

of every Grecian bard from the time of Homer to Anacreon. In Westwood's "Arcana Entomologica" the following translation of Anacreon's ode to the Cicada is given :—

Happy creature ! what below
Can more happy live than thou ?
Seated on thy leafy throne,
(Summer weaves thy verdant crown,)
Sipping o'er the pearly lawn
The fragrant nectar of the dawn ;
Mirthful tales thou lov'st to sing,
" Every inch " an Insect King :
Thine the treasures of the field,
All thy own the seasons yield ;
Nature plants for thee the year,
Songster to the shepherds dear :
Innocent, of placid fame,
Who of men can boast the same ?
Thine the lavished voice of praise,
Harbinger of fruitful days ;
Darling of the tuneful nine,
Phœbus is thy sire divine ;
Phœbus to thy notes has given
Music from the spheres of heaven :
Happy most as first of earth ;
All thy hours are peace and mirth ;
Cares nor pains to thee belong,
Thou alone art ever young ;
Thine the pure immortal vein,
Blood nor flesh thy life sustain ;
Rich in spirits—health thy feast ;
Thou'rt a demigod at least.

These insects are also emblematically represented in the hieroglyphics of Egypt as priests—"They were called Tettix by the Greeks by whom they were often kept in cages for the sake of their song. Supposed to be perfectly harmless and to live only on the dew, they were addressed by the most endearing epithets and were regarded as all but divine. One bard entreats the shepherds to spare the innoxious Tettix, that nightingale of the nymphs, and to make those mischievous birds—the thrush and blackbird—their prey. Sweet prophet of the summer, says Anacreon, addressing this insect ; the muses love thee ; Phœbus himself loves thee, and has given thee a shrill song ; old age does not wear thee out ; thou art wise, earth-born, musical, impassive, without blood ; thou art almost like a God. So attached were the Athenians to these insects that they were accustomed to fasten golden images of them in their hair, implying at the same time a boast that they themselves, as well as the Cicadæ, were *Terræ filii*. They were regarded indeed by all as the happiest as well as the most innocent of animals—not, we will suppose, for the reason given in the couplet by the saucy Rhodian bard, Xenarchus, where he notices the peculiarity of the males alone being possessed of the power of singing, and says :—

'Happy are the Cicadæ's lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives.'"

That the Grecian Cicadæ had more musical notes than ours is proved by the fact that its song and the music of the harp were both called by the same name *τεπερισμα*. The Cicada was the emblem of the Science of Music, which was accounted for as follows :—When two rival musicians, Eunomus and Ariston were contending on the harp, the former broke a string and would have been beaten but a Cicada flew down, and settling on his harp, supplied with his voice the missing string and gained him the victory. At Surinam there is a species which is still called *Lierman*, from a supposed resemblance between the sound of the harp or lyre and its song.

Virgil accuses a species found in Italy of bursting the very shrubs with its voice. As far as our own species are concerned, too, I fear no one but an enthusiastic Entomologist, could persuade himself that he found anything very pleasing in the song. I know of nothing more similar to that of *C. pruinosa*, the Frosted Harvest fly, than the noise of a scissors-grinder's wheel. The short carol seems to be produced with a tremendous effort, slowly at first, and gradually rising in intensity of pitch, until at a certain point it begins to descend rapidly, so that one might suppose, if the chorister made the noise with his throat, that he had been seized by that member and were being strangled.