

supposed. I think it is De Saussure who assures us of the ultimate triumph of the English tongue in the contest for existence between the languages, and it is a matter of at least secondary importance that the English names of our butterflies come into use. A butterfly has as good a right to an English, or common name, in an English speaking country, as a plant. And plant names are part of our literature, of our poetry. Perhaps what I said in the "Popular Science Monthly" might be repeated here. The introduction of common names for our Lepidoptera is evidently a matter not to be forced, but to be left to itself. The rule of priority which Linnæus appointed to govern Latin names cannot obtain here. Some of our butterflies have received several English names, as our "Milk-weed butterfly." Some of the names for moths in use in England are very pretty, such as the "Arches" and "Wainscots." English names will, it is to be hoped, gradually appear in our American literature and come into use. The vernacular names proposed in our economic works, mere translations from the Latin, are often very ugly and have nothing to commend them. But see what lovely names they have in England for their moths! The "Kentish Glory," the "Peach Blossom," the "Buff Arches," the "Common Wainscot." About the vernacular names for our moths must come the cooling touch of time; they cannot be struck out in the heat which accompanies the coining of a Latin name for a new species (struggling for priority). Around their cradle some tutelary divinity must hover; some old and idle tale, like an ancient crone, must be its nurse; out of some melody, dedicate to fields and flowers, must the words be taken which are to serve as the common title of the insect haunting these pastures. And not the first but the best known, and in itself the best name, must be chosen, and to exercise this choice there must be some literary taste in the writer, some quaint appositeness in the name itself. Here, in Germany, with its wonderfully supple language, and the frequency of compound words, common names have been easily made and pass current. My young friend Eugene, as to trusting whom with a cyanide bottle I feel some scruples, talks quite glibly and confidently to me about the "Grosser" and "Kleiner Fuchs;" the latter he has not been able to catch yet, but he knows how it looks from his little handbook, which has fairly good figures and the common name preceding the Latin one for each species. It seems to be a fact, and I do not see how Mr. Edwards can get around it, that young ento-