

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER.

VOL. 3

GRAHAM, N. C. TUESDAY, MAY 1 1877

NO. 9

## THE GLEANER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
R. S. PARKER

Graham, N. C.

Rates of Subscription, Postage Paid:  
One Year.....\$1.50  
Six Months......75  
Three Months......50

Every person sending us a club of ten subscribers with the cash, entitles himself to one copy free, for the length of time for which the club is made up. Papers sent to different offices.

No Departure from the Cash System

Rates of advertising

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements only in advance

	1 m.	2 m.	3 m.	6 m.	12 m.
per square	\$2 00	\$3 00	\$4 00	\$6 00	\$10 00
per line	3 00	4 50	6 00	10 00	15 00

Transient advertisements \$1 per square for the first, and fifty cents for each subsequent insertion.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made

### Prime enjoyment for a year.

Less than 4 Cents a Week.

As HOME ATTRACTIVE BY INTRODUCING

### The Saturday Evening Post.

Which for More than 55 Years has been the best story, sketch and Family

Paper.

As is well known all over the United States, it is published weekly, contains eight large pages, clearly printed on good paper, filled with the choicest stories and sketches by the best writers; not sensational trash, but such as a mother is willing to have her children read. The whole tone of the paper is pure and elevating.

It also contains Historical and Biographical articles; Scientific; Agricultural and Household Departments; Fashion Article weekly, fresh and unexcelled; Humorous Notes; Literary Reviews; News Notes; Boys' and Girls' Columns; and Strong and Sparkling Editorials, etc. In just such a paper as every body loves to read, and he who is only

## TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

Sample copy containing club rates, etc., sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp. Address,

No 862 BENNETT & FITCH,

736 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

N.B.—Be sure and affix the number 862 before BENNETT & FITCH, so that we may know through what paper the subscription comes.

## National Hotel

Raleigh N. C.

### BOARD

## \$2.50 PER DAY

U.S. Brown, Proprietor.

The table is surpassed by no house in the State. If you wish to be pleasantly and comfortably located, stop at the National, fronting the Capitol Square. The National is located within fifty yards of the State House, it is the most convenient, attractive and pleasant headquarters for members of the Legislature in the city. Terms are low to suit the times, fare unsurpassed, situation and accommodations the best.

### Saloon and Billiards

in basement. Two of the best Tables in the City, for the use of guests, free of charge. Dec. 10th, 1876.

## Poetry.

"GOD KNOWS!"

Oh! wild and dark was the winter night,  
When the immigrant ship went down,  
But just outside of the harbor bar,  
In sight of the startled town!  
The winds howled, and the sea roared,  
And never a soul could sleep,  
Save the little ones on their mother's breast,  
Too young to watch and weep.

All day the watchers paced the sands—  
All night they scanned the deep;  
All night the booming minute guns  
Echoed from steep to steep.  
"Give up thy dead, oh, cruel sea!"  
They cried athwart the space,  
But only a baby's fragile form  
Escaped from its stern embrace!

Only one little child of all  
Who with the ship went down,  
That night, when the happy babies slept  
So warm in the sheltered town?  
Wrapped in the glow of the morning light,  
It lay on the shifting sand,  
As fair as a sculptor's marble dream,  
With a shell in its dimpled hand.

There were none to tell of its race or kin,  
"God knoweth," the pastor said,  
When the sobbing children crowded to ask  
The name of the baby dead,  
And so when they laid it away at last  
In the churchyard's hushed repose,  
They raised a stone at the baby's head  
With the carved words—"God knoweth!"  
—Julia C. R. Dorr, St. Nicholas for April.

## Deacon Jahiel.

Deacon Jahiel Braden was a solemn, industrious, upright man, but was as kind as one well could be who had lived so far apart from his fellows as he had.

In his youth he had been one of the rural dandies of the region and the chief beau of his native town, driving the fastest horses and leading off at all the village sports, whether balls, quillings, weddings or slough-rides. When about twenty five years old, however, a sudden blight had fallen on his spirits for which no one could account.

He had danced half the night in wild glee at a wedding, played games of all sorts, helped to serve the guests from bountifully-laden tables, kissed the bride, gave her as a wedding present his best cow, with a white heart-shaped spot on her forehead, and then went home full of glee. Next morning he looked as if fifty years had been added to his age.

He now put himself to work earnestly laying out cranberry meadows and raising live stock. He withdrew from his old companions as if the sight of them burnt his eyes, unless he could help one of them; then he came out of his shell, but returned to it as soon as the emergency was over.

Some of the neighbors thought his mind affected; some said he had repented giving Matilda Day the cow he was so proud of, and others decided that he meant to turn over a new leaf, having sown all his wild oats, and become a sober, settled man. Still more were the townspeople surprised when, some months after, he joined the church, and "took up," as he said, "an orderly walk."

If the saintly old Mother Braden knew the spring of these actions she kept it to herself. When questioned she only replied in her quiet way:  
"Rejoice with me that this, my son, who was lost is found; who was dead is alive again."

Thus Jahiel moved on, cherishing and blessing his mother, and clearing and cultivating the hitherto useless land on the farm, till death left him Ketury Perkins, his mother's life-long helper, alone in the great broad farm-house.

His brother had married, gone West, made a great flourish in some patent business and failed. He came back after this and set up a store, and failed again. Then he went back to honest farming, twenty miles away. Here he worried for lack of the excitement of "failing" and died, leaving a very helpless family.

Jahiel Braden was a man of very few words, and was slow in uttering those few but when action was needed he was as prompt as anyone. He went to the funeral in the blue swallow tail coat, with gilt buttons and the same buff vest he had on at his last dance. They were still his best.

As soon as the funeral was over, he said to his sister-in-law:  
"I fear you have nothing to live on; come to the homestead as if it were

your own, and bring up your girls to be useful women. I'll send Timothy over next week with Star and Beck for your goods. I'll come in the covered wagon for you all, and if there are any bills at the store I'll pay them. I'll see to the doctor and funeral; so drop all care from your mind and try to be happy."

Jahiel Braden had grown to be a very careless man, in a certain sense of the word. Although neat and orderly in his person, in his house and on the farm he had laid aside all the restraints of society. He came to the table in his shirt sleeves, and sometimes in his stocking feet. He went upstair and even to church with his pants tucked in his cowhide boots.

Once he so far forgot himself as to put on a clean farm-frock on Sunday instead of Monday, hid a good coat of mutton-tallow on his boots, tucked his butter-nut-colored pants into them and in this plight, took up the collection, for by this time, he was a deacon. This was to the no small delight of the boys in the gallery, who were always glad for some orthodox subject for laughter during the time of service.

Ketury Perkins was just as independent of the world's opinion as was her master, and she did as many odd things by way of shocking its sense of propriety as he did through absent-mindedness. She more than once presented herself at church in a clean sun bonnet and calico sack, and enjoyed the staring of the people because she had a black silk gown, a cashmere shawl, a straw bonnet, and a black lace veil at home, "as good as Miss Deacon Jones', any day!"

You may be sure she did not particularly like the idea of a lady coming to take her place, "with three civilized girls full of airs." However, she was not consulted in the matter, and had too much sense to throw herself out of a house, so she made the best of the invasion.

Deacon Jahiel had a great respect for good women, and from the hour that his brother's family came under his roof he donned his coat before coming to the table, and even went so far as to buy a pair of slippers. He threw open the long unused parlor and said to the girls, "Make yourselves at home there."

He soon found there was a great lack in his establishment, by overhearing his nieces lament the piano they had out West. He never spoke of it but engaged the minister's wife to go to town, and select one for him. The first the music-hungry children knew, it was brought into the house; and still he never spoke of it. Indeed he rarely spoke of anything at all.

The family lived on thus very happily for several years, when all at once they noticed a great change in Deacon Jahiel. He began to whistle at his work, and to sing with the girls; he bought a new carriage—Ketury described it as a "carriage like talkies carriages," he even got a violin and checker-board from the garret, and for the first time in twenty years played on them both with zeal and interest.

Passing down the main street of the village, one day, he saw a buxom girl at the window, and leaning over the fence he called out:  
"Martina, I hear there is a quilting coming off before long at your house."

"Yes, sir; the quilt is my own work—a rising sun, with a square and compass in the heart of it. Mother said if I ever got it done I should have a quilting just like those she used to have when she was young," replied the girl.

"Ain't you going to invite me, Martina?" was the next question that startled the village girl.

"Why, deacon?" she cried, looking at the hitherto grave man, to discover if he had taken leave of his senses. "You go to a young folks' quilting?"  
"Certainly I will, if I'm asked," said the deacon, smiling. "Your mother can tell you how expert I used to be at chalking the line, snuffing the candles, and throwing the apple-paring, in old times."

Of course he got an invitation, and before many hours had elapsed it was poised abroad that Deacon Braden was going to dance at Mattie Borland's quilting party, and that the folks thought him going crazy.

For the first time in a quarter of a century the deacon set off for a trip to Boston, and, as Ketury said, "he came back made all over new!" From the crown of his steeped-topped hat

to the sole of his tallow-soaked cow hides he was renewed in the outer man. He had gone so far as to exchange his ponderous silver watch for a gold one. In place of the porcelain shirt-buttons which Kentucky had always adorned his cotton shirts, the deacon appeared with gold studs in a nicely-polished linen shirt-bosom, gold sleeve buttons, and divers other worldly vanities such as made a great stir in the Cedar Creek meetinghouse; but it was only because he wore such clothes; others there had always dressed as well. You may be sure that the young folks stared at him as he sat that night with Mr. and Mrs. Borland looking on at the sports, and the question was whispered from one to another:  
"What on earth has come over Deacon Jahiel?"

They soon found that autumn sun had come out in brighter radiance than its earlier glory, and that life's find a summer had come for him with bright skies, with flowers, and with the singing of birds in the heart.

One morning, soon after this, the Deacon called his sister-in-law and her daughters into the parlor, and said:  
"I have a plan to lay before you I shall need this house for myself now. You may live beside me in the stone cottage, or I will build you a little house in the village."

"We will stay as near you as we can; but who is to take my place?" asked the widow in amazement.  
"You remember Matilda Day, the girl to whom I gave my pet cow, Gilly, on her wedding day? A few weeks ago I heard of her for the first time many long years. Her husband was never worthy of her. He ran through her property and his own, and then took her into the wilderness to live, away from all privileges of schools, churches and society. She buried her oldest children and was left alone and very poor with three young boys."

From boyhood up I had always expected to marry Matilda, but I was too slow in telling her so. The rich farmer from the next town stepped in and married the only woman I ever loved. I choked down my grief, hid up my head, gave her my best cow, danced at her wedding, kissed her and wished her much joy, and then went home with a broken heart. It was a long time before I could bear to see the sun shine after that. Liza and all around me was changed, but just my mother. But God came and brought peace and life, and then I sought to do all I could for others for His sake. As time went on the wound healed, but the scar remained. I knew I was a stupid awkward man in the esteem of others and so I kept out of the way except when duty called me forward. I had forgotten that the world itself, had any charms until you came here and brought the fresh air and sunshine to these dark, dull rooms. When you brought the rose geranium in full bloom it took me back ten y-five years, when one just like it stood in Matilda's window. The songs which the girls sing are the same she sang, newly arranged and with new names.

"Not many weeks ago, I had, as you know, some dealings with Carver, the Western man who stayed over night with us. In talking with him, I said:  
"I suppose you never happened to meet with a man in your State named Watterson Blake?"  
"Certainly I have a thousand times. Did you know him?" he asked.  
"When I told him he was almost a townsman of mine, he said:  
"Poor fellow! he made a sad wreck of bright prospects. He died poor, three years ago, and left his wife and three boys in a sad condition; but she is a jewel of a woman. Everybody loves her and all would have been glad to help her. But she had some independence, which she wished to instill into the hearts of her boys. So she gave the encumbered farm over to Blake's creditors, moved into the next town and set up a school for little girls."

"Before he went away the next morning, I drew a check for a hundred dollars and sent it to the boys from an old schoolmate of his mother's," and resolved to devise some plan which to start them in life.

"The more I thought of it the more I resolved that Matilda Day would

make the world new for me yet; and I wrote and told her so.

Next month I am going West to bring her and the boys home. I want you to stay with us till you get a home of your own. I can never be thankful enough for your coming to me. It has broken the dreadful spell that bound me and brought me back to life among others before I only worked for them at arms-length. Now that I love all the world more, my life will henceforth be of more service."

The old stone cottage was repaired and furnished before Deacon Jahiel set off on his momentous journey; and the widow and her daughters, now nearly grown up, were rejoicing in the prospect of a new neighbor and friend.

Matilda Blake, although a mature woman of almost forty-four years, brought back more sunshine than she had taken away from her native place a quarter of a century before. Her anxieties and sorrows had softened and brightened the natural loveliness of her character, and made her a blessing not only to the farm, but also to the church and town.

Indian summer has indeed come to the deacon's hitherto clouded life, and his heart and his home were open as of old to the whole world. He looked henceforth more lightly on the follies of the young and more charitably on the errors of those who had wandered from the right way. His voice, his features, gait—indeed the whole man—were changed from a stern, unsympathizing bachelor, as he used to be regarded, to a generous husband, father and friend.

There is nothing like a solitary life to fix a perpetual winter in the heart. There is nothing like a companionship with the good and true who need aid and sympathy, to bring back summer—though it may be an Indian summer—to the heart.

## MRS GAINES'S \$35,000,000.

THE HISTORY OF A LAWSUIT INVOLVING PART OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS.

A dispatch from New Orleans announces that Judge Billings, of the United States District Court at that place, has rendered a decision in the case of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines, who claims several million dollars' worth of property in that city, in favor of the claimant. This is a phase of one of the longest and most interesting lawsuits in the annals of American jurisprudence. The history of the case is briefly as follows: Mrs. Gaines is the widow of General Edmund Pendleton Gaines, and was born in New Orleans in 1805. Her father, Daniel Clark, was born in the County Sligo, Ireland, in 1766, and emigrating to New Orleans, inherited a considerable property from his uncle in 1799. Before the acquisition of Louisiana he was an American Consul there, and represented the territory in Congress in 1806. In August, 1813, Daniel Clark died, and his property was disposed of under a will dated May 20, 1811, which gave the bulk of his estate to his mother, Mary Clark, who was then living in Germantown, Pa. He was also supposed to be a bachelor, but was known to have had a liaison with a very beautiful young creole, Zulime des Granges. Two daughters were born of this connection, one at Philadelphia in April, 1802, and the other, Myra, at New Orleans in 1805. The latter was taken to the house of Colonel Davis, a friend of Clark's, nursed by a Mrs. Harper, and grew up in Philadelphia, where she was known as Myra Davis. In 1830 M. Davis, being then a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, sent home for certain papers, and, in searching for these Myra discovered some letters which partially revealed the secret of her birth, and laid the foundation of the lawsuit which has since become famous.

In 1832 she married W. W. Whitney, of New York, who, following up the discovery made by his wife, secured from Colonel Davis an old letter which gave an account of a will made by Clark in 1813, just before his death, giving all his large estate to Myra, and acknowledging

as his legitimate daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney went immediately to Philadelphia, and there, after a long search, discovered the writer of the letter, and, with the evidence given by him, began suit in New Orleans for the property of Daniel Clark, which had in the meantime, become immensely valuable, and included a great part of the present business quarter of the city. On the trial of this suit the Mrs. Harper above mentioned testified that four weeks before his death Clark showed her the will he had made in favor of Myra, acknowledging the child's legitimacy. Baron de Boistontaine testified that Clark had made the same statements to him. On this and other corroborative evidence the lost will was received by the Supreme Court of Louisiana on February 18, 1856, as the last will and testament of Daniel Clark, though the document itself could not be found. The objection was then interposed that by the laws of Louisiana a testator could not make devise to his adulterine bastard. On this point, however, two sisters of Myra's mother testified that Zulime des Granges was privately married to Clark in their presence in Philadelphia in 1803 by a Catholic priest, it having been learned that Zulime's reputed husband, Des Granges, had another wife living, and was therefore not legally married. In another suit growing out of this difficulty the United States Supreme Court decided that the marriage and legitimacy of Myra were established.

In the meanwhile Mr. Whitney died, and his widow married General Gaines, whom she has also outlived. Assisted by the General, Mrs. Gaines continued her litigation, and, in 1866, in the Supreme Court of the United States, filed a bill in equity to recover valuable real estate, then in the possession of the city of New Orleans, and a decision in her favor was rendered in 1867. The value of the property claimed was estimated in 1861 at \$35,000,000, of which Mrs. Gaines had up to 1874 obtained possession of some \$6,000,000. Numerous actions of ejectment against individual parties have followed, and it is no doubt one of these that Judge Billings has now decided in Mrs. Gaines's favor.

The heroine of this romantic story is a little, black-eyed lady of over seventy, who still retains remains traces of former uncommon beauty. She is well educated, quick and courageous. Her long and varied experience in the law courts has given her a legal education of no mean character. On several occasions, and notably in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1861, she has pleaded her own cause personally and with remarkable success. Though at the time of General Gaines's death a wealthy woman, she has often been in financial straits, for she has spent several large fortunes in prosecuting her claims. The writer has often seen her, as recently as 1871, walking the streets of New Orleans in the plainest clothes, and with her inevitable little black bag on her arm, looking far more like a cook in search of a place than like the heiress to \$35,000,000. The property now known as the Houmas Plantations and belonging to Mr. John Burnside, of New Orleans, was at one time part of the Gaines estate, and was sold, with the slaves on it, to General Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, in 1812, for \$500,000. When Mrs. Gaines succeeds in getting possession of all the property awarded her, she will be the wealthiest person in New Orleans, and perhaps the richest woman in the world.

Said a local ex-loter who had the habit of adding "ah" to many of his words: "My dear brethren, listen to the words of an old man-ah, who has one foot in the grave-ah and the other all but ah!"

The sweet timid grass is coming up through the gray landscape, and, with the baby fingers of spring, is feeling for cow's teeth.