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THE SOUTH UNDER THE LASH.

And That Lash in the Hands of Negro Politicians.

A NORTH CAROLINA NEGRO AND A BOSTON YANKEE DISCUSS THE FATE OF THE SOUTH IN A WASHINGTON CITY CAFE—THE SOUTH TO BE REPRESENTED IN CONGRESS BY NEGROES—NORTH CAROLINA TO FURNISH HER QUOTA—NEGRO SUPREMACY, SOCIAL EQUALITY AND MISCEGENATION—THE FORCE BILL THE INSTRUMENT—SUCH IS ITS MEANING.

White Men of North Carolina, Read and Consider!

Two men sitting facing each other over a small table in Washington City cafe one day last week, attracted more than usual attention from the other guests. One of them rejoiced in a clean-shaven face, rather full and beefy, with well-defined lines dropping from either corner of the mouth, a chin that lost itself in a dew-lap, and a strident voice which exercised itself many times during the conversation with: "I am John Wilson, of Boston." His vis-a-vis was the possessor of a countenance of the complexion of a well cured side of bacon, very knotty as to the front of it and very kinky at the top. He was Mr. Abraham Johnson, of North Carolina, otherwise, "Abe Johnson," and his business in Washington related to a certain "pintment" in New Bern Internal Revenue district. The sight of a white man and negro eating from the same table in a restaurant at the North is too common to provoke any great amount of attention; but the tone of perfect familiarity and fellowship that marked the intercourse of Mr. Johnson and Mr. Wilson, and the subject-matter of their conversation, exploited in a voice that overrode rattle of dishes and reached the remotest corners of the apartment, made it impossible to ignore the performance. That subject was the Lodge Federal Election bill, better known by the name with which it has been appropriately stigmatized, the "Force bill." We cannot hope to give our readers the entire conversation in its original richness, but the drift of it may be gleaned from the subjoined paragraphs, which are not without interest as fairly indicating the sentiments and motives which underlie this extraordinary political move, and the ultimate results of its successful perpetration according to the calculations of its promoters.

"Personally," the man from Boston explained, "I have never had the temerity to venture into your country, Mr. Johnson, knowing, as I do, the danger attending a visit among those crude and savage people by a gentleman of progressive New England ideas. All the same, my heart has never ceased to beat with warmest sympathy for your poor, down-trodden race under the cruel yoke of white domination. But a brighter day is dawning, my dear fellow—a day of perfect brotherhood between your people and mine—when full justice and honor will be accorded you in spite of your ignorant and malignant oppressors. The Lodge bill, which we were speaking of will be the beginning of this glorious era, Mr. Johnson."

The representative of the down-trodden race lifted a glass to his lips, washed down a large mouthful of beefsteak and remarked sentimentally: "Yass'r, it sho'ly is."

"No doubt of it, my long-suffering friend," the other days of your people's martyrdom are numbered."

He glanced around the room triumphantly to note the general effect.

"Lodge is an old friend of mine, Mr. Johnson, and a royal good fellow. I know the metal in him, and with that sturdy champion of the people's rights, Tom Reed, to back him, we can snap our fingers at all opposition. You are familiar with the details of this bill, Mr. Johnson?"

The fact is, that Mr. Johnson's knowledge of particulars was very hazy. He had a well defined notion that the general purpose of it was to place the machinery of the elections in the hands of the niggers, and make their voices supreme in matters political and he said as much.

"To be sure," the other assented; "I see you are a man of few words, but excellent perceptions. We don't put it exactly on that ground, but you are correct in the main idea. What has been pulling down this country, my dear friend, is these white Southerners in Congress. Traitors in the national councils! We must weed them out, Mr. Johnson; we must put good men and true in their places, and your race is to be the noble instrument by which this ulcer is to be removed from the body politic."

"Jess so," Mr. Johnson assented by way of attesting his perfect understanding of the affair.

"You see it is this way Mr. Johnson. We have the President. We have the Senate secure for years to come, by the admission of Republican territories and the exclusion of those where the heresies of the Democratic party might make them dangerous members of the Sisterhood. We have the House, with* glorious old Tom Reed in charge, and we mean to keep it. We regard it as a sacred duty—a matter of patriotism and religion, Mr. Johnson, to rout out all heresies and punish treason with an iron hand. We hold the whip, my dear friend, and these white Southerners must be made to feel the bite of it. Look at the Montana Senators. Look at Breckinridge and the rest of the white Southerners, kicked out of the House of Representatives. Look at your own great, glorious Prof. Langston—what a noble type he is! By the way, Johnson, did you read his speech when recently serenaded in this city—the paean of thanksgiving of the long down-trodden brother, raised by our party to a pinnacle of fame on the necks of his white oppressors? No? Why, why—you astonish me. It sounds the key-note of our great moral campaign. Mr. Johnson, 'THE BLACK MAN HAS TRIUMPHED, HIS ENEMIES ARE CONFOUNDED. HENCEFORTH HE WILL STAND AS THE NATION'S ACCREDITED REPRESENTATIVE OF THE NEW SOUTH. LET HIM NOT REST HERE. ON TO THE SENATE! ON TO THE PRESIDENCY!' That is the trend of it, Mr. Johnson. Glorious!"

"Didn't say nothing 'bout the second North Carolina revenue deestrick?"

"Oh! fie, my beloved friend, no! you dear, trusting people have so long been hewers of wood and drawers of water that your minds will still dwell on these trivial matters. Don't you know that your race is to be called upon to regenerate the South and represent it in the higher councils of the nation? Don't you know that the first fruits of the Lodge bill are to be twenty Congressmen taken from your race to take the place of these despised Southerners. I say from your race—Mr. Johnson—all from your race, for that is on the programme as the most effective way of crushing at one masterful stroke the monstrous pride of these Southerners and making their humiliation complete. Yes, sir, twenty colored Congressmen to start with, and the machinery of this bill has been built up piece by piece with a painstaking that leaves nothing to be desired, and fitted into a whole far too thorough to admit of any reasonable probability of the plan miscarrying. How would you like to be a Congressman, Mr. Johnson?"

A double row of ivory gleaming through a prodigious aperture in the sable gentleman's countenance conveyed his sentiments in a way that was not to be misunderstood.

"Nothing easier, I assure you," the friend of Mr. Lodge continued.

"The details have been perfectly arranged. You see, in the first place the appointing power of the Federal Supervisors who are to have charge of the elections resides in our Circuit Federal judges. I say our judges, for they are all tried and true Republicans who may be implicitly relied on to do the patriotic work that is set for them."

Mr. Johnson's grin expanded at the imminent peril of engulfing his entire upper anatomy.

"The Chief Supervisor is the main thing, and you may be certain our judges will be alive to the importance of selecting men who will carry out the party's wishes with becoming fairness, and without any absurd squeamishness or sentimental scruples. These Chief Supervisors must come largely from your race, Mr. Johnson. What are they to do? Why, bless your innocent heart, THEY ARE TO DO IT ALL—name their own subordinates who shall have absolute control at the polls. These men, too, will naturally come largely from those of your color. They will have undisputed charge of all voters will be decided by them. No man will dare vote against their bidding, except at the cost of a term of a years at hard labor in the penitentiary. Let the officials appointed by the State to oversee the details of the election dare to interfere and they will fare no better. I repeat it, these Supervisors, three at every voting precinct, reinforced by their deputy marshals and with the whole fore of the Government behind them, will have absolute power as to who shall vote, the counting of the votes and the forwarding of the result to our Board of Canvassers similarly appointed.

This Board will then certify to the election and there is no power in the machinery of the puny State in which the election is held to disturb the result. From first to last everything decisive will be in the hands of Federal officials specially commissioned to do the work—in the hands of OUR people. Could you wish for anything better than that, Mr. Johnson?"

The son of Ham hardly thought he could. He wanted to know if the election officers usually appointed by the State were to be dispensed with entirely.

"Practically yes," the philanthropist answered, "so far as the Congressmen are concerned. To be sure they will be there, but what can they do? They will not dare to lift a finger except by authority from our Supervisors, my friend. And if for any reason the opening of the polls should be delayed for an hour—one single hour—our people will run the whole thing without even having these figureheads at their elbows. The bill provides for that specifically. I say that if for any reason the opening of the polls should be delayed; you can imagine how they might be, my friend, eh?"

The men exchanged winks and grimaces and the Bostonian proceeded:

"Another wise provision, my dear fellow, is that the Chief Supervisor holds his position during good behavior, which is another way of saying 'for life.' Suppose the Democrats should get possession of the House by next month's election, what could they do? Not one solitary thing—Mr. Johnson, they would find our Supervisors already in charge for life. Their clerk would be compelled further, to accept the returns of our Canvassing Boards and seat the men thus certified to without cavil or question. You see we will be entrenched in an absolutely impregnable position. Even that worst of possible calamities, a Democratic President, would be powerless to interfere with us, our majority in the Senate being assured for years to come. Is not this great cause for joy, my friend?"

Mr. Johnson stood picking his teeth with the tines of his fork long enough to reply that there was not the least doubt of it.

"Why, your own State," he of Boston went on to say, "is down for at least four colored Congressmen to start with. Let's see, there's the First District. With our Supervisors in charge there is no reason in the world why this long-misrepresented district should not be with us. The Second has already covered itself with luster. We have a chance in the Third—under the new management, mind you—and the Fourth is naturally ours. Plenty of fine material among your people in that, Mr. Johnson. You see I'm something of a political student. Yes, sir, we must have at least four colored Congressmen from North Carolina to begin with, bear that in mind, Mr. Johnson; it is men of your stamina and your color, too, that we need. These people must be broken! Reed sees it and Lodge sees it, and the rest of us see it."

"How come they didn't pass the law before adjourning?" the brother in black inquired.

"Oh! don't allow that to bother you; there were too many other pressing things that had to be looked after, and these howling, filibustering Democrats made progress slow. We had to get through the new tariff bill; so many of our staunchest people are interested in it, you know, and postponement would have been dangerous. I'm in the manufacturing business myself—Wilson's Self-illuminating Stove Polish—and of course it's only human nature to look after private interests first. But now that all over and we have nothing to do after the Congressional recess but to whoop up the election bill and make the party solid for years to come."

Mr. Johnson also wanted to know why it was that only in cities of a certain specified population the Supervisors were authorized to make a house to house canvass before election.

"There you go again, my unsophisticated fellow," his companion exclaimed. "Some people are so timid and conservative that it isn't always best to speak right out; one must be politic. Why, sir, does not the bill specifically authorize the Supervisor to make a house to house canvass in a voting district of any size, provided he 'has reason to suspect fraud.' And what on earth pray, could prevent our friends from having reasons to suspect fraud if it would be a point in their favor to do so? Dismiss all scruples on that score, Mr. Johnson; the very essence of the bill is to have a house to house canvass in every Southern election district before election. And your race must supply the men to do it. I can't make it too emphatic, these white Southerners must be humiliated."

He paused to give the words becoming impressiveness and resumed: "Imagine yourself one of these officials making the canvass, Mr. Johnson. You go from house to house and collect whatever information that may be useful in making up your polling list. The law empowers you to make all enquiries that you may consider necessary. If refused admittance, kick the door down. If no men are present, make the women tell you."

"S'pose they won't answer?"

"Won't answer? Jail 'em. The law authorizes it. If these Southern white women with their fine airs should be contumacious to you, Mr. Johnson, remember that the majesty of the law surrounds your sacred official person and teach them a wholesome lesson by having them severely punished. In old times, my friend, nations sometimes used to excuse the killing of the women of unfriendly nations on the ground that they should not be spared to rear new enemies. I don't say I go quite that far in the practice, Mr. Johnson, but the logic of it is sound, very sound. What these howling Southerners need is to feel the chastening rod severely—to write under it—the mothers of traitors as well as the traitors

themselves. You know how it would give an extra twist to the torture to have this chastening come direct from the hands of the negro. That, though, is the very heart of the Lodge bill, my friend. Harass them, worry them, provoke them, defy them, show them that by the grace of triumphant Northern Republicanism, you are their betters, and have the spirit to avenge their insults and past tyranny. If they dare to lift a hand to interfere with you, if they should be provoked into threats or even give you reason to suspect that they might make trouble, remember that the whole power of the United States Government is back of you. Every bayonet in the service is at the Supervisors' call by express authorization of the bill. The only fear is that there may not be bayonets enough in the army to keep the polls pure from the defilement of these white Southerners. You know a bayonet when you see it, Mr. Johnson? Have you forgotten the Shoffner bill?"

He did. He had even seen them at the polls in his own State in the baleyon days of the scalawag and carpet-bagger—though he expressed it rather differently.

"Yes, and you will see them again, my brother, piles of them. Let one of these obstreperous Southern whites dare to lift a finger! You may have to handle a musket yourself, Mr. Johnson; there are a good many Southern voting precincts and the United States army is none too large. I trust you would be ready to discharge this patriotic service, my friend, with proper firmness."

Mr. Johnson explained that he was not harassed with doubts on that point.

"Certainly, certainly, my long-suffering brother; you and your people are coming to their own at last, and the prospect is glorious. Now, is you have the slightest doubt of our earnestness in this matter, hear what Lodge himself says. These are his own words to his enthusiastic constituents when accepting a renomination last week. He pulled from his pocket a copy of the Boston Journal of October 5th and read:

"We are entering on a struggle with which that over the tariff or silver is as nothing. There is no calumny and no slander which our opponents, and especially those who lie coiled at the feet of their Southern masters, will not invent, no resistance they will not make; but whether we as individuals fall or succeed at this moment, the ultimate triumph is surely ours. Let us raise again the scarred battle flag which carried us to victory over slavery and secession, and whatever our personal fate may be, we may rest in absolute confidence that the right will conquer and that the labor to which we now put our hands will not be in vain."

"Nothing uncertain about that, eh, Johnson?" Let us raise again the scarred battle-flag that carried us to victory over slavery and secession"—this shall be our shibboleth, from the noble lips of the author of the bill himself. Learn them by heart, Johnson; teach them and preach them to your people—live up them! Old New England is in the saddle again and once more I say it, these Southern whites must be broken."

Mr. Johnson said something, and the Force bill missionary continued:

"Yes, my beloved brother, the new day of perfect race equality is not far off—perfect brotherhood, I say, social, civil and political. These miserable race prejudices impudently vaunted by the Southern whites are relics of a barbarous age and worthy of a people of barbarous and brutal instincts. Your great Mr. Frederick Douglass has set his people a worthy example. Mr. Johnson, I have the honor of personally knowing Mrs. Douglass—a most charming and estimable lady, I assure you. Why should the

difference in the color of their skins shut the love of that grand and noble man out of her virtuous heart and debar her from taking him to be her beloved husband and bearing him children to bless their lives?"

"Absurd, sir, ridiculously absurd! These audacious Southerners have become an effete people, Johnson. They are getting more hopelessly so each succeeding year. History has dealt with such problems before, and always the remedy has been the same—THE INFUSION OF NEW BLOOD—THE BLOOD OF A DIFFERENT RACE. This is the only hope for the South, Johnson—A NEW RACE, WITH THE RICH, WARM BLOOD OF OUR PEOPLE COURSE THROUGH THEIR VEINS. That is what our political prophets and high priests have in their mind's eye. The Lodge bill is only to blaze the way—oh! there is a glorious future for you and your people, my beloved friend and brother. Remember what Lodge says:—LET US RAISE AGAIN THE SCARRED FLAG."

"And now, my dear friend, will you accompany me to the parlor, where I fear my enthusiasm has kept Mrs. Wilson waiting too long? I do so want to present you to her and to my daughters, and we shall be very proud to entertain you, Mr. Johnson, if you ever visit Boston. By the way, would it be quite convenient for you to take my place and escort the young ladies to the theatre to-night, Mr. Johnson?—it's tame sport for me, you know. But mind you, no sly glances, you saucy fellow!"

And Mr. John Wilson of Boston, playfully poking the ribs of Mr. Abraham Johnson, of North Carolina, locked arms with that estimable gentleman and the two strolled leisurely from the room.

PLATFORM OF PRINCIPLES.

Of the Railroad Commission Club, of Buncombe County.

Whereas, Democratic promises unfulfilled and Republican villainy unaccomplished in practical results the same, the one does no good, the other does no harm. Therefore we hold that "deeds and not words are the only guarantee of Democratic fidelity."

Resolved, That we deplore and condemn the infamous railroad lobby that has debauched and degraded the last several sessions of our state legislature and that has defeated the railroad commission bills before our legislature for enactment;

Resolved, That every consideration of the State's best interest demand that we have a railroad commission; looked at an economic question, or as a political or moral question, the establishment of a commission is demanded by the people, and will never be settled until one is given them. We believe that this demand for a commission righteous and just, and as a business proposition is necessary to the State's best development. We hold that is good politics to eliminate by settlement a question that is on the side of the people a popular demand and on the side of the corporations is a public menace.

The lobby that has been maintained by the railroads in our legislatures of late years is a moral obloquy on the State's fair name and fame that should be blotted out at once and forever.

Resolved, That we believe that the generally accepted maxim of the railroads, that it is easier to manipulate a legislature than to elect one is all wrong. We hold that a fair is sue of this railroad commission question ought to be made, and if the railroads can elect their agents as such, to our legislature as representatives, then they ought to go with the proper brand on them and be known of all men for what they are.

Resolved, That we subscribe to all the requirements of the State platform of the Democratic party as enunciated last month by the

State convention in Raleigh, and while we denounce and condemn the Lodge bill, and all other iniquitous legislation proposed or attempted by the Republican party in national affairs, we maintain that as the Democratic party is the minority it is important to promulgate, or pass any beneficent salutary laws by national legislature, but can only use the best means in its power to oppose the enactment of bad and revolutionary laws. Therefore we hold that being unable to give us what we should have in national legislation, that in the State where the Democratic party is supreme in power and command that all encroachments of corporate power and domination and all vicious political methods shall be suppressed.

We give all honor and glory to those faithful men who did their duty in the dark days of reconstruction, but believe that it is our duty to do something in the living present, that the last decade of the century be no reproach in history on those that have gone before.

We believe that living and present issues are the best stimulus to worthy acts.

We therefore demand that the railroad commission bill be made a prominent feature of the coming political campaign and that leaders worthy of the cause rise up and lead us to victory.

We demand a railroad commission consisting of three persons, to which shall be given full powers to protect the rights and interests of the people, to have the power to regulate and correct all discriminations in freights and other charges and to adjust a schedule of tariffs favorable to the people and that no secret rebates be allowed.

Resolved, That we subscribe to and adopt the foregoing resolutions as the fundamental principles of our club, which shall be called Railroad Commission Club, and that we pledge ourselves not to support or vote for any candidate for the legislature in the coming campaign not committed to and in favor of the establishment of a railroad commission upon the basis herein set forth.

All citizens of Asheville and Buncombe county holding the opinions and beliefs contained in these resolutions are eligible to membership in this club, and are cordially invited to join with us and help us in the movement.

Persons desiring to join this club, apply to S. K. KEPLER, Pres. Or N. PLUMADORE, Sec.

Justice Miller.

The Washington Post says of the late Justice Miller:

He was much more than a great constitutional lawyer in the ordinary sense of the term. He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of that great charter; with the motives and impulses of its creators; and no more skillful interpreter of its subtle meanings ever sat upon any bench. Hence his sturdy and impressive defenses of the rights of the States and of popular sovereignty as opposed to Federal centralization. Such a man could not be otherwise than in sympathy with the people. He was not only so by negative instinct, but made so by his logical deductions from the organic law of the government as being in its intent and essence the bulwark of the people and the outgrowth of an irrepressible demand for their more "perfect union."

In private life he was a citizen without reproach—a man, of plain and simple tastes, of easy and genial manners; a thorough lover of his kind, and at peace with the world. His greatness wore an unpretentious garb. His relations to others were unswervingly honorable and upright. The warmth of his affections corresponded to the brightness of his intellect. His passing away is in the nature of a public sorrow, alleviated only by the reflection that he sinks in the arms of the grim harvest fall of fruitful years, and leaves to his people the benefaction of a radiant example and imperishable memory.

THE NATIONAL DEMOCRAT.
The Republic which Democratic honor
shook at Washington and the Express
of St. N. The Democrat will exert
a national politics while the Express
will score you in States and local poli.