

inches, are of a delicate light green color, and the hinder ones are each prolonged into a tail of an inch and a half or more in length, longer, indeed, than those of the day-flying Papilios. Along the front edge of the fore wings is a broad purple-brown stripe, extending also across the thorax, and sending backwards a little branch to a glittering, eye-like spot near the middle of the wing. These eyes (of which there is one on each of the wings) are transparent in the centre, and encircled by rings of white, yellow, blue and black. The hinder borders are more or less edged with purple brown. All the nervures are very distinct and pale brown. Near the body the wings are densely covered with hairs. The under sides are similar to the upper, except that an indistinct undulating line runs along the margin of both wings.

As for the body that bears these lovely appendages, the thorax is white, sometimes yellowish or greenish, crossed by the purple-brown stripe that traverses the whole length of the upper edge of the front wings; the abdomen is of the same color as the thorax, and covered with white hairs like wool. The head is white and small, and adorned with wide, flat and strongly pectinated antennae of a brownish tinge. The legs are purple-brown.

Such is Luna in her various transformations to outward appearance; notwithstanding her size and loveliness, her habits and peculiar instincts are not very noteworthy. The gift of superior beauty, as among the highest of animals so in the insect world, is not frequently accompanied by remarkable intelligence or superior sense; and the most gaudy butterfly or moth is a fool in comparison with the dingy-colored bee. The caterpillars of butterflies and moths have some various instincts—chiefly in the direction of silk spinning and sepulchre building—but the perfect insects only live “to increase and multiply their race, and embellish nature. Their existence in the perfect state is usually very brief; it is one of the prettiest of honeymoons, and often love subdues and destroys every other passion. The gourmandizing caterpillar is never troubled by the ardent flame which consumes even the thought of sipping the nectar of the flowers that rival in beauty the wings of the perfect representation of elegance and love. The early insect lives and eats, and the perfect form lives and dies.”