

extraordinary manner, issuing (as the Abbe Provancher well expresses it), like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter? The mystery will probably remain forever unsolved. The only solution that can be offered is, that as the "good observer" has mixed things so promiscuously, he may have mistaken the larva of *Pieris rapae* for a fly, and fathered (or mothered) it on the unfortunate Blistering Beetle, which has enough to do in attending to the potatoes, without providing for the cabbage also.

This beetle seems to be the most injurious of the insects infesting the potato crop in Lower Canada, and its attacks cease about the beginning of August, when the insect is supposed to enter the earth to deposit its eggs. Cutworms, however, did some harm last spring by nipping off the young shoots; and a larva (perhaps of the same family), destroyed the seed in some places, by eating it in the ground, as I was informed by a farmer in the vicinity of Quebec.—G. J. BOWLES, Quebec.

BUTTERFLY PICTURES!—In the woods, near Stamford Bridge, *Argo Galathea* formerly abounded, but it has not been seen for some years: indeed, several of our most conspicuous butterflies (notably *Io*, *Paphia*, *Rhamni*, and *Galathea*), have lately become rare, or disappeared from the neighbourhood of York, Leeds and Sheffield, and this not from any "improvement" of the land, or, so far as appears, any alteration of the former conditions of their existence, but simply from their merciless pursuit and wholesale slaughter by the makers of butterfly pictures. The numbers thus annually destroyed are almost incredible. I have known 250 peacocks used in the construction of an elephant, and upwards of 500 *Vanessa Urtice* in the figure of a crocodile 3 feet long! *Galathea* was an especial favourite with the tribe; a portrait of Lord Brougham in butterflies, the checked trousers depicted by *Galathea's* wings, is considered a very clever work of art!—E. Birchall, in *Newman's Entomologist*.

GRASSHOPPERS.—Under the pressure of necessity, a Salt Lake City blacksmith has invented a machine to kill grasshoppers. It can be manufactured for \$75. It consists of a frame drawn by two horses, having an apron extending forward close to the ground to scrape up the locusts, with a hood above it, forming a box open in front. At the rear of the machine is a pair of rollers geared together, the upper one driven by the carrying wheels, of which it forms the axle. Whatever may find its way into the front of the machine is obliged to pass between the rollers at the back, which, being capable of being forced close together, are described as completely demoralizing the "ironclads."—*Times*.