

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1876.

NUMBER 9.

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

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion.....\$1 00

One square, two insertions.....1 50

One square, three insertions.....2 00

One square, four insertions.....3 00

One square, five insertions.....4 00

One square, six months.....8 00

One square, twelve months.....12 00

For larger advertisements liberal con-

tracts will be made. Twelve lines solid

briefly constitute one square.

All kinds of JOB WORK done at the

"REGULATOR" office, in the nearest

style, and on reasonable terms. Bills for

advertising considered due when pre-

sented.

HIGH OLD TIMES.

ROUSING RUMPUS IN RAL-

EIGH.

LABELS AND COUNTER-LABELS—AR-

RESTS, SUITS, TEN-AND-INK KNOCK-

DOWN AND DRAG-OUTS AND GEN-

ERAL MUDDELTOWN.

Yesterday was a breezy day in Ral-

eigh. The March zephyrs went cavort-

ing and singing, howling around cor-

ners, clattering signs and dashing dust

enough into every open mouth and eye

to enable its possessor to go into the

real estate business with a heavy a-

mount of paid-up capital. But more

breezeful by far than all the March

weather was the hellabellio kicked up

by "man's inhumanity to man" which

makes countless scribblers mourn.—

The air was hot and thick with rumors

of wrath and tribulation. About noon,

Gen. W. R. Cox, chairman of the state

democratic committee, was arrested by

a United States marshal, and taken off

to Wilmington on a lying charge of

conspiracy in the Robeson county con-

vention case. A little later in the day,

the card of Secretary of State How-

erton appeared, charging Col. Walter

Clark, of the News, with offering to

sell the influence and championship of

that paper to him for \$1,000 in public

printing; and charging the proprietors

of the News with having made a false

affidavit in regard to their circulation.

Within an hour after the appearance

of these grave charges, Josiah Turner,

of the Sentinel, was arrested charged

with libel in allowing Howerton's pub-

lication to be made through the Sen-

tel's columns. A warrant was out for

Howerton too. Add to all this the

arrest of, or serving of warrants on

Col. Walter Clark, Col. Thomas Holt,

Col. John D. Cameron and Dr. George

Graham, of the News, in a suit for

\$50,000 for libel of Howerton; and the

dear public have the bill of fare of

about as lively a day's work as we have

witnessed in Carolina journalistic and

political circles in many a day. Breth-

ren, dear brethren, permit a venerable

christian with green glass eyes, seated

up on a very high fence, to suggest that

your little hands were never manu-

factured to claw each other's optical

organisms in this exacerbating style.

As a herald of the gospel of peace and

good order, we gently tender you the

use of a battery of 12 pounders and a

dozen tin-buckets of aqua-fortis. Let

us have peace or pieces.—Daily Sen.

In the course of yesterday's con-

gressional discussion on the ventilation

question, Blaine said that, "from some

cause or other the air of the hall had

never been so bad as this year." and

he could not account for it. He seems

to forget his having dug and spread-

out in it all the skeletons and carrion

of Andersonville, and torn open within

its walls all the old sores and ulcers of

the war. And he seems oblivious of

the fact that a thousand reeking cess-

pools of radical villainy and infamy,

whisky-rings, war and navy department

rings, post-traderships, Babcockery

and Belknaping, have been uncovered

thereabouts. No wonder the air is

bad. The only marvel is that, like a

vast, exaggerated Upas Valley, it has

not suffocated every man and beast

within a hundred leagues of it, and

stuffed the very cherubim as they flew

over it with patent-nipper clothes-pins

on their noses.—Daily Sentinel.

A SOCIAL ISSUE.

One of the needs of our time is a

Butler to write another satire, not on

the subject of Miss McFlinsey in par-

ticular, but on American society in gen-

eral. We have passed through various

stages of social demoralization and de-

pravity, masculine foppishness and

feminine extravagance. We have had

the early excesses of republican court

in the first days of the nation—the state-

ly pride of the bepowdered dames from

back woods clearings, who imitated the

dress and manners of the belles of the

courts of the English Georges; the false

chivalry, chevaliers and fine ladies of

another period which was a sort of re-

naissance of feudal follies; the codfish

aristocracy shoddy, and now we have

the political pilgrim-military society of

the latter and worse days of the repub-

lic. The last is the climax and culmi-

nation of the evil examples and idiotic

practices that have brought ridicule and

contempt upon us as a people. The

Mrs. Hominy and Elijah Pogroms,

painted by the great satirist, nearly

thirty years ago, with a pen dipped in

caustic, and to our pain, acknowledged

in indignation, were paragons compared

with the leaders of society and remark-

able men in politics we have been ad-

miring and obeying for the last decade.

When the great rogue who is now hid-

ing the Lord and the New York police

only know where, was in the plenitude

of his power, his every movement and

that of his family was chronicled with

the minutest details in the greatest jour-

nals of the land, and when his fair

daughter was led to the altar the mar-

riage march was sung in more glowing

terms than those of which the Court

Journal described the nuptials of Vic-

tor's daughter Louise and the Mar-

quis of Lorne. Pelf pushed its way

into the parlors of the White House,

and honest worth and good breeding

were elbowed into the dim and dusty

mausoleum, while brazen vulgarity shone

resplendent under lights that were only

less brilliant than the parvenues be-

neath. A new class of journals sprang

into existence, and a new kind of liter-

ature had to be invented to publish the

praises of the age of brass. Society

gossip, toilet descriptions and party

(evening ones) reports all at once be-

came necessary features of every enter-

prising journal and the effeminate Jen-

kins was supplanted by a female who

stood on line even between the doubt-

ful society she lauded and a darker

ground. These conditions still exist,

although there are signs that they are

decaying from their own primal rotten-

ness.

There is a crying demand for politi-

cal reform, and the demand for the pu-

regation of our society—as we must call

it—ought not to be less loud. Our

fashionable women need not go back to

the homely ways which are said to have

characterized their grandmothers, but

they can restore the simple standards

of good breeding and manners which

once prevailed. At all events, we must

banish our modern Jabezels and Del-

ilahs.—Philadelphia Times

The political auction in New Hamp-

shire came off according to announce-

ment, and the party with the most mo-

ney was the successful competitor, as

was to be expected. They are a thrifty

set in the Granite State, and as they

carry on their elections always on a

cash basis, many an honest yeoman

doubtless went home rejoicing last

night, with some of Uncle Sam's crisp

greenbacks in his pocket. Apart from

this they are also a steady-going set,

not easily shaken from their convic-

tions, and being firmly convinced that

the rebellion must be put down, they

will probably continue to vote for a

vigorous prosecution of the war for the

remainder of the century. In about

seven years from now the news about

Belknap and Babcock and Robeson

and there will reach New Hampshire,

and if by that time any Democratic

leaders should arise in the State who

are not phenomenal fools, it is possi-

ble that they may get up an interest-

ing election. Meanwhile an election

in New Hampshire is about as import-

ant as a battle among ghosts, though

the organs will play their sweetest tunes

to-day and there will be rejoicing in

every custom house in the land in re-

sponse to this "first gun."—Phil. Times.

THE ALPHABET OF THE

ADMINISTRATION.

Written for the instruction of Judge

Taft, the latest arrival, whose educa-

tion is about to commence.

A is for Avery, safe in his prison.

B is for Babcock, who should be in

his'n.

C is for Colfax, Mobillier's head man.

D is for Delano, who swindled the

red man.

E is for "Emma," on England un-

loaded.

F is for Fort Sill that poor Belknap

exploded.

G is for Grant, who is partial to

knaves.

H is for Harrington, expert in safes.

I is for Ingalls and Mrs. G's watch.

J is for Joyce, who "a nice thing"

did botch.

K is for Ku Klux and bloody-shirt

Morton.

L was the Landulent for Williams

to sport on.

M is for Marsh, who to process is

non est.

N is for No one but Bristow that's

honest.

O is for Orville, the go-between

brother.

P is for Pierpont, conviction to

smother.

Q is for Questions that no one must

ax.

R is the Responses that keep out

fax.

S is for Shepherd, his ringities and

panders.

T are the Tax-payers, whose money

he squanders.

U is for Ulysses that stands by these

friends.

V is the Villanies that he defends.

W are the Witnesses hunted with

violence.

X the 'Xamination which he must

silence.

Y is the Yell from the nation that

rings.

Z is the Zeal for a new state of

things.

The Democracy has now the most

powerful motives that ever animated a

party to unite. They must do it.—

They will be false to themselves and

to their country, if they do not sink min-

or differences on the financial question,

and rally to save the country from a

party whose infamous rascalities, whose

gigantic frauds, have made our nation

a disgrace in the eyes of honest men.—

Cleveland Plain Dealer (Dem.)

GEORGE ELIOT'S APPEARANCE

AND MANNER.

[From the London World.]

A slight presence, of middle height,

as the height of women goes; a face

somewhat long, whose every feature

tells of intellectual power, lightened

by the perpetual play of changing ex-

pression; a voice of most sympathetic

compass and richness; a manner full

of a grave sweetness, uniformly gentle

and intensely womanly, which pro-

claims the depth of the interest taken

in ordinary and obscure things and

people; conversation which lends itself