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 LETTER HEADS,
 ENVELOPES,
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 &c.

TO CAPTAIN SETTLE, LATE C. S. A., RADICAL CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR.
 SIR:—
 You belong to the best blood of the State. Like your Confederate and Judicial comrade Colonel Rowman, you were born an aristocrat. You are no common man, sprung from obscure parentage. High station and wealth and the Settle family are no strangers to each other. Your father, whose honored name you bear in full adorned for years the Judiciary of our State.

Time and again you have been honored by the confidence of the people. An educated gentleman, you were doubtless early proficient in English history; at any rate I make bold to say that the example of at least one most illustrious English character has been a lamp unto thy feet and a light unto thy path in every night of doubt and uncertainty that has come upon you. It is unnecessary to say I refer to that eminent British Divine, the Vicar of Bray, him who in every revolution professed the tenets of the sect that "held the best livings in England." No matter how many might be wrecked around him 'his bark always came safely to shore.

Comparatively a young man, for twenty-five years, you have been more or less prominent before the people. You were by birth and education a Whig; your county of Rockingham was largely Democratic; you went to the University of the State and there you overcame your early prejudices as your naturally fine mind was enlarged and developed by its liberalizing course of study. This was truly fortunate. The whole State had also become Democratic and you returned home, most opportunely qualified for the position of private Secretary to your brother-in-law, that true man Governor David Settle Reid! For a time Democracy was jubilant and so was Thomas Settle, Jr. The future lay fair and beautiful before you; the sunshine lasted just long enough to make you the Solicitor for your District.

But fair weather could not last always. Portentous signs of a terrible storm overcast the whole political horizon. With rare skill you so triumphed your sails as to break its force. Still claiming to be Democrat, you followed in the wake of your family connection, Hon. Stephen A. Douglas. If Douglas won you were all right. If the Democrats won, you were still a Democrat. If the Opposition won, had you not aided them in breaking down the Democratic party! Verily, it was a fine position you took.

But neither Democrats, Douglas nor the Opposition won. The winning party, though marching on was not yet here. And you wished to be Solicitor again. The Legislature met and you asked to be again elected. In the caucus of the Democratic members, held in the Commons Hall, in the winter of 1860, you made a speech recanting your errors and apologizing for your wanderings; I was present at that caucus. I have in my mind's eye now, your tall, graceful figure and your commanding form, as you renewed your fealty to the Democratic party, which, it is needless to say, then controlled the Legislature.

I well remember the classic and elegant manner in which you referred to your error. It was forcible too. You said you were like the poor girl when severely rebuked by her stern mother for an indiscretion that resulted in an unauthorized grandchild for the old lady; and all you had to say was that "if you had had a baby it was a mighty little one," and you hoped to be excused. You were excused and nominated and received the vote of every Democrat

in the Legislature save that of the gallant and chivalrous Fleming of Rowan, who boldly proclaimed that no caucus could compel him to vote for you under such circumstances. Poor Fleming! The gentlest, the purest, the bravest, the most incorruptible of men, the most single-minded of patriots and the truest of friends! Fitted by every quality of head and of heart to adorn the highest position in the gift of the people, it fell to your lot my gallant comrade to lay down your noble life for the land you loved so well! You, Captain Settle, and myself, still survive! The ways of Providence are indeed past finding out.

You were elected and herein was your good fortune again apparent. The Presidential election took place in November but that for Solicitor did not take place until December, so that you had ample time, ample for you at least, to run off with Douglas and return to the true fold before your election came off.

The storm whose ominous mutterings had been heard and whose black cloud had been seen, at last burst and with sudden fury over the whole country. The President of the United States called for seventy-five thousand troops to quell "the insurrection." Your response to this call was prompt and vigorous. You raised a company and with arms in your hands became an insurgent. You defied the Federal President and disowned the Federal flag and bore a Captain's commission in the insurgent army.

A year passed. In 1862 when the spring time came, you were elected a full Colonel, but like Gallo of old, you then cared for none of those things. You could not command, you said, men who were soldiers by compulsion. You must have a free troop or none at all.— You therefore resigned and came home. Again good fortune had favored you. Thus far the current of popular feeling had been strong against the Federal Government but at that point there was a change. Just as that feeling received its first shock, the Confederate Government made men soldiers by compulsion and afforded to your tender sensibilities excuse for stepping out of a current that, fast becoming cold and muddy, was carrying you out into an unknown sea! Your race as an insurgent was run!

Time rolled on, Mr. Lincoln at last succeeded in quelling "the insurrection." The current had by this time turned in the opposite direction, and flowed with such violence that it was like a rushing, roaring, raging, mountain torrent. But the first thing recognized on the tumultuous waters was the cheery bark of Thomas Settle gliding on so calmly and smoothly that even had it held that poor girl's unfortunate babe, its slumbers would have been undisturbed. The people who for four years had made war upon you, the same people against whom four years before, you had so valiantly taken up arms were now triumph. The winning side that for four years had been marching on, was actually here last and no mistake and you were again jubilant.

A Convention, so-called, assembled and you were one of its prominent members. It met in that same Commons Hall where you told the chaste and pathetic story of that poor girl. In that same Commons Hall, for the Cauty Constitution had not then changed its name, it was again my fortune to be present when you made another celebrated speech, that in which you confessed yourself a conscious traitor to your flag and to your country. But, though a conscious traitor, you denied that you had been a willing traitor. You declared that when you stood by the dying bed of your honored father, no greater agony wrenched your soul than that you felt when you abandoned the old flag. You did not re-

peat the story about the poor girl, but it is needless to say I was forcibly reminded of the time when I heard you confess and recant your treason to the old Democrat party. I stood and listened to you that day, my face burning with shame that such words could be uttered in such a place and no man dare make a reply! Yet so it was. That speech will be forgotten Captain Traitor Settle! The people of North Carolina do not love traitors. But still you thrived. You were made Speaker of the Senate and you were again elected Solicitor for district, and as you went from county to county you left strife and discord in your wake, neighbor against neighbor and brother against brother. You became a merciless prosecutor and a relentless persecutor of those who, like yourself had fought against the old flag.

Time rolled on. You were now a "loyal man" though not yet a Radical. In the fall of 1867 a convention of your new brethren was held in Tucker Hall in Raleigh and adopted such extreme views that a division was made and for a short time there was hope that a few would return to their senses. It was frequently reported that you were opposed to Radicalism, and that the smell of the negro was offensive to your aristocratic white nostrils, that I looked with some confidence to hear your third recantation. But the threatened division failed, for colored suffrage came and of course you and the negroes then joined the Radical party. Reconstruction and Radicalism were then jubilant and so were you. "Excelsior" was your motto. Upon the sweaty backs of your sable brethren, you who had only been Solicitor, mounted to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Nor might you be blamed. If a negro could be a voter, might not a traitor be a Judge? Your judgment and foresight were admirable in matters political, and why might not you as readily foresee the winning side in a legal contest as the side in a political contest? And then, too, Tourgee had induced the Convention to abolish all that legal lumber about pleading, and law and equity, of which the heads of Gaston, and Henderson, and Ruffin used to be so full. And so it was. With aristocratic instinct you at once got above the common negro herd. Nor were you out of place, for when Settle became Judge, party became law. Pearson also and politics were one and inseparable. Ruffin too and Reade were always ready to obey partisan behests. You were no worse than the rest—and no better.

Time rolled on. The terrible Kirk war came on and with it came the crowning shame of your life. Men might forget that you were selfish and time serving; might forget that you had betrayed and abandoned every political party that you ever belonged to; they might bury in oblivion the remembrance that you shamefully shrieked when your native land, that had so honored you, was invaded by a merciless foe; they might forget that you confessed and publicly called yourself a traitor; might overlook your alliance with negroes and your association with vile carpet-baggers who overran your State, but never so long as you and they shall live, will citizens of North Carolina either forget or forgive your shameful conduct when you a sworn Judge, sworn to administer the law honestly and impartially, abandoned them, in the hour of their extremity, to the mercy of Kirk and his cut throats. When you and your Radical brethren on the bench in real or pretended fear crouched down before Kirk's insolent gibes like a pack of whipped curs, you set your own seals to your own shame and to your own infamy. Did you fear or did you only feign to fear! In 1860 you hesitated not to take up arms against the Federal Government. How was it, then, that in 1870 a single Tennessee cut-throat could by a few insolent words strike down all the manhood in you? Shame, oh shame, where is thy blush? Friends, kinsmen, fellow-citizens all, were in vile dungeons, huddled together in mid-summer's heat,

hourly insulted and hourly in danger of their lives from the bullets and bayonets of lawless brigands, and you, with all the power of the State at your command, miserably, cowardly, traitorously left them to their fate—to trial by drum-head court martial! And in the face of all this you ask the people of North Carolina to make you their Governor! Do you remember that Canby no longer rules—that our election returns are no longer sent to Charleston to be counted? May God Almighty in his infinite goodness and mercy forgive you your great crime; the people of North Carolina never will.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.
Vance's Great Speech at Rutherfordton.
 [Charlotte Observer.]
 He could say it without contradiction, and he called upon his competitor not to dodge the issue (but knew he would), that the Republican party had inaugurated a system of corruption more wide spread and infamous than any ever known where the English language is spoken. Like the Irishmen who bit a cod fish ball, thinking it a biscuit, it didn't taste like any other biscuit he had ever gotten hold of, and after smacking his lips and making many sorry faces, he exclaimed, "Jim, d— if there ain't something rotten in my biscuit."— The Radical biscuit is either rotten radically or radically rotten. [Great laughter and applause.] He was using Republican authority, and if it was a lie, that party had told it.

Cumberland.
 [Fayetteville Gazette.]
"THE GENTLEMAN FROM CUMBERLAND."
 One of the delegates to the recent Radical State Convention at Raleigh, which nominated Captain Settle of the Horse Marines, and Bloodhound Billy Smith of Johnston, was a negro, Mack Blackmon, of Cumberland. His voice was potent in that august body, and he was addressed as "the gentleman from Cumberland." Mack is a very proper person to represent the Radical party in convention in North Carolina or any where else, having just been tried and bound over for a long and arduous career of 11 years stealing. Mack's exploits in that line really entitle him to a place on the State Radical ticket. Why was not "the gentleman from Cumberland" selected to hold up at least one fold of the starchy banner in the coming campaign?

Mr. W. C. Troy is President of the Tilden, Vance and Waddell Club, with a long list of vice presidents, at the head of which is Mr. J. H. Myrover, of the Gazette.
 The Democratic voters of Rockfish township are requested to meet at Rockfish Village on Saturday, 5th of August, for the purpose of organizing a Tilden and Vance Club for the campaign.

A Tar Heel Snuff Story.
 In —, of North Carolina, a gay and festive youth, carried a young lady to a private dance. After dancing several sets, the young lady desired to be excused a short while, that she might indulge in a dip of snuff. After she had been gone some time, the young man went after her, and desiring to participate, concluded to ask permission in this wise:
 "Miss, will you condescend to descend so far beneath your native dignity, as to allow your most devoted admirer, to present the digits of my fingers in that odoriferous vocabulary, and from thence to excite a considerable degree of titillation in my olfactory nerves."
 The girl said she knew one big word and thought then was the time to use it, and she said:
 "Constantinople, would you have taken the snuff?"

MODEST YOUNG LADY.—Mr. H. will you please transfer into my plate from the deceased fowl some of its artificial intestines.
 "Is it not time that you paid me that five dollars?" said the farmer to his neighbor. "Taint due," was the reply. "But," said the farmer, "you promised to pay when you got back from New York." "Well, I hain't been," was the reply.

Mark Twain, speaking of a new moque to netting, writes: "The day is coming when we shall sit under our nets in church and slumber peacefully while the discomfited fliers club together and take it out of the minister."
 When you reflect that at picnics one hundred years ago it was the custom for the girls to stand up in a row and let the men kiss them all good bye, all this enthusiasm about national progress seems to be a grave mistake.
 At a young ladies' seminary, during an examination in history, one of the most promising pupils was interrogated: "Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?" "No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

The cultivation of such manners, as shall express all the best feelings, the noblest thoughts, the refreshment and the grace of the mind and the heart is a thing which cannot be too highly thought of nor set about too soon.
 Labor conquers all things. Every thing that we do has to have a certain amount of labor expended on it, to bring it to a state of perfection. However difficult it may appear, however impossible it may seem to be, remember if you attack it with energy and labor with all your might your effort will be crowned with success.
 Moving for a new trial—Courtship a second wife.
 What is nothing? A footless stocking without a leg.
 When a physician deserts his profession for the pulpit the inference is that he can preach better than he can practice.

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To the Working Class.
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Notice.
 At a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners of Franklin County on the 3rd day of April 1876. The following resolutions were adopted.
 1st. That the Sheriff shall not receive in the settlement of taxes, nor shall the County Treasurer pay any County Order issued before the 1st day of April 1876.
 2nd. All persons holding any order issued before that date must present the same to the Clerk of this Board on or before the 1st day of August 1876, that a record thereof may be made; and parties holding such orders, who refuse to so present them are hereby notified that the Statute of limitation will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.
 P. B. HAWKINS, Chairman.
 J. BUTCKER, Clerk.

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THE LOST CAUSE.
 A MAGNIFICENT Picture 14x18 inches in size, printed on heavy plate paper, beautiful in design and artistic in execution. It represents a Confederate soldier after the war returning to his home, which he finds lonely and desolate. In front of the ruined cottage, lying a sad tale of the massacres of war are to be seen graves with rude crosses, on one of which some friendly hand has hung a garland. To the right the calm river and the rising moon indicate peace and rest. The stars, seen through the trees, represent the Southern Cross. It is a picture that will touch every Southern heart and should find a place in every Southern home. Sent by mail mounted on a roller and post paid on receipt of 25 cts, or three for 80 cents.
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