

they will remove all the chrysalids and bury them lower down. When the butterfly is ready to emerge, which is in about six or seven days, it is tenderly assisted to disengage itself from its shell, and should it be strong and healthy, it is left undisturbed to spread and strengthen its wings and fly away. But if, by any mischance, it emerges deformed and too crippled to use its wings, a catastrophe occurs. In one case, a butterfly had fallen to the ground before its opening wings had dried, and one of the soldier-ants tried to rescue it. He carried it back to the tree with the utmost care, and made several attempts to assist the butterfly to hold on again. Finding his efforts unavailing, he left the cripple for a short time to recover itself. On his return, seeing no improvement, he appeared to lose patience, and, rushing in, bit off both the deformed wings at the base, and carried off the wingless body into the nest below, whether as food for the community or for what other purpose I was unable to ascertain. That was the only occasion on which I ever saw any high-handedness on the part of the ants, though their usual ill temper requires no very close observation to detect.

It is a curious sight to watch the fragile and delicate newborn butterflies wandering about, all feeble and helpless, amongst the busy crowd of coarse, black ants, and rubbing shoulders in perfect safety with the ordinary fierce big-headed soldiers; as odd a contrast as the fresh creamy whiteness of the opening wing, the flash of purple and blue, and the sparkle of green and silver eyes is to the darkness and dinginess of their queer home. For some time after the butterflies have gained strength to fly away, they remain hovering over the nest. A larva of a species of *Catopsilia* [one of the *Pierinae*, or "Whites,"] I threw down as an experiment, was immediately set upon and torn to pieces in a second by the ants.

I took a *T. theophrastus* larva from a tree, and introduced it on the pathway of another company of the same species of ants who lived in our verandah, but kept no "farm," and it was odd to see the ants come tumbling out headlong to fight the intruder, and the sudden way they cooled down on investigation of the foe; none attempted to harm him, and he was politely escorted across their boundary, the ants running alongside, and feeling him all over with their antennae. This must have been instinct, as they could have no former knowledge of him as a "milk-giver." The dead chrysalids in an ants' nest are carefully removed and thrown away outside; the ants also distinguish between the dead and living.