

satisfactory, as I put but one on it and kept it there less than half an hour. Finally I put them on elm, upon which they fed a little, but died one after another.

My friend, Mr. Charles Fish, had been fortunate enough to secure a female which laid twenty-five eggs, I think, and with the young hatched from these he was having a similar experience to my own. He finally succeeded in getting the remaining few of his to eat wild red-cherry (*Prunus pennsylvanicus*). I was obliged to leave home at this time, and got my friend, Mr. Anson Allen, to take the care of my young *columbias* in my absence. Learning of Mr. Fish's success with wild cherry, he put a part of the remaining number on that plant, leaving a few on elm, all of which died, while those fed on the wild cherry succeeded in passing the first moult, and I have been able to carry three through and see them spin up their cocoons successfully.¹ About the time these were in their later moults Mr. Allen found two *columbia* larvæ feeding on larch (*Larix americana*), so remote from other trees that there could be no possibility of their having crawled on to it from any other tree, and further, these same larvæ continued feeding on the larch in confinement for several days, and then spun their cocoons. Mr. Fish also found one or two larvæ feeding on the larch, several miles from where Mr. Allen's were found. These were all in a very healthy condition, and, it is hoped, will yield good imagines next year.

I have observed this striking peculiarity in the habits of the larva of *columbia*, that from the time they hatch till they are done feeding they never wander about, but remain upon a leaf or twig entirely unsuitable for food till they starve, even though there be fresh food within half an inch of them.

When they are fully grown and are done feeding, they evacuate their bodies and then begin to travel around their enclosure, continuing their travels sometimes for twenty-four hours, till they find a suitable place in which to spin their cocoons. At first they spin a certain amount of white or silver-colored silk, and after that has been expended, the brown silk. One of the larvæ wandered about for a long time before it appeared to get ready, or to find a suitable place in which to spin its cocoon, and all this time it was wasting its silvery silk, spinning it freely as it crawled slowly over the surface of the glass forming one side of the breeding cage. At last a satisfactory place was found, and the cocoon spun, but almost entirely without the characteristic silvery bunches upon