

# Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1876.

NUMBER 4.

## THE RANDOLPH REGULATOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY

BY

THE RANDOLPH PUBLISHING CO

OFFICE—2 DOORS EAST OF THE

COURT HOUSE.

One Year, postage paid.....\$2 00

Six Months, postage paid.....1 00

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sented.

SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM M.

ROBBINS.

The House, as a Committee of the

Whole, having under consideration the

H. R. No. 514 relating to the cen-

tennial celebration of American Inde-

pendence—

Mr. Robbins, of North Carolina,

said:

Mr. Chairman: In North Carolina

there lives an old man who in 1861 had

six sons just grown up to manhood.—

At the first tap of the drum the six sons

went to the front to fight for the cause

of the South. They did not stop to

reason much about it. North Carolina

called for them and they went. Most

of them were over here at the first bat-

tle of Bull Run, and from there to

Appomattox they followed that bloody

and fiery track of war all the way by

Chickahominy, Fredericksburg, Ant-

ietam, Chancellorsville, Chickamauga,

Gettysburg, Wilderness, and Peters-

burgh. There were not six when they

got to Appomattox—there were but

two. Four were sleeping in their bloody

blankets; one at Antietam, another at

Chancellorsville, another on the Chick-

ahominy, and another in Kentucky.—

Two were at Appomattox, battle-scar-

red, to see the flag go down forever

which they had followed with such

unflinching devotion. One of those

two survivors stands here and speaks

to you now, and he says that he has

seen enough of war, and wants peace.

He wants reconciliation; he wants good

feeling; he wants fraternity everywhere

in this country. And that is the reason,

Mr. Chairman, why I propose to

vote for this bill, because I think its

tendency is to produce that peace which

we need.

Why have we not had it? At Ap-

pomattox, Mr. Chairman, when we

were waiting to see whether old "Un-

cle Robert" was going to tell us to

charge or to surrender and did not

know which I went into a little church

which stood close by, and there lay a

large Bible on the stand and I opened

it. The words which fell first on my

eye were these, and they seemed prop-

hetic: "Lo, the winter is past; the

rain is over and gone; the flowers ap-

pear on the earth; the time of the sing-

ing of birds is come, and the voice of

the turtle is heard in our land." I

thought, Mr. Chairman, it was prop-

hetic. I welcomed it as the harbinger

of peace. Why is it not peace? The

soldiers fought the great question out

with bayonets and muskets and can-

non; but they have quit fighting. It

is because a few restless political ag-

itators still want to keep up the fight,

and their only weapons are asses' jaw-

bones. [Great laughter.] I have no

capacity, Mr. Chairman, to participate

in that kind of battle, and I am op-

posed to it as an unworthy afterpiece

to a grand drama. I want peace.

to help economize, but they sent me

also, or else I have misunderstood

them, to promote peace and help bring

about reconciliation and good under-

standing. A country which has wasted

thousands of millions in fratricidal

strife surely cannot grudge one or two

millions to heal our mutual wounds.

I vote for this bill also, Mr. Chair-

man, as a North Carolinian. North

Carolina has a large interest in these

glories which are to be celebrated on

the 4th of July next. Let it not be

forgotten that she first spoke the word

independence at Mecklenburgh. Let

it not be forgotten that she shed the

first blood for liberty at Alamance.

Let it not be forgotten that her sons,

the mountain men, with the aid of a

few gallant sons of Virginia and South

Carolina, turned the tide of the Revo-

lution toward final victory at King's

Mountain. And we are coming to the

Centennial, Mr. Chairman, though we

are poor; and some of us will come in

tears, remembering the past. Yet we

are coming, the sons of the men of

King's Mountain, and of Guilford,

and of Alamance, to shake hands with

the men of Brandywine, and Bunker

Hill, and Monmouth, and restore

peace in this country.

It has been said, Mr. Chairman,

that the soldiers could settle this thing

if allowed to do so. Well, that will

be a good time for them to settle it. I

want to go there and shake by the

hand the brave men I used to meet on

the field. I admire them, I love them.

I respect and I honor them. O, sir,

with what reverence I stand always by

the soldier's grave, whether he wore

the "gray" or the "blue," because there

sleeps a man who dared to die for his

principles. [Great applause.]

I think of these things, Mr. Chair-

man, without bitterness, because you

cannot tell me that any man died in

vain in that war. This American peo-

ple of ours is a money-loving, money-

getting people, too fond of merely ma-

terial interests, too sordid; and it

needed the great lesson of self-sacrifice

that it is worth while to die for senti-

ment and for principle. Our dead

heroes have taught us that lesson.

Yes, Mr. Chairman, we are coming

from the Cape Fear and the Allegharie,

from the lowlands and the mountains.

You will hear the bagpipes of our

Scotchmen and the bugles of our

mountaineers swelling the blast of the national

jubilee. We want to shake hands with

the gallant soldiers of the North. We

hope to see such a greeting of the sol-

diers and patriots of the North and the

South as will show to the whole Union

that the floodtide of sectional hatred

has ebbed forever and that it remains

no longer to float any freightage of un-

holy and unpatriotic ambition. And

we want to show to the multitude of

visitors from other nations how in-

vincible we are when the heroes, of the

blue and the gray stand together in

one common phalanx of amity and

concord. There, my countrymen, let

us renew our vows of fervent devotion

to that common country which the

righteous Arbiter of all things has de-

creed shall be forever one and undiv-

ided, and, turning our backs upon all

bitter memories of the past and leaving

our gallant fallen comrades on both

sides to repose in "trembling hope" on

"the bosom of their Father and their

God," let us go forward with courage-

ous hearts and patriotic aspirations in

that path which duty and destiny have

marked out for us. [Much applause.]

THE CASE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

[N. Y. Sun.]

There is probably no man in Amer-

ica who is the object of such intense a-

version on the part of so many persons

body of people. That such a feeling

exists toward Mr. Davis more than to-

ward any other one among the men

conspicuous in the Southern Confedera-

cy, ought not, however, to prevent the

candid and the thoughtful from render-

ing entire justice to him both as a pub-

lic functionary and as a man; and his

letter to Judge Lyons, of Virginia,

which we published yesterday, contains

an appeal which we do not disregard.

This letter shows clearly, we think,

that the Confederate authorities, and

especially Mr. Davis, ought not to be

held responsible for the terrible priva-

tions, sufferings, and injuries which

our men had to endure while they were

kept in the Confederate military pris-

ons. The fact is unquestionable that

while the Confederates desired to ex-

change prisoners, to send our men home

and to get back their own, Gen. Grant

steadily and strenuously resisted such

an exchange. While in his opinion the

prisoners in our hands were well fed

and were in better condition than when

they were captured, our prisoners in

the South were ill fed, and would be

restored to us too much exhausted by

famine and disease to form a fair set off

against the comparatively vigorous men

who would be given in exchange. "It

is hard on our men held in Southern

prisons," said Grant in an official com-

munication, "not to exchange them;

but it is humane to those left in the

ranks to fight our battles. If we com-

mence a system of exchanges which

liberates all prisoners taken, we will

have to fight on until the whole South

is exterminated. If we hold those caught,

they count for no more than dead men."

"I did not," he said, on another oc-

casión, "deem it advisable or just to re-

sume the enemy; and an immediate

resumption of exchanges would have

had effect without any corresponding

benefit."

This evidence must be taken as con-

clusive. It proves that it was not the

Confederate authorities who insisted on

keeping our prisoners in distress, want

and disease, but the commander of our

own armies. We do not say that his

reason for this course was not valid;

that is not now the question; but it

was not Jefferson Davis or any subor-

dinate or associate of his who should

now be condemned for it. We were

responsible ourselves for the continued

detention of our captives in misery, star-

vation and sickness in the South.

Moreover, there is no evidence what-

ever that it was practicable for the

Confederate authorities to feed our pris-

oners any better than they were fed, or

to give them better care and attention

than they received. The food was in-

sufficient; the care and attention were

insufficient; and yet the condition of

our prisoners was not worse than that

of the Confederate soldiers in the field,

except in so far as the condition of

those in prison must, necessarily, be

worse than that of men who are free

and active outside.

Again, in reference to those cases

of extreme suffering and disease, the

photographs of whose victims were so

extensively circulated among us toward

the end of the war, Mr. Davis makes,

it seem to us, a good answer. Those

very unfortunate men were not taken

from prisons, but from Confederate hos-

pitals, where they had received the

same medical treatment as given to

sick and wounded Confederate soldiers.

The fact mentioned by Mr. Davis, that

while they had 60,000 more prisoners

of ours than we of theirs, the number

of Confederates who died in our prisons

exceeded by 5,000 the whole number

of Union soldiers who died in South-

ern prisons, though not entirely conclu-

sive, since our men were generally bet-

terious and humiliating—the party of

fraud, stealing and recklessness—the

party of radicalism, revolution, retro-

gression and ruin. The people will

surely not commit suicide by choosing

the latter this year.—*Wid. Star.*

—

We clip the following letter ad-

ressed to the "Editor of the New

York Sun," from the Raleigh *Sentinel*:

STICKING TO HIS FRIENDS.

—

HONORS BESTOWED UPON SOME OF

PRESIDENT GRANT'S FA-

VORITE RASCALS.

—

Editor of the New York Sun:</