
Abner Jordan, Ex-slave, 95 years.

"I wus bawn about 1832 an’ I wus bawn at Staggsville, Marse paul Cameron’s place. I belonged to Marse Paul. My pappy’s name wus Obed an’ my mammy wus Elia Jordan an’ dey wus thirteen chillun on our family.

I wus de same age of Young Marse Benehan, I played wid him an’ wus his body guard. Yes, suh, Where ever young Marse Benehan went I went too. I waited on him. Young Marse Benny run away an’ list in de war, but Marse Paul done went an’ brung him back kaze he wus too young to go and fight de Yankees.

Marse Paul had heap if niggahs; he had five thousan’. When he meet dem in de road he wouldn’ know dem an’ when he ased dem who dey wus an’ who dey belonged to, dey’ tell him dey belonged to Marse Paul Cameron an’ den he would say dat wus all right for dem to go right on.

My pappy wus de blacksmith an’ foreman for Marse Paul, an’ he blew de horn for de other niggahs to come in from de fiel’ at night. Dey couldn’ leave de plantation without Marse say dey could.

When de war come de Yankees come to de house an’ axed my mammy whare de folks done hid de silver an’ gol’, an’ dey say dey gwine to kill mammy if she didn’ tell dem. But mammy say she didn’ know whare dey put it, an’ dey would jus’ have to kill her for she didn’ know an’ wouldn’ lie to keep dem from hurting her.

De sojers stole seven or eight of de ho’ses an’ foun’ de meat an’ stole dat, but dey didn’ burn none off de buildin’s nor hurt any of us slaves.

My pappy an’ his family stayed wid Marse Paul five years after de surrender den we moved to Hillsboro an’ I’s always lived ’roun’ dese parts. I ain’ never been out of North Carolina eighteen months in my life. North Carolina is good enough for me.”

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