

carried to the greatest perfection. In the tropics some few genera are found which alight only on the leaves of trees, but further north they are all terrestrial. The species are more numerous in the temperate and subtropical regions, and gradually disappear from view as we journey towards the north pole, until in the latitude of Manitoba (as we are told) but two or three are to be found.

Let us take our *instrumenta belli* and go in quest of some of the dozen species we have in Canada (in North America there are about one hundred). Let us hurry before yonder clouds obscure the sun, for then—like chickens in an eclipse—they will retire to their homes. Here is a likely spot, and there are some specimens of our commonest species (*C. vulgaris*). Go for that one! He sees us as quickly as we spy him, and is off, flying rapidly for a few yards and then coming suddenly to the ground with his head towards the enemy. Again and again we start him; at length he tires of the chase and takes a longer flight than usual; we know his little plan, and hurry back to where we first saw him in time to see him alight all unsuspectingly, and we easily take him captive in our toils. Let us examine him. He savagely moves his mandibles and tries to pinch, but his bite is inoffensive and not very painful. Some of them give forth a rather strong scent. This one is a little over an inch long, but barely a quarter of one broad; his head is very large, for he has brains; his jaws are very strong, for he has an appetite, and long and curved—a couple of scimitars, in fact, by which he cuts and carves the quivering carcasses of his prey. His eleven-jointed antennæ are graceful, long and slender. 'Tis true that his back is of rather a dull purple color, but beneath he is resplendent in a beautiful bright brassy green. Each wing cover is adorned with three whitish irregular stripes. His legs are long and slender, just the things on which to hunt the active insects which he feeds upon.

Michelet speaks of the beauty of one of the next of kin of the captive in our fingers thus glowingly: "The rich and living aliment of the unfortunate insect victim apparently communicates to the Cicindela its glowing colors. Its entire body is embellished with them; on the wings a changeful besprinkling of peacock's eyes; on the fore parts numerous meanders, diversely and softly shaded, are trailed over a dark ground. Abdomen and legs are glazed with such rich hues that no enamel can sustain a comparison with them; the eye can scarcely endure their vivacity. The singular thing is, that beside these enamels you find the