

feel mighty good, suh, when you done got yo' fill er vittles — I wuz settin' dar, I wuz, kinder huv'rin' 'twix' sleep en slumber, when I hear my young marster talkin'. I open my eyes, en dar wuz him en Mr. Barksdale comin' down fum de house. Dey stop not so mighty fur fum whar I wuz, en talk mighty sollum. Bimeby Mr. Barksdale beckon to me. He 'low —

“ ‘Come yer, boy. You wuz de onliest one what hear what I say ter yo' young marster las' night, en I want you ter hear what I say now, en dat's dis : I'm ready ter git on my knees, en 'polergize on account er de insults what passed.' ”

“ I say : ‘Yasser, I know'd sump'n n'er had ter be done 'bout dat, kaze my white folks ain't got no stomach fer dat kind er talk, let it come fum who it shill en whence it mought.' ”

“ He look at me right hard, en den he laugh, en 'low: ‘Shake han's wid me. Nigger ez you is, you er better dan one half de white folks dat I'm 'quainted wid.' ”

“ Well, suh, you wuz 'roun' here when my young marster come back wid my young mistiss? Dat wuz de upshot un it. We