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THE TOWN AND THE FIELD—WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE COCOONS OF PARASITES.

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Here I am again imprisoned within the walls of the town, after enjoying all the liberty of the field. How unphilosophical and dissatisfying to a devotee at the shrine of Nature are the labors that attach to a locality like this! One must turn over a new leaf occasionally. To balance the ledger, even though it have golden results, is comparably but as the dust of the balance. The City is stupid, hot, and odoriferous—empty, and yet full. Wealth, with its polished exterior, has long since departed, and “poverty, a wrinkle of itself,” remains. The intensity of the heat brings the hidden life without, and the town is seemingly the more full. What a wretched place in midsummer is a great City! Ho! for the country, where the God of Day is awaked by

“The breezy call of incense breathing morn,

* * * * *
The cock’s shrill clarion and the echoing horn.”

And when he sinks to rest behind the everlasting hills, mark

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“How still the evening is,
As hushed on purpose to grace harmony.”

While from every thicket, from tree top, and from meadow—Nature’s most glorious cathedral—comes forth the vesper sacrifice of song. The trees, like columns, reach up to the heavens, and canopied over all, the gorgeous beauty of a passing summer day. These are some of the inspirations that overtake a fellow who is ready to pack up and start.

Meanwhile, as a pleasing abstraction from my surroundings, I write for your journal a brief account of the cocoons of parasites. Much has been written concerning the transformation and habits of the parasitic Hymenoptera. Supposing it may be of interest, I give a few notes relating to the cocoons, and such other methods as these parasites adopt for a covering while in the pupa condition. The circumstance that a portion of my labor during the past season did not result as expected—many