

MISCELLANEOUS.

TREATMENT OF MILCH COWS.

There is, perhaps, no part of the husbandry of our country so much neglected as that which relates to the providing of provender for the milch cows on our farms. On many estates, even those of magnitude, the chief part of the feed, if not the entire, which they get are the blades, the tops, and the husks of the corn, with an occasional gratuity of nubbins by way of a holiday feast. The consequence is, that if the winter be severe and protracted, there is nine chances out of ten, that every cow, long before spring arrives, is either dry, or so near it, that the milk she will give is not worth the trouble and cost of stripping, so that many farmers with half a dozen or more cows, have neither milk nor butter sufficient for the domestic uses of their tables, during the latter part of each winter; and by the time that the cold and bleak winds of March arrive, many of the cows are on the *list*. How is it possible that it can be otherwise? There is little or no succulence in the food we have described in its dry state, and consequently cows fed upon it must, for the want of matter convertible into milk, cease to yield it. In every other country save our own, it forms a part of the business of every farmer or planter, to provide full supplies of nutritious food for his stock of every kind, and for those which comprise his dairy cows, especial pains and care are taken to provide a sufficient supply of such roots as are heartening and succulent, so that, by thus providing a substitute for the grasses of the pastures, or the soiling stalls or yards, his dairy, even through the dreary and inclement period of the winter, may continue to contribute largely to the comfort of his family, and to the increase of his fortune. No good farmer there, will keep more cows than he can *keep well*, and in so keeping them, he finds his interest rewarded, and has besides the satisfaction of knowing, that in thus acting he has fulfilled an obligation imposed upon him by every humane consideration, and discharged a duty required by Him, who, in placing the beasts of the field in subjection to man, enjoined that he should extend towards them his kindest protection and care. We frequently hear gentlemen complaining of the difficulty of procuring such cows as will make profitable returns, and of the impossibility of keeping them to their milk during the winter. The reason is obvious. Now, and we care not what her breed may be, whether she be of the improved Durham Short Horn, the Devon, the Alderney, the common cow of the country, or any other kind—we say no cow can be kept to the milk pail unless you give her something which will both nourish her system and replenish her udder. To make a cow yield a liberal supply of milk through the winter, she should have in addition to full supplies of good wholesome hay or fodder, at least a half a bushel of roots of some kind, or an equivalent of cabbages or kale per day. And if the hay should be fed *long*, each cow should have at least two days in the week, messes of chopped rye and cut straw, to be either steamed or mixed up with boiling water, and permitted to remain until it be fermented before feeding. What, we would ask, would be the appearance of those splendid improved Short Horn Durhams, of Col. Powell of Philadelphia, of General Van Rensselaer of Albany, or Mr. Hall and Dr. Hosack of New York, of Mr. Thompson of Frederick county, Maryland, or of Mr. Canby of Delaware, if they were fed thro' the winter upon the ordinary feed which is doled out to the cattle of a majority of the farmers of our country? Why, the month of March would find them with scarcely strength to carry their noble frames, if it did not find them in a state to render it absolutely necessary, in order to maintain an erect position, to seek the aid of some convenient fence corner. The ambition of procuring fine breeds of animals of all kinds, is one worthy of every praise; but that of taking good care of what we have, is equally if not more laudable. Besides these considerations, the interest of every farmer is always prompted by feeding his cows well. If fed in the niggard manner we have described, their keeping, such as it is, is a dead loss to their owners, they make no manure worth speaking about, and the animals themselves are comparatively valueless; and if kept *generously* through the winter, and sheltered from the weather, each cow will give her two gallons of milk per day, and make from four to seven pounds of butter per week, which latter should be set down as the profit, as the milk and cream consumed by the family, will more than compensate for the feed. In addition to this, animals thus fed make three times the quantity of manure, and are a wolf, torn, mangled and dead! What

always in a condition to command good prices. We have indulged in no speculative theories in what we have said, but have addressed ourself to the common sense of the agricultural community, in the hope that they will see the propriety of adopting some plan by which our object can be attained.

HOUSING AND WINTERING POTATOES.

The erroneous practice pursued by the best farmers generally, induces me to state the manner I have pursued for years with unvaried success. To preserve 5 or 600 bushels I make a box or bin 4 feet wide, 3 feet high, and sufficient length to contain the required quantity,—have the joints well fastened and made as tight as possible—put into the cellar bottom. If the potatoes are intended to be taken out at different times two or three partitions should be put in crosswise of the bin, to preserve such as are not required for immediate use from the exposure to the atmosphere. After this preparation is completed, the next operation is gathering and housing them. Here I must again dissent from the usual practice of farmers generally. Instead of leaving them in the sun and wind to dry, after digging, in small parcels, in carts or heaps they should be immediately covered with tops, or something else, even if they remain in the field but a few hours. This destructive practice, must I think, be entirely attributable to want of reflection. It is the sole cause which produces the evils so much complained of, by us called the watery potatoe—destroying not only the flavor but a great portion of the nutriment. In fact, sun, wind and rain are as destructive to a new dug potatoe, as moonlight is to a fresh caught fish. When your potatoes are removed to the cellar, put into the bottom of the bin two inches of fresh earth; then fill one apartment with potatoes, within three or four inches of the top—immediately cover it with tough grass turf, cut up with a spade a little dove-tailing, to the thickness of three or four inches; cover them with turf grass side up, packed close and pounded down with a wooden maul, to exclude as much air as possible. In this manner in a cellar of suitable temperature, they may be kept fresh and good for a year without germinating.—No danger is to be apprehended of having too much dirt stuck to the potatoe—it assists in preserving them. An occasional sprinkling of fresh earth among them will be found serviceable.

THE WELSH MARTYR DOG, CILIAUT.

At the base of Snowden, the highest mountain of Wales, is a stone standing at this day, called *Bedd Gelert*, or the grave of Ciliaut. There, many centuries ago—for the last Welsh King was slain in 1233—was buried a favorite dog of Llewellyn the Great, of which and his end we have the following pitiful story:

Llewellyn had come to this place, with his wife and family, to spend the hunting season, of which he was passionately fond. He had among his pack a favorite dog of the name of Ciliaut, or as it sounds in English, Gelert. He missed him one day in the chase, and was much vexed to be obliged to return without usual success, on account of the absence of his dog. His wife had been with him, as it was the custom of the time for females to engage in such exercise. As he descended and entered the door of his house, followed by his wife, the first object he met was Ciliaut, who came wagging his tail, and expressing all the welcome characteristic of that faithful and affectionate animal.—Llewellyn would have rebuked him for his absence from duty that day, and for the subtraction he had occasioned from their pleasures, but his mouth, and head, and parts of his body were stained with blood! “What!” exclaimed Llewellyn, raising his hand and at the same moment, his wife leading the way, they rushed to the nursery, and as they saw the floor marked with blood, they hastily snatched the curtain from the cradle, and their infant babe was gone. The mother cast one glance at the savage animal, that came after them, screamed with horror, as she pointed her finger to the cause, rolled her eyes wild and madly to heaven, and fell backwards. The father drew his sword, and with one thrust transfixed the monster, which fell at his feet still wagging his tail and looking duty and affection, as if in mockery of the deed he was supposed to have done! He howled out the expressions of his agony, moaning piteously, and expired—his eye even in death still continued to be fixed upon his master.

Llewellyn, in his distraction, upset the cradle, and underneath it safely lay, sleeping, with a smile on his countenance, the infant babe! In another part of the room he found the body of a wolf, torn, mangled and dead! What

would he not have given to restore him to life! The instinct of the faithful animal had discovered the waylaying and near approaching wolf, and withdrawn himself from following his master to the chase—he has watched the movements of his adversary, and found he had scented human flesh in his master's habitation—his sagacity had contrived to remove the babe, and to deposit it safely beneath its cradle, in anticipation of the coming fight; he had obtained the victory, and he waited his master's return to deliver up his charge, and be caressed for his fidelity.

“It is not true,” said a gentleman, who was one of the listeners to the story, as it was narrated by a Welchman, “it is not true,” he said, as he leaned his elbow on the table, supporting his head by his hand, which also covered his eyes. “If you subscribe to the doctrine of Leslie's Short Method with the Deist,” said the Welchman, “you must also admit this. For there is the stone—the monument—set over the grave of Ciliaut to this day, there is the village, erected on the spot, and bearing the name of the dog's grave—*Bedd Gelert*; and the same story has come down from these monuments from generation to generation. The story and the monument are corroboratives and living demonstrations of the facts.” “Well then,” said the gentleman, still leaning on his hand and covering his eyes, “the dog has done suffering, has he not? I am glad that he has no protracted and conscious existence, to remember that he became a martyr to his fidelity—that he died to save his master's child. But I see even now to see him wagging his tail, moaning and looking submissive, as he lies weltering in his blood, with his eyes fixed upon his master, in agonies of death. I wish I could get rid of the idea.”

Colton's Four Years.

FAIR PLAY.

A nobleman resident at a castle in Italy was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance, with a turbot so large that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fisherman was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman in the presence of his visitors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him. One hundred lashes, said the fisherman, on my bare back, is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip cord on the bargain. The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our Chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence. After fifty lashes had been administered, Hold hold, exclaimed the fisherman, I have a partner in this business, and it is fitting that he should receive his share. What! are there two such madcaps in the world as to claim the nobleman; name him, and he shall be sent for instantly. You need not go far for him, said the fisherman, you will find him at your gate in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have the half of whatever I receive for my turbot. Oh, oh, said the nobleman, bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice. This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter and amply rewarded the fisherman.

KISSING.

The custom of kissing the ladies by their relations and lovers, was originated by the ancient Romans, not out of respect to the fair, but to find by respiration their breath whether they had been drinking wine,—a crime that if thus detected disgraced any lady found guilty of it, and excluded them from all elegant and virtuous circles of fashionable society,—and hence it became an adage in Rome, to say that those females who sacrifice to Bacchus, will as certainly make their clandestine offerings at the altar of Venus.

What philosophers those Romans were! Kissing in the abstract was nothing to them. They found no pleasure in it.—The lips, where dwelt the loves, were so far as any pleasurable sensation derived from contact with them was concerned, on a par with the lips of mummies. They kissed not as a pleasure, but as a solemn duty, because they wished to ascertain whether the fair sisterhood had been too free with the bottle. Our word upon it, they made the experiment many times during the twenty-four hours, and we doubt not the Roman maidens were so

devoted in their support of their doctrines of the Temperance societies of those days, that they were always ready to be put to the test, and prove by osculatory demonstration their abhorrence of strong waters.

CHEAP CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT.

DAVID FISHER, Tailor,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public generally, that he has made arrangements for keeping constantly on hand for sale, a general assortment of **Ready made Clothing**, suited to all seasons of the year. He has now on hand, and offers for sale, a lot of Clothing, of which the following is a part:

*Cloth Pantaloons, Summer Pantaloons
do Vests, Casinet do
Boating Coats, do Roundabouts
do Pantaloons, do Vests,
do Vests, Casimere Vests,
do Roundabouts Plaid Cloaks,
Jeans Coats, Flannel Shirts,
do Pantaloons, Check do
do Vests, White do
do Roundabouts Striped do
Summer Vests, Black Stocks,
Drawers, Suspenders, &c.*

With other articles in the Clothing line, all of which are offered at *very low prices*; but in no case will any abatement be made from the price asked. Persons are invited to call and see these articles; and persons who are indebted to him are requested to call and see their accounts.

D. F. will still continue to do work in the Tailor line for his customers, on the usual terms.

Garments of every description cut to order on the shortest possible notice.

Stand, 2d door above the store of J. & W. O'Neal, Main street.

Rising Sun, Sept. 5, 1835.—95

PRODUCE, AND BOOT & SHOE STORE.

L. N. HALL,

RESPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Rising Sun and its vicinity, that in addition to an assortment of Boots and Shoes, which he has lately been advertising in this paper, he has on hand, and offers for sale, at his store on the corner of Front and Grand sts., opposite S. Hathaway's store, an assortment of **Family Groceries**, and other articles of family consumption, of which the following are a part:

Potatoes, Apples, and Onions;
Bacon, Pork, Lard and Cheese;
Flour, Salt, Bolognes and dried Beef;
Mackarel, Herring and Codfish;
Honey, Molasses, Vinegar, Pearlash;
Rice, Ginger and Butter Biscuits;
Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, Dyestuffs;
Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff;
Palm, Rosin and Shaving Soap;
New Orleans and Loaf Sugar;
Pepper, Alspice, Cloves, Nutmegs;
Cinnamon, Raisins and Candies;
Powder, Shot, Lead and Nails;
Brandy, Whiskey, and Wines;
Candles, Rosin and Tar;
Potter's and Tin WARE;
Corn Meal and Butter.

With many other articles of the Produce kind as soon as good articles of the different kinds can be obtained, such as

*Buckwheat Flour, and Beans,
Dried Fruit, Eggs, &c.*

All of which he will sell by the small, (Liquors excepted,) on as reasonable terms as can be afforded.

Rising Sun, July 4, 1835.—86

Just Received,

FROM Philadelphia and Baltimore a full and splendid assortment of **FASHIONABLE Spring and Summer Goods.**

ALSO,

A large and general assortment of **HARDWARE AND CUTLERY, COOPERS TOOLS, SADDLERY, &c. &c.**

All of which will be disposed of on our usual terms.

PEPPER & JAMES.

Rising Sun, April 18, 1835.4f

STEAM ENGINE FOR SALE.

THE Rising Sun Steamboat Company have for sale a **STEAM ENGINE**, which will answer for a boat or other machinery. It has two main shafts, and two water wheel shafts, five flanges, plummer blocks and caps; the cylinder 11 1/2 inches, 4 1/2 ft. stroke, all new and in good order, and will be sold on fair terms. Apply to

C. HAGAN, Agent.

Rising Sun, June 20, 1835. 5m34

TOBACCO & CIGARS.

TOBACCO by the keg, and Common and Malay CIGARS, by the box and thousand, for sale by

HAINES & LANIUS.

DOCTOR

R. MONTGOMERY,

TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Rising Sun and the adjacent country. He may be found at Mr. Mitchell's Hotel, except when absent on professional business.

Rising Sun, Aug. 29, 1835. 3m94

John M. Pike,

HAVING resigned his office as Judge of the Court, will practice LAW. Office on Walnut street, opposite the Methodist church.

Lawrenceburg, May, 1835. 79f

NEW GOODS.

S. HATHAWAY,

HAS just received from New York and Philadelphia, an extensive variety of **NEW and SEASONABLE GOODS**, which he offers at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction to the purchaser—consisting in part of the following articles, yiz:

DRY GOODS.

Super black, blue, mulberry, green, olive and mixed broad Cloths;

Blue, black, drab, light and dark striped Cassimeres;

A complete assortment of ladies' and gentlemen's gloves & hose;

A large ass't of plain and figured silk, Marseilles, Valencia and cotton Vests; Stocks;

Plain, pink, buff, striped, and checked Scotch and French Ginghams;

French printed Muslins and Ginghams, rich patterns;

Bleached and unbleached Sheetings and Shirtings;

Plain, corded and cross barred White Cambrics; colored do.

Cambric Muslins; jacquett, Swiss, mull, plain and figured Book do.

Green Barrage; Italian imitation do.

Gro de Nap, Gro de Swiss, Florence, and sarsanet Silks;

Bombazenes and crape Deleria;

Irish Linens; brown and bleach'd Russia Linens; Linen Cambric;

Bohinet laces, Edgings, black silk Velvet, Russia diaper; Bed ticking;

Silk and Cotton Umbrellas;

Flannels, twisted Silk; crape, gauze and fancy dress Hdkfs;

Flag, bandanna, Italian and pongee silk pocket Hdkfs. Also, about

200 pieces Calicoes, comprising almost every style;

British Sewing Twist on spools;

Summer stuffs, Drilling, Ermene, Summer Cloths, &c.

Straw and Leghorn Bonnets, latest fashions; Palm Hats, Fur do.

Boots, Shoes and Brogans.

Also, a fine assortment of HARDWARE Crockery, Glass, China and Hollowware, Groceries, Medicines, Paints, Dye Stuffs, SHOT GUNS, Iron, Steel, Nails, Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Strap Hinges, &c. &c.

Rising Sun, April 25, 1835. y

Retail Grocery.

AND LIQUOR STORE.

BAUMAN & RUSH, respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have received, in addition to their old stock, an assortment of **FRESH GROCERIES** of the best quality; also, foreign and domestic LIQUORS, which they will retail from a gill to a gallon. The following are a part—

LIQUORS, &c.