

headed toward the north-east, directly against the trades. Although I was familiar with the fact that commonly the Pieridæ are the first butterflies with which one meets when approaching land, and had tested the truth of it while nearing the coast of Portugal, and also off the Azores, I did not suppose that they regularly occurred in such abundance as I found them here in the Caribbean. In fact, it had been my experience to only meet with a half-dozen or so when approaching land. But here the steamer continually passed by straggling bunches of them, all flying north-east, out to sea. As we neared the shore, they became more common, and when at last I landed and looked up on the mountain-side above La Guaira, there were thousands of them. The whole mountain-side was thickly dotted with specks of yellow and orange, which kept moving steadily on, in an easterly direction, rarely pausing, following, apparently, the line of the coast, and going in the same general direction from which came the trade winds.

On the next day, from the car window of the little train which runs from La Guaira to Caracas, over a roadbed from which are obtained glimpses of great gorges filled with tropical vegetation, as well as of the parched and barren mountain-sides, destitute of life save for a few gaunt post-cacti and scraggy thorn bushes, I saw thousands of butterflies of this group, all moving steadily, like the waters of a great river, toward the east. In many cases I thought I saw the insects flying in another direction. Often I was sure some were flying west, but on taking my bearings I invariably found that my calculations were at fault, and that all the butterflies were moving east. There is, perhaps, no railroad in the world on which a man is so often at a loss to know just where are the cardinal points of the compass. The sun gives no clue during the hotter hours, at the season when I was there, as it is practically in the middle of the sky; and the whole journey is simply a succession of curves, this way and that, so confusing that many times I could not realize the compass had not succeeded in some way in getting out of order and reversing, or at least seriously changing its position with respect to the magnetic pole. Over the mountain-sides and across the valleys Pieridæ could be seen, always near the ground, yet rarely alighting, and invariably travelling eastward.

While at Caracas I made many excursions into the surrounding country for butterflies, and from the hilltops there I could watch the steady migration, although here the numbers were very much less than at La Guaira.