

MARYLAND GAZETTE.

T H U R S D A Y, J U L Y 25, 1805.

Miscellany.

FROM A LATE LONDON PAPER.

MR. PRINTER,

SINCE the present military mania has seized the inhabitants of this once peaceable town, I have not had one minute's happiness: you must know the infection very soon spread itself into my family: my husband who was what is called a *good sort of a man*, and would do *whatever I bid him*, is now become a very tyrant. If I ask him for a few guineas for a new gown, [you know Mr. Printer, a tradesman's wife ought to go *decent*] he makes me no other reply but *quick march!* If he wants his dinner, he bids me *order arms*, and his supper must be got ready in *ordinary time*. We had a few friends to dine with us last Sunday, and instead of saying grace decently, as he used to do, he called out *attention—handle arms*: and his grace after dinner, is now, *shut pans!* Yet if I offer to expostulate with him on account of his extravagance, he'll give me such a *volley*, as shall bring my rear rank to close order; but this is nothing to the confusion it makes in the house: not a *mop*, *broom*, or *spit*, in short any thing that has a handle to it, but goes to rack; he mistakes every thing of the kind for a *musket*, and the servants are all as mad as himself. It was but yesterday that I caught him in the back warehouse teaching them what he calls the *manual*. The cook was furnished with a spit, the housemaid had shouldered my best hair broom, and John, the porter, was *presenting arms* with the shop scraper; my son, Jackey, formed the *light infantry* at a distance, *trailing arms* with the poker, while my good man gave the word of command; indeed they had secreted themselves so effectually, that I should never have found them but for the noise they made in *marching and counter-marching*; however, as I surprised them before they could *recover arms*, or *prime and load*, I very soon *broke the line*, and put the whole *regiment to flight*.—But this, Mr. Printer, is not the worst misfortune that I expect from this rage of *manœuvring*, for between you and I, I am afraid we shall manœuvre away all our customers.—My husband has laid aside all his former modesty, and talks in the true *military style of importance*. I heard him call the other day to the great man at the other end of the town, whom he scarce before dared to look at, *how is't comrade?* and when Iquire Gaukey called to let us know he had not forgot the bill he owed us of about two years standing, instead of thanking the gentleman, as tradesmen you know ought to do, he shut the door, and bid the coachman to the right wheel. This-very morning I was obliged to send Justice Bubble's housekeeper (a very pretty kind of a woman) away, because nobody could be found to serve her; my husband was gone to drill in the town-hall, my son was *wheeling to the right by divisions*, and forming platoons in the Forbury; the shopman was *exercising incog.* in a neighbour's garden a few doors off, and the porter was *priming and loading* in the pantry. The only comfort I feel is, that my husband is not the only one that is thus altered. I happened to ask Mr. Squeeze'm, an old neighbour of ours in a brown George, what news there was? and he answered, *blue with a red collar*; and another, on my asking the price of a piece of dimity, assured me *nothing became a soldier so much as white pantaloons*. Perhaps, Mr. Printer, you are yourself occasionally employed in *priming*, and in handling the *pika*, as well as in distributing the *primer* and *pica*: if so, I expect you will order me to *right about face and retreat*. I will, therefore, only add that I shall, like my husband, but in a different sense, *support arms* in the hope that this will be a short inconvenience; that our enemies will be convinced by this universal display of patriotic spirit, that Englishmen have but one hand and one heart in repelling from their coasts the ravagers of Europe, the destroyers of order and security, and the scourges of human nature.

BARBARA BLUNDERBUSS.

THE GRATEFUL GUEST.

THE late Joseph Younger, who was prompter to Covent Garden theatre, during the management of Mr. Coleman, one day met old Lewis, who formerly played at Cheltenham, before their majesties, and seeing he was apparently in great distress, took him home with him, gave him some cloaths, and kept him to dinner. After the cloth was removed, and the bottle in circulation; Younger observed that Lewis was rather melancholy; upon which his grateful guest observed as follows: "I was just reflecting what a hard case it is, that a man of talents like myself, should be about half naked and half starved, whilst such a d—d stupid rascal as you are, live in luxury, and have it in your power to give me cloaths and provisions."

[London paper.]

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At a stated monthly meeting of the Philadelphia society for promoting agriculture, on the ninth inst. the following interesting communication on a disease which has lately prevailed to a great degree near this city, was read, and ordered to be published immediately.

JAMES MEASE, M. D. Secretary.

July 10th, 1805.

HOVEN CATTLE.

THE clover husbandry being now, happily for the parts of our country heretofore worn out and sterile, very prevalent, it behooves us to extinguish all prejudices against this great and extensive improvement. One evil attending luxuriant clover (whether plastered or not is immaterial, though some have without reason, supposed a difference) is the subjecting cattle to become hoven, by too greedily feeding on this grass, when it is growing, or when cut and given to them green, while it is wet with dew or rain.—Horned cattle particularly, when turned in hungry, though ever so much accustomed to clover, are liable to this misfortune.—Young and soft clover, loaded with dew or rain, is the most productive of this disease. They therefore should not be turned in, till after the dew or rain is exhaled. Beasts kept constantly in the field, are not in danger, in so great a degree. Horses do not always escape. Swine and sheep, are also subject to this malady. Any succulent and juicy food, if moist with rain or dew, has a capacity to generate the air, which by its expansion in the animal, produces hoving.—Lucerne, pea vines, green Indian corn, plants and buckwheat, have, under my own observation, occasioned this destructive complaint.

SYMPTOMS.

The paunch is so enormously swelled, that, unless relief is promptly afforded, death ensues. In the last stages of this disease, the tongue hangs out of the mouth, the eyes are full and protuberant, and the rectum (or last gut) is distended externally, sometimes four or five inches. The beast falls; and exhibits signs of the most severe pain and torture. Its groans are piteous and distressing.

CURES.

(1.) Immediately stab the animal on the left side, between the hind-rib and the hip-bone; not too near the latter, with a pen (or other small) knife. Stand near the left shoulder, with your left hand on the back of the animal, and perform the operation (two or three inches deep) with your right; to avoid being kicked, which sometimes, though rarely happens. If he lays down, the hind legs may be secured, for the moment, with a cord. Be not afraid of wounding the intestine. The knife must pierce the abdomen, to let the wind escape. If one incision is ineffectual, or gets closed, make another. It has been repeated seven times, on the same bullock, in different distended parts of the belly, and succeeded at last. It does not always wound the gut; as the wind is between that and the exterior parts. Vast explosions of wind, often very fetid, with water of a reddish colour, will issue from the orifice. A knife sharp at the point and not edged far, with a short blade, wrapped round with cord or rags to prevent its going too deep, is the best. But be not nice as to this. This disease is certainly mortal, unless instantly relieved; therefore, think not any remedy too daring. A large butcher's knife has been used, when a penknife was not at hand. After the evacuation of wind through the incision, give a warm clyster. It may be composed of oil, fish pickle, molasses, and, if no pickle, some salt. In the *Museum Rusticum* in 1764, and Mr. Wynn Baker's report to the Dublin Society in 1769, a full account of this disease may be seen. It will effectually remove all prejudices against this remedy, which, if applied in time, is so certain, that not one in an hundred cattle, thus treated, has been lost. I can vouch on my own experience, for the efficacy and little danger of the operation. Let nature cure the wound. Do not sew it up, or apply any thing, except what will keep away the flies.

(2.) A beast has been relieved by violent *erustations*; on the tongue's being suddenly and forcibly drawn out.

(3.) Another instant and very efficacious remedy, is *raking* the beast; and drawing out the superabundant feces. This is well known to and often practiced by farriers.

(4.) Another, in the first stage, frequently successful remedy, and always useful as an auxiliary, after the more prompt methods before recommended have been used, is *drenching*. For this purpose take a pint of sweet oil, or if this cannot be had, raw linseed, or even train oil, or melted hog's lard. Salt and water have been serviceable. But these are too feeble in extreme cases. All these remedies may be applied, without incompatibility, to the same diseased subject.

Half an hour, and frequently a less time, terminates the disease by death or recovery. Therefore, be expeditious—Do not listen to those who tell you about danger from the knife. It may and sometimes does fail. But without it, your loss is generally certain.

Some will suppose your beast *poisoned*; and not a few will dream that it is poison generated by *plastered clover*. Some, astonished at the suddenness, hideous symptoms and rapid progress of the malady, will pronounce, very gravely, that it is the effect of madness, or secret mischief and witchcraft. However absurd they may appear to persons of intelligence, I have been present when such causes have been seriously assigned. All my endeavours to procure the application of prompt remedies have been defeated by one or other of these vagaries. The knife is the surest remedy for, and antidote against this imaginary poison. It instantaneously dissolves the fancied spells of the ideal practitioners in witchcraft. It banishes from the brains of those who prove themselves *no conjurers*, all apprehensions on this score, more decidedly and promptly than even the old horse-shoe nailed on the door-sill.

These latter observations are made with the sole view of warning the owners of stock against the ignorance and prejudices of their subordinates or weak advisers; and to induce them personally to attend to the preservation of their cattle, on such sudden and dangerous emergencies.

RICHARD PETERS.

Blockley, 5th July, 1805.

To the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture.

FROM THE WEEKLY WANDERER.

MR. PRINTER.

I WOULD beg leave, through the medium of your paper, to solicit my brother farmers to make use of their ashes on their corn land, instead of selling them to the merchants for 12 cents a bushel. I will warrant them 45 cents a bushel clear of all expence, if rightly managed. The method is this: When your corn first comes out of the ground put one half pint of ashes round the hill; if your ashes are not good put the more. In conversation with a venerable old gentleman the other day on the subject, he assured me, that he had made use of ashes in this way for many years past, and had never failed of having one bushel of corn extraordinary for every bushel of ashes. It is the opinion of some men that half a pint of good ashes is rather too much for a hill, but this must be left to the discretion of the farmer. I am sensible it is not customary to pay much attention to what we read in newspapers; but, my brother farmers, let us try one bushel this year, and if it has the desired effect, we shall be rewarded for our trouble, and can well afford to try the experiment another year.

A FARMER.

PEACH TREES.

OBSERVING an article relative to this tree in the Farmer's Repository, I thought it might be of service to some persons, who have leisure and opportunity to make the experiment, which the writer was informed was an effectual preservative.

Make boxes around your trees about one foot in height, and in capacity (exclusive of the tree) to hold a peck, fill this in with the bark taken from tan vats, pressing it a little together, and your trees will remain free from worms around the roots, which are so destructive to trees, as it is found that worms will not inhabit this bark if ever so old.

Con. Cur.

FROM THE AMERICAN MUSEUM.

RECIPT FOR PRESERVING TURNIPS FROM INSECTS.

TURNIPS are so frequently destroyed by a small fly, which feeds on them while quite young, that farmers are, in a great measure, deterred from attempting to cultivate that valuable root.—The following receipts, to prevent the ravages of that destructive insect, having been published in Europe, be pleased to insert them in your Museum, for the benefit of that very useful class of citizens, the yeomanry of the country.

PHILIP SCHUYLER.

Receipt first.—To a quart of turnip seed add one ounce of brimstone, finely powdered; put both into a bottle, large enough to afford room to shake them well together every day, for four or five days previous to sowing, keeping the bottle well corked.

Receipt second.—Take such a quantity of elder leaves, as, when bruised, will yield juice sufficient to cover the turnip seed you intend to sow, in which let it soak about twelve hours; the next day mix it with the bruised leaves, and sow all together.

If turnip seed is sowed while it rains, it does not require to be harrowed in, and the young plants shoot so strongly, that they soon gain strength, beyond the power of the fly.