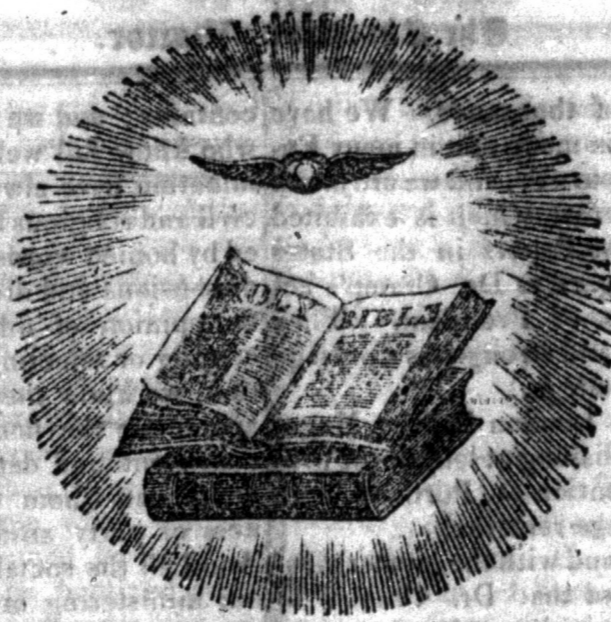


CHRISTIAN



VISITOR.

A Family Newspaper: devoted to

Religious & General Intelligence.

REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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[From the London Athenæum.]

FRIENDS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Like pillars tall and brown
The old tree stood, and the leaves of June
Were dark above, as we four, at noon,
On their mossy roots sat down,
Where woodlarks sang, and our talk was free,
As talk in the forest's heart should be,
Though of different moods and years were we.

Perchance old memories came
Through the silent shades and the breezeless
day,

That glorious then on the woodlands lay,
For all our thoughts and theme
Were friends; but each in that forest dell
Had a tale of his own heart's trust to tell,
And some were there who had loved well.

One said—"I will have friends,
For my home is rich in kindred now
And they call me blithe of heart and brow,
While favoring fortune lends
Her sunny smiles to my youth's glad cheer,
And I know that such to men are dear,
For their love still flows where its course is
clear."

"I have had friends," said one,
"But Time tried some, and Fortune more,
And they that stood when the storm was sore
Fell off before the sun;
Yet some on my faith had a firmer hold—
The young, but now they are far and old—
Brave hearts, but their place is low and cold."

Then musingly one said,
"I had a friend—'twas a strange mistake
In poor false world like this to make—
And how our friendship sped,
It matters not; but my days are lone,
And weary the waning years have grown,
Since the vanity of that trust was known."

And one spake low but clear,
"I have a friend though there long hath been
Much cause for doubt and change between;
Yet I will not strive or fear,
For the sowers' toils have a time of sheaves,
And the love that sees not yet believes,
Hath as sure return as the stars and leaves."

So freely spake each heart,
In its native tongue the wisdom taught,
At this wondrous school of life and thought,
Wherein men learnt apart;
And which came nearest to the way
Of the strong old truth, let sages say,
If they e'er take note of a minstrel's lay.

VISIT TO AN ENGLISH DAIRY.

A writer in Dickens' Household Words, gives a graphic sketch of a visit made by him to an English Dairy farm, in the neighborhood of London, on "a bright, sunny morning in September." "An enormous, green and sloping pasturage," he found "covered all over with cows" to the number of from two to three hundred, with almost every variety of horn, color, and appearance. The account of the writer thus continues:

We will now descend this broad and populous slope, and pay a visit to Friern Manor Dairy Farm, to which all these acres—some two hundred and fifty—belong, together with all these "horned beauties." We find them all very docile, and undisturbed by our presence, though their looks evidently denote that they recognize a stranger. But those who are reclining do not rise, and none of them decline to be caressed by the hand, or seem indifferent to the compliments addressed to them. In passing through the cows, we were special-

ly presented to the cow queen, or "master cow," as she is called. This lady has been recognized during twelve years as the sovereign ruler over all the rest. No one, however large, disputes her supremacy. She is a short-horned, short-legged cow, looking at first sight rather small, but on a closer examination you will find that she is sturdily and solidly built, though graceful withal. "She is very sweet-tempered," observed the head keeper, "but when a new-comer doubts about who is the master, her eye becomes dreadful. Don't signify how big the cow is—she must give in to the master cow. It's not her size, nor her strength, bless you it's her spirit. As soon as the question is once settled, she's as mild as a lamb again. Gives us eighteen quarts of milk a day."

We were surprised to hear of so great a quantity, but this was something abated by a consideration of the rich, varied, and abundant supply of food afforded to these cows, besides the air, attendance, and other favorable circumstances. For their food they have mangoldwurtzel, both the long red and the orange globe sorts, parsnips, turnips and kohlrabi, (Jewish cabbage,) a curious kind of green turnip, with cabbage leaves sprouting out at the top all round, like the feathery arms of the Prince of Wales. Of this last mentioned vegetable the cows often eat greedily; and sometimes endeavoring to bolt too large a piece, it sticks in their throats and threatens strangulation. On these occasions, one of the watchful keepers rushes to the rescue with a thing called a *probang* (in fact a cow's throat ramrod,) with which he rams down the obstructive morsel. But, besides these articles of food, there is the unlimited eating of grass in the pastures, so that the yield of a large quantity of milk seems only a matter of course, though we were not prepared to hear of its averaging from twelve to eighteen and twenty quarts of milk a day, from each of these two or three hundred cows. Four-and-twenty quarts a day is not an unusual occurrence from some of the cows; and of them, we were assured by several of the keepers, once yielded the enormous quantity of twenty eight quarts a day during six or seven weeks. The poor cow, however, suffered for this munificence, for she was taken very ill with a fever, and her life was given over by the doctor. Mr. Wright, the proprietor, told us that he sat up two nights with her himself, he had such a respect for the cow; and in the morning of the second night after she was given over, when the butcher came for her, he could not find it in his heart to let him have her. "No butcher," said he, "she's been a good friend to me, and I'll let her die a quiet, natural death." She hung her head, and her horns felt very cold, and so she lay for some time longer; but he nursed her, and was rewarded, for she recovered; and there she stands—the strawberry Durham short-horn—and yields him again from sixteen to eighteen quarts of milk a day.

Reverting to the "master cow," we inquired whether her supremacy in the case of new-comers was established "mesmerically" by a glance—or how? The eye, we were assured, had a great deal to do with it. The stranger cow read it, and trembled. But sometimes there was a contest; and a cow-fight, with such fresh, strong creatures as these—all used to their full liberty, and able to run or leap well, was a serious affair. If no keeper was at hand to separate them, and the fight got serious, so that one of them fell wounded, it was a chance but the whole herd would surround the fallen cow, and kill her. This was not out of wickedness, but something in the whole affair that put them beside themselves, and they couldn't bear the horrid sight, and so tried to get rid of their feelings,

as well as the unfortunate object, by this wild violence. The effect was the same if the herd did not witness the fight, but came suddenly to the discovery of blood that had been spilled. They would stare at it, and glare at it, and snuff down at it, snuff up at it, and prowl around it—and get more and more excited, till, at last, the whole herd would begin to rush about the field bellowing and mad, and make nothing at last of leaping clean over hedges, fences, and five-barred gates. But, strange to say—if the blood they found had not been spilt by violence, but only from some cause which the "horned beauties" understood, such as a sister or aunt having been bled by the doctor—then no effect of the sort occurred. They took no notice of it.

We found that besides beauty, cows possessed some imagination, and were, moreover, very susceptible. The above excitement and mad panic sometimes occurs as the effect of other causes.

Once some boys brought a great kite into the field, with a pantomime face painted upon it; and directly this began to rise over the field, and the cows looked up at it, and saw the great glass eyes of the face looking down at them—then, oh! oh! what a bellowing! and away they rushed over each other quite frantic! On another occasion, some experimental gentlemen of science, brought a fire-balloon near the pasturage one night after dark. It rose. Up started all the cows in a panic, and round and round they rushed, till finally the whole herd made a charge at one of the high fences—tore down and overleaped everything—burst into the lanes—and made their way into the highroad, and seemed to intend to leave their owners for some state of existence where fire-balloons and horrid men of science were alike unknown. Instead of proceeding directly down the sloping field toward the Dairy Farm, we made a detour of about half a mile, and passed through a field well inclosed, in which were about a dozen cows, attended by one man, who sat beneath a tree. This was the Quarantine ground. All newly-purchased cows, however healthy they may appear, are first placed in this field, during four or five weeks, and the man who milks or attends upon them is not permitted to touch, nor, indeed, to come near, any of the cows in the great pasture. Such is the susceptibility of a cow to the least contamination, that if one who had any slight disease were admitted among the herd, in a very short time the whole of them would be affected. When the proprietor has been to purchase fresh stock, and been much among strange cows, especially at Smithfield, he invariably changes all his clothes, and generally takes a bath, before he ventures among his own herd.

From what has already been seen, the reader will not be astonished on his arrival with us at the Dairy Farm, to find every arrangement in accordance with the fine condition of the cows, and the enviable (to all other cows) circumstances in which they live. The cowsheds are divided into fifty stalls each; and the appearance presented reminded one of the neatness and order of cavalry stables. Each stall is marked with a number, a corresponding number is marked on one horn of the cow to whom it belongs; and, in winter time, or any inclement season, (for they all sleep out in fine weather) each cow finds out, and walks into her own stall. No. 173 once got into the stall of No. 15; but in a few minutes No. 15 arrived and "showed her the difference." In winter, when the cows are kept very much in doors, they are all regularly groomed with currycombs. By the side of these sheds there is a cottage where the keepers live—milkers and attendants—each with little iron bedsteads, all in orderly soldier

fashion, the foreman's wife acting as the house-keeper.

These men lead a comfortable life, but they work hard. The first "milking begins at eleven o'clock at night; and the second, at half past one in the morning. It takes a long time, for each cow insists upon being milked in her own pail—i. e., a pail to herself, containing no milk of any other cow—or, if she sees it, she is very likely to kick it over. She will not allow of any mixture. In this there would seem a strange instinct, accordant with her extreme susceptibility to contamination.

The milk is all passed through several strainers, and then placed in great tin cans, barred across the top and sealed. They are deposited in a van, which starts from the Farm about three in the morning, and arrives at the dairy, in Farringdon-street, between three and four. The seals are then carefully examined, and taken off by a clerk. In come the carriers, commonly called "milkmen," all wearing the badge of Friern Farm Dairy; their tin pails are filled, fastened at top, and sealed as before, and away they go on their early rounds, to be in time for the early breakfast-people. The late-breakfasts are provided by a second set of men.

Such are the facts we have ascertained with regard to one of the largest of the great dairy farms near London.

Discovery of California.

On the 15th of November in the year 1577, Captain Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth with five ships, carrying 164 men and officers, professedly on a voyage to Alexandria in Egypt, but really with the intention of sailing into the Pacific ocean; where the English flag had never been seen before. After passing the Cape de Verde Islands, he sailed during 54 days without the sight of land; and then entered the River Plate. After supplying his vessels with water from that great river, Drake sailed southwards, and passing through the straits named after the only circumnavigator of the globe who had preceded him—the Straits of Magellan, he entered the Pacific Ocean on the 6th of September. He arrived off Valparaiso on the 29th of November. He plundered the town of St. Jago, where he took a booty of 25,000 pieces of very pure and fine gold. Proceeding thence to a port named Tarapaca, he landed, and found a Spaniard sleeping by the sea-side, with thirteen bars of silver lying by him, of the value of 4,000 ducats. He took the silver, and left the owner to finish his nap. Not far from thence, going inland for water, his men met a Spaniard and an Indian boy driving eight llamas, or sheep of Peru, "which are as big as asses, every one of which had on its back two bags of leather, each bag containing 50 lb. weight of fine silver. Bringing the llamas and their burdens to the ship, they found in all 8 cwt. of silver. Thence they proceeded to Arica, where they plundered a vessel containing 57 wedges of silver, each weighing 20 lbs. On the 13th of February they arrived at Lima, where they plundered all the ships in the harbour, in one of which they found a chest full of rials of silver, and a good store of silks and linen cloth. Here they heard of a rich treasure-ship named the Cacafuego, which had sailed to Palta. They immediately gave chase, but, on arriving at Palta, found that the Cacafuego had sailed for Panama. They at once renewed the chase, and in the course of it they picked up a vessel, which contained 80 lb. weight of gold, and a crucifix of the same metal, "with goodly great emeralds set in it." Continuing the pursuit, they at last came up with the Cacafuego, which well repaid them for the trouble it had given them. Besides precious stones they found 13 chests of rials of silver, 80 lbs.