

MEMOIRS OF A BUTTERFLY.

"'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours."

The approach of autumn and the conviction that I shall not survive the first sharp frost, would fill me with dismay did I not belong to the educated class of butterflies. I can submit to the laws of nature and die; I cannot submit to die and leave no record of my existence. But I am not called to this trial; my friend, the gadfly, promises to take charge of these memoirs, and to trumpet their praises through the insect world.

Of my infancy I remember nothing, except indeed it was said "I was a remarkably fine caterpillar;" but my own recollections begin at the moment when I burst from my chrysalis and found myself a butterfly. I belong to that splendid tribe called the Atlanta, my wings being glossy black, edged with the richest carmine. How well do I remember the morning of my first flight! From being shut up in a dusky prison, I suddenly found myself fluttering among flowers that I continually mistook for brother butterflies, the glorious sun shining without a cloud, thousands of insects sporting in his golden beams. How many friendships did I form on that happy day! How sweet were my slumbers when at night I folded my wings in a rose!

I will not describe my way of life. In a few days my rose tree became the resort of a selection from the most approved species of butterfly. The swallow-tailed, the peacock, the buckthorn and the atlanta kind took the lead on account of the splendors of their attire; the inferior orders were only bowed to at a distance, and, of course, every insect that was not a butterfly was regarded with the utmost horror, except always the gadfly, the wasp and the bee. The first was necessary as a newsmonger, and as all three carried stings it was not safe to despise them. Every day the coterie on the rose tree formed a party of pleasure to visit a different spot in the garden. Sometimes we danced quadrilles in the air, sometimes we formed a party for conversation beneath a myrtle-tree; occasionally, for the sake of his honey, we invited an old bee to join our picnics, but so much did we fear he might presume upon the honor and join us when it might be unpleasant to recognize him, that we only invited him twice. This delightful life lasted for a month; towards the close of that time weariness stole over us. Pleasure was the sole object of our search, and having exhausted all we knew, the inquiry was, "What should be done next?" Labor was out of the question; our high birth and refined habits equally forbade it. We had, therefore, no resource but to quarrel among ourselves. Jealousies, rivalries and

bickerings now disturbed the rose tree. For myself, I made satirical verses on all parties. I was so vexed at the disturbed state of our politics that I contrived to make myself the head of a party, whom I drew off and established in a myrtle tree. Soon after two of the party met with an untimely death; one was crushed by a little ruffian of a school-boy, and the other took cold by venturing into a damp lily.

For the past fortnight my troubles have been of a personal nature. I feel the approaches of old age, grave thoughts will obtrude upon my mind, and on reviewing my past life I almost suspect that the despised ant and bee have been more honorable insects than myself, because more useful. I have enjoyed much pleasure, but then it is over, and the recollection is but cold comfort. I have been greatly admired; I am not sure that I was ever loved. I cannot help wishing I had a few kind actions to remember, but I cannot call any to mind. I certainly once felt ashamed of my party for scoffing at a poor black beetle (it could not help its ugliness), but then I did not use my influence to protect it. I did certainly once wish to relieve the anguish of a dying moth, by lifting it from the gravel-walk to a rose-leaf, but then I abstained for fear of soiling my wings. Well, if I might again emerge from my chrysalis I would live a very different life, but as I can not I must hope that the posterity of butterflies, to whom I dedicate these memoirs, will profit by my experience and my regrets.—*Sarah Jewsbury.*

A Petrified Stump.

An item in last issue of *The Enterprise*, referring to the petrified stump lately excavated in Fraser's freestone quarry in this vicinity, (New Glasgow, N. S.) induced the writer to visit the quarry in question a few days ago. The fossil stump was found resting upon the edge of an excavated ledge, forming, as it were, a shelf in the stratified rock of the quarry bank. Its position thus exposed to view several of its roots and rootlets, some of which were distinctly traceable more than twenty feet from the stump. The natural way in which these rock-embedded roots are disposed, show, beyond doubt, that they rest where they grew, and that the stump has not drifted to its present position. The stump itself is a stump literally, for, unfortunately for the curious geologist, it is truncated by a horizontal plane rather below where the roots begin to divide, the whole of the trunk above that plane being wanting. The truant trunk must have been one of unusual size, for the stump measures about three feet across the top, its great roots bearing witness to how firmly the ancient