

and I have found about a score of colonies; it is in fact "locally rare," but we happen here to be a favoured district for the plant, as we are for the bird.

Once down the bank I found the adjoining wood so inviting that I stepped in and spent a couple of the morning hours wandering about in the shadows of its cloistered beech and maple. A footpath traversed the wood N. E. to a clearing partly filled with woodpiles, and close by the path I happened on several colonies of *Corallorhiza multiflora* just coming into bloom, and yet another "sicht for sair een" in the shape of *Habenaria hookeri*. For this plant I had only known a single station heretofore, a few miles north of Port Hope, and in recent years the colony had dwindled to 1 or 2 plants in a season. Here by Hiawatha I counted close on a score of plants; it is nowhere nearly so common an orchid as its next-of-kin *Habenaria orbiculata*.

From the shadows I emerged about 11 a.m. into the glare of the clearing and made a fairly thorough scrutiny of the woodpiles; there were no traces of longicorns about them, but buprestids (mostly *Dicerca divaricata*) in great numbers and astonishingly active in the fierce heat; almost as ready to take to flight on being approached as to play dead, an unusual condition for the species; two kinds of *Agrilus*, also, were to be seen about the piles and numbers of *Chrysobothris femorata*; however, these insects had all become common to me and I was free to pass on to further explorations. I could not but admire, however, the wonderful protective colouring which enabled these large, heavily built *Dicercas* to shuffle about over the grey bark of beech or maple almost unobserved and immune from attack; on a single small woodpile I counted upwards of 40 of these insects basking, crawling, or settling on the billets, and I brought 11 home to mark the occasion. My parting thought was how lucky I should have thought myself a few years before, as a young collector, to meet so fair a fortune face to face right on the threshold of the woods and a July holiday.

Next I made my way to a small grove of pines on a knoll beyond a soggy pasture; here were some bushes of sweetbriar and a patch of gowans from whose blossoms I gathered a few *Lepturas*, *pubera* and *proxima*, *Clytanthus ruricola* and *Typocerus lugubris*—an old friend now met again for the first time since leaving Port Hope.

I then crossed to the S. W. of the meadow, approaching the road along the edge of a wooded swamp. Right in the sun stood a large hemlock, its bark glowing red in the light, and immediately in front of it were some logs of hemlock lying; on one of the logs I spied an uncommon *Dicerca* with somewhat short-pronged elytra tips, noticeably stout across the back and remarkably rugose, the ridges dark grey, but the grooves and channels brilliant with a mixture of silver and rich green as of *verdegris*. Hardly had I captured the prize when a facsimile suddenly lit on the standing hemlock; but alas! as I approached over the rough, swampy ground, the insect flew and soaring in an upward plane was soon swallowed in space. Have you ever fed your spleen at the expense of some poor lumbering spaniel trying by a sudden dash to surprise a flock of sparrows feeding by the barn—for ever foiled, but never losing hope? I have, and smiled cynically at its comic look of dejection; but when cynic and hound are both in one skin, look you, the cream is off the joke. My capture has been identified as *Dicerca tenebrosa*, one of the most pleasing to look