

young marster hol'in' de gal, an' swimmin' 'long easy.

“ Well, suh, what should I do but des up en fetch one er dem ar ol'-time fox-huntin' hollers, en I boun' you mought er heerd it two mile. My young marster make answer, en den I know'd de res' wuz easy. Kaze me an' him wuz at home in de water. I holler out, I did, ‘ Gi' me room, Marse Lint ! ’ en I pulled up 'long side er him same ez a pacin' hoss. My young marster say sump'n, I disremember what, en den he laugh, en when de young 'oman hear dis, she open her eyes, en make some kind er movement. My young marster 'low, ‘ Don't grab me, please, ma'am, ’ en she say she ain't skeer'd a bit. 'Bout dat time we come up wid a nigger man in a canoe. Stidder tryin' ter save us, ef we needed any savin', he done his level best ter git away. But he ain't hit two licks wid de paddle 'fo' I had de boat, en I say, ‘ You dunner who you foolin' wid, nigger ! ’

“ Well, suh, he dez riz up in de boat en light out same ez a bull-frog in a mill-pon'. My young marster say he wuz a runaway nigger, en I speck he wuz, kaze what business he got jumpin' in de water des kaze we want