

The Shepherd Singer.

BY WILLIAM SYDNEY THAYER.

The joy splendour of the skies
The water's quiet blossoming,
And sunset, like a loom, lies
Upon the happy hills.

How sweetly, through the rifted haze,
The golden light on Delchamps flows
Around the loy, whose white flocks graze,
Beneath the olive boughs.

And while his glorious song ascends,
Oh, how the tones that freight the breeze,
And evening's ethereal colours, blend
Their subtle harmonies!

He sings of when the cloven tide
Made way for Israel's pallid bands,
Of the long march o'er desert's wide
Of yellow, drifting sands.

Of Sinai's smould'ring wreath in flame,
Where the gray-bearded leader trod,
And, with his awful, "come,"
All radiant from his God.

In tender mood he sings again
Life's heritage of joys and fears
And sympathies, which other men
Do only speak by tears.

He sings no longer thrills the song,
That grows more sweet as evening glooms,
Amid the olive's dusky throng,
And sooty myrtle boughs.

Oh, still sing on, thou shepherd-boy!
Still burden the rejoicing wind,
Each strain of sorrow or joy
Thou singest for mankind.

Each voice that from thy soul departs
Shall sound beyond time and space,
And, in the depths of human hearts,
Shall vibrate through all time.

Agriculture.

On Cattle Feeding.

As this is the season when feeding cattle for winter beef is a prime object with all farmers, and also when he should prepare to lay out a system for winter feeding, we presume that a few remarks on this subject will be as words in right season.

In a great many cases, cattle feeding is badly managed on account of irregularity. Although this is so common, and the consequences so palpable, yet it is a point very apt to be overlooked. If we were to ask six people how they use a certain kind of food for their stock, we should probably get six as many different answers. Some may use hay and turnips, giving plenty of the former, and sometimes of the latter, just as they find it convenient to provide them.

The best method in this is to give the principle of little and often. One day they get turnips in such large quantities as to produce the symptoms, and no doubt some of the effects of scouring, and at another time they have so few that they are bound up in the bowels. And after trying this up and down way of it for a time, it is found that the best is hardly by the exercise of carrying the ration, and the whole plan is condemned as unprofitable.

Perhaps some artificial food is used, but instead of giving it regularly as to time and quantity, they get it just as it suits the parties in charge, and as it suits their own ready, and are anxious to get it, having no stated time for that, they are always on the look out whenever they see the feeder, and are deprived of that rest which they ought to enjoy.

A good plan for feeding is to give the cattle hay when they are cleaning out in the morning, then give each about a bushel of turnips, and let them sleep, and after breakfast give each about another bushel of turnips, or half turnips and potatoes cut up, and leave them till noon, when they are to be fed with good hay, and so on.

For winter feeding, cattle should get their food as regular as the feeders. Dry hay is a sorry matter, day in and day out, and especially heated hay, that must be fed, deprived of all its original nutritive qualities by heating in the mow. This kind of hay is too plenty. Potatoes and turnips, or cabbage, and bruised Indian corn, should be given to all cattle, young and old, at least once per day during the winter season. Every farmer should have a large iron mangle in a well built shed, and find should be boiled in it once every day for much corn, chopped straw, hay, crushed oats, a few potatoes, turnips, cabbage, &c., make palatable and nutritious food for neat cattle, but must be given at stated times, or the good effects of cooked meals will not be exhibited.—New Era.

Miscellaneous.

The Bay of Fundy.

This bay, which at the present moment is being so much extolled in the public mind as an immense arm of the sea, extending in a N. E. direction 200 miles, the main branch of which penetrates to within ten or twelve miles of the straits of Northumberland, and separates Nova Scotia from New Brunswick, is a bay which connects the Basin of Minas, and the Bay of Fundy, the St. Lawrence river, and at both of these termini the tide rises between sixty and seventy feet.

At the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, it is between forty and fifty miles wide, its South-west by north, being formed by Passamaquoddy bay, into which the Schoodic river empties, decreed by the Commissioners to be the St. Croix, meant by the treaty of 1763, at the mouth of which are the islands of Grand Manan, held by the British; also that of Campobello, opposite Eastport, an island about five miles in length, belonging to the United States, but which was occupied by British during the last war.

On the Eastern side of the bay, the Bay of Fundy is a minor arm of the sea, running parallel with it, which is called St. Mary's Bay, which extends to within a mile or two of Annapolis Basin, which comes in with the former by what is called Digby Gut, evidently formed by some con-

volution of nature, by which a passage was effected, opposite which, at the distance of twelve leagues, is the harbour of St. John's. There was a strong smell of sulphur in the air, and the thick issues of smoke from the lower crater continued to increase in strength. The sun was fierce and hot, and the edges of the sulphurous clouds glowed with a dazzling whiteness, and a mountain of ash overtook us, and rode beside the diligence taking with the postilion. He had been up to the mountain and was taking his report to the Governor of the district. The heat of the day and the continual tremor of the air lulled me into a sort of a doze, when I was suddenly aroused by a cry from the soldier and the stopping of the diligence. At the same time there was a terrific peal of sound, followed by a jar which must have shaken the whole island. We looked up to see a volcano, and were fortunately in view before us. An immense mass of snow-white smoke had burst up from the crater, and was rising perpendicularly into the air, its rounded volume rapidly whirling on one side, while the ground beneath us was only tilted out a few inches from the horizontal, and after they had ascended to an immense height. It might have been one minute or five—for I was so enraptured by this wonderful spectacle that I lost the sense of time—just that the ground was so rapidly and violently were the effects of the explosion, when there stood in the air, based on the summit of the mountain, a mass of smoke four or five miles high, and shaped precisely like the Italian pipe tree. Words cannot paint the grandeur of this mighty tree. Its trunk of ignited smoke, one side of which was silviced by the sun while in the shadow, was lurid with red flame, rose for more than a mile before it sent out its cloudy foliage. Then parting into a thousand arms, it threw out its branches again in three or four directions, rolling and waving in the air, it stood in relief against the dark-blue of the sky. Its rounded masses of foliage were dazzling white on one side, while in the shadow of the other, there was a constant play of brown, yellow and crimson tints, revealing the central shaft of fire. It was like that tree celebrated in the Scandinavian sagas, as seen by the mother of Harold Hardrada, in whose roots were pierced through the earth, whose trunk was the colour of blood, and whose branches filled the utmost corners of the Heavens.

This dothar seemed to have relieved the mountain from its infernal mechanism, and the smoke and flame was still hurried upward, and the tree, after standing about ten minutes—a new and awful revelation of the active forces of Nature—gradually rose and spread, lost its form, and slowly moved by a light wind from the west, toward the dead calm of the day, bent over to the eastward.

We resumed our course. The vast belt of smoke at last arched over the strait, here about twenty miles wide, and sank toward the distant Canadian shore. As we went under it, for some miles of our way, the sun was totally obscured, and the sky presented the singular spectacle of two hemispheres of clear blue, with a broad belt of darkness drawn along the horizon, and a hot, sulphurous vapour in the air, and which were whitened as they fell from time to time. We were distant about fifteen miles, in a straight line, from the crater, but the air was so clear, even under the shadow of the smoke, that I could distinguish the downward movement of the rivers of lava.

This was the eruption, at last, to which all the phenomena of the morning had been preliminary. For the first time in ten years the depths of Annapolis had been stirred, and it thenceforth the strong currents, and the singular hazard of travel which had brought me here, to his very base, to witness a scene, the impression of which I shall never lose, to my dying day. Although the eruption, as we saw it, was a long distance into the Bay, there is scarcely any shelter, should a vessel be overtaken by a storm that would compel her to seek it. Indeed, considering the intense fogs that prevail during the summer months, the strong currents, and the violent gales during Spring and Autumn, it is a subject of astonishment that vessels are not more frequently wrecked in that dangerous bay.

Eruption of Mount Etna.

We had not proceeded far before a new sign called my attention to the mountain.—Not only was there a perceptible jar or vibration in the earth, but a dull, groaning sound, like the muttering of distant thunder, began to be heard. The smoke increased in volume, and as we advanced further to the eastward, and much nearer to the great volcano, perceived that it consisted of jets, issuing from different mouths. A broad stream of very dense white smoke still flowed over the lip of the topmost crater and down the eastern side. As its breadth diminished, it was divided into many smaller ones, and was no doubt the sulphurous vapour rising from a river of molten lava. Perhaps a thousand yards below, a much stronger column of mingled black and white smoke gushed up, in regular beads or pearls, and as it descended, the mountain was between two small, extinct cones. All the part of Etna was scarred with deep chasms, and in the bottoms of those nearest the opening I could see the red gleam of fire. The air was perfectly still, and as yet there was no cloud in the sky.

When we stopped to change horses at the town of Aci Reale, I first felt the violence of the tremor and the awful sternness of the sound. The smoke by this time seemed to be gathering on the side toward Catania, and issuing in a dark smoke about half way down the mountain. Groups of the villagers were gathered in the streets which looked upward to Etna, and discussing the chances of an eruption. "Ah," said an old man, "the Mountain is coming down, and every body is respected. When he talks, everybody listens." The sound was the most awful that ever met my ears. It was a loud, painful moan, now and then flitting like a suppressed and sad cry, and at the same time an expression of threatening and agony. It did not come from Etna alone. It had no fixed location; it pervaded all space. It was in the air, in the earth under my feet—everywhere, in fact, and as it continued to increase in violence, I experienced a sensation of positive distress. The people looked anxious and alarmed, although they said it was a good thing for Sicily; that last year they had been in constant fear from earthquakes, and that an eruption invariably left the island quiet for several years. It is true that during the past year parts of Sicily and Calabria had been visited with severe shocks, occasioning much damage to property. A merchant of this city informed me yesterday that his whole family had slept for two months in the vault of his warehouse, fearing that their residence might be shaken down in the night.

The Snake and the Crocodile.

The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rivers from the mountains. The water was as clear as crystal, and every thing about it as clear as the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over the pond, was a gigantic tree, and in its thick, shining evergreen leaves, lay a huge log, in an easy coil, taking the form of a crocodile. A powerful ape of the baboon species, a leaping race of scamps, always bent mischief. Now the ape, from his position, saw a crocodile in the water, rising to the top, and beneath its coils of the serpent—Quack! as though he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape ached himself by clinging to the limb of the tree, but a battle raged immediately commenced in the water. The serpent grasped in the middle by the crocodile, and the water boiled by his furious contortions. Winding his folds around the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. As this time the cause of mischief was in a state of the highest frenzy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, cause several times close to the scene of the fight, shook the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and again frisked about.—At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The plump of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the bank, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the apex of its snout was visible, it was evident that he, too, was in a state of monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a side distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly toppled over, and fell into the water. A few moments, however, brought him above, he was taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the thick branches.

Either shirt without buttons, or buttons without shirts are very aggravating.

Sundays.

BY HENRY VAUGHAN.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss.
In heavenly fountains undimmed week by week:
The next world's glances aimed forth in this:
Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak.

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future days—the lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought
enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull gift.

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers
In the narrow way—his feet, or ankle—
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—
Periods appointed to renew our trust—
A gleam of glory after six days' show'ers!

Foresters of heaven on earth—pledges of joy
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story:
The pleasures of that life that cannot fly,
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

Sewing Machine.

Amongst the many objects of interest now on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute, there is none more worthy of the notice of the ladies, than an improved form of the frugal housewife, than an unpretending little machine, rendered more valuable by its extreme simplicity, cheapness, usefulness, and yet completeness, which occupies the upper gallery.

The machine is a simple affair, and is completely patented by Dr. Ovis Avery of Honesdale, Pa. The apparatus of this useful article is comprised in two cam-wheels, two shafts, two spools, two needles, two cranks, wheels, and a weight. The two cranks turn the cam-wheels, and these communicate motion to the shafts, and the shafts work the needles, between which the cloth to be sewed is placed. The cloth is held in its place and drawn along as fast as it is sewed by the weight. The machine is a simple affair, and is completely patented by Dr. Ovis Avery of Honesdale, Pa. The apparatus of this useful article is comprised in two cam-wheels, two shafts, two spools, two needles, two cranks, wheels, and a weight. The two cranks turn the cam-wheels, and these communicate motion to the shafts, and the shafts work the needles, between which the cloth to be sewed is placed. The cloth is held in its place and drawn along as fast as it is sewed by the weight.

Interesting Paragraphs.

A REMARKABLE FOOT RATE.—In the town of Malaga, in the island of Sicily, a man was addicted to his glass, but who managed nevertheless to accumulate about \$1300, of which he owed about \$400 to his brother, that he exhibited no disposition to pay. A woman of Malaga, who had been married to him, and who had been his wife for many years, had been his money, and she might say his debts. She accepted the proposition, and deposited the money in a bank. The brother hearing of this, started the bank and obtained his debt. The wife then drew the money from the bank, and deposited it in the house. The husband hearing of this, and as it is supposed, repenting of his act in putting his money out of his own possession, managed by a stratagem, a night or two since, to get his wife out of the house, and ransacked it until he found the money. His wife returned just as he was leaving the house, and on ascertaining what he had done, started in pursuit along the main road to Charleston, and followed him for a distance of four miles, when he was arrested by a watchman, and kept in the watch-house for the night.

The wife, who had lost her shoes soon after she started from the house, thus running the long distance in her stocking feet, was put into a chase and taken back to her home. The husband was released in the morning, and returned to his usual avocations.—Boston Traveller.

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The Aleppo Burton.

The Aleppo Burton is a singular ulcer, which attacks every person born in the city, and every person who spends more than a month there. It can neither be prevented nor cured, and it is a great nuisance. The inhabitants almost invariably have it on the face—either on the cheek, forehead, or on the nose—where it often leaves an indelible and disfiguring scar. Strangers, on the contrary, have it in none of the joints, either the elbow, wrist, knee, or ankle. We are inclined to have it, even after five days' stay; but I hope it will postpone its appearance till after I reach home.—Harvard Taylor.

Too Much Education.

"For my part I don't believe that an arithmetician is a common thing. When I was young, it is all I understood the rules of distraction, division, multiplying, rephrasing, and the common rules of arithmeticon, and knew all about the rules and their variations, the corsets and dormitories, the provinces and the empire, they had addition enough. But they have to study biology, algebra, and they have to study the sciences, and the sciences of parabolas, to say nothing about the technical issues that she was forced to stop.

A resident of Leeds apprises the editor of the Gaiety Indicator, that he can prepare a liquid of pink, which is a glass of red wine, through a barbed wire window in the night, would slowly destroy the whole of its living inhabitants, or broken in the face of an advancing force, horse or foot, would arrest their progress by death or paralysis.

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