

death dye the scales of the dolphin, and how every various pang calls up a various suffusion of splendor.\* Even the common stickleback of our ponds and ditches can put on its colors to picture its emotions. There is, it seems, a mighty amount of ambition, and a vast deal of fighting sheerly for conquests sake, among the myriads of this pygmy little fish

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\* The description of Falconer must be familiar to every reader, but I cannot resist quoting it. It shows how minutely the sailor poet must have observed. Byron tells us how

“ Parting day

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color, as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till — tis gone, and all is gray.”

Falconer, in anticipating, reversed the simile. The huge animal, struck by the “ unerring barb ” of Rodmond, has been drawn on board, and

“ On deck he struggles with convulsive pain ;  
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,  
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,  
What radiant changes strike the astonished sight !  
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light !  
Not equal beauties gild the lucid West  
With parting beams o'er all profusely drest ;  
Not lovelier colors paint the vernal dawn,  
When Orient dews impearl the enamelled lawn ;  
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,  
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow ;  
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,  
And emulate the soft celestial hue ;  
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,  
And now assume the purple's deeper dye.  
But here description clouds each shining ray —  
What terms of art can Nature's powers display ? ”