

VIRGINIA FREE PRESS--THE OLD FAMILY JOURNAL.

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A GREWSOME TALE.

"Tis night. Two lovers lean
Upon the gate;—
A ne'er-a-fair form is seen—
It is their fate.
A piercing scream from her
The waklin' rend,
I was, as you know,
Her pa-risen.
The lover sought to scot,
Alas! to late;
He's hoisted with a boat
Beyond the gate."

FICETLE.

What he Forgot.

"I say Cap'n!" cried a keen-eyed man, as he hauled from a steamer at Natchez—"I say, Cap'n these here aren't all. I have left somethin' on board, that's a fact!"

"There's all the plunder you brought on board, anyhow," answered the commanding officer.

"Wal, I see now! I grant it is all O. K. according to the list; two boxes, three chests, two hand-boxes and one portmanteau, two hams, one part cut; three ropes of ingens, and a ten-kettle. I feel there's somethin' short, tho' I've counted 'em nine times over, and never took my eyes off um while on the craft. There's somethin' not right, somehow!"

"Wal, stranger, time's up! Them's all I knows on. So jest fetch your wife and five children out of the cabin, 'cos I'm goin' to put off."

"Then's um! Darn it! them's um! I know'd I forgot somethin'!"

A lad who was at play with the son of a next door neighbor, asked his companion: "Is not your father a fool?"

"No. Who said that my father?" was the reply.

"Nobody, as I knows on," responded the knowing ne'er-do-well; "but mother told her father that I was next door to a fool, and I didn't know whether she meant your father or Nat Smith's."

A disconsolate-looking tramp dropped in on a saloon the other morning just at lunch time, and anchored his ragged and forlorn countenance just off the lunch-counter. The "boys" regarded him with interest as they too pecked at the dishes. "You look," said one of them to the other, "like the prodigal son." "Yes," said the tramp, meekly, "feelin' with the hogs, boy?" And there conversation ceased, or, at least, it drifted gradually into a new channel.

Little Jeanne has a sister, a year married. Last week the sister became the mother of a pretty babe. "Look, modesteille," said the nurse, showing the new born to its little aun. "Isn't it the prettiest doll you ever saw?" Jeanne danced with delight. Then she approached to take it from the nurse's arms. A cry of disgust arose. "Pooh!" snarled Jeanne, "it's nothing but a meat baby!"

"Clothe me in dreams," says Fanny Driscoll, a tender-hearted soul. This might have been sufficient a few weeks since. Fanny, during the heated term, but don't you attempt to go out in this weather with nothing on but a dream. Why, you'd catch your death of cold, girl! Don't do it; please don't."

Courtesy opens many doors.—*Erosive Elegance.* This may be true as far as it goes; but you might stand before a bank-door and courtesy till your spinal column is as limber as an old greenback yet the doors wouldn't swing back on their hinges worth a cent. Besides you might be taken for an idiot.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" was asked of a colored prisoner. "Well, boss," he replied, "I was in de na'buh when de day was tookin, but it doesn't look like de pleasurable ob-sessing a trial widdler I did do it. Da Yo, I pleads n.g."

"I'll teach you to lie, and steal!" and smoke, and use profane language," said an irate Galveston parent to his eldest offspring, at the same time swinging a good sized sapling; "I'll teach you, you young scamp!" "Never mind, father; I know all them branches already."

Sara Bernhardt is said to be of a revengeful disposition, and, as she is now on a visit to this country we want it distinctly understood that we never said she was thirty-six. We don't believe she is over eighteen, and she certainly doesn't look as if she was just sixteen. This last statement we will make our affidavit to.

Josh Billings asks and answers as follows: "What is an editor?" An editor's business is to write out editorials, grind out poetry, sort manuscripts, keep a mighty big wad basket, steal material, fight other people's battles, take white beans and apple-sass for pay when he can get it, work nineteen hours out of twenty-four, and be soldly by everybody."

Rev. Dr. Hall said every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was uniting himself by clipping his lawn, when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor, eat your sermon short."

"Ma, has anyt got bees in her mouth?" "No, my dear; why dayyouask?" "Cause Capt. Dean said, he was going to taste the honey from her lips, and she said, "well, make haste."

A Western woman, who married the next day after her husband's death, excused herself on the ground that there was a whole ham in the cellar, and she was afraid it would spoil if she did not get some one to help her eat it.

An ex-prize fighter is postmaster in an eastern town. His old fighting nature is still in him, and hardly a day passes that he doesn't lick an innocent little postage-stamp, to satisfy his appetite.

A very disagreeable old gentleman dies. A nephew charged with the duty of preparing his epitaph, suggests: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

"I don't mean to reflect on you," said one man to another. "No," was the reply, "you're not polished enough to reflect on anybody."

A man has invented a chair that can be adjusted to 800 different positions. It is designed for a boy to sit in when he goes to church.

Paterfamilias carving the chicken. Pa, says Johnnie, give me the Napoleon, please. The what? Charley—Oh, don't mind him, he only wants the bony part!

Hens seldom lay at the point of death—says an Exchange. We denounce it as a most foul and egg-regious slander—one that calls for stern reprobation.

The location of a patch on a man's pants is the best showing of character. If the patch is on the rear, it is more suspicious than if on the knee.

What is a Communist? One who hath yearnings.

For equal division of unequal curiosities: either or burlar, or both, he is willing.

To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

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Ask Your Grocer for It.

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1851.

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