

THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

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EDITOR'S CHAIR.

"The time to assert rights is when they are denied; the men to assert them are those to whom they are denied. The community which dares not protest its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful those opinions may seem, is only a gang of slaves."—Wendell Phillips, in his lecture on "Mobs and Education."

A Most Welcome Visitor.

A subscriber at Bland, N. C., writes:

"I enclosed find one dollar, for which please continue the paper. I assure you THE CAUCASIAN is the most welcome visitor that comes to our home."

We receive dozens of such letters every week, and only regret that we haven't space to publish more of them.—[Ed.]

The following, taken from a German paper, proves that hard times has come to that nation also:

It is often suspected that the complaints of shopkeepers concerning the bad condition of trade are not genuine, but this year such complaints are known to be sadly true. The outlook for improvement in any branch of trade is exceedingly gloomy. Commercial and financial circles alike take a pessimistic view of the situation, and "croakers" who at one time would have received scant attention are now listened to as if they were oracles. Operators on the Bourse have lost their usual daring and now enter into speculations with a timidity that is foreign to their natures.

A subscriber in a private business letter asks: "Who furnishes you with the facts given in your Raleigh letter? I was in Raleigh a few days since. I saw reporters there for the daily papers, but I saw no one there representing THE CAUCASIAN, yet on every issue you give the public facts about the doings of the body not published in the daily papers."

Our friend is right. We do give the facts, and they are facts not published by the daily press. We have a reporter there but you do not see him. He may be in the galleries behind the curtains, in the lobby or possibly "under the table." At any rate he will be more than apt to find out about every good bill that is tabled or every bad one that is passed. He was either under the table or in hearing distance when the House voted to table that bill requiring the commissioners "to appoint none but competent and intelligent men as judges of the election." We propose to turn on the light, we will tell the people the truth and it makes no difference so it is the truth how where we get it. We challenge the opposition press to controvert anything we publish.

SUPPRESSING THE NEWS.

The cable dispatches from Europe published in the daily newspapers is each day loaded with news, while scarcely a word is given about the great German miners' strike. A great number of conflicts have taken place, thousands are in a starving condition, and still the strikers hold out; some 25,000 are involved. It is an important matter that but for the purposeful suppression the papers would be filled with columns of news. The Tennessee miners war was suppressed, for months in the same way.

The Twins Combining.

We clip the following paragraph from Congressman Watson's "Washington Letter" in his paper. Let honest, fair minded men only read:—

TALK OF OLD PARTY FUSION.

In Nebraska, an arrangement between Democrats and Populists would result in a control of the Legislature and of the election of a Senator.

The Democrats, however, are openly advised by the Party Bosses to vote for a Republican rather than a Populist. In other words, they will fuse with the Republicans and select a Republican Senator rather than to elect a member of the People's party.

In Kansas a fusion between Republicans and Populists would control.

The Republican Bosses advise their men to fuse with the Democrats, and to elect a Democratic Senator rather than a member of the People's party.

This action of the two old parties is most significant. Each knows that the other is necessary to its own existence. Each knows that when one of them goes down, the other is bound to follow. The frauds, humbugs, class interests, and campaign boodle contributed by Protected Industries, which are necessary to one of these old parties, are necessary to the other.

Hence each prefers that the other shall have the Senatorship rather than for Populists to get it.

These two old parties are only enemies in a professional sense. They understand each other well and are drawing more closely together every day.

ACTUAL FUSION IN NEBRASKA IN THE SENATE.

The Democrats in the Senate of Nebraska have fused with the Republicans, and have organized the Senate on that basis.

The Democratic Farmer in Georgia, who ran away from us last summer on account of Democratic accusations that the Republicans were going to fuse with us, will please put ashes on the chunk, invite the house dog out at the door, wind up the clock and go to bed. May he sleep the sleep of the just man who has been profoundly humbugged and yet wants more. If he is an "Ocala Democrat" he will probably talk in his sleep.

T. E. W.

Senators Elected.

The Connecticut Legislature has re-elected Joseph R. Hawley, Republican, to be U. S. Senator.

The Legislature of Missouri in joint session re-elected F. M. Cockrell, Democrat, United States Senator.

The Legislature of New York in joint session, declared the election of Edward Murphy, Jr., Democrat, as United States Senator to succeed Hiscock.

The Pennsylvania Legislature met in joint session and formally ratified the election of Senator Quay, Republican, to succeed himself, from March 4th next.

The Indiana Legislature in joint session re-elected David Turpie, Democrat, to be U. S. Senator.

Stephen M. White, Democrat, of Los Angeles, has been elected United States Senator to succeed Charles N. Felton.

Delaware re-elects Senator George Gray, Dem.

Massachusetts elects Henry C. Lodge, Republican, for U. S. Senator.

Ex-Gov. Wm. Bate, Democrat, is re-elected Senator from Tennessee.

Senator Hale, Republican, is re-elected Senator from Maine.

At The Nation's Capital.

THINGS NOT TOLD BY THE GOLD BUG PAPERS.

From our Washington Correspondent.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—

We have been in the capital of the great American Republic for thirty days, with an active reportorial nose. We have searched its great area, its public buildings, its poor quarters and its palatial sections—for the designs of the founders of the Republic. It was not discovered—the chaste beauty of its marble plinths and splendid architraves were speechless. It is lost.

It is lost amid overgrowths of flunkeyism. Man's image is liveried into apery, and delights itself. Washington is a wonderful mausoleum, with white sepulchre of an eternal winter, covering the dead spirit of Colonial Simplicity.

Washington is a city, is a vast and beautiful overgrown village, like the Cushan palaces of Persia, builded by patient slaves who expect to "level up the race" with a party voodoo worship. They sustain a breed of aristocrats with the money that ought to send the children of twenty millions of our population to school—levelling up the sewer-scrapers' ragamuffin to be the peer of a goose-down darling; patient slaves who, in mine and forge and field, warm the dunghills of the dead patriotism of '76, and mistake the livid resurrection of ghastly poverty and feverish greed—for the cross of a new Christ—for humanity glorified! This is Washington. It is beautiful.

Like St. Augustine, the dream city of Florida, it is beautiful. One was glassed, and marbled, and orientalized by the serfs of the Standard Oil infamy—the other by the hip-hurrahs of partisan worship.

The very air in mid-winter is hot and luminous with parched and parboiled pride—with neither age nor heroic deed to sanctify the painted cheek. The palace of the President is not good enough for him now! And thus—gulfed to unknown depths—the mighty chasm between the snob aristocracy, and the toil taxed to support it, grows apace. The imperian lincompoops flaunt their purple and fine linen—and the ragged Caesars of future crime can scarcely write their names.

Think of this: A lady whose two daughters righteously enough have to work for a living for all, told us this story: "The ladies of the cabinet cannot of course return the calls to all who leave cards at the receptions. A wife of one of the Secretaries did not understand this, and drove around to return all the calls. And what do you think? At one place she drove up in her phaeton and—horrors!—just think of it! She found the 'lady' a woman out in front of the house washing the windows! What a place for a Secretary's wife to call; the receptions should not be so open!"

This was no time to be silent, and we replied:

"Madame, think of the great disgrace of that Secretary's wife receiving her grandeur from taxes drawn from the window washers!"

"Oh, but—but—"

"But what? Was the Republic constructed for the slobberation of window washers to the Queenship of honest women?"

"But in refinement—"

"Madame, if in one hundred years a public does not educate the toiler's offspring to the level of the purple spawn, when will it? That woman ate honest bread—and the society darling did not. Cultivated? Alas,

the Republic cultivates the milk-gathered children of the palace."

The windows of God should be opened in the suburbs of hell.

Washington is everything that the capital of Humanity's Empire should not be—nothing that it should be. When the masses realize the mighty changes of the last thirty years they will find the fibrous roots of this great National Cancer stretched abroad—to the periphery—from prideful Washington.

Have Treasury officials been redeeming counterfeit money? Such is the natural presumption after reading a special report submitted by Treasurer Nebeker to Secretary Foster this week. This report shows that the amount paid out by the Treasurer in redemption of \$500 notes, series of 1874, exceeds by 954,000 the total amt issued of that series, whereas it is usually the case that the amt paid out for the redemption of any series of notes is always less than the total amount issued of that series, for the very natural reason that many notes are burned up or lost where they are never found.

Ex-Speaker Reed has been keeping quiet this session, but he made a little speech in the House this week in which he stated a truth that ought to be carefully studied by the Democratic leaders of the present as well as the next House. He said: "If the House wants to do business, it can always find plenty of time to do it in; if it does not wish to do business, it can find eternity not to do it in."

Mr. Reed has said few things during his Congressional career that your correspondent could endorse, but this statement must be endorsed by every unprejudiced observer of the work of Congress.

The Situation Last Week.

IN CONGRESS AS SEEN BY AN ALLIANCEMAN.

We call the following from a letter just received from a prominent Allianceman who is now in Washington:

There is now an intense but silent and good-natured warfare going on between the two old parties in regard to legislation. The result is, nothing important is done. The Republicans will shirk everything, and laugh about it. The Democrats are cowardly procrastinating. This is really the truth.

The tariff issue is dead in congress! Actually dead, and kept dead by the Democrats. You can't galvanize the corpse. You don't hear any complaints from the dems on "high tariff." There is not a solitary word heard. You can't draw them out on the question. Wall Street is a unit against relief. There is no high tariff lobby here. Somehow, there seems to be a distinct understanding that the next Congress will not take up the matter. It is the most singular thing I have ever known—this absolute death of the issue.

In regard to jobs: a job most actively worked now, under Republican development, is the lake-cruiser job, under the plea that Great Britain is building war vessels on the lakes.

There are no private advices as to policies developed this early in the work, unless it is to head off this everlasting appropriation business for war preparation—and spot that horrible Niagara steal. The N. P. Ry will soon have to have a settlement.

The feeling throughout the country, as to our cause, is splendid—very much better than expected.

Independent News Association Report.

The Executive Committee—Silver—Party Cowardice The Bond Steals—Suppression of News Democracy in Hot Water.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Jan. 24, 1893.—The Executive committee of the N. F. A. & I. U. adjourned on Saturday evening, 14th. The meetings were held at the Hillman House, a building erected by Gen. Geo. Washington in 1792. The newly elected secretary, Taylor, of Tennessee, was not installed, owing to deficiencies on the bond matter. That and other important matters deferred to a postponed meeting on Feb. 14, prox. Present, H. L. Loucks, Pres't., Huron, S. D.; H. C. Deming, Harrisburg, Pa.; Mann Page, Brandon, Va.; I. E. Dean, Honeyoie Falls, N. Y.; L. Leonard, Mt. Leonard, Mo. Our "interviewer" pronounces it the most business-like and harmonious body he ever met.

Telegram from Jerry Simpson announces that the populists "hold the fort" at Topeka. Just got a decision from Supreme Court in their favor. House organized by the populists against republicans and democrats—and it is recognized by the senate and governor. This shows the rascally falsehoods of the associated press up to date. Now for a populist senator.

(The Associated Press has since "given down" a few of the above facts, but mingled with misrepresentation.)

Congressman McLaurin (6th dist. S. Car. re-elected) says he was sent as a democrat, but that he is an Allianceman, and when the democrats don't stand on the Ocala demands they will miss him!

Reformers in congress are not crushed with a grin to-day. We sat beside a laboring man in the gallery this week and made a remark to that effect. He replied, "That's right Glory hallelujah!" It was Tom Watson's little foot that smashed the more-bond-issuing bill. The old Florida claims bill came up—and it was John Davis, of Kansas who broke its neck!

Silver is looming up as the mightiest issue of this age. It has become the very vestibule of a financial issue which will shake the world and may summon armies. It may yet be a conflict between Wall Street and the civilized world. In the folds of the silver issue stands the fiat money question. The Sherman law may be repealed. Silver men regard it as an infamy anyway. What then? The great financial battle on a square issue. The case before the Supreme Court as to the constitutionality of demonetization has been advanced on the calendar. Wall St. princes are almost staggered at the devilish work of their own bill, and some of them have broken from British control.

This is the case with Philadelphia's old time banker-prince, who writes: "It seems inconceivable when the world is increasing so rapidly in population and opening vast agricultural regions, that the business of this world by a mere arbitrary decree, should be reduced to a condition of reliance upon gold only as a measure of values. We have not yet begun to feel the full weight of this foolish and absurd attempt."—and this is from Jay Cooke! Norvin Green also, the great telegraph magnate, is drifting away from the banker's Mecca. A crisis is coming.

ABSURD AND FALSE.

The malignity of the partisan press is shown in the publication throughout the country of the positive statement as a declaration from them, that Senators

Peffer and Kyle had agreed to unite with the democrats to organize the Senate, and as pay were to receive an assistant Sergeant at Arms. And that the very man was selected—an old stalwart democrat, etc., etc. The whole thing is a fabrication and a lie.

This congress is now talking itself to death—at least so far as the Senate is concerned—it is doing to stave off the anti-option bill. It would pass on a vote.

Stewart said, in his speech of Jan. 4th inst.:

"The financial structure of the civilized world is tottering on its base, and every financial institution in Europe and America is making desperate efforts to curtail credit, increase its reserves and maintain solvency!"

Congress is afraid to do anything, and it does not—except to spend eight million dollars for the Cherokee strip of land. The Republicans will leave every problem for the Democrats—and the Democrats are frightened nearly to death—you can see it. Not one of them can be hired to talk tariff low or high. "Wait," says the "Give-us-a-chance," democracy! "Wait, and let our changes be so gradual that you won't now of any changes!" All this time the two parties are jolly with good fellowship to each other. They bargain beforehand whether they will let a bill pass—or won't—and then act accordingly.

No hope for measures of relief to the people this session. But a mighty undertow is moving in the hearts of men.

The Nicaragua Canal bond Credit Mobiler Steal is forging ahead quietly. But it will scarcely get through this session.

The Democrats are in hot water on the tariff and silver issues. We tried to interview three Democratic Congressmen on the McKinley bill. Their mouths were shut at once. They are now betwixt two millstones—constituents and Wall street.

There will be two months more of a Republican President and Senate and a Democratic House, after which the Democrats will have full power for the first time in thirty-two years. In that time they have had at the same time the House and Senate; also the President and the House; but at no time in that period have they had President, Senate and House at the same time. We ask all our Democratic friends who are with us in principle, but who had faith in their party and wanted to give it a chance, to watch for the passage of a free silver bill, for a bill abolishing the loaning of money to national banks by the government at one per cent; for the passage of a bill taxing incomes; for the adoption of a law increasing the greenback currency until the money volume reaches \$50 per capita.

In any state where the Republicans cannot elect a Senator, they should help to beat a populist by co-operating with the Democrats.—Globe-Democrat, Dec. 18, 1892.

The Globe-Democrat, the leading Republican paper, of St. Louis, Mo., has the above advice to give to Republicans through the land, showing that the populists are the thorn in the side of the g. o. p. Anything to kill the reform movement is their motto. The plutocrat and gold bug, whether in the Democratic or Republican camp, will unsheathe the sword to down the common enemy, reform for the masses.—Great West.

An American girl was shown some cannon at Woolwich arsenal, the sergeant in charge remarked, "You know we took them from you at Bunker Hill." "Yes," she replied, "I see you have the cannon, but I guess you have got the hill."