

HOW TOBY LOST HIS LEG.

BY MAXWELL GREGG.

So, chile, yo' waint ter know how dis ole niggah done gone lost' he lef' laig, eh? Pyhaps 't were my right laig, for dis wain I hes are de *lef'* wain sho nuf, chile. Haw, haw, haw!

Well yo' see 't were jest dis wise: 'Way back afoah—whoa now, Blin'y, yo' ole piebal' mule! Cain't yo' 'preciate er bit uv de greenes' grass w'en yo' git er chance ter masticate 't? Whoa now! 'n my life sar, I neber see sech er res'less bit uv hoss flesh 's Blin'y, neber. Whoa now! Well 's I were gwine ter twel yo' afoah Blin'y bre'k de confab, 'way back prev'us ter de wah dis niggah b'long ter Marse Gawge. Yo' un'stan' ole Marse Gawge, young Marse Gawge's father, done gone daid an' lef' 'm all he lan' an' all he niggah's, an' er bettah Marse den young Marse Gawge w'nt ter be foun' 'n de whole Souf. Jest 'low me ter 'press dat cle'r 'pon yo' mem'y, chile.

So.

W'en de wah 'tween de Norf an' de Souf bre'k out—reck'n dats afoah yo' eber see de light uv blessed day, chile—Marse Gawge were 'mong de ver' fust ter 'spond ter he kyntry's call ter arms, sar, an' dis ole niggah g'long ter do he body wuk an' ter be 'longside through thick 'an through thin.

So.

Course I were younger 'n dem days den I are now, an' my laigs were 's strong 's en'body's. Now I'se on'y er bu'st-up niggah 'ith wain laig cle'r gone an' 'ith de udder jest 'bout worfless.

So.

'Membah 't were putty hawd wuk fur Marse Gawge ter part 'ith he mother, de ole missus, an' dar were er lump 's big 's er taty 'n moah 'hotes den dis ole niggah's w'en de ole lady fro she arms 'bout de young man's neck an' weep an' wail twel

she hairt were putty neah bu'st fur feah she deah boy 'ud neber moah come back ter he ole home 'cept daid 's er doah-nail 'n he coffin.

So.

But duty ter he kyntry hed ter be did, chile, an' Marse Gawge—Whoa Blin'y, yo' eejit! Cain't yo' nibble er jiffy twal I hab er few frien'ly wuds 'ith de gem'un heah? Whoa now! Lemme see. sar, wh' were I? Yaas, yaas; me an' Marse Gawge we sot out ter de wah ter fight fur de ca'se uv de Souf, an' I twel yo' Marse Gawge he waint through 't 'ithout er mu'm'r, sar, an' neber tu'n er hair 'cept onct, an' den he kyrage did'nt fo'sake 'm ca'se he were were ready ter go 'foah de Lawd 'ith er cle'r hairt, sar, an' dat am er mighty good thing ter hab 'n do cons'tution, I reck'n. A'nt 't, sar?

So.

Well 't were jest w'en de wah were hottest—an' good Gord't were hot. Marse Gawge, un, stan,' were no common sojah but er loot'n't—calc'late dats wh' dey call'm—an' he fight un'er Kunnel Robingson uv de "El'phants," 's brave er sojah, sar, an' 's brave er reg'ment sar, 's were 'n de whole Souf. Well wain day jest w'en de wah were hottest de kunnel he call Marse Gawge an' he twel'm dat mos' 'mpo'tant 'nfo'mation hed ter be 'spatched by wud uv mouf ter de Richum 'vision, an' he waint ter send er trus'y fellah 'ith 't, an' Marse Gawge he were de trus'iest 'n de whole reg'ment.

So.

Well we sot out early 'n de mawnin,' me 'n er hoss an' Marse Gawge he 'n er hoss. 'T were de hottest day I eber pass through, an' we rid de whole blessed mawnin' an' de whole blessed afternoon 'n de boilin' sun. Jest 's ebenin' were comin,' an' de air were gettin' cool lack,