

# The Maryland Gazette.

VOL. LXXXVII.

ANNAPOLIS, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1832.

NO. 48.

## BANK OF MARYLAND, Baltimore, Dec. 24th 1831.

By a resolution of the Board of Directors of this Institution, the following scale and rates have been adopted for the government of the officers thereof in receiving deposits of money subject to interest, viz:—  
For deposits payable in ninety days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of 5 per cent.  
For deposits payable thirty days after demand, certificates shall be issued bearing interest at the rate per annum of 4 per cent.  
On current accounts, or deposits subject to be checked for at the pleasure of the depositor, interest shall be allowed at the rate of 3 per cent.  
By order of B. WILSON, Cashier.  
May 17 1832

## IN CHANCERY,

ORDERED, That the sale of the mortgaged property of Rezin Chaney, of Thomas, made and reported by the trustee Louis Gray, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause be shown to the contrary on or before the 29th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted once in each of three successive weeks, in some news paper, before the 29th day of November next. The report states the amount of sales to be \$471 00.  
True copy.—Test.  
Nov. 1. RAMSAY WATERS, Reg. Cur. Can.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Lewis Neill late of the City of Annapolis, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to present them properly authenticated, and those indebted are desired to make payment.  
SAML. MAYNARD, Ex'r.  
Nov. 1.

FRESH FALL GOODS.  
GEORGE M'NEIR, MERCHANT TAILOR,  
HAS just received his supply of FALL GOODS, consisting of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, & VESTINGS,  
Of all colours and qualities, selected from the latest importations, and which in regard to fashion and style, he thinks cannot be surpassed. He requests his friends and the public, to whom he is much indebted for former favours, to call and examine his assortment.  
GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, &c.  
Oct. 18 1832

STATE OF MARYLAND, SQ.  
Anne Arundel County Orphans' Court,  
October 24th, 1832.  
On application by petition of Charles F. Mayer, Administrator De Bonis Non of Henry E. Mayer, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.  
SAML. BROWN, Junr, Reg. Wills, A. A. County.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the subscriber of Baltimore county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration de bonis non on the personal estate of Henry E. Mayer, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 24th day of April next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 24th day of October, 1832.  
CHARLES F. MAYER, Adm'r. D. B. N.  
Nov. 1—1832

WASH FOR NEGROES.  
I WISH TO PURCHASE 100 LIKELY NEGROES,  
Of both sexes, from 12 to 25 years of age, field hands, also, mechanics of every description. Persons wishing to sell, will do well to give me a call, as I am determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than any purchaser who is now or may be hereafter in this market. Any communication in writing will be promptly attended to. I can at all times be found at Williamson's Hotel, Annapolis.  
RICHARD WILLIAMS.  
October 4, 1832.

IN CHANCERY,  
October 30, 1832.  
ORDERED, That the sale of the Real Estate of Richard G. Watkins, deceased, made and reported by Somerville Rankin the trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 30th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be published once in each of three successive weeks, before the 30th day of November next in one of the Annapolis news papers.  
The report states the amount of sales to be \$1000 00.  
True copy.—Test.  
Nov. 1. RAMSAY WATERS, Reg. Cur. Can.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY  
JONAS GREEN,  
Church-Street, Annapolis.  
PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.  
MISCELLANY.

THE TOMB OF THE BRAVE.  
Written at the Tomb of Napoleon.  
O let not with willows his ashes be shaded,  
O let not the cypress wave over his grave,  
For though the last leaf of his laurel has faded,  
Such trifles unshallow the tomb of the brave.  
What he, whose ambition, tho' vast and mistaken,  
Still thirsted for more than a world could supply,  
Shall that hero be mourn'd, like a maiden forsaken?  
With a poor drooping willow, a tear, and a sigh?  
No, if emblems must be, take the pine newly risen,  
That on Atlas' proud top, checked the tempest's fierce cloud,  
Whose lowering height drew the lightnings of heaven,  
And was riven, and blasted, but never was bow'd.  
This symbol is wanted—his deeds live in story,  
Recorded alike in his fame and his doom,  
And the world he has shaken—his record of glory,  
And less than a world would dishonour his tomb.

LIFE.  
We are born—we laugh, we weep;  
We love—we drop—we die!  
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?  
Why do we live or die?  
Who knows that secret deep?  
Alas, not I!  
Why doth the violet spring  
Unseen by human eye?  
Why do the radiant seasons bring  
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?  
Why do our fond hearts cling  
To things that die?  
We toil—through pain and wrong;  
We fight—and fly;  
We love, we lose—and then, ere long  
Stone dead we lie!  
O Life is all thy song,  
"Endure and—die!"

From the London University Magazine.  
THE CASTLE OF STRANKALLY.  
AN IRISH LEGEND.

When the tourist passes from the wide bay of Youghal into the stream of the Blackwater in the south of Ireland, he finds himself between ranges of hills, wooded from the summit to the verge of the water. The dark and irregular masses of the lofty mountains that separate Waterford and Tipperary, appear over the hills, and form the background of a singular picture. Extensive ruins of several monasteries, situated on the left bank, attest the piety of former ages; while numerous baronial towers, built on the headlands, and fortified with no ordinary care, forcibly recall to memory the feudal ages, when might alone constituted right. The most remarkable of these is the Castle of Strankally, part of which remained, in a tolerable state of preservation, three years ago, but, about that time, fell during a violent storm.

Strankally Castle stood on the brink of a precipitous rock, at the extreme verge of that part of the river which narrowed between two ranges of hills. On the land side it was secured from attack by the narrowness of the road which reached the point by winding up the rocks; and on the side next the river, was secured by fortifications guarding every accessible part of the rock. Soon after the conquest of Ireland by Strongbow, the seat of the Geraldines obtained by grants a great part of the south of Munster, while the Fitzwalter, or, as they are more usually called, the Butlers, obtained the north and middle of the province. Between these families there were almost incessant feuds: Desmond and Ormond, the heads of each sept, aimed at founding a species of kingdom. Such were the evils resulting from their mutual animosities, that an act of parliament was passed, declaring it treason to raise the war-cry *Crois-a-Buile* or *Butler-a-boy* the former being the motto of the Geraldines, the latter that of their opponents.

Numerous are the legends among the peasantry respecting the mutual hostility of these families. The following is one of them, as related by the author by several of the peasantry residing in the neighbourhood of the castle, and all nearly coinciding in their respective narrations.  
About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Castle of Strankally was possessed by one of the Fitzgeralds of Decies (a powerful subdivision of the Geraldine race) a man dreaded for his power, hated for his crimes, and by all who could avoid him, shunned for his morose and tyrannical habits. To use the words of the narrator, his hand was red; his heart was black; he was the Devil's attorney; God save us! His life would more than have paid the forfeit of his crimes; but for the potent protection of Desmond, who valued him as a brave soldier, he would frequently have derived great advantages from his services in the wars with the Butlers. At length the consequences of his career began to assume a formidable aspect. Although the Butlers drove him from his land, an insult too deep to remain unavenged, and the Earl of Desmond, and his friends, without his permission, none of the Geraldines could assist him in his retaliating actions. Moreover, the neighbouring Abbot of the Holy Island, having put him under the ban, the ban was

compelled to pay for absolution was greater than that which had before been known to exact from a man of the sword. Warned by these symptoms of declining greatness, he resolved to strengthen himself by new alliances, and therefore proposed to unite his son in marriage with the heiress of the Roches, a powerful Irish family. Here he met with an unexpected obstacle. His son rejected the alliance with the most determined obstinacy, averring that he would not disgrace his Norman descent by a union with the degraded natives. The father threatened violence, and confined the young Geraldine to the castle. Projecting from the rock over the river, a turret had been built, so constructed that its floor might fall in the manner of a trap-door, which had often been the means of unsuspected murder. Through this, the young man, having let himself down into the river, soon escaped beyond his father's reach. The fierce Fitzgerald, now completely at a loss, resolved, in order to determine the course of his future proceeding to consult the attendant spirit of his race.

The native Irish believed that the spirits who watched over the fortunes of their own chiefs, were mild beneficent beings, sympathizing in every change of their fortunes, and ever ready to offer their aid upon the slightest summons; but that the spirits attendant on the chiefs of the Saxon invaders, were dark and malignant beings, the ghosts of victims treacherously sacrificed, coming unbidden in the midst of fortune, and aggravating calamity by insulting peals of fiendish laughter. Spells of the most impious and fearful nature could alone command the aid of the latter. If the terror excited by their appearance caused the summoner for an instant to forget the spell which they obeyed, his death paid the forfeit of his rashness. These fearful beings were only to be invoked in some spot which they had capriciously selected. That chosen by the Geraldine spirit was the valley of Glendyne.

It was two hours before midnight when a small boat left the castle of Strankally, and proceeded down the river towards the abbey, in the island of Balintra; signs of terror were abroad; the dogs howled piteously in the courtyard of the castle, owls hooted on the battlement, and the wind that swept round the towers, gave a moaning, mournful sound. This boat, containing Fitzgerald and two stout kernes, soon passed the Holy Island, and stopped near the mouth of the Glendyne river. The Lord of Strankally sprung to shore, and entered alone the narrow valley to Glendyne. The place of the spirit's presence was a natural basin formed out of the living rock, which a small cascade keeps constantly full, and from the sides of which the water overflowing, collects again below, and unites with the Glendyne. The cliffs at this part of the valley are of great height, and nearly perpendicular. At mid day, even, they shed a sombre gloom over the waters, but at the dead hour of midnight, their effect is fearfully awful.

The Lord of Strankally having uttered the words of the spell, the waters of the cascade immediately began to dash with fiercer force into the basin; and the spray ascended high into the air. Soon the mist began to assume an indistinct form. Half revealed by their own lights, the lineaments of a beautiful woman became dimly visible, while the fiendish laugh of Strankally, belied the loveliness of her form. "Worth of a bad race, what wouldst thou?" was the inquiry with which Fitzgerald was saluted. "To know the fate of my son, and the fortunes of my race," was the reply. The spirit, slowly ascending until it was more than a man's height above the smooth surface of the water, pointed to it with expressive gesture. The surface of the water becoming smooth, and the cascade ceasing to flow, there rose on the level surface of the basin, the portraiture of a castle. The Lord of Strankally recognized the residence of his mortal foe, Butler, lord of Cahire. On one of its turrets sat a youth and maiden; they seemed to live only in each other's presence. Muttered threats declared that the Geraldine knew that he was his own son, while she was the daughter of the Butler. The villain changed to a beleaguered castle, which the Geraldine knew to be his own Strankally. Its strongest hold was won by the beleaguering force. A dark body fell from its projecting tower into water. It had the form of a child, but the rapidity of the fall prevented his features from being recognized. Again the water changed to the chapel of a monastery, where, extended on a litter, lay a form, wasted to the extreme of attenuation, in which sorrow, having anticipated time, had aggravated the appearance of old age. Though his features still retained some traces of the proud Geraldine race, beside the litter knelt several priests, performing the rites of the church for the consolation of the departing spirit. At the very moment the Lord of Strankally recognized his son, the spirit disappeared with a flash, and the litter and the picture were raised from the water, and the cascade resumed its wonted fall.

The days of the next day he held a select troop of Fitzgeralds most devoted, following proceeding from the castle towards the magnificent mountain gorge, through which the road between Clonfert and Lismore now runs. The day was a bright and sunny one, and the spirits of the dead were seen to be some traces of it yet remaining.

winds, and which at that time formed the boundary of the Geraldines and the Butlers. To course the red deer, then numerous on these mountains, though now almost extinct, was a favourite amusement of the Norman nobility who had obtained grants in Ireland. As there was a truce between the Geraldines and the Butlers, the chase was this day followed by the members of both families, equally heedless of those precautions which, under other circumstances, would have been considered necessary. During this hunting party, held near the foot of these mountains, the Lady Butler, being accidentally separated from her family, was seized by the vassals of the Geraldine, and hurried through secret mountain-paths to a hovel on the side of a hill that overhangs the Blackwater, whence she was brought, under the cover of the night, to the castle of Strankally, and dragged, half-dead with terror and fatigue, into the formidable presence of its owner. He designed to marry the unfortunate girl to one of his own menials, and thus at the same moment wound the pride of his enemy, and prevent the marriage of his own son. Agatha Butler, luther to a weak and timid girl, felt her spirit rise at the approach of danger. The pride of her noble race glowed within her bosom as she spurned the base proposal, and defied her oppressor to his teeth. He ordered her to be confined in the tower projecting over the river, and to be deprived of all power of communicating with her friends. Some assert that the girl, endeavouring to escape through a window, fell into the river; others aver that the Geraldine, coming to her in the night, was irritated at the reproaches with which he was received, drew the fatal bolt in a moment of uncontrollable emotion, and precipitated the unfortunate young lady into the stream. All agree that on the night on which she was brought into the tower, the wallings of spirits terrified the warden on the battlement; that at a late hour of the night, he heard a piercing scream, a slight rush, and a deep, heavy splash, which died into a chilling echo.

Four days after this event, the body of a female was found lying on the beach, near the abbey of the Holy Island, and recognised by one of the monks for the Lady Butler's. Inquiries that were set on foot, terminated in fixing the guilt of the murder on the Lord of Strankally. The Butlers prepared to revenge this atrocious outrage, and the heads of all the neighbouring septs offered their assistance, partly from their hatred of Fitzgerald, and partly from that chivalrous regard for honour, which even to this day peculiarly distinguishes the Southern Irish. The Earl of Desmond refused to interfere; but the allied chieftains soon formed the siege of Strankally. The situation of the castle seemed to take the vows without passing through his austerities. He persevered in the practice of austerities too powerful for human nature; set their efforts at defiance; two attacks were defeated with great slaughter, and on the evening of the third day, which found them deliberating on the expediency of raising the siege, it was announced that a stranger desired to be admitted to their council. Permission being granted, the warden introduced a young man, clothed in plain but complete armour, with his vizor down—He apologized for retaining his helmet, alleging that he was bound by a vow, (no unusual circumstance at that time,) and offered to put them in possession of the castle, provided the life of its owner might be spared. The confederates very unwillingly consented to this stipulation, and prepared for a night assault, under the direction of the stranger. The night was peculiarly favourable for the attempt; it was dark and rainy, and the wind blowing in hollow gusts from the distant mountains, kept up that mixture of uncertain sounds, in the confusion of which all other sounds are merged.

A boat containing the stranger and eight stout followers, drifted down the river, until they came beneath the turret of Strankally, which projects over the stream. A rope was suspended from the trap-door, and by this dangerous ascent the stranger first reached the tower, and assisted by a person in the castle, with whom he appeared to have acted in concert, drew up the rest of his followers. In the mean time the confederates assaulted the gate and castle wall; not with any hope of success, but to favour the attempt of their detachment. When the stranger and his followers had made good their entrance, they awaited for a few moments, until the shouts at the gate, and the bustle of the garrison, announced that their friends were near; then rushed from the chamber of the turret towards the gate, which they threw open, before the garrison were well aware of their presence, and being joined by their friends from the outside soon established themselves in the great hall and lower apartments of the castle. There a fierce and uncertain fight was maintained until the dawn; the midst of the darkness and confusion they started to get entangled in the stairs and passages. Nothing had scarce appeared, when the battle was renewed. The garrison, hopeless of pardon, fought with all the fury inspired by despair; and every step made by the assailants was dearly purchased. At length they won their way to the second story, where the Lord of Strankally gallantly maintained his post; but being driven back, he entered into the turret, whence there was a narrow passage leading to a part of the castle; whether the assailants had not yet penetrated the trap-

door was still open, and as the Lord of Strankally rushed heedlessly on, he fell through, and was soon overwhelmed in the waters beneath.  
A few months after these events, a stranger sought an interview with the Abbot of the Holy Island, and was by him admitted to support, and soon came to the brink of dissolution.—When the hour of mortal agony drew near, he requested to be borne into the chapel, and placed near the tomb of the Lady Butler. His request was granted; the monks were assembled to pray for a departing soul; and, for the first time, recognised in their departing brother the last heir of the Lords of Strankally.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER.  
Any young gentleman who can laugh at will, is certain of a favourable reception in society—particularly when the weather is muggy. Laughter is, therefore, a social virtue, a prudent accomplishment, an open letter of introduction. It is not necessary to be funny, in order to be able to laugh. Some men laugh like potatoes, without knowing it. The permanent grin, however, pulls upon the eye, and at last begins to wear out one's jocularity, and to look as solemn and hideous as the dismal sphynx. Laughing is good by virtue of its suddenness. It is in its unexpected appeals to the nerves that its power chiefly lies. It does a thoughtful person good to be taken by surprise, and to be tickled into a hearty laugh against his will. It makes him feel as he would after having been electrified. It awakens him, forces his blood to circulate, makes him open his eyes, look about him, and talk. The greatest mystery of laughter is its communicativeness. Set one or two going, and the whole circle, although they know not why, fall into the vein. You laugh at laughter, and laugh the more because you know the less of what you are laughing at. Much poetry is there in the association of ideas—Awkward things make one laugh, if the mind happen to be directed into a different channel at the moment, and the awkwardness comes upon you suddenly. There is nothing laughable in seeing a man thrown from his horse, yet if he be pitched into the mud, and his hat rolls off into the kennel, and his heels are thrown up into the air, like the heels of the bodiless nondescript on the Max halfpennies, you cannot help laughing. There is no grace in such an accident to make it agreeable to the imagination, and to save it from ridicule. From a peculiar construction of the sensitive membranes, some people laugh more than others, and young people laugh the most because they have fewer drawbacks upon the fancy. Things as they are, if we learned to analyze them, are not objects for laughter, but until we grow familiar with realities, we laugh at them as if they were merely ideal, and set up for our amusement. To be well deceived is the happiness of life, says the Dean of St. Patrick's, and those who are the most deceived laugh the most; and by the same reasoning, those who laugh the most are the happiest.

But laughing is divisible into many, many modes. Mrs. Jordan used to laugh over her whole face. It began in the dimples of the lips, and spread over the cheeks and forehead like sunshine, until the entire countenance became inspired. That was a laugh to make you stop with admiration and suspended breath and feel happy. But you could hardly laugh at it or with it. It was too beautiful; it captured the sense, and filled the heart with that sort of joy that does not express itself in laughter. Some people laugh convulsively, shooting out a noise like that of a pistol, and instantly relapsing back into a silence and gravity. It is a great question whether they enjoy their laugh like the rest of the world, or whether they do not enjoy it more by keeping it within and all to themselves. Others, again, laugh through their teeth, spreading their lips like the hyena, and emitting a hissing sound that resembles the frying of eggs. There may be a physical necessity for such a laugh; but unless there be, it is very excusable. There are persons who will avail themselves of any excuse for showing their teeth, and who laugh for no other earthly reason.—They must be thinking of their teeth the whole time, and not of the jest provocative. A fat person, who laughs zealously, laughs with his great big body. The tub indulates and heaves, and the whole man shakes with laughter down to the calves of his legs. It is like the boldest rejoicing of a corporation. A man who desires a vivid reputation will throw himself back in his chair to laugh, as if the fun overpowered him. That is a mere ruse, like the stage-laugh, that consists in twisting the thumbs into the sides, and bending the body forward as if it were suddenly seized with pains, and uttering a clicking noise in the corner of the mouth. Nobody ever laughed until they were black in the face, although that is esteemed the last point of risibility. Any one may laugh until they are red in the face; but the laughter that is the most searching makes the face pale. When a person always laughs in the same way, they never laugh with sincerity; for the same way of laughing is no more applicable to the different degrees of irritation than the same way of showing the sense of pain. To laugh always the same way is to laugh by rule, and the game may be played over on all occasions. It is pleasant to be gifted by nature with such

exquisite sensibility that one's laugh varies with the subject. Variety is much admired in laughter as well as in every thing else; but it must not be studied, or it will be liable to suspicion; if it must come of itself, free, natural, and characteristic. Loud laughing is dangerous to women, besides being disagreeable to their friends. Women should never laugh much or loudly. They are supposed to be more patient and enduring than men, and as gentleness is the especial charm, they should laugh softly, lowly, musically, and not as if they caught all the broad points of whim and caricature. They should be thought to leave some touches of the joke undischarged, for it is the weakness of our sex to desire the ascendancy, even in trifles. Gentlemen always affect something in reservation, as if there was a sting behind which ladies could not, or ought not to understand. This is a poor affectation of exclusive privileges, of superior discernment, of the pride of sex. But ladies may be assured that there is nothing behind worth knowing, or that there is nothing in the joke except its pretensions to mystery.

Any person who laughs dogmatically should be expelled from the drawing room. Why should any one laugh in a style that requires other people to laugh whether they like it or not, and that conveys a sneer at those who do not laugh, as much as to insinuate that they do not comprehend the force of a good thing. It is very rude to appear to understand what nobody else understands, and to laugh when you have the laugh all to yourself. We hate people who snivel when they laugh, as if they despised the poverty of mirth. Who wants them to laugh? Let them get into a corner, and trace the outlines of the figured paper with their eyes until they get the blue devils, or nausea in their stomachs. They have no right to come into a merry circle, and laugh in contempt of court. It is all nonsense to say, that any individual is so locked up in bile as not to be enabled to enjoy a laugh. Every human being has a vulnerable point—touch that, and it becomes fused over as if it had undergone a process of fire. We laugh very seldom ourselves, but—when we do laugh—Mercury! what a leaping of sounds is there, what a bubbling of inarticulate notes, what a heaving of chest, and distortion of features, and spasm of limbs. It is well enough to talk about resisting laughter, but to know it is irresistible, and cometh like a thief in the night, and is not to be gamsived. What could Moore have been thinking of when he addressed such a request as this to a lady?

Give smiles to those who love you least,  
But keep your tears for me  
Sunshine before rain, even in the dog-days.  
[London Atlas.]

AGRICULTURAL ESSAY.  
From the New England Farmer.  
Mr. Editor: On looking over some old pamphlets lately, I have found one entitled *Address to Farmers*, printed at Newburyport, nearly forty years ago. It is written in a plain, concise style, and is replete with valuable suggestions on the subject of agriculture and good husbandry. A manuscript note on the third title page says it was written by the late Rev. Nathaniel Fisher, of Salem. Among the subjects discussed, the following I think well worthy republication in the *New England Farmer*. The character of a complete Farmer; the Importance of Manure; Labour Exchanging Work; the Advantages of an Orchard; the Management of Cider; Keeping a Day Book; Contracting Debts; Clothing and Diet; Engaging in Law Suits; Good neighbourhood; Education; Remarks on the most approved methods for the management of Tilling, Mowing and Pasture lands, &c. I would suggest the propriety of copying one or two of the above essays weekly till finished.

The Character of a Complete Farmer.  
A complete farmer is a most careful, industrious, and frugal, as well as reputable and useful man, and unless carefulness, industry and economy are united in the character, it will be an imperfect one. Although a farmer cannot live without labour, by labour alone he never can grow rich and reputable. Much depends upon his laying out and performing certain kinds of labour in the times and seasons when they ought to be performed. If he will not cart out his summer dung, nor plough those lands in the fall which he means to seed in the following spring—if he will not put his seeds into the ground early, and as soon as the season will admit—if he will not attend to his fences, and see that they are sufficient and if he will not cut the grass when it is ripe, and do every thing necessary to secure it in good order,—he will be perpetually hurried from one kind of labour to another, and every one will be slighted; his tax will not be well coated, nor his grain properly filled out; his corn will be shortened for want of being well hoed; and his grass become dead, dry away in the field. Let every kind of labour, therefore, be performed in due season. A complete farmer is also a man of great carefulness and solicitude; without care, the severest labour on the best of farms will never produce riches nor plenty. If the farmer will not milk his cows in season—see that they are properly tended—go to the male in the right time for the next year's profit—and that his dairy is neatly and carefully managed,—he may labour without ceasing, will have a small, poor breed of cattle, and never enjoy the pleasure of being gifted by nature with such