

VIRGINIA FREE PRESS AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

AUCTION SALES.

Public Sale

OF
Valuable Limestone Land
IN CLARKE AND FREDERICK
COUNTIES.

On Monday the 11th day of November, 1858,
at the Court House in Winchester, Va.,
will be sold—land if not sold privately.

Two Tracts of Prime Land.

One in Clarke County, Va., one mile east of
the Orange, immediately on the Charleston
Road, one mile from Winchester, and one mile
west of the Winchester and Potowmack Rail-

way. The land is well and springy, never
flooded, and contains one acre of land.

The land can be divided into two tracts to suit purchasers.

The other lies in Frederick County, Va.,
about three miles west of Winchester, and a
quarter of a mile from the Northwestern Turn-

pike, the road to M. R. Garrett, T. N. Lupin,
and L. Weller, and contains about

One hundred and Sixty Acres,

all in PRIME TIMBER.

Land last examination was—Bargain given
by the State of Virginia, Va.

T. N. LUPTON,
T. N. LUPTON,
Sons of John Lupton, deceased.

PUBLIC SALE.

HAVING sold my farm, I will offer at Public
Sale, on Wednesday, the 17th day of August,

the following Property:

6 head valuable Mules;

5 head Horses;

1000 bushels of Corn;

50 bushels of Hay, Straw and Peas;

12 bushels of Bushels of Oats;

100 bushels of Beans and Lard;

3 barrels of Flour, Vegetables;

2 barrels of 3 Wagons;

1 carriage, 1 Horse Cart;

2 pairs of Carriers;

1 pair of Wheats Drills;

A number of Ploughs and Harrows;

1 Peacock, Wheat Thresher;

100 bushels Sown and Fan;

100 bushels of Revolving Horse Rake;

1 Carters,

1 Carters, 1 Caster;

1 Carters, 1 Caster

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POETICAL.

Yankee Sarah-Nade.

BY SAMUEL BLOOM, OF OCEAN CITY.

I'm sitting on the sills, Mary,
Stringing on the sills,
But the bell dog in the front yard
Wags his tail all the while;
Why don't you tell your pa, Mary,
Or John, if he's about,
To ask young Sammy Bloom in,
And make the dog sit down?

Now I'm sitting on the fence, Mary,
Before the kitchen door,
But the pretty ugly barking dog,
Barks louder than before;
And I thought I saw a shadow, Mary,
A shadow tall and tall,
All arms and legs, like Reuben Brown,
Against the white-washed wall.

If that is Reuben's shadow, Mary,
It is that Reuben's shade,
'Twill bring the 'spay back on me,
I'm very much afraid;
Oh why this cruel treatment,
What keeps me in suspense,
What's the matter with Reuben Brown,
And let me off the fence?

I've got a new coat, Mary,
The waist is very wide,
A score of pretty stripes,
As ever I see by day;

Daddy told me yesterday,
He'll have me in, certain, sure—

Ain't that Reuben Brown a doll?

And mammy's knitting stockings now

One-half the sheets are to be mine,
And half for sister Deb;

And mammy says whichever one

Fifteen days ago, June 10, 1867.

Reuben Brown has a cold,

He'll have me in, certain, sure—

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