

de red shadder flashin' on de water, en den hit come 'cross my min' dat dey wuz one nigger man a mighty fur ways from home, en hit make me feel so sorry fer de nigger man dat I could n't skacely keep fum bustin' out en cryin' boo-hoo right den en dar. De man look at my young marster en say: —

“ ‘Scuze me des one minnit. My daughter' —

“ ‘ Certn'y, suh !' sez my young marster, en den he bowed des ez perlite ez ef he 'd a had a fiddle stidder a pistol. De man, he bowed back, en went out, en my young marster follered arter. By dat time de folks in de boat (en dey wuz a pile un um, mon !) come a-rushin' out'n der rooms, en 'fo' you kin wink yo' eyeball dey wuz a-crowdin' en a-pushin' en a-pullin' en a-haulin', en a-cryin' en a-fightin', en a-cussin' en a-prayin'.

“ Well, suh, I put it down in my min' den, en I ain't never rub it out, dat ef you take proudness out'n de white folks dey er des ez skeery ez de niggers. En dem white folks on dat boat dat night had all de proudness out'n um, en dey went on wuss'n a passel er four-footed creeturs. Hit's de Lord's trufe, suh, — all 'cep'n my young marster en de