

The Native Virginian.

Dr. G. W. Bagby & A. F. Stoffer. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. One Copy 3 months...

BY BAGBY & STOFFER.

Patriæ funus, igne alieno, succulentior.

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VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 6.

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Poetical.

ON THE FERRY.

On the ferry, sailing over, To the city, lying dim In the yellow mist of evening By the river's further rim; On the ferry, gazing onward To the ocean calm and cold, Where the blue bay dips its waters In the sunsets fleeting gold.

On the ferry, gazing toward, O, thou ocean, deep and wide, Every pulse its beating measures With the rhythm of the tide!

Loving waves kiss warm and eager, Motionless the great ships stand, Walls above each pendulous pennon Laves me with a beckoning hand.

Calm on the uneasy waters, Like the sunset bars of flame, Like the angelic ladder, On which legends went and came.

In another summer evening, On a little way before, I shall reach another ferry, Seeking sweet a dimmer shore, I shall cross a wider ferry.

Crossing to return no more, Sailing for a father city, Waiting on a lovelier shore, Life may touch the soul so gently, We can hardly call it rough, Yet we'll all say in its closing Our brief day's been long enough.

Thus I stand with gathered garments, Ere the deeper shadows fall; O, my heart, drop thy last idol, Listening for the boatman's call.

Come, and by my spirit sinking, Bear me gently o'er these waters, Chiron, boatman calm and cold.

Selected Tale.

HOW PEEBLES ASKED THE OLD MAN

BY JOHN QUILL.

Peebles had just asked Mr. Merriweather's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelorhood, and she said 'yes.' It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old man's permission, so, as Peebles said, that arrangement might be made for hopping the conjugal twig.

Peebles said he'd rather pop the interrogatory to all of old Merriweather's daughters, and his sisters, and his female cousin, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations, than ask old Merriweather. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was going to disgorge to old Merriweather the very first chance he got to shy at him.

So Peebles dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered around to class-meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure, trying to calculate the exact number of quarts his interior could hold without blowing the head off of him.

"How ar you, Peeb?" said old Merriweather, as Peebles walked in as white as a chunk of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Peebles was afraid to answer, because he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there, or it would slip away from him quicker than an oiled cat through an auger hole. So he blurted right out:

"Mr. Merriweather, Sir, perhaps it may not be unknown to you, sir, that during an extended period of some five years I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise with the determination to procure a sufficient maintenance."

"Sit down Peeb, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with the paralysis. What's the matter with you, anyway? I never see you behave yourself so in all my born days."

Peebles was knocked out of time again, and had to wander back and take a fresh start.

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STATISTICS OF INTOXICATION.

Dr. Caffee devotes, in the Journal des Connaissances Medicales, an interesting article to this curious subject. Every nation appears to have its peculiar intoxicating drug. Siberia has its fungus; Turkey, India and China have their opium; Persia, India, Turkey and Africa from Morocco down to the Cape of Good Hope, and even the Indians of Brazil, have their hemp and hashish; India, China, and the Eastern Archipelago have their betel and betel-pepper; the islands of the Pacific have their daily lava; Peru and Bolivia their eternal coca; New Granada and the chains of the Himalayas their red thorny apple; Asia, America, and the whole world perhaps, patronize tobacco; the English and Germans have hops and the French have lettuce. Of all these drugs, tobacco is that which claims 'sovereignty over the largest portion of the human race, for its votaries are stated at 900,000,000; opium, fortunately, does not boast more than 400,000,000; but hashish, a drug quite as intoxicating as opium, is commonly indulged in by 300,000,000 of people. Betel, which in point of fact, is hardly more than a gentle stimulant, extends its sway over about 100,000,000. Coca, the virtues of which have scarcely been sufficiently studied, except by Professor Mantezanza, of Milan, can barely muster 10,000,000 of people; and all the other drugs taken together, including the vitæ vomitoria of Florida, are used by about 25,000,000 of the human race.

THE GREY UNIFORM.

Yes, put them away—the old grey uniform and the torn and tattered banner of the stars and bars. Shut their coffin lid, prepare the grave, enshroud the one in the other—that uniform and flag—let us bury them out of sight as we do the dead. The soldier forms that fill the one, the many arms that bore the other, are in their graves, the bivouac of death. Put them away—the flag and uniform—bury them. Their mission is done—

HOW THE PARSON GOT EXCITED.

A few years since, near the city of N—, in Connecticut, lived and preached old P—, who was excitable and near sighted. One day he had been in the city with his horse, and among his purchases was a barrel of flour, the head of which was partially out. On the way home, the old man was overtaken and passed by a fast young man, driving a fast horse, and putting on much airs. Now, the parson's horse was usually a quiet steady going animal enough, but he couldn't stand that sort of thing; so he started after him of the fast order, in good earnest. The joining of the wagon at length jarred the head completely off the barrel, and the strong wind that was blowing directly after the parson, blew the flour all over him and the horse. At last the fast young man was left, and the village reached; but the speed of his horse was not checked. In driving through a street to reach his home, he came in contact with one of his deacons, who was naturally surprised to see his minister driving at such a pace, and signalled him to stop. "Why, Parson P—," said he, "what on earth is the matter? You seem greatly excited."

ALPHABET OF REQUISITES FOR A WIFE.

By AN ELDERLY BACHELOR.—A wife should be amiable, affectionate, artless, affable, accomplished, beautiful, benignant, benevolent, chaste, charming, candid, cheerful, compliant, charitable, civil, constant, dutiful, dignified, elegant, easy, engaging, entertaining, faithful, fond, faultless, free, good, gracious, governable, good-humored, handsome, harmless, healthy, heavenly-minded, intelligent, interesting, industrious, just, kind, lively, liberal, lovely, modest, merciful, manly, neat, notable, obedient, obliging, pretty, pleasing, peaceable, pure, quiet, righteous, sociable, submissive, sensible, temperate, true, upright, virtuous, well-formed, young and zealous. When I meet with a woman possessed of all these requisites, I will marry.

WHAT BREAKS DOWN YOUNG MEN.

It is a commonly received notion that had study is the unhealthy element of college life. But from the tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Professor Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the last ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship. Every one who has been through the curriculum knows that where Eschylus and political economy figure one, late hours and rum punches use up a dozen; and that the two little fingers of Morpheus are heavier than the loins of Eneid. Disipation is a swift and sure destroyer, and every young man who follows it is as the early flower exposed to untimely frost. Those who have been invigled in the path of vice are named "Legion," for they are many—enough to convince every novice that he has no security that he shall escape a similar fate. A few hours of sleep each night, high living and plenty of "smashes" make war upon every function in the human body. The brains, the heart, the lungs, the liver, the spine, the limbs, the bones, the flesh—every part and faculty—are over taxed, worn and weakened by the terrific energy of passion and appetite loosed from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the "earthly house of this tabernacle" falls into ruinous decay. Fast young men, right about!

BONED TURKEY.

This noble bird, the pride of American tables cannot easily be recognized after undergoing the culinary process, termed "boning," but for a cold rehash nothing more acceptable need be sought. It is a favorite dish at evening parties. It may be thus prepared: Boil a turkey in as little water as may be, until the bones can be easily separated from the meat. Remove all the skin; cut the meat in thin slices, mixing together the light and dark parts. Season with salt and pepper. Take the liquid in which the turkey was boiled, having kept it warm, pour it on the meat, and mix well. Shape it like a loaf of bread, wrap it in cloth and press with a heavy weight for a few hours. When served up it is cut in thin slices.

NEWSPAPERS.

In a lecture upon newspapers, delivered in Philadelphia, by Rev. De Witt Talmage, he said: "I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the Gospel is preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime exterminated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as sheets fly out, I hear the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, 'Lazarus, come forth,' and the retreating surges of darkness, 'let there be light!'"

CHEAP VINEGAR.

A first rate vinegar may be made by the following cheap and simple process: Boil a pint of corn till about half done for three gallons. Put into jars or jugs and fill them up with hot water; sweeten with a pint of syrup—perhaps less would do. Set them in the sun, and in one or two weeks it will be first rate vinegar. No one need to buy a poor article when a good one can be made with so little trouble.

SWEET POTATO COLESLAW.

One pound potatoes washed and sliced fine, half pound sugar, a small cup of cream and one-fourth pound of butter; four eggs, nutmeg and lemon to suit the taste. If you have no cream, put half pound butter. This makes two large coloslaws.

What herbs are most desirable in hot weather?

Strawberries.

Wanted a wick from the lamp of hope.

On a slope.

The Farm and Garden.

CROSSING WITH THOROUGHBREDS.

The following five points are reached in a recent article by Mr. W. C. Spooner, in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society as the conclusion proved by his observation and experience:

1. That the use of the thorough-bred horse or mare has greatly improved the coarser breed in speed and bottom.—That the blood has amalgamated exceedingly well with other breeds, and that the good results of even one cross only has been seen in various degrees and in several generations.

2. That the effect of crossing with the thorough-bred is to increase the supremacy of the nervous and muscular system; and is more particularly shown in the fuller development of the thigh and hind-quarters and the elongation of the muscles generally. But that with these advantages the bones, joints, ligatures and sinews are smaller and less powerful; and the action, although quickened, is rendered lower and less safe. The ability for jumping, and for carrying heavy weights without injury to the joints and sinews, is greatly diminished; and the skin is also rendered thinner and more liable to abrasion, the carcass smaller, and there is a diminished capability for putting on flesh.

3. That so long as suitable mares with sufficient substance can be procured, the breeder of hunters should, on the rare occasions when they are offered, avail himself of the services of a first-class thorough-bred stallion, or even one of the second-class, provided he has hunting qualifications—good substance, or good, high action in the trot or walk.