

the land; the natural growth of sphagnum has been killed and the floral wealth of Cavan is no more. All this I had yet to discover.

The day was bright, but a cold wind had encountered me on the road, that fought obstinately against my advance, hanging on my flank and stinging me with its slings and arrows. In the shelter of the swamp these missiles hurtled harmlessly over my head, while I roamed about through the hush of shadowed groves and across sunlit glades to the soft music of drumming partridges: they seemed to be everywhere in the heart of the swamp, and from time to time as I pressed forward I would flush one of the drummers from its retreat a few paces off. After about an hour of progress I found myself in a thick growth of cedars, and, working east a few rods, emerged at a great clearing just south of the G.T.R. between Peterborough and Best's. Between me and the railway was a wide sluggish stream of peaty-looking water—known (I believe) as a municipal ditch. The clearing extended east from where I stood for half a mile, with the drain on the north and a hardwood bush on the south; its greatest width was about 200 yards. It had been covered with small trees, mostly cedar, poplar, alder and elm; these had been nearly all cut down and much of the débris was lying on the ground. However, a fringe of alders still stood along the south bank of the stream, and the west end of the clearing had not been so heavily slashed.

While standing on the edge of this clearing I spied a large *Chrysomela* crawling up a burnt stump among the alders. It had the usual ebony pattern on its elytra; but instead of being creamy white, the ground colour was a rich chestnut. At the point of capture the insect dropped to the ground, but I was not to be denied, and a few minutes' search revealed my prize under a dead leaf. One swallow doesn't make a summer; it would be rash from a single beetle on a burnt stump to argue a new species of *Chrysomela* owing its brilliant complexion to a diet of charcoal. The neighbouring alders had not yet leafed out, but I searched their stems and branches carefully for over an hour and felt fully repaid by the result: four captures and one escape of the same chestnut-crimson *Chrysomela*; besides a dozen specimens of a beetle new to me so far except in cabinets *Lina lapponica (interrupta)*; both insects evidently hibernated freely.