

days than a bevy of boarding-school misses, but there was no alternative. There were the dreaded females at the windows, (for it was Saturday, and vacation hour,) and there was my butterfly. Sweating, blushing, inwardly anathematizing my luck, I rushed past the school, only to be overwhelmed with mortification by the rascally porter of the institution, who was sweeping the pavements, and who bawled out after me: "Oh! it's no use—you can't catch it! It's frightened, you're so ugly!" And now it began to rise in its flight. It was plainly my last chance, for it would in a moment be lost over the house tops. I made an upward leap, and by a fortunate sweep of the net, succeeded finally in capturing my prize. I decided that it was an *Argynnis*, and noted the similarity of the silvery spots to those of *A. Diana*, of which I had several male specimens agreeing with the plate in Say. But I was sorely puzzled. In 1863 I went North. My collection followed me in 1865, after the war. I sought in vain, however, for some one to name my butterfly for me. I asked the Professor of Zoology in the College where I was pursuing my studies, to help me, but with characteristic frankness, he answered my request by saying: "I don't know anything about bugs and butterflies, and nobody else in the Faculty does." Some time later, being in London, at the British Museum, I asked to see the cases containing *Argynnis*, but my black beauty was not there represented. I described it as well as I could to the gentlemanly Curator, and made a rough drawing for him from memory, and received the reply: "You must be mistaken, sir, in your identification of the genus. We have no such *Argynnis* here, at all events."

Meanwhile my collecting ceased for the time, and my collection was deposited in the keeping of an Eastern institution of learning. There it went the way of such things when carelessly attended to. Eighteen months ago the collection was restored to me. Alas! for the most part in the form of dust and fragments. My black beauty was an unsightly wreck—a wingless, worm-eaten body on a pin.

The mystery remained unsolved for me until I opened this magnificent work of Mr. Edwards', and I now at last have the satisfaction of knowing the name of the beautiful insect I chased down the streets of Salem more than twenty years ago; and of having the assurance that in all probability the specimen I impaled that July morning was the first specimen of the female of *Argynnis Diana* ever put upon an insect pin.