

VIRGINIA FREE PRESS AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

POETRY.

A TRUE LOVER'S SOLLOQUY.

A true lover from my distant home,
From those who blest me with their love,
With blemishes plain beneath my feet,
With eyes that could not see above;
But I am still here,
And another feelings struck and deep,
The o'er my heart, are gathering dark,
Those which bind up my spirit's leap.
Which have been lost,
Has followed off my aching head,
Whose eye would brighten at my voice,
Whose hand was quick to know my tread;
I think of her, and all her love,
Whose heart and soul have mixed with mine,
Till life had more to give,
A taste of her, and all her thine;
Other whiles fitful I feel,
As Heaven dash'd a trembling star;
Whose smiles were mine, whose tears were mine,
And whose joys or joys to make or share,
I think of hours which made us weep,
Of dark estrangements unexplained,
The heart wrapped in mystery deep,
Which howe I hardly can her glance,
Howe hard it is with me to be wild,
When parted mostly from her,
She sought and found me reconciled,
Only one, that pines for me!
Her love, and all her madding thought,
And from the ruins of my soul,
A fair and beauties fabric wrought.
Whose love was strong unshaken faith,
The world and man spurned her,
Whose tender heart did not love her,
That rose from earth, and lived in Heaven!
Oft belov'd, that weeps for me!
Her love, and all her madding thought,
I've borne her through a world of thought,
And showed her each holy thing;

Bought the first of themes sublime,
And wrapt her in that glorious light,
The sun of her life, and her love,
She stood an angel in my sight;
At times, how beatiful she seemed,
When with her love, and all her madding thought,
Has given her the strength of thought,
True those o'res of madding blue.
How beatiful her bows with her!
How full of deep & overpowering bliss,
Whose love was strong unshaken faith,
And whose joys or joys to make or share,
Unmolded then of sight but joy,
Twas death to grieve, and not to meet—
All the world was mine, and I
Or run, yea! death I search for fear!

Ah! beatiful! ah! beatiful!

And passion bound in her thrill;

Indulged her might before her shrine,

I have no love, and all her madding thought,

Then let it go if I have sinned,

Twas that my heart knew no control—

When she, who call'd me to her arms,

Was first, was all that stirred my heart!

VARIETY.

A young lady of Wakefield, (England) rejoicing in the name of Lucy Scerl, was recently brought before the magistrate, charged with an assault—though not of an aggravated nature. Miss Lucy in open daylight, and in the open street, attempted to kiss a surly inn keeper of Wakefield. Her lawyer in justification of the offence, quoted Burns' couplet of:

"A body meets a body coming through the rye,
It's body kiss a body, need a body cry;

and the justice admitted the plea, and discharged the case, amidst the laughter of the spectators.

An Irish gentleman having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving, and finding the room empty—

"So I am first, after all."

The waiter informed him that he was mistaken—that his friends had been there, but were gone.

"Very well," replied the Hibernian—"then I have made no mistake, for as they were all here before me, surely I was right in saying I was first after all."

He followed walking through the old Bailey at the time of execution, when an Irishman was to be torned off, inhumanly hewed out—

"A dozen there? I always said you would come to be hanged."

"You are a liar," replied Pat. "It was the last word I had to speak; I did not come, I was brought."

"Will you keep an eye on my horse my son, while I stop in and get a drink?"

"Yes sir."

Stranger goes in, gets his drink, comes out and finds his horse missing.

"Where is your horse boy?"

"He's not away, sir."

" Didn't I tell you to take care of him, you young scamp?"

"No sir you told me to keep my eye on him and I did, till he got cleaned out of sight."

"How late is it, Bill?"

"Look at the less, and see if he's drunk yet. If he isn't it can't be much after eleven."

"Does he keep such good time?"

"Splendid—they set the town clock by his nose."

"A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on the slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took her pencil, and wrote reply—

"Prayer is a wish of the heart."

Some persons imagine that it is very difficult to get rich. Nothing, however, is more fallacious. All that's required, is to earn a dollar every time you spend ninety cents.

A shoemaker, intending to be absent a few days, lashed back a shingle with the following, without date, and nailed it upon his door—

"Will be at home ten days from the time you see this shingle."

"Guilty, or not guilty?" asked a Dutch justice.

"Not guilty."

"Den what you do here? Go about your business."

"It is no great misfortune to oblige ungrateful people, but an insuperable one to be forced to be under an obligation to a scoundrel."

"The calm and disquiet of our temper depends not so much on affairs of moment, as on the the disposition of the trials that daily occur."

"How do you like your minister?"

"Like him, says the squire, 'why, with his first rate for he never meddles with politics or religion.'

"Why is an avaricious merchant like a Turk?"

"Because he worships the profit—(prophet.)"

"The man who was struck with 'astonishment' without resisting it, has been sent as a delegate to the next Peace Convention."

"How is it that trees can put on new dresses without peeling their trunks?"

"Because they leave out their summer clothing."

"Mrs. Partington says that because dancing girls are sars, it is no reason why they should be regarded as heavenly bodies."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the chap said when the reaper put around his neck.

"Why is a lawyer like a tailor?"

"Because he is always ready to commence a suit."

"I call that a finished performance," as the executioner said when he cut off a criminal's head at a single blow."

"Why is a man who commits an assault like a book with a torn cover?"

"Because he should be bound over."

"The man who fell into his mother's arms with a pretty girl, was got out with considerable difficulty."

"A wag recently appended to the list of market regulations in Cincinnati, "No whistling near the sewage stall."

"If a small boy is a lad, will two small boys be a brace?"

GOOD MEDICINES.



BARGAINS.

NEW AND CHEAP GOODS.

THE undersigned has just arrived from the East with a large and general assortment of Goods, which has been purchased as low as any Goods in the Valley of Virginia, or indeed The assortment consists of the following articles, viz:

Super Black Cloths and Cassimines;

Super Fancy Cassimines, very low prices;

Silk Velvets, Satins, and First Silk Vests;

Fine Black, Changeable, Plain, Striped, and Delicate, Tinted, and Sarcenet;

Swiss, Plain and Figured Muslins;

Cambric and Jacquot de;

Super Certain Mansions of various patterns;

and many others, all pattern and prices;

Ladies' Satin Linens, and Cottons;

Gents' Linen and Cloth, &c.,

Corded and Black Cambric;

Cotton, Cashmere, and Woolen Shawls, of various

Figured and Plain Patterns;

A large assortment of Dress Trimmings;

Silk Lace and Fringes, French worked Collars;

Ladies' Kid, Silk and Lisle Thread Gloves;

Children's Kid and Silk;

Ladies' Cashmere, Lambs wool and Cotton Hoise;

Men's do;

White, Red and Yellow Flannels;

Dresses, Skirts, and all kinds of Underwear, and odd pieces;

Woolen Slips, Canton Flannel;

Silk and Fancy Bonnets;

A large assortment of Fancy and Plain Ribbons;

Artificial Flowers, Cords and Brushes;

Scarf Pins, Buttons, &c.,

etc., etc., etc.,

etc., etc., etc.,