

never made a shipwreck in the eddy or sank in the pool. It is to these little creatures that Wordsworth refers in one of his sonnets on sleep:—

“O sleep, thou art to me
A fly that up and down himself doth shove
Upon a fretful rivulet; now *above*,
Now *on* the water, vexed with mockery.”

As shown, however, to the poet himself on one occasion, some what to his discomfort, by assuredly no mean authority,—Mr James Wilson,—the “vexed” “fly,” though one of the hemipterous insects, never uses its wings, and so never gets “*above*” the water. Among my other favorites were the splendid dragon-flies, the crimson-speckled Burnet moths, and the small azure butterflies, that, when fluttering among delicate hair-bells and crimson-tipped daisies, used to suggest to me, long ere I became acquainted with the pretty figure of Moore,* or even ere the figure had been produced, the idea of flowers that had taken to flying. The wild honey bees, too, in their several species, had peculiar charms for me. There were the buff-colored carders, that erected over their honey-jars domes of moss; the lapidary red-tipped bees, that built amid the recesses of ancient cairns, and in old dry stone-walls, and were so invincibly brave in defending their homesteads, that they never gave up the quarrel till they died; and, above all, the yellow-zoned humble bees, that lodged deep in the ground along the dry sides of grassy banks, and were usually wealthier in honey than any of their cogeners, and existed in larger communities. But the herd-boys of the parish, and the foxes of its woods and brakes, shared in my interest in the wild honey bees, and, in the pursuit of something else than knowledge, were ruthless robbers of their nests. I often observed, that the fox, with all his reputed shrewdness, is not particularly know-

* “The beautiful blue damsel fly,
That fluttered round the jessamine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems.”