

## The Life of the Caterpillar

lars' spines, these draw up their fore-part with a jerk and as suddenly lower it again; and that is all: the intruders forthwith decamp. Nor do the latter seem to contemplate any harm: they refresh themselves on the honey-smeared strip, they come and go tumultuously. Their short flights may land them, now in one place, now in another, on the browsing herd, but they pay no attention to it. What we see is casual meetings, not deliberate encounters.

In vain I change the flock of caterpillars and vary their age; in vain I change the squad of parasites: in vain I follow events in the jar for long hours, morning and evening, both in a dim light and in the full glare of the sun: I succeed in seeing nothing, absolutely nothing, on the parasite's side, that resembles an attack. No matter what the ill-informed authors say—ill-informed because they had not the patience to see for themselves—the conclusion at which I arrive is positive: to inject the germs, the *Microgaster* never attacks the caterpillars.

The invasion, therefore, is necessarily effected through the butterfly's eggs themselves, as experiment will prove. My broad