

its spiny tail, the porcupine always stands strictly on the defensive. He is the original passive resister. One winter morning while breaking my way on snowshoes through a thick growth of alders along the edge of a swamp, I came on a porcupine trying to hide in the hollow butt of an ash tree. Protected by my heavy deerskin mitts, I seized him by the hind legs in order to carry him out into the open with the intention of photographing him. Naturally, he objected to this impertinence, and in his struggles his formidable yellow teeth came alarmingly close to my hand. But the poor creature never made the slightest attempt to bite. His faith was all in his quills: they had failed him, and he knew no other defence. But to carry 25 lbs. of contorting porcupine at arms length with one hand, and my camera and tripod with the other, and to force a way through the brush, all at one and the same time was too much for me, and I had to drop the porcupine. He promptly hitched himself up to the top of a tall young red maple, climbing the smooth bark as easily as a person goes upstairs. This was about noon, and as I left him, it was beginning to snow heavily. I passed the place again on my way home about five o'clock in the evening. It was still snowing, and there was the porcupine clinging to the slender maple top in exactly the same position in which I had left him five hours before, with about four inches of snow piled on his back! I have often wondered how long he stayed there.

Our porcupines occasionally make their dens in a hollow log or under an upturned stump, but their favorite dwelling is in a crevice between the stones of a rocky hillside. They be but a feeble folk yet make they their houses in the rocks. They are confirmed vegetarians, living in a state of nature exclusively on bark and twigs; and being poor travellers they always lodge close to their food supply. This is often a poplar tree, on which they feed continuously night after night—they are mostly nocturnal in their habits—until it is completely stripped of its bark out to the very end of the branches. They also browse on cedars, hemlocks and spruces, but in the case of these conifers, it is the tender twigs that they eat. In the winter, their resorts are readily discovered by the trench-like path they make in the snow from their den to the tree they are feeding on. And their table manners being sadly wanting in refinement, they let many succulent pieces fall to the ground, which are so attractive to the hares, that the snow beneath the porcupine tree is generally trampled hard by the concourse of *Lepus americanus* gathered to feast on these crumbs from the rich man's table.

While the porcupine is a vegetarian, he is not a bigoted one. He feeds on all kinds of scraps around a camp and sometimes he indulges in peculiar hors d'œuvres. Fire rangers often complain that the porcupines eat their cotton posters off the trees; and lately a farmer on