

WILLIAM

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POETRY.

HE WILL NOT WOO AGAIN.

The last word, a needless word,
Is pride and passion spoken;
But with that word the chain that bound
Two hearts, here, here, here, here,
Has loosed away, and loosed away;
The little words remain;
She wins the victory, and right;
He will not own again.

Another love may catch her still,
But she'll never give again;

Her charms exceed come and go,

And those that once are given,

Will never, never, never, never,

Find another like her.

Yerchachus seems come and go,

And those that once are given,

Will never, never, never, never,

Find another like her.

They mean as strangers, calm and cold;

And suddenly, without warning, new;

They leave a trace of pain;

And when they would bathe it's light,

They bring the agony brings relief;

He will not win again.

Also, a love, long tried and worn,

With a heart that fails, broken bones,

Should yield such fearful power!

Cant' we then see for who she die,

Great souls all have their care,

When her memory brings relief;

He will not win again.

VARIETY.

Dreams for Money.—What are you dig-

ging for?

The news that the idlers collected.

"We're told you are digging for money?"

"Well, I ain't digging for anything else."

"Are you poor?"

"I'm pretty well—she shillings a day is

the regular price for digging collars all over

the town."

The spades dropped and the loafers van-

ished.

A Child's Answer.—A father once said

playfully to his little daughter, a child about

four years old, "How good you are for anything!"

"Yes, I am dear father," replied she, look-

ing thoughtfully and tenderly into his face.

"Why, what are you for—pray tell me, my

dear?"

"I am good for you father!" replied she,

at the same time throwing her tiny arms

around his neck, and giving him a kiss of un-

utterable affection.

"Please, child! may your life ever be an

expression of this early fond instinct of love."

The bright good you or any other mortal

can possibly confer is to live in the full ex-

ercise of affection.—*Ladies' Christian An-*

nual.

Grandma.—A writer in the Burlington

Sentinel says that in one of the back town-

of-a-neighboring State, where it is the cus-

tom for the district school teacher to "board

round," the following incident occurred, and

is vouch'd for by high authority:

A year or two ago, a plowman being

made in the usual manner for the benefit of

the schoolmistress, it happened that, as the

proposition of one man was just two days and

a half.

The teacher sat down to dinner on the

third day, and was beginning to eat, when

the man of the house addressed her as fol-

lows:

"Madam, I suppose your boarding time is

out when you have satisfied half a dozen, but as

I don't want to be mean, you may eat, if you choose, about as much as usual!"

"Heads Up!"—A tall, raw-bone recruit

was put on by a little cock sparrow of

an officer; as every order was given to him

he would look down to see his commander,

and was often admonished to hold up his

head.

Repeated admonitions of this kind at

length had the effect to induce the recruit

to raise his head, at least to a level with the

sitting man, and the officer ordered him to

keep it there.

"What, always?" was the inquiry.

"Yes, always!" was the stern reply.

"Then good bye, lieutenant; I shall never

see you, again!"

A lady who made pretensions to the

most refined feelings, went to her brother to

remonstrate with him on her cruel prae-

tices.

"How can you be so barbarous," said she,

"as to put little innocent lambs to death?"

"Why, madam," said the brother, "you sure-

ly wouldn't eat them alive, would you?"

K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-K-

Russell, what in the world put matrimo-

nony into your head? Well, the fact is, Jo,

I was getting short of shirts."

"Excuse me, Tom. — Once, our very

wives were of great importance. A wife

is often more agreeable than a rough ya-

"All is but lip wisdom that wants exper-

ience.

Time is like a verb that can only be used

in the present tense.

Patriotism—Patriotism, says President

Withington, is real *Indians*, kindly expres-

sed; an admirable definition, and so brief

that all may easily remember it. This is the

sum and substance of true patriotism. Put

it in practice; and all will be charmed with

your manners.

"It is an acute angle—an angle that ena-

bles you to cross-cut a road—not to run

against a creditor."

"I am a stranger in a strange place said a

clerkman on entering a printing office. And

you will be a stranger to a stranger, closer, repli-

ed type, if you do not practice closer, what

you present."

It is a singular fact that no matter how ex-

cellent the streets of Paris are, those who

travel in them are sure to run it.

"Why? Why is the low leg man like a hol-

iday down South? — And—Because you see

the knee grows out (negroes out)

"—Why is the letter U the gavest in the al-

phabet? Because it always fu—fun."

"Do In-Paris ladies wear daggers at their

feet? In-Paris women have these, these, these,

these, these, these, these, these, these, these,

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