

MY FIRST NAMESAKE.

By SAMUEL H. SCUDDER.

In the summer of 1860 I made a collecting trip to Lake Winnipeg and the lower Saskatchewan, interesting to me because so far as I went I passed over the exact route taken by the Franklin search party under Sir John Richardson. It will be remembered that the insects collected on that occasion were published in Richardson's *Fauna boreali-americana*, by Kirby, and I was thus the better able to determine some of his species. Among the butterflies I found at the mouth of the Saskatchewan (collected with incredible difficulty on account of the mosquitoes) was a delicately marked and exquisitely pretty bluet unknown to me, and I sent it to Mr. W. H. Edwards, then just beginning to describe new American butterflies, who pronounced it new and named it *Lycæna scudderii*. It was the first insect named for me and has always held a special place in my affection.

Although first described from specimens brought from the interior of the continent and far north, it has since been taken over a wide extent of northern territory, mostly in Canada, and as far east as Cape Breton; it has been found also in a few isolated localities at some distance from its known general range, as at Albany, N. Y. It was on account of its occurrence at this place (though it has since been recorded from New Hampshire) that I introduced it in my work on the Butterflies of the Eastern United States. Its early stages had been partly described by a Canadian entomologist, but, unwilling to publish my work without a tolerably full account of my namesake and figures of it at every stage, I determined to make a visit at the proper season to the spot near Albany where it had been found, and get eggs from females enclosed over lupines, and so, by rearing it, obtain its whole history. The State entomologist who had first discovered it at Albany kindly accompanied me to the breeding ground, and with an absence from home of just twenty four hours I obtained the material afterward used in my book.

Of course the Reporters got wind of this; a journey of four hundred miles after a butterfly's eggs was not lost upon them! They learned how many eggs I had secured and, easily figuring