

VIRGINIA FREE PRESS AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

Virginia Free Press.

BY GALLAHER & CO.

JULY 10, 1857.

APPENDIX TO THE JOURNAL.

The Spirit is in each of us; it abhors the conduct of the Free State, and kindly suggests that

[After two years past we have been "following other false goals." It never seems to have

denounced the "Spoils Party" as to those who

joined the "Sons of Liberty."

It is a painful perception of the

conduct of this party that we may here

feel strong in their personal

desires; and short-sight would ap-

peal to all the friends of freedom,

that "the South will be better

now than ever before."

Having given a clear dema-

cation to the South, and to our

country, he avails himself of his

power to thenceas a clear democratic tri-

umph, and talk of the nationality of our

country, he uses to lead election riots in

the same way when they were Democrats in

the first winter.

It was in that school they were

educated. They will do no harm to

the Administration itself.

It is a painful sight at Baltimore,

to see the men of whom that school

has passed, and their sons, who

were once

friends to the South, now

turning their backs upon it.

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POETRY.

THOUGHTS.

They come where the sunlight
Is bright on the mountain;
They come where the blossoms,
Is white on the fountain.
At morn and at eve,
By scenes and hours,
Not as they once were,
Of birds and of flowers.
They come when some token
Of part days will rise;
As a link to the present,
And then they bring sighs;
They come when some dreamings,
Through hopes and through fears,
Rushes to the future,
And then they bring tears.
They come from the sea mist
Over reefs is rife;
And they tell of a shadow
That hangs over life;
They come when the storm
Is thunder and gloom;
Spread abroad, and they speak
Of scenes and of gloom.
The lightning strikes them
Is low on the lake,
And the ploughmen weeping,
Hear them; and the world takes
With a start on its breast,
And they whisper, that all
But themselves are rest.
They come when the low breeze
Is fanning the leaves;
They come when the flower cup
The dew-drop receives;
By night's soft silences,
At day's soft hums;
And at times, 't is deeply
And darkly they come.

A BACHELOR'S QUERY.

"Tell me, why wing'd while
That round my pearly seat,
Do ye not like my sweet spot
With such a scene before me?
Some loss and pleasant dell,
Some hollow in the ground,
Where blossoms never fall,
And verdure are not found?"

The wind blow the snow into my face,
And sheltered, as I answered, "Every place."

THE INNOCENT BRAVE.

My mother, she tells me—
"Nature has given thee.
Life to speak with thy master, my own;
And death to thy master for speaking alone."
But why are they red then?
White lips would answer for speaking as well.
And why has she said, then—
"Only for speaking?" O! who can tell,
A poor little innocent girl like me,
For what but to speak with our mouth be?

FLINTING A PIANO.

Annie waved her fan with glee,
And being in a playful mood,
She gave the toy to me.
And made me sit it if could.
The pleasure till I soon began,
Yet anxious thoughts my bosom hurt—
Mammie, I meant for a kiss,
But if you please, I'll fan a flirt.

VARIETY.

It is known to those who are addicted to the luxury of early rising that the planet Venus, now this morning star, looks unusually large at this time—larger, brighter, and more beautiful than ever seen before us to do so. A country editor accounts for the fact by saying that Venus has taken to hope. Another country editor gives a different theory in explanation of the appearance, but we won't mention it.

A young lady at a ball was asked by a lover of serious poetry, whether she had seen "Grable's Tales?"

"Why, no," she answered; "I did not know that Grable had tales."

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said he; "I mean have you read Grable's Tales?"

"And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crab, or any other, had tails."

Dr. Johnson's Conventions are always crowded, and Dr. Johnson gave the true reason. People flock to hear a woman speak, not because she preaches anyhow; just as they go to see a dog walk on his hind legs, though he does not walk on them near so well as a man.

A Western editor once apologized to his readers after this fashion:—"We intended to have a sketch and a marriage to publish this week, but a violent storm prevented the wedding, and the doctor being taken sick himself, the patient recovered, and we are accordingly cheated out of both."

Beauty and wit will die—learning and wealth will vanish away—all the arts of life, will be forgotten—but virtue will remain forever. Planted on earth, in a cold unmeaning life, it will bloom and blossom in Heaven.

Where a woman, says Mrs. Partington, has once married with a congealing and warm heart, and one that beats responsible to her own, she will never want to enter the marital state again.

The editor of the "Wring and Twit" has seen the contrivance which your nose uses: when they "warm up with the fire," he says, "it's a glass-con and holds about a pint."

A genius down east has discovered a method of manufacturing from one dandy, a monkey, an ape, and three baboons, so as to have enough left to make a small yaller dog. There are moments in which we live years—moments which steal the roses from the cheek of health, and plow deep furrows in the brow of youth.

If we could read the secret history of our cushion, we should find in each a history of a life, a history of a love, a history of a death, a history of a secret, a history of a secret.

A "Down East" editor advises his readers, if they wish to get fresh oysters, to go and steal fruit where his watch dog is on guard.

If one and a half yards make a pipe, how many will take to make a trout? If two hogheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

Some funny fellow says that happiness is like a pig with a slippery tail: every now and then it slips, but nobody can hold.

The hoop question, like most others, has two sides to it. The ladies take the one side, and we must take the other.

A Western editor in dunning his subscribers says he has had responsibilities thrown upon him which he is obliged to meet.

A friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as a cloud appears.

Young ladies should never object to being called old; they should make allowance for the freedom of the press.

The most mischievous literature these days lies just on the verge of truth.

MEDICAL HOUSE.



No. 11 SOUTH FREDERICK ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

Dedicated in order to afford the afflicted sound and serviceable medical aid, and for the suppression of Quackery.

JOHN S. DYE IS THE AUTHOR.

W. Publishing and author of the following books:

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Cannibals: May, Straw and Fodder Cutters for Several Counties in This State, with a Description of the Same and Instructions for their Use.

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