

Reuben Fitzpatrick

Interview with Reuben Fitzpatrick

—[HW: *Mabel Farrior, Montgomery, Alabama*]

A HORN FOR A HEADACHE

Reuben Fitzpatrick, of Eugene Street, Montgomery, was born Jan. 9, 1854, (83 years old). He says:

"My Marster was Mister Gholson frum Bullock county. He had lots uv slaves 'cause he was a rich man. I was jes' a boy ten years ole an' he was a squire dat tried cases, so he rode all over de country to diff'unt places. I rode wid him to hole his horse. He wore a high top black hat and had a buggy wid a top dat let back. When we went we was gone a long time an' when night come he would fix it fer me to sleep wid some uv de niggers in de quarters where we stopped. I sho' lacked to go 'bout wid him.

"My mother was de cook. She had rule over all the cookin'. She spinned thread an' reeled it off too.

"When de Yankees come through de country I seed 'em all runnin' so I thought it was jedgment day an' I runned an' hid under de chimney an' stayed dere 'tel night. Dey didn't tarry long, but dey drove de horses right up on de piazza, and throwed ever' thing out de houses, eben knocked down de smoke 'ouse doors. Dat's de trufe'.

"One time I was taken to the slave market and I was screwed on the block and Mr. Martin bought me and my Mamma. The man that was selling us would holler, "Who'll bid? Who'll bid?" We was supposed to be spry and fidgety so as to make the men want to buy us. My fust Marster was Wash Jones. He wan't good to us. He would hit us wid his cane jes' as if it had been a switch. Ben Jones didn't like the way Marse Wash treated us niggers. He bought us for his son.

"We didn't have no doctors much in dem days, but us had a horn us use when we got sick. If us had the headache that horn would go right over the spot and it wouldn't be no time 'fore the pain'd be gone. We'd use that horn anytime we was ailing an' it'd sho' do the work. I used to have the horn but I don't know jes' where it is now."