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U. S. Commissioner,
Chief Supervisor, E. D. N. C.

Raleigh, N. C., May 10th 1890.

Dear Mrs Tarrers.

I received, and have read, somewhat too hastily to quite understand all, yet with a great deal of pleasure - "Pactolus Primus." This office has run down the business of last Quarter before - and it has kept us very busy, enough to say. Indeed I have been compelled to work more than I thought became an officer under a good salary! Our force is too short for the work - and we have only just got through.

Wells: of Pactolus Primus. It strikes me that the story of "Pac" and his tribulations is a mere thread, or warp - put in to carry the woof of a somewhat new doctrine. Is it not so? His origin and history is too indistinct to have been regarded of value except as a vehicle of the theory that Nature, not God - revenges the violations of her laws. I have never before been so interested in what I perhaps miscall, the Judge's "philosophy;" "Pac" does seem to have had any sympathetic friends among the Whites. Even his ally, Phelps - half smitten with the charms of the daughter, drove out the waiter and shut and barred the door when he invited Pac to "smoke" with him.

I don't know whether he might not have done better for the race question than to immerse the daughter in a convent and kill off Poe with nothing accomplished. She might have made an exemplary missionary and be ^{endowed and} managed a Southern college, or would that have overdone the truth of history? I think it would. How does it sell as compared with his later works? It is the best he has written since Bricks without Straw according to my notion.

I do not suppose he hopes to accomplish a revolution, but wonder if his ardor has yet received the shock of the Thomasville Orphan Asylum affair! Virginia boasts of the blood of the royal House of Powhatan, as shown in her great Statuette and Jerrists. We do not so in North Carolina.

You remember the story of Janabustwa "the friend of the white man." His granddaughter is a bright scholar - a graduate of some college, and if report be a faithful chronicler - as white and accomplished, if not as beautiful, as "Miss Ewe."

She obtained a position as teacher at the Thomasville Orphan Asylum under Mills, at the munificent

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Salary of \$12. per Month. Later they traced her origin to Javalaska, an Indian, and therefore she was discharged. The crux of all the sad story is that they told her they thought she ought to refund the money they had paid her, which she did. The softer side claimed for the Trustee is that Mills, appreciating her services above a kitchen maid, had raised her salary without authority to \$20, and that it was the unauthorized \$8. that she was required to refund, which is true is unknown, and not very material. The point is that we don't want any of "Go's" learned descendants instructing our Anglo Saxon High Mightinesses - It has not got in the papers yet - so far as I know - but I think it a good illustration of Pac's theory of current justice. Tell the Judge he might make a note on it, and if he wants bottom facts - write Neatney, who secured her the plan - and is familiar with the facts. She is now in Greensboro - and wants to get into Hampton School - both as a student and as an instructor for the Indian Delegation there. She ought to be able to get it, and might hereafter pay to shame the N.C. Anglo Saxon lords.

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What is the prospect for the Patent Court? I see nothing of it of late. The new Circuit Court is stirring up much interest here. Seymour and Russell came to see at Richmond, and crank it bad. Seymour has proved utterly inefficient as a Judge for the South from a republican stand point. He is lazy as smoke - and hangs after the good opinion of ballot-box-toters of social standing and wealth. He might do for the Circuit - a court of appeals, and therefore I don't care if he gets it. He would do all for the new District Court, of excluding original jurisdiction - not for political cases, therefore I crank him promoted.

I don't know whether Russell can be persuaded to look upon the District now. He would make a better Circuit Judge than Seymour, but he is far exceller - the man for the District. He cares as little for public opinion as any man I know of his social circle, has grown prodigiously in legal reputation of late years - is devoted, heart and soul, to the new election bill, and would do more towards securing fair elections under it by the announcement of his appointments - than Seymour has ever done to encourage fraud, through

his indifference, and that is saying "a heap."
I like Russell. He was for Loyal for the P.O.
before I applied. Having given his hand there, he
stuck there, but when Loyal was turned down
he abandoned him - and turned in for one,
went to W - to help me out in confirmation,
wouldn't take a cent, even for expenses, and
he and two other Wilmington friends made my
bond about. I can never go back upon
Russell, and wish I might get the Judge
to give him a life in time of need, for he
will need it. I hope however - it will be
the District. We need him here if the Bill
becomes a law. Not in the Circuit. If the
Judge could persuade him of this he would do us
immense service, and I think if anybody living
could, he could.

Ball has been here, attending Supreme Court on
an election case. Spent much of his time with
me. Looking at the Judge's portrait over my
mantel, he exclaimed - "Confound Toussaint, - he
never thought enough of me to send me one.
I used to hate him, and he now, guess he
does yet, but I have learned a good many

things since then, and I want you to give him
my respects when you write him." So here
they are!

We got up a Post of the Grand Army
in my office last night, "Sheridan Post".
Getting patriotic in our old eyes - aren't we?

Wife and babies are all well. Beulah
carries off the honors at St Mary's this year,
Elmer is my Special Letter Carrier, Nora
goes to the Graciel School, Ethel has her
mother for instruction - and the Piano - which
I always wondered what I bought for, if not
for show - is making the echo's - morning, noon
and night. They all want to learn at once,
but Nora will be the pianist if anybody.

Many thanks for Pachelbel's Primm and Inter Ocean,
What is "The Angelus"? Is it the Latin for
Lore in a Swiss Potato patch? If so, isn't the hair
something too straight - and the face too Japhetic for
the latitude of the French? Where's the kinky head
who handles that big fork and trowels that over-
loaded barrow? In brief - "Whar's dat nigger?"

Good bye -

A. W. Daffin