

The young ones are known by being browner than the old, with whiter hair; the old ones are of a lighter colour, with red hair. The two armies are therefore easily distinguishable, and dreadful battles are often seen to ensue. But the victory almost ever terminates in favour of the veterans, and the rebellious offspring are driven off, not without loss and mutilation.

Sometimes, indeed, there being another queen, numbers of them both young and old, will unite under her, and set off in a body to establish a new colony wherever she leads them. An unusual buzzing is heard in the hive on the night previously to this intended migration: in the morning, though the weather be ever so inviting, they do not come out; all labour is discontinued in the hive, every bee is either employed in forcing, or reluctantly yielding a submission; at length, after some noise and tumult, a queen-bee is chosen, to guard, rather than conduct, the young colony to other habitations, and then they are marshalled without any apparent conductor. The usual time of swarming, is from ten in the morning, to three in the afternoon, when the sun shines bright, and invites them to seek their fortunes. They flutter for a while, in the air, and sometimes