

## BREVITY OF LIFE.

Behold

How short a span  
Was long enough of old,  
To measure out the life of man!  
In those well-temper'd days his time was then  
Survey'd, cast up, and found but threescore years and ten.

Alas!

And what is that!  
They come, and slide and pass,  
Before my pen can tell thee what.  
The posts of time are swift, which having run  
Their sev'n short stages o'er, their short liv'd task is done.

Our days

Began we lend  
To sleep and antic plays  
And toys, until the first stage end:  
Twelve waning moons, twice five times told, we give  
To unrecover'd loss—we rather breathe than live.

How vain

How wretched is  
Poor man, that doth remain  
A slave to such a state as this!  
His days are short, at longest; few, at most;  
They are but bad, at best; yet lavish'd out or lost.

They be

The secret springs,  
That make our minutes flee  
On wheels more swift than eagles wings;  
Our life's a clock, and every gasp of breath  
Breathes forth a warning grief, till time shall strike a death.

How soon

Our new-born light  
Attains to full-aged noon!  
And this, how soon to grey-haired night!  
We spring, we bud, we blossom, and we blast,  
Ere we can count our days, our days they flee so fast.

They end

When scarce begun,  
And ere we apprehend  
That we begin to live, our life is done.  
Man! count thy days; and if they fly too fast  
For thy dull thoughts to count, count every day thy last.

Francis Quarles: 1664.

## GLEANINGS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

By Edward Jasse.

From the cottage, with its dog on the threshold and blackbird in a wicker cage by the porch, to the royal menagerie, where all kinds of strange animals are congregated, there is a taste for natural history. We delight in that inferior world of which we are lords and masters. How popular are the various works that have appeared in the various branches of this indeed "knowledge of the people." Mr. Jasse has produced a delightful work on a delightful subject. These pages are full of amusing anecdotes; and now let our readers choose for themselves.

## TASTE FOR TRAVELLING IN A DOG.

We had started from Geneva, on our way to Basle, when we discovered that a dog was following us. We found, on inquiry that it did not belong to the Veiturier, and we then concluded, that it would not be our companion for any considerable distance, but would take to the right or left at some turning, and so go to his home. This, however was not the case, for he continued with our carriage through the whole of the days journey. When we stopped for the night, by close attendance on us as we alighted and sundry wags of the tail, looking up into our faces, he installed himself into our good graces, and claimed to be enrolled a regular member of the crotege. 'Give that poor dog a good supper, for he has followed us all day,' was the direction to the people of the inn; and I took care to see it obeyed. This affair of the dog furnished conversation for our dinner. We were confident in the conviction that we had done nothing to entice the animal, and washed our hands of any intention to steal him. We concluded he had lost his master, and as well educated and discriminating dogs will do in such a dilemma, that he had adopted other protectors, and had shown his good sense and taste in the selection. It was clear, therefore, that we were bound to take care of him.

He was a stout dog, with a cross of the mastiff in him; an able-bodied trudge, well formed for scuffling in a market-place. He was a dog also of much self-possession. In our transits through the villages he paid but little attention to the curs which now and then attacked him. He followed us to Basle; we assigned to him the name of Carlo, which he had already learned to answer readily; we became quite attached to him, the affection appeared to be mutual. At Basle, we told the innkeeper the story, and added that we had now nothing to do but to take the dog to England with us, as we could not shake him off. The landlord smiled. 'Why,' said I, 'is it your dog?' 'No,' said he. 'Does he belong to any one that you know?' 'No,' replied the host. 'Why do you smile then?' 'Vous verrez,' 'Well but explain.' 'Well then,' said the landlord, 'this dog which belongs to no one, is in the habit of attaching himself to travellers passing between this place and Geneva. He has often been at my house before. I know the dog well. Be assured he will not go further with you.' We smiled in our turn: the dog's affection was so very marked, 'Il'y trouve son compte,' said the landlord—'c'est son

gagne pain!' We smiled again. 'Encore,' resumed the landlord, 'vous verrez.'

The next morning the dog was about us as usual. He came to us and received a double portion of caresses for past services, also some food in consideration of the long trot before him. The horses were put to—we sprang into the carriage, and off we started. 'Hie, Carlo! Carlo!—hie Carlo!' Not a leg did he wag but only his tail. 'Carlo—Carlo—Carlo!' The deuce a bit did he stir. He stood watching us with his eyes for a few seconds, as we rolled along, and then turning around, walked leisurely up the inn yard; The confounded landlord was standing at his door laughing. 'The devil take the dog,' said I—'Carlo, Carlo!'

## LADY COTTON'S DOG.

Lord Combermere's mother, (Lady Cotton,) had a terrier named Viper, whose memory was so retentive that it was only necessary to repeat to him once the name of any of the numerous visitors at Combermere, and he never afterwards forgot it. Mrs. H. came on a visit there on Saturday. Lady Combermere took the dog up in her arms, and going up to Mrs. H. said 'Viper, this is Mrs. H.' She then took him to another newly arrived lady, and said, 'Viper, this is Mrs. B.' and no further notice was taken. Next morning when they went to church, Viper was of the party. Lady Cotton put a prayer book in his mouth, and told him to take it to Mrs. H. which he did, and then carried one to Mrs. B. at his mistress's order.

## LADY PENRHYN.

The passion of the late Lady Penrhyn for pugs was well known. Two of these, a mother and a daughter, were in the eating-room of Penrhyn castle at the morning call of a lady who partook of a luncheon. On bonnets and shawls being ordered for the purpose of taking a walk in the grounds, the eldest dog jumped in a chair, and looked first at a cold fowl, and then at her daughter. The lady remarked to Lady Penrhyn that he certainly had a design on the tray. The bell was therefore rung, and a servant ordered to take it away. The instant the tray disappeared, the older pug, who had previously played the agreeable with all her might to the visitor, snarled and flew at her, and, during the whole walk, followed her, growling and snapping at her heels whenever opportunity served. The dog certainly went through two or three links of inference, from the disappearance of the coveted spoil, to Lady Penrhyn's order, and from Lady Penrhyn's order to the remark made by her visitor.

## RECONCILIATION BROUGHT ABOUT A DOG.

There were two friends, one living at London and the other at Guilford. These friends were on terms of great intimacy; and for many years it had been the custom of the London family to pass the Christmas at Guilford, and their uniform practice was to arrive at dinner the day before Christmas day, and to be accompanied by a large spaniel, who was a great favorite with the *visited*, as with the visitors. At the end of about seven years after this plan had been adhered to, the two families had an unfortunate misunderstanding, which occasioned an omission of the usual Christmas invitation. About an hour before dinner on the day before Christmas day, the Guilford gentleman standing at his window, exclaimed to his wife, 'Well, my dear the W—'s have thought better of it, for I declare they are coming as usual, though we did not invite them; here comes Cæsar to announce them;' and the dog came trotting up to the door and was admitted as usual to the parlor. The lady of the house gave orders to prepare beds, dinner waited an hour but no guests arrived. Cæsar after staying the exact number of days he had been accustomed to, set off for home and arrived there in safety. The correspondence, which of necessity occurred had the effect of renewing the intercourse of the estranged friends, and as long as Cæsar lived he paid the annual visit, in company with his master and mistress.

## JACKDAW.

Swinesherd Abbey, in Lincolnshire, is famous in history as the scene of poisoning King John. An old elm tree, in the avenue leading up to the house, was blown down by a high wind; several young jackdaws were killed in the nests in the hollow of the tree when it fell; one, however, escaped, and was reared by the children. This bird evinced great sagacity, but there was one circumstance attending it which excited particular observation. When the owner of the house was riding out, the bird appeared to be always watching his return; and the moment he saw him coming up the avenue, he would fly off in search of the groom, and by his extraordinary noise, apprise him of his masters's approach. If the man did not attend to him, he would peck at his legs, lay hold of his stocking, and pull with all his might; and the man said he was always made sensible of his master's return, by the peculiar note of the bird. It used to take its stand upon the gate of the stable yard, which commanded a view down the avenue. Like most pets, it came to an untimely end. The poor bird alighted amongst some hot ashes, and was burnt to death.

## INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

Speaking of the instinct of birds, he observes: "that it would appear from the following instance, that birds have an extraordinary faculty in avoiding danger, although it be not apparent at the time. Some years ago a large and beautiful ash tree was blown down in the vicarage of Newcastle upon Tyne. About 140 dis-

inct rings marked the growth of this tree, and those circles which remained became too minute to be counted; the tree was thus of great age, but was found decayed near the root. A colony of rooks had been accustomed to build their annual nests upon this tree; but on a sudden, and before the tempest which had uprooted it, they deserted and for no apparent reason, and took up their abode in an ash tree growing near, the situation of which was between the chimnies of the adjoining houses."

## DOGS.

A gentleman now residing in London, whilst travelling outside of one of the north mails, tells the fact I am about to relate. It was a dark night, and as the mail was travelling at the usual rate, a dog barked incessantly before the leaders, and continued to do so for some time, jumping up to the heads of the horses. The coachman, fearful of some accident, pulled up, and the guard got down to drive the animal away. The dog ran before the guard, and then returned to him, making use of such peculiar gestures that he was induced to take out one of the lamps and follow the dog. After doing so for one hundred yards, he found a farmer lying drunk across the road and his horses grazing by the side of it. But for this extraordinary sagacity and affection of the dog for his master, the coach would most probably have driven over the body of the sleeping man.

## MIGRATORY INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

A British officer on board a ship which touched at the Island of Ascension, on her way to England, informed me that they took in several large turtles, and amongst others, one, which from some accident had only three fins. The sailors on board called it the "Lord Nelson," and it was marked in a certain way by having certain initials, and numbers burnt upon its under shell with a hot iron, which marks are never to be obliterated. Owing to various causes the ship was delayed on her voyage; many of the turtles died, and others became sickly. This was the case of the "Lord Nelson;" and it was so nearly dead when the ship arrived in the channel, that the sailors, with whom it was a favorite, threw it overboard, in order, as they said, to give it a chance. Its native element, however, appears to have revived it; for two years afterwards the *very same* turtle was found at its old haunts in the Island of Ascension. The proofs brought forward of the accuracy of the statement place the fact beyond doubt, and afford a wonderful instance of the instinct of this fish. When we consider the vast tract of water which this turtle had to pass, and that the Island of Ascension is only a little speck in the mighty ocean it is impossible not to reflect on that unexplained instinct with wonder, which enabled so unwieldy, and apparently so stupid an animal to find its way back to a rock in the desert of waters.

## THE FORCE OF LIGHTNING.

A person may be killed by lightning, although the explosion takes place at the distance of twenty miles, by what is called the back-stroke. Suppose that the two extremities of a cloud, highly charged with electricity, hang down towards the earth, they will repel the electricity from the earth's surface, if it be of the same kind with their own, and will attract the other kind; and if a discharge should suddenly take place at one end of the cloud the equilibrium will instantly be restored by a flash at that point of the earth which is under the other. Though the back-stroke is often sufficiently powerful to destroy life, it is never so terrible, in its effects as the direct shot, which is frequently of inconceivable intensity. Instances have occurred in which large masses of iron and stone, and even many feet of a stone wall, have been conveyed to a considerable distance by a stroke of lightning. Rocks and the tops of mountains often bear the marks of fusion from its action, and occasionally virtuous tubes, descending many feet into banks of sand, mark the path of the electric fluid. Some years ago, Dr. Fielder exhibited several of these fulgurites, in London, of considerable length, which had been dug out of some sandy plains of Silesia and Eastern Prussia. One found at Paderborn was forty feet long. Their ramifications generally terminate in pools or springs of water below the sand, which are supposed to determine the course of the electric fluid. No doubt the soil and substrata must influence its direction, since it is found by experience, that places which have been struck by lightning are often struck again. A school-house in Lammer-Muir, in East Lothian has been struck three different times.—Mrs. Somerville.

ECONOMY, is one thing, and parsimony another. Economy, as the general acceptation of the word goes, means a frugal disposition and outlay of one's income, and the management of property, so that it may be most useful and productive. Parsimony is the nasty spirit which leads a man to deny himself all enjoyment, except that of the mere acquisition of pelf. Economy, by teaching a person the exact extent of his resources, enables him to be charitable upon proper occasions. Parsimony tempts him to steal a bone from a beggar. Economy, by the improvement of its advantages, elevates the standard of its possessor. Parsimony renders those who fall into it, objects of disgust and loathing to their fellows.—Economy flies away a newspaper for future reference—Parsimony stops it!—N. York Sun.