

Randolph Regulator.

GOVERNMENT WAS INSTITUTED FOR THE GOOD OF THE GOVERNED.

VOL. I.

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27, 1876.

NUMBER 35.

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.....21 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.....12 00
One square, twelve months.....24 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 presented.

The Free-School Fund.

HOW GOVERNOR VANCE PRESERVED IT DURING THE WAR.

HOW HOLDEN SETTLED AND SACRIFICED IT AFTER THE WAR.

VANCE SAID ITS ABSTRACTION FOR WAR PURPOSES WAS ABSOLUTE ROBBERY OF THE POOR CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

HOLDEN WITH SETTLE AT HIS BACK CONSIDERED THAT ROBBERY.

HOLDEN TOOK THE SACRED SCHOOL FUND AND GAVE IT TO HIS CARPET BAGGERS AND THIEVES OF 1868-'69.

A war record of honesty and patriotism for Vance—a record of venality, robbery and crime for Holden—Settle has repaid the honors and profits of office won in this game of plundering the State, while the poor children, the victims of his party and his promotion, are left in the toils of poverty, the despair of darkness and the ruin of ignorance.

The Constitution, the New North State and Judge Settle will have to come down from their lofty attitude on the sacred free school fund of North Carolina. They have rung the changes on the charges that Governor Vance during the war laid the violent hands of a fierce traitor on the sacred free school fund of the State invested in good permanent securities, and put it into the worthless bonds of the Confederate States.

A holder falsehood was never uttered. Governor Vance or no other governor before him, had any control over the free school fund, but the legislature did; and Governor Vance hearing that a proposition to reinvest the school fund in Confederate bonds would come before the legislature of 1863, page 19 of his published message to the legislature, says:—

"There has been some disposition manifested to take this fund for war purposes. Should there really exist a serious design on the part of any one to do this (which I hardly think probable) I earnestly hope you will promptly defeat it. * * * Its abstraction would be absolute robbery of the poor children of the State.

"On the contrary it should be your duty to carefully preserve, and if possible increase this fund, make provisions for its regular distribution and do everything in your power to educate the youth of the country."

Is this the language and conduct of a man who robs school funds by investing them in worthless war bonds?

The North Carolina free school fund remained invested in the old above par stocks and bonds, and it was found to be in these securities at the close of the war, as follows:

Stock in State banks,	\$1,047,100.00
Stock in railroads,	600,000.00
Stock in Navigation Cos.,	32,500.00
Total stocks,	\$1,679,600.00
Other assets,	292,018.00
	\$1,971,618.00

During the war the bank and railroad stocks yielded large dividends in Confederate money. Some of this was invested in bonds of the State of North Carolina and some in bonds of the Confederate States of America.

In 1868 Holden with his crew of educators, innovators and resource developers came into power. Treasurer Jenkins reported that he found on hand the following stocks, &c:—

Stock in State banks,	\$1,047,100.00
W. and W. R. stock,	400,000.00
W. and M. R. R. stock,	32,500.00
Total stocks,	\$1,679,600.00
Certificate of indebtedness given by the State for her old bonds and interest,	\$ 334,536.35
Old bonds,	17,800.00
Other assets,	19,264.27
	\$2,111,200.00

The above is from page 39 of the published report of Treasurer Jenkins for 1868-'69, and it shows that none of the principal was touched or changed by Governor Vance or any one else during the war. Mr. Jenkins finds on hand every item belonging to the school fund before the war.

But along comes Governor Holden with his Ladins, Ashleys, Harrises and Pools. He reports in his published message to the legislature of 1868-'69, on page 19, that they had sold the stock in the Wilmington and Weldon and Manchester railroad, amounting to six hundred thousand (\$600,000) dollars for the sum of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand (\$158,000) dollars.

And this he says they had invested in those great permanent and invulnerable securities—the special tax bonds issued by the legislature of 1868. Land scrip, which the United States had given the State of North Carolina to found an agricultural college. Holden with his financiers and developers sold for one hundred and twenty (\$120,000) dollars, with which they bought one hundred and sixty thousand (160,000) dollars in special tax bonds.

In the year 1869 they received \$169,810.02. What did they do with it? They spent it as follows:

Expense,	\$ 6,158.18
Lent to university,	3,000.00
Lent to pay members of radical legislature,	158,000.00
Spent for schools,	000,000.00
	\$169,158.18

How was it the next year? The receipts for educational purposes for 1870, were \$333,973.76.

Of this fund they made disbursements as follows:

Expenses,	\$ 2,014.00
Lent to university,	12,000.00
Invested in special tax bonds,	38,981.86
Disbursed for schools,	38,981.86

They deliberately killed the university, yet we find that in 1869 and 1870 they spent there for the benefit of Sol. Pool, Fiske Brewer and such \$15,000 in loans that are all gone where the woodbine twineth.

Notwithstanding their pretended devotion to the cause of popular education, their boasted liberality, their reckless extravagance they spent nothing for schools during the first year of their administrative control of the school fund; and during the second and last year only \$38,981.86, although they received for educational purposes that year \$333,973.76.

And these are all facts by the record. They are brought out the democratic executive committee at much labor and with great pains and care to assure accuracy.

They show that Governor Holden and his associates of the republican party have plundered the State in every conceivable way, either systematically or through weakness, and that in the hands of that party which Settle now leads, even the sacred trust fund of the poor children of the State is not safe, and under the auspices of that party we should never have a system of free schools.—*Raleigh Sentinel.*

MAN'S WANTS.—"Man wants but little here below." A traveler in the wilds of Buenos Ayres thus illustrates that line: It frequently happens that the owner of a thousand oxen and horses, and five times as many sheep, has not a bed in his house, and is too lazy to take the wool from the sheep's back to spread on the ground beneath him. The skull of an ox serves him for a seat, and the horn for a cup, and this is all his household furniture.—*Yorkville Enquirer.*

PEACE AND REFORM.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL FOR LAW LIBERTY AND JUSTICE.

THE NATION MUST HAVE PEACE!

The nation must have Peace! It is the first aspiration of every patriotic heart North and South, East and West. It comes up spontaneously from every business interest; from every mart of commerce, from every channel of industry, from every home of plenty and from every centre of want. It pervades the prayer of every sincere devotion, breathes its gospel in every faithful teaching, and has its altar wherever religion has a resting place. It is the demand of every maimed and scarred warrior who loves the country for which he offered his life, and the brave men of the blue and gray, who made our battle-fields immortal by the heroism of the American people, would efface forever the estrangements of war, and welcome peace and brotherhood as the crowning victory of the noblest government of the earth. There must be peace for the sake of peace.

The prostrated business of the country must have peace! The raling of the demagogue will fall like tullese; upon the widespread distress and bankruptcy and want which prevail throughout every productive industry and every channel of trade. Hate will revive no thrift; inflamed resentments will not break the silence of the mills; the bitter memories of the war will not bring comfort to breadless homes; the recital of the madness of the treason of a generation now half perished from amongst us, will call no idle sinews to required labor; the horrors of Andersonville and Libby, so fearfully avenged of the passions of war, will whisper no words of hope to trembling credit, and the re-echoes of the violence of subjugated insurgents, uttered in the keen anguish of despair, will not for a moment stay the destruction that is sweeping over the paralyzed energies of the people. A convulsive campaign of studied appeals to sectional hate, cruelly mocks every suffering business man and every idle laborer in the land. It is a foe of capitol and of industry. It consigns half the continent to misrule, robbery and desolation. It impoverishes the South, where there should be prosperity and generous tribute to our debt and expenditures, and throws the whole burden of the government upon the North, now struggling almost hopelessly against universal prostration and embarrassment. It is a war without a single manly at tribute of war. It is a war against the earnest efforts of the mighty sections for peace. It is a crime against free government; a death-blow to every effort for restored prosperity, and if it shall triumph, the North and the South once enemies but now reunited by indissoluble ties, will be doomed to common misfortune.—There will be pitiless poverty in all that gladdens and ennobles a people and a terrible plenty of all that divides and degrades them. There must be peace as the harbinger of prosperity.

There must be peace for Reform!—Corruption holds high carnival in the fountains of power, national, State and municipal. It has permeated everywhere. Like the unseen miasma that insensibly saps the life of its victims, it has coursed its way into every temple of authority; into our social system; into our business channels, and even the altar is almost taught daily its pollution. It stains the Grant administration from the highest to the lowest of its dependents and its chief leaders recoil from the severe crucible a suffering people would demand for them. We have reached the deep descent of what was once dignified and honored authority, where to be honest is to be driven from trust, and with the approval of the first legislative tribunal of the nation. We see the most responsible gifts of the administration dispensed as rewards for faithlessness to law and successful resistance to justice. We see great Commonwealths in the South given up as the prey of thieves and adventurers; their elections perverted by riotous mockeries of the will of the people, and the President, the Senate and the army exhausting their powers to give victory to usurpers and

plunderers. We see troops ostentatiously thrown upon peaceable communities on the threshold of a national election, to invite the cunning of the lawless to provoke disorder that the innocent may be disfranchised and punished. We see carpet-baggers, who would not be trusted within sight of a village till, monuments of a nation's shame in the United States Senate, and crawling into gubernatorial chairs in spite of popular defeats, and guarded by every department of the government as if they were the jewels of freedom. We see corruption surging unchallenged about the very throne itself; the strong arm of power reached out to stay the avenging blow of justice, and the few faithful public servants who labored to assert the majesty of the law, striped for their devotion, defamed for their integrity and dismantled of their authority. We see great States in the North grinding in the prison-houses of corrupt leaders, who have usurped the party machinery and made themselves masters of the people. The honors of the State have been bartered to the most accomplished in political infamy, and the substance of the tax payers has been perverted to speculation and debauchery. And we see great cities as great sores on the body politic—polluting the ballot, degrading official trust, and giving consuming waste and debt and taxation as the logical fruits of their governments. There must be peace for reform.

There must be peace to bring faithful rulers to accountability. Eight years ago the nation declared for lasting peace. Peace was the slogan that rallied the people to the support of the hero of Appomattox; and they rejoiced as he taught peace by dividing his highest honors with the Confederate warrior Longstreet, the Confederate Senator Akerman, and many others of lesser note. For nearly eight years President Grant has been empowered to strengthen peace throughout the land. He had every department of the government in political sympathy with himself, and ample authority to enforce his mandates. He had Senators obedient to his will issues, and he and they had but to enforce honesty and maintain law, and peace would have been supreme. But ambition bred debauchery; debauchery begat disorder and crime, and violence was summoned to defend the disturbers of the peace and to punish those who pleaded for government and law. Prodigy and greed became the painfully prominent attributes of political power and throughout its countless streams demoralization spread a withering blight. And now the authority that has been charged with the peace of the nation for eight years is brought before the great tribunal of the American people for judgement of approval or condemnation. If there is not peace, it must answer for it. If it has rejected peace, it must be execrated and overthrown, for the people created it in the love of peace and will not accept discord and hate as its offering. They are sick at heart of sectional strife. In their extreme distress and embarrassment and want they ask some other garlands of eight years of trust, than the flaming wreath of a divided and resentful people, and they will demand peace that they may take an account of their stewards. In vain will Cameron train his guns and marshal his gleaming bayonets in the contest, and idle will be the bloody shirt declamation of Morton and Conkling and Blaine and Kilpatrick as they flaunt the banner of endless hate before a people who long for fraternity, that they make a united effort, over the graves of the dead and the passions of long-ended strife, for common prosperity and common brotherhood. Federal and Confederate, with the distinction effaced by the sword, look out through appalling misrule for some relief from the universal distress that besets them, and they demand peace that they may restore to prosperity the country they have made illustrious in the flame of battle. There must be peace; and in peace and for peace, North and South will enter the solemn Centennial judgement of the Republic in behalf of Honesty, Liberty and Law.—*Philadelphia Times.*

COL. THOS. S. KENAN IN ANSON.

"ONE OF THE PROUDEST DAYS OF HIS LIFE."

IS WAITED ON BY THE VETERANS OF HIS OLD REGIMENT—A GRACEFUL DEMONSTRATION.

(The Polkton Ansonian.)

Saturday last was a day long to be remembered in old Anson. Among other interesting events of the day, was the reception of Col. Thomas S. Kenan, by the members of his old regiment, of which three companies were from this county. At the ringing of the bell they assembled in the courthouse, and after organization, it was ordered on motion of Lt. H. Brown, that Lt. L. L. Polk form the men in line—march them to the office of Messrs. Ashe and Bennett, where it was understood the colonel was, and so dispose them that they could shake the colonel's hand, that Lt. Polk convey to him the gratification and pleasure it afforded them to welcome him.

It was further agreed that fathers, sons and brothers of those who died or were killed in that regiment, be invited to participate.

They immediately repaired to the public square, which was crowded by hundreds of eager spectators, and "Fall in forty-third" rang out above the din, and with that splendid old soldier, Sergeant J. J. Dabbs at the head, the line was soon formed. After taking them through some exercises in the company drill, which were performed with creditable alacrity and accuracy, the column moved down the street, "in fours," and was halted in front of the office. They were then thrown into "open ranks," and "Kenan! Kenan!! Colonel Thomas S. Kenan!!! rang out from a thousand throats. His appearance on the porch, with head uncovered, was the signal for shouts, yells and cheers, such as had never been heard on the streets of Wadesboro. Lieutenant Polk then stepped forward, evidently embarrassed to suppress the emotion which the occasion excited, and said in the most feeling manner: [I do not claim to give his exact words.]

"Colonel Kenan: I am the honored organ—chosen by my old comrades, the veterans of the old 43rd regiment, who now stand before you—to convey to you the expression of our high gratification and pleasure at meeting you for the first time in our county, and to extend to you the warm welcome of a soldier's hand and a soldier's heart. We have come, sir, to take you by the hand and to assure you of our high appreciation of those qualities of head and heart, that so endeared you to us as our beloved commander, in those dark "days that tried men's souls." And while we remember the associations of those scenes of suffering, carnage and peril, through which you, as our leader and commander, bore the flag of the "forty-third" so gallantly, we again gladly greet and hail you to-day as our leader, bearing as you do, the banner of justice, right and reform. We ask of you the pleasure of grasping your hand."

Colonel Kenan then replied: "My old soldiers and friends: This is one of the proudest and happiest days of my life. The recollection of this day and this scene, I shall fondly cherish as long as I live, and am truly proud of the opportunity and pleasure of seeing you again after so long a separation, and taking each of you by the hand. You have been pleased to allude to my humble services, as your leader during the war, and to honor me with the assurance of your approval of my course and conduct in that capacity. Allow me to say that I am to-day proud to acknowledge you as my leader, and to express the hope that in our struggle for the preservation of our liberties, the people will always be found in front. Those seeking or holding positions of trust and honor should be the servants and followers of the people. Again thanking you for this demonstration of friendship and esteem, I wish now to take each of you by the hand.

The front rank was brought to an

"about face," and the colonel with head uncovered, and accompanied by Lt. Polk, passed between the ranks shaking the hands of each eagerly and warmly. Scores of men who witnessed it, were moved to tears. It was indeed an affecting scene, and one which was as honorable and complimentary to the noble men as to the gallant colonel. Old men bowed with age whose sons had fallen under his leadership, one legged and one armed men, and men who bore upon their honored persons the scars of scores of hard fought battles took his hand, and by the expressions of their warm feelings attested their love for him who had indeed been a friend when a friend was needed. The silence and stillness in that large crowd was evidence that all were impressed with the scene. When asked to take his position at the head of the column, to be escorted to the stand, he declined, saying as he placed himself in the rear, "No, you felt it your duty to follow me once and now I feel it my duty to follow you." He was escorted to the stand, where many of the ex-soldiers of his regiment, who did not arrive in time to participate in the reception, went to him and shook his hand. It was an interesting occasion, no less creditable to the men than it was complimentary to him.

ORVILLE GRANT DRUNK.

THE PRESIDENT'S BROTHER LOCKED UP THE ST. LOUIS CALABOOSE.

(Special dispatch to the New York Sun.)

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 12.—A rumor which circulated in the streets of St. Louis last night, that Orville Grant, brother of the president, had been arrested in a condition of beastly intoxication, proves to-day a fact. At just about dusk, special officer Von Magge and a brother patrolman wheeled the president's brother up to the Four Courts in a handcuff, and dumped him out at the main entrance. They had found him, they said, lying in a vacant lot near the union depot, and but for them he would surely have lost his fine gold watch and chain, and perhaps his gold-headed cane and silk stove-pipe hat. When dumped out, Orville was still in a semi-conscious condition, and unable to stand on his legs. He was carried into Capt. Burgess' office, where he was relieved of his valuables, including a large number of documents from Washington and the Indian agencies, and was then carried down to the calaboose and thrown into cell No. 10, along with some half dozen other "drunks."

So far he had escaped recognition, but an inspection of his letters and papers soon established his identity. All of them were addressed to O. L. Grant, Elizabethtown, N. J., and with a few exceptions they all related to post-traderships, Indian contracts, &c. Some of the letters were from a partner in Washington, and others from Indian agents out west. His watch was an elegant gold one, but no name could be found on it.

The drunken man remained in the cell until toward midnight. Then a witness for the defence in the late whisky cases, one Louis Bohie, drove up to the Four Courts, and inquired about the chances of getting the president's brother out. He was informed that Orville would be released when sober, and an officer was sent to the cell to ascertain the drunken man's condition. In a short time he reappeared, bringing in the president's brother. Orville presented a sight truly piteous. He was not yet quite sober enough to realize fully the shame of his position, but he was dazed and troubled. His clothes were mussed, his head bruised and muddled, and his general appearance sickening. His face was red, his eyes swollen, and his moustache hung down at the corners. He staggered along the hallway, gave a nod of recognition to Bohie as he passed into the office to register his name in the property book. Silently he wrote out the signature, "O. L. Grant." Then he received back his gold watch and other valuables, and left in company with Bohie.

It seems that the afternoon Orville Grant had been drinking with friends at the Lindell hotel, where he had arrived some time before, but had not registered. About five o'clock he slipped away unnoticed, and when heard from at the hotel had been arrested. After his release he was put to bed at once, and inquiries for him to-day were unproductive. The door of his room, No. 175, was locked, and letter for him was in his box, but he was not visible. The president's brother was either sleeping, or persistently keeping out of sight.