

ANIMALS DESTROYING EACH OTHER—The instinct of animals to devour each other is well set off by the following lines of the late prime minister, Canning:

"Tell me, tell me, gentle robin,
What is it that sets thy breast throbbing?
Is it that grimalkin, fell,
Hath killed thy father or thy mother,
Thy sister or thy brother,
Or any other?
Tell me but that,
And I'll kill the cat.
But stay, little robin, did you ever spare
A grub in the ground or a fly in the air?
No, that you never did, I'll swear.
So I won't kill the cat,
That's flat!"

COVENT-GARDEN MARKET.—The two great national theaters on one side, a churchyard full of mouldy but undying celebrities on the other, a fringe of houses studded in every part with anecdote and history, a colonnade, often more gloomy and deserted than a cathedral aisle, a rich cluster of brown old taverns—one of them filled with the counterfeit presentment of many actors long since silent, who scowl or smile once more from the canvas upon them grandsons of their dead admirers; a something in the air which breaths of old books, old pictures, old painters, and old authors; a place beyond all other places one would choose in which to hear the chimes at midnight; a crystal palace—the representative of the present—which peeps in timidly from a corner upon many things of the past; a wide bread bank that has been sucked dry by a felonious clerk; a squat building, with a hundred columns and chapel-looking fronts, which always stands knee-deep in baskets, flowers, and scattered vegetables; a common centre into which Nature showers her choicest gifts, and where the kindly fruits of the earth often nearly choke the narrow thoroughfares; a population that never seems to sleep, and that does all in its power to prevent others sleeping; a place where the very latest suppers and the earliest breakfasts jostle each other on the footways—such is Covent-garden market, with some of its surrounding features.—*Cornhill Magazine* for March.

THE ETRICK SHEPHERD'S DOG.—This dog, though of a sullen disposition, managed a flock with extraordinary skill. On one occasion, about seven hundred lambs, which were under his care at weaning time, broke up at midnight, and scampered off in three divisions across the hills, in spite of all that his master and an assistant lad could do to keep them together. "Sirrah," cried the shepherd in much sorrow, "my man; they're a'awa'." The night was so dark that he could not see his dog; but no sooner did Sirrah hear these words, than he quietly set

off in search of the lambs. The shepherd the lad did, meanwhile, what they could, spent the whole night in scouring the country for miles around, but of neither the flock nor dog could they find a trace. "It was Hogz," the most extraordinary circumstance that had ever occurred in the annals of practical life. As day had dawned, we had nothing but to return to our master, and tell him we had lost his whole flock of lambs, and knew not what was become of one of them. On our return home, however, we discovered a body of sheep at the bottom of a deep ravine, and the straggling Sirrah standing in front of them, looking all around for some relief, but still treating the charge. The sun was then up; and, when the first came in view of them, we concluded that one of the divisions of the lambs that Sirrah had been unable to manage until he came to that commanding situation—But what was our astonishment when we discovered by daylight that not one lamb of the whole flock was missing! How he had got all the divisions together in the dark is beyond my comprehension. The charge was left entirely to himself until the rising of the sun; and, had the shepherd in the forest had been assisted by us, they could not have done it with greater propriety. All that I can say is, that I never felt so grateful to any one below the sun as I did to my honest Sirrah that morning."—*Cassell's Popular Natural History*.

THE COLONIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The Roman maïron said of her children, so the Sovereign of Great Britain speak of the dependencies of her crown—"They are the jewels!" British India is the Kibi-nora, the lion and Mauritius pearls of great price; Java a ruby; Australia and British Guiana golden nuggets; the Cape Colony amber and all the other dependencies of the crown are brilliant and gems, conferring additional lustre on her diadem. Many a nation of Europe vies us the possession of these numerous colonies spreading over tropical and temperate zones, reaching in the western hemisphere from the coast of Guver in the north to the Falkland Islands in the south, and in the eastern, from Hong Kong to New Zealand. How little progress have the European nations made in colonization since the days of our forefathers! France has her colonies few and weak; Russia has hers, many and extensive, but miserable and oppressed. Portugal and Danish settlements are scarcely worth mentioning, and those countries have been parting with their possessions and colonies extending. Holland still remains the only European power that has colonies far away from the European continent. But the aggregate of all the colonial possessions is insignificant when compared with those of the United Kingdom.—*Review*.