

Next day, in order to leave lots of room for my pocket lunch as well as to compel constancy in my fern-search, I most foolishly burned my entomological boats by leaving my cyanide bottle behind. I spent all morning upstream working towards the whirlpool in a vain and tiring (or was it untiring?) search for *Polystichum lonchitis*, and at last about noon gave it up, went again to commune with my little colony of Ebony Spleenwort, and then began my homeward walk along the track.

Here I made a most exciting discovery: the New Jersey Tea blossoms, that early in the morning were quite untenanted and seemed to have lost their fragrance, were crowded with eager guests in the bright sunshine. There is no plant, in my experience, so attractive to beetles as *Ceanothus americana*, and I have a long list of its guests in the shape of captures made on its blossoms; these were mostly of the *Leptura* and *Typocerus* genera of Longicorn, but only a few days before I had added a new find among Scarabs, *Macroductylus subspinosus*, just because the New Jersey Tea was in a new locality; and no matter how old and familiar a blossom is, I always search it carefully in hopes of new finds, if I am in a new district.

But alas! I had no collecting-bottle, nothing but a handkerchief and my Colgate's drinking cup. For some little time I made no discovery beyond a variety (or possibly a new species) of *Trichius*, and soon the four corners of my handkerchief were knotted over specimens of this beetle and the whole handkerchief was redolent of the strangely sweet—if pungent—scent the insect releases on capture—some of the tiger-beetles emit a similar volatile essence with the same sweet but searching odour.

I was about a mile from the Glen when I happened on the first new beetle banqueting in the Tea blossoms—not only a new species, but a new genus; its extremely attenuate outline could belong to nothing but *Strangalia*, and *Strangalia* it proved to be, *Strangalia luteicornis*. It was a happy entomologist, I can tell you, who fitted the stopper of his drinking-cup over that jejune little atomy, and a most unhappy entomologist who had to open the same a score of times and coax a new capture in before any of the inmates found an exit. Handling a basket of snakes, or driving a pig to market would be child's play to that problem. But though