

dar in de neighborhoods er Massysip. En I had ter go 'long wid 'im. I kinder hung back, kaze I done hearn tell 'bout de gwines-on dey had out dar ; but de mo' I hung back, de mo' my young marster want me ter go. I wuz lots younger den dan what I is now, en lots mo' soopler, en I 'low ter myself dat ef anybody kin stan' fer ter go out dar spectin' ter come back wid breff in um, dat somebody wuz Primus. 'T wuz like de ol' sayin,' suh — start out wid a weak heart ef you want ter come home wid a whole hide. En so we start off. My young marster wuz mighty gayly. He cracked jokes, en went on mighty nigh de whole time ; en I 'spicioned den dat dey wuz gwine ter be some devilment cut up 'fo' we got back. En sho nuff dey wuz.

“ Well, suh, stidder gwine right straight to'rds Massysip, we tuck de stage en went ter Nashville, en den ter Kaintucky, en den fum dar up ter St. Louis. Hit look like dat whar-somever dey wuz a hoss-race, er a chicken fight, er a game er farrer gwine on, right dar we wuz, en dar we staid twel de light wuz out, ez you may say. En when dey 'd move, we 'd move. Ef it had n't 'a' been fer me, suh, my young marster would 'a' teetotally ruint