

eye brooded over the scene, the spirits of a thousand vanished hours started from every nook and corner of the land.

After lunch we moved south through the narrow strip of woodland. The first section of this was mixed wood, and many trees were lying about in the unsightly confusion known as a "slash;" some of them had been felled two or three years before, others had fallen soon after, victims of the first gale that smote their unprotected flanks. It was hot work and slippery making one's way from point to point, and only a succession of lucky finds kept one going at all.

My first strike was where a butternut and a maple had fallen together; onalimbandsome boughs of the former I took 3 or 4 more specimens of *Neoclytus erythrocephalus* racing madly along in the sunshine; and on the under side of the maple trunk,—it was a lean-to—I captured one specimen of *Urographis fasciatus* and one of *Gocs oculatus*; on a near-by elm I took several *Physocnemum brevilineum* and 2 specimens of *Saperda tridentata*, and finally on a basswood 2 or 3 seasons dead, a specimen of *Saperda vestita* and 3 of *Hoplosia nubila*, the latter evidently just emerged from a dead and broken bit of limb half way up the trunk.

Further south the strip of woodland had been almost entirely pine with an occasional oak, not heavily wooded, but with many open glades made beautiful by beds of bracken interspersed with orange lilies; it was here that I had first found in any abundance, among blossoms of the large wild geranium, the pretty little longhorn—pale yellow, decorated with spots of black—*Pachyta monticola*. Now, hardly a tree was left standing, and the whole space was invaded by a wilderness of tall, rank grass and weeds; here and there, half buried in the vegetation, lay heaps of decaying pine brush, and from some of the larger branches, carefully picked up and scanned, were taken 6 or 8 specimens of *Leptostylus sexguttatus*. Finally as we reached the higher ground at the south end of the plateau, where fewer trees had been felled, I captured a specimen of *Leptura zebra* just climbing up through the sheaf of leafy shoots about an oak stump. Two or three years before when first some of the oak and other hardwood here had been felled, I had taken early in July quite a number of good things by laying chips of freshly prised bark on the sappy stumps, my captures including the handsome *Calloides nobilis*, *Arhopalus fulminans*, *Centrodera decolorata*, and a small species of the Oak-pruner (*Elaphidion*). But now, though empty tunnels and fresh borings gave ample evidence of insect life in the dead wood, there was nothing visible on stump or trunk except this solitary specimen of *Leptura zebra*, an insect I have occasionally captured pollen-feeding in the clusters of New Jersey Tea as well as on oak stumps.

And here under the pines near the edge of the most southerly slope one gladly sprawled for a few minutes' rest, looking out across the plains to Lake Ontario and Port Hope, and ruminating pleasantly over the past. Then up for a four-mile stretch by side-road, lane and field, fragrant of wild grape and sweet briar, and so home at last, dog-tired, hungry as hunters, and every bit as happy.