







# VIRGINIA FREE PRESS AND FARMERS' REPOSITORY.

## POETICAL.

## MEDICAL HOUSE.

Tell me, ye gentle nymphs,  
Who heed life's hour's through,  
Is here one sacred shrine,  
Where sinners find their last!

One manly blushing heart abhors  
The old-time graceless sports;

A soft responsive sigh replied,

"The soul is woman's heart."

Tell me, ye angelic hosts,  
Ye messengers of love,  
Shall helpless sinners here below  
Have no redress above?

The angel hand replied,

"To us is knowledge given;

Delinquents on a prints' book  
Can never enter Heaven!"

## VARIETY.

### DON'T LIKE THE WIDOWERS.

In endeavoring to take the census for the government, the marshals occasionally meet with such difficulties as well nigh to drive them from their own senses. The following colloquy is said to have taken place somewhere, between a marshal and an Irish woman:

"How many male members have you in the family?"  
"River a one!"

"When were you married?"  
"The day Pat Doyle left Tipperary for America. Ah, well I mind it. A sunshiny day never gilded this sky of cold ireland."

"What was the condition of your husband before marriage?"

"Divil a man more miserly. He said if I did not give him a promise within two weeks, he'd blow his brains out with a crowbar."

"Was he at the time of your marriage a widower or bachelor?"

BAD "A WINNING WAY" WITH HER.

A wayward son of the Emerald Isle left the bed and board which he and Margaret, his wife had occupied for a long while; and spent his time around rum shops, where he was always on hand to cut himself off whenever anybody would "stand treat." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of things; and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she proceeds:

"Now, Patrick, my honey, will you come back?"

"No, Margaret, I won't come back."  
"And won't you come back for the love of the children?"

"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."

"Will you come for the love of my self?"

"Never at all. Why will you?"  
Margaret thought she would try another induction. Taking a pint bottle of whisky from her pocket, and holding it to her husband, said:

"Will you come for the drop of whisky?"

"Ah, ma darlin'," said Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, "it's yourself that'll always bring me home again—ye has such a winning way wi ye, I'll come, Margaret."

Margaret declares that Patrick was reclaimed by moral persuasion!

"A young Jonathan took it into his head one day to get a wife. He accordingly looked around him, and was not long in striking a bargain and settling the preliminaries. He then applied to a clergyman to perform the ceremony. 'But are you prepared for such an important change in life?' asked the reverend gentleman.

"I guess I am," replied Jonathan, "for I have got my lassie, and for, and own a good stock of 'tars and a cow."

"Very well," said the holy man, with a gleam of both fear and fun, "all these worldly things may be very proper in their place to be sure—but have you ever thought of salvation?"

This was a poser, and Jonathan, musing repeated—

"Salvation! I never heard on her. Who the thunder is sha!"

DAIRY A RAILROAD conductor, who wore a long roomy white linen sack coat, with a standing collar and buttoned up to the chin, had a dispute with a female passenger. The lady won the victory decisively by the following brilliant and decisive charge: "You are a party fellow ain't you? You are the first conductor I ever seen! again about among a passel o' decent wimmin fall in the tail. Ain't you ashamed over yourself?" He probably was—so he left that quickly, and unbuckled the shirt tail coat.

DR. J. L. GEORGE said, "I have been abroad to Europe, and much pleased, but am ashamed to look a pig in the face."

"I am sir, sir," said a wag who was there, "but, gad! the money never will."

"A which! A widow, did you say?"

"Ab! now go with your nonsense. Is the like of that? that would take up with a second hand husband? I do look like the wife for a widow! A poor devil, all lost and consumption, like a sick turkey. A widow! May I never be blighted if I did not rather live an owl maid, and bring up a family on buttermilk and prunes!"

DR. G. S. BODDERICK, Agent, 149 Hanover Street, Baltimore, Md., January 29, 1859.—  
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