

Virginia Free Press.

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY JOHN S. & H. N. GALLAHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1837.

NO. 29.

THE FREE PRESS.

CHARTERED BY LAW.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1837.

Counterfeit \$100 bills of the Marine Bank of Baltimore, are in circulation. As but few of that denomination make their way in this quarter, we need not take up room with a description of the difference between the genuine and the counterfeit one.

STAGE ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIVES.

An accident attended with fatal results befell one of the stages running between Baltimore and Wheeling on the night of the 7th instant. The Baltimore Patriot has the following particulars, in a letter dated:

Clear Spring, Mo., 8th Aug. P. M. One of the Reliance line of stages, from Frederick to the West, passed through here, after dark last evening, on its way to Cumberland. About ten o'clock, the ill-fated coach reached a small spruce on the mountain, running to the Potomac, and between this place and Hancock, (named Millstone Point, where the driver mistaking the track horses too near the edge of the precipice, and in the twinkling of an eye, coach-horses-driver-and passengers-were precipitated upwards of 35 feet, on to a bed of rock below—the coach was dashed to pieces, and two of the horses killed—literally smashed.

A respectable elderly lady of the name of Clarke, of Louisville, Ky., and a negro child, were crushed to death—and a man was so dreadfully mangled that life is flickering on his lips only. His face was beaten to a mummy. The other passengers and the driver are woefully bruised, but it is supposed they are out of danger. They were seven in number.

Attached to the driver. It is said he was perfectly sober, but he and his horses were new to this road, and the night was foggy and very dark.

Six lives have been thrown away in this vicinity within two weeks, to wit:—a man beaten to death, a man murdered, a man thrown from his horse, and these three deaths.

P. S.—2 o'clock, Mail at the door—Mrs. Clarke's daughter was along—she has her shoulder dislocated, poor unfortunate girl—and the man is not yet dead, but senseless and cold in the extremities—his name has not transpired.

HOMICIDE.—A letter to the editor of the Baltimore Patriot, dated Clear Spring, Maryland, 27th July, says that three Irishmen have just been committed to the Hagerstown jail, on a charge of homicide. One is named John Byrnes, and the others McAvey. The following are the facts: A Mr. WILLIAM GATTON, of Montgomery, who was a superintendent for a contractor on the line of canal near Licking Creek, had been paying some polite attention to an interesting girl in that vicinity. Last Sunday night he visited her at her mother's residence, where the prisoner, Byrnes, who is likewise a superintendent, was, and who, it is supposed, became jealous of Gatton's attentions. While Gatton was at supper, Byrnes left the house, and at about 9 o'clock Gatton started homeward. At daylight next morning he was found near two hundred yards from the house, with his skull fractured, but life was not extinct. He lingered in a senseless state, until Tuesday morning last, when he died; and an inquest was held, which resulted in the commitment of the three prisoners.—Sun.

HAGERSTOWN, Aug. 9. ACCIDENT.—An accident of a very serious nature happened to one of the young men engaged in our office. (MASON HANDY, son of Wm. H. Handy, Esq., of this place) on Thursday evening last. He, in company with another youth, was out gunning, about three-fourths of a mile from town, when firing at a bird, the gun, which was old and imperfect, burst. The breech-pin, with the screw which attaches it to the stock, was driven into his forehead, and completely imbedded in the skull, the screw entering into the brain. The wound was dressed by Drs. F. Dorsey and Jas. G. Dorsey, from which thirty-one pieces of the fractured skull and a small portion of the brain was extracted. Singular to relate, the patient is now in a fair way to recover. [Courier & Enquirer.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.—The annual commencement of this institution took place in the Methodist Episcopal Church in Carlisle on the 25th ult.—The Harrisburg Chronicle says: "The graduates acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner, and that the exercises gave general satisfaction to the numerous concourse of citizens and strangers who witnessed them. A number of distinguished strangers from different sections of the country were present on this interesting occasion, among whom was the Governor of the Commonwealth.

"Any phrenologist, on looking at Mr. Kendall, would say that he has a very large mass of brain."—(Pa. Dem. No doubt of it. He has a whole hog's head of them.—[Frisco.

From the Stanton (Va.) Spectator.

SPRING WHEAT. We have the satisfaction to state that the experiment made with the Italian, or Spring Wheat, in this neighborhood, has been highly satisfactory and successful in every instance, that we have yet heard of. Its adaptation to our soil and climate, we think admit of no question, and we doubt not that its introduction among us is to confer the most important benefits on our community. This wheat was brought from Florence, about five years ago, and has been cultivated in New York ever since, with great success, yielding from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre on ordinary land, and it is in universal request among farmers as far as a knowledge of it has extended. Our attention was first called to it last fall, by a letter from JAY HATHAWAY, Esq., the Postmaster at Rome, New York, to the editor of the Richmond Enquirer.—About six bushels of it were procured in February last, by John B. Breckenridge, Esq., through the kind attention of Mr. Hathaway, (whose disinterested zeal in the dissemination of this valuable grain is worthy of all praise), and distributed among our citizens.—The Senior Editor got a bushel, which, after cleansing it of the oats which were mixed with it, left about seven-eighths. This was sown about the middle of March, on a hill side, from which two crops had been taken without manuring, and the yield is estimated by judges at from fifteen to twenty bushels; there being something over thirty dozen. It is a bearded grain, the heads large and well filled, and the straw of a beautiful bright yellow. We have heard of one gentleman whose yield from a peck is fourteen dozen. Benjamin Crawford, Esq., who also succeeded in procuring about a bushel and a half of the seed from New York, we heard of a yield of about twenty-five bushels.

One who has made the experiment will furnish us with the results, that they may be published.

The Italian or Spring Wheat commands itself to the attention of farmers from the fact that it is exempt from the casualties of the winter, the fly, and, we believe, not so liable to rust as the hard fields of Fall wheat, especially struck on both sides of our patch of Spring wheat, while it is wholly unharmed. It ought to be sown as early in the Spring as it can be got in—al though Mr. Hathaway states that it has done well in New York, sown as late as the 10th of May. By early sowing, however, the danger from rust might be better avoided. We place great confidence in the experiment made this season as to its success in our climate, from the fact that the Spring was unusually dry and cold, so that the grain had little chance to grow, for weeks after it was sown. But for this we believe it would have ripened about the first of July.

It is not presumed that this Wheat ought to supersede the Fall grain in our cultivation. Such a result would not be desirable—for it would crowd too much of the business of the farm into the Spring—but every farmer might find it to his profit to devote to it a few acres. Besides the greater security it would afford him of a crop, it occurs to us that he might use it to advantage in filling up the spots in his fields of Fall wheat that had not taken or were winter killed.

We understand that the experiments made with the common wheat, of sowing in the Spring, have all failed.

SPRING WHEAT.—The Gettysburg Star of Thursday, states that James Reashaw, Esq. of Littlestown, and Mr. John L. Noel, of New Oxford, in that county, have each deposited in the Star office, specimens of Spring Wheat, which was sown by them about the 1st of April, and which being now harvested, is proved to have yielded quite abundantly. Mr. Reashaw obtained his seed from Europe—and that sown by Mr. Noel was American. The Star says the grains of each of the specimens are plump and large, and invites the Farmers of Adams county to call and examine them.

We are glad to perceive from the above, and other evidences of the fact, that our intelligent and enterprising farmers in various parts of the country, are turning their attention to Spring Wheat, as an important variety, or addition to their agricultural products.—We have not a doubt that they will find their account in it. When a "hard winter" or other disaster, overtakes their fall sowing, the Spring Wheat is the very thing, and comes in admirably, as a means of repairing damages, and restoring to the farmer the cheering prospect of a full crop.

[Edit. Patriot. The Gettysburg Sentinel also mentions that Mr. David Zeigler, of that borough, sowed two bushels of seed in the Spring, and that the yield has been sixty dozen of very fine wheat. These facts, as that paper well remarks, should attract the attention of farmers.

Necessity the Mother of Invention.—A woman was brought up before the Boston Police on Friday, against whom it appeared that she had pinched an infant child black and blue, to afford a pretext to beg rum to wash its bruises!

Different men may pursue the same absurdity, but by different paths.

THE FREIGHT CONTENDER. Ay, tear her latered ensign down! Long has it waved on high, And many an eye has danced to see That banner in the sky; Beneath it rang the battle shout, And burst the cannon's roar; The meteor of the ocean air Shall sweep the clouds no more! Her deck, once red with heroes' blood, Where knelt the vanquished foe, When winds were hurrying o'er the flood, And waves were white with foam, No more shall feel the victor's tread, Or know the conquered knee; The harp of the shore shall pluck The eagle of the sea!

Of better that her shattered bulk Should sink beneath the waves; Her hulk should the mighty deep, And there should be her grave; Nail to the mast her holy sign, And every threadbare sail, And give her to the god of storms, The lightning and the gale!

From the American Magazine of Useful Knowledge.

MRS. JAMES MADISON. The parents of Mrs. Madison, whose maiden name was Dolly Payne, were natives of Virginia. She was however born in North Carolina, while her mother was on a visit to some of her friends in that State. Not long after their marriage, her parents joined the society of Friends or Quakers, manumitted their slaves, and removed to Pennsylvania. Their daughter was educated in Philadelphia in all the strictness of the sect to which the family belonged. She was, therefore, but little indebted to acquired graces and accomplishments for the admiration and regard which followed her wherever she was known. To much personal beauty, she added a least disposition: charms and attractions which won for her not only admirers but friends.

At an early age she was married to Mr. Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia, and also a member of the society of Friends. This connexion was of short duration. She was soon left a widow with an infant son. Her father being also dead, she went to live with her surviving parent, who had fixed her residence in the same city. Here her beauty and engaging manners secured her many admirers and brought her several advantageous offers of marriage. Among those who sought her hand she gave the preference to Mr. Madison, at that time a distinguished member of Congress, to whom she was married in 1794.

From this time to the time of Mr. Madison's appointment as Secretary of State, she resided at Montpellier on Mr. Madison's paternal estate. Here she entertained her numerous friends and guests with an abundant and cordial hospitality. Her mother and sisters lived with her, and the regard and kindness with which her husband treated them, was repaid on her part by similar attentions to the happiness and comfort of his aged mother, who continued to live with her son.

On Mr. Jefferson's election to the Presidency, in 1801, Mr. Madison was appointed Secretary of State, and in April of that year removed his family to Washington. We cannot better describe the manner in which she acquitted herself in the new and elevated station to which she was now raised, than in the language of a memoir in the National Portrait Gallery, a work of great merit. "The President's house was the seat of hospitality, where Mrs. Madison always presided (in the absence of Mr. Jefferson's daughters) when there were female guests. At the President's, the house of the Secretary of State was the resort of most company. The frank and cordial manners of its mistress gave a peculiar charm to the frequent parties there assembl'd. All foreigners who visited the seat of government, strangers from the different States of the Union, the heads of departments, the diplomatic corps, senators, representatives, and citizens, mingled with an ease and freedom, a sociability and gaiety, to be met with in no other society. Even party spirit, virulent and embittered as it then was, by her gentleness was dissipated of its asperity. Individuals who never visited at the President's, nor met at the other ministerial houses, could not resist the softening influences of her conciliatory disposition, of her frank and gracious manners, but frequented her evening circle, and sat at her husband's table; a table that was covered with the profusion of Virginia hospitality, rather than with the elegance and refinement of European taste. The lady of a foreign minister was once ridiculing the enormous size and number of the dishes with which the board was loaded, and observed that it was more like a harvest-home supper, than the entertainment of a Secretary of State. Mrs. Madison heard of this, and similar remarks, but only observed with a smile, that she thought abundance was preferable to elegance; that circumstances formed customs, and customs formed taste; and as the profusion, so repugnant to foreign customs, arose from the happy circumstances of the superabundance and prosperity of our country, she did not hesitate to sacrifice the delicacy of European taste, for the less elegant, but

more liberal fashion of Virginia. The many poor families daily supplied from that profusely spread table, would have had reason to regret the introduction of European fashion, had Mrs. Madison been prevailed on to submit to its dictation.

During the eight years that Mr. Madison was Secretary of State, he and his family lived with the inhabitants of Washington as with fellow-citizens; receiving and reciprocating civilities in the most kind and friendly manner.—The Secretary himself, being wholly absorbed in public business, left to Mrs. Madison the discharge of the duties of social intercourse. And never was a woman better calculated for the task. Exposed, as she necessarily must have been in so conspicuous a situation, to envy, jealousy, and misconstruction, she so managed as to conciliate the goodwill of all, without offending the self-love of any of the competitors for her favor and attention. Every visitor left her with the pleasing impression of being an especial favorite; of having been the object of peculiar attention: She never forgot a name she had once heard, nor a face she had once seen, nor the personal circumstances connected with every individual of her acquaintance. Her quick recognition of persons, her recurrence to their peculiar interests, produced the gratifying impression, in each and all of those who conversed with her, that they were special objects of regard.

Her house was very plainly furnished, and her dress in no way extravagant. It was only in hospitality and in charity that her profusion was unchecked, and sometimes made her sensible that her income was not equal to her wishes.

The amiable and engaging qualities which have been described, characterized Mrs. Madison through the whole of her husband's public life. In the

time of the American Revolution, and the violence of political animosity, she was mild and courteous to all. The political assailants of her husband, she treated with a kindness, which dissipated their hostility of his individual rancor, and sometimes even converted political enemies into personal friends, and still offered to neutralizing the bitterness of opposition. During the late war her courage and firmness were put to a severe test. In August, 1814, the British troops landed forty miles below Washington, and approached that city. The President left the city to hold a council of war. Before his departure, he anxiously inquired whether she had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow of succeeding day. She assured him she had no fear but for him and the success of our arms.—When the President reached Bladensburg he unexpectedly found the two armies engaged. Meanwhile terror spread over the city. All who could obtain conveyances fled to the adjoining towns. The sound of the cannon was distinctly heard, and universal dismay and confusion prevailed. Some personal friends who had remained with Mrs. Madison strongly urged her to leave the city. They had her carriage brought to the door, but could not persuade her to enter till her husband should return and accompany her. And she did not finally depart till several messengers had been despatched to bid her fly.

We close this sketch in the words of the memoir from which we have already quoted. "Much as she graced her public station, she has not been less admirable in domestic life. Neighboring and companionable among her country friends, as if she had never lived in a city; delighting in the society of the young, and never better pleased than when promoting every youthful pleasure by her participation, she still preserved herself the affectionate and devoted wife during the years of suffering health of her excellent husband. Without neglecting the duties of a kind hostess, a faithful friend and relative, she amused the languid hours of his long confinement. He knew appreciated, and acknowledged the blessing which heaven had bestowed on him in giving him such a wife."

HEROIN OF NEV. W. C. WALTON. When about 16 years of age he became a clerk in a store in Frankfort, Hampshire county. Here, we must pause for a moment to admire the goodness and the grace, which in the midst of powerful temptations and threatening dangers, guarded the peace and protected the destiny of this dear youth. Speaking of his situation at this time, he says: "There was not a Christian in the place, so far as I knew; while gambling, drinking, horse racing profane swearing and lewdness were so common as to excite no surprise.—My employer himself was addicted to all these vices, and they were not considered respectable. He has had a gambling party in his counting room, where I slept, all night! Sometimes he would take me as his partner." Of his achievements in still bolder and more disgusting scenes of iniquity, he was very communicative to his young and guileless clerk, as also were certain young men of the place, who gloried in their names. If the restaurateur's boys had found any fault, they would have been surely flogging in a new channel. I soon felt at home. He lived there they were spread for his ruin,

but "the accounts they gave of the effects of their wicked practices upon themselves made me afraid to venture upon that dangerous ground." The dread of such consequences—the fear of the impending penalty does not deter thousands of other young men from the commission of secret crime. Why did it deter him? Because a merciful God overruled the motive and made it effectual to his preservation from the paths of the destroyer. From profaneness and intemperance, too, he was equally preserved, though blasphemous daily filled his ears, and though he lived in the midst of bottles and barrels. Another circumstance exerted a favorable influence upon him.—Much of his leisure time was passed in the society of refined and virtuous females, where decency of manners and purity of morals of course met with an approving smile, and where vice should ever meet the indignant rebuke which its meanness and villainess deserve.—When it shall become a standing rule of virtuous and dignified society, to exclude from its privileges and honors the tainted in character, as well as the openly dissolute and abandoned, till the pressure of public reprobation shall have produced the sorrow of a genuine repentance; then a most valuable point will be gained in our progress towards what so many have desired—a perfect community.

But so long as any class of men use the title of a gentleman, to cover the vice of the profligate, and the arrogant assumption is conceded by the better portion of society, so long will virtue be grieved, and vice be triumphant; so long will the dignity of the former be violated, and the assurance of the latter encouraged, so long will the power of motives to virtuous action be deplorably diminished, and the power of motives to criminal indulgence be fearfully increased.

MINISTERIAL LABORS. KING WILLIAM IV.—The late King of Great Britain was the third son of George III., the two eldest, George IV., and the Duke of York having died without children. The late King having died without children by his legal marriage, the succession to the crowns of Great Britain and Hanover would have devolved upon the fourth brother, the Duke of Kent, had he been living. But this Prince died in 1820, without male heirs, leaving however a daughter, the present Queen Victoria, who was born May 24, 1819.

As the crown of Hanover, by the law of succession of that kingdom, descends only in the male line, it devolves in the present instance on the fifth, and now eldest surviving son of George Third, the late Duke of Cumberland, a Prince of an uneven reputation, and extremely disliked by the British people. He has a single child, George Frederick, born May 27, 1819. The crown of Hanover therefore is probably permanently separated from that of Great Britain. The sixth brother, the Duke of Sussex, is without children, and the seventh, the Duke of Cambridge, hereditary vicerey of Hanover, has two children, one of whom is 18 and the other 15 years of age.

It is remarkable that although Geo. III. had eleven children who lived to over fifty years of age, he has but four grand children, three of whom were born within the space of two months. The four eldest of his children are dead, and the seven younger are still living—there being but nine years' difference between the ages of the eldest and youngest of the seven.

MADAME LAVALETTE. Hundreds of the present generation have probably never heard of the heroic firmness which this distinguished woman displayed, in conjunction with three noble-hearted British officers, in order to extricate her gallant husband from a bloody death, when the Allied Powers of Europe for the second time overran France, and overthrew forever the Napoleon dynasty. Lavalette, who like the chivalrous and undaunted Ney, had rendered himself peculiarly obnoxious to the restored Monarchy, by his zeal in the service of Napoleon, was sentenced to be shot, and was only preserved from the fate, which befell the illustrious Ney, by the heroic and affection of his devoted wife. It will be seen by the following extract from an interesting article in a recent number of the London New Monthly Magazine, descriptive of the Lunatic Hospitals in France, that the intellect of Madame Lavalette gradually sunk, notwithstanding the success of her plan, and that she is now confined in one of those Asylums, the victim of a helpless melancholy. Lavalette himself died some time ago, having been, after many years of exile from his country, pardoned, and permitted to return.

In one of the private Maisons de Sante, on the other side of Paris, there now resides an illustrious patient, whose beauty madness has not faded, for her disease of mind is gentle and calm, and she is free from the excess of passionate concern, heightened by terror. This is Madame Lavalette, who pro-

duced the celebrated escape of her husband from prison. Having engaged, by her persuasions and entreaties, Sir Robert Wilson, Bruce, and Hutchinson, to aid Lavalette's flight to a place of safety, she was permitted to enter his prison the evening before his execution: his hair was already cut off as a preparation for the guillotine, he fled in the disguise of his wife's dress. His heroic wife was bitterly repined and threatened by the governor of the prison; so assured there was no doubt, was so excessive, that she never after recovered the misery of the night. After a time, her fine intellect gradually gave way, and she has resided some years in this Maison, anxiously attended. Lavalette is now deaf; but her silence is never broken by any event; she walks often in the garden, and plucks the flowers, or sits for hours on the garden seats, but never speaks, and has not been heard to utter a word for some years. Her look is sad and lonely, and she seems no longer to feel sympathy with any, being a transition from devoted union, from passionate tenderness, to the chilliness and dreariness of the tomb.

How to cure a Tyrannical Husband.—Miss Macaulay, in her "Lectures on Female Character and Education," tells her audience that wives, in their behaviour towards their husbands, should "be not too tame either." She relates the following story in illustration of her doctrine: A gentleman of thirty married a girl of fifteen, over whom he was strongly disposed to tyrannize. The wretch, one day, soon after their union, being, through his own want of punctuality, sadly overdone, he threw it dish and all, in a pot, out of the window. The spirited little girl, his wife, instantly took the table cloth by its four corners, and sent it, dish and all in it, after the despised ejected tyrant.

Whether or not the goodly pair partook on that day of any dinner, the fair lecturee does not relate; but only that they ever since have lived as man and wife ought to live, not frowningly and snarlingly, but lovingly and peaceably.

TEMPER.—A bad-temper in a woman poisons all her happiness, and turns her sweetness to gall, blights her youth, brings on premature old age, palli her enjoyment, banishes her friends, and renders home comfortless and barren. Far different is the rich harvest home, made bright and happy by the sweet temper, and mild deportment of an amiable wife, who, if afflictions cross her husband's abode, finds comfort and consolation in his home; is happy in a companion, whose temper is like the silver surface of the lake, calm, serene, and unruled. If he is poor, he breaks his crust in peace and thankfulness, for it is not steeped in the water of bitterness. An amiable temper is a jewel of inestimable value in the sum of earthly happiness, because, with that alone, the whims of a cross husband may be subdued, many vices may be overcome, the boisterous and the frolicsome, the humiliate and softened and hushed, as the mild zephyr that sweeps over the honeysuckle under the tament.

YOUNG MEN. Always have an object in view. The highest object you can have in view is to glorify God and enjoy him for ever.

The next highest is, to honor thy father and thy mother.

The next is, to love thy neighbor as thyself.

The next, to serve thy country honestly and faithfully in whatever station thou art called to fill.

And the next, to choose thou a wife in thy youth, but be careful in your choice. Do not marry a fool, unless you wish to beguile yourself trouble.

Remember, young men, always to have an object in view; and let your aim be elevated. This is the safeguard of character; and the main spring of excellence.

YOUNG LADIES. Whenever you see young men spending their leisure hours at some resort of gaming, or other idle amusement, it is a sure sign they will never become great men. Shun them, girls—they will ever make good husbands.

A beau, dressed out as some rare, is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body. Such beaux are tops, and the whole pleasure-loving fraternity are short lived animals. They look pretty in the gay sunshine of summer, but, poor creatures, they cannot endure the approach of autumn, and the old age of winter. They have their hour of enjoyment, and that is the end of them.

When any person, though in the garb of a gentleman, addresses you in the language of fulsome flattery; you should recollect, young ladies, that there are men of prey as well as beasts of prey.

Love, like the plague, is often communicated by clothing and money.

Look of high birth—men's noses are possessed of high birth—high birth is not in the nose, but in the heart.

