

## The Life of the Caterpillar

above a symmetrical dormer-window, clean-edged, with no joins nor unevenness of any kind, showing that this part of the wall has been nibbled away and swallowed. But for this breach, which is just wide enough for the deliverance, the egg remains intact, standing firm on its base. It is now that the lens comes into play to take in its elegant structure. What is seen is a bag made of ultra-fine gold-beater's-skin, translucent, stiff and white, retaining the complete form of the original egg. A score of streaked and knotted lines run from the top to the base. It is the wizard's pointed cap, the mitre with the grooves carved into jewelled chaplets. All said, the Cabbage-caterpillar's birth-casket is an exquisite work of art.

The hatching of the lot is finished in a couple of hours and the swarming family musters on the layer of swaddling-clothes, still in the same position. For a long time, before descending to the fostering leaf, it lingers on this kind of hot-bed, is even very busy there. Busy with what? It is browsing a strange kind of grass, the handsome mitres that remain standing on end. Slowly and methodically, from top to base, the new-born