

on the basswood, so perhaps the latter has the better claim to have bred out this insect; on the broken sumach, I captured a specimen of *Lepturges querci*, and on a bruised branch of the basswood, just before leaving, I took *Eupogonius subarmatus* and *Leptostylus macula*; this last I have taken 3 times on basswood and rather more often on sumach; it is very fond of attaching itself to a branch—usually of small girth—that has been bruised or broken, and there I presume it oviposits. A few years ago my friend captured 8 or 10 of these insects and 3 or 4 of *Goes oculatus* in a few sumachs on the south edge of what we know locally as the North Wood. The insects were nearly all on branches partly killed; and the whole colony of sumachs where they were taken is now dead, I believe almost entirely as the result of Lamiinid larvæ; large numbers of *Hyperplatys aspersus* and *Liopus alpha* riddling the small branches, while *Leptostylus* and *Goes* tunnel the thicker stems. The life of a sumach thicket, all observers will readily admit, is remarkably short, shorter than that of an elder thicket, and in nearly all cases the destruction is caused by insect borers. These light, brittle woods with a pithy core being, it would seem, peculiarly prone. In the particular section I am speaking of, equally deadly has been the work of the weevil, *Cryptorhynchus lapathi*, among the willows bordering the small streams.

We were now at the edge of our chosen trysting place, one of the prettiest spots in all these northward tramps of ours. The time was ripe for lunch and a rest on soft mossy turf, within sight and sound of birch and pine and running water; a land of sunny upland pastures, of sumach thickets and shaded streams, of rich, if somewhat swampy hardwoods. To the north ran a long windbreak of pines that climbed suddenly up to the skyline over the shoulder of a great bare hill, outpost of a whole host of others more distant, from a few of which one sometimes caught a far-off glimpse both of Rice Lake and of Lake Ontario at a single halt. It was among the branches of the last pine in sight on the slope that I had got my first close view of a Mourning Dove one hot September afternoon. On the edge of that sloping wood to the west, with its intersecting runnels of cold spring water, we seldom failed to mark, in May or early June, the gorgeous plumage of the Scarlet Tanager and hear its pleasing notes; under its pines abound morels and the Gyromitra or Curly Cap, a rich mahogany-brown cousin of the Morel; once or twice in its sequestered dells we had been held spell-bound by the exquisite grace of the Yellow Ladies' Slipper, and once at least by the deathly still, pale beauty, appalling in its tranquillity, of the Destroying Angel (*Amanita phalloides*). Just north of us runs eastward a path leading to the Bethel road; and here on its south margin, beyond a spongy bit of marsh where spears of the Adder's Tongue fern thrust up, if you look about you carefully, you will make the same happy discovery that I made many years ago, the double surprise of a whole row of blue beech, that somewhat uncommon kinsman of the Ironwood or Hop-hornbeam, and beyond them, hidden from the path by some cedars, a flourishing colony of the Hay-scented Fern (*Dicksonia pilosiuscula*) with its beautiful spreading fountain of finely cut green fronds; the only station I know for this species within 10 miles of Port Hope. A few yards south of where we were lunching, under a fringe of evergreen, while gathering morels one day in May, I flushed a partridge from its nest of 13 eggs. The whole place teemed with happy memories! As the