

## I Had Visions Of My Mammy

Marse John gave us chillun to his daughter, Missus Marion, and we moved down to the June place. We were separated from our mammy, whose name was Martha. She was a mighty pretty woman and I had visions and dreams of her. My sisters called me Cally, but my mammy never did. She said Caleb every time and all the time.

I was born in the old Bell house on Christmas Eve, 1851, in Blackstock, South Carolina. That's where I first came to light. Most chillun don't know the day or the place where they were born. Had to take that on faith.

There were a whole passel of Africans in the quarters, three hundred or maybe more. I didn't count them 'cause I couldn't count more than a hundred, but I could count a hundred. Ten, ten, double ten, forty-five and fifteen. Don't that make a hundred? Sure it does.

There were too many people to have much clothes. I belonged to the shirttail brigade. I used to plow in my shirttail. It wasn't so bad in the summertime.

We had preaching in the quarters on Sunday. Uncle Dick, an old man, was the preacher. The funerals were simple and held at night. The grave was dug that day.

A man who had a wife off the place saw little peace or happiness. He could see the wife once a week, on a pass, and jealousy kept him distracted the balance of the week if he loved her very much.

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