

NOVEMBER 21, 1895.

CONCORD, CABARRUS COUNTY, N.C.

JAMES P. COOK, EDITOR.

IT IS A "SOLID NORTH" NOW.

We have scanned Republican papers in vain for any warnings against the danger of perpetuating a "solid" north. These journals have for so many years denounced a "solid south" as a sectional unity prejudicial to the harmony and prosperity of the country, that we reasonably expected they would make haste also to condemn what the late elections revealed—a solid north. But in this we have been disappointed.

If there is a good reason to apprehend bad effects from sectional unity, the danger must evidently be much greater when the "solid" section is the preponderant and aggressive one than when it is the minority section, always outvoted by the larger and stronger one. The "solid south" could not control national legislation without considerable help from the north, whereas a united partisan north can pass any measure which its sectional interests or prejudices may require.

The "wrong ox" gored this time? Must the clamor against sectional unity be stilled simply because the section making the clamor has become the solid one? It really appears so.

During the whole period in which the south was "solid," or nearly so, its representatives supported not a single measure designed to injure any other section; they demanded nothing for the exclusive benefit of the South; they proposed nothing irritating to any other part of the country; their policies were all conservative and national. Will they be treated in a like manner by a now solid north?

SCHLATTER, THE "MESSIAH."

A curious study in credulity is presented in Denver, where for several weeks past Francis Schlatter, a German shoemaker, has been creating a sensation as a divine "healer." Denver is presumably familiar enough with "healers" of the weird variety, but this now specimen was a revelation, and from all accounts the guileless people of the Colorado metropolis were taken in by him as is only supposed to be possible with innocent denizens of the backwoods.

Schlatter's methods have the merit of simplicity, consisting merely in holding the hand of the afflicted person and uttering a few words to himself supposedly by way of invocation to "Father," from whom he professes to receive all his power. The man himself seems to be honest and well-meaning, evidently self-deceived, which probably accounts for his success in hoodwinking others. He began his career in New Mexico, where he is said to have worked some wonderful cures, and where he acquired a reputation as a "Messiah." From there he went to Denver, where he made an instantaneous success. Thousands flocked to his humble cottage, before which he stood all day holding the hands of the sick, the halt, the lame and the blind, refusing in all cases to accept pay for the cures he was supposed to effect.

The telegrams of the last few days, however, record an abrupt ending to Schlatter's work in Denver. Some fakirs who were vending handkerchiefs supposed to possess magic power from having been touched by the "Messiah," got into court, and Schlatter, probably fearing he would be summoned as a witness, disappeared.

The strangest thing about the whole business is not that Schlatter succeeded in imposing on the denizens of the New Mexican wilds, but that he should have created such a furore in the modern and enlightened city of Denver. We need not be surprised to hear of his appearing in New York or Washington and compelling the people there to bow before his divinity.

THIS IS THESTHEY THRIVE ON.

That our readers, and especially those in Cabarrus county, may see what is being written about us in northern papers, we clip the attached article. We preface the article by saying that the author of it is an unmitigated liar. The Morning (N.Y.) Advertiser says editorially:

"We are unable to agree with the esteemed and usually accurate Traveler, of Boston, when it says that the crime of lynching negroes in the South is due primarily to the faulty administration of the law. ... Darnay could not have made

a more erroneous statement. It will not be denied that crime often goes unpunished in the South, even when it is brought into court, but there never was a time when the utmost rigor of the law was not applied to the negro, and more especially if accused of a crime against the chastity of a white woman. The Traveler, though it takes the wings of morning and scourts the whole South for evidence, will not find one case where a negro brought to trial for this crime has not received the full penalty of the law. It will, however, find many instances where black men have been accused; have been hunted down by the furious mob; have alleged to have confessed and have been hanged or shot to death. And after the "execution" it has been found that the wrong "nigger" was killed! There is no justification for the barbarous hanging, shooting and burning of negroes in the South, now is it just to excuse these atrocities on the plea that the law is not rigorously applied to offenders. The disgraceful fact is that the offender rarely lives to get into court. Once in a while he gets into jail; but that only makes it easier for the mob to find him, and hastens his end."

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

The London Christian World relates an instance of religious bigotry which we believe would be impossible in this country.

A lady in a little town near Norfolk who happened to be a congregationalist visited a sick girl several times and ministered to her needs. One day the girl's mother said to this kindhearted friend: "I am obliged to ask you not to come again, for the rector is so angry at your calling."

The same ecclesiastic was recently asked to attend a meeting of the Bible Society, an institution in which all Protestant denominations co-operate. He promptly declined the invitation on the ground that he went "some little Baptist minister might stand on the platform and call him brother."

It would be almost impossible to find in this country a minister of any creed who would be guilty of such meanness as was shown by this Pariah.

The feeling between the woman's religious denominations in this country was never before so cordial as it is now. Ours is a land of religious liberty and our people respect the earnest adherents of every religious creed. The man who believes that his own church is the only way to salvation has in him very little of the spirit of Christ.—Atlanta Journal.

Most any man could have a girl baby and the people outside of the neighborhood scarcely find it out. But the better half of the Czar of Russia presented her royal highness with a girl baby about 9 o'clock, Friday night and before Sunday morning the whole world knew it. This is rapid transit, or words to that effect. The young Czarina, as well as her "mammy" are said to be doing well. This is glad news to all of us over here, who happen to be known to the Royal Court of Russia.

"Two Editors" is the subject of quite a complimentary article written by Mrs. Fairbrother about Josiah Turner, of Hillsboro, and Dr. Kingsbury, of the Wilmington Messenger. They are complimentary to a degree deserved. THE STANDARD particularly endorses the words about Dr. Kingsbury, decidedly the most literary and scholarly man, to-day, on the State's press. An untiring worker of pure motives, is the Doctor.

Does the State appropriate any funds to the support of the University Football Team, that is coveting about over the country? The University is the only respectable institution that is allowing its boys to rush off on brutal foot culture. Other institutions are trying to look after the culture of the other end.

It must be annoying for Mr. Whitney, of New York, to be compelled so often to announce that he is not a candidate for the presidential nomination. This time he is so emphatic as to say he would not accept it, if tendered. Alright! we don't want a New York man, anyway.

Oscar Wilde is in debt \$18,000 and hasn't a red to liquidate. He is also in prison, which is a more serious matter with him than being in debt.

Had Judge Schenck not been defeated for a directorship in the N.C. Railroad, would he be now raising a howl against the release of the road? Then again, he's no longer the Southern's attorney! It all depends on how you hit a bull, whether he bellows or not.

AN OLD CABARRUSITE.

Soldier Writes Mr. Goodman and Sends a Letter From a Comrade.
Mr. H. M. Goodman handed THE STANDARD a letter, written him by Mr. J. M. Sloan. We print a letter, below, written to Mr. Sloan by an old comrade. The letter to Mr. Goodman starts out "Dear Babe," Mr. Goodman's pet name.

Mr. Sloan was raised in Cabarrus by the late Dr. Dolph Gibson.

We publish in the sequel a letter received by Mr. J. M. Sloan, of Eureka, from an old comrade in the "Lost Cause." The name of the writer is Geo. D. Shadburne, now a very prominent lawyer in San Francisco, Cal. He and Mr. Sloan were captured by the northern army, hand cuffed together for fourteen days, and condemned to be shot, but escaped from prison and this letter is a portion of a correspondence, the first between them since '65.

The following from "The Nation," published in San Francisco is a partial biography of Mr. Shadburne.

"George D. Shadburne was born in Texas, June 14, 1841. Then Texas was the Lone Star Republic, and General Houston was President. By the treaty of Queretaro the citizens of the United States, with all the rights and privileges, including the presidency. Mr. Shadburne's father had gone to Texas in 1846. He joined later the heroic band that rallied round General Houston for the independence of the country and took part in the principal battles under that intrepid soldier. He was in the engagement of San Jacinto, the last great struggle, and witnessed the capture of Santa Anna, the Mexican who had taken refuge in a tree top. In Texas Mr. Shadburne passed his younger years. He finished his education, however, at the well-known St. Mary's college Kentucky. When the civil war broke out Mr. Shadburne was in his nineteenth year. When we consider his training and how imbued he must have been with the heroic story of the Texan struggle, it is not to be wondered that he was eager to take part in hostilities, and ambitions of the glory that is the romance of a soldier's life. His first service was with the Jeff Davis Legion operating at the beginning of the war in Virginia.

It was not long, however, before the intrepidity and dash that characterized him commanded him to General Wade Hampton, and he was in consequence appointed chief of scouts in the secret service of the army. We may say here that since that early time a very warm friendship has existed between General Hampton and Mr. Shadburne. The following in his letter:

WINSTON, N. C., Nov. 18.—Bob Scales, a young colored man bound to a farmer named John Meader, near Madison, today shot and fatally wounded the 12-year-old daughter of Thomas Belton, a tenant on Meader's place. The negro went to Belton's house while the latter was away from home and tried to get the girl to go with him to a piece of woods. She refused and began to scream. Scales told her he would kill her if she declined to accompany him, and at the same time drew a pistol from his pocket and shot her above the left eye. Scales is only 16 years of age. He has the reputation of being a bad character. Officers and a mob of citizens are hunting for him and if caught he will certainly be lynched. A report received to-night says they are on the fiend's track.

His Enterprise About to Get Him Into Jail.

DES MOINES, Ia., Nov. 18.—The jury in the Federal Court yesterday morning returned a verdict of guilty against Charles H. Dale, a reporter for the Daily Courier, of Ottawa, Ia., who was charged with violating the internal revenue law and with impersonating a Federal officer while engaged in investigating for his paper the alleged "crookedness" of United States marshals and an agent sent from Washington. He will be sentenced Thursday. The extreme penalty for the offence is three years in the penitentiary and \$1,000 fine.

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Heads must be observed.

They say there is a time beyond the tomb, when minds of one mould, hearts of one sympathy may meet in happy communion. If on mother earth our walks should not trend together, let us at least hope for this felicity.

Your former comrade and devoted friend, GEO. D. SHADBURN.

The Supreme Court Again—The Pops.

The Supreme Court Tuesday rendered a decision in the very important case of Standford vs. Ellington, (Justice Furches delivering the opinion). The case involves the title to the office of State Librarian,

the plaintiff, E. B. Standford, basing his claim upon an election of the last Assembly amending the section of

The Code which formerly provided for an election of State Librarian by the trustees of the Library. In the election by the Legislature the plaintiff

received a majority of the votes cast.

The members voting numbered 26 Senators and 43 members of

the House. The Supreme Court

sustains the judgement of the court below and holds that the plaintiff

Standford, is not entitled to recover;

that the election was invalid by reason of the fact that Standford did not receive a majority of the votes of both houses of the General Assembly

and that the members voting did not constitute a quorum as the total number is 50 Senators and 120

members of the House. It was fur-

ther held that voting by roll call is a "division," and as the names thus recorded were less than a quorum arising from the fact that a quorum had voted upon a division on a previous vote at the same sitting, is re-

butted. This case appears to carry with it the case of the fusionists

whom the Legislature sought to elect additional directors of the peni-

tentiary.

A Negro Boy Shoots a White Girl—A Crowd After Him.

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The following in his letter:

San Francisco, Cal., June 10th, '95.

—My dear Sloan:—As time goes by the sheen of former years grows brighter. I have never lost faith in our cause of battle; our glorious triumphs; our toil and trouble, all occupy a resplendent place on the tablets of memory; and the old war-songs, we used to sing have still a martial echo in my heart, and my soul leaps with joy when I hear of some heroic deed of a southern brother.

Hence, my dear boy, do not think I have forgotten or ever can forget that partner of my joys and sorrows, who ever willingly marched and fought with me over the historic battle fields of our beloved southland. Sometimes through pressure of business (I am a very busy man) I may seemingly neglect my old friends; but I assure you it is not intentional, for my heart ever yearns to the loved ones of yore.

Our life and mine have been closely interwoven. For did you not on that dark day in November, 1864, near the Blackwater, at old Simpson's farm, cut asunder the life of some heroic deed of a southern brother.

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