

FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

ALLIANCE NOTES.

—“Assistant republicans” is the appropriate and expressive name given to the “straight-out” democrats in Kansas this year.

—The Rocky Mountain News puts Gen. Weaver's majority at 25,000 in Colorado. Kansas will beat that at least 10,000.

—It is extremely amusing to see the democratic Louisville Courier-Journal helping to prove true Secretary Foster's lie that there are \$24.00 per capita of money in circulation.—Cincinnati Herald.

—The People's Advocate, Atlanta, Ga., is now in the middle of the road for the people's party. The Advocate is a negro paper, has always been republican, and is the official organ of the Knights of Pythias of Georgia.—Kansas City (Kan.) Sun.

—Republicans in Texas have endorsed the democratic nominee for governor, and leading democrats of Kansas are calling a conference to put in operation a plan to defeat the people's party state ticket and elect the republican ticket in that state.—Lamar (Mo.) Industrial Union.

—There is no excuse for a well posted man voting the democratic ticket. The party leaders do not know where they stand themselves on any question of vital importance. The honest voters are dropping out of that hypocritical party to vote the people's ticket.—Omaha (Nebr.) Public.

GEORGIA CRACKERS.

They are Heart and Soul in the People's Movement and if Seed Be Will Die For the Cause.

In glaring contradiction to the course of unscrupulous journals, such as some we could mention, which strangle truth, smother conscience and prostitute their columns for partisan ends, are the ways of a sure newspaper. From the special correspondence of the Chicago Inter Ocean we clip the following paragraphs relating to a public speaking in Georgia. It would seem that the Kansas City Star, if it had any regard for the truth, should at least admit that there are other issues in this campaign besides the tariff, and apologize for publishing the following stupid editorial:

Mr. Weaver, the populist presidential candidate, who has been in the south using considerable time and the usual allowance of rope, has done what was expected of him. In a speech at Atlanta he broke out with the statement that there is no such thing as free speech in the south. The governor of Georgia and the chairman of the democratic state central committee assured Mr. Weaver that they would protect him in making any utterance he cared to make. Mr. Weaver had little else to say except to reiterate his first statement. The kind of talk which Mr. Weaver indulged himself in is nonsense. It is very likely that if a man of Weaver's caliber should come from the south to the north and abuse the people for not at once receiving his teaching as gospel, the man would be jeered and gaped. But he would not be harmed bodily. Nor was the populist candidate harmed in the south. The whole trouble with Mr. Weaver is that he is insinuating himself and his alleged issue where it is an impediment to progress. The tariff, which is the real issue south and north, Mr. Weaver attempts to ignore and belittle. The southern congressmen have stood as a noble phalanx against the tariff tax iniquity,

his records and was ready, and one of lieutenants held an umbrella over the papers, while the colonel turned up his coat collar, pushed up his sleeves and began.

A political debate in Georgia is conducted on the principle of a prize fight in the early days. The champion that has the greatest number of backers has the best end of the argument and comes out winner.

Watson seemed to have the crowd in numbers and he certainly had it in their determination to outdo the democrats. They had the places next to the stand. They cared nothing for the rain and they hated Livingston more than any other democrat in Georgia, because they considered him a traitor to the cause of which he was the father in the state. They also look upon Watson as more than human and because of his small stature and lack of personal presence they considered it their special privilege to protect him from men who have greater physical power. They, in their ignorance, considered him one sent by a higher power for their deliverance. They were ready to fight if necessary, and there were a lot of long-necked Georgia crackers standing about with long knives up their sleeves ready for business.

The knives were the most valuable property about them and cost more than the old coats that they wore.

Col. Peck, the people's party candidate for governor, whose home is at Conyers, had provided a place for the meeting, and he had his hands full to prevent a rough-and-tumble fight, involving the whole crowd.

from the ladies of Conyers, and it created such an uproar that Watson had to have it hidden before he could proceed. He then said: “They may have their traveling bar to evade the law and their howling mobs, but I have the hearts of the people with me in this fight.”

“That's right, Col. Tom, we're with you,” shouted a dozen alliance men.

The democrats showed fight at this and Livingston and Watson had to show their good feeling towards each other to prevent a general pitched battle.

Watson's next fire brand was a quotation from Northern's speech in which he said: “Go home and strike the wife of your youth now grown old, strike the innocent and prattling child at her knee lifting up her voice in prayer, but don't strike the grand old democratic party.”

His comments on this made the democrats mad and the “wool hats” hilarious and there were loud shouts of denial.

The little “Colonel Tom” threw open his coat and vest, baring his breast, and shouted: “I'm not afraid; you never saw my lip quiver nor my face blanch in the hour of danger.”

“Bully for you, Col. Tom, we're with you; give it to 'em!” came from his crowd.

Watson then sailed into Livingston, Northern and Cleveland, and berated them for their attitude on the free silver bill. He tried to quote Jefferson on state banks, but the democrats howled him down.

One section of the crowd became

spoke of Weaver, and the democrats howled him down, but he got back at them with the declaration that the south professed to love brave men, men who would fight. Weaver had the courage to fight for his side, but Cleveland and Stevenson had not the courage to fight for either. They stayed at home while north and south were battling for what each believed to be right. It was then the farmers tried to shout and jeer at Cleveland and ask democrats how they could vote for such cowards. They were dangerously near the fighting line again when Watson ended his speech and Livingston took the platform to reply.

The old father of the alliance in Georgia had an embarrassing role to play. He was face to face with the men who followed him for years in all the doctrines of the people's party, and who believed that he had deserted them to secure office, just as did Gov. Northern, another old alliance leader. He tried to discuss the issues calmly and reply to Watson's charges against him, but he had to battle with the crowd and a dozen times stopped and said he would not speak further. Watson then came to his relief as he had come to Watson's and induced the alliance men to keep quiet and hear Col. Livingston. Livingston said a party should not be judged by its followers alone, but by its principles, its leaders and what it had done, [“and by its rascality,” yelled an old farmer down in front.] “Now you shut your mouth or I'll come down and shut it for you,” said Livingston.

The old farmer spat on his hands, pushed up his sleeves and said: “Come on, we'll see about that.” The seriousness with which his banter was accepted disconcerted the congressman for a minute, and then he laughed it off and proceeded with his speech.

“Who framed the people's party?” he asked.

“Col. Livingston!” came in a wild shout of reply from the farmers.

This the colonel denied and said that it was framed at Cincinnati in 1891. All the alliance planks, excepting the sub-treasury plank had been adopted by the democrats. It was all in the Chicago platform and that was why he remained in the democratic party. He claimed that the alliance forbids political action and the alliance men yelled him down with questions to which he led them into politics as an alliance party, and where “Livingston's yard stick” came in.

He next tried to show the alliance men that all they wanted was the Chicago platform, and in explaining that he claimed it was for free trade, for free silver, and for everything else the alliance asked except the sub-treasury plank. In all this the colonel came in to collision with the farmers again, and they yelled for Watson to show him “where he was at.” Then Livingston got mad and swore that he had more friends in the crowd than had Watson. He would prove it. He called for a vote by a show of hands. It was so nearly even that he tried it again, claiming that many democrats held up their hands by mistake when he called for a people's party vote. “You democrats keep your hands in your pockets, now,” shouted the colonel, “while these people's party fellows vote.” They did and the show of hands was so great that Livingston did not call a second time for the democratic vote. So the circus continued, with men getting ready to fight every few minutes and the platform forgotten for the outside disturbance.

Livingston attacked Weaver's record and quoted some of the general's remarks about the woman-whipping southerners. It was fun for his followers for a time, but Watson, in his reply, got back at him by showing that it was Livingston who brought Weaver south a year ago, and traveled about the state of Georgia with him. Watson made the colonel very tired with this bit of history and even democrats admitted that the little champion of the people's party had the best of the fight, for such it was through six hours from 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock.

So wild became the crowd toward the close that Watson was heard by only those on the platform, while the crowd were wildly quarreling among themselves and fighting. Donnybrook fair never had a better counterpart in a political debate than this great meeting between the democrats and people's party advocates in Georgia.

A Fair Count.

The Advertiser is raising its hands in holy horror andavoring around fearfully because the Kolb crowd are getting up petitions to secure the appointment of supervisors and deputy marshals in the November elections, in order to assure a free vote and an honest count. Rear and pitch, tear up the earth and yell to your heart's content, Mr. Advertiser. The petitions are out. They will be signed in a large, bold handwriting and they will be presented. The supervisors will be men who cannot be bulldozed, and the deputy marshals will be of the same sort of material. The people intend to rebuke and overthrow your petty little despotism. They intend to rebuke and teach you and your crowd a lesson which all will remember. It will be done boldly, defiantly and without equivocation; and if your crowd want to be happy in the future, you had best keep in the middle of the road.—Montgomery (Ala.) Alliance Herald.

—It should be remembered that this people's party is not a movement of the farmer and common laborer exclusively. It is a movement of the people against the parasites. Unless we can unite all legitimate interests, labor, business and professional, against the class that absorbs the product of muscular and mental labor without rendering an equivalent, then our party will fall to pieces with its own weight. There are too many people in our party yet who, with tongue and pen, are conveying the idea that no one is welcome in our ranks except a farmer or a common laborer. This is one of our own mistakes that needs correcting.—Cincinnati Herald.

—Hamilton Garland, the author of “Main-Traveled Roads,” “A Spoil of Office,” etc., is now making speeches for the people's party in Iowa.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

It is Not a Question of More Money But of British Domination of Our Markets.

The effect of cheap silver on the price of wheat and cotton is met with ridicule by both the old parties. They claim that the price of silver bullion has nothing whatever to do with the high or low price of these commodities. Such assumption vanishes in the light of cold business facts and the plain proposition is discerned that silver must be re-monetized or the silver mines should be sealed up, in order to protect the industries of the country. The following, taken from the Truth, Corsicana, Tex., sheds a flow of light on this subject. It quotes from Mr. Abbott's speech:

“I have with care prepared from official sources a table showing the comparative value of cotton, wheat, corn and silver as measured by the gold dollars from 1873, the year before silver was demonetized, to the present date. This very interesting table reveals the important fact that when silver is depreciated or falls below its standard coinage value, in almost the exact proportion the farm products named are correspondingly depreciated; and this is the case with other farm products. Anyone doubting the correctness of the table can find its verification by referring to page 8, ‘Bureau of Statistics, Foreign Commerce, for the year 1891,’ and ‘Director of Mint Report on Production of Metals for 1890,’ page 235:

Fiscal year ended June 30	In the home markets			Silver per ounce
	Cotton per lb.	Corn per bu.	Wheat per bu.	
1872	18.3	73	81 47	81.32
1873	18.8	62	71	1.20
1874	15.4	62	67	1.27
1875	13.0	80	61	1.12
1876	12.9	67	54	1.15
1877	11.8	54	47	1.20
1878	11.1	47	42	1.12
1879	9.9	47	37	1.07
1880	11.3	54	42	1.14
1881	11.4	50	41	1.17
1882	11.4	47	39	1.15
1883	10.8	48	38	1.11
1884	10.5	41	37	1.11
1885	10.6	34	36	1.08
1886	9.9	36	37	99
1887	9.1	48	39	97
1888	9.8	35	36	93
1889	9.9	47	36	93
1890	10.7	48	38	1.04
1891 (at close of)	10.0	41	35	99

The coinage value of an ounce of pure silver is \$1.29.

“Now it will be readily seen that there is more in free coinage than the amount of money added to the circulating medium, for it measures the value, or fixes the price of farm products. To illustrate: The Liverpool market is supplied to a large extent from India. India has free coinage of silver, and silver is the exclusive currency of the country, so England can, and does buy our bullion at 85 cents per ounce and sells the same to India at \$1.29 per ounce, thereby making a clear profit of 44 cents per ounce, and then invests this silver in cotton.”

This is followed by the market reports on cotton from several cities, which confirms what Mr. Abbott says: “What is true of cotton is true of wheat since both are governed by the same rule.”

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 11.—T. E. Glenn & Co.'s report says: “New York opened 3 to 4 points lower and closed 11 points lower. After the call, however, prices were further depressed. The decline in Liverpool is attributed to a decline of 1/4 in silver.”

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 11.—Atwood Violette & Co.'s circular says: “The decline is owing to a serious loss in price of silver which is 1/4 of 1 per cent. lower than yesterday.”

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—Hubbard, Price & Co.'s report says: “The market opened at a decline of 3 points and during the day continued to decline and the closing was easy at about 14 points decline from last night's figures, because silver was so weak.”

The above would bear a careful reading.—National Watchman.

A GOOD JOKE.

The Southern Democratic Papers Appear to Be in the Soup.

The people's party has made application for the appointment of deputy United States marshals and supervisors at the polls in west Tennessee, where the ballot-box stuffing has been almost as notorious as in Alabama. Marshal Brown has issued his instructions regarding the duty of such marshals and supervisors, and this has excited the editors of the Memphis Appeal and Commercial until they are yelling force bill and negro domination. They denounce Brown as the worst bulldozer ever in the office and assert that it is the worst order ever issued by a United States marshal in Tennessee, worse even than those in the old days when republicans held control in the state. The Memphis Commercial calls it “a devilish conspiracy and the devilish methods of republicans which democrats will have to meet. We may as well prepare for it. We may as well prepare to be hustled, pushed and insulted at the polls by these radical toughs with their drunken negro hoodlums at their heels.” They declare it a premonition of the force bill.

Marshal Brown is not disturbed over these attacks. To him they are a huge joke because he copied the order and the instructions from Attorney-General Garland and his marshal in the same district issued four years ago. He did not change a word, except in the date, and the terrible republican order which has frightened the democrats was in reality issued by a democratic marshal, under Cleveland, who had his instructions from Attorney-General Garland, who is the only survivor of the confederate cabinet of Jefferson Davis. It was raised four years ago by these same Memphis editors who are now so excited. It is a good example of how the southern editors get excited over everything relating to national control of elections whenever it comes from those who are not democrats.—Special Correspondence Inter Ocean.

—The people's state executive committees of Arkansas, Tennessee and Alabama have applied for federal supervisors at the coming election, being fully satisfied that they can't have a fair election without them. Democracy in those states has set up a piteous howl and is ranting about this “foul stain about to be inflicted on their fair (?) fame.” This same democracy steals thousands of votes and intimidates negroes and white men, too, without any fear of a “foul stain.”—Putler (Mo.) Union.



KEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD.—From the Rocky Mountain News, July 17, 1892.

If you want to beat Grover, also Ben, Turn your backs on the goldbug men; They've woven their plots, and woven them ill.

We want a WEAVER who's got more skill, And mostly we want a Silver Bill— Just keep in the middle of the road, then.

—We will have no election frauds in Tennessee if vigilance can prevent it. Our men must watch both the voting and the counting. You have under our law the right to stand by the box and watch the ballots as they are put in and taken out. This our men intend to do.—Weekly Toiler.

—Wait for the force bill. It is worse than the “tariff for revenue only.” Both are too much for common people. The moneycrats can afford to monkey with such things, but the people want more money, better prices for their products and equal rights. Vote for that.—Progressive Farmer.

—The republican national committee, it is said, have arranged to send one thousand speakers and one million dollars to Kansas this fall to carry the state for their party ticket. And this, too, where the democrats have no ticket in the field and the people's party is going to pieces so fast. Queer, isn't it?—Farmers' Friend.

—The third party has been growing quietly and rapidly of late. It keeps well under cover, but it seems to be very infectious. Georgia and Alabama are honeycombed by it. North Carolina has more than one hundred thousand voting members, Tennessee runs as high as one hundred and twenty-five thousand. It has spread through the northwest like a fire on a dry prairie.—N. Y. Herald.

—A graduated income tax should be reimposed, so that the accumulated wealth of the few shall bear its share of the government's burdens. At present 80 per cent. of the wealth pays only 20 per cent. of the taxes, while 20 per cent. of the wealth (that's you) pays 80 per cent. of the taxes. Chicago has men worth fifteen to twenty millions, and yet not one of them is assessed over \$100,000! Turn the animal around awhile.—Southern Farm.

—One of the most pathetic scenes of life is to see poor men shivering in the face of the dread cold season, while the price of fuel goes up out of his reach because he and his kind have voted coal trusts into existence by having had their prejudice and credulity imposed upon by political sharpers and confidence men in statesmen's clothing. There is no reason why the sources of life's blessings should be controlled and owned by a few Caesars who levy heavy tribute on the things that are the people's. The people's party is the only one that tends in principle toward the abolition of individual trusts.—Omaha Tocsin.

and the southern people know it. When Mr. Weaver breaks in and abuses the friends and neighbors of the southerners, it is small wonder that they resist it. The “invasion” of the late Col. Polk in Iowa was resented the same way. The people were indignant and did not disguise their indignation, but Col. Polk was too much of a politician to break out with incendiary talk about there being no free speech in Iowa. Mr. Weaver should consult his Chesterfield and get a few points well in hand on the art of being a gentleman.

The occasion of the gathering was a joint debate between Congressman Thomas E. Watson, candidate for reelection upon the populist ticket, and Congressman Livingston, who was elected to congress as an alliance man by alliance votes and who is now a candidate upon the Bourbon democratic ticket.

The Inter Ocean's correspondent says:

The meeting took place at Conyers, a small town about twenty-five miles east of Atlanta. It was to be the great event of the Georgia campaign. It was a cold, rainy day, but the “wool hat” boys care nothing for rain and mud. They turned out in force and some of them started out after their chores were done Sunday night to get there in time to secure places close about the stand and protect their third party. Evangel White preached the new gospel of deliverance for the south.

Col. Livingston took a large special train load of pure democracy from Atlanta to see that he had fair play and to cheer for him against the “wool hat” boys. His friends brought another special train from Augusta, in Watson's district. They had to import dried in the wool democracy from all the surrounding towns to feel assured that they would have a fair and even chance with the alliance men who are to be found in all the cabins dotting north Georgia, and who look to Weaver and Watson to give them sub-treasury legislation, \$50 per capita and freedom from their present straggle.

The champions, Watson and Livingston, met at the little hotel in Conyers and the latter spoke of declaring the debate off because of the rain, and the lack of hall room to accommodate the crowd of about 5,000, who were standing out in the wet. But the “wool hat” fellows did not care for the rain, and demanded that the fight proceed. Watson was ready, Livingston had to be, and they went out to the little grove, where most of the people had already assembled. They left it to a vote as to whether the debate should be held and the crowd voted yes with a vengeance. Col. Watson opened his grip, got out

Watson realized that he could precipitate a fight and in his opening was rather mild. He cautioned the crowd to not cheer nor create a disturbance, and assured his followers that he was fully able to take care of himself. Col. Livingston also asked the democrats to keep quiet and allow Col. Watson to proceed without interruption. Watson made a speech of an hour and a half as an opener, but because of the interruptions, which could not be prevented, it required two hours for him to deliver it. He said he was not there for a fight, and would not indulge in personalities, but although Livingston endorsed that proposition, it was very much like a fight in a few minutes.

Watson's speech was an arraignment of the democratic party in general, and of Col. Livingston in particular. He reviewed the history of the alliance movement from its beginning, quoted from the St. Louis platform of 1890, which was endorsed by Col. Livingston, and from the Ocala platform, also endorsed by Livingston, to show that both Livingston and Gov. Northern had deserted the party that they helped to create. He openly charged Gov. Northern with being a deserter and of having been bought.

Here the democrats cheered for Northern and said they were proud of him. Watson waited until both sides had settled down from what promised to be a free fight, he and Livingston both pouring oil on the troubled waters, and then he proceeded to stir up the animals again. He proceeded to show how Northern and Livingston were both candidates for governor. Northern secured the nomination, and Livingston broke with him on the sub-treasury platform of the alliance. Northern called that platform anarchy and Livingston broke with him, but now both are calling it anarchy. Again the crowd was ready to fight and both speakers tried to make the people sit down. It became a free discussion between Livingston, Watson and the crowd. Livingston yelled to a big “wool hat” to sit down, and the “wool hat” retorted that he would on both Livingston and Northern. Some man started another disturbance by distributing copies of the Augusta Chronicle making a severe attack on Watson. The “wool hats” were ready to mob him and Livingston induced the man to go away before he should be put away.

Watson began again, when a large banner made of roses, with the inscription “All honor to Watson,” was carried through the crowd. It was a gift

wilder than the others, and a man shouted: “Don't you cut me.”

Coats were shed, knives and razors became the arguments, and the whole 3,000 men began to surge toward that center from which came the voices.

Col. Livingston jumped to the front of the platform, in front of Watson, and yelled: “Bill Vandergriff, for God's sake go away from there and keep quiet. If you fellows don't put on your coats and settle down I'll get down and lick all of you.”

Livingston is a big man and said to be brave. His prompt and defiant command quieted the men who were getting ready to fight and then friends separated them. The knives again were slipped up their sleeves and after Col. Livingston had threatened to lick a half dozen other men in different parts of the crowd, he succeeded in getting them quiet enough to allow Watson to proceed.

Watson took up the silver plank again and jumped into the democratic house for refusing to pass the bill even after a republican senate had passed it. He also ridiculed the democratic record on tariff reform and regarding its professions of economy said his house had spent more money than the so-called billion-dollar Reed congress. He took up the force bill and quoted from southern democratic papers to show that the democrats were afraid that the republicans would drop that measure. This cry of force bill had been used by democrats to hold the south solid for years. It had been the only power to prevent the laboring classes in the south leaving the democratic party. The democrats were yelling to the republicans: “For God's sake keep up the agitation on the force bill, for it's our only salvation in the south. So long as you support such a bill in the north, we can frighten the south into standing together against it.” But the people of the south no longer feared the force bill, they wanted honest elections. They no longer feared negro domination.

The negro was not asking for social equality. They did not want it, but they did want and they should have their political rights, and the poor negroes and poor whites were beginning to understand that their interests lay along the same lines. They should stand together against their oppressors [cheers and “That's right” from white men and black, who stood closely packed together near the stand]. “I pray God for a pure ballot,” said Watson, and there were loud “amenas.” He