

de ve'y lan' what dey plant der cotton in, suh. De groun' is mushy. En black! You may n't b'lieve me, suh, but dey wuz times when I wuz out dar, dat I 'd 'a' paid a sev'mpunce fer ter git a whiff er dish yer red dus' up my nose. When you come to farmin', suh, gi' me de red lan' er de gray. Hit may not make ez much cotton in one season, but it las's longer, en hit 's lots mo' wholesome."

To pass the time away, I asked Uncle Primus about the "rippit" on the boat, as he called it. He shook his head and groaned. Finally he brightened up, and said:—

"You ain't know much about my young marster, suh; you wuz too little; but he had de fam'ly failin', ef you kin call it dat. He wuz up fer whatsomever wuz gwine on, let it be a fight, er let it be a frolic. 'T wuz all de same ter him, suh; yit, ef he had de choosin', 't would 'a' bin a fight mighty nigh all de time. I dunner but what he wuz wuss at dat dan ole marster wuz, en de Lord knows he wuz bad 'nuff.

"Well, suh, nothin 'd do my young marster but he mus' travel, but stidder travelin' up dar in Boston, en Phillimindelphy, whar folks live at, he tuck de notion dat he mus' go out