

hogs ain't po' at all, but fat as buttah. Dey got to git "hog" in some ways, so dey think. But dey ain't no sense in dat. Hogs don't undustan' dat. Dey can't talk, and don't know de meaning o' talk words, ("wuds," Phil pronounced it) You mus' let 'em know dat when you want 'em to come you's gwine to make a noise, de like o' which ain't in Heaven or yuth. Den dey gets to knowin' what dat means. Dat's my way. When I fetch a yell at 'em dey jes' raise der yeahs, and say to de' sef: Dat dah's Phil, for sho', and Phil's de big, ugly black nigga, wid de bauskets o' cawn'. When you say "Phil" you mean mosta's big nigga what wuks in de fiel', an' plays de banjo, an' goes fishin'; but when de hogs say "Phil" dey mean a big black fella, wid a big yell into him, an' de bauskets o' cawn. An' you better b'lieve dat makes 'em jump up an' clap dah han's for joy, jes' like a nigga does when he gets religion 'nuff to make him shout, an' not 'nuff to keep him offen de hen roos's. If a nigga gets religion 'nuff to keep him from stealin', it's a mistake. Dey don't never mean to do it, an' when dey does dey ain't glad a bit, an' dey hurries up an' sen's de surplage back."

Phil's respect for what he called "niggas" was exceeding small, as the reader will have discovered ere this, and it was his greatest pleasure in life to demonstrate their inferiority and emphasize their shortcomings, in a hundred ways. He was "head man" of the hoe hands, which is to say he hoed the leading row of tobacco hills, and was charged with the duty of superintending the work of the others. It was his delight to keep his own work so far in advance that he must now and then set his hoe in the ground and walk back to inspect the progress and criticise the performance of slower workers than he. In all this there was no spice of malice or uncharitableness, however. He wished his fellows well, and had no desire to hurt their feelings; but he keenly enjoyed the fun of outdoing them, and laughing at their inability to cope with him.

It was during wheat harvest, however, that Phil was in his glory. The rapidity with which he could "cradle" wheat was a matter of astonishment to every body who knew him, and what was more wonderful still, he was able to maintain a dis-

tinctly "spurting" speed all day and every day.

"Phil," his master would say as the men would enter the field on the first day, "I want no racing now. It's too hot."

"Now you heah dat, you slow niggas! Mosta says Phil mus'n't kill his niggas—an' de on'y way to save yo' lives is for you not to follow me. Jes' take yo' time, boys. Race a little 'mong yo'selves if you want to, but don't you try to get a look at de heels o' my boots if you don't want to go to de bushes."

A Negro exhausting himself in a race lies down in the cool shade to recuperate, and hence the winner of the race is said to send the others "to the bushes."

Phil's preliminary remarks were sure to exasperate his fellows, and put them on their mettle. Silently they would determine to "push" him, and the utmost vigilance of the masters was taxed to prevent dangerous over-exertion. If the reapers were left alone for half an hour, several of them would be sure to overtask their strength and retire exhausted to the friendly shade of the nearest thicket. But they never succeeded in coming up with Phil or in so tiring him that he was not ready for a dance or a tramp when night came.

He was a strong man, rejoicing in his strength always, but there was one thing he would not do; namely, work for himself. His master was one of those who hoped for gradual emancipation, as many Virginians did, and thought it his duty to prepare his Negroes for freedom as far as it was possible to do so. Among other means to this end, he encouraged each to make and save money on his own account. Each was expected to cultivate a "patch," as it was called, of his own, their master giving them the necessary time and use of the mules, whenever their crops needed attention. In this way he thought to train them in voluntary industry and thrift, and some of them, having no necessary expenses to bear, accumulated pretty little hoards of cash from the sale of their crops year after year. But Phil would not raise a crop for himself.

"What I want to raise a crop for?" he would ask. "I don't want no money on'y a quarter sometimes to buy a banjo string or a fish line, an' I git plenty o' quarters