

Born in Slavery: Slave Narratives from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1938

Interviewer – W.W. Dixon

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ABE [Lyles] HARRIS
EX-SLAVE 74 YEARS OLD.

Abe Harris lives about nine miles southwest of the town of Winnsboro, South Carolina. His home is a two-room frame house, with rock chimneys of rough masonry at each gable end. It is the property of Mr. Daniel Heyward. Abe is one-fourth white and this mixture shows in his features. He is still vigorous and capable of light manual labor.

"My father was Samuel Lyles. My mother's name was Phenie Lyles. My father and mother had fifteen chillun. I am de only one livin'. De last one to die was my brother, Stocklin, that tended to de flowers and gardens of people in Winnsboro for many years. He was found dead, one mornin', in de Fortune Park woods.

"My parents b'long to Captain Tom Lyles, in slavery time. Father was de hog man. He 'tended to de hogs; didn't pasture them as they do now. Marster had a drove of eighty or more in de fall of de year befo' hog killin' time. They run 'bout in de woods for acorns and hickory nuts and my father had to keep up wid them and bring them home. He pen them, feed them, and slop them at night.

"My white folks was de fust white settlers in de county. De fust one was name Ephram, so I hear them tell many times. They fought in all wars dat have been fought. My old marster, Tom, live up 'til de Civil War and although he couldn't walk, he equip and pay a man to go in his place. When Sherman's men come to de house, he was in bed wid a dislocated hip. They thought he was shammin', playin' 'possum, so to speak. One of de raiders, a Yankee, come wid a lighted torch and say: 'Unless you give me de silver, de gold, and de money, I'll burn you alive.' Him reply: 'I haven't many more years to live. Burn and be damned!' De Yankee was surprised at his bravery, ordered father to take de torch from under de bed and say: 'You 'bout de bravest man I ever see in South Carolina.'

"His wife, old Miss Mary, was sister to Congressman Joe Woodward. Deir house and plantation was out at Buckhead. I was a boy eleven years old and was in de house when he [Captain Tom Lyles] died, in 1874. He was de oldest person I ever saw, eighty-seven. He had several chillun. Thomas marry Eliza Peay, de baby of Col. Austin Peay, one of de rich race horse folks. Marse Boykin marry Miss Cora Dantzler of Orangeburg. Him went to de war. Then Nicholas, Austin, John, and Belton, all went to de Civil War. Austin was killed at the second Bull Run. Marse Nicholas go to Alabama and become sheriff out dere. Marse John marry Miss Morris and was clerk of court here for twenty-eight years.

"First time I marry Emily Kinlock and had one child. Emily die. Then I marry Lizzie Brown. Us had six chillun. When Lizzie die, I marry a widow, Francis Young. Us too old to have chillun.

"I live at Rion, S.C. Just piddle 'round wid chickens and garden truck. I sells them to de stone cutters and de mill people of Winnsboro. I's past de age to work hard, and I'm mighty sorry dat our race was set free too soon."

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ADELINE JACKSON
EX-SLAVE 88 YEARS OLD.

"I was born four miles southwest of where I is now, on de other side of Woodward Station. I was a slave of old Marster John Mobley, de richest man, de larges' land owner, and wid more niggers than any other white man in de county. He was de seventh son of de seventh son, so he allowed, and you knows dat's a sign of a big family, lots of cows, mules, horses, money, chillun and everything dat's worth havin'. He had a good wife too; dis de way he got her, he say. She de daughter of old Maj. Andy McLean, who got a body full of bullets in de Revolution; he didn't want Katie to marry Marster John. Marster John git on a mule and ride up in de night. Miss Katie runned out, jump up behin' him, run away and marry Marster John. They had de same birthday, March 27th, but Marster John two years older than Miss Katie. Dat day was looked to, same as Christmas, every year dat come. Big times then, I tell you!

"My mistress had long hair, techin' de floor and could dance, so Marster John said, wid a glass of water on top of her head. Marster John got 'ligion and went all de way lak de jailer in de Bible. All de house jined wid him and mos' of de slaves. It was Baptist and he built a spankin' good church buildin' down de road, all out of his own money, and de cemetery dere yet. He called it 'Fellowship'. Some fine tombstones in dere yet. De finest cost two thousand dollars, dat's his daughter Nancy's tomb. Marster John and my old mistress buried in dere.

"When my younges' mistress, name Marion Rebecca, married her second cousin, Marster Edward P. Mobley, I was give to her and went wid them to de June place. It was called dat because old Doctor June built it and sold it to Marster Ed. I nussed her first chillun: Edward, Moses Hill, John and Katie. It was a large, two-story frame house, with chimneys at each gable end. Marster Edward got to be as rich as old Marster; he owned de June place, de Rochelle plantation, de Peay place and de Roebuck place. Yes sir, course us had overseers for so many slaves and plantations. I 'member Mr. Osa Brown, Mr. Neely and Mr. Tim Gladney. In course of time I was took off de nussin' and put to de field. I drapped cotton seed, hoed some, and picked cotton.

"I don't 'member no poor buckra, outside de overseers, 'cept a Mr. Reed dat lived down on Wateree, passin' our house sometimes. He was a Godforsaken lookin' man dat marster or mistress always give somethin'.

"Our neighbors was de Peays, de Durhems, de Picketts, de Barbers and Boulwares. Doctor Henry Gibson was our doctor. All dese folks kep' a pack of hounds to run deer and foxes. Yes, I has eat many pieces of deer. Good? I wouldn't fool you, taste it and you'll hunger for it ever afterward.

"Yes, sir, at certain times we worked long and hard, and you had to be 'ticular. De only whipping I got was for chopping down a good corn stalk near a stump in a new ground. Marster never sold a slave but swaps were wid kin people to advantage, slaves' wives and husbands sometimes. I never learned to read or write. I went to White Poplar Springs Church, de Baptist church my mistress 'tended. De preacher was Mr. Cartledge. He allowed Miss Marion was de flower of his flock.

"Slaves lived in quarters, a stretch of small houses off from de White House. Patrollers often come to search for stray slaves; wouldn't take your word for it. They would search de house. If they ketch some widout a pass, they whipped him. We got most our outside news Sunday at church. When farm work was not pressing, we got all of Saturday to clean up 'round de houses, and wash and iron our clothes.

"Everything lively at Christmas time, dances wid fiddles, pattin' and stick rattlin', but when I jined de church, I quit dancin'.

“After de war, a man come along on a red horse; he was dressed in a blue uniform and told us we was free. De Yankees dat I ‘members was not gentlefolks. They stole everything they could take and de meanest thing I ever see was shoats they half killed, cut off de hams, and left de other parts quiverin’ on de ground.

“I married Mose Jackson, after freedom, and had a boy, Henry. Last I heard, he was at Shelby, North Carolina. We had a daughter, Mary, she married Eph Brown. She had ten chillun, many gran’ chillun, they’s my great-gran’ chillun. My mistress was a good Christian woman, she give me a big supper when I was married. Her house, durin’ de war, always had some sick or wounded soldier. I ‘member her brother, Zed, come home wid a leg gone. Her cousin, Theodore, was dere wid a part of his jaw gone. My mistress could play de piano and sing de old songs. I ‘members Marster Theodore had trouble wid de words. Dere was a song called “Jaunita”, ‘bout a fountain. Marster Theodore would try hard, but would say, everytime, ‘Jawneeta’, and de folks would laugh but mistress never would crack a smile but just go on wid another song. I thinks everybody should jine de church and then live right. Have prayers in de family befo’ gitting in de bed. It would have good change, ‘specially in de towns I thinks.

“Yes, woman in family way worked up to near de time, but guess Doctor Gibson knowed his business. Just befo’ de time, they was took out and put in de cardin’ and spinnin’ rooms.

“Yes, I see folks put irons in de fire and some throw a big chunk of fire into de yard to make de screech owl stop his scary sounds.

“Befo’ I forgets, Marster Edward bought a slave in Tennessee just ‘cause he could play de fiddle. Named him ‘Tennessee Ike’ and he played ‘long wid Ben Murray, another fiddler. Sometime all of us would be called up into de front yard to play and dance and sing for Miss Marion, de chillun and visitors. I was much happier them days than now. Maybe it won’t be so bad when I gits my old age pension.”

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ADELINE JOHNSON
(alias ADELINE HALL)
EX-SLAVE 93 YEARS OLD.

Adeline Hall's husband was Tom Johnson but she prefers to be called "Hall", the name of her old master. Adeline lives with her daughter, Emma, and Emma's six children, about ten miles southeast of Winnsboro, S.C., in a three-room frame house on the Durham place, a plantation owned by Mr. A.W. Owens, of Winnsboro. The plantation contains 1,500 acres, populated by over sixty Negroes, run as a diversified farm, under the supervision of a white overseer in the employ of Mr. Owens.

The wide expanse of cotton and corn fields, the large number of dusky Negro laborers working along side by side in the fields and singing Negro spirituals as they work, give a fair presentation or picture of what slavery was like on a well conducted Southern plantation before the Civil war. Adeline fits into this picture as the old Negro "Mauma" of the plantation, respected by all, white and black, and tenderly cared for. She has her clay pipe and stick ever with her and about her. There is a spacious pocket in her dress underneath an apron. In that pocket is a miscellany of broken pieces of china, crumbs of tobacco a biscuit, a bit of wire, numerous strings of various colors, and from time to time the pipe becomes the warm individual member of the varied assortment.

Her eyes are bright and undimmed by age and the vigor with which she can telegraph her wants to the household by the rappings of that stick on the plank floor is interesting and amusing.

She is confident that she will round out a century of years, because: "Marse Arthur Owens done tell me I'll live to be a hundred, if I stay on his place and never 'lope away wid any strange young buck nigger".

"I's not so feeble as I might 'pear, white folks. Long time I suffer for sight, but dese last years I see just as good as I ever did. Dats a blessin' from de Lord!

"Who I b'long to in slavery time? Where I born? I born on what is now called de Jesse Gladden place but it all b'long to my old marster, William Hall, then.

"My old marster was one of de richest men in de world. Him have lands in Chester and Fairfield counties, Georgia and Florida, and one place on de Red River in Arkansas. He also had a plantation, to raise brown sugar on, in old Louisiana. Then him and his brudder, Daniel, built and give Bethesda church, dats standin' yet, to de white Methodis' of Mitford, for them to 'tend and worship at. He 'membered de Lord, you see, in all his ways and de Lord guide his steps.

"I never have to do no field work; just stayed 'round de house and wait on de mistress, and de chillun. I was whupped just one time. Dat was for markin' de mantle-piece wid a dead coal of fire. They make mammy do de lashin'. Hadn't hit me three licks befo' Miss Dorcas, Miss Jemima, Miss Julia, and Marse Johnnie run dere, ketch de switch, and say: 'Dat enough Mauma Ann! Addie won't do it agin'. Dats all de beatin' I ever 'ceived in slavery time.

"Now does you wanna know what I do when I was a child, from de time I git up in de mornin' to de time I go to bed? I was 'bout raised up in de house. Well, in de evenin', I fill them boxes wid chips and fat splinters. When mornin' come, I go in dere and make a fire for my young mistresses to git up by. I help dress them and comb deir hair. Then I goes down stairs and put flowers on de breakfas' table and lay de Bible by Marse William's chair. Then I bring in de breakfas'. (Table have to be set de night befo') When everything was on de table, I ring de bell. White folks come down and I wait on de table.

"After de meal finish, Marse William read de Bible and pray. I clear de table and help wash de dishes. When dat finish, I cleans up de rooms. Then I acts as maid and waitress at dinner and supper. I

warms up de girls' room, where they sleep, after supper. Then go home to poppy John and Mauma Anne. Dat was a happy time, wid happy days!

"Dat was a happy family. Marse William have no trouble, 'cept once when him brudder, Daniel, come over one mornin' and closet wid Marse William. When Marse Daniel go, Marse William come in dere where me and de mistress was an say: 'Tom's run away from school'. (Dats one of Marse Daniel's boys dat 'tended school at Mt. Zion, in Winnsboro) Her 'low: 'What him run away for?' 'Had a fool duel wid a Caldwell boy,' him say. I hear no more 'bout dat 'til Marse Tom come home and then I hear plenty. White folks been laughin' 'bout it ever since. Special talk 'bout it since Marse Tom's grandson b'come a United State Judge. Bet Marse Dan Hall told you 'bout it. Want me to go ahead and tell you it my way? Well, 'twas dis way: Marse Tom and Marse Joe Caldwell fell out 'bout a piece of soap when they was roomin' together at school. Boys crowd 'round them and say: 'Fight it out!' They hit a lick or two, and was parted. Then de older boys say dere must be a duel. Marse Joe git seconds. Marse Tom git seconds. They load guns wid powder but put no bullets in them. Tell Marse Joe 'bout it but don't tell Marse Tom. Then they go down town, fix up a bag of pokeberry juice, and have it inside Marse Joe's vestcoat, on his breast. Took them out in a field, face them, and say: 'One, two, three, fire!' Guns went off, Marse Joe slap his hand on his chest, and de bag bust. Red juice run all over him. Older boys say: 'Run Tom and git out de way.' Marse Tom never stop 'til him git to Liverpool, England. Marse William and Marse Daniel find him dere, sent money for to fetch him home and him laugh 'bout it when he git back. Yes sir, dat is de grandpappy of Marse Lyle Glenn, big judge right now.

"De white folks near, was de Mellichamps, de Gladdens, de Mobleys, Lumpkins, Boulwares, Fords, Picketts, and Johnsons.

"When de Yankees come, they was struck dumb wid de way marster acted. They took things, wid a beg your pardon kind of way, but they never burnt a single thing, and went off wid deir tails twixt deir legs, kinda sham lak.

"After freedom I marry a preacher, Tom Johnson. Him die when in his sixties, thirty years ago. Our chillun was Emma, Mansell, Tom, and Grover. Bad white folks didn't lak my husband. Dere was a whiskey still, near our house where you could git three gallons of liquor for a silver dollar. Him preach agin' it. Dat gall both makers and drinkers. Him 'dured persecution for de Lord's sake, and have gone home to his awards.

"In slavery, us have all de clothes us need, all de food us want, and work all de harder 'cause us love de white folks dat cared for us. No sirree, none of our slaves ever run 'way. Us have a week off, Christmas. Go widout a pass to Marse Daniel's quarters and they come to our'n.

"Dr. Scott and Dr. Douglas 'tend sick slaves. I don't set myself up to judge Marse Abe Lincoln. Dere is sinners, black and white, but I hope and prays to git to hebben. Whether I's white or black when I git dere, I'll be satisfied to see my Savior dat my old marster worshipped and my husband preach 'bout. I wants to be in hebben wid all my white folks, just to wait on them, and love them and serve them, sorta lak I did in slavery time. Dat will be 'nough hebben for Adeline."

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AL ROSBORO
EX-SLAVE 90 YEARS OLD.

Al Rosboro, with his second wife, Julia, a daughter, and six small grandchildren, lives in a three-room frame house, three hundred yards east of the Southern Railway track and US #21, about two miles south of Woodward, S.C., in Fairfield County. Mr. Brice gives the plot of ground, four acres with the house, to Al, rent free. A white man, Mr. W.L. Harvey does the ploughing of the patches for him. Al has cataracts on his eyes and can do no work. Since this story was written he has received his first old age pension check of eight dollars from the Social welfare Board in Columbia, S.C.

"Does I know what a nonagenarian is? No sah, what dat? Old folks? Well, dats a mighty long name and I been here a mighty long time. Glad you say it's a honor and a privilege by de marcy of de Lord. I's thankful! You wants to know where I was born and who my white folks then?

"I was born just one and a half mile b'low White Oak, S.C., on de old Marse Billie Brice place. My pappy b'long to old Miss Jennie Rosboro, but mammy b'long to Marse William Brice. Her name Ann. My old mistress name Mary, daughter of de Simontons, on Dupers Creek.

"You want de fust thing I 'members, then travel 'long de years 'til I come to settin' right here in dis chair. Well, reckon us git through today? Take a powerful sight of dat pencil to put it all down.

"Let me see. Fust thing I 'members well, was a big crowd wid picks and shovels, a buildin' de railroad track right out de other side of de big road in front of old marster's house. De same railroad dat is dere today. When de fust engine come through, puffin' and tootin', lak to scare 'most everybody to death. People got use to it but de mules and horses of old marster seem lak they never did. A train of cars a movin' 'long is still de grandest sight to my eyes in de world. Excite me more now than greyhound busses, or airplanes in de sky ever do.

"I nex' 'members my young misses and young marsters. Dere was Marse John: he was kilt in de war. Marse Jim, dat went to de war, come back, marry, and live right here in Winnsboro. Marse Jim got a grandson dat am in de army a sailin' air-ships. Then dere was Marse William; he moved off. One of de gals marry a Robertson, I can't 'member her name, tho' I help her to make mud pies many a day and put them on de chicken coop, in de sun, to dry. Her had two dolls; deir names was Dorcas and Priscilla. When de pies got dry, she'd take them under de big oak tree fetch out de dolls and talk a whole lot of child mother talk 'bout de pies, to de Dorcas and Priscilla rag dolls. It was big fun for her tho' and I can hear her laugh right now lak she did when she mince 'round over them dolls and pies. Dere was some poor folks livin' close by and she'd send me over to 'vite deir chillun over to play wid her. They was name Marshall. Say they come from Virginny and was kin to de highest judge in de land. They was poor but they was proud. Mistress felt sorry for them but they wouldn't 'cept any help from her.

"Well, when I git twelve years old, marster give me to his son, Marse Calvin, and give Marse Calvin a plantation dat his son, Homer, live on now. I 'member now old marster's overseer comin' to de field; his name was McElduff. Him say: 'Al, Marse William say come to de house'. I goes dere on de run. When I get dere, him 'low: 'Calvin, I wants you to take Al, I give him to you. Al, you take good care of your young marster'. I always did and if Marse Calvin was livin' he'd tell you de same.

"I forgit to tell you one thing dat happen down dere befo' I left. Dere was a powerful rich family down dere name Cockrell; I forgets de fust name. Him brudder tho', was sheriff and live in Winnsboro. Dere was a rich Mobley family dat live jinin' him, two miles sunrise side of him. One day de Cockrell cows got out and played thunder wid Mr. Mobley's corn. Mr. Mobley kilt two of de cows. Dat made de Cockrells mad. They too proud to go to law 'bout it; they just bide deir time. One day Marse Ed Mobley's mules got out, come gallopin' 'round and stop in de Cockrell wheat field. Him take his rifle

and kill two of them mules. Dat made Mr. Mobley mad but him too proud to go to law 'bout it. De Mobley's just bide deir time. 'Lection come 'round for sheriff nex' summer. No Cockrell was 'lected sheriff dat time. You ask Mr. Hugh Wylie 'bout dat nex' time him come to de Boro. Him tell you all 'bout it.

"Dat call to my mind another big man, dat live 'bove White Oak then, Marse Gregg Cameron. He was powerful rich, wid many slaves. Him lak to barroom and drink. Him come by marster's house one day, fell off his hoss and de hoss gallop on up de road. Dat was de fust drunk man I ever see. Marster didn't know what to do; him come into de house and ask Mistress Mary. Him tell her him didn't want to scandal de chillun. She say: 'What would de good Samaritan do?' Old marster go back, fetch dat groanin', cussin', old man and put him to bed, bathe his head, make Sam, de driver, hitch up de buggy, make West go wid him, and take Marse Gregg home. I never see or hear tell of dat white man anymore, 'til one day after freedom when I come down here to Robinson's Circus. Him drop dead dat day at de parade, when de steam piano come 'long a tootin'. 'Spect de 'citement, steam, and tootin', was too much for him.

"Niggers never learn to read and write. It was 'ginst de law. White folks fear they would write deir passes and git 'way to de free states.

"Us slaves 'tend Concord church, tho' Marse Calvin jine de Seceders and 'tend New Hope. Why us go to Concord? 'Cause it too far to walk to New Hope and not too far to walk to Concord. Us have not 'nough mules for all to ride, and then de mules need a rest. I now b'longs to Bethany Presbyterian Church at White Oak. Yes sah, I thinks everybody ought to jine de church for it's de railroad train to git to hebben on.

"Marse Calvin went to de war. Him got shot thru de hand. Yankees come and burn up everything him have. Wheeler's men just as bad.

"After freedom I got mannish. Wid not a drop of blood in me but de pure African, I sets out to find a mate of de pure breed. 'Bout de onliest place I could find one of dis hatchin', was de Gaillard quarter. I marry Gabrielle. Live fust years at de Walt Brice McCullough place, then move to de Winson place, then to de preacher Erwin place. Dat was a fine preacher, him pastor for Concord. Him lak to swap hosses. When him come down out de pulpit him looks 'round see a hoss him lak, soon as not him go home to dinner wid de owner of dat hoss. After dinner him say: 'If it wasn't de Sabbath, how would you trade dat hoss for my hoss?' More words pass between them, just supposin' all de time it was Monday. Then Mr. Erwin ride back dere nex' day and come back wid de hoss him took a fancy for.

"Mr. Erwin move when he git a call to Texas. I moves to de Bob Simonton place. From dere I goes to de Jim Brice place, now owned by young Marse James Brice. I been dere 32 years. Gabrielle and me generate thirteen chillun, full blooded natural born Africans, seven boys and six gals. Then Gabrielle die and I marry Julia Jenkins. Us have five chillun, one boy and four gals. I's done a heap for my country. I wants Mr. Roosevelt to hear 'bout dat; then maybe him make de country do sumpin' for me."

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ALECK WOODWARD
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

"You knows de Simonton place, Mr. Wood? Well, dats just where I was born back yonder befo' de war, a slave of old Marster Johnnie Simonton. Five miles sorter south sunset side of Woodward Station where you was born, ain't it so? My pappy was Ike Woodward, but him just call 'Ike' time of slavery, and my mammy was name Dinah. My brother Charlie up north, if he ain't dead, Ike lives in Asheville, North Carolina. Two sisters: Ollie, her marry an Aiken, last counts, and she and her family in Charlotte, North Carolina; sister Mattie marry a Wilson Nigger, but I don't know where they is.

"Us lived in a four-room log house, 'bout sixteen all told. Dere was pappy and mammy (now you count them) gran'pappy, Henry Davis, Gran'mammy Kisana, Aunt Anna, and her seven chillum, and me, and my two brothers and two sisters. How many make dat? Seventeen? Well, dat's de number piled in dere at night in de beds and on de floors. They was scandlous beds; my God, just think of my grands, old as I is now, tryin' to sleep on them hard beds and other folks piled 'scriminately all over de log floors! My Gran'pappy Henry was de carpenter, and old marster tell him 'if you make your beds hard, Henry, 'member you folks got to sleep on them.'

"I was just a little black feller, running 'round most of de time in my shirt tail, but I recollect pickin' cotton, and piddling 'round de woodpile, fetchin' in wood for white house and chips and kindling to fresh up de fires. Us had plenty to eat, 'cause us killed thirty-five hogs at a time, and de sausages and lights us did was a sight. Then de lard us made, and de cracklin' bread, why, I hungers for de sight of them things right now. Us niggers didn't get white flour bread, but de cracklin' bread was called on our place, 'de sweet savor of life.'

"Money? Us had eyes to see and ears to hear, but us just hear 'bout it, never even seen money.

"My marster had a fish pond, signs of it dere yet.

"My white folks attended church at Concord Presbyterian Church. Us went dere too, and us set up in de gallery. Yes, they asked us. De preacher asked us to jine in some of de hymns, especially 'De Dyin' thief' and 'De Fountain Filled Wid Blood,' and dat one 'bout 'Mazing Grace How Sweet de Sound Dat Save a Wretch Like us.'

"Our young Marster Charlie went off to de war, got killed at Second Bull Run. Marster Watt went and got a leg shot off somewhere. Marster Jim went and got killed, Johnnie too, Marster Robert was not old enough to carry a gun.

"De young mistresses was Mary and Martha. Marster John, old mistress and all of them mighty good to us, especially when Christmas come and then at times of sickness. They send for de doctor and set up wid you, such tendin' to make you love them. When de Yanks come us all plead for Marster John and family, and de house not to be burnt. De house big, had ten rooms, big plantation, run fifteen plows.

"You ask 'bout, was dere any poor white folks 'round? Not many, but I 'members old Miss Sallie Carlisle weaved and teached de slaves how it was done. Marster give her a house to live in, and a garden spot on de place, good woman. She show me how to spin and make ball thread, little as I was. Marster John had over fifty slaves, and they worked hard, sun up to sun down. It's a wonder but I never got a whippin'.

"Did I ever see a ghost? Mr. Wood, I seen sumpin' once mighty strange, I was gwine to see a gal Nannie, on de widow Mobley place, and had to pass 'tween two graveyards, de white and de colored. She was de daughter of Rev. Richard Cook. When I was just 'bout de end of de white graveyard, I saw two spirits dressed in white. I run all de way to de gal's house and sob when I got dere. I laid my head in her lap and told her 'bout de spirits and how they scared me. I still weepin' wid fear, and she console me,

rub my forehead and soothed me. When I got quiet, I asked her some day to be my wife, and dat's de gal dat come to be years after, my wife. Us walk to church hand and hand ever afterwards, and one [text missing]

“Nannie and me, under de providence of de Lord Jehovah, has had three chillun to live, and they have chillun too. I owns my own home and land enough to live on, though it is hard to make both ends meet some years.

“How I got my name, you ask dat? Well, after freedom us niggers had to come to Winnsboro and register. Us talk 'bout it by de fireside what us would lak. When us come, Marster Henry Gaillard had a big crowd of Gaillard niggers 'bout him beggin' for names. One of them say, 'Marster Henry, I don't want no little name, I wants big soundin' name.' Marster Henry write on de paper, then he read: 'Your name is Mendozah J. Fernandez, hope dats big enough for you.' De little nigger dwarf seem powerful pleased and stepped to de register. De rest of us spoke to Captain Gaillard and he said no better name than Woodward, so us took dat name. Its been a kind of a 'tection to us at times, and none of our immediate family has ever dragged it in a jail or chain-gang, Bless God! and I hope us never will.”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON
EX-SLAVE 84 YEARS OLD.

Alexander Robertson lives as a member of the household of his son, Charley, on the General Bratton plantation, four miles southeast of White Oak, S.C. It is a box-like house, chimney in the center, four rooms, a porch in front and morning glory vines, in bloom at this season, climbing around the sides and supports. Does Alexander sit here in the autumn sunshine and while the hours away? Nay, in fact he is still one of the active, working members of the family, ever in the fields with his grandchildren, poke around his neck, extracting fleecy cotton from the bolls and putting it deftly into the poke. He can carry his row equally as well as any of the six grandchildren. He has a good appetite at meal time, digestive organs good, sleeps well, and is the early riser in the mornings. He says the Negro half of his nature objects to working on Saturday afternoon, and at such times his tall figure, with a green patch cloth over the left eye, which is sightless, may be seen strolling to and fro on the streets of Winnsboro.

"Well, well! If it ain't de young'un dat use to sell me sugar, coffee, fat back and meal, when he clerk for Calvin Brice & Company, at Woodward, in '84 and 'long dere.

"I hopes you is well dis mornin'. I's told to come to Winnsboro and gits blanks for a pension. Andy Foster, man I knows, d'rect me up dese steps and bless God I finds you. You wanna ask me some questions? Well, here I is, more than glad to answer, if I can. Where I born? Strange as it seems, I born right here in Winnsboro. My name set down in a book: 'Alexander – boy – Mother, Hannah, wench of James Stewart'. Dat de way it was read to me by Dr. Beaty, dat marry a Miss Cherry and live in Rock Hill. If slavery had never been done 'way wid, dat would be my master today, 'cause him lak hound dogs and I lak a hound dog. Dat kind of breed got a good nose and make good 'possum dog. Marster Jim tell me one time, dat de first dog sprung from a wolf, and dat fust dog was a hound dog. Dat out dat fust dog, (must to a been a bitch, don't you reckon?) come all dogs. I follow his talk wid belief, 'bout de setters, pointers, and blood hounds, even to de fices, but it strain dat belief when it git to de little useless hairy pup de ladies lead 'round wid a silver collar and a shiny chain. Well, you don't care to hear anymore 'bout dat? What is de question?

"My master at de fust, was Marster Jim Stewart and my mistress was his wife, Mistress Clara. They have two chillum. I 'member Marster Jim and Miss Lizzie; they live in a fine house befo' de war, round yonder close to Mt. Zion College. My mother was de cook and I was de house boy. They had a big plantation 'bout two miles out, sorta southwest of Boro I mean Winnsboro, of course, but de country people still call it Boro.

"On dat plantation was many two-room houses, brick chimneys in de middle, for de plantation slaves. In de growin' season I go wid marster every day, not to drive, too small for dat, just to hold de hoss, when him git out and then I run errands for him, 'round de house and in de fields.

"My mother had another child, Willie Finch. A colored man name of Finch is his father but her and de white folks never tell me who my father was. I have to find out dat for myself, after freedom, when I was lookin' 'round for a name. From all I hear and 'pear in de lookin' glass, I see I was half white for sure, and from de things I hear, I conclude I was a Robertson which have never been denied. Maybe it best just to give no front names. Though half a nigger, I have tried to live up to dat name, never took it in dat court house over yonder, never took it in dat jail or dat calaboose. I's' paid my debts dollar for dollar and owe no man nothin' but good will.

"What de Yankees do when they come? Let other people tell dat, but seem lak they lay de whole town in ashes, 'cept de college and our house close to it, dat they use for de officers while they was in Boro. When they hear sumpin' bout de Davis name techin' de St. John 'Piscopal Church and they march

'round dere, one cold February Sunday mornin', set it afire, and burn it up. Mother and me went to de plantation and stayed dere 'til they left.

"When freedom come, I was twelve years old. Mother marry a Finch; Bill was de name of him. Our nex' move was to Dr. Madden's place, just north of Boro. Us farm up dere and I do de hoein'. I live dere thirteen years. I got to feelin' my oats and tired of workin' for a plum black nigger, I did. Maybe I ought to been more humble but I wasn't.

"I ask myself one night: 'What you gonna do, stay here forever for your vittles and clothes?' Then come over my mind I old 'nough for to marry. Who I gwine to marry? It pop right in dis head, Sarah was de gal for me. I rode old Beck down dere de nex' Sunday; dat was in December. I come right to de point wid her and de old folks. They 'low they have no objections if I could take care of her. I say I try to. They say: 'Dat ain't 'nough, 'range yourself for another year and then come and git her'.

"De Lord directs me. I's down here payin' my poll, too. Marster Tom Shanty Brice come in as us come out. I ask him if he need a hand for nex' year. He look me up from top to bottom and say: 'What's your name?' I show him my tax receipt. He hire me then and dere. I go right straight to Sarah and us tell de old folks. Rev. Gordon marry us de 29th January, 1879. Us has seven chillun. Alex, dat's de one name for me, is in Tampa, Florida. Carrie marry a Coleman and is in Charlotte, N.C. Jimmie is dead. Thomas is in Charleston, S.C. Emma marry a Belton and lives wid her husband in Ridgeway, S.C. I stay wid my son, Charley, up de country.

"I voted one time in 1876, for Gov. Chamberlain, but when I moved to Marster Tom Brice's I thought so much of him, I just quit voting. I would lak to vote one more time to say: 'I have vote one time wid de black part of my nature, dis time I votes wid de white side of my nature.' What you laughin' 'bout? If it was de call of dark blood de fust time, maybe it's de call of de white blood dis time. You have no idea de worry and de pain a mulatto have to carry all his eighty-four years. Forced to 'sociate wid one side, proud to be related to de other side. Neither side lak de color of your skin. I jine de Methodist church here in Boro and 'tend often as I can and as I hear my preacher Owens preach, dat dere will be no sex in hebben, I hopes and prays dat dere'll be no sich thing as a color line in hebben.

"Who de best white man I ever know? Mr. Tom Brice, Mr. W.L. Rosborough, Mr. Watt Simonton, and Mr. August Nicholson. Master Bill Beaty, dat marry my young mistress, Elizabeth, was a fine man.

"What I think of Abe Lincoln? What I think of Mr. Roosevelt? Dere de color come up again. De black say Mr. Lincoln de best President us ever have; de white say us never have had and never will have a President equal of Mr. Roosevelt."

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ANDY MARION
EX-SLAVE 92 YEARS OLD.

"Yes sir, I was born befo' de war 'tween de white folks on account of us niggers. They was powerful concerned 'bout it and we was not. My mammy always said she found me a babe in de chinkapin bushes, but you can leave dat out if you want to. They say I comed into de world in 1844. I sho' was a good plow-hand when de first gun was fired at some place down near Charleston; I think it was at Sumter. They say I was born where Marster Eugene Mobley lives, but it b'longed to Marster William Brice, when I was born in 1844, bless God! My father named Aleck and my mother Mary. Us colored folks didn't git names 'til after de war. I took my name, when I went up to de 'lection box first time to vote for Gen. Grant for president. My father was from old Virginia, my mother from South Carolina. Our plantation had seventy-two slaves living about here and on in log houses wid dirt floors. They bored auger holes in de sides of de room, stuck end of poles in dese holes. De pole reach' out into de room and rested on wooden blocks sort of hollowed out on top; then some slats of pine finish up de contraption bed. Quilts was spread on dis which was all de bed we had.

"I been married four times since de war and I'm here to tell you dat a nigger had a hell of a time gittin' a wife durin' slavery. If you didn't see one on de place to suit you and chances was you didn't suit them, why what could you do? Couldn't spring up, grab a mule and ride to de next plantation widout a written pass. S'pose you gits your marster's consent to go? Look here, de gal's marster got to consent, de gal got to consent, de gal's daddy got to consent, de gal's mammy got to consent. It was a hell of a way!

"I helped my marster 'mong de bullets out along de Mississippi River, but I's glad we didn't whip them 'cause I's had four wives and dere is de las' one settin' right over dere, a fixin' you some strawberries and a shakin' her belly at me laughin' lak Sarah in de Bible and thinkin' of namin' de child of her old age, 'Isaac'.

"What kind of work I do in slavery? I was de carriage driver. Us had a fine carriage and two high-steppin' horses, Frank and Charlie. I used to hear lots of things from behin' me, while drivin' de folks and saying nothin'. Money, did you say? We had no use for money. Kind words from de white folks was money 'nough for me. We just worked hard, eat more and slep' well. We got meat, hominy, and corn meal on Mondays and wheat bread, lard and 'lasses on Saturdays. No time for fishin' or huntin'. Married slaves was encouraged to have their own gardens. Our clothes was of wool in de winter from our own sheep, and cotton in de summer from our own fields. Had many spinnin' wheels and cards. Miss Mary, de mistress, saw to dis part.

"Our white folks was Psalm-singin', old style Presbyterians. You daresn't whistle a hymn on Sunday which they called Sabbath. Just as soon as I got free, I jined de Baptist church, hard shell. Brother Wright is my preacher at Blackstock now. My marster, William Brice, his wife, Miss Mary, his son, Christie, and his daughters, Miss Lizzie, Miss Kittie and Miss Mary, was de ones I drove de carriage to Hopewell church on Sunday for. Dat church is flourishin' now. De pastor of dat church, Rev. John White, befo' he died I waited on him sixteen years, and in his will, he give me dis house and forty acres around it for my life. Dat's what I calls religion. My mistress was a angel, good, and big hearted. I lay my head in her lap many a time. Marster had a overseer twice. They was poor white trash, not as good as de niggers. Miss Mary run them both off and told marster what she couldn't see to whom he was away, she'd pick out one of de slaves to see after. All de overseer done was to wake us up, see to feeding stock and act biggity. Us slaves worked from sun up to sun down.

“Sometime befo’ de war, my marster sold out and bought a big place in Mississippi. On de way dere, de slaves (grown) was chained together. Yes sir, de chain was ‘round de necks. We went by wagons and steamboats sometimes. We stayed in Mississippi ‘til durin’ de war we refuged back to South Carolina. Dat’s when de Yankees got possession of de river. We settled near New Hope church. It was in dis church dat I saw sprinkling wid a kind a brush when baptizin’ de chillun. Over at Hopewell, you had to have a brass trinket (token) to show befo’ you could take Communion of de Saints. We was always compelled to go to church. Boss like for de slaves to sing while workin’. We had a jack-leg slave preacher who’d hist de tunes. Some was spirituals; my wife and me will sing you one now, ‘Got to Fight de Devil when You Come Up out de Water’. (This was well rendered by the old man and his wife). Nothing stopped for slave funerals. De truth is, I can’t ‘member any dyin’ on our places. None of our slaves ever run away.

“A pass was lak dis, on it was yo’ name, what house you goin’ to and de hour expected back. If you was cotched any other house, patroller whip you sho’. Always give us Chris’mus Day. Dere was a number of dances dis time of de year. Got passes to different plantations. Dere would be corn shuckin’ different places. Not much games or playin’ in our set. Wife, let’s sing another spiritual. Come on Janie, let’s sing ‘You Got to Lay Your Burden ‘pon de Lord’.

“Sickness of slaves was quickly ‘tended to by de doctor. Member gallopin’ for old Doctor Douglas many a time.

“I went to de war from Mississippi as body guard for my marster. I was close to de fightin’ and see it. If it was hell then, it must be tarnation now wid all dese air-planes flyin’ roun’ droppin’ booms on old people lak Janie and me, over dere fixin’ them strawberries. De good Lord, save us from a war over Blackstock and my garden out dere!

“I was free three years befo’ I knowed it, worked along just de same. One day we was in de field on Mr. Chris Brice’s place. Man come along on big, black horse, tail platted and tied wid a red ribbon. Stopped, waved his hands and shouted ‘You is free, all of you. Go anywhere you wants to’. Us quit right then and acted de fool. We ought to have gone to de white folks ‘bout it. What did de Yankees do when they come? They tied me up by my two thumbs, try to make me tell where I hided de money and gold watch and silver, but I swore I didn’t know. Did I hide it? Yes, so good it was two years befo’ I could find it again. I put everything in a keg, went into de woods, spaded the dirt by a pine stump, put de keg in, covered it up wid leaves and left it. Sometime after, we looked for it, but couldn’t find it. Two years later, I had a mule and cart in de woods. De mule’s foot sunk down into de old stump hole and dere was de keg, de money, de silver and de watch. Marster was mighty glad dat I was a faithful servant, and not a liar and a thief lak he thought I was. My marster was not a Ku Klux. They killed some obstreppary (obstreperous) niggers in them times.

“I first married Sara Halsey in 1875, she had three chillun. She died. Ten months after, I took Harriett Daniels; she had three chillun, then she died. Eight months after, I married Millie Gladden, no chillun. She lived seventeen years, died, and ten years ago I fooled dat good-lookin’ Jane a settin’ over dere. She was a widow then, she was de widow Arthur. She was a Caldwell, when she was born. We have no chillun but she is still lookin’ for a blessin’. (Here the nonagenarian broke forth in a quiet chuckle.)

“There wasn’t as much sin in slavery time, not as much sufferin’, not as much sickness and eye-sore poverty. Dere was no peniten’try and chain gangs ‘cause dere was no need for them. Cuttin’ out de brutishness on some places, it was a good thing for de race.”

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BEN LEITNER
EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.

"I see you go by de road de other day, on your way to old man Wade Jackson's house. 'Member de old fellow dat am paralyzed, de one dat lives beyond Fellowship graveyard? I was setten' in dat graveyard when you and Marse Thomas pass in de automobile. I 'quire nex' day where you was goin', then Marse Thomas say you goin' 'round doin' sumpin' bout old slaves and 'spect you'd like to see me. So here I is.

"Well, I's knowed you since you was knee-high and Marse Thomas say, maybe you help me to get a pension. If you can't, nobody can.

"I was born a slave of old Marse Robin Brice, not far from New Hope A.R.P. Church. My mistress was name Miss Jennie. My young marsters' was: Marse John, Marse Chris, and Marse Tom. Marse Tom been a little runt; they call him Tom Shanty. Him got to be a member of de Legislature, after de war. All them went to de 'Federate War. Deir sister, Amanda, marry Marse Bill Kitchen. You 'member him, don't you? Course you does.

"Member dat day baseball fust come out and they get up a team, not a team then; they called it a 'Nine', when de game fust come to Woodward section. If you ketch a ball on de fust bounce, dat was a 'out'. No sich thing as a mask for de face, gloves for de hands, and mats to protect your belly. No curves was allowed, or swift balls throwed by de pitcher. Him have to pitch a slow dropball. De aim then was to see how far a batter could knock de ball, how fast a fellow could run, and how many tallies a side could make. Mighty poor game if de game didn't last half a day and one side or de other make forty tallies.

"Marse Bill Kitchen was workin' in de store of his brudder-in-law, Marse John A. Brice. Him was called out to make one of de 'Nines'. Him went to de bat, and de very fust lick, him knock de ball way over center field. Everybody holler: 'Run Kitchen! Run Kitchen! Run Kitchen!' Marse Bill stand right dere wid de bat; shake his head and long black whiskers and say: 'Why should I run! I got two more licks at dat ball!' They git de ball, tech him and de umpire say: 'Out'. Marse Bill throw de ball down and say: 'D—n sich a game!' Folks laugh 'bout dat 'til dis day.

"My daddy Bill Leitner. Hem never b'long to Marse Robin. Him b'long to Marse John Partook Brice. Mammy b'long to Marse Robin. Her name Sarah. Daddy have to have a pass to come to see mammy.

"My brudders and sisters was Eliza, Aleck, and Milton. Patrollers whup daddy one time when they come to de house and find him widout a pass. Marster have mammy whup us chillun, when us need a whuppen. Her milk de cows, churn, and 'tend to de milk, butter and dairy. I helped her wid de cows and calves, and churnin'.

"You ask me is I had plenty to eat? Sure I did, wid all dat milk 'round me all de time. Best thing I 'member right now was runnin' my finger 'round de jar where de cream cling, and suckin' it off my fingers.

"Marster took good care of his slaves. They never went hungry or cold.

"My marster and mistress live in a big two-story house. Us live in little log house, wid log chimneys. I 'members fightin' chinchies in de summertime and fleas all de time. I wore a asafetida bag 'round my neck, when a child to keep off croup, measles, diphtheria, and whoopin' cough. Marster send for Dr. Walter Brice when any slave get very ill.

"De fust year of freedom I work for Marse Chris Brice. Been wid de Brices all my life. Now livin' on Marse Tom Brice's place.

“When de Yankees come, they ransack de house for silver and gold. They burn de house and gin-house; carry off mules, hosses, and cows. They took de chickens, load all de provisions, put them in a four-hoss wagon, and leave us and de white folks cold and hungry. It was cold winter time then too.

“I marry a ginger cake lady, one-fourth white, daughter of Louis Grier. Tho’ I ain’t much on looks as you sees me today, dat gal often, befo’ and after de weddin’, put her arms ‘bout me and say: ‘Ben you is de handsomest man I ever have see in de world.’

“Us had three chillun. My wife led me to de light of de Lord. I jined de Red Hill Baptist Church, under de spell of Peter Cook’s preachin’ and my wife up in de choir a singin’ ‘Give me dat old time Religion’. Preacher Miller is my pastor now. Peter Cook dead and gone to glory long years ago. I ‘members now dat old preacher’s warm hand, when he took my hand dat night I jined. Him say: ‘God give you a life to live. You have a soul to save. God give you His Son to save dat soul. Glory be His name’.”

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BENJAMIN RUSSELL
EX-SLAVE 88 YEARS OLD.

"I was born fourteen miles north of Chester, S.C. the property of Mrs. Rebecca Nance. After eighty-eight years, I have a vivid recollection of her sympathy and the ideal relations she maintained with her slaves.

"My father was just Baker, my mother just Mary. My father was bought out of a drove of slaves from Virginia. I have been told my mother was born on the Youngblood place. (Youngblood name of my mistress' people in York County.) My father was a slave of a Mr. Russell and lived two or three miles from the Nance place, where mother lived. He could only visit her on a written pass. As he was religiously inclined, dutiful and faithful as a slave, my mother encouraged the relation that included a slave marriage between my father and my mother. My mother in time, had a log house for herself and children. We had beds made by the plantation's carpenter. As a boy I remember plowing from sun to sun, with an hour's intermission for dinner, and feeding the horses.

"Money? Yes, sometimes white folks and visitors would give me coppers, 3-cent pieces, and once or twice dimes. Used them to buy extra clothing for Sundays and fire crackers and candy, at Christmas. We had good food. In the busy seasons on the farm the mistress saw to it that the slaves were properly fed, the food cooked right and served from the big kitchen. We were given plenty of milk and sometimes butter. We were permitted to have a fowl-house for chickens, separate from the white folks. We wore warm clothes and stout brogan shoes in winter; went barefooted from April until November and wore cotton clothes in summer. The master and some of the women slaves spun the thread, wove the cloth and made the clothes. My mother lived in a two-story farm house. Her children were: William, Mattie and Thomas. We never had an overseer on the place. Sometimes she'd whip the colored children, but only when it was needed for correction.

"Yes, sir, I went with my young master, William, to Chester Court House, and saw slaves put on a block and auctioned off to the highest bidder, just like land or mules or cattle. Did we learn to read and write? We were taught to read, but it was against the law to teach a slave to write. The Legislature passed an act to that effect. A number of cases in which slaves could write, the slave would forge a pass and thereby get away to free territory. They had a time getting them back. On one occasion I run in on my young master, William, teaching my Uncle Reuban how to write. They showed their confusion.

"All slaves were compelled to attend church on Sunday. A gallery around the interior of the church, contained the blacks. They were permitted to join in the singing. Favorite preacher? Well, I guess my favorite preacher was Robert Russell. He was allowed sometimes to use the white folks school, which wasn't much in those days, just a little log house to hold forth in winter. In summer he got permission to have a brush arbor of pine tops, where large numbers came. Here they sang Negro spirituals. I remember one was called: 'Steal away to Jesus'.

"Runaway slaves? Yes, we had one woman who was contrary enough to run away; Addie, she run off in the woods. My mistress hired her out to the McDonald family. She came back and we had to pelt and drive her away.

"How did we get news? Many plantations were strict about this, but the greater the precaution the alerter became the slaves, the wider they opened their ears and the more eager they became for outside information. The sources were: Girls that waited on the tables, the ladies' maids and the drivers; they would pick up everything they heard and pass it on to the other slaves.

"Saturday afternoons? These were given to women to do the family washing, ironing, etc., and the men cut fire wood, or worked in the garden, and special truck crops. Christmas? Christmas was a

holiday, but the fourth of July meant very little to the slave people. Dancers? There was lots of dancing. It was the pastime of the slave race. The children played shimmy and other games, imitating the white children, sometimes with the white folks.

“The master and mistress were very particular about the slave girls. For instance they would be driving along and pass a girl walking with a boy. When she came to the house she would be sent for and questioned something like this: ‘Who was that young man? How come you with him? Don’t you ever let me see you with that ape again. If you cannot pick a mate better than that I’ll do the picking for you.’ The explanation: The girl must breed good strong serviceable children.

“No, I never saw a ghost, but there was a general belief among the race in ghosts, spirits, haunts and conjuration. Many believe in them yet. I can never forget the fright of the time my young master, William, was going off to the war. The evening before he went, a whippoorwill lighted on the window sill and uttered the plaintive ‘whip-poor-will.’ All the slaves on the place were frightened and awed and predicted bad luck to Master Will. He took sick in the war and died, just wasted away. He was brought back in rags toward the end of the struggle.

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BILL McNEIL
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.
RIDGEWAY, S.C.

"In December 1855, de family Bible say, I was born on de McNeil Place in York County. De last person who have dat Bible was Captain Conductor True of de Southern Railroad trains. Had dis one name in dat Bible, just 'Bill' is set down on de page. I hear them say de Good Book am now in Tennessee, but I wouldn't swear to dat. I was born 'bout twelve miles from Chester Court House on a creek called Bullock or something lak dat.

"My pappy name Will; my mammy name Leah. I was put down in de Book as their child. When Miss Jane, daughter of old Marster McNeil, (I forgets his first name) marry, then my new marster was Marster Jim True. Miss Jane just up and marry Marster Jim and come wid him to Fairfield. Then old Marster McNeil give me, my mammy, and brother Eli, to Miss Jane.

"My pappy done passed out, ceased to live, befo' us come to Fairfield. Him b'long to de Rainey family of York. Had to git a pass to see his wife and chillun. Dat was one of de hard parts of slavery, I thinks. Does I 'member Conductor True's name? Sho, I does. It was Thurston True. When git on de train him always slap me on de head and say: 'Well Bill, how your corporosity seem to sagasherate dis morning?' And I say: 'Very galopehous, I thanks you, Captain'. Then us both laugh, and he pass on down de coach and all de people on dat car 'steem me very highly. I feel a little bigger than all de other niggers, all dat day long, I sho does.

"Does you know de Warren Castles Place? 'Bout two miles from dere is where us lived befo' freedom. Marster Jim True was killed in de war. Us carry on then and make corn for de 'federate army. Our house had a dirt floor and a stick and mud chimney. Us slept on a pallet on de floor. In de summer time I run 'round in my shirt tail.

"De overseer, Tom True, de daddy of Marster Jim was a rough and hard task marster. After freedom I went to de Rembert Place, Wateree Creek, then to de DesPortes' Place five miles from Winnsboro, then to de Jordan Place on de Gum Tree Road, then to de Buchanan Place, then I buy seventy acres from Mr. Jim Curlee and live there every since 1905. My wife was there wid me and my daughter and her four chillun, Willie, Anne, Andy and Henrietta Jackson.

"I got a heap of whippin's in slavery time from old Marster Tom True. I see lots of de Yankees and their doings in war time. They just ride high, burn and take off everything from us, lak they did everywhere else.

"I vote de 'publican ticket, as I try to show my 'preciation, and dat gits me in bad wid de Klu Klux. They scare me, but no touch me. De red shirts try to 'suade me to vote their way. Some of de best white folks was in dat movement, but this time I 'members old Tom True beating me often for little or nothing. I sticks out to de end wid de party dat freed men.

"I find out, and you'll find out, boss, dat only de Lord is pure in de beginning and to de end, in His plans. De works of man and parties lak democrat and 'publican have their day; if they reign long enough de people will mourn so de Bible say.

"My old overseer, Marster Tom was a school teacher. I feel sorry for de chillun he teached, 'cause him whip me just when him git out of sorts. Miss Jane couldn't stop him, she just cry.

"Yes sir, I have knowed good white men. Mr. Warren Castles was a good man, and Manigault here in town is fit to go to heaven when he die. I sure dat he is, although he is a nigger.

“My house and land worth \$690.00, but I been going back’ards every year for last eight years. Can’t get labor, can’t work myself. Wonder if you white folks will help me get a pension. I’s not going to beg. Dats my last word.”

Born in Slavery: Slave Narratives from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1938, United States Works Project Administration, Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress
Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

BILL WILLIAMS
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

Bill Williams lives on the Durham place, nine miles east of Winnsboro, SC., on the warm charity of Mr. Arthur M. Owens, the present owner. He is decrepit and unable to work.

"I was born a slave of old Marster John Durham, on a plantation 'bout five miles east of Blackstock, S.C. My mistress name Margaret. Deir chillun was Miss Cynthia, Marse Johnnie, Marse Willie and Marse Charnel. I forgets de others. Then, when young Marse Johnnie marry Miss Minnie Mobley, my mammy, Kizzie, my daddy, Eph, and me was give to them. Daddy and mammy had four other chillun. They was Eph, Reuben, Winnie and Jordan. Us live in rows of log houses, a path 'twixt de two rows. Us was close to de spring, where us got water and mammy did de white folks washin' every week. I kep' de fires burnin' 'round de pots, so de water would keep boilin'. Dat's 'bout all de work I 'members doin' in slavery time. Daddy was a field hand and ploughed a big red mule, name Esau. How many slaves was dere? More than I could count. In them days I couldn't count up to a hundred. How, then, I gonna kno' how many dere was? You have to ask somebody else. I'll just risk sayin' dere was big and little ones, just a little drove of them dat went to de field in cotton pickin' time, a hollerin' and a singin' glory hallelujah all day long, and pick two bales a day.

"Marster Johnnie and Miss Minnie mighty good marster and mistress to deir slaves. We had good rock chimneys to our houses, plank floors, movable bedsteads, wid good wheat straw ticks, and cotton pillows. Other folks slaves was complainin' 'bout dirt floors in de houses, boards to sleep on, no ticks, and rags for pillows. Us got flour bread and 'lasses on Sunday, too, I'm here to tell you.

"They sho' fetch dat catechism 'round on Sunday and telled you who made you, what Him make you out of, and what Him make you for. And they say dat from de crown of your head to de top of your big toe, de chief end of every finger and every toe, even to de ends of your two thumbs, was made to glorify de Lord! Missus more 'ticular 'bout dat catechism than de marster. Her grandpa, old Marster John Mobley was a great Baptist. After de crops was laid by, every August, him visit his granddaughter. While dere, he take de slaves and dam up de branch, to make a pond for to pool de water. Then he take to de hill just 'bove, cut down pine tops, and make a brush arbor to hold de preachin' in. 'Vite white preachers, Mr. Cartledge, Mr. Mellichamp or Mr. Van, to come hold a 'vival for all de slaves in and 'round and 'bout de country. I's seen 27 go down and come up out dat pool, a splashin' water from deir faces, one Sunday evenin'. A terrible thing happen one time at de baptism. It was while de war was gwine on. Marse Johnnie had come back from Virginia, on a furlough for ten days. Old Marse John come to see him and fetch Rev. Mr. Cartledge wid him. People was pow'ful consarned 'bout 'ligion 'long 'bout dat time. We and all de little slave boys jined dat time and dere was a little boy name Ike, a slave of old Doctor John Douglas, dat jined. Him was just 'bout my age, seven or eight years old. After him jined, him wanna back out of goin' down into de water. Dat evenin', after dinner, us was all dressed in a kind of white slip-over gown for de occasion. When it come Ike's time to receive de baptism, him was led by his mammy, by de hand, to de edge of de water and his hand given to de preacher in charge, who received him. Then he commenced: 'On de confession----'. 'Bout dat time little Ike broke loose, run up de bank, and his mammy and all de slaves holler: 'Ketch him! Ketch him!' Old Marse John holler: 'Ketch him!' They ketch little Ike and fetch him back to old Marse John and his mammy. Marse John explain to him dat it better to have water in de nose, now, than fire in de soul forever after. Little Ike say nothin'. His mammy take his hand and lead him to de preacher de same way her did befo'. Little Ike went down into de water. Preacher take him but when little Ike got down under dat water, de preacher loss de hold and bless God, in some way little Ike got 'twixt and 'tween de preacher's legs and comin' out

behind him, turnt him sommersets and climb out on de bank a runnin' Little Ike's mammy cry out: 'Ketch him! Ketch him!' Old marster say: 'No let him go to de devil.' Thank de Lord him none of our niggers anyhow. Him just one of Dr. Douglas' Presbyterians niggers dat's destined to hell and be damned, I reckon."

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CALEB CRAIG
EX-SLAVE 86 YEARS OLD.

Caleb Craig lives in a four-room house, with a hall, eight feet wide, through the center and a fireplace in each room. He lives with his grandson, who looks after him.

"Who I is? I goes by de name of C.C. All de colored people speaks of me in dat way. C.C. dis and C.C. dat. I don't 'ject but my real name is Caleb Craig. Named after one of de three spies dat de Bible tell 'bout. Him give de favorite report and 'cause him did, God feed him and clothe him all de balance of him life and take him into de land of Canaan, where him and Joshua have a long happy life. I seen a picture in a book, one time, of Joshua and Caleb, one end of a pole on Joshua's shoulder and one end on Caleb's shoulder, wid big bunches of grapes a hangin' from dat pole. Canaan must to been a powerful fertile land to make grapes lak dat.

"Would you believe dat I can't write? Some of them adultery (adult) teachers come to my house but it seem a pack of foolishness; too much trouble. I just rather put my money in de bank, go dere when I want it, set dat C.C. to de check, and git what I want.

"When I born? Christmas eve, 1851. Where 'bouts? Blackstock, S.C. Don't none of us know de day or de place we was born. Us have to take dat on faith. You know where de old Bell house, 'bove Blackstock, is? Dere's where I come to light. De old stagecoach, 'tween Charlotte and Columbia, changed hosses and stop dere but de railroad busted all dat up.

"My mammy name Martha. Marse John soon give us chillun to his daughter, Miss Marion. In dat way us separated from our mammy. Her was a mighty pretty colored woman and I has visions and dreams of her, in my sleep, sometime yet. My sisters would call me Cale but her never did. Her say Caleb every time and all de time. Marse John give her to another daughter of his, Miss Nancy, de widow Thompson then, but afterwards her marry a hoss drover from Kentucky, Marse Jim Jones. I can tell you funny things 'bout him if I has time befo' I go.

"Us chillun was carried down to de June place where Miss Marian and her husband, Marse Ed. P. Mobley live. It was a fine house, built by old Dr. June. Marse Ed bought de plantation, for de sake of de fine house, where he want to take Miss Marian as a bride.

"Dere was a whole passle of niggers in de quarter, three hundred or maybe more. I didn't count them, 'cause I couldn't count up to a hundred but I can now. Ten, ten, double ten, forty-five, and fifteen. Don't dat make a hundred? Sho' it do.

"Clothes? Too many dere, for to clothe them much. I b'long to de shirt-tail brigade 'til I got to be a man. Why I use to plow in my shirt-tail! Well, it wasn't so bad in de summer time and us had big fires in the winter time, inside and outside de house, whenever us was workin'. 'Til I was twelve years old I done nothin' but play.

"Money! Hell no! Excuse me, but de question so surprise me, I's caught off my guard. Food? Us got farm produce, sich as corn-meal, bacon, 'lasses, bread, milk, collards, turnips, 'tators, peanuts, and punkins.

"De overseer was Mr. Brown. My marster was much talked 'bout for workin' us on Sunday. He was a lordly old fellow, as I 'member, but dere was never anything lak plowin' on Sunday, though I do 'member his hands workin' 'bout de hay and de fodder.

"Marse Ed, a great fox hunter, kep' a pack of hounds. Sometime they run deer. Old Uncle Phil was in charge of de pack. Him had a special dog for to tree 'possums in de nighttime and squirrels in de daytime. Believe me, I lak 'possum de best. You lak 'possum? Well, I'll git my grandson to hunt you one dis comin' October.

“Marse Ed didn’t ‘low patarollers (patrollers) on de June place. He tell them to stay off and they knowed to stay off.

“Slave drovers often come to de June place, just lak mule drovers and hog drovers. They buy, sell, and swap niggers, just lak they buy, sell, and swap hosses, mules and hogs.

“Us had preachin’ in de quarters on Sunday. Uncle Dick, a old man, was de preacher. De funerals was simple and held at night. De grave was dug dat day.

“A man dat had a wife off de place, see little peace or happiness. He could see de wife once a week, on a pass, and jealousy kep’ him ‘stracted de balance of de week, if he love her very much.

“I marry Martha Pickett. Why I marry her? Well, I see so many knock-kneed box-ankle, spindly-shank, flat nose chillun, when I was growin’ up, dat when I come to choose de filly to fold my colts, I picks one dat them mistakes wasn’t so laky to appear in. Us have five chillun. Lucy marry a Sims and live in Winnsboro, S.C. Maggie marry a Wallace and live in Charlotte, N.C. Mary marry a Brice and live in Chester, S.C. Jane not married; she live wid her sister, Mag, in Charlotte. John lives ‘bove White Oak and farms on a large place I own, not a scratch of pen against it by de government or a bank.

“I live on 27 acres, just out de town of Winnsboro. I expects no pension. My grandchillun come and go, back’ards and fo’ared, and tell me ‘bout cities, and high falutin’ things goin’ on here and dere. I looks them over sometimes for to see if I didn’t do sumpin’ for deir figures in s’lectin’ and marryin’ Martha, dat’s more important to them than de land I’ll leave them when I die. When Martha die, I marry a widow name Eliza but us never generate any chillun. Her dead. Not ‘nough spark in me to undertake de third trip though I still is a subject of ‘tentions.

“What ‘bout Marse Ed and Marse Jim Jones? Well, you see, Marse Jim was close wid his money. Marse Ed was a spender. I ‘tend Marse Ed to a chicken main once. Marse Jim rode up just as Marse Ed was puttin’ up \$300.000 on a pile brass wing rooster ‘ginst a black breasted red war hoss rooster, dat de McCarleys was backin’. Marse Ed lost de bet. But him never told Marse Jim, dat befo’ he rode up, him had won \$500.00 from them same men. After de main was over, Marse Jim, bein’ brudder-in-law to Marse Ed, rode home to dinner wid him. After dinner they was smokin’ deir cigars befo’ de parlor fire dat I was ‘viving up. Marse Jim lecture Marse Ed for throwin’ ‘way money. Marse Ed stretch out his long legs and say: ‘Mr. Jones does you ‘member dat day us ‘tended de circus in Chester and as us got to de top of de hill a blind beggar held out his cup to us and you put in a quarter?’ Mr. Jones say he does ‘member dat. Marse Ed went on: ‘Well, Mr. Jones, I had a dream last night. I dream us comin’ through de Cumberland Mountains wid a drove of mules from Kentucky. You was ridin’ a piebald hoss, de same one you rode into South Carolina de fust time you come here. You had on a faded, frazzled grey shawl, ‘bout lak de one you had on today. Us was in front, de outriders behind, when us got to de gap in de mountains. De drove stampede just as us git in de gap. Us was both kilt. You got to heaven befo’ I did. When I did git dere, you was befo’ de High Court. They examine you and turn over de leaves of a big book and find very little dere to your credit. At last they say, I think it was de ‘Postle Peter dat ask de question. Him say: ‘Everything is recorded in dis book. Us can find nothin’. Do you happen to ‘member anything you did to your credit down dere on earth?’ Then you stand up wid dat old shawl ‘round your shoulders and say: ‘Aha! I do ‘member one thing. One day I was in Chester and put a quarter of a dollar in a blind man’s tin cup.’ De ‘postle then tell de recording angel to see if him could find dat deed. Him turn over de leaves ‘til him found it on de page. Then de twelve ‘postles retire and liberate on your case. They come back and de judge pass sentence which was: ‘The sentence of de High Court is, that in view of your great love of money, James Jones, it is de sentence of de court dat you be given back de quarter you give de blind beggar in Chester and dat you James Jones, be sent immediate on your way to hell.’ Then they both laugh over dat and Marse Jim got real happy when he find out Marse Ed quit de main wid \$200.00 to de good.

Address:

Caleb Craig
Winnsboro, S.C.

That part of the suburb of Winnsboro called "Mexico". Just east of the Southern Railway Company and north of Winnsboro Cotton Mills.

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CHARITY MOORE
EX-SLAVE 75 YEARS OLD.

One quarter of a mile north of Woodward station and one hundred yards east of US #21, is the beautiful residence of Mr. T.W. Brice. In the back yard is a two-room frame house. In this house lives Charity Moore and another aged Negro woman, said to be an octogenarian. They occupy the house together and exist on the goodness and charity of Mr. Brice. Charity was born a slave of Mr. Brice's father and has lived all her days in his immediate family.

"Don't you 'member my pa, Isaiah Moore? Course you does! He was de Uncle Remus of all de white chillun 'round dese parts. He sho' was! I seen him a settin' wid you Marse Johnnie, Marse Boyce, and Dickie Brice, in de back yard many a time. You all was askin' him questions 'bout de tale he was a tellin' and him shakin' his sides a laughin'. He telled all them tales 'bout de fox and de rabbit, de squirrel, brer terrapin, and sich lak, long befo' they come out in a book. He sho' did!

"My ma name Nancy, dat was pa's wedded wife. Dere was no bigamous nor concubine business goin' on wid us. My brothers was Dave, Solomon, Fortune, Charlie, and Brice. My sisters was Haley, Fannie, Sarah, Frances, Mary, and Margaret. Hold your writin' dere a minute. Dere was thirteen. Oh yes, I left out Teeta. Dat rounds them up, a baker's dozen, Marse Thomas use to 'low.

"White folks, my pa had Bible tales he never told de white chillun. Did you know dat my pa know de catechism from cover to cover, and from de back and to de startin' end? Concord Church gived him a Bible for answering every question in the catechism. Here 'tis. (Producing catechism published and dated 1840). My pa maybe never telled you any Bible tales he told de colored chillun. He 'low dat de fust man, Adam, was a black man. Eve was ginger cake color, wid long black hair down to her ankles. Dat Adam had just one worriment in de garden and dat was his kinky hair. Eve hate to see him sad, 'cause her love her husband as all wives ought to do, if they don't.

"Well, Adam play wid Eve's hair; run his fingers through it and sigh. Eve couldn't do dat wid his kinky hair. De debbil set up in de plum bushes and took notice of de trouble goin' on. Every day Eve's hair growed longer and longer. Adam git sadder and sadder. De debbil in de plum bushes git gladder and gladder. Dere come a day dat Adam 'scused hisself from promenadin' in 'mong de flower beds wid his arms 'round Eve, a holding up her hair. De debbil took de shape of a serpent, glided after Eve, and stole up and twisted hisself up into dat hair far enough to whisper in one of them pretty ears: 'Somebody's got something for to tell you, dat will make Adam glad and like hisself agin'! Keep your ears open all day long.' Then de serpent distangled hisself, drapped to de ground, and skeedaddled to de red apple tree, close by de fountain. He knowed dat Eve was gwine dere to bathe. He beat her dere 'cause she was walkin' sorta slow, grievin' 'bout Adam and thinkin' 'bout how to cheer him up. When she got dere, de old debbil done changed from a snake to a angel of light, a male angel, I reckon. He took off his silk beaver hat, flourished his gold headed cane, and 'low: 'Good mornin'! Lovely day! What a beautiful apple, just in your reach too, ahem!' Eve say: 'I's not been introduced.' 'Well,' said de debbil, 'My subjects call me Prince, 'cause I's de Prince of light. My given name is Lucifer. I's at your service, dear lady.' Eve 'flected: 'A prince, he'll be a king some day.' Then de debbil say: 'Of course, one of your beauty will one day be a queen. I seen a sadness on your lovely face as you come 'long. What might be your worry?' Eve told him and he 'low: 'Just git Adam to eat one bite out dat apple 'bove your head and in a night his hair will grow as long, be as black, and as straight as your'n.' She low: 'Us ain't 'lowed to eat of de fruit of de tree in de midst of de garden. Us dare not tech it, lest us die.' Then Satan stepped a distance dis way, then another way and come back and say: 'Gracious lady! Dis tree not in de midst of de garden. De one in de midst is dat crabapple tree over yonder. Of course de good Lord didn't want you to

eat crabapples.’ De debbil done got her all mixed up. De apple looked so good, she reached up, and quick as you can say ‘Jack Robinson,’ she bite de apple and run to Adam wid de rest of it and say: ‘Husband eat quick and your hair will be as long, as black, and straight as mine, in de mornin’.’ While he was eatin’ it, and takin’ de last swallow of de apple, he was ‘minded of de disobedience and choked twice. Ever since then, a man have a ‘Adam’s Apple’ to ‘mind him of de sin of disobedience. Twasn’t long befo’ de Lord comes alookin’ for them. Adam got so scared his face turned white, right then, and next mornin’ he was a white man wid long hair but worse off than when he was a nigger. Dere was more to dat tale but I disremember it now.

“I’s livin’ wid my young marster, Thomas, now. He took good care of my pa, when he got so old and feeble he couldn’t work no more. God’ll bless Marse Tommie for all his goodness. When Pa Isaiah come to die, Marse Tommie come every day. One day in leavin’, he said in his gruff, kind way: ‘Is dere anything I can do for you Uncle Isaiah?’ Pa say: ‘Take care of Charity.’ ‘I will,’ say Marse Tommie. Then he ‘low: ‘Ain’t dere something else?’ ‘Yes,’ pa ‘low, ‘I want a white stone over de head of my grave.’ ‘What must I put on de stone,’ asked Marse Tommie? ‘Just my name and age,’ said pa. ‘Oh, yes, dere ought to be something else,’ says marse Tommie. Pa shook his head. ‘I want something else on it Uncle Isaiah,’ said Marse Tommie. Wid a tear and a smile, pa raised his white head and said: ‘You can put down, below de name and age, just dis: ‘As good as ever fluttered.’ And dat stone at Concord Cemetery ‘tract more ‘tention than any stone and epitaph in dat churchyard. Why, de white folks puts flowers on it sometimes.

“I wonder sometime in de winter nights, as de north wind blows ‘bout de cracks in de house, if pa is warm and in Abraham’s bosom. But I knows pa; he’s ‘umble. There’s so many white folks in dat bosom he’ll just be content to lie in Isaac’s bosom or maybe de prophet Isaiah’s, for who he was named.

“Wait dere! You have bad luck to leave by dat door. You comed in by dis door and you just leave by de same door. Some folks say nothin’ to dat but I don’t want you to risk dat. Glad you come. Good bye.”

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CHARLEY WATSON
EX-SLAVE 87 YEARS OLD.

"Dis is a mighty hot day I tells you, and after climbing them steps I just got to fan myself befo' I give answer to your questions. You got any 'bacco I could chaw and a place to spit? Dis old darkie maybe answer more better if he be allowed to be placed lak dat at de beginnin' of de 'sperience.

"Where was I born? Why right dere on de Hog Fork Place, thought everybody knowed dat! It was de home place of my old Marster Daniel Hall, one of de Rockefellers of his day and generation, I tells you, he sho was. My pappy had big name, my marster call him Denmore, my mammy went by de name of Mariyer. She was bought out of a drove from Virginny long befo' de war. They both b'long to old marster and bless God live on de same place in a little log house. Let's see; my brother Bill is one, he livin' at de stone quarry at Salisbury, North Carolina. My sister Lugenie marry a Boulware nigger and they tells me dat woman done take dat nigger and make sumpin' out of him. They owns their own automobile and livin' in Cleveland, Ohio.

"Us live in quarters, two string of houses a quarter mile long and just de width of a wagon road betwixt them. How many slaves marster had? Dere was four hundred in 1850, dat was de year I was born, so allowing for de natural 'crease, 'spect dere was good many more when freedom come. Our beds was made of poles and hay or straw. Was my marster rich? How come he wasn't? Didn't he have a Florida plantation and a Georgia plantation? Didn't us niggers work hard for our vittles and clothes? It make me laugh de way de niggers talk 'bout eight hours a day. Us worked by de 'can and de can't system. What way dat you ask me? Well, was dis way; in de mornin' when it git so you can see, you got to go to work and at night when it git so dark you can't see you ceased to work. You see what I mean? My marster's white overseer 'dopted de 'can and can't system' of work hours. My mammy had to plow same as a man, she did sir. Sometimes they pulled fodder and fooled wid it on Sunday.

"Yo is a pushin' me a little too fast. Let me gum dis 'bacco and spit and I can do and say more 'zactly what you expect from me. My marster had sheep, goats, mules, horses, stallion, jackass, cows and hogs, and then he had a gin, tan yard, spinnin' rooms, weave room, blacksmith shop and shoe shop. Dere was wild turkeys on de place, deer in de cane brakes and shad in de Catawba River. De Indians fetch their pots and jars to sell, and peddlers come to big house wid their humps on their backs and bright yards of calico and sich things de missus lak to feel and s'lect from. I see money then, but I never see a nigger wid money in his paws in slavery time, never!

"Us was fed good on corn meal, hog meat, milk, butter, 'lasses, turnips, beans, peas and apples, never hungry. Boss whip me once for fightin' and I never fought anymore, I tells you.

"My mistress name Miss Sarah. Her was a Hicklin befo' she marry. Their chillun was: Tom, Billie, Dan and Jason, all dead 'cept Marster Jason. De overseer was Strother Ford. He give de slaves down the country maybe sometimes, so heard them say, but I didn't see him.

"Did us sing? Yes sir. What us sing? One was what I's gwine hist right dis minute and sing wid your lieve. (Here Charley sang, 'Give me dat old time religion'.)

"Us made 'simmon beer sometime and lye soap just 'bout in de same way, hopper was 'rected for dat. 'Simons was put wid locust; hickory ashes was used to make soap. Every Christmas us got ginger cake and sassafras tea.

"Doctor Scott was de doctor for de slaves. Us niggers was mighty sad when his son Willie's gun went off by accident and killed him in 1868. De Doctor never smile again after dat combustion of dat gun. Does you 'member de time Mr. Till Dixon was drowned? He your uncle? 'Twas de fourth of July,

I ‘member dat day, and a boy Freddie Habbernick was drowned in Catawba in 1903. Dat river take a many soul over dat other shore, I tells you.”

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CHARLIE ROBINSON
EX-SLAVE 87 YEARS OLD.

Charlie Robinson lives nine miles northwest of Winnsboro, S.C., on lands of Mr. R.W. Lemmon. There is one other occupant in the four-room house, John Giles, a share cropper. The house has two fireplaces, the brick chimney being constructed in the center of the two main rooms. The other two rooms are shed rooms. Charlie ekes out a living as a day laborer on the farm.

"They been tellin' me to come to de social circle and see 'bout my pension but I never is got dere. It been so hot, I hate to hotfoot it nine miles to Winnsboro and huff dat same distance back on a hot summer day.

"Glad you come out here but sorry of de day, 'cause it is a Friday and all de jay-birds go to see de devil dat day of de week. It's a bad day to begin a garment, or quilt or start de lye hopper or 'simmon beer keg or just anything important to yourself on dat day. Dere is just one good Friday in de year and de others is given over to de devil, his imps, and de jay-birds. Does I believe all dat? I believe it 'nough not to patch dese old breeches 'till tomorrow and not start my 'simmon beer, when de frost fall on them dis fall, on a Friday.

"You wants me to set down so you can ask me sumpin'? I'll do dat! Of course I will! (He proceeded to do so – wiping his nose on his sleeve and sprawling down on the doorsill). My pappy name George, black George they call him in slavery time, 'cause dere was a small yallow slave on de place, named George. My mammy name Ca'line. My pappy b'long to de McNeals and my mammy b'long to Marse Joe Beard. His wife was my mistress. Her name Gracie. 'Nitals? Dat sumpin' not in my lingo, Boss. You want to know what my pappy's old marster name? Seem to me they all call him Marse Gene, though it been so long I done forgot. When my marster went to de war him got a ball through his leg. Bad treatment of dat leg give him a limp for de balance of his days. White folks call him 'Hoppin' Joe Beard' and sometime 'Lopin' Joe'.

"Marster and mistress have two chillun. I play marbles wid them and make mud pies. Deir names was Marse Willie and Miss Rhoda.

"My brudders and sisters was Jeff, Roland, Jane and Fannie. All dead 'cept Fannie. Her marry a big, long nigger name Saul Griffin. Last I heard of them, they was livin' in Columbia, S.C.

"I start workin' in de field de second year of de war, 1862. It sho' made me hungry. I 'members now, how I'd git a big tin cupful of pot liquor from de greens, crumble corn bread in it at dinner time and 'joy it as de bestest part of de dinner. Us no suffer for sumpin' to eat. I go all summer in my shirt-tail and in de winter I have to do de best I can, widout any shoes. Ever since then, I just lak to go barefooted as you sees me now.

"My pappy git a pass and come to see mammy every Saturday night. My marster had just four slave houses on de place. 'Spect him have 'bout eight women, dat men come from other places to see and marry them and have chillun. I doesn't 'member nary one of de women havin' a husband livin' wid her every night.

"Who do de plowin'? Women and boys do de plowin'. Had good 'nough houses, though they was made of logs, 'cup and saddled' at both ends, and covered wid white oak board shingles. Had stick and mud chimneys.

"De Yankees made a clean sweep of everything, hosses, mules, cows, hogs, meat and 'lasses. Got so mad when they couldn't find any salt, they burn up everything. Pull Marse Joe's beard, just 'cause his name Beard. De one dat do dat was just a smart aleck and de cap'n of de crowd shame him and make him slink 'way, out de house.

“When freedom come, Marse Joe stay one year, then leave. Sell out and move to Walhalla and us move to pappy on de McNeal place. Dat year us all jined de church, Union Church. I now b’long to New Hope Methodist Church. Us nex’ move to Mr. Bill Crawford’s place. Mr. Crawford got to be school commissioner on de ‘publican ticket and white folks call him scalawag. Him have pappy and all de colored folks go to de ‘lection box and vote. Ku Klux come dere one night and whip every nigger man they could lay deir hands on. Things quiet down then but us no more go to de ‘lection box and vote.

“Bout dis time thoughts of de gals got in my head and feets at de same time. I was buyin’ a biled shirt and celluloid collar, in Mr. Sailing Wolf’s store, one Saturday, and in walked Ceily Johnson. I commence to court her right then and dere, befo’ I ever git inside dat shirt and collar. Her have dark skin and was good to look at, I tell you. I desashshay ‘bout dat gal, lak a chicken rooster spread his wing ‘round a pretty black pullet, ‘til I wear out her indifference and her make me happy by marryin’ me. Her was too good lookin’ and too bad doin’, though, for me. She left by de light of de moon when us was livin’ on de Cummings place, ‘bove town. Excuse me now, dat’s still a fresh subject of torment to me. Let’s talk ‘bout chances of gittin’ dat pension, when I can git another clean white shirt, lay ‘round de white folks again, and git dis belly full of pot liquor.”

Born in Slavery: Slave Narratives from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1938, United States Works Project Administration, Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress
Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

CORNELIUS HOLMES
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

Cornelius Holmes lives with his wife, Nancy, in a two-room annex to the house that his son, David, occupies. It is on the old Harden place, nine miles northwest of Winnsboro, S.C. The land and the house belong to Mr. John Means Harden, a resident of Winnsboro. Cornelius is intelligent, courteous in manner, tidy in appearance, and polite. His occupation is that of basket making, in which he is an adept. He picks up a little money by repairing chairs and putting split-bottoms in them.

"I was born in de town of Edgefield, South Carolina, November 29th, 1855, 'cordin' to de Bible, and was a slave of Marse Preston Brooks. Dat name seem to make you set up and take notice of me.

"How come I a slave of Marse Preston? Well, it was dis way. My grands b'long to de Means family of Fairfield County, 'round old Buckhead section. My grandpap, Wash, tell me Marse Preston come dere visitin' de Harpers, 'nother buckra family dat live further toward de Broad River side of de county. When he git up dere, it come over his 'membrance dat de Meanses was some punkins too, as well as him and de Harpers. Maybe he done heard 'bout Miss Martha, how her could ride a horse and dance a cotillion in Columbia, when Marse John Hugh was de governor. Well, de part goes, he comes over dere but didn't do lak they does now, bust right in and 'clare his 'fections to de gal. Him fust, solemn lak, ask to see de marster and ask him if he object to him pursuing Miss Martha, in de light of becomin' his son-in-law? Then, when dat was settled, Marse Preston and Miss Martha gallop and race all 'round de country but de hosses was always neck and neck. Dat fall, dat race ended in a tie. Dat what Grandpap Wash tell me.

"After they marry, my mother, Scylia, was give to Miss Martha and 'company her to Edgefield. Dere she marry de carriage driver, Hilliard, who was my pappy. I was born in a room 'joinin' de kitchen and a part of de big kitchen. De plantation was out in de country. I never was dere, so I can't tell you nothin' bout dat. De fact is, I was just a small boy and most I know, comes from mother and grandpap. They 'low Marse Preston was in Washington most of de time. One day he marched right in de Senate, wid his gold head cane, and beat a Senator 'til him fainted, 'bout sumpin' dat Senator say 'bout him old kinsman, Senator Butler. Dat turn de world up side down. Talk 'bout 'preachin' Marse Preston. Marse Preston resign and come home. De town of Edgefield, de county of Edgefield, de state of South Carolina, and Miss Martha, rise to vindicate Marse Preston and 'lect him back to Washington.

"Marse Preston go back and stay dere 'til he die, in 1859. His body was brought back to Edgefield. De nex' year de war come on. I's too young to 'member much 'bout it but my pappy die while it was goin' on. Him have three chillun by mother: me, Addie, and Nancy. They is dead now but I 'members then crawlin' 'round on de plank floor in de winter time and in de sand in de summer time.

"I never worked in slavery time. Us eat from de dairy and de kitchen just what mistress and her chillun eat. One thing I lak then was 'matoes. They wasn't big 'matoes lak they is now. They was 'bout de size of marbles. Us cooked them wid sugar and they was mighty good dat way.

"My mistress had chillun by Marse Preston. Sho' I recollect them. Dere was Preston; de last I hear of him, him livin' in Tennessee. Then dere was Miss Mary; her marry Mr. George Addison of Edgefield. Miss Carrie; her marry Marse Capers Byrd. De youngest, Miss Martha, marry Col. McBee of Greenville, S.C.

"Does I 'members 'bout de Yankees? Not much. I 'members more 'bout Wheeler's men. They come and take nearly everything, wid de excuse dat de Yankees was not far behind and when they come, they would take all, so they just as well take most of what was in sight.

When freedom come, my pappy was dead. Mother brought me back to Fairfield County and give me to my grandpap, Washington Holmes. Us live on 'Possum Branch, now own by Mr. Jim Young. I stay dere 'til I 'come twenty-one. Then I marry Maggie Gladden, 'cause I love her. Us had four chillun, in de twenty years her live. Henry is in Philadelphia. David, de oldest, is fifty years old, livin' out in de county from Winnsboro. Lula died, unmarried. Carrie lives here in Winnsboro; her husband is Arthur Rosboro, dat you white folks all know so well. When Maggie die, I marry Nancy Holmes, a widow. Us have had no chillun.

"Now you is finished wid me and you wants me to relax, you say, and talk to you freely 'bout de past and slavery, de present and social conditions, and de risin' generation and de future? Well, dat is a heap of territory. Now let's think. You see I got a heap a white blood in me, and a heap of de Negro too. Slavery did de white race a whole lot a good but it wasn't lastin' good. It did de Negro good, dat will be lastin' good forever. De Negro women protected de pure white woman from enticement and seduction of de white man in slavery time. My grandpap say he never heard of a bad white woman befo' freedom. I leave it wid you if dere's any dese time? Dat was worth more to de South, my grandpap say, dis sanctification of de white women, than all de cotton and corn dat de Negroes ever makes, in all de years of slavery times.

"Now it was de finest thing could have happen for de Negro, to have been snatched out of Africa and brought here in touch wid civilization and Christianity. It will work out untold benefit to de race. 'Bout social conditions. De Bible say, 'De poor you will have wid you always.' Tho' de slave question am settled, de race question will be wid us always, 'til Jesus come de second time. It's in our politics, in our justice courts, on our highways, on our side walks, in our manners, in our 'ligion, and in our thoughts, all de day and every day.

"De good Marster pity both sides. In de end, will it be settle by hate or by de policy of, love your neighbor as you do yourself? Who knows? Dere's not much promise at de 'mediate moment of de raisin' generation, of either side, and I means no disrespect to you. My grandpap say no race can rise higher than its women. De future of de Negro race, depends on its mothers. I leave you to answer de last half of de question."

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CURETON MILLING
EX-SLAVE 80 YEARS OLD, WINNSBORO, S.C.

"I live about ten miles from dis town on de Jim Turner place; though he dead they still calls it de Jim Turner place. My pappy name Jeff, mammy name Dolly. Dat a lovely name in dis old mind yit, please god. Gran'mammy Peggy another good name I's got to recommen' to you, boss.

"Yes, us all b'longs to de same marster, Levi Bolicks. Guess you'd heard tell of dat man. Mistress named Martha, angel of light tied up to de prince of darkness, so it was. They had one child, Little Miss, who growed up and married a Stevenson.

"I was just a little shrimp durin' slavery time; tote water and ride behin' in de buggy to hold Marster's hoss when he gits out. My mammy live in a one-room house; it had no flo' but de one de Lord create in de beginnin', de natural born earth, it was.

"What they give us to eat? Us got plenty, sich as it was. Marster Levi kept his niggers fat, just like he keep his hogs and hosses fat, he did. He had a passel of slaves and as his plantation was small he just run four plows kept a ridin' hoss and a single buggy, and raise slaves to sell.

"He was sellin' de oldest ones away from de younger ones, all time goin' along, 'pears to me. Sometime I think he was de very old Nick turned loose in de earth for a season.

"How I explainin' dat? It's dis way: He take 'vantage of de young gal slaves. 'You go yonder and shell corn in de crib,' he say to one of them. He's de marster so she have to go. Then he send de others to work some other place, then he go to de crib. He did dis to my very aunt and she had a mulatto boy dat took his name and live right in dis town after freedom. Marster was doin' dis devilment all de time and gwine to Presbyterian Church at Salem every Sunday; dat make it look worse to me.

"Outside dis, and sellin' and partin' mothers and chillun, him was a pretty good slave marster. He marry Miss Martha Clark and had nice pretty home. He give us good clothes. Shoes? De shoes was made on de place; they had wooden bottoms, no spring to them. He gave us one day durin' Christmas, for a dance. Us had Doctor Martin to 'tend us. He was son-in-law to old Captain Stitt, another bad man that give trouble just like my marster.

"What about de Yankees? Two come first, and rode up to de kitchen, rode right up to de steps and say: 'Where de silver? Where de gold rings and jewelry you got hid for de white folks. Tell us or us'll beat you worse than you ever get beat from de lash of de patrollers.' They was as good as they words; they gets down and grab us and make us tell all us know.

"Where old Marster? He done burnt de wind in his buggy wid de very things de Yankees ask for and refugeed somewhere away, sah. Did he go to war, my old marster? No sirree! He wasn't dat kind; him hire a substitute.

"After de war was over, freedom come, and with it de excitement of white folks comin' down here and havin' us believe us just as good as white folks. I have lived to see it was all a mistake. Then come de Ku Klux and scared some sense into my color. Then come Hampton and de Red Shirts. Had they a black shirt I don't believe niggers would ever have took to it. 'Dog for bread, nigger for red', they likes dat color.

"In them days of parades by day and torch light processions by night, when de niggers was asked to jine, offered a hoss to ride, knowed dere would be a drink of red-eye on de way, and then was handed one of them red shirts. What you 'spect dat nigger to do? I knowed. He's gwine to put on dat red shirt, dat red-eye gwine give him over to de democrats, and dis was de way dat Hampton was 'lected. But it never would have done to have a black shirt, no sir. I's sure of dat. Dat would have had no 'peal to our color. They is too black already to suit de most of them.

“When Hampton was ‘lected I git an idea of settlin’ down. I picked de plumpest woman I could find and her had a name dat seem music then to me. It was Roxanna. She allow I was a handsome man, and I was fool enough then to believe her. But one day she bring home a ten-cent lookin’ glass from Winnsboro. I say to her when I takes a look in it, ‘Who dis I see in here?’ She say: ‘Dat’s you, honey.’ I say: ‘No, Roxie, it can’t be me. Looks like one of them apes or monkeys I see in John Robinson’s circus parade last November.’ Dere’s been a disapp’ntment ‘bout my looks ever since, and when my wife die I never marry again.

“All our boys are dead ‘cept Laurens. He live in Charlotte, and I got a sister dat marry Ike Austin and live on de Aiken place. I piddles along wid de white folks and live in a little house by myself, waitin’ for God to call me home.”

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DAN SMITH
EX-SLAVE 75 YEARS OLD.

Dan Smith lives in a one room, rent free, of a three-room frame house, the property of his son-in-law, Jim Cason. It is situated on the southeast corner of Garden and Palmer streets in the town of Winnsboro, S.C. He is tall, thin and toothless, with watery eyes and a pained expression of weariness on his face. He is slow and deliberate in movements. He still works, and has just finished a day's work mixing mortar in the construction of a brick store building for Mr. Lauderdale. His boss says: 'The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak.' There is nothing organically wrong with Dan but he appears, in human anatomy, as Doctor Holmes's One Horse Shay must have looked the day before its final collapse.

"You been here once befo' and now here you is again. You say you wanna git additions? Well, I's told you dat I was born in Richland County, a slave of Marse John Lever and on his plantation, January de 11th day, 1862, when de war was gwine on. How I know? 'Cause my mammy and pappy told me so. They call my pappy Bob and my mammy Mary. Strange as it seems, my mistress name Mary, just de same as my mammy, tho' marster wasn't name Bob, lak pappy. Him name Marster John and de young marster, an only child, was name Marse Jim. You better stop right dere 'til I tell you pappy no b'long to de Levers. Him b'long to de Smiths. Him name Bob Smith, after freedom. Dat's how come I be dis day, Dan Smith. You ketch de point? Well dats de way it is.

"Befo' pappy take a shine to mammy in slavery time, her got mixed up wid one of old Marse Burrell Cook's niggers and had a boy baby. He was as black as long-leaf pine tar. Her name him George Washington Cook but all him git called by, was Wash Cook. My full brudders was Jim, Wesley, and Joe. All of them dead and gone long ago.

"Us chillun slept on de floor. Mammy had some kind of 'traption or other, 'ginst de wall of de log house us live in, for her and de baby child to git in at night. Us have plenty to eat, sich as: peas, 'tatoes, corn bread, 'lasses, buttermilk, turnips, collards and fat meat.

"De only thing I 'member 'bout my mistress is: One day her come down to de house and see my brudder Joe sucking his thumb. Mammy tell her, her can't make him quit it. Mistress go back to de big house and come runnin' back with quinine. Her rub Joe's thumbs wid dat quinine and tell mammy to do dat once or twice a day. You ought to see dat baby's face de first time and heard him squall! It sho' stopped him sucking his thumbs!

"Clothes? Didn't need no clothes in de summer time but a shirt. In de winter, us just stood 'bout de fire. I'm talkin' 'bout us chillum, don't 'member 'bout old folks.

"Marster and Mistress lived in a big white house, two stories high, tall brick chimneys at de gable ends, and wide front and back piazzas de full length of de dwelling. Us chillun had no shoes. Mammy had two pair all de time but they had wooden bottoms. Dere was no white overseers 'round, but patarollers (patrollers) ketched my pappy once, in de house, jerk him out and whup him while mammy and us chillum yell and cry and beg them to stop.

"When de Yankees come, mammy hide us chillum under her bed 'traption. They act mighty nice to her, so she say.

"What kinda work mammy do? Her was one of de weavers. Heard her tell 'bout how they make de thread and de cloth. They had spinnin' wheels. Person turn de wheel wid de hand and walk back'ards and for'ards, drawing out de thread. Dis kind of thread, her say, was rough. Later they got a thing de spinners operate wid deir foots, settin' by de wheel and workin' it wid deir foots, sorta lak a sewing machine is run. Her 'low de thread dat come to her in de weave-room from dis kind of spinnin' was smoother and more finer than de other kind. After de yarn was spin, it was reeled off de spools into hanks

and then took to de warper. Then she woofed it, warped it, and loomed it into cloth. Her make four yards in a day.

“After freedom, pappy come and take mammy and all us chillun to a farm on Cedar Creek, in dis county, Fairfield. I works dere ‘til 1872, I thinks. I gits concerned ‘bout dis time wid two things, jinin’ wid de Lord, and jinin’ wid de woman. De fust was easy. All I had to do was go to de Methodis’ revival, about a little, and jine up befo’ de preacher. I just had to be convicted and convinced, but mind you, I was de one to be convinced, de other was not so easy. De Lord was easy to find and quick to take me, but de gal was hard to find and was slow to take me, ‘cause she was de one to be convinced dis time, you see.

“I looks all ‘round Cedar Creek. De ones I could git, I wouldn’t have, and de ones I would have I couldn’t git. So dere it was. I mounts old Betsy, dat was pappy’s mule, one Sunday and come to Winnsboro. I spied a gal at church, ‘bout de color of a ripe pumpkin after de big frosts done fall on it, hair black as a crow and meshed up and crinkled as a cucker burr. Just lookin’ at her made my mouth water. Me and old Betsy raise de dust and keep de road hot from Cedar Creek to Winnsboro dat summer and fall, and when us sell de last bale of cotton, I buys me a suit of clothes, a new hat, a pair of boots, a new shirt, bottle Hoyt’s cologne and rigs myself out and goes ‘round and ask her to marry me. Her name Ida Benjamin. Did her fall for me right away? Did her take me on fust profession and confession lak de Lord did? No sir-ree bob! Her say: I got to go to school some more, I’s too young. Got to see papa and mama ‘bout it. Wait ‘til you come nex’ time and I’ll tell you.’ I was confused then, I gits up, gives her de cologne bottle, and mounts old Betsy, spurs her in de side, gallops, and cusses all de way back to Cedar Creek. I confess to mammy. Her laugh and say: ‘Dan, you knows nothin’ ‘bout women and gals. Why it’s might plain she gonna say yes, nex’ time.’ Just lak her say, Ida did, and us got married de end of de nex’ school term, in May.

“Us had ten chillun. Dan, name for me, is at Concord, N.C. Oscar is in Concord, N.C. Lucinda marry a Haltiwanger and is comfortable in Baltimore, Md. Aurelia marry a Williams and is in Baltimore. Henrietta marry a Sawney and is in Charlotte, N.C. Lilly marry Jim Cason and live right in Winnsboro, in de house I have a room in.

“I got lots of gran’childs, too many to mention. They take after dere grandma, lak to go to school and read de Bible and go to church and Sunday School.

“Whut I have on my mind now is a pension. When a man git seventy-five years old, (I hear folks talk ‘round me) dat man should not be ‘lowed to work on de Supreme Court, him should be give a pension of \$15,000.00 and made to stop work. Him may have chillun dat can support him, all de same, dat judge gits his pension. Then in de name of goodness, why don’t they make me quit mixing mortar when I is seventy-five years old and give me \$240.00 a year? Sauce for de fat goose Supreme Court Jedge, oughta be sauce for de mortar mixer poor gander, I ‘low. It look lak jestice for de rich jedge and mix more mortar for poor Dan.”

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DELIA THOMPSON
EX-SLAVE 88 YEARS OLD.

"I's heard tell of you, and sent for you to come to see me. Look lak I can no more git 'bout on dese under pins lak I use to. Dere's de swing you can set in or chair right by me, now which you rather? I's glad you takes de chair, 'cause I can keep steady gaze more better on dat face of your'n. Lord! I been here in dis world a long time, so I has. Was born on de Kilgo place near Liberty Hill, don't know what county 'tis, but heard it am over twenty-five miles from dis town.

"My old marster name Jesse Kilgo, so he was, and Mistress Letha Kilgo, dats his wife, good to him, good to me, good to everybody. My young mistress name Catherine, when her marry Marster Watt Wardlaw, I was give to them for a housemaid, 'cause I was trim and light complected lak you see I is dis very day a setting right here, and talking wid you. 'Members how 'twas young missie say: 'You come go in my room Delia, I wants to see if I can put up wid you.' I goes in dat room, winter time mind you and Miss Charlotte set down befo' de fire, cook one of them pretty foots on de dog, don't you ketch dat wrong, dat it was a lap dog which 'twasn't but one of de fire-dogs. Some persons calls them andy irons (andiron) but I sticks to my raisin' and say fire-dogs. Well, she allowed to me, 'Delia, put kettle water on de fire.' So I does in a jiffy. Her next command was: 'Would you please be so kind as to sweep and tidy up de room'? All time turnin' dat lovely head of her'n lak a bird a buildin' her nest, so it was. I do all dat, then she say: 'You is goin' to make maid, a good one!' She give a silvery giggle and say: 'I just had you put on dat water for to see if you was goin' to make any slop. No, No! You didn't spill a drop, you ain't goin' to make no sloppy maid, you just fine.' Then her call her mother in. 'See how pretty Delia's made dis room, look at them curtains, draw back just right, observe de pitcher, and de towels on de rack of de washstand, my I'm proud of her!' She give old mistress a hug and a kiss, and thank her for de present, dat present was me. De happiness of dat minute is on me to dis day.

"My pappy name Isom then, but when freedom come he adds on Hammond. His pappy was a white man, and no poor white trash neither. My mammy name Viny. Us live in a log house close up in de back yard, and most all time I was in de big house waiting on de white folks.

"Did us git any 'ligion told us? Well, it was dis way, mistress talk heap to us 'bout de Lord, but marster talk a heap to us 'bout de devil. 'Twist and 'tween them, 'spect us heard most everything 'bout heaven and all 'bout de devil.

"Yankees dat come to our house was gentlemen, they never took a thing, but left provisions for our women folks from their commissary.

"My first husband was Cupid Benjamin. My white folks give me a white dress, and they got de white Baptist preacher, Mr. Collins to do de grand act for us. Cupid turned out to be a preacher. Us had three chillun and every night us had family worship at home. I's been no common nigger all my life; why, when a child I set up and rock my doll just lak white chillun, and course it was a rag doll, but what of dat. Couldn't I name her for the Virgin Mary, and wouldn't dat name cover and glorify de rags. Sure it would! Then I 'sociate wid white folks all slavery time, marry a man of God and when he die, I marry another, Tom Thompson, a colored Baptist preacher. You see dat house yonder? Dats where my daughter and grandchillun lives. They is colored aristocracy of de town, but they has a mighty plain name, its just Smith. I grieve over it off and on, a kind of thorn in de flesh, my husband used to say. But both my husbands dead and I sets here twice a widow, and I wonders how 'twill be when I go home up yonder 'bove them white thunder heads us can see right now. Which one them men you reckon I'll see first? Well, if it be dat way, 'spect I'll just want to see Cupid first, 'cause he was de only one I had chillun by, and them his grandchillun out yonder."

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DINAH CUNNINGHAM
EX-SLAVE 84 YEARS OLD.

Dinah Cunningham lives about seven miles west of Ridgeway, S.C., on the Hood place about a hundred yards off the old Devil's Race Track road. She lives with her daughter and son-in-law and their three children. They live in a two-room frame house with a shed room annex. In the annex, Dinah and the smaller children sleep. They are kind to Dinah, who is feeble and can do no farm labor. Dinah is as helpless about the home as a child.

"I's come up here 'bout seventeen miles for to let you see me. 'Spect you don't see much in dis old worn out critter. Now does you?"

"Well, here I is, and I wants you white folks to help me, 'cause I's served you from generation to generation. Wid de help of de Lord and trustin' in Jesus de Lamb, I knows I's goin' to git help. When is they gwine to start payin' off? I's heard them say how you got to be on de roll and signed up befo' de fourth day of July. So here I is!

"I was born de fust day of March, 1853, out from Ridgeway, sunrise side. My marster was David Robertson and my mistress name Sally. Her was might pretty. Her was a Rembert befo' she marry Marse Dave. They had one child dat I was de nurse for and her name was Luray. Her marry Marse Charlie Ray.

"De onliest whippin' I got was 'bout dat child. I had de baby on de floor on a pallet and rolled over on it. Her make a squeal like she was much hurt and mistress come in a hurry. After de baby git quiet and go to sleep, she said: 'Dinah, I hates to whip you but de Good Book say, spare de rod and spoil de child.' Wid dat, she goes out and git a little switch off de crepe myrtle bush and come back and took my left hand in her left hand, dat had all de rings on de fingers, and us had it 'round dat room. I make a big holler as she 'plied dat switch on dese very legs dat you sees here today. They is big and fat now and can scarcely wobble me 'long but then, they was lean and hard and could carry me 'long like a deer in de woods.

"My white folks was no poor white trash, I tells you! Good marse and good mistress had heap of slaves and overseers. One overseer name Mr. Welch. De buckra folks dat come visitin', use to laugh at de way he put grease on his hair, and de way he scraped one foot back'ards on de ground or de floor when they shake hands wid him. He never say much, but just set in his chair, pull de sides of his mustache and say 'Yas sah' and 'No sah', to them dat speak to him. He speak a whole lot though, when he git down in de quarters where de slaves live. He wasn't like de same man then. He woke everybody at daylight and sometime he help de patrollers to search de houses for to ketch any slaves widout a pass.

"Us had all us need to eat, sich as was good for us. Marse like to see his slaves fat and shiny, just like he want to see de carriage hosses slick and spanky, when he ride out to preachin' at Ainswell and sometimes de Episcopal church at Ridgeway. My young mistress jine de Baptist church after she marry, and I 'member her havin' a time wid sewin' buckshots in de hem of de dress her was baptized in. They done dat, you knows, to keep de skirt from floatin' o top of de water. You never have thought 'bout dat? Well, just ask any Baptist preacher and he'll tell you dat it has been done.

"When de Yankees come, they went through de big house, tore up everything, ripped open de feather beds and cotton mattresses, searchin' for money and jewels. Then they had us slaves ketch de chickens, flung open de smoke-house take de meat, meal, flour, and put them in a four-hoss wagon and went on down to Longtown. Them was scandalous days, boss! I hope never to see de likes of them times wid dese old eyes again.

“I ‘member ‘bout de Ku Klux just one time, though I heard ‘bout them a heap. They come on de Robertson place all dressed up wid sheets and false faces, ridin’ on hossback, huntin’ for a republican and a radical nigger, (I forgits his name, been so long) but they didn’t find him. They sho’ was a sight and liked to scare us all to death.

“Was I ever married? Sure I was, I marry Mack Cunningham. Us was jined in de holy wedlock by Marse Alex Matherson, a white trial justice. Ask him and he’ll tell you when it was. I’s got some chillun by dat husband. There is William at Charlotte, and Rosy at Ridgeway, Rosy, her marry a man name Peay. Then there is Millie Gover at Rembert and Lila Brown at Smallwood, de station where Marse Charlie Ray and my Mistress Luray was killed by a railroad train runnin’ into de automobile they was in. Then there is my daughter, Delia Belton, at Ridgeway, and John L., a son livin’ and farmin’ at Cedar Creek.

“I b’longs to de Mt. Olivet church dat you knows ‘bout. White folks comes there sometimes for to hear de singin’. They say us can carry de song better than white folks. Well, maybe us does love de Lord just a little bit better, and what’s in our mouth is in our hearts.

“What you gwine to charge for all dat writin’ you got down there? If you writes much more maybe I ain’t got enough money to pay for it. I got a dollar here but if its more than dat you’ll have to wait on me for de balance. You say it don’t cost nothin’? Well, glory hallelujah for dat! I’ll just go ‘round to de colored restaurant and enjoy myself wid beef stew, rice, new potatoes, macaroni and a cup of coffee. I wonder what they’ll have for dessert. ‘Spect it’ll be some kind of puddin’. But I’d be more pleased if you would take half of this dollar and go get you a good dinner, too. I would like to please you dat much!

“May de good Lord be a watch ‘tween me and you ‘til us meets again.”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

ELI HARRISON
EX-SLAVE 87 YEARS OLD.

Eli Harrison lives on a small ten-acre tract of land near Dutchman Creek, in Fairfield County, approximately seven miles southeast of Winnsboro. The house, which he owns, is a small shack or shanty constructed of scantlings and slabs. He lives in it alone and does his own cooking. He has been on the relief roll for the past three years, and ekes out a subsistence on the charity of the Longtown and Ridgeway people. He is small, wiry, and healthy, weighing about 110 pounds.

"I sure has had a time a finding you! I was up here to Winnsboro befo' dis Welfare Society, tryin' to git a pension and they ask me who know my age. I tell them a whole lot of people out of town knows it. Then they ask if anybody in town know my age. I gived in your name. They say they will take your affidavit for it and tell me to bring dis paper to you.

"I b'long, in slavery, to your step-mother's people, de Harrisons, in Longtown. You 'members comin' down when I was a young man and you was a boy? Don't you 'member us playin' in de sand in front of de old Harrison house? Dat house older than you and me. 'Member how I show you how to call de doodles from de sand? How was it? I just git down on my hands and knees in de sand and say: 'Doodle, doodle, doodle, doodle, come up your house is afire!' Them black little doodles would come right up out of de sand to see what gwine on up dere 'bove de sand. Mighty glad you keeps dat in your mem'ry, 'til dis blessed day.

I b'long to old Marse Eli Harrison, de grandpa of your step-mother. I was born and raised on his Wateree River plantation. They called it Harrison Flats, 'til de Southern Power Company and de Dukes taken over de land, de river, de bull-frogs, de skeeters, whoop owls, and everything else down here. De Harrisons owned dat place befo' de Revolutionary War, they say. De skeeters run them out and de folks built a string of houses out of logs, all 'long de roadside and call it Longtown. Marse John D. tell me dat, and fust thing you know they was callin' it Longtown and dats what it's called today.

"Old Marse Eli is a quiet man but him have two brudders dat wasn't so quiet. They was Marse Aaron Burr Harrison and Marse John R. Harrison. All of them have race horses. I, bein' little, ride de horses in de races at de last. De tracks I ride on? One was up near Great Falls, 'tween old Marse Strother Fords and de Martin place. De other was out from Simpsons' Turn Out. De Hamptons used to have horses on dese tracks.

"My mistress name Mary. My young marsters name: Sylvester, Lundsford, David, and John D. They all dead but de old house is still dere on de roadside and I alone is live to tell de tale.

"Dere's one thing I wants to tell you 'bout old Marse John. Him was 'suated by de Hamptons, to buy a big plantation in Mississippi. Him go out dere to raise cattle, race horses, cotton, sugar cane and niggers. When him die, after so long a time they take him out of his grave. De Harrisons done built a long, big, rock, family vault in de graveyard here to put all de dead of de family name in. Well, what you reckon? Why when dat coffin reach Ridgeway and they find it mighty heavy for just one man's body, they open it and find Marse John's body done turn to solid rock. What you think of dat? And what you think of dis? They put him in de vault in de summertime. Dat fall a side show was goin' on in Columbia, showin' a petrified man, you had to pay twenty-five cents to go in and see it. De show leave and go up North. 'Bout Christmas, de family go together to de vault, open it, and bless God dat rock body gone got up and left dat vault. What you think 'bout dat? What people say? Some say one thing, some say another. Niggers all 'low, 'Marse John done rose from de dead.' White folks say: 'Somebody done stole dat body of Marse John and makin' a fortune out of it, in de side show line.'

“Well, I’s told you ‘nough for one day. I’s impatient to git back down yonder to them white ladies wid dis paper, so as to speed up dat pension as fast as I used to speed up them race horses I use to ride on de old race track road from Simpson’s to Columbia.

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ELIZA HASTY
EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.

Eliza Hasty lives with her son-in-law and her daughter, Philip Moore and Daisy Moore, in an old time ante bellum home. It has two stories, eight rooms, and front and back piazzas, supported by slender white posts or columns. It is the old William Douglas homestead, now owned by John D. Mobley. He rents it to Philip Moore, a well behaved Negro citizen, who, out of respect for his mother-in-law, Eliza, supports her in the sore trials and helplessness of blindness and old age. The home is five miles southeast of Blackstock, S.C.

"Boss, you is a good lookin' man, from de sound of your voice. Blind folks has ways of findin' out things that them wid sight know nothin' 'bout and nobody can splain. De blindness sharpens de hearin', 'creases de tech, prickles de skin, quickens de taste, and gives you de nose of a setter, pointer or hound dog. Was I always blind? Jesus, no! I just got de 'fliction several years ago. I see well enough, when I was a young gal, to pick out a preacher for my first husband. So I did! How many times I been married? Just two times; both husbands dead. Tell you 'bout them directly.

"What dat? Er ha, ha, ha, ha, er ha, ha, ha! Oh Jesus, you makes me laugh, white folks! De idea of my loosin' my sight a lookin' 'round for a third husband! You sho' is agreeable. Ain't been so tickled since de secon' time I was a widow. You know my secon' husband was bad after blind tiger liquor, and harlot eyed, brassy, hussy women.

"Well, I comes down to Winnsboro today to see, I should say to find out, 'cause you know I can't see, 'bout de pension they is givin' out to de aged and blind. My white folks say dat you wanna see me and here I is.

"Yes sir, I was born two miles south of Woodward and one mile south of old Yunguesville, on de Sterling place. I born a slave of old Marse John Sterling. Him have a head as red as a pecker-wood bird dat just de-sash-sheys 'round de top of dead trees, and make sich a rat-ta-ta-ta-pie after worms. His way of gittin' his meat for dinner. My mistress name Betsy. Deir fust child was Robert, dat never marry; him teach nearly every school in Fairfield County, off and on befo' he died. Then dere was young Marster Tom, small little man, dat carry his Seceeder 'ligion so far, him become 'furiated and carry dat 'ligion right up and into de Secession War. Make a good soldier, too! General Bratton call him, 'My Little Jackass of de Sharp Shooters'! Marse Tom proud of dat name, from de mouth of a great man lak General John Bratton.

"Marse Tom heard de fust gun fire at Fort Sumter, and laid down his gun him say, under a big horse apple tree at 'Applemattox'.

"Miss Sallie, one of de chillun, marry Mr. Chris Elder, of Blackstock. Miss Hepzibah, they call her Heppie, marry a man named Boyd, in Chester County. Miss Mary Izabella, they call her Bell, marry Marse John Douglas; they are de 'cestors of dat very angel whose house us is settin' in right dis minute. Her name is Martha but when grown-up, they sublet (meaning change) dat name to Mattie and when her marry, her become Mrs. Thomas P. Byrson. Her is a widow, just lak I is a widow. De only difference is, I's black and her is white. Her can see well enough to run after and ketch another man, but I's blind and can't see a man, much less chase after him. So dere it is! What for you laughin' 'bout? No laughin' business wid me.

"My daddy no b'long to Marse John Sterling; him slave of de Stinsons. Have to git a pass to come see my mammy, Mary. Him name Aleck. After de war him take de name of Alexander Roseboro. Him lak a big long name dat would make folks set up and take notice of him.

“Us live in a little log-house wid a dirt floor. Us had mighty poor beds, I tell you. Us just had planks to lay de wheat straw mattress on. Pillows? De pillows was just anything you could snatch and put under your head. Yes sir, us had plenty to eat.

“They ‘struct us in de short catechism, make us go to church and sit up in de gallery and jine in de singin’ on Sundays. Us was well ‘tended to when sick. Marster didn’t have many slaves. ‘Members only two they have, ‘sides us; they was Uncle Ned and Cindy. Seem lak dere was another. Oh yes! It was Fred, a all ’round de creation boy, to do anything and everything. He was a sorta shirt-tail boy dat pestered me sometime wid goo-goo eyes, a standin’ in de kitchen door, drappin’ his weight from one foot to de other, a lookin’ at me while I was a churnin’ or washin’ de dishes. Dat boy both box-ankle and knock-kneed. When you hear him comin’ from de horse lot to de house, his legs talk to one another, just lak sayin’: ‘You let me pass dis time, I let you pass nex’ time.’ I let you know I had no time for dat ape! When I did git ready to marry, I fly high as a eagle and ketch a preacher of de Word! Who it was? Him was a Baptist’ preacher, name Solomon Dixon. ‘Spect you hear tell of him. No? Well, him b’long, in slavery time, to your Aunt Roxie’s people in Liberty Hill, Kershaw County. You ‘members your Aunt Roxie dat marry marse Ed. D. Mobley, her fust cousin, don’t you?

“I love Solomon and went down under de water to be buried wid him in baptism, I sho’ did, and I come up out of dat water to be united wid him in wedlock. When us marry, him have on a long-tail coat salt and pepper trousers, box-toed shoes, and a red lead pencil over his ear, just as long as de one I ‘spects you is writin’ wid, tho’ I can’t see it.

“How I dressed? I ‘members ‘zactly. I wore a blue worsted shirt, over a red undershirt, over a white linen petticoat wid tuckers at de hem, just a little long, to show good and white ‘long wid de blue of de skirt and de red of de undershirt. Dese all come up to my waist and was held together by de string dat held my bustle in place. All dis and my corset was hid by de snow white pleated pique bodice, dat draped gracefully from my shoulders. ‘Round my neck was a string of green jade beads. I wore red stockin’s and my foots was stuck in soft, black, cloth, gaiter shoes.

“My go-away-hat was ‘stonishment to everybody. It was made out of red plush velvet and trimmed wid white satin ribbons. In de front, a ostrich feather stood up high and two big turkey feathers flanked de sides. Oh, de treasures of memory to de blind! I’s happy to sit here and talk to you ‘bout dat day! I sho’ is!

“Us live at Marse John Douglas for a time and dat where my fust child was born. I name her for your Aunt Roxie, tho’ I give her de full name, Roxanna Dixon. Her marry John Craig. They live on your grandpa Woodward’s old Nickey place, four miles southeast of Blackstock. I had another baby and I name her Daisy. Her marry Philip Moore. I lives wid them in de old William Douglas mansion. Nearly all de white folks leavin’ de country dese days and de colored folks gits de fine country houses to live in.

“Well, after de years fly by, my husband, Solomon, go to de mansion prepared for him and me in hebben. I wait a year and a day and marry William Hasty. Maybe I was a little hasty ‘bout dat, but ‘spects it was my fate. Him drink liquor and you know dat don’t run to de still waters of peace and happiness in de home. Him love me, I no doubt dat, but he get off to de bar room at Blackstock, or de still house in bottom lands, get drunk and spend his money. De Bible say dat kind of drowsiness soon clothe a man in rags. Him dead now. God rest his soul!

“De Yankees come. They took notice of me! They was a bad lot dat disgrace Mr. Lincoln dat sent them here. They insult women both white and black, but de Lord was mindful of his own.

“I knows nothin’ else to tell you, ‘less you would be pleased to hear ‘bout what de cyclone did to my old missus and de old Sterling house. Somewhere ‘bout 1880’s one of them super knickshal (equatorial) storms come ‘long, commencin’ over in Alabama or Georgia, crossed de Savannah River, sweep through South Carolina, layin’ trees to de ground, cuttin’ a path a quarter of a mile wide, as it traveled from west to east. Every house it tech, it carry de planks and shingles and sills and joists ‘way wid it. De old Sterling house was in de path. Dere was a big oak tree in de front yard. Old miss and her son, Robert, was dere and Miss Heppie, a granddaughter, was in dat house. De storm hit dat house ‘bout 9 o’clock dat night and never left a bit of it, ‘cept some of de bricks. Some of de logs and sills was found de nex’ day over at de other side of de railroad track. Some of de planks was found six miles east, some

of de shingles across Catawba River, 25 miles east, and curious to say, de wind blowed old miss against de big oak tree and kill her. It blowed Miss Heppie in de top of dat tree where she was settin' a cryin' and couldn't git down and it never harm a hair of Marse Robert's head. Him look 'round for Miss Heppie, couldn't find her, went off to get help, and when they come back, they have to git a ladder from old Mr. Bob Mobley's house to git her down.

"Well, here comes my daughters. I hear one outside but I bet you don't hear a thing. Dats deir steps I hear. Glad for you to meet them. They is mighty find gals, if I do have to say so. They come up wid good white folks, de Mills'. Marse Jim Mills have family prayer in de mornin' and family prayer befo' they go to bed. Dat was de fust thing wid him and de last thing wid de Mills' family. If all de families do dat way, dere would be de answer to de prayer, 'Dy kingdom come, Dy will be done, on earth as 'tis in hebben'.

"Well, give me my stick. Here dey is. I bids you goodbye and God bless you."

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ELLA KELLY
EX-SLAVE 81 YEARS OLD.

“Yes sir, I was born a slave of Mr. Tom Rabb, they call him black Tom Rabb, ‘cause dere was two other Tom Rabbs. Marster Tom’s hair was jet black and even when he shave, whiskers roots so black face ‘pear black. Yes sir, I come to birth on his place two or three miles from Monticello in de country, so I did. They say de year was de year President Buchanan was president, though I dunno nuttin’ ‘bout dat.

“My pappy name Henry Woodward, and b’long to old preacher Beelie Woodward’s son, John. But all dis was just what I heard them say ‘bout it. My mammy Ella. She was de cook. I took little to work in slavery time, just hang ‘round kitchen wid mammy, tote water and pick up chips, is all de work I done I ‘members.

“Money? Help me Jesus, No. How could I ever see it? In de kitchen I see none, and how I see money any where else, your honor? Nigger never had none! I ain’t got any money now, long time since I see any money.

“What did us eat? Dat’s somethin’ I knows ‘bout. My mammy de cook for de white folks, wasn’t I right dere at her apron strings all de time? Eat what de white folks eat, all de time, sho’ I did! Too little to ‘member much what slavery was like; can’t tell nothin’ ‘bout clothes, never had no shoes. Us went to church some Sundays. Funny, them dat had not been good or done somethin’ bad was kept at home by de white overseer, and some of them played wid de white chillun. Sorry I can’t answer every question.

“One story I ‘member ‘bout is de pa’tridges and de Savior. My pappy allowed de reason pa’tridges couldn’t fly over trees was: One day da Savior was a-riding long on a colt to de Mount of Olive Trees, and de drove flew up, make sich a fuss they scared de colt and he run away wid him. De marster put a cuss on de pa’tridges for dat, and ever since, they can’t fly over tree tops. You reckon dat so boss? They say they never does fly over trees!

“I had a good marster and mistress. When de slaves git sick, they ‘tend to them same as one of their own chillun. Doctor come quick. They set up and fan you and keep de flies off. They wouldn’t let da slaves do dis, ‘cause certain times you got to take medicine ‘cordin’ to doctors orders, and a slave might make a mistake. Oh, they was ‘ticular ‘bout sickness. They has a hard time wid some nigger chillun and dat cast’ oil bottle, I tell you!

“One of my young marsters was name Charlie. After freedom he marry one of Colonel Province’s daughters and me and my mammy moved and lived wid them a while. Then I got married to Wates Kelly, and went to live and work for a white man ‘bove White Oak. His name was Long John Cameron, de best white man to work for, but when Sat’day come and all de hands paid off, he git dat red hoss and turn and gallop to Winnsboro and bring back a passel of low down white trash wid him to de disbursement of all de good colored person on de place.

“Yes sir, Klu Klux was a terror to certain colored persons. I ‘members they come dressed up in white and false faces, passed on to de Richardson place and whipped somebody one night.

“My husban’ been dead twelve years. I’s got thirteen chillun and Minnie is de onliest one livin’ wid me in dis house. Her name Minnie Martin. Got whole lot of gran’chillun; they cover de earth from Charlotte to Jacksonville, and from Frisco to Harlem, New York; but never see them, just three, Franklin, Masie and Marie Martin.

“I heard ‘bout Lincoln and Booker T. Washington. De President now in de White House, Mr. Roosevelt, have done more good for da nigger in four years than all de other presidents since Lincoln,

done in fifty years. You say its been seventy-two years? Well, then all de rest in seventy-two years. Don't you know dat is so? Yes sir, dats de gospel truth.

"I's a member of de Baptist church. Been buried wid my Lord in baptism and hope for a resurrection wid him in Beulah Land.

"Yes, de overseer was de poor buckra, he was what you calls dis poor white trash. You know boss, dese days dere is three kind of people. Lowest down is a layer of white folks, then in de middle is a layer of colored folks and on top is de cream, a layer of good white folks. 'Spect it'll be dat way 'till Judgement day.

"I got one boy name Ben Tillman, livin' in dis town. White folks calls him Blossom, but he don't bloom 'round here wid any money, though he is on de relief roll by sayin' he got a poor old mammy nigh a hundred years old and he have to keep her up. 'Spect when I gits my old age pension my chillum will pay me some little 'tention, thank God. Don't you know they will, sure they will."

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ED BARBER
EX-SLAVE 77 YEARS OLD.

Ed Barber lives in a small one-room house in the midst of a cotton field on the plantation of Mr. A.M. Owens, ten miles southeast of Winnsboro, S.C. He lives alone and does his own cooking and housekeeping. He is a bright mulatto, has an erect carriage and posture, appears younger than his age, is intelligent and enjoys recounting the tales of his lifetime. His own race doesn't give him much countenance. His friends in the old days of reconstruction were white people. He presumes on such past affiliation and considers himself better than the full-blooded Negro.

"It's been a long time since I see you. Maybe you has forgot but I ain't forgot de fust time I put dese lookers on you, in '76. Does you 'members dat day? It was in a piece of pines beyond de Presbyterian Church, in Winnsboro, S.C. Us both had red shirts. You was a ridin' a gray pony and I was a ridin' a red mule, sorrel like. You say dat wasn't '76? Well, how come it wasn't? Cuillah Harrison, another nigger, was dere, though he was a man. Both of us got to arguin'. He 'low he could vote for Hampton and I couldn't, 'cause I wasn't 21. You say it was '78 'stead of '76, dat day in de pines when you was dere? Well! Well! I sho' been thinkin' all dis time it was '76.

"Member de fight dat day when Mr. Pole Barnadore knock Mr. Blanchard down, while de speakin' was a gwine on? You does? Well, us come to common 'greement on dat, bless God!

"Them was scary times! Me bein' just half nigger and half white man, I knowed which side de butter was on de bread. Who I see dere? Well, dere was a string of red shirts a mile long, dat come into Winnsboro from White Oak. And another from Flint Hill, over de Pea Ferry road, a mile long. De barrooms of de town did a big business dat day. Seem lak it was de fashion to git drunk all 'long them days.

"Them red shirts was de monkey wrench in de cotton-gin of de carpet bag party. I's here to tell you. If a nigger git hungry, all he have to do is go to de white folk's house, beg for a red shirt, and explain hissself a democrat. He might not git de shirt right then but he git his belly full of everything de white folks got, and de privilege of comin' to dat trough sometime agin.

"You wants me to tell you 'bout who I is, where I born, and how old I is? Well, just cross examine me and I'll tell you de facts as best I knows how.

"I was born twelve miles east of Winnsboro, S.C. My marster say it was de 18th of January, 1860.

"My mother name Ann. Her b'long to my marster, James Barber. Dat's not a fair question when you ask me who my daddy was. Well, just say he was a white man and dat my mother never did marry nobody while he lived. I was de onliest child my mother ever had.

"After freedom my mother raised me on de Marster Adam Barber place, up by Rocky Mount and Mitford. I stayed dere 'til all de 'citement of politics die down. My help was not wanted so much at de 'lection boxes, so I got to roamin' 'round to furst one place and then another. But wheresomever I go, I kept a thinkin' 'bout Rosa and de ripe may-pops in de field in cotton pickin' time. I landed back to de Barber place and after a skirmish or two wid de old folks, marry de gal de Lord always 'tended for me to marry. Her name was Rosa Ford. You ask me if she was pretty? Dat's a strange thing. Do you ever hear a white person say a colored woman is pretty? I never have but befo' God when I was trampin' 'round Charleston, dere was a church dere called St. Mark, dat all de society folks of my color went to. No black nigger welcome dere, they told me. Thinkin' as how I was bright 'nough to git in, I up and goes dere one Sunday. Ah, how they did carry on, bow and scrape and ape de white folks. I see some pretty feathers, pretty fans, and pretty women dere! I was uncomfortable all de time though, 'cause they was too 'hifalootin' in de ways, in de singin', and all sorts of carryin' ons.

“Glad you fetch me back to Rosa. Us marry and had ten chillum. Francis Thompkins, William, Jim, Levi, Ab and Oz is dead. Katie marry a Boykin and is livin’ in New York. My wife, Rosa, die on dis place of Mr. Owens.

“I lives in a house by myself. I hoes a little cotton, picks plums and blackberries but dewberries ‘bout played out.

“My marster, James Barber, went through de Civil War and died. I begs you, in de name of de good white folks of ’76 and Wade Hampton, not to forget me in dis old age pension business.

“What I think of Abe Lincoln? I think he was a poor buckra white man, to de likes of me. Although, I ‘spects Mr. Lincoln meant well but I can’t help but wish him had continued splittin’ them fence rails, which they say he knowed all ‘bout, and never took a hand in runnin’ de government of which he knowed nothin’ ‘bout. Marse Jeff Davis was all right, but him oughta got out and fought some, lak General Lee, General Jackson and ‘Poleon Bonaparte. Us might have won de war if he had turned up at some of de big battles lak Gettysburg, ‘Chickenmaroger’, and ‘Applemattox’. What you think ‘bout dat?

“Yes sah, I has knowed a whole lot of good white men. Marse General Bratton, Marse Ed P. Mobley, Marse Will Durham, dat owned dis house us now settin’ in, and Dr. Henry Gibson. Does I know any good colored men? I sho’ does! Dere’s Professor Benjamin Russell at Blackstock. You knows him. Then dere was Cuillah Harrison dat own a four-hoss team and a saddle hoss, in red shirt days. One time de brass band at Winnsboro, S.C. wanted to go to Camden, S.C. to play at de speakin’ of Hampton. He took de whole band from Winnsboro to Camden, dat day, free of charge. Ah! De way dat band did play all de way to Ridgeway, down de road to Longtown, cross de Camden Ferry, and right into de town. Dere was horns a blowin’, drums a beatin’, and people a shoutin’: ‘Hurrah for Hampton!’ Some was a singin’: ‘Hang Dan Chamberlain on a Sour Apple Tree’. Cuillah come home and found his wife had done had a boy baby. What you reckon. He name dat boy baby Wade Hampton. When he come home to die, he lay his hand on dat boy’s head and say: ‘Wade, ‘member who you name for and always vote a straight out democrat ticket’. Which dat boy did!”

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HENRY DAVIS
EX-SLAVE 80 YEARS OLD.

Henry Davis is an old Negro, a bright mulatto, who lives in a two-room frame house on the farm of Mr. Amos E. Davis, about two miles southwest of Winnsboro, S.C.

In the house with him, are his wife, Rosa, and his grown children, Roosevelt, Utopia, and Rose. They are day laborers on the farm. At this period, Henry picks about seventy-five pounds of cotton a day. His children average one hundred and fifty pounds each. The four together are thus enabled to gather about five hundred and twenty-five pounds per day, at the rate of sixty-five cents per hundred. This brings to the family, a daily support of \$3.41. This is seasonal employment, however; and, as they are not a provident household, hard times come to Henry and his folks in the winter and early summer.

"I was born on de old Richard Winn plantation dat my marster, Dr. W.K. Turner, owned and lived on. I was born de year befo' him marry Miss Lizzie Lemmon, my mistress in slavery time.

"My mother was name Mary and took de name of Davis, 'cause befo' freedom come, her was bought by my master, from Dr. Davis, near Monticello.

"I had a good many marsters and mistresses. Miss Minnie marry Dr. Scruggs. Miss Anna marry Mr. Dove. Miss Emma marry Mr. Jason Pope. Marse Willie K. marry a Miss Carroll up in York, S.C., and Marse Johnnie marry Miss Essie Zealy. My brothers and sisters was Minton, Ike, Martha, and Isabella.

"Who I marry and all 'bout it! How come you want to know dat! I 'clare! You think dat gwine to loosen me up! Well, I marry de 'Rose of Sharon' or I calls her dat when I was sparkin' her, though she was a Lemmon. Her was name Rose Lemmon. Lots of times she throw dat in my face 'Rose of Sharon' when things go wrong. Then her git uppish and sniff, 'Rose of Sharon, my eye! You treats me lak I was a dogwood rose on de hillside or worse than dat lak I was a Jimson weed or a rag weed.

"My mammy and us chillun live in de yard not far from de kitchen. My mammy do de washin' and ironin'. Us chillun did no work. I ride 'round most of de time wid de doctor in his buggy and hold de hoss while he visit de patients. Just set up in de buggy and wait 'til him git ready to go to another place or go home.

"I 'member de Yankees comin' and searchin' de house, takin' off de cows, mules, hosses, and burnin' de gin-house and cotton. They say dat was General Sherman's orders. They was 'lowed to leave de dwellin' house standin', in case of a doctor or preacher.

"Miss Lizzie had a whole lot of chickens. Her always keep de finest pullets. She make pies and chicken salad out of de oldest hens. Dat February de Yankees got here, she done save up 'bout fifty pullets dat was ready to lay in March. A squad of Yankees make us chillun ketch every one and you know how they went 'way wid them pullets. They tie two on behind, in de rings of de saddle. Then they tie two pullets together and hang them on de saddle pommel, one on each side of de hosses neck. Dat throw them flankin' de hosses withers. I 'members now them gallopin' off, wid them chickens flutterin' and hollerin' whare, whare, whare, whare!

"After slavery time, us live on de Turner place nigh into thirty years and then was de time I go to see Rosa and court and marry her. Her folks b'long to de Lemmons and they had stayed on at de Lemmon's place. De white folks of both plantations 'courage us to have a big weddin'. Her white folks give her a trousseau and mine give me a bedstead, cotton mattress, and two feather pillows. Dat was a mighty happy day and a mighty happy night for de 'Rose of Sharon'. Her tells young niggers 'bout it to dis day and I just sets and smokes my pipe and thinks of all de days dat am passed and gone and wonder

if de nex' world gwine to bring us back to youth and strength to 'joy it, as us did when Rose and me was young.

“Does I 'members anything 'bout patrollers? 'Deed I do! Marster didn't 'ject to his slaves gwine to see women off de place. I hear him say so, and I hear him tell more than once dat if he ever hear de patrollers a comin' wid blood hounds, to run to de lot and stick his foots in de mud and de dogs wouldn't follow him. Lots of run'ways tried it, I heard, and it proved a success and I don't blame them dogs neither.”

Born in Slavery: Slave Narratives from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1938, United States Works Project Administration, Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress
Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

CHARLEY BARBER
EX-SLAVE 81 YEARS OLD.

Charley Barber lives in a shanty kind of house, situated on a plot of ground containing two acres all his own. It is a mile and a half southeast of Winnsboro, S.C. He lives with an anaemic daughter, Maggie, whose chief interests are a number of cats, about the premises, and a brindled, crumple-horned cow that she ties out to graze every morning and milks at evening.

Charley is squat of figure, short neck, popeyed, and has white hair. He tills the two acres and produces garden truck that he finds a sale for among the employees of the Winnsboro mills, just across the railroad from his home. He likes to talk, and pricks up his ears, (so to speak), whenever anything is related as having occurred in the past. He will importune those present to hear his version of the event unusual.

"Well sah, dis is a pleasure to have you call 'pon me, howsomever it be unexpected dis mornin'. Shoo! (driving the chickens out of the house) Shoo! Git out of here and go scratch a livin' for them chickens dat's followin' you yet, and you wont wean and git to layin' again. Fust thing you know you'll be spoilin' de floor, when us is got company dis very minute. Scat! Maggie, git them cats out de chairs long 'moung for Mr. Wood to set in one whilst he's come to see me dis mornin'.

"And dat's it? You wants me to talk over de days dat am gone? How dis come 'bout and how dat come 'bout, from de day I was born to dis very Hour? Let's light up our smokestacks befo' us begin. Maybe you wants a drink of water. Maggie, fetch de water here!

"How old you think I is, sixty-five? My goodness! Do you hear dat Maggie?) Rubbing his hands; his eyes shining with pleasure) Take another look and make another guess. Seventy-five? You is growin' warm but you'll have to come again!

"Bless your soul Marse Wood, you know what old Mudder Shifton say? She 'low dat: 'In de year 1881, de world to an end will surely come'. I was twenty-five years old, when all de niggers and most of de white folks was believin' dat old lady and lookin' for de world to come to an end in 1881. Dat was de year dat I jined de church, 'cause I wanted to make sure dat if de end did come, I'd be caught up in dat rapture dat de white Methodist preacher was preachin' 'bout and explainin' to my marster and mistress at deir house on de piazza dat year.

"I is eighty-one years old. I was born up on de Wateree River, close to Great Falls. My marster was Ozmond Barber. My mistress was name Miss Elizabeth; her de wife of Marse Ozmond. My pappy was name Jacob. My mammy went by de name of Jemima. They both come from Aftrica where they was born. They was 'ticed on a ship, fetch 'cross de ocean to Virginny, fetch to Winnsboro by a slave drover, and sold to my marster's father. Dat what they tell me. When they was sailin' over, dere was five or six hundred others all together down under de first deck of de ship, where they was locked in. They never did talk lak de other slaves, could just say a few words, use deir hands, and make signs. They want deir collards, turnips, and deir 'taters, raw. They lak sweet milk so much they steal it.

"Pappy care nothin' bout clothes and wouldn't wear shoes in de winter time or any time. It was 'ginst de law to bring them over here when they did, I learn since. But what is de law now and what was de law then, when bright shiny money was in sight? Money make de automobile go. Money make de train go. Money make de mare go, and at dat time I 'spect money make de ships go. Yes sir, they, my pappy and mammy, was just smuggled in dis part of de world, I bet you!

"War come on, my marster went out as a captain of de Horse Marines. A tune was much sung by de white folks on de place and took wid de niggers. It went lak dis:

'I'm Captain Jenks of de Horse Marines

I feed my horse on corn and beans.
 Oh! I'm Captan Jenks of de Horse Marines
 And Captain in de army!

“When de Yankees come they seem to have special vengeance for my white folks. They took everything they could carry off and burnt everything they couldn't carry off.

“Mistress and de chillun have to go to Chester to git a place to sleep and eat, wid kinfolks. De niggers just lay 'round de place 'til master rode in, after de war, on a horse; him have money and friends and git things goin' agin. I stay on dere 'til '76. Then I come to Winnsboro and git a job as section hand laborer on de railroad. Out of de fust money, - (I git paid off de pay train then; company run a special pay train out of Columbia to Charlotte. They stop at every station and pay de hands off at de rear end of de train in cash). Well, as I was sayin': Out de fust money, I buys me a red shirt and dat November I votes and de fust vote I put in de box was for governor Wade Hampton. Dat was the fust big thing I done.

“De nex' big thing I done was fall in love wid Mary Wylie. Dat come 'but on de second pay day. De other nigger gals say her marry me for my money but I never have believed it. White ladies do dat 'kalkilating' trick sometimes but you take a blue-gum nigger gal, all wool on de top of her head and lak to dance and jig wid her foots, to pattin' and fiddle music, her ain't gonna have money in de back of her head when her pick out a man to marry. Her gonna want a man wid muscles on his arms and back and I had them. Usin' dat pick and shovel on de railroad just give me what it took to git Mary. Us had ten chillun. Some dead, some marry and leave. My wife die year befo' last. Maggie is puny, as you see, and us gits 'long wid de goodness of de Lord and de white folks.

“I b'longs to de St. John Methodist Church in Middlesex, part of Winnsboro. They was havin' a rival (revival) meetin' de night of de earthquake, last day of August, in 1886. Folks had hardly got over de scare of 1881, 'bout de world comin' to an end. It was on Tuesday night, if I don't disremember, 'bout 9 o'clock. De preacher was prayin', just after de fust sermon, but him never got to de amen part of dat prayer. Dere come a noise or rumblin', lak far off thunder, seem lak it come from de northwest, then de church begin to rock lak a baby's cradle. Dere was great excitement. Old Aunt Melvina holler: 'De world comin' to de end.' De preacher say: 'Oh, Lordy', and run out of de pulpit. Everbody run out de church in de moonlight. When de second quake come, 'bout a minute after de fust, somebody start up de cry: 'De devil under de church! De devil under de church! De devil gwine to take de church on his back and run away wid de church!' People never stop runnin' 'til they got to de court house in town. Dere they, 'clare de devil done take St. John's Church on his back and fly away to hell wid it. Marse Henry Gaillard make a speech and tell them what it was and beg them to go home. Dat Mr. Skinner, de telegraph man at de depot, say de main part of it was way down 'out Charleston, too far away for anybody to git hurt here, 'less a brick from a chimney fall on somebody's head. De niggers mostly believes what a fine man, lak Marse Henry, tell them. De crowd git quiet. Some of them go home but many of them, down in de low part of town, set on de railroad track in de moonlight, all night. I was mighty sleepy de nex' mornin' but I work on de railroad track just de same. Dat night folks come back to St. John's Church, find it still dere, and such a outpourin' of de spirit was had as never was had befo' or since.

“Just think! Dat has been fifty-one years ago. Them was de glorious horse and buggy days. Dere was no air-ships, no autos, and no radios. White folks had horses to drive. Niggers had mules to ride to a baseball game, to see white folks run lak de patarollers (patrollers) was after them and they holler lak de world was on fire.”

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ANDY BRICE
EX-SLAVE 81 YEARS OLD.

Andy Brice lives with his wife and two small children, about twelve miles east of Ridgeway, S.C., in a two-room frame building, chimney in the center. The house is set in a little cluster of pines one hundred and fifty yards north of the state highway #34. Andy, since the amputation of his right leg five years ago, has done no work and is too old to learn a trade. He has a regular beggar's route including the towns of Ridgeway, Winnsboro, Woodward, and Blackstock. His amiability and good nature enable him to go home after each trip with a little money and a pack of miscellaneous gifts from white friends.

"Howdy Cap'n! I come to Winnsboro dis mornin' from way 'cross Wateree, where I live now 'mongst de bull-frogs and skeeters. Seem lak they just sing de whole night thru: 'De bull-frog on de bank, and de skeeter in de pool.' Then de skeeter sail 'round my face wid de tra la, la a la, la part of dat old song you is heard, maybe many times.

"I see a spit-box over dere. By chance, have you got any 'bacco? Make me more glib if I can chew and spit; then I 'members more and better de things done past and gone.

"I was a slave of Mistress Jane. Her was a daughter of old Marster William Brice. Her marry Henry Younge and mammy was give to Marse Henry and Miss Jane.

"My pappy name Tony. Mammy name Sallie. You is seen her many a day. Marse Henry got kilt in de war. His tombstone and Mistress Jane's tombstone am in Concord Cemetery. They left two chillum, Miss Kittie and Miss Maggie. They both marry a Caldwell; same name but no kin. Miss Kittie marry Marse Joe Caldwell and move to Texas. Miss Maggie marry Marse Camel Caldwell and move to North Carolina.

"My pappy die durin' de war. After freedom, mammy marry a ugly, no 'count nigger name Mills Douglas. She had one child by him, name Janie. My mammy name her dat out of memory and love for old mistress, in slavery time. I run away from de home of my step-pappy and got work wid Major Thomas Brice. I work for him 'til I become a full grown man and come to be de driver of de four-hoss wagon.

"One day I see Marse Thomas a twistin' de ears on a fiddle and rosinin' de bow. Then he pull dat bow 'cross de belly of dat fiddle. Sumpin' bust loose in me and sing all thru my head and tingle in my fingers. I make up my mind, right then and dere, to save and buy me a fiddle. I got one dat Christmas, bless God! I learn and been playin' de fiddle ever since. I pat one foot while I playin'. I kept on playin' and pattin' dat foot for thirty years. I lose dat foot in a smash up wid a highway accident but I play de old tunes on dat fiddle at night, dat foot seem to be dere at de end of dat leg (indicating) and pats just de same. Sometime I ketch myself lookin' down to see if it have come back and jined itself up to dat leg, from de very charm of de music I makin' wid de fiddle and de bow.

"I never was very popular wid my own color. They say behind my back, in '76, dat I's a white folks nigger. I wear a red shirt them, drink red liquor, play de fiddle at de 'lection box, and vote de white folks ticket. Who I marry? I marry Ellen Watson, as pretty a ginger cake nigger as ever fried a batter cake or rolled her arms up in a wash tub. How I git her? I never git her; dat fiddle got her. I play for all de white folks dances down at Cedar Shades, up at Blackstock. De money roll in when someone pass 'round de hat and say: 'De fiddler!' Ellen had more beaux 'round her than her could shake a stick at but de beau she lak best was de bow dat could draw music out of them five strings, and draw money into dat hat, dat jingle in my pocket de nex' day when I go to see her.

"I 'members very little 'bout de war, tho' I was a good size boy when de Yankees come. By instint, a nigger can make up his mind pretty quick 'bout de creed of white folks, whether they am buckra

or whether they am not. Every Yankee I see had de stamp of poor white trash on them. They strutted 'round, big Ike fashion, a bustin' in rooms widout knockin', talkin' free to de white ladies, and familiar to de slave gals, ransackin' drawers, and runnin' deir bayonets into feather beds, and into de flower beds in de yards.

"What church I b'long to? None. Dat fiddle draws down from hebben all de sermons dat I understan'. I sings de hymns in de way I praise and glorify de Lord.

"Cotton pickin' was de biggest work I ever did, outside of drivin' a wagon and playin' de fiddle. Look at them fingers; they is supple. I carry two rows of cotton at a time. One week I pick, in a race wid others over 300 pounds a day. Commencin' Monday thru Friday night, I pick 1,562 pounds cotton seed. Dat make a bale weighin' 500 pounds, in de lint.

"Ellen and me have one child, Sallie Ann. Ellen 'joy herself, have a good time nussin' white folks chillun. Nussed you; she tell me 'bout it many time. 'Spect she mind you of it very often. I knows you couldn't git 'round dat woman; nobody could. De Lord took her home fifteen years ago and I marry a widow, Ida Belton down on de Kershaw County side.

"You wants me to tell 'bout dat 'lection day at Woodward, in 1878? You wants to know de beginnin' and de end of it? Yes? Well, you couldn't wet dis old man's whistle wid a swallow of red liquor now? Couldn't you or could you? Dis was de way of it: It was set for a Tuesday. Monday I drive de four-hoss wagon down to dis very town. Marse John McCrory and Marse Ed Woodward come wid me. They was in a buggy. When us got here, us got twenty sixteen shooters and put them under de hay us have in de wagon. Bar rooms was here. I had fetched my fiddle 'long and played in Marse Fred Habernick's bar 'til dinner time. Us leave town 'bout four o'clock. Roads was bad but us got home 'bout dark. Us put de guns in Marse Andy Mobley's store. Marse Ed and me leave Marse John to sleep in de store and to take care of de guns.

"De nex' mornin', polls open in de little school house by de brick church. I was dere on time, help to fix de table by de window and set de ballot boxes on it. Voters could come to de window, put deir arms thru and tuck de vote in a slit in de boxes. Dere was two supervisors, Marse Thomas for de democrats and Uncle Jordan for de Radicals. Marse Thomas had a book and a pencil, Uncle Jordan had de same.

"Joe Foster, big buckra nigger, want to vote a stranger. Marse Thomas challenge dis vote. In them times colored preachers so 'furiate de women, dat dey would put on breeches and vote de 'Publican radical ticket. De stranger look lak a woman. Joe Foster 'spute Mars Thomas' word and Marse Thomas knock him down wid de naked fist. Marse Irish Billy Brice, when him see four or five hindred backs crowdin' 'round Marse Thomas, he jump thru de window from de inside. When he lit on de ground, pistol went off pow! One nigger drop in his tracks. Sixteen men come from nowhere and sixteen, sixteen shooters. Marse Thomas hold up his hand to them and say: 'Wait!' Him point to de niggers and say: 'Git!' They start to runnin' 'cross de railroad, over de hillside and never quit runnin' 'til they git half a mile away. De only niggers left on dat ground was me, old Uncle Kantz, (you know de old mulatto, club-foot nigger) well, me and him and Albert Gladney, de hurt nigger dat was shot thru de neck was de only niggers left. Dr. Tom Douglas took de ball out Albert's neck and de white folks put him in a wagon and sent him home. I drive de wagon. When I got back, de white boys was in de graveyard gittin' names off de tombstones to fill out de talley sheets, dere was so many votes in de box for de Hampton ticket, they had to vote de dead. I 'spect dat was one resurrection day all over South Carolina."

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

ED McCROREY, ALIAS ED MACK
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

"Yes sah, I was born in slavery time, on de Lord's Day. I 'members mammy tellin' me, but just which month, I disremembers dat. De year done gone out my 'membrance, but I is eighty-two. You'll have to help figger dat year out for me. It was befo' de Yankees come, 'cause I see them then. I good size chap, I was dat day.

"My marster was Wateree Jim McCrorey. My mistress name Miss Sara. Sure she de wife of Marster Jim. Does I recollect de chillum? 'Spect I can name most of them. Young Marster Bill marry a Miss Harper kin to de old Jedge Harper. Miss Sara, her marry a Beaty, a buckra, and Marster John got killed in de war.

"My father was name Washington, after General George Washington, though he got nothin' but 'Wash' in de handlin' of his name. My mammy name Dolly, after de President's wife 'Dolly'. De white folks tell mammy dat her was name for a very great lady. You ask me why I say father and not say mother? Well boss, let me see; maybe I regard father, but I loves mammy. My white folks say father but I learnt on de breast and knees of mammy to say mammy, and dat's a sweet name to dis old nigger, which and how I ain't gonna change 'less her changes it when I git to heaven bye and bye.

"Marster Jim live on Wateree Creek. Had big plantation and a heap of slaves. Maybe you knows de place. Marster Troy own it, after de war. De Yankees never burn up de house. It catch afire from a spark out de chimney of de house dat Marster Troy was habitatin' then. Yas sah, Yankees took all they could carry way, but didn't touch de house. Marster Troy kept a bar and lots of poor white trash continually 'round dere smokin'. 'Spect some of them no 'count folks caused de fire.

"Lord bless you! Yas sah, us had plenty to eat and wear; wore shoes in winter, though they were sorta stiff, de wooden bottoms make them that way. Us boys run 'round in our shirt tails in summer time. Us lak dat!

"What I lak best to eat in them times? 'Lasses and pone bread for breakfast; roastin' ears, string beans, hog jowls, bread and buttermilk for dinner; and clabber and blackberry cobbler for supper. Them's good eatin's I tell you!

"Did I ever git a whippin'? Lordy, Lordy! Did I? Once I 'members one moonlight night 'bout midnight a gettin' up off my pallet on de floor, goin' out in de sugar cane patch and gittin' a big stalk of de cane. When I gits back to our house, young Marster Jim ketch me and say: 'Dat you Ed?' I'd lak to deny it was me, but dere I was, ketch wid de cane on me. What could I say? I just say: 'Please Marster Jim, don't tell old marster, just do wid me what you laks'. He make his face grim and sentence come from his mouth: 'Ten lashes and privilege of eatin' de cane, or five lashes and de cane be given de pigs in de pen; lashes 'plied wid a hame string on de bare back and rump'. Dat last word seem to tickle him and he laugh. Dat brightened me some. 'Which you goin' to tak', say young marster. I say, 'I wants de sugar cane, Marster Jimmy, but please make de lashes soft as you can'. Then he git stern again, took me by de hand, lead me to de harness house, got a hame string and say, 'Now don't you bellow, might wake mother'. Then he give me de ten lashes and they wasn't soft a-tall. I didn't cry out on de night wind though. Dat ended it.

"My white folks 'tended Wateree Church. I never went to church in time of slavery, though. I now b'longs to de Big Zion African Methodist Church in Chester, S.C. What I feel lak when I jine? I felt turnt all 'round, now all over. It was lak I never had been, never was, but always is to be 'til I see Him who clean my heart. How you is teched on sumpin' dat I better be quiet 'bout.

“I marry Emily Watson, sumpin’ ‘bout her attractive to all men, white men in particular. After I got four chillun by her, one of de big white men of de county have a ruction wid his widow-wife and step chillun. They left him. Emily was cookin’ for him. It wasn’t long befo’ she quit comin’ home at night. I leaves de place. Emily have four chillun by dat white man. One of my chillun by Emily, is a street sweeper for de town of Winnsboro. ‘Spect he is fifty years old. Dat was our oldest child. De second one up and marry a preacher, Rev. Brown. De other two in New Jersey and they make a heap of money they say, but I never see de color of dat money.

“Our neighbors was Gen. Bratton and Capt. Ed. P. Mobley. Both powerful rich men and just ‘bout set de style of polite livin’. Everybody looked up to General Bratton, expected nothin’, got nothin’. Everybody dat come ‘round Marster Ed. P. Mobley, expect sumpin’ and went away wid sumpin’.

After freedom, Marster Ed’s son, Marster Mose, marry Miss Minnie McCrorey; her de mother of Marster Bill Mobley, County Treasurer, Richland County. She die and Marster Mose take another sister, Miss Emma. Her son big doctor at Florence, S.C.

“Does I know any funny stories? Does you want a true story? Yas? Well, all Marster Ed Mobley’s niggers lak to stay wid him after freedom. They just stay on widout de whippin’s. ‘Stead of whippin’s they just got cussin’s, good ones too. Dere was two old men, Joe Raines and Joe Murray, dat he was ‘ticular fond of. Maybe he more love Joe Raines de bestest. One day Joe Murray let de cows git away in de corn field. At dinner time Marster Ed cuss him befo’ de whole crowd of hands, layin’ ‘round befo’ dinner; and he cuss him powerful. After dinner Joe Murray grieve and complain much ‘bout it to de crowd. Joe Raines up and allow: ‘Next time he cuss you, do lak I do, just cuss him back. Dis is a free country, yas sah. Just give him as good a cussin’ as he gives you’.

“Not long after dat, de boar hog git out de lot gate, when Joe Murray was leadin’ his mule out. Marster Ed lit out on Joe Murray a cussin’ and Joe Murray lit out on Marster Ed a cussin’, and then Marster Ed ketch Joe and give him a slavery time whippin’ and turn him loose. Joe Murray take his mule on to de field, where he glum wid Joe Raines. Joe Murray tell ‘bout de boar hog getting out and de cussin’s and de whippin’s. Joe Raines allow: ‘You didn’t cuss him right. You never cuss him lak I cuss him, or you’d a never got a whippin’.’ Joe Murray allow: ‘How you cuss him then, Joe?’ Say Joe Raines very slow, ‘Well when I cuss Marster Ed, I goes way down in de bottom where de corn grow high and got a black color. I looks east and west and north and south. I see no Marster Ed. Then I pitches into him and gives him de worst cussin’ a man ever give another man. Then when I goes back to de house, my feelin’s is satisfied from de cussin’ I have give him, and he is sure to make up wid me for Marster Ed don’t bear anger in his bosom long. De next time cuss him but be sure to go way off somewhere so he can’t hear you, nigger’.

“Some time I sorry I’s free. I have a hard time now. If it was slavery time, I’d be better off in my body and easy in my mind. I stays wid my daughter, Emily. My old marster, Wateree Jim, is the bestest white man I has ever knowed. My race has never been very good to me.

“I was too young to work much, just ‘tend to de cows, carry water in de fields, pick up chips, find de turkey and guinea nests. I’s never voted in my life, never been in jail in my life. Seem lak I’s just a branch or pond dryin’ up on de road side, and de onliest friend I’s got is de President and dat good old dog of mine.

“Good bye and God bless you sir, ‘til we meet again.”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

FRANK ADAMSON
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

"I 'members when you was barefoot at de bottom; now I see you a settin' dere, gittin' bare at de top, as bare as de palm of my hand.

"I's been 'possum huntin' wid your pappy, when he lived on de Wateree, just after de war. One night us got into tribulation, I tells you! 'Twas 'bout midnight when de dogs make a tree. Your pappy climb up de tree, git 'bout halfway up, heard sumpin' dat once you hears it you never forgets, and dats de rattlin' of de rattles on a rattle snake's tail. Us both 'stinctly hear dat sound! What us do? Me on de ground, him up de tree, but where de snake? Dat was de misery, us didn't know. Dat snake give us fair warnin' though! Marster Sam (dats your pa) 'low: 'Frank, ease down on de ground; I'll just stay up here for a while.' I lay on them leaves, skeered to make a russle. Your pa up de tree skeered to go up or down! Broad daylight didn't move us. Sun come up, he look all 'round from his vantage up de tree, then come down, not 'til then, do I gits on my foots.

"Then I laugh and laugh and laugh, and ask Marster Sam how he felt. Marster Sam kinda frown and say: 'Damn I feels like hell! Git up dat tree! Don't you see dat 'possum up dere?' I say: 'But where de snake, Marster?' He say: 'Dat rattler done gone home, where me and you and dat 'possum gonna be pretty soon!'

"I b'longs to de Peays. De father of them all was, Kershaw Peay. My marster was his son, Nicholas; he was a fine man to just look at. My mistress was always tellin' him 'bout how fine and handsome-like he was. He must of got use to it; howsomeever, marster grin every time she talk like dat.

"My pappy was bought from de Adamson peoples; they say they got him off de ship from Africa. He sho' was a man; he run all de other niggers 'way from my mammy and took up wid her widout askin' de marster. Her name was Lavinia. When us got free, he 'sisted on Adamson was de name us would go by. He name was William Adamson. Yes sir! My brothers was: Justus, Hillyard, and Donald, and my sisters was, Martha and Lizzettie.

"Deed I did work befo' freedom. What I do? Hoed cotton, pick cotton, 'tend to calves and slop de pigs, under de 'vision of de overseer. Who he was? First one name Mr. Cary, he a good man. Another one Mr. Tim Gladden, burn you up whenever he just take a notion to pop his whip. Us boys run 'round in our shirt tails. He lak to see if he could lift the shirt tail widout techin' de skins. Just as often as not, though, he tech de skin. Little boy holler and Marster Tim laugh.

"Us live in quarters. Our beds was nailed to de sides of de house. Most of de chillun slept on pallets on de floor. Got water from a big spring.

"De white folks 'tend to you all right. Us had two doctors, Doctor Carlisle and Doctor James.

"I see some money, but never own any then. Had plenty to eat: Meat, bread, milk, lye hominy, horse apples, turnips, collards, pumpkins, and dat kind of truck.

"Was marster rich? How come he wasn't? He brag his land was ten miles square and he had a thousand slaves. Them poor white folks looked up to him lak God Almighty; they sho' did. They would have stuck their hands in de fire if he had of asked them to do it. He had a fish pond on top of de house and terraces wid strawberries, all over de place. See them big columns down dere now? Dats all dats left of his grandness and greatness. They done move de whippin' post dat was in de backyard. Yes sah, it was a 'cessity wid them niggers. It stood up and out to 'mind them dat if they didn't please de master and de overseer, they'd hug dat post, and de lend of dat whip lash gwine to flip to de hide of dat back of their's.

“I ain’t a complainin’. He was a good master, bestest in de land, but he just have to have a whippin’ post, ‘cause you’ll find a whole passle of bad niggers when you gits a thousand of them in one flock.

“Screech owl holler? Women and men turn socks and stockings wrong side out quick, dat they did, do it now, myself. I’s black as a crow but I’s got a white folks heart. Didn’t ketch me foolin’ ‘round wid niggers in radical times. I’s as close to white folks then as peas in a pod. Wore de red shirt and drunk a heap of brandy in Columbia, dat time us went down to General Hampton into power. I ‘clare I hollered so loud goin’ ‘long in de procession, dat a nice white lady run out one of de houses down dere in Columbia, give me two biscuits and a drum stick of chicken, patted me on de shoulder, and say: ‘Thank God for all de big black men dat can holler for Governor Hampton as loud as dis one does.’ Then I hollers some more for to please dat lady, though I had to take de half chawed chicken out dis old mouth, and she laugh ‘bout dat ‘til she cried. She did!

“Well, I’ll be rockin’ ‘long balance of dese days, a hollerin’ for Mr. Roosevelt, just as loud as I holler then for Hampton.

“My young marsters was: Austin, Tom, and Nicholas; they was all right ‘cept they tease you too hard maybe some time, and want to mix in wid de ‘fairs of slave ‘musements.

“Now what make you ask dat? Did me ever do any courtin’? You know I did. Every he thing from a he king down to a buntty rooster gits ‘cited ‘bout she things. I’s lay wake many nights ‘bout sich things. It’s de nature of a he, to take after de she. They do say dat a he angel ain’t got dis to worry ‘bout.

“I fust courted Martha Harrison. Us marry and jine de church. Us had nine chillun; seven of them livin’. A woman can’t stand havin’ chillun, lak a man. Carryin’, sucklin’, and ‘tending to them wore her down, dat, wid de malaria of de Wateree brung her to her grave.

“I sorrow over her for weeks, maybe five months, then I got to thinking how I’d pair wid dis one and dat one and de other one. Took to shavin’ again and gwine to Winnsboro every Saturday, and different churches every Sunday. I hear a voice from de choir, one Sunday, dat makes me sit up and take notice of de gal on de off side in front. Well sir! A spasm of fright fust hit me dat I might not git her, dat I was too old for de likes of her, and dat some no ‘count nigger might be in de way. In a few minutes I come to myself. I rise right up, walked into dat choir, stand by her side, and wid dis voice of mine, dat always ‘tracts ‘tention, jined in de hymn and out sung them all. It was easy from dat time on.

“I marry Kate at de close of dat revival. De day after de weddin’, what you reckon? Don’t know? Well, after gittin’ breakfas’ she went to de field, poke ‘round her neck, basket on her head and picked two hundred pounds of cotton. Dats de kind of woman she is.”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

MILLIE BARBER
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

"Hope you find yourself well dis mornin', white folks. I's just common; 'spect I eats too much yesterday. You know us celebrated yesterday, 'cause it was de Fourth of July. Us had a good dinner on dis 2,000 acre farm of Mr. Owens. God bless dat white boss man! What would us old no 'count niggers do widout him? Dere's six or seven, maybe eight of us out here over eighty years old. 'Most of them is like me, not able to hit a lick of work, yet he take care of us; he sho' does.

"Mr. Owens not a member of de church but he allow dat he done found out dat it more blessed to give than to receive, in case like us.

"You wants to know all 'bout de slavery time, de war, de Ku Kluxes and everything? My tongue too short to tell you all dat I knows. However, if it was as long as my stockin's, I could tell you a trunk full of good and easy, bad and hard, dat dis old life-stream have run over in eighty-two years. I's hoping to reach at last them green fields of Eden of de Promise Land. 'Scuse me ramblin' 'round, now just ask me questions; I bet I can answer all you ask.

"My pa name, Tom McCullough; him was a slave of old Marster John McCullough, whose big two-story house is de oldest in Fairfield County. It stands today on a high hill, just above de banks of Dutchman Creek. Big road run right by dat house. My mammy name, Nicie. Her b'long to de Weir family; de head of de family die during' de war of freedom. I's not supposed to know all he done, so I'll pass over dat. My mistress name, Eliza; good mistress. Have you got down dere dat old marster just took sick and die, 'cause he wasn't touched wid a bullet nor de life slashed out of him wid a sword?

"Well, my pa b'longin' to one man and my mammy b'longin' to another, four or five miles apart, caused some confusion, mix-up, and heartaches. My pa have to git a pass to come to see my mammy. He come sometimes widout de pass. Patrollers catch him way up de chimney hidin' one night; they stripped him right befo' mammy and give him thirty-nine lashes, wid her cryin' and a hollerin' louder than he did.

"Us lived in a log house; handmade bedstead, wheat straw mattress, cotton pillows, plenty coverin' and plenty to eat, sich as it was. Us never git butter or sweet milk or coffee. Dat was for de white folks but in de summer time, I minds de flies off de table wid the peafowl feather brush and eat in de kitchen just what de white folks eat; them was very good eatin's I's here for to tell you. All de old slaves and them dat worked in de fields, got rations and de chillun were fed at de kitchen out-house. What did they git? I 'members they got peas, hog meat, corn bread, 'lasses, and buttermilk on Sunday, then they got greens, turnips, taters, shallots, collards, and beans through de week. They were kept fat on them kind of rations.

"De fact is I can't 'member us ever had a doctor on de place; just a granny was enough at child birth. Slave women have a baby one day, up and gwine 'round de next day, singin' at her work lak nothin' unusual had happened.

"Did I ever git a whippin'? Dat I did. How many times? More than I can count on fingers and toes. What I git a whippin' for? Oh, just one thing, then another. One time I break a plate while washin' dishes and another time I spilt de milk on de dinin' room floor. It was always for somethin', sir. I needed de whippin'.

"Yes sir, I had two brothers older than me; one sister older than me and one brother younger than me.

"My young marster was killed in de war. Their names was Robert, Smith, and Jimmie. My young mistress, Sarah, married a Sutton and moved to Texas. Nancy marry Mr. Wade Rawls. Miss Janie marry Mr. Hugh Melving. At this marriage my mammy was give to Miss Janie and she was took to

Texas wid her young baby, Isaiah, in her arms. I have never seen or heard tell of them from dat day to dis.

“De Yankees come and burn de gin-house and barns. Open de smokehouse, take de meat, give de slaves some, shoot de chickens, and as de mistress and girls beg so hard, they left widout burnin’ de dwellin’ house.

“My oldest child, Alice, is livin’ and is fifty-one years old de 10th of dis last May gone. My first husband was Levi Young; us lived wid Mr. Knox Picket some years after freedom. We moved to Mr. Rubin Lumpkin’s plantation, then to George Boulwares. Well, my husband die and I took a fool notion, lak most widows, and got into slavery again. I marry Prince Barber; Mr. John Hollis, Trial Justice, tied de knot. I loved dat young nigger more than you can put down dere on paper, I did. He was black and shiny as a crow’s wing. Him was white as snow to dese old eyes. Ah, the joy, de fusses, de ructions, de beatin’s, and de makin’ ups us had on de Ed Shannon place where us lived. Us stay dere seven long years.

“Then de Klu Kluxes comed and lak to scared de life out of me. They ask where Prince was, searched de house and go away. Prince come home ‘bout daylight. Us took fright, went to Marster Will Durham’s and asked for advice and protection. Marster Will Durham fixed it up. Next year us moved to dis place, he own it then but Marster Arthur Owens owns it now. Dere is 2,000 acres in dis place and another 1,000 acres in de Rubin Lupkin place ‘joinin’ it.

“Prince die on dis place and I is left on de mercy of Marster Arthur; livin’ in a house wid two grandchillun, James twelve years, and John Roosevelt Barber, eight years old. Dese boys can work a little. They can pick cotton and tote water in de field for de hands and marster say: ‘Every little help’.

“My livin’ chillun ain’t no help to me. Dere’s Willie, I don’t know where he is. Prince is wid Mr. Freeman on de river. Maggie is here on de place but she no good to me.

“I ‘spect when I gits to drawin’ down dat pension de white folks say is comin’, then dere will be more folks playin’ in my backyard than dere is today.”

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ANNE BELL
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

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 Glazier Rabb; us call him Marse Glazier. My mistress was Nancy Kincaid Watts; us call her Miss Nancy. They live 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. By 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 Rion. 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.R.P. preacher of de Word. Miss Nina a rich lady, got plantation but live 'mong de big bugs in Winnsboro. 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 nussed 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', befo' 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 dat!

"Mammy 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 wheat, corn bread, and all kinds of milk and vegetables.

"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 folks got to look forward to? They can’t git anywhere down here. De only joy they can have here, 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 ‘zalted up yonder.”

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MARY WOODWARD
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

"I knows you since you 'but dis high (indicating). When was it? Where I see you? I see you at your auntie's house. Dat was your auntie, Miss Roxie Mobley, other side of Blackstock. You was in a little dress dat day, look lak a gal. Oh! Lordy, dat been a long time! What us has come thru since dat day and de days befo' dat, beyond freedom.

"I was born a slave of old Marster Adam Barber, near de Catawba River side de county, in 1854. I's a mighty small gal but I 'members when pappy got his leg broke at de gin-house dat day, in de Christmas week. Seem lak dat was de best Christmas I ever had. White folks comin' and gwine, loadin' de bed down wid presents for pappy and mammy and me.

"What my pappy name? He was name Joe and mammy go by Millie. Both b'long to Marster Adam and Miss Nellie. Dat was her name and a lovely mistress she be in dat part of de country. Her was sure pretty, walk pretty, and act pretty. 'Bout all I had to do in slavery time was to comb her hair, lace her corset, pull de hem over her hoop and say, 'You is served, mistress!' Her lak them little words at de last.

"They have no chillun and dat was a grief to her more than to Marster Adam. Him comfort her many times 'bout it and 'low it was his fault. Then they 'spute 'bout it. Dats all de rumpus ever was 'twixt them. I 'spects if they had had chillun they wouldn't have been so good to me. What you reckon? They give me dolls and laugh at de way I name them, talk to them and dress them up.

"When Yankees come, I was settin' in de swing in de front yard. They ride right up and say: 'Where your mistress?' I say: 'I don't know.' They say: 'You is lyin'. Give her a few lashes and us'll find out.' Another say: 'No, us come to free niggers, not to whip them.' Then they ask me for to tell them where de best things was hid. I say: 'I don't know sir.' Then they ransack de house, bust open de smoke house, take de meat, hams, shoulders, 'lasses barrel, sugar, and meal, put them in a four-horse wagon, set de house, gin-house and barn afire and go on toward Rocky Mount. Our neighbors then, was Marster Aaron Powell and Sikes Gladden, on Dutchman Creek.

"After freedom I marry Alf Woodward. Us had chillun. How many? Let me see; Eli still alive, don't know where he is though. Rosa dead; Susannah live now on Miss Sara Lord's place, up dere near Mitford. De rest of de chillun went off to Arkansas 'bout 1885, and us never heard from them.

"I forgot to tell you dat when de Yankees come and find me a settin' in dat swing, I had on a string of beads dat Miss Nellie give to me. Them rascals took my beads off my neck, and what you reckon they did wid them. Well, if you doesn't know, I does. De scamps, dat is one of them did, took my lovely beads and put them 'round his horse's neck and ride off wid them, leavin' me sobbin' my life out in dat swing. They say you must love our enemies and pray for them dat spitefully use you but I never have pray for dat Yankee scamp to dis day. Although I's Scotch Irish African 'Sociate Reform Presbyterian, de spirit have never moved me to pray for de horse and rider dat went off wid my beads sat my mistress give me. When I tell Marster William Woodward, my husband's old marster, 'bout it, him say: 'De low dirty skunk, de Lord'll take vengeance on him.' Marster William give Alf a half a dollar and tell him to git me another string of beads, though Alf never done so.

"Alf was Marster William's coachman and him and Wade Pickett, dat was a slave of Marster William took fifteen mules, when de Yankees come, and carried them in de Wateree swamps and stayed dere and saved them. Every time Alf or Wade see Marster William, as de years comed and goed, they fetched up de subject of them mules and git sumpin' from him. One day he laugh and say: 'Look here Alf, I done 'bout pay for sixteen mules and dere was but fifteen in de drove.' Alf laugh but he always got way wid it when he see any of de Woodward white folks. Well I's glad to go now, though I has 'joyed bein' wid you. De Lord bless you and keep you."

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JOHN COLLINS
EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.

John Collins lives in a two-room frame cottage by the side of US 21, just one mile north of the town of Winnsboro, S.C., on the right side of the highway and a few hundred yards from the intersection of US 21 and US 22. The house is owned by Mr. John Ameen. His son, John, who lives with him, is a farm hand in the employ of Mr. John Ameen, and is his father's only support.

"They tells me dat I was born in Chester County, just above de line dat separates Chester and Fairfield Counties. You know where de 'dark corner' is, don't you? Well, part is in Fairfield County and part is in Chester County. In dat corner I first see de light of day; 'twas on de 29th of February, 1852. Though I is eighty-five years old, I's had only twenty-one birthdays. I ketches a heap of folks wid dat riddle. They ask me: 'How old is you Uncle John?' I say: 'I is had twenty-one birthdays and won't have another till 1940. Now figure it out yourself, sir, if you is so curious to know my age!' One time a smart aleck, jack-leg Methodist preacher, of my race, come to my house and figured all day on dat riddle and never did git de correct answer. We scribbled on all de paper in de house and on de back of de calendar leaves. I's sure laughed at dat preacher. I fears he lacked some of dat good old time 'ligion, de way he sweated and scribbled and fussed.

"My daddy was name Steve Chandler. My mammy was called Nancy. I don't know whether they was married or not. My daddy was sent to Virginia, while de war was gwine on, to build forts and breastworks around Petersburg, so they say, and him never come back. I 'members him well. He was a tall black man, over six feet high, wid broad shoulders. My son, John, look just lak him. Daddy used to play wid mammy just lak she was a child. He'd ketch her under de armpits and jump her up mighty high to de rafters in de little house us lived in.

"My mammy and me was slaves of old Marse Nick Collins. His wife, my mistress, was name Miss Nannie. Miss Nannie was just an angel; all de slaves loved her. But marster was hard to please, and he used de lash often. De slaves whisper his name in fear and terror to de chillun, when they want to hush them up. They just say to a crying child: 'Shet up or old Nick will ketch you!' Dat child snuffle but shet up pretty quick.

"Marster didn't have many slaves. Best I 'member, dere was about twenty men, women, and chillun to work in de field and five house slaves. Dere was no good feelin's 'twixt field hands and house servants. De house servants put on more airs than de white folks. They got better things to eat, too, than de field hands and wore better and cleaner clothes.

"My marster had one son, Wyatt, and two daughters, Nannie and Elizabeth. They was all right, so far as I 'member, but being a field hand's child, off from de big house, I never got to play wid them any.

"My white folks never cared much about de slaves having 'ligion. They went to de Universalist Church down at Feasterville. They said everybody was going to be saved, dat dere was no hell. So they thought it was just a waste of time telling niggers about de hereafter.

"In them days, way up dere in de 'dark corner', de white folks didn't had no schools and couldn't read or write. How could they teach deir slaves if they had wanted to?

"De Yankees never come into de 'dark corner'. It was in 1867, dat us found out us was free; then we all left. I come down to Feasterville and stayed wid Mr. Jonathan Coleman. From dere, I went to Chester. While I was living dere, I married Maggie Nesbit. Us had five chillun; they all dead, 'cept John. My wife died two months ago.

“I is tired now, and I is sad. I’s thinking about Maggie and de days dat are gone. Them memories flood over me, and I just want to lay down. Maybe I’ll see you sometime again. I feel sure I’ll see Maggie befo’ many months and us’ll see de sunrise, down here, from de far hebben above. Good day. Glad you come to see me, sir!”

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ANDERSON BATES
EX-SLAVE 87 YEARS OLD.

Anderson Bates lives with his son-in-law and daughter, Ed and Dora Owens, in a three-room frame house, on the lands of Mr. Dan Heyward, near the Winnsboro Granite Company, Winnsboro, S.C. Anderson and his wife occupy one of the rooms and his rent is free. His son-in-law has regular employment at the Winnsboro Cotton Mills. His wife, Carrie, looks after the house. Anderson and his daughter, Dora, are day laborers on the neighborhood farms, but he is able to do very little work.

"I was born on de old Dr. Furman place, near Jenkinsville, S.C., in de year, 1850. My pappy was name Nat and mammy name Winnie. They was slaves of old Dr. Furman, dat have a big plantation, one hundred slaves, and a whole lot of little slave chillun, dat him wouldn't let work. They run 'round in de plum thickets, blackberry bushes, hunt wild strawberries, blow cane whistles, and have a good time.

"De old Dr. Furman house is ramshackle but it is still standin' out dere and is used as a shelter for sawmill hands dat is cuttin' down de big pines and sawin' them on de place.

"Where did my pappy and mammy come from? Mammy was born a slave in de Furman family in Charleston, but pappy was bought out of a drove dat a Baltimore speculator fetch from Maryland long befo' de war. Doctor practice all 'round and 'bout Monticello, happen 'long one day, see my pappy and give a thousand dollars for him, to dat speculator. I thank God for dat!

"Dr. Furman, my old marster, have a brudder called Jim, dat run de Furman School, fust near Winnsboro, then it move to Greenville, S.C.

"My mistress name Nancy. Her was of de quality. Her voice was soft and quiet to de slaves. Her teach us to sing:

'Dere is a happy land, far, far 'way,
Where bright angels stand, far, far 'way.
Oh! How them angels sing!
Oh! How them bells ring!
In dat happy land, far, far 'way!'

"Dere was over a thousand acres, maybe two thousand in dat old Furman place. Them sawmill folks give \$30,000.00 for it last year.

"My pappy and mammy was field hands. My brudders and sisters was: Liddie, Willie, Ria, Ella, Harriet, Thomas, Smith, and Marshall. All dead but me and Marshall.

"I was fifteen when de Yankees come thru. They took off everything, hosses, mules, cows, sheep, goats, turkeys, geese, and chickens. Hogs? Yes sah, they kill hogs and take off what parts they want and leave other parts bleedin' in de yard. When they left, old marster have to go up into Union County for rations.

"Dat's funny, you wants to set down dere 'bout my courtship and weddin'? Well, sir, I stay on de old plantation, work for my old marster, de doctor, and fell head over heels in love wid Carrie. Dere was seven more niggers a flyin' 'round dat sugar lump of a gal in de night time when I breezes in and takes charge of de fireside cheer. I knocks one down one night, kick another out de nex' night, and choke de stuffin' out of one de nex' night. I landed de three-leg on de head of de fourth one de last time. Then de others carry deir 'fections to some other place than Carrie's house. Us have some hard words 'bout my bad manners, but I told her dat I couldn't 'trol my feelin's wid them fools a settin' 'round dere gigglin' wid her. I go clean crazy!

"Then us get married and go to de ten-acre quarry wid Mr. Anderson. I work dere a while and then go to Captain Macfie, then to his son, Wade, and then to Marse Rice Macfie. Then I go back to de

quarry, drill and git out stone. They pay me \$3.50 a day 'til de Parr Shoals Power come in wid 'lectric power drills and I was cut down to eighty cents a day. Then I say: 'Old grey hoss! Damn 'lectric toolin', I's gwine to leave.' I went to Hopewell, Virginia, and work wid de DuPonts for five years. War come on and they ask me to work on de acid area. De atmosphere dere tear all de skin off my face and arms, but I stuck it out to de end of de big war, for \$7.20 a day. I drunk a good deal of liquor then, but I sent money to Carrie all de time and fetch her a roll every fourth of July and on Christmas. After de war they dismantle de plant and I come back to work for Mr. Eleazer, on de Saluda River for \$2.00 a day, for five years.

"Carrie have chillun by me. Dere was Anderson, my son, ain't see him in forty years. Essie, my daughter, marry Herbert Perrin. Dora, another daughter, marry Ed Owens. Ed makes good money workin' at de factory in Winnsboro. They have seven chillun. Us tries to keep them chillun in school but they don't have de good times I had when a child, a eatin' cracklin' bread and buttermilk, liver, pig-tails, hog-ears and turnip greens.

"Does I 'member anything 'bout de Klu Kluxes? Jesus, yes! My old marster, de doctor, in goin' 'round, say out loud to people dat Klu Kluxes was doin' some things they ought not to do, by 'stortin' money out of niggers just 'cause they could.

"When he was gone to Union one day, a lowdown pair of white men come, wid false faces, to de house and ask where Dick Bell was. Miss Nancy say her don't know. They go hunt for him. Dick made a bee-line for de house. They pull out hoss pistols, fust time, 'pow'. Dick run on, secon' time, 'pow'. Dick run on, third time, 'pow' and as Dick reach de front yard de ball from de third shot keel him over lak a hit rabbit. Old miss run out but they git him. Her say: 'I give you five dollars to let him 'lone.' They say: 'Not 'nough.' Her say: 'I give you fifteen dollars.' They say: 'Not 'nough.' Her say: 'I give you twenty-five dollars.' They take de money and say: 'We'll be back tomorrow for de other Dick.' They mean Dick James.

"Nex' day, us see them a comin' again. Dick James done load up de shotgun wid buckshot. When they was comin' up de front steps, Uncle Dick say to all in de big house: 'Git out de way!' De names of de men us find out afterwards was Bishop and Fitzgerald. They come up de steps, wid Bishop in de front. Uncle Dick open de door, slap dat gun to his shoulder, and pull de trigger. Dat man Bishop hollers: 'Oh Lordy.' He drop dead and lay dere 'til de coroner come. Fitzgerald leap 'way. They bring Dick to jail, try him right in dat court house over yonder. What did they do wid him? Well, when Marse Bill Stanton, Marse Elisha Ragsdale and Miss Nancy tell 'bout it all from de beginnin' to de end, de judge tell de jury men dat Dick had a right to protect his home, and hisself, and to kill dat white man and to turn him loose. Dat was de end of de Klu Kluxes in Fairfield."

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

ANNE BROOME
EX-SLAVE 87 YEARS OLD.

"Does you recollect de Galloway place just dis side of White Oak? Well dere's where I was born. When? Can't name de 'zact year but my ma say, no stork bird never fetch me but de fust railroad train dat come up de railroad track, when they built de line, fetched me. She say I was a baby, settin' on de cow-ketcher, and she see me and say to pa: 'Reubin, run out dere and get our baby befo' her falls off and gets hurt under them wheels!' Do you know I believed dat tale 'til I was a big girl? Sure did, 'til white folks laugh me out of it!

"My ma was name Louisa. My marster was Billie Brice, but 'spect God done write sumpin' else on he forehead by dis time. He was a cruel marster; he whip me just for runnin' to de gate for to see de train run by. My missus was a pretty woman, flaxen hair, blue eyes, name Mary Simonton, 'til she marry.

"Us live in a two-room plank house. Plenty to eat and enough to wear 'cept de boys run 'round in their shirt tails and de girls just a one-piece homespun slip on in de summer time. Dat was not a hardship then. Us didn't know and didn't care nothin' 'bout a 'spectable 'pearance in those days. Dats de truth, us didn't.

"Gran'pa name Obe; gran'ma, name Rachel. Shoes? A child never have a shoe. Slaves wore wooden bottom shoes.

"My white folks went to New Hope Church. Deir chillun was mighty good to us all. Dere was Miss Martha, her marry Doctor Madden, right here at Winnsboro. Miss Mary marry Marster John Vinson, a little polite smilin' man, nice man, though. Then Miss Jane marry Marster John Young. He passed out, leavin' two lovely chillun, Kitty and Maggie. Both of them marry Caldwells. Dere was Marster Calvin, he marry Congressman Wallace's daughter, Ellen. Then dere was Marster Jim and Marster William de last went to Florida.

"It was a big place, I tell you, and heaps and heaps of slaves. Some times they git too many and sell them off. My old mistress cry 'bout dat but tears didn't count wid old marster, as long as de money come a runnin' in and de rations stayed in de smoke house.

"Us had a fine carriage. Sam was de driver. Us go to Concord one Sunday and New Hope de next. Had quality fair neighbors. Dere was de Cockerells, 'Piscopalians, dat 'tend St. John in Winnsboro, de Adgers, big buckra, went to Zion in Winnsboro. Marster Burr Cockerell was de sheriff. 'Members he had to hang a man once, right in de open jailyard. Then dere was a poor buckra family name Marshall. Our white folks was good to them, 'cause they say his pappy was close kin to de biggest Jedge of our country, John Marshall.

"When de slaves got bad off sick, Marster send for Dr. Walter Brice, his kin folks. Some times he might send for Dr. Madden, him's son-in-law, as how he was.

"When de Yankees come, all de young marsters was off in de 'Federate side. I see them now, gallopin' to de house, canteen boxes on their hips and de bayonets rattlin' by deir sides. De fust thing they ask, was: 'You got any wine?' They search de house; make us sing: 'Good Old Time 'Ligion'; put us to runnin' after de chickens and a cookin'. When they leave they burnt de gin house and everything in dere. They burn de smoke-house and wind up wid burnin' de big house.

"You through wid me now, boss? I sho' is glad of dat. Help all you kin to git me dat pension befo' I die and de Lord will bless you, honey. De Lord not gwine to hold His hand any longer 'ginst us. Us cleared de forests, built de railroads, cleaned up de swamps, and nursed de white folks. Now in our old ages, I hope they lets de old slaves like me see de shine of some of dat money I hears so much talk

'bout. They say it's free as de gift of grace from de hand of de Lord. Good mornin' and God bless you, will be my prayer always. Has you got a dime to give dis old nigger, boss?"

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PETER CLIFTON
EX-SLAVE 89 YEARS OLD.

"You want me to start wid my fust memory and touch de high spots 'til dis very day? Dat'll take a long time but I glad to find someone to tell dat to; I is! I 'members when I was a boy, drivin' de calves to de pasture, a highland moccasin snake rise up in de path. I see dat forked tongue and them bright eyes right now. I so scared I couldn't move out my tracks. De mercy of de Lord cover me wid His wings. Dat snake uncoil, drip his head, and silently crawl away. Dat was on de Biggers Mobley place 'tween Kershaw and Camden, where I was born in 1848.

"My pappy name Ned; my mammy name Jane. My brudders and sisters was Tom, Lizzie, Mary, and Gill. Us live in a log house wid a plank floor and a wooden chimney, dat was always ketchin' afire and de wind comin' through and fillin' de room wid smoke and cinders. It was just one of many others, just lak it, dat made up de quarters. Us had peg beds for de old folks and just pallets on de floor for us chillun. Mattresses was made of wheat straw but de pillows on de bed was cotton. I does 'member dat mammy had a chicken feather pillow she made from de feathers she saved at de kitchen.

"My grandpappy name Warren and grandmammy name Maria. De rule on de place was: 'Wake up de slaves at daylight, begin work when they can see, and quit work when they can't see'. But they was careful of de rule dat say: 'You mustn't work a child, under twelve years old, in de field'.

"My marster's fust wife, I heard him say, was Mistress Gilmore. Dere was two chillun by her. Master Ed dat live in a palace dat last time I visit Rock Hill and to 'member myself to him; then dere was Miss Mary dat marry her cousin, Dr. Jim Mobley. They had one child, Captain Fred, dat took de Catawba rifles to Cuba and whip Spain for blowin' up de Main. You say you rather I talk 'bout old master and de high spots? Well, Master Biggers had a big plantation and a mansion four miles southeast of Chester. He buy my mammy and her chillun in front of de court house door in Chester, at de sale of de Clifton estate. Then he turn 'round and buy my pappy dere, 'cause my mammy and sister Lizzie was cryin' 'bout him have to leave them. Mind you I wasn't born then. Marster Biggers was a widower then and went down and courted de widow Gibson, who had a plantation and fifty slaves 'tween Kershaw and Camden. Dere is where I was born.

"Marster had one child, a boy, by my mistress, Miss Sallie. They call him Black George. Him live long enough to marry a angel, Miss Kate McCrorey. They had four chillun. Dere got to be ninety slaves on de place befo' war come on. One time I go wid pappy to de Chester place. Seem lak more slaves dere than on de Gibson place. Us was fed up to de neck all de time, though us never had a change of clothes. Us smell pretty rancid maybe, in de winter time, but in de summer us no wear very much. Girls had a slip on and de boys happy in their shirt tails.

"Kept fox hounds on both places. Old Butler was de squirrel and 'possum dog. What I like best to eat? Marster, dere is nothin' better than 'possum and yellow sweet 'taters. Right now, I wouldn't turn dat down for pound cake and Delaware grape wine, lak my mistress use to eat and sip while she watch my mammy and old Aunt Tilda run de spinnin' wheels.

"De overseer on de place was name Mr. Mike Melton. No sir, he poor man but him come from good folks, not poor white trash. But they was cussed by marster, when after de war they took up wid de 'publican party. Sad day for old marster when him didn't hold his mouth, but I'll get to dat later.

"Marster Biggers believe in whippin' and workin' his slaves long and hard; then a man was scared all de time of being sold away from his wife and chillun. His bark was worse than his bite tho', for I never knowed him to do a wicked thing lak dat.

“How long was they whipped? Well, they put de foots in a stock and clamp them together, then they have a cross-piece go right across de breast high as de shoulder. Dat cross-piece long enough to bind de hands of a slave to it at each end. They always strip them naked and some time they lay on de lashes wid a whip, a switch or a strap. Does I believe dat was a great sin? No sir. Our race was just lak school chillun is now. De marster had to put de fear of God in them sometime, somehow, and de Bible don’t object to it.

“I see marster buy a many a slave. I never saw him sell but one and he sold dat one to a drover for \$450.00, cash down on de table, and he did dat at de request of de overseer and de mistress. They was uneasy ‘bout him.

“They give us Christmas Day. Every woman got a handkerchief to tie up her hair. Every girl got a ribbon, every boy a barlow knife, and every man a shin plaster. De neighbors call de place, de shin plaster, Barlow, Bandanna place. Us always have a dance in de Christmas.

“After freedom when us was told us had to have names, pappy say he love his old Marster Ben Clifton de best and him took dat timent, and I’s been a Clifton ever since.

“Go way, white folks! What everything mate for? De birds, de corn tassle and de silk, man and woman, white folks and colored folks mates. You ask me what for I seek out Christina for to marry. Dere was sumpin’ ‘bout dat gal, dat day I meets her, though her hair had ‘bout a pound of cotton thread in it, dat just ‘tracted me to her lak a fly will sail ‘round and light on a ‘lasses pitcher. I kept de Ashford Ferry road hot ‘til I got her. I had to ask her old folks for her befo’ she consent. Dis took ‘bout six months. Everything had to be regular. At last I got de preacher, Rev. Ray Shelby to go down dere and marry us. Her have been a blessin’ to me every day since.

“Us have seven chillun. They’s scattered east, west, north and south. De only one left is just David, our baby, and him is a baby six foot high and fifty-one years old.

“Yes sir, us had a bold, drivin’, pushin’, marster but not a hard-hearted one. I sorry when military come and arrest him. It was dis a way, him try to carry on wid free labor, ‘bout lak him did in slavery. Chester was in military district no. 2. De whole state was under dat military government. Old marster went to de field and cuss a nigger woman for de way she was workin’, choppin’ cotton. She turnt on him wid de hoe and gashed him ‘bout de head wid it. Him pull out his pistol and shot her. Dr. Babcock say de wound in de woman not serious. They swore out a warrant for Marster Biggers, arrest him wid a squad, and take him to Charleston, where him had nigger jailors, and was kicked and cuffed ‘bout lak a dog. They say de only thing he had to eat was corn-meal-mush brought ‘round to him and other nice white folks in a tub and it was ladeled out to them through de iron railin’ into de palms of dere hands. Mistress stuck by him, went and stayed down dere. The filthy prison and hard treatment broke him down, and when he did get out and come home, him passed over de river of Jordan, where I hopes and prays his soul finds rest. Mistress say one time they threatened her down dere, dat if she didn’t get up \$10,000 they would send him where she would never see him again.

“Well, I must be goin’. Some day when de crops is laid by and us get de boll weevil whipped off de field, I’ll get David to bring me and dat gal, Christina, you so curious ‘bout, to Winnsboro to see you. Oh, how her gonna laugh and shake her sides when I get home and tell her all ‘bout what’s down on dat paper! You say it’s to be sent to Washington? Why, de President and his wife will be tickled at some of them things. I’s sure they will. Dat’ll make Christina have a great excitement when I tell her we is to be talked ‘bout way up dere. I ‘spect it will keep her wake and she’ll be hunchin’ me and askin’ me all thru de night, what I give in.

“Oh, well, I’s thankful for dis hour in which I’s been brought very near to de days of de long, long ago. Maybe I’ll get a pension and maybe I won’t. Just so de Lord and de President take notice of us, is enough for me.”

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JOHN C. AND ADELIN BROWN
EX-SLAVES 86 AND 96 YEARS OLD.

John C. Brown and his wife, Adeline, who is eleven years older than himself, live in a ramshackle four-room frame house in the midst of a cotton field, six miles west of Woodward, S.C. John assisted in laying the foundation and building the house forty-four years ago. A single china-berry tree, gnarled but stately, adds to, rather than detracts from, the loneliness of the dilapidated house. The premises and thereabouts are owned by the Federal Lend Bank. The occupants pay no rent. Neither of them are able to work. They have been fed by charity and the W.P.A. for the past eighteen months.

(John talking)

"Where and when I born. Well, dat'll take some 'hear say', Mister. I never knowed my mammy. They say she was a white lady dat visited my old marster and mistress. Dat I was found in a basket, dressed in nice baby clothes, on de railroad track at Dawkins, S.C. De engineer stop de train, got out, and found me sumpin' like de princess found Moses, but not in de bulrushes. Him turn me over to de conductor. De conductor carry me to de station at Dawkins, where Marse Tom Dawkins come to meet de train dat mornin' and claim me as found on his land. Him say him had de best right to me. De conductor didn't 'ject to dat. Marse Tom carry me home and give me to Miss Betsy. Dat his wife and my mistress. Her always say dat She[l]ton Brown was my father. He was one of de slaves on de place; de carriage driver. After freedom he tell me he was my real pappy. Him took de name of Brown and dat's what I go by.

"My father was a ginger-bread colored man, not a full-blooded nigger. Dat's how I is altogether yellow. See dat lady over dere in dat chair? Dat's my wife. Her brighter skinned than I is. How come dat? Her daddy was a full-blooded Irishman. He come over here from Ireland and was overseer for Marse Bob Clowney. He took a fancy for Adeline's mammy, a bright 'latto gal slave on de place. White women in them days looked down on overseer as poor white trash. Him couldn't git a white wife but made de best of it by putting' in his spare time a honeyin' 'round Adeline's mammy. Marse Bob stuck to him, and never 'jected to it.

"When de war come on, Marse Richard, de overseer, shoulder his gun as a soldier and, as him was educated more than most of de white folks, him rise to be captain in de Confederate Army. It's a pity him got kilt in dat war.

"My marster, Tom Dawkins, have a fine mansion. He owned all de land 'round Dawkins and had 'bout 200 slaves, dat lived in good houses and was we well fed. My pappy was de man dat run de mill and grind de wheat and corn into flour and meal. Him never work in de field. He was 'bove dat. Him 'tend to de ginnin' of de cotton and drive de carriage.

"De Yankees come and burn de mansion, de gin-house and de mill. They take all de sheep, mules, cows, hogs and even de chickens. Set de slaves free and us niggers have a hard time ever since.

"My black step-mammy was so mean to me dat I run away. I didn't know where to go but landed up, one night, at Adeline's mammy's and step-pappy's house, on Marse Bob Clowney's place. They had been slaves of Marse Bob and was livin' and workin' for him. I knock on de door. Mammy Charity, dat's Adeline's mammy, say: 'Who dat?' I say: 'Me'. Her say: 'Who is me?' I say: 'John'. Her say: 'John who?' I say: 'Just John'. Her say: 'Adeline, open de door, dat's just some poor boy dat's cold and hungry. Charity is my fust name. Your pappy ain't come yet but I'll let dat boy in 'til he come and see what he can do 'bout it.'

"When Adeline open dat door, I look her in de eyes. Her eyes melt towards me wid a look I never see befo' nor since. Mind you, I was just a boy fourteen, I 'spects, and her a woman twenty-five

then. Her say: 'You darlin' little fellow; come right in to de fire.' Oh, my! She took on over me! Us wait 'til her pappy come in. Then him say: 'What us gonna do wid him?' Adeline say: 'Us gonna keep him.' Pappy say: 'Where he gonna sleep?' Adeline look funny. Mammy say: 'Us'll fix him a pallet by de fire.' Adeline clap her hands and say: 'You don't mind dat, does you boy?' I say: 'No ma'am, I is slept dat way many a time.'

"Well, I work for Marse Bob Clowney and stayed wid Adeline's folks two years. I sure made myself useful in dat family. Never 'spicioned what Adeline had in her head, 'til one day I climbed up a hickory nut tree, flail de nuts down, come down and was helpin' to pick them up when she bump her head 'ginst mine and say: 'Oh, Lordy!' Then I pat and rub her head and it come over me what was in dat head! I went to de house and told de folks dat us gwine to marry.

"Her led me to de altar dat nex' Sunday. Gived her name to de preacher as Adeline Cabean. I give de name of John Clowney Brown. Marse Bob was dere and laugh when de preacher call my name, 'John Clowney Brown'.

"Our chillun come pretty fast. I was workin' for \$45.00 a year, wid rations. Us had three pounds of bacon a peck of meal, two cups of flour, one quart of 'lasses, and one cup of salt, a week.

"Us never left Marse Robert as long as him lived. When us have four chillun, him increase de amount of flour to four cups and de 'lasses to two quarts. Then him built dis house for de old folks and Adeline and de chillun to live in. I help to build it forty-four years ago. Our chillun was Clarice, Jim, John, Charity, Tom, Richard, and Adeline.

"I followed Marse Robert Clowney in politics, wore a red shirt, and voted for him to go to de Legislature. Him was 'lected dat time but never cared for it no more.

"Adeline b'long to de church. Always after me to jine but I can't believe dere is anything to it, though I believes in de law and de Ten Commandments. Preacher calls me a infidel. Can't help it. They is maybe got me figured out wrong. I believes in a Great Spirit but, in my time, I is seen so many good dogs and hosses and so many mean niggers and white folks, dat I 'clare, I is confused on de subject. Then I can't believe in a hell and everlastin' brimstone. I just think dat people is lak grains of corn; dere is some good grains and some rotten grains. De good grains is res'rected, de rotten grains never sprout again. Good people come up again and flourish in de green fields of Eden. Bad people no come up. Deir bodies and bones just make phosphate guano, 'round de roots of de ever bloomin' tree of life. They lie so much in dis world, maybe de Lord will just make 'lie' soap out of them. What you think else they would be fit for?"

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GEORGE McALILLEY
EX-SLAVE 84 YEARS OLD.

George McAlilley lives with his son-in-law, daughter, and small grandchildren in a one-room frame house, with a lean-to shed room annex. The annex has no fireplace, no window, is ten feet by eight feet in dimension and it is in this pen that George and the two small children sleep. The house is three miles north of the town of Winnsboro, set back in a cotton field, 500 yards east of US #21.

George gathers the firewood from the neighboring woods, picks blackberries in summer, and assists in the harvesting of cotton from the fields in September.

"You think I feeble? Looks is 'ceivin' sometimes. Dere is some stren'th in me yet. Just set a nice dish of collards, fat back, corn bread, and buttermilk befo' dis old nigger and you can see what dese old gums can do wid them. 'Spects I can make 'way wid a plate of fried chicken, too, quick as de nex' one. If you don't believe it, try me dis day, at dinner time!

"I was born in slavery time, on Mr. Jno. S. Douglas's plantation, close to Little River. I b'long to him. He told me I was born in 1853. Had it wrote down in a book. When I was birthed, de master set de date down in a book, wid de name of my pappy, Joe and my mammy, Rachel. Bless de Lord! They b'long to de same master and live on de same place, in a teeney log house. I 'members it. I sho' does. De roof leaked and us had a time when it rain.

"My mistress name Miss Maggie; she was a fine woman. Come from de Boyce stock, a buckra. I tells you dere was no finer mistress in de land, than she was. She was good to her little niggers, special, I 'low! I was one of them.

"Us had a white overseer, Mr. Erwin. If it hadn't been for my mistress, 'spect he'd a wore de hide off me one time when he ketched me in de watermelon patch.

"What kind of work I do? Hoe cotton, pick cotton, pick peas, mind de cows and deep de calf off at milkin' time. I plowed some de last year of de war, '65 it was.

"My marster and mistress was very 'ligious in deir 'suasions. They was Seceders and 'tended New Hope Church. When us went dere, us went up in de gallery. No piano nor organ was 'lowed in de church them days. I set up dere many a Sabbath and see Marse Robin Stinson knock his fork on de bench, hold it to his ear, and h'ist de tune. Then all jine in and let me tell you it had to be one of de Bible psalms, by de sweet singer of Isaral, and no common glory hallelujah hymn. No sir, they didn't tolerate deir chillun engagin' in breakin' de Sabbath in dat way!

"It sorta comes to mind dat in de summer time after crops was lay by, us went to hear one of our color expound de word in a brush harbor, nigh Feasterville. His name was Alfred Moore, de pappy of Isaiah and Phillip Moore. You sho' knows them two. 'Member us had to git a pass to go to dat meetin'. Patarollers (patrollers) was dere, and if you didn't have a pass you got a whippin' and was sent home. Can I tell you some of de tales dat Isaiah and Phillip Moore used to tell? Yes sir! When you gits through wid me, I'll tell you one or two.

"No sir, I never marry durin' slavery time. I was just a boy; wasn't too young to like de gal's company, though. Marse John was a rich man; had two plantations. One was de home place and de other de river place, where de corn, oats, and hay was raised. He had a flock of sheep, too.

"All of our clothes was made from wool and cotton dat was made right dere on de plantation. Wool was sheared from de sheep. Cotton was picked from de field. De cotton was hand-carded, took to de spinnin' wheels, made into thread, loomed into cloth, sewed into clothes, or knitted into socks and stockin's.

“Marster had a hoss-gin and a screw-pit, to git de seed out de cotton and pack de lint into bales. My brothers was Vince, Bill, Sam, and John. My sisters was Mary and Liza.

“Does I recollect de Yankees? I sho’ does. They burnt de gin-house and school house. Took de mules, hosses, chickens, and eggs. Marster was sharp ‘nough to bury de meat in de woods, ‘long wid other things they didn’t git. They set de house afire at de last, and rode off. Us put de fire out and save de mansion for Marse John.

“I didn’t jine de church in slavery time; lak to dance then. Our fiddler was Buck Manigo, de best fiddler, black or white, in de state, so white folks say.

“Ku Klux didn’t come ‘round our parts. My ma stay on as cook, after freedom. I stay for \$5.00 a month and eat at de kitchen. I was always a democrat and weared a red shirt in de Hampton parades.

“I marry Patsy Jenkins. She live twenty years and us had seven chillun. Did you know, boss, after Patsy dead and buried, I got to be a old fool ‘bout women again? Dat I did. De devil put it into dis old gray head to marry a young gal; Mary Douglas was her name. Joy come dat fust night and misery popped in de door de very nex’ mornin’. Us couldn’t ‘G’ ‘bout nothin’. She, at de last, left me for ‘mother man over on de Broad River side. I’s steered my course clear of de women’s skirts ever since. I’s now livin’ wid my granddaughter, Irene Wilson, ‘bove town.

“‘Bout de tale you want to hear. Well, Preacher Alfred Moore, a colored slave, search de scripture for names for his chillun. One boy him name Isaiah and one name Phillip. They both was mighty good slaves of Dr. Walter Brice, our doctor. My marster and Dr. Brice’s son, Marse Thomas, marry sisters and I see a heap of Isaiah and Phillip. Isaiah had a tale ‘bout Niggerdemos (Nicodemus), and I and Phil had a tale ‘bout a eunuch. Which one you want to hear? Both? I’s getting’ tired. I’ll just tell Isaiah’s tale, ‘bout that Niggerdemos. You has seen de blisters on sycamore trees? I knows you have. Well, Isaiah ‘low they come ‘bout in dis way: In de days of de disciples dere was a small colored man name Niggerdemos (Nicodemus), dat was a publican and run a eatin’ house in Jerusalem. He done his own cookin’ an servin’ at de tables. He heard de tramp, tramp, tramp of de multitude a comin’, he asked; ‘What dat goin’ on outside?’ They told him de disciples done borrow a colt and was havin’ a parade over de city. Niggerdemos thought de good Lord could cure him of de lumbago in his back. Hearin’ folks a shoutin, he throwed down his dish rag, jerked off his apron, and run for to see all that was gwine on. But havin’ short legs he couldn’t see nothin’. A big sycamore tree stood in de line of de parade, so Niggerdemos climbed up it, goin’ high ‘nough for to see. De Savior tell him: ‘Come down, I’s gwine to eat at your house, Niggerdemos.’ Niggerdemos come down so fast, when he hear dat, he scrape de bark off de tree in many places. Niggerdemos was sho’ cure of de lumbago but sycamore trees been blistered ever since. Nex’ time you pass a sycamore tree, look how it is blistered! Isaiah is asleep now, in de white folks graveyard at Concord church. I’s seen his tombstone. On it is wrote his age and day of his death. B’low dat, is just dis: ‘As good as ever fluttered’. His young Marster Tommie put it dere.”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

GRACIE GIBSON
EX-SLAVE 86 YEARS OLD.

"I was born at Palatka, Florida. I was a slave of Captain John Kinsler. Wish all white men was just like him, and all white women like Miss Maggie Dickerson, de lady that looks after me now.

"Captain John wouldn't sell his niggers and part de members of de family. He fetched us all, Daddy George, Mammy Martha, Gran'dad Jesse, Gran'mammy Nancy, and my two brothers, Flanders and Henry, from Florida to Richland County, South Carolina, along wid de rest.

"My mistress was named Mary. Marster John had a daughter named Adelaide, but they call her Ada. I was called up on one of her birthdays, and Marster Bob sorta looked out of de corner of his eyes, first at me and then at Miss Ada, then he make a little speech. He took my hand, put it in Miss Ada's hand, and say: 'Dis your birthday present, darlin'.' I make a curtsy and Miss Ada's eyes twinkle like a star and she take me in her room and took on powerful over me.

"We lived in a two-room log house daubed wid mud and it had a wood and mud chimney to de gable end of one room. De floor was hewed logs laid side by side close together. Us had all we needed to eat.

"De soap was made in a hopper for de slaves. How dat you ask? A barrel was histed on a stand 'bove de ground a piece; wheat straw was then put into de barrel, hickory ashes was then emptied in, then water, and then it set 'bout ten days or more. Then old fats and old grease, meat skins, and rancid grease, was put in. After a while de lye was drained out, put in a pot, and boiled wid grease. Dis was lye-soap, good to wash wid.

"Slaves had own garden. Some of de old women, and women bearin' chillun not yet born, did cardin' wid hand-cards; then some would get at de spinnin' wheel and spin thread, three outs make a hank. Other women weave cloth and every woman had to learn to make clothes for the family, and they had to knit coarse socks and stockin's. Mighty nigh all de chillun had a little teency bag of asafetida, on a string 'round they necks, to keep off diseases.

"Us slaves had 'stitions and grieve if a black cat run befo' us, or see de new moon thru de tree tops, and when we start somewhere and turn back, us sho' made a cross-mark and spit in it befo' we commence walkin' again.

"I 'member Wheeler's men come to our house first, befo' de Yankees. They took things just like de Yankees did dat come later. Marse John was a Captain, off fightin' for Confeds but dat didn't stop Wheeler's men from takin' things they wanted, no sir! They took what they wanted. Wasn't long after then dat the Yankees come and took all they could and burnt what they couldn't carry off wid them.

"After de war I marry Abe Smith and had two chillun by him, Clifton and Hattie. De boy died and Hattie marry a man named Lee. She now lives at White Oak.

"My husband die, I marry Sam Gibson, and had a nice trousseau dat time. Blue over-skirt over tunic, petticoats wid tattin' at de borders red stockin's and gaiter shoes. I had a bustle and a wire hoop and wore a veil over my hair."

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HENRY D. JENKINS
EX-SLAVE 87 YEARS OLD.

Henry D. Jenkins lives in a four-room frame house which he owns. His wife, two single daughters, his son and his son's wife and three small children live with him. The house is constructed on a tract of land containing four hundred and eighty (480) acres, which Henry also owns.

He does not suffer with an inferiority complex. He is self-reliant and thrifty, with a pardonable pride in his farm and his rise from slavery to a position of respectability as a church member, citizen, and tax payer. He is well preserved physically, for his age, 87 years, alert in his movements and animated in conversation.

His plantation and home is in the south western part of Fairfield County, six or seven hundred yards east of State highway #215.

"Yes sir, tho' I am a 'spectable colored citizen, as you see me; I pays taxes and owns my own plantation. I was once a slave on the Reese place, in Sumter County, below Columbia. Just when I come to b'long to Mr. Joseph Howell, I don't know. I recollects dat Marse Joe had 'bout twenty families of slaves and dere was six hundred acres in his plantation.

"My mistress was his wife, Miss Sara. They had four chillun. Miss Mattie, married Oscar Chappell. Johnnie, married a Miss Lever. Thomas, married some lady in Columbia, disremember de fam'ly name. Miss Jessie, married Rev. Huggins, a Baptist preacher, though her folks wasn't of dat 'suasion; they was Methodist. Us niggers was 'structed early in 'ligion. Took to Cedar Creek and camp meetin'. My white folks had a fine carriage. A mulatto boy, Adam, was de driver. Sometime I'd go wid him to meet visitors from de low country at de station, and look after de baggage and sich.

"Yes sir, I doesn't deny it, I got many whuppins. Dere's not much to a boy white or black, dat don't need a whuppin' sometime on de way up. When you break a wild spirited colt, they make de best hoss or mule. I can do more work today, than most of dese triflin', cigaret young mens. You sees me today, as straight as a arrow and like a wild cat on my foots.

"You bet yo' life, my white folks was de bestest in de land. They wasn't mealy mouthed; they made everybody work, sun to sun, seven days in de week. But didn't de good Lord set de 'zample? Yes sir, he made us all work; women in de perile of child birth, drapped cotton seed and corn kernels. Dr. Turnipseed, dat was our doctor, 'low dat light labor lak dat good for them.

"Farm hands got got a peck of meal, three pounds bacon, quart of 'lasses, cup of salt, and two cups middlin' flour, no white flour. Had good warm clothes in winter, one-piece cotton suit in summer, and de little niggers went dressed in deir shirt tails from fust of June, to fust of October. They sho' did, and was as happy over it as de day was long.

"My mother named Emma. Never married to my daddy, 'cause they didn't live on de same place and b'long to same master. Daddy b'long to de Halls. I have a brother by dis same mammy. Daddy go by de name of Jenkins. He took up wid another woman after freedom, and my brother and me was shame of him. Us 'cided to take Jenkins for our name but keep a 'D' in de middle, so if anything come up, de 'D' could 'cite 'membrance of who us really is. You see what I mean?

"Our shoes for de winter was made on de place, cut of leather from our own tan-yard and from our own cow hides. Marster had a good fish pond. He had a four-hoss gin, though mules pulled it. De lint cotton was packed in a bale and a screw pit. Baggin' was any old thing, like old sacks or canvas sheetin'.

"My mother jined de Baptis' church, and I followed in her foot steps. Everybody ought to b'long to some chrrch, 'cause it's 'spectable, and membership in de church is both a fire and a life insurance. It

‘sures you ‘ginst hell fire, and gives you at death, an eternal estate in Hebben. What you laughin’ at? It’s de gospel truth I’m givin’ you right now. Wish everybody could hear it and believe it.

“My marster, Joe Howell, went off to de old war. His niggers was so well trained, dat they carried on for him whilst he was gone and dere was no trouble. Everything went on just de same as if he was dere.

“Pat-a-rollers (patrollers) would come often and ketch niggers sometime; caught my daddy once and whup him good. Ours was a fine body of slaves and loyal to de mistress and her chillun.

“Dances? Yes sir, I can hear them fiddles and de pattin’ now. Dis de way de dance was called: ‘Balance all; sashshay to your partners; swing her ‘round and promenade all; forward on de head; ladies change;’ and all dat. Then de jigs went on. Believe me, them was times!

“The main drawback on Marster Joe’s plantation was, de water on de place was no ‘count. Us had to haul water on a sled, wid a mule, from de Friday place; dat’s de onliest trouble us had. Sometime us had to tie up fodder and ‘tend to de hay in de field on Sunday.

“I married fust, a girl name Sarah, in 1878. Got three chillun by her. She died. Not good for a man to live alone, de Lord say. I picked out another Sarah, but called her Sallie. Us has had nine chillun. Three of dese, Sailor, Tera, and Monroe. Monroe lives on my place and farms ‘long side of me. Sam is in Detroit, Michigan. Henry in Flurida. (Florida)

“When de Yankees come, what they do? They did them things they ought not to have done and they left undone de things they ought to have done. Yes, dat just ‘bout tells it. One thing you might like to hear. Mistress got all de money, de silver, de gold and de jewels, and got de well digger to hide them in de bottom of de well. Them Yankees smart. When they got dere, they asked for de ve’y things at de bottom of de well. Mistress wouldn’t tell. They held a court of ‘quiry in de yard; called slaves up, one by one, good many. Must have been a Judas ‘mongst us. Soon a Yankee was let down in de well, and all dat money, silver, gold, jewelry, watches, rings, brooches, knives and forks, butter-dishes, waters, goblets, and cups was took and carried ‘way by a army dat seemed more concerned ‘bout stealin’ than they was ‘bout de Holy War for de liberation of de poor African slave people. They took off all de hosses, sheeps, cows, chickens, and geese, took de seine and de fishes they caught, corn in crib, meat in smoke-house, and everything. Marse General Sherman said war was hell. It sho’ was. Mebbe it was hell for some of them Yankees when they come to die and give account of de deeds they done in Sumter and Richland Counties.”

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HENRY GLADNEY
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

Henry Gladney lives with his wife, his son, Murdock, his daughter-in-law, Rose, and seven grandchildren. They live near White Oak, S.C. in a two-room frame house with a one-room box board annex. He works a one-horse farm for Mr. Cathcart and piddles a little at the planing mills at Adgers. His son does the ploughing. The daughter-in-law and grandchildren hoe and pick cotton and assist in the farm work. Henry is of medium height, dark brown complexion, and is healthy but not vigorous.

"I lives out on de John H. Cathcart place, close to White Oak. In slavery time my mammy b'long to old Marse Johnnie Mobley, and us lived in de quarter 'bout three miles to de west of Woodward station, tho' dere was no station dere when I was a boy. De station was down de railroad from dere and then it was called Yonquesville. My mammy name Lucy, my pappy name William, my sisters was Louise, Elsie, and Adeline. My brudders name Tim and Curtis.

"I wasn't a very big boy in slavery time, tho' I 'member choppin' cotton, pickin' cotton and peas 'long 'side mammy in de field. Pappy was called 'Bill the Giant', 'cause him was so big and strong. They have mighty bad plantation roads in them days. I see my pappy git under de wagon once when it was bogged up to de hub and lift and heft dat wagon and set it outside de ruts it was bogged down in. Him stayed at de blacksmith shop, work on de wagons, shoe de mules and hosses, make hinges, sharpen de plow points and fix de iron rings in de wagon wheels.

"My pappy didn't 'low other slave men to look at my mammy. I see him grab Uncle Phil once, throw him down on de floor, and when him quit stompin' Uncle Phil, they have to send for Dr. Newton, 'cause pappy done broke Uncle Phil's right leg. My old marster no lak dat way one of his slaves was crippled up. Him 'low to whip pappy for it. Pappy tell mammy to go tell Marse John if he whip him, he would run off and go to de North. She beg for pappy so, dat nothin' was done 'bout it. 'Spect Marse John fear to lose a good blacksmith wid two good legs, just 'bout a small nigger man wid one good leg and one bad leg.

"It come to de time old marster have so many slaves he don't know what to do wid them all. He give them mostly to his daughters, Miss Marion, Miss Nancy and Miss Lucretia. I was give to his grandson, Marse John Mobley McCrorey, just to wait on him and play wid him. Little Marse John treat me good sometime and kick me 'round sometime. I see now dat I was just a little dog or monkey, in his heart and mind, dat 'mised him to pet or kick as it pleased him. Him give me de only money I ever have befo' freedom, a big copper two-cent piece wid a hole in it. I run a string thru dat hole and tied it 'round my neck and felt rich all de time. Little niggers always wanted to see dat money and I was proud to show it to them every time.

"Little Marse John's mother was another daughter of old Marster John. Her name was Dorcas. They live in Florida. I was took 'way down dere, cried pow'ful to leave my mammy, but I soon got happy down dere playin' in de sand wid Marse John and his little brudder, Charlie. Don't 'member nothin' 'bout de war or de Yankees. Freedom come, I come back to de Mobley quarters to mammy. I work for old Marster John up 'til after Hampton was elected. I marry Florie Williams, a pretty black gal on de Mobley quarters. Us is had seventeen chillun. So far as I know they is all livin'. Some in Florida, some in Sparrows Point, Virginia, some in Charlotte, N.C., and some in Columbia, S.C. Murdock and his wife, Katie, and deir six chillun live in de same house wid me.

"My old marster have two daughters dat marry McCroreys. Miss Lucretia marry James McCrorey and Miss Dorcas marry John McCrorey. Miss Lucretia have a son name John. Miss Dorcas

have a son name John. In talkin' wid old mistress, 'fusion would come 'bout which John of de grandsons was bein' meant and talked 'bout. Old Marster John settle dat.

"Old Marster John and old mistress (her name Katie) had de same birthday, March de 27th, tho' old Marster John was two years older than old Mistress Kate. They celebrate dat day every year. All de chillun-in-laws and grandchillun come to de mansion, have a big dinner and a big time. After dinner one day, all de men folks 'semble at de woodpile. De sun was shinin' and old marster have me bring out a chair for him but de balance of them set on de logs or lay 'round on de chips. Then they began to swap tales. Marse Ed. P. Mobley hold up his hand and say: 'See dis stiff finger? It'll never be straight agin. I got out of ammunition at de secon' battle of Bull Run, was runnin' after a Yankee to ketch him, threw my gun 'way to run faster, ketch him as he was 'bout to git over a fence and choked his stiff neck so hard in de scuffle dat I broke dat finger. General Lee hearin' 'bout it changed me from de infancy (infantry) to de calvary (cavalry) dat I might not run de danger any more.' Old marster laugh and say: 'Jim, can you beat dat?' Marse Jim Mobley say: 'Well, you all know what I done at Gettysburg? If all had done lak me dat day, us would have won de war. Whenever I see a bullet comin' my way, I took good aim at de bullet wid a double charge of powder in my musket. My aim was so good dat it drove de enemy ball back to kill a Yankee and glanced aside at de right time to kill another Yankee. I shot a thousand times de fust day of de battle and two thousand times de secon' day and kilt six thousand Yankees at Gettysburg!' Old marster slap his sides and fell out de chair a laughin'! When him git back in de chair, him say: 'Zebulon, what you got to say?' Marse Zeb, pointin' to his empty pant leg, say: 'Me and some officers 'tended a chicken fight on de banks of de Chickenhominy River de day befo' de battle of Shilo. De cocks fight wid gaves on deir heels. Dere was five hundred fights and two hundred and fifty roosters was kilt. Us have big pots of chicken and big pots of hominy on de banks of de Chickenhominy Creek dat night and then de battle of Cold Harbor come de nex' day. I had eat so much chicken and hominy my belly couldn't hold it all. Some had run down my right leg. Us double quicked and run so fast thru swamps nex' day, after Yankees, my right leg couldn't keep up wid my left leg. After de battle I went back to look for dat leg but never could find it. Governor Zeb Vance tell me afterwards, dat leg of mine run on to Washington, went up de White House steps, and slushed some of dat chicken and hominy on de carpet right befo' President Lincoln's chair.'

"Everybody laugh so loud dat old mistress come out and want to know what for they was laughin' 'bout. All dat had to be gone over agin. Then her laugh and laugh and laugh. She turnt 'round to my young Marster John and say: 'John, can you beat dat?' He say: 'Henry, go git grandma a chair.' I done dat. Then my young marster start. Him say: 'One day down in Florida, I saddle my pony, took Henry dere up behind me and went a fishin' on de St. John River. I had some trouble a gittin' thru de everglades when I want to fish but us got dere. Big trees on de banks and 'round, wid long moss hangin' from de limbs. I baited my hook wid a small, wigglin', live, minnow and throwed out into de water. Nothin' happen. In de warm sunshine I must have gone to sleep, when I was startle out my doze by Henry a shoutin': 'Marse Johnnie, Marse Johnnie, your cork done gone down out of sight!' I made a pull but felt at once it would take both hands to land dat fish. I took both hands, put my foot 'ginst de roots of a great live oak and h'isted dat fish in de sky. It was so big it shut out de light of de sun. When it come down, dat fish strip off de limbs of de trees it hit while comin' to de ground. I sent Henry back to de house on de pony, for de four-hoss wagon and all de men on de place, to git de fish home. When us got it home and cut it open, dere was 119 fishes varyin' from de size of de minnow up to de big fish.' Marse Ed P. say: 'Was de little minnow dead or 'live when you found him in de belly of de 119th fish?' 'He was still wigglin', say my young marster. Old marster say: 'It was a whale of a fish, wasn't it, grandson?' Young marster say: 'It was, grandpa. De river bank show dat de water went down two inches after I pulled him out.' 'Maybe it was a whale', said Marse Ed P. 'In fact it was', said Marse Johnnie, 'cause on one of de ribs under de belly was some tatooin'.' 'What was de tatooin'?' ask old mistress, just as innocent as a baby. 'De word Nonivah', say marse little John. 'Why it might have been de whale dat swallowed Jonah', say Miss Katie. 'It was', say my young marster, 'for just under Nonivah was de name Jonah.' After a good laugh old marster say: 'Your name is changed from John Mobley McCrorey to John

Munchawsome McCrorey.' Kin folks call him Barron after dat. Him lak dat but when they got to callin' him, lyin' John McCrorey him git red in de face and want to fight.

"Poor Marse Johnnie! Wonder if him still livin'. Him marry a rich woman in Florida but her soon 'vorce him. What her 'vorce him for? 'Pattybilty and temper, they say. What I means by pattybilty? I 'spect dat mean de time they was gittin' up in de mornin' and her lam him 'cross de head wid de hairbrush and him take dat same hairbrush, push her down 'cross de bed and give her a good spankin'. Now you're laughin' agin but it was no laughin' wid her dat mornin' de way I hear them tell it."

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REUBIN ROSBOROUGH
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

"No sir, I can 'member nothin' 'bout de State of Verginny, where pappy said us was born. He told me, when I was 'bout two years old he and mammy Kitty was took from somehwar in dat state to Richmond, wid de understandin' to sell us as a family, and to give a man name Johnson, de preference. He say de trader couldn't find de man Johnson, and sold us to my marster, John Rosborough. My pappy name William, my brothers, Tom and Willie and my sisters, Mary and Alice.

"My marster was a kind and tender man to slaves. You see a man love hosses and animals? Well, dat's de way he love us, though maybe in bigger portion, I 'low. Marster John never marry. Set down dere dat he was good enough to buy my old gran'mammy Mary, though she never could do much work.

"Us knowed dat our gran'pappy was a white man back in Verginny, but dat was her secret, dat she kept locked in her breast and carried it wid her to de grave. You say I's very light color myself? So I is, so was she, so was pappy. Ease your mind, us had none of de white Rosborough in us. Us come on one side from de F.F.V's [First Family of Virginia]. I's proud of dat, and you can put down dere dat dere's no poor white trash blood in dese old veins, too.

"De last part of de war I worked some in de field, but not enough to hurt. My marster was a Presbyterian b'long to Ainwell Church. Two or three acres in cemetery dere now, but they done move de church into de town of Ridgeway.

"Money was not worshipped then like it is now. Not much use of it. Marster raised all we eat and made all we wear right dere on de place, 'bout five miles north of Ridgeway.

"I guess Marster John had forty slaves. Us live in two-story log house wid plank floor. Marster John die, us 'scend to his brother Robert and his wife Mistress Mary. I played wid her chillun. Logan was one and Janie the other. My marster and mistress was good to me. I use to drive de mules to de cotton gin. All I had to do was to set on de long beam and crack my whip every now and then, and de mules would go 'round and 'round. Dere was three hundred and seventy-six acres in dat place. I own part of it today. I b'longs to Good Hope Church. I sure believes in de Lord, and dat His mercies is from everlastin' to everlastin' to them dat fears Him.

"'Member but little 'bout de war for freedom, 'cept dat some of de slaves of marster was sent to de front to use pick and shovel to throw up breast works, and things of dat nature. My pappy was de foreman and stayed at home, carry on whilst Marster Robert go.

"Deed I recollects 'bout de Yankees. They come and ask my pappy, de foreman, where was de mules and hosses hid out? Pappy say he don't know, he didn't carry them off. They find out a boy dat knowed; made him tell, and they went and got de mules and hosses. They took everything and left.

"Doctor Scott was our doctor. Dere was in them days lots of rattlesnakes; had to be keerful of them. Then us hear lots and had lots of chills and fever. They found de remedy, but they was way off 'bout what make them come on you. Some 'low it was de miasma dat de devil bring 'round you from de swamp and settle 'round your face whilst you sleep, and soon as he git you to snore you sniffed it in your liver, lights and gall, then dat make bile, and then you was wid de chills a comin' every other day and de fever all de day. Marster Doctor Hayne done find out dat de skeeter bring de fever and de chills, and funny, he 'low dat it is de female skeeter bite dat does de business. You believe dat? I didn't at first, 'til old Doctor Linder tell me dat it was no harder to believe than dat all disease come into de world when a female bite a apple in de garden of Eden.

“I think Mr. Lincoln was raised up by de Lord, just like Moses, to free a ‘culiar people. I think Mr. Roosevelt is de Joshua dat come after him. No president has done as much for de poor of both races as de one now president. God bless him and ‘stain him in his visions and work to bring de kingdom of heaven into and upon de earth.”

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JACK JOHNSON
EX-SLAVE 84 YEARS OLD.

“You see me right here, de sin of both races in my face, or was it just de sin of one? My marster was my father, his name was Tom Reed, and he lived six miles from Lancaster Court House. Dats where I was born. My mammy name Jane, don’t know where she come from. My marster was kind to us. I done no work much, just picked peas and sich like during de war. I was my mammy’s only child, and when de war was over and I grow up, I left dere and come to Cedar Creek, low part of Fairfield County. I marry a gal, Bella Cook, and us had sixteen chillun, thirteen of them is livin’ now. I then marry Hannah Dubard, a widow. She and me have had no child.

“I b’long to de Sanctified Church and you have to go down into de water and come up straight way out of de water to b’long to dat church. Where is it? Its on Little Cedar Creek in dis county. Who de preacher? His name is the Reverend Edmunds. Us sings spirituals, one is, ‘Dat Heavenly Railroad Train’, another is ‘Dere is a Rock in my Heart’, another, ‘So glad I’m here, but I’d rather be up yonder Lord’. Some colored churches ‘sinate a child born out of wedlock can’t enter de kingdom of heaven. Our church say he can if he ain’t a drunkard, and is de husband of one wife and to believe on, and trust in de Lord as you Savior, and live a right kind of life dat he ‘proves of. Dat seem reason to me, and I jine and find peace as long as I does right.

“Never was sick a day in my life, can plow yet, eat three meals a day, but can’t sleep as much as I use to, six hours plenty for me now. I’s just here today findin’ out ‘bout dat old age pension date a comin’. Will you kinda keep a eye on it for me and let me tend to de ox and de grass at my home on Little Cedar Creek. A short hoss is soon curried, so dats ‘bout all I kin ‘member to tell you now.”

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JESSE DAVIS
EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.

Jesse Davis, one of the fast disappearing land-marks of slavery times, lives with his wife and son, in one of the ordinary two-room frame houses that dot, with painful monotony, the country farms of white landowners. The three attempt to carry on a one-horse farm of forty acres, about thirty acres in cotton and the remainder in corn. The standard of living is low. Jesse is cheerful, his wife is optimistic with the expression that the Lord will provide, and their son dutiful and hopeful of the harvest. Their home is about ten miles southwest of Winnsboro, in the Hereb section of Fairfield County.

"Dere is some difficulty 'bout my age. Nigh as I can place it, I was born befo' de Civil War. I 'members 'tendin' to and milkin' de cows, and keepin' de calf off, drawin' water out de well, and bringin' in wood to make fires. I 'spects I's eighty-five, mountin' up in years.

"I lives on Mr. Eber Mason's place wid one of my chillun, a son name Mingo. Us all work on de place; run a farm on shares. I can't do much work and can't support myself. It's mighty hard to be 'pendent on others for your daily rations, even if them others is your own bone and flesh. I'd 'preciate sumpin' to help my son and wife carry on. Dats why I wants a pension. Do you 'spect God in His mercy will hear de prayer of dis feeble old believer? I don't beg people but de Bible gives me a right to beg God for my daily bread. De Good Book say: "Take no consarnment 'bout your raiment'. You can see from what I's got on dat me nor nobody else, is much consarned 'bout dis raiment.

"My mammy b'long to de Smiths. My master was Dr. Ira Smith. My mistress was his wife, Miss Sarah. Deir chillun was: Marse Gad, Marse Jim, and Marse Billie. Marse Jim was de baker of dis town all his life, after de way of old-time oven-cookin', 'til Boy bread and Claussen bread wagons run him out of business. Him is now on de 'lief roll and livin' in de old McCreight house, de oldest house in Winnsboro.

"Dere was my young misses, Miss Lizzie and Miss Lennie. My mammy name Sarah, just lak old mistress Sarah. Her b'long to marster and mistress but my pappy no b'long to them. Him b'long to de big bugs, de Davis family. Him was name Mingo, and after slavery him and all us take de name, de secon' name, Davis, and I's here today, Jesse Davis. See how dat work out to de name? 'Good name better than riches; sweeter to de ear than honey-comb to de tongue.'

"You is well 'quainted wid Marse Amos Davis, ain't you. Well, his people was pappy's people. I had a brudder name Gabriel, tho' they called him Gabe. Another one name Chap; he got kilt while clearin' up a new ground. Sister Fannie marry a Ashford nigger. Marse Ira, de doctor, have a plantation near Jenkinsville, S.C.

"When de Yankees come thru, they come befo' de main army. They gallop right up, jump down and say: 'Hold dese hosses! Open dat smoke-house door!' They took what they could carry 'way. 'Bout dat time marster rode up from a sick call him been 'tendin' to. Course you know him was a doctor. They surround him, take his watch, money, and hoss, and ride 'way.

"De main army come nex' day, Saturday mornin' 'bout 8 o'clock. They spread deir tents and stay and camp 'til Monday mornin'. When they leave they carry off all de cows, hogs, mules, and hosses. Then they have us ketch de chickens, got them all, 'cept one old hen dat run under de house, and they didn't wait to git her. Marster have to go 'way up to Union County, where him have kin folks, to git sumpin' to eat.

"My marster was not big rich lak de Davises, de Means, and de Harpers, but him have all them people come to see him. Him know a heap of things dat they 'preciate. De way to dye cloth was one of dese secrets. Marster have a madder bed. Him take de roots of dat madder put them in de sun just lak

you put out pieces of apples and peaches to make dried fruit. When them roots git right dry, him have them ground up fine as water-ground meal. He put de fine dust in a pot and boil it. When he want red cloth, he just drop de cloth in de pot and it come out all red to suit you. Want it blue, him have a indigo patch for dat.

“I never hear anything ‘bout alum dese days. Well, de slaves could take peach tree leaves and alum and make yellow cloth and old cedar tops and copperas and make tan cloth. Walnut stain and copperas and make any cloth brown. Sweet-gum bark and copperas and make any cloth a purple color. I ‘member goin’ wid one into de woods to git barks. One day old marster come ‘cross a slippery elm tree. Him turn and command me to say right fast: ‘Long, slim, slick saplin’” and when I say long, slim, slick saplin’, him ‘most kill hisself laughin’. You try dat now! You find it more harder to say than you think it is. Him give me a piece of dat bark to chew and I run at de mouth lak you see a hoss dat been on de range of wild clover all night and slobberin’ at de bits.

“Yes sah, I b’longs to de church! My wife and son, Mingo, just us three in de house and de whole household jined de Morris Creek Baptist Church. What’s my favorite song? None better than de one dat I’ll h’ist right now. Go ahead? I thanks you. Listen:

‘Am I born to die
To lay dis body down
A charge to keep I have
A God to glorify.’

You lak dat? Yes? You is praisin’ me too highly I ‘spect, but since you lak dat one just listen at dis one; maybe you change your mind, ‘cause I’s gwine to h’ist it a wee bit higher and put more of de spiritual in it. Ready? Yes? I stand up dis time.

‘All de medicine you may buy
All de doctors you may try
Ain’t gonna save you from de tomb
Some day you got to lay down and die.
De blood of de Son can only
Save you from de doom!
Some day you got to lay down and die.’

You lak dat one? You just ought to hear my wife, Mingo, and Me, singin’ dat ‘round de fire befo’ us go to bed.

“Well I’ll toddle ‘long now. Goodbye.”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

JESSE WILLIAMS
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

At the end of one of the silent streets of west Chester, S.C., that prolongs itself into a road leading to the Potter's Field and on to the County Poorhouse, sets a whitewashed frame cottage. It has two rooms, the chimney in the center providing each with a fireplace. A porch, supported by red cedar posts, fronts the road side. In this abode lives Jesse Williams with his daughter, Edna, and her six children. Edna pays the rent, and is a grenadier in the warfare of keeping the wolf from the door.

"You say I looks pretty old? Well you's right 'bout de old part but I's far 'way from de pretty part. I got a hand glass in my house and when I shaves on Sunday mornin's, I often wonders who I is. I doesn't look lak me. My best friend couldn't say I got much on looks, but my old dog rap his tail on de floor lak he might say so, if him could speak.

"I's been off and on dese streets of Chester for eighty-three years. I was born a slave of Marse Adam C. Walker and my old miss was Mistress Eliza, dat's his wife.

"My pappy name Henry and mammy name Maria. I can see them plowing in de field right now. Mammy plowin' same as pappy and me runnin' 'long behind, takin' de dirt off de cotton plants where de twister plow turnt de clods on de plants. Then, when dat cotton field git white and red wid blooms in summer and white agin in de fall, I have to shoulder my poke and go to de field and pick dat cotton. I 'members de fust day dat I pick a hundred pounds. Marse Adam pull out a big flat black pocket-book and gived me a shimplaster, and say: 'Jesse, ever time your basket h'ist de beam of de steelyards to 100, you gits a shimplaster.' I make eighty cent dat year but I have to git up when de chickens crow for day and git in de field when de dew was heavy on de cotton. Does I think dat was cheatin'? Oh, no sir! I wasn't 'ceivin' old marster. Him wink at dat, and take a pound off for dew. I'd a made more money but they took me out de field in November, to drive de mules to de hoss-gin. Dat was play work, just a settin' up dere and poppin' de whip.

"Marster live in a big two-story, eight-room house. De kitchen was out from de house. After Christmas dat year, I was house boy and drive de buggy for Miss Eliza when her want to go visitin'. I was fed well and spent my money for a knife, candy, and firecrackers.

"My marster and missus have chillun. They was Peter, Jerry, Miss Elnora, and Miss Sallie, dat I play wid in slavery time.

"De Yankees didn't come as far up as Chester. They branched off down 'bout Blackstock, took de sunrise side of dat place and march on 'cross Catawba River, at Rocky Mount. I stay on wid Marse Adam and Miss Eliza, after freedom. I marry a handsome gal. Yes, sir, she dark but not too shady. I harks back to them days, as I sets here in dis rocker a talkin' to you. Did I tell you her name? Her name just suit her. Not Jane, Polly, Mag, Sallie, and de lak of dat! Them was too common for her. Her name Catherine, dat just fit her. Us have ten chillun and her and all them 'cept me and three chillun done gone over to Jordan. Dere was just one thing 'bout Catherine dat I's dubious 'bout. She lak to dance, and I was too clumsy for her to ever cut a double shuffle. I 'spect I cut a poor figure at de frolics us went to. Does you think burnin' a candle for her would do any good at dis late day? Why I ask you dat? Well, I has heard them say dat white folks does dat sometimes for deir gone-on ones. My daughter, Edna say: 'It might do you good and it could do mama no harm'. I b'longs to Mount Moriah Church in dis very town of Chester. De preacher am Rev. Alexander. He 'low it was superstition to burn dat candle but if I live I's gwine to light one nex' Christmas.

"Us had a good marster and mistress. They was big buckra, never 'sociate wid poor white trash. They wore de red shirt. De time come 'round when they sent me to Marse Will Harden and he pass me

on to go see Marse Judge Mackey, who live here then. Did I know Judge Mackey? Sho' I did! While he was a settin' up dere on de bench in de court house, he have all de people laughin'. One time de father of Marse W.B. Lindsey beat up a Radical nigger and de case come up befo' him for trial. Great 'citement 'bout it, over de whole county. Court house packed dat day. Solicitor rise and say: 'Please your honor, de 'fendant, Lindsay, put in a plea of guilty.' You might have heard a breast feather of a chicken fall, so very still was de people in dere, though de niggers and 'publicans was a grinning wid joy. Then Judge Mackey 'low: 'Let de 'fendant stand up.' Wid a solemn face and a solemn talk, him wound up wid: 'Derefore, de court sentence you to de State Penitentiary at hard labor for a period of ten years (Then him face light up, as he conclude), or pay a fine of one dollar!' De white folks holler: 'Three cheers for Judge Mackey!' De judge git up and bow, and say: 'Order in de court.' As dere was no quiet to be got, clerk 'journed de court. De judge take his silk beaver hat and gold headed cane and march out, while de baliffs holler: 'Make way! Make way for de honorable judge!' Everybody took up dat cry and keep it up long as de judge was on de streets. Oh, how dat judge twirl his cane, smile and strut.

"Did I ever see a spirit? 'Spect I has and I sho' have felt one more than once. 'Spect I was born wid a caul over my eyes. When de last quarter of de moon come in de seventh month of a seventh year, is de most time you see spirits. Lyin' out in de moon, befo' daybreak, I's smell, I's heard, I's seed and I's felt Catherine's spirit in de moon shadows. I come high ketchin' hold of her one night, as I wake up a dreamin' 'bout her but befo' I could set up, I hear her pass 'way, through de treetops dat I was layin', dreamin' under.

"Then another time, I was settin' here 'bout four o'clock in de moonlight a lookin' 'cross de street to de town hall. I see sumpin' rise and jump upon dat rock a lyin' dere 'ginst de twon hall. It was de figger of a man. Who it was I don't know, though they do call de rock de 'Aaron Burr Rock', cause he made a speech standin' on dat rock, long befo' I was born. De people in de library can tell you 'bout dat speech. Maybe Dr. Lathan tell you 'bout it. Him ninety-five years dis last past twelfth day of May and knows all 'bout de days dat are gone.

"I live wid my daughter, Edna, and I just can make it back dere from de post office every day."

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JIM HENRY
EX-SLAVE 77 YEARS OLD.

Jim Henry lives with his wife, Mary, in a four-room frame house, three miles southeast of Winnsboro, S.C. He owns the house and nine acres of land. He has only one arm, the other having been amputated twenty years ago. He employs a boy to plough, and he and his wife make a living on the property.

"I was born in the Bratton slave quarter, about six miles northeast of Winnsboro. I was born a slave of General John Bratton. He use to tell me I come from 'stinguished stock, dat he bought my father, James, from de Patrick Henry family in Virginia. Dat's de reason my pappy took dat name after freedom.

"My mother, Silva, and her mother, was bought from de Rutledge family in Charleston, by General Bratton. My grandfather, on my mother's side, was name Edward Rutledge. No, sir, I don't mean he was a white man; he just ginger cake color, so my mother say. My pappy say his father was a full-blooded Indian, so, dat makes three bloods in my veins, white folks, Indian folks, and Negro folks. Derefore, us been thrifty like de white man, crafty like de Indians, and hard workin' like de Negroes.

"In slavery time, us lived in one of de nice log houses in de Bratton quarters. Our beds was pole beds, wid wheat straw ticks, and cotton pillows. De Brattons was always sheep raisers, and us had woolen blankets and woolen clothes in de winter. My mother was one of de seamstresses; she make clothes for de slaves. Course, I'm tellin' you what she tell me, mostly. I was too little to 'member much 'bout slavery time. All de little niggers run 'round in deir shirt-tails in summer time; never work any, just hunt for grapes, muscadines, strawberries, chinquapins, hickory nuts, calamus root, slippery elmer (elm) bark, wild cherries, mulberries, and red and black haws, and was as happy as de days was long.

"I just can 'member de Yankees. Don't 'member dat they was so bad. You know they say even de devil ain't as black as he is painted. De Yankees did take off all de mules, cows, hogs, and sheep, and ransack de smoke-house, but they never burnt a thing at our place. Folks wonder at dat. Some say it was 'cause General Bratton was a high 'gree mason.

"While Marse John, who was a Confederate General, was off in de war, us had overseer. They make mother and everybody go to de field. De little chillun was put in charge, in de daytime, wid an old 'mauma', as they called them in them days. Dere was so many, twenty-five or thirty, dat they had to be fed out of doors. At sundown they was 'sembled in a tent, and deir mammies would come and git them and take them home. Dere used to be some scrappin' over de pot liquor dat was brought out in big pans. De little chillun would scrounge around wid deir tin cups and dip into de pan for de bean, pea, or turnip pot liquor. Some funny scraps took place, wid de old mauma tryin' to separate de squallin', pushin', fightin' chillun.

"De overseer was Wade Rawls and a Mr. Timms. After freedom, us moved to Winnsboro to Dr. Will Bratton's farm near Mt. Zion College. I went to school to Mr. Richardson and Miss Julia Frupp, white teachers employed by northern white people. I got very 'ligious 'bout dat time, but de brand got all rubbed out, when us went to work for Major Woodward. His 'ligion was to play de fiddle, go fox huntin', and ride 'round gittin' Negroes to wear a red shirt and vote de democrat ticket. I went 'long wid him and done my part. They tell a tale on Marse Tom Woodward and I 'spects it's true:

"He was runnin' for some kind of office and was goin', nex' day, up in de dark corner of Fairfield to meet people. Him hear dat a old fellow name Uriah Wright, controlled all de votes at dat box and dat he was a fox hunter to beat de band. He 'quire 'round 'bout Mr. Wright's dogs. He find out dat a dog name 'Ring Smith' was de best 'strike'. Jolly Wright was de name of de cold 'trailer', and Molly

Clowney was de fastest dog of de pack. Marse Tom got all dis well in his mind, and nex' day rode up to old Mr. Wright's, 'bout dinner time.

"De old man had just come in from de field. Marse Tom rode up to de gate and say: 'Is dis Dr. Wright?' De old man say: 'Dat's what de people call me 'round here.' Marse Tom say: 'My name is Woodward. I am on my first political legs, and am goin' 'round to see and be seen, if not by everybody, certainly by de most prominent and 'fluent citizens of each section.' Then de old man say" 'Git down. Git down. You are a monstrous likely man. I'll take you in to see Pinky, my wife, and we'll see what she has to say 'bout it.'

"Marse Tom got down off his horse and was a goin' to de house talkin' all de time 'bout crops. Spyin' de dogs lyin' 'round in de shade, him say: 'Dr. Wright, I am a 'culiar man. I love de ladies and admire them much but, if you'll pardon my weakness, a fine hound dog comes nearer perfection, in my eye, than anything our Father in heaven ever made to live on this green earth!'

"'And what do you know 'bout hounds?' Old man Uriah asked, turnin' from de house and followin' Marse Tom to where de dogs was. Marse Tom set down. De whole pack come to where he was, sniffed and smelt him, and wag deir tails in a friendly way. Marse Tom say: 'What is de name of dis dog? Ring Smith, did you say, Doctor? An uncommon fine dog he seems to me. If dere be any truth in signs, he oughta be a good strike.' De old man reply: 'Good strike, did you say? If dere was 5,000 dogs here, I would bet a million dollars dat Ring Smith would open there miles ahead of the best in de bunch. And you might go befo' a trial justice and swear it was a fox, when he opened on de trail.'

"Marse Tom nex' examined a pale black and tan dog, which was Jolly Wright, de coldest trailer. Feelin' his nose and eyein' him all over, he say at last: 'Dr. Wright, I think dis is one of de most remarkable dogs I has ever seen. I would say he is de coldest trailer of your pack?'

"'Coldest, did you say? Why he can smell them after they have been along three or four weeks.' Molly Clowney was nex' picked out by Marse Tom, and come in for his turn. 'Here ought to be de apple of your eyes, Dr. Wright,' say marse Tom, 'for if I know anything 'bout dogs, this is the swiftest animal dat ever run on four feet. Tell me now, honor bright, can't she out run anything in dese parts?'

"'Run, did you say? No. She can't run a bit. But dere ain't a crow nor a turkey buzzard, dat ever crossed de dark corner, dat can hold a candle to her flyin'. I've seen her run under them and outrun deir shadows many times. Dinner is 'bout ready, and I want you to meet Pincky.'

"Marse Tom was took in de house and de old man led him 'round like a fine horse at a show or fair. 'Why, Pinky, he is smart; got more sense than all de candidates put together. He is kin to old preacher Billy Woodward, de smartest man, I heard my daddy say, in Europe, Asia, Africa, North America, or South America.' They say Marse Tom promised befo' he left to pass a bill dat no fence was to be higher than five rails, to suit fox hunters. Then de old man tell Miss Pinky to bring his fiddle, and he played 'De Devil's Dream.' When he finished, Marse Tom grab de fiddle and play: 'Hell Broke Loose in Georgia', wid such power and skill dat de old man, Uriah, hugged Miss Pinky and cut de 'Pigeon Wing' all over de floor. Marse Tom, they say, carry every vote at dat dark corner box.

"I fall in love with Mary Hall. Got her, slick as a fox. Us had ten chillun. Eight is livin'. Robert is at de Winnsboro Cotton Mills. Ed in de same place. Estelle marry a Ford, and has some land near Winnsboro. Maggie marry a Pickett. Her husband took her to Washington. John Wesley is at Greensboro. Florence marry a Barber and lives in Winston Salem, N.C. Charlie is in Winnsboro. Corinne marry a McDuff and is in Winnsboro.

"Mighty glad to talk to you, and will come some day and try to bring you a 'possum. You say you would like to have one 'bout Thanksgivin' Day?"

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JOSEPHINE STEWART
EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.

Phinie Stewart, as she is known in the community where she lives, is a small, black negress who shows her age in appearance and movements. She lives with Robert Wood, a hundred yards back of the Presbyterian Church manse at Blackstock, S.C. Robert Wood married Phinie's niece, who is now deceased. Phinie has no property, and depends entirely on the charity of Robert Wood for her support.

"Does you know where de old Bell House is, about a mile de other side of Blackstock, on de Chester road? Yes? Well, dere is where I was born, in May, 1853.

"I doesn't know who my pappy was. You know in them times folks wasn't particular 'bout marriage licenses and de preacher tying de knot and all dat kind of thing. But I does know mammy's name. Her name was Celia. Dese eyes of mine is dim but I can see her now, stooping over de wash tub and washing de white folks' clothes every Monday and Tuesday.

"Us belonged to Marster Charlie Bell and his lady, Miss Maggie Bell, our mistress in them slavery days. Does I 'member who Miss Maggie was befo' her married Marster Charlie? Sure I does, Mistress was a daughter of Miss Anne Jane Neil, who lived to be a hundred and five years old, and its writ on her tombstone in Concord Cemetery. I 'spect you has seen it, ain't you? Old Miss Anne Neil was a Irish lady, born in Ireland across de ocean. She had a silver snuff box; I seen it. She'd take snuff out dat box, rub it up her nose and say: 'De Prince of Whales (Wales) give me dis box befo' I come to dis country, and it was presented to his ma, Queen Victoria, by de Duke of Wellington on my sixteenth birthday.' Old Miss Anne Neil claims she was born over dere de very night of de battle of Waterloo. And she would go on and 'low dat when de duke took her by de hand and led her up to de queen, him say: 'Your Majesty, dis young lady was born on de night of our great victory at Waterloo.'

"My young mistress was named Miss Margaret. She married Marse Wade Brice. I was give to them when I was 'bout five years old and I went along with them to Woodward, S.C. My mammy was give to them, too, at de same time. Us lived in Marse Wade's quarter, to de east of de white folks house. Dere was a row of log houses, 'bout ten I think. Mammy and me lived in one dat had two rooms. De chimney was made of sticks and mud, but de floor was a good plank floor. De bed was a wood bedstead wid a wheat straw tick. Dere was no windows to de house so it was warm in de winter time and blue blazing hot in de summer time.

"My white folks was mighty good to us; they fed us well. Us had wooden shoes and no clothes a-tall in de summer, 'cept a one-piece slip on. My mistress die 'bout a year after her marry, and then Marster Wade marry Miss Tilda Watson, a perfect angel, if dere ever was one on dis red earth. She take a liking to me right at de jump, on de first sight. I nussed all her chillun. They was Walter, Ida, Dickey, Lunsford, Wade, Mike, and Wilson. Then I nussed some of her grandchillun. Mr. Brice Waters in Columbia is one of them grandchillun.

"Marse Wade went off to de war and got shot in de hip, but he jined de calvary (cavalry) soon after and was away when de Yankees come through. De Yankees burned and stole everything on de place. They took off all de sheep, mules and cows; killed all de hogs; cotch all de chickens, ducks and geese; and shot de turkeys and tied them to deir saddles as they left. De gin-house made de biggest blaze I ever has seen. Dere was short rations for all de white folks and niggers after dat day.

In 1870 I was still dere wid Marse Wade and Miss Tilda, when de devil come along in de shape, form and fashion of a man. He was name Simon Halleg. I was young then, and a fool, when I married dat no 'count nigger. Us had two chillun, a boy, Allen, and a girl, Louise. Louise sickened and died

befo' she was grown. Allen married and had one child, but him and de child are dead. My husband run away and left us.

"About de time of de great cyclone, Miss Tatt Nicholson, a cousin of Miss Tilda, come down and took me to Chester, to be a maid at de Nicholson Hotel. I liked de work, but I got many a scars while I was dere. In dem days every hotel had a bar where they would mix whiskey and lemons. Men could just walk up, put deir foots on de brass rail of de bar counter and order what they want, and pay fifteen cents a drink. Sometimes they would play cards all night in de bar. One night an old gent stopped his wagon, dat had four bales of cotton on it, befo' de hotel. He come in to get a drink, saw a game going on and took a hand. Befo' bed time he had lost all his money and de four bales of cotton outside.

"No, I didn't work in slavery times. Chillun didn't have to work. De only thing I 'members doing was minding de flies off de table wid a brush made out of peacock tail-feathers.

"All de slaves had to go to church at Concord twice every month and learn de Shorter Catechism. I has one of them books now, dat I used seventy-five years ago. Want to see it? (She exhibits catechism printed in 1840 for slaves.)

"I left de hotel and come back to Miss Tilda Brice. I married Jacob Stewart then, and he was a good man. Us had no chillun. He been gone to glory eight years, bless God.

"Yes sir, I 'members de earthquake. It set a heap of people to praying dat night. Even de cows and chickens got excited. I thought de end of de world had come. I jined de Red Hill Baptist Church then, but my membership is now at de Cross Roads Baptist church. Brother Wright, de pastor, comes to see me, as I'm too feeble to gallivant so far to church.

"Dis house b'longs to Joe Rice. My nephew rents from him and is good enough, though a poor man, to take care of me.

"Please do all you can to get de good President, de Governor, or somebody to hasten up my old age pension dat I'm praying for."

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LEWIS EVANS
EX-SLAVE 96 YEARS OLD.

Lewis Evans lives on the lands of the estate of the late C.L. Smith, about ten miles southwest of Winnsboro, S.C. The house is a two-room frame structure, with a chimney in the center. He has the house and garden lot, free of rent, for the rest of his life, by the expressed wish of Mr. Smith before his demise. The only other occupant is Nancy, who is his third wife and much younger than Lewis. She does all the work about the home. They exist from the produce of the garden output of fowls, and the small pension Lewis receives. They raise a pig each year. This gives them their meat for the succeeding year.

"Who I b'long to? Where was I born? White folks tell me I born after de stars fell, (1833), but maybe I too little to 'member de day. Just have to go by what I hear them say. Think it was 'bout 1841. All accounts is, I was born a slave of Marster John Martin, near Jenkinsville. Old Mistress, his wife, named Miss Margaret. All I can 'member 'bout them is dis: They had 'bout fifteen slaves, me 'mongst them. His daughter married a doctor, Doctor Harrison. I was sold to Maj. William Bell, who lived 'bout ten or twelve miles from old Marster. I's a good size boy then. Maj. Bell had ten families when I got dere. Put me to hoein' in de field and dat fall I picked cotton. Next year us didn't have cotton planters. I was took for one of de ones to plant de cotton seed by drappin' de seed in de drill. I had a bag 'round my neck, full of seeds, from which I'd take handfuls and sow them 'long in de row. Us had a horse-gin and screwpit, to git de cotton fit for de market in Charleston. Used four mules to gin de cotton and one mule to pack it in a bale. Had rope ties and all kinds of batting. Seems to me I 'members seein' old flour sacks doubled for to put de cotton bales in, in de screwpress.

"Us raised many cows, hogs, sheep, and goats on de Bell place. Us worked hard. Us all had one place to eat. Had two women cooks and plenty to eat, cooked in big pots and ovens. Dere was iron pegs in and up de kitchen chimneys, chain and hooks to hold pots 'bove de fire. Dat's de way to boil things, meats and things out de garden.

"Whippin's? Yes sir, I got 'most skinned alive once, when I didn't bring up de cows one Sunday. Got in a fight wid one of Miss Betsie Aiken's hands and let de cows git away, was de cause of de whippin'. I was 'shamed to tell him 'bout de fight. Maj. Bell, dis time, whipped me hisself.

"My white folks was psalm singers. I done drove them to de old brick church on Little River every Sabbath, as they call Sunday. Dere was Miss Margaret, his wife, Miss Sallie and Miss Maggie and de two young marsters, Tom and Hugh. De two boys and me in front and my mistress and de two girls behind. Maj. Bell, when he went, rode his saddle horse.

"Who-ee! Don't talk to dis nigger 'bout patrollers. They run me many a time. You had to have a pass wid your name on it, who you b'long to, where gwine to, and de date you expected back. If they find your pass was to Mr. James' and they ketch you at Mr. Rabb's, then you got a floggin', sure and plenty. Maj. Bell was a kind master and would give us Saturday. Us would go fishin' or rabbit huntin' sometimes.

"Us had two doctors, Doctor Furman and Doctor Davis. White folks care for you when you sick. I didn't have no money in slavery time, didn't have no use for none. Us had no quarters, houses just here and dere on de place, 'round de spring where us got water.

"My Marster went to de old war and was a major. He had brass buttons, butterflies on his shoulders, and all dat, when he come back.

"De Yankees come. Fust thing they look for was money. They put a pistol right in my forehead and say: 'I got to have your money, where is it?' Dere was a gal, Caroline, who had some money; they took it away from her. They took de geese, de chickens and all dat was worth takin' off de place, stripped

it. Took all de meat out de smoke-house, corn out de crib, cattle out de pasture, burnt de gin-house and cotton. When they left, they shot some cows and hogs and left them lying right dere. Dere was a awful smell round dere for weeks after.

“Somethin’ d’rected me, when I was free, to go work where I was born, on de Martin place. I married Mary Douglas, a good-lookin’ wench. A Yankee took a fancy to her and she went off wid de Yankee. She stayed a long time, then come back, but I’d done got Preacher Rice to marry me to Louvinia then. Dis second wife was a good gal. I raised ten chillun by her, but I’s outlived them all but Manuel, Clara and John. When Louvinia passed out, I got Magistrate Smith to jine me and Nancy. She’s still livin’. Home sick now, can’t do nothin’.

“White people been good to me. I’ve been livin’ in dis home, free of rent, given me for life by Mr. Jim Smith, ‘cause I was his faithful servant twenty years.

“Many times I’s set up in de gallery of de old brick church on Little River. They had a special catechism for de slaves, dat asked us who made you, what He made you out of, and what He made you for? I ain’t forget de answers to dis day.

“Marster Major give us Chris’mas day and a pass to visit ‘bout but we sho’ had to be back and rep’t befo’ nine o’clock dat same day.

“I got my name after freedom. My pappy b’long to Mr. David R. Evans. His name was Steve; wasn’t married reg’lar to my mammy. So when I went to take a name in Reconstruction, white folks give me Lewis Evans.

”I b’longs to de Baptist church. Am trustin’ in de Lord. He gives me a conscience and I knows when I’s doin’ right and when de devil is ridin’ me and I’s doin’ wrong. I never worry over why He made one child white and one child black. He make both for His glory. I sings ‘Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, Jesus Gwine Carry Me Home.’ Ain’t got many more days to stay. I knows I’m gwine Home.”

Born in Slavery: Slave Narratives from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1938, United States Works Project Administration, Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress
Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

LOUISA DAVIS
EX-SLAVE 106 YEARS OLD.

“Well, well, well! You knows my white folks on Jackson Creek, up in Fairfield! I’s mighty glad of dat, and glad to see you. My white folks comes to see me pretty often, though they lives way up dere. You wants to write me up? Well, I’ll tell you all I recollect, and what I don’t tell you, my daughter and de white folks can put in de other ‘gredients. Take dis armchair and git dat smokin’ ash tray; lay it on de window sill by you and make yourself comfortable and go ahead.

“I was born in de Catawba River section. My grandpappy was a full blood Indian; my pappy a half Indian; my mother, coal black woman. Just who I b’long to when a baby? I’ll leave dat for de white folks to tell, but old Marster Jim Lemon buy us all; pappy, mammy, and three chillun: Jake, Sophie, and me. De white folks I fust b’long to refuse to sell ‘less Marse Jim buy de whole family; dat was clever, wasn’t it? Dis old Louisa must of come from good stock, all de way ‘long from de beginnin’, and I is sho’ proud of dat.

“When he buys us, Marse Jim take us to his place on Little River nigh clean cross de county. In de course of time us fell to Marse Jim’s son, John, and his wife, Miss Mary. I was a grown woman then and nursed their fust baby, Marse Robert. I see dat baby grow to be a man and ‘lected to legislature, and stand up in dat Capitol over yonder cross de river and tell them de Law and how they should act, I did. They say I was a pretty gal, then, face shiny lak a ginger cake, and hair straight and black as a crow, and I ain’t so bad to look at now, Marse Willie says.

“My pappy rise to be foreman on de place and was much trusted, but he plowed and worked just de same, mammy say maybe harder.

“Then one springtime de flowers git to be blooming, de hens to cackling, and de guineas to patarocking. Sam come along when I was out in de yard wid de baby. He fust talk to de baby, and I asked him if de baby wasn’t pretty. He say, ‘Yes, but not as pretty as you is, Louisa.’ I looks at Sam, and dat kind of foolishness wind up in a weddin’. De white folks allowed us to be married on de back piazza, and Reverend Boggs performed de ceremony.

“My husband was a slave of de Sloans and didn’t get to see me often as he wanted to; and of course, as de housemaid them, dere was times I couldn’t meet him, clandestine like he want me. Us had some grief over dat, but he got a pass twice a week from his marster, Marse Tommie Sloan, to come see me. Bold as Sam git to be, in after years ridin’ wid a red shirt long side of General Bratton in ’76 dat nigger was timid as a rabbit wid me when us fust git married. Shucks, let’s talk ‘bout something else. Sam was a field hand and drive de wagon way to Charleston once a year wid cotton, and always bring back something pretty for me.

“When de war come on, Sam went wid young Marster Tom Sloan as bodyguard, and attended to him, and learned to steal chickens, geese, and turkeys for his young marster, just to tell ‘bout it. He dead now; and what I blames de white folks for, they never would give him a pension, though he spend so much of his time and labor in their service. I ain’t bearin’ down on my kind of white folks, for I’d jump wid joy if I could just git back into slavery and have de same white folks to serve and be wid them, day in and day out.

“Once a week I see de farm hands git rations at de smoke house, but dat didn’t concern me. I was a housemaid and my mammy run de kitchen, and us got de same meals as my marster’s folks did.

“Yes sir; I got ‘possum. Know how to cook him now. Put him in pot and parboil him, then put him in a oven wid lots of lard or fatback, and then bake him wid yaller yam potatoes, flanked round and

round, and then wash him down wid locust and persimmon beer followed by a piece of pumpkin pie. Dat make de bestest meal I 'members in slavery days.

"Us got fish out of Little River nigh every Saturday, and they went good Sunday morning. Us had Saturday evenin's, dat is, de farm hands did, and then I got to go to see Sam some Sundays. His folks, de Sloans, give us a weddin' dinner on Sunday after us was married, and they sho' did tease Sam dat day.

"Like all rich buckra, de Lemons had hogs a plenty, big flock of sheep, cotton gin, slaves to card, slaves to spin, and slaves to weave. Us was well clothed and fed and 'tended to when sick. They was concerned 'bout our soul's salvation. Us went to church, learn de catechism; they was Presbyterians, and read de Bible to us. But I went wid Sam after Freedom. He took de name of Davis, and I jined de Methodist church and was baptized Louisa Davis.

"Patroller, you ask me? 'Spect I do 'member them. Wasn't I a goodlookin' woman. Didn't Sam want to see me more than twice a week? Wouldn't he risk it widout de pass some time? Sure he did. De patrollers got after and run Sam many a time.

"After de war my pappy went to Florida. He look just like a Indian, hair and all, bushy head, straight and young lookin' wid no beard. We never heard from him since.

"De slaves wash de family clothes on Saturday and then rested after doin' dat. We had a good time Christmas; every slave ketch white folks wid a holler, 'Christmas gift, Marster' and they holler it to each other. Us all hung our stockin's all 'bout de Big House, and then dere would be sumpin' in dere next mornin'. Lord, wasn't them good times!

"Now how is it dese days? Young triflin' nigger boys and gals lyin' 'round puffin' cigarets, carryin' whiskey 'round wid them, and gittin' in jail on Christmas, grievin' de Lord and their pappies, and all sich things. Oh! De risin' generation and de future! What is it comin' to? I just don't know, but dere is comin' a time to all them.

"I sho' like to dance when I was younger. De fiddlers was Henry Copley and Buck Manigault; and if anybody 'round here could make a fiddle ring like Buck could, wouldn't surprise me none if my heart wouldn't cry out to my legs, 'Fust lady to de right and cheat or swing as you like, and on to de right'.

"Stop dat laughin'. De Indian blood in me have held me up over a hundred years, and de music might make me young again.

"Oh yes, us had ghost stories, make your hair stand on end, and us put iron in de fire when us hear screech owl, and put dream book under bed to keep off bad dreams.

"When de Yankees come they took off all they couldn't eat or burn, but don't let's talk 'bout dat. Maybe if our folks had beat them and git up into dere country our folks would of done just like they did. Who knows?

"You see dis new house, de flower pots, de dog out yonder, de cat in de sun lyin' in de chair on de porch, de seven tubs under de shed, de two big wash pots, you see de pictures hangin' round de wall, de nice beds, all dese things is de blessin's of de Lord through President Roosevelt. My grandson, Pinckney, is a World War man, and he got in de CCC Camp, still in it in North Carolina. When he got his bonus, he come down, and say, 'Grandma, you too old to walk, supposin' I git you a automobile?' I allow, 'Son, de Indian blood rather make me want a house.' Then us laugh. 'Well,' he say, 'Dis money I has and am continuin' to make, I wants you and mama to enjoy it.' Then he laugh fit to kill heself. Then I say, 'I been dreamin' of a tepee all our own, all my lifetime; buy us a lot over in Sugartown in New Brookland, and make a home of happiness for your ma, me and you'.

"And dis is de tepee you settin' in today. I feel like he's a young warrior, loyal and brave, off in de forests workin' for his chief, Mr. Roosevelt, and dat his dreams are 'bout me maybe some night wid de winds blowin' over dat three C camp where he is."

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MACK TAYLOR
EX-SLAVE 97 YEARS OLD.

Mack Taylor lives six miles southeast of Ridgeway, S.C., on his farm of ninety-seven acres. The house, in which he resides is a frame house containing six rooms, all on one floor. His son, Charley, lives with him. Charley is married and has a small family.

"Howdy do sir! I sees you a good deal goin' backwards and forwards to Columbia. I has to set way back in de bus and you sets up to de front. I can't ketch you to speak to you, as you is out and gone befo' I can lay hold of you. But, as Brer Fox 'lowed to Brer Rabbit, when he ketched him wid a tar baby at a spring, 'I is got you now.'

"I's been wantin' to ask you 'bout dis old age pension. I's been to Winnsboro to see 'bout it. Some nice white ladies took my name and ask me some questions, but dat seem to be de last of it. Reckon I gwine to get anything?"

"Well, I's been here might nigh a hundred years, and just 'cause I pinched and saved and didn't throw my money away on liquor, or put it into de palms of every Jezabel hussy dat slant her eye at me, ain't no valuable reason why them dat did dat way and 'joyed deirselves can get de pension and me can't get de pension. 'Tain't fair! No, sir. If I had a knowed way back yonder, fifty years ago, what I knows now, I might of gallivanted 'round a little more wid de shameless than I did. What you think 'bout it?"

"You say I's forgittin' dat religion must be thought about? Well, I can read de Bible a little bit. Don't it say: 'What you sow you sure to reap?' Yes, sir. Us niggers was fetched here 'ginst our taste. Us fell de forests for corn, wheat, oats, and cotton; drained de swamps for rice; built de dirt roads and de railroads; and us old ones is got a fair right to our part of de pension.

"My marster, in slavery times, lived on de Wateree River. He had a large plantation and, I heard them say, four hundred slaves. He was a hard marster and had me whipped as many times as I got fingers and toes. I started workin' in de field when I was a boy fifteen years old. De work I done was choppin' de grass out of de cotton and pickin' de cotton. What's become of them old army worms dat had horns, dat us chillun was so scared of while pickin' cotton? I never see them dese days but I'd rather have them than dis boll weevil I's pestered wid.

"My marster's name was Tom Clark. My mistress was a gentle lady, but field niggers never got to speak to her. All I can say is dat de house slaves say she was mighty good to them. I saw de chillun of de white folks often and was glad they would play wid us colored chillun. What deir names? Dere was Marse Alley, Marse Ovid, Marse Hilliard, and Miss Lucy.

"Old marster got kilt in de last year of de war, and Miss Margaret, dat was our Mistress, run de place wid overseers dat would thrash you for all sorts of things. If they ketch you leanin' on your hoe handle, they'd beat you; step out of your task a minute or speak to a girl, they'd beat you. Oh, it was hell when de overseers was around and de mistress nor none of de young marsters was dere to protect you. Us was fed good, but not clothed so good in de winter time.

"My pappy didn't b'long to de Clarks at de commencement of de war. Old marster done sold him, 'way from us, to Col. Tom Taylor in Columbia. After de war, he run a shoe repair shop in Columbia many years befo' he died. His name was Douglas Taylor and dat is de reason I took de name, Mack Taylor, when I give in my name to de Freedman's Bureau, and I's stuck to it ever since.

"I members de Yankees. Not many of them come to Miss Margaret's place. Them dat did, took pity on her and did nothing but eat, feed deir horses, and gallop away.

"Us was never pestered by de Ku Klux, but I was given a warnin' once, to watch my step and vote right. I watched my step and didn't vote a-tall, dat year.

“Mr. Franklin J. Moses was runnin’ for governor. Colored preachers was preachin’ dat he was de Moses to lead de Negroes out of de wilderness of corn bread and fat grease into de land of white bread and New Orleans molasses. De preachers sure got up de excitement ‘mongst de colored women folks. They ‘vised them to have nothin’ do do wid deir husbands if they didn’t go to de ‘lection box and vote for Moses. I didn’t go and my wife wouldn’t sleep wid me for six months. I had no chillun by her. She died in 1874. After Nancy die I marry Belle Dawkins. De chillun us had was George, Charley, Maggie and Tommy. Then Belle died, and I married Hannah Cunningham. Us had no chillun. After she died, I marry a widow, Fannie Goings, and us had no chillun.

“My son, George, is in Washington. My daughter, Maggie, is dead. Tommy was in Ohio de last I heard from him. I is livin’ wid my son, Charley, on my farm. My grandson, Mack is a grown boy and de main staff I lean on as I climb up to de hundred mile post of age.

“I b’longs to de Rehovah Baptist Church. I have laid away four wives in deir graves. I have no notion of marryin’ any more. Goodness and mercy have followed me all de days of my life, and I will soon take up dis old body and dwell in de house of de Lord forevermore.”

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MANDA WALKER
EX-SLAVE 80 YEARS OLD.

Manda Walker lives with her son-in-law, Albert Cooper, in a three-room frame cottage in Winnsboro, S.C. Albert's first wife was her daughter, Sallie. Five of their children and Albert's second wife, Sadie, occupy the house with Albert and Manda.

"Does you know where Horse Crick (Creek) branch is, and where Wateree Crick is? Ever been 'long de public road 'tween them water course? Well, on de sunrise side of dat road, up on a hill, was where my slavery time marster live.

"I was born in de yard, back of de white folks' house, in a little log house wid a dirt floor and a stick and mud chimney to one end of de house. My marster was name Marse Tom Rowe and my mistress name Missy Jane Rowe. They de ones dat tell me, long time ago, dat I was born befo' de war, in 1857. Deir chillun was Miss Mary and Miss Miami.

"I no work much'til de end of de war. Then I pick cotton and peas and shell corn and peas. Most of de time I play and sometime be maid to my young misses. Both growed into pretty buxom ladies. Miss Miami was a handsome buxom woman; her marry Marse Tom Johnson and live, after de war, near Wateree Church.

"My pappy name Jeff and b'long to Marse Joe Woodward. He live on a plantation 'cross de other side of Wateree Crick. My mammy name Phoebe. Pappy have to git a pass to come to see mammy, befo' de war. Sometime dat crick git up over de bank and I, to dis day, 'members one time pappy come in all wet and drenched wid water. Him had made de mule swim de crick. Him stayed over his leave dat was writ on de pass. Patarollers (patrollers) come ask for a pass. They say: 'De time done out, nigger.' Pappy try to explain but they pay no 'tention to him. Tied him up, pulled down his breeches, and whupped him right befo' mammy and us chillun. I shudder, to dis day to think of it. Marse Tom and Miss Jane heard de hollerin' of us all and come to de place they was whuppin' him and beg them, in de name of God, to stop, dat de crick was still up and dangerous to cross, and dat they would make it all right wid pappy's marster. They say of pappy: "Jeff swim'cross, let him git de mule and swim back.' They make pappy git on de mule and follow him down to de crick and watch him swim dat swif' muddy crick to de other side. I often think dat system of patarollers and bloodhounds did more to bring on de war and de wrath of de Lord than anything else. Why de good white folks put up wid them poor white trash patarollers I never can see or understand. You never see classy white buckra men a patarollin'. It was always some low-down white men, dat never owned a nigger in deir life, doin' de patarollin' and strippin' de clothes off men, lak pappy, right befo' de wives and chilluN and beatin' de blood out of him. No, sir, good white men never dirty deir hands and souls in sich work of de devil as dat.

"Mammy had nine chilluN. All dead 'cept Oliver. Him still down dere wid de Duke Power Company people, I think. When I come sixteen years old, lak all gals dat age, I commence to think 'bout de boys, and de boys, I 'spects, commence to take notice of me. You look lak you is surprised I say dat. You is just puttin' on. Old and solemn as you is, a settin' dere a writin', I bets a whole lot of de same foolishness have run through your head lak it run through Jerry's, when he took to goin' wid me, back in 1873. Now ain't it so?

"Us chillun felt de pivations (privations) of de war. Us went in rags and was often hungry. Food got scarce wid de white folks, so much had to be given up for de army. De white folks have to give up coffee and tea. De slaves just eat corn-bread, mush, 'taters and buttermilk. Even de peas was commanded for de army. Us git meat just once a week, and then a mighty little of dat. I never got a whuppin' and mammy never did git a whuppin'.

“Us all went to Wateree Presbyterian Church on Sunday to hear Mr. Douglas preach. Had two sermons and a picnic dinner on de ground ‘tween de sermons. Dat was a great day for de slaves. What de white folks lef’ on de ground de slaves had a right to, and us sure enjoy de remains and bless de Lord for it. Main things he preached and prayed for, was a success in de end of de war, so mammy would explain to us when us ‘semble ‘round de fireside befo’ us go to bed. Her sure was a Christian and make us all kneel down and say two prayers befo’ us git in bed. De last one was:

‘Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray de Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die befo’ I wake,
I pray de Lord my soul to take.
Bless pappy, bless mammy
Bless marster, bless missie,
And bless me. Amen!’

“Wheeler’s men was just as hard and wolfish as de Yankees. They say de Yankees was close behind them and they just as well take things as to leave all for de Yankees. ‘Spect dat was true, for de Yankees come nex’ day and took de rest of de hog meat, flour, and cows. Had us to run down and ketch de chickens for them. They search de house for money, watches, rings, and silverware. Took everything they found, but they didn’t set de house afire. Dere was just ‘bout five of them prowlin’ ‘round ‘way from de main army, a foragin’, they say.

“When Miss Margaret marry, old marster sold out and leave de country. Us move to Mr. Wade Rawls’ and work for him from 1876 to Jerry’s death. Is I told you dat I marry Jerry? Well, I picked out Jerry Walker from a baker’s dozen of boys, hot footin’ it ‘bout mammy’s door step, and us never had a cross word all our lives. Us had nine chillun. Us moved ‘round from pillar to post, always needy but always happy. Seem lak us never could save anything on his \$7.06 a month and a peck of meal and three pounds of meat a week.

“When de chillun come on, us try rentin’ a farm and got our supplies on a crop lien, twenty-five percent on de cash price of de supplies and paid in cotton in de fall. After de last bale was sold, every year, him come home wid de same sick smile and de same sad tale: ‘Well, Mandy, as usual, I settled up and it was – Naught is naught and figger is figger, all for de white man and none for de nigger.’

“De grave and de resurrection will put everything all right, but I have a instinct dat God’ll make it all right over and up yonder and dat all our ‘fictions will, in de long run, turn out to our ‘ternal welfare and happiness.”

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MARY RAINES
EX-SLAVE 99 YEARS OLD.

Mary Raines is the oldest living person, white or black, in Fairfield County. If she survives until next December, she will have attained her century of years. She lives with her widowed daughter, Fannie McCollough, fifty-seven years old, and a son, Joe Raines, aged 76 years. They rent a two-room frame house, on lands of Mrs. Sallie Wylie, Chester County, S.C. Joe, the son, is a day laborer on nearby farms. Fannie cooks for Mrs. W.T. Raines. Old Mother Mary has been receiving a county pension of \$5.00 per month for several years.

"How old would Marse William Woodward be if he hadn't died befo' I gwine to die? A hundred and twenty, you say? Well, dat's 'bout de way I figured my age. Him was a nephew of Marse Ed, de fust Marse Ed P. Mobley. Him say dat when him 'come twenty-one old marster give him a birthday dinner and 'vite folks to it. Marse Riley McMaster, from Winnsboro, S.C., was dere a flyin' 'round my young mistress, Miss Harriett. Marse Riley was a young doctor, ridin' 'round wid saddlebags. While they was all settin' down to dinner, de young doctor have to git up in a hurry to go see my mammy. Left his plate piled up wid turkey, nice dressin', rice and gravy, candy 'tatoes, and apple marmalade and cake. De wine 'canter was a settin' on de 'hogany sideboard. All dis him leave to go see mammy, who was a squallin' lak a passle of patarollers (patrollers) was a layin' de lash on her. When de young doctor go and come back, him say as how my mammy done got all right and her have a gal baby. Then him say dat Marse Ed, his uncle, took him to de quarter where mammy was, look me all over and say: 'Ain't her a good one? Must weigh ten pounds. I's gwine name dis baby for your mama, William. Tell her I name her, Mary, for her, but I 'spects some folks'll call her 'Polly', just lak they call your mama, 'Polly'.

"I was a strong gal, went to de field when I's twelve years old, hoe my acre of cotton, 'long wid de grown ones, and pick my 150 pounds of cotton. As I wasn't scared of de cows, they set me to milkin' and churnin'. Bless God! Dat took me out of de field. House servants 'bove de field servants, them days. If you didn't git better rations and things to eat in de house, it was your own fault, I tells you! You just have to help de chillun to take things and while you doin' dat for them, you take things for yourself. I never call it stealin'. I just call it takin' de jams, de jellies, de biscuits, de butter and de 'lasses dat I have to reach up and steal for them chillun to hide 'way in deir little stomachs and me, in my big belly.

"When Joe drive de young doctor, Marse Riley, out to see Miss Harriett, while Marse Riley doin' his courtin' in de parlor, Joe was doin' his courtin' in de kitchen. Joe was as smart as de nex' one. Us made faster time than them in de parlor; us beat them to de marriage. Marse Riley call it de altar, but Joe always laugh and say it was de halter. Many is de time I have been home wid them sixteen chillun, when him was a gallavantin' 'round, and I wished I had got a real halter on dat husband of mine.

"I b'longs to de Gladden's Grove African Methodist 'Piscopal Church. Too old to shout but de great day is comin', when I'll shout and sing to de music of dat harp of 10,000 strings up yonder. Oh! Won't dat be a joyful day, when dese old ailin' bones gonna rise again. (Then the old darkey became suffused in tears, lapsed into a silence and apathy, from which she couldn't be aroused. Finally she slumbered and snored. It would have been unkind to question her further.)

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MIENY JOHNSON
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

Miemy Johnson has no particular place of abode. She is a transient among her children, kin people and friends. In whatever home she may be temporarily an occupant, she does the cooking and family washing.

"I knowed when dat bunty rooster hopped in de door, flap his wings and crowed dis mornin', dat us gonna have company today. I told Sam so befo' he left here. Him laugh and say: 'Ma, dat bunty rooster is a big liar sometime. Maybe him just wanna recommend hissself to you and beat de pig to de slop bucket dat you ain't carried out to de pen yet.' I's sure glad dat you come, for it'll show Sam dat dat chicken never told a lie.

"Set down dere and let me fetch you a plate of boil peanuts, which I just is set off de fire. You lak them? Glad you do, honey. Most white folks love them dat way, 'stead of parched. How you been? You sure is growed since de last day I clap my eyes on you. How's I been? Poorly. I's just a waitin' for de chariot to carry me home.

"Well, us done cut down de underbrush, now let us git into de new ground. You just wanna talk 'bout me and what happen to me all 'long de last eighty years? Dat's some big field to go over.

"My pappy was name Henry. My mammy name Ceily. They both b'long to old Marse Johnnie Mobley, but my pappy's pappy b'long to de Johnson's; they's big white folks on de Catawba river side of de county. They sold their plantation and some of de slaves, to old marster and his daughter, Miss Nancy. She was de widow Thompson befo' her marry dat Kentucky hoss drover, Marse Jim Jones.

"Freedom come. My pappy 'membered de Johnson's and took dat for his name. I never been able to git 'way from dat name. I marry little Phil Johnson. My brudder was Adam Johnson and my sister was Easter. Her marry Allan Foster.

"My husband and me live in de old Mobley quarter, three miles southwest of Woodward and just 'bout a quarter of a mile from where you settin' dere a writin' right now. Long as him live, him was de carriage driver for de Mobleys. He 'tend Fellowship Church. All de Mobleys done dead or moved 'way. Dere is nothin' left to tell de tale but dat cemetery you passed, comin' 'long down here and de ghosts dat shiver 'round dere in de nighttime. Whenever it snow, them ghosts have been seen travelin' down de road and up de avenue to Cedar Shades. You know dat's 'bout a quarter of a mile farther down de road from where Marse Johnnie's brudder, James Mobley lived, Find old house dere yet, but just colored folks live in it.

"Our chillun was Roxanna, Malinda, Ben, Mary, Waddell, Queen Elizabeth, Russell, Pearly, Thomasine, Helen, Alberta, Maggie, Mary Jane, Willie, Sam and Roy. Had de easiest birth pains when, to my big surprise, de twins, Sam and Roy come. Dat been forty years ago last July. I 'members well, dat de twins was born on a Wednesday and I walk to Red Hill Church de very nex' Sunday. Rev. Richard Cook was de preacher, Him didn't see me a settin' in de church and he pray for me by name, as bein' in de perile of childbirth. And bless God, me right dere in dat church a goin' 'long wid de rest of them a singin': 'Amazin' Grace How Sweet De Sound Dat Saved A Wretch Lak Me'. I was a proud wretch dat day as sure's you born!

"Does I 'member anything 'bout de earthquake? Jesus my Lord, yes! Us was holdin' a revival meeting' in Red Hill dat night! It was a moonlight Tuesday night. Brother Severson and Brother Moore was a helpin' Brother Richard Cook carry on de meetin'. It was de last day of August, in '86. Brother Moore had preached, de choir had sung a hymn, and Brother Stevenson was in de middle of a prayer. Him said sumpin' 'bout de devil goin' 'round lak a roarin' lion a seekin' folks for to devour. Then de

roarin' was heard. De church commence to crack and shake and rock. Then all de folks holler: 'Oh Lordy.' They run out dat church and some took up de big road to de depot at Woodward. Some fell down in de moonlight and cry and pray. Brother Cook say de Bible says: 'Bow down, or kneel or fall on your face befo' de Lord'. Then he say: 'Let us all fall on our faces dis time.' Us did and each one of them preachers pray. 'Bout time they git through, us see a rider on a milk white hoss a gallopin' up to de church wid de white mane and tail of dat hoss a wavin' and shinin' in de moonlight. De people went wild wid fear and scream at de top of deir voices: 'It's de white hoss wid his rider of de book of Revelations goin' forth, conquering' and to conquer.' They bust forth in dat mighty spiritual 'Oh Run Here, Believer, Run Here, Oh Sinner Your House On Fire! Oh Sinner Your House On Fire!' They run and surround de white hoss and his rider and what you reckon? Us find out it was just Marse Ed Woodward on his white hoss, John, comin' back from courtin' my young mistress, Tillie Mobley, dat him marry de nex' Christmas.

"Marse Ed got down off dat hoss when us beg him to stay wid us. It's a pow'ful comfort to have a brave white man 'round at sich a time 'mongst a passle of terrified niggers, I tells you! And to think Marse Ed done dead.

"You goin' now? You ain't eat all your peanuts. Put them in your pocket and eat them on de way to de Boro. Goodbye I 'spect I'll get to glory befo' you does. If I does, I'll be dere a waitin' wid a glad hand and a glad voice to welcome you to de everlastin' home."

Born in Slavery: Slave Narratives from the Federal Writers' Project, 1936-1938, United States Works Project Administration, Manuscripts Division, Library of Congress
Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

MOSES LYLES
EX-SLAVE 81 YEARS OLD.

Moses Lyles lives in the section of Fairfield County that borders on Broad River. He lives in a two-room house, of the "saddlebag" type, with his wife, Carrie, and his daughter, Carita. The home is the ordinary tenant house of a Negro in the South. Pictures, cut out of the illustrated Sunday editions of newspapers are used to decorate the inside walls of the rooms. There are two windows to each room, which are closed with plank shutters. The floors are clean and yellowed from much scouring and sweeping. On the outside is a tiny walk to the house, bordered on either side by rows of jonquils. And about the yard are "butter and egg" flowers, that were so much in vogue in slavery times.

"Yes sir, I was a slave. I b'long to Dr. John J. McMahan, dat is, my mammy was his cook. My father b'long to Marse Thomas Lyles. Deir plantations jined and folks could see 'cross de fields from one house to another. I never hear 'bout any trouble dat was caused by pappy comin' every so often to see and be wid my mammy.

"My mistress name Sarah. Her and Marster John was de father and mother of young Marster John J. McMahan, a lawyer. My old marster and mistress have two girls, Miss Annie and Miss Lillie, dat was livin' when Marster die. Just a few weeks after he die, here come young Marse John into a troubled land, in de last year of de war, '65. What you think of dat? Niggers 'low dat's what give him de power dat him have. You never hear 'bout dat? Well, they do say, when a male child come after de father's death, dat male child gwine to be a big man in all sorts of ways. How was him great? What did him do? Why everything. Widout a daddy and widout money, him got to be a 'fessor in de college and a lawyer. He tell de judge what's what in dat very court house over yonder. Git to be de head of all de teachers in de State and show them how to learn de chillun. He come back sometimes and show farmers how to farm. Know how to cure my dog of de mange, show my wife how to cure her chickens dat had de 'pip', and tell us what to do if ever a cow git sick wid de hollow horn or de hollow tail. Why, Marse John could count all de stars in de sky, tell you deir names while settin' on de top rail of de lot fence at night; git up de nex' mornin', look 'round and say whether it gonna rain or not, dat day. He not tell by de sky, but just go out run his fingers through de grass, and dat grass tell him, somehow, it gonna rain or it not gonna rain. How him love dat old place, and de Salem cross road and Monticello. Him was riding high in de saddle of might and power down dere in Columbia. Him come home and say to me and Carrie: 'I love dis old place, wid its red hills and gullies, its pine trees, ash trees, hickory trees and scaly bark trees, de berry weeds and thistles 'bout de barnyard fence and I want to be buried up here, not in Columbia, so dat de weeds and grasses, dat I walk on when a boy, might grow over me when I's dead.' Then him say: 'Mose does you know how to castrate and spay pigs?' I say: 'I does not.' Him say: 'Time for you to learn.' Us and de hands go out to de lot and wid de guff, guff, guff, and guffin' of de old hogs and de squealin' of de pigs, him take all patience and learn me spayance and castration.

"My pappy, as I might have told you, was Henry Lyles and my mammy, Mary Woodward. My brudders and sisters was John, Henry, Martha, Sallie, Jim, and de baby of all, Bill. Bill and me is de only ones livin'.

"One day I was plowin' 'long and a thinkin' a whole lot of foolishness 'bout social 'quality dat was bein' preached to us by de leaders of de Radical 'Publican party, which I b'longed to. Nigger men lak dat kinda talk, nigger women didn't lak it so much. They fear dat if nigger men have a chance to git a white wife, they would have no chance wid de nigger men. They was sure dat no white man would take a black wife, 'ceptin' it be a poor white trash man and then if they git one of them, him would beat her and work her harder than in slavery time.

“When I git to de end of de row, I say: ‘Whoa!’ I turns my back to de plowstock, ketches my hands on de handles and say to myself: ‘De great Moses in de Bible have a black wife. What is good ‘nough for him is just too good for me.’ Then Carrie flit through my mind, as I see her de last time in a red pokeberry dyed dress, a singin’: ‘Swing Low Sweet Chariot, Jesus Gonna Carry Me Home’. Then I think ‘bout dat word ‘carry’ in de tune and dat word ‘home’ in de song and dat word ‘me’ twist and ‘tween them two words ‘carry’ and ‘home’ I says: ‘Come ‘round here, mule. Dat sun soon go down; ain’t got long here for to stay. You got to eat and you’s got to trot and I’s got to ride. You’s got to carry me to see Carrie.’ I went dat night and ask her for to be my wife. Her say: ‘Dis is mighty sudden, Mose. When de idea fust come to you?’ Then I tell her and she laugh. What she laugh ‘bout? Laugh at de fool things I tell her and de very joy of de moment.

“Us marry dat fall and have had nine chillun. Who they? Dere’s Henry, Tozier, Lydia, McGee, Nancy, Tolliver, Bessie, May, and Carita. Carita name Carry for her mammy but her loll it ‘bout her tongue and change it to Carita.

“Old Marse Dr. John McMahan was of de buckra type. Freedom come too soon. De nigger was de right arm of de buckra class. De buckra was de horn of plenty for de nigger. Both suffer in consequence of freedom.”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

NED WALKER
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

Ned Walker lives in the village of White Oak near Winnsboro, S.C., in a two-room frame house, the dwelling of his son-in-law, Leander Heath, who married his daughter Nora. Ned is too old to do any work of a remunerative character but looks after the garden and chickens of his daughter and son-in-law. He is a frequent visitor to Winnsboro S.C. He brings chickens and garden produce, to sell in the town and the Winnsboro Mill's village. He is tall, thin, and straight with kind eyes. Being one of the old Gaillard Negroes, transplanted from the Santee section of Berkeley County, in the Low Country, to the red hills of Fairfield County, in the Up country he still retains words and phrases characteristic of the Negro in the lower part of South Carolina.

"Yes sir, I's tall and slim lak a saplin'; maybe dat a good reason I live so long. Doctor say lean people lives longer than fat people.

"I hear daddy read one time from de Bible 'bout a man havin' strength of years in his right hand and honor and riches in his left hand, but whenever I open dat left hand dere is nothin' in it. 'Spect dat promise is comin' tho', when de old age pension money gits down here from Washington. When you 'spect it is comin'? De palm of my hand sho' begin to itch for dat greenback money. So you think it's on de way? Well, thank God for dat but it seem 'most too good to be true. Now I'll quit askin' questions and just set here and smoke and answer, whilst you do de putting down on de paper.

"Yes sir, I was born right here in de southeast corner of Winnsboro, on de Clifton place. De day I was born, it b'long to my master, David Gaillard. Miss Louisa, dat's Master David's wife, 'low to me one day, 'Ned don't you ever call de master, old master, and don't you ever think of me as old miss'. I promise her dat I keep dat always in mind, and I ain't gonna change, though she done gone on to heaven and is in de choir a singin' and a singin' them chants dat her could pipe so pretty at St. Johns, in Winnsboro. You see they was 'Piscopalians. Dere was no hard shell Baptist and no soft shell Methodist in deir make up. It was all glory, big glory, glory in de very highest rung of Jacob's ladder, wid out white folks.

"Well, how I is ramblin'. You see dere was Master David and Miss Louisa, de king bee and de queen bee. They had a plantation down on de Santee, in de Low Country, somewhere 'bout Moncks Corner. One day Master David buy a 1,385 acres on Wateree Creek. He also buy de Clifton place, to live in, in Winnsboro. I can't git my mind back to tell you what I wants for you to put on de paper. 'Scuse me, forgit everything, 'til you git my pedigree down.

"I done name Master David and Mistress Louisa. Now for de chillun. Us was told to front de boys name wid Marse and de young ladies name wid Miss. Now us can go and git somewhere.

"Well, dere was Miss Elizabeth; she marry Mr. Dwight. Miss Maria marry another Mr Dwight. Miss Kate marry Mr. Bob Ellison a sheriff. Her got two chillun in Columbia, Marse David and Marse DuBose Ellison. Then for de boys; they all went to de war. Marse Alley got kilt. Marse Dick rise to be a captain and after de war marry Congressman Boyce's daughter, Miss Fannie. Marse Ike marry and live in de Low Country; he die 'bout two years ago. Marse Sam marry a Miss DuBose and went wid General Wade Hampton.

"Marse Sam's son cut a canal that divide half and half de western part of de whole world. Us niggers was powerful scared, 'til Marse David Gaillard took a hold of de business. Why us scared? Why us fear dat de center of de backbone of de world down dere, when cut, would tipple over lak de halves of a watermelon and everybody would go under de water in de ocean. How could Marse David prevent it? Us niggers of de Gaillard generation have confidence in de Gaillard race and us willin' to sink or swim

wid them in whatever they do. Young Marse David propped de sides of de world up all right, down dere, and they name a big part of dat canal, Gaillard Cut, so they did. (Gaillard Cut, Panama Canal)

“Well, I keep a rambling’. Will I ever git to Marse Henry, de one dat looked after and cared for slaves of de family most and best? Marse Henry marry a Miss White in Charleston. He rise to be captain and adjutant of de fightin’ 6th Regiment. After de war him fix it so de slaves stay altogether, on dat 1,385 acres and buy de place, as common tenants, on de ‘stallment plan. He send word for de head of each family to come to Winnsboro’ us have to have names and register. Marse Henry command; us obey. Dat was a great day. My daddy already had his name, Tom. He was de driver of de buggy, de carriage, and one of de wagons, in slavery. Marse Henry wrote him a name on a slip and say: ‘Tom as you have never walked much, I name you Walker.’

“It wasn’t long befo’ daddy, who was de only one dat could read and write, ride down to Columbia and come back wid a ‘mission in his pocket from de ‘Publican Governor, to be Justice of de Peace.

“Marse Henry ladle out some ‘golliwopshus’ names dat day. Such as: Caesar Harrison, Edward Cades and Louis Brevard. He say, ‘Louis, I give you de name of a judge. Dan, I give you a Roman name, Pompey.’ Pompey turned out to be a preacher and I see your grandpa, Marse William Woodward, in de graveyard when Uncle Pompey preached de funeral of old Uncle Wash Moore. Tell you ‘bout dat if I has time.

“Well, he give Uncle Sam de name of Shadrock. When he reach Uncle Aleck, he ‘low: ‘I adds to your name Aleck, two fine names, a preacher’s and a scholar’s, Porter Ramsey.’ ‘Bout dat time a little runt elbow and butt his way right up to de front and say: ‘Marse Henry, Marse Henry! I wants a big bulldozin’ name.’ Marse Henry look at him and say” ‘You little shrimp, take dis then.’ And Marse Henry write on de slip of paper: Mendoza J. Fernandez, and read it out loud. De little runt laugh mighty pleased and some of them Fernandezes ‘round here to dis day.

“My mammy Bess, my granddaddy name June, grandmammy, Renah, but all my brothers dead. My sisters Clerissie and Phibbie am still livin’. Us was born in a two-story frame house, chimney in de middle, four rooms down stairs and four up stairs. Dere was four families livin’ in it. Dese was de town domestics of master. Him have another residence on de plantation and a set of domestics, but my daddy was de coachman for both places.

“De Gaillard quarters was a little town laid out wid streets wide ‘nough for a wagon to pass thru. Houses on each side of de street. A well and church was in de center of de town. Dere was a gin-house, barns, stables, cowpen and a big bell on top of a high pole at de barn gate. Dere was a big trough at de well, kept full of water day and night, in case of fire and to water de stock. Us had peg beds, wheat straw mattress and rag pillows. Cotton was too valuable.

“Master didn’t ‘low de chillun to be worked. He feed slaves on ‘tatoes, rice, corn pone, hominy, fried meat, ‘lasses, shorts, turnips, collards, and string beans. Us had pumpkin pie on Sunday. No butter, no sweet milk but us got clabber and buttermilk.

“Oh, then, I ‘bout to forgit. Dere was a big hall wid spinnin’ wheels in it, where thread was spin. Dat thread was hauled to Winnsboro and brought to de Clifton place in Winnsboro, to de weave house. Dat house set ‘bout where de Winnsboro Hill is now. Mammy was head of de weave house force and see to de cloth. Dere was a dye-room down dere too. They use red earth sometime and sometime walnut stain. My mammy learn all dis from a white lady, Miss Spurrier, dat Master David put in charge dere at de first. How long she stay? I disremember dat. Us no want for clothes summer or winter. Had wooden bottom shoes, two pair in a year.

“Mrs. Sam Johnson was de overseer. Dere was ‘bout 700 slaves in de Gaillard quarter and twenty in town, countin’ de chillun. De young white marsters break de law when they teach daddy to read and write. Marse Dick say: ‘To hell wid de law, I got to have somebody dat can read and write ‘mong de servants.’ My daddy was his valet. He put de boys to bed, put on deir shoes and brush them off, and all dat kind of ‘tention.

“De church was called Springvale. After freedom, by a vote, de members jines up, out of respect to de family, wid de African Methodist ‘Piscopalian Church so as to have as much of de form, widout de substance of them chants, of de master’s church.

“No sir, us had no mulattoes on de place. Everybody decent and happy. They give us two days durin’ Christmas for celebratin’ and dancin’.

“I marry Sylvin Field, a gal on de General Bratton Canaan place. Us have three chillun. Nora Heath, dat I’m now livin’ wid, at White Oak, Bessie Lew, in Tennessee and Susannah, she is dead.

“What I think of Abe Lincoln? Dat was a mighty man of de Lord. What I think of Jeff Davis? He all right, ‘cordin’ to his education, just lak my white folks. What I think of Mr. Roosevelt? Oh, Man! Dat’s our papa.

“Go off! I’s blabbed ‘nough. You ‘bliged to hear ‘bout dat funeral? Will I pester you for ‘mother cigarette? No sir! I ain’t gonna smoke it lak you smoke it. Supposin’ us was settin’ here smokin’ them de same? A Gaillard come up them steps and see us. He say: ‘Shame on dat white man’, turn his back and walk back down. A Woodward come up them steps and see us. He say: ‘You d--- nigger! What’s all dis?’ Take me by de collar, boot me down them steps and come back and have it out wid you. Dat’s ‘bout de difference of de up and low country buckra.

“Now ‘bout Uncle Wash’s funeral. Uncle Wash was de blacksmith in de forks of de road ‘cross de railroad from Concord Church. He was a powerful man! Him use de hammer and tongs for all de people miles and miles ‘round. Him jine de Springvale African Methodist ‘Piscopalian Church, but fell from grace. Him covet a hog of Marse Walt Brice and was sent to de penitentiary for two years, bout dat hog. Him contracted consumption down dere and come home. His chest was all sunk in and his ribs full of rheumatism. Him soon went to bed and died. Him was buried on top of de hill, in de pine just north of Woodward. Uncle Pompey preached de funeral. White folks was dere. Marse William was dere, and his nephew, de Attorney General of Arizona. Uncle Pompey took his text ‘bout Paul and Silas layin’ in jail and dat it was not ‘ternally against a church member to go to jail. Him dwell on de life of labor and bravery, in tackilin’ kickin’ hosses and mules. How him sharpen de dull plow points and make de corn and cotton grow, to feed and clothe de hungry and naked. He look up thru de pine tree tops and say: ‘I see Jacob’s ladder. Brother Wash is climbin’ dat ladder. Him is half way up. Ah! Brudders and sisters, pray, while I preach dat he enter in them pearly gates. I see them gates open. Brother Wash done reach de topmost rung in dat ladder. Let us sing wid a shout, dat blessed hymn, ‘Dere is a Fountain Filled Wid Blood.’ Wid de first verse de women got to hollerin’ and wid de second’, Uncle Pompey say: ‘De dyin’ thief I see him dere to welcome Brother Wash in paradise. Thank God! Brother Wash done washed as white as snow and landed safe forever more.’

“Dat Attorney General turn up his coat in de November wind and say” ‘I’ll be damn!’ Marse William smile and ‘low: ‘Oh Tom! Don’t be too hard on them. ‘Member He will have mercy on them, dat have merc on others’.”

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NELSON CAMERON
EX-SLAVE 81 YEARS OLD.

Nelson Cameron and his wife, Mary, together with a widowed daughter, Rose, and her six children, live in a four-room frame house, two miles south of Woodward, S.C., about sixty yards east of US highway #21. He cultivates about eighty acres of land, on shares of the crop, for Mr. Brice, the land owner. He is a good, respectable, cheerful old darkey, and devoted to his wife and grandchildren.

"Marse Wood, Ned Walker, a old Gaillard nigger says as how he was down here 'tother day sellin' chickens, where he got them chickens I's not here for to say, and say you wanna see me. I's here befo' you and pleads guilty to de charge dat I'm old, can't work much any longer, and is poor and needy.

"You sees dere's a window pane out of my britches seat and drainage holes in both my shoes, to let de sweat out when I walks to Bethel Church on Sunday. Whut can you and Mr. Roosevelt do for dis old Izrallite a passin' thru de wilderness on my way to de Promise Land? Lak to have a little manna and quail, befo' I gits to de river Jordan.

"My old marster name Sam Brice. His wife, my mistress, tho' fair as de lily of de valley and cheeks as pink as de rose of Sharon, is called 'Darkie.' Dat always seem a misfit to me. Idly or Rose or Daisy would have suited her much more better, wid her laces, frills, flounces, and ribbons. Her mighty good to de slaves. Take deir part 'ginst de marster sometime, when him want to whup them. Sometime I sit on de door-steps and speculate in de moonlight whut de angels am like and everytime, my mistress is de picture dat come into dis old gray head of mine. You say you don't want po'try, you wants facts.

"Well, here de facts: My mammy name Clara. Don't forgit dat. I come back to her directly. My young mistress was Miss Maggy. Her marry Marse Robert Clowney; they call him 'Red-head Bob.' Him have jet red hair. Him was 'lected and went to de Legislature once. No go back; he saw dere too much ding dong do-nuttin' foolishness down dere for him to leave home and stay 'way from de wife and chillun half de winter months.

"Marse Sam never have so pow'ful many slaves. Seem lak dere was more women and chillun than men. In them days, pa tell me, a white man raise niggers just lak a man raise horses or cows. Have a whole lot of mares and 'pendin' on other man to have de stallion. Fust thing you know dere would be a whole lot of colts kickin' up deir heels on de place. Lakwise a white man start out wid a few women folk slaves, soon him have a plantation full of little niggers runnin' 'round in deir shirt-tails and a kickein' up deir heels, whilst deir mammies was in de field a hoeing and geeing at de plow handles, workin' lak a man. You ketch de point? Well I's one of them little niggers. My pa name Vander. Him b'long to one of de big bugs, old Marse Gregg Cameron. Marse Gregg, him 'low, always have more money and niggers than you could shake a stick at, more land than you could walk over in a day, and more cuss words than you could find in de dictionary. His bark was worser than his bite, tho'. Pa was de tan-yard man; he make leather and make de shoes for de plantation. After freedom date, de way he make a livin' for mammy and us chillun was by makin' boots and shoes and half solin' them for white folks at Blackstock, S.C. Marse Sam Brice mighty glad for mammy to contact sich a man to be de pappy of her chillun.

"Us live in a log house wid a little porch in front and de mornin' glory vines use to climb 'bout it. When they bloom, de boss would come a hummin' 'round and suck de honey out de blue bells on de vines. I 'members dat well 'nough, dat was a pleasant memory. Is I told you my mammy name Clara? My brothers and sisters, who they? George dead, Calvin dead, Hattie (name for pa's young mistress) dead, Samson, who got his ear scald off in a pot of hot water, is dead, too. I's existing still. I did mighty little work in slavery time. 'Members not much 'bout de Yankees.

“Freedom come, pa come straight as a martin to his gourd, to mammy and us pickaninnies. They send us to school at Blackstock and us walk fourteen miles and back, every day to school. At school I meets Mary Stroud, a gal comin’ from de Gaillard quarter. Her eyes was lak twin stars. Her hair lak a swarm of bees. All my studyin’ books was changed to studyin’ how to git dat swarm of bees in a hive by mysself. One day I walk home from school with her and git old Uncle Tom Walker to marry us, for de forty cents I saved us. Us happy ever since. Nex’ year I work for Ben Calvin, a colored man on de Cockerell place, jinin’ de Gaillard place. Us did dat to be near her pappy, Uncle Morris Stroud.

“All thru them ‘Carpet Bag’ days my pappy stuck to de white folks, and went ‘long wid de Ku Kluxes. His young mistress, Miss Harriet Cameron, marry de Grand Titan of all de Holy invisible Roman Empire. Him name was Col. Leroy McAfee. Pappy tell me all ‘bout it. Marse Col. McAfee come down from North Ca’lina, and see Marse Feaster Cameron at old Marse Gregg Cameron’s home and want Marse Feaster to take charge down in dis State. While on dat visit him fall in love wid Marse Feas’s sister, Harriet, and marry her. You say Marse Tom Dixon dedicate a book to her, de Clansman? Well, well, well! To think of dat. Wish my pappy could a knowed dat, de Sundays he’d take dat long walk to Concord church to put flowers on her grave. They all lie dere in dat graveyard, Old Marse Gregg, Marse Leroy, Miss Harriet, and Marse Feas. De day they bury Marse Feas de whole county was dere and both men and women sob when de red earth rumbled on his coffin top. Pappy had me by de hand and cried lak a baby, wid de rest of them, dat sad day.

“Does you ‘member de time in 1884, when my pappy made you a pair of boots for \$10.00 and when you pay him, him knock off one dollar and you pay him nine dollars? You does? Well dat is fine, for I sure need dat dollar dis very day.

“Does I ‘member de day old Marse Gregg die? Course I does. It happen right here in Winnsboro. Him come down to ‘tend John Robinson’s Circus. Him lak Scotch liquor; de tar smell, de taste, and de ‘fect, take him back to Scotland where him generate from. Them was bar-room days in Winnsboro. De two hotels had bar-rooms, besides de other nine in town. Marse Gregg had just finished his drink of Scotch. De parade of de circus was passing de hotel where he was, and de steam piano come by a tootin’. Marse Gregg jump up to go to de street to see it. When it pass, him say: ‘It’s a damn humbug’ and drop dead.”

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PHILLIP EVANS
EX-SLAVE 85 YEARS OLD.

Phillip Evans, his wife, Janie, and their crippled son live together in a two-room frame house with one fireplace. The old woman has been a wet nurse for many white families in Winnsboro. Neither Phillip nor his boy can work. The wife nurses occasionally.

"I was born at de General Bratton Canaan place 'bout six miles, sort of up a little, on de sunrise side of Winnsboro. I hopes you're not contrary like, to think it too much against dis old slave when I tells you de day. Well sir, dat day was de fust day of April but pray sir, don't write me down a fool 'cause I born on dat p'ticular April Fool Day, 1852. When I gits through wid you I wants you to say if dat birthday have any 'fect on dis old man's sensibility.

"My pappy was name Dick. Him was bought by General Bratton from de sale of de Evans Estate. My pappy often tell mammy and us chillun, dat his pappy was ketched in Africa and fetched to America on a big ship in a iron cage, 'long wid a whole heap of other black folks, and dat he was powerful sick at de stomach de time he was on de ship.

"My mammy was name Charlotte. Her say her know nothin' 'bout her daddy or where he came from. One of my brothers is de Reverend Jackson C. Evans, age 72. Richard, another brother, is 65 years old. All of us born on de Canaan Bratton place. General Bratton love dat place; so him named it proud, like de Land of Canaan.

"I help to bring my brother Richard, us calls him Dick, into de world. Dat is, when mammy got in de pains, I run for de old granny on de place to come right away. Us both run all de way back. Good us did, for dat boy come right away. I 'members, to dis hour and minute, dat as soon as dat boy got here, he set de house full of noise, a cryin' like a cat squallin'. All chillun does dat though, as soon as they come into de world. I got one sister older than me; her name Jenny Watson. Her live in a house on de Canaan place, callin' distance from where I live. Us is Methodists. A proud family, brought low by Mr. Hoover and his crowd. Had to sell our land. 'Spect us would have starved, as us too proud to beg. Thank God, Mr. Roosevelt come 'long. Him never ask whether us democrat or 'publican nor was us black or white; him just clothe our nakedness and ease de pains of hunger, and goin' further, us goin' to be took care of in our old age. Oh, how I love dat man; though they do say him got enemies.

"My brother, de preacher, says dat occasioned by de fact dat de President got a big stick and a big foot, dat sometime he tromp on de gout foots of some of them rich people. Howsomever, he say dat as long as de Lord, de Son, and de Holy Ghost is wid de President, it'll be all right for us colored folks. It makes no difference 'bout who is against de President. He says us niggers down South can do nothin' but be Methodist, pray to de Lord, and shout for de President. I's goin' to try to do some of de prayin' but dis voice too feeble to do much shoutin'.

"What kind of house us live in at slavery time? Nice plank house. All de houses in de quarters made dat way. Our beds was good. Us had a good marster. Our livin' houses and vittles was better and healthier than they is now. Big quarters had many families wid a big drove of chillun. Fed them from big long trays set on planks. They eat wid iron spoons, made at de blacksmith's shop. What de eat? Peas, beans, okra, Irish 'tators, mush, shorts, bread, and milk. Dere was 'bout five or six acres to de garden. Us kept fat and happy.

"Who was de overseers? Mr. Wade Rawls was one and Mr. Osborne was another. There was another one but 'spects I won't name him, 'cause him had some trouble wid my Uncle Dennis. 'Pears like he insult my aunt and beat her. Uncle Dennis took it up, beat de overseer, and run off to de woods. Then when he git hungry, him come home at night for to eat sumpin.' Dis kept up 'til one day my pappy

drive a wagon to town and Dennis jined him. Him was a settin' on de back of de wagon in de town and somebody point him out to a officer. They clamp him and put him in jail. After de 'vestigation they take him to de whippin' post of de town, tie his foots, make him put his hands in de stocks, pulled off his shirt, pull down his britches and whip him terrible.

"No sir, Marster General Bratton didn't 'low his slaves' chillun to work. I just played 'round, help feed de stock and pigs, bring in de fruit from de orchard and sich like.

"Yes sir, marster give me small coins. What I do wid de money? I buy a pretty cap one time. Just don't 'members what I did wid it all.

"Us went fishin' in de Melton Branch, wid hooks. Ketch rock rollers, perch and catfish. They eat mighty good. I like de shortnin' bread and sugar cane 'lasses best and de fust time I ever do wrong was 'bout de watermelons.

"Our shoes was made on de place. They had wooden bottoms. My daddy, being de foreman, was de only slave dat was give de honor to wear boots.

"Dere was just two mulattoes on de place. One was a daughter of my aunt. All de niggers was crazy 'bout her and wid de consent of my aunt, marster give her to some kinfolks in Arkansas. De other was name Rufus. My marster was not his daddy. No use to put down dere in writing just who his pappy was.

"Stealing was de main crime. De whippin's was put on de backs, and if you scowled, dat would git you a whippin' right dere and then.

"Yes sir, dere is haunts, plenty of them. De devil is de daddy and they is hatched out in de swamps. My brother say they is demons of hell and has de witches of de earth for their hosses.

"De neighbors 'bout was de Neils, de Rawls, de Smiths, and de Mobleys. Marse Ed Mobley was great for huntin'. Marse General Bratton was a great sheep raiser. In spite of dat, they got along; though de dogs pestered de sheep and de shotguns peppered de dogs sometime.

"My marster was a general in de Secession War. After dat, him a controller of de State. Him run old 'Buttermilk' Wallace out of Congress. Then he was a Congressman.

"My mistress was Miss Bettie. Her was a DuBose. Her child, Miss Isabella, marry some big man up North and their son, Theodore, is de bishop of de high 'Piscopal Church of Mississippi.

"Now I repeats de question: Does you think I's a fool just 'cause I's born on dat fust day of April, 1852?

"You made me feel religious askin' all them questions. Seem like a voice of all de days dat am gone turn over me and press on de heart, and dis room 'fect me like I was in a church. If you ever pass de Canaan place I'd be mighty happy to see you again."

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

ROBERT TOATLEY
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

Robert Toatley lives with his daughter, his son, his son's wife, and their six children, near White Oak, seven miles north of Winnsboro, S.C. Robert owns the four room frame house and farm containing 235 acres. He has been prosperous up from slavery, until the boll weevil made its appearance on his farm and the depression came on the country at large, in 1929. He has been compelled to mortgage his home but is now coming forward again, having reduced the mortgage to a negligible balance, which he expects to liquidate with the present 1937 crop of cotton.

Robert is one of the full blooded Negroes of pure African descent. His face, in repose, possesses a kind of majesty that one would expect in beholding a chief of an African tribe.

"I was born on de 'Lizabeth Mobley place. Us always called it 'Cedar Shades'. Dere was a half mile of cedars on both sides of de road leading to de fine house dat our white folks lived in. My birthday was May 15, 1855. My mistress was a daughter of Dr. John Glover. My marster married her when her was twelve years old. Her first child, Sam, got to be a doctor, and they sho' did look lak brother and sister. When her oldest child, Sam, come back from college, he fetched a classmate, Jim Carlisle, wid him. I played marbles wid them. Dat boy, Jim, made his mark, got 'ligion, and went to de top of a college in Spartanburg. Marse Sam study to be a doctor. He start to practice and then he marry Miss Lizzie Rice down in Barnwell. Mistress give me to them and I went wid them and stayed 'til freedom.

"My childhood was a happy one, a playin' and a rompin' wid de white chillun. My master was rich. Slaves lived in quarters, 300 yards from de big house. A street run through the quarters, homes on each side. Beds was homemade. Mattresses made of wheat straw. Bed covers was quilts and counterpanes, all made by slave women.

"My mammy's pappy was a slave brick-mason, b'longin' to a white family named Partillo, from Warrington, Virginia. He couldn't be bought 'less you bought his wife and three chillun wid him. Didn't know what it was. Mammy was a house woman, and I got just what de white chillun got to eat, only a little bit later, in de kitchen. Dere was fifty or sixty other little niggers on de place. Want to know how they was fed? Well, it was lak dis: You've seen pig troughs, side by side, in a big lot? After all de grown niggers eat and git out de way, scraps and everything eatable was put in them troughs; sometimes buttermilk poured on de mess and sometimes potlicker. Then de cook blowed a cow horn. Quick as lightnin' a passle of fifty or sixty little niggers run out de plum bushes, from under de sheds and houses, and from everywhere. Each one take his place, and souse his hands in de mixture and eat just lak you see pigs shovin' 'round slop troughs. I see dat sight many times in my dreams, old as I is, eighty-two years last Saturday.

"'Twas not 'til de year of '66 dat we got 'liable info'mation and felt free to go where us pleased to go. Most of de niggers left but mammy stayed on and cooked for Dr. Sam and de white folks.

"Bad white folks comed and got bad niggers started. Soon things got wrong and de devil took a hand in de mess. Out of it come to de top, de carpet bag, de scalawags and then de Ku Klux. Night rider come by and drap something at your door and say: 'I'll just leave you something for dinner'. Then ride off in a gallop. When you open de sack, what you reckon in dere? Liable to be one thing, liable to be another. One time it was six nigger heads dat was left at de door. Was it at my house door? Oh, no! It was at de door of a nigger too active in politics. Old Congressman Wallace sent Yankee troops, three miles long, down here. Lots of white folks was put in jail.

"I married Emma Greer in 1879; she been dead two years. Us lived husband and wife 56 years, bless God. Us raised then chillun; all is doin' well. One is in Winnsboro, one in Chester, one in Rock

Hill, one in Charlotte, one in Chesterfield, one in New York and two wid me on de farm near White Oak, which I own. I has 28 grandchillun. All us Presbyterians. Can read but can't write. Our slaves was told if ever they learned to write they'd lose de hand or arm they wrote wid.

"What 'bout whuppin's? Plenty of it. De biggest whuppin' I ever heard tell of was when they had a trial of several slave men for sellin' liquor at de spring, durin' preachin', on Sunday. De trial come off at de church 'bout a month later. They was convicted, and de order of de court was: Edmund to receive 100 lashes; Sam and Andy each 125 lashes and Frank and Abram 75 lashes. All to be given on deir bare backs and rumps, well laid on wid strap. If de courts would sentence like dat dese days dere'd be more 'tention to de law.

"You ask me 'bout Mr. Lincoln. I knowed two men who split rails side by side wid him. They was Mr. McBride Smith and Mr. David Pink. Poor people 'round in slavery time had a hard time, and dese was two of them.

"My white folks, de Mobleys, made us work on Sunday sometime, wid de fodder, and when de plowin' git behind. They mighty neighborly to rich neighbors but didn't have much time for poor buckra. I tell you poor white men have poor chance to rise, make sump'n and be sump'n, befo' de old war. Some of dese same poor buckra done had a chance since then and they way up in 'G' now. They mighty nigh run de county and town of Winnsboro plum mighty nigh it, I tell you. It makes me sad, on de other side, to see quality folks befo' de war a wanderin' 'round in rags and tatters and deir chillun beggin' bread.

"Well, I mus' be goin', but befo' I goes I want to tell you I 'members your ma, Miss Sallie Woodward. Your grandpa was de closest neighbor and fust cousin to Dr. Sam. Deir chillun used to visit. Your ma come down and spen' de day one time. She was 'bout ten dat day and she and de chillun make me rig up some harness for de billy goat and hitch him to a toy wagon. I can just see dat goat runnin' way, them little chillun fallin' out backside de wagon and your ma laughin' and cryin' 'bout de same time. I picks her up out de weeds and briars."

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ROSA STARKE
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

Rosa's grandfather was a slave of Solicitor Starke. Although she has had two husbands since slavery, she has thrown their names into the discard and goes by the name of Rosa Starke. She lives in a three-room frame house with her son, John Harrison, two miles south of Winnsboro, S.C., on the plantation of Mrs. Rebecca V. Woodward. She still does farm work, hoeing and picking cotton.

"They say I was six years old when de war commence poppin' in Charleston. Mammy and pappy say dat I was born on de Graham place, one of de nineteen plantations of my old marster, Nick Peay, in 1854. My pappy was name Bob and my mammy name Salina. They had b'long to old Marse Tom Starke befo' old Marse Nick bought them. My brudders was name Bob and John. I had a sister name Carrie. They was all older than me.

"My marster, Nick Peay, had nineteen places, wid a overseer and slave quarters on every place. Folks dat knows will tell you, dis day, dat them nineteen plantations, in all, was twenty-seven thousand acres. He had a thousand slaves, more or less, too many to take a census of. Befo' de numerator git 'round, some more would be born or bought, and de nominator had to be sent 'round by Marse Nick, so old Miss Martha, our mistress, say. Her never could know just how many 'twas. Folks used to come to see her and ask how many they had and her say it was one of them sums in de 'rithmetic dat a body never could take a slate and pencil and find out de correct answer to.

"Her was a Adamson befo' her marry old marster, a grand big buckra. Had a grand manner; no patience wid poor white folks. They couldn't come in de front yard; they knowed to pass on by to de lot, hitch up deir hoss, an come knock on de kitchen door and make deir wants and wishes knowed to de butler.

"You wants me to tell 'bout what kind of house us niggers live in then? Well, it 'pend on de nigger and what him was doin'. Dere was just two classes to de white folks, buckra slave owners and poor white folks dat didn't own no slaves. Dere was more classes 'mongst de slaves. De fust class was de house servants. Dese was de butler, de maids, de nurses, chambermaids, and de cooks. De nex' class was de carriage drivers and de gardeners, de carpenters, de barber, and de stable men. Then come de nex' class de wheelwright, wagoners, blacksmiths and slave foremen. De nex' class I 'members was de cow men and de niggers dat have care of de dogs. All dese have good houses and never have to work hard or git a beatin'. Then come de cradlers of de wheat, de threshers, and de millers of de corn and de wheat, and de feeders of de cotton gin. De lowest class was de common field niggers. A house nigger man might swoop down and mate wid a field hand's good lookin' daughter, now and then, for pure love of her, but you never see a house gal lower herself by marryin' and matin' wid a common field-hand nigger. Dat offend de white folks, 'specially de young misses, who liked de business of match makin' and matin' of de young slaves.

"My young marsters was Marse Tom, Marse Nick, and Marse Austin. My young misses was Miss Martha, Miss Mary, and Miss Anne Eliza. I knows Marse Nick, Jr marry a Cunningham of Liberty Hill. Marse Tom marry a Lyles and Marse Austin marry and move to Abbeville, after de war. Old marster die de year befo' de war, I think, 'cause my mammy and pappy fell in de division to Marse Nick and us leave de Graham place to go to de home place. It was called de Melrose place. And what a place dat was! 'Twas on a hill, over lookin' de place where de Longtown Presbyterian Church and cemetery is today. Dere was thirty rooms in it and a fish pond on top of it. A flower yards stretchin' clean down de hill to de big road, where de big gate, hangin' on big granite pillars, swung open to let de carriages, buggies, and wagons in and up to de house.

“Can I tell you some of de things dat was in dat house when de Yankees come? Golly no! Dat I can’t, but I ‘members some things dat would ‘stonish you as it ‘stonished them. They had Marseille carpets, linen table cloths, two silver candlesticks in every room, four wine decanters, four nut crackers, and two coffee pots, all of them silver. Silver castors for pepper, salt, and vinegar bottles. All de plates was china. Ninety-eight silver forks, knives, teaspoons and table spoons. Four silver ladles, six silver sugar tongs. Silver goblets, a silver mustard pot and two silver fruit stands. All de fire places had brass firedogs and marble mantel pieces. Dere was four oil paintin’s in de hall; each cost, so Marse Nick say, one hundred dollars. One was his ma, one was his pa, one was his Uncle Austin and de other was of Colonel Lamar.

“De smoke-house had four rooms and a cellar. One room, every year, was filled wid brown sugar just shoveled in wid spades. In winter they would drive up a drove of hogs from each plantation, kill them, scald de hair off them, and pack de meat away in salt, and hang up de hams and shoulders ‘round and ‘bout de smokehouse. Most of de rum and wine was kep’ in barrels, in de cellar, but dere was a closet in de house where whiskey and brandy was kep’ for quick use. All back on de east side of de mansion was de garden and terraces, acres of sweet ‘taters, water millions (watermelons) and strawberries and two long rows of beehives.

“Old marster die. De ‘praisers of de State come and figure dat his mules, niggers, cows, hogs, and things was worth 200,000.00. Land and house I disremember ‘bout. They, anyhow, say de property was over a million dollars. They put a price of \$1,600.00 on mammy and \$1,800.00 on pappy. I ‘member they say I was worth \$400.00. Young Marse Nick tell us dat the personal property of de estate was ‘praised at \$268,167.78. (Probate records of Fairfield County; see Roll 110 of the Judge of Probate for Fairfield County.)

“De Yankees come set all de cotton and de gin-house afire. Load up all de meat; take some of de sugar and shovel some over de yard; take all de wine, rum, and liquor; gut de house of all de silver and valuables, set it afire, and leave one thousand niggers cold and hungry, and our white folks in a misery they never has got over to de third generation of them. Some of them is de poorest white folks in dis State today. I weeps when I sees them so poor, but they is ‘spectable yet, thank God.

“After de war I stuck to de Peay white folks, ‘til I got married to Will Harrison. I can’t say I love him, though he was de father of all my chillun. My pappy, you know, was a half white man. Maybe dat explain it. Anyhow, when he took de fever I sent for Dr. Gibson, ‘tend him faithful but he die and I felt more like I was free, when I come back from de funeral, than I did when Marse Abe Lincoln set us free. My brudder, Bob, had done gone to Florida.

“I nex’ marry, in a half-hearted way, John Pearson, to help take care of me and my three chillun, John, Bob, and Carrie. Him take pneumonia and die, and I never have a speck of heart to marry a colored man since. I just have a mind to wait for de proper sort, till I git to heaven, but dese adult teachers ‘stroy dat hope. They read me dat dere is no marryin’ in heaven. Well, well, dat’ll be a great disappointment to some I knows, both white and black, and de ginger-cake women lak me.

“Is I got any more to tell you? Just dis: Dere was 365 windows and doors to Marse Nick Peay’s house at Melrose, one for every day in de year, my mistress ‘low. And dere was a peach tree in de orchard so grafted dat dat peach tree have ripe peaches on it in May, June, July, August, September, and October.”

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SAVILLA BURRELL
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

“Our preacher, Beaty, told me that you wanted to see me today. I walked three miles dis mornin’ before the sun gits hot to dis house. Dis house is my grand daughter’s house. Willie Caldwell, her husband, work down to de cotton mill. Him make good money and take good care of her, bless the Lord, I say.

“My Marster in slavery time was Captain Tom Still. He had big plantation down dere on Jackson Crick. My mistress name was Mary Ann, though she wasn’t his fust wife – jest a second wife, and a widow when she captivated him. You know widows is like dat anyhow, ‘cause dey done had ‘sperience wid mens and wraps dem ‘round their little finger and git dem under their thumb ‘fore the mens know what gwine on. Young gals have a poor chance against a young widow like Miss Mary Ann was. Her had her troubles with Marse Tom after her git him, I tell you, but maybe best not to tell dat right now anyways.

“Marse Tom had four chillun by his fust wife, dey was John, Sam, Henretta and I can’t ‘member de name of the other one; least right now. Dey teached me to call chillun three years old, young Marse and say Missie. Dey whip you if dey ever hear you say old Marse or old Missie. Dat riled dem.

“My pappy name Sam, my mother name Mary. My pappy did not live on the same place as mother. He was a slave of de Hamiltons, and he got a pass sometimes to come and be with her; not often. Grandmammy name Esther and she belong to our Marse Tom Still, too.

“Us lived in a log cabin wid a stick chimney. One time de sticks got afire and burnt a big hole in de back of de chimney in cold time winter wid the wind blowing, and dat house was filled wid fire-sparks, ashes, and smoke for weeks ‘fore dey tore dat chimney down and built another just like the old one. De bed was nailed to de side of de walls. How many rooms? Jest one room.

“Never seen any money. How many slaves? So many you couldn’t count dem. Dere was plenty to eat sich as it was, but in the smmer time before us git dere to eat de flies would be all over de food and some was swimmin’ in de gravy and milk pots. Marse laugh ‘bout dat, and say, it made us fat.

“Dey sell one of mother’s chillun once, and when she take on and cry ‘bout it, Marse say ‘stop dat sniffin’ dere if you don’t want to git a whippin’.’ She grieve and cry at night ‘bout it. Clothes? Yes Sir, us half naked all de time. Grown boys went round bare footed and in dey shirt tail all de summer.

“Marse was a rich man. ‘Fore Christmas dey would kill thirty hogs and after Christmas, thirty more hogs. He had a big gin house and sheep, goats, cows, mules, hosses, turkeys, geese, and a stallion; I ‘members his name, Stockin’-Foot. Us little niggers was skeered to death of dat stallion. Mothers used to say to chillun to quiet dem, ‘Better hush, Stockin’-Foot will git you and tramp you down.’ Any child would git quiet at dat.

“Old Marse was de daddy of some mulatto chillun. De ‘lations wid de mothers of dese chillun is what give so much grief to Mistress. De neighbors would talk ‘bout it and he would sell all dem chillun away from dey mothers to a trader. My Mistress would cry ‘bout dat.

“Our doctor was old Marse son-in-law, Dr. Martin. I seen him cup a man once. He was a good doctor. He give slaves castor oil and bleed dem some times and make dem take pills.

“Us looked for the Yankees on dat place like us look now for de Savior and de host of angels at de second comin’. De come one day in February. Dey took everything carryable off de plantation and burnt de big house, stables, barns, gin house and dey left the slave houses.

“After de war I marry Osborne Burrell and live on de Tom Jordan place. I’s de mother of twelve chillun. Jest three livin’ now. I lives wid the Mills family three miles ‘bove town. My son Willie got

killed at de DuPont Powder Plant at Hopewell, Virginia, during de World War. Dis house you settin' in belongs to Charlie Caldwell. He marry my grand daughter, Willie B. She is twenty-three years old.

“Young Marse Sam Still got killed in de Civil War. Old Marse live on. I went to see him in his last days and I set by him and kept de flies off while dere. I see the lines of sorrow had plowed on dat old face and I ‘membered he’d been a captain on hoss back in dat war. It come into my ‘membrance de song of Moses: ‘de Lord had triumphed glority and de hoss and his rider have been throwed into de sea’.

“You been good to listen. Dis is the fust time I can git to speak my mind like dis mornin’. All de people seem runnin’ here and yonder, after dis and after dat. Dere is a nudder old slave, I’s gwine to bring him down here Saturday and talk to you again.”

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SENA MOORE
EX-SLAVE 83 YEARS OLD.

Sena Moore lives alone, in a one-room frame house about five miles northeast of Winnsboro, S.C. She does seasonal work, such as hoeing and picking cotton, of which she is still fully capable. She pays \$2.00 per month, rent, for the house and vegetable garden spot.

"Sumpin' tell me to make haste and come here for to see you. How's you dis mornin'? Mustn't forgit my manners, though I's wantin' to tell you de ifs and hows and de ups and downs of dese many years dat I's been in dis land of sorrow and tribulations.

"I was born in 1854, on de Gladney plantation. Was a pretty smart gal, twelve years old, when de Yankees come through. Marse Riley have a Bible out yonder at Jackson Creek dat show's I's eighty-three years old. His aunty is a sister to my old marster, Jim Gladney. Miss Margaret married a Paul but Miss Nancy and Miss Mary Ann, them two never marry, bless God! De house out dere in Jackson Creek neighborhood.

"My pappy was George Stitt. My mammy was Phillis Gladney. My pappy was a slave of de Stitt family; had to git a pass to come to see mammy. He slipped in and out 'nough times to have four chillun. Then de Stitte took a notion to sell him to Arkansas. My mammy weep 'bout dat but what could her do? Just nothin'. Old marster 'low: 'Plenty more good fish in de sea, Phillis. Look 'round, set your cap, and maybe you'll 'tract one dat'll give your heart comfort, bye and bye'. My full brudders was Luther Stitt, Bill Stitt, and Levi Stitt. My mammy then take up wid a no 'count nigger name Bill James and had one child, a boy name Jim. He died long time ago.

"Us live in a log house wid a dirt floor and de cracks stop up wid mud. It had a wooden chimney. De beds was saplin' pole beds. De ticks was wheat straw, though most of de time us chillun sleep on de floor. My marster not a big buckra; he just had a handful of slaves. Us had to fight chinchies, fleas, and skeeters (mosquitoes) 'most all night or 'til they fill themselves wid our blood. Then they take a rest and us git a rest and slept. My grandpappy was one of de free niggers. Him was a Stitt family nigger, a blue-eyed nigger.

"Money? Lord help me, no! As I 'member, us had plenty to eat, sich as peas, beans, greens, lye hominy, and 'lasses but no flour bread.

"My young marster, Sam, was kilt in de war but Marse Tom went off and settle in Arkansas.

"What clothes us have? Just 'nough to hide our secret parts in summer. A shirt for de boys and a slip-over for de gals. They was made out of weave cloth, dat us spin of de cotton dat us picked out of de field. Wid all de drawbacks, us was happy more then than now.

"We raise our own chickens and sing while us workin'. I never mind white chillun callin' me 'nigger'. Dat was a nickname they call me.

"Us was Presbyterians and b'long to de Jackson Creek Church, Lebannon. Gallery was all 'round de up-stairs. Got a whippin' for goin' to sleep up dere, one Sunday, and snorin'. In them days de preacher was powerful. De folks mighty 'ticular when him come 'round and fill de back of his buggy wid sumpin' of everything on de place, lak ham, chickens, eggs, butter, marmalade, jelly, 'lasses, sugar, vegetables and fruit. Him put in full time on Sunday though, preach 'bout two hours befo' he put on de benediction.

"What 'bout my courtin' days? Well, I had them, too. A Yankee want me to go off wid him but I tell him no! Then when I 'fuse him, him 'suade another gal to love him and leave wid him. Her come back to de place six months later and had a baby by dat scamp man.

“When I was fifteen, I marry Bill Moore. Stood up wid him, dat day, in a blue worsted dress and a red balmoral over a white tuck petticoat, and under dat, a soft pique chemise wid no sleeves. Had on white stockin’s and low quarters shoes. I had sweet shubs all through my hair and it held them all night and de nex’ night, too. Bill make a big laugh ‘bout it, while nosin’ in my hair and smellin’ them sweet shrubs.

“Dr. Turner was de doctor dat ‘tended de Gladney’s and de slaves on de place.

“How us git fire? Us git two flint rocks, hold lint cotton under them, strike a spark, it drop down, set de cotton afire and then us fan it to a blaze.

“Yes sir, I see many good white men, more than I got fingers and toes, but a low down white man can git low downer than a nigger man. A good white lady telled me one time, dat a bad white woman is a sight worser and more low downer than a bad nigger woman can ever git to be in dis world. Now what you gonna say to dat, Mister? Well, if you have dat notion too, us won’t argue ‘bout it.

“Does I believe de Savior has a remedy for de laks of sich women? Let me think ‘bout dat a little bit. De Savior has a cure for things, all things. How come he ain’t? Didn’t he give a woman de livin’ water at de well and make her white as snow? Then he run seven devils out another woman, for just sich sins as us is talkin’ ‘bout, Mister!

“Ku Klux? Does I ‘member them? Dis left knee ‘members them! One night de big road full of us niggers was comin’ from church. Just as us git to de top of de hill us see, comin’ up de hill, a long line of hosses, wid riders dressed in pure white, hoods on deir heads, and painted false faces. They busted into a gallop for us. I was wid my brudders, Luther and Bill; they jump de side gully and got ‘way in de woods. I jump but de jump was poor as a cow, I reckon, and dis very leg crumple up. I lay dere in my misery ‘til daylight, and my brudder, Luther, come back and carry me home. Dat word ‘home’ ‘minds me I ought to be goin’ dere now. De Lord take a lakin’ to you, and you to me! May you git to heaven when you die and I git dat pension befo’ I die. Amen!”

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Project #1655, W.W. Dixon, Interviewer; Winnsboro, S.C.

THOMAS CAMPBELL
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

"Good mornin' Marster Wood! Marster Donan McCants and Marster Wardlaw McCants both been tellin' me dat how you wants to see me but I's been so poorly and down at de heels, in my way of feelin', dat I just ain't of a mind or disposition to walk up dere to de town clock, where they say you want me to come. Take dis bench seat under de honey suckle vine. It shade you from de sun. It sho' is hot! I's surprise dat you take de walk down here to see a onery old man lak me.

"Yes sir, I was born, 'cording to de writin' in de Book, de 15th day of March, 1855, in de Horeb section of Fairfield District, a slave of old Marster John Kennedy. How it was, I don't know. Things is a little mixed in my mind. Fust thing I 'members, and dreams 'bout sometimes yet, is bein' in Charleston standin' on de battery, seein' a big ocean of water, wid ships and their white sails all 'bout, de waves leapin' and gleamin' 'bout de flanks of de ships in de bright sunshine, thousands of white birds flyin' 'round and sometimes lighting on de water. My mammy, her name Chanie, was holdin' my hand and her other hand was on de handle of a baby carriage and in dat carriage was one of de Logan chillun. Whether us b'long to de Logans or whether us was just hired out to them I's unable to 'member dat. De slaves called him Marster Tom. Us come back to Fairfield in my fust childhood to de Kennedy's.

"Marster John Kennedy raise more niggers than he have use for; sometime he sell them, sometime he hire them out. Him sell mammy and me to Marster James B. McCants and I been in de McCants family ever since, bless God!

"Marse James was a great lawyer in his day. I was his house boy and office boy. When I get older I take on, besides de blackin' of his boots and shoes and sweepin' out de office, de position of carriage driver and sweepin' out de church. Marster James was very 'ligious. Who my pa was? Dat has never been revealed to me. Thank God! I never had one, if they was lak I see nigger chillun have today. My white folks was all de parents I had and me wid a skin as black as ink. My belly was always full of what they had and I never suffer for clothes on my back or shoes on my feets.

"Does I 'member de Yankees? Yes sir, I 'member when they come. It was cold weather, February, now dat I think of it. Oh, de sights of them days. They camp all 'round up at Mt. Zion College and stable their hosses in one of de rooms. They gallop here and yonder and burn de 'Piscopal Church on Sunday mornin'. A holy war they called it, but they and Wheeler's men was a holy terror to dis part of de world, as naked and hungry as they left it. I marry Savannah Parnell and of all our chillun, dere is just one left, a daughter, Izetta. Her in Tampa, Florida.

"Does I 'member anything 'bout de Ku Klux? No sir, nothin'. I was always wid de white folks side of politics. They wasn't concerned 'bout me. Marster James have no patience for dat kind of business anyhow. Him was a lawyer and believed in lettin' de law rule in de daylight and would have nothin' to do wid work dat have to have de cover of night and darkness.

"Does I 'member 'bout de red shirts? Sure I does. De marster never wore one. Him get me a red shirt and I wore it in Hampton days. What I recollect 'bout them times? If you got time to listen, I 'spect I can make anybody laugh 'bout what happen right in dis town in red shirt days. You say you glad to listen? Well, here goes. One time in '76, de democrats have a big meetin' in de court house in April. Much talk last all day. What they say or do up dere nobody know. Paper come out next week callin' de radicals to meet in de court house fust Monday in May. Marster Glenn McCants, a lawyer, was one of old marster's sons. He tell me all 'bout it.

"De day of de radical republican meetin' in de court house, Marster Ed Allen had a drug store, so him and Marster Ozmond Buchanan fix up four quart bottles of de finest kind of liquor wid croton-oil in

every bottle. Just befo' de meetin' was called to order, Marster Ed pass out dat liquor to de ring leader, tellin' him to take it in de court house and when they want to 'suade a nigger their way, take him in de side jury rooms and 'suade him wid a drink of fine liquor. When de meetin' got under way, de chairman 'pointed a door keeper to let nobody in and nobody out 'til de meetin' was over, widout de chariman say so.

"They say things went along smooth for a while but directly dat croton-oil make a demand for 'tention. Dere was a wild rush for de door. De doorkeeper say 'Stand back, you have to 'dress de chairman to git permission to git out'. Chairman rap his gavel and say 'What's de matter over dere? Take your seats! Parliament law 'quire you to 'dress de chair to git permission to leave de hall'. One old nigger, Andy Stewart, a ring leader shouted: 'To hell wid Parliament law, I's got to git out of here.' Still de doorkeeper stood firm and faithful, as de boy on de burnin' deck, as Marster Glenn lak to tell it. One bright mulatto nigger, Jim Mobley, got out de tangle by movin' to take a recess for ten minutes, but befo' de motion could be carried out de croton-oil had done its work. Half de convention have to put on clean clothes and de court house steps have to be cleaned befo' they could walk up them again. You ask any old citizen 'bout it. Him will 'member it. Ask old Doctor Buchanan. His brother, de judge, was de one dat help Marster Ed Aiken to fix de croton-oil and whiskey.

"Well, dat seem to make you laugh and well it might, 'cause dat day been now long ago. Sixty-one years you say? How time gits along. Well, sixty-one years ago everybody laugh all day in Winnsboro, but Marster Ed never crack a smile, when them niggers run to his drug store and ask him for somethin' to ease their belly ache."

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THOMAS DIXON
EX-SLAVE 75 YEARS OLD.

Tom Dixon, a mulatto, is a superannuated minister of the Gospel. He lives in Winnsboro, S.C., at the corner of Moultrie and Crawford Streets. He is duly certified and registered as an old age pensioner and draws a pension of \$8.00 per month from the Welfare Board of South Carolina. He is incapable of laborious exercise.

"I was born in 1862, thirteen miles northeast of Columbia, S.C., on the border line of Kershaw and Fairfield Counties. My mother was a slave of Captain Moultrie Gibbes. My father was white, as you can see. My mother was the cook for my white folks; her name was Malinda. She was born a slave of Mr. Tillman Lee Dixon of Liberty Hill. After she learned to cook, my marster bought her from her master and paid \$1,200.00 for her. After freedom, us took the name of Dixon.

"My mistress in slavery time was Miss Mary. She was a Clark before she married Marse Moultrie. I was nothing but a baby when the war ended and freedom come to our race. I lived on my marster's Wateree River plantation, with mother, until he sold it and went into the hotel business at Union, S.C.

"My mother then went to Columbia, S.C. and I attended Benedict College. I became a preacher in 1886, the year of the earthquake. That earthquake drove many sinners to their knees, me amongst them; and, when I got up, I resolved to be a soldier of the cross and ever since I have carried the shield of faith in my left hand and the sword of the Word in my right hand.

"The night I was converted, the moon was shining brightly. We was all at a revival meeting out from Blythewood, then called Dako, S.C. First, we heard a low murmer or rolling sound like distant thunder, immediately followed by the swaying of the church and a cracking sound from the joists and rafters of the building. The women folks set up a screaming. The men folks set up a hollering: 'Oh Lordy! Jesus save me! We believe! Come almighty King!' The preacher tried to quiet us, but we run out the church in the moonlight, men and women crying and praying. The preacher, Rev. Charlie Moore, continued the services outside and opened the doors of the church and every blessed soul come forward and joined the church.

"I married Fannie Irwin, and God blessed us all the days of her life. My daughter, Maggie, married a Collins and lives in the Harlem section of New York City. My daughter, Sallie, lives also in Harlem, Greenville Village. Malinda, maned for my mother, lives and works in Columbia, S.C.

"On the death of my wife, Fannie, I courted and married the widow Lizzie Williams. The house we live in is her own property. She had two children when we married, a boy and a girl. The boy got killed at the schoolhouse two years ago. The girl is working in Columbia, S.C. I am a superannuated minister of the African Methodist Episcoapl Church and receive a small sum of money from the denomination yearly. The amount varies in different years. At no time is it sufficient to keep me in food and clothing and support.

"I have taken nothing to do with politics all my life, but my race has been completely transformed, in that regard, since Mr. Roosevelt has been President. Left to a popular vote of the race, Mr. Roosevelt would get the solid South, against any other man on any ticket he might run on. He is God Almighty's gentleman. By that, I mean he is brave in the presence of blue-bloods, kind in the presence of the common people, and gentle to the lowly and despised Negro."

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TOM ROSBORO
EX-SLAVE 79 YEARS OLD.

Tom Rosboro lives with his daughter, Estelle Perry, in a three-room frame house, on Cemetery Street, Winnsboro, S.C. The house stands on a half-acre plot that is used for garden truck. Estelle owns the fee in the house and lot. Tom peddles the truck, eggs, and chickens, in the town and the suburban Winnsboro mill village.

"My pappy was name Tom, just lak I is name Tom. My mammy was name Sara but they didn't b'long to de same marster. Pappy b'long to old Marse Eugene McNeal. Mammy b'long to old Marse John Propst. De ownership of de child followed de mammy in them days. Dat throwed me to be a slave of old Marse John Propst.

"My young marsters was name Marse Johnnie, Marse Clark, Marse Floyd, and Marse Wyatt. I had two young misses. Miss Elizabeth marry a McElroy and Miss Mamie marry a Landecker. You know Marse Ernest Propst dat run dat ladies' garment store and is a member of de Winnsboro Town Council? Yes? Well, dat is one of Marse Floyd Propst chillun.

"I hear mammy say dat daddy's mistress was name Miss Emma but her mistress and my mistress was name Miss Margaret. My daddy have to have a pass every time he come to see mammy. Sometime they give him a general pass for de year. Sometime him loss de pass and then such a gwine on you never did see lak. Make more miration (hullabloo) over it than if they had lost one of de chillun. They was scared de patarollers (Patrollers) would come ketch him, and lay de leather whip on his naked back. He wouldn't dare stay long. Him would go back soon, not on de big road but through de woods and fields, so as not to meet de patarollers.

"Who was my brothers and sisters and where is they? Brother Ben and Sister Mamie is dead and in glory. Dat's all de chillun mammy had a chance to have, 'cause she was a good woman and would never pay any 'tention to de men slaves on de Propst place. Her was faithful to pappy through thick and thin, whichever it be.

"I doesn't 'member much 'bout de Yankees, though I does 'members de Ku Klux. They visit pappy's house after freedom, shake him, and threaten dat, if him didn't quit listenin' to them low-down white trash scalawags and carpetbaggers, they would come back and whale de devil out of him, and dat de Klan would take notice of him on 'lection day.

"When I was 'bout seventeen years old, I come to de Boro (Winnsboro) one Saturday evenin' and seen a tall willowy gal, black she was but shiny puttin' them foots of her'n down on de pavement in a pretty gamecock pullet kind of way as if to say: 'Roosters look at me.' I goes over to Mr. Landecker's store, de Mr. Landecker dat marry Miss Mamie Propst and I begs him to give me a cigar. I lights dat cigar and puts out after her. I ketches up wid her just as she was comin' out of Mr. Sailing Wolfe's Jew store. I brush up 'ginst her and say: 'Excuse me lady.' Her say: 'I grants your pardon, Mister. I 'spects smoke got in your eyes and you didn't see me.' I say: 'Well, de smoke is out of my eyes now and they will never have sight for any other gal but you as long as I live.' Black as she was, her got red in de face and say: 'Who is you?' I say: 'Tom Rosboro. What might be your name, lovely gal?' Her say: 'My name is Mattie Nelson.' I say: 'Please to meet you, Sugar Plum.' Her say: 'I live down at Simpson's Turnout. Glad to have you come down to see me sometime.' After dat us kep' a meeting' in Winnsboro, every Saturday, 'til one day us went 'round to Judge Jno. J. Neils' law office and him married us. Me and Mat have our trials and tribulations and has went up and down de hills in all kind of weather. Us never ceased to bless dat day dat I run into her at Mr. Sailing Wolfe's store.

“How come I name Rosboro? I just picked it up as a mighty pretty name. Sound better than Propst or McNeal and de Rosboro white folks was big buckra in dat time.

“Us had lots of chillun; raise some and lost some. I have a son, Charlie, dat’s a barber in Washington, D.C. Lucy, a daughter, marry Tank Hill. Nan marry Banks Smith. Estelle marry Jim Perry but her is a widow now. Her bought a house and lot wid de insurance money from Dr. McCants. She has a nice house on Cemetery Street, wid water and ‘lectric lights. Her got four chillun. When my wife die, two years ago, I move in wid Estelle and her four chillun. Her make money by washin’ and ironin’ for de white folks. Me and de chillun picks cotton and ‘tends to de makin’ and de peddlin’ of garden truck and sich lak. Ah, it is a happy family but I ain’t ‘bove usin’ some of dat old age pension money, if I can git it.”

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VIOLET GUNT HARPE
EX-SLAVE 82 YEARS OLD.

"I was born a slave in de Rocky Mount part of Fairfield County, up close to Great Falls. I hear them falls a roarin' now and I see them waters flashin' in de sunshine when I close my eyes.

"My pappy name Robert and my mammy name Phyllis. They b'long to de old time 'ristocrats, de Gaither family. Does you know Miss Mattie Martin, which was de secretary of Governor Ansel? Dat one of my young mistresses and another is da pretty red headed girl in de telegraph office at Winnsboro, dat just sit dere and pass out lightinin' and 'lectricity over de wires wheresomever she take a notion. Does you know them? Well, befo' their mama marry Marster Baarke Martin, her was Sally Gaither, my young missus in da slavery time. Her die and go to Heaven last year, please God.

"Marster Richard was a good marster to his slaves, though he took no foolishness and worked you from sun to sun. 'Spect him had 'bout ten family of slaves 'bout fifty big and little slaves altogether on dat plantation befo' them Yankees come and make a mess out of their lives.

"Honey, us wasn't ready for de big change dat come! Us had no education, no land, no mule, no cow, not a pig, nor a chicken, to set up house keeping. De birds had nests in de air, de foxes had holes in de ground, and de fishes had beds under de great falls, but us colored folks was left widout any place to lay our heads.

"De Yankees sho' throwed us in de briar patch but us not bred and born dere lak de rabbit. Us born in a good log house. De cows was down dere in de canebrakes to give us milk, de hogs was fattenin' on hickory nuts, acorns, and shucked corn, to give us meat and grease; de sheep wid their wool and de cotton in de gin house was dere to give us clothes. De horses and mules was dere to help dat corn and cotton but when them Yankees come and take all dat away, all us had to thank them for, was a hungry belly and freedom. Sumpin' us had no more use for then, than I have today for one of them airplanes I hears flyin' 'round de sky, right now.

"Well, after ravagin' de whole country side, de army got across old Catawba and left de air full of de stink of dead carcasses and de sky black wid turkey buzzards. De white women was weepin' in hushed voices, de niggers on de place not knowin' what to do next, and de piccaninnies suckin' their thumbs for want of sumpin' to eat; mind you 'twas winter time too.

"Lots of de chillun die, as did de old folks, while de rest of us scour de woods for hickory nuts, acorns, cane roots, and artichokes, and seine de river for fish. De worst nigger men and women follow de army. De balance settle down wid de white folks and simmer in their misery all thru de spring time, 'til plums, mulberries, and blackberries come, and de shad come up de Catawba River.

"My mammy stay on wid de same marster 'til I was grown, dat is fifteen, and Thad got to lookin' at me, meek as a sheep and dumb as a calf. I had to ask dat nigger, right out, what his 'tentions was, befo' I get him to bleat out dat he love me. Him name Thad Guntharpe. I glance at him one day at de pigpen when I was sloppin' de hogs, I say: 'Mr. Guntharpe you follows me night and mornin' to dis pigpen; do you happen to be in love wid one of these pigs? If so, I'd like to know which one 'tis; then sometime I come down here by myself and tell dat pig 'bout your 'fections.' Thad didn't say nothin' but just grin. Him took de slop bucket out of my hand and look at it, all 'round it, put upside down on de ground, and set me down on it; then he fall down dere on de grass by me and blubber out and warm my fingers in his hands. I just took pity on him and told him mighty plain dat he must limber up his tongue and ask sumpin', say what he mean, wantin' to visit them pigs so often. Us carry on foolishness 'bout de little boar shoat pig and de little sow pig, then I squeal in laughter over how he scrounge so close; de slop bucket tipple over and I lost my seat. Dat ever remained de happiest minute of my eighty-two years.

“After us marry, us moved on de Johnson Place and Thad plow right on a farm where dere use to be a town of Grimkeville. I was lonely down dere all de time. I’s halfway scared to death of de skeeters ‘bout my legs in day time and old Captain Thorn’s ghost in de night time. You never heard ‘bout dat ghost? If you went to school to Mr. Luke Ford sure he must of tell you ‘bout de time a slave boy killed his marster, old Captain Thorn. He drag and throwed his body in de river.

“When dey find his body they ketch John, de slave boy, give him a trial by six white men, find him guilty and he confess. Then they took de broad axe, cut off his head, mount it on a pole and stick it up on de bank where they find old Captain Thorn. Dat pole and head stay dere ‘til it rot down. Captain Thorn’s ghost ‘pear and disappear ‘long dat river bank ever since in de night time. My pappy tell me he see it and see de boy’s ghost too.

“De ghost rode de minds of many colored folks. Some say dat de ghost had a heap to do wid deaths on dat river, by drowning. One sad thing happen; de ghost and de malaria run us off de river. Us moved to Marster Starke P. Martin’s place. Him was settin’ at a window in de house one night and somebody crept up dere and fill his head full of buck-shot. Marster Starke was Miss Sallie’s husband, and Miss Mattie and Miss May’s papa. Oh, de misery of dat night to my white folks! Who did it? God knows! They sent poor Henry Nettles to de penitentiary for it, but most white folks and all de colored didn’t believe he done it. White folks say a white man done it, but our color knew it was de work of dat slave boy’s ghost.

“My white folks come here from Maryland, I heard them say. They fought in de Revolution, set up a tanyard when they got here, and then when cotton come, my marster’s pappy was de fust to put up a hoss-gin and scrow pit in Rocky Mount section. I glories in their blood, but dere none by de name ‘round here now, ‘cept colored folks.

“Marster Wood, you read a heap of books. Did you ever read ‘bout foots of ghosts? They got foots and can jump and walk. No they don’t run, why? ‘Cause seem lak their foots is too big. Dat night Marster Starke Martin was killed it was a snowin’. De whole earth was covered wid a white blanket. It snowed and snowed and snowed. Us measure how big dat snow was next mornin’ and how big dat ghost track. De snow was seven inches, and a little bit deep. De ghost track on top de snow big as a elephant’s. Him or she or it’s tracks ‘pear to draw wid de snow and just rise up out de snow and disappear. De white folks say ‘twas a man wid bags on his foots, but they never found de bags, so I just believe it was ghost instigate by de devil to drap down dere and make all dat misery for my white folks.

“Dere’s a great day a comin’ when de last trumpet will sound and de devil and all de ghosts will be chained and they can’t romp ‘round de old river and folks houses in de night time and bring sorrow and pain in de wake of them big tracks.”

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