

An Account of a strange sort of Bees in the West-Indies, communicated by M. I.

A Friend of mine, Monsieur *de Villermont*, informs me, that he has received from *America*, a sort of Honey-Comb, (of a different make from the European,) which is composed of small Bottles, or Bladders of Wax, of a brownish colour, inclining to black: being as big as Olives, and shapt like the Spanish Olives. They hang together in Clusters, almost like a Bunch of Grapes, and are so contrived, that each of them has an Aperture during the time of work, but it is closed up, as soon as the Vessel of Wax is filled with Honey; and then the *Bees* go to work at another Vessel.

Their Lodgings are ordinarily taken up in a hollow Tree, or the Cavity of a Rock, by the Sea side; these being the properest places to secure them from such Animals, as are geedy of their Honey, and therefore likely to molest them; and they have the more need of this Caution, because they are more lyable to be disturbed, then ordinary *Bees*, as having no Stings, and being capable of doing good, but no hurt to any thing, as the Party that lived at *Cayenne*, very well knows. When the Combs are removed, they must be carryed gently, and in the same Position they lay in till you come to the place, where you design to take out the Honey.

The Honey it self is clear, and liquid as Rock-water, and hardly to be distinguisht from it, by the sight; when you would take it out, you must pierce every bottle, with the Thorn of a wild Palm, or a Pin, a little more then from the bottom; for if you pierce it lower, you find a bottom or sediment, whose thickness would hinder it from running: as you prick every Bottle, you have some Vessel ready, to receive what comes from it. My Friend
tells

tells me, he thinks, the liquor is one of the most agreeable things in the world. If you drink fasting, the quantity of a good Glafs, or about half a pint, it will give you 2 or 3 stools, in about 2 hours time, according to the temperament of the Party; but if you drink it at Meals, it dos not purge at all.

My friend has also a sort of *Cinnamon*, which comes from *Guardaloupe*, which is white; and another sort, which comes from *Maragnan*, which is like that of *Ceylon*.

He promises to shew me, that *Ambergrise* is nothing but the wax, mixt with the Honey, which falls into the Sea, and is beat about in the Waves, between the Tropics.

He has an Ear of the small *Melium* of *Guinee*, about 10 Inches long, made just like the great knob of a Cane; the Grains are no bigger then a pins head, and are very good to eat, the *Negros* making their finer Cakes of them.

Monsieur Villermont having lately sent over one of these *Hony-combs*; care has been taken, for the designing, and engraving it; 'tis represented Fig 1. Only allowance must be made for some of the Bottles having been broken in carriage.

Fig. 1.

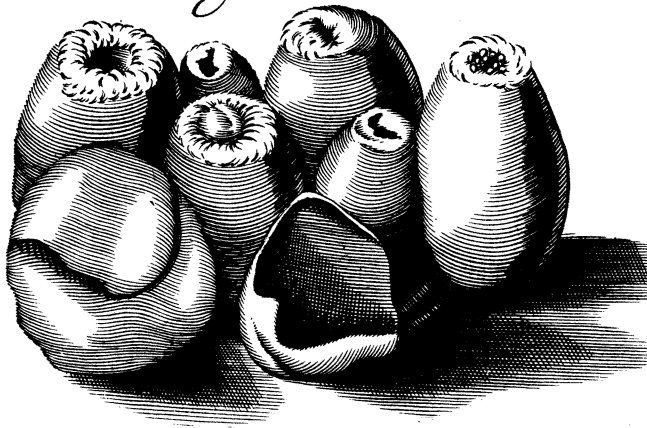


Fig. 2.

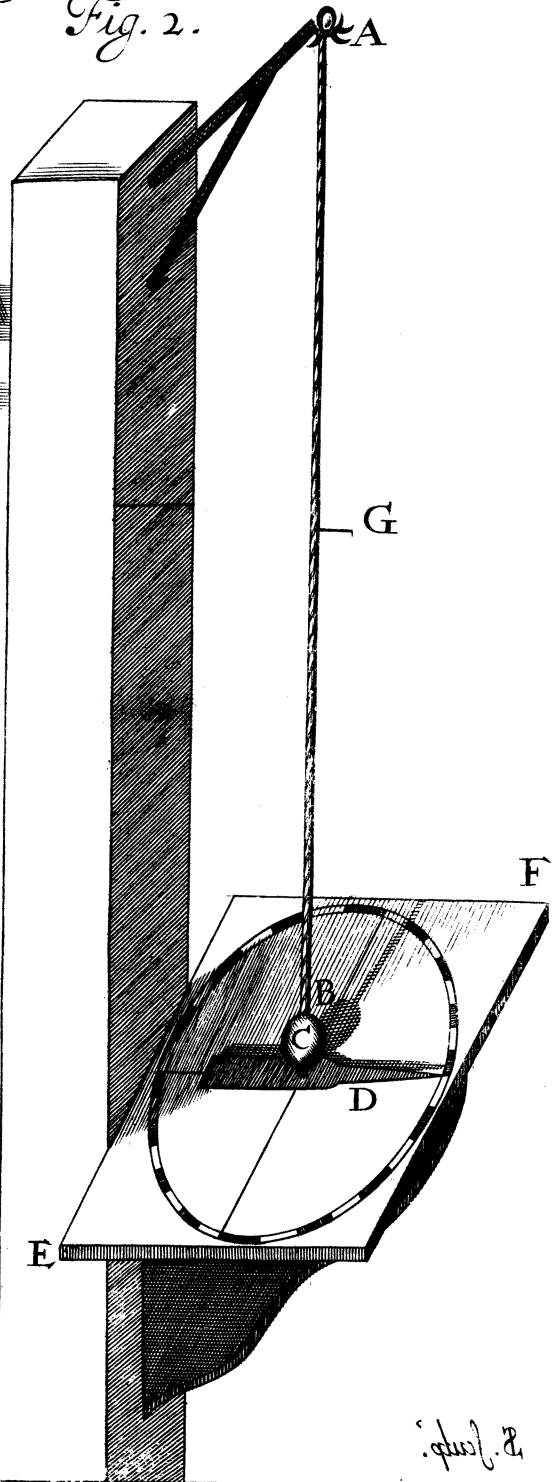


Fig. 3.

