



# Office of the Register in Bankruptcy,

4th Congressional District of North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C., October 16th, 1870.

My Dear Chilton.

There is a good subject for the Penitentiary somewhere in your neighborhood. and a fine opening for the exercise of your forensic talent in defence of your reputation as a spider-legged scribbler.

In brief, I received today from Greensboro a letter purporting to have been written & signed by you, as having sent a forgery as was even attempted, from the unlearned fields-hands to the graduated expert. The prominent ear-marks were - 1st. It was written so plain that any ordinary man of average capacity & education could read it. 2nd. It advised myself & friends to bend to the West & go in, upon the inevitable, for spoils.

Now I should be horn made if that had been a genuine letter from you. Because I am not a dog - that I should do such a thing, neither is my friend a bitch's blind puppy.

How can he control dept Mar? & how did the forger figure 1800. per annum, when, to strike off the right hand figure would leave the true beggarly showing of an honest deputy?

Does the new version of scripture attempt to prove that the martyr "Stephen" recanted at the last moment and betrayed his master to

say his bargain of sell his purse?  
~~the money~~? If so, ought it not to be suppressed? If Stephen  
did really lose to the promise of his persecutors for his 5,000  
pieces of silver, I do not deny that you have a strong case  
in attempting to turn Judas Iscariot in the shade - and it  
may require a greater fool than Judas to illustrate the folly  
of this generation - but you must remember that Judas was  
pretty considerably much of a fool, for he threw away his  
money & went and hanged himself afterwards & didn't have a  
very respectable funeral - Ah! Perjury - let him rest on his  
laurels without a rival - at least until the judgment day!

This son of Abraham - whose seed are as the sands of the sea -  
shown in multitude, and all provided for, is he the dispenser  
of all the patronage of the state, as well as the gorgon whose  
capacious maw swallows up all the revenue and all the  
salaries?

Is he really and truly "the only man in  
the Dist competent to run the office" <sup>(Brogden)</sup> i.e. to sign his name?  
or is blackmailing, malfeasance, perjury & unblushing fraud  
<sup>in every department</sup> an indispensable qualification?

Shall we "cross the pregnant hinges of the knee" to this demi-  
god, that strife may follow after? When I do it, war, pestilence  
and famine shall be abroad - and hunger shall devour the vitals  
of my unborn babe in the shadow of its desolate crown - and



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men, looking on each other shall "die of their own mutual hideousness." Here is the high moral fool for you again. All your lecture of Sunday gone to the dogs. Here <sup>too</sup> is a king of the "patient faith and vigil long" for I am not yet done with the rogues who found a convenient sheep for a substitute when about to be laid on the altar of sacrifice. I am very willing to throw away my shirt of mail (chance) and open a public correspondence that will penetrate every nook & corner of this little planet and ventilate this demi-god, from centre to circumference. Then we will see whether he is, or is not, the President. He may be so - but Rome shall howl before it is thoroughly established, and he entitled to swagger & boast that he has beaten again the "yellow bellied Yankee sluttish hounds." (That is what he called you less than a week ago, because you had refused to sign his petition - smoke it.) I am growing "madder" every day, as his frauds are brought to light, one after another, on the revolving wheel of inquiry.

Something found calling absolutely for indictment?

Be sacred men! Why man, there has been "found" enough, if distributed pro-rata, to get a law bill against every

name on the pay roll of the service - and what a crowding of the penitentiaries!

But do you suppose a true bill could be obtained against this monarch of the revenue, if guilty of all the crimes in the calendar? How? Don't a good thrashing man the most vicious dog your best friend for good & evil! and did n't our most dangerous watch-dog go over teeth & tail to the enemy as soon as he could crawl across the line after the doubling? And is there not a sad tale of a golden string connecting the blind goddess with a department of the service which shall be nameless? Indictment! Bah! Turn the arctic winds toward the pole - and keep us perpetual summer!

If the party has come to all this, I am sick enough to swallow any antidote, even the bitter gall of democracy, and give the same chance to blow my own trumpet thro' the columns of a spittle-licking newspaper, can make as good a campaigner, and write myself down an ass to as good a purpose as any other ass that lives - and "by the living hookies," I'll do it.

Of course I'll catch no gudgeons here - they don't come in these waters - but the gullibility of the Potomac gudgeon is past finding out. It is like a <sup>sleeping</sup> alligator, lying with



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jaws wide distended, bobbing for flies, on a low shore-

But I forget that the letter is a base forging - and of its contents you know nothing. Think what this had been. Had the letter been genuine - and if you want to see the mendacity of the thing, and "bag" the felon, come down and gaze on the annals, and offer a reward of \$180 for - for - for - well, for the successor to the learned and classical Womble! The Sage of Chatham -

It's bin dien.

A. L. Shaffer

Don't forget the 30th. Transcript Monday night. If I thought the devil would succeed - sure enough - I would lose this letter in the neighborhood of the news office - & send you the copy.

Damn'd if I would n't.



No. 2

Letter 74/75-

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

