

THE CONCORD SUN.

"Ours are the plans of fair, delightful Peace—Unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

CONCORD, NORTH CAROLINA, AUG., 29, 1876.

NO. 14.

The Concord Sun

Published by
W. H. HARRIS, Editor & Proprietor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Single subscription, for one year, \$1.00
Six months, .60
Three months, .35
Clubs of five, \$4.00
Clubs of ten, \$7.50
Clubs of twenty, \$14.00
Subscriptions must be paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES:
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Tilden's War Record.

DR. HEWITT RE-ENFORCED—RADICAL
CALUMNIES SILENCED—ALWAYS A
FIRM UNIONIST.

Tuesday evening the following telegram was read by Congressman Hewitt in support of his reply to the attack of Kasson on Governor Tilden:—

New Lebanon, N. Y., August 15.—Hon. A. C. Hewitt, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.: Your telegram was received and shown to me. Although Mr. Tilden was for the ten years previous to the war and during the war in private life, his position in respect to the war was never open to the slightest doubt. He had been early educated to condemn the doctrines of nullification and secession. He had foreseen the danger of civil war when many desired it and did all he could to avoid it, but when it arrived he took an open and decided position in favor of the Government, enforcing its jurisdiction and averting a dismemberment of the country. He attended the meeting of the 20th of April, 1861, and again, on the 22d of April, the meeting of the members of the New York bar. He soon after addressed a regiment setting out for the front. He attended the presentation of colors to the Seventy-ninth Highlanders, and afterward afforded that regiment special aid and service, to say nothing of frequent contributions elsewhere. His attitude throughout the war was that of ardent approval of the scattering military management and the inflation financial policy adopted by the administration, because they tended to prolong the war and increase its sacrifices. Nevertheless, he sustained the term of the Government. Every utterance of his during the whole war was in accord with this position. Every statement to the contrary about any single act or expression is totally false. Some of his speeches I heard myself, particularly a great speech which he made before the New York delegation at the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1864. I was the bearer of a message from him to General McClellan advising him to abandon his miserable words in the platform, which were also discarded in the subsequent platform of the New York Delegate Convention. I have possession of the original manuscript of a declaration which he prepared in October, 1862, to be used to define the position of the New York Democracy—the position which he thought he ought to take, and which he did take. I select these from among many expressions for their brevity. It is as follows: "And now if my voice could reach the Southern people through the journals of our metropolises, I would say to them that in no event can the triumph of the Conservative sentiment of New York in the election mean consent to disunion, either now or hereafter. Its true import is restoration North of that Constitution which had secured every right, under whose shelter all had been happy and prosperous, until you madly fled from its protection. It was your act which began this calamitous civil war; it was your act which disabled, from shaping the policy or limiting the objects of that war; loyally as we maintained your rights will we maintain the rights of the Government; we will not strike down its arm as long as yours is lifted against it. That noblest and greatest work of our wise ancestors is not destined to perish; we intend to rear once more upon the old firm foundation its shattered columns and to carry them higher toward the eternal skies. If the old flag waves in the nerveless grasp of a frantic but feeble faction, to whom you and not we abandoned it, we, whose courage you have tried when we stood unmoved between fanaticism and folly from the North and South alike; we will once more hear it onward and aloof until it is again planted upon the towers of the Constitution, invincible by domestic or foreign enemies. Within the Un-

ion we will give you the Constitution you profess to revere, renewed with fresh guarantees of equal rights and equal safety. We will give you everything that local self-government demands; everything that a common ancestry of glory, everything that a national fraternity or Christian fellowship requires, but dissolve the Federal bond between these States, to dismember our country, whoever else consents, we will not. No; never! never! never!!"

MANTON MARBLE.

(From the CONCORD SUN November 29th, 1873.)

Brogden's Speech.

A SCRAP OF HISTORY.

BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.

The place is Concord—Time July 1872, during the Gubernatorial Campaign.

The Dining Room of the Concord Hotel Tuesday night 10 o'clock—July 1872.

Two dignitaries setting at the table. One long, lank, lean, the other fat and short, and both hungry and warm. The former, we shall call Will, the latter, General. "Says Will," "General I am quite surprised to see you here," "Yes," replied the General, "I am rather surprised myself—as I fully intended being in Goldsboro to-morrow. Governor Harriman and myself went down in company with Mr. Bailey and Col. Long, to make the noble citizens of Big Lick a speech, and owing to the bad roads, I arrived too late for the cars, consequently, I shall have to remain till morning." "I am rejoiced to meet you General, it always does me good to meet any of my old friends and acquaintances from the noble county of Wayne, and you can rest assured that I shall leave nothing undone to render your stay in our village pleasant and agreeable, and if you have finished your supper I shall take great pleasure in introducing you to some of our most prominent citizens. Walk in the office, General, your arrival is known and already, quite a number of people of our town are in waiting, to secure an introduction to Carolina's second highest official," so saying Will took the General by the arm, and "allow me to introduce to your acquaintance, Mr. H." Mr. H. extended his hand and greeted the General warmly, with a "Hello Curtis, how d'ye do old pard, God bless you, glad to see you—how's your folks—anchor yourself—but hold on; here is a lot of your friends and mine, let me introduce you to Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, Mr. Brown, Mr. Smith again, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Jenkins, Wm. Boyd, Mr. Brown again, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jenkins again," the General shaking hands with the gentlemen exclaims, "I am real, happy to meet so many of the noble citizens of the noble county of Cabarrus. I have often heard of the noble people of the noble county of Cabarrus, and I rejoice to-night to take so many of them by the hand,"—cries from the crowd, "a speech from Brogden—Brogden—Brogden—Brog—Brog—Curt, Curtis, Governor Brogden, Lieut. Governor Brogden—hurrah for Brogden." It was now 12 o'clock. The General takes Will aside, and asks, "do you think there would be any impropriety in making these friends a short talk," "No indeed General, I can assure you, that I conceive of no possible impropriety, in your making a short little talk, of say ten or fifteen minutes long, and it would be exceedingly gratifying to the good citizens of Cabarrus, (and to yourself) to know that the last speech you made in the campaign, was delivered to a Concord audience." The General cleared his pipe, and announced his intention to make a few pertinent remarks. Mr. H. then proposed three cheers for Brogden, two of which were given with a hearty good will and the third, set under a lamp in the street in front of the Hotel, and the General mounted thereon his intellectual face beaming with the rays of benevolence, in the full glare of the moons pale rays above, "this child of the skies" spoke as follows:

My Friends and Fellow-Citizens of the noble county of Cabarrus; "I thank you from the deepest depths of my heart, for the great honor you have conferred on me, in asking me to address you on this most momentous question, and I ask you, the noble citizens of the noble county of Cabarrus,

Not to view me with a critic's eye, But pass my unperfected words by.

There are, gentlemen, my friends and fellow-citizens three great pillars of Government—the Executive, the Legislature and the Judiciary, (a voice

from the crowd), say that over General I didn't hear that." Friends and fellow-citizens, there are three great district pillars of Government. The Judiciary, the Legislature and the Executive—a representative from So-dom), "I thought you said General that the three pillars of government, were the Executive, Legislature and Judiciary. Mr. H. in the meantime quietly suggested to the General not to mind him, as some of the boys had been taking too much. "Thank you, and Friends and Fellow citizens as I said before—there are three great fundamental pillars of Government, The Executive, Legislative, and Judicial, but to make this perfectly plain, I must explain. The Governor is the Executive the Judiciary is the Judiciary and the Legislative body, is the Legislature (a voice from the crowd, 'explain that again General, we didn't hear that.'). Friends and Fellow-Citizens of the noble old county of Cabarrus—there are three great fundamental pillars of Government the Judiciary, the Legislature and the Executive—but I will now proceed to explain in such a plain manner, the duties of each that he who reads may learn. The Judiciary consists of the Judiciary—a (a voice) "General are you in favor of the Governor having the power to appoint Judges?" "General, "No," (Voice). "Well I am for the simple reason that the Judiciary sometimes gets exhausted, and I am in favor of the Governor appointing twelve more Judges to supply the places of the exhausted." "Friends and Fellow-citizens of the noble county of Cabarrus the gentleman who has just interrupted me, speaks with wisdom, and his knowledge is characteristic of an intimate acquaintance with the diversified ramifications of the fundamental principles of a Republican form of Government, and I now beg leave to change my opinion and for the honesty of my intentions, my fellow county man, (Will) will testify that I am now in favor of the Governor appointing twelve additional Judges, lest in the future the Judiciary may be again exhausted. (Three cheers for Brogden—Bully for Curt—Rah for Brog.) During the hearty giving of the cheers—a leading member of the Bar and a prominent Republican, set at the lower end of the piazza with his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands—was heard to exclaim in the anguish of his soul: "I always thought Brogden, was a——, but now I know it—just listen how these boys are deviling the very life out of him—he'd beat any party on God's green earth, if he had the talking to do for them." A fine looking gentleman, now advanced near the speaker, and asked, "Do you think Holden was justified in the Kirk war?" "My Friends and Fellow-citizens of the noble old county of Cabarrus, there are three great fundamental pillars of Government," (confound your pillars of Government, answer my question, "Do you think Holden was justified in the Kirk war?" My Friends and Fellow-citizens—this Government embraces, within its comprehensive range, all that is interesting in morals, government, law, and politics, and I shall endeavor to follow it through its various ramifications and endeavor to explain its various details in a concise and satisfactory manner as an honest man, and I call on my fellow-county man Will——, to testify that I am an honest man." (Tremendous applause and cries of "Rah for Brogden—good—Bully—for Curt—Hooray for General Curtis Brogden from Wayne county, North Carolina.")

"My Friends and Fellow-citizens of the noble old county of Cabarrus; There are three great pillars—confound your pillars—answer my question from a legal point of view—without any circumlocution, "was that war, right or wrong?" (Cries of question, question.)

"My Friends and Fellow-citizens of the county of Cabarrus, if you will bear with me a little, I will answer your questions. There are three pillars of government, which have an intimate affinity for each other that it is impossible to separate, without crippling the energies of the other two, hence the executive withdrawing from the two, prostrated the Legislature, and exhausted the Judiciary (immense cheering); "But answer this question, squarely and no dodging "Was the Holden Kirk War, right or wrong?" My friends, Ancient and Modern history furnishes corroborative evidence, that the views I have taken, are in consequence, with the latter.

(Prolonged applause, and cries of Oh! My Brog—Bully for Curt.)

The crowd was sufficiently satisfied with this explanation, and the Gen-

eral was asked *How about these Bonds?* "My friends and fellow-citizens, I did, buy a few of those Bonds, I paid 16 or 17 cents for these, and I am very sorry to say, gentlemen that even at those prices I had lost money on 'em, and fellow-citizens, if there are any other questions touching the general welfare of the noble people of North Carolina, that you want me to answer, I will answer them to your entire satisfaction." "What do you think of Chinese labor?" My friends and fellow-citizens, I regard the Chinese, as the most patient, docile, tractable, cheapest, best laborers in the world.

History furnishes us with many bright and shining examples, of their frugal habits, and industrious character, and they will make, under the fostering care of this great government, the best class, not excepting our beloved colored friends, to whom, I am so largely indebted for this exalted position I now occupy of voters in the world. "What do you think of Littlefield, Swenson friend?" My friends and fellow-citizens, there are three great pillars of government," "answer the question plump up." "If I can be allowed the time, the question shall be answered. I think Littlefield and Swenson, evinced great talent, and financial shrewdness in building up the waste places of our State, and furnish themes for our Legislative department of Government to expatiate on the fundamental principles of the judicial investigations that have hitherto made the name of America sacred to her citizens in whatever land they may cast their fortunes and whiten every sea with the sails of our Commercial intelligence. Long after you and I have had the grass to grow over our graves—and when the last syllable of recorded time, shall have been transmitted to our latest posterity, when the American Eagle shall have plumed his wings, and soared away to heavenly climes, and left in disgust the transitory realms, of a fearful dynasty then will their names be inscribed high on Alpine hills, when venial summer dares not show, that individuals as well as personal characters, have a duty to perform in the great tragedy of human existence." (Deafening and prolonged applause.) At this stage of the proceedings, a colored friend, who had seen some one take a drink, moved up cautiously to the General's rear, and pulled him gently by the caudal extremity of his coat, said in a half audible tone: "Misser Brogden, dese white folks, is making a damder fool of you (hic) than what I think you really is, go to bed, (hic) go to your (hic) room."

My friends and fellow-citizens, as the night is far spent, allow me again and again to thank you for this evidence of your warmest appreciation of my services—long will I hold the memory of this night—if there be one bright spot on memory's tablet—it is this night, this meeting with so many of the Yeomanry, of the county of Cabarrus—again gentlemen good night, God bless my native land and the good people of Cabarrus.

The General retired amid the vociferous applause, and calls were made for Col. Tom Long, Bailey and Governor Harriman, they failed to answer, and the universal verdict of this jury was—Brogden, non-compos;—Bully—non est inventus;—Col. Tom Long—Feme covert;—and Governor Harriman—out of the State.

Pistols for Four.

HIGHLY EXCITING NIGHT SCENE ON A UNION PACIFIC SLEEPING CAR.

[From the Omaha Herald, Aug. 4.]

An incident occurred on the Union Pacific express train from the West yesterday, on its passage between Ogden and Omaha, that created a good deal of consternation, and some very excited and lively scrambling around in one of the Pullman sleeping-cars. About 2 o'clock yesterday morning when the train was at Ogallala, a passenger got aboard and took a berth in the sleeper. He did not get aboard in the full light of the station lamps, but jumped on in the darkness, after the train had passed the platform, and immediately got into his berth without removing any of his clothing, except his boots, and otherwise acted as if he feared that something would catch him. And something did catch him, sure enough, at the next station. The fellow was a gambler who had been carrying on operations at Ogallala in a way that would not square with even the gambler's code of morals. Ogallala is the great shipping point for cattle on the line of the Union Pacific, and at times a great many cattle dealers are there. The chap in question had got to play-

ing with these fellows, and beat them out of \$8,000 or \$10,000 and refused to disgorge. He had succeeded in sneaking out and getting aboard the train in the manner related, and was sneaking off with his stake. The enraged cattle men did not propose to submit to the circumstances and lose their money in that way; so they telegraphed the particulars, to the Alkali, the next station, who was likewise of the same resolute stamp of cattle men. When the train arrived they had possession of it, and were tearing through it to find the man who got on at Ogallala. They found him innocently pretending to sleep in his berth about the middle of the Pullman, and the trouble commenced. The fellow refused to leave the car, but the cattle-men assured him if he wouldn't go they had the tools to take him, and directed his attention to a mule standing quietly in the moonlight, with a long rope coiled up on the saddle. The bell rang to start, and matters were precipitated by all parties drawing revolvers and beginning to shoot promiscuously. Curtains were torn down, and frightened passengers tumbled out to escape the whistling bullets, and the utmost confusion reigned, women screaming, and everybody was rushing out of the car by means of windows as well as doors, and soon the prairie was covered with white-robed forms fitting like ghosts in the moonlight. The cattle-men finally dragged out their victim, tied him on the mule and started away with him, and the passengers returned to the coach, whence cries and screams and groans were still issuing. One young lady, whose parents were on board, was screaming and declaring that she was shot in the leg, and medical attendance was summoned from the station. The train was held to await the arrival of the man of knives and probes, when he came, a professional examination revealed the fact that a pin in the lady's stocking was cruelly sticking her. There were some bullet holes through the coach and several narrow escapes, but not a single passenger was hit by the reckless firing. The fate of the gambler who caused the trouble could not be learned, but it is known positively that he rode back to Ogallala on that mule with the rope in sight. The bunks, curtains and sides of the Pullman were pretty freely perforated with balls.

Story of a Turkish Captain.

Here is a story if not true has at least the appearance of truth. The late sultan, who was very proud of his fleet had ordered the captain of one of his finest vessels to proceed to England in order to convey his compliment to Queen Victoria on some public occasion—the birth of a grandchild most probably. The captain was most happy to obey the commands of his sovereign, only he had not the faintest idea of how to get to England. However, he started, and as long as he was in the Mediterranean all went well, but as soon as he got out of sight of land he was figuratively, as well as literally, all at sea. He confided his trouble to the pilot, who advised him to follow a certain steamer which was then just before them, and which was under way for England. The Captain followed the pilot's advice, and for some hours all went well, till nightfall in fact but the night proving foggy he lost sight of his friendly guide and was in despair. Morning dawned, the fog cleared away, and there in the horizon was visible the smoke of the steamer. The Turkish captain hastened to bring his vessel up quite near to the steamer, and followed patiently and perseveringly in its wake. One day passed, then two, then four, then a week, and still no land visible.

"I did not know that England was so 'far off,'" sighed the unhappy Turk.

Finally land appeared—a noble bay—a vast city. The steamships cast anchor, and the authorities came on board. They spoke English, as was to have been expected.

"What is your business here?" asked one of the officials of the captain of the Turkish frigate.

"I came to present the compliments of the sultan to your queen."

"What Queen?"

"Queen Victoria, of course—am I not in England?"

"In England? You are in New York!"

The unlucky captain, having lost sight of his English-bound guide during the first night of his voyage, had come up with a steamship on route to the United States. And I am told that this story is literally true.

When a woman starts a pawnshop, her's shop is the your aunt?

A Jubilant Reporter.

The more we think it over the more we congratulate ourselves that we didn't go as reporter with the Indian expedition, for although it is very pleasant to write up a long Indian fight, it rather knocks the romance out of it to write up the items in Paradise, or in case that no passes are granted to editors and reporters to be get up an account on fire-proof parchment, and run the risk of conveying it to our paper. All these things taken into consideration, we are glad we didn't go. Of course, what the country needs is good, patriotic volunteers to go forward and sustain the flag, and all that sort of thing, but the reason we don't hanker for such active life is that we object to being promoted so precipitately. We have never been noted for our precipitation, and to be promoted from an ordinary newspaper reporter to a shining angel without a scalp is an honor to which we do not aspire. There is something about being sent home without any liver or digestive apparatus, and a spinal column with only five or six good whole vertebrae in it, that always strikes a chill to our patriotism. And to think how a man is liable to have a tomakawk in among his vitals when he is thinking about something else, and to be cut down in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, with your dirty stockings on and two or three suspender buttons gone and an unpaid wash bill in your pocket, and never know how large a majority Tilden and Hendricks got—all these things seem to convince us that the government don't need raw recruits to fight the Sioux, but, on the contrary, old and tried soldiers are needed. No one doubts our patriotism or our courage. We have "killed Indians," and yet we do not say it boastfully, for they were not those ill-tempered ones in the mountains that pine for the gore of newspaper men and would like to have our pale blonde hair to ornament their buckskin Grecian bends. Of course there isn't much fun in being local editor, and getting licked every day for giving ill-tempered men in a pleasant little puff, but we'd rather do it, and see the circus once in a while than to spend the summer with the Hebrew children and Lazarus, while the bloody Sioux perform the difficult figures of the "can-can," around a lock of our sorrel back hair.

The Japanese Architecture at Philadelphia.

The Japanese houses are entitled to even more careful regard, and show charming novelties in their joinery, and expressive carved work, as well as an almost perfect system of tile roofing. In this latter respect, no structures on the grounds, and no houses in the country, will compare with them. It is not so much that the tiles are sound and firm in themselves, as that they are laid with such precision, and so solidly bedded,—so sharply trimmed in the valleys and so thoroughly dressed, and capped, on the ridged and hips of the building,—that they would seem to defy alike winds, snow, rains or the wear of time. Add to this the graceful jutting rooflets of their porches with the characteristic droop of rafter,—the valleys and ridge upon porch being treated with the same rigorous precision and care as the longer valleys,—and the result is a roof that seems almost perfect in its office, and is picturesque in the extreme. The side walls are sheathed up after their own fashion with covering-boards which are uncolored and relieved with no architectural decoration noticeable for the extreme nicety of the joinery. The same is also observable wherever timbers meet; but we question much if our Japanese friends have taken sufficient provision against the merciless intensity of our American sun; uncolored and unpainted wood will have serious work in resisting the fiery glare without opening its seams, or showing rank cleavage of its joints.—Donald G. Mitchell, in Scribner for Sept.

At a New York restaurant, the other day, a man inquired, reading from a bill of fare, "What is sirloin of beef a la financiere?" "I suppose that is cut from the Stock Exchange bull," replied his friend.

Recumbent Bison is the classic name of the military gentleman who heads the Sioux rebellion. *En No* The classic name is Sedentary Tar-cus.

Mrs. Carr, of Quebec, hanged herself with her false hair last week. The coroner's verdict was that Carr was demolished by a misplaced "switch."