

United States Post Office,

A. W. SHAFFER,
POSTMASTER.

Raleigh, N. C., February 23rd 1892.

My Dear Judge,

If I have done anything half as bad as you intimate, just write to Mr Wauwakes and have me executed at once and be done with it. While the enemy are braggish & noisy, the Deftunk is silent as the grave, and I don't know if the brash that they will have me out by the Ides of March without the usual felon's 5 minutes on the gallows - or true on false. Johnson is a Union soldier, ^{a comrade in the G.A.R. & could not do clerical work.} It was his own proposition. if it was so dreadfully wicked - why - I suppose I must suffer the penalty, and the sooner the better. It is really and intrinsically both paying out money on the order of the employe, a thing done in every department of Government every day in the year, I will never believe it was wrong until I am informed by authority that because I was ordered to employ him "to handle the night mails," (which was only to weigh a half dozen or dozen bags of Newspapers - requiring about ten minutes work) - I had no right to require him to do clerical work. When they do that - I will "fess up." Still, I must admit - that looking at it "in the broad and large," it was a bad thing to do, and

P.S. If you don't write Mr Wauwakes and get him to do what he is going to do within seven days - "drat!" if I don't send him the cold comfort of your late letter as a warning for my execution. The opinion of our side and the deadly silence of the other becomes monotonous.

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I probably deserve disciplining. I feel a touch of it now, and I don't propose to wince or kick at it. When I was under the heel of the Harris-Alpheus-Chatham gang opposing my confirmation - in a five minutes interview with Mr Vanamaker, a total stranger to me - he quietly set his foot on the Hydra-headed conspiracy and crushed it out with the kick of a telephone. I wouldn't like that man to believe that his country and confidence had been misplaced.

Yes, I made a mistake when I didn't accept your proposition in 1880, sell out at what I could get - go with you to Denver and pool our money & brains for a new life, but I well knew I could never hold you down to my plodding life, nor vice to yours. I am not sure that I didn't make a greater blunder in 1882 - when on my way to Gunnison with \$12,000. in my person, I stopped in Kansas City and was offered for \$10,000. a tract of land which six months after sold for \$20,000. and 18 months after - sold for \$125,000. I was all over it last September, it is worth Millions today, and contains some of the finest buildings I ever looked upon. I should have bought that

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track, beyond all doubt, if I had not felt myself pledged
to relieve the Company with my money. I should not then have
sent \$15,000. in Upchurch's defalcation, nor witnessed the "taking
to the woods" of the other securities. — but nonis verrens.

I have heard nothing from Capshaw yet. If I do not
hear soon. I will write Montrose. The fish have just com-
menced to run and will be at their best about Easter.

You have given the politicians of my native State a dreadful
castigation in your Jan. 10. White. article. Are not you afraid
of a re-christening after the fellow whose hand was against
every man, and every man's hand against him? If you
don't have a care. they'll wreck your character and ruin your
reputation with a seat in Congress on the Legislature! Your
skill and ability might possibly save you there — but beware of
him who would trump you with a Pork Office.

Our kindest regards to Mrs. J. and the assurance that I
shall not forget her regards.

Ich bin dein.

A. W. Shaffer.