

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

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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.....5 00
One square, six months.....8 00
One square, twelve months.....12 00

For larger advertisements liberal
contracts will be made. Twelve lines solid
brevier constitute one square.

All kinds of JOB WORK done at the
"REGULATOR" office, in the neatest
style, and on reasonable terms. Bills for
advertising considered due when pre-
sented.

[From the Raleigh Sentinel.]

Taxes! Taxes! Taxes!

NOTHING BUT TAXES!

AND WHAT IS IT ALL FOR?

All over the land, from Maine to Mexico, from Florida to Minnesota, from the cod-fishy shores of Massachusetts to the golden vales of California, hear the groaning and moaning of a people crushed beneath their governmental burdens. On every hand, at every turn, from every hill-side, plain and valley, hear the sighing and the wailing—one long, vast, universal storm note of woe,—one bitter, endless, heaven-piercing cry of national lamentation. "TAXES! TAXES! NOTHING BUT TAXES!" A tax ere the poor man has the right to labor: they call it a license, or a poll. A tax on the poor man's hard-earned pittance; they call it income tax. A tax on every bite that, out of the scanty remnant of his tithely-taxed earnings, the poor man buys to eat. A tax on every rag he buys to wear. A tax on everything he sits, stands or lies upon. A tax on everything he touches, tastes, sees, smells or handles, from the lace cap his babe is christened in, to the bed he dies on, and the shroud and box he's buried in. He pays federal taxes.—He pays State taxes. He pays city taxes. He pays revenue taxes. He pays dirt-road taxes. He pays railroad taxes. He pays white school taxes. He pays nigger school taxes. He pays poll taxes, and in many cases gets kicked from the polls. He pays direct taxes. He pays indirect taxes. He pays taxes to feed, clothe, educate, arm and white-wash the nigger of the South. He pays taxes to hold down thousands of his white countrymen in Alabama and Louisiana, beneath the accursed bondage of bayonets and baboons. He pays taxes to fill southern legislatures, States senates, lieutenant governors' chairs, and supreme benches, with nigger barbers, bootblacks and field-hands. He pays taxes to defray the cost of making a nigger boot-black Secretary of State in Mississippi; and of sending a nigger barber to represent her in the United States Senate, so-called. He pays taxes to elevate an ebo-shinned, woolly-pated Pennsylvania darkey, to the Supreme judgeship of South Carolina. He pays taxes to foist a mulatto fuculentary and Voodoo debauchee into the lieutenant governorship of Louisiana. He has for years paid taxes to enrich a horde of perjured, gallows worthy, conspirators and thieves, styling themselves the "Congress of the United States"—every one of them solemnly sworn to "support and maintain" that constitution, which their every word and act has been designed to overthrow. He has paid taxes to foot their monster land-grabbing bills; their Alaska iceberg and San Domingo earthquake jobbing bills; their gigantic railroad gobbling bills; and their universal squanderage and riotry bills. He has paid taxes to foot their whisky-shop bills; their fifteenth condemnation enforcement bills; their gambling-hell bills; their scoundrelly naval-appropriation bills, to furnish old Robeson and Ulysses three-tiered with royal tubs for drunken dead-head cruises with their tinselled crews of revelers and wantons; their female-boarding-house bills; their free lunch excursion and stumping tour

bills; their nigger-arming and military banditti bills; their stealage-fraud-swindling-and-bribery bills; their perjured witness-hiring bills; their nigger-cadet-fondling. West-Point-investigation bills; their Southern-outrage hatching committee bills; and their ten thousand other loyal deviltry bills. He has paid taxes to support the dregs of the free-nigger bureau, with its swarms of sneaking, sniffling "Reverend" thieves, and its millions of indolent and insolent African vagabonds. He has paid taxes to support the reconstruction deviltry, with its irresponsible satraps and standing army of ruthless janizaries. He pays taxes to fill with jingling, glittering gold, the insatiable coffers of New England bond-holders,—Yankee ignobility, who pay not a dollar of taxes for any purpose on earth. A hundred and fifty millions of dollars a year, in gold, as interest on an accursed, unconstitutional, monstrous aggregation of national, State, county and municipal debt—conceived in iniquity and begotten in sin—created by a lawless horde of scape gallews conspirators, in the prosecution of the most horrid crusade of robbery and murder, that ever befouled the face of God's beautiful earth, with fratricidal blood. \$150,000,000 a year, in gold; 12,500,000, every month; \$2,881,615, every week; \$412,88, every day; \$17,179, every hour; \$286 in gold, every minute;—in rain and in sun shine, in sickness and health, in prosperity and adversity;—wrung from the toil-hardened hands of honest industry, and cast into the remorseless treasury maw of the "best government the sun ever shone on," to pay the interest on a debt of blood and outlawry, perjury, thievery, fraud and riotry. Two hundred and eighty-six dollars in gold every minute!—Hear it "clink! clank!" as it falls into the swollen and ever swelling chests of plunderers, corruptionists and usurpers! "Clink! clank!" Gold! gold! It tells a tale of ruthless extortion and dastardly submission—riotous revelry and soul crushing poverty—of insolent lordings and cowering serfs. "Clink! clank!" There goes the widow's mite, the poor man's dole, the orphan's penny. "Clink! clank!" That's the tear of the sewing woman, the sigh of the fatherless, the groan of the destitute, coined into gleaming gold, and gone to swell the annual tribute of a subjugated people, to their masters. Taxes! taxes! limitless taxes!—to elevate niggers and trample down white men! to free barbarians, and enslave ourselves! Thank God! the tax-gatherer's visits are doing what logic, eloquence, prayers, entreaties and expostulations have all failed to accomplish; and the scales, big as blacking-box lids or donkey ears, have at last, a long, long at last, begun to fall from the eyes of the toiling, hard-handed, sweat-browed masses. The farmers, the people, from ocean to ocean and from the great lakes to the gulf, are banding together to sweep away the dominion of pickpockets and pirates. They have begun to see the gigantic iniquity which is crushing their very souls out through their ragged boot-toes. And knowing this, is it strange, that the fanatics and pillagers of Yankee destruction, and the radical conspirators of the capitol, whenever finances and reform are mentioned, squirm like a nest of vitrol sprinkled vipers? Is it strange that they are ever skulking and dodging the tariff bills, the funding bills, and the innumerable infernal revenue bills, which their villainy has rendered necessary? Not a bit of it. Yankeeedom's weakest spot is its treasury. Their fears are well founded. On, on, ye robbery fattened villians! On with the dance, ye revelers in a nation's miseries. On with your deviltries.—Pass your bills guaranteeing the bond holding buccaneers of Massachusetts two dollars in gold, for every one they expended in rags and green ink. Pass your bills bestowing millions and tens of millions, aye, hundreds of millions, of acres of the people's lands, upon countless corporations of rail road thieves, in which every one of you is a stockholder and fund-snatcher. Pass your bills taxing white men to furnish

spelling books, ballots, arms and offices to three millions of asafetida perspiring niggers. Roll on! Roll on! Riot! squander! fast! steal! ravish!—while you may! But ah! there is an end to such atrocities; there is a limit to even American dastardliness, submissiveness, slavishness, somewhere, sometime. The people—the long suffering, patient, but omnipotent people—the laboring men, the farmers, mechanics, merchants and artisans, the hod-carriers, donkey-drivers and editors; the one-legged, defrauded soldiers; the men who till the soil, build the cities and do the fighting—will ere long, rallying around the glorious banner of "RECONCILIATION, RETRENCHMENT, REFORM, HONESTY, PURITY AND A UNIVERSAL OVERTHROW OF USURPERS & THIEVES" sweep you, and all your scoundrel exalting, poor-white-man-beggaring and crushing deviltries, back-pay grabs, credit mobo-o-liars and whiskey rings to a figurative Tophet as endless and bottomless as the literal perdition, to which, if there is any justice in the universe, ten thousand of your loyalty royal leaders, your brightest exemplars, your sublimest chieftains, are inevitably bound. He's a fool who doubts it. The people are moving. Forward the banner!

THE ROBESON COUNTY CASE.

U. S. COMMISSIONER'S COURT—THE DEFENDANTS, INCLUDING GEN. COX (!) HELD TO APPEAR BEFORE THE CIRCUIT COURT—A NEW STYLE OF PROCEEDING TO FOLLOW NOLLE PROS.

At the opening of Court yesterday morning, Col. French said it had escaped his memory to call the attention of the Court to an important consideration during his argument on the previous day. This was, that the evidence had shown that when the Commissioners assembled for the purpose of canvassing the returns, the latter were brought before them, each sealed in its particular envelope, with the seal unbroken, just as it had been sent by the poll-holders; that the room was crowded at the time with citizens belonging to both political parties; that the returns were then opened and considered before them, without leaving the room or any opportunity for forming a conspiracy or engaging in secret consultation; that the opinion of the sworn counsel of the Board was then asked upon the legality of and proper procedure upon the returns presented; that the counsel advised and the Board acted upon that advice, and threw out the returns from these four precincts as irregular and suspicious, and that the result in all the precincts was then and there announced, together with the total vote for each candidate. Then Dr. Norment had come in; asked if these townships had been thrown out—was informed they had; asked if the decision was final—was informed it was not; asked if he would be heard for a reconsideration—was informed he would, with pleasure; and having argued the case himself without effect, asked to be heard by counsel—which was also granted by the Commissioners. After the argument, the Republican member—what had assisted and concurred in, and voted in this connection—announced that he now thought the votes of these precincts should be counted, and asked and received permission to change his vote. The arguments presented seem to have struck the remaining four Commissioners less forcibly, and they then decided to adhere to their original position, and let the case go up to the Convention for final settlement, as in doubt. What, he asked, could be fairer than entire proceedings? What room was there, these here to charge a conspiracy to defraud any one? One of these Commissioners had been discharged by the Court and declared to be innocent.—What had the others done more than this one? The only difference was that he had done all that they had and one act more—of acknowledging that he thought he had previously done wrong. There had been doubt in the minds of the Commissioners as to whether the returns were legal when not accompanied by the poll-books. After argument by counsel on both sides it

had been decided that they were not. The evidence showed that the same question had been discussed by the poll-holders in the various precincts—the law being variously construed by different poll-holders, and yet there was no talk here of accusing them of corrupt motives in reaching their decision, or of indicating them therefor.

Counsel for the defence then briefly re-enforced certain points in his case that had been previously dwelt upon. Judge Cantwell then availed himself of his right to make the closing address. His effort occupied over an hour in the delivery, but at its conclusion our mind had failed to be impressed that the general line of the defence had been met and answered. We fear we remain as blindly wicked in our opinion of the meaning of the law as did the Commissioners of Robeson after listening to counsel.

The Court, however, ruled that the testimony presented was sufficient to create a reasonable belief that a conspiracy had existed between all the defendants, with the exception of Thompson, to warrant their arrest and detention, and to require them all to appear at the next term of the U. S. Circuit Court at Raleigh. One of them [Gen. Cox] resides there and can be reached at any time during the sitting of that tribunal; the others will be required to give bond and security in the sum of \$2,000 each for their appearance. The Court was satisfied that others had aided and abetted the conspiracy with guilty intent, but as the District Attorney had heard all the evidence and was better informed as to their liability than this Court, the question of bringing them before the Circuit Court was left in the hands of that officer.

Judge Cantwell desired the Court to bind over the witnesses, also, to appear on the trial. Then, apparently reflecting that some of the witnesses had testified here in a manner likely to prove disastrous before a Court bound by strict rules of evidence, he amended by saying only the material witnesses would be required to be bound over.

The Court decided to cite the witness Mr. B. W. Stark, the Raleigh telegraph operator, to appear before the Circuit Court, and to bind over to that tribunal Dr. Norment, the prosecutor; Stephen E. Ward, the Register of Deeds, and Col. W. Foster French.

Wil. Star.

DR. NORMENT TO SERVE THE RADICAL PARTY CREEPS IN THE CLOAK OF A MASON TO INTERVIEW A DEMOCRATIC LAWYER.

The following letter from Col. McLean, the Democratic lawyer and adviser of the Robeson County Commissioners, we use from the Wilmington Journal, and it will abundantly speak for itself. Let the plain people who love truth and admire manliness and despise sneaks read this letter and judge for themselves. But remember:—Norment is now the May pole the Radical office holders are dancing around in their efforts to rally the people. Here is Col. McLean's letter:

In the Wilmington papers of the 19th inst. I find that Dr. R. M. commissioners throws his flings at me. On the Saturday on which the votes were counted by the commissioners I was called on by them for consultation. I decided the returns were irregular and should not be counted. I refer of course to the townships involved in this controversy. After the action of the Board, Dr. R. M. Norment appeared and wished to procure the aid of the counsel. This was readily agreed to. Mr. Leitch at some length argued in favor of counting the votes, and I against; the result was that the townships, when the returns were not according to law, were not counted. Now as to my communication with Mr. Norment, he (Norment) having approached me in my office as a master Mason, as he this day admitted, sought this interview with me—he must tell the interview; I shall not. I did send after D. S. Morrison, chairman of the board some few days after the votes were counted, when we had an interview which resulted in leaving the ac-

tion of the board undisturbed, and that for the reason that we were still of the opinion that they had acted strictly according to law. I wish that Dr. Norment had not approached me as a Mason, for if he had not I would freely and fully state everything that occurred. Commissioner Cassidy and one Van Solen were in Lumberton, and the threats were frequently made by Republicans that their purpose was to arrest the commissioners of Robeson county. Neither Cassidy nor Van Solen so far as we know made any such threats. Their party brethren, however, did state that such was their purpose. The commissioners however wouldn't scare worth a cent. Now as to my condition at the time I refer you to Giles Leitch, Esq., who appeared on the opposite side of the case. The commissioners paid me no \$200 for that opinion nor was money named in the whole transaction. I am very sorry that I was prevented from attending the trial in consequence of being at Columbus court, to which place I am compelled to be in attendance on Tuesday (to-morrow). Just here I will state that I know the county commissioners in their action in this matter were only anxious to do what they believed was their lawful duty. In my opinion I gave what I then conceived to be the law, and in this opinion men learned in the law coincided. No use then to be picking at the commissioners through revenge. Now that the prosecution against them is too thin, some one must come in for a share of the venomous spite and it falls on my head. My only reason for noticing this attack was to place the commissioners where they now are right before the public. They acted under my advice, and there was no more conspiracy to defraud any one than there was to assassinate U. S. Grant.

N. A. McLEAN.

Lumberton, March 20th, 1876.

Raleigh News.

BELKNAP AND LORD BACON.

Gath in the New York Graphic.

The nearest precedent to Belknap's case in from is probably that of Francis Bacon, lord verulam, viscount St. Albans and lord chancellor of England, which corresponds to the mingled offices of vice president, chief justice of equity, cabinet minister and chief private counselor of the sovereign. To kill the chancellor is treason, as to kill the Queen. Lord Bacon was the greatest of English political intellects, the friend of Elizabeth and James I., a reputed author of Shakespeare, and patron of Ben Johnson, rich, learned and noble. He had the greatest office in the land, had beaten Sir Edwin Coke in rivalry, received rich presents and legacies, and married rich. Yet, giving way to voluptuous improvidence in the year 1621, he took bribes direct to the number of twenty four cases, in one case receiving £400 and in another £700. Public excitement ran so high that Bacon's health failed like Belknap's spirit, and even King James was alarmed and insisted that he should plead guilty, which he did, as follows: "I do plainly and ingeniously confess that I am guilty of bribery."

I beseech your lordship to be merciful to a broken reed."

He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$40,000 and to go to jail, both of which penalties were remitted, but he never recovered standing nor raised his head again, and died neglected and broken-hearted, although it was an age of presents and bribes. Bacon became so poor that he was refused beer by a nobleman near his obscure lodgings, and yet he protested that, though guilty, he was the most honest chancellor England had known.

LAST WORDS.

The following are the dying words of some of our eminent statesmen, recently deceased:

Shed no muleteers for me.—B. H. BRISTOW.

The game is played out.—POKER BOB SCHENCK.

Stand by your post-traderships.—Tent of Armies.—BELKNAP.

I am glad that I die young. It would

be a terrible thing to grow old and sinful.—WILLIAMS.

My son, never write letters.—PIERRE.

This is not suicide, but assassination.—JOHN B. HENDERSON.

If I had only been born twins I could have made just twice as much.—ORVILLE L. GRANT.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, but as for me, give me a worm-eaten hull in a snug harbor.—ROBESON.

Don't weep for me, I'm glad to get out of the wilderness. Meet me on the happy hunting-grounds.—DELANO.

Tell B. Butler I died happy, by special request.—R. H. DANA.

Look not on the still when it is crooked.—JOHN McDONALD.

They say the streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with gold. I want to go.—BOSS SHEPHERD.

Who would have thought that cold tongue would kill a man?—JABBERING JIM BLAINE.

This is a sacred thing.—DEACON MCKEE.

A tanner won't last you more than eight years.—BARBOCK.

I go where "mum's the word."—JOYCE.

More frauds being dug up in every department of the government. The world will soon begin to suspect that the whole thing is a stupendous fraud.

Dana declines to appear before the senate committee and scoffs the idea of his honesty being questioned by a den of thieves with Beast Butler as chief counselor.

It has just been discovered that the treasury department has a patent style of book-keeping peculiar and only its own. Boutwell once ordered a clerk to balance a discrepancy on the books of \$200,000 by a simple flourish of the pen. Neat, cheap and easy.—EX.

Grantism is compounded of low greed, obtuse moral sentiment, shoddy display, the use of public office for private gain, the rewarding of those who make you presents by places of honor and trust, the enriching of all your relatives at the expense of the Government, the ignoring of all the better public opinion, the conception that high office is a reward and not an obligation imposed—in fine that the Government is to be administered in the selfish interests of the governors and for their aggrandizement. It is an innovation which does not seem to provoke admiration either at home or abroad.—N. Y. Sun.

The arrest in Alabama, under the Ku Klux act, of a number of citizens (Democrats exclusively) who are accused of having committed acts of lawlessness six years ago, is sadly significant. It is stated that these persons have not been away from their homes for six years, but the officers, as was the case in the Bacon and Bread campaign in 1874, refused bail and took the prisoners to Huntsville. Alabama is a Democratic State, and has a Democratic government. The State election takes place in August, and the ar-

to overawe the whites and turn the State over to the Republicans.—WIZ. Journal.

Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, who was stricken with paralysis some two or three weeks ago, is improving we are glad to learn. He is a noble old Roman, or Virginian, which is the same thing.

The Senate of Massachusetts last Wednesday adopted a woman suffrage amendment to the State Constitution by a vote of 18 to 10. It has gone to the House for its concurrence.

Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women and cloaks: "The latter serve to point out the hours, and former to make us forget them."

Two Spencer county gentlemen have married their pretty step-daughters, and two others have married their sons' widows. There's a garbled genealogical tree for you.—Indianapolis News.