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POPULAR AND PRACTICAL ENTOMOLOGY.

FRESH WOODS AND PASTURES NEW.

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I.

Love of novelty never fades: it is the will-o'-the-wisp that lures us on in the morning of our years, and many a dance it leads us through the day. But long before noon we become aware of a steady glow from the opposite quarter: it is the glamour of the past and is destined to brighten our declining days in the evening of life. This charm of the old familiar things so grows on us that at last nothing grips the heart quite like meeting old friends; and among our friends surely not least are the flowers and their myriad winged visitors, so intimately associated with many a long summer's day ramble. So it comes about that a new locality, neither distant enough to be strange, nor near enough to be stale, beckons with both hands (as it were) by this double lure of new and old.

It was the beginning of May when I first set out to conquer the hinterland of my new home in Peterborough, armed to the teeth (almost) with Gray's botany and a cyanide jar. I had heard so often of the great Cavan swamp that I felt it must be subjugated first and a pretty heavy toll exacted of *flora* and *fauna*. One or two who took the trouble to answer me when I pestered them with questions, had told me that if I went far enough west on Smith Street I would certainly find the swamp. So out I marched, bag and baggage, and, sure enough, less than an hour brought me to a great stretch of wooded swamp on the north of the road: a fringe of willows and cedar, a broad belt of tall poplars, and, beyond that, tamarack, spruce, balsam—yes, and over yonder to the northeast, hemlock and a large hardwood of maple—sights to make the botanist's heart beat. But alas! man, who murders to dissect, has drained the Cavan swamp in a vain effort to reclaim