

easy to settle. According to N. C. Mitchell, a stock of Egyptians would have given even Samson some trouble, if he undertook to rob them of their store. But the lapse of three thousand years may have made some change in their disposition, and a variety of bees quiet enough to let Samson rob them with impunity, may now, as the result of changes and habitations, have become of a more warlike turn. — *Am. Bee Journal*.

Our First "Swarming."

Not to experienced apianians do I relate this story. I would humbly beseech rather that they please to not listen. But if among lady bee-keepers there be one who knows as little practically, of "natural" swarming as did I on the morning of May 27th, 1873, "To her my tale I tell."

The morning was cold, cloudy, breezy, and I said to my sister Nellie, as we rose from the breakfast table,

"We shall not be able to drive the bees to-day, I fear."

"Will it matter?" she asked.

"Oh no," I replied, serenely and confidently. "They will not think of emigrating under a week—their preparations are but just begun—and in cool weather they are better off as they are."

As the morning advanced the wind died away and the sky cleared. At noon it was bright, warm, and still. I noticed at this time that the bees on our hive were very quiet—scarcely a bee in sight, while at the other they were humming merrily. The first mentioned being the stronger colony, I went into a little of their activity, it not meaning was clearly apparent some hours later, especially after re-reading a forgotten passage from "Langstroth." "If in the swarming season, but few bees leave a strong hive, while other colonies are busily at work, and a clear, calm, sunny day, we may look with great confidence for a swarm, unless the weather prove unfavorable."

An hour or so after noon, thinking that the bees were making an unusual and unnecessary amount of noise, I stepped to the door to see that at this but recently so silent a hive, there was now quite a commotion. Many bees were whirling about and over the hive, while others were pouring forth in an unprecedented way as to number and hurry. (Come forth in a very large stream, if you will not.) The evening before having been cold and stormy, I had shut the fly-holes and somewhat contracted the lower entrance; and as the morning had been cloudy and the bees quiet, no change had as yet been made. Now, as I stood gazing on them, spell-bound at my first surprise, there flashed across my mind the query, "are they swarming?" But it was only to be at once dismissed. For didn't I know that they were not ready to swarm? Hadn't I looked into the hive but a day or two before, and found in the most advanced queen-cell only an egg?

My second and accepted thought was this, that the sudden warm sunshine had given a general impetus to honey-gatherers and young bees to go forth, and that the unusually narrow door-way excited and troubled them.

Still there was no cessation to the steady outward flow, and in larger and yet larger circles around and about the hive. *Something* must be wrong!

"Nellie!" I called piteously to sister in the next room, "I don't know what is the matter with my bees!"

She hurried to the door. "Why, they're swarming!" she exclaimed with decision.

That settled it. She spoke as one who *knows*, and my own rejected first impression came back with overwhelming conviction. They *are* swarming. What should I do?

I had no course of action marked out, because I had long before determined that my bees should not swarm. Most excellent care would I take to prevent that in these great woods, where, if they went beyond the clearing, it might be impossible to follow or to find them. I had a vision of them now, sailing off over the tree-tops beyond my reach, and I felt—I felt only that they must be stopped! now at once!

Suddenly I remembered to have somewhere read that the queen often does not come out before a third or half of the swarm has emerged. It was then possible, it might even be *probable*, that she was still in the hive. If so, she should either stay there or be captured at the entrance.

Seizing a pail of water I rushed forth hatless, veilless, gloveless into the midst of the throng of runaways and began sprinkling them as they emerged. But first, with curious and absurd inconsistency—seeing how much faster they wanted to come out than was possible, and pitying their crowded discom-

fort, and so had two streams pouring forth instead of one! (Nellie will never forget, or cease to laugh at me for that performance, I fear.) They beat against my dress, they whirled by my ears, brushed my hair, and my cheeks, but I stood my ground, trying to watch both openings at once for the queen, and sprinkling the water more and more copiously as I saw that it produced no effect. I was beginning to despair, for many bees were washed down and I didn't care to drown them, much less did I wish to risk crowning my queen. Just then came a happy inspiration.

"Hand me that wide board, quick! quick!" I cried to Richard, (who is a little afraid of bees.) He cautiously shoved it within my reach. Holding it so as to throw a shadow over the entrance I continued the sprinkling. The effect was magical.

"It is going to be something of a shower after all!" "The sun is under a cloud, and it rains faster than ever!" Telegrams of this import must have been sent through the hive in a twinkling, for all at once there was a sudden, an *calm* stop to the outward rush.

Then for the first I ventured to draw a long breath, and then, too, I began to question doubtfully, if it had not been a very foolish and useless, as well as an unsafe proceeding? Was the queen out or in? The bees that had been washed down were picking themselves up rapidly, and I soon became convinced that she was not among them.

But over our heads quite an army of bees were whirling and swarming, now this way, now that. Once we accompanied them half way across the woods, then back to the vicinity of the hive. Suddenly they separated widely and came down to the ground, very evenly scattered over a large surface. I knew that they had missed and were looking for their queen, and I wondered if their anxiety could be half as great as mine. Rising again, they again seemed starting for the woods. But immediately returning, once more they sprinkled themselves far and near over the ground, somehow, Nellie suggested, giving one the ridiculous impression of "going down on their hands and knees" to make an official search. Evidently it was to them in some way a satisfying one, for all now rose as by one accord and came hurrying back to the hive, pouring in as fast as possible and covering the whole front with a black sheet.

So soon as all had settled, we lifted the hive from its stand and placed an empty hive in its stead. Then, rearranging the frames and putting in two combs of brood and honey from the old hive, we (Nellie and I) began a careful search for her missing queenship. To our joyful surprise it was not a long search. We found her as composed and dignified in demeanor as though nothing had happened, and with very little trouble we transferred her to the new hive. We found several queen-cells, the most advanced containing the timid of worms.

It was then, I think, that I for the first time discovered that I had forgotten my bee-veil! Of course I walked into the house for it at once.

The rest of the work, the apportionment of the remaining bees—every bee was at home—was a somewhat perplexing business. However, I used all the judgment I had, and if the division was not made quite as well as the bees could have made it, everything has seemed to go exactly right with the new colony thus far. With the old colony, too, all was well until—but that belongs to another chapter.

Perhaps some one, as inexperienced as myself, may be interested to know that from first to last the bees were on their very best behavior, nobody was stung.

We found a nucleus from the other hive the same afternoon; for interesting, exciting, and on the whole satisfactory as this experience had been to me, I felt no desire to repeat the same with another swarm, and in conclusion would say that I do not venture to take the responsibility of advising any lady bee-keeper to take the course of action above described. — *Correspondent, American Bee Journal*.

WHITE CLOVER AS A HONEY PLANT.—An English writer says: White or Dutch clover is the queen of honey plants. It is widely cultivated in this country, and continues to flower a long time. In Scotland, the farmers use more white clover seed in laying down the land in grass than the farmers of New England, hence the clover fields are better there than here. And the use of lime and bone dust, as manures, has a great influence in the production of clover. In travelling to Edinburgh some years ago by the Caledonian line, whole fields white with clover flowers caught my eye, and made me take a second look to see if the whiteness came from daisy flowers. Whole districts, unsurpassed for excellence, met my eye during a visit to my native land, many of which hardly ever received a complimentary visit from bees, and for this reason, that there were no bee keepers in these districts. — *Mass. Ploughman*.

Miscellaneous.

Mammoth Public Park.

In compliance with an act of the last Legislature of New York, a State Park Commission was appointed to report on the advisability of occupying certain lands in the counties of Clinton, Essex, Franklin, Herkimer, St. Lawrence, and Lewis as a great public State Park. The names of the gentlemen composing the Commission are Horatio Seymour, Patrick H. Agan, William B. Taylor, George Raynor, William A. Wheeler, Verplanck Colvin and Franklin B. Hough. The Commission made a favorable report. The Park will be almost entirely in the Adirondacks, and include about \$34,000 acres, which will make it one of the largest parks in the world. It is now much frequented by tourists. Among the reasons given for preserving this large section in its present condition are the following:—

The Commission are of opinion that the timber should be preserved. They "do not favor the creation of an expenditure and an exclusive park for mere purposes of recreation, but condemning such suggestions, recommend the simple preservation of the timber as a measure of political economy. The conclusion that the permanent preservation of a large portion of this forest is necessary, is based upon numerous considerations intimately connected with the great business interest of the State." The condition of the land is described, and the numerous lakes and abundant game are referred to, all of which "gives to the magnificent scenery a strange, wild and romantic element, which has contributed to make its more accessible portions a choice summer pleasure ground for those of our people who travel, and who admire the natural splendors of their native land."

There is considerable mineral wealth in this region, but it is mainly confined to iron ores, and generally is found in the settled, cleared, and accessible portions of the country. Formerly all of the iron was made with the aid of wood charcoal. "The result was that large sections in Essex County were entirely stripped of forest in order to supply the requisite charcoal. The mountains are to-day almost treeless, showing desolate flanks of naked rock; and some of the streams which once were trout brooks are now torrent beds, through which the water of each storm on the smooth sides of the mountains rushes swiftly off to leave them almost dry, instead of slowly percolating through a sponge of moss and tree roots, as a slow running, cold and constant spring."

The State of New York is a remarkable watershed. Northwardly its waters descend the St. Lawrence, at the south they descend the Hudson, and south-westerly they pass through the Alleghany, Ohio and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico. Nearly every stream in this State starts from some lake or pond, from which, if in a forest region, it pours an unending stream; and it is to this system of lakes or natural reservoirs, bosomed in the cool, primeval forest, that our State is indebted for that water supply which has created our canals and that steady water power which is the wealth of so many manufactures. It is also said: "We believe that the great Adirondack forest has a powerful influence upon the general climatology of the State; upon the rainfall, winds and temperature, moderating storms and equalizing throughout the year the amount of moisture carried by the atmosphere; controlling, and in a measure subduing, the powerful northerly winds, modifying their coldness and equalizing the temperature of the whole State."

The destruction of the Adirondack forest would have a calamitous effect upon the Hudson River. The deep winter snows accumulating upon the bare uplands would contain an immense body of water. Spring would suddenly release this water, when it might rush at once down through the valleys to the sea. The immense mass of water, "hurled furiously into the narrow valley of the Hudson, would sweep before it fields of ice, to crush and sink the strongest vessels, and ruin the warehouses on our wharves. While the Adirondack forests remain, these deep snows will be protected from the direct rays of the sun in spring, and will slowly and gradually melt away."

It is also urged that we should preserve the timber