

**COL. JUDSON OF  
ALABAMA, OR, A  
SOUTHERNER'S  
EXPERIENCE AT THE NORTH**

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Col. Judson of Alabama, or, A Southerner's experience at the North by F. Bean

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**F. BEAN**

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OR,

A SOUTHERNER'S EXPERIENCE  
AT THE NORTH.

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BY

F. BEAN,

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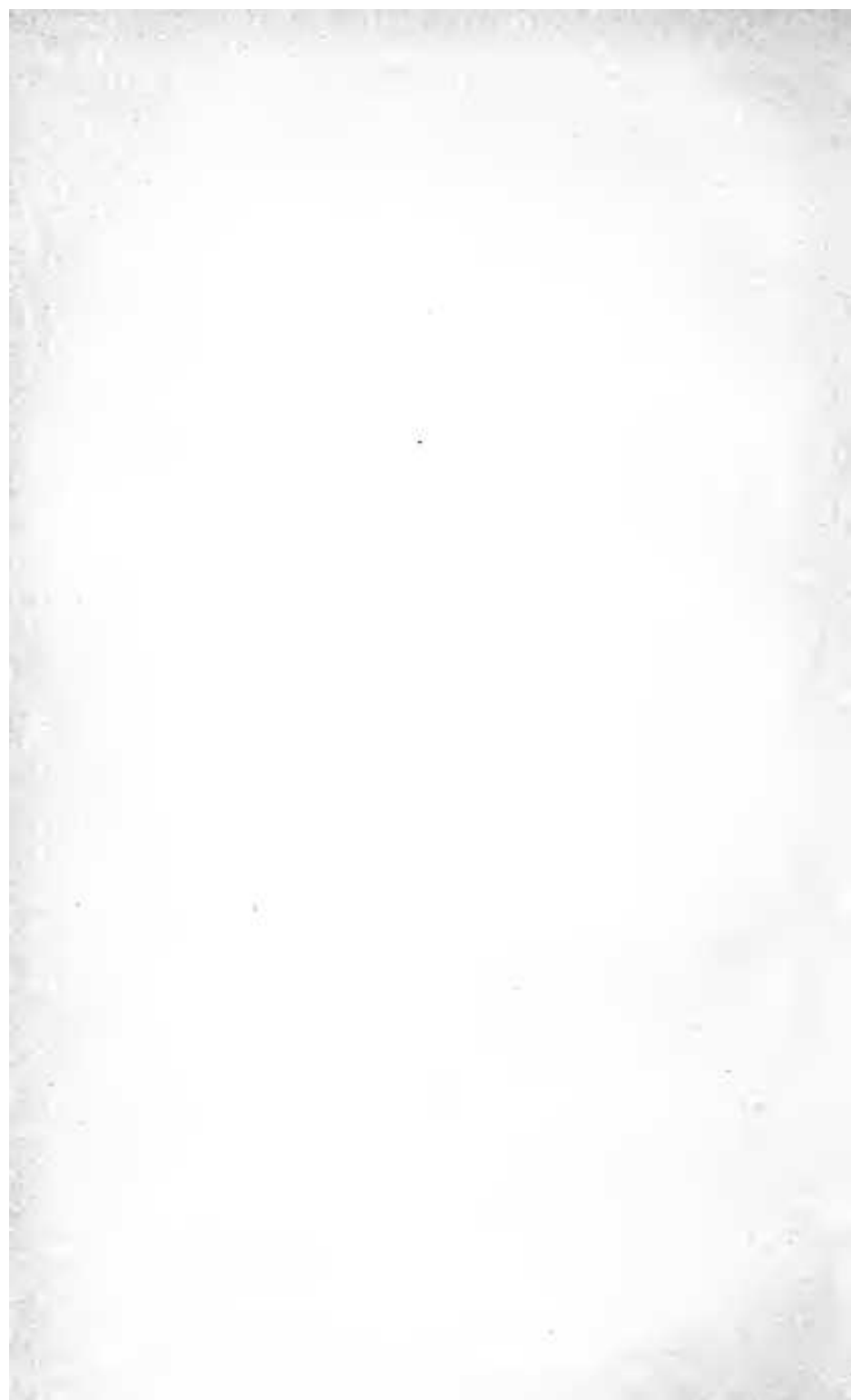
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# COL. JUDSON OF ALABAMA;

OR,

A Southerner's Experience at the North.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A WICKED ADVERTISEMENT.

**WANTED**—By a Gentleman, a large, handsomely furnished, well-ventilated room where people are not inquisitive. Address A. B. C., Herald Uptown Office.

ONE hand held the advertising-sheet of the New York *Herald*, that unveiled mirror of the ways, the actions, the weaknesses, and the wickedness of man; the other grasped a large silver fork.

On the table were the ample viands of a bountiful breakfast, and, close at hand, one of the attentive waiters of a first-class New York hotel.

The stranger read the advertisement with absorbed interest twice through, then laid the sheet aside and concentrated his attention upon his breakfast with a gratified sense of relief. He could now see his way out of his perplexity. This advertisement, which his eye had accidentally fallen upon while waiting for his order to be filled, had, in one moment, enlightened him as to the customs here at the North.

He would put an advertisement precisely like that in the *Herald* himself, as soon as he left the table.

But, he meditated as he buttered his muffins, what a commentary it was, though, upon the inquisitiveness of the Yankees, when people were obliged to advertise like this! What a state of society! What an insult the Southern people would feel implied in such language! But here at the North what else was a man with an important secret to do? He shrank from writing the unpleasant words; but of course the people here must be used to it.

As soon as his breakfast was over, he rose from his chair, a giant in stature, the *Herald* still grasped in his hand. He was a colossus, broad-shouldered, full-chested, with a fine, open, intellectual face, a well-shaped head covered with dark, thick, glossy hair slightly inclined to curl, and here and there besprinkled with gray—a head poised with quiet, imperial pride, while his eye and mien denoted one accustomed to power, authority, and deference; and wherever he went he accepted the homage of the people around him as his heritage, for he was Colonel Judson of Alabama.

Before the war he had been in the Legislature of his State, and had always been a leading man in local politics. There had been a time when he could ride five miles on his own land; and with his gold-headed cane across his saddle-bow he was everywhere deferred to by whites and blacks and addressed as "Colonel" far and wide, though his title was derived solely from his splendid physique, his aristocratic bearing, and his magnificent possessions.

Like the rest of the Southern patricians, the Judsons were ruined by the war; but poverty could not abase them, privation could not humble them. Hiding their sorrows from the world, they lived in seclusion, maintaining always their opinions, their prejudices, their self-respect, and their dignity; and the colonel re-

mained, as he had ever been, one of those Southern combinations of pride and generosity, haughtiness and graciousness, fire and mildness—a man versed in all the graces of society, yet simple and ignorant of the common affairs of life, recognizing no world beyond the South, full of magnanimous pity for an admired acquaintance who had had the misfortune to be born elsewhere, and scarcely able to believe the sun and moon shone over the bleak hills of the North as over the rich fields of the South.

He was here now from necessity; and with his usual magnanimity, he looked about him with generous compassion upon the unfortunate inhabitants among whom he felt himself a man apart, almost a foreigner, by reason of every difference that can exist between man and man—a difference emphasized now by his present peculiar position. For a generation or more it had been traditional in his family that they possessed an unclaimed property interest in the city of New York involving several entire blocks of houses in the most populous part of the city, and which, in their halcyon days, either indolence or innate family pride had prevented their following up. But the daily discomforts of their present condition becoming more and more intolerable, the colonel at last had come North to establish his own and his family's rights and, if possible, retrieve his broken fortunes, placing his affairs in the hands of a prominent law firm; and it appeared to be necessary that, for the present at least, he should remain here strictly *incognito*—a course to him annoying and degrading, he was so open, so candid, and so scornful of everything mysterious, suspicious, and equivocal.

Thus it was he felt a perfect nightmare of secrets resting on his soul; and while considering the situa-