

contain the rudiments of vitality, innumerable as the sands of the sea;—awaiting the call of spring—the bursting of the green leaf, to throw off the shackles of torpidity, and fill the wide solitudes with life and joy. Then will the gorgeous butterfly spread its mosaic wings in the warm sunlight, and the fierce dragon-fly dart, with glancing wing and body of burnished gold, along the surface of the prattling brook; while the festive gnats hold their merry dance under the shadow of the broad bough. See how they swarm upon the air, the leaves—those insect tribes!—every blade of grass resounds with the hum, the gathering of myriads. Behold yon moving point, between us and the blue sky! how it darts—now here, now there, until the eye is incapable of following the rapidity of its motions. Are ye not the inhabitants of the flowers—the revellers of the sun beams—ye denizens of a world unknown? Yea! often have we wondered that the history of your labours, your destinies, has not more generally engaged the interest—the inquiry of man.—What know we of the globe we occupy, the mysterious operations of that Nature, ever displaying new wonders everywhere around our path? The insect tribes come and go as the years hurry on—and we scarcely waste a thought upon their existence, save in a passing tribute of admiration to their exceeding beauty—and this is all!

We have relinquished the unworthy supposition that the high and enduring stars were created but to give us light: may we not equally reject the assertion that such surprising instincts, such diversity of conformation, were bequeathed to insects by the wisdom of Omnipotence, with the mere design of contributing to the capricious entertainment of mankind. We are certain—we *feel* that it is not so; indeed, in the preceding pages many instances have been shown where these little animals render essential service in the economy of nature; and, if it were not foreign to the purpose of this Essay, numerous facts might be advanced to prove the direct benefits which they confer upon the human race. Their agency in the impregnation of plants is well established, and sufficient of itself to justify a more extended view of their general utility. For the present it is enough to solicit attention to this subject, by our humble, but we hope not altogether unsuccessful endeavours, to exemplify the great solicitude—the provident wisdom of the Creator, in the regeneration of that class of animals occupying the lowest rank in the scale of animated beings.

St. John, March, 1842.

THE FORGOTTEN.

A DINGE for the *forgotten* :

No place is for their name,
In solemn page of history,
Or poetry's roll of fame.
They lived, loved, and were cherished,
Life's griefs and joys they bore,
But their memory hath perished,
Their tomb-stones tell no more.
A few bright names are enshrined above
By the hero's sword and the poet's love;
A few proud names with a magic thrill,
In the heart's of men are lingering still;
But we hear no more, by plain or shore,
The names that the forgotten bore.
The beautiful forgotten:
Their eyes of love and mirth,
Their locks of waving sunshine,
No more rejoice the earth.
The proud heart bowed before them,
And monarch's owned their sway.
The starry heavens o'er them
Were less adored than they.
There are forms that Eden's self might own
Chiselled, cold and fair, in marble stone;
The painter has treasured the glance, the smile
Worn by some refter in royal piles;
But we see no more, the wide earth o'er,
The looks that the forgotten wore.
The wise and brave forgotten!
They of the bearing high,
They of the thought engraven brow,
The deep and solemn eye,
The generous emotion,
The deeds so brave and true,
The knowledge like the ocean,
Whose depths no mortal knew:
The chance discoverer's name we link
With mountain, peak, and river's brink:
The conqueror's guilt, the traitor's shame,
The statesman's art, save many a name;
But we hear no more, by plain or shore,
The names the wise forgotten bore.
The loved and wept forgotten!
The gentle and the sweet,
Whose voice and step and kindly smile
'Twas happiness to greet;
The sunlight of the princely board,
The joy of cottage hearth,
Free were their warm affections poured,
And innocent their mirth.
Though often the poet's harp rings loud
With the melody of a title proud,
And wealth has graven his memory where
Proud palaces rise and temples fair:
Yet we hear no more, the wide earth o'er,
The names that the forgotten bore.