

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

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THE RANDOLPH REGULATOR.

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BY

THE RANDOLPH PUBLISHING CO.

OFFICE—2 DOORS EAST OF THE

COURT HOUSE.

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Six Months, postage paid, 1 00

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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.

PAY AS YOU GO.

A word of good counsel

We never should forget,

Is that which forbids us

To keep out of debt.

For half of life's burdening

That man overthrows

Who starts out determined

To pay as he goes.

'Tis folly to listen

To those who assert

That a system of credit

Does good, and not hurt.

For many have squandered

Their incomes away,

And hearts have been wrecked by

A promise to pay.

A man to be honest,

As merchant or friend,

In order to have,

Must be willing to spend.

Is it love, or affection,

Or faith, they bestow?

Return their full value,

And pay as you go.

He loses the sweetness

That life can impart,

Who looks up a treasure

Of wealth in his heart.

To reap a rich harvest

Of pain and regret,

When, too late, he discovers

How great was his debt.

A word of good counsel

We never should forget,

And to keep out of danger

Is to keep out of debt!

If peace, and contentment,

And joy, you would know,

Don't live upon credit,

But pay as you go.

THE PARTY PLATFORM.

ADOPTED BY THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

WHEREAS, The Republican party of the United States, for the last sixteen years, has had the complete control of the Government in all its Departments, and by its disregard of Constitutional limitations; by its unequal and oppressive taxation; by its extravagant and wasteful expenditures; by its unwise and mischievous financial policy; by its unexampled official corruption pervading all branches of its administration—has brought disgrace upon our Government and unparalleled distress upon our people: Therefore

Resolved, 1. That in this Centennial year of our existence, we invite all patriots to ignore all dead issues, to disregard the prejudices engendered by past events, and to unite with us in the effort to restore a constitutional, honest, economical, and pure administration of the Government, and thus promote the general welfare and happiness of the country.

Resolved, 2. That we earnestly and cordially recommend the adoption, by the people, of the amendments to the Constitution proposed by the Convention of 1875, and thus largely reduce the expenditures of our State and county governments and simplify their administration, so that we may be enabled to establish a thorough and enlarged system of public schools for the benefit of all the citizens of the State.

Resolved, 3. That notwithstanding our repeated disappointments and impoverished condition, we still cherish the North Carolina project so long labored for by Morehead, Saunders, Fisher, Wm. Thomas, and others, of uniting the harbors of Beaufort and Wilmington with the great west, and for the completion of the Western North Carolina Railroad to Paint Rock and Ducktown, and of our other unfinished railroads. We pledge the continued use of the convict labor of the State, and of such other judicial legislative aid as will secure the completion of these great State works at the earliest practicable period.

Resolved 4. That the people of North Carolina now have in their power by an earnest, determinate and united effort, to relieve our people from the evils of Republican misrule, extravagance and corruption, and restore the prosperity of our State.

Resolved 5. That we denounce official corruption wherever found, and we hold honesty to be the first and highest qualification for office.

McCLURE ON HAYES.

The Cincinnati Convention was like the councils of the lieutenants of the Macedonian chieftain when he surrendered his crown to debauchery and left them to struggle for the succession. Here were those who had been obedient to despotism in all its moods and caprices, and Blaine and Morton and Conkling each claimed the sceptre, combating each other, and each resolved to fall only with his rivals' sharing his discomfiture. A brave element confronted them under the banner of Bristow; but it was even more hated than their mutual hatred for each other. It recalled the Republican standard of other days, when it was unstained by the shame of the thief and the jobber, and proposed to erect it again over the Republican altar, and against it the legitimate heirs to the Grant succession made common and deadly warfare. It had leaders and orators; men of sentiment, of conviction, of positive purpose, but untutored in organizing modern political victory; they defiantly antagonized, but they were powerless to control, and they could not hope to make mean ambition their ally and join them in the overthrow of all the ablest of the representative leaders of a degenerate party. Morton, Blaine, Conkling and Cameron would not have Bristow to reign over them; and Morton, Conkling and Cameron would not have Conkling, and Conkling and Blaine would not have Morton. Thus they pierced each other's armor and fell in the struggle for the bauble of a day of power, leaving a pigmy to walk in triumph over their mangled bodies, and be greeted with the applause they had inspired for themselves.

Against Rutherford B. Hayes personally I have nothing to urge. I regard him as an honest man, for he has made no record to the contrary that now confronts him to condemn him. But the rule of honest weakness is one of the greatest of national calamities, especially when an Executive must obey Mortons and Conklings and Blaines, who have been dethroned in the highest tribunal of the party. It is respectable mediocrity in high places that gives to the shrewder and utterly desperate their most complete omnipotence. It was the weakness of Pierce that gave us the repeal of the Missouri compromise, with its endless train of sorrows; it was the senility of Buchanan that gave us the Kansas conflict and rebellion, with their crimsoned records, and it was the untalented and unteachable Grant who bowed to the political leaders of his time as they wrote dishonor and lawlessness over the gates of almost every temple of authority. And now, when statesmanship in its noblest sense is the hungry cry of the nation, and the want of the highest statue of manhood is felt in every home of the land, we are mocked with a blameless nobody, who is to be a feather in the nose of the very power that the party dare not indorse in a contest for popular favor. It was a golden opportunity for Republicanism to show that its mission is yet unfulfilled; by proving that it would rule better than in the past and better than adverse political organization. It was the time for its best man, not only its purest but its ablest champion, and with such a candidate it would have swept the country from ocean to ocean and from the Gulf to the Lakes. But it has proved unequal to its exceptional and probably its last opportunity, and has discarded the duty that was so plain that the wayfaring man well comprehends it. Such is the lesson of the nomination of Rutherford B. Hayes.—*Phila. Times.*

Women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love-like seeing them at work.

PRENTICE ON IMMORTALITY.

A corrupted version of the beautiful passage on the immortality of the soul, attributed to the eloquent pen of Geo. D. Prentice, is going the rounds of the press. As it appears in the version alluded to, it is completely marred. The true version is as follows:

"It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that life is a mere bubble cast upon the ocean of eternity to float for a moment upon its wave, and then sink away into nothingness and darkness forever. Else, why is it that high and glorious aspirations leap like angels from the temples of our hearts, and are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away leaving us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their midnight festival around the throne of Heaven, are set far above the grasp of our limited faculties, and are found mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of the affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?"

"We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm above where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will be spread out before us, like islands that slumber on the bosom of the ocean; and where the beautiful beings that here pass before us like visions, will stay in our presence forever."

This appeared in a sketch by Geo. D. Prentice, called "The Broken Hearted." It was the story of a young lady about 17 years of age, whom Prentice met in a country village in the western part of New England. "She had lost the idol of her heart's purest love," Prentice writes, "and the shadows of deep and holy memories resting like the wing of death upon her brow. I first met her in the presence of the mirthful. She was, indeed, a creature to be admired; her brow was garlanded by the young year's sweetest flowers, and the sunny tresses were hanging beautiful and low upon her bosom; and she moved through the crowd with such floating, unearthly grace, that the bewildered gazer looked almost to see her fade away into the air like the creation of a pleasant dream. She seemed cheerful, and even gay; yet I saw that her gaiety was but the mockery of her feelings. She smiled, but there was something in her smile which told me that its mournful beauty was but one bright reflection of a tear; and her eyelids at times pressed heavily down, as struggling to repress the tide of agony that was bursting up from her heart's secret urn. She looked as if she could have left the scene of festivity, and gone out beneath the quiet stars, and laid her forehead down upon the fresh green earth, and poured out her stricken soul, gush after gush, till it mingled with the eternal foundation of purity and life. I have lately heard that the young lady of whom I have spoken, is dead. The close of her life was as calm as the falling of a quiet stream; gentle as the sinking of the breeze, that lingers for a time round a bed of withered roses, and then dies from very sweetness."

Then the author went on to say, "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place," &c.—as above quoted.

We believe that Prentice is not entitled to this magnificent gem—the finest thing ever written upon the immortality of the soul. It was first written, if we mistake not, by the famous Bishop Heber, whose writings upon religious subjects have perhaps never been excelled for beauty and eloquence, by any divine the world ever saw.—*Rel. News.*

Eighteen hundred and seventy-six is a great year for this American nation. It is leap year, Presidential election year and the centennial anniversary of our independence, and for the purpose of giving us a rest during so much excitement, there will be one extra Sunday, or fifty-three in all.

UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

The following letter from the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens to the New York Herald exposes a glaring attempt on the part of Thurlow Weed to manufacture history. The letter is of interest to the people of the South, inasmuch as it is another warning to them not to encourage the sale of the many untruthful narratives of the late war, which have been manufactured in the North for the purpose of educating the minds of Southern children. The same may be said not only of these so-called histories, but also of the text books which are thrust upon our schools. The teachers of the South should exercise a discriminating judgment in the selection of their school books, and if possible give the preference to those of Southern authorship.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS REPLIES TO THURLOW WEED.

LIREKTY HALL, CRAWFORDSVILLE, GA., June 9, '76.

I have noticed, in a late issue of your paper, an article by Hon. Thurlow Weed, entitled "An Unwritten Chapter of History," in which Mr. Weed gives a narrative of how the Herald's influence was obtained for President Lincoln's administration. After relating the incidents which preceded his arrival at Mr. Bennett's mansion on the Heights, the following sentences occur:

"We then walked for half an hour around the grounds, when a servant came and announced dinner. The dinner was a frugal one, during which, until the fruit was served, we held general conversation. I then frankly informed him of the object of my visit, closing with the remark that Mr. Lincoln deemed it more important to secure the Herald's support than to obtain a victory in the field. Mr. Bennett replied that the abolitionists, aided by whig members of Congress, had provoked a war, of the danger of which he had been warning the country for years, and that now, when they were reaping what they had sown, they had no right to call upon him to help them out of a difficulty that they had deliberately brought upon themselves.

"I listened without interruption for ten minutes to a bitter denunciation of Greeley, Garrison, Seward, Sumner, Giddings, Phillips and myself, as having, by irritating and exasperating the South, brought the war upon the country. I then, in reply, without denying or attempting to explain any of his positions, stated the whole question from our standpoint. I informed him of facts and circumstances within my own knowledge showing conclusively the deliberate design of severing the Union to prevent California from coming into the Union as a free State. I gave him the then unknown particulars of an interview of Messrs. Toombs, Stephens and Clingman members of Congress from Georgia and North Carolina, with Gen. Taylor.—The object of that interview was to induce Gen. Taylor, a Southerner and a slaveholder, to veto the bill permitting California to enter the Union as a free State. It was a stormy interview, with threats of disunion on one hand and of hanging on the other. The facts were communicated to Senator Hamlin of Maine and myself within ten minutes after the interview closed."

I put the last part of this extract in italics. It is the only matter in this "chapter of history" that I wish at this time to notice; and the only notice I wish to take of it is to assure Mr. Weed and all your readers that no such interview of Messrs. Toombs, Clingman and myself ever took place with General Taylor. How he and Mr. Hamlin could have been informed within ten minutes after the particulars of an interview which never occurred I do not know; but I do know I never asked General Taylor to veto any bill whatever during his administration, I know also, and the records show it, that the bill permitting California to enter the Union as a free State did not pass Congress until after General Taylor's death; I do, moreover, know that I and my colleague,

Mr. Toombs, favored the admission of California as a free State under her then constitution during the whole of the stormy session. This the record will show. We never raised an objection to the admission of California on account of her anti-slavery constitution. In one of the stormiest debates I ever heard in the House of Representatives my colleague, Mr. Toombs, said: "We do not oppose California on account of the anti-slavery clause in her constitution. It was her right and I am not prepared to say that she acted unwisely in its exercise; that is her business." What he and I maintained was that the same rights which the free people of California had exercised for themselves in forming their constitution should be equally secured to the free people of other Territories of the United States when they came to form their constitutions.

How far this portion of Mr. Weed's narrative may have influenced the Herald toward Mr. Lincoln's administration I know not, but I do most solemnly protest against its being received as a correct item in the history of the country.—*Wil. Journal.*

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

THE COLORED VOTE.

That remarkably able and vigorous journal, the New York Sun, speaking of the negro in the Presidential election, correctly says:

As a factor in the coming contest for the Presidency, the blacks, as a race, will not play the part they have hitherto done for the Republicans. After being used and abused since the close of the civil war, and, while released from one form of slavery remanded to other evils, they at last have had their eyes opened, and will no longer obey the orders of their late political masters.

The thievery of the carpet-baggers, who stole from white and black, promiscuously, and the plunder of the Freedman's Bank by Grant's Washington ring and their pious confederates, have alienated this confiding people from their accustomed leaders, and brought them to a sense of the frauds and villainy of which they have so long been the victims. They have come to see that the policy of the Republicans in exciting prejudice against their old masters, and inspiring them with distrust of their best friends, was only a part of the system for capturing their votes while stealing their earnings and labor. Consequently there has been a great reaction all over the south, and at no time since the rebellion closed have the relations between the two races been as good as they now are.

The day that the army was withdrawn from the south as a ruling element by the loud demand of northern opinion, the carpet-baggers, scalawags, and adventurers, who held their power by the support of the military alone, were crushed out beyond any hope of recovery. So long as they could call for troops from Washington, and hold them subject to the orders of partisan marshals and managers, the negroes supposed naturally enough that they represented the government as they were backed by it. When that symbol of authority was removed, the whole fabric of knavery and violence fell to pieces. The blacks are timid, gregarious, and superstitious, and it required nothing more than this sudden change of circumstances to emancipate them from their political bondage, and to open up to their limited horizon new and better prospects for the future.

This is the true explanation of the remarkable revolution in parties in Mississippi and other southern States.—The colored people rushed over to the democratic side by tens of thousands when they saw that Ames and his crew were no longer able to control the army, and had really lost their grip at Washington. Pinchback and various leaders who have heretofore wielded a large influence among the negroes, and especially while the administration courted them, are now seeking to accommodate themselves to the new departure, and make no secret of their hostility to Grant, Casey, Packard, Kellogg, and others of that stamp. Pinchback's speech at Cincinnati served notice on

them that their former connections were severed, and that hereafter his race meant to look after its own interests.

The south is lost irretrievably to the Republican party, and even South Carolina cannot be counted with any certainty, for the causes which swept Mississippi away from the clutches of rogues and public plunderers are now operating vigorously in South Carolina. The frauds, broken promises, deceptions, cheating and rascalities of the republican leaders in Congress, and their emissaries in the South, together with the treachery of the administration, have disgusted the race and forced it to seek fellowship elsewhere.

The old ties between the whites and blacks will, before long, be stronger than ever. Reciprocal and permanent interests must be felt in the long run, and the landowner and the laborer will come together by a natural law, which makes them mutually dependent. In a few years the South will be more prosperous than at any former time in its history, and this prosperity will be one of its chief elements of strength and unity.

While the war was apparently the greatest calamity that ever befel the South, it is destined to be its greatest blessing, materially and morally. Adversity has made labor honorable among what was once the governing class.—Emancipation has raised the negro to a higher place. Between the two the salvation of the South is rendered sure. Already manufactures have sprung up in various States, and when the present financial strain has passed away, they will be multiplied by abundant capital, eager to embark in these profitable enterprises.

HIS OWN REPORT.

The first article in the *Christian at Work* for June 15th, is from the pen of the editor, Rev. Dr. Talmage, and is devoted to a pleasant account of his recent visit to Trinity College, North Carolina.

Dr. Craven he characterizes as "genial and able," the air as "deliciously cool," the fields as "golden ripe harvests," "the morning sweet with a Summery mixture of red-clover top cactus," and the brass band on the Campus playing "Away down South in Dixie." The business of Commencement he denominates the "launching of a group of young men from the dry-dock of collegiate life on the wide waters of professional activity."

He says: "We never heard so many magnetic speeches on one Commencement platform as on this. The stereotyped manner and inevitable gesture of the ordinary collegian were swallowed in the fact that the graduates had something to say"

"Notwithstanding what some of the politicians say, we believe the feeling of cordiality on the part of the South towards the North is almost universal. There are more bitter and blood-thirsty men at the North who need reconstruction than at the South. Before the next Presidential campaign is done this fact will be demonstrated. In Congress and in some of our Northern ecclesiastical courts there are determined to drag forth their war speeches of 1862. For Christ's sake, let us have peace!"

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

An eight day clock which chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, playing three tunes every twelve hours, or at any interval required, has been exhibited at Paris. The hands go round as follows: One, once a minute; one, once an hour; one, once a week; one, once a year. It shows the moon's age, the rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low water half ebb and half flood; and by a beautiful contrivance there is a part that represents water, which rises and falls, lifting some ships at high tide as if they were in motion, and as it recedes leaving these automaton ships dry on the sands.—The clock shows the hour of the day, the day of the month, there is provision made for the signs of zodiac, it strikes or not, as may be desired; and it has the equation table showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year.