

THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

VOL. VII.

CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1889.

No. 33.

A Paper-Cutter, a Pudding, and New Job Type have been added to our Job Office, and we can now do work to suit even the most fastidious. Call in and see samples of the work we have done in the last few days. Advertising rates made known on application.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Caucasian and the Opinion of others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

Harnett county has decided, by 151 majority, not to move the county site to Dunn.

The State Press Convention will meet July 17th. Place not yet determined, but somewhere in Western Carolina.

The June number of Godey's Lady's Book is an excellent number. Two frontispiece illustrations, "Parity" and "To the Golden Sands," etc., are both well rendered. A two page piece of music, "Golden Love," will find many admirers in this month of marriages. Among the literary pages is an illustrated story entitled "Thalia," by Emily Lennox, the name of the author being sufficient warrant for its merit. "A Model American Girl," by David Lowry, opens well, and promises some good descriptions of Washington society for the future. "A Later Day Lochinvar," by Ada Maria Peck, is a story with a moral, as all her writings have. John's Jealous Wife, by Eugene Hall, who, although a new contributor to Godey's, is an author of much merit in the literary world. "A Woman's Way," by Elsie Snow, grows more exciting with each number. Numerous short stories and poems, with fashion notes and work articles, complete a creditable number to finish the one hundredth and eighteenth volume of the magazine. Published at Philadelphia, Pa.

Judge Ruffin died at his home in Hillsboro last Friday morning. He was about 65 years of age, was a graduate of the state University, was a son of Chief Justice Ruffin, and has himself graced the bench of the same august tribunal which his father did before him. Our readers can form a good estimate of the character of this intrepid soldier, learned lawyer and distinguished jurist, and of his sterling worth as a citizen from the following opinions:

"His death leaves a great hole in the legal profession."—Pres. K. P. Battle.

"He felt an earnest interest in the public good, and ranks among the first men who have sat upon our Supreme Court bench."—Associate Justice Merrimon.

"I can not say too much in expression of my high regard, affection and respect for him."—Chief Justice Smith.

"The deceased was one of the best Judges and one of the most forcible writers who ever adorned the Supreme Court Bench."—Col. Thos. S. Kenan.

"By the death of Judge Ruffin the State has lost one of its purest men and greatest lawyers."—Mr. R. T. Gray.

"In the death of the late Judge Thomas Ruffin we have lost, in my opinion, the ablest and most successful practitioner of the law in the State."—R. H. Battle.

"He was thought by many, when in the full vigor of health, to be the finest practitioner of his profession in the State. He was always thoroughly prepared as to the law and the facts of his case, was a powerful advocate and great winner of verdicts, and was unsurpassed in his skill in cross examining a witness. It is said that falsehood could not live under his searching and withering cross examination."—Judge Strout.

"He was a typical North Carolinian, despising shams and pretenses of all kinds. He was a man who never hesitated to do what seemed to him right, who never shirked a duty or forgot a friend."—C. M. Busbee.

"He was notable for his great clearness and vigor of mind, tenacity of purpose and strong will and determination. Loyal to his State and her institutions, he lived without fear and died without reproach—at peace with his fellow men and in cheerful submission to the will of God."—News and Observer.

WEALTH NOT PLUTOCRACY.

The mere fact of a large accumulation of wealth in a country is not proof of danger to social order or to republican institutions.

There is no prejudice in this country against riches honorably acquired and rightly employed. On the contrary, pretty nearly every body is after them or would be glad to possess them. An ambition to get on in the world and to secure financial independence is most creditable, and it is at the bottom of our nation's wonderful progress.

Even the sharp practices by which great fortunes are often acquired—and many of them are tainted in their origin or progress—are overlooked in the present negatively unobjectionable or positively beneficent use to which they are devoted. It is recognized that large sums of money in single or in few hands are needed to the prosecution of great enterprises.

No, there is no hostility worth mentioning in this country to wealth per se, honorably won or rightly inherited and employed in the proper public spirit.

It is only when money gets into the arena of politics and seeks control of the Government that it becomes obnoxious and dangerous. When money secures its possessor a high office by corrupting the suffrage or debauching public servants it is a cause of injustice and a source of danger. When the money of a great corporation, a debt or to the government for a large amount, is employed in maintaining a lobby at Washington to "look after the legislative, the judicial and the executive departments," as Mr. Huntington coolly admitted that the Central Pacific money was used, it is a public enemy.

There is no difficulty in drawing the line. The money power makes itself a plutocracy when it invades the domain of politics and government and substitutes the selfish interest of the few for the will and welfare of the many. It is the beginning of this encroachment that the people are called upon to resist. The possessors of large wealth should be content with their opportunities for accumulation and enjoyment in this highly favored land. They should be glad to be let alone. When they entrench upon the rights of the people they should hear and heed the sharp admonition, "HANDS OFF."—N. Y. World.

MADE HIM A POLITICIAN.

An Alabama man who wanted to find out what profession his son was best fitted for, put him in a room one day with a Bible, an apple and a dollar bill. If he found him, when he returned, reading the Bible, he would make a clergyman of him; if eating the apple, a farmer, and if interested in the dollar bill, a banker. When he returned, however, he found the boy sitting on the Bible, with the dollar bill in his pocket and the apple almost devoured, and so he decided to make a politician of him.—Winston Sentinel.

HOMI-SICK.

The sensation of homesickness has been variously described, but never more graphically than by a little girl, who, miles away from home and mamma, sat heavy-eyed and silent at a hotel table.

"Aren't you hungry, dear?" asked her aunt, with whom she was traveling.

"No'm."

"Does your head ache?"

"No'm."

"What is the matter?"

"The child's lips quivered, and she said, in a tone to grieve the heart:

"I'm so seasick for home!"

EGGS—TRAORDINARY.

We learn from the Clinton CAUCASIAN that 21 chickens were hatched out of 15 eggs. If this statement is not eggs-aggerated it is cackle-lated to arouse hen-tusiasm among the laity, and hen-gender a disposition among them to chant-a-clear-or record, and thus give us caws to hunch out another crop of fowlest puns.—Wilson Mirror.

Wife—"I mended the hole in your trousers' pocket last night after you had gone to bed, John, dear. Now, am I not a thoughtful little wife?" Husband—(dubiously)—"Well-er-yes, you are thoughtful enough, my dear, but how the mischief did you discover there was a hole in my trousers' pocket?"

DR. BATTLE'S ADDRESS.

A PROFOUND AND LEARNED DOCUMENT, TEEMING WITH NEW AND ORIGINAL IDEAS.

HIS SUBJECT:—ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF CHANGES IN THE STATE'S ORGANIC LAW.

He Explained the Causes and Results of the Changes.

HE POINTED OUT THE DANGERS AHEAD AND THE DUTY OF THE RISING GENERATION IN AVOIDING THE SAME.

He Related Many Pleasing and Interesting Stories and Incidents About the Unique Characters of the Last Century.

HUNTLEY, N. C., May 23, '89.

On last Friday Hon. Kemp P. Battle, LL. D., President of the University of North Carolina, delivered the annual address before the closing exercises of Salem High School and the 14th Anniversary of the Philotechnic Literary Society. After being very happily and gracefully introduced by Mr. H. E. Paison, a member of the University Graduating Class of '81, and a rising young attorney of the Clinton bar, the learned doctor and distinguished educator proceeded, and for an hour held the attention of a large and promiscuous audience with one of the most instructive addresses it has ever been our good fortune to hear.

We had hoped to be able to treat the readers of THE CAUCASIAN with a reproduction of the address in full, but for several reasons the Doctor would not consent for the document to be put in print at present, but promised it to us for a future issue. Therefore we are forced to give you a brief outline or synopsis only of it at present:

He opened by stating that as this was a centennial year and so much had been said about the United States Constitution, and the changes in our National Government, from pulpit and forum, that it would not be inappropriate to take a review of our Constitution and Government of 1776 and to trace a century's changes up to the establishment of our present Constitution in 1876.

He first went into a discussion of the principles underlying the Constitution of 1776, and showed, though the idea of the people was that each branch of the Government—Legislative, Executive and Judicial—should be separate and distinct, yet such were their horror of the Judges and Governors appointed by the King of England, and under whom they had lived during colonial times, when their only safeguard and protection lay in a representative Legislature, that in their desire to curb the powers of these officers, they went too far and put them almost entirely under the control of the General Assembly. This was effected:

1st. By having the Governor elected by the Legislature and then for one year only, and giving that body power to reduce his salary during term of office.

2nd. By having the Legislature to select the Council of State, (viz., Secretary of State, Auditor, Treasurer, Attorney General, etc.) which council was to watch the Governor rather than advise him.

3rd. The Legislature also governed the pardoning power of the Governor, and appointed and paid the officers and members of the State militia.

4th. By placing the salaries of Judges under the control of the Legislature.

5th. While the Judges held for life, or rather during good behavior, yet the Legislature could get rid of them by abolishing their offices.

In addition to these autocratic powers which the Legislature held over Governor and Judges, it also had unlimited power of taxation and exemption from the same. Also of running the State in debt. Notwithstanding these tremendous powers, our Legislative bodies in the main acted unwisely, except that they showed a rather niggardly economy toward public improvements and the material progress of the State. However

CANT SEE ANOTHER.

AN UNSOPHISTICATED HONEYMOONING COUPLE WENT TO THE NEW YORK CENTENNIAL.

Enough Experience, Dearly Bought, to Last to All Eternity.

George W. Clark and Martha W. Van Wert were married in Slingerland Center, N. Y., on Monday, April 29, 1889. George kept "the store" there, owed not a cent in the world, and had a hundred dollars, besides his railway tickets, in his pocket when they started on their wedding-journey.

They had planned it months ago. Both their grandfathers had served in the Revolutionary War; both bride and groom bore names handed down from that era, and both were "well up" in American history.

John Adams Clark, cousin to George W., had been "clerking it" in Nassau street for three years. He had engaged rooms (as a special and personal favor to himself, the proprietor's friend, he wrote, in the Rochambeau Hotel.

"Hang expense!" George W. had written in ordering quarters. "A man expects to have but one bridal tour, and it is yet more certain that a Centennial comes but once in a hundred years."

John met them at the Forty-second street station with a carriage, upon their arrival on Tuesday morning.

The conveyance was old and rusty, the horse older and rustier, the driver oldest and rustiest of all. The jolting and rocking over the stones on their way to the hotel threatened, said jolly George W., to shake the filling out of their heads.

"He has such spirits!" smiled the pretty bride. "But who could be depressed on such a day, in such a scene? It is like Fairy Land. And I just doat upon a crowd!"

She repeated the exclamation, standing at the window of the reception-room at the Rochambeau, overlooking the gorgeous panorama below.

"I suppose we can see as well here as anywhere else—can't we?" she added, in naive complacency.

"I am afraid all the hotel front windows are engaged," said John Adams, who had escorted her for up, leaving George W. to settle with the driver. "I guess I'll go and see where George is."

He looked and felt uneasy. The best bar, ain he could make for the miserable trap and rack-o'-bones that had brought them from the station was ten dollars.

George W., his complexion like a purple cabbage, was in loud dispute with the seedy cabman. A crowd of grinning loafers surrounded them; two Rochambeau porters stood on the steps, superciliously disgusted. A policeman charged into the mob, club in hand, as John Adams appeared, with a vociferous "Move on!"

The driver had demanded fifteen dollars for the job. John Adams argued that it was a violation of contract; George W. asserted that he would carry "the thing" before a Justice's Court sooner than pay it. The tumult promised a side-show not set down in the programme. The officer swore impartially at all concerned.

"Pay him!" he ordered, brutally. "Next time, look sharp! There's no use disputing anything to day. Centennial prices, you know!"

The "next time" was when the elevator carried the bridal couple up five stories to a stuffy, single-bed room upon a court, dimly illumined by one gas burner. "All right, sir," affirmed the porter. "Last room we had left. Wouldn't have got this, but party called home by telegram. Half million people'll sleep in the streets o' N' York to-night."

George covertly abstracted a card from the back of the door, and while his wife made her toilet, carried it to the crowded office.

"Can this be correct?" trying to speak calmly as the cross-clerk glanced impatiently at him. "No. 450 is a beastly hole, not fit for a decent man to say nothing of a woman. Yet here I find it set down at \$15 a day for one person, \$25 for two."

"Needn't keep it if you don't like it. Could let it to other parties for \$50 this minute. Centennial rush must be met, somehow. Move on, please!"

Forty dollars gone—or as good as gone—already, and nothing—or worse than nothing—to show for it! And they had meant

CUMBERLAND NEWS.

THE FAYETTEVILLE AND ALBEMARLE RAILROAD A PROBABILITY.

Efforts Being Made toward Getting Sam Jones to Come to Fayetteville—An Attractive Depot to be Built.

(REG. COF. CAUCASIAN.)

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., May 27th, 1889.

The principal appointed by Hon. C. W. McClammy, at Annapolis, having failed to stand his examination there, Mr. Alfred A. McKethan, a bright young lad of this city, has received the appointment, he having been the alternate.

Mr. E. J. Hale, of this city, who was appointed Consul to Manchester, England, by President Cleveland, four years ago, has been removed by the Republicans. It is probable, his friends say, that Mr. Hale will remain in England, to take a position with a big corporation.

Another meeting of citizens took place last week to prepare for the big centennial. The committee of arrangements was increased from 25 to 50, and a special committee appointed to purchase the tabernacle. The permanent organization was effected with Capt. N. W. Ray as chairman, and Mr. Z. W. Whitehead, the able and enterprising young editor of the Observer, and Mr. H. I. McDuffie, as secretaries.

There has been a large number of accessions to the different churches since the Pearson meeting. They are distributed as follows: Presbyterians about 70; Methodist about 55; Baptist about 15; Episcopal, about 5; Catholic, about —.

The family of Rev. T. P. Barclay, arrived last week from Princeton, Ky. The elegant manse, on Anderson street, was all fixed up for them by the ladies, and they repaired at once to their new house. Mr. Barclay has charmed his congregation as well as everybody else.

Mr. John West, of Sampson, is confined in the jail here, laboring under a mental derangement. He is in the jail only temporarily.

Mrs. Thos. H. Sutton has been elected President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, Mrs. Dr. S. J. Hinsdale, vice-president; Miss Emma Murchison, secretary and Mrs. Dr. T. M. Hunter, treasurer.

There is a good prospect of the Fayetteville and Albemarle railroad being built. A charter was obtained at the last Legislature, and at the recent meeting of the stockholders of the C. F. & Y. V. Railway Company, President Gray was authorized to help build it. As contemplated the line will run through Moore and Montgomery (where there is not a foot of railroad) to Albemarle in Stanley, another county without a railroad. This road would be a great feeder to the C. F. & Y. V. Railway. Wilmington would be benefited too.

The Kickapoo Indians are drawing large crowds every night to their wigwams, opposite Base-ball Park, on Gillespie street. The performance is very good, especially for a free one. They sent two balloons up last week.

Capt. J. C. Smith, the whole-souled commander of the steamer D. Murchison, has resigned to take a position on the transfer steamer of the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad Company at Wilmington.

The merchants have agreed to close their stores at 7 o'clock in the evening, every day except Saturday, and then close at 10 o'clock. Few remain open after those hours. The over-worked clerks enjoy this brief respite, and doubtless give closer attention to the interest of their employers.

The Graded School closed last Friday without any fuss or exhibition. We would like to see them have some closing exercises. We like the plan.

We are glad to learn that the new depot, spoken of in the last issue, for this city, is to be of brick, with every convenience, surrounded by flower gardens, fountains, &c. It will be something new for this part of the country.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Something Interesting for the Little Folks.

(Prepared for THE CAUCASIAN each week by W. A. Johnson.)

NELLIE'S SACRIFICE.

"It was a lovely summer morning. There were birds, and bees, and flowers; All up in the calm blue heavens, Not a cloud to threaten showers. Nell and Carrie woke at sunrise, Crying out with voices gay, 'It's the morning of the picnic! Isn't this a glorious day?'"

Down the stairs they blithely hastened, But, alas! the nurse was ill, Mamma sick with "such a headache"— No one there to help to fill. All their dreams were of the picnic, In the woods they longed to roam; But their mother told the children, "One of you must stay at home!"

Little Nellie paused a moment, Turned away her golden hair, Wiped a tear from off her lashes— "Then she quickly, heavily said: "'Carrie's crazy 'bout the picnic, She may go; I'll stay with you; Let me bathe your head with camphor, And I'll see to baby too!"

All that long and sultry morning, Facing down the garden wall, Keeping fretful baby quiet, With her stories and her talk— Nellie sacrificed her picnic.

At five o'clock, when the sun shone, Nellie sacrificed her picnic. At five o'clock, when the sun shone, Nellie sacrificed her picnic.

"Yes, my darling," said her mother, Stroking back the curls of gold, "You have made me very happy, As my looks, I think, have told. And the only thing I wish of others In this life, will see, some day, One of us being king, busy In the land so far away!"

Home Sunshine. Eight sorrowful little faces pressed against the windows looking out at the rain. Raindrops and clouds outside, and teardrops and frowns inside—it was hard to tell which was the gloomier of the two.

"Why, we all want to play croquet," said Mable, sadly. "Our new set came last night, and we wanted to use it the first thing this morning; and now it's raining, and we can't go out or do anything but have a horrid time."

"Well it is too bad if you must have a stormy day in doors as well out!" Aunt Sue answered. "Now, I should think that eight little cousins could make all the sunshine they wanted, even if it did rain and spoil their croquet party. Why wouldn't a game of blindman's buff be just as pleasant? You can have the large dining-room to play in, and move the table into the corner. There! I see some sunny smiles already. Now don't let me see any more clouds on these dear little faces."

In a few moments the raindrops patted against the windows unheeded, for the children were enjoying their game. Even Frisk joined in the fun, and barked noisily.

"Now, was it not far wiser to make sunshine at home than to mourn over the disappointment the rain brought."

Little Bessie. Bessie had just lost a little sister and a baby