

"Yes; and—" closing her eyes and just touching the lids lightly, as the most delicate hint possible—

"Eyes!" shouted a yet more tremendous chorus.

"Yes; and now, since the eyes are such a very important part of the head, let us think how we can take very good *care* of the eyes."

This sounded rather complicated, and there was another moment of a awful concentration. Even Trusty appeared to be thinking warmly on the subject.

"Well, Ezekiel, what do you say?"

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no pin," suggested Ezekiel pleasantly.

"Why, Ezekiel, certainly not! Of course we shouldn't want to pick holes in them with a pin; but—well, what do you say, Tommy?"

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no needle!" explained Tommy, his face all aglow with enthusiasm.

"Why, no, indeed! Of course not—why, of course *not*. But that isn't just what I mean, because of course you would never think of doing that anyway, would you, Tommy?"

Hands were waving madly in all directions now; but when young Charles Sumner Scott raised his with its usual effect of poise and precision, Miss North considered the situation saved. Charles usually saved the situation.

"How must we treat the eyes if we want to keep them nice and strong, Charles?"

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no *hat-pin*!" announced Charles.

"Hands down!" ordered Miss North.

Hands down, indeed!

"Hezzy Cones, did you hear what I said?"

"Yath'm! Not pick no holthe in 'em wid no *hair-pin*!" shouted Hezzy, not to be walked over so easily, and jubilant at this slight variation.

The new pupil had waked up, too.

"Not pick no holes in 'em wid no *knittin'-needle*!" he sang loudly, in a perfect burst of inspiration.

This was a stroke of genius, and they all



"'I KIN GIT 'IM YERE, EF YER WANT'S"

looked around on the new-comer admiringly, and looked a little doubtful, for a moment, as to whether anything more could be said on the subject.

Ezekiel fairly radiated at his friend's success.

"Now, wait, children!" said Miss North, with emphasis amounting almost to severity. "Our answers are getting wild—very wild. And I do not wish to hear anything more about *pins* or *needles* or *hat-pins* or *knitting-needles*. I should like to see you all *very straight* in your seats."

There was a tremendous effort at straightening up, whereupon Miss North proceeded to make a few valuable

suggestions in regard to the treatment of the eyes.

"Now," said Miss North, as if she were propounding a theory of rare and striking originality, "*who* can tell me another part of the body?"

The pause was long; they were evidently feeling somewhat sore over their last setback.

"Well?" encouraged Miss North.

"Yer laigs," mumbled a stuffy voice from the back of the room.

"Yes, your legs, Samuel; that is quite right. And perhaps you can tell me what your legs are for, Samuel. But wait; we will *think* before answering."

"Ter se' down with," answered Samuel comfortably.

"No, Samuel; you evidently did *not* think; they are for nothing of the kind," returned Miss North shortly.

Trusty's hand was waving with unmistakable interest. Miss North was painfully aware that he must be encouraged.

"Well, Trusty," she ventured, "what are your legs for?"

"Ter hole yer feet on!" shouted Trusty, in a perfect spasm of joyous interest.

Miss North essayed to collect her thoughts.

"Well, hardly, hardly for—*that alone*, are they, Trusty? Tell me what else they are for."

But Trusty failed to find any other use to

which he could put the legs, and Miss North again took the floor; whereupon Trusty's interest immediately subsided.

Later on, she attempted, somewhat cautiously, to draw him out once more; but the day went on, and not once again did Trusty deign to come to the front.

The next morning Miss Doane was at school early. She had been working for some moments at her desk in the Assembly Room, when she became aware that again an unusual sort of demonstration was taking place in the outside hall. To the hall Miss Doane went; and there, once more, she was met by the large colored man and the small colored boy.

"Jes 'blige ter 'ply de same kine o' coaxin', Miss! Whup 'im all de way yere! Ain't I, Trusty?"

Poor Trusty appeared almost too spent even to reply; and Miss Doane looked at him and suggested that he go to his seat and rest.

"M-m-m — ain' gwine no seat 'n' res'!" he growled.

His father intervened: "Yer see, Miss? Yer see? He's de hard-haidedes' chile I'se got, an' dat's de trufe. Come 'long, now, boy; jes come 'long, now!" And, without ceremony, Trusty was lifted with a firm hand and transported through the Assembly Room to his seat, where he was deposited with a thump.

Miss North looked up in mild surprise.

"Why, Trusty! Good morning!"

Trusty's response was a thing of conjecture.

"And so you are back at school again; and aren't you glad, after all, to come back to this nice school?"

"M-m-m — school nuth-in'!" was the unexpectedly prompt response.

"Yer'll fine 'im mighty wearisome, I 'spec', Miss," put in the parent. "But whup 'im! Dat's all I kin say. Whup 'im *all* de time; an' me 'n' 'Mandy'll wuk on 'im nights 'n' mawnin's."

Miss North looked at the diminutive object but half filling his seat, and caught her breath.

Another day of alternate gloom and occasional spasmodic interest on Trusty's part, another day of doubts and fears in his behalf on the part of Miss North.

That night, just as he was about to scuffle dis-

consolately behind the others from the room, picturing, no doubt, some of the joys which were awaiting him at home, she called him back. Ezekiel stood by her desk, wondering why she had called him, too.

"Trusty," she began, "wouldn't you like to come to school to-morrow morning with Ezekiel?"

Trusty looked up doubtfully, and Ezekiel looked up, not just comprehending.

"You live near each other, don't you?"

"No'm." Ezekiel's tone wavered anxiously. "No'm, we don't live nare each udder, Miss No'th; Trusty he live clare way *down* de road."

He stopped, meditating; then his face seemed to clear somewhat of its burden of thought. "But I reckon — I kin *git* 'im yere, ef yer wants, Miss No'th; yas'm, I — I kin git 'im yere, ef yer wants, 'cuz I kin go af' 'im an' git 'im. Yas'm, I kin ca'y 'im ter school, Miss No'th!"

Trusty looked a bit doubtful as to whether he should entirely fall in with the plan, and Miss North made haste to readjust herself.

"No'm, 'tain' no trouble, Miss No'th; no'm. I kin ca'y 'im ter school ter-morrer, cyan't I, Trusty?"

Trusty still appeared to be doubting heavily; but Ezekiel's assurances continued to ring warmly, as they moved on toward the door and disappeared into the hall.

It was still early the next morning when Miss North worked alone in the school-room. Slowly the door opened. Slowly two small figures pushed their way awkwardly into the room.

Miss North looked up.

"Why, Ezekiel! And Trusty!"

They came in softly, hand in hand, and stood before her desk, Trusty passive, Ezekiel glowing shyly with pride and pleasure.

"Hyeah's Trusty, Miss No'th," he explained briefly.

"I see. Why, how — how very nice! And so nice and early! Why, Trusty, aren't you glad you could get here so early?"

Trusty seemed hardly ready to commit himself just yet, but began to look shyly pleased, too. Ezekiel, still holding him by the hand, looked down protectingly.



"TWO SMALL FIGURES PUSHED THEIR WAY INTO THE ROOM"

"Yas'm, he — he likes ter git yere early; doan't yer, Trusty?"

"Yes, I'm sure he does," put in Miss North tactfully. "And now, perhaps he would like to help by getting some of the dust out of these erasers; they aren't very clean this morning."

His eyes brightened. "Yas'm!"

The two came back looking as if they had been temporarily detained in a flour-barrel.

"Why, yes, those are very clean; but you seem to be just a little dusty yourselves, aren't you?"

"Yas'm," agreed Trusty, while Ezekiel brushed him with doubtful success. "Kin ole Sam'el Smiff dus' 'em?"

"Samuel Smith? I don't think Samuel ever did dust them —"

"'Cuz me 'n' 'Zekiel kin dus' 'em good's dat 'mos' any time; cyan't we, 'Zekiel?"

By the time that school was ready to begin that morning, there stood a stately line of "visitors from the North" across Miss North's room, ready for enlightenment on the Negro Problem. And as Miss North began: "We are having a new month to-day, children; who can tell me what the name of the month is?" the line drew itself up, preparatory to getting right down to the heart of the matter.

"What month, class?"

"February!"

"Yes; very good. Is February a short month or a long month?"

There was an unfortunate difference of opinion:

"Short!" "Long!" "Short!" "Long!" "Short!" "Long!"

"Very well," joined in Miss North, ready to agree to anything. "What do you say about it, Archelus?"

"Li' teeny bit uv a short month," explained Archelus. "Ain' no longer'n —"

As Archelus was about to illustrate the length of February with his two small hands, Miss North waived any further information on the subject, and went on:

"Yes, a short month. And who can tell me what holiday we have in this month?"

There were two or three who promptly arrived at conclusions. The visitors were smiling wide smiles of appreciation.

"Lemuel?"

"Chris'mas!"

"Oh, no; we have just had Christmas. Samuel?"

"Thanksgivin'!"

"Why, no, indeed, Samuel; you are not thinking. William?"

"Washin'ton's Birthday!"

One of the visitors, a rosy-cheeked gentleman

with white hair, gave such a loud grunt of appreciation at this that Miss North glanced his way.

"Can he tell us anything *about* George Washington?" he questioned smilingly, in response to Miss North's glance.

"Oh, I think so. Who can tell me some one thing about George Washington, children? Hands, please."

"That little boy," smiled the rosy-cheeked gentleman; "he seems to be getting so very much interested!"

Heavens! it was Trusty who was getting interested. Miss North glanced at his face, which radiated with delighted intelligence as he fixed his eyes on the closed coat-closet, and felt a chilling and definite foreboding.

"H-m — yes," she went on evasively, "yes. Ezekiel, can you tell us — something about —" What was the matter? Had *Ezekiel* forgotten how to talk? To be sure! His eyes, kindling with interest and pride, were fixed on his friend.

"No, no! This one," explained the rosy-cheeked gentleman, his eyes still resting smilingly on Trusty. "Well, what do you know about George Washington, little fellow?"

"*Miss No'th got 'im shet up in de coat-closet!*"

The rosy-cheeked gentleman stepped back a bit, and there was suddenly a rather startled expression on the part of the visitors from the North. Somewhat furtively they glanced at the coat-closet, apparently expecting to see the immortal George emerge in person at any moment. Miss North coughed slightly, and looked as if she had known happier times.

"You may be seated, Trusty."

"She shet 'im in dere fer imperdence!" explained Trusty.

But just then the door creaked softly, and from the unknown depths of the coat-closet a little figure peered anxiously.

"Mith No'th! Kin I come out now?"

Miss North looked at the small figure, and then at the visitors from the North, whereupon they all looked at her; and then suddenly the rosy-cheeked gentleman burst out into such unchecked, joyous laughter that the others all joined in, and the visitors from the North moved on.

At the same time, there was a thump on the door which opened from the back hall, and a large and ancient colored man advanced into the room.





“THAT LITTLE BOY,” SMILED THE ROSY-CHEEKED GENTLEMAN”

“Mawnin’, Miss, mawnin’!” he began in loud, cheerful tones. “’Scusin’ de privilege o’ de interruption, I’se ’blige ax yer kin I borry Trusty fer a li’l’ w’ile, ’spesh’ly fer de ’casion?”

Just what the occasion was he did not explain; but Trusty, possibly receiving suggestive glimmers of inward light on the subject, and being at this particular moment otherwise interested, began to show evidence of unexpected combativeness.

“M-m-m — I ain’ gwine be ’scuse fer no ’casion,” he mumbled cantankerously.

“Come, now, boy, ya-as, yer is, too!” disagreed the parent, advancing toward the subject of complication. “Yer see, Miss! Ain’t I tole yer he’s de hard-haidedes’ chile? Fus I’se ’blige whup ’im school, ’n’ nex’ I cyan’ git ’im ’way ter bless me! Ain’t I jes tole yer!” And again, with a firm hand, Trusty was lifted and transported across the room to the open door. Miss North hastily suggested the final formalities requisite for an excuse, but her voice was quite lost among the reverberations of a more powerful organ:

“Ain’t I jes tole yer so! Ya-as, yer is, too! Ain’t I jes tole yer! Come ’long, now; jes come ’long, now!”

They disappeared through the doorway, and then only the final reverberations came back to them as Trusty was triumphantly exhorted on his way.

But the worst of vicissitudes, and the best of them, only wait to give place to new ones, and the old days change to new ones and the weeks and the months go on; and, as the oft-repeated

act becomes a habit, so it had finally become an unvarying habit for Ezekiel to arrive at school with Trusty’s hand held loosely in his own, while Trusty himself plodded unresistingly at his side.

But occasionally there comes a time, too, when the habitual thing fails to happen.

It was one morning toward the end of May. Miss North had glanced at the clock, which hovered close to nine, and then she had glanced around the room at several waiting children, and into the yard, which was filling rapidly, and wondered, half passively, why Ezekiel and Trusty had not come. In a quickly changing, drifting undercurrent of thought, she remembered their first arrival together — just how they had looked as they stood, hand in hand, before her desk. Again, she remembered Trusty as he had looked that first day, just after his arrival, first sullenly rebelling, and then vibrating, as it were, between a state of absolute indifference and one of suddenly aroused interest. Strange, how it had grown to be a regular thing for Trusty to be “interested”! She glanced around the room and out to the yard again, and wondered why they didn’t come; and when one of the children came in from outside with an excited story of “ole Trusty racin’ down de road, an’ ’is father after ’im,” she listened.

“Ole man Miles say Trusty he cyan’ come school dis yere day, an’ Trusty say he is, an’ ’Zekiel say he is, too, an’ ole man say he ain’t, an’ Trusty ’n’ ’Zekiel say he is, an’ start off down de road jes a-runnin’! An’ ole man af’ ’em clean all de way yere!”

A moment after this enthusiastic announcement, the school-room door burst open, and Ezekiel came lurching into the room, half carrying, half dragging Trusty, who was spattered with mud and dirt from head to foot.

"Miss No'th! He say he cyan' come!" cried Ezekiel. "He—he say—he cyan' come—no mo'!" He stumbled against her desk, and Trusty dropped limply down before him, feebly snatching at Miss North's skirts.

"He—he say—I cyan' come—no mo'!" he whispered in a faint, panting echo.

Ezekiel dropped heavily against the desk, his breath catching convulsively in his throat. "He—he lock 'im up so he cyan' come ter—ter school!" he choked. "But—T-Trusty he say he—he is, an' he keep on tellin' 'im he—is—an' he is! An'—an' he jes say—he cyan' come—no—mo'!" His head bumped down between his arms, and he waited, his breath still catching in his throat. "An' I—I tells 'im he—he's 'blige ter come! But—'tain'—no—use; he—he—jes lock de do'! An'—an' he jumps outen de winder, an'—an' he cotch T-Trusty 'n' lock 'im up 'gin—an'—an' he jumps outen 'gin—'cuz he keeps on tellin' 'im he—he's—'b-blige ter come ter—ter school! He—he tells 'im he's—jes—'b-blige ter come!"

With hushed faces, the children gazed first at Ezekiel and then at Miss North. With an involuntary movement of the arms, she made a movement toward him. But a small heap of a boy stirred at her feet, and she looked down. A possibility, suddenly realized, seemed to seize him, and he looked up, clinging to her in helpless terror.

"Doan't yer let 'im tek me back!" he whispered hoarsely, "so I cyan' git 'way! Doan't yer, Miss No'th! Please doan't yer! 'Cuz—ain't I 'blige—ain't I 'blige—s-seem like—some'ow"—Miss North bent down to hear it—"s-seem like—some'ow—t-ter-day—I'se jes—'blige ter be yere!"

She heard the faint, choked whisper, and she saw the trembling little figure. She saw the other little figure, and then again the faint, choked whisper came sounding up to her ears. But dimly, dimly—just for the moment—she seemed to hear something else—to see another little boy, whipped to school by a coarse, brutish man, yet all the while helplessly struggling against it. That other little boy—again the small hands caught at her skirts.

"Doan't yer let 'im! Will yer, Miss No'th?" She lifted him from the floor.

"No—I won't let him," and she put him gently into his seat.

Still, with hushed faces, the children gazed wonderingly. . . . She held out her arms.

"Come, Ezekiel!" Was Miss North going to cry?

"Sit down—right here, Ezekiel; you are very—tired!"

He still hung over the desk, and she went up to him between the seats.

"Eze-kiel! Come! Come—my dear little boy!"

But there was the sound of an opening door, and she turned.

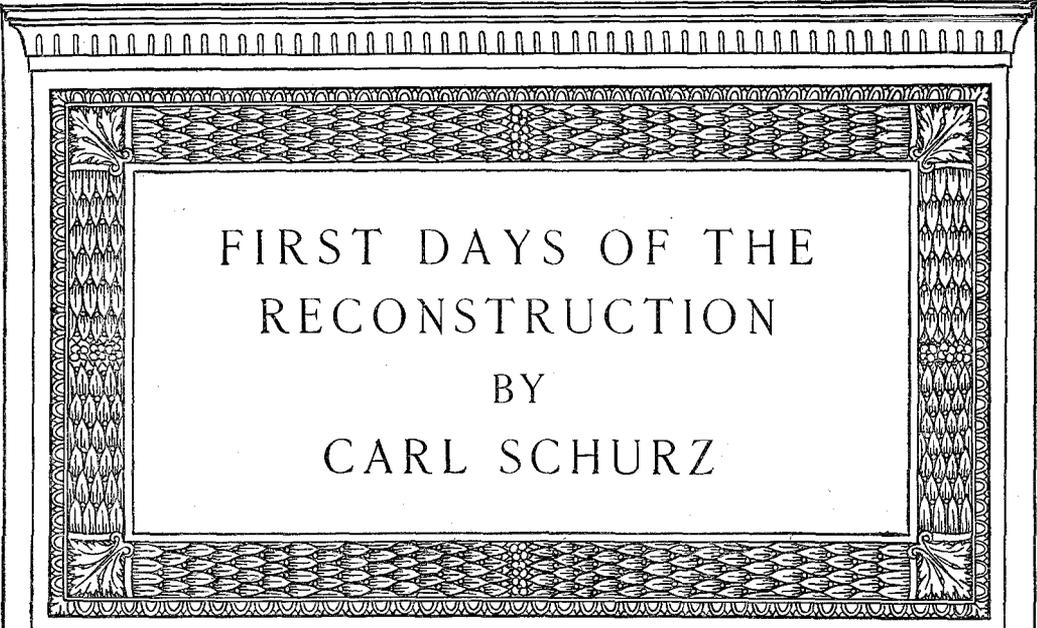
In the doorway stood a large and ancient-looking colored man, and for a moment he only stood there, breathing laboriously and murmuring in strange, half-audible tones. Then, with sudden unexpected perception, he took in the scene before him. Half mortified, half conciliatory, he turned to Miss North.

"Jes all completely wrop in dey edjerca-tion!" he explained ingratiatingly, with resigned indulgence. His eyes rested on Trusty.

"Cert'nly did use ter be de boss o' dat boy! Cert'nly did!" He looked at Ezekiel and chuckled indulgently. "But look like times is change! Cert'nly is change! Ya-as, suh, I jes natchelly pass de case over ter you!"

He turned around and went out again—and Ezekiel looked up at Miss North through his tears.





FIRST DAYS OF THE RECONSTRUCTION

BY
CARL SCHURZ

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

MY travels in the interior of the South in the summer and fall of 1865 took me over the track of Sherman's march, which, in South Carolina at least, looked for many miles like a broad black streak of ruin and desolation — fences gone, lonesome smokestacks, surrounded by dark heaps of ashes and cinders, marking the spots where human habitations had stood, the fields along the road wildly overgrown by weeds, with here and there a sickly-looking patch of cotton or corn cultivated by negro squatters. In the city of Columbia, the political capital of the State, I found a thin fringe of houses encircling a confused mass of charred ruins of dwellings and business buildings which had been destroyed by a sweeping conflagration.

No part of the South I then visited had, indeed, suffered as much from the ravages of the war as South Carolina — the State which was looked upon by the Northern soldier as the principal instigator of the whole mischief and therefore deserving of special punishment. But even those regions which had been touched but little or not at all by military operations were laboring under dire distress. The Confederate money in the hands of the Southern people, paper money signed by the Confederate government without any security behind it,

had by the collapse of the Confederacy become entirely worthless. Only a few individuals of more or less wealth had been fortunate enough to save, and to keep throughout the war, small hoards of gold and silver, which in the aggregate amounted to little. Immediately after the close of the war the people may be said to have been substantially without a "circulating medium" to serve in the transaction of ordinary business. United States money came in to fill the vacuum, but it could not be had for nothing; it could be obtained only by selling something for it, in the shape of goods or of labor. The Southern people, having during four years of war devoted their productive activity, aside from the satisfaction of their current home wants, almost entirely to the sustenance of their army and of the machinery of their government, and having suffered great losses by the destruction of property, had, of course, very little to sell. In fact, they were dreadfully impoverished and needed all their laboring capacity to provide for the wants of the next day; and as agriculture was their main resource, upon which everything else depended, the next day was to them of supreme importance.

The First Crop Without Slaves

But now the men come home from the war found their whole agricultural labor system

turned upside down. Slave labor had been their absolute reliance. They had been accustomed to it, they had believed in it, they had religiously regarded it as a necessity in the order of the universe. During the war a large majority of the negroes had stayed upon the plantations and attended to the crops in the wonted way in those regions which were not touched by the Union armies. They had heard of "Mas'r Lincoln's" Emancipation Proclamation in a more or less vague way, but did not know exactly what it meant, and preferred to remain quietly at work and wait for further developments. But when the war was over, general emancipation became a well-understood reality. The negro knew that he was a free man, and the Southern white man found himself face to face with the problem of dealing with the negro as a free laborer. To most of the Southern whites this problem was utterly bewildering. Many of them, honest and well-meaning people, admitted to me, with a sort of helpless stupefaction, that their imagination was wholly incapable of grasping the fact that their former slaves were now free. And yet they had to deal with this perplexing fact, and practically to accommodate themselves to it, at once and without delay, if they were to have any crops that year.

Many of them would frankly recognize this necessity and begin in good faith to consider how they might meet it. But then they stumbled forthwith over a set of old prejudices which in their minds had acquired the stubborn force of convictions. They were sure the negro would not work without physical compulsion; they were sure the negro did not, and never would, understand the nature of a contract; and so on. Yes, they "accepted the situation." Yes, they recognized that the negro was henceforth to be a free man. But could not some method of force be discovered and introduced to compel the negro to work? It goes without saying that persons of such a way of thinking labored under a heavy handicap in going at a difficult task with a settled conviction that it was really "useless to try." But even if they did try, and found that the negro might, after all, be induced to work without physical compulsion, they were apt to be seriously troubled by things which would not at all trouble an employer accustomed to free labor. I once had an argument with a Georgia planter who vociferously insisted that one of his negro laborers who had objected to a whipping had thereby furnished the most conclusive proof of his unfitness for freedom. And such statements were constantly reinforced by further assertion that they, the Southern whites, under-

stood the negro and knew how to treat him, and that we of the North did not and never would.

This might have been true in one sense, but not true in another. The Southerner knew better than the Northerner how to treat the negro as a slave, but it did not follow that he knew best how to treat the negro as a freeman; and just there was the rub. It was perhaps too much to expect of the Southern slaveholders, or of Southern society generally, that a clear judgment of the new order of things should have come to them at once. The total overturning of the whole labor system of a country, accomplished suddenly, without preparation or general transition, is a tremendous revolution, a terrible wrench, well apt to confuse men's minds. It should not have surprised any fair-minded person that many Southern people for a time clung to the accustomed idea that the landowner must also own the black man tilling his land, and that any assertion of freedom of action on the part of that black man was insubordination equivalent to criminal revolt, and any dissent by the black man from the employer's opinion or taste intolerable insolence. Nor should it be forgotten that the urgent necessity of negro labor for that summer's crop could hardly fail to sharpen the nervous tension then disquieting Southern society.

Restless Foot-loose Negroes

It is equally natural that the negro population of the South should at that time have been unusually restless. I have already mentioned the fact that during the Civil War the bulk of the slave population remained quietly at work on the plantations, except in districts touched by the operations of the armies. Had negro slaves not done so, the Rebellion would not have survived its first year. They presented the remarkable spectacle of an enslaved race doing slaves' work to sustain a government and an army fighting for the perpetuation of its enslavement. Some colored people did, indeed, escape from the plantations and run into the Union lines where our troops were within reach, and some of their young men enlisted in the Union army as soldiers. But there was nowhere any commotion among them that had in the slightest degree the character of an uprising in force of slaves against their masters. Nor was there, when, after the downfall of the Confederacy, general emancipation had become an established fact, a single instance of an act of vengeance committed by a negro upon a white man for inhumanity suffered by him or his while in the condition of bondage. No race or class of men ever passed from slavery to freedom with a record equally pure of revenge. But many of

them, especially in the neighborhood of towns or of Federal encampments, very naturally yielded to the temptation of testing and enjoying their freedom by walking away from the plantations to have a frolic. Many others left their work because their employers ill-treated them or in other ways incurred their distrust. Thus it happened that in various parts of the South the highroads and byways were alive with foot-loose colored people.

I did not find, so far as I was informed by personal observation or report, that their conduct could, on the whole, be called lawless. There was some stealing of pigs and chickens and other petty pilfering, but rather less than might have been expected. More serious depredations rarely, if ever, occurred. The vagrants were throughout very good-natured. They had their carousals with singing and dancing, and their camp-meetings with their peculiar religious programs. But, while these things might in themselves have been harmless enough under different circumstances, they produced deplorable effects in the situation then existing. Those negroes stayed away from the plantations just when their labor was most needed to secure the crops of the season, and those

crops were more than ordinarily needed to save the population from continued want and misery. Violent efforts were made by white men to drive the straggling negroes back to the plantations by force, and reports of bloody outrages inflicted upon colored people came from all quarters. I had occasion to examine personally into several of those cases, and I saw in odious hospitals negroes, women as well as men, whose ears had been cut off, or whose bodies were slashed with knives, or bruised with whips or bludgeons, or punctured with shot-wounds. Dead negroes were found in considerable num-

bers in the country roads or on the fields, shot to death, or strung on the limbs of trees. In many districts the colored people were in a panic of fright, and the whites in a state of almost insane irritation against them. These conditions in their worst form were only local, but they were liable to spread, for there was plenty of inflammable spirit of the same kind all over the South. It looked sometimes as if wholesale massacres were prevented only by the presence of the Federal garrisons which were dispersed all over the country.

The Freedmen's Bureau

Indeed, nothing could have been more necessary at that time than the active interposition of the Federal power between the whites and the blacks of the South, not only to prevent or repress violent collisions, but to start the former masters and the former slaves on the path of peaceful and profitable coöperation as employers and free laborers. This was a difficult task. Northern men who had come to the South to purchase or lease plantations enjoyed the great advantage of having money, so that they could pay the wages of their negro laborers in cash, which the negroes preferred. The Southern men, having been stripped almost naked by the



MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN DECEMBER, 1862,
JUST AFTER HIS PROMOTION TO MAJOR-
GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS

war, had, aside from current sustenance, only prospective payment to offer, consisting mostly of a part of the crop. While many planters were just and even liberal in the making of cash contracts, others would take advantage of the ignorance of the negroes and try to tie them down to stipulations which left to the laborer almost nothing, or even obliged him to run in debt to his employer, and thus drop into the condition of a mere peon, a debt-slave. It is a very curious fact that some of the forms of contract drawn up by former slaveholders contained provisions looking to the probability of