

3-4-1873

Verona, March 4, 1873 (2)

J. G. Deupree

Verona Standard

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VERONA, March 4, 1873.
[Special Cor. of Standard.]

LETTER FROM VERONA.

Hans Accepts.—A Chapter on Chickens.—They are Fearfully and Wonderfull made.

Editor of Standard:

Hans most cheerfully accedes to your request and notifies the STANDARD, that he will be on hand on the 29th, if not providentially hindered. Hans is not addicted to *potations*, but relishes any solid article of food. The anticipation of the feast brings to mind the idea of

CHICKENS.

This biped is classed by naturalists with the *third family* of the *fourth order* of birds, known as Rasores or Scratchers. Their food consists chiefly of grains and seeds. Since they are designed by nature to spend most of their time upon the ground; their powers of flight are limited, but their legs are long enough for comfortable and rapid walking. The short, stout nails at the ends of their toes are wonderfully adapted to scratching; and conscience never seems to chide them for their depredations upon gardens and flower-beds.

Though chickens have "no teeth to eat the corn-cake," they carry with them their own bread-tray and grist-mill. The crop in which their food is macerated or softened, serves the purpose of a tray. The pyloric division of the stomach, usually styled the gizzard, in which food is triturated by the immediate agency of the sand and gravel which chickens swallow, performs all the functions of a grist-mill. Men grind their corn and then moisten the meal as they prepare it in the tray. Chickens reverse this process. They macerate and grind afterwards. Whether chickens have a cooking-stove or baking oven to cook the food, otherwise so well prepared, naturalists fail to tell us.

Chickens are natives of the jungles of India. They were first domesticated many centuries ago, and are now found in all parts of the civilized world. Chickens have certainly been in America long enough to be naturalized. If they could talk, they would doubtless, on the ground of universal suffrage, demand the right to vote. The cock's unerring instinct would guide him safely over the troubled sea of politics. His vote would be as intelligent as that of thousands of the fanatical mob who do the bidding of un-

scrupulous leaders. The mooted question, whether the cock derives his knowledge of the approach of day from instinct or observation, should be propounded to the Verona Debating Club. If they should once discuss it, the vexed question might be settled forever. It is an interesting subject, and Hans would like to hear it debated. It involves intricate points of psychology, such as the dividing line between instinct and other modes of intelligence, the method of computing time by astronomical observations, &c., &c. But Hans will not anticipate the Club by discussing the question now. If it is debated, however, Hans will report for the *Standard*.

Most people like chickens. Nothing is more palatable than a chicken of tender age, fried or stewed. Ministers are said to be fond of them, and so is Hans. The Chickens of Verona and vicinity have been very productive of late. In consequence of their abundance, eggs have greatly depreciated. Epicures can now afford to indulge their appetites and enjoy the incomparable delicacy. Hans has a Seventh day hen; that lays only on Saturdays. She is frequently seen at the Baptist church; and hence, if chickens are religious, she must be a Seventh day Baptist. What think you?

HANS.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY LORD LYTON.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of May-day.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
And bears our best loved things away;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our heart all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
Make glad these scenes of sin and strife,
Now sings an everlasting song
Around the Tree of Life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
In life—there are no dead!

Handwritten notes and calculations on the right side of the page, including numbers like 1769, 1011, 91429, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.