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The Colonel's Second Wife.

"That! Her dower ten thousand and her age under eighteen! You are a lucky dog, Hewett! Of course, it's a love match?"

"I flatter myself, yes, on the lady's part, at least, and the speaker, a tall, handsome man, drew himself up superciliously; "though, in fact, it is a family arrangement."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, Colonel Harding was my father, General Hewett's greatest claim. When dying, he left me and my future to the former's guardianship; a trust he saw no better nor more friendly way of carrying out than by an engagement between myself and his daughter, Kate—the sole inheritor of a rich aunt's wealth."

"Some people fall into pleasant places, certainly! When is it to be?"

"In a month. I fancy, since the colonel has been such a dotard as to take home a second wife, he would rather have his daughter's room than her company."

"Possibly. Deneed pretty woman, Mrs. Harding, eh? Very sparkling, self-willed, and fast, I'm sure! Will want a tight curb, but will pull hard. I imagine the colonel will have his hands full, and need keep his eyes open."

"They have been married a year, and within the last month I have noted he is preoccupied, while two wrinkles have appeared on his forehead. When will these old fellows," laughed his friend, "take the lesson Pope has so graphically read us, 'December must not wed May?' 'Ta, ta! Remember, I'm booked for the Benedict ceremony.'"

"The two gentlemen between whom the above conversation passed on the steps of a West End Club now parted—the one addressed as Hewett, known among his less familiar as Captain Hewett, proceeding to go by train to Colonel Harding's villa, at Richmond."

Arriving there, in due course, he was speedily introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Harding; after exchanging greetings with whom he was summoned to see the colonel in the library. The ladies were surprised at the haste displayed.

"Whatever is that for? Kate remarked, when the officer had gone."

"To sign your marriage settlement," smiled Mrs. Harding.

"Nonsense! By-the-way, mamma, do you not think papa has looked altered lately?"

"For many days I have seen it, Kate. I fear something is wrong."

"Then I fancy he might confide it to you instead of the captain."

"True!" Mrs. Harding's lips perceptibly contracted; then she added, "Kate, I forgot to tell my maid about the trimmings for my dress next Friday. Would you mind doing so?"

Rising, the young girl readily went on her mission, when the other's entire manner changed. Her expression became grave, perplexed. She cast aside her work, and leaned her head on her hand.

"Can my husband possibly suspect?" she murmured. "There is a change in him! Kate sees it, too! Then there must be a cause! Can he have found us out? If so, everything is ruined!" She paused; then added, "I must be certain—I will!"

Hurriedly throwing a shawl of Kate's, that lay on a sofa near, about her, she passed through the open glass-doors into the flower-garden.

Going to the side of the villa, cautiously she crept through a shrubbery of lilacs and syringas, until she came within sight and hearing of the two in the library, the window of which was open.

suspiciously lounging about the villa. I thought nothing of it; but Jackson, the under-gardener, declares that it is true."

This listener became livid with rage. Her suspicions were well-founded.

"What do you intend doing?" asked Captain Hewett.

"That is my perplexity. To accuse her on the word of an under-gardener seems preposterous," and the colonel uneasily drummed the table with his fingers.

"Something must be done," he said, "or I shall go mad. I can't support this terrible suspicion, for—I don't mind confessing it to you, George, who so soon will be my son—I love Constance devotedly. What was that? Why, the window is open. Shut it; we want no eavesdroppers."

Captain Hewett complied, but, before closing it, leant forth and looked around. The colonel's wife had flown.

"If my fine lady would only commit herself," he thought, "Kate would inherit the colonel's wealth. It is nothing," he said aloud, resuming his seat.

Trembling at her narrow escape, Mrs. Harding hastened from the shrubbery. Just as she emerged, she ran violently against a man.

"Robert! Tell me, what are you doing here?"

"Ten thousand pardons! I thought 'Never mind what you thought! Why are you here? Quick, go to the side-door. If in five minutes I call you, come—if not, go away.'"

He raised her hand to his lips.

"How good you are!" he said. "I only came to say I have prepared everything for our flight on Friday."

"Hush!" she answered, as she fled from him.

Five minutes after, the side-door opened, a white hand beckoned, and soon the stranger was again seated, with locked doors, in Mrs. Harding's boudoir.

The next morning, by no means to the surprise of his wife, the colonel announced that business would take him to London in the evening, and detain him until late.

Mrs. Harding expressed her sorrow at his departure, and begged him to hasten back. Nevertheless when she was alone, she lighted the lamp in her boudoir, then retired to a spare bed-chamber just above, from the window of which she watched. An hour and a half passed eventless, then a man's shadow flitted among the trees.

"It is the captain," thought Mrs. Harding. "He has selected his proper sphere. The colonel was too noble for it. Well, each shall have a suitable reward."

She waited. So did the captain. Finally, the latter, perhaps imagining while he watched outside the bird he would detect was enjoying himself within, cautiously drew near, and peered into the window.

The temptation was irresistible. Mrs. Harding noiselessly opened the lattice, took up a jug of water standing near, and flung out the contents.

There was a muttered curse; but the lattice was closed, and the lady's merry burst of laughter smothered in her handkerchief.

When ten minutes after, Captain Hewett looked in at the drawing-room window from a distance, as he, unobserved, quitted the grounds, he beheld Mrs. Harding and his future bride reading and working, according to their habit.

"It must have been a confounded housemaid," he growled. "She could not have seen me."

He passed on toward a break in the boundary hedge, by which he quitted the place and reached the main road.

Had he been a quarter of an hour later, he would surely have encountered a gentleman using the same means to enter it. Quickly but cautiously, he made his way to a half-decayed elm-tree, at the foot of which grew ferns and burdock. Slipping his hand beneath these, he drew out a paper on which, by the aid of a wax-taper, he read:

"DEAREST—At eight on Friday. The Colonel will be absent. All is prepared. Pressing the fragment passionately to his lips, the man placed a reply in the same place, then withdrew.

"Absurd! If a woman will stoop to deceive a husband, she would not hesitate at a falsehood."

"That is true. Well, George, let it be as you say."

The colonel went to the dinner, and the gentlemen had long been left to their wine, when a footman whispered to the officer he was wanted. Making an excuse, he withdrew, and found the captain in the hall.

"Come home," said the latter; "I must speak to you at once."

The colonel, growing pale, followed him into the room.

"What is it?"

"Bear it like a man, colonel," returned the other. "Your wife is unworthy your affection; she has fled with her lover. I saw them. They are now in the train, going to London."

"Oh, Constance, Constance!" he groaned. "Why have you brought this disgrace upon me? And he grasped the hedge, to save him from falling. Recovering himself, his mood changed.

"George!" he exclaimed, fiercely. "Come, we will follow them. The villain shall answer for the wrong he has done me; but tell me all about it."

The captain stated a cab had passed him on the road to the villa. In it he had recognized a strange gentleman and Mrs. Harding. He pursued, but only reached the railway-station in time to see them leap into a first-class carriage as the train moved off.

The true statement was this: Captain Hewett had seen a fly waiting near the villa. Concealing himself he had perceived a gentleman escorting a lady thickly veiled and cloaked, come through the break in the hedge, hurriedly cross the intervening field, enter the cab, and drive off after giving the direction:

"The railway-station—for London."

Had he put his hand out, he could have strid them. But that was not his plan. Let her go beyond recall and forgiveness, that was what he thought.

Hurrying straight to his dressing-room, the colonel secured his pistols. "I have never used them against a fellow-being before," he exclaimed, very stern and determined, "but a bullet shall reach his heart or mine. One shall not leave the field."

"Why, goodness gracious, my love, how early you are back! I hope nothing is wrong!" exclaimed a pleasant voice.

Both gentlemen swung round on their heel, with an ejaculation of surprise, for there in the door way, looking charming in her evening dress, was Mrs. Harding.

"You here, Constance?"

"Here! Why, where should I be, dear?"

The colonel looked at the captain, and vice versa.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked the lady; "and—gracious, Edmund, love! what are you going to do with those pistols?"

"—I was going," blurted out the colonel, half angrily, "to take with them the life of your lover, Constance?"

"My lover! Surely, darling, you never contemplated suicide?"

"Suicide! Constance, can you look me in the face and say you have no other one than I?"

"Yes, there sir! But can you look in mine and say you ever were cruel enough to suspect me of such a sin?" The colonel dropped instantly. "You have!" she went on. "Pray, on what grounds?"

"That of a man having been seen to enter your room, admitted by you—and—in—in—your supposed flight this night in a fly with him."

ment you!—Now, gentlemen, I will leave you to yourselves."

She quitted the room as she spoke, very haughtily, and retired to her own room, apparently the most injured party.

A brief space after, the colonel came in.

"Constance," he said, "you have done very wrong."

"Sir, how have you acted, in suspecting a wife who foolish enough to love you? she answered, proudly.

"Do you love me, Constance?"

"Better than—than—all—the world!" was the answer, given between a sudden burst of sobs.

A woman's tears were the only enemies which had ever beaten the colonel. He caught his pretty wife in his arms, and cried:

"Constance, forgive me, and let us say no more about it."

"And Kate?" she sobbed.

"I'll pardon her, for your sake."

"You dear, dear Edmund! There! That kiss is for a reward!"

And that is how Captain Hewett was checkmated by the colonel's second wife.

From the Raleigh News.

A COLORED MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS RACE.

We publish below the address of the Rev. Garland H. White, colored, to the colored people of the country. What good it may do, we will not conjecture. It contains words of wisdom if the colored people would heed them. But as we see them around us fast bound in the chains of party, we have little expectation that the clearer views and enlightened experience of thinking colored men will act to produce any sudden change in the action or condition of the negro masses.—Yet it is evident that more cultivated colored men have got to thinking, and their ideas may in time find acceptance with their race:

ADDRESS TO THE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE COUNTRY.

The undersigned in behalf of the National Independent Political Union, and all persons who favor the success of good government, the return to an honest administration of all its departments, and local self-government for all the States, take this method of communicating with the colored voters of the country on the political issues of the day.

The numerous letters received from all sections of the country, and the many expressions favorable to the movement, coming from our representative men generally, impel us to issue this address, and we earnestly desire that our fellow-citizens all over the country, disgusted with the appalling increase of bribery, fraud, and corruption, will go to work in their respective cities and towns, and organize for the purpose of putting their views into practice at the polls in the coming election by voting for none but men whose purity of character is unquestionable.

Fellow-citizens, industrious efforts have been made by the corrupt friends of the present Administration to convey the impression that the colored voters of the country are all in favor of the re-election of President Grant. Such is not the fact. A very large portion of us take different views of our political duty, but we are all tired of our political serfdom. The most intelligent of us are opposed to the loathsome corruptions and tyrannical usurpations of the Republican party. We are opposed to President Grant; for as a statesman, he deserves the censure of his countrymen for having made the name of an American citizen a bye-word; for having prostituted his high office by the appointment of sensual, vicious, abandoned and profligate men of mean origin unknown to the country, and corrupt personal friends and relatives, to places of trust and emolument. We are opposed to the present leaders of the party, prominent among whom are Senators Morton, of Indiana and Cameron, of Pennsylvania. The former, but a few years ago, argued in his State against giving the suffrage to colored men, while the latter has proved the most corrupt politician in the country. Since Mr. Lincoln was forced to expel him from his Cabinet, he has not reformed; but, on the contrary, has grown worse, and

the Administration instead of crying out: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death," has placed him in control of the party, and therefore we are opposed to it, and will use our best efforts to defeat it in the coming election.—We will do this because we have not had one cheering or inspiring word from it, as at present constituted, because it has tyrannized and struck at the independence of the men with whom we must live, if we expect to inhabit the South; because its pernicious influence has manifested itself in our treatment everywhere using us to further party ends, and then dropping us after success had been achieved; arraying us against the interests, peace and prosperity of a whole section, and then abandoning us to infuriated mobs, which their perfidy raised only to excite the sympathy of the North, by making the people believe that Democratic leaders and not Republican office-seekers are responsible; because of its failure to pass any measure for the benefit of the whole people which would of course benefit us; because a Republican Congress recreant to its professions, misrepresenting its constituencies, and insensible to right and justice, failed to pass any measure having in view the liquidation of our claims against the Freedman's Bank, and we will do this because we desire "THE UNITY OF THE REPUBLIC WITH EQUAL RIGHTS TO ALL AND RECONCILIATION!"

The Republican party is not now the party of Sumner, Seward, Wilson, Lincoln and Hale—it has dwindled into Grantism, and produced nothing but Belknapism, Babcockism, Schenkism, and all the other degrading isms, of which the present administration is the father. If you are told by those who would postpone the unity of the Republic, and influence your minds against those among whom you live, and whose good wishes an enlightened policy and self-interest command you to cultivate, that by not supporting corruption, fraud, usurpation and military despotism, you have become Democrats ask them. Is it criminal to do this? Have we not the same right to become honest Democrats as White Republicans have to become Ku-Klux? When Butler, Logan, Boutwell, Morton, and others thought that by becoming Republicans they could obtain office, did they not do it? Have we not the same right as these our white fellow citizens, whom the Democratic party repudiated, and the Republican party made haste to accept, to affiliate with any party that will redeem the credit of the country, reduce oppressive taxation, make bribery in high places impossible, reform the civil service, redeem broken promises, elevate from degradation to respectability our foreign missions and consulates, reduce departmental extravagancies, and guarantee to all the States the same right under the constitution? Is the Republican party immaculate, after the disclosures so recently made to the country? Can honorable men still adhere to it with the Emma Mine scandal still ringing in their ears, the sale of post-trader-ships still polluting the atmosphere, the sale of naval contracts, culminating in the possession of worthless and unseaworthy ships of war, judiciary bribery casting a pall over the courts of the country, defalcations in all the departments of the government paralyzing the energy, and damaging the moral vitality of the people, the subversion of local self-government which has driven a whole section to the verge of anarchy and ruin? In view of all these, and when, from the Executive mansion itself, the noxious and inoculating miasma of corruption and turpitude is impregnating the very air we breathe, is it not infamous to be a Republican? Is it not honorable to be an honest Democrat?

The constitutional government bequeathed us by the fathers is grander in conception, far more sublime than mere party names. Rise then, fellow citizens, to the duty of the hour—disenthral yourselves from the galling manacles of party, disabuse your minds of past prejudices, and bid in-

telligent men, not to be coerced by leagues and unions, assert and maintain untrammelled, your political opinions!

Let no man, white or black, even if he be a Demosthenes, not even the man whose presence as President of the Freedman's Bank, robbed you of your all, instill fresh venom into your hitherto too confiding breasts. Believe not that those who prefer honesty to corruption, are actuated by mercenary motives, or that because men are called Democrats, they are unjust, evil-disposed, and wicked. The issues which divided Republicans and Democrats are settled, and it ill becomes any man to appeal to the passions of ignorance for party ascendancy. None but narrow minded partisans will resort to this. The true lovers of their race and country will endeavor to soften, instead of to intensify, the asperities and animosities of the dead past. Fix your eyes on the future, and with Spartan-like fidelity, cling to principles, instead of to party. The coming conflict fellow-citizens, is an all important one; it is important to us, important to humanity! We must wage it not for party ends, not for selfish motives, but for the unification of our common country! Let us as colored men disband the hostile camps formed by the Republican party—endeavor to quench the flames, spouting torrent-like, that party has lighted against an impoverished section of our great Republic! Let us be guided by the light we now possess, and which no second night of ignorance can darken, no new incursion of political vandalism can over flow!

The Democratic party, by the adoption of the Cincinnati Platform, has accepted the principles which Charles Sumner declared, the Republican party failed to carry out; and therefore we should prefer living principles to faithless men! In order to secure their support, who doubts that this party will not only keep inviolate its solemn pledges, but reconcile both sections and both races. In proof of this we point you to the adoption of them by the Baltimore Platform in 1872, which recognized negro emancipation—negro enfranchisement—negro equality before the law! These are as secure as the granite foundation of the world, imbedded in the fundamental law and will ever be irreversible!

But the object of this address is not to make you Democrats, it is to make you citizens indeed, voting according to the dictates of your conscience; it is to make you stand by the men who stand by you, whose interest is yours, whose success will not be sectional but national and enure to the prosperity of all the people. By abandoning Grantism, this infamously and tyrannically administered Republican party, and voting for principles, you are not necessarily becoming Democrats, but will gain everything for which our friends have contended, and, with the support of all good men, shall we sulk and express only doubts of the sincerity of those desiring our friendship? It is not thus that we are to win the respect of those to whom we have always been antagonized by selfish partisans preferring power to our welfare, and what is more substantial, our privileges and that consideration of which we have so long been deprived. Colored men, north, south, east and west, disband your hostile camps. Divide your votes! Let us not "arrest the longing for concord," but let us, in the language of Charles Sumner, "freely accept the hand that is offered and reach forth our friendly grasp." Let us be "against the policy of hate, against fanning ancient flames into continued life." Let us cease to rake "in the ashes of the past for coals of fire yet burning." Let us "pile up the ashes, extinguish the flames and abolish the hate!"

Fellow-citizens, let us not doubt the good faith of those whose patriotism have brought them over to the right side, until there be proof to the contrary. As yet, we who cherish all that you are contending for, and hold most sacred, assure you, there is not one

[CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.]