

pears that when the Glen was Foster's Flats, it harboured a few plants of the Holly Fern (*Polystichum lonchitis*), and I had planned to hunt for this plant, first downstream away from all frequented paths, and then upstream towards the whirlpool. After three hours' unavailing search downstream, I descended towards the river bank for another spell of sunshine and entomology.

Here I came upon a thicket of undergrowth—black raspberries in profusion, a tangle of grapevines, clumps of elder, and a sprinkling of basswood. Halting beside one of these last, before wading into the thicket, I let my eye range over the foliage. Presently I saw a sight that set my heart beating, a pair of tiny longicorns basking on a leaf; it was ten years since I had seen the insect—*Eupogonius subarmatus*—and then, though I had captured the only two I saw, one on a basswood log and the other on a leaf overhead, I knew them for the wariest of their kind. Cautiously as I approached, my quarry dropped off the edge of their leaf before I could get within range. I had now little hope of success, for the insect was extremely small and the ground a miniature jungle of rank grass. I stood, however, and watched the place under the leaf very closely, devouring the ground inch by inch, and presently spied the pair resting on a flat slope of stone, and captured them both with little more ado.

Nothing else was to be seen about the lower ranks of foliage on this tree, but when I got round to the side next the sunken stretch of thicket, more basswoods appeared in the open; the raspberries and the rich drapery of sunlit green beckoned imperiously; I looked at my watch; eleven a.m. The hour was auspicious for sun worship—h-h-h-h-m, bz-z-z-z-z-zm; hullo! I thought, service is just going to begin; here comes the clerk. It was *Pelidnota punctata* settling down on a grapevine, but very lively, and, what was more to the point, quite out of reach; indeed, he only stayed long enough to clear up the mystery of the night before and then make off. Without delay I stepped down into the thicket and, with an eye focussed for small creatures on grass and leaves, proceeded to range about this tangled river-glade.

There is a peculiar charm about moving cautiously through sun-lit spaces or standing at gaze like a pointer on the still hunt for tiny game in the all but breathless glare of July heat. It