

or pity me. In the morning he saw my condition and did nothing for me. He concluded that I was no good and never would be of any farther service to him—very likely he thought I would die. He told a teamster to take me behind him on the horse and carry me to my mother who lived six or seven miles away. The teamster seated me behind him the next night and in the dark he reached my mother's hut. He helped me from the horse and rode away leaving me on the ground unable to move. I cried out till my mother came to the door. She found me lying there, carried me into the house and then for the first time was anything done for my relief. Nearly two days had passed since I was frozen and any one may judge of my condition by that time, and the wonder is that I did not die. My pain was dreadful to think of, and to this hour I have continued to suffer. These old limbs all shrunken, pitted and scarred are the homes of pain. Nights are often sleepless because of them. So I cannot forget my cruel bondage even if I would do so. At this time my mother was a free woman by provision of Mr. Davis. She earned a scanty living, washing and ironing, and for nine long months she nursed me with all a mother's tenderness. Gettinger never came to ask after my condition, nor so far as I know, did he ever make any claim to me. Seeing this my mother thought no one would disturb me and I would be left to herself. It was a hope like most others she had entertained, doomed to disappointment. A son of my first master, Mr. Davis, came to my mother's house and told her that I was to be sold on the place of Thomas Davis some miles away. I do not know to this day how that came about. I cannot see what