

## Poetry.

## THE DYING MOTHER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We were weeping round her pillow,  
For we knew that she must die;  
It was night within our bosoms—  
It was night upon the sky.

There were seven of us children,  
I the eldest one of all;  
So I tried to whisper comfort,  
But the blinding tears would fall.

On my knees my little brother  
Leaned his aching brow and wept.  
And my sister's long black tresses,  
O'er my heaving bosom swept.

The shadow of an awful fear,  
Came o'er me as I trod,  
To lay the burden of our grief  
Before the throne of God.

"Oh, be kind to one another!"  
Was my mother's pleading prayer,  
As her hand lay like a snow-flake  
On the baby's golden hair.

Then a glory bound her forehead,  
Like the glory of a crown;  
And in the silent sea of death,  
The star of life went down.

Her latest breath was borne away  
Upon that loving prayer,  
And the hand grew heavier, paler,  
On the baby's golden hair.

## Select Tale.

## A BULLY AT SEA.

## AND HOW HE WAS SILENCED.

The ship Farewell was not intended for a packet, though she had some very good accommodations.—She had been built originally for the East India trade, but after a while she was put on the Liverpool route. In the summer of '42 I took passage in her, and some fifteen others, who were in no particular hurry, and not over fond of steamships, also secured berths on board the Farewell. She was commanded by Captain George Samson, a man about forty years of age; an expert seaman, a good navigator, and a gentleman. We started on our voyage with a fair wind, and for a time all went well. The accommodations were good, and our fare excellent.

Among the passengers was a man who recorded his name as Fitz Eustace McMoran. He was not far from forty years of age; a tall, stout built, heavy looking fellow, who dressed with scrupulous nicety, and walked about with an immense swagger. His hair and whiskers were colored; his face far from handsome, and his frame loose and shaky.—He wore an eye-glass, and never appeared on deck without his walking-stick. At first glance one might have supposed him to possess considerable strength, but come to examine him closely, and the mistake would be clear. Not only was he loosely built, but much of his size of body was made up of the cotton which the tailor had put into his clothing.

Mr. Fitz Eustace McMoran was not long in making himself known. He had fought a hundred battles, and been wounded twenty-five times. He had served as cavalry-captain in Brazil, as a colonel in Chili, and as a major in Texas under Sam. Houston. Besides all this, he had fought thirty-four duels, and "killed his man" twenty-three times. He had "pinked" four English captains, five English lieutenants, two majors, four Mexican noblemen, and private citizens *ad finem*. He was not long in filling up the measure of disgust which his first appearance had begotten.

At first the bully had satisfied himself with assuming airs, and telling his wonderful stories; but at length he spread it on more thickly. He learned that his companions on ship-board were quiet, peaceable men, fond of ease and comfort, and averse to conflict or turmoil. The first movement on his part which had any real point to it, was a search for pistols; but, strange as it may seem, he could not find any. Not a man on board had one. In all the ship there was not a pistol. At all events, such was the result of Mr. McMoran's inquiries.

And now the bully came out. He fairly "spread himself." He commenced to tell, not only what he had done, but what he could do, and what he might do, if provocation were given. He twirled his cane, stroked his beard, curled his moustache, and looked unutterably savage. He seemed to live in an element of blood and battle. He complained of such sameness and inglorious idleness. If he couldn't fight a duel, or spill blood in some way, he should hardly survive the voyage.

"Why," he cried, at the supper table one evening, in a deep, guttural tone, at the same time giving his tea-knife a flourish, "to strike this home to the heart of a negro, would give me some comfort. Aw—Captain, don't you suppose you could possibly hunt up a pirate?"

"I hope not," returned Samson, quietly.  
"Hope not?" uttered McMoran, with another flourish. "I hope you ain't afraid! By my soul, I can't survive at this rate. My blood is too hot. I must cool it off some way."

But this was not the worst. The fellow made himself insufferably annoying by his continuous blustering and bullying. At the table he took the most comfortable seat; seized upon the victuals without manners, and not unfrequently would he assume a haughty, commanding tone to his companions. No one wished to make any trouble with the fellow while he committed no direct insult; but he was fast verging upon that. He saw that the other passengers rather avoided him, and he vainly flattered himself that they feared him. He could not adopt the thought that they despised him. So he told the stories of his battles and duels over again, and often intimated that a very slight provocation would make a "dead man for burial."

"Oh!" he uttered, "what a shame!—no pistols on board! I had mine all packed up, and my cussed slave forgot 'em! Egad, if I had 'em here I should certainly call somebody out for a shot, just to keep my hand in."

One of the passengers was a small, mild looking man, named Lary Banford. He was some five-and-thirty years of age, with a very handsome form and face. His eyes were black, and sharp, and full of fun, and upon his good-humoured face a genial smile was almost always playing. One evening, as the captain and myself sat alone in the cabin, Lary came down, and having assured himself that no one else was present, he took a seat.

"Captain," he said, with a strange twinkle of his small sharp eye, "I don't mind telling you who I am. You have heard of 'The Fakir of Farther India?'"

"Yes," returned he.

"Well—I'm the man. I am now on my way to England to perform my feats and tricks of magic, legerdemain, hocus-pocus, ventriloquism, and so forth. I have a pair of magic pistols, which I load and let some one in the audience fire at me.—The main barrel has no connection with the lock. The barrel which is discharged by the explosion of the cap is a smaller one, just beneath the principal one, and has every appearance of being only a socket for the ramrod. So a man may put as much powder, and as many balls, as he pleases, in the ordinary place, and no one could be hurt by the discharge. Now, I think we'll try what this Mr. Fitz Eustace McMoran is made of. If I can get him started, you'll urge the matter on, will you?"

The captain and I both saw Lary's plan, and we promised him that we would help the matter on all we could. We proposed that the commander should take the pistols and pretend to own them.

"If he asks you why you told him that you had none before, you can simply inform him that you had none to 'hatch up a quarrel' with, but that for the purpose of sustaining his honor you will lend them readily."

Samson smiled, and promised to be up to the mark. In the course of the evening, Lary brought the pistols down. They were in a neat rosewood case, and were handsome weapons—quite large; silver-mounted, and so constructed that no one would ever mistrust the cheat there was in them.

On the following morning, at the breakfast table, McMoran commenced his usual game of bully and brag.

"Aha," he cried at the end of a highly colored account of a duel he once fought, "I never take the lie from mortal man—never! That man who would dare to give me the word—dies! I shot the major through the heart at the first fire!"

"What did you say you shot him for?" asked Lary, looking up very innocently from his plate.  
"I shot him because he dared to doubt my word,—as I should do to any man who should dare to doubt it again."

"Oh—I thought you shot him in a love affair," said Lary, quietly.

"It was the other one that I shot in a love affair, sir!"

"But you said only a few minutes ago that you shot the other one because he reported that you were a thief."

"No, sir! I did not, sir! You misunderstand me sir!" exclaimed the hero, with an extraordinary look. "I hope, sir, you will not render any further explanation necessary, sir!"

"O, no," calmly retorted Lary, with a look so full of utter disgust that it fairly seemed to protrude from his handsome face. "O, no—no further explanation is necessary for our understanding

of you and your character. That you are a great liar is no more evident than is the fact that you are an arrant coward! And that you are both is as evident as is your disgusting manner and your filthy tongue."

Ye gods! what a spectacle Fitz Eustace McMoran presented. He leaped up from the table and clenched his fists, and his face was pale as a ghost.  
"Blood! blood!" he gasped. "A knife! a sword!—a gun!—a pistol!—Blood!—blood!"

"Don't hurt yourself," said Lary, laughing in spite of himself. "Don't. You'll injure your health."

"Oh! Blood! blood!" yelled the maniac, throwing his arms wildly about him. "Why are there not pistols aboard this ship?"

"There are," said the captain.

"Ha! There are!" cried McMoran, turning quickly upon the commander. "You told me you had none."

"So I did, I know; but I meant that I had none which I was willing to lend, either for pastime, or for hatching up a fuss with. But, Mr. McMoran, to one who has been so deeply wronged as you have been, I will lend them readily. They are good ones, and at your service."

"Ah-ha! Now, dog!" the immense man yelled, turning to Lary, "you shall answer for your words. Come, sir, you must fight now."

"Certainly," returned the young man, quietly rising from the table.

"Eh? you will fight?—you—you—a—will fight, eh?" uttered McMoran, in a tone slightly altered.

"Of course I will," said Lary. "And the sooner the matter is settled the better. Your fighting won't prove that you ain't a liar, though it may prove that you can fire a pistol."

This set the hero raving again, and he did it up in terrible style. He swore and cursed, and talked 'blood' and 'thunder' and 'death' and 'coffins' till he was hoarse, yet he seemed disappointed upon finding that his small, mild-faced, quiet antagonist was not frightened.

"Come," cried the captain, as he returned from his state-room with the pistol-case under his arm, "come—Mr. Banford—you are bound to give this noble gentleman satisfaction."

"Let me go to my room first and get some papers and place in your hands," returned the Fakir, "for if I fall I want you to take charge of some small affairs."

Lary Banford went to his room and got a sponge, which he saturated with some crimson liquid he had prepared for the occasion, and having secured this in a small bag of oiled silk, he hid it away in his bosom, and then picking up a handful of old letters, he returned to the cabin and followed the captain on deck, where he placed the package in his commander's hands, at the same time giving a long list of directions that were to be obeyed if he fell.

After this McMoran was called to see the pistols loaded. He saw Samson put in the powder and the ball, and then adjust the cap, and all the while he was trembling like an aspen leaf, though he tried to hide it.

"Take your choice," said the captain.

McMoran mechanically grasped one of the pistols, and moved back. Then Lary took the other. The distance—twelve paces—was then marked off, and the combatants placed in due position.

"Now, at the word 'three' you will fire," said Samson.

"Oh!—young man," gasped McMoran, trembling all over, "I'm a—ar—a—dead shot. You'll fall if I fire. You are young. Iforgive you! Put up your pistol, and don't insult me again."

"Coward! Liar!" cried Lary, in a contemptuous tone. "Would ye back out now?"

"Aha! Now you die." And the fellow would have fired at once, had he not pulled before he thought to cock his pistol.

"Ready," uttered Samson. "One—"

"Hold on!" cried Fitz Eustace, now pale as death. "This is real murder. I don't want to kill him."

"—Two," pronounced the captain, taking no notice of the interruption.

"Oh, don't, don't," gasped the wretch.

"Three!"

As this last word left the captain's lips, Fitz Eustace McMoran let the pistol drop from his nerveless grasp—sank down upon his knees—and in piteous tones fairly yelled out—

"For God's sake, don't fire at a man when he's down!"

Quick as thought Lary sprang to the coward's side, and presenting the muzzle of his cocked pistol to his head, he said—

"Now, answer me quickly, or I'll blow your brains over the deck. Will you ever brag any more on board this ship? Answer me."

"N—no—I won't."

"And will you ever tell any more lies! Answer!"

"I won't, I won't."

"And will behave yourself as you ought, and never talk about fighting any more?"

"Yes—yes."

"Then get up and go down below. I have done with you for the present."

With these words Lary picked up the fallen pistol, and handed them both to the captain. He had dropped a small piece of light cork into the hidden barrel of his weapon, intending to have hit McMoran in the breast with it, and then to have rushed forward and pressed his charged sponge upon the spot. The red liquid would have looked frightful upon the coward's light shirt bosom, and struck him with new terror. But that trick was lost. The wretch had proved himself a more arrant coward than Lary had even thought.

However, one thing was sure, and all was gained that was desired. Fitz Eustace McMoran bullied no more. He crept away to his room, and did not show himself again till supper time. Not a word was spoken during the rest of the voyage upon the subject of the duel, for neither Lary, nor any of the others, had any desire to hurt his feelings unnecessarily. He never knew the harmless character of the pistols, nor did he know that Captain Samson had been a party to his overthrow; yet he did know that he was known, and thereafter occupied the smallest possible space on board that ship.

## Agricultural.

CORN MEAL FOR MILCH COWS.—A correspondent of the Rural New York gives the following experiments in feeding corn meal to milch cows. We have known of the practice for several years past, and some good farmers regard the feed as excellent for the purpose:—

"In the fall of 1852, I began to feed three farrow cows for the purpose of supplying a milkman in this vicinity with milk for market. I had a few sugar beets and turnips with which I begun, and, as I designed the farrow cows for the butcher in the spring, I commenced giving them meal from corn and barley, some ten bushels, old grain; then corn meal alone increasing till they eat one peck each per day. I tried it cooked and raw, wet and dry, mixed with cut fodder, composed of hay, varying the amount of each as convenience might suggest, (as I think all animals require a variety.)—Now for the result. The cows increased in milk, giving more on the above feed than they had done on the grass during the summer. Contrary to my expectations, they did not improve very fast in flesh on the food given, and I was obliged to dry them up early in March, to get them fit for the shambles. My cows that were coming in the spring, had two quarts corn meal each per day, and they also gave milk liberally. The milk being sold daily, gave an excellent opportunity for testing the amount given at the time. I made up my mind that corn meal was the best for milk, of any food for the milch cow, and still think so, if good rich milk is wanted. It has been tried considerable in this vicinity with the same results as here given. I feed cut feed, but I do not think that would vary the result; with me, if the cows get their daily allowance I get the returns. Farmers, please try it, and report the effects."

HORSE-SHOING.—How many horses, valuable horses in many respects, are spoiled by having defective fore feet. The general defect in the fore is called "pinched," or contracted feet. This makes the animal tender forward, liable to fall when going down hill, and consequently unsafe.

When the forward feet of a horse are defective, his usefulness on the road is very much impaired, and, in fact, there is no comfort or safety in using such a horse.

What causes tender feet? The most common cause is bad shoeing, with improper care of the animal. There are few good horse-shoers. Not one blacksmith in fifty knows how to shoe a horse properly. How frequently do boys and apprentices, as soon as they can drive a nail, undertake to set shoes, without any knowledge of the anatomy of the horse's foot, or any of the inborn philosophy which teaches a man to look at the reason of a thing. It is a shame and an outrage upon the rights of horses to have such a state of things.

It is also a lamentable fact that not one man in a hundred knows when his horse is well shod.—Commonly, a man leads his horse to the blacksmith shop, lets the work be done, and then goes off with his horse, satisfied because he has shoes on his feet.

There are two very common faults in shoeing horses. One is, the shoes are too short. How can a horse travel with ease, unless his shoes are long enough for him to set his whole foot down on the