

There are two kinds in particular, of larger size than usual, which are very conspicuous. One of these is more vagrant than the other, shooting about with a headlong flight, and rarely observed in repose. Its light appears of a rich orange hue when seen abroad; but it frequently flies in at open windows, and, when examined under candle-light, its luminosity is yellow: when held in the fingers, the light is seen to fill the hinder part of the body with dazzling effulgence, which intermits its intensity. The other is more commonly noticed resting on a twig or leaf, where it gradually increases the intensity of its light till it glows like a torch; then as gradually, it allows it to fade to a spark, and become extinct; in about a minute, however, it begins to appear again, and gradually increases to its former blaze; then fades again: strongly reminding the beholder of a revolving light at sea. The hue of this is a rich yellow-green; and sometimes a rover of the former species will arrest its course, and, approaching one of these on a leaf, will play around it, when the intermingling of the orange and green lights has a most charming effect.

In the lowland pastures of the same beautiful island, there is another insect abundant, of much larger dimensions, which displays both red and green light. On the upper surface of the thorax, there are two oval tubercles, hard and transparent like "bull's-eye" lights let into a ship's deck; these are windows out of which shines a vivid green luminosity, which appears to fill the interior of the chest. Then on the under surface of the body, at the base of the abdomen, there is a transverse orifice in the shelly skin, covered with a delicate membrane, which glows with a strong ruddy light, visible, however, only when the wing-cases are expanded. During the dark nights it is most interesting to mark these large beetles flying along over the herbage at the edges of the woods and in the pastures: the red glare, like that of a lamp, alternately flashing upon the beholder and concealed, according as the insect turns its body in flight, but the ruddy reflection on the grass beneath being constantly visible, as the animal leisurely pursues its course. Now and then the green light from the upper "bull's-eye," which seems to be under the insect's control, is displayed, and then again the mingling of the two complementary colours, red and green, in the evolutions of flight, is indescribably beautiful.

I have gazed upon these changing lights, sitting here and there in the openings of the dense forest, during the stillness of the night, till I could scarcely divest myself of the persuasion that human intelligence and human will were concerned in their production. Thoughts of the once happy Indians, that enjoyed a simple life in these charming glades before Columbus discovered their retreats, would then crowd up: and it required but little imagination to fancy myself surrounded by hundreds of the aborigines, holding their revels under the coolness of the night-season, as of old.

#### HARMONIES.

Modern science has shown that animals and plants are not scattered promiscuously over the world, but placed in spheres according to well-defined laws. A few kinds seem, indeed, cosmopolitan, but the great majority have a limited range, each inhabiting its own region, and each, in very many cases, replaced in other similar regions by species more or less closely allied and yet distinct. And more than this; that there are predominant forms of life in every region, so entirely governing the physiognomy of the landscape, that an accomplished naturalist, on being suddenly set down in any part of the earth's surface, would instantly tell in what region he was, by an examination of a few plants or animals.

The statistics on which this science of the geographical distribution of life is built up do not come within my present scope, which is to present the poetic side of nature; but there is a collateral aspect of the same truths worthy of consideration, namely, the harmony which subsists between all the parts of a natural-history picture. If we look with interest on the lion, the jaguar, the zebra, the python, at the Zoological Gardens, or the palms, and bananas, and bamboos in the conservatories at Kew; how vastly more interesting would it be to behold each in its own home; surrounded by all the accessories of surface-form, of atmospheric phenomena, of vegetation, of animal life, which properly belong to it, and without which it is merely an isolated object. Let us select a few examples.

To see the ariel gazelle, accompany a troop of Bedouin Arabs across the great Syrian desert. Grand and awe-inspiring in its boundless immensity, unearthly and ocean-like, the eye shrinks from contemplating the empty, cheerless solitude, and vainly wanders round for some object which may relieve the sense of utter loneliness and desolation. Across the plain, far away towards the west, where the fiery glow of the setting sun brings out their

forms in dark relief, a long interrupted line of columns is seen stretching away below the horizon; while, as the troop approaches, prostrate heaps of ruins appear, groups of broken shafts and bases of columns, huge platforms of stone, and fallen capitals, while here and there a solitary monumental pillar rears itself above the rest in solemn majesty. At the end of the sandy plain, the eye at length rests upon the lofty colonnades of the Temple of the Sun, encompassed by a dark elevated mass of ruined buildings; but beyond, all around, right and left, as far as the eye can reach, extends the vast level naked flat of the great Desert, over which the eye runs in every direction, exploring the boundless horizon, without discovering a human being, or a vestige that tells of existing human life. Naked, solitary, unlimited space extends around, where man never enjoys the refreshment of a shadow, or rests his limbs under cover of a dwelling. There is a deep blue aerial haze spread over the surface, but the distant horizon is nevertheless clear and sharply defined: not an eminence rises to break the monotonous flat, higher than the slight hillocks of sand sprinkled with a withered herbage, which are undiscerned except in their immediate proximity, while along the edge extends a large district covered with salt, distinguished from the rest by its peculiar colour.

Suddenly a herd of gazelles is seen playfully bounding over the sandy mounds, and displaying their elegant forms, and striking though simple colours, and the inimitable grace and beauty of all their actions. The Bedouins seize their lances, the travellers draw their pistols, and, distributing themselves into a wide circle, endeavour to encompass the herd. They seem heedless and unconscious for a time, and then, as the intruders approach, they hold up their beautiful heads, toss their curved and taper horns, and trot up into a closer group. Then, seeing their enemies spurting their steeds from behind the sandy hillocks all round them, they suddenly shoot away with the rapidity of the wind, easily dash through the loosely-formed circle, and, though lances are cast, and pistol-shots resound, unharmed they quickly distance the fleetest of their pursuers; turn and gaze, as if in mingled curiosity and contempt, and then away again, bounding over the tawny sand with an agility that seems rather that of flight than of running.

Or would you see the hyena, where he feels most at home, surrounded by scenes and circumstances most congenial to his habits? Then plod your weary way still further across the sands, and pause not till you encamp amid the gorgeous remains of that ancient City of the Wilderness,

"Whose temples, palaces,—a wondrous dream,  
That passes not away,—for many a league  
Illumine yet the desert."

There sit down alone amid the ruined fanes lighted up by the setting sun, and watch the approach of night, just at the breaking up of the long dry season. Everywhere around are the remains of the glorious city; walls, and gateways, and columns of polished granite of rosy hue, or of marble that gleams like snow in the bright moonlight; many standing in their desolateness, but many more prostrate and half-buried in the drifted sand. Some of the pillars are but dimly seen in the gloomy shadow of the lofty walls, others stand out boldly and brightly in the soft moonbeams, while here and there a brilliant gleam slants down through the windows of a ruined edifice, and illumines the deep and delicate sculpture of a fallen capital, or spreads over a heap of dis-jointed stones. Under you dark and gloomy portal the eye wanders over distant funereal towers crowning the eminences, the noble gateway of the grand avenue, and lines of columns gradually lost in the distance.

But while you gaze, there is a change. The breeze, which had lifted the sand in playful eddies, drops to perfect calmness. Black clouds are collecting over the mountain range that forms the distant horizon. The moon is obscured, and the whole heaven becomes black with tempest. A hurricane suddenly sweeps through the ruined palaces, and fills the whole air with a dense fog of blinding sand. Then a flash of forked lightning shoots between the columns, illuminating them for an instant, and is instantaneously followed by a bursting crash of thunder, which makes the tottering fanes tremble, and huge drops of warm rain, like blood-drops, are spattering the stones. The rain now comes down in one universal deluge, flooding the floors, and pouring off from the old marble platforms in cataracts. Flash follows flash in one continuous blaze of blinding light, bringing out the grim marble towers and pillars against the black clouds of midnight with an awfully sublime distinctness; and crash after crash, and peal after peal of thunder are blending into one uninterrupted roll.

But amidst the deep roar rises from the gaunt heaps of stone an unearthly sound, like the laugh of a demon. Again, the cackling mirth echoes along the ruined halls, as if exulting in the wild war