THE GLEANER.

E. S. PARKER, Editor.

GRAHAM, N. C., AUGUST 10, 1875.

[These columns are open to the free discussion of affairs. The GLEANER is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.]

THE RESULT.

At this time it is impossible to give the result of the recent election. This was a contest for white supremacy—whether our people so considered it or not; and if the Democratic party is defeated, as in all probability it is, a concession to negro supremacy has been made. The negroes are a unit, impelled not by issues at stake, but by those who who wish to make use of them for party purposes; while the white men stand idly by and see them march up in solid phalanx and deposit the strip of paper, put in their hand by their political masters, and not even vote, *much less* lend a helping hand in extenuation of a cause they pretendedly adhere to.

White men! democrats! you were told the consequences of defeat. We told you that the radicals were making a death struggle for 1876. You did not believe it. If you did your actions did not support that belief. You who staid at home on the day of election or went to the polls and refused to vote, hear what the *Constitution* a campaign paper issued at Raleigh in the interest of republicans says: "We have met the enemy and they are ours. "The old North State ready for 1876." Apathy on the part of white men throughout the State and diligence and hard work on the part of negroes and radicals has defeated us, if we are defeated. Then will not there be many a bitter visitor to the memory that might wish to have no reminder and will not many a pang of conscience wring him who did not do what he might have done, after he finds the hated enemy has the control of our destinies?

The Democratic party is not dead There is too much of the element of vitality in it to be destroyed, whether by the opposition of the open enemy or the insidious instrumentality of half-way friends. One thing we will say, and those may mark it to whom it applies, that nothing but the most unswerving alliance to party, nothing but the most perfect abnegation of self, nothing but open self-sacrificing exertion to the cause of the Democratic party *can* entitle any man to its confidence It wants no half way men, it will accept no half-way service, looking back to the past with regret and to the future with suspicion. The Democratic party, if possibly defeated in this present election, is not destroyed, and when it comes forward again, it must have a pure, unselfish and distinguished leadership.—*News.*

It is thought in Tennessee that the Governor will appoint Gen. William B. Bate to the seat of the late Andrew Johnson in the Senate. Gen. Bate was a close competitor of Mr. Johnson, the latter winning only by a very small vote. He was a Confederate officer, but that he was fully reconciled to the situation is evident from the letter which he wrote to a recent meeting of Southern soldiers: "We have not at any time lost sight of the fact that this is our country, and the only one in which we have a special interest; that its glory is our glory, its shame our shame, and that it is both patriotic and manly for us to vie with our late adversaries, in a generous way, in elevating, strengthening and ennobling it." Among others mentioned for the vacant seat in the Senate are ex-Govs. Isham G. Harris and John C. Brown. It is said that Gov. Porter has strongly intimated that the claims of those who sought the appointment while the late Senator's body remained unburied will be entirely ignored by him.—*News*

"WHO IS YOUR FOE?"

We heartily endorse the following article from the Raleigh *News:*

For this class of gentry, we have not a particle of patience. Whole-souled men throw themselves into the fate of their party for weal or for woe. The pitiable reservation, founded upon more tender conscience or superior sagacity, weighs nothing with those who sacrifice everything, and who plunge enthusiastically into a contest for the supremacy of race, regardless of the result. Men look for boldness, for intellect, and for something like conscience, in those who stay the progress of a great political revolution. They will attach very little value to the opinion of those who strung in laggardly, and who now claim the merit of being the prophets of evil. To such men the Democratic party will not tie [illegible]

THE PROBABLE RESULT.—The latest advices from the different portions of the state, leave it very doubtful as to the result. The Radicals confidently claim victory. From reports received, the Democrats have 58 members certain. The Radicals 54, with 10 doubtful. The doubtful counties are Ashe, Cherokee, Dare, Haywood, Madison, Montgomery Randolph, Surry, Wilkes, and Yancey. The chances are in favor of a radical majority. But let us hope that North Carolina will yet be redeemed.

BRIGHTENING SOUTHERN PROSPECTS.

It has been already mentioned that in reply to inquiries whether his office contains any evidence of Ku-Klux disturbances, Attorney General Pierrepont replied; "There are no evidences in this office of such disturbances, nor have any such been received since I assumed this place." The Lynchburg *News* declares that Mr. Pierrepont's utterance as to the existence of Southern outrages constitutes a reflection upon Mr. Williams, who preceded him in office, which the country will well appreciate. This time, a year ago, the telegraphs wires, says the *News*, were loaded with fabrications of disturbances here, massacres there, outbreaks in the other place; all intended for political effect upon North Carolina, Ohio, the Keystone State, Maine and Kentucky, where elections were impending. The independent Press sent correspondent, through the South, men of training, integrity and diligence, and they thoroughly reported upon the situation there. They held conversations with all classes. The testimony was concurrent to the effect that all that the South needed was to be let alone; her people were able to take care of themselves. The races were only antagonistic to one another when Northern adventures and native "loyalists" were concerned in creating disturbances, and even they could not create them, but were fertile in inventing them. The press testimony effectually spoiled the game of the "Department of Justice." A pretext for controlling elections by force could not be formed. The first pretense of any fair election since the war was held. Every Southern State, except Mississippi and South Carolina, went Conservative. The result in evry State going Conservatives was secured, except in Louisiana, and with the violence and the oppression and the final compromise in that State, the country is familiar.

Since that time, every one of the accusations of Ku-Klux disturbances has fallen through. Every accuser, beginning with Williams, has been retired in disgrace. The Supreme Court has decided the Force bill unconstitutional. Quietly but significantly the person convicted under that law, whose terms will extend beyond next October, have been pardoned. When the Supeme Court meets in October, a decision nullifying the Force bill will be handed down by the Judges.

Meantime, the dispatch of Mr. Pierrepont, from which the above reply is taken, is construed as intended to prepare the country for the final collapse of the arbitrary policy of the "Department of Justice." There are $30,000,000 in the Treasury set aside for the uses of that Department. The terms of this provision are the "It shall be used for the purpose of promoting justice." No larger or smaller detail is mentioned. It was intended for political expenditure. Mr. Pierrepont lets it be known he will use none of it. On the contrary he is calling the marshals to account who have been the custodians of this corruption fund. The Arkansas Marshal, the Louisiana Marshal, the North Carolina Marshal, and others of like kidney, find themselves impoverished and held to strict account. The South is prospering. Unprecedented crops have been raised. Southern securities are strengthening and the scars made by the war and injuries inflicted by reconstruction are healing.

Carpet baggers and scalawags, "depart in peace!"—*Journal.*

A TRADITION OF THE CIVIL WAR.

When during the recent "unpleasantness," the rebels raided in Southern Pennsylvania, they visited the ancient and decorous town of Chambersburg. On its outskirts was a mansion, palatial for that moderate region, with grounds decorated and cellars well stocked. The owner, as usual when the enemy was about, was absent—possibly at Harrisburg, with an intervening river; more probably at Philadelphia, with two, and intrenchments bristling in Fairmount Park or on the heights of Hestonville. At all events, he was not at home. The rebel commander announced his intention to burn the house, and on being remonstrated with, and told it was not the usage of civilized war to destroy pivate property, he grimly admitted the rule, but denied the application to *colonel* Alexander McClure, whose house it was. Every brick and joist in that luxurious mansion was paid for out of public money, or the fruit of legislative lobbying, and he, this well-informed rebel raider, felt it his duty to treat it as property of the State, and burned it accordingly. It was a cruel blow, but not half so cruel as the reason given, which every "loyal" citizen of Franklin and Dauphin counties knew to be a good one. Every spark that whirled up to heaven told of some legislative job well paid for.

GOVERNOR ALLEN INTERVIEWED

A. C. Buell, of the St. Louis *Republican*, interviewed Gov. Allen, of Ohio, a few days since, at Cincinnatti. The Governor stated that he was born in the little village of Edenton, N. C., on the 5th day of January, 1806, and is consequently now sixty-nine years old. After considerable skirmishing on the subject of finance the correspondent at last put the question to him point blank in these words:

"There is a square issue before the country as to whether specie payments shall be resumed or paper money made absolute. The people are dividing on the question as to whet her coined metal or stamped paper shall be the standard of value in this country for all time to come. Have you any hesitancy in stating your exact attitude with respect to this important question?" At this presentation of the question Governor Allen hesitated a moment, and then said: "I regard specie payments, in the sense in which that term might have been employed twenty years ago, as a physical impossibility now and for all time to come. In my judgment the business of the world and the financial needs of mankind have outgrown the capacity of the mines to produce precious metals enough to serve as a basis of currency. The business of the world to-day is transacted, not by the transfer of coin as in the days of Venetian and Spanish commercial supremacy, but by the interchange of paper bills representing the confidence of men in one another; a confidence which is the outgrowth of the intimate acquaintance between communities and nations rendered possible by modern methods of locomotion. In some countries there is still coin in circulation, and paper money is exchangeable at par for it. But no where do specie payments exist except by sufferance. Nowhere could the shadow of specie payments which does exist be mantained for a moment if the people who hold the paper money were to withdraw their confidence from the banks which hold what there is of gold. In a word, the pretense of specie payments which exists in England, the strongest coin country in the world, would fall to-morrow but for the credit of the banks, based upon the confidence of the bill-holders. Therefore, you see, the basis of business in specie-paying as well as non-specie-paying countries is credit, and nothing but credit, after all. I cannot now go over the whole subject. I can give you my view of the matter in a few words. I regard the accomplishment of resumption in this country as a physical impossibility. And I regard the whole doctrine of specie payments as an ideality, without practical foundation to rest on. I regard it as *a—barren ideality*, sir."

SHE KICKED HIM.

Dear Dispatch: It has long been a wonder to us how the above quoted abomination ever crept into current use in Virginia among her polite and pure-minded ladies. Of course if they knew the base and impure origin of this way of speaking (if we are right in our surmise on that point) they would never more let it pass their lips. But even if we are mistaken as to its supposed genesis, still the expression is vulgar. Rhetoricians tell us to test our figures of speech by picturing them to the mind's eye. Let us try this one. Let us imagine the elegant and beautiful Miss A. (who, they say, has "kicked" Mr. B.) dismissing her unfortunate suitor by an energetic extension and forcible application to his person of one of pedal extremities. The picture is certainly not strikingly beautiful or becoming! Let the ladies refuse, reject, discard, dismiss their suitors to their hearts' content, but prey let us have no more "kicking." We would, however, connive at or even applaud one more kicking exercise. Let this vulgar abomination be at once and forever kicked out of the domain of polite conversation.

CENSOR.

Star.

DOMESTIC MOTORS.

A writer in the *Egineer*, an English journal, discussing the forces available for "domestic motors"—engines to drive family sewing, washing machines, etc.—concludes that hot air or gas engines could be built, which would do the work effectively. Small turbine wheels have been used for this purpose, which profess to furnish two-man power from the pressure of water under head of twenty to thirty feet. None of these devices however, have worked their way into general use. Small steam engines are troublesome to manage, are more or less dangerous, and are never free from disagreeable smells and heat. Electrical engines too uncertain and delicate for use by house-wives, and the writer in the *Engineer*, therefore, concludes that a hot air or gas engine is the only resource. He thinks that such engines are perfectly safe and manageable, and that they should not cost more than $25 each. The heat necessary for the hot air engine be supplied by gas jet. As to the price, that could soon be reduced if the engines became as popular as sewing machines.

JUVENILE DEPRAVITY.

The attention of those who attend our criminal courts, or read regularly in the papers the reports of the proceedings therein, cannot fail to have been attracted by the vast and apparently increasing number of cases of larceny by the clerks in mercantile establishments. At times a sensational case like that which was recently reported in Brooklyn will occur, and, from the social position of the offender or the magnitude of his operations, compel a momentary discussion and expression of astonishment. But a very little reflection will show that the really surprising features of the subject are not those that we see. A trusted servant may prove a thief and by many years of dishonesty rob his employer of thousands of dollars, still his is but one case of many and of very many. Probably for one culprit who is arrested and punished five go free through the clemency of their employers or the influence of their friends, and fifteen others are never discovered at all. This would indicate an immense amount of dishonesty and a proportionally heavy loss; but the estimate does not, we think, exceed the truth. Opportunity for pilfering is abundant, the goods are generally easily concealed and carried away and disposed of, and most difficult to trace and recover. The merchant who knows that with the business he is doing his profits should be larger than they are, knows that he is robbed, but does not know to what extent. He knows, however, that it is of record that a very considerable firm has been sent into insolvency by the dishonesty of its clerks,; he knows, too, that for every dollar that his servant needs he loses five or ten. Pawnbrokers, dealers who will buy anything and ask no questions, and other "fences" of a like disreputable sort, pay their customers a very small percentage of the value of their booty, so that when the thief has got $100 the probabilities are that his employer has lost $1,000. These dealers are largely responsible for the extent of juvenile dishonesty, especially as in many instances they go so far as to stimulate and encourage theft, showing what sort of goods it pays best to steal. In fact it may be said that all of the money that thus comes over the back of the devil's horse goes under his belly. The "fence" gets the lion's share of the booty; the rest goes to the rum-seller, gambler or prostitute. There are, of course cases where the crime is not wholly an act of depravity. A man with an expensive, or who has become entangled by a reckless or designing woman, or a weak boy, who has a fancy for making costly presents to girls as foolish—for the crimes of all these some excuse may be offered. In many instances, too, the employer puts a premium on robbery by paying his servant a wage literally inadequate for his support. The merchant who pays a clerk from $5 to $8 a week and expects him to board and respectably clothe himself out of it, deserve to be robbed. But beyond all such exceptional cases is the undoubted fact that in the vast majority of instances the thefts are wanton and deliberate, perpetrated to satisfy low tastes. Indeed if any one will but take the trouble to run over the list of his young male acquaintances and compare mentally the receipts and expenditures of such of their number as have salaries ranging from $600 to $1,200, he will be apt to be surprised rather than edified. What with board, clothing, car-fare, lunches, jewelry, theatre tickets, entertaining, hack-driving, liquors and cigars, to exclude worse and costlier dissipations, it will be found that more than one of these representative young men spend at least $2,000 a year each. As the young spendthrift cannot run into debt, he must acquire the amount in excess to his home by dishonesty.—*World.*

THE CHANGES OF A CENTURY.

In 1803 Fulton took out the first patent for the invention of the steamboat.

The first practical application of the use of gas for illumination, was in 1802.

In 1812 the streets of London were for the first time lighted with gas.

In 1810 there was built at Waltham, Massachusetts, a mill, believed to have been the first in the world, which combined all the requirements for making cloth out of the raw cotton.

In 1690 there were only twenty-five post-offices in the whole country, and up to 1837 the rate of postage was twenty-five cents for a letter sent over 400 miles.

In 1807 wooden clocks were made by machinery. This ushered in the area of cheap clocks.

About the year 1833 the first railroad of any considerable length in the United States was constructed.

In 1840 the first experiment in photograry was made in Paris by Daguerre.

About 1840 the first express business was established by Harnden.

The anthracite coal business may be said to have begun in 1720.

In 1836 the first patent for the invention of watches was granted.

In 1845 the first temegram was sent,

In 1803 steel pens were introduced for use.

The first successful reaper was constructed in 1833.

In 1846 Elias Howe obtained a patent for his first sewing machine.

The first successful method of vulcanizing India rubber patented in 1847.

STEINBERGER SOME MORE.

It is likely that Steinberger will be cooked. In Turkey they bowstring Prime Ministers; in Japan they compel them to disembowel themselves; in Samoa they roast them. So prepared, irrespective of their length or brevity, they are generically as "long pork," and along with missionaries are highly relished by the epicurean islanders. It is, indeed, too probable that the ambitious Colonel has been lured thither for express and premeditated purpose of prog—to furnish forth some solemn island feast, religious or commemorative to which mere broiled Polynesians, how juicy and pinguid soever, were lacking in delicacy and rarity, The Colonel neatly potted in the monarch's pie, spicing the fair tropic banquet with a pungent northland flavor, would confer on that royal Amphitryon as eminent prandial distinction as the pastry of nightingales' tounges did upon Lucullus, or the ham boiled witn a wisp of hay upon the vivacious and versatile Sam Ward. The Samoans might have got a fatter. Their newly-caught states is lean with vigil and meditation. He is worn with profound ponderings on law, government and administration. If we may employ a familiar figure of exiguity, he is a lath. Falstaff would have called him, like Prince Hal, "a starveling, an eelskin." He will not pot well, nor will he pan out satisfactory returns of gravy. We know not the resources of the Samoan cuisine. Columbia having sent the dinner, it would be ill were the devil to send the cooks, especially as the highest skill would be necessary to make anything even passable out of the Colonel. However they may cook him, he will turn out tough as a ragout of wild-cats or a salmi of owls. The Colonel is a Pennsylvania Dutchman by origin, deeply penetrated with theological principles and the various brands of tobaaco common to his tribe. His nationality and his habits will each introduce positive, if questionable, flavors into his pie. The Samoans may like them as a novelty, pleasantly varying the insipidity of roasted native, but it cannot have been worth their while to have gone through so much to get so little.

Any ordinary missionary or mere colonial bishop would have served their turn better. We must not be charged with speaking lightly of the colonel's tragical prospects. We regret them very much, and shall be thoroughly sorry to find our prophecies realized. But they are exceedingly pot-bellied people down there, although some of them have been converted by the instrumentality of tracts and moral pocket-handkerchiefs. They do not know in a case of long pork what the restraints of religion are, and would eat their grandmothers without even a momentary filial qualm. There is a melancholy satisfaction in the conviction, amounting to certainty, that the Colonel will disagree with whosoever eats him. Posthumouly he will take fearful enteric vengeance on his consumer, whose howls will be heard all over the Antarctic seas. He will thus vindicate his administration. The Samoans may think as Jay Gould thinks about his editor, that they have got a "soft thing" in getting the Colonel with his constitution and his culverin, but they will find their mistake. A Pennsylvania Dutchman, under any mode of preparation, is no light mess, even for the copper-fastened digestive appratus of a South-Sea Islander. And the Colonel is one of the toughest of them. He is tied together, in fact, with whip-cord and catgut, and will cut up stringy as a panther and insoluble as a crow. We wish him well out of his enterprise and his Ministry, but we have no very sanguine hope of such a result. His fate henceforward seems indissolubly bound with that of the Navigator's Isles and their smoky, swag-bellied population. "Into the bowels of the land" he will find his way, albeit not without impediment, and we have little doubt that the Ulysses future ages will find on some prominent headland of the principal isle his commemorative obelisk, tattooed all over with Samoan inscriptions setting forth how horribly tough he was, and of how little account he was as a minister. It is said that the Ulysses of this age sent the hapless Colonel thither by way of compromising a poker debt of old times which, with accrued interest, now about equals the national debt of Great Britain. This is an impossible sum even for the wealthiest Executive to pay, and it is perhaps not altogether surprising that the debtor should desire to put as wide a space as possible between his creditor and himself. But if he had known the habits of the islanders he would have paused before subjecting his creditor to such alarming culinary risks, even to accomplish such an ardently desired result as the getting finally rid of him. Better have amicably played-off the debt and called it even. A creditor in the shape of a pie lying heavy on one's conscience, filling the waking and the sleeping hours with remorse, is worse than any amplitude of poker or other indebtedness which can be conceived or dreamed of.

THE NATHAN MURDER.

A Police Officer who Furnishes a Possible Clue.

Before the legislative committee who are investigating the management of the police department of New York, Sidney H. Conklin told the following story Friday:

In 1870 I was an officer of the Carmansville police, under Capt. Davis On the 26th of August, 1870, I learned from the officer whom I relieved, that Mr Lord's house had been robbed. On my way to the station to report the robbery met Capt. Davis. He told me to mind my own business when I reported the case to him. On my arrival at the station the sergeant ordered me to Mr. Lord's house and work up the case.

I went back and found the foot-prints of a man. Having obtained from the sergeant a description of a man who called at the house on the preceding-day, I started to find the burglar. I followed his trail to Eighth avenue and One-hundred-and twenty-fifth street, where I arrested him. He was tall, and carried a valise. He was identified by the servant. In his valise was a linen duster, on the shoulder and back of which were the imprint in blood of a man's hand with the middle finger missing. On the way to the Harlem Police Court the prisoner said, "That duster will hang me." Justice McQuade remanded him to the station.

In the station I threw on the table a paper in which there was a picture of Washington Nathan calling for help at the front door of his house on the morning after his father was murdered. The prisoner looked at it, threw it under the table, and said it was a shame a poor man should suffer for a rich man's crime. By Capt. Dayis, order I took the prisoner to the Central Office.

He gave his name as Michael Ryan. I told Capt. Kelso not to show him the duster, as it might furnish a clue to additional evidence. Kelso replied that he was captain of that office. He showed the duster to Ryan and he said he never saw it before. Ryan's picture was then taken, and he was sent back to the station. On the advice of Justice McQuade, I called on Washington Nathan. He said he knew nothing about the duster, and didn't want to know anything about it; that nobody on the police force was smart enough to discover his father's murderer.

I told him that Ryan had a loose tongue and might say too much if he began to talk. He told me to keep the case from the public, and to see him again. I then called on Frederick Nathan, in Morristown. He said that he was glad to find one policeman who tried to do his duty. He was surprised to hear what his brother had said to me. He asked me whether Washington said anything to me about a John Ryan, who worked for a Mr. Chapman, in Pennsylvania. Soon after this, Superintendent Jourdan told me to drop the case, and threatened to break me if I did not. I dropped the case and went back on post.

A WIFE'S TRICK.

[Cincinnati Times]

A lady occupping a high position at Washington, whose husband was of the Government, made a trip to Europe with him. She "doted" on lace, and here was her opportunity. Talking of the acquisitions she would make in this line, he told her she should purchase any reasonable quantity, provided she would not smuggle any. To this she acceded. The gentleman took as part of his wardrobe a dressing-gown, for, like most Americans, in the privacy of his room he liked to pull off his coat. Several times on the trip he observed the care his wife took of this garment and gratified for her anxiety for his comfort. Once, when smoking, while lighting his cigar, he set his gown on fire and quite a hole was burned in the skirt. His wife was considerably agitated, and he was flattered that so trifling a danger to him had so moved her. One morning immediately after their return to this country he found before he reached his office that keys he needed he had left at home and retraced his steps to get them. Letting himself in with his latch-key, he proceeded to his chamber and on opening the door found his wife on her knees on the floor, his dressing-gown divested of its lining and spread before her, and she, scissors in hand, disengaging from it a white, flimsy fabrid with which it was covered. She sprang up on seeing him, laughed, and exclaimed, "You are the smuggler. You wore that lace all over Europe and brought it home.

AN EX-STATE TREASURER BREAKS JAIL AND ESCAPES.

We learn that ex-Treasurer Niles G. Parker, of S. C., against whom judgment had been obtained in a civil suit for $75,000, and against whom a criminal indictment was pending for embezzlement, &c., broke jail at Columbia on Wednesday evening. It was expected that he would come in this direction, and a dispatch was sent to Marshal Robinson to that effect, warning him to keep a lookout for the individual. In accordance with this request an officer was sent to Union Depot yesterday morning to watch for Parker, but he did not make his appearance.

It is said that Parker has defrauded the State to an immense amount, but we have not been able to obtain the exact figures.—*Wil. Star.*