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**AUNT JUDY'S STORY:
A
TALE FROM REAL LIFE.
WRITTEN FOR THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY
FAIR.**

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AUNT JUDY'S STORY.

"Look! look! mother, there comes old Aunt Judy," said Alfred, as an old colored woman came slowly up the gravel walk that led to the handsome residence of Mr. Ford, of Indiana.

The tottering step, the stooping back, and glassy eye, betokened extreme age and infirmity. Her countenance bore the marks of hardship and exposure; while the coarse material of her scanty garments, which scarcely served to defend her from the bleak December wind, showed that even now she wrestled, with poverty, for life. In one hand she carried a small pitcher, while with the other she leaned heavily on her oaken stick.

"She has come for her milk," said little Cornelia, who ran out and took the pitcher from the woman's hand.

"Let me help you, Auntie, you walk so slow," said she.

"Come in and warm yourself, Judy," said Mrs. Ford, "it is cold and damp, and you must be tired. How have you been these two or three days?"

"Purty well thank ye, but I'se had a touch of the

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rheumatiz, and I find I isn't so strong as I was," said Judy, as she drew near the grate in which blazed and crackled the soft coal of the West, in a manner both beautiful and comforting.

Mrs. Ford busied herself in preparing a basket of provisions, and had commenced wrapping the napkin over it, when she paused and leaned towards the closet, into which she looked, but did not seem to find what she wanted, for, calling one of the boys, she whispered something to him. He ran out into the

yard and down the path to the barn; presently he returned, and said, "There are none there, mother."

"I am very sorry, Judy, that I have not an egg for you, but our hens have not yet commenced laying, except Sissy's little bantam," said Mrs. Ford.

Now Cornelia had a little white banty, with a top-knot on its head, and feathers on its legs, which was a very great pet, of course; and Sissy had resolved to save all banty's eggs, so that she might hatch only her own chickens. "For," said she, "if she sets on other hen's eggs, when the chickens grow big they will be larger than their mother, and then she will have so much trouble to make them mind her." Now, when she heard her mother wish for an egg, the desire to give one to Judy crossed her mind, but it was some moments before she could bring herself to part with her cherished treasure. Soon, however, her irresolution vanished, and she ran quickly to her

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little basket, and taking out a nice fresh egg, she laid it in Judy's hand, saying, "There, Judy, it will make you strong."

Mrs. Ford marked with a mother's eye the struggle going on in the mind of her daughter, but determined not to interfere, but let her decide for herself, unbiassed by her mother's wishes or opinions. And when she saw the better feeling triumph, a tear of exquisite pleasure dimmed her eye, for in that trifling circumstance she saw the many trials and temptations of after life prefigured, and hoped they would end as that did, in the victory of the noble and generous impulses of the heart.

When the basket was ready, and Aunt Judy regaled with a nice cup of tea, one of the boys volunteered to carry it home for her, a proposal which was readily assented to by Mrs. Ford, whose heart was gladdened by every act of kindness to the poor and needy, performed by her children, and who had early taught them that in such deeds they obeyed the injunction of our Saviour, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

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CHAPTER II.

Several weeks had passed away since Judy's visit, when, one day, as Cornelia stood leaning her little curly head against her mother's knee, she said,

"Mother, who is Judy? Has she a husband or children?"

"I do not know of any, my daughter. She may have some living; but you know Judy was a slave, and they have probably been sold away from her, and are still in slavery."

"In slavery! mother, and *sold*? Why, do they sell little children away from their mothers?"

"Yes, Cornelia, there are persons guilty of such a wicked thing; mothers and children, and whole families, are often separated from each other, never, perhaps, to meet again!"

"So Judy was a slave, mother!"

"Yes, Cornelia, she was; and from all I have learned of her history, I am sure she has led a very unhappy and sorrowful life."

"Oh! now I understand what you meant when you said that she had a thorny path through life. Have you ever heard her history, mother? if you have, won't you tell it to us!"

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"Yes, do, mother, do?" exclaimed the children together.

"I should like very much to gratify you, my dear children, but it is not in my power to do so, as I am not very well acquainted with her history. But I will tell you how we can arrange it. Judy will be here to-night, as I promised to give her some Indian cakes, of which she is very fond, and I have no doubt that she will tell you the story of her sad life." The idea of hearing Judy's story occupied the mind of the children all the afternoon, and the evening was looked forward to with great impatience by them.

It was twilight, and Mrs. Ford and the children had gathered around the warm, comfortable grate to await the return of papa. The wind whistled, without, and the snow-flakes fell silently and steadily to the frozen ground.

"Mother, can't I bring in the lights?" asked Cornelia, who was getting a little

impatient; only a little, for Cornelia was remarkable for her sweet and placid disposition.

"Yes, dear, I think you may. Hark! yes, that is his footstep in the hall. Go, Alfred, and tell Bessie to bring up the tea. And you, Cornelia, bring your father's dressing-gown and slippers to the fire."

"Yes, wife, let us have some of Bessie's nice hot coffee, for I am chilled through and through; and such a cutting wind! I thought my nose would

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have been blown off; and what would my little girl have said if she had seen her papa come home without a nose? Would you have run?" asked Mr. Ford.

"No, indeed, papa, if your nose were blown off, and your teeth all pulled out, and you were like 'Uncle Ned,' who had 'no eyes to see, and had no hair on the top of his head,' I would just get on your lap as I do now; so you see you could not frighten me away if you tried ever so hard," said Cornelia, laughingly.

Supper was hastily despatched by the children, who were eager and impatient for the coming of Aunt Judy.

"Oh mother! *do* you think she will come?" asked Alfred, as his mother arose from the table to look at the weather.

"Well, indeed, Alfred, I am sorry to disappoint you, but I think there is little probability of seeing Judy to-night."

"Why, no, mother; I thought that, as soon as I saw what a stormy night it was, and, although it will disappoint us very much, I hope she will not come," said little Cornelia.

"Why, how you talk, Sis! *Not come*, indeed! Humph! I hope she *will*, then. This little snow would'nthurt me, so it would'nthurt her," said the impetuous Alfred.

"You must remember, my son, that Judy is old

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and infirm, and subject, as she says, to a 'touch of the rheumatiz.' But I am sorry that she has not come to-night. She may be sick; I think I will call down and see her to-morrow," said Mrs. Ford, drawing out the table and arranging the shade

on the lamp, so that the light fell on the table and the faces of those around it. They were cheerful, happy faces, and every thing around them wore the same look; and from the aspect of things, it seemed as if they were going to spend a pleasant and profitable evening.

"Dear papa, tell us a story with a poor slave in it, won't you? and I will give you as many kisses as you please," said Cornelia, twining her arms around her father's neck.

"No, no, papa, not about the slave, but the poor Indian, who has been far worse treated than the slave was or ever will be. Only to think of the white people coming here, plundering their villages, and building on their hunting grounds, just as if it belonged to them, when all the while it was the Indians'. Now, if they had bought it and paid for it, honorably, as William Penn did, it would have been a different thing; but they got it meanly, and I'm ashamed of them for it," said Alfred, his eyes flashing and his cheeks glowing with indignation.

"All that you have said is true," my son, "but the Indians were, also, guilty of great cruelty towards the white people," said Mr. Ford.

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"But, papa, don't you think the Indians had good cause for their hatred to the whites?" asked Harry.

"Why, Harry, they had no reason sufficient to justify them in their cruel and vindictive course; but they did no more than was to be expected from an entirely barbarous nation, and I am sure they had no good example in the conduct of the white people, from whom much better behaviour might have been expected."

"Well, papa, what were some of the wrongs that the Indians endured?"

"The Indians regarded the whites as intruders, and, maddened by some acts of injustice and oppression, committed by the early settlers, they conceived a deadly hatred, which the whites returned with equal intensity; and for each crime committed by either of them, the opposite party inflicted a retribution more terrible than the act which provoked it, and the Indian, being less powerful, but equally wicked, was the victim."

"Well, although I think the Indians were very wicked, I pity them, but I feel a great deal more for the poor slave," said little Cornelia.

"I think they were very cruel, sis, but I still think that they were very badly treated," said Alfred.

"There is no doubt of that," answered his father, "but, my son, when you began the argument, you

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said that you thought the Indians were more deserving of compassion than the Africans. Now this is the difference. The Indians were always a warlike and treacherous race; their most solemn compacts were broken as soon as their own purposes had been served. And they were continually harassing the settlers; indeed, they have not ceased yet, for at the present time, they are attacking and murdering the traders, who cross the plains, if they are not well armed, and in sufficiently large companies to keep them in check. Now the Americans had never this cause of complaint against the Africans, for, although like all heathen, they were debased, and were cruel and warlike among each other, they never annoyed us in America. And the Americans had not, therefore, even this insufficient excuse for enslaving them. The Indians were robbed of their lands, and driven from their homes; but the Africans not only lost their country, but were compelled to work in slavery, for men to whom they owed no allegiance, in a different climate, and with the ever-galling thought that they were once free. It argues well for their peaceable disposition, that they have not long ago revolted, and by a terrible massacre shaken off their yoke as they did in St. Domingo. Now, which was the worst used in this case?"

"Oh! the slave, papa. I willingly surrender," said Alfred, laughing.

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"Well, if you have finished, I move we go to bed, and thence to the land of dreams," said Mrs. Ford, arising and putting away her sewing.

It was unanimously agreed that this was the best plan, and, after giving thanks to God for his many mercies, they retired to their rooms.

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CHAPTER III.

"Good morning! father," said Alfred, "I have been thinking that I surrendered too soon last night; I did not bring out all my forces, because I forgot something I heard that old Baptist minister say when he was lecturing here a few days ago. He said that the Creek Indians would not send the poor fugitive back to their masters. It is true they made a treaty with our Government to do so, but they had too much humanity to keep it; and for not doing so, the Government withheld two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which was due to the Indians for some lands, and used it to pay the masters. But that made little difference to them, for they still persisted in disobeying the 'Fugitive Slave Law.' Now don't you think *that* was a good trait in their character?"

"Yes, Alfred, I do; they manifested a very generous and humane disposition."

"Well, but I think it was very dishonorable for them to break any treaty," said Harry.

"You see, Harry, there is where you and I differ. I think it a great deal better to break a bad promise than to keep it," answered Alfred.

"Come into breakfast, papa," said Cornelia, peeping

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her little curly head in at the door, "Mamma wants you to come right away, because she has to go to Judy's."

"Very well, we will go now, and not keep mother waiting. Just look at the snow! How it sparkles! Jack Frost has been here, for the windows are all covered and the water in the pitcher is frozen."

"Yes, Papa, and see what funny shapes the icicles are in, and the trees and bushes look as if they had their white dresses on," said little Cornelia.

"It will be a splendid morning for a sleigh-ride. Would you like to take one mother?" asked Harry.

"Yes, my son, I should; I have to go to Judy's this morning; so we can take the children to school first, and then pay my visit. I should like to have the sleigh at the door pretty early, as I have several places to go to after coming from Judy's."

"Very well, mother, you shall have it immediately. Now bundle Sis up warm, for there is a cutting wind, and I think it looks like snowing again. And, oh! mother, I had nearly forgotten it, there was a poor Irish family coming off the

boat last night, who seemed destitute of both clothing and food. If we have time this morning, won't you go and see them?" "Perhaps I will," said his mother; and Harry ran off, but soon returned, calling, "Come mother, the sleigh is waiting, and the horse looks as as if he was in a hurry to be off."

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"Yes, Harry, I am coming; I only went back to get a little wine for Judy; she is so weak that I think she needs it."

"Oh mother! said Alfred, what is more enlivening than the merry jingling of the sleigh bells on a clear frosty day?"

"It is, indeed, very pleasant, Alfred, but while we are enjoying our pleasant winter evenings, and our many sleigh-rides, the thought comes to our minds that however much we may like the winter time, there are hundreds in our city who think of its approach with fear and trembling, and who suffer much from cold and hunger, until the pleasant spring time comes again. But you were telling me about those poor people, and I was too much occupied to attend to you. Do you know where they live?" asked Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, just along the bank, mother; it is a dilapidated looking house, and very much exposed. Poor things! I pitied them very much; they appeared so destitute, and even the children had a care-worn look on their thin faces."

"What! in that old house, Harry?" exclaimed Alfred. "Why the windows have hardly any panes in them, and there are great holes in the walls."

"Yes, Ally, that is the place, and it is, as you say, a rickety old house, but I suppose it is the best

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they can get. But here we are at school, Ally; you get out first, and I will hand Sissy out to you. Take hold of her hand, for the path is slippery."

The children alighted, and Harry and his mother made their way to Aunt Judy's cottage.

"Oh! Miss Ford, am dat you? Now who'd a thought on't? I'se sure you's de best woman I ever see'd; now jist tell me what you cum'd out on sich a day as dis for!" asked old Judy.

"Why, Judy, we came to see you; I thought that if you were sick, I could perhaps comfort you."

"Wal, I *has* been sick wid de rheumatiz. Oh, marcy! I'se had sich orful pains all through me, and dats de reason I didn't cum last night. But, bless us! honey, here I'se been standing telling you all my pains and aches, and letting you stand in your wet feet; now come to de fire, my child."

"My feet are not wet, Auntie, only a little cold. Harry brought me around in the sleigh, and we were well wrapped up. Now, Judy, here are a few things for you. Here is some tea and sugar, a loaf of bread, and a bit of bacon."

"Thanks, Missy Ford, I'se so glad to see a little tea; it's so long since I tasted any. And a bit of bacon too! Wal, now I *will* have a dinner!"

"Do not wait till dinner time, Judy; I want you to make a cup of tea now, and rouse yourself up, and try to recollect all that has past and happened

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to you since your childhood, for I promised the children that I would tell them your history."

"Yes, missy, I'll try," said Judy, taking her little cracked earthen teapot, and making her tea.

After it was made and Judy was refreshed with a good breakfast, she began and told Mrs. Ford the history of her sorrows and troubles, which we will let Mrs. Ford tell to the children herself.

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CHAPTER IV.

Judy had just finished speaking when they were interrupted by the entrance of Harry, who had returned for his mother. Judy followed them to the sleigh, for she said she "must cum out and see de chil'en, spite of her rheumatiz."

"Auntie," said little Cornelia, has my little banty's eggs hatched yet?" Cornelia had sent the little banty and her eggs to aunt Judy, that the chickens might be hatched under her care.

"Laws, yes, honey, I'll go in and get 'em for you to see, but I think you had better not take them home yet, till they get bigger," said Judy, going back into the house. In a little while she appeared with a little covered basket in her hand. She unwrapped the flannel from around the basket, and there lay six beautiful little white banties.

"Oh, mamma! look at the little things! Are they not little beauties?" said Cornelia, picking up one of them and laying its soft feathery head to her cheeks.

"Yes, my dear, but you must give them back, and not keep Auntie waiting in the cold."

Cornelia hesitated a little while, and then was giving it back reluctantly, when her mother gently

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said, "Cornelia," and she instantly returned the basket to Judy.

After they were all seated in the sleigh, and Harry had touched the horse with the whip, they heard some one calling after them, and on looking behind, there was poor old Judy carrying two hot bricks in her hand.

"Get out, Ally, and take them from her, and do not let her come so far in the snow."

But while he was getting free from the entanglement of the buffalo skin, Judy had come up and handing them to Mrs. Ford said,

"Here, Missy, is these ar bricks. I heated 'em for you, and forgot 'em till you was gone; take 'em honey; you's got more than a mile to go, and I knows you will be cold."

Mrs. Ford thanked her, but gently reproved her for exposing herself. They watched her as she trudged back in the snow, and then, waving their hands to her as she disappeared in the turn of the road, Harry touched the horse, and in a few minutes they seemed as if they were actually flying over the frozen surface.

When they arrived at home, Bessie had a smoking dinner on the table for them, which they partook of, with great relish. After they had finished their dinner, their mother said that, as they had one session at school, they would have ample time to perform

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their tasks before tea-time. Harry was to chop the wood, while Alfred was to pile it on the porch; and Cornelia would finish her garters that she was knitting as a Christmas present for Papa. And, after that, they were to study their lessons for the next day, so that they would be at leisure in the evening. All cheerfully obeyed, and before tea-time their tasks were all performed and lessons learned.

After the tea things had been removed, "Now," said Mr. Ford,

'Stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,

Let fall the curtain, and wheel the sofa round.'

"And be ready for Aunt Judy's story," said Alfred. "Come, mother, come; we are all waiting."

"Have a little patience, my son, I will be there in a few minutes."

She soon reappeared, and was greeted with "three cheers" from the children, and seating herself in the large comfortable rocking-chair, she began.

"On the eastern side of the beautiful Roanoke was the residence of Mr. Madison, and here the first few years of Judy's life was passed. She had a kind master, and, whilst in his service, had a very happy time. She had, like most of her race, a strong native talent for music, and was frequently called upon to exercise it by singing songs, and dancing for the amusement of General Washington, and

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the other officers of the Revolution, who visited at her master's house. Judy was then quite young, and greatly enjoyed a sight of the soldier's gay uniform.

"Her master died when she was a child. Her mistress was then in very ill health, and little Judy spent most of her time in her room, in attendance upon her. One day her mistress was seized with a violent fit of coughing. Judy ran to her assistance, and finding that the paroxysm did not yield to the usual remedies, called for help, but before aid was obtained, Mrs. Madison was dead! She died with her arms around the neck of her faithful attendant. Mrs. Madison had made provision for the emancipation of Judy, and after her death, she received her free papers, which she carefully guarded. After her mother's death, the daughter

of Mrs. Madison determined to remove to Kentucky, and Judy, being much attached to her and the family, accompanied them. Soon after her arrival there, Judy married a slave on the plantation of Mr. Jackson. John's master was very cruel to him; he would not allow him to leave the estate, nor was Judy permitted to come to see him; and thus they lived apart, for several months; but the brutal treatment of his master at last rendered him desperate, and he determined to run away. It was a fearful risk, but if he succeeded, the prize, he thought, would be sufficient compensation.

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One morning he had a pass from his master to go to a neighboring town on business, and he thought this a good opportunity to execute the project he had so long entertained. He started, and traveled all night, and lay concealed in the woods all day, and on the third day after he had left home he arrived at the estate of Judy's mistress. He went into one of the hen-houses, and it was not long before he saw Judy come out to feed the poultry. She was very much frightened when she saw him, and thought of the consequences that might arise from his master's rage, if he found him. However, she hid him in the barn, supplying him with food at night. He staid there more than a week, intending to leave Kentucky after his master's pursuit for him should have ceased. But one morning his master came to the house, and told Judy's mistress that one of his slaves was concealed on the place, and asked permission to hunt him, which was granted. He soon found him by the aid of one of the slaves who had noticed Judy carrying food to the barn, and watched her till he had discovered her husband, and then informed against him."

"Oh! how mean to betray him!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Yes, Ally, it was, but I suppose it was the hope of reward that induced him to be guilty of such a base act."

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"And *was* he rewarded?" asked Cornelia, "for I'm sure if he was, he did not deserve it."

"I do not know that he was, my daughter," answered Mrs. Ford. "John was taken to jail and locked up until his master should return home. Judy obtained a permit to enter the jail, and stayed with him in the cold, damp, cell, cheering him with her presence. She could not bear the thought of being again separated, and

determined to accompany him, let the consequences be what they might. Her husband was taken to a blacksmith's shop, on the next day after his recapture, and a heavy pair of handcuffs placed upon him, and a chain, (having at the end a large iron ball) was then fastened to his leg, to prevent him from running, and in this condition they started for home. They walked for six days, she with her infant in her arms, and he, heavily loaded with irons. And she told me that often her dress was one cake of ice up to her knees, the snow and rain being frozen on her skirts. Her husband's shoes soon gave way, and his feet bled profusely at every step. Judy tore off her skirt, piece by piece, to wrap them in, for she loved him tenderly. But the anguish of their bodies was nothing in comparison with that of their minds. Fear for the consequences of the attempt, and regret that it had not been successful, filled their hearts with grief, and they journeyed on with no earthly hope to cheer them.

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"Just think, my children, what they must have suffered through those long dreary days, John going back to slavery and misery, and Judy not knowing what her own fate might be. But she had comforted herself with the thought that when John's master saw what a condition he was in, he would relent towards him. But she was sadly mistaken, for he took him, weary, sick, and suffering, as he was, and whipped him cruelly, and then left him in an old shed."

"Oh! mamma," said little Cornelia, burying her face in her mother's lap, and sobbing aloud, "Do they do such wicked things?"

"I wish I had hold of him," said Alfred, "wouldn't I give it to him?"

"I should feel very much grieved if I saw you harm him in any way, Ally. Do you forget what our blessed Saviour said about returning good for evil?" asked his mother.

"Well, but mother, I am sure it would have been no more than fair just to give him a good cowhiding, so as it did not kill him."

"No more than he deserved, perhaps, but, my son, you should remember that Jesus taught us that we should forgive the greatest injuries."

"After this cruel treatment of John, Judy, with the aid of one of the other slaves, who sympathized with her and John, carried him to a little hut that

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was not so much exposed as the one in which he had previously lain. He had a razor with which he attempted to kill himself, but Judy came in at that moment, and, as he was very weak, she easily took it from him; but he said, "O! let me die. I would rather be in my grave, than endure this over again." He was sick and helpless a long time, but he would have suffered much more if Judy had not been free, and had it in her power to nurse him. There is many a poor slave that has fallen a victim to this kind of barbarity, with no eye to witness his distress, but his Heavenly Father's. To add to John's misery was the brutal treatment of a little brother; a smart active child of eight years of age, who was owned by this same man. Mr. Jackson was a great drunkard, and when under the influence of liquor, no crime was too great for him. One day, for some slight offence, he took the child and marked his throat from ear to ear, and then, cut the rims of his ear partly off, and left them hanging down. A little while after this, a gentleman, who had been in the habit of visiting at the house, rode up, and noticing the child's throat, asked him how it happened. He said, "Massa did it." The gentleman was so enraged, that he immediately mounted his horse, rode away, and had him arrested.

"When John was able to leave his bed, his mistress,

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a kind and humane woman, whose slave he had been before her marriage, took him and hid him in a cave that was on the plantation, and had him supplied with food, intending to send him away as soon as she could do so safely.

"He was there several weeks, and his master supposed he had again escaped, and was hid some where in the woods, but he had become so much dissipated that he took no interest in his business affairs, and never explored the hiding places on his own plantation. One day, a gentleman by the name of Mr. Lawrence, of Vincennes, came to Mr. Jackson's to purchase a servant, to take with him to Indiana.

"Why mother, I thought that they would not allow any one to hold slaves here," said Ally.

"No they do not, my son, but this gentleman was to take him as a bound servant for a term of years, and he, probably supposed that poor John's legal rights would not be very carefully examined. John was sold in the woods for a small

sum. After the bargain was concluded, Mr. Lawrence asked if the slave had a wife on the plantation, and was told that he had. Judy was pointed out to him. He asked her if she knew where her husband was, and she told him that she did; for she thought it was better for him to leave his cave, as it was damp and comfortless. So that night, with new hope in her heart, Judy went to his lone and dreary hiding place, and told him of

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the bargain. Any change was a relief to him, and he came willingly out, and made preparations for going with Mr. Lawrence. He waited until his master was in bed, and too deeply stupefied with liquor to heed what was passing, and then came to the place appointed. Mrs. Jackson gave him some clothes, and made what provision she could for his comfort on the way. John had a horse given him to ride upon, but Judy was taken no notice of; yet she was determined to walk the three days' journey, rather than be separated from John. Mr. Lawrence, when he perceived Judy was following them, tried to persuade her to return, for she had a young child with her, and he was afraid she would be troublesome. He told her that after her husband was settled in Vincennes, he would send for her, but she had learned to place no confidence in promises made to a slave; so she resolved she would go, believing if she lost sight of her husband she would never see him again.

"They had to cross the Ohio in a ferry boat, and Judy strained every nerve to reach it before them. She did so, and hurrying up the stairs, with her baby, she clasped the railings, resolved to stay there, unless compelled by violence to leave the boat. But no one noticed her, and she arrived safely on the other side. After walking some miles, poor Judy became tired and weary, and her strength failed her, and she was

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afraid that after all she had gone through, for the sake of her husband, she would be left at last. But she thought she would make another effort, so she told Mr. Lawrence that if he would buy her a horse to ride upon, she would bind herself to him for six months after they arrived in Indiana. He agreed to do so, and bought her a horse. After they reached Vincennes, and Judy had worked out her six months, she again bound herself to him to serve out her husband's time, for he was very weak and feeble, and was suffering with a severe cough, and Judy longed to see him own his own body. But God freed him, before the year was

out. He had suffered so much from severe whipping and abuse of every kind that he wasted away and died of consumption.

"After his death, Judy remained with his master for some time, but she finally became dissatisfied and longed to go back to Mrs. Madison's daughter, and see her home once more. She mentioned this to Mr. Lawrence, but he took no notice of it, until, one day, he came to her and said,

"Judy, I want you to come down to the auction rooms, I have bought a few things to day, and I want you to carry them home; and you might as well bring little Charley along with you, he can help you."

The little Charley here spoken of was a smart child of five or six years of age. Judy and Charley accompanied Mr. Lawrence to the rooms. When they arrived there Judy observed a number of

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strange looking men who appeared to be earnestly conversing on some subject which interested Mr. Lawrence, deeply. But Judy suspected nothing, and had begun arranging the things so that she could carry them more conveniently, when her master turned round to her and said,

"Judy you have become dissatisfied with me, and I have got you a new master."

Judy was frightened, and attempted to run, but one of them caught her, and, dragging her to a trap door, let her down. Little Charley, not knowing what had become of his mother, began to cry, but one of the men held him and told him to stop making such a noise.

Judy remained in the cellar until a vessel came along, and she was then taken out, and a handkerchief tied tightly over her mouth to prevent her from screaming or making any noise. She was then hurried on board of the boat, with a cargo of slaves bound for the far South. It seemed now as if her "cup of bitterness was full." As she was on the deck, in grief and terror, she heard some one calling, "mother! mother!" and on looking up, there was her darling boy. She asked him how he came there; he answered,

"A naughty man that put you down in the cellar, carried me to his house, and locked me up, and then brought me here." Poor Judy! she knew in a moment that both were to be sold, and no

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language can describe her anguish; her free papers were left behind, and another one of her children, her little daughter Fanny. She did not know what would become of her, or where she was going. After sailing for several weeks, they arrived at a place which she thinks was called Vicksburg; here they were taken off the boat, and carried to the auction rooms, where a sale was then going on. In a little while after they came in, a gentleman walked up to them, and after looking at little Charley, placed him on the block. Poor Judy's heart was almost bursting; but when she saw a man buy and carry away the pride and joy of her heart, she became frantic, and screamed after him, but he was picked up and carried from her sight. It was too much for her; all was a mist; in a moment, and she sank senseless to the floor. When she revived she found herself lying on an old pile of cotton, in one corner of the auction rooms. The auctioneer, seeing that she had arisen, bade her stand in the pen, along with the other negroes. Judy mechanically obeyed, and took her place with the others, and was sitting like one in a dream, when she was aroused by a man slapping her on the back.

"Come, look spry, old woman," said he.

"Could you look spry, massa, if your child, your son, you loved as well as your life, was torn away from you? Oh God!" said she, burying her face in her hands, "have mercy on me, and help me to be resigned."

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"Yes, I'll make you resigned," said he, sneeringly, slapping her across the back. "Now you follow me, and don't let me hear a word out of your head."

Judy obeyed, and, after arriving at the wharf, they went on board a vessel that was bound for New Orleans. In about a week after they had started, they arrived at Mr. Martin's plantation, where Judy saw about one hundred and fifty slaves at work in the field. Without being allowed a moment to rest herself, after her long walk from the boat, she was given a basket, and ordered to the field. Poor Judy's head was aching severely, and when she was exposed to the scorching rays of the sun of the south, her temples throbbed wildly, and oh! how she longed for some quiet shady place, where she could bathe her fevered brow, and rest her weary limbs. But she must not think of stopping a moment to rest, for the eyes of the brutal overseer were upon her, and the thought of the stinging lash, the smart and pain, came across her mind, and urged her on, and made her work with greater swiftness than before. At last the weary, weary day drew to a close,

and it was getting quite dark, and the dew was beginning to fall, and Judy was expecting every moment to hear the order for them to return home. But still they worked on, and hour after hour passed, until it was almost midnight, and not till then did the joyful summons come for them to stop.

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"Why, mamma, do they make them work so late as that?" asked Cornelia.

"Yes, my daughter, in the busy season, the poor slaves are often kept out very late. After they had received the order to return home, Judy, with aching limbs, joined the other slaves who were wearily wending their way to the little out-house where the overseer was weighing their cotton. As they presented their baskets to be weighed, they watched, eagerly, to see if their baskets were approved of. Judy gladly heard that hers was the full weight, and after ascertaining where she was to sleep, and receiving her allowance of corn, she went to the shed pointed out to her. She made her cakes for her supper and for the next morning, and then laid down upon her bed, or rather, on a pile of straw with an old piece of sheet spread over it. Judy was much exhausted, and soon fell asleep, notwithstanding the roughness of her bed. But it seemed as though she had scarcely closed her eyes before the plantation bell rang, and called them to another weary day's work.

Thus many, many months passed, of toiling from day to day, and from morning till night. One morning they saw one of the house servants running towards them; he told them that their master was dead! He had died suddenly from a fit of apoplexy. The tidings were received by Judy with joy. You must pardon her, my children, for this man had been

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a cruel master to her, and she thought that, as he had neither wife nor children, his slaves would be sold, and perhaps she would get farther north, and in the neighborhood of her old home, and might meet with some of her old friends who would prove that she was free.

A few days after Mr. Martin's funeral, there was a meeting of his heirs, and they determined to sell the slaves. Accordingly, the next morning they were marched down to the wharf, where they found a boat at anchor, and all went on board. We will pass over the wearisome trip of several days, and imagine them to be at the end of their journey at Memphis. Here they were taken off the boat, and

placed in jail, until auction day. In a few days, they were again taken out, and tied in couples, and taken to the auction. Judy was sitting, very disconsolate, thinking of her past misfortunes and coming sorrows. The hope of seeing any of her old friends, or of being reunited with her children, she had almost given up. The auctioneer called to her, and she stepped on the block. Her strong and well proportioned figure, and comely, though dejected and sad, appearance, instantly raised a dozen bids. First here, now there, might be heard the voice of the competitors; the noise of the hammer ceased, and Judy was the property of Mr. Carter. After his purchase, Mr. Carter was taking Judy to the boat, when she felt some one catching hold of her arm; she turned around and immediately recognized

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the person as a gentleman whom she had known while living with Mrs. Madison's daughter. He said to her,

"Why, Judy, where are you going?"

She answered in a kind of wicked despair,

"To hell, I believe."

This gentleman inquired about her condition, and finally rescued her, and sent her to Vincennes, where she labored for many years, and found some good friends, but she never felt safe after she had been stolen away from there. She made inquiries about her children, but never learned any thing of them. Not having anything to attach her to Vincennes, she left and came to Terre Haute, where she resided a little while, and then came further into the interior of the State.

Her children are scattered, and gone, she knows not where; and after a long life of toil and suffering, she is here, old, infirm, and a beggar. Every wrinkle on her brow could tell a tale of suffering; her youth is gone; her energies are all spent, and her long life of toil has been for naught."

Mrs. Ford ceased, her tears were falling fast, and the children were sobbing around her. The fire, from neglect, had gone out, and there were only a few smoking embers left in the fire-place, reminding them of the time that had been spent in hearing

"AUNT JUDY'S STORY."

