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NOTES ON A CECROPIA CATERPILLAR.

BY MRS. ANNIE G. HEWITT WHITE, TORONTO.

On a lilac bush in my garden I was fortunate enough, in late September, to find a fine specimen of the large green caterpillar of the Cecropia Moth. Cutting the branchlet holding the handsome sojourner, I mounted it on a large potato, to keep the leaves fresh, and placed a battery jar over it.

About 10 o'clock on the night of the 23rd of September, the caterpillar began spinning its cocoon.

Sept. 25th.—Outer wall of cocoon finished and looks like a transparent, silk basket. The caterpillar still moving in that peculiar figure-of-eight, that I have observed seems to be the motion which all spinning caterpillars adopt.

Sept. 26th.—Cocoon almost opaque, shaped like an airship, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, $1\frac{7}{8}$ inches wide. Caterpillar dimly seen within, still moving.

Sept. 28th.—Cocoon complete; all quiet within.

Oct. 8th.—Heard a scratching sound. Thought it was a mouse and instituted a search. Traced the sound, which seemed now more like silk being torn, to the corner where the cocoon was placed. It continued the whole evening.

Oct. 9th.—Scratching still continues, 8 o'clock, p.m. Can no longer resist the temptation to see what is going on, will wait a day.

Oct. 10th, 8 p.m.—Opened the cocoon, and saw one of the most wonderful of Nature's workings that has ever been vouchsafed to me.

Carefully cutting open the side of the cocoon, and turning down the flap made, I had a window-like opening by which to watch the proceedings. The caterpillar, still unchanged, stood on end within the smoothly-lined cocoon, his gaily coloured tubercles as bright as ever against the pale, green body.