

Project #1688  
W. W. Dixon  
Winnsboro, S. C.

390258

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ANNE BELL

EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.*(near Winnsboro, S.C.)*

Anne Bell lives with her niece, in a one-room annex to a two-room frame house, on the plantation of Mr. Lake Howze, six miles west of Winnsboro, S. C. Her niece's husband, Golden Byrd, is a share-cropper on Mr. Howze's place. The old lady is still spry and energetic about the cares of housekeeping and attention to the small children of her niece. She is a delightful old lady and well worth her keep in the small chores she undertakes and performs in the household.

"My marster was John Glasier Rabb; us call him Marse Glasier. My mistress was Nancy Kincaid Watts; us call her Miss Nancy. They lived on a big plantation in Fairfield County and dere I come into dis world, eighty-three years ago, 10th day of April past.

"My pappy name just Andy but after de freedom, he took de name of Andrew Watts. My old mammy was Harriett but she come to you if you calls her Hattie. My brudders was Jake and Rafe. My sister name Charity. They all dead and gone to glory long time ago; left me here 'lone by myself and I's settin' here tellin' you 'bout them.

"My mammy was de cook at de 'Big House' for marster, Miss Nancy, and de chillun. Let me see if I can call them over in my mind. Dere was Marse John, went off to de war, color bearer at Seven Pines. Yes sir, him was killed wid de colors a flyin' in his hand. Heard tell of it many times. He lies right now in de old Buck Church graveyard. De pine trees, seven of them, cry and sob 'round him every August 6th; dat's de day he was killed. Oh, my God!

"Marse James went wid old Colonel Rien. They say he got shot but bullets couldn't kill him. No, bless God! Him comed back. Then come Marse Clarence. He went wid Captain Jim Macfie, went through it all and didn't get a scratch. Next was Miss Jesse. Then come Marse Horace, and Miss Nina. Us chillun all played together. Marse Horace is livin' yet and is a fine A. B. P. preacher of de Word. Miss Nina a rich lady, got plantation but live 'mong de big bugs in Wimsboro. She married Mr. Castles; she is a widow now. He was a good man, but he dead now.

"De one I minds next, is Charlie. I mussed him. He married Colonel Province's daughter. Dat's all I can call to mind, right now.

"Course de white folks I b'longs to, had more slaves than I got fingers and toes; whole families of them. De carpenter and de blacksmith on de place made de bedsteads. Us had good wheat straw mattresses to sleep on; cotton quilts, spreads, and cotton pillows. No trouble to sleep but it was hard to hear dat white overseer say at day break: 'Let me hear them foots hit de floor and dat befo' I go! Be lively! Hear me?' And you had to answer, 'Yas sah', hefo' he'd move on to de nex' house. I does 'member de parts of de bed, was held together by wooden pins. I sho' 'members dati

"Manny Harriett was de cook. I didn't done no work but 'tend to de chillun and tote water.

"Money? Go 'way from here, boss! Lord, no sir, I never saw no money. What I want wid it anyhow?

"How did they feed us? Had better things to eat then, than now and more different kind of somethin's. Us had pears, 'lasses, shorts, middlings of de wheat, corn bread, and all kinds of milk and vegetables.

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"Got a whuppin' once. They wanted me to go after de turkeys and I didn't want to go past de graveyard, where de turkeys was. I sho' didn't want to go by them graves. I's scared now to go by a graveyard in de dark. I took de whuppin' and somebody else must have got de turkeys. Sho' I didn't drive them up!

"Slaves spun de thread, loomed de cloth, and made de clothes for de plantation. Don't believe I had any shoes. I was just a small gal anyhow then, didn't need them and didn't want them.

"Yes, I's seen nigger women plow. Church? I wouldn't fool you, all de slaves big enough and not sick, had to go to church on de Sabbath.

"They give us a half Saturday, to do as we like.

"I was 'bout ten years old when de Yankees come. They was full to de brim wid mischief. They took de frocks out de presses and put them on and laugh and carry on powerful. Befo' they went they took everything. They took de meat and 'visions out de smoke-house and de 'lasses, sugar, flour, and meal out de house. Killed de pigs and cows, burnt de gin-house and cotton, and took off de live stock, geese, chickens and turkeys.

"After de freedom, I stayed on wid mammy right dere, 'til I married Levi Bell. I's had two chillun. Dis my granddaughter, I visitin'. I never 'spects to have as good a home as I had in slavery time, 'til I gits my title to dat mansion in de sky. Dats de reason I likes to sing dat old plantation spiritual, 'Swing Low Sweet Chariot, Jesus Gwintar Carry me Home'. Does I believe in 'ligion? What else good for colored folks? I ask you if dere ain't a heaven, what's colored frlks got to look forward to? They can't git anywhere down here. De only joy they can have here,

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is servin' and lovin'; us can git dat in 'ligion but dere is a limit  
to de nigger in everything else. Course I knows my place in dis world;  
I 'umbles myself here to be 'salted up yonder."

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Project 1888 -1-  
Spartanburg, S.C.  
District #4  
May 31, 1937

390105

Edited by:  
Martha Ritter

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## FOLK-LORE: EX-SLAVES

"I was born on Capt. John P. Kinard's place. My mammy and pa was Lucy and Eph Kinard who belonged to Marse Kinard. Marse Kinard was good to his slaves - didn't whip them much. He whipped me a little. When I was a little girl I slept in the big house in the room with my mistress and her husband, and waited on them. I worked when I got old enough, in the field, and anywhere around. When I wouldn't work good, my mammy whipped me most.

"I 'member the folks cooked in skillets over an old fireplace.

"After the war was over and freedom come we stayed on with Capt. Kinard, 'till I married and then went over to Dook Renwick's place where my husband worked. I married Tom Renwick. We went to the church of the colored folks after the war, and had preachings in mornings and evenings and at night, too. We didn't have no nigger schools, and we didn't learn to read and write.

"The white folks had corn-shuckings, cotton pickings at night, when the mistress would fix a big dinner for all working."

SOURCE: Ellen Renwick (79), RFD, Newberry, S. C. -  
Interviewer: Mr. G. Leland Sumner, 1707 Lindsey St.,  
Newberry, S. C.