

eighteen to twenty years. The horse, in a domestic state, does not often live longer than twenty-five years, and the ass ranges to about the same period. Old age prostrated "Copenhagen," the famous steed of the Duke of Wellington, at the age of twenty-seven. But the wild-horse is supposed to attain a much greater age; and there is a case on record, well authenticated, of a pony, imported into Berkshire, England, from Shetland, in 1786, living till 1848. Swine have been known to live through thirty years, deer eighteen, and camels fifty, though the average ages of all these are much less.

The dog loses his sprightliness in his sixth or seventh year, and has evidently passed the bounds of youth. Gray hairs are here and there upon him at the close of his eighth year, chiefly around his eyes, and at the corners of his mouth. Such appearances become more conspicuous to the eleventh or twelfth year, when actual decrepitude usually commences, and increases so rapidly that by the fourteenth year the animal is a burden to himself, and a nuisance to others. But dogs have lingered to twenty years. Hexior, a shaggy spaniel of German breed, of unusual life and intelligence, was received at four years old by a lady in London, in 1854, and did not die till Christmas-Day of 1870. It was Hexior's good fortune to live in a mansion full of dogs and empty of children. Her history could be woven into a story. From being the equal of her canine associates, she became the preferred, and from that the associate of her mistress. As her years increased, she grew to be queen of the household. She had a language for every need of her life, and it was heard, understood, and obeyed. No one of her associates—they were seven in number—ever entered her luxurious kennel, or touched her dainty repast, or followed her to her intimacies with her mistress, or vied with her in the caresses of strangers, or passed the threshold in her company when she went to take her daily airing. By force of character she held her own to the last, and in her dying hour, on a pillow in the boudoir, her eyes following her mistress while life was panting toward its goal, subdued all frolic among the usually noisy tribe, every member of which was present, and passed away with the dignity of the patriarch Jacob, when "he gathered up his feet in his bed and yielded up the ghost."

The average age of sheep does not much exceed ten years. To that period they live, breed, and thrive well. There are instances, however, of a much more protracted age. Somerville speaks of a Spanish ram that maintained his virile powers twenty-three years, and survived two years longer, and a ewe in Devonshire yeanned a pair of lambs when a shearling, produced two pairs annually for seventeen years, and a single lamb for each of three years more. In Scotland the guide-sheep—old wethers who are kept on purpose to lead the flocks across the mountains and through the unfrequented wilds, average full twenty years of life.

Cows and oxen generally reach the age of seventeen without diminution of their powers. Rings around their horns tell the number of their days. At four years old a

ring is formed at the roots of the horns, and every succeeding year another is added. Thus, by adding three to the number of rings upon the horns, the age of the animal is arrived at.

Among the feathered creation the eagle and raven, the swan and parrot, are each centenarians. An eagle kept in Vienna died after a confinement of one hundred and fourteen years, and on an ancient oak in Selborne, still known as the "raven-tree," the same pair of ravens are believed to have fixed their residence for a series of more than ninety years. Swans upon the river Thames, about whose age there can be no mistake, since they are annually nicked by the Vintners' Company, under whose keeping they have been for five centuries, have been known to survive one hundred and fifty years and more. The melody of the dying swan is entirely mythical. Upon approach of death the bird quits the water, sits down upon the banks, lays its head upon the ground, expands its wings a trifle, and expires, uttering no sound.

The extreme longevity of the parrot is equally authentic. In the Zoological Gardens of London, there is a macaw that was admitted to the Tower in the year 1764. At Versailles, during the reign of Charles X., there was always hanging a cage in the *Œil-de-bœuf* which contained a parrot purchased by the Regent Orleans for the Duchess de Berri. There is not a collection of birds in any of the royal aviaries of Europe that has not its ancient parrot. The writer purchased a gray African parrot in 1856, whose residence in Wales was authenticated for seventy-seven years. The bird, more wonderful for variety of speech than for her age, learning every thing and forgetting nothing, accomplished alike in the Welsh tongue and the English, born in Africa, living more than three-quarters of a century in Europe, and dying in America, might have been alive now but for heedlessness. In 1867 she had certainly approached, if she had not reached and passed, her one hundredth year. Upon a severely cold night in December of that year, she was sent from New York to Washington, and perished by the way. She was in perfect health, had never known a day of sickness, showed no decrepitude, enjoyed life to the utmost, demanded no allowances or concessions on the score of advanced years, and might, but for an exposure to the rigor of an unaccustomed climate, have been alive to-day.

Among fishes, the carp is notorious for the remarkable tenacity with which it clings to life. In the canals of Chantilly carps have been kept for more than a hundred years. They become hoary through old age, and so tame that they come at the call of the keeper to be fed. From remote antiquity, the pike has been considered a long liver. Pliny in ancient times, and Pennant and Gesner in modern, dwell emphatically upon the longevity of this fish. In the year 1497, a pike was taken from the waters of Thailbrun, in Swabia, with a golden ring attached to it, on which was engraved in Greek characters, this inscription: "I am the fish that was put into this lake by Frederick II., October 5, 1250." The fish was, therefore, two hundred and forty-seven years old.

The great longevity of the tortoise is perhaps best established of all. One in the gardens of Lambeth Palace lived one hundred and twenty years. Another at Petersborough attained the age of two hundred and twenty-three years. Bishop Marsh's predecessor in the see had remembered it above sixty years, and he was the seventh prelate who had worn the mitre during its sojourn in the close. When this tortoise died, its body weighed fourteen pounds, and its shell two hundred and fifty-two pounds.

N. S. DODGE.

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

THE sweetest notes among the human heart-strings

Are dull with rust;

The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,

Are clogged with dust;

We pipe and pipe again our dreary music

Upon the self-same strains,

While sounds of crime, and fear, and desolation,

Come back in sad refrains.

On through the world we go, an army marching

With listening ears,

Each longing, sighing, for the heavenly music

He never hears;

Each longing, sighing, for a word of comfort,

A word of tender praise,

A word of love, to cheer the endless journey

Of earth's hard, busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices

For reason's share.

Why should they pause to give that love expression

With gentle care?

Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching

With all the gnawing pain

Of hungry love that longs to hear the music,

And longs and longs in vain.

We love them, and they know it; if we falter,

With fingers numb,

Among the unused strings of love's expression,

The notes are dumb.

We shrink within ourselves in voiceless sorrow,

Leaving the words unsaid,

And, side by side with those we love the dearest,

In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each heart in silence

Its fate fulfils,

Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music

Beyond the distant hills.

The only difference of the love in heaven

From love on earth below

Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,

And there we all shall know.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.