

arate companies, and every fish as local in its dwelling-place as men are; we know, too, that the herrings live also in nations which arrive at maturity in vast groups at different periods of the season. The same laws govern the crustaceæ. Persons who deal in shell-fish can easily tell the different localities from whence they derive their supplies. A Scotch lobster can be readily distinguished from a Norway one; and a "native" oyster differs considerably from a "scuttle-mouth." These are all points which ought, long ago, to have led to a better understanding of the natural and economic history of fish. This ignorance has well nigh ruined our most valuable fisheries. We have been trading for years in the belief that the supply was inexhaustible, and are but beginning to find out that it is even possible to exhaust the sea. The German Ocean has been so long the fishing-pond of Europe, that we can scarcely wonder, considering the wealth that has been drawn from its depths, that its supplies are beginning to fail us. There can be no doubt, however, that other sources of supply will be discovered; if so, we can only hope that some method will be observed in harrying the nest, in order that the supply may be made to go as far as possible.—*The London Review.*

3. NEW HUDSON'S BAY ANIMAL.

The captain of a whaler from the Shetland Isles has lately discovered an entirely new amphibious animal. It belongs to the mammifera, is shaped somewhat like the *tamanti*, *manatere*, and *dugong*, those singular tropical animals which form the link between the hippopotamus and the purely aquatic mammals; has paws like the bear, and, anomalously enough, eight of these, which spread out in the water, disclose webs between the fingers; a triple eyelid, like the crocodile, and a voice described as very plaintive; it spends its days on land, its nights in the water, and is thus invisible during the whole period of Arctic darkness. The captain has brought his prize to Shetland. It lives on seaweed and thrives heartily.

4. A WONDERFUL DOG.

At Aldershot camp there is a large spaniel belonging to a sergeant in the Royal Artillery, who has been taught by his master, in the tedious days of camp life, to perform tricks that are almost marvellous. The dog is perfect in his drill, marching slow, quick, and at the double, in obedience to the word of command. After he had been put through his paces, his master called him up and asked his opinion of the various regiments on the ground. Were the Plungers the best corps?—no signs of approval. Were the Forty-second foot?—silence on the part of the dog. After going over half dozen names, the master asked, exactly in the same tone as that in which he had put his previous questions, the dog's opinion of the Royal Artillery. He instantly burst out into joyous barking, jumping about and rolling. The sergeant then called for three cheers for the King of Prussia—no sounds; three cheers for the King of Naples—a low growl; three cheers for the Emperor of Austria—silence again; three cheers for the Queen of England—such a volley of resounding barks that echoed again.

5. THE SNOW BIRDS.

Where do the snow-birds come from and where do they go? That is a question put by a friend who has been observing the movements of these little winter wanderers of the feathered tribe. He says a dozen or so of greyish white, brown, dear little beauties will come tittering and chirping for a few moments about the yard or near the door of a friendly kitchen, and then away they go. The sky—before cloudless—darkens, and soon the flakes fall thick and fast.—Search for them, the yards—the woods—the swamps, but you fail to discover one of the little prophets. The falling mercury in the barometer indicates that a storm of some kind is near, but the presence of snow birds presages a snow storm always. This winter the snow birds have been particularly zealous in giving their timely warning of the snow storms which have followed one another so rapidly, and have thus kept the highways so nicely covered for the convenience and pleasure of man.

6. THE GREAT PYTHONESS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, LONDON.

At the Society's gardens the large python may be now seen incubating her eggs. The egg laying occurred four weeks ago. The plethoric condition of the serpent occasioned uneasiness. Some supposed that she had bolted a stray blanket; it was considered whether something might be done to relieve the great reptile, when she exuded, as well as the keeper can estimate, about one hundred eggs. These, enclosed in a white leather like substance, are about the size

of those of a goose, the majority of a dirty white appearance connected by a membrane. Among them are two small red eggs, and many are indented—probably by the great pressure of the serpent's body. It is remarkable that this prolific exusion of eggs, which might be supposed to have exhausted the animal and consequently excited hunger, has had apparently an opposite effect. At all events the reptile has not broken her fast for 23 weeks, her husband having meanwhile, indulged in occasional rabbits. Once only has the keeper seen her absent from her interesting incubatory operation; and then, before he could get round to the back of the cage to have a better view of the eggs, she was on them again. In fact, she much resembles an old hen with a brood, puffed up by maternal pride and conceit, and is in a highly excited condition. It will be interesting to watch the result. Immediately opposite the pythoness's cage is a lively member of the viper family, which was hatched in the gardens in 1860 from an egg; and we understand that a boa was born in Paris from an egg hatched by the female. Thus the Zoological Society may reasonably look forward to an increase of its interesting collection of reptiles.

VI. Miscellaneous.

"ROCK OF AGES."

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Chancellor of the Exchequer, has translated into elegant Latin verse Toplady's beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages," which was so great a favourite of the late Prince Consort's. We give both the original and the translation:

(Original.)	(Translation.)
Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee! Let the water and the blood From thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.*	JESUS, pro me perforatus, Condor intra tuum latus! Tu per lympham profluentem, Tu per sanguinem tepentem, In peccata mi redunda, Tolle culpam, sordes munda.
Not the labour of my hands Can fulfil thy law's demands; Could my zeal no respite know, Could my tears forever flow, All for sin could not atone! Thou must save, and thou alone.†	Coram te nec justus forem, Quamvis, totâ vi laborem, Nec si fide nunquam cesso, Fletu stillans indefesso: Tibi soli tantum munus; Salva me, Salvator unus.
Nothing in my hand I bring: Simply to thy Cross I cling; Naked, come to thee for dress; Helpless, look to thee for grace; Foul, I to the fountain fly; Wash me, Saviour, or I die!‡	Nil in manu mecum fero, Sed me versus crucem gero; Vestimenta nudus oro, Opem debilis imploro; Fontem Christi quæro' immundus, Nisi laves, moribundus.
While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyelids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown, See thee on thy judgment throne. Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee!	Dum hos artus vita regit; Quando nox sepulchro tegit; Mortuos cum stare jubeas, Sedens Judex inter nubes; Jesus, pro me perforatus, Condor intra tuum latus!

2. COURAGE IN WOMEN.

There is a branch of general education which is thought not at all necessary for women; as regards which, indeed, it is well if they are not brought to cultivate the opposite. Women are not taught to be courageous. Indeed, to some persons, courage may seem as unnecessary for women as Latin and Greek. Yet there are few things that would tend to make women happier in themselves, and more acceptable to those with whom they live, than courage. There are many women of the present day—sensible women in other things—whose panic terrors are a frequent source of discomfort to themselves and those around them. Now it is a great mistake that hardness must go with courage; and the bloom of gentleness and sympathy must all be rubbed off by that vigor which gives presence of mind, enables a person to be useful in peril, and makes the desire to assist and overcome that sickness of sensibility which can only contemplate distress and difficulty. So far from courage being unfeminine, there is a peculiar grace and dignity in those beings who have little power of attack or defence, passing through

* This last line in some collections reads:

Save from sin and make me pure.

† These two verses combined, in some collections, read as follows:

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could ne'er atone;
Thou must save and thou alone!
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy Cross I cling!