

When the season is favourable for them, they are seen by thousands buzzing along, hitting against every object that intercepts their flight. The mid-day sun, however, seems too powerful for their constitutions; they then lurk under the leaves and branches of some shady tree; but the oak seems their most favourite food; there they lurk in clusters, and seldom quit the tree till they have devoured all its verdure. Their duration, however, is but short, as they never survive the season.

Of all the beetle kind, this is the most numerous: like them all other beetles are bred from the egg, which is deposited in the ground, and sometimes, though seldom in the barks of trees; they change into a worm; they subsist in that state by living upon the roots of vegetables, or the succulent parts of the bark round them. Some of the others, however merit notice for their peculiarities.

The *Tumble-dung*, as the Americans call it, is all over a dusky black, rounder than those animals are in general, and so strong, (though not much larger than the common black beetle,) that if one of them be put under a candlestick, it will move it backwards and forwards.