

The Bull Onthophagus: the Nymph

adult Beetle's corselet, a thing which will exist one day. We catch the genesis of the species in the act; the present teaches us how the future is prepared.

And what does the Beetle propose to do with this object of his ambition, this spear which he hopes by and by to place upon his spine? At any rate as a dazzling piece of masculine finery the thing is already fashionable among the various foreign Scarabs that feed themselves and their grubs on decaying vegetable matter. These giants among the wearers of armoured wing-cases delight in associating their placid corpulence with halberds terrible to gaze upon.

Look at one, *Dynastes Hercules* by name, a denizen of rotten tree-stumps under the scorching skies of the West Indies. The peaceable colossus well deserves his epithet: he measures three inches long. Of what service can the threatening rapier of the corselet and the toothed lifting-jack of the forehead be to him, unless it be to make him look grand in the presence of his female, herself deprived of these extravagances? Perhaps also they are of use to him in certain operations, even as the trident helps the Minotaur in crumbling his pellets and carting his rubbish. Implements of which