

Towards the end of May, when the foliage was all out, I tramped along the railway track to the east end of this place and spent most of the sunny hours of one Saturday roaming about the clearing. As I approached I could hear a man driving hardwood pickets into soggy ground in the heart of the swamp. The sound went on all day (just west of the clearing) at regular intervals. But in the clearing itself such abundance and variety of leaf-eating beetles—especially *Chrysomelas*—I have never met with. If *Chrysomela* means golden sheep, then this certainly was the enchanted land of Colchis, for golden fleeces hung on every tree; and if the word means golden apple, here was every branch laden with gleaming fruit, a veritable garden of the Hesperides.

Was the dragon that guarded the fruit asleep, or was it that indefatigable laborer hammering stakes into the ground behind the alder thicket? What good was a fence, anyway, in the heart of such a swamp? When the sound of that incessant hammer kept up till long after six o'clock, my curiosity got the better of me, and, stealing through the cedars and poplars at the west end of the clearing, I soon found myself on the edge of the municipal ditch and only a few yards from the mysterious workman; he stopped as soon as he saw me, and, without any warning, rose into the air and flapped heavily away over the trees—a common bittern; ten minutes later he was driving piles into the bank of Lily Lake half a mile away.

When I came to check over the day's bag of Chrysomelids—a work whose successful completion was due to Dr. Bethune's kind help—it was something like this. On willow in the clearing I had taken about a dozen of *Chrysomela multipunctata*—var. *bigsbiana*: this form, with a dark thorax margined before and on the sides with pale cream, and having the sutural stripe dark, I have never taken on any other plant than the willow. On dogwood—out of the scores seen—I had taken 8 of *Chrysomela philadelphia*: this form I have always found on dogwood, and I have never taken any other species of *Chrysomela* on that shrub; the whole thorax is dark-bronzed (from green to black) and the elytra are without the sutural stripe, though the scutellum is marked with a dark spot. On spiræa I took two or three of what I thought to be this same form, but they proved on examination to be the variety