

WINTERING VANESSA ANTIOPA.

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This beautiful diurnal—the “Camberwell Beauty” of England, and very inappropriately styled the “Mourning Cloak” by Americans, for is it not clothed in a mantle of imperial purple, fringed with gold lace?—is well known to hibernate. It is occasionally found in stone piles in the winter, but I think its most common hiding-place is in the culvert walls of our country roads and turnpikes. It requires a cold, moist, dark place, or it will dry up.

Capturing a fine female on the 9th of October, 1876, I concluded to winter it. Placing it in a net cage with a dish of apple, sugar and water, I supposed my share of the performance over. It fed for several weeks, then fluttered a good deal and died the beginning of December. It had fairly dried up. This showed bad management. Last fall, on September 7th, passing a tree sugared the night before, I captured another female. This one I placed in a paper box eight inches square and high, removed the core of half an apple, sliced off a bit of the round side to steady it, placed it in a small two-inch dish, covered with sugar, and filled up with water. Once a week I renewed the water and sugar. It placed itself on the side of the box, directly over and within reach of the dish, and however I moved the apple I always found that it followed it around.

It evidently fed on warm days, but never opened its wings. I kept it in an up-stairs, cold room, where water would freeze, but still not as cold as out doors. It allowed me to handle it, and would lie flat on my hand without movement. In February I thought there were symptoms of weakening. It no longer perched on the side of the box, but remained on the bottom, leaning over very much to one side.

Placing it in sunshine the last week of February, it began to open its wings little by little, with short jerks, as if the tendons were loosening. When half open it was put away again. On the 11th of March, a warm cloudy day, I took it on my finger to an open window. While looking at its clear eyes the sun suddenly shone out, and the next moment it was gone. I had proposed to try and find a mate for it, but concluded to keep it till others were flying, and then take it to its old neighborhood and let it go. As it took the direction of its place of capture I was pretty sure