave his slaves yearly passes.

[A] man by the name of George Miller of Harnett County told him he knew a nigger who could teach the school. He employed the nigger, whose name was Isaac Brantley, to teach the school. He came from Anderson's Creek in the lower part of Harnett County. We learned very little, as the nigger read, and let us repeat it after him. He would hold the book, and spell and let us repeat the words after him without lettin' us see in the book. He stayed there two months, then a man by the name of Matthews, Haywood Matthews, son of Henderson Matthews came. They were white folks, but went for negroes. Haywood taught there. He got the children started and most of 'em learned to read and write.

"Daddy hid marster's money, a lot of it, in the jam o' de fence. He covered it with sand that he threw out of a ditch that ran along near the fence. The Yankees stopped and sat on the sand to eat their dinner and never found the money.

Frank Magwood NC2-17

Where Sherman's army stopped and ate and fed their horses the Negroes went and picked up the grains of corn they strowed there and parched and ate them. People also parched and ate acorns in South Carolina.

Jacob Manson NC2-18

De paterollers come sneakin' round often an' whupped niggers on marster's place. Dey nearly killed my uncle. Dey broke his collar bone when dey was beatin him an marster made 'em pay for it 'cause uncle never did git over it.

"Marster would not have any white overseers. He had nigger foremen. Ha! ha! he liked some of de nigger 'omans too good to have any udder white man playin' aroun' 'em.

"We wurked all day an some of de night an' a slave who made a week, even atter doin dat, wus lucky if he got off widout gettin' a beatin.

"Many of de slaves went bareheaded an barefooted. Some wore rags roun dere heads an some wore bonnets. Marster lived in de great house. He did not do any work but drank a lot of whiskey, went dressed up all de time an had niggers to wash his feet an comb his hair. He made me scratch his head when he lay down so he could go to sleep. When he got to sleep I would slip out. If he waked up when I started to leave I would have to go back an' scratch his head till he went to sleep agin. Sometimes I had to fan de flies way from him while he slept.

When bad storms come dey let us rest but dey kept us in de fields so long sometimes dat de storm caught us 'fore we could git to de cabins. Niggers watched de wedder in slavery time an de ole ones wus good at prophesyin' de wedder.

"Marster had no chilluns by white women. He had his sweethearts 'mong his slave women. I ain't no man for tellin false stories. I tells de truth an dat is de truth. At dat time it wus a hard job to find a marster dat didn't have women 'mong his slaves. Dat wus a ginerel thing 'mong de slave owners.

"One of de slave girls on a plantation near us went to her missus an tole her 'bout her marster forcing her to let him have sumthin to do wid her an her missus tole her, 'Well go on you belong to him.'

"Another marster named Jimmie Shaw owned a purty slave gal nearly white an he kept her. His wife caught 'im in a cabin in bed wid her. His wife said sumthin to him 'bout it an' he cussed his wife. She tole him she had caught him in de act. She went back to de great house an got a gun. When de marster come in de great house she tole 'im he must let de slave girls alone dat he belonged to her. He cussed her agin an sed she would have to tend to her own dam business an' he would tend to his. Dey had a big fuss an den marster Shaw started towards her. She grabbed de gun an let him have it. She shot 'im dead in de hall. Dey had three chillun, two sons an one married daughter. Missus Shaw took her two sons an' left. De married daughter an her husband took charge of de place. Missus an her sons never come back as I knows of.

"One mornin' de dogs begun to bark an' in a few minutes the plantation was kivered wid Yankees.

"Marster offered some of de Yankees sumtin to eat in his house but dey would not eat cooked food, dey said dey wanted to cook dere own food.

Roberta Manson NC2-19

"Dere wus a ole man dere by de name of Harris Edwards who fed up the hogs an' things. He wus sick an' he kept him sick. Well after awhile de ole marster tried to make him work. De overseers den took him out way down in the plum orchard. Dey pulled his tongue out an whupped him. He died an' wus found by de buzzards. De overseers wus named Jim Trissel an David Porter dat did dat. Dis ole slave 'longed to missus; and when she found it out dere wus a awful fuss. One of de white overseers tried to put it off on de udder. It finally fell on Jim Trissel and dey soon got rid of him. Missus tole him, 'you have killed my poor ole sick servant.' Mr. Jim Trissel killed several slaves an dey wus shore 'fraid of him. He knocked my father down wid a stick an when he fell my father knocked his hip out of place. Dey whupped father 'cause he looked at a slave dey killed an cried.

"Some of de owners when dey knowed freedom wus commin' dey treated de slaves wusser den ever before. De ole men an women dat wus unable to work wus neglected till dey died or was killed by beatin' or burnin'. Col. Skipper did dat thing. He lived near Clarksville, Va. He put a lot of ole men an women on a island in the Roanoke River. De river rose an stayed up eighteen days an dey parished to death.

"Father and mother had bad fare, poor food, clothes an shoes. Dey didn't sift slave meal. Dey had no sifters. Sometimes de collards and peas was not cleaned 'fore cookin'. Dey said de more slaves a man had de wusser he wus to slaves

"Weldon Edwards who owned father and mother had a whuppin post an dey said dey whupped ole man Jack Edwards to death 'cause he went to see his sick wife. He crawled from de whuppin post to de house atter bein whupped and died. Dey tole him 'fore dey whupped him dat dey wus goin to stop him from runnin' away. Families wus broken up by sellin'. Dey couldn't sell a slave dat wus skinned up.

"When freedom come mother and father stayed on wid marster cause dey didn't have nuthin. Dey couldn't leave. Dey farmed for shares. Next year the overseer who had beat father so bad come atter him to go an work with him. It wus Mr. David

Porter. I axed pa ain't dat de man who beat you so when you wus a slave? An pa say, 'you shet your mouth.' He stayed with Mr. Porter two years den we went to Mr. William Paschal's.

Millie Markham NC2-20

"My mother was a white woman. Her name was Tempie James. She lived on her father's big plantation on the Roanoke River at Rich Square, North Carolina. Her father owned acres of land and many slaves. His stables were the best anywhere around; they were filled with horses, and the head coachman was named Squire James. Squire was a good looking, well behaved Negro who had a white father. He was tall and light colored. Tempie James fell in love with this Negro coachman. Nobody knows how long they had been in love before Tempie's father found it out, but when he did he locked Tempie in her room. For days he and Miss Charlottie, his wife, raved, begged and pleaded, but Tempie just said she loved Squire. 'Why will you act so?' Miss Charlottie was crying. 'Haven't we done everything for you and given you everything you wanted?'

"Tempie shook her head and said: 'You haven't given me Squire. He's all I do want.'

"Then it was that in the dark of the night Mr. James sent Squire away; he sent him to another state and sold him.

"But Tempie found it out. She took what money she could find and ran away. She went to the owner of Squire and bought him, then she set him free and changed his name to Walden Squire Walden. But then it was against the law for a white woman to marry a Negro unless they had a strain of Negro blood, so Tempie cut Squire's finger and drained out some blood. She mixed this with some whiskey and drank it, then she got on the stand and swore she had Negro blood in her, so they were married. She never went back home and her people disowned her.

Maggie Mials NC2-21

"When de Yankees come dey called us to de wagons an' tole us we wus free. Dey give each of us a cap full of hard-tack. Dey took clothes an' provisions an' give us nothin'. One crowd of Yankees would come on an' give us something an' another would come along an' take it away from us.

Anna Mitchel NC2-22

"Dar wasn't no Sadday evenin's off 'cept fer de wimen what had eight or ten chilluns an' dey got off ter wash 'em up. In de rush time, dat is, when de fodder wus burnin' up in de fiel's or de grass wus eatin' up de cotton dey had ter wuck on Sunday same as on Monday.

Patsy Mitchner NC2-23

"I belonged to Alex Gorman, a paper man. He printed the 'Spirit of the Age,' a newspaper. I reckon you can find it in the Museum. I reckons dey keeps all way back yonder things in dere jest to remember by. He had a lot of printers both black an' white. De slaves turned de wheels de most of de time, an' de white mens done de printin'. Dere wus a big place dug out at each side of de machine. One man pulled it

to him an' de other pulled it to him. Dey wurked it wid de han's. It wus a big wheel. Dey didn't have no printers den like dey got now.

"De ole printin' place is standin' now. It stands in front of de laundry on Dawson Street, where a lot of red wagons stan's goin' up towards the bus station. De ole buildin' wid stairsteps to go up. Dey sot de type upstairs an' de machine wus on de groun' floor.

"I do not know my age, but I wus 'bout 12 years old when Wheeler's cavalry come through. Dey skeered me so much I squatted like a rat. Dey pulled clothes off de line an' stole clothes from stores an' went down to de depot an' changed clothes. Dey stole de womens drawers an' filled 'em wid things. Dey stole meat, corn an' other things an' put 'em in womens drawers, throwed 'em across dere horses backs an' went on. You know women den wore long drawers open in front, ha! ha!

"Wheeler's cavalry tied up de legs an' front of 'em an' filled de legs an' seat full of things dey stole. Dey jest grabbed everything an' went on. Dey had a reason for leavin'; de Yankees wus at dere heels.

"Slavery wus a bad thing an' freedom, of de kin' we got wid nothin' to live on wus bad. Two snakes full of pisen. One lyin' wid his head pintin' north, de other wid his head pintin' south. Dere names wus slavery an' freedom. De snake called slavery lay wid his head pinted south an' de snake called freedom lay wid his head pinted north. Both bit de nigger, an' dey wus both bad."

Emeline Moore NC2-24

I do remember when they thought eve'ybody 'roun' here was goin' to die an' I got skeered. No'm t'want no war it was the yaller fever. We was kept on the plantation but we knowed folks jes died an' died an' died. We thought t'would'nt be nobody left.

Fannie Moore NC2-25

When Marse Jim's pappy die he leave de whole thing to Marse Jim, effen he take care of his mammy. She shore was a rip-jack. She say niggers didn't need nothin' to eat. Dey jes like animals, not like other folks. She whip me, many time wif a cow hide, til I was black and blue.

"My granny she cook for us chillens while our mammy away in de fiel. Dey wasn't much cookin to do. Jes make co'n pone and bring in de milk. She hab big wooden bowl wif enough wooden spoons to go 'roun'. She put de milk in de bowl and break it up. Den she put de bowl in de middle of de flo' an' all de chillun grab a spoon.

"My mammy she work in de fiel' all day and piece and quilt all night. Den she hab to spin enough thread to make four cuts for de white fo'ks ebber night. Why sometime I nebber go to bed. Hab to hold de light for her to see by. She hab to piece quilts for de white folks too. Why dey is a scar on my arm yet where my brother let de pine drip on me. Rich pine war all de light we ebber hab. My brother was a holdin' de pine so's I can help mammy tack de quilt and he go to sleep and let it drop.

"I never see how my mammy stan' sech ha'd work. She stan' up fo' her chillun tho'. De ol' overseeah he hate my mammy, case she fight him for beatin' her chillun. Why she git more whuppins for dat den anythin' else. She hab twelve chillun. I member I see de three oldes' stan' in de snow up to dey knees to split rails, while de overseeah stan off an' grin.

"My mammy she trouble in her heart bout de way they treated. Ever night she pray for de Lawd to git her an' her chillun out ob de place. One day she plowin' in de cotton fiel. All sudden like she let out big yell. Den she sta't singin' an' a shoutin', an' a whoopin' an' a hollowin'. Den it seem she plow all de harder. When she come home, Marse Jim's mammy say: 'What all dat goin' on in de fiel? Yo' think we sen' you out there jes to whoop and yell? No siree, we put you out there to work and you sho' bettah work, else we git de overseeah to cowhide you ole black back.' My mammy jes grin all over her black wrinkled face and say: 'I's saved. De Lawd done tell me I's saved. Now I know de Lawd will show me de way, I ain't gwine a grieve no more. No matter how much yo' all done beat me an' my chillun de Lawd will show me de way. An' some day we nevah be slaves.' Ole granny Moore grab de cowhide and slash mammy cross de back but mammy nebber yell. She jes go back to de fiel a singin'.

"My mammy grieve lots over brothah George, who die wif de fever. Granny she doctah him as bes' she could, evah time she git way from de white folks kitchen. My mammy nevah git chance to see him, 'cept when she git home in de evenin'. George he jes lie. One day I look at him an' he had sech a peaceful look on his face, I think he sleep and jes let him lone. Long in de evenin I think I try to wake him. I touch him on de face, but he was dead. Mammy nebber know til she come at night. Pore mammy she kneel by de bed an' cry her heart out. Ol' uncle Allen, he make pine box for him an' carry him to de graveyard over on de hill. My mammy jes plow and cry as she watch em' put George in de groun'.

De 'breed woman' always bring mo' money den de res', ebben de men. When dey put her on de block dey put all her chillun aroun her to show folks how fas she can hab chillun. When she sold her family nebber see her agin. She nebber know [HW: how] many chillun she hab. Some time she hab colored children an' sometime white. Taint no use to say anything case effen she do she jes git whipped. Why on de Moore plantation Aunt Cheney, everbody call her Aunt Cheney, have two chillun by de overseeah. De overseeah name war Hill. He war as mean as de devil. When Aunt Cheney not do what he ask he tell granny Moore. Ole Granny call Aunt Cheney to de kitchen and make her take her clothes off den she beat her til she jest black an' blue. Many boys and girls marry dey own brothers and sisters an' nebber know de difference lest they get to talkin' bout dey parents and where dey uster lib.

"I remember one time dey was a dance at one ob de houses in de quarters. All de niggers was a laughin an' a pattin' dey feet an' a singin', but dey was a few dat didn't. De paddyrollers shove de do' open and sta't grabbin' us. Uncle Joe's son he decide dey was one time to die and he sta't to fight. He say he tired standin' so many beatin's, he jes can't stan' no mo. De paddyrollers start beatin' him an' he sta't fightin'. Oh, Lawdy it war tubble. Dey whip him wif a cowhide for a long time den one of dem take a stick an' hit him over de head, an' jes bus his head wide open. De pore boy fell on de flo' jes a moanin' an' a groanin. De paddyrollers jes whip bout half dozen other niggers an' sen' em home and leve us wif de dead boy.

Never have any church. Effen you go you set in de back of de white folks chu'ch. But de niggers slip off an' pray an' hold prayer-meetin' in de woods den dey tu'n down a big wash pot and prop it up wif a stick to drown out de soun' ob de singin'.

"De yeah fore de war started Marse Jim died. He war out in de pasture pickin' up cow loads a throwin' em in de garden an' he jes drop over. I hate to see Marse Jim go, he not sech a bad man. Ater he die his boys, Tom an' Andrew take cha'ge of de plantation. Dey think dey run things diffe'nt from dey daddy, but dey jes git sta'ted when de war come. Marse Tom and Marse Andrew both hab to go. My pappy he go long wif dem to do der cookin. My pappy he say dat some day he run four or five miles wif de Yankees ahind him afore he can stop to do any cookin. Den when he stop he cook wif de bullets a fallin all roun de kettles. He say he walk on ded men jes like he walkin on de groun'. Some of de men be dead, some moanin' an' some a groanin', but nobody pay no tention, case de Yankees keep a comin. One day de Yankees come awful close Marse Andrew hab de Confed'rate flag in his han'. He raise it high in de air. Pappy say he yell for him to put de flag down case de Yankees was a comin' closer an' was agoin' to capture him anyway. But Marse Andrew jes hol' de flag up an run 'hind a tree. De Yankee sojers jes take one shot at him an' dat was de las' of him. My pappy bring him home. De fambly put him in alcohol. One day I went to see him and there he was a swimmin' round in de water. Mos' ob his hair done come off tho. He buried at Nazereth. I could go right back to de graveyard effen I was there. Den my pappy go back to [HW: stay] with Marse Tom. Marse Tom was jes wounded. Effen he hadn't had a Bible in his pocket de bullet go clear through his heart. But yo' all kno' no bullet ain't goin' through de Bible. No, you can't shoot through God's word. Pappy he bring Marse Tom home an' take care of him til he well. Marse Tom give pappy a horse an' wagon case he say he save his life.

Richard C. Moring NC2-26

"De Yankees am so busy chasin' de Rebs dat dey doan stop ter bodder us much, 'cept ter kill de chickens an' so on.

Julius Nelson NC2-27

"Anyhow I jist barely does 'member how de ho'n blowed 'fore de light o' de day an' how we got up an' had our breakfast an' when de ho'n blowed at sunrise we went ter de fiel's in a gallop. At dinner time de plantation bell rung an' we'd fly fer home.

"Did yo' eber eat any kush? Well dat wus made outin meal, onions, salt, pepper, grease an' water. Hit made a good supper dish. Sometimes in de heat o' de day marster let us pick blackberries on de hedgerow fer our supper. We little' uns often picks de berries, an' den we have a big pan pie fer supper.

"We shucked our co'n on rainy days mostly, but de marster lets us have one big co'n shuckin' eber' year an' de person what fin's a red year can kiss who dey pleases. Hit wus gran' times dat we had den.

Lila Nichols NC2-28

Fer example I had de job of gittin' up de aigs in de ebenin', an' if de ain't de right number of dem Missus Mae whupped me. I also looked atter de bitties, an' iffen one of em died I got a whuppin' too.

"We wucked all de week, my mammy plowin' wid a two-horse plow, all de year when she warn't cleanin' new ground or diggin' ditches; an' she got two days off when her chilluns wuz borned.

"De Yankees comed on a Thursday an' we lef' on Sunday. When we left de yard wuz full of dem Yankees, cussin', an' laughin', an' drinkin'.

Martha Organ NC2-29

"Mr. Jones died a few days atter de surrender an' hit 'pears lak he made a will what give all of his niggers a little piece o' land. Somehow dis Mr. Whitaker, what my mammy uster belong to had somepin' ter do wid it, so he went ter de co't house in Raleigh ter have de will broke up; an' he draps daid. Mr. Jones an' Mr. Whitaker wuz buried de same day.

"My mammy said dat she'd seed some slave sales but dat dey warn't so bad. She nor my pappy ain't neber had no whippin's an' she said dat de wust thing she eber seed wuz a gal burnt. Hit wuz dis way: Missus Jones had sold a gal dat she raised named Alice ter a neighborhood 'oman. Alice had been ust ter goin' to de Missus house an' warmin', so when she went inter dis 'omans house ter warm de 'oman made her stand fore de fire till her legs burned so bad dat de skin cracked up an' some of it drapped off. Missus Jones found it out an' she give de 'oman back her money an' took Alice home wid her."

Ann Parker NC2-30

"I reckon dat I is a hundert an' three or a hundert an' four years old. I wuz a 'oman grown at de end o' de war.

"I ain't had no daddy case queens doan marry an' my mammy, Junny, wuz a queen in Africa. Dey kidnaps her an' steals her 'way from her throne an' fetches her hyar ter Wake County in slavery.

"Daughter, did I tell yo' 'bout my mamny bein' a queen. Yes, she wuz a queen, an' when she tol' dem niggers dat she wuz dey bowed down ter her. She tol' dem not ter tell hit an' dey doan tell, but when dey is out of sight of de white folkses dey bows down ter her an' does what she says.

Amy Penny NC2-31

"I am more naked now den I ever been before in my life.

Lily Perry NC2-32

"De fust things dat I can remember wus bein' a house gal, pickin' up chips, mindin' de table an' feedin' de hogs. De slop buckets wus heavy an' I had a heap of wuck dat wus hard ter do. I done de very best dat I could but often I got whupped jist de same.

"When dey'd start ter whup me I'd bite lak a run-mad dog so dey'd chain my han's. See hyar, hyars de scars made by de chains. Dey'd also pick me up by de years an' fling me foun',[TR: roun'] see hyar, I can wiggle my years up an' down jist lak a mule can, an' I can wiggle' em roun' an' roun' lak dat, see!

"One day I ain't feelin' so good an' de slops am so heavy dat I stops an' pours out some of it. De oberseer, Zack Terrell, sees me an' when I gits back ter de house he grabs me ter whup me.

"De minute he grabs me I seize on ter his thumb an' I bites hit ter de bone, den he gits mad an' he picks me up an' lifts me higher dan my haid an' flings me down on de steel mat dere in front of de do'.

"Dey has ter revise me wid cold water from de spring an' I wus sick fer a week. We ain't had good food which makes me weak an' I still has ter do heavy wuck.

"Dar wus a slave block in Louisburg an' I'se seed many a slave sold dar. Very few wus put in chains, most of 'em wus put in a kivered wagon wid a guard an' wus chained at night. I'se seed many a 'oman cryin' fer her chile when one er de tother wus put on de slave block in Louisburg.

"I wus 'bout twelve years old when de Yankees come. I wus pickin' up chips in de yard when dey comes by wid dere hosses steppin' high an' dere music playin' a happy chune. I wus skeered, but I don't dasent run case marster will sho have me whupped, so I keeps on wid my wuck.

"Dey pass fast on down de road an' dey doan bother nothin' in our community but de white folkses hates 'em jist de same.

"Marster Jerry tells us 'bout a week later dat we am free an' all of de two hundret 'cept 'bout five er six goes right off. He tells all of us dat he will pay us effen we will stay an' wuck, so me an' my family we stays on.

"We lives dar fer seberal years den I marries Robert Perry who lives on de same plantation wid us. We ain't had but one daughter an' dat's Kate, who still libes wid me.

"Me an' Robert wus raised up tergether, he bein' five years older'n me an' I loved him frum de time I wus borned. I know how he uster hate ter see me git dem beatin's an' he'd beg me not ter let my mouth be so sassy, but I can't help hit. He uster take my beatin's when he could an' a heap of times he sneak out ter de fiel's in de ebenin' an' toted dat slops ter de pigs.

"Onct when marster wus whuppin' me Robert run up an' begged marse ter put de whuppin' on him 'stead of me. De result wus marse whupped us both an' we 'cided ter run away.

"We did run away, but night brung us back ter another whuppin' an' we ain't neber run away no mo'.

"We wus at a frolic at Louisburg when he proposes ter me an' he do hit dis way, 'Honey gal, I knows dat you doan love me so powerful much, but will you try ter do hit fer me?'

"Course I sez, 'Go long, nigger, iffen I doan love yo' den dar ain't no water in Tar Riber.' Den I sez, 'We can git Marse Henry outen de bed an' he'll marry us ternight.'

"Rob wus tickled pink an' sho nuff we wus married right away dat very night.

"We lived pore, dat I knows, but we wus too happy in ourselves ter worry 'bout sich things an' de lack.

"I laughs now ter think how ignorant we niggers wus. We'd do our washin' an' 'bout de time we hung hit on de line, we'd see a string of folks comin' home frum de Prospect Church an' we'd know dat we'd done our washin' on a Sunday."

Valley Perry NC2-33

"Gran'mammy Josephine, an' mammy Clarice 'longed ter a Mr. Nat Whitaker in Wake County.

"Mr. Nat's wife wus named Mis' Lucy, an' she wus so good dat ever'body what ever seed her 'membered her. Dar is eben de belief among de niggers dat she riz up ter heaben alive, like Elijah.

"Dey said dat Mr. Nat's oberseer was kinder mean ter de slaves, an' when he whupped dem dey 'membered hit ter de longest day dey lived. Mr. Nat wusen't near so bad an' Mis' Lucy was a angel. She'd beg Mr. Nat ter make de oberseer stop, but Mr. Nat 'fused, 'case he said dat de niggers won't obey him iffен he teaches dem he won't let de oberseer punish dem good an' plenty. Den Mis' Lucy 'ud cry an' she'd run an' grab de oberseer's arm an' beg him ter stop. She'd cry so hard dat he'd hafter stop.

"Finally de oberseer goes ter Mr. Nat an' complains, an' he sez dat he am gwine ter quit de job iffен Mr. Nat doan make Mis' Lucy keep outen his business.

"Mr. Nat axes him ter tell him 'fore he starts ter beat 'em, an' ter set a time fer de beatin' an' dat he will git Mis' Lucy offen de place. Well, de oberseer does what Mr. Nat sez an' waits ter whup eber'boday on Chuesday an' on Chuesday Mr. Nat takes Mis' Lucy ter town.

"Mis' Lucy am tickled pink dat she am a-goin' shoppin' an' she ain't suspicion nothin' at all. When she gits ter shoppin' do' she ain't satisfied, an' terreckly she tells Mr. Nat dat she wants ter go home. Mr. Nat tries to git her ter go ter a concert but Mis' Lucy sez no, dat she feels lak somethin' am happenin' at home.

"Mr. Nat begs her ter stay on an' enjoy herself, but when she won't listen ter no reason at all he starts home. De mules creep an' poke, but Mis' Lucy herself whups 'em up, an' dey gits home sooner dan dey am expected.

"When dey drives up in de yard de oberseer am so busy whuppin' de niggers what has done bad dat he ain't seed Mis' Lucy till she am right on him, den she snatch de heavy bullwhup an' she strikes him two or three times right in de face.

"Mis' Lucy look delicate, but she cuts de blood outen his cheek an' she shets up one of his eyes an' brings de blood a-pourin' from his nose. Den de meek little 'oman draws back de whup ag'in an' she 'lows, 'Git offen dis plantation, an' iffен ever I ketches you here ag'n I'll shoot you, you beast.'

"Dat settled de oberseer's hash an' atter he left Mis' Lucy went ter doctorin' cut up backs. Gran'mammy said dat dar wusen't no more trouble wid de niggers an' Mis' Lucy done all of de punishin' herself.

"She made de meanest ones l'arn a whole passel of scripture, she punish de chillun by makin' dem memorize poems an' sich. Sometimes she sont 'em ter bed widout supper, sometimes she make 'em work at night, sometimes she prayed fer 'em, an' once in a coon's age she whupped. Dey said dat she could really hurt when she meant to, but she whupped as de las' thing ter do an' she whupped wid a keen little switch 'stead of de leather.

"Once atter she had whupped a little nigger she said, 'Clarice, dis hurt me wusser dan hit did yo!'

"Clarice look at Mis' Lucy den she sez, 'Iffen hit hurt yo' wusser dan hit did me I'se powerful sorry fer you.' Dat little gal wus my mammy.

"My gran'father wus named Jake, an' he 'longed ter a family by de name of Middleton some whar in de neighborhood. Marse Nat ain't had no use fer Mr. Middleton 'case he tried ter act up, an' he wus a New York Yankee ter boot, what thought that he owned de heabens an' de yearth. When gran'father Jake fell in love wid gran'mammy nobody ain't knowed hit, 'case dere marsters am mad at each other an' dey knows dat dere won't be no marryin' twixt de families.

"Time goes on an' gran'father runs away an' comes ter see gran'mammy, but one night Mr. Middleton follers gran'father an' fin's him in gran'mammy cabin.

"Mr. Middleton doan wait ter say nothin' ter nobody, when he peeps in at de winder an' sees dem a-settin' at de table eatin' musk melons what gran'pappy had stole outen his patch. He jist comes in a-rarin' an' a-tarin' an' starts a-whuppin' wid his ridin' quirt. He whups gran'father fer a while, den he pitches in on gran'mammy.

"While all dis am a-goin' on somebody runs fer Marster Nat an' when he gits dar dere am trouble in de shack. Marse Nat ain't so heaby as Mr. Middleton, but man, he puts de beatin' on Mr. Middleton, den he makes him sell Jake ter him an' he pays him spot cash right den an' dar.

"De nex' day he thinks ter ax gran'mammy what Jake am a-doin' in her cabin, an' gran'mammy tells him dat she loves Jake an' dat she wants ter marry him. Marse Nat laugh fit ter kill an' he sez dat dey'll have a big weddin' at de house fer dem.

"Dey did habe a big weddin' an' gran'mammy wore a red dress dat Mis' Lucy give her. She said dat she wish dat gran'father could of wore red too.

"She said dat when mammy wus borned dat ole Doctor Freeman 'tended her an' dat she stayed in de bed two weeks. Mis' Lucy wus good ter de niggers lak dat.

"I 'members gran'mammy tellin' 'bout de Yankees comin' an' how she stood front of Mis' Lucy's door wid de ax an' tol' 'em dat she'd chop out anybody's brains what tried ter go in. De door wus open an' dey could see Mis' Lucy a-settin' dere white as a sheet, so dey went on sarchin' fer valuables, an' all de time dem valuables wus in Mis' Lucy's room."

Tempe Pitts NC2-34

"I 'members jist one whuppin' dat I got, an' I needed hit too. Missus Pitts sont me out in de yard ter scrub de wilverware [TR: silverware] wid some san'. I knowed dat I wuz supposed to scrub hit good an' den wash it all off, but 'stid of dat I leaves hit layin' dar in de yard wid de dirt on it. She whups me fur it, but she jist stings my laigs wid a little switch.

"My mammy an' pappy, dey tells me, wuz married in de marster's dinin' room by jumpin' de broom. I ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout de ceremony case I ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout my white folkses, but sometimes I does wonder why I'se red-headed when my pappy an' mammy wuz black as tar. Maybe I is part white, but I ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout my white folkses as I done tol' yo'."

Hannah Plummer NC2-35

Mother made our bed clothes at night. She also made bonnets and dresses. Sometimes she made bonnets and sold them. The child that set up with her she gave some kind o' sweets. I set up with her a lot because I liked to eat. Mother was allowed the little money she made makin' bonnets and dresses at night.

"Missus Caroline whupped her most every day, and about anything. Mother said she could not please her in anything, no matter what she done or how hard she tried. Missus would go up town and come back and whup her. Mother was a young girl then. One day Miss Caroline went up town, an' come back mad. She made mother strip down to her waist, and then took a carriage whup an' beat her until the blood was runnin' down her back. Mother said she was afraid she would kill her, so she ran

for the woods and hid there, and stayed three weeks. She made up her mind she wasn't comin' back.

"The niggers on different plantations fed mother by carrying things to certain hidin' places and leavin' it. Grandmother got word to her, an' she said she would come back, but not to Mis' Caroline. She told marster, so marster let her stay with grandmother until Christmas, then they allowed her to hire herself out. She hired herself to Mrs. Simpson. She was good to her and allowed her to work for herself at night, sit up as long as she wanted to, and she stayed with her until she was married. Then she went back to old marster's.

Parker Pool NC2-36

I never seed my great-grandparents, but my great-grandfather wuz name Buck. He wuz right out o' Africa. His wife wuz name Hagar. I never have seen dem, but my grandmother wuz deir daughter. Dey had three chillun here in America.

"We dug ditches to drain de lan', blin' ditches; we dug 'em an' den put poles on top, an' covered 'em wid brush an' dirt. We put de brush on de poles to keep de dirt from runnin' through. Den we ploughed over de ditches.

"I knows how to raise flax. You grow it an' when it is grown you pull it clean up out of de groun' till it kinder rots. Dey have what dey called a brake, den it wuz broke up in dat. De bark wuz de flax. Dey had a stick called a swingle stick, made kinder like a sword. Dey used dis to knock de sticks out o' de flax. Dey would den put de flax on a hackle, a board wid a lot of pegs in it. Den dey clean an' string it out till it looks lak your hair. Dey flax when it came from de hackles wuz ready for de wheel whur it wuz spun into thread. I tell you, you couldn't break it either.

"When it wuz spun into thread dey put it on a reel. It turned 100 times and struck, when it struck it wuz called a cut. When it come from de wheel it wuz called a broach. De cuts stood fer so much flax. So many cuts made a yard, but dere wuz more ter do, size it, and hank it before it wuz weaved. Most of the white people had flax clothes.

"We visited at night during slavery time. De men went courtin'. When a man, a slave, loved a 'oman on another plantation dey axed der master, sometimes de master would ax de other master. If dey agreed all de slave man an' 'oman had ter de [HW: do] Sa'dy night wuz fer him to come over an' dey would go to bed together. Dere wuz no marriage--until atter de surrender. All who wanted to keep de same 'oman atter de surrender had to pay 25¢ fer er marriage license, den \$1.50, den \$3.00. If de magistrate married you, you didn't have to pay anything, less he charged you.

"My master had a son in de war, Walter Pool. He wuz a footso'dier at first. He got sick an' he come home sick on er furlough. He hired er man to go in his place at first, den de man went. Atter awhile de men got so skurce, he had to go agin; den he got de chance to go in de cavalry. Ole master bought him a horse, an' he could ride nex' time. He belonged to the 1st. Ga. Reg. 2nd Cavalry Gen. Dange's Brigade, C. Co. N.C. Volunteers.

"De Yankees played songs o' walkin' de streets of Baltimore an' walkin' in Maryland. Dey really played it. Dey slaughtered cows and sometimes only et de liver. I went to de camp atter dey lef' an' it wuz de awfulest stink I ever smelt in my life. Dey lef' dem cows part o' 'em lying whur dey were in de camp. Dey killed geese

an' chickens, an' skinned 'em. Sometimes dey skinned de hind quarters uv a cow, cut 'em off an' lef' de res'.

Rena Raines NC2-37

Marster was good ter his niggers before he was married, but when she came in it got mighty rough. It got wusser an' wusser till 'bout de time of de surrender. De place was a Hell on earth, mother said, if dere could ever be one. Missus had slaves whupped fur most any little thing an' den she wud not allow 'em to have much ter eat.

My mother tole me ole man Pasqual Bert who lived near 'em in Wake County had his niggers whupped all day sometimes. He beat 'em unmercifully an sometimes made away wid 'em an' dey was not seed no more.

One time a overseer's wife heard a pat, pat, pat, down at de whuppin' log an' she ax him what it wus an' why he beat niggers from sun to sun an he tole her ole man Bert made 'im do it or else leave. So his wife says 'We will leave, you must not beat any more niggers if we perish to death,' an de overseer left. Mother said ole man Bert fed his little niggers out of a trough like hogs. Ole man Bert also had niggers tied to barrels an whupped.

Caroline Richardson NC2-39

I tended to de slave babies, but my mammy what cooked in de big house heard some of de war talk an' I heard her a-talkin' to pappy about it. When she seed me a-listenin' she said dat she'd cut my year off iffen I told it. I had seen some of de slaves wid clipped years an' I wanted to keep mine, so I ain't said nothin'.

"I reckon dat dey talk purty rough ter Marse Ransome. Anyhow, mammy tells de Yankee Captain dat he ort ter be 'shamed of talkin' ter a old man like dat. Furder more, she tells dem dat iffen dat's de way dey're gwine ter git her freedom, she don't want it at all. Wid dat mammy takes Mis' Betsy upstairs whar de Yankees won't be a-starin' at her.

Simuel Riddick NC2-41

They did not whup their slaves, but their son whupped my mother pretty bad because she did not bale enough corn and turnips to feed the fattening hogs.

"He was a rang tang. He loved his liquor, and he loved colored women. The ole man never whupped anybody.

"When the war broke out I left my marster and went to Portsmouth, Virginia. General Miles captured me and put me in uniform. I waited on him as a body servant, a private in the U.S. Army. I stayed with him until General Lee surrendered. When Lee surrendered I stayed in Washington with General Miles at the Willard Hotel and waited on him. I stayed there a long time. I was with General Miles at Fortress Monroe and stayed with him till he was in charge of North Carolina. He was a general, and had the 69th Irish brigade. He also had the Bluecats and Greentorches.

"I waited on him at the Abbeck House, Alexandria, Virginia after the war. I stayed with the general a long time after the war. I didn't go with General Miles when he was ordered to the plains of the west.

Adora Rienshaw NC2-42

"We wuz called 'Ole Issues', case we wuz mixed wid de whites. My pappy wuz borned free, case his mammy wuz a white 'oman an' his pappy wuz a coal-black nigger man. Hit happened in Mississippi, do' I doan know her name 'cept dat she wuz a Perry.

"She wuz de wife of grandfather's marster an' dey said dat he wuz mean ter her. Grandfather wuz her coachman an' he often seed her cry, an' he'd talk ter her an' try ter comfort her in her troubles, an' dat's de way dat she come ter fall in love wid him.

"One day, he said, she axed him ter stop de carriage an' come back dar an' talk ter her. When he wuz back dar wid her she starts ter cry an' she puts her purtty gold haid on his shoulder, an' she tells him dat he am her only friend, an' dat her husban' won't eben let her have a chile.

"Hit goes on lak dis till her husban' fin's out dat she am gwine ter have de baby. Dey says dat he beats her awful an' when pappy wuz borned he jist about went crazy. Anyhow pappy wuz bound out till he wuz twenty-one an' den he wuz free, case no person wid ary a drap of white blood can be a slave.

"When he wuz free he comed ter Raleigh an' from de fust I can remember he wuz a blacksmith an' his shop wuz on Wolcot's Corner. Dar wuz jist three of us chilluns, Charlie, Narcissus, an' me an' dat wuz a onusual small family.

Celia Robinson NC2-43

"I member when de Yankees came ter my mother's house on de McKnight plantation near Louisburg an' dey went inter her things. When de Yankees came down my brother Buck Perry drug me under de bed and tole me to lie still or de Yankees would ketch me. I member de sweet music dey played an' de way dey beat de drum. Dey came right inter de house. Dey went inter her chist; they broke it open. Dey broke de safe open also. Dey took mother's jewelry. But she got it back. Missus went ter de captain an' dey give back de jewelry. My missus wus de cause of her gittin' it back.

"I wuz old enough to go up ter where my brother kept de cows when de war ended. I member where he kept de calves. My brother would carry me up dere ter hold de calves off when dey wus milking de cows. My marster would take me by de hand and say 'Now, Celia, you must be smart or I will let de bull hook you.' He often carried me up to de great house an' fed me. He give me good things ter eat. Yes, I am partly white. It won't on my mother's side tho', but let's not say anything about dat, jist let dat go. Don't say anything about dat. Marster thought a lot o' me. Marster and missus thought there wus nothin' like me. Missus let me tote her basket, and marster let me play wid his keys.

"I 'member when my father would come ter see mother. De patterollers tole him if he didn't stop coming home so much dey wus goin' ter whip him. He had a certain knock on de door, den mother would let him in.

"I 'member how mother tole me de overseer would come ter her when she had a young child an' tell her ter go home and suckle dat thing, and she better be back in de field at work in 15 minutes. Mother said she knowed she could not go home and suckle dat child and git back in 15 minutes so she would go somewhere an' sit down an' pray de child would die.

George Rogers NC2-44

We had no church on the plantation, but we had prayermeeting in our houses. He 'lowed dat an' when dey had big meeting, he made us all go. We had dances or anything else we wanted to at night. We had corn shuckings, candy pullings, an' all the whiskey an' brandy we wanted. My daddy didn't do nuthin' but 'still for him. Whiskey wuz only ten cents a quart den.

"I have never seen him really whup a slave any more dan he whupped his own chilluns. He whupped us all together when we stole watermelons and apples. He made us chillun, white and black, eat together at a big table to ourselves. We had ordinary clothes, but we all went alike. In the summer and winter we all went barefooted and in our shirt tails mos' er de time. His chilluns wuz just as bad fer goin' barefooted as we niggers wuz.

"We fished a lot in Briar Creek. We caught a lot o' fish. Sometimes we used pin hooks we made ourselves. We would trade our fish to missus for molasses to make candy out uv.

Wheeler's Calvary went before us, dat's why dey wuz so rich. Dey got all de silver, an' we got de chickens and hogs.

We went to one place, an' de white 'oman only had one piece o' meat an' a big gang o' little chillun. I begged de Yankees to let dat piece of meat alone, she wuz so po', but de officer tole 'em to take it, an' dey took her las' piece o' meat.

"When de surrender come marster wuz dead, but he lef' it so dat all his slaves who had families got a piece o' lan'. Dere were four of 'em who got lan'. He wuz dead do', but missus done like he had it fixed.

Hattie Rogers NC2-45

We belonged to Allen Eubanks of New Bern, N.C. and his sister's son was my father. His sister was named Harriot and I was named after her. Marster didn't care who our fathers was jest so the women had children.

The white people was friendly to us in the eastern part of the state. Indeed it was more stiff up in Franklin County. Some of the slave-owners was very mean to their slaves.

"Just before the war started when the birds would sing around the well, Missus would say, 'War is coming, them birds singing is a sign of war; the Yankees will come and kill us all.' I can see the old well now jest as plain. It had a sweep and pole. You pulled the sweep over by pulling the pole and bucket down into the well. When it sunk into the water, the heavy sweep pulled it up again.

"The man we belonged to never was married. He bought a woman who had two little girls, on [TR: one] named Lucy and the other Abbie. He took Lucy for a house girl to wait on his mother. She had eleven children by him. They're all dead except one. All the missus I ever had was a slave, and she was this same Lucy. Yes, sir he loved that woman, and when he died he left all his property to her.

"When the husbands and brothers and sweethearts were gone to the war the white ladies would sing. Annie Ellis and Mag Thomas would sing these pitiful songs. 'Adieu my friends, I bid you adieu, I'll hang my heart on the willow tree and may the world go well with you.'

Henry Rountree NC2-46

"My marster had game cocks what he put up to fight an' dey wus valuable. When I wus a little feller he had one rooster that 'ud whup me ever' time I got close ter him, he'd whup young Marse Henry too, so both of us hated him.

"One day we set down wid bruised backs ter decide how ter git rid of dat ole rooster, not thinkin' 'bout how much he cost. We made our plans, an' atter gittin' a stick apiece ready we starts drappin' a line of corn to de ole well out in de barnyard. De pesky varmint follers de corn an' when he gits on de brink of de well we lets him have it wid de sticks an' pretty shortly he am drowned. Marse ain't never knowed it nother.

"De missus had a ole parrot what had once 'longed ter her brother who wus a sea captain. Dat wus de cussingest thing I ever seed an' he'd cuss ever'body an' ever'thing. One day two neighborhood men wus passin' when dey heard somebody holler 'Wait a minute.' When dey turns 'roun' de ole parrot sez, 'Go on now, I jist wanted ter see how you looks, Great God what ugly men!' An' de ole thing laughs fit ter bust.

"Dat ole parrot got de slaves in a heap of trouble so de day when de hawk caught him we wus tickled pink. De hawk sailed off wid de parrot screamin' over an' over, 'Pore polly's ridin'. We laughed too quick case de hawk am skeerd an' turns de ole fool parrot loose.

Anderson Scales NC2-47

Later he was houseboy in the big house just beyond the Methodist church at James Cardwell's who had a mill five miles west of Madison and whose wife was Sallie Martin; granddaughter of Governor Alexander Martin. Here Anderson learned more good manners and rendered more good house boy service such as sweeping floors, bringing in "turns" (armfuls) of fireplace wood, drawing water from the yard well and toting it into the house, keeping flies off the dining table, carrying out slops and garbage, for every town house had its back lot pigs.

White men would get contracts to have the mail carried to various towns and Anderson Scales was hired by one of these contractors to carry the mail from Madison to Mt. Airy, fifty miles distant in northwest Surry County. He would go by horse and sulky (sulky) on Monday, return on Wednesday; go on Thursday, return on Saturday. This was in the late 1870's and 1880's.

Catherine Scales NC2-48

"I shure did love my white fokes--Ole Marse, Timberlikk (Timberlake) an' Ole Miss Mary Timberlikk. My mother, Lucy Ann Timberlikk bough their portraits at the sale of the old Timberlake things, and kepp them an' brought them with her to Madison, when we moved up here, an kepp them until mummy was in her last sickness, an' two of Ole Misses daughters came over from Greensboro, an' begged,--an mammy sold the pictures to them for a quarter a piece.

"I could hoe but I didn't do much clean up work. I spun on a great big wheel that went m-m-m-m-m. I wish I had a big wheel to spin on right now. My mammy, Lucy Ann, could weave. She sho loved her white fokes. Cullud fokes didn't have much sence den. She would take cow hair and kyard and spin it with a little cottin in to rolls, and then she'd weave cloth out of it.

"One slave woman wuz sold way fum home--had three chillun, and daze six an eight an ten yuhs ole. She sang a song juss fo day tuh hub off. She put her three children between her knees. She sung, 'Lord, Be With Us.'"

"Den she cried! An dey took huh off, and de chillun never saw her no more.

"My daddy wuz Marse Nat's slave, an Porter Scales wuz his slave too. Ole Marse Jimmie Scale's sons was Nat Pitcher and John Durham, and John Durham went to wah. He took Richmond Scales long wiff him to wait on him! Cook fuh him! Make his pallet! Clean his clothes! Rub down his horse! Marse John Durum'd sleep with Richmond in de wintuh to keep him warm. Richmond'd carry him watuh in his canteen during a battle. Marse John Durum had on a ring that wuz carved and he tole Richmond take a good look at this ring sose he'd know him by it, if he didn't kum up aftuh a battle. Richmond ud hole onto his hawse's tail, an go wif him fuhs he could fo a battle.

Porter Scales NC2-49

For a number of years, he had drawn a pension of \$100.00 per year for his services to the Confederate government in hauling foodstuff from Charlotte, North Carolina to Danville, Virginia.

By obeying orders from his marse Nat Pitcher Scales, Porter operated a train of fifteen wagons loaded with corn for the Confederate cavalry from Charlotte, North Carolina to Danville, Virginia. Thus a Confederate soldier, he in his old age received a pension.

William Scott NC2-50

When the Yankees first came in they camped over near Dix Hill, when they come into town you hardly knew where they come from. They were jist like blue birds. They jist covered the face of the earth. They came to our house and took our sumpin' to eat. Yes sir, they took our sumpin' to eat from us Negroes. My daddy didn't like deir takin' our rations so he went to de officer and tole him what his men had done, and the officers had sumpin' to eat sent over there.

De only man I wurked for along den who wud gib me biscuit through de week wuz a man named June Goodwin. The others would give us biscuit on Sundays, and I made up my mind den when I got to be a man to eat jist as many biscuits as I wanted; and I have done jist dat.

Tiney Shaw NC2-51

"Me an' my mammy wuz sittin' by de fireplace when de Yankees come. I crawled under de wash bench but de Yankee officer drug me out an' he sez, 'Go fetch me a dozen aigs, an' I wants a dozen now, mind yo'.'

"I looked till I found twelve aigs an' I started ter de house wid 'em, but bein' so excited I drapped one uv dem an' cracked it. I wuz sceered stiff now sho' nuff, an' I runned inter de back do' an' crawled under de bed. De officer seed me do' an' he cracks his whup an' makes me come out den he sez, 'Nigger what's dat out dar in dat barrel in de hallway?'

"I sez, 'Lasses sir', an' he sez 'draw me some in dis cup.'

"I draws 'bout a half a cupful an' he sez, 'Nigger dat ain't no 'lasses,' an' he cracks his whup ag'in.

"I den draws de cup full as it could be an' he tells me ter drunk it.

"I drinks dat whole cupful uf 'lasses 'fore he'll lemmie 'lone. Den I runs back ter my mammy.

"Atter awhile de Yankee comes back an' sticks his haid in de do' an' he 'lows, 'ole doman, yo' 'lasses am leakin'.'

"Sho' nuff it wuz leakin' an' had run all down de hall an' out in de yard, but he done pull de stopper out fer meanness so he could laff at mammy when she waded through dat 'lasses. Dey laffs an' laffs while she go steppin' down through de 'lasses lak a turkey walkin' on cocklebur.

"Dem Yankees done a lot of mischief, I knows case I wuz dar. Dey robbed de folkses an' a whole lot of darkies what ain't never been whupped by de master got a whuppin' from de Yankee soldiers.

John Smith NC2-52

"My marster's name wuz Haywood Smith an' he wuz one ob de bes' men I ebber seed. He wuz good to all us niggers, he would come round an' talk to us, he lubbed us, and we lubbed him. My marster, Haywood Smith, nebber married but he had a nigger 'oman. She also had a nigger husband. She had two chillun by Marster Haywood Smith, a gal and a boy.

"During de war, I had corn bread wid one piece o' meat a day. De meal wuz not sifted. De white folks had sifters made of horse hair but de slaves didn't have no sifters. When I carried a dress off to have it made on Sunday for Mist'ss during de war, when she could not make it herself, she gimme a biskit. We called Sunday, Blue Monday. She gimme de biskit fur workin' on Sunday. Den I got a biskit fur going atter de dress. I got about two biskits a year when de war was going on. I wuz workin' to keep de soldiers fed, dey got de biskits.

"Tom Bridgers wuz marster's overseer. He had 160 chilluns by niggers. Marster Bridgers rode a horse when he went ober de plantation.

Sometimes, dey gib us a fofe of de crap to farm. Some years we didn' make much, when it wuz dry. No, we didn' make much. People didn' sociate together, pore whites, free niggers, slaves, and de slave owners. No dey didn' sociate much befo' de war, but dey did atter de war, dey got to mixin' den.

De Yankees tole me I wuz free. I went wid 'em. I stayed wid 'em from May till August. Den I slipped away from 'em. I had no clothes and shoes till de Yankees come. Yes, Sir, I went barefooted. Dey gimme clothes and shoes, but I slipped away from 'em because dey wanted me to do things I didn' want to do.

"White folks, if I must tell you, I must. I think Jesus sent you to me so I can tell my story. Dey just wanted me to forage aroun' and git chickens, collards, taters en anybody's hogs I could git. I didn' have no slips or shoes, no unner clothes for 40 years befo' de Yankees come, but I slipped away. I didn' want to do what dey wanted me t'do.

"My marster owned three plantations and 300 slaves. He started out wid 2 'oman slaves and raised 300 slaves. One wuz called short Peggy, and the udder wuz called long Peggy. Long Peggy had 25 chillun. Long Peggy, a black 'oman, wuz boss ob de plantation. Marster freed her atter she had 25 chilluns, just think o' dat, raisin' 300 slaves wid two 'omans. It sho is de truf do'.

"Yes Sir, my marster gib us Christmas. Sometimes he gib us two weeks befo' we went to work agin Christmas. Licker wuz no mo 'en water. Brandy, de highest price of any of it wuz 40 cts. a gallon. We had a plenty uv licker, but nobody got drunk. Sometimes a white man got drunk en now en den a nigger would git drunk.

"I never married befo' de war. Nobody married on marster's plantation, but dey had 'omans. My 'oman wuz mighty good to me. I slep' anywhar I could befo' de war ended, in de shuck pen, cotton seed house, an' went barefooted in slavery days.

I lub de southern people, but de debbil got de bes' of 'em; dey wuz good to me.

John Smith NC2-53

Some of de missus had nigger servants to bathe 'em, wash dere feet an' fix dere hair. When one nigger would wash de missus feet dare would be another slave standin' dere wid a towel to dry 'em for her. Some of dese missus atter de war died poor. Before dey died dey went from place to place livin' on de charity of dere friends.

"Father believed in whuppin like de white folks did. He cut de blood out of me wid a switch an' scarred me up an' I left him. When I was twenty-one, a free man, I went back an' paid father for every day I was away from him from de time I ran away at 16 years old till I was twenty-one. I owed him dat 'cause I was his until I was free. I believes dat is why God has allowed me to live such a long time, 'cause I paid a just debt. Daddy said before he died I had done more for him dan de other chilluns. He whupped me too much but atter all he was my father an' I loved him an' paid him all I owed him for de time I was away.

Josephine Smith NC2-54

An interview with Josephine Smith, 94 years old of 1010 Mark Street, Raleigh, N.C.

"I wuz borned in Norfolk, Virginia an' I doan know who we belonged to, but I 'members de day we wuz put on de block at Richmond. I wuz jist todlin' roun' den, but me an' my mammy brought a thousand dollars. My daddy, I reckon, belonged ter somebody else, an' we wuz jist sold away from him jist lak de cow is sold away from de bull.

"A preacher by de name of Maynard bought me an' mammy an' carried us ter Franklinton, whar we lived till his daughter married Doctor John Leach of Johnston County; den I wuz give ter her.

"All my white folkses wuz good ter me, an' I reckon dat I ain't got no cause fer complaint. I ain't had much clothes, an' I ain't had so much ter eat, an' a many a whuppin', but nobody ain't nebber been real bad ter me.

"I 'members seein' a heap o' slave sales, wid de niggers in chains, an' de spec'ulators sellin' an' buyin' dem off. I also 'members seein' a drove of slaves wid nothin' on but a rag 'twixt dere legs bein' galloped roun' 'fore de buyers. 'Bout de wust thing dat eber I seed do' wuz a slave 'oman at Louisburg who had been sold off from her three weeks old baby, an' wuz bein' marched ter New Orleans.

"She had walked till she wuz give out, an' she wuz weak enough ter fall in de middle o' de road. She wuz chained wid twenty or thirty other slaves an' dey stopped ter rest in de shade o' a big oak while de speculators et dere dinner. De slaves ain't

havin' no dinner. As I pass by dis 'oman begs me in God's name fer a drink o' water, an' I gives it ter her. I ain't neber be so sorry fer nobody.

"Hit wuz in de mont' of August an' de sun wuz bearin' down hot when de slaves an' dere drivers leave de shade. Dey walk fer a little piece an' dis 'oman fall out. She dies dar side o' de road, an' right dar dey buries her, cussin', dey tells me, 'bout losin' money on her.

"Slavery wuzn't so good, case it divided famblies an' done a heap o' other things dat wuz bad, but de wuck wuz good fer ever'body. It's a pity dat dese youngins nowadays doan know de value o' wuck lak we did. Why when I wuz ten years old I could do any kind o' house wuck an' spin an' weave ter boot. I hope dat dese chilluns will larn somethin' in school an' church. Dats de only way dey can larn it."

Nellie Smith NC2-55

"I saw a jail for slaves in Fayetteville, North Carolina, but I never saw a slave sold. I saw an overseer whup a man once but he certainly didn't hurt him much. He done more talkin' dan whuppin.

Sarah Ann Smith NC2-56

De Yankees gived us a school but dey ain't give us nothin' ter eat so we's got ter wurk, we ain't got no time fer edgercation.

Laura Sorrell NC2-58

"My mammy, Virginia Burns, wus borned in Fayetteville, Cumberland County. She never knowed her parents an' frum de fust she can 'member she is a bound girl.

"Frum de fust she could 'member she wus bound out ter a Mis' Frizelle what beat her, give her scraps lak a dog, an' make her wuck lak a man. Dey eben makes her git on de well sweep an' go down in de well an' clean hit out. She said dat she wus skeerd nigh ter death.

"She wus a grown woman when she 'cided dat she can't stand de treatment no mo'. She has cut wood since she wus big enough ter pick up de axe an' she makes up her min' ter quit.

"Dey wus a-fixin' ter chain her up an' beat her lak dey usually done when she 'cides ter go away. She has ter go den or take de whuppin' an' she ain't got time ter make no plans.

"Fust she runs ter de Marster's bedroom an' slips on a pair of his ole shoes, den she goes out ter de big chicken house back of de barn. She hyars de Marster a-callin' fer her 'fore she gits ter de woods so she runs back an' hides in de chicken house.

"Dey calls an' dey calls, an' de chickens comes ter de roost but she lays low an' doan make no fuss, so dey goes on ter sleep. She hyars de folkses a-callin' her but she lays still, den she sees de torches what dey am usein' ter find her an' she thanks God dat she ain't in de woods. Atter awhile she thinks dat she can sneak out, but she hyars de bayin' of de bloodhoun's in de swamp so she lays still.

"Hit am four o'clock 'fore all gits quiet. She knows dat hit am safe ter go now, case she has done hyard Mister Frizelle an' one of de patterollers a-talkin' as dey goes back ter de house. Dey 'cides ter go home an' start out ag'in de nex' mornin' bright an' early.

"Mammy am skeerd pink but she knows dat unless she am keerful dey am gwine ter ketch her. She lays still till daybreak den she flies fer de woods.

"I'se hyard mammy say dat dem nights she slept in de woods wus awful. She'd find a cave sometimes an' den ag'in she'd sleep in a holler log, but she said dat ever'time de hoot owls holler or de shiverin' owls shiver dat she'd cower down an' bite her tongue ter keep frum screamin'.

"She said dat de woods wus full of snakes an' hit wus near 'bout two weeks 'fore she got ter Guilford County. She had stold what she et on de way dar, an' dat hadn't been much so she wus weak.

"One day she crept outen de woods an' look roun' her an' hit bein' in July, she spies a watermillion patch. She looks roun' an' den flies out dar an' picks up a big million, den she shakes a leg back ter de woods.

"While she wus settin' dar eatin' de watermillion a young white man comes up an' axes her her business an' she, seein' dat he am kind-lookin', tells him her story.

"She fully 'specks him ter turn her ober ter de sheriff but 'stid of dat he tells her dat his name am Daniel Green, an' dat he am a Union sympathizer, an' den he takes her ter some colored folkses house.

"Dese colored folkses am named Berry an' my mammy am stayin' dar when she falls in love wid my paw, Jake Sorrell, an' marries him.

"She ain't never been ter dances an' sich before but now she goes some, an' hit wus at one of dese dances whar she met my paw. When she gits engaged ter him she won't let him kiss her till she axes Marster Daniel iffen she can marry him. Yo' see she wus wuckin' fer Marse Dan.

"Well he give his consent an' dey wus married. Dey had me soon, case I wus eight months old when de Yankees come, an' we wus freed by de law.

"My mammy an' paw had a hard time do' dey ain't had but us two chilluns, but dey manages ter feed us all right. Dey wus superstitious an' paid de witch doctor a right smart ter keep off de witches but jist de same we got along well as most folks eben do' we did have ter eat hard tack an' black molasses fer seberal years atter de war."

Ria Sorrell NC2-59

"Dere wus 'bout twenty-five slaves on de place an' marster jist wouldn't sell a slave. When he whupped one he didn't whup much, he wus a good man. He seemed to be sorry everytime he had to whup any of de slaves. His wife wus de pure debil, she jist joyed whuppin' Negroes. She wus tall an' spare-made wid black hair an' eyes. Over both her eyes wus a bulge place in her forehead. Her eyes set way back in her head. Her jaws were large lak a man's an' her chin stuck up. Her mouth wus large an' her lips thin an' seemed to be closed lak she had sumptin' in her mouth most all de time.

"When marster come ter town she raised ole scratch wid de slaves. She whupped all she could while marster wus gone. She tried to boss marster but he wouldn't allow dat. He kept her from whuppin' many a slave. She jist wouldn't feed a slave an' when she had her way our food wus bad. She said underleaves of collards wus good enough for slaves. Marster took feedin' in his hands an' fed us plenty at times. He said people couldn't work widout eatin'.

He said he was a Christian an' he believed in givin' us a chance. Marster died of consumption. He give us patches an' all dey made on it. He give slaves days off to work dere patches.

"I shore believes marster went to Heaven, but missus, well I don't know. Don' know 'bout her, she wus so bad. She would hide her baby's cap an' tell me to find it. If I couldn't fin' it, she whupped me. She would call marster, an' I doin' de best I could to please her, an' say come here Jacob an' whup dis nigger, but marster paid no attention to her. He took our part. Many wus de meals he give us unbeknown to his wife. Dere wus no mixin' white an' black on marster's place, no sir, nothin' lak dat. He wus lak a father to us. Sometimes he brought hog haslets an' good things to de nigger house an' tole us to cook it. When it wus done he come an' et all he wanted, got up an' said, 'I'm goin' now,' an' you didn't see him no more till next day.

"My grandmother wus as white as you is. She wus Lottie Sorrell. Marster bought my grandmother. I do not know my grandfather's name. Grandmother wus a cook an' she tole me the reason she was so white wus 'cause she stood over de fire so much. Ha, ha, dats what she tole me. She had long straight hair. I 'members her well.

Chaney Spell NC2-60

Marse Sid ain't got but one weakness an' dat am pretty yaller gals. He just can't desist dem at all. Finally Mis' Mary found it out an' it pretty near broke her heart. De ole marster, Marster Sid's daddy, said dat long as he could ride a hoss he could look out fer de plantation so Marse Sid took Mis' Mary to de mountains.

Tanner Spikes NC2-61

We ain't knowed nothin' 'bout freedom, but de Yankees tol' us dat we ort ter be free, dey also said dat we ort ter have meat an' stuff in de smokehouse.

Sam T. Stewart NC2-63

"The speculators bought up Negroes as a drover would buy up mules.

Wagon trains carried the rations on the trip to Mississippi. The drivers would not start until they had a large drove. Then the slaves were fastened together with chains. The chain was run between them, when they had been lined up like soldiers in double file. A small chain was attached to a Negro on the left and one to the Negro on the right and fastened to the main chain in the center. Billy Askew was another speculator. He lived on the corner of Salisbury and Carbarrus Street in Raleigh. Sometimes as many as thirty slaves were carried in a drove. They walked to Mississippi.

I had good beds, good clothes, and plenty to eat. We made it and we ate it. When a slave owner treated his slaves unusually good some other slave owner would tell him that he was raising slaves who would rise against him. Lorenzo Franks, who owned me and my mother, was a Quaker. He treated his slaves unusually well. He would not sell any of them. His brother was an Iron Side Baptist preacher, and he would tell his brother he was raising slaves who would rise against him.

Some of the slave owners, when a poor white man's land joined theirs and they wanted his place would have their Negroes steal things and carry them to the poor white man, and sell them to him. Then the slave owner, knowing where the stuff was, (Of course the slave had to do what his master told him.) would go and find his

things at the poor white man's house. Then he would claim it, and take out a writ for him, but he would give him a chance. He would tell him to sell out to him, and leave, or take the consequences. That's the way some of the slave owners got such large tracks of lands.

"The free Negro was a child by a white man and a colored woman, or a white woman and a Negro slave. A child by a white man and a Negro woman was set free when the man got ready. Sometimes he gave the free Negro slaves. Oscar Austin, an issue, was set free and given slaves by his master and daddy. Old man Oscar Austin lived by the depot in Raleigh. He is dead now.

"When a child by a Negro man slave and a white woman arrived he could not be made a slave, but he was bound out until he was 21 years old. The man, who ever wanted him, had him bound to him by the courts and was his gardeen until he was 21 years old. He could not be made a slave if he was born of a free woman. There were jails for slaves called dungeons; the windows were small. Slaves were put into jail for misdemeanors until court was held, but a white man could not be kept there over 30 days without giving bond. Whites and slaves were kept in the same jail house, but in separate rooms.

"I would have been whipped to pieces if it hadn't been for a white boy about my age by the name of Thomas Wilson. He told them I was his nigger, and they let me go. We had brought a load of lightwood splints in bundles to town on a steer cart. This was near the close of the war. We had sold out one load of splints had had been paid for them in Confederate money. We had several bills. We went into a bar and bought a drink, each paying one dollar a drink, or two dollars for two small drinks. The bar was in the house where the Globe Clothing Store is now located on the corner of Wilmington and Exchange Streets. Just as I swallowed my drink a constable grabbed me by the back of the neck, and started with me to the guard house, where they done their whippin'. Down at the guard house Nick Denton, the bar tender, told Thomas Wilson 'Go, tell the constable that is your nigger'. Thomas came running up crying, and told the constable I was his nigger. The constable told him to take me and carry me on home or he would whip both of us. We then hitched our ox to the cart and went home."

Emma Stone NC2-64

"De missus gib us her old hoop skirts ter play in an' we played nigh 'bout all de time. We wuz doin' dis when de Yankees comed by. Dey drives dere hosses up ter de gate an' dey says dat dey is lookin' fer Wheeler's Cavalry. We knows dat it done pass dar de day 'fore, but we is too skeered ter say a thing.

"De Yankees stays 'round dar fer a little while, an' dey gathers rations, den dey goes on atter Wheeler. We uster sing a song 'bout Wheeler's Cavalry but I only 'members dat it went lak dis:

""Wheeler's Wheeler's Cav--al--ry,
Marchin' on de battlefield
Wheeler's Wheeler's Cav--al--ry
Marchin' on de battlefield.'"

"It wuz really a game we played, while we marched an' pranced an' beat on tin pans. De missus ain't carin' case we is bein' true ter de south she thinks. Shucks we doan care nothin' 'bout Wheeler 'cept what we hyar, an dat ain't so good. We doan keer 'bout de Yankees nother, case we is skeered of dem.

William Sykes NC2-65

"When de Yankees comed dey come a tearin'. Dey ain't done so bad in our neighborhood, case hit warn't so full of de 'infernal Rebs', as de Yankees said. Dey tooked de bes' o' eber'thing do' but dey ain't doin' so much deruction. Dey eben buyed terbacker from my mammy, an' dey paid her a dollar an' fifty cents a pound, stim an' all.

"Wal, we got on de march fer de mountains an' we march on ter Judge Clayton Moore's grandfather's place in Mitchell County, whar we camps fer seberal days.

"While we wus dar one day, an' while Mr. Jim Moore, de Jedge's daddy am in town de missus axes my cousin Jane ter do de washin'.

"Jane says dat she has got ter do her own washin' an dat she'll wash fer de missus termorrer. De missus says 'you ain't free yit, I wants you ter know.'

"I knows dat I's not but I is gwine ter be free', Jane says.

"De missus ain't said a word den, but late Saddy night Mr. Jim he comes back from town an' she tells him 'bout hit.

"Mr. Jim am some mad an' he takes Jane out on Sunday mornin' an' he beats her till de blood runs down her back.

"De patterollers wus thick dem days, Mr. Joe Jones wus our regular patteroller an' he gibe us de very debil.

"A few days atter Jane got her beatin' we marches away. De wimen am left at Jamesville but us mens an' boys, we marches on ter Buncombe County an' we ain't seed no mo' Yankees.

Annie Tate NC2-66

"Old marster wuz very fond of my grandpaw an' he wouldn't 'low de oberseer ter beat him, but ole marster went off on a trip an' he left young marster in charge of de big farm an' de whole slue o' slaves dat he owns.

"One day atter ole marster wuz gone de oberseer tried ter run de hawg over gran'paw an' wuz cussin' him scan'lous. Gran'paw cussed back at him an' den de oberseer started ter beat him. Gran'paw drawed de hoe back ober his haid an' tells him dat if'en he comes a step closter dat he am gwine ter bust his haid open. De oberseer comes on an' de hoe 'cends on his haid choppin' hit wide open.

"Ole marster ain't dar so young marster makes seberal of de slaves hold him while he lashes him wid de cowhide. He cuts his back all ter pieces an' den he throws him in de barn, chained down ter de flo'.

"Gran'mammy snuke out ter see him an' whisper ter him through de cracks, but one night she goes out dar ter de barn an' he am gone. She runs ter young marster an' axes him whar am gran'paw an' he tells her dat he am sold ter a man from Mississippi an' dat if'en she whimpers 'bout him sellin' de black bastard dat he will whup her, den wash her down wid vinegar, red pepper an' salt.

"Pore gran'maw am nigh 'bout crazy so she walks off'en de plantation. Down on de aidge of de plantation runs de Neuse so gran'maw gits dar, an' jumps in.

"My mammy am little an' she ain't got no brothers an' sisters so de missus takes her in de house wid her. Dey said dat de ole marster had a fit most when he fin's out 'bout what been done dar while he am gone, so he am extra good ter mammy.

R.S. Taylor NC2-67

My marster would not allow anyone to whip his Negroes. If they were to be whipped he did it himself and the licks he gave them would not hurt a flea. He was good to all of us and we all loved him.

"De[8] Yankees jes' shot hogs and cows and took everything on de plantation dey wanted. I can see 'em now runnin' chickens. Dere was an old rooster, he said, 'Cluck, cluck, cluck cluck,' as he run. Dey shot his head off and he turned somersets awhile, and rolled over dead. Jes' seemed lak if dem Yankees pointed a gun at a chicken or hog dey would roll over dead. Dey had live geese tied on their hosses. One ole gander would say, 'Quack, quack, quack,' as the hoss stepped along and jarred him. Some o' de Yankee soldiers were carrying hams of hogs on deir bayonets. Dat wus a time, Lawsy, Lawsy, a time. One ole hen, she had sense. When de Yankees were killin' de res' o' de chickens she ran for de piney woods and hid dere and stayed till de Yankees left Raleigh; den she come home. Mammy caught her and raised about forty chickens off her in Raleigh."

Elias Thomas NC2-68

"It took a smart nigger to know who his father was in slavery time. I just can remember my mother. I was about four or five years old when she died.

"Our food was purty good. Our white folks used slaves, especially the children, as they did themselves about eatin'. We all had the same kind of food. All had plenty of clothes but only one pair of shoes a year. People went barefooted a lot then more than they do now. We had good places to sleep, straw mattresses and chickenfeather beds and feather bolsters. A bolster reached clear across the head of the bed.

"We thought well of the poor white neighbors. We colored children took them as regular playmates. Marster's boys played with 'em too and marster gave them all the work he could. He hired both men an women of the poor white class to work on the plantation. We all worked together. We had a good time. We worked and sang together and everybody seemed happy. In harvest time a lot of help was hired and such laughing, working and singing. Just a good time in general. We sang the songs 'Crossin' over Jordan' and 'Bound for the Promised Land'.

I saw Crayton Abernathy, a overseer, whip a woman in the cotton patch on Doc. Smith's farm, a mile from our plantation. I also saw ole man William Crump, a owner, whip a man and some children. He waited till Sunday morning to whip his slaves. He would git ready to go to church, have his horse hitched up to the buggy and then call his slaves out and whip them before he left for church. He generally whipped about five children every Sunday morning. Willis Crump, a slave was tied up by his thumbs and whipped. His thumbs was in such a bad fix after that they rose and had to be cut open. Willis was whipped after the war closed for asking for his wages and having words with ole man Crump because he would not pay him. They fell out and he called his friends in and they took and tied him and whipped him.

"Colored folks are afraid of bears so one of the slaves who saw Tom Crump at night told him he saw a bear in the woods where he was stayin'. Tom was so scared

he came home next morning and took his whippin'. Both came home on account of that bear business and both were whipped.

"I remember the Yankees. I will remember seein' them till I die.

I hid in the woods while they were there. They tore up some things but they did not do much damage. They camped from Holly Springs to Avant's Ferry on Cape Fear River. William Cross' plantation was about half the distance. The camp was about thirty miles long. General Logan,[9] who was an old man, was in charge.

"When the war closed I stayed on eight years with my marster. I then went to the N.C. State Hospital for the Insane. I stayed there 28 years. That's where I learned to talk like a white man."

Jacob Thomas NC2-69

"Mammy wus sold in Smithfield on de slave block an' carried off, chained 'hind a wagin. She turn' roun' an' looks back at her husban' who cries an' de oberseer's lash cuts his back, 'case dey ain't 'lowed ter cry at a sale.

"From de time I can fust 'member I wucked on de farm. We planted cane, cotton, corn, an' rice in de low groun's. We ain't had ter wuck so powerful hard an' we am 'lowed a heap of pleasures, but some of us boys wus mean an' we had ter be whupped, lak de time we tied tin cans on de tail of Jinks, marster's fine huntin' dog. De dog near run hissself ter death an' Marse Tom had us whupped fer hit.

"He raised fine hosses too, an' he ain't 'lowed us boys ter git clost ter dem, but one Sunday when Uncle Amos went ter sleep in de shade of de trees roun' de pasture I gits on Lady, one of de fines' young mares, an' I flies away on her.

"She ain't used ter nobody ridin' her bareback so she kicks up quite a rucus but I sets on. Down cross de pasture she goes an' I enjoys hit fine till she steps in a hole an' falls.

"De mare am crippled but I leads her back an' tries ter git away widout anybody seein' me. Ole Amos has woked up dis time an' of course he tells Marse Tom.

"Dat's de wust whuppin' I'se eber had, I'se tellin' yo'. Dey streaked me all ober den dey makes me lay down, chained han' an' foot all de day long. Dat ain't done no good do 'case I rid dem hosses eber'time I got de chance.

"Dar's dis much we ain't worried 'bout livin' den lak we does now, an' dar's dis much fer bein' free, I has got thirteen great-gran'chilluns an' I knows whar dey everyone am. In slavery times dey'd have been on de block long time ago.

"I always thought a lot of Lincoln 'cause he had a heap of faith in de nigger ter think dat he could live on nothin' at all."

Margaret Thornton NC2-70

"I wus jist five years ole when de Yankees come, jist a few of dem to our settlement. I doan know de number of de slaves, but I does 'member dat dey herded us tergether an' make us sing a heap of songs an' dance, den dey clap dere han's an' dey sez dat we is good. One black boy won't dance, he sez, so dey puts him barefooted on a hot piece of tin an' believe me he did dance.

"I know dat my white folks hated de Yankees like pizen but dey had ter put up wid dere sass jist de same. Dey also had to put up wid de stealin' of dere property what dey had made dere slaves work an' make. De white folks didn't loose dere

temper much do', an' dey avoids de Yankees. Now when dey went protrudin' in de house dat am a different matter entirely.

Ellen Trell NC2-72

"Marster lived in a large house with fourteen rooms, which the slaves called the big house. He had four house servants to do his and missus bidding. They were 'specially trained as Marster did a lot of entertaining in slavery time. Marster and missus had a lot of parties where they served a lot of good food and various kinds of liquors to their guests. When marster was in his cups he was mighty rough, and any of the slaves who displeased him at these times were liable to get a beating.

Mother said the place which had been a place of torture in slavery days turned out to be a haven of rest after slavery, a home where peace, plenty and contentment reigned supreme."

Henry James Trentham NC2-73

Some of de slaves run away. When dey wuz caught dey wuz whupped and put in de stocks in de jail. Some of de slaves dat run away never did come back. De overseers tole us dey got killed reason dey never come back.

Jane Anne Privette Upperman NC2-74

Mother said she wurked in de fiel's from sun to sun. Dey did not eat breakfast in de mornin' fore dey went to wurk. It wuz cooked an' put on a shelf an' dey had breakfas' at about eleven o'clock in de day. Mother said sometimes de flies got to de meat an' blowed it fore dey could come in to eat it. Mother said de food wuz bad an' not fixed right.

"Marster wuz a soldier an' when he come an' tole mother she wuz free, Missus Penina tole her, 'No, you aint free, you'se got to stay here an' wurk right on.' Marster tole her if she had been through wid what he been through wid she could give mother up as free as takin' a drink of water.

Ophelia Whitley NC2-75

"I 'members one whuppin' I got when I wuz little 'bout a big matter dat looked little at de time. Mens would come by in kivered wagons, (we called dem speckled wagons) an' steal Marse Gus' nigger chilluns. He had lost a heap of money dat way, so he forbids us of goin' out ter de road an' he orders us ter stay 'way back in de rear uv de house. One day we sees a drove uv dese wagons comin' an' we flies down ter de road. De marster ketches us an' I flies, but he hobbles ter our cabin on his crutches an' he pinches me, pokes me wid de crutch an' slaps my face.

De wimmen plowed an' grubbed, an' I'se known dem ter leave de field, go ter de house an' find a baby an' be back at wuck de next day. Dat ain't happen often do', mostly dey done light wuck fer a week or so. De babies wuz carried to Ant Hannah's house an' she raised 'em all so's dat de other wimmen could wuck. De mammies ain't even 'member which wuz dere chilluns half de time, so dar wuz no mo'nin' when somebody got sold.

"I 'members a slave sale an' hyarin' de marster tell Cindy an' Bruce ter act up fer de benefit of de buyers. Cindy said dat she could do ever'thing, so she brung a good price, but Bruce, atter sayin' dat he could do it all, wuz tole ter hitch up a hoss in a

hurry. He got de hoss an' turned his head ter de spatter board an' tried to hook de hoss up hind part befo'. De marster can't find no buyer, so he whups Bruce awful atter he gits him home, but dat black boy says, 'Marse, Yo' can kill me, but I'd ruther stay on hyar.' I'se seed niggers in chains, but dey wuz travelin', or wuz mighty bad niggers.

We warn't teached nothin', not even religion an' we got whupped if we wuz ketched wid a piece uv paper or a slate. De white folks warn't teached nothin' den, an' you know dey won't gwine ter take no trouble wid de niggers.

"I 'members how some of dem Yankee officers cussed in front of my mussus an' how I tole' em dat dey mought be Yankees but dey won't half raised at dat.

Tom Wilcox NC2-76

"My missus wuz a religious woman an' I can't tell yo' de number uv times she has beat me case I done some kind uv wuck on a Sunday

"As I done tell yo' onct we wuz fed an' clothed good an' we lived fer each other, but my pappy belonged ter one man an' my mammy ter another one an' so we wanted ter be all together. Atter de war we stayed on till '69, den we come ter Raleigh. Most uv de wimmens an' chilluns wuz sent by de train, but me an' pappy an' Berry, we walked all de way by Louisburg, an' driv' pappy's thirteen heads of cattle.

Catharine Williams NC2-77

Mother baked ash cakes, but my children would not eat 'em.

Rev. Handy Williams NC2-78

"Yes sir, you know how children is when dey hear wagins coomin', and a big crowd marchin' together. Yes sir, I remember de Yankees. Dey rode dere horses against de fences and tore em down. Dey comed in de yard and turned over de bee gums. Dey shot de chickens. Dey would say 'Dere he goes, shoot him, shoot him', and den de guns would go 'bam, bam, bam, an' de chickens would fall dead'. Dey shot de dogs in de yard. Course, to Heben, I am tellin' de truth. Dey took de meat and destroyed mos' everything at Marster's. After dey lef', if you could get a few beans or peas dey wuz mighty good. People et tater peelings an' some come near starvin'.

John Thomas Williams NC2-79

"I don't know who I am nor what my true name is.

"The reason I don't know who I am is that I don't remember my father and mother or any of my people. When I got so I could remember anything I wuz with the Williams family. Marster an' missus, an' their family are the only ones I ever looked upon as my people. They never told me who I wuz.

"After the war I stayed with them a long time and helped them on the farm. They run a truck farm. I got along all right while I wuz with the Williams family, but when I got grown I left them. I loved them but I realized I wuz a nigger and knew that I could never be like them, and that I wuz one to myself.

"I have asked thousands of questions trying to find out who my people are but no one has ever told me who I am or who my people are. If I have any brothers and sisters, I don't know it.

"I have nothing to say about being partly white, I leave that to your imagination. I have thought about it a lot. I don't know.

"I am a good fiddler. The white folks have taught me to do lots of different things. I have had very few advantages and I cannot read and write.

"I have never been in jail in my life. I can give good references from dozens of white folks. I try to live right, be honest and above all give my fellow man a square deal."

Lizzie Williams NC2-80

My pappy he allus b'long to ol' man Billy. He not sich a bad man but de Lawd knows I's seed bettah ones.

"I mind a tale my pappy tell 'bout one time he see de paddyrollers comin'. He scared to death cas he did'n hab no pass. He kno' iffen dey finds him whut dey do. So pappy he gets down in de ditch an' throw sand an' grunts jes like a hawg. Sho' nuf dey thinks he a hawg and dey pass on, cept one who was behin' de others. He say: 'Dat am de gruntin'es ol' hawg I ebber hear. I think I go see him.' But de udders day say: 'Jes let dat ol' hawg lone an' min' yo own business.' So day pass on. Pappy he laff 'bout dat for long time.

"I mind ol' Mose, he hab monthly pass from de massa but he forgit it one day and de paddyrollers whup him and throw him in de callaboose. In de mawnin' when de massa wake and fin no fresh water and no fire in de stove and de cows not milk, he say: 'I know Mose in de callaboose,' and he hab to go atter Mose.

De only thing I ebber do wif a book is jes to dust it off

"Many de pore niggah women hab chillun for de massa, dat is iffen de massa a mean man. Dey jes tell de niggahs whut to do and dey know better den to fuss.

"I mind 'bout de wah. We niggahs neber know whut it 'bout. We jes go on an' work. Nebber see nothin', nebber hear nothin', nebber say nothin', but de wah all 'roun'. Evah day we heah dat de Yankee sojers comin'. De plantations was gittin' robbed. Evabody kep' a hidin' things. It was a tubble time. I mind plain when dey comes to Selma. All de fokes was at church when de Yankees come. Day warn't no fightin' much, dey didn' hab time. Dey jes march in an' take de town. But O, Lawdy, dat night dey burn de stores an' houses an' take all de things dey want. Cannons and guns all 'round, it war tubble sight.

"Marse Ellis' plantation 'bout 15 mile from Selma on Pea Ridge. I mind one night Marse come home from town and he say: 'Lizabeth.' I say, 'Yes, suh.' He say: 'Bring me some fresh watah from de spring.' I run as fas' as I kin an' bring de watah an' gib it to him, den he say: 'Lizabeth, de Yankees am comin' soon, an' I knows yo'se gwint to tell 'em where I hide all my 'longings, guns an' ebberthing.'

"'No' I says, 'jes why would I tell whar yo' hide yo' guns an' things?' Missy come in den and she say: 'Go on an' let Lizzie 'lone, bettah be feared dem niggahs you done so mean to gwine tell, dats all you got to be feared of. But you, let Lizzie 'lone, she b'long to me.'

"Marse Ellis he go out an' hide some mo' stuff. Dat night de sojers burn Selma. Dat war on Sunday. Next night we wake up in de middle of de night an' de house what we keep de bes' carriage an' horse was a'burnin'. De pore ho'se done break outten de barn an' was a runnin' roun' all over de place a'screamin' wif her poor back bu'nt tubble. We nebber find out iffen de Yankees set de barn fire or not. Guess dey did. Dey done set Marse Hyde's house afire an' burn it to de groun' with Marse Hyde in it. Marse Hyde he had plantation in New 'Leans and when de Yankees take de

town Marse Hyde he promise not to leave but when de sojers [HW: know] he 'scape and come to his house on Pea Ridge, so when de Yankees fin' him here dey burn him in de house wif all his 'longings.

"On de Tuesday mawnin' after dey burn Selma I wake up to see Marse Ellis' plantation all surroun' wif Yankee sojers. I war nigh scared to death. I so 'fraid dey hurt me an' Missy but dey didden, dey jes march through de house an' when dey see Marse Ellis dey ask him for he guns an' things dey want. Marse Ellis show dem whar de things war. 'Twarn't no use to do anything else. I take Marse Frank's 'backer an' hide it in de Missus' trunk. Den when de sojers git what dey want dey laugh and ma'ch 'way on de hill.

"After de surren'er all de niggahs jes lost. Nowhar to go, nothin' to do, 'less dey stay wif de massa. Nobuddy hab anything but 'federate money and it no good. My pappy had 'bout three hunner dolla's but 'twarn't no good 'tall.

"All some of de white fokes think of war killin' de pore niggahs what worked for dem for yeahs. Dey jes scour de country and shoot dem, 'specially de young men. One day dey come down de road to'ards my pappy. Dey start askin' questions 'bout what he gwine to do now he free. 'What I gwine to do?' says pappy. 'What can I do? I jes stay on de plantation an' help ol' Massa iffen I can get an ol' mule an' a piece of an ol' plow.'

"One of de boys look at pappy an' say: 'I like take yo' head for a target,' but de ol' man wif dem say no so dey leave my pappy 'lone. Dey hab de commissary whar de fokes git food; it b'long to de Yankee sojers. Food scarce lik' ebbberthing. Folks say now dey hab hard times; dey don' know nothin' 'bout hard times less day lib in war time and be slave to white fokes.

"Den dey was de Ku Klux Klan. Dey war frightful lookin' critters. My pappy say dey go out in de country an' tie pore niggahs to de tree and beat 'em to death. Dey dress all kin's of fashions. Most of dem look like ghosts. Dey nebber go lik' de paddyrollers, dey jes sneak 'round at night when de poor niggahs in bed. Den 'bout twelve 'clock dey tie up all de niggahs dey ketch and atter dey through beatin' dem dey leaves dem wif dey han's tied in de air and de blood astreamin' outten dey backs.

Penny Williams NC2-81

"We had 'nough ter eat, sich as it wus, but dat ain't braggin', I reckins. An' we wus punished putty bad iffen we complains, sasses or 'fuses ter wuck lak we should. Nat Whitaker wus de oberseer an' patteroller an' he wus strick, I'se tellin' you. I'se seed him beat slaves till de blood run.

"Dar wus some nigger mens what 'ud go coutin' spite of de debil, an' as de marster ain't givin' dem no passes dey goes widout 'em. Mr. Whitaker, he whups, an' whups, but dat ain't stop 'em. At las' Marster Lawrence 'cides ter hang cowbells on dere necks so's he can hyar dem if'en dey leabes de place atter night.

"I'se tellin' you chile, dem niggers am gwine anyway. Dey ain't got sense nuff ter put dere han's in de bell ter keep de clapper from ringin', but dey does stuff de bell wid leaves an' it doan ring none, 'sides dat dey tears deir shirts, or steals sheets from missus clothes line an' fold dem ter make a scarf. Dey ties dese 'roun' deir necks ter hide de bell an' goes on a-courtin'.

"Dey ain't got no pins ter pin de scarf on, but dey uses thornes from de locust tree or de crabapple; an' dey hol's fine.

"Dey warn't no spoons, knives, an' forks dem days, but de smart slave cut him some outen hickory an' dey wus jist as good as de other kin'.

"Dey also ain't go no matches dem days so flint rocks wus rubbed tergether.

"I 'members mostly 'bout de rear en' o' de war, 'specially 'bout de Yankees comin'. I 'members dat marster an' his fambly done moved ter town, case dey can't git no 'tection dar. Dar wusn't a soul on de place but de slaves dar when de Yankees comed a-takin' an' a-killin'.

"I 'members dat I wus drawin' water at de well, when de Yankees comed. I looks up de road an' dar am a gang o' 'em comin'. I draps de bucket back in de well an' I flies in de big house.

"Well sir, dey kills de chickens, hogs, geese, an' eber' thing as dey comes, eben ter marster's collie, an' when dey gits ter de big house dey swears dat dey'll burn hit down. Dey stan's dar fur a minute, an' den one o' 'em sez dat hit am too putty ter burn, another one sez dat hit am too putty ter belong ter a damm Reb, but dey doan burn it. I hyars hit all from de winder in de big house, an' I shore is glad dat dey ain't burn hit.

"Dey tears up all dey wants to, den dey robs de smokehouse; an' dey goes on 'bout dere business.

"Atter de surrender our white folkses comes back an' we stays on five or six years I reckon, den we moves ter Mis' Emma Greens' place five miles funder in de country. We shore ain't got 'long good atter de war. De Yankees what 'ud die ter free us ain't carin' iffen we starves nother."

Plaz Williams NC2-82

"I worked in de fiel's like a man an' I liked it too. Marse Moses had oberseers what beat you fer nothin' but Marse Henry ain't dat sort of a person at all. Marse Moses an' Marse Henry both drunk whiskey an' such but dey wus different when dey wus drunk. Marse Moses 'ud beat you an' cuss you, but Marse Henry 'ud laugh at you an' play wid you.

"I know one time Marse Moses comed ter see Marse Henry an' atter dey had drunk awhile Marse Henry seed me in de yard. Hit bein' on Sunday he calls me ter come to his library. When I gits in he axes me iffen I'se ever been drunk an' I tells him no. Den he pours me a glassful an' sez for me ter drink it. I begs at fust, den I sez dat I won't drink de brandy. Marse Henry laugh an' would have let me go but dat debil, Marse Moses, sez, 'Le's hol' her an' pour it down her guzzle, Henry.' Dat's what dey done an' dey pours down seberal drinks. Terreckly Marse Henry axes me ter fetch him some water but when I starts my laigs am too weak to go so I sets down on de floor. Marse Henry laugh an' laugh but Marse Moses sez, 'Whup de shameless hussy what ain't got no mo' raisin' dan ter git dog drunk.' He would have whupped me too but Marse Henry won't let him do it. 'Stid of beatin' me he sez ter git in de corner an' sleep it off.

"I doan know nothin' 'bout de Yankees comin' case we wus sent 'way back in de country ter stay. Marse Henry comes out dar an' tells us dat we is free. Marse Henry has told Jack Williams dat he can't have me 'fore dis, so I axes, 'Can I marry Jack now, Marse Henry.' He sez yes, so 'fore night I is at Jack's cabin. I thought dat dar ain't got ter be no preacher, but a week er two atter dis a preacher comes by an' marries us.

Alex Woods NC2-84

"Dey 'lowed my father to hunt wid a gun. He was a good hunter an' he brought a lot o' game to de plantation. Dey cooked it at de great house and divided it up. My father killed deer and turkey. All had plenty o' rabbits, possums, coons, an' squirrels.

"Yes Sir, I 'member gettin' sick before de surrender, an' dey bled me and gave me blue mass pills. Dey wouldn't tell me what wus de matter. Missus chewed our food for us, when we wus small. De babies wus fed wid sugar tits, and the food missus chewed. Deir suckled mothers suckled dem at dinner, an' den stayed in de field till night. I remember missus chewin' fer me, an' de first whippin' I got. Missus whipped me for pushin' my sister in de fire. Sister called me a lie and I pushed her in de fire an' burned her hand. Missus whipped me. We never did fight nor push one another after dat.

Anna Wright NC2-85

"My pappy wus named Tom, an' he wurked in de fiel's fer Marse James. Hit wus pappy dat haul up de waremelons in de wagin body atter I could 'member, an' dey said dat he haul dem up in slavery times too. Marse James raise a plenty melons fer all of de slaves an' he raise plenty of hogs ter eat de rines. De slaves uster have a watermelon slicin' 'bout once a week an' sometimes dey'd invite de neighbors in.

"You wants ter know 'bout some ole slavery foods, well I'll tell you what I knows. Did you ever hear of kush? Kush was cornbread, cooked in de big griddle on de fireplace, mashed up with raw onions an' ham gravy poured over hit. You mought think dat hit ain't good but hit am.

"Fried chicken wus seasoned, drapped in flour an' den simmered in a big pan of ham gravy wid a lid on hit till hit wus tender, den de lid wus tuck off an' de chicken wus fried a golden brown as quick as possible.

"Does you know de old southern way of makin' baked chicken dressin'? Well, it wus made from soft corn bread wid bacon grease, onions, black pepper an' boiled eggs. Some of de folks used cheese too in dis dressin'.

"De griddle cakes wus flour an' meal mixed, put on a big ole iron griddle on de fireplace an' flipped over two times. Ashe cake wus made of either meal or flour, wrapped in a damp cloth an' cooked in de hot ashes on de h'ath. Taters wus cooked in de ashes too an' dey wus good like dat. I'se heard mammy say dat de slave chilluns uster bake onions dat way.

"Fish, dem days, wus dipped in meal, 'fore dey wus cooked, 'cept cat fish; an' dey wus stewed wid onions.

"Cornmeal dumplin's wus biled in de turnip greens, collards, cabbages, an' so on, even ter snap beans, an' at supper de pot licker wus eat wid de dumplin's. Dat's why de folks wus so healthy.

"Speakin' 'bout sweets, de blackberry or other kind of pie wus cooked in a big pan wid two crusts. Dat made more an' wus better ter boot. Cakes wus mostly plain or had jelly fillin', 'cept fer special company.

"From the first I could 'member de white folks an' niggers alike ain't had much ter eat. A heap of our rations wus vege'ables, squirrels, rabbits, possums an' coons. We drunk parched meal water fer coffee an' we done widout a heap of things, but atter awhile we got richer, an' Marse James got some money for something from de No'th, so dey got 'long all right.

Dilly Yellady NC2-86

"Ole Jeff Davis said he wus goin' to fight de Yankees till hell wus so full of 'em dat dere legs wus hangin' over de sides, but when dey got 'im in a close place he dres in 'omans clothes an' tried to git away frum 'em but dey seed his boots when he started to git in dat thing dey rode in den, a carriage. Yes dats what it wus a carriage. Dey seed his boots an' knowed who it wus. Dey jus laffed an' pointed at 'im an' said you hol' on dere we got you, we knows who you is an' den dey took 'im. He wus mighty brave till dey got 'im in a close place den he quit barkin' so loud. Mammy an' dad dey said dere wus a lot of de white folks didn't keer much 'bout Jeff Davis. Dey said he wus jus de bragginest man in de worl', always a-blowin'. Dat bird flew mighty high but he had to come back to de groun' an' course when he lit de Yankees wus waitin' for 'im an' ketched 'im.

Ole man Autsy loved likker so good he would steal it from hisself. He'd take a drink an' den blow his breath an' keep wife from smellin' it."

"Mother said onct when she wus carrying the cows to de pasture dey looked down de railroad an' everything wus blue. A nigger girl by the name of Susan wus with her. My mother wus named Rilla Pool. Dey said dey jus fell down an' de Yankees commenced sayin' 'Hello Dinah,' 'Hello Susie.' Mother an' Susan run. Dey just went flyin'. When dey crossed a creek my mother lost her shoe in de mud, but she just kept runnin'. When she got home she tole her missus de Yankees were ridin' up de railroad just as thick as flies. Den my great-grandmother said, 'Well I has been prayin' long enough for 'em now dey is here.' My great-grandmother wus named Nancy Pool an' she wus not afraid of nothin'. I wus a little teency thing when she died.

Hilliard Yellerday NC2-87

"Dr. Jonathan Yellerday looked after slaves' health and the food was fair, but the slaves were worked by overseers who made it hard for them, as he allowed them to whip a slave at will.

"When a girl became a woman she was required to go to a man and become a mother. There was generally a form of marriage. The master read a paper to them telling them they were man and wife. Some were married by the master laying down a broom and the two slaves, man and woman would jump over it. The master would then tell them they were man and wife and they could go to bed together. Master would sometimes go and get a large hale hearty Negro man from some other plantation to go to his Negro woman. He would ask the other master to let this man come over to his place to go to his slave girls. A slave girl was expected to have children as soon as she became a woman. Some of them had children at the age of twelve and thirteen years old. Negro men six feet tall went to some of these children.

"Mother said there were cases where these young girls loved someone else and would have to receive the attentions of men of the master's choice. This was a general custom. This state of affairs tended to loosen the morals of the Negro race and they have never fully recovered from its effect. Some slave women would have dozens of men during their life. Negro women who had had a half dozen mock husbands in slavery time were plentiful. The holy bonds of matrimony did not mean much to a slave. The masters called themselves Christians, went to church worship regularly and yet allowed this condition to exist. Mother, father, sister and I were

sent as refugees from Mississippi to N.C. They were afraid the Yankees would get us in Mississippi.

Mother was sent to stay with Mrs. Green Parrish and she took me with her. Mr. Green Parrish was gone to the war. In the last of the war, he was wounded and sent home. While he was recovering I fanned the flies off him.