

# Virginia Free Press

CHARLESTOWN, JEFFERSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA, PUBLISHED WEEKLY, THURSDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1848. BY JOHN S. & H. N. GALLIHER.

NO. 48.

## POETRY.

### FAITH'S GUIDING STAR.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We find a glory in the flowers,  
When snowdrops peep and hawthorn blossoms  
We see fresh light in spring time hours,  
And bless the radiant sun that glows,  
The way of promise cheer with hope,  
That sun of sorrow cannot mar;  
God's beauty fills the darkest sleep,  
And keeps undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the smile,  
That flows in children's happy face,  
Eye fearful sleep, or wildly wild,  
We have swept away all care,  
The rays of love and gladness fair,  
Keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the zeal,  
Of doing breast and toiling brain,  
Affection's martyrs still will kneel,  
And long though famished, pour its strain,  
They live up by a quietness light,  
They shed God's spirit warm and bright,  
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

We find a glory in the roll,  
Of powder on the grassy hill,  
We gather on the new plowed ground,  
And yet in the possession of their land,  
God, in his great love, hath spread  
Unnumbered rays of light,  
They beam the brightest of the land,  
And keep undimmed Faith's guiding star.

### SINGULAR CASE.

#### TWO CLAIMANTS FOR A CHILD.

A strange case was investigated by Alderman Bare, of Kensington, Philadelphia, on Wednesday. A Mrs. Susan, of Baltimore, who some two years ago lived in Philadelphia, was about 6 years of age, daughter of John McClure, alleging and pertinaciously insisting that said child was hers.

From her statements it appears that her husband, some months ago, took the child away, since which time she has not seen it. On Tuesday, while passing through Kensington, she saw the daughter of Mr. Keenan, and under the impression that it was her child, she spoke to it, and was with her, expecting, as she stated, that she would find her husband. She was disappointed in that respect, but still insisting that it should be given up to her. Of course, the defendant left the place in apparent agony, and with the expressed determination of yet possessing herself of her supposed husband. Yesterday she returned to the residence of Mr. Keenan, and placed in her charge. In self-defense, Alderman Bare, who was present, arrested her. She presented one or two witnesses, one of whom thought the child in question looked very much like that of the defendant.

The agonized claimant proposed that the Alderman should test the relative claims of the parties by adopting the course taken by Solomon in a similar case, and decide by the sword who was the rightful mother. This was peremptorily declined by the discreet Alderman, and the defendant in default of better notes was committed to prison. On the way to prison with her, the unfortunate woman attracted the attention of a lady, who, inquiring into the circumstances of the case, volunteered to procure the required amount of bail, and the execution of the mittimus was stayed.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE NORTHERN NECK OF VIRGINIA.

During Bishop Meade's recent visit to the Northern Neck, himself and the attendant clergy were hospitably entertained at some of the most ancient dwellings in Virginia, as well as in others of more modern structure. Among the former were those of the Lees, but for a long time the property of the Potomac, at the mouth of the Rappahannock, the seats of the Taylors and Carters whose descendants still own and occupy them. All of these are large and well built, after the manner of former days. Mount Airy, which as to the wood-work, was completely repaired, and so faithfully were its ancient walls executed, that in approaching the house, a visitor of former days would not have suspected that the ravages of fire had been about it, if not acquainted with the fact.

But the most remarkable of all the buildings in the Northern Neck is that of Stratford, on the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland, for a long time the property of the Lees. It was built for Mr. Thomas Lee the father of Mr. Richard Henry Lee. He is known by the name of President Lee or Governor Lee having been both President of the King's Council, and Governor of Virginia under the Colonial establishment. While Governor his house was burnt down, and either the British Government, or the merchants of London, built his house for him at a very great expense. It is a peculiar structure, having none like it probably in any country. Probably some ancient English seat was its pattern. The bricks, and doubtless much else about it, were brought from England and are of the best quality. The walls of the first story are two feet and a half thick of the second, two and a half. The number of rooms in the main building is important. Originally there were more. Every Lee of the Revolution has had a part in it. The present number of rooms is four. Besides the main building there are four other buildings, containing fifty rooms, converted into a modern house of quality, with an accurate proportion, hold one hundred horses. When it is considered, that all these buildings are of bricks transported from England, and that the whole workmanship is of the best kind, it is not to be wondered that tradition makes the cost of them to have been £15,000.

We could find little notice of ancient things by stating that in the neighborhood of Stratford, is the birthplace of George Washington, was born and had his early training, and also, the site of the Church where he was carried to be baptized and to receive his first public religious instruction. The house of his birth and the Church of his baptism are no more. A stone placed in the earth some years since by the hands of Mr. Oustis, of Arlington, marks the spot where the former stood, and a few masonry tricks are the only monuments of the latter.

### THIRILLING TALE.

#### THE MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN.

A TRUE STORY.

I was on my way to P... in the fall of 18... it was towards the cold evenings in the first month when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from P... There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to move him on.

I determined to gratify this whim, and that same time a strange presentiment seized upon me, a kind of supernatural feeling which seemed to urge me to go to the house. I knocked, and requested to be admitted, and a woman, who I afterwards learned was a servant, opened the door, and she was a beautiful and gentle woman, years of age. She rose as if about twenty years old, and I felt as if I had seen her somewhere before. She appeared to be a perfect stranger.

In few words I related to her the conduct of my horse, and his stopping before this house. "I am not," she replied, "a metaphysician, nor do I believe in the supernatural, but the strange, unaccountable feeling that overcame me in attempting to pass your horse, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in no part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbors, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them. It is evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonely, and if it were not for the presence of the dog, I might rather have my horse, and my consent to your staying for similar feelings had been some ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; she conversed so quickly, that on looking at my watch I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve o'clock I was in bed, and was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep; strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one; its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person running from the window sill to the floor, and I started, and the light and almost noiseless step of one ascending the stairway.

I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next to the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements so mysteriously and suspiciously, the sound of the steps stopping at my door—then followed a low knocking, and a hand on the key hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

The person now slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed chamber.

I stepped forward, and as I did so, my hand grasped the latch of one door, mine on the other—deep silence followed the movement; it seemed as if he heard me not, and awaited the repetition; it seemed as if he still—he might have heard the door open, and his own noise. I came and the very moment I also opened the door, I caught the glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady.

I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half-open door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtain bed within whose sheets lay the intended victim to midnight assassination, and glowing heaven's angels seemed to be around him.

Looking back at that moment a tall figure never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented—at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception.

I was now all suspense; my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to crack, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged the part of the covering of the bed, which the sound of my foot caused him to stir. He started, and then confronted me, his eyes fixed on each other a few seconds; his eyes then were fired upon me, and he next moment lay a corpse on the floor.

The noise of the pistol aroused the fair

### INTERESTING THEMES.

#### The Temple at Jerusalem.

Extract from M. M. Noah's Address delivered at the Hebrew Synagogue in Chester Street, New York, on Thanksgiving Day, to aid in the erection of the Temple at Jerusalem.

About two years ago, a messenger arrived in this City from Jerusalem, having been commissioned from the Hebrew Congregation at Hebron, to visit the United States, to collect aid for the suffering poor of that venerable City. He came from the neighborhood of the Cave of Machpelah, where Abraham and Isaac and Jacob are buried, and he asked in their name, and by their mortal memory, charity for our Brethren, who have been so far from home, and who have been so long in the land of the living dead. He asked in their name, and by their mortal memory, charity for our Brethren, who have been so far from home, and who have been so long in the land of the living dead. He asked in their name, and by their mortal memory, charity for our Brethren, who have been so far from home, and who have been so long in the land of the living dead.

### THAT SAME OLD COON.

A gentleman of this town, during the campaign of 1841, procured a Coon, and put a collar round his neck, with the initials of his name upon it. After a short time, when it was ascertained that Mr. Clay had been defeated, the "Old Coon," doubtless thinking his owner had no further use for him, took one night, an unceremonious leave of him. Nothing was heard of the old gentleman until a few nights since, when a party of opossum hunters were out, and discovered doubt regarding himself with one of those perfect. The huntsmen made up to him, and commenced manœuvring to capture him. The old chap made a sham "stratagem" of resistance, but finally surrendered. Where has this old Coon, and what has he been doing? We will tell you. After his capture, the old Coon was put in a cage, and he had been celebrating his victory achieved by the "Old Coons" of the country, in the selection of Taylor. Fillmore, suffered himself to be captured. He finished his work, and felt that there was nothing more for him to do. He has retired to private life—leaving the cause of his party in the hands of the rising generation, the young Coons of the country.

### MEETING OF THE GREEKS.

We were told that his Excellency Gov. Johnson and Gen. Taylor had a very warm conversation on the wharf boat at Baton Rouge, on the return of the Governor to the City. We may as well observe, that though belonging to opposite parties, the most cordial good feeling has always existed between the Governor and the General.

"How do you do, General?" exclaimed his Excellency, in his usual genial and courteous style. "I am happy to see you again."

"The happiness is reciprocated," responded the General, with equal warmth.

"Well, General," continued the Governor, "you made a better run than I thought you would. You must have been in good training. You have come out so handsomely in the race."

"Oh no," replied the General, "it was only an old field-train."

"Well, General, I congratulate you; but I must also add, I wish you a happy departure from that portion of your duties which relates to the distribution of offices. There's the rub. The executive offices would be very snug berths if it were not for the Nepsian shirt of patronage. I can speak experimentally on that subject."

"Well, Governor, assure you that if I, a poor, ignorant, and uneducated man, as you are, could do anything, it would be to pass a law to compel people to take it."

"That declaration, General, satisfies me," responded his Excellency, "that you are good enough to pass among your countrymen, and to follow you in Washington. And after exchanging good wishes, the two distinguished gentlemen parted with the best feelings."

This conversation, we think, not only gives a lively interest to the characters of the two profound philosophers, but also a deal of pleasure to the readers of the press.

### PROSPERITY LOOKING UP.

A friend informs us that the Pomory Rolling Mill will commence operations on today. This is but the commencement of prosperity which will follow the triumphant election of the people's man, Old Zack. The strenuous energies of this great nation have been so long prostrated by the million of locusts, that now, as the sun of prosperity dazles out, under the guidance of Whig success, the slumbering resources of the country are at once brought into requisition; and ere the coming four years shall have rolled around, every department of industry and labor will present a spectacle that will gladden the heart of the patriot. A thousand shouts for Old Zack and the country!—C. N. Chron.

Hogs	1847	1848	1849	1850
1847	25,000	18,000	20,000	22,000
1848	18,000	18,000	20,000	22,000
1849	20,000	18,000	20,000	22,000

### SCIENCE.

Dr. Davine, imprisoned at Philadelphia for the murder of Richard Mall, cut his throat on Saturday night, and was found dead in his cell next morning. He had been tried once for the murder, but the jury did not agree.

Two hogs raised by Mr. Daniel Higgins of Hagerstown, were sold for \$100 each, and the price was \$200.00.

Mrs. London affirms that she saw a quantity of water pouring into the water every time it is charged, will preserve earthenware in all their beauty for above a fortnight.

### THE FARMERS AND MILLERS OF JEFFERSON COUNTY.

Under the auspices of the Farmers and Millers of Jefferson County, a fair will be held at the Court House, on the 27th, 28th and 29th inst. The objects of the fair are to give the public an opportunity of seeing the best quality of wool, and to give the wool growers a fair market for their produce. The fair will be held from 10 o'clock in the forenoon to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The following is a list of the articles to be sold:

- Wool
- Woolen Goods
- Woolen Yarn
- Woolen Cloth
- Woolen Hats
- Woolen Blankets
- Woolen Shawls
- Woolen Scarves
- Woolen Stockings
- Woolen Mittens
- Woolen Gloves
- Woolen Socks
- Woolen Undershirts
- Woolen Undershirts
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### WHEAT, CORN & C.

Wheat, Corn & C. Wanted. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain.

### HOUSE AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

House at Shepherdstown. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain.

### WHEAT, CORN & C.

Wheat, Corn & C. Wanted. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain.

### Public.

Public. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain.

### Wanted.

Wanted. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain.

### For Housekeepers.

For Housekeepers. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain.

### Wheat, Corn & C.

Wheat, Corn & C. Wanted. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain. The highest market price will be paid for all kinds of grain.

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VIRGINIA FREE PRESS AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

Store, Suits, Suits, Suits...

300 Suits from the Grand Army...

HERNINGS...

COAL AND WOOD STOVES...

EVERY BODY KNOWS IT...

IRON, IRON...

TRUSSERS' SALE...

THE "GREEN HOUSE"...

READY-MADE CLOTHING...

JEFFERSON FARM...

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY...

COMFORTABLE DWELLING...

CONDOMINIUM DWELLINGS...

PROBABLY A GOOD SALE...

HAIR CUTS AND FANCY FURS...

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ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, September, 1848

M'VEIGH BROTHERS & CO.

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