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THE CAUCASIAN.

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KING GROVER'S GRIP

HOW JACKSONIAN SPINE HAS COLLAPSED

HE STARTED A MONARCHY IN HAWAII BUT DIDN'T KNOW IT.

THE SIXTY MILLION DEFICIT IN THE TREASURY HE DARES NOT FACE.

HE IS NOT CERTAIN THAT HIS OWN TARIFF BILL IS WHAT THE COUNTRY WANTS

Because He is Ignorant of the Industrial Trust Obtains—But as a Civil Service Demagogue He is Simply Irresistable.

(From Our Special Correspondent in Washington.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12th.—"Grover has lost his grip" is what the candid young people say in commenting upon his message. "The constitutional duty" of explaining, in detail, departmental matters has been adequately performed. But he has sorely disappointed the country in no uncertain way something to vindicate the high-handed outrage contemplated in the Hawaiian business. It was his intention to re-establish a monarchy at Honolulu, but he was ignorant either of the conditions existing there or of his constitutional powers in the monarchy making business. He has narrowly escaped impeachment. He relied upon blatherskite Stockton and he honestly thought that he was doing a patriotic and manly thing when he ordered the restoration of the vile, dissolute, corrupt old queen and the re-establishment of a rotten monarchy.

That is one view of it, but people who know say that it was neither ignorance nor honesty that suggested such a policy. The sugar trust contributed a half million dollars to the National Democratic campaign fund and this corrupt corporation is interested in maintaining a corrupt and impossible government in Hawaii. The whole business is a national disgrace—a repetition of the Van Allen scandal. Van Allen paid $50,000 for the Italian mission; Roosevelt paid $40,000 for a legation secretaryship and in this a two million election fund was raised, and the result is "four years more of Grover."

In a nonchalant way the President says that he ordered a ready-made monarchy with the accompanying trimmings, but for some reason unknown to him the thing hasn't materialized. What a ridiculous fiasco! With the same abandon and recklessness and don't-care-a-snap for consequences, he would stop half the cotton mills, iron mills and factories and starve half a million who live by the sweat of their face.

Every line of the tariff bill which will soon be considered in the House is his work. He conceived it, formulated it and digested it. By his arbitrary orders congress destroyed half the currency of the country, and with the dogwhip in his hands, he orders the enactment of a tariff measure which leaves the government forty million dollars short of enough income to defray its ordinary expenses. Honest tariff revision is one thing, but the Wilson bill or the Cleveland bill or the English bill or the Reform club bill or the mugwump bill or nobody's bill, is quite a different thing. But with lord'y indifference and profound unconcern as to the opinion of others Mr. Cleveland says the bill ought to pass without amendment and at once.

The country was prepared for some startling announcement, some condemning statement, some heroic suggestion, in support of a Democratic tariff policy, but that part of the message which by common consent seems to startle the country evidently was written by one of the White House clerks. Little wonder at the current expression "Grover has lost his grip."

One important omission—important because intentional and premeditated—is the wild cat bank madness. The repeal of the ten per cent. tax on State banks was the cheapest sort of Democratic platform clap-trap and imbecility. The demogogues talked about it during the campaign and its advocacy was, doubtless, in some instances, the result of ignorance. The devil is entitled to his dues and Cleveland is entitled to credit for his repudiation of the Chicago platform in this respect.

Throughout—from beginning to end—the message, as an exposition of Administration policy or of Democratic doctrine, is an absurd and ridiculous failure. It only shows a masterly effort to say nothing, and in this particular it is a most picturesque success. The result is general regret and disappointment.

THE TARIFF BILL.

So far as it goes it is a sweeping free trade measure, but it is impossible to discuss it intelligently until it is presented in its entirety. What revenue method or system of taxation is to make good the sixty million loss by the increase of the free list is still undecided. Whether it is to be an income tax or what character of income tax, an increased tax on whiskey and tobacco or a bond issue.

Nobody, not excepting the President himself, seems to know. Everything is at sea, and the "rudderless ship"—the Democratic party—is all adrift, without compass or anchor. It brings regrets and sighs to think of the once proud old time-honored party the foot-ball of New York machine politicians and Wall street gamblers. It has survived every form of vicissitude. It has outlived wars and revolutions, but Grover Cleveland has done what a cent

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

THE PEOPLE'S WORK.

REV. THOMAS DIXON ON THE ERA OF COMMON HUMANITY.

The Columbian Exposition a Brilliant Illustration of the Progress of the Masses. Eulalie and Veragua Were There as Relics—"Sassiety" Was Not In It.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., continued in Association hall this morning the second series of sermons on the "Prophecies of the World's Fair." The subject of today's discourse was "The Era of the Common People."

He declared that this great exposition was the achievement of the common people. "Society," so called, was not there. The common people conceived it. They planned it. They managed it. They patronized it and made it a success. Class distinctions were lost in the vaster idea of humanity. This triumphant expression of life by the common people is the prophecy of their early assumption of the supreme control of the whole social order. The text chosen was from John xii, 34, "Who is this Son of Man?"

It is a most significant fact that Jesus Christ called himself the Son of Man. This was his favorite designation of himself. It was his chosen definition of himself. The greatest revelation Christ made to the world was himself. And in this title he declared himself to be the son of humanity. He was not to be limited to any one family, to any class, to any nation, to any race—he was the Son of Man. The Son of Man shall come in his glory, he told us. The promise in this title he thus gives to humanity is full of richest meaning. As this supreme representative of the human race shall triumph and to him every knee bow at last, so shall humanity, for which he lived, of which he was born, find its day of emancipation and triumph. The Son of Man was crucified, but he rose again. Humanity has been crucified through centuries on the Calvary of pharisaism, "sacred" and profane.

BUT IT SHALL RISE AGAIN.

Class and sect and faction shall die at length, never to live again.

The desire to be out of the current of the great humanity is the sure index of the uncivilized animal. Whether he wear purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day, or whether he live from hand to mouth and flaunt the red flag of an anarchist, it matters not. The principle is the same. All class ideas and class foundations as such are fundamentally wrong. They are not only immoral, but they are brutal. The self assertion of class, whether of proletariat or hereditary title or millionaire, is the assertion of the antisocial nature of man—the essentially inhuman part of him—in short, the brutal. There is no other name for it.

It is a matter, then, for heartfelt congratulation that this great exposition was in the highest and best sense of the word by the people, of the people, for the people.

It was the affair of Man—Man spelled with a big capital.

There were no personages there.

It was the triumph of the genius of humanity.

There was no exhibit of "sassiety."

The Four Hundred were not there to see the exhibit. It was not their day.

True, the Duke of Veragua was present as the guest of the United States government. But he was present as a relic. He was not exhibited as a member of "society." He was shown strictly as a relic of Columbus.

So the Spanish Infanta was a curio of a romantic past surviving today. Only in this sense were they a part of the show.

HUMANITY'S TRIUMPH.

For once class was lost in humanity.

The idea of the fair originated in the brain and heart of the common people.

It was created by them.

It was planned and managed by them and for them.

It was patronized and made a success by them.

It could have been created by no less a power.

It could have been sustained by no less a power.

No king or prince or emperor of any nation or empire in this or any other age could have done such a work. It meant an expenditure first and last of about $200,000,000. And more, it meant the corporation in heart and purpose of millions of people of all races and nations with one thought and one purpose.

The vast crowds of people who poured through those gates from day to day and filled those palaces and grounds were the best looking people of equal number that ever gathered on this planet in one place.

And "sassiety" was nowhere to be seen. Let the dudes and loafers and butlers who crawl up the stoops of the so called great and count it an honor to wash their dishes make a note of this fact.

This was a world's fair.

And the world was represented there. And the world was there to see it.

But "society" was not there.

Where, then, is the place of this petty mob that arrogates to itself so lofty a title?

Nowhere.

IT IS A SUPERFLUITY.

It has no mission in the real work of the world. It is froth. There are two great problems that now weigh on the minds of "sassiety." They are the two problems that always arose to trouble the peace of a distinguished cipher in that august coterie. "There are two things that bother me," he said. "One is, how the world got on before I came into it, and the other is how it is going to get on after I leave it."

This exposition, that marks the glory of centuries of human achievement, has given a most emphatic answer to these solemn queries.

Yet how many poor fools there are in this big world of ours who actually believe that the universe is no larger than their conception of a "class," or caste, of artificial social distinctions!

Most of our sighings and heart burnings are not over the great problems of the human race and human heart, but over the tremendous problem of our own class position and limitations.

An uneducated man who had made a vast fortune in a few years by speculation, while driving in the park, encountered a plainly dressed middle aged man on foot.

"That man," said he to his wife, "belongs to one of the oldest families in this city. His grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He belongs to a set I cannot enter. I would give half I am worth for his position."

Meantime the middle aged gentleman on foot mused as he looked at the magnificent carriage and equipments. "If I

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

GOOD FOR GEORGIA ALLIAOCEMEN.

They Send $33.48 for The Polk Memorial Fund.

MADISON, Ga., Dec. 4th 1893.

Hon. Marion Butler, Ch'r L. L. Polk Memorial Fund, North Carolina.

Dear Sir and Bro.:—Enclosed you find my check on the Lowry Banking company, Atlanta Ga., for $33.48 (thirty-three dollars and 48 cents) amt. subscribed for the L. L. Polk Memorial Fund by the following.

State Farmers Alliance	$10.38
Milton county Alliance,	2 00
Emma Lodge, Columba co.	2 50
Damascus Lodge, Early co.	1 00
Thigpen Lodge Colquitt co.	75
Bridge Creek Lodge " "	1 00
Sunny Side Lodge Cobb "	75
Thomson Lodge McDuffie co.	2 80
Cross Roads Lodge McDuffie co.	2 00
Boneville Lodge McDuffie co.	30
Gibson Lodge Glasscock co.	1 00
Mill Creek Lodge Bullock co.	1 00
Cheroke Lodge Polk cd.	50
Enterpise Lodge Bullock co.	50
Sandy Creek Lodge Clarke co.	2 00
Laurance County Farmers Alliance	5 00
Total	33 47

Please acknowledge recipt and abliged yours truly,

Wm. A. Broughton,
Ch'r L. L. Polk Memorial Fund
State of Ga.

A FOUL MURDER.

A Sampson County Man Murdered In Georgia.

(Special to THE CAUCASIAN)

ALEXANDERVILLE, ECHOLS Co., November 27th, 1893.

EDITOR THE CAUCASIAN:—Fortunately I am a son of the old North State and a reader of THE CAUCASIAN and am always glad to welcome it in our family circle. I am engaged in the naval store business with Mr. W. H. Harris, who is one of Sampson county's most enterprising young men. There is yet a great deal of the finest timbered lands in this State that is not worked.

On the 10th of Sept., 1893, one of the most diabolical murders in all the annals of the history of this State, was committed in Clinch Co. One, McClamb, (J. D.) supposed to have been from Cumberland or Sampson county, was followed from a turpentine firm by the name of Gordon & Morrison by Priest Groover about a mile, where he was shot and killed. McClamb's remains lay there in the water until the next day when an inquest was held. He was then buried by his employer without a coffin or box. At the last term of Clinch county Superior Court the grand jury found a true bill of wilful murder against D. A. Priest. Priest is still at large and has made severe threats on others because they expressed their opinion about the killing of McClamb. We saw in the Valdosta Times an article from Gordon (one of Priest's employers) stating that McClamb was of the "Lowery gang stock" of North Carolina. Some of McClamb's friends have ventured to say that Gordon's statement is absolutely false. It is the desire of his friends here that his relatives should find it out and see that the guilty parties are brought to justice. It is the general opinion that others beside Priest are implicated.

A. L. TATOM.

"I AM A POPULIST."

Oregon's Fearless Democratic Governor Defines His Position.

Mr. A. A. Stanley of Echo, Oregon, wrote Governor Pennoyer to inquire if he could be recalled classed as a Populist, or was he still a Democrat pretending to advocate Populist principles, like so many other good men and papers. The following is the governor's reply:

STATE OF OREGON, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SALEM, Oct. 26, 1893.—A. B. Stanley, Echo, Ore.: Dear Sir—In answer to your letter of the 23d inst, I will say that you may count upon my being in the front of the fight next June for the Populist cause. You say that you cast your first ballot for me after being a Republican twenty years. Do you know why you did it? It was because of my advocacy of Populist doctrine. Seven years ago, in my first canvass, I favored free coinage, the abolition of the national banking system and an income tax—all good Populist doctrines. Three years ago, in a magazine article, I favored loans by the government direct to the people, instead of to national banks alone, and the establishment of government savings banks, and in all my messages to the legislature I have favored control of corporations by a maximum rate tax, as well as a change in the assessment laws of the state by which the rich could no longer evade taxation. Of course I am a Populist; and as nine-tenths of the people of Oregon favor the same doctrines, they are Populists, and it is therefore quite reasonable to expect a sweeping Populist victory in Oregon, if we only keep in the middle of the road. Very respectfully,

SYLVESTER PENNOYER.

"A MIGHTY LIVE PAPER."

["Brick Pomeroy" in Advance Thought.]

The Caucasian, at Goldsboro, N. C., is edited by a mighty live man, whose name is Marion Butler. He is a help to the people and his paper should have a large circulation, that what he so pointedly says, may have much and speedy influence. He believes, that America is quite old enough and big enough, to hold her own against the world, and to have an American system of money that will be a legal-tender in this country, no matter what it is in any other. And he says that the interests of the people are of more account than the interests of the ones who in other countries live only to rob the wealth-producers of this country.

JUDGE RUSSELL

ANSWERS A QUESTION ASKED BY THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER.

HE EXPLAINS WHY BALLOT BOX STUFFERS AND PERJURED ELECTION OFFICERS HAVE NOT BEEN PUNISHED.

EDITOR THE CAUCASIAN:

My attention has been called to the following from the Charlotte Observer of Nov. 18th:

"Judge D. L. Russell, a leading North Carolina lawyer, is at the Dolphin on his way home from New York, where he has been on important legal business. He is a strong Republican, and says that if the State could have absolutely fair elections the Democrats would not carry twenty counties out of the ninety-seven, instead of carrying as they now do all but twenty."—Washington Post.

"It's an often-asked and never answered question, but we ask it again: If the Republicans are the victims of systematic election frauds at the hands of the Democrats of North Carolina, why is it that these robbed and swindled Republicans, who have had all the machinery of the United States courts in their hands for all these years, excepting the period from '89 to '93, have not had the guilty Democrats put in the penitentiary? That would have gained for them more respect at the North than pleading the baby act will gain them sympathy."—Charlotte Observer.

Why don't we send election thieves to prison? That would never do; it might embarrass the Democratic machine. What would they do for leaders? Who would be left to send to the legislature and to congress? Then again how unjust and cruel it would be to try these high-toned statesmen for falsifying returns, suppressing lawful votes and making perjured certificates. Who could or would try them? To obtain an unbiased jury would be impossible. How could the criminals get a fair trial? Would not the case be "prejudged?" Imagine the embarrassment which existed in the case of the hog thief. Conceive his terror when he looked at the jury and saw that eleven of the twelve were the men who with him had divided the pork.

In 1882, there were convictions and punishments in the U. S. courts for election frauds. This was accomplished by W. S. O'B. Robinson, the then United States District Attorney — an achievement perhaps without a parallel in Southern politics. The consequence was that the election that year was fair and honest. The Democratic party got the State, and got it on the honest vote. Since then, while there have been many precincts, and even counties where the votes were honestly counted, taking the State as a unit, there has not been an honest election, except in 1886. The monster mockery of 1892 was the culmination of all this political knavery. And the defrauded were white men who had broken from the rule to which they had previously submitted.

Take one instance, which is only one out of many. At the election in Warren county, the Returning Board threw out the returns from six or seven precints out of about eleven on the flimsy pretence that the certificate was not dated at the bottom, or not being brought by the right person to the Board; or the polls not being opened at the right moment or some irregularity or other which was committed for the purpose of making an excuse for disfranchising the voters. The members of the Board were tried, the facts proven, the law explained by the court and the defendants acquitted by the political sympathy of the jury.

Jury verdicts in political cases go according to the politics of the jury. Perhaps the greatest political trial since the Renaissance was that of the Seven Bishops who were brought to the bar of the King's Bench by command of James the Second. They were acquitted because the revolt against the Crown had obtained such headway with the aristocracy (the people had no power and no rights) that the King could not pack a jury. Within a few months after the verdict the King was a trembling fugitive living on the bounty of his kindred despots in France. Whenever the revolt against political lawlessness here shall get strong enough to be felt in the jury-box then, and not till then will political crimes be punished.

Has the Observer heard of anybody being punished for lynching negroes charged with assault on a white woman? Perhaps about all the victims deserve what they get, but the lynching is inexcusable, because the barbarian brutes can be hanged just as well and just as surely and infinitely more decently by the law than by the law-breakers.

I hope the Observer agrees to this. If so, suppose he undertakes the job of sending the lynchers to the penitentiary! Or would it sound better to say "there are no lynching," no negro is ever hung except by law, and the proof of it is in the fact nobody has been convicted of lynching.

D. L. RUSSELL.

THE WILSON BILL IS

"A Democratic (?) Tariff Masquerading in McKinley's Old Clothes."

[New York Sun.]

"Tested by the first principles of political rectitude and party honor, the protectionist tariff proposed to congress by Mr. Wilson and the Democratic majority of the committee on ways and means is a fraud, an infamy and an insult. Mr. Wilson speaks of the surpassing magnitude, difficulty and delicacy of the duty assigned to his committee. If there had been a single copy of the Democratic platform in the committee room, everything might have been as smooth as oil, but then there would have been no free list, nor would the Democratic party have been masquerading in the Hon. William McKinley's old clothes."

G. M. W. OF K. L.

LESS POWDERLY AND MORE POLITICS

J. R. Sovereign The New Grand Master Workman of the Knights of Labor.

T. V. Powderly has been at the head of the Knights of Labor for so long that it sounds strange to hear of any one else in his place.

JAMES R. SOVEREIGN.

The choice of James R. Sovereign for Grand Master Workman seems to meet with general satisfaction. He has considerable executive ability, and probably the membership roll will assume its former large proportions, under his leadership.

LESS POWDERLY AND MORE POLITICS.

The Washington Post in an editorial says:

With the retirement of Mr. Powderly as general master workman of the Knights of Labor and the accession of Mr. Sovereign to this responsible position, we are assured on the authority of Mr. Sovereign himself that the organization is to be henceforth more of a power in politics than it has been in the past.

More attention is to be given to economic and political questions. The knights are to join hands with the Pan-American League and Farmers' Alliance and to make combinations, if possible, with the American Federation of Labor and other trades' organizations. In short, the new master workman makes it plain that the great body which he has undertaken to harmonize and strengthen is to be made an important factor in the future politics of the country.

His own politics are of a Populistic turn. That is, he believes in the unlimited coinage of both gold and silver, the issue of more money as may be required without the intervention of banks, the abolition of the President's veto power, and the election by direct vote of the people of all the legislative, executive, and judicial officers of the general government.

FUNNIES

The clergyman—And why should little boys say their prayers every night? The Good boy—So's the Lord can have a chance to get what they want by morning.—Life.

She—How little salary do you think a young man might marry on? He—Well, if the girl is extra old and ugly, she ought to give him $5,000 a year at the very least.—Indianapolis Journal.

The teacher asked the class wherein lay the difference of meaning between the words "sufficient" and "enough." "Sufficient," answered Tommy, "is when mother thinks it's time I stopped eating pie; "enough is when I think it is."—Puck.

Boston Mother—Tommy, if you don't keep quiet I shall be compelled to whip you very hard. Tommy (aged 6)—Mother! How illogical! Does it not occur to you that a severe castigation will only have the effect of increasing the volume of sound I may be producing?—Chicago Record.

"I have enough to support you, Ethel. Will you be my wife?" "Well Charlie, you must excuse me if I am cautious. But you say you have enough to support me. Who is going to support you?"—Harper's Bazar.

Little Johnny was in tribulation that morning. Prohibitionists great and small met him at every turn. It was "no" to this and "no" to that, till at last he began to cry, angrily exclaiming to his mother between his sobs: "I wish 'no' was a swear word, mamma, so you couldn't say it!"—Boston Herald.

If you don't believe that anyone reads advertisments, just ask the man who has had the birth of twins announced in the local paper how many times during the next week he had to stop to be congratulated.—Somerville Journal.

Sunday school teacher—Now, children, we must bear in mind that between our last week's lesson and this quite a period of time is represented as having elapsed. During this time a very important event has taken place. Yes, Mollie (noticing a little girl at the end of the class smilling knowingly), you may tell us what is. Mollie—Mamma has bought her winter hat.

He:—"I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite."

She (encouragingly):—"Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of bright, intelligent girls right in this neighborhood."

"Ma," said a discouraged urchin, "I ain't going to school any more."

"Why, dear?" tenderly inquired his mother.

"'Cause 'tain't any use. I can never learn to spell. The teacher keeps changing the words every day."

Family Friend:—"I congratulate you, my dear sir, on the marriage of your daughter. I see you are gradually getting all the girls off your hands."

Old Goldbranch:—"Off my hands—yes; but the worst of it is I have to keep all their husbands on their feet."

Jonathan and His Continent.

By MAX O'RELL Author of "John Bull and His Island," "John Bull, Jr.," Etc., and JACK ALLYN

Translated by Max Paul Blouet (Copyrighted by Cassell & Co. New York, and published by special arrangement through the American Press Association)

Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) is a remarkably clever Frenchman, who has devoted his talents mostly to satirizing the Anglo-Saxon race. The book from which the following extracts are made is the latest production and material for it was gathered during his recent visit to America.

I—POPULATION OF AMERICA.

Where Is the Center of America?—A Land of Conjuring—A Letter from Jonathan.

The population of America is sixty millions—mostly colonels. If the earth is small, America is large, and the Americans are immense!

Yes, sixty millions!—all alive and kicking!

An Englishman was one day boasting to a Frenchman of the immensity of the British empire.

"Yes, sir," he exclaimed to finish up with, "the sun never sets on the English possessions."

"I am not surprised at that," retorted the good Frenchman, "the sun is obliged to keep an eye on the rascals."

However, the sun can now travel from New York to San Francisco, and light, on his passage, a free nation which, in 1776, besged England to mind her own affairs for the future.

From east to west, America stretches over a breadth of more than three thousand miles. Here it is well to put some readers on their guard, in case an American should one day put to them one of his favorite questions. "Where is the center of America?" I myself imagined that, starting from New York and pushing westward, one would reach the extremity of America on arriving at San Francisco. Not so. Jonathan knows you are going to answer wrongly, and if you want to please, you must let yourself be caught in this little trap. At San Francisco you are not quite half way, and the center of America is really in the Pacific ocean. Jonathan more than doubled the width of his continent in 1867, when he purchased Alaska of the Russians.

Today population, progress, civilization, everything advances with giant's stride. A town with 20,000 inhabitants was perhaps but a year or two ago, a patch of marsh or forest. Today Paris fashions are followed there as closely as in New York or London.

Jonathan passes his life in admiration of all that is American. He cannot get over it. I have been through part of the country and I cannot get over it either. It is pure conjuring—but let us not anticipate. Give me time to recover my breath and set my ideas in order. These Americans are reeking with unheard-of-ness. My ideas are all jostling in my poor old European brain. There is no longer anything impossible. Everything is prodigious, and I no longer wonder that the Americans only use their adjectives in the superlative.

Here is a letter that I received from an American, in the month of May, 1887. It is dated from Boston:

"DEAR SIR:

"I was on the point of taking the boat at twelve to-day, to go and have a talk with you about an idea which occurred to me yesterday; but as I have already been across three times, and, in a month or six weeks, shall have to set out for St. Petersburg and Japan, I am desirous, if possible, of arranging the matter I have at heart by correspondence. . . . ."

And as soon as circumstances allowed, I set out to see Jonathan and his continent.

II—JONATHAN AND HIS CRITICS.

Some Salutary Advice—Why Jonathan Loves Not John Bull.

A few days before leaving America I had a pleasant talk with Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of The New York Tribune.

"Do not fall into the great error of fancying that you have seen America in six months," he said.

"But I do not fancy anything of the kind," I replied. "When a man of average intelligence returns home after having made a voyage to a foreign land, he cannot help having formed a certain number of impressions, and he has the right to communicate them. They are but impressions, and, if there is an error committed, it is by the critic or the reader, when either of these looks for a perfect picture of the manners and institutions of the people the author has visited, instead of simple impressions. Certainly, if there is a country in the world that it would be impossible to judge in six months, it is America.

"In six months you cannot know America, you can merely get a glimpse of it; but, by the end of a week, you must have been struck with various things, and have taken note of them. A serious study and an impression are two different things. To form a really exact idea of America one would need to live twenty years in the country, nay, to be an American. I say all this to you to warn you that if, on my return to Europe, I should publish a little volume on America, it will be a book of impressions, and if you should persist in seeing in it anything but impressions you will be to blame. But in this matter I trust to the intelligence of Americans. I shall be in good hands."

Upon this the editor of The Tribune responded, "You are right."

It must be allowed that Jonathan has good reason to mistrust his critics. Most books on America have been written by Englishmen. Now the English are, of all people, those who can the least easily get rid of their prejudices in speaking of America. They are obliged to admit that the Americans have made their way pretty well, but John Bull has always a rankling remembrance of the day that the Americans sent him about his business, and his look seems to say to Jonathan: "Yes, yes, you have not done at all badly—for you, but think what the country would have been if it had remained in my hands."

He looks at everything he sees with a patronizing air, with the arrogant calm that makes him so unbearable when he travels abroad. He goes over with the firm intention of admiring nothing American.

He occasionally presents himself at Jonathan's dinner parties in a tweed suit. And Jonathan, one of whose little weaknesses is love of approbation, has a cordial antipathy to the magnificent Briton. The Englishman, on his side, has no antipathy whatever to the Americans. For that matter, the Englishman has no antipathy for any one. He despises, but he does not hate, a fact which is irritating to the last degree. John Bull looks on the American as a parvenu, and smiles with incredulity when you say that American society is not only brilliant and witty, but quite as polished as the best European society. It is this which exasperates Americans.

Jonathan has forgotten that the English were once his oppressors, but he cannot forgive an Englishman for coming to his dinner table in a tweed suit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIST OF AWARDS

Won by North Carolina at the World's Fair.

Mr. T. K. Bruner, commissionor of Exhibits for North Carolina at the World's Fair, announces the following list of awards won by exhibits from North Carolina. Such a splendid showing is a credit to the State and to the show which it made at Chicago:

AGRICULTURE—GROUP I. CEREALS, GRASSES, FORAGE PLANTS.

J H McIver, Tillery, peas.
J M Gibbs, Ivy, peas.
J P Kerr, Haw River, peas.
M Watkins, Andrews, peas.
Holt & Homewood, Burlington, seed.
" " " , seed.
" " " , seed.
T J King, Louisburg, seed.
" " " "
J W Robinson, Hickory, seed.
D P Rowe, Newton, seed.
Dr H B Battle, Raleigh, soil.
Jesse B Stokes, Windsor, corn.
R M Jenkins, Mt Holly, wheat.
J C Whitesell, Elon College, wheat.
H E Thomas, Thomasville, wheat.
P C Lail, Conover, wheat.
J A KelByre, Antioch, wheat.
J P Kerr, Haw River, wheat.
T P Summers, Show creek, wheat
T M Holt, Linwood, wheat.
J J Hoome Lincolnton, wheat.
B E Riddle, Burnsville, rye.
D A Patterson, Maxton, rye.
John Ramsey, Ray, rye
J R Rust, Bridgewater, rye.
J H Osborne, Idlewild, rye.
H H Walton, Morganton, rye.
S D Ballinger, Blowing Rock, oats.
Alex McIver, Egypt, oats.
B K Owen, Salisbury, oats.
G H Koon, Salisbury, oats.
J P Kerr, Haw River, oats.
C W Davis, Engelhard, oats.
Holt & Homewood, Burlington, oats.
M K Lynch, Darlington, oats.
J P Kerr, Haw River, corn.
State Farm, Weldon, corn.
J W Morrow, Pineville, corn.
J H Osborne, Idlewilde, corn.
J W Robinson, Hickory, corn.
T R Davis, Augusta, corn.
J H McIver, Tillery, corn.
J A Woolf, Rural Hall, corn.
J W Robinson, Hickory, corn.
George Holmes, Bowman'Bluff, corn
S T Pike, Mud Lick, corn.
G W Garrett & co., Medoc, corn.
Holt & Homewood, Bulington, corn.
J M Sawyer, Steecah, corn.
T A W Dyda, Maxwell, corn.
Jacob Kiser, Snapp, corn.
H H Walton, Morganton, corn.
M Lowman, Connelly Springs, corn.
G C Sanborne, Snowden, corn.
Boone Deal, Sugar Grove, corn.
J H McIver, Tillery, corn.
J O Loftin, Mt. Olive, corn.
W C Stronach, Raleigh, corn.
L P Relfe, Durants Neck, corn.
Tios Daffron, Durants, corn.
H J Becker, Jerusalem, corn.
G E Davis, Engelhard, corn.
J M Gibbs, Ivy, corn.
H G Miller, Rb, corn.
R H Ricks, Rocky Mount, corn.
R H Riggan, Edwardsville, corn.
Jacob Barnes, Jackson, corn.
J C Williams, Winslow, corn.
J C Smith, Vilas, buckwheat.
N L Buyson, Boone, buckwheat.
J M Gibbs, Ivy, buckwheat.
J R Rust, Bridgewater, buckwheat.
J H Doughton, Laurel Spring, buckwheat.
W F Parks, Zion, buckwheat.
D E Bower, Yakin Valley, buckwheat.
John Etheridge, Snowden, rice.
Alfred James, Martin county, rice.
J M Shipman, Clarkton, rice.
H P Pope, Weldon, rice.
J L Moore, Kinston, rice.
W B Hoent, Rock Point, rice.
J F Lautz, Lincolnton, rice.
B J Keech, Tarboro, rice.
D L McLain, Maxton, rice.
E E Knight, Tarboro, rice.
D M Stanton, La Grange, rice
T E Perry, Belvidere, rice.
Job Moore, Johnson Mills, rice.
D W Hasty, Alfordsville rice
Dr H V Dunston, Windsor, rice.
J O Loftin, Mt. Olive, peas.
J H McIver, Tillery, peas.
J A McIver, Tillery, peas.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

THE CAUCASIAN is an eye opener every week. You can not afford to do without it.

POLK MONUMENT.

LET EVERY REFORMER CONTRIBUTE TO BUILD IT.

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THE CAUCASIAN'S fund for the monument now stands as follows:

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THE CAUCASIAN,	10.00
Westville Alliance	2.00
Gum Neck Alliance	3.00
Lucoma Alliance, No. 1031	2.00
Iredell Alliance,	5.00
E. Godwin, Dobbinsville, N. C.	1.00
Carr's Alliance, No. 1404	5.00
Wm. A. Broughton,	33.48
Cleveland Sub Alliance, No. 588	2.25

We will publish in this column each week the contributions sent in.

In addition to our contribution of $10, we will out of every club of ten cash subscribers sent in at one time, we will place one dollar to this fund and give the sender of the club credit for same. [tf.]

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MARY ANN'S OLD MAN

WRITES AN INTERESTING LETTER ABOUT

THE DAYS OF "THE RAZOR-BACK-HOG AND THE PENNY-ROYAL STEER."

'Squire Edwards Letter in The Caucasian Stirs Up Old Memories.

[Special Cor. The Caucasian.]

HELL SWAMP, Duplin Co.

MR. EDITOR:—My specs got mislaid in the wrong chink, but Mary Ann's eyes are as good as they were 40 years ago when everybody said she was the likliest girl in the "swamp." Mary Ann is my wife, and the mother of ten healthy, strong, reasonably good children. We have been married nigh onto 10 years and we never spent a pleasenter thanksgiving than this one. After dinner was over and all the things cleaned and put away Mary Ann slipped on her new calico frock and white apron and she looked as young and spry as any of the girls. She opened the clock, and that clock hasn't stopped a minute in over 50 years, but once during the war, and took out your paper to see what 'Squire Edwards had to say about them politicians in Washington. We always hide the paper in the clock and keep it for some of the "swamp" people to read when they drop in on Sundays. When she got to where the 'Squire spoke about the days of the razor-back hog and the penny-royal steer it set me to thinking. Before I forgot it Mary Ann says she knows you must be a good man or the Democratic polecitioners would never have thought of giving you that name: Tom Dobson—Tom is captain of "the Hell Swamp Invicibles"—says Judson Carroll give you that name. I remember Judson as a tallow-face boy at the Dobson school house. He had a slick tongue and the older boys all said that he was cut out for a politician. In them days some of the Swamp children had a fashion of nibbling the clay in the chincks between the logs. It didn't have any grit about it and it was old and mellow, but the feller that said clay to Judson got licked or had a foot race. It was all a habit and it had a bad affect on the skin. It give it a yaller like look and made the children wormy.

Me and uncle John Durham Carroll—Judson's father—belonged to the same church. We are mostly Baptists in "the swamp" and Judson's father was one of the pillars of the church. He always sat on the front bench in the amen corner and raised the tunes. Many is the time I have had the cold chills run down my back when he would sing on "Jordan's stormy bank I stand." We don't have any more church singing like that nowadays. Mary Ann and me just the other Sunday was talking about this and after wondering a little we thought that Judson must be a mighty good friend of yours or he would never have called you "Mary Ann." Because Mary Ann is sort of a family name in "the swamp," and besides Judson's wife is named Mary Ann and Judson's brother Wash's wife is named Mary Ann. Forty years ago seems like a mighty long time. I married at 21 because I thought it was the right thing to do, but if I had known the war was coming on so soon I should have waited. I shall never forget the day, in front of the old Union hotel in Kenansville, where the first soldier company left for the war. Tom Kenan was captain of the company and he called it "the Duplin Rifles." Tom got to be a big man in the war, and his brother Captain Jim, our sheriff, took the company. I was mighty tempted to go with the boys, but I thought of Mary Ann and the two little chicks at home and we hadn't talked the matter over. I went home feeling very much up set. I couldn't sleep nor eat, and Mary Ann saw that something had gone wrong. She was right in for the war, and when I told her the next day what Dick Stanford said to the boys when he give 'em the flag and how everybody cried, the thing was settled then and there. To the war I must go. The next day, bright and early, I saddled "Sally" my flea-bitten gray mare and enlisted in Capt. Bill Houston's horse company. "Sally" carried me all over Virginia and brought me safe back to the Swamp as sound as she was the morning I rode her into camp. I don't intend to hurt anybody's feeling, but I want to say that it is a shame that a big high tombstone is not put over his grave. The Lord never made a braver, nobler, bigger-hearted man than Bill Houston. And I want to say another thing that may not be very pleasant to some people, but when I remember how General Bob Ransom treated our company I forget that I am a deacon in the Baptist church, and I am just mean enough to be tickled to death at the digs you give his brother Mat for the way he voted to destroy the people's money. I haven't seen the sight of a silver dollar since that bill passed the senate. Even Captain Tom Dobson, of "the Hell Swamp Invincibles," says that Mr. Ransom's vote was a confounded shame and outrage. Well, General Bob reduced our company officers and put in their places some Scotland Neck school boys whose dadies owned a lot of niggers and they thought they owned the whole earth. Gen. Bob is dead now, but we are all human and it is mighty hard to forget some things. There is a mighty strong feeling in

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.