

BUFO VULGARIS.

SHALL our noble race forever be crushed beneath the heel of a heedless humanity? Ye mortals who vainly fancy yourselves the lords of creation, open your eyes and endeavor, as far as your dull intellects will permit, to appreciate the more elevated characters you meet with in your daily walk. True, we cross your path as seldom as possible, for it invariable involves our receiving an impetus in another direction. Small minds always become irritated on coming in contact with superior ones. But our spirits are invincible, and no rebuff of Dame Fortune can ever make an impression upon our flexible natures. We are too modest and retiring in disposition to flaunt our charms in the broad daylight. If you would worship at our shrine you must leave the glare and dazzle of the public highway, and turn aside to a moist corner of the garden, or seek the seclusion of some savory cellar. There, "far from the madding crowd," we blush unseen and ponder upon affairs more weighty than those that have wrinkled your statesmen's brows.

Beauty is merely a matter of taste, and the day is coming when all critics will agree in voting our race to possess more of the elements of real loveliness than the prancing war horse or the petted ball-room belle. Nobody who has ever seen one after another of the insect tribe succumb to the force of my attractions, can deny that I have a very open countenance. Strange, indeed, that my pliant supple figure has never formed the theme for poet's eulogy. Stranger still that my liquid eyes have never called forth any amorous glances, nor my agile leaps elicited bursts of admiration. After making one of my most graceful springs I pause and gaze around for applause, but am ever sadly disappointed. There is an ease, a deliberation about my movements that hot-headed humanity cannot appreciate.

In the course of my long and varied experience, I have met with many kinds of treatment from the human race. The men in their infuriated bombast scornfully thrust me aside, but the women, dear souls, have a proper respect for my unrivalled person. Often a member of the gentle sex fairly shrieks with ecstasy at my sudden appearance, and oft have I been reverently ap-

proached and tenderly consigned to the outside world, by means of a pair of tongs. But the worst enemies of our race are those small specimens of humanity, denominated boys. Many a dreary hour have I passed with a lot of old nails, marbles, strings, and other questionable company, in a grimy pocket subject to the constant intrusion of a grimy paw.

Why cannot we be left to pursue our way in peace? We allow you to transact all your paltry business affairs without molestation, and hope that soon we shall meet with that consideration which our sensitive frames demand. In the meantime we shall continue to exercise our power over mankind, exerting an influence too subtle to be felt.

In every community there is a large and ever increasing class, deeply imbued with our spirit, who are the saving power of the race. Nobly do they strive to practice our virtues, as far as feeble human powers will permit; no amount of self-sacrifice is too difficult for them, no duty too low or debasing to be performed in the service of one, a step higher in the social scale. They look down with a noble contempt on those slightly beneath them, and ever aspire to reach higher themselves. Their natures are intensely sympathetic. They can find something clever or agreeable in the most insipid speeches of an aristocratic friend. All the actions of the great are meritorious in their eyes, and in their deep self-forgetfulness they pander to the tastes of the nerves they worship.

Happy am I to be able to state that this worthy class is to be found even among the youth of the human species. Our ideas are inculcated in early childhood, and seldom fail to take deep root. They are tenderly fostered in all schools and colleges, and flourish amazingly. Who can but admire the character of that young girl, who, with supernatural discernment, can discover so many distinguished virtues in her well-dressed associate. No amount of conceit or affectation can conceal them from her penetrating gaze. She has such a high respect for the judgment of the adored one that it colors all her own thoughts and opinions.

With such a hold upon the fair sex, who are the arbiters of the race, is it any wonder that we are making rapid strides in the favor