

“ My young marster sorter half-way shet his eyes en lean on de table en look at de man. He ax : —

“ ‘ What yo’ name ? ’

“ Man say, ‘ Barksdale er Loueeziana.’

“ My young marster had his han’ on a tum’ler er water, en he ’low, ‘ Well, Barksdale er Loueeziana, ol’ ez you is, I’ll hatter l’arn you some manners.’

“ Wid dat, he dash de water in de man’s face wid one han’ en draw’d his gun wid de yuther. De man wipe de water out er his eyes wid one han’ en draw’d *his* gun wid de yuther. Leas’ways, I speck he draw’d it, kaze de pistol what my young marster had wuz so techous, ez you may say, dat I duckt my head when I seed ’im put his han’ on it.

“ But ’fo’ anybody could do any damage, suh, I heerd a squall dat make my blood run col’. Hit come fum a ’oman, too, kaze dey ain’t nothin’ ner nobody what kin make dat kinder fuss ’cep’ it’s a ’oman er a mad hoss. I raise my head at dat, en dar stood my young marster en de man wid der han’s on der guns en de table ’twix’ um. De squall ain’t mo’ dan die away, ’fo’ somebody holler ‘ *Fier!* ’ en time dat word come, I could see