OOM PAUL KRUGER

Striking Personality of the Famous Boer President.

A GREAT ATHLETE IN HIS YOUTH

Interview With the Postmaster General of the Transvaal.

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS

Written for The Evening Star.

A LIFELONG FRIEND of President Paul Kruger is Dr. Isaac Van Alphen, postmaster general of the Transvaal, now sojourning in the United States. Dr. Van Alphen has known "Oom Paul" ever since their fathers were next-door neighbors in Rastenburg, over half a century since; and the extraordinary personality of the Boer president finds a loving delineator in the visiting postmaster general.

Dr. Van Alphen was interviewed on the subject of President Kruger, while on his way to attend the international postal congress in this city. A genial, well-informed man, he talked interestingly and at some length.

"When I was born," said Dr. Van Alphen, "Paul Kruger was a great, stalwart lad of sixteen or seventeen—the acknowledged leader among the boys in all feats of strength and skill. He took me under his protection at an early age, and it was he that taught me to handle the rifle, to ride and to manage horses and cattle. In the fights with Umziligase, the Matabele chief, Kruger always led our section, although there were many men older and more experienced in arms than he. He could outrun and outshoot any man of his age. Many times have I watched him in running contests with the very best long-distance athletes of the Kaffirs, and he was never once defeated by these natives of the veldt, notwithstanding the fact that, while the Kaffirs ran naked, Kruger always carried a rifle and wore his ordinary clothing in these races. His nickname among the Kaffirs was 'Windfoot' in those days.

"About his wonderful shooting I could tell you tales for hours. Almost every Boer is a good shot, so that to win pre-eminence with the rifle among us one must be a marksman of extraordinary skill. Such assuredly was Kruger. The number of slain elephants, lions and buffalo represented by the notches on his rifles surprised even Mr. Selous, the renowned hunter. There is one story told widely of the president, of which this is the correct version: Kruger happened to be buffalo hunting, when the beast which he was chasing stumbled into a water hole, and the hunter, unable to pull up his horse, was thrown on top of the struggling animal. The odds seemed to be altogether in the buffalo's favor, when, suddenly springing up, Kruger seized his gigantic prey by the horns, and forcibly held the animal's head under water until it was drowned. The furious struggle between beast and man lasted, as Kruger himself told me, for fully twenty minutes.

A RACE AGAINST A HORSE.

"I was with Kruger in a battle fought against the Matabele in 1865, on the banks of the Limpopo. This was one of the last fights of that long and bloody struggle which ended in our driving the Matabele tribes beyond the Limpopo for good. On this occasion the blacks had made an incursion under a son of Umziligease, and several of our farm houses had been burned. But it was the murder of two female children which aroused us far more than the destruction of our property. I acted as a sort of courier on that occasion, riding from farm to farm, summoning the men and boys. We mustered about 700 rifles, and with Paul Kruger at our head (he had not as yet entered the executive council) rode against the enemy. Some of our men wanted to ride straight toward where the Matabele lay, but Kruger tried strategy. He marched a few leagues up the river, and then sent out a decoy party to lead the savages on. Seeing what they believed to be our full force retreating, the Matabele pursued. Meanwhile Kruger had disposed the main body upon a rising ground, in ambush behind some rocks. The enemy were permitted to come well within range, and then Kruger gave the word to fire. We simply mowed them down, and continued to fire, until they fled in confusion, leaving their leader dead behind them. Then it was our turn to pursue—and there were very few of that tribe left when Paul Kruger had finished with them.

An Incident of the Fight.

"I recall a grim, albeit a humorous, incident in that battle. One of the Matabele had thrown an assegai, and Kruger, rising at the moment, received the weapon in his hat. He coolly removed the assegai and stuck it, head upward, in his belt. But his quick eye had noted the man who threw it, and he kept watch upon that man through the remainder of the fight. When the Matabele broke ground Kruger was first after them. We pursued to the banks of the Limpopo, the enemy jumping in and swimming across. All this time Kruger had never lost sight of the assegai thrower, and as that unlucky warrior's head bobbed up above the water 'Oom Paul' seized his weapon, launched it cleverly and sent the poor fellow to the bottom with his skull pierced. 'Ah,' he remarked, coolly, 'it seems that I have the better aim.'

"Kruger has remarkable power over animals of all kinds, wild and tame. There is a well-authenticated story of his putting a lion to rout by sheer coolness, while unarmed, save for an unloaded rifle. I myself have seen him soothe mad horses into quietude. His magnetic influence over mankind is fully as strong. Black men are like children before him. One incident comes to me (for which, by the way, the English have every reason to remember the president's name with gratitude). It was after the death of Gen. Colby and the utter rout of the English by our forces.

A Good Turn.

"Some of our young leaders, burning from the sense of recent insults, wished to push into British territory, and there plunder and slay. As was only natural, after such a victory, the hot-headed majority was with them and things looked very bad for British South Africa. But Kruger suddenly arose in the assembly and, despite the angry shouts of the physical force party, succeeded in obtaining a hearing. I do not believe that he spoke longer than five minutes, but in that brief space he managed to say so much and to say it so forcibly and keenly that the opinion of the council changed instanter. As for me, I felt that the then councilor's keen eyes had singled me out individually in the throng. On inquiry I found that every single member of that council had experienced the same feeling of being scrutinized by Kruger's eyes. In fact, we were hypnotized by the man, and his sage counsels conquered. British South Africa escaped pillage on that occasion, thanks to Paul Kruger.

"Of Emperor William of Germany President Kruger has a high opinion. This may be partially accounted for by the emperor's goodwill toward the Transvaal and by the fact that Kruger's mother was of German, not of Dutch ancestry. The English he fiercely hates, as the hereditary enemies of his race, and the cause of their successive 'trekkings' northward. He has little or no admiration for Cecil Rhodes, freely intimating that that leader has accomplished his ends, not by brain power, but solely by bribery and brutality."

YOUNG KRUGER DROWNING A BUFFALO.

Diplomatic Relations.

Dr. Van Alphen is now in Washington, where his sole ostensible business is attendance at the international postal congress, but it is generally understood in diplomatic circles that he is authorized by Professor Kruger's government to pave the way toward better consular and even ministerial amenities between the United States and the Transvaal. When questioned on this subject while in New York and just before his departure for Washington Dr. Van Alphen said: "I shall not either deny or affirm the statement that I am investigating the possibility of establishing diplomatic relations between America and the Transvaal. You can, however, quote me as saying that the present state of affairs is regrettable. During the recent troubles America had to appeal to England in the case of Mr. J. Hays Hammond and the other Americans involved. The Boers would far rather have conferred directly with an American representative, and I am sure that Americans have no desire to be under obligations to England. Moreover, both our countries are republican, a fact which alone calls for an interchange of diplomatic representation. As yet, of course, the South African republic would not care to undertake the responsibilities of a ministry at Washington, but the world has as yet only seen the beginnings of Boer power in the dark continent."

HE DROPPED HIS PIPE.

And the Loss Naturally Caused Him Some Annoyance.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

One afternoon last summer I was standing on the great Suspension bridge just below Niagara Falls looking at the great cataract and admiring the wonderful colors of the green and blue river 200 feet below. Several workmen were engaged in painting the bridge, and I became interested in their operations. It required no little engineering skill to rig up an apparatus by which to enable a painter to traverse the giant guy rope cables which radiate from the center of the bridge, fanshape, toward either end of the structure. A painter's platform four feet square was suspended from one of these cables by a trolley arrangement, a grooved wheel running on the cable. By means of a rope attached to this wheel a man on the bridge could draw the platform from the river bank—the terminus of the cable—to the bridge above, and as the platform passed along the cable a workman sitting on a common chair on the platform would paint the great iron rope above his head and behind the trolley wheel.

I was especially interested in the work of a Swede, who, perched on a small platform, was painting one of the Canadian braces. He had begun at the end of the cable on the Canadian shore, far below, and had been pulled up the cable's steep incline toward the bridge until perhaps two-thirds of his journey had been completed. There was absolutely nothing but air between him and the seething river 200 feet below; but there he sat, on a swinging platform, methodically plying his brush and complacently smoking a short clay pipe.

How it happened I don't know. But the man on the bridge suddenly let the rope slip out of his hands. There was a sharp cry of alarm from the startled painter as the platform began to spin down the incline, with constantly increasing momentum. It seemed as if the poor fellow must inevitably be dashed against the rocky precipice and tumble into the river a mangled corpse. The slack of the rope on the bridge, however, became entangled around a brace and the perilous descent came to a sudden end. The flying platform stopped with a jerk. The chair, a pail of paint, a brush and a clay pipe went sailing into space. The painter caught a corner of the platform just in time to save himself from following them.

Two minutes later the platform had been pulled up to the bridge, and the Swede was given a chance to stretch his legs again in safety. The man on the bridge had not a word to say. He was as pale as a corpse and trembled like a leaf. But the Swede did have something to say, and he said it without the slightest tremor of emotion in his voice. "You," he remarked, "Ay tank you skal aind me your pipe. Laik big fool Ay drop mine."

MINING WITH STEAMBOATS.

An Ingenious Method of Extracting Gold From a River's Bed.

From the Boise (Idaho) Statesman.

A most valuable and interesting enterprise in the shape of a gold boat is now in progress on the Snake river, about four miles below Montgomery's Ferry, on the road from Minidoka to Albion, which is likely to open up a new field of operation. This boat belongs to Louis Sweetser and George Burroughs of the cattle firm of Sweetser & Burroughs. It has been constructed by and is under the personal supervision of George Burroughs. This boat and its machinery are the product of the genius and experience of Mr. Burroughs.

The boat is 105 feet long and 20 feet wide, the extreme length from the nose of the suction to the end of the tailings elevator being 150 feet. The gravel is lifted by a rotary pump, driven by a seventy-five horse-power engine, the suction pipe being 30 feet long and 12 inches in diameter. There are two other engines, one of which is used to move the boat and the other to drive a scraper and elevator, by which the coarse material is delivered at a point some distance back of the boat. Power is furnished by two fifty horse-power boilers.

The boat is worked backward and forward across the river, the nose of the suction being kept against the bank of gravel, and the boat working up stream. Everything is taken up. The material is mostly ordinary gravel, but occasionally bowlders come through, some of which weigh fifty pounds.

The material thus mined from the bottom of the river is delivered into a sluice on board the boat. The upper end of the sluice is about six feet above the floor of the boat, and the pitch is very steep. The sluice is eighty feet in length and four feet wide. The gravel is sent over grizzlies, all the coarse material being carried to the end of the sluice, where it is rammed out by a series of steel scrapers running on an endless chain and delivered upon a belt that carries it in back of the boat and drops it again into the river.

The sand carrying the gold drops upon burlap tables. Of these there are eight on each side. They are fifteen feet long and three feet wide, standing at right angles to the sluice and reaching some distance over the sides of the boat. The black sand and gold gathers on and under the burlap. When the tables are cleaned up the concentrates are rocked over copper plates, the gold being amalgamated.

The pump delivers 200 yards of gravel an hour. The boat has been built over three times. It has been a success from the start, and during the past year it has been greatly enlarged. It would cost from $15,000 to $20,000 to duplicate the plant. The operating expenses are in the neighborhood of $20 a day. At present the boat runs only during the day, but with a force of seven men it could be kept in operation throughout the twenty-four hours. Thirteen men are now engaged in gathering fuel. Some are hauling cedar, while others are cutting and baling sagebrush. The latter makes the better fire, but it costs a little more than the cedar.

Mr. Burroughs says there is no other method than the burlap by which the gold can be saved successfully. He has been operating on the river since the spring of 1894, and has the credit of being the only person to make a success of any extensive plant for saving the flour gold that is found in such abundance along the great river for hundreds of miles. His views, therefore, are entitled to the greatest weight. The gravel he is working is worth at best only 10 cents a yard, and he is greatly interested in the other sections of the river, where the value is said to run to $1 a yard and above.

Crushing.

From Puck.

Peggy—"I tell you, Cholly has an awfully bitter, sarcastic tongue."

Willy—"Why?"

Reggy—"You know that cad, Jack Brightgold? Well, he quarreled with Cholly and gave him a horrible tongue-lashing, called him everything; and Cholly never seemed to hear it at all, just ignored him until it was all over; and then he said: 'Say, Jack, what was your grandfather's name?' Awfully cutting, wasn't it?"

OLD DAYS RECALLED

Mr. Goodloe's Experiences a Half Century Ago.

CONNECTION WITH THE NATIONAL ERA

How Uncle Tom's Cabin Came to Be Published.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE

Mr. Daniel R. Goodloe is one of the few now living who participated in the stirring historical events performed in Washington half a century ago.

He is now a very old man, but is alert, active and apparently in full possession of his mental faculties.

To a Star man who questioned him upon the matter of his career and how he managed to preserve his vigorous health to this advanced age, he gave some exceedingly interesting particulars. He said:

"As regards my health and habits I should say, in the first place, that I was blessed by nature with a good constitution. I have never had any heart or lung trouble. My digestive faculties were never vigorous, but better now than formerly. My bad habit now is reading too many hours in the twenty-four—too much at night for one of my age. If I live until July or August of the present year it will have been sixty-two years since I was confined to a bed of sickness. I am now in as good health as I ever was. I have for fifty years been in the habit of taking long walks, and keep it up to this day. I oftener walk five miles a day than fall below three.

Daniel R. Goodloe.

"I shall in a few weeks, if I live, be eighty-three years old; born at Lewisburg, N. C., I came to Washington January 22, 1844, and after some weeks of idleness and of time spent in searching for employment I was engaged to assist Nathan Sergeant—known by his nom de plume as "Oliver Old School"—in editing a daily whig paper called the Whig Standard. The publisher was John Towers, afterward mayor of Washington. Mr. Sergeant soon withdrew and left the duty of editing the Standard to me. I should have said that it was through the influence of the late Judge Mangum of North Carolina, who was at the time president of the Senate, that I obtained this employment.

"The Standard gave earnest and vigorous support to the election of Mr. Clay, but the permanency of the enterprise depended upon the success of the cause, and the paper ceased to be published after the result of the presidential election was made known.

A Whig of the Whigs.

"Mr. Sergeant—I should have styled him Judge Sergeant, for he held a judgeship in Alabama in early life—possessed a valuable store of political information. He was a whig of the whigs, and claimed to have given the name to the party, while connected with the Press in Philadelphia in 1833. James Watson Webb of New York, editor of the Courier and Enquirer, also claimed that honor, and I will not undertake to decide the case between them. When General Taylor became President Judge Sergeant was appointed commissioner of customs, the duties of which he performed with credit to himself. The office was afterward abolished and the business transferred to another bureau. Near the close of his life he wrote and published an interesting and valuable book, entitled 'Men and Events,' which contains a history of the whig party down to that date, which was near the end of its existence as a national organization."

"When did you first take up the cudgels in the battle against slavery?" asked The Star man.

An Anti-Slavery Pamphlet.

"After the defeat of Mr. Clay, and the suspension—that is always the word—of the Whig Standard, I for some months edited the Georgetown Advocate, a semi-weekly journal, but gave it up for a school in Maryland. I afterward went back to North Carolina, and remained until the inauguration of General Taylor, and then obtained a clerkship here. I had written a pamphlet, at my native town, as early as 1841, on the economic evils of slavery. I avoided touching on the moral question, although my heart was full of it. My object was to reach the minds of southern men. The leading thought, I am sure, was original. It was this, that capital invested in slaves is unproductive—that its effect is only to appropriate the wages of the laborer. I brought this essay with me to Washington, in 1844, and showed it to ex-President Adams, who was then a member of the House of Representatives. It was written on a quire of foolscap, on both sides of the sheets. I called the attention of Mr. Adams to the point which I thought would interest him. He read the essay carefully, and then reread it, in my presence, and pronounced a high eulogy on it. I thought my fortune and fame were made. I little understood that nineteen readers in twenty would prefer the idlest work of fiction to a dissertation on political economy. Mr. Adams said the essay ought to be published, and asked me if that was my purpose. I told him I was unable to incur the expense. He then said that a young man named Greeley was publishing an anti-slavery whig paper in New York; but that he was not acquainted with Mr. Greeley, and upon reflection, thought, with my consent, that he would send it to his friend, Charles King, who was then publishing the New York American. I consented, and he did so. Mr. King published the essay in two numbers of his paper, near the close of March, 1844, and with the highest commendations. I then felt certain that the high hopes Mr. Adams had awakened would be realized. But soon after this date the American was sold to the editor of the Courier and Enquirer, and merged in that journal. If it had been sent to Mr. Greeley he would have harped upon it, in his Tribune, to the day of his death.

John Stuart Mill's Approval.

"In August, 1864, while reading Mill's Political Economy, I came upon a remark of his which induced me to think that he had seen the truth in regard to slavery, which was the leading thought in my essay. He states—it is in his introduction, or preface—that in estimating the wealth of a nation, the public debt in the hands of the people, and mortgages, should not be included—that public debts are mortgages upon the property of the people; and therefore, to include them as a part of the national wealth is to count them twice. This obvious truth impressed me as parallel with the idea I had advanced, that there was no more reason for counting slaves as a part of the wealth of a nation, or a state, than there was for counting the whole people as such. Turning then to Mr. Mill's brief chapter on slavery, I found that he had not seen the analogy, and that like all other writers on political economy, most of whose works I had examined, he simply condemned the system as impolitic, and that free labor in the end was cheaper.

"In 1846 I had had my essay printed in pamphlet form. I sent Mr. Mill a copy in August, 1864, with a letter, from this city. I addressed it to London, but he had gone to the south of France, and I failed to hear from him for some months. But at length the following letter came, dated

"'SAINT VERAN, AVIGNON,
"'VAUCLUSE, France,
"'Dec. 13, 1864.

"'Dear Sir:

"'Having been absent from England some months, I have but lately received the pamphlet you did me the honor to send me. You are so clearly right as to the political economy of the question that one is only surprised at its being necessary to take so much pains to make the matter obvious to others. But the absurdest opinions are often the most tenacious of life. What can be more ridiculous than to suppose that a laboring man is an item in the wealth of the country that possesses him when he is owned by a fellow man, but not an item in it when he owns himself! But great merit may be shown in explaining truths which ought not to need explanation, and that merit your pamphlet possesses in a high degree.

"'I am indebted to you for an excellent illustration of the point you notice in my Principles of Political Economy, which I shall not fail to make use of in a new edition which I am now preparing.

"'As a native of a slave state, who twenty-five years ago saw and proclaimed the doctrine of common sense as well as justice respecting slavery, you must be highly gratified by the prospect now opened of the early realization of your utmost wishes on that subject, however painful to you, in many respects, may be the process by which it is coming to pass.

"'With sincere respect, I am

"'Dear Sir,

"'Very truly yours,
"'J. S. MILL.

"'Daniel R. Goodloe, Esq.'

"Mr. Mill lost his wife about this time, to whom he was greatly devoted, and if the edition of his work, which he was revising, was published before his death, it is probable that the revision was not completed, and in that way I lost the honorable mention he would have given me. At any rate, an American edition, published after his death, did not contain it."

Back to Journalism.

"How did you come to sever your connection with the government service?" Mr. Goodloe was asked.

"I held the clerkship under the administrations of Taylor and Fillmore, and might possibly have continued to hold it under Mr. Pierce but for my habit of saying what I think about public affairs, and especially, at that time, about slavery. In December, 1852, A. M. Gangewer, still a resident of Washington, called on me and asked me to give him my opinion in writing upon the merits of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' as a fair representation of the condition of things at the south. I replied that there was no reason why I should withhold my opinion, unless it were the fear of public opinion (his object being, as I understood, the publication of my reply); and I therefore gave it in some detail. It was published in the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" soon after, and was harshly commented on in one or more leading North Carolina democratic newspapers. Mr. Dobbin of that state was placed in the office of Secretary of the Navy, the department in which I held a place, and he removed me as soon as convenient, while retaining several other whigs from the state.

"From this time forward I continued to write for the anti-slavery press, sometimes the New York Tribune, and sometimes the National Era in this city. The editor, Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, of the Era was in the habit of spending his summers in northern watering places, and while absent he would employ me to take his place here. Our views were not quite in accord, and I generally signed the initial letter G. to my articles, though editorial in place and character. This practice went on for some years, until at length the doctor's health gave way, and he then sent for me to take his place in the editorial chair. This was in the fall of 1858. He remained here until May of the following year, when he sailed for Europe. He was accompanied by his son Marcellus, then a youth of about sixteen years. But the doctor died when five days out from Havre. Mr. Raymond of the New York Times was on board, and rendered all the assistance in his power to the intelligent youth, the doctor's son, who returned with the body to Washington.

As Editor of the Era.

"I then continued to edit the Era as long as the patronage would justify its publication. The paper had no local support whatever—no subscribers here and no advertisements from any quarter, and when the election of Mr. Lincoln took place—even when it became probable—thousands of anti-slavery papers sprang up all over the northern country, which took away the support of the Era. It thus happened that the success of the cause was fatal to anti-slavery newspapers which had borne the heat and burden of the day. It brought Mr. Garrison's paper, the Liberator, to a close also, and the Anti-Slavery Standard of New York as well. These papers, published weekly, were devoted to the one idea of overthrowing the slave power. The Era had high claims to support as a literary newspaper, and the others doubtless had. About twenty volumes of valuable literature were made up from the columns of the Era during the thirteen years of its existence, from January, 1847, to the spring or summer of 1860. Mr. Whittier had been, from its foundation, and for a number of years, the corresponding editor. Many of his poems first appeared in the Era, while Alice and Phoebe Cary, Lucy Larcom and Dr. Pierpont were regular poetical contributors. Theodore Parker, Dr. Elder and Horace Mann were among the occasional contributors. A gentleman whose name I fail to recall, under the nom de plume of "John Smith the Younger," wrote a series of brilliant sketches of the men in Congress and in public life. He was at the time the reporter of debates in one of the houses, which gave him the opportunity of seeing the men he described so graphically. Mr. Adams, then dead, was styled "The Old Man Eloquent," perhaps for the first time. There were other pen pictures of persons who were described by their characteristics, without naming them. Among them I remember a thousand-dollar clerk, with a family of daughters, and a 'position to maintain,' in social life.

"Two brilliant lady writers for the Era were Grace Greenwood (Miss Clark) and Gail Hamilton (Miss Dodge).

"Mrs. Southworth commenced writing for the Era in 1849. She has told me the circumstances under which it came about. She was teaching a public school, and was paid a very small salary. She had commenced writing a short story for a paper in Baltimore entitled The Visitor. The editor and proprietor, Dr. Snodgrass, found it convenient about that time to sell out to Dr. Bailey of the National Era, and took occasion to call the doctor's attention to the story which was begun in his columns by a Washington lady. The doctor sent for Mrs. Southworth and asked her to finish the story in the Era. She did so, and she says that when Dr. Bailey paid her $15 for it, it caused her to feel more happy than she had since done when receiving thousands a year. That first little earning of her pen made her feel that she had another resource for the support of herself and children better than that of teaching a public school. After writing for the Era a while she was employed by the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia, and then by Mr. Bonner of the New York Ledger, who paid her weekly wages greater than she received for half a year as teacher of the public schools in Washington."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"Was not Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great story first published in the Era, Mr. Goodloe?"

"The greatest achievement of the Era was the publication of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' It was begun some time in the early part of the year 1851, and ran into the next year before it was completed. Dr. Bailey sent to Mrs. Stowe $100, and requested her to write a story for the Era. He expected it to be a short story, and that the $100 would pay for it. But his readers all over the north poured in letters upon him in praise of the story, and expressing the hope that it would be continued. He therefore inclosed another $100 check to the author, and asked her to continue writing. But still the letters from the readers poured in, and another and another check was forwarded to the author, until the story was completed. The great success of the novel was an assured fact before it appeared as a book. Two editions, a fine and a plain one, were brought out before the end of the year by Jewett of Boston. They were distributed over the civilized world, translated into every written language and sold by the million. An international copyright would have made the author a millionaire.

"The effect upon the Era was to double its circulation. It went up to 28,000, which was a great thing in that day. But, as I have stated, the rivalry of the thousands of republican journals which sprang up after the election of Mr. Lincoln became a certainty reduced the circulation of the Era to a point which rendered its publication impossible without great loss.

Paying for Slaves.

"On the cessation of the Era I became 'Our own correspondent' of the New York Times, which relation continued for eighteen months. In April, 1862, I was appointed by Mr. Lincoln a commissioner to pay the people of the District of Columbia for their slaves. Mr. Vinton of Ohio, a lawyer of eminence and distinguished ex-representative in Congress, was one of the commissioners, with Mr. Horatio King; but my name was first on the list, and I might have assumed the chairmanship at the outset. But in deference to the venerable gentleman from Ohio, I yielded the chairmanship to him. However, he was with us only three or four days when he was taken with erysipelas and died. I then took the place of chairman. Dr. John M. Brodhead, a former second controller of the treasury, was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Vinton.

"The commission sat in the city hall, sometimes in the Civil Court room and sometimes in the Criminal, as one or the other happened to be unoccupied by the court. The public was notified of our sittings, and the owners of slaves were invited to bring forward their slaves with the evidence of title. Mr. Vinton had rendered great service in the few days he was with us in drawing up the forms of proceeding. We selected Wm. R. Woodward, an experienced lawyer, as our clerk.

"There were just about 3,000 slaves in the District, and Congress had appropriated $1,000,000 to pay for them, and also $100,000 to pay for the transportation of such as wished to emigrate to Liberia or Hayti. The commissioners withheld pay for about one hundred slaves, whose masters had taken sides with the south. The law allowed an average of $300 per head for the slaves; but this average required a wide range of apportionment between the young, strong and healthy on the one hand, and the old and very young on the other. We felt the want of experience as to the value of slaves. My colleagues were both from the far north, and I had been away from my southern home so long and given so little attention to the subject as to feel the want of advice as to values. We therefore decided to employ an expert in such business, and selected a Mr. Campbell of Baltimore, a dealer in slaves, to assist in valuations. He was to receive $10 per day for standing by us and passing judgment upon the value of every slave. He acquitted himself well and faithfully until the second Bull Run battle, when he disappeared, and we never saw him more. He evidently thought the business in which he was engaged here in Washington at that time might involve serious consequences if the southerners should succeed in crossing the Potomac.

Scaling Down Prices.

"Campbell's valuations were all made on the basis of the prices that ruled before the war began, and they amounted to more than $2,000,000. These prices we brought down to the average allowed by Congress by the rule of proportion, thus: As the aggregate of Campbell's valuations is to the aggregate of the congressional allowance, so is the value of the individual slave as valued by Campbell to the congressional allowance.

"When the first case was brought before us we asked Campbell, 'What is this man worth?' 'Do you mean now?' he inquired. 'Yes.' 'Then he has no price today, and would not sell for any price.'

"'What, then, would he have been worth before the war began?' Campbell had no hesitation in saying that the man would have sold for a sum more than twice as great as the law would allow, and stated it accordingly.

"Here was another source of difficulty. The law did not require that we should pay the average of $300, but that we should not exceed that average. It was therefore discretionary with us to say how much below the average allowed by the law we would place it. According to the statements of Campbell and others familiar with the subject, we might have withheld all, or nearly all, compensation. But that course, we considered, would look like mockery. The slaves were, with rare exceptions, living with the families to which they belonged, and rendering service as usual. We concluded, therefore, to pay out the full compensation allowed by the law. I am happy to say that there was scarcely a murmur of complaint against our awards as to fairness between individuals.

Evading the Law.

"There were some interesting cases involving the right to freedom, caused by the attempts of masters to run their slaves out of the District of Columbia before the pending bill in Congress setting them free became a law. In all such cases we leaned to the side of freedom, and always gave the benefit of a doubt to the slave. I have not a copy of our report before me, but I remember the case of a gentleman who cultivated a farm within the District by the labor of his slaves, but required them to sleep beyond the District line. This was the main state of the facts; but there were other circumstances favorable to the slaves, which I cannot distinctly remember. We liberated the slaves and paid the gentleman for them, unless he refused to take pay, as was done in one or two cases. Another case was that of the widow of a judge of the Supreme Court, who undertook to remove her slaves from the limits of the District before the emancipation bill became a law. But she failed to keep them out, and we set them free. She was paid for them, unless she refused to receive pay. Our rule was, as to the loyalty of parties to the Union, to act on the well-settled principles of law in trials for treason. If the claimant for compensation was not proven to have been guilty of overt acts amounting to treason, in support of the armed rebellion, we held him to be entitled to compensation, whatever his sympathies may have been.

Many Slaves Freed.

"We withheld pay in cases in which the owner of the slaves had gone south or otherwise given aid and comfort to the enemy. And altogether about 100 slaves were set free without making compensation to the owners. In one case a slave or slaves had been pledged before the war for the payment of a debt, and we allowed the wife of the rebel absentee the amount of the debt out of the assessed value we had placed upon the slaves.

"We paid out—that is to say, we awarded pay—about $900,000 for 3,000 slaves. Our clerk, Mr. Woodward, paid the money to the claimants at the Treasury Department.

"We took pleasure in paying one man of color for his wife and children. Our report will show his name, which I have forgotten. The largest slave owner was Notley Young, who brought up, I think it was, sixty-seven. One of these was a hale old man, far beyond eighty, on whom we set a price such as we ordinarily put on men ten or fifteen years younger. He was not a full-blooded negro.

President Lincoln's Plan.

"The act emancipating the slaves in the District of Columbia was introduced in December, 1861, and became a law April 16, 1862. In February, 1862, President Lincoln sent a brief message to Congress, accompanied by a resolution which he proposed for their adoption, in which compensation was offered to any state that would adopt a plan of gradual emancipation. His proposition was that the graduation should run for about thirty-seven years, or to near the close of the nineteenth century. If adopted and carried out there would still be a remnant of slavery existing in the country. Both houses of Congress adopted the resolution, all the republicans voting for it, and all the democrats against it. Such were the views and purposes of that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln; such his conservative policy. But Messrs. Davis and Toombs, and Slidell and Mason and Benjamin, and their confederates, would not have it so. They preferred pursuing a policy which necessarily led to immediate emancipation and all their woes.

"At the close of our labor I resumed my occupation of newspaper writing, and in January, 1864, I became connected with the Daily Chronicle of this city as editorial writer, at which I continued until I was appointed United States marshal of North Carolina, in September, 1865.

"The National Era was founded and conducted in the interest of the liberty party, an organization which recognized the obligations of the Constitution, and the rights of the states to control their domestic affairs. It held that slavery was sectional, and freedom national. It therefore insisted that slavery should be excluded from the territories, and abolished in the District of Columbia. It maintained that the section of the fourth article of the Constitution, which required that fugitives from labor should be returned, was a compact among the states, to be enforced by state authority, and that it did not empower Congress to legislate upon the subject, and they had the authority of Mr. Webster for this construction to the extent, at least, that he had said that it would be his construction, if the Supreme Court had not decided otherwise.

Garrison and Phillips.

"Messrs. Garrison and Phillips, on the other hand, admitted that the Constitution was thoroughly pro-slavery; they agreed with Mr. Calhoun on this question; and Mr. Phillips wrote and published a pamphlet in support of the extreme states rights theories, which was quoted approvingly by South Carolinians. It was on this ground that Mr. Garrison and his followers denounced the Constitution of the United States as 'a covenant with death, and a league with hell,' and would never vote, not even in state elections, because Massachusetts, like the other states, acknowledged the Constitution to be 'the supreme law of the land.'

"Mr. Gerrit Smith of New York, equally radical in his opposition to slavery, held that the Constitution was anti-slavery, and warranted Congress in 'proclaiming liberty throughout the land.'

"The political views of the liberty party and of Dr. Bailey, editor of the Era, apart from slavery, were those of the southern democracy, rather than those of the whigs. They were 'strict constructionists' of the Constitution, and they were free traders—that is to say, anti-protectionists. The liberty party was the germ of the republican party, but when Mr. Seward, with the northern whigs, joined it, and the war, with its exigencies came on, these original principles were laid aside and forgotten.

"I imbibed, early in life, the free trade principle, from reading the works of M. Say and Adam Smith. I was a whig by inheritance, and remained one, in consequence of the relatively liberal and tolerant spirit of the party toward anti-slavery men, while the democracy of the day, so-called, was as intolerant as an inquisitor. It was the great debate in the Virginia legislature, in January, 1832, which implanted, or rather developed in my mind, the sentiment of opposition to slavery, and I could never eradicate it, if I had tried to do so. That debate has never been surpassed in eloquence, in this country. It was caused by the Nat. Turner insurrection, which took place in the preceding August."

Human Blood Turned to Water.

Remarkable Affliction of Miss Roselle Darr of Cumberland, Md.

From the Courier, Cumberland, Md.

The reporter of The Courier hearing of a terrible malady with which a young and handsome lady of Cumberland, Md., was afflicted, called at the residence of Mr. Michael Darr, 58 Frederick street, to learn something of it.

Mrs. Darr said that her daughter Roselle, aged 20 years, had been afflicted with a disease that apparently had turned her blood to water, accompanied by nervous prostration, pains, loss of appetite, etc., making life a burden.

The family physician was consulted, but his treatment brought no relief, and her daughter's existence was a dragging misery.

The mother also said that her daughter accidentally cut her finger rather severely, and they were astounded to notice that no blood came from the wound. "Then," said the mother, "I was convinced that my daughter's blood had really turned to water."

Mrs. Darr, continuing, said she had read of the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and had little faith in such remedies, but finally purchased a box at Mr. Hervey Laney's drug store, on North Centre street.

After her daughter, Roselle, had taken one box a slight improvement was noticed in her condition; the remedy was continued, and after three and a half boxes were taken her daughter's health was restored.

The reporter naturally had a desire to see the young lady after hearing these remarkable statements, but was informed that she was out of the city on a visit.

Mr. Michael Darr, the father of the young lady, is a passenger engineer on the B. and O. railroad, and is an experienced and popular railroad man.

To those who may doubt the accuracy of this statement we refer them to Mr. Darr, who will indorse all we have said, and to the following affidavit of the mother of the young lady:

I, Mrs. Rebecca Darr, do acknowledge the statements of the above article relating to my daughter's illness and the merits of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," in connection with the same, is substantially correct.

Witness my hand and seal.

MRS. REBECCA DARR.

Witness:
CHARLES R. MORRIS.

STATE OF MARYLAND, ALLEGHENY COUNTY, } ss.

Personally appeared before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the said State and county, Mrs. Rebecca Darr, and made oath in due form of law that the foregoing statement is true as therein set forth.

CHARLES R. MORRIS,
Justice of the Peace.

February 3, 1897.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN OHIO.

Skeleton of a Prehistoric Woman Taken From Mounds.

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

Dr. Clarence Loveberry, the curator of the Ohio Archaeological and Historical Society, who has been in Chillicothe for a week exploring the mounds in that locality, has made what he considers a very important discovery.

In a mound 200 feet long by forty high the workmen came upon the skeleton of a prehistoric woman. The body was five feet long and the bones well preserved, considering the fact that they had been buried hundreds of years. The body had been buried in some coarse fabric, shreds of which still clung to the bones. It had also been wrapped in bark.

It had evidently been a person of rank, for around the neck was a string of beads, and the left arm was covered from shoulder to wrist with strings of beads made from gulf shells. Through one of these the string still remained intact. There was also a quantity of mica flakes about the skeleton.

PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

From Life.

Be free and easy, and try to make all the rest feel so.