

preacher-lookin' man. Dem two wuz des ez cool ez cowcumpers, en I say ter myse'f, I did, 'I'll des up en wait twel dey gits skeer'd, en den I'll show um how skeer'd a nigger kin git when he ain't got nothin' on his min'.'

"Dat ar Mr. Barksdale, he wuz fur shovin' right 'long froo de crowd, but my young marster say dey better stay on de top deck whar dey kin see what gwine on. 'Bout dat time I cotch sight er de young 'oman in de jam right close at us, en I p'int her out ter my young marster. Time he kin say, 'Dar yo' daughter right nex' ter de railin',' de crowd sorter swayed back, de rope railin' give 'way, en inter de water de gal went, wid a lot mo' un um. My young marster han' me his coat en pistol en over he went; I han' um ter Mr. Barksdale, whiles he sayin', 'Oh, Lord! oh, Lordy!' en over I went, — kaze in dem days I ain't had no better sense dan ter go whar my young marster went. I hit somebody when I struck de water, en I like ter jolted my gizzard out, en when I riz hit look like de boat had done got a mile away, but she wuz headin' fer de bank, suh, en she flung a broadside er light on de water, en I ain't hit mo'n a dozen licks 'fo' I seed my