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## A MYSTERY AND ITS SOLUTION.

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Seated at my desk this evening, with a copy of Vol. I. of Edwards' Butterflies of North America before me, I am forcibly reminded, as I turn to the magnificent plate designated as "Argynnis I.," of an experience of my boyhood. My home, from 1858 to the fall of 1863, was in the village of Salem, N. C., famous as one of the most successful of the settlements made by the Moravian Brethren under the lead of the good Count Zinzendorf, and well known throughout the South as the seat of an excellent seminary for young ladies. The war broke out and the hopes cherished of sending me to the North to be educated were in consequence disappointed. I was left to pursue my studies under a tutor, and to roam the neighborhood of afternoons in quest of insects, of which I gathered a large collection. Unfortunately my stock of books upon entomology was limited, and aside from an original copy of Say's work, of no especial value. My determination of species was therefore very imperfect.

One day I spied upon a bed of verbenas a magnificent butterfly with broad expanse of wing, and large blue spots upon the secondaries. In breathless haste I rushed into the house and got my net. To the joy of my heart, when I returned to the spot, the beauty was still hovering over the crimson blossoms. But, as I drew near with fell intent, it rose and lazily sailed away. Across the garden—over the fence—across the churchyard—out into the street—with leisurely flight the coveted prize sped its way, while I quickly followed, net in hand. Once upon the dusty street, its flight was accelerated; my rapid walking was converted into a run. Down past the church, and,—*horribile dictu!*—past the boarding school that pesky butterfly flew. I would rather have faced a cannonade in those