

of which he is a member, and contributed to the leading English Magazines. In 1842 he published a very interesting work on "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," in which his clear description of their formation, and of the habits of the strange little creatures that build those structures, showed that he had made the subject one of long and careful observation and study. Two years later appeared Geological Observations on Volcanic Islands;" and in 1846 followed "Geological Observations on South America." In 1851 and 1853 he published his two volumes upon "The Family Cirripedia;" and in a short time two other volumes on the fossil species of the same class. In 1853 the Royal Society, of which he was made a member in 1834, bestowed upon him the Royal Medal; and in 1859 he was awarded the Wollaston Medal by the Geological Society.

Concluded next issue.

PUNY PRICKING PANG PRODUCING PESTS.

As I look over the few weeks of the past vacation spent in the country, memory holds up away above the buttermilk, the oatmeal porridge and the outrageously early breakfasts, those long and hard contests with insects of the genus *Culex*. I shall never forget the first raid they made upon me, though I live till "the almond tree flourish." Being very weary after the journeyings of the day, I easily yielded to the wooing of the drowsy god, and "tired nature" prevailed over pungent appeals until near day break. Just as our antipodes were watching the glory of the setting sun, I opened my eyes in a kind of stupor, and found myself the prey of myriads of winged pipers. With red hot needles in their boots and my face as a dancing floor, they were at the very acme of their bacchanalian revel. My blood wasn't A 1 at this time either, for it is the peculiar work of boils to improve the vital

fluid, and nature would not have sent five of these stalwart and energetic colonists to pitch their tents on my neck if it were already first class. Mosquitoes like a change of diet—that explains it.

With murderous intent I arose, but my experience did not differ from the thousands of others who have purposed the same slaughter. I endeavored to infuse a little poetry into the situation as I thought of Josh Billings hitting "the spot where the little grey cuss had sot." But it was almost a failure. I tried to enjoy the harmonious sounds. But I never cared for a *sting* band. This is not chargeable to the unseasonable hour at which such bands usually play, for I have given them a fair trial during every hour of the twenty four. The music, considered absolutely, may be of the most artistic and enchanting kind, but I have never been able, so far to forget the sequence, as to appreciate it even in a small degree. It is all in vain to urge upon me to look at the matter in a philosophical way. The music may be excellent, I admit, but I am not stoical enough to enjoy the prelude to my own funeral, let it be ever so good. Take the augers and pumps from these puncturing suckers, and let them keep their fiddles, and I'll guarantee to be among the appreciative listeners at their nocturnal serenades after a lapse of time sufficient to make me oblivious of past associations, and not till then. Doubtless the original design of their musical talents was that by their use they might secure undivided attention to the aesthetical part of their performance, or lull their victims to sleep that without opposition they might bore people to death. But this accomplishment is an injury rather than an advantage to these noxious insects as they go upon their gory errand in a country where they are known. By it they tell of their approach, and "to be forewarned is to be forearmed." If they could immigrate to some country upon whose soil none of their race ever set foot, this musical endowment would effect