

Instead, the story true appeared
And every sailor did his best,
While straight from port the vessels steered
For those far islands in the west.

But none returned of all who went,
Who sight of those fair islands caught,
Through the white waves the tempest sent
The barks which shattered home were brought.

And some returned no more—but these
Were fabled to have reached the strand,
Where, anchored in luxurious ease,
Their ships will never leave the land ;

The crews lie on those sunny slopes,
Purple with fruit, with vintage blest ;
The ships are held by flowery ropes
In sleepy bays content to rest.

The poet steps into his boat,
The sunset makes his starting fair,
Through the long night with Death he'll float,
And in the morning he'll be there.

The study of the geographical distribution of our Moths has led us a long way back in the history of our race and the birth of our ideas. We have now somewhat briefly, but, I hope, clearly, discussed the basis for this first element in our Moth fauna, and I would merely point out that in studying the unequal differences which show themselves between the allied forms, I have found a certain system in the variational characters. These, when compared, are first obvious on the upper surface of the fore wings, then on the upper surface of secondaries, and finally beneath. In other words, this variation follows the exposure of the different surfaces to the air and light, the moths resting chiefly by daylight with the primaries more or less deflexed and their upper surfaces exposed, covering the hind wings. An instance in point is the White Underwing, *Catocala Relicta*, an insect which has a certain range of variation in the general color of the fore wings, which are sufficiently unlike those of its near European ally, the Blue Underwing, *Catocala Fraxini*. The upper surface of the hind wings is very much like that of the European species, except that the narrow median band is *white*, not dusky *blue*. But I have originally