

down the steep slope to the shore; the trees were mixed, but with cedar predominating. On the top of the slope were 3 or 4 magnificent basswoods, a landmark for miles around.

Moving south-westward I soon shook myself clear of the cedar thicket, and crossing a somewhat spongy meadow began to ascend the slope. Half-way up I came upon a small clearing, partly filled in with raspberry bushes and surrounded on all sides by cedars. Hardly had I stepped into this, than a sharp, querulous bark, almost like a fox-terrier's, warned me that I had been discovered by a sentinel crow on its outlook post overhead. Almost immediately bedlam broke loose and the air was thick with these black, jabbering lunatics. For a moment I was puzzled to know why a general alarm had been rung in, but it was soon apparent, nearly every cedar round the edge of this hidden glade had 3 or 4 young crows roosting on its branches, and though at first they tried the dodge of "freezing" on their perch, they soon began hopping and fluttering clumsily into cover, while the old birds guarded their retreat.

Finding nothing of interest about the raspberry thicket or the elder shrubs in its midst, I resumed my climb and presently won out to the top. Here I paused and took my bearings; just beyond me, on the far side of a low bank of field-stone, topped by a rickety old rail fence, lay an open meadow, while over my head stretched the noble canopy of a giant basswood. If my tribe had a totem pole, it should be of either basswood or white pine, for most of my lucky finds have been about these two trees, and I seldom pass either without giving it a good look-over. If my faith had ever wavered, that tree effectually nailed my colors to the mast forever and a day: on the very first leafy branch and almost the first bit of foliage that caught my eye, there sat an unmistakable specimen of *Hoplosia nubila*. Now this beetle is far from common; during all the years of collecting in Port Hope, I had never seen it, and in three seasons at Peterborough I had taken but four, all on freshly fallen timber, three on basswood and one on beech.

There was a breathless moment of suspense while I captured the insect and registered a mental vow not to leave the spot till I had hunted high and low for further trace of its kind. For some minutes my eye ranged over the foliage for insects as searchingly