

"THE INDOMITABILITY OF THE FLY.—Imagine the endeavor to *tame a fly*! It is obvious that there is no getting at him; he does not comprehend you; he knows nothing about you; it is doubtful, in spite of his large eyes, whether he even sees you, or at least to any purpose of recognition. How capriciously and provokingly he glides hither and thither? What angles and diagrams he describes in his locomotion, seemingly without any purpose. He will peg away at your sugar, but stop him who can when he is done. Thumping, [if you could get some fairy stick that would do it with impunity,] would have no effect on a creature who shall bump his head half the morning at a pane of glass, and never learn that there is no getting through it.—Solitary imprisonment would be lost on the incomprehensible little wretch, who can stand still with as much pertinacity as he can bustle about, and will stick a whole day in one posture.—The best thing to be said of him is, that he is as fond of cleaning himself as a cat, doing it much in the same manner; and he often rubs his hands together, with the appearance of great energy and satisfaction."

The foregoing from the New Monthly Magazine for May 1832 is not amiss. But whether we are to give the cleanly and familiar little pests, called common flies, credit for stupidity or for impudence, even while we write, though their presence is said to argue purity in the atmosphere, we wish the whole and universal family of them was totally extinct—gone from the face of creation, and remembered only as are the Anachins, Mastodons, Philistines, Phœnixes, Phederalists, and other monstrosities of former days. They look harmless, and have a tame, genteel, insinuating air about them; and, at the same time they are the most impertinent, weariful and truly diabolical pests in creation.—When Uncle Toby discharged one, his philanthropy was most questionable. Mercy to the insect was cruelty to mankind; for who can say what untold millions of ravenous and unnumbered armies may have descended from that solitary fugitive? Philosophy furnishes us with no means of avoiding their assaults