

Randolph Regulator.

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BURIED IN A GOLD MINE.

I am an old miner. Not one of the now-a-day Washoe and Nevada stripe, but an old forty-nine California miner. I have been engaged in all descriptions of mining transactions, except the new-fangled one of mining stock in companies—"feet" I believe they call it. Among my varied undertakings was one operation in a tunnel in which I and my partners engaged in the Summer of 1852.

One afternoon in that year, as I was carrying up a bucket of water from the river to our tent at the top of the bank, my feet caught under a large stone, and my perpendicular was at once changed to a horizontal posture, while the overturned bucket spread itself in various directions. With a few expletives of rather forcible character, quite customary and common in that region and period, I raised myself to my feet again, and picking up the bucket, was about to retrace my steps to the river, when my attention by a folded paper, which had been placed under the stone causing my fall. When my foot tripped, the stone was overturned, and the paper, folded in letter form, lay exposed to view. Bending over, I picked it up, and proceeded to examine it. It was written with pencil, in characters very irregular and stiffly formed, as if made by a person with a wounded hand. The contents were as follows:

"If this letter should fall into the hands of any person, I wish to inform them that I have been attacked and mortally wounded by my two partners who wished to obtain my money. Failing to discover it, after wounding me they fled, leaving me here to die. Whoever gets this letter will find buried in a ravine at the foot of a blazed tree," twenty-five pieces due North of this, a bag containing five thousand dollars in gold dust. That it may prove more fortunate property to him than it has to me, is the hope of—

ANDREW FORRESTER.

I stood for some minutes after reading the letter like one awakened from a dream. I could not convince myself that the letter in my hand was a genuine document, and read it over and over again, thinking I might get some clue from the handwriting to the real author. It might be a trick got up by my partners to raise a laugh at my expense. No; the place where it was found, and the purely accidental discovery, rendered such a surmise very improbable. I sat down on a log, and turned the matter over and over in my mind for some time. At last I got up, and pacing off the required distance in the direction mentioned in the letter, I came to a large tree. Carefully examining, I discovered a scar, clearly indicating that the tree had been "blazed" at some remote period. This was "confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ;" and I immediately went to work to discover the locality of the ravine. Here I was at fault. Nothing of the kind was to be seen. To all appearances a stream of water never had passed in the neighborhood of the tree. This was not encouraging; and I sat down on the ground and read the letter again, to see if I had not mistaken some of its directions. No; I was in the right place; but where was the ravine?

A tap on the shoulder aroused me from my meditations, and on looking up, I saw my two partners, who loudly abused me for having neglected the preparations for their supper. As an

excuse, I showed them the letter, and detailed the manner of finding it. To my surprise, they were as much excited by its perusal as I had been, and we all looked around perseveringly for the ravine, but without effect for some time. At last Jack Nesbitt, who had been a miner since '48, said:

"I think there has been a ravine here but it has been filled up by the rains."

On close examination, we decided that his suspicion was correct, and after some consultation we determined that the next morning we would commence digging.

Morning came and we repaired to the spot with pick and shovel. Jack proposed that we should follow the course of the ravine, which appeared to run into the body of the hill, rather than to dig down in any one place.—The result was, that in a few days we had formed quite a cave in the side of the hill. We worked at this tunnel for four days without finding the bag. On the fourth day, Jack proposed that he and my other partner, Bill Jennings, should carry the dirt down to the river and wash it, leaving me to dig in the tunnel. In that way, they thought we might at least "make grub," while searching for the hidden money. I thought the idea foolish, but as they had entered so eagerly into my views regarding the buried bag of dust, I made no objection to the plan, and dug away with redoubled energy. In fact, I had thought so much about the object of our search, that I had become utterly regardless of anything else. I had dreamt of it when sleeping, mused on it when waking, and it had obtained complete control over my mind. Day after day we worked—I digging and my companions washing; yet, strange to say, I did not become discouraged. They said nothing about the bag of gold dust; and I asked them nothing about the result of their washing the excavated soil.

We had worked about three weeks, and had formed a tunnel extending about fifteen feet into the hill, when, on one afternoon, completely tired out, I sat down to rest in the cave. I had only intended to sit a little while, but five minutes had not elapsed before I was fast asleep. I was awakened by a crash, and found my feet and legs completely covered by a mass of dirt and stones. The front part of the tunnel had fallen in, and I was in a manner buried alive. About ten feet of the tunnel remained firm, and from my observation of its structure prior to the accident, I was convinced that I had no reason to apprehend any danger in that quarter. My partners had carried dirt enough to the river to keep them busy there for the rest of the day; so I had nothing to hope from their assistance. The question that first presented itself to my mind was, How long can life be sustained in this confined state? I had read a dozen different times, statistics in relation to the amount of air consumed hourly by a human being's lungs, but, like almost every body else, had merely wondered at the time, and then forgot the figures.

How much would I have given then to have been able to recall them! The next thought was, How can I proceed to extricate myself? The question was difficult of solution. If I went to work with a shovel and pick to clear away the dirt that had fallen it was extremely likely that all which I could be able to remove would be immediately replaced by that which would fall from above. This was pleasant! I racked my brains to devise some means of liberating myself, but without effect.

Leaning against the wall in utter despondency, I was about to throw myself on the ground and await my fate, when I observed that quite a current of water on a small scale was making its way down the side of the cave. At first I was alarmed, as I thought it might loosen the earth above, and bring another mass down on my head. The next moment the thought struck me that it might be turned to my advantage. Why could I not so direct it that it would wash away sufficient earth in its progress to the outlet of the cave to make an opening large enough to al-

low me to crawl out through it? Even if it only succeeded in making an air-hole, it would enable me to exist till my partners could come to my rescue. Carefully examining the course of the water, I succeeded in finding the spot where it entered the cave, and to my great joy ascertained that I could easily direct it, by cutting a channel out of the side of my prison to the mass of earth that blocked up the entrance to the tunnel. The air at this time was quite hot and stifling and I became aware that whatever was done must be done quickly, or I should perish for want of oxygen. After I had cut a channel for the water to flow towards the entrance, I enlarged the opening by which the stream entered the cave, and delighted to observe that it flowed with redoubled force. Taking my shovel, I pushed it through the moistened earth, as far as I was able, and then awaited the further action of the water. In a few minutes I was enabled to push it still further, till at last it was out of my reach. Then placing my pick-handle against it, I pushed both, as far as I could. With what eagerness did I watch to see the first opening made by the water, and I was soon gratified by observing that it flowed in a steady stream in the direction in which I had pushed the pick and shovel.

In a few minutes I discovered a faint glimmering in the distance, which might be an opening or the effect of an excited imagination, I scarcely knew which. But the doubt soon resolved itself into certainty, and an opening some five inches in diameter speedily disclosed itself. Larger and larger the opening grew; lump upon lump was washed away by the stream until the channel became large enough for me to place my hand in and halloo lustily for assistance. Just as I was drawing my head back, I caught sight of a buckskin bag. Hastily seizing it, I found it was the one we were in search of, and which, but for the accident, I would never have found. Wishing to surprise my companions, I concealed it, and redoubled my cries. In a few minutes they came running up the hill, and soon liberated me from my unpleasant position.

"Well, Ned," said Jack, as he shook me by the hand, "I'm glad to see you're safe, old fellow—the more so as Bill and I have been deceiving you a little. You know we have been trying all the summer to get you into a tunneling operation, and you have only laughed at us."

"Yes," said I, wondering what would come next.

"Well, when you got that letter, Bill and I made up our minds that we would go into the job with you; not in hopes of finding any bag, but because we knew you would work twice as hard with such an inducement, intending, meanwhile, to wash the excavated dirt. This we have done; and, my boy we have never made less than three hundred dollars any day since we commenced."

"Then you think that bag is a humbug, do you?"

"Why, of course," said he.

"Well, I don't, and I intend to go on looking for it," said I.

"Now, what is the use of being foolish?" quoth Bill Jennings. "We have got as much dirt as we can wash for some time, and it pays. I can't see the use of continuing such a wild goose chase as the hunt for the bag."

"Still I intend to follow it up," said I.

Bill and Jack conferred together for a while, and then the former said:

"Well, Ned we might as well tell you first as last. I wrote that letter in order to go into tunneling."

"And the 'blazed tree,'" said I; how about that? The 'blaze' is certainly two years old."

Jack hesitated.

"Why, you see," said he, "we found that tree and wrote that letter, to suit it."

"Then what do you think of this?" I asked showing him the bag I had found in the cave.

Jack was nonplussed. On opening the bag we found about three thousand dollars worth of gold. Jack would never confess, but always insisted that variance between the statement in the

letter and the amount in the bag was proof enough that there was no connection between the two. I don't think so, however, and I believe that Jack's assertion of having written the letter was untrue. We could never ascertain anything about Mr. Forrest, so we divided the money among us.

ORIGIN OF WORDS.

Most men, and women too, desire fame or notoriety. Yet a great fame may come to base uses. St. Etheldreda's names become shortened to St. Andry, from whence comes the word "tawdry," signifying cheap and gaudy. It is said that the images of that saint were so much over dressed by her votaries, that they thus unconsciously furnished the English language with this expressive term. And further endorsement was given to the word by fairs held on St. Etheldreda's day, at which articles of female finery were sold. Another sainted lady who lived in the same century, the seventh, gives a household name to the cat. "Tabby" is said to have come from St. Abbe. Two sons in England are named in her honor. Tabley, but come from the corrupted name "Tab." "Boston," as some few people know, is St. Butolph's town, shortened, and there is in the American as well as the English Boston a street named "Butolph," after the saint.

Among the most curious derivations is the Turkish name of Constantinople, Stamboul. The colloquial phrase among the Greeks to designate the place was "eis ten polin," "to the city." Of this the Turks made "Istambool," and, finally, Stamboul. In an effort to produce English words in Turkish characters, a Turkish scholar could get no nearer "scoundrel" than "Ascoundrel." The transformation in this case is as curious as Stamboul, pronounced Istamboul, from eis ten polm. York, from the Latin Eboracum, would seem to present at the first glance little resemblance to its original. The process of change in common usage was something as follows: Eboracum, Eborac, Eborforwic, Eorie, York. This is almost equal to the derivation of the name of a pickle from Jeremiah King, Jerry King, Jer. King, girkin. But colloquial changes are not always to be despised. They mean history. The common expression "a game leg," for a lame leg, would at first seem to be making game of a misfortune. The true word is "gam," old English, meaning defective. We have Cambridges in great numbers in the United States, in places where there is neither a river, cam, nor a bridge. Every machinist knows that a "cam" is a name given to a piece of machinery which causes an eccentric motion. The river Cam is a crooked river.

Names of places in this country are meaningless in their application, except as in the case of old towns, showing where the first settlers came from, like Chester and others. There are many Nottinghams, but those that date their letters in those towns do it without consciousness that they are noting the fact that the respected ancestors of some of us were troglodytes and lived in caves. Nottingham, the original name of Nottingham in England, signified "the home of the dwellers in caves;" and antiquarian examinations have found traces of the residences of these cave dwellers. Such are a few of the curious transformations to which words and names were subject, while as yet the people were unable to read. The sound changed the orthography, and thus nearly every trace of the original disappeared in the course of time. If the world were in like condition now, with no printed books and newspapers to preserve the correct spelling, wild work might be made even with prominent names. Fellowship would hardly be recognized by the founder, could he return. Baltimore would be a puzzle to Lord Baltimore. Two other leaving cities, when mentioned together, seem to have in the sound of their names, a distinction as to age, namely—New York and Newer Leans—though the latter loses a syllable in the second to the enrichment of the first.

A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS ABOUT MARRYING.

[From the Sunny South.]

I now ask a place in your columns to talk awhile with the young ladies. Marriage is the topic of all topics most interesting to them, and 'tis about this selfsame subject I wish to speak. I know how girls are, for it has not been very many months since I was one myself. More than half the time, my brains were filled with marrying—just such thoughts as these; whom I should marry, what I would do and where I would live after marrying. O, I had quite a nice little castle loftily built in my imagination and peopled with my king and me, who would always love each other to distraction, and never, never fuss.—This would be unalloyed happiness I decided. You see girls I was like the rest of my sex; and like me, you will one day find marriage the most responsible, matter-of-fact existence in the world. So don't build castles in the air about it, but "enjoy your own" while you may, for when you give up your maidenhood romance is gone and reality begins.

When you have good homes and kind parents, stay with them as long as you can. By staying as long as you can, I mean until your "day of grace" in the matrimonial market has nearly waned. But I advise no woman to live an old maid. For at some time she might be left all alone, dependent on herself for support, and there is no end to the jeers and scoffs a woman has to endure when left alone in this world. Yes girls, marry, all of you, but don't be in a hurry about it. Consider the step long and well before you take it. It is no child's play; remember you are resigning freedom, girlhood and a heart free from care, for the trials and burdens of a double life. The responsibility of a family is attended with vexations and trouble which the caresses of a kind husband may lighten but not remove.

Marry for love, but be sure to love an industrious, temperate man. And when you are preparing to marry, prepare yourselves also for work. This you cannot escape, unless your suitor happens to be wealthy, which is rarely the case these critical times. For the eleven years, Southern women have been forced to toil. Many a dainty creature who was raised in affluence and luxury has sunk into a mere household drudge, with scarcely an idea beyond the wash tub and cooking stove.

A young man marries on a salary of seventy-five dollars per month, with no other income. He pays forty or fifty dollars per month board for himself and wife. Out of the balance of his salary the washer-woman, clothing and doctor's bill, have to be paid.—The result is, the end of the year finds him in debt. He sees no other way of getting things straight, so he goes back to live with the old folks at home, and many years may pass before his wife can possess that which is the greatest crave of every woman's heart—a home of her own. Her family increases. She does all her home-work and morning burles. She scrubs at the wash tub or kneads her bread while her baby clings to her skirts fretting to be taken on her lap. And when night comes, heart sick and weary, gladly would she seek her couch, but the cries of her teething child keep her busy half the night walking and trotting him. Many a careworn mother will silently affirm that this is a true picture of her own life, to which the premature wrinkles in her face bear testimony. I present facts without coloring. I have given you a peep into the matron's home, young ladies. Of course, there are exceptions; the woman of wealth has no necessity to toil like her less fortunate sister, though her cares are about as numerous. All women who have children have cares. Children, especially babies, are troubled with many diseases, and what mother can bear her child crying with pains and remain unmoved? She spends many a sleepless night watching over the little sufferer, and only a

mother knows how her heart is rent and torn by anxiety.

Enjoy your youth, young girls.—Get all the fun you can out of every hour. Your troubles are only imaginary. Be as merry and happy as larks; and if you grow weary of your lot and murmur because you see no way of changing it, think of the thousands of married women who sigh to rest their overworked bodies and minds from the wear and tear of their hum-drum existence. * W. W.

'DAMN THE SUPREME COURT.'

These words of our "second Washington" promise to become historical. They serve to mark an era in history as well as the politics of the country. A great political party proposes to adopt as its own the sentiment embodied in the homely vernacular of President Grant: "Damn the Supreme Court!" Why not, if its authority stands in the way of the consummation of the frauds which the electoral votes of a State are to be stolen and counted for the candidate of Chandler and Jay Gould? It is true it was only the Supreme Court of a State which Grant thus summarily consigned to perdition when its decision was quoted in opposition to his views; but there is no reason to doubt that if it had been the Supreme Court of the United States, or the Constitution itself, the expression of his Excellency's opinion would have been just as emphatic. What right has the Supreme Court of a State to set up its interpretation or construction of a State law in opposition to the fiat of Chandler—"Hayes has 185 votes and is elected?" Of those 185 votes South Carolina must furnish 7, Louisiana 8, and Florida 4, otherwise Hayes is not "elected" and Chandler is "made a liar." Shall it be permitted that a miserable, pettifogging "Supreme Court," with its hide-bound notions of law and of the meaning of a statute, and its narrow and contracted view of the powers of a returning board, shall thus falsify history, when it has already been recorded, and reverse the decision of the chairman of the National Republican Committee? Forbid it—all ye powers of falsehood and of fraud!

To prevent such a catastrophe in South Carolina Judge Bond was sent to Columbia, and the contempt for the Supreme Court which Grant only expressed in words Bond gave expression to in act.—Washington Union. *

STRONG WOMEN.

We hear of a Miss Barker in Caswell county, who can shoulder two bushels of corn as easy as going to mill. But the strongest woman lives in Rockingham. The widow Brooks is the best wrestler in all the county. Doc Horton settled at Reidsville and boasted himself the champion belt, till he was told one day there was a woman in the county that could throw him, and Doc swore he'd have a bout with her before sundown, and rode over for that purpose. The widow was out in the barn with the hands stripping tobacco.

"Good morning Mrs. Brooks; my name is Horton; I've come over to rattle with you."

"Sir! do you mean to insult me?" asked the widow.

"Not at all, ma'am," said Doc, "but I've thrown the crack rascals in this country, and I ain't goin' to have it said a woman can throw me, so cut your capers!" and Doc reached out for "all under holt" and made for the widow.

A bulk of tobacco laid near the door, and as Doc ambled up, the widow seized him by the coat collar with one hand and the hip of the pants with the other, and she dashed him head-foremost over the tobacco, flat on his back on the floor. As soon as breath returned Doc crawled out to get his horse, the widow merely saying to the hands:

"Don't stand lookin' at that fool; go on with your bizness."

She's there yet and makes the best tobacco in Rockingham.—Ral Observer.