

landscape dotted with Palms, Orange trees, Magnolias, Live-oaks and other evergreen trees, and the air so balmy as to at once suggest thoughts of butterfly nets and collecting bottles. Of the latter we had with us a supply, but not expecting to meet with anything on the wing, our insect nets were left folded away in their wintry home. We turned over logs and chips in search of insect life, but found very little to reward our energies. Subsequently, while wandering about in Jacksonville, we saw several butterflies on the wing, most of them new to us; we recognised that charming yellow, *Callitryas cubule* as it floated about among the beautiful roses, jessamines, poinsettas and other flowers in the gardens, and we longed for a net that we might cultivate a closer acquaintance with this and some of the other species which we were unable to determine in their flight. Our old friend, *Danais archippus*, was frequently met with, and reminded us of summer at home. Florida, however, is very poor in insects at this season of the year, but as summer approaches it is in many parts a paradise for the collector. During a week spent in this land of flowers we travelled over 800 miles along its rivers and railways, seeing much of its characteristic scenery, the most southerly point touched being Leesburgh, on Lake Griffin, a little south of the 29th degree of latitude and 300 miles south of Jacksonville by tortuous river travel. Here butterflies were more abundant, and having landed with a very pleasant party in an orange grove, amidst half a million of oranges on 2,500 large bearing trees, one was puzzled what to do first. The oranges were tempting, but the sight of beautiful specimens of *Agraulis vanillæ*, *D. berenice*, with charming *Heliconias*, *Theclas*, etc., was still more overpowering, and with hat in hand, the butterflies were vigorously pursued until several specimens had been secured, but with such imperfect means of capture at hand, the beautiful insects were battered and torn, and our clothing having become covered with malignant burs collected in the chase, we thought it best under the circumstances—the first burst of enthusiasm being over—to devote our attention more particularly to the orange question.

While vigorously consuming oranges, enquiries were made as to whether the trees or fruit were subject to insect enemies. Beyond occasional specimens of the larva of *Papilio cresphontes*, we could not learn of any caterpillar which consumed the leaves, and the only insect which seemed to trouble the orange growers at all was a species of Coccus—*Aspidiotus citricola*—which attacks the bark and foliage of both the orange