

THE BUTTERFLY TREES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649295340

The Butterfly Trees by Lucia Shepardson

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LUCIA SHEPARDSON

**THE BUTTERFLY
TREES**

THE BUTTERFLY TREES

BY
LUCIA SHEPARDSON

SAN FRANCISCO
THE JAMES H. BARRY COMPANY

1914

47

717.9468
SS48 bu

COPYRIGHT, 1914,
BY
LUCIA SHEPARDSON.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25
26
27
28
29
30
31
32
33
34
35
36
37
38
39
40
41
42
43
44
45
46
47
48
49
50
51
52
53
54
55
56
57
58
59
60
61
62
63
64
65
66
67
68
69
70
71
72
73
74
75
76
77
78
79
80
81
82
83
84
85
86
87
88
89
90
91
92
93
94
95
96
97
98
99
100



Photo by A. C. Warner

THE ROAD TO THE BUTTERFLY TREES

The Butterfly Trees

For several reasons is the Monterey peninsula famed among the folk who have come to California for a time and returned to their own land. There is beauty of scenery, there is evenness of climate, to charm the wayfarer and cause him to remember. And more of the vanishing Spanish element may yet be found in old Monterey, with its adobes and its legends, than anywhere else the length of the long State. But for a fourth good reason, and the one least known, does it stand alone

of the places of the Pacific coast. To it each autumn comes a pilgrimage, the members of which number tens of thousands of pilgrims, drawn hither to seek shelter from the cold and the frost of winter, which to them would mean death. They are not men, they are not beasts, nor are they birds, these travellers of long distances. They are butterflies.

It is one of the most interesting things to be seen the world over, this vast annual gathering of these fragile creatures. Indeed, it is almost an incredible thing, unless one has with one's own eyes beheld it. It is not only this vicinity to which they come, but one especial group of

trees. What instinct brings them here, year after year, the descendants each season of those who came the previous fall, no man, not even the wisest of the scientists, can say. About three miles from the historic town which was the first capital of California, upon the southernmost corner of that blue crescent so often likened to Naples, lies another town, called Pacific Grove, the second half of the name derived from the splendid forests of *Pinus Insignis* which cover the entire peninsula. There is a lighthouse out beyond the village, and the road to it is lined on either side with unusually beautiful pines. It is upon a certain group of