

doing for some other one who is humbly striving, that which at a time long passed, was done for you. I have passed away from my subject entirely, but it seems as if it were but a few days since I was taken by the hand and led wondering, almost trembling into the presence of the grand old masters of natural science, those titans who laid the mighty ground work for all futurity to build upon. Lengths of crape were festooned across the Library, centred in the beak of a great condor, a tribute to the learning and worth of Dr. Morton, who had then just passed from his studies here to those in a land where alone perfect knowledge is attained; and further back peering out of the gloom, hideous in its frightful ugliness, was the head of Gorilla Caniceps, looming up like some Afrit or Gnome, the offspring of opium eating orientalism, and all around and above were books, books. How I wished I could but spend my whole existence there, and I recollect staggering under the weight of an old volume, heavier almost than myself, to where Dr. Zantinger was sitting, and asking him where the name of the huge moth there depicted could be found, and how I stared when he told me that in those days they had not yet named them, and how I wondered why Adam had omitted naming such a vast number of beautiful things, or perhaps his records and catalogues were lost in the deluge, (this latter was the most satisfactory conclusion I could at that time arrive at.) And when new wonders revealed themselves at every page, how I wanted some one to talk to about them and to share my great happiness with me, but as I looked around I could see that all present were either reading or writing, perchance some one as he glanced up from his volume for a moment, met my enthusiastic gaze, and gave the little sickly-looking boy a kindly smile ere he again resumed his book. Oh, those were golden days! How I treasured up the first poor battered specimen of the European Peacock Butterfly, (*Vanessa Io.*), for which I paid 25 cents to a venerable taxidermist, who thought he might as well take my half-year's savings for it as to throw it away; how I wondered if by any earthly possibility I should ever get another, in case accident by fire or flood should happen to this one. Then the first sphinx I ever captured (*Linena* I think was the species,) I kept him in a little box with a glass front, thinking that he would die before long, in which opinion he didn't appear in the least to agree with me, as his eyes shone like coals of fire night after night, and thinking it would overcome the little difference of opinion, I at last ran a pin through his body and impaled him on a board with the innocent idea that it would kill him, and the stupid thing wouldn't die after all, and my conscience smote me day by day, for a week nearly, as he persisted in refusing to give up the ghost; and at last my father, who couldn't bear to see the thing suffer any longer, unpinned it and despite the tears and appeals of his first-born, threw it into the great old-fashioned wood stove to get it out of its misery, as he said. This fixed that stove indelibly in my memory, it was a monstrous old thing, that either threw out a fearful heat or none whatever, no medium, if you let it burn, you had tolerably fair conceptions of Gehenna, if you lowered the fire, lo! it would sullenly die away; "Darling & Smith, Joanna Furnace," was the inscription borne by this household Moloch. Circumstances have many years later brought me to my present home, not many miles from "Joanna Furnace." Since then on many an occasion I have met the "Darling & Smith," and their children and their children's children, but it needs none of these to remind me of the ruin of my first great entomological capture, the recollection of which "only in death will die."

But I can almost imagine I hear my reader's pshaw of impatience at my