

and farther north, followed by the main body of its train—plants, butterflies, and animals,—the while some of these foolish butterflies were beguiled by the shallow ice-torrents which then filled the ravines of Mount Washington. Return became at length impossible. They advanced behind the deceiving local glaciers, step by step up the mountain-side, pushed from below by the warm climate, which to them was uncongenial, until they reached the mountain-peak, to-day bare of snow in the short summer. Here, blown sideways by the wind, they patiently cling to the rocks. Or, in clear weather, on weak and careful wing, they fly from flower of stemless mountain-pink to blue-berry, swaying from their narrow tenure of the land. Drawn into the currents of air that sweep the mountain's side, they are, at times, forced downwards, to be parched in the hot valleys below. Yet they maintain themselves. They are fighting it out on that line. They are entrapped, and must die out by natural causes, unless certain entomologists sooner extirpate them by pinning them up in collections of insects.

What time, on "Bigelow's Lawn," I see the ill-advised collector, net in hand, swooping down on this devoted colony, of ancient lineage and more than Puritan affiliation, I wonder if, before it is too late, there will not be a law passed to protect the butterflies from the cupidity of their pursuers.

This is the story of a New-England colony of butterflies. I commend this colony to the protection of all good citizens of the State of New Hampshire.