

# THE ROLLA EXPRESS.

BY WALKER & LICK.

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## POETRY.

### DYING.

If this be dying—to fade away,  
Like a flower that fades in the sweet spring air,  
Its crimson scarves fainter from day to day,  
Till we look, and lo! 'tis no longer there.  
If it be dying—from day to day,  
To brighten as brightens the sunset ray,  
In beauty each moment rich and rare,  
Till its rose-tints in twilight grey.  
All this be dying—this strange rest—  
All cares forgot, all labor past;  
Each part thro' lulled on love's soft breast;  
A life time's tenderest compact,  
Into these hours, the best and last,  
And even pain becomes delight,  
So wondrous is love's ministry;  
And all things beautiful and bright,  
Bathed in life's rich departing light,  
Seem yet more beautiful to thee.

If this be dying—to waste away,  
In gaudy unbecoming decay,  
From which—how coldly—turns the eye,  
Even when thy hands thy head supply.

If this be dying—this weary fight,  
No strength, no hope, yet still no rest;  
Still toiling 'mid the shades of night,  
By the grim wolf of hunger prest—  
Fleeing—but driven in thy flight,  
Still faster onward to the hour,  
When death stands ready to devour.

If this be dying—thus to lie,  
Unheeded as the beast that creeps  
Into some thicket's shade to die—  
No hand that simulates, no eye that weeps.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### TIM BUNKER ON THE "HORN-AIL."

"What is the matter with your cow, Mr. Frink," said Seth Twigg, as he leaned his elbow on the barn-yard bars, and looked benevolently at a very spare and luscious animal, that Jake was milking.  
"Can't tell, exactly," said Jake, "Guess she's got the horn-ail, or some such thing."

"I thought the trouble seemed to be in her legs, when she come by my house last night. She walked kind of toltish," said Seth, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

"Well that might be. Horn ail temper generally effects 'em all over. Had Tucker up here to dooter her last night. He said it was horn-ail."

"What did he give her?"

"He gin her a slicer of salt pork, split her tail, put in salt and pepper, and bored her horns."

"Rather guess there was some squirming."

"Yes, it took three men and all the ropes in the barn to hold the old keow."

"Don't you think horn-ail hurts the milk?" inquired Seth hesitatingly as he relighted his pipe.

"Well as to that, I can't say. It's all the keow we've got, as gives milk, and shouldn't think any trouble in the horns would strike clean thro' the breast. Milk is milk, I take it, no matter where it comes from. I never could see any difference in the taste."

"I rather guess milk-wont be milk out of that animal much longer," said Seth ominously, and blowing a puff of smoke as blue as his prophecy.

"You don't think she's going to die, do you asked Jake solemnly."

"The crows have already held a counsel on that animal. Tucker told me so last night."

"The scoundrel! He told me he would warrant her to get well, if I'd give him a dollar for his doctoring."

Two days after the above conversation was called in to administer upon the carcass of said animal. Jake said he had human feelings, and he could not skin a cow he had milked, and he did not even want to put her in a muck heap. I gave my neighbor due credit for the feelings of tenderness which the death of his cow seemed to call forth. But I could not help thinking that a little more of that tenderness manifested to the animal while living, would have been much more wisely bestowed.

To tell the plain truth, the animal died of starvation; just as many cows die every year in this land of steady habits and christian civilization. I noticed the cow last Summer, and told Jake he would certainly lose her if he did not give her a better pasture. But he would keep her with his young cattle in the old cow-pasture that has been grazed to my certain knowledge for fifty years, and probably for a hundred, without plowing or manuring except the droppings of the pastured animals, and these were yarded at night. He kept six animals where there was not grass enough for three. They came out of the winter poor and thin, and this cow having the drain of milk upon her system grew thinner through the Summer. The winter diet of corn butts, bog meadow grass, and salt marsh hay cut short the work of starvation, and fulfilled Tucker's prophecy.

"They have a great variety of names for this process of torture in Connecticut, and I suppose in other parts of the country. Sometimes it is horn-ail or worm in the tail; again it is sink fever, or murrain, black leg, or black tongue, cattle disease, or pleuro pneumonia. It would not do for an intelligent civilized man to see and believe that he starved his cattle to death. Conscience might trouble him, and possibly some of his neighbors might have him before the court under the statute which prohibits cruelty to brutes. If I were called to judge in such a case it would certainly go hard with the offender. It certainly inflicts more pain upon a brute to starve, than to beat it. The whip upon ribs well lined with fat is a sharp torture soon over. But to keep a cow at the stack yard through the cold stormy nights of winter, to give her poor food and not half enough of that is a lingering torment, more cruel than that which the savage inflicts upon his victim bound to the stake. The poor beast can only speak through the hollow ribs; and the bristling hair, and these signs of woe are usually attributed to disease rather than to a lean manager. This is an evil that legislation will not reach, and I suppose nothing but public opinion will set it right, and that probably not in our day. It would seem that there was no need of losing neat stock under ordinary circumstances. I have kept cows for over forty years, and they have all died by the knife, proving as useful and ornamental in their deaths as in their lives. The starving of animals is so unprofitable, that there is no apology for it. A half starved cow hardly pays her keeping. A well fed one pays a handsome profit.

"My recipe for horn-ail is, one good warm stable, well ventilated and well littered; one bushel of carrots or sugar beets daily; hay ad libitum, one card or currycomb, and gentle treatment. I have never known this dose to fail of preventing the disease."

Yours to command,  
TIMOTHY BUNKER, Esq.

### SUCCESS IN LIFE.

A shrewd, intelligent man of the world, and one, too, who had been eminently successful—for from a small beginning he had risen to the highest place in the department to which he had been attached, and made the fortune of his whole family, brothers, sons and nephews, as well as his own—once said to me—"The longer I live, the more convinced I am that oversensitiveness is a great mistake in a public man." He might have said in all men who desire to succeed in life. Now I wish to be understood that what is expressed here by the word "oversensitiveness," does not signify over-scrupulousness. Be as scrupulous as you will, but do not be over-sensitive on the score of pride or vanity, or dominant egotism. Every successful man, you may be sure, has had much to mortify him in the course of his career. He has borne many rebuffs; he has sustained many failures. What if men do not understand you, are not inclined to encourage you, and exercise

the privilege of age or superior position—bear with it all. Juvenis, your time will come; you may take your chance out of the world when you are a little older. Bah! how does it hurt you? "Hard words break no bones," saith the proverb. "And they break no spirit that is not of the feeblest. The world may laugh at your failures—what then? Try again, and perhaps they will not laugh. Try once more, and perhaps it will be your turn to laugh. "He who wins may laugh," saith another proverb. "If you have the right stuff in you, you will not be put down. If we have the right stuff in us, these failures at the outset are grand materials of success. To the feeble they are, of course, stumbling blocks. The wretched weakling goes no further; he lags behind and subsides into a life of failure. And so by this great winning process the number of athletes in the great Olympic of life is restricted to a few, and there is clear space in the arena. There is scarcely an old man amongst us—an old and successful man—who will not willingly admit that he was made by his failures, and that what he once thought his hard fate was in reality his good fortune. And thou, my bright-witted child who thinkest that thou canst carry Parnassus by storm, learn to possess thy soul in patience. If success were to crown thine efforts now where would be the great success of the hereafter. It is the brave resolution to "do better next time," that lays the substrata of real greatness. Many a promising reputation has been prematurely destroyed by early success. The good sap runs out from the trunk into feeble offshoots of suckers. The hard discipline of the knife is wanted. I repeat that it is not pleasant; but when thou feelest the sharpen of the edge think that all who have come before thee have been lacerated in like manner.

### BARRY AND HIS DUCKS.

During the run of "Tom and Jerry," which was played in Dublin some fifty or more nights successively, Barry's originally white Russian duck trousers, which he continued to wear night after night, began to assume rather a dusky appearance, indicating their innocence of soap and water. At last, when those long-enduring duck trousers made their appearance about the twentieth night, encasing Barry's legs as if they grew there, and were never to undergo a change ("sea change," fresh water or other) one of Barry's persecutors cried out to him in the gallery:

"Whist, Barry, you devil."

"What do you want, ye blackguard?" said Barry, nothing moved by a style or address with which he was perfectly milliar.

"Wait till I whisper to you," said the voice.

All the house was silent.

"When did your ducks take the water last?"

The audience roared with laughter for several minutes, and Barry, for the first time in his life, was beaten by the gallery.

An ignorant Dutchman, passing a number of railroad tracks during a day's journey, and never having seen any before, he was non-plussed to account for their use. At length, after examining one of them for twenty-five minutes, and scratching his head quite bald, he ejaculated: "They must be iron clamps to keep der ertrquakes from breaking up der road."

WEIGHT OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN GOLD.—To the question, "what is the weight of a million dollars in gold?" an officer of the mint answers as follows: "The weight of one million dollars United States currency in gold, is 63,720 troy ounces. This makes 4,470 pounds, 2 ounces—or nearly two tons and a quarter, reckoning 2,000 pounds to each ton."

A hard row to hoe—Sor-row.

### MUTILATION OF TREASURY NOTES.

Evidence has been received at the treasury department that the work of mutilating treasury notes has become a business, and not an unprofitable one. For instance, the mutilator takes one ten dollar note and tears off a tenth part on one corner, and presses off the note for ten dollars—nobody questioning that it is perfectly good. He takes another note of the same denomination and tears off a tenth part on another corner, and so on until he has secured four corners. Then he takes another note and tears out a piece from the upper side right; from another a piece from upper side-left, next to the corners; from two more notes a piece is extracted from the lower side right of one, and a piece from the lower side right of one, and a piece from the lower side left of the other. From the ninth note he removes a piece from the right of the middle, and from the tenth and last note, a piece from the left middle. Then he has ten parts which appear to be a single ten dollar treasury note, which he ingeniously pastes together and passes off under the plea that the note was accidentally torn to pieces, but is nevertheless just as good as if it was whole. Singular as it may seem, this business has become so extensive that the attention of the government has been called to it, and it is decided as the only effectual way of checking the evil, not to redeem any note at par unless it is whole, and to deduct one dollar for every tenth part of a note torn off, and in that proportion for larger amounts removed. I make the above statement upon the authority of the treasurer of the United States.—New York Times.

### "DIED!"

That word is not limited to the written obituary column in the newspaper. It is written over the church yard gate, on every white slab in ten thousand cemeteries, on every page of the great volume of nature itself, which we read from day to day. Generations, nations and kingdoms have all been numbered under that one word—"Died." Under that word may be reckoned more than twenty five and a half millions of the human race every year, or more than eighty-six thousand every day, and upward of three thousand every hour. It is fearful to realize, in this busy, active world, that with every tick of the clock, every beat of the pulse, a living soul glides from time into eternity, leaving scarcely a ripple upon the sea of human life, to be noticed by others. As it has been with past generations, so it will be with you. Over your name, in a single line, in some daily or weekly newspaper, which is rapidly read and thrown aside, will stand that significant word—"Died!"

It is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young man gives her a better. But it is a great misfortune for a nice young man to spend his young life to lose his good name, to become an old bachelor and be forsaken forever. Then be not coy, but use your time and while your way, go marry, for having lost but once your prime you may forever tarry.

The boy who was told that the best cure for the palpitation of the heart, was to quit kissing the girls, said: "If that's the only remedy, I say let'er palpitate!"

At a recent meeting of a parish a solemn, straight bodied, and almost exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance in the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?"

He said he believed he had done so; but if any had been omitted, the omission could be easily corrected.

Popular Song in the Crescent City:—"Picayune Butler's Come to town."

SLAVE EMANCIPATION IN CUBA.—A sugar planter in Cuba writes to a friend in New York that, after being a good deal around among his fellow planters, he has discovered, with some surprise, that the leading and intelligent ones are in favor of the emancipation of slavery in the island—a gradual emancipation. They reason, thus: That this measure being the hobby of the day, Spain will be bullied into it sooner or later, and that they had better take the lead in it and control it; in fact, the Junta of Supervision, a new sort of authority lately established, have presented a memorial to the Queen of Spain recommending that measure.

VERSATILITY OF THE FEDERAL SOLDIERS.—A cotemporary says they can repair locomotives, print and edit newspapers, frame saw-mills, build plank roads, cut out channels for a river, transport steamboats by land, and write graphic letters and articles for the Atlantic, and a variety of other things, too numerous to mention; but they can't cook.

### VARIETIES.

Kindness is a language, which the dumb can speak and the deaf understand.

The Mobile Register says that the rebel Confederacy "has brooded deeply over its wrongs." Well, but it has had a bad brood.

The Charleston Courier says that the Federals have "no just hope to repose on." The rebel leaders will soon have neither hope nor anything else to stand on.

Bailed.—An exchange paper speaking of a woman's departure from the custody of an officer, says she was "bailed." He does not say that she was hooped.

Why is Mitchell, the Astronomer, the proper person for a General in the Federal army? Because he knows something of the wandering Stars.

"Pat, you are a wearing your stocking wrong side outward." "Och, and I don't know it, to be sure; there's a hole on the other side, there is."

Reader, whether you are old or young, you have at this moment in your heart a wilder romance than was ever written.

One year of love would do more toward setting us mutually right when in the wrong, than an eternity of wrangling.

A down east Yankee very cutely says: "Though the men hold the reins, the woman tell them which way to drive."

What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington? "Oh! any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with."

Will not tax for carpets require upholsterers for collectors?

It is said that the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken on the wheel.

What is that which makes all women equally pretty? Putting the candles out.

"I'll take the responsibility," as Jenks said when he held out his arms for the baby.

We are prisoners so often as we bolt our doors, exiles as often as travel, and dead as often as we sleep.

THINGS THAT NEVER STOP.—He that is good will become better, he that is bad worse; for virtue, vice and time never stop.

A preacher, in a funeral sermon on a lady, after snuffing up all her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat without muttering."

Joseph Miller mentions an Irishman who enlisted in the Seventy fifth regiment, so as to be near his brother who was in the Seventy-fourth.

Railroad trains are protected from accident as houses are from lightning—by good conductors.

Gen. Pillow threatens to shoot Floyd if he can catch up with him. He can't do it; Floyd would steal the charge from his revolver while he would be taking aim.