

one third larger than a mustard seed. Each of these bodies is like a living star, emitting a bright light. When the fly is dead their bodies will still afford considerable light, and if rubbed over the hands or face they become luminous in the dark like a board smeared over with English phosphorus. They dive in rotten trees in the day but are always abroad in the night. The other kind is not more than half as large as the former. Their light proceeds from under their wings, and is seen only when they are elevated, like sparks of fire appearing or disappearing at every second. Of these the air is full in the night though never seen in the day. They are common not only in the southern but in the northern parts of America during the summer."

Hail brilliant insect of the night,
We greet with joy thy flitting light,
When spring with soft green mantle spreads
Acadia's hills and flowery meads;
When gentle zephyrs now invite
To ramble by the star-light night;
Ere the tall forest tops assume
Their varied tints of summer bloom;
Thou comest fair Summer's harbinger
As brilliant as the evening star.

Where the tall elm its waving head
Bends graceful o'er the pebbly bed
Of Salmon River's gentle stream,
(Each lover's and each poet's theme,)
When eve its sable curtain drew,
Closing the scenery from my view.
I've watched thy flashing with delight
Reflected in the waters flight;
As a bright meteor, in the sky,
That swiftly glances past the eye,

Shedding like Jupiter's fair daughter,
Its transient beams o'er earth and water,
But sudden sinking to the ground
Leaves gloomy darkness all around.

In countless myriads are seen
Thy tribe like spangles on the green,
Shining as if they strove to vie
With the starr'd canopy on high,
Or wandering in airy maze
Millions at once emit their rays.
Then sudden closing up the source
Of light fly round in circling course,
Then quick as an electric flash
On the enraptured vision dash.

Over the treacherous bog's deep mire
Thou most delight'st to shew thy fire,
As if to warn th' unwary stranger
Of near approach to path of danger,
And bright thine intermitting lamp
Shines o'er the surface of the swamp.
Sometimes in town I've seen thee straying
Thy solitary light displaying,
Chas'd by th' un pitying boy who seeks
To daub thy phosph'rus o'er his cheeks,

Say pretty insect whence that power
To beautify the peaceful hour
Of silent night? Whence comes the beam
That shoots from 'neath thy wings its
gleam?
Proclaim from whom the gift was sent
To rival that bright firmament?

"Tis from the same all gracious love,
Which built that canopy above.
He made me shine, I do his will,
Thou should'st his wishes too fulfil.
If thou art bless'd with worldly gain,
Let poverty ne'er ask in vain.
If thou'st a mind enriched with lore,
Diffuse around the grateful store;
Do good to all thou'lt surely find
Thy blessing in a peaceful mind.

F.

RETROSPECTIVE.

(Continued from page 24.)

"In some parts of the continent the winters are not quite so long. In the northern parts of America there is no spring; as soon as the snow is gone the scorching hot weather begins, and the earth is soon alive with grubs and other vermin, which destroy the grain, and render the summer little more comfortable than the winter.—The legs, arms, hands, face, neck, &c. of the inhabitants are often much swelled and inflamed from the bite of sand-flies, mosquitoes, &c. In some constitutions their bites produce sores and ulcers very troublesome and tedious to heal—they frequently drive people from work. In the southern States the heat, equal to the East or West Indies, renders it impossible for Europeans to labour in the fields.—