

Annie B. Boyd
Hopkinsville, Kentucky
CHRISTIAN CO.
Interviewed By: Mamie Hanberry

Annie B. Boyd, born August 22nd, 1851, resides at the corner of Liberty and First Street, Hopkinsville, Kentucky. Born a slave belonging to Charles Cammack near Gordonsville, Kentucky in Christian County.

My mother and I were put on the block in front of the Courthouse in Hopkinsville and sold to Mr. Newt. Catlett and we brought \$500.00. Master Catlett lived on the corner of Seventh and Clay Streets, Hopkinsville, Kentucky. When I was older the white folks had me to nurse their children. I know when the war broke out the master had a store and then master took me to his wife's kinfolks down in the country till freedom was declared then my stepfather come and got me. Of course, I had to work, and then I went to nurse for Dr. Fairleigh and nursed his daughter Madge. The white folks weren't good to me. My master was a good man but my missus was no good woman. She used to box my ears, stick pins in me and tie me to the cedar chest and whoop me as long as she wanted. Oh, how I did hate that woman.

Yes, once in my life I saw a ghost. We were going through the woods to a neighbor's to a prayer meeting and a man stepped out in the road without no head with all his clothes on, and I had just wrapped my head that day and when I saw him all my hair strings and all just stood straight up. I got hot then I got cold and he just stepped to the side of the road and I went by running. Yes, we got to the prayer meeting and then we went back home the same way and did us niggers run!

I was a nurse in slave time and I carried the children all over the house and one day I had the children upstairs and my missus called me and I went to see what she wanted and while I was gone, the baby got hold of Indian Turnip and had bit it by the time I got back there. I called my missus and she came and made me eat the rest of the turnip and my face and all swelled up and my eyes were closed for days. After nursing the baby and tending to the other children all day and night, when I put the baby to bed, I had to knit two rounds every night and

would be sleepy and my missus would reach over and jab a pin in me to keep me awake. Now that's what I call a mean woman.

I can read and write, at first of freedom, I was sent to school some and learned to read and write.

I sure do believe in dreams. I had one once. I laid down on the bed to take a nap and then I dreamed that something was choking me and I pulled at my dress and a big snake dropped out of my bosom rolled down on the bed, then on the floor and when I woke up, sure enough, there was a snake on the floor by the bed and I killed it and then I knew that I had an enemy. Sure enough, in a few days, a woman I thought was my friend turned against me. By killing the snake I knew that I would conquer that enemy.

I know wishes can come true; it seems to me I have but my memory ain't so good, but still, I believe it.

When the smoke flies low, it sure is going to snow.

Spilling salt or to waste salt is bad luck. I always when I make my bread put the salt in the bread then I put some of the salt in the fire to bring me good luck.

Sometimes the moon affects people when it changes, it makes some folks crazy and they are hard to get along with.

If you plant Irish potatoes on the light of the moon you have nothing but top. Whatever to be made underneath the ground like turnips, potatoes, onions is to be planted by the dark of the moon. Beans, peas, corn in the light of the moon.

Yes, spit will cure, cause I had ringworms once, and in the morning when I woke up afore I spoke to anyone I'd take spit and put on my face and hit sure cured the ringworms.

(Signs)

If you nail a horseshoe over the door it's good luck to you.

I think 13 is an unlucky number. I've heard so much talk of it till I believe it. Breaking a mirror is sure bad luck. If you break one you will have seven years of bad luck.

Blue gummed niggers is bad luck, when I see one I get as far away as I can, for if one bites you, you are a dead nigger for they're as poison as a diamondback.

The white folks just made niggers carry on like brutes. One white man used to say to another white man, 'My nigger man Sam wanted to marry your nigger gal Lucy, what do you say?' and if he said it was all right, why that couple was supposed to be married. then Sam would work for his master in the daytime and then would spend the night at Lucy's house on the next plantation.