

worl'. De fier wuz shootin' mos'ly fum de middle, en mos' all de folks wuz at de een' nex' ter de bank, but on de hine een' en way on de top deck dey wuz a man standin'. He wuz wringin' his han's en lookin' out on de water, en he wa'n't no mo' tryin' ter save hisse'f dan de smoke-stacks wuz. De light shined right on 'im, en I know'd de minnit I seed 'im dat 't wus dat ar Mr. Barksdale. So I turn my head en say ter de young 'oman, 'Mistiss, yon' yo' pa now.' She ain't look up 't all. She 'low, 'I don't b'lieve it! I never is ter b'lieve it!' I say, 'Marse Lint, who dat ar gemman on de top deck all by his own 'lone se'f?' My young marster 'low, 'Hit's Mr. Barksdale.' De young 'oman moan en cry out, 'Oh, it can't be!'

"But I des drove dat ar canoe 'long, en bimeby we wuz right at de hine een', en my young marster sot in ter holler at dat ar Mr. Barksdale. But look like he can't make 'm hear, de folks on de een' wuz makin' sech a racket, en de fier wuz ro'in so. I say, 'Wait, Marse Lint,' en den I back de canoe out in de light, en fetched one er dem ol'-time cornshuckin' whoops. Dis make de man look down. I holler, 'Here yo' daughter waitin' for you! Climb down — climb down!'