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sented.

RICH.

The following, from the World is, by far the richest and rarest thing yet out in connection with the "Whence and Why" campaign:

MR. HAYES EXPLAINS HIS LETTER—A GENESIS OF PRINCIPLE THAT MEETS WITH OPPOSITION IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE—AN INTERESTING CONVENTION CHRONICLED BY A REPORTER UNDER THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.]

Columbus, O., July 10.—"Ruthy, dear," said Mrs. Hayes this morning to her husband at breakfast, as she unfolded the Ohio State Journal, which, next to the World, is her favorite newspaper; "so your letter of acceptance has come out?"

"Has it my love?" replied the Governor; "I understood that it would hardly be ready before Tuesday night."

Mrs. Hayes read in silence for a few moments; then with a wild surprise, as it appeared to your correspondent, who had with true journalistic instinct concealed himself beneath the breakfast-table, said:

"Why, Ruthy, what do you mean by saying the resolutions are in accord with my views? You know as well as I do that when the platform was adopted you told me yourself that the money plank wasn't a match with your interview in the Commercial."

"Hush! my love, hush!" said the Governor with uneasiness; "suppose some of the servants should overhear you! What I wrote was 'Most of the resolutions are in accord with my views' and I suppose the printers made a mistake."

There was silence, broken only by the munching of toast, till the tea-pot was set down with a violence that made the table creaky jump. Then Mrs. Hayes's low, flute-like tones, full of melody as the murmur of a hidden brook, were heard.

"Rutherford, you say: 'If elected, I shall conduct the administration of the Government upon these principles, and all constitutional powers vested in the Executive will be employed to establish this reform.' Can you sit in that chair and look me in the face after writing that? Didn't you promise me about Brother Peter, and Cousin Webb, and your nephew Edward, and Aunt Jerusha's three boys, and all the family?"

What did I hear you tell Mr. Schurz about Madrid? Why did Mr. Blaine telegraph you that if he had the Department of the Interior he would not prove a deadhead in the enterprise and to burn the letters so there couldn't be any more Mulliganing? What did you write to Mr. Cameron? What did you promise Mr. Chandler? And after all this to go and write—

"But, my angel," expostulated the compromise candidate; "I didn't write it. I shall make a point of telling Simon that he put that too strong. But these letters are only matters of form; they don't mean anything." "O, they don't, don't they?" replied Mrs. Hayes, with, as the reporter inferred, a sarcastic smile. "I suppose, Mr. Hayes, this doesn't mean anything either, where you come out for a single Presidential term? I suppose, Mr. Hayes, you didn't mean anything when you told Mr. Cramble to try and find a good tenant for the house for eight years from next March? I suppose you didn't mean anything when you ran three times for Governor and twice for Congress?"

"But, Libbie, my darling," said Ohio's favorite son, "you know as well as I do that it was fixed a month ago that I was to retire and cast the whole weight of the Administration influence for—"

"I know it, but didn't you tell me that before 1880 you'd put up a job on him so that his name would never go before the convention, and that 80,000 Federal officeholders were a big thing to buck against?"

"Dear dear, how little women know about politics!" said the great War Congressman; "but, my dear, Sam Bard should not have been quite so unanimous in inserting his one-term views. I told them beforehand, 'Write what you please and sign my name to it. But don't say anything decided.'"

There was silence for some time, until Mrs. Hayes remarked:

"Rutherford Birchard Hayes, didn't you say last year that this school question was poppycock and that the General Government had about as much business to pass an amendment about the school fund as it had to declare that you shouldn't eat beans on Monday. And look at what you say?"

"Madam," was the reply of the Governor, in a tone full of passion, "you will not understand me, I am just responsible for that d—d letter (here Mrs. Hayes put her tiny, snowy, perfectly moulded fingers to her shell-like, pink ears, ornamented with simple but priceless solitaire diamond earrings) as I am for the Ten Commandments! I didn't write a line of it; I haven't seen it yet; I don't know what Simon Cameron wrote about civil-service reform; and Sam Bard about one term; and Judge Kelly about sound currency; and Grant, who hasn't much education, or religion, or acquaintance with the Constitution, or regard for it, about the school question; or Spencer and Packard about the South; or Babcock about the punishment of all public officers who betray public trust; or Logan about frugality in public affairs; or Morton about a fraternal spirit of harmony. But I want you to understand, madam, that, as sure as Nebuchadnezzar ate blue grass, if I am pusillanimous I don't want to be told so by you in my own—that is, in the State of Ohio's own house. The Presidential lightning doesn't often strike a man, and it very rarely strikes a man like me. If you want to receive company in the White House you had better be prudent. It will only be because you are the wife of President Hayes."

Mrs. Hayes rose to her full queenly height and replied with a clear, metallic voice, like the tinkling of a bell in frosty weather:

"And if ever you get to the White House, it'll only be because you are the husband of Mrs. Hayes. Can't attack your record? Of course not; barber's signs never cause church scandals or commit murder. Correspondents come here in shoals and go away and write up my back-hair and boots. Rutherford B. Hayes, if you love me say so, but don't step on my toes!"

The hair of your correspondent rose on end in horror. The space under a round breakfast-table set for two is somewhat circumscribed, and in shifting my position I had inadvertently trodden on the tiny but exquisitely shapely foot of Mrs. Hayes! I wheeled round suddenly but noiselessly, and horror of horrors! barked the shins of Ohio's favorite son!

"I didn't step near your toes," he remarked; and if I had that's no reason for your kicking a bloody clasm in my leg.

Mrs. Hayes lifted the table cloth, and with an exquisitely modulated shriek fell back in a swoon that added a new charm to her expressive countenance. The Governor hauled me out by the collar.

"Who are you?"

"A reporter."

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Every word of it."

"My dear fellow," said the Governor, shaking me by the hand, "the press is the palladium of our liberties, and the Archimedean lever that moves the world. I knew you were there all the time, and Mrs. Hayes and I had all that conversation to fool you. A fraternal spirit of harmony should pervade

you and me at the beginning of the second century of our existence as a nation that we make it permanent as an era of good feeling, and a period of progress, prosperity and happiness. Will you come round and see me at the State House before you send off your letter to *The World*? I shall be disengaged at 5:30. You might like to add a brief description of Mrs. Hayes. You have an unusually good chance to take notes now. The Herald man admired her peculiarly when her countenance was lit up by rippling gleams of emotion—a holocaust, I believe, was the word he used—but myself prefer it in repose."

We then parted. Apprehending that he may try to play Jim Blaine on me I think it wise to mail this letter in advance.

PAUL PRY.

THE POOR OLD MUMMY.

[From advanced sheets of Charles Dudley Warner's Mummies and Moslems.]

The ancient Egyptians of the Upper County excavated sepulchres for their great dead in the solid rocks of the mountain; the dwellers in the lower country built a mountain of stone in which to hide the royal mummy. In the necropolis at Thebes there are the vast rocktombs of the kings; at Sakkara and Geezeh stand the Pyramids. On the upper Nile isolated rocks and mountains cut the sky in the pyramidal forms; on the lower Nile the mountain ranges run level along the horizon, and the constructed pyramids relieve the horizontal lines which are otherwise unbroken except by the palms.

The rock-tombs were walled up and their entrances concealed as much as possible, by a natural arrangement of masses of rock; the pyramids were completely encased and the opening perfectly masked. False passages, leading through gorgeously carved and decorated halls and chambers to an empty pit or a blind wall, were hewn in the rock-tombs, simply to mislead the violator of the repose of the dead as to the position of mummy. The entrance of the pyramids is placed away from the centre, and misleading passages run from it, conducting the explorer away from the royal sarcophagus. Rock-tomb and pyramid were for the same purpose, the eternal security of the mummy.

That purpose has failed; the burial place was on too grand a scale, its contents were too tempting. There is no security for any one after death but obscurity; to preserve one's body is to lose it. The bones must be consumed if they would be safe, or else the owner of them must be a patriot and gain a forgotten grave. There is nothing that men so enjoy as digging up the bones of their ancestors. It is doubtful if even the Egyptian plunderers left long undisturbed the great tombs which contained so much treasure; and certainly the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Saracens, left comparatively little for the scientific grave-robbers of our excellent age. They did however, leave the tombs, the sarcophagi, most of the sculptures, and a fair share of the preserved dead.

But time made a pretty clean sweep of the mummy and nearly all his personal and real property. The best sculptures of his tomb might legally be considered in the nature of improvements attaching themselves to the reality, but our scientist have hacked them off and carried them away as if they were personal estate. We call Arabs thieves and ghouls who prowl in the tombs in search of valuables. But motive is everything, digging up the dead and taking his property, tomb and all, in the name of learning and investigation is respectable and commendable. It comes to the same thing for the mummy, however, this being turned out of house and home in his old age. The deed has its comic aspect; and it seems to me that if a mummy has any humor left in his dried body, he must smile to see what a ludicrous failure were his costly efforts at concealment and repose. For there is a point where frustration of plans may be so sweeping as to be amusing; just as the mummy himself is so ghastly that his aspect is almost funny.

Nothing more impresses the mind with the antiquity of Egypt than its vast cemeteries, into which the harvests of the dead have been gathered for so many thousands of years. Of old Memphis, indeed, nothing remains except its necropolis, whose monuments have outlasted the palaces and temples that were the wonder of the world. The magnificence of the city can be estimated by the extent of its burial ground.

On the west side of the Nile, opposite Cairo, and extending south along the edge of the desert, is a nearly continuous necropolis for fifteen miles. It is marked at intervals by pyramids. At Geezeh are three large and several small ones; at Abooser are four; at Sakkara are eleven; at Dashoor are four. These all belonged to the necropolis of Memphis. At Geezeh is the largest, that of Cheops or Shoofoo, the third king of the fourth dynasty, reigning at Memphis about 4235 B. C., according to the chronology of Mariette Bey, which every new discovery helps to establish as the most probably correct. This pyramid was about four hundred and eighty feet high, and the length of a side of its base was about seven hundred and sixty-four feet; it is now four hundred and fifty feet high, and its base line is seven hundred and forty-six feet. It is big enough yet for any practical purpose. The old pyramid at Sakkara is believed to have been built by Ouenephes, the fourth king of the first dynasty, and to be the oldest monument in the world. Like the mounds of the Chaldeans, it is built in degrees or stages, of which there are five. Degraded now and buried at the base in its own rubbish, it rises only about one hundred and ninety feet above the ground.

ACCESSIONS FROM THE REPUBLICAN RANKS.

We are almost daily informed of leading and influential republicans in various portions of the state leaving the party with which they have been co-operating, and allying themselves with the democratic party.

There exists in the ranks of the republican party in this state, to-day, an amount of defection unparalleled in the history of North Carolina politics, and the accessions from that party to our ranks within the next few weeks will be large and, in the names of some of the men so changing their political relations, astounding.

This is the legitimate result of the conduct of the republican party for all of the past few years. Under the present administration of Grant the national government has become entirely personal. The public patronage of states has, under this system been parcelled off to a few favorite individuals, as their personal property and perquisites. So far as the control and distribution of the federal patronage goes, there has been for some time nobody in the republican party in this state outside of William Smith, Thomas Settle, Thomas Keogh and their little Greensboro ring. From one end of the state to the other this triumvirate has dictated and controlled the federal appointments. And they controlled them in the interest of the nominations just made by the republican convention for governor, lieutenant governor and the balance of their strikers on the state ticket.

In pensioning off their favorites and understrappers with federal appointments, Settle and Smith have offended almost every decent man of their party. They have misrepresented and calumniated every man in office or seeking place, who stood in their way, or interfered with the accomplishment of their personal designs.

They wrote and swore to Postmaster General Jewell that there were not two republicans west of the Blue Ridge honest enough, or otherwise qualified for the position of postmaster at Asheville, and that John A. Fagg was the only one they knew or could recommend.

As receiver of the Western North Carolina railroad, Smith often declared there was not a republican from Salisbury west whom he would trust with the funds of the road for which he was

responsible under his bond as receiver, and so he retained Mr. Erwin, a democrat. Governor Caldwell and the western republicans complained that he placed democrats in every position on the road, and denied republicans everything; and that those whom he found on the road he turned off. To all their remonstrances he invariably returned the reply that all the republicans were either dishonest or inefficient.

Settle and Smith have both persisted in keeping democrats in federal positions, when they could do so to chagrin and punish republicans not of their set.

They have united in endorsing and appointing to office confessed bribe-takers, thieves and recorded swindlers, forgers and perjurers. And they have confessed to having done so to secure the nominations they have just forced from the office-holders of their party and patronage.

Dictated to and bullied by the overbearing insolence of a swaggerer like Smith; betrayed by the insinuating smiles of the sinister Settle; insulted by a long list of outrages culminating in the appointment of Tourgee to the pension agency, and Timothy Lee to their state executive committee; destroying, as such conduct does, the last hope of honest or efficient government at the hands of the republican party, we are not surprised that honest men are leaving its ranks to join the democracy.

To all such as come to aid in the work of reform and restoration we extend a cordial welcome and brotherly greeting, and here they will be recognized and rewarded according to their merits, and not measured and estimated by the ring-rule established by the great masters of the republican party in North Carolina, Smith, Settle and Keogh.—*Ral. Sentinel*.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S CABINET.

THE REPUBLICAN PRESS ON MR. JEWELL'S REMOVAL—THE FREQUENT CHANGES IN THE CABINET.

The Republican papers are outspoken in condemnation of the removal of Postmaster General Jewell by President Grant. The New York Tribune says:

"The present action of the President throws a flood of light upon the circumstances attending Secretary Bristow's withdrawal from the administration, and if any further light were needed it illuminates still more the President's policy and his relations to the whole movement for the purification of the government service. It cannot be longer denied that President Grant has been all the time hostile to the policy and plans which Secretary Bristow in the Postoffice Department were endeavoring to carry out, to cleanse their departments of corruption and inefficiency and secure for the government honest and faithful service. No excuse is offered, not even the pretense of a pretext, for this summary expulsion of a faithful, able and honest officer. It is just the old story, made so familiar during the past seven years, of personal government, selfish, arbitrary, unreasoning and despotic rule. President Grant is doing what he can to handicap his party and insure its defeat."

The New York Times says:

"Postmaster Jewell has been turned out of the cabinet with as little ceremony as if he had been a serving man in the President's household. Mr. Jewell may have deserved this treatment, but if he did, the President owes it to the country to explain how. If his resignation was demanded out of mere caprice, or from some motive which the President is ashamed to avow, Gen. Grant has put himself in a position where his party will be obliged to resign him to the indulgence of a perverse humor, for whose freaks they must decline any responsibility."

The Philadelphia North American says:

"To explain the motives which influence President Grant in his political appointments is not an easy task; to excuse his manner of making them impossible. Since the removal of Collector Conly, of this city, without even a plausible pretext, the President has been making it lively all around. It does seem unfortunate that he should have used the axe chiefly upon the necks of those who in the public eye were considered as trying the element of reform."

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:

"Two better men were never so struck down than Bristow and Jewell. They gave their own characters to support that of an otherwise almost characterless administration, and their absence from the cabinet leaves Mr. Hamilton Fish without companionship there in his rigorous integrity. We can only imagine him as a Fish very much out of water in his present isolation. The summary dismissal from place of so wise, honest, energetic and useful an officer as postmaster General Jewell, is such as requires sound reasons for its justification."

The New York Evening Post says:

The removal of the Postmaster General is an offensive illustration of the manners as well as the methods of Grantism. With as little ceremony as he would use toward his stable-boy, the President turned out of doors one to whom he had given the strongest pledge of official and personal confidence by calling him to his cabinet councils. The President has done a bad thing and done it very rudely.

The Baltimore American says:

In removing Postmaster General Jewell the President has arrayed against himself the best sentiment of the country. No doubt his action seems entirely proper to himself, but a vast number of intelligent people think differently. Gen Grant is a man of indomitable courage, and never hesitates to accept the weightiest responsibilities. Probably he is strong enough to defy public opinion, but we fear that this arbitrary exercise of his prerogative will add nothing to his well-earned fame.

The Cabinet changes during President Grant's administration exceed in number those of any other, not excepting the turbulent administration of President Harrison. The following is the list.

There have been two Secretaries of State, E. B. Washburne and Hamilton Fish, the latter being the oldest Cabinet officer retaining his place. There have been five Secretaries of the Treasury, viz.: A. T. Stewart (not confirmed), Geo. S. Boutwell, Wm. A. Richardson, Benjamin H. Bristow and Lot M. Morrill. There have been four Secretaries of War, viz.: John A. Rawlins, William W. Belknap, Alfonso Taft, and J. Donald Cameron. Of Secretaries of the Navy there have been two viz.: Adolphe E. Borie and George M. Roberson. Of Secretaries of the Interior there have been three viz.: Jacob D. Cox, Columbus Delano and Zachariah Chandler. There have been three Postmaster Generals, viz.: John A. J. Creswell, Marshall Jewell and J. N. Tynes. There have been five Attorneys General, viz.: E. Rockwood Hoar, A. T. Akerman, Landau Williams, Edwards Pierpont and Alfonso Taft. That is to say, President Grant has had twenty-four Cabinet ministers.

THE WHISKY RING FINALLY TRIUMPHANT.

The President, says the Baltimore Gazette, has driven nearly every man out of office who made the raid on the whisky rings. Bristow has gone; Blufford Wilson has gone; Yaryan has gone; District Attorney Dyer has gone; and their places have been filled by men who will not bother the executive about reform; who will restore the old order of things, and let the plunderers again have access to the treasury vaults. Not a word of protest is heard from a single Republican Senator or Congressman against these scandalous proceedings. Mr. Conkling sits silent in the Senate and sees honest men sacrificed because they did their duty. Mr. Morton looks on and smiles approval, and the savage statesman from the West (Mr. Logan) congratulates himself upon the escape of his friends, and his own escape from the legal toils of guilty complicity that were closing around him. The whisky ring is again triumphant. The convicts in the penitentiaries of Missouri and Illinois have become the advisers and controllers of the President, and from their cells dictate the appointment of the officers of the law.

The head of the Department of Justice, Mr. Taft, mournfully complains that he is not consulted in anything; that his officers are removed without his knowledge or advice, and that cases in the courts are dismissed without consulting him. McKee is to be pardoned in a few days; McDonald is to be set free immediately afterward; Avery is to follow, and Joyce will soon join his wife and family in the splendid mansion on Georgetown Heights, in which the President formerly lived. The victory of the whisky ring is complete, and the ex-convicts will in all probability take the stump in a short time for Hayes and reform.—*Wit. Journal*.