

and steps are taken towards sending out a colony. Queen cells are begun and a week before the first queen comes out, by a sort of preconcerted mutual agreement, the inmates of the hive divide into two parties, one remaining in the hive and the other, which consists of the old queen and about three quarters of the colony, starts out to seek fortune elsewhere. Besides the old queen, the swarm is composed of many young bees, some of whom fall upon the ground too feeble to fly, drones, and a number of veterans whose tattered wings and hairless bodies show that they have seen something of life. The departing queen soon settles on the branch of a tree or other convenient spot and the whole swarm collects in one solid mass around her. While the swarm hangs there, scouts are sent out to look for a suitable home, and a hollow tree in the woods is generally chosen. In Asia Minor, a treeless country, swarms were sometimes found in the stomachs of dead beasts, as in the case of the lion killed by Samson; and from this arose the superstition* that decaying flesh could of itself produce a colony of bees. The scouts return and report, for one bee may often be seen talking with another by crossing its horns, or antennae, with its own. The cluster of bees breaks up and follow the scouts. Even in these days some try to make a swarm cluster by tanning or beating tin cans. This is a survival of a heathen ceremony. The worship of the goddess Cybele, who taught mankind agriculture, was enthusiastic. Her priests ran about with dreadful cries and howling, beating on timbrels, clashing cymbals, sounding pipes, and cutting their flesh with knives. There is another tradition. If there has been a death in the family, the bees will take offence and die during winter, if they are not informed of the event.

Bees had a government and a civilization when we were savages. The division of labor was understood; laws of hygiene were practiced; and provision for the rainy day was made, when our ancestors obtained their daily bread by turning over stones in the pools of the sea shore, looking for crabs and clams.

* Compare the legends of Aristaeus the first bee-keeper.