

Bits of Verse About Bugs.

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At first thought bugs may seem an unlikely subject for verse and one may wonder that poets with all the miracles of air and earth and sky to write about should trouble themselves about any thing so insignificant as a bug. Those, however, who have made excursions, even very brief ones, into the realm of entomology remember what new and fascinating vistas opened before them. To realize the fascination of the subject one needs only to read *Stewie Fabre*, the insect *Stoner*, or *Sir John Lubbock*, or *Masterlinck's* story of the bees, or most interesting of all, the naive and delightful, "*Insecten Belustigings*" of *Baron Rösel von Rosenhof*. The latter, indeed, was so ardent an entomologist that his inspired biographer in a three page poem which he incorporates in the preface to the sixth volume reassures the departed spirit thus,

"Scientists thy name shall cherish,
So that thy fame shall never perish
And the creeping things of earth shall be
A lasting monument to thee."

The insect world is indeed a wide one, and even those men who have found within it inspiration and material for a whole life time of work have been able to study minutely only a few groups. A vast world it is but even more ephemeral, ever more fluctuating than the world of men.

"The sun comes forth and many reptiles spawn,
It sets, and each ephemeral insect then
Is gathered into death without a dawn,
And the immortal stars awake again."

Poets have sung freely and more or less accurately of birds and flowers, but allusions to the insect life which forms so vital a part of our environment are comparatively rare. Many of these allusions are hackneyed and conventional, "the busy bee", "the frivolous butterfly", "the industrious ant", "the idle grasshopper" — these add nothing to the sum of our knowledge. Perhaps the butterfly is the insect most celebrated in prose and poetry. Its gorgeous colors, graceful flight and curious and easily observed transformation have attracted general notice. The Greeks made it the symbol of the soul and pictured Psyche with the wings of a butterfly. Many writers have seen in the three stages of its development the three phases in the life of the human soul. Like the caterpillar we grovel on the earth, like the chrysalis, seeming dead, we lie in the grave and like the butterfly, leaving the empty shell of our bodies we shall find a new and glorious life in a new form. Shelley alludes to this belief when he speaks of,

"Many an antenatal tomb
Where butterflies dream of the life to come."

Byron who probably wrote more about nature than any other American poet gives in "After a Tempest" these lines.

"And from beneath the leaves that kept themselves
Flew many a glittering insect here and there
And darted up and down the butterfly,
That seemed a living blossom of the air."

This description is at once apt and poetical for the butterfly, whether we confer plate the pale glory

of the Luna moths or the iridescent sapphires of some tropical species, are most flowerlike. So rare is their beauty that we feel that Titania chose well when she bids the elves who are to attend Bottom

"Pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes."

In "June" Bryant returns to the conventional idea when he says "The idle butterfly

I should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird."

The butterfly does not really deserve the reproach of idleness and is far from being the frivolous creature he has so often been considered. In all these seemingly purposeless flutterings from flower to flower he has motives the most important possible to any species — the twin motives of self preservation and reproduction. The nectar which he draws from the flowers with his long sucking tube represents to him bread, butter and beefsteak; and, in various situations according to species, the female deposits the eggs which insure the next generation. To this practically the entire adult life of the butterfly is devoted and since lectures on birth control have formed no part of their curriculum they go about the business with great thoroughness. The gardener who wages incessant battle with the cabbage worms contends that they are far too thorough; for these same hated cabbage worms are the larvae of *Pieris*, the dainty white and golden butterflies that dance like animated pearls and gold necklaces about one's garden all summer long.

Ruth Mc Eweny Stuart shares the common opinion as to the indolence of the butterfly

"Sis' Butterfly aimed to work all night
But 'er wings des was heavy, an' 'er head too light
So she riz in de air, case she see she was made
jus' to fly in de sun in de beauty parade.

Can she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat —

Can she ain't by 'erself in dat.

In "The Butterfly That Stamped" Skipling has written a delightful fable with a moral for all discontented wives. Rossetti sums up the life history of the butterfly in one of his quaint experiments in rhyme

" Brown shell first for the butterfly
And a bright wing by and by
Butterfly, goodbye to your shell
And bright wings, speed you well.
Bright lamplight for the butterfly
And a burnt wing by and by
Butterfly, alas for your shell,
And bright wings, fare you well."

When we are feeling peculiarly humble we call ourselves "worms of the dust" and worms have long been one of the gruesome accompaniments of our images of death and the grave. These so-called worms are mostly insect larvae and a large proportion of them have been maligned as to their habits, since in general they are vegetarians to a degree. True certain beetles and certain flies lay their eggs in decaying flesh and the developing larvae feed upon it but this should not give a bad character to all worms, particularly when the common interpretation includes under that name such diverse creatures as angle worms, myriapods and the larvae of several different orders of insects. Virgil in the

Last book of the Geopics has an elaborate formula for engendering bees in the decaying flesh of King which bit of misinformation undoubtedly had its origin in the hatching of flies in such situations.

Flies, indeed, have suffered much and deservedly at the hands of literary man and layman. There is a wide gap between Uncle Toby's benevolent "This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me." and the modern version of our childhood rhyme which reads: "Baby bye, there's a fly! Let us swat it, you and I." When we consider the menace to life and health represented by the fly it seems indeed poetic justice that it should be fly larvae which most frequently play the leading role of the piece of which Poe wrote

"The play is the tragedy, Man,
The hero the Conqueror Worm."

In harmony with the gloomy and mysterious character of Poe's foreboding we find this theme a favorite with him. In "The Sleeper" we read,

"My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep,
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!"

The Bible, that storehouse of forceful imagery, abounds in such descriptions. The prophet Isaiah in his song of triumph over the King of Babylon chants,

"The worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

And in the gloomiest of Shakespeare's sonnets, the seventh first,

"No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surely, sullen bell."

Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell."

Not solely as the emblems of death and corruption does
he mention worms. In "Twelfth Night" Viola speaks
of her sister

" who never told her love,
But let Concealment, like the worm i' the bud,
Gnaw at her damask cheeks."

This "worm i' the bud" was probably the larva of one of
the numerous species of flower beetles. Beetles, however,
have received scant courtesy at the hands of our poets—
a neglect the more remarkable when we consider that
this is one of the largest orders of insects and that some
species vie with the butterfly in beauty and brilliancy
of coloring. Indeed so gorgeous and so durable are the
elytra or wing covers of certain tropical species that they
are largely used as jewelry. The beetle has added interest
in the fact that the Egyptians chose one form, *Scarabaeus*
sacra, the large black dung beetle common in Mediterranean
countries, as the symbol of resurrection and immortality.
Although the belief has long since vanished, the custom of
wearing scarabs, tiny stone beetles carved with emblems
of good fortune, as amulets has persisted to the present day.

But all this ancient and aristocratic lineage has
not availed to make the beetle a favorite with poets.
In "Midsummer Night's Dream" the fairies sing an
Titania's lullaby.

"Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence
Beetles black, approach not near.
Worms nor snail, do no offence."

Gray, in the *Elegy*, tells of the drowsy summer twilight

"Where all the air a solemn stillness holds
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight."

Another poet speaks of the beetle "sounding his small
but sullen horn.", while Bryant thus pictures a hot
summer noon.

"The rivulet's pool,
That darkly quivered all the morning long,
In the cool shade now glimmers in the sun.
And o'er its surface shoots and shoots again,
The glittering dragonfly, and deep within
Run the brown water beetles to and fro."

Fireflies, on the contrary, have appealed to many poets.
Titania in a charming passage, orders her elves

"The honey bags steal from the Humble bees,
And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise."

altho Titania is somewhat more poetical her entomology
is less accurate than that of a later poet who chants
eloquently, "The lightning bug is brilliant,

But he hasn't any mind.
He blunders through creation,
With his headlight on behind."

In Lockesley Hall Tennyson uses the firefly in a
rather inadequate simile, when he speaks of the
Pleiads as "A swarm of fireflies, tangled in a golden braid."
There is an old song by an unknown writer. The
Great Adventurer, which records that,

"Where there is no place
For the glow worm to lie,

"Where there is no space,
For receipt of a fly;
Where the midge dares not venture,
Sest herself fast she lay;
If love came he will seek
And soon find out his way."

Lowell's patriotic outburst "The Warblers of the Shroud"
has its atmosphere of mystery and of the supernatural
enhanced by the lines,

"Pale fireflies pulsed within the meadow mist
Their halos waivering thistledowns of light."

Whittier has a most appropriate reference to the firefly
in "The Barefoot Boy."

"While for music came the play
Of the fired frog's orchestra
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire."

This poem abounds in natural lore,

"Knowledge never learned of schools.
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place
Of the black wasp's cunning way
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans,
Of grey hornet artisans."

The bee, indeed, is so much one of our domestic creatures
that it is as commonly alluded to as is the household
cat or dog. Whittier has a poem based on the old English
tradition that bees will leave their hives if they are not
duly informed of a death in the family.

"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence
mistress Mary is dead and gone."

It is said that the bee was the harbinger of the pioneer and penetrated into the prairies only some few miles farther than the settlements. Bryant covers this idea in the poem "The Prairies".

"The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannahs with his murmuring,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak."

In "Summer Wind" he speaks of a noontide when,
"All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on sick flowers and then again,
Instantly on the wing."

Indeed one may find in Bryant's poems a score of places where he introduces this note of the "murmuring bee" or the "hum of the laden bee" into his poetic symphony, but these allusions are too similar to repay quotation.

Lowell quaintly characterizes "the drowsy bee" who "shumbles among the clover tops" while Rossetti in whose mystical stanzas true allusions have no place rings the changes on the honey bee thus,

"Honey flowers to the honey comb,
And the honey-bee's from home.
A honey comb and a honey flower
And the bee shall have his hour.
A honeyed heart for the honey comb,
And the humming bee flies home.
A heavy heart in the honey flower
And the bee has had his hour."

It is in Shakespeare's "Henry the Fifth", however, that we find the most complete and accurate description of the

social habits which make the bees so interesting.

"How so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach,
The art of order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings
Make boot upon the summer's velvet beds,
Which pillowage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor.
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens breeding up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in,
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale,
The lazy, yawning drone."

The mosquito seems an unlikely subject for verse, yet to Miss Bryant dedicates an entire poem beginning with the well known lines

"Fair insect! that, with threadlike legs spread out,
And blood extracting bill and filmy wing
Dost murmur, as thou slowly sail'st about,
In pitiless ears full many a plaintive thing,
And tell how little our large veins would bleed,
Would we but yield them to thy bitter need."

Beneath the rushes was thy cradle swung,
And when at length thy gauzy wings grew strong
Abroad to gentle airs their folds were flung."

It condoles with the mosquito over the nauseating flavor of rouge on the fair cheeks the seeks to bite and after begging

him not to bleed "a brother's foot gaunt like the "adviser's
him to

"Try some plump alderman and suck the blood,
Enriched by generous wine and costly meat,
On well filled skins, sleek as the native mud,
Fix thy light pump and press thy feeble feet."

Even more unlikely than the mosquito as a subject for
verse is that disagreeable parasite, the louse.

"Ye ugly, creeping, blattin' warner,
Detested, shunned by saint an' sinner
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
So fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body."

I wad na been surpris'd to see
You or an auld wife's flainen to,
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy
On his wylie coat
But Miss's fine Linnardi! fie,
How dare ye do it?

O, Jenny, dinna loss your head
An' set your beauties a' abroad
Ye little Ben what cursed speed
The blattin' maks!
Thae winks and finger icks, I dread,
Are notice taking.

And thus the last verse in which from such
unpromising material Burns produces his oft quoted
bit of philosophy so deeply and universally true.

"I wad some Power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us."

And foolish notions,
What airs in dress an' gait wad leave us
Cae ev'n Devotion.

Sometimes in summer we find the tiny gnats which fill the air and delight to enter our eyes, ears, noses and even our mouths, a most exasperating pest. The following rhyme may not add to the sum of our entomological lore, but it is surely a decided contribution to insect psychology.

"How absurd", said the gnat to the gnu,
To spell your queer name as you do!"
"How the matter of that,"
Said the gnu to the gnat
"That's just how I feel about you."

When all the world was young and the "sons of God" looked upon the daughters of men and saw that they were fair "Eos", goddess of dawn, loved a mortal man, Tithonus. For love she obtained for him the gift of immortal life. But she forgot to ask the ruler of Olympus for immortal youth. So she had the grief of beholding Eos ever radiant, forever grew ever older and more old, while she herself was with each dawning day as immortally fresh and fair as ever. With each year he withered more and more until he became but a cracked, complaining voice; then Eos, in pity for the once adored being, changed him into a grasshopper and always in the late summer one may hear his voice incessantly lamenting his cruel fate. Thus in Keats's "Culpeper Fay"

"The winds are whist and the owl is still,
And naught is heard on the lonely hill,
But the cricket's chirp and the answer shrill,
Of the gauze-winged Patey-did."

For some reason, perhaps because of the aimless way in which he jumps from under your feet as you walk through the grass on a summer afternoon, the grasshopper, like the butterfly has acquired a reputation for idleness and frivolity. Our fabulists delight to represent him as singing and dancing through the summer and the pleasant days of early autumn and when winter finally comes, foodless and homeless, begging for aid from the thrifty ant; who does not. However, in the fable at least, add to her other virtues, that of charity.

The grasshopper and his kindred among the Orthoptera, the locust and the cricket, were not popular in Bible times in spite of John the Baptist's mention of locusts and wild honey. They appear usually in the role of a plague as in the hundred and fifth psalm -

"He spake and there came swarms of flies,
 And lice in all their borders,
 He spake and the locust came,
 And the grasshopper and that without number
 And did eat up every herb in their land,
 And did eat up the fruit of their ground."

In Proverbs we read

"There are four things which are little upon the earth
 But they are exceeding wise
 The ants are a people not strong,
 Yet they provide their food in the summer.
 The locusts have no king
 Yet go they forth all of them by bands."

Job who might be classed as a Minor prophet because of the minor strain in his writings if for no better reason complains that, "That which the palmer worm hath left the locust hath eaten, and that which the locust hath left the cankerworm hath eaten, and that which the cankerworm hath left the caterpillar hath eaten."

And finally the wailing music of Ecclesiastes

"and the almond tree shall blossom, and the grasshopper shall be a burden and desire shall fail; because man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets."

You may have noticed in the late summer an insect like a ridiculously magnified mosquito fluttering uncertainly against the screen, perhaps you called it a gallinipper and killed it thinking that you had disposed of an unusually large and unusually venomous mosquito. Another case of the innocent bystander. The adult crane-fly is entirely harmless tho' some species in the larval stage do injure grass and grain crops. It is not only harmless but rather pitiful and the verse is singularly expressive of

his probable mental perturbation.

"My six long legs, all here and there
Oppress my bosom with despair."

Speaking of legs I cannot resist the temptation to introduce another verse. This the centipede naturally cannot be classed among the Hexapoda, having a hundred legs instead of six. However I am sure that your sympathy will be aroused.

"The centipede was chaffing quite,
Until the frog in fun,
Said 'pray which leg comes after which?'
That raised her mind to such a pitch,
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run."

Another insect as unknown to most people as is the crane fly and fully as deserving of notice is the caddis worm. The adult is a dainty little insect with gauzy wings, pretty but inconspicuous, but it is the larval form which is the more interesting. It lives only in clear well aerated water, having a strong preference for rapid streams with stony or sandy bottoms, and it constructs for itself a most delightful little house of bits of bark, tiny stones or shells glued together into an ingenious mosaic. This covers the caddis worm up to the mailed head and fore segments which protrude to the dismay and destruction of other tiny water folk. This form is well known to anglers who extract the caddis worm from his protecting case and inhale him naked and protesting upon the hook. They do not talk of caddis worms but can tell you well enough what a hellgramite is - a name which they apply impartially to the larvae of the caddis fly and to the larvae of *Coreidalis*.

There is one species of caddis fly, which bears the most poetic appellation of *Hydropsyche* or water spider - the larvae of which do not construct houses but instead weave

tiny nets between stones in the swiftly rushing water. So far as I have been able to discover this is the only caddis worm which has ever appeared in verse,

"Tiny nets in the stream build I,
Where the green white water ripples by,
Carefully woven of finest silk.
In water foaming like new drawn milk.
Gloating beside my net sit I
While the tiny stream-born creatures die.

The ant, like the bee, because of its social habits in which man finds the analogues of his own customs has received repeated mention in poetry and prose. No one, perhaps, has ever done for the ant what Matthew Dickson has done for the bee. His John Lubbock has written much which is both rhetorically charming and entomologically correct. That wonderful observer of men and things. Solomon, son of David. King of Israel has a word of commendation for the ant. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard.

Consider her ways and be wise
Which having no chief, overseer, or ruler
Provideth her bread in the summer
And gathereth her food in the harvest."

while Ruth McEnery Stuart gives more qualified approval

"Hem Ant is sho got savin' ways
An ever de scripture 'low's 'em praise;
But dey ho'ds for demselves f'om day to day,
An' dey stings any man wha' gits in de way
An' dey aint 't no new co'poration in dat—
No, dey aint 't by dem selves in dat."

Less familiarly known than the butterfly and for some unknown reason frequently endowed with many evil and malignant traits, the dragonfly is scarcely less beautiful and interesting. "Devil's darning needle" and "snakefeeder" are appellations expressive of popular dis-esteem, as are the common school boy belief that "he'll sew your ears shut" and the more widely distributed but equally mistaken belief that this graceful sure winged inhabitant of the summer air has a sting or other weapon of offense. The life history is peculiarly fascinating. The eggs are laid in water and the larval stage is passed there, the larvae being grotesque creatures, as different as possible in appearance from the gauzy winged imago, but with a most interesting mode of life. Comparatively little is known as to the duration of this larval existence but after a long period comes the day when the dragon fly larva crawls up on to a reed or strong grass stem and prepares for the transformation of which Thompson has given so accurate a picture in "The Two Voices."

"Today I saw the dragon-fly,
Came from the wells where he did lie.
An inner impulse rent the veil
Of his old tusk: from head to tail
Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.
He dried his wings: like gauze they grew:
His crook and barbed feet wet with dew
A living flash of light he flew."

Lowell has well portrayed the flight of the small blue and green dragon flies, more correctly called Zygoptera - the damselflies. These are the faintest of dragon flies and their

Furthermore, his last flight is a contrast to the arched sweeping flights of the larger species.

"On summer noon Fushia, when all the world trembles Blue dragon flies fluttering, to and fro in the air with idling ribs flitting, sink down on the meadows and motionless sitting, hear it bubble and run clear its long increased idling, with long wings swirling on green leaved meadows, to dream in the breeze. While in another change he jumps to huts to their catheons in the woods.

"The Lewis Maytime is as brief
As a dragonfly's repose."

Their flight caught Riley's attention also.

"And the dragonfly in light
Glimmered amber, divinely bright,
Came tilting down the river!"
Was with a leaved green flight.

Others have noted the connection between the dragonfly and the fleur de lis - a connection which is surely a matter of similarity in environment since the dragonfly lives almost exclusively on small marshes and has no use for the neck of flowers.

Long fellow was impressed with his likeness to an armored fairy fly.

"The beautiful dragonfly is thine attendant,
And tills against the field,
And down the violet bank's rich neighborhood,
In day the mead and dill,

In a hymn to the Shafie Marsh modeled on
Gomer's Marches of Glyn we read

"His, in combs of purple befitting a queen

"Summon the aid of your guardian larvae in green,
 Feed off that fatal weed that draggled fly, affluence of green,
 Ascending with blue veiled petals
 The veil in soft sheaves of your petals."

Rossetti with unfailing beauty of touch records that,

"Deep in the sun searched depths the draggled fly,
 Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky."

and we have also this charming couplet by Paul Heyse

"Ich sitz am Bach und siehe die Libellen,
 Sich fliehen und jagen in der Sommerluft."

while Lafcadio Hearn has rendered for us in English the
 pathetic plaint of the Japanese lover,

"I have become thinner than the shadow of a draggled fly,
 By reason of the slights of thy love."

This subject is one whose fascinations increase upon
 closer study and this in comparison with birds and
 flowers insects have been very little noted by poets still
 are fields many illusions to

"The plumed insects swift and free—
 Like golden boats on a churning sea
 Laden with light and odor— which pass,
 Over the gleams of the living grass."

The insects I have mentioned and many, many
 others which could not be included within the scope of
 this paper have life histories and habits of the profoundest
 interest to the most unscientific reader. It is
 unfortunately true that much which has been
 written about insects is so technical, so bristling
 with entomological terms, as completely to baffle the
 casual reader. Whoever does study this subject, however,

will find that it opens for you an entirely new field,
and a field full of fresh and unexpected interest.
Lubbock, Martineau and most of all Fabre have written
in a manner to please the layman.

"Over their tiny hills and cities bending
One old man's face, kindly and comprehending,
Scans all the story of their little lives;
And then with Vergil's art and Homer's zeal,
It gives our alien Titan race to feel
Could know the epic of the webs and lives."