

## Poetry.

## THE LIFE CLOCK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

There is a little mystic clock,  
No human eye hath seen;  
That beateth on—that beateth on,  
From morning until e'en;  
And when the soul is wrapt in sleep,  
And heareth not a sound,  
It ticks and ticks the livelong night,  
And never runneth down.

O wondrous is the work of art,  
Which knells the passing hour,  
But art ne'er formed, nor mind conceived  
The life clock's magic power.  
Nor set in gold, nor deck'd with gems,  
By pride and wealth possess'd;  
But rich or poor, or high or low,  
Each bears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream, 'mid beds of flowers,  
All still and softly glides,  
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat  
It warns of passing tides.  
When passion nerves the warrior's arm,  
For deeds of hate and wrong,  
Though heeded not the fearful sound,  
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,  
And tender words are spoken,  
Then fast and wild it rattles on,  
As if with love 'twere broken.  
Such is the clock that measures life,  
Of flesh and spirit blended;  
And thus 'twill run within the breast,  
Till that strange life is ended.

## The Family.

## ENGLISH LADIES—RURAL TASTE.

Our countryman, Mr. Colman, in his late European tour, gives so capital a portrait of rural accomplishments in a lady of rank he had the good fortune to meet, that we cannot resist the temptation of transferring the picture to our columns for the benefit of our fair readers:—

My first idea was, I suppose, that the house where with an unaffected cordiality, which at once made me at home. In the midst of gilded halls, and hosts of liveried servants, of dazzling lamps and glittering mirrors, redoubling the highest triumphs of art and of taste; in the midst of books and statues, and pictures, and all the elegancies and refinements of luxury; in the midst of titles and dignities, and ranks allied to regal grandeur, there was one object which transcended and eclipsed them all, and showed how much the nobility of character surpassed the nobility of rank; the beauty of refined and simple manners, all the adornment of art; the scintillations of the soul beaming from the eyes, the purest gems that ever glittered in a princely diadem. In person, in education and improvement, in quickness of perception, in facility and elegance of expression, in accomplishments and taste, in a frankness and gentleness of manner tempered by a modesty which courted confidence and inspired respect, and in a high moral tone and sentiment which, like a bright halo, seemed to encircle the whole person—I confess the fictions of poetry became substantial, and the *beau ideal* of my youthful imagination was realized.

In the morning I first met her at prayers; for to the honour of England, there is scarcely a family among the hundreds whose hospitality I shared, where the duties of the day are not preceded by family worship; and the master and the servant, the parent and the child, the teacher and the taught, the friend and the stranger, come together to recognize and strengthen the sense of their common equality, in the presence of their common father, and to acknowledge their equal dependence upon his care and mercy. She was then kind enough to tell me, after her morning's arrangements, she claimed me for the day. She first showed me her children, whom, like the Roman mother, she deemed her brightest jewels, and arranged their studies and occupations for the day. She then took me two or three miles on foot to visit a sick neighbour; and while performing this act of kindness, left me to visit some of the cottages upon the estate, whose inmates I found loud in the praises of her kindness and benefactions. Our next excursion was to see some of the most aged trees in the park, the size of which was truly magnificent; and I sympathised in the veneration which she expressed for them,

which was like that with which one recalls the illustrious memory of a remote progenitor.—Our next visit was to the green houses and gardens; and she explained to me the mode adopted there of managing the most delicate plants, and of cultivating, in the most economical and successful manner, the fruits of a warmer region. From the garden we proceeded to the cultivated fields; and she informed me of the system of husbandry pursued on the estate, the rotation of crops, the management and application of manures, the amount of seed sown, the ordinary yield and the appropriation of the produce, with a perspicuous detail of the expenses and results.—She then undertook to show me the yards and offices, the byres, the feeding stalls, the plans of saving, increasing and managing the manure; the cattle for breeding, the milking stock, the piggery, the poultry yard, the stables, the harness rooms, the implement rooms, the dairy. She explained to me the process of making the different kinds of cheese, and the general management of the milk, and the mode of feeding the stock, and then conducting me into the bailiff's house, she exhibited to me the farm journal, and the whole systematic model of keeping the accounts and making the returns with which she seemed as familiar as if they were the accounts of her own wardrobe. This did not finish our grand tour; for, on my return, she admitted me into her own boudoir, and showed me the secrets of her own admirable housewifery, in the exact accounts which she kept of every thing connected with the dairy, the market, the table, and the drawing room, and the servant's hall. All this was done with a simplicity and frankness which showed an absence of all consciousness of any extraordinary merit in her own department, and which evidently sprang solely from a desire to gratify a curiosity on my part, which I hope under circumstances, was not unreasonable.

A short hour after this brought us into another relation; for the dinner bell summoned us, and the same lady was found presiding over a brilliant circle of the highest rank and fashion with ease, elegance, wit, intelligence, and good humour, with a kind attention to every one's wants and an unaffected concern, for every one's comfort, which would lead one to a sphere. Now, I will not say how many mud puddles we had waded through, and how many manure heaps we had crossed, and what places we had explored, and how every farming topic was discussed, but I will say she pursued her object without any of that fastidiousness and affected delicacy which pass with some persons for refinement, but which in many cases indicate a weak if not a corrupt mind.

Now, I do not say that the lady to whom I have referred was herself the manager of the farm; that rested entirely with her husband; but I have intended simply to show how gratifying to him must have been the lively interest and sympathy which she took in concerns which necessarily so much engaged his attention, and how the country would be divested of that dullness and ennui so often complained of as inseparable from it when a cordial and practical interest is taken in the concerns which belong to rural life. I meant also to show—and this and many other examples which have come under my observation emphatically do show—that an interest in, and familiarity with the even the most humble occupations of agricultural life are not inconsistent with the highest refinements of taste, the most improved cultivation of the mind, the elegance and dignity of manners unsurpassed in the highest circles of society."

## The Farm.

## Feeding and Managing Milch Cows.

The grasses, particularly the clovers, are the best summer food. When these begin to fail, the deficiency may be supplied by green corn, which is very sweet, and produces a large quantity of milk, of excellent quality.—The tops of beets, carrots, parsnips, and cabbage and turnip leaves, are good. Pumpkins, apples, and roots, may be given as the feed fails. Give only a few at first, especially apples, and gradually increase.

Roots are of great importance when cows are kept on dry fodder. Potatoes, carrots, beets, turnips, parsnips, artichokes, and vegetable oysters, are good. The last three and cabbage and turnips keep good in the ground through the winter, and are fresh and fine in the spring, before the grass starts.

Potatoes produce a great flow of milk, but it is not very rich. A little Indian meal is good with them, to keep up the flesh and give richness to the milk; and this is the case with beets and most kinds of turnips, as they tend largely to milk. A little oil meal or flaxseed is excellent, in addition to the Indian meal, to keep up a fine, healthy condition, and impart a rich quality to the milk, and gives a lively gloss to the hair of cattle, and softness and pliancy to the skin.

In all cases of high feeding in winter, particularly when cows have but few roots, shorts or bran are excellent to promote digestion and keep the bowels open. Three pints each of oil and Indian meal, or two quarts of one and one quart of the other, is as high feed in these articles, as cows should ever have. On shorts, bran and roots, they may be fed liberally.—Four quarts of Indian meal, in a long run, will dry up and spoil the best of cows, so that they will never recover.

Carrots are among the very best roots for milch cows, producing a good but not very great mess of rich milk, and keeping the cow in good health. Parsnips are nearly the same. Ruta-bagas are rather rich, and keep up the condition. To prevent any unpleasant taste in the milk from feeding turnips, use salt freely on them, and milk night and morning before feeding with turnips. Cabbage turnip, (or turnip-rooted-cabbage-below-ground,) has no such effect. It resembles ruta-baga, is raised in the same way, and yields as much or more.

Some keep cows in the barn by night, in the warm season. They are saved from storms and more manure is saved. There should be good ventilation in hot weather. Cows are much better for being kept in the barn nearly all the time in cold weather. To drink freely of cold water, and then stand half chilled to death, is highly injurious. But they should go out a little while daily, in favourable weather, and be driven around gently, for exercise. Inaction is death to all the animal race.

Cows and other cattle are badly managed. They are not watered, in short days, until ten o'clock in the morning and their last chance for drinking is about four in the evening. Thus they go sixteen hours without drink, and during that time they take nearly all their food, which is as dry as husk. They suffer to a great degree from thirst, and then drink to excess. As a remedy, give cattle a part of their breakfast, and then water them, and water again after finishing their morning meal; and if kept up, water at noon, and again at night. If it be too much trouble to take good care of stock, then keep less, and they will be as productive and more profitable if well managed.

Milch cows are injured by being driven far to pasture, especially in hot weather, and still more if hurried by thoughtless boys.—*Cole's American Veterinarian.*

## A Model Farm.

The editor of the New York Tribune has recently had an opportunity to examine the beautiful farm of J. J. Mapes, Esq., near Newark, N. J., which is well worthy the attention of the farmer. Bringing to this enterprise, says the Tribune, great scientific knowledge, a thorough familiarity with the practical learning of the age, he has eliminated impurities from the agricultural axioms of other times and done more to produce a true scientific knowledge of that art by which all other arts exist, than almost any man in our knowledge:

"His farm, though comparatively of small extent, is beautifully cultivated, every foot being made productive, while fruits and plants are caused by scientific processes to bear far earlier than they would have done if left unassisted and unaided. Among other curiosities, we saw trees of four different kinds, only two years of age, loaded with fruit. This object had been obtained by an analysis of the properties of the fruit, the result of which had enabled the farmer to attend and minister to their wants by the judicious application of manures, which had produced the desired effect. The profusion of vegetables and fruits produced on this farm is difficult to be conceived, and worthy of the serious attention of the agriculturists of the country.

Prof. Mapes finds time not only to attend to his farm, but to edit a cheap Agricultural Monthly, ('The Working Farmer,') and also to attend to a large practice as a 'consulting agricultural chemist,' making analyses of earths, minerals, vegetables, &c., and also examinations of all machines which have reference to Agricultural labors. Prosperity attend him."

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St. John, Jan. 6, 1849.

## READ'S HOTEL.

THE subscriber, in returning thanks to the public, for the liberal patronage received during some years past, wishes to intimate to his friends, and the public generally, that he has taken that large and commodious house in King Street, owned by Mr. Peter Reed, a few doors below the Saint John Hotel, and is now ready to receive permanent and transient BOARDERS, and trusts from long experience and strict attention to business, to merit a share of the patronage heretofore received. Good Stabling, and an experienced Hostler always in attendance.

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P. S.—The above establishment is conducted on strictly Temperance principles.  
St. John, December 29, 1847. J. R.

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