

path, and whirled about. It is the play-hour of sportive wind, and let not these wanderings amongst the woods be called hours of idleness, but hours of happiness and of profit. They are in truth given, when rightly estimated and employed, to health, to meditation, and to God!

In the autumnal ramble the eye will be sometimes attracted by a single leaf suspended by its thin fibre at the extremity of a branch or minute ramification. There it hangs as in mid air, twisting and twirling like a culprit in agony, and exhibiting in bold and striking relief upon the brightness of a distant sky. It swings hither and thither, turning about in manifest contortions, till jerked from its elevation by a severer blast or a more powerful touch of decay, the fibre snaps, and it falls amongst its kindred millions. And what is fallen? A leaf, say you, an insignificant and withered leaf; brush it out of the path, or let the eddying winds whirl it away. But no—examine it—analyse it parts, take it with you for closer inspection, employ the exploring microscope—now say what is fallen—what prostrate millions of living beings have crowded your path, and O, what a peopled universe is this! Even amidst the decays of nature we have life—sensitive, susceptible, and instinctive existence. Mortality is even now, as it were, “swallowed up of life.” The fallen leaf is the world to an innumerable host of animalcules, as this rolling atom in the boundless creation is our world—itsself less in comparison, both in magnitude and duration than the yellow leaf of the forest to the forest, or the earth itself.

It is well known that the richest soils in an agricultural point of view, are those which are formed by decayed vegetation. On the banks of the Ohio, plants and trees are seen in all their luxuriance and vigour of growth, and everywhere a vegetable mould is prized, as best subservient to all the purposes of cultivation. What then is decay? Is it annihilation? It would seem not, but a change only of constitutional elements, a process of remodification. The leaf falls, it is true, and returns to dust; but what is that dust? how is it disposed? what transformations may it undergo? The particles of matter of which the leaf is composed do not appear, so far as reason or observation can ascertain, to be utterly destroyed, but to be cast into new forms, and as we may say, to rise into new beings. It is perhaps possible for the mind to conceive of the annihilation as well as the creation of matter; and though we have no power of imagining the *modus operandi* in either case, yet the admission of the fact or possibility is not difficult. But though matter which was created may be annihilated; there is no good evidence that it will; because it does not seem necessary, and is contrary to experience. In innumerable instances wherein objects vanish from our sight, and seem to be dissolved, they obviously re-appear, though in other and strange varieties and forms. The seed is cast into the ground, and it soon presents itself again; not indeed in a molecule of matter, but in the aspiring blade, which gradually advances to the full corn in the ear. And thus, without bringing other examples from nature, in which decay and reproduction are in endless and mysterious operation, it may be observed that the withered leaf rots into the earth and contributes its quota to the rich vegetable mould which rapidly accumulates, and then by the force of capillary attraction the separated particles ascend the fibres, and minister life and substance to the stems, branches, and leaves, of other trees—again becoming green with young existence—again adorning the forest, and shadowing the walk of meditation—again bowing to the universal law, and shivering on the bough in the yellowness of age, and again in the eternal circle rolling to the dust. Who knows then but we are now contemplating the forests of creation? Who knows then but that we are treading the soil once trodden, though in an altered organisation and arrangement only, that was pressed by the foot of patriarchs, prophets, and kings. Who knows, after ten thousand transformations and transmutations, but yonder tree contains, absorbed from the dust of ages, the elements of the oak of Mamre, or the leaf of the tree of life? But no—let fancy be repressed, and retire from the images that flit around, with the solemn thought of mortality, as illustrated in the fallen leaf of autumn, blended with the glorious hope, as pictured in the green leaf of spring, of a blooming immortality.

SIGMA.

**THE QUEEN BEE.**—“If the bees are deprived of their queen, and are supplied with a comb containing young worker brood only, they will select one or more to be educated as queens; which, by having a royal cell selected for their habitation, and being fed by royal jelly for not more than two days, when they emerge from their pupa state (though if they had remained in the cells which they originally inhabited, they would have turned out workers) will come forth complete queens, with their forms, instincts, and powers of generation entirely different. In order to produce this effect, the grub must not be more than three days old; and this is the age at which, according to Schirach, (the first nriarist who called the public attention to this miracle of nature), the bees usually select the larvæ to be royally educated; though it appears from Huber’s observations, that a larva two days or even twenty-four hours will do. Their mode of proceeding is described to be as follows:—Having chosen a grub, they remove the inhabitants and their food from two of the cells which join that

in which it resides; they next take down the partitions which separate these three cells, and, leaving the bottoms untouched, raise round the selected worm a cylindrical tube, which follows the horizontal direction of the other cells; but since at the close of the third day of its life its habitation must assume a different form and direction, they gnaw away the cells below it, using the wax of which they were formed to construct a new pyramidal tube, which they join at right angles to the horizontal one, the diameter of the former diminishing insensibly from its base to its mouth. During the two days which the grub inhabits this cell, like the common royal cells now become vertical, a bee may always be observed with his head plunged into it: and when one quits it another takes its place. These bees keep lengthening the cell as the worm grows older, and duly supply it with food, which they place before its mouth and round its body. The animal, which can only move in a spiral direction, keeps incessantly turning to take the jelly deposited before it; and thus slowly working downwards arrives insensibly near the orifice of the cell, just at the time that it is ready to assume the pupa, when the workers shut up its cradle with an appropriate covering.” “Sixteen days is the time assigned to a queen for her existence in her preparatory state before she is ready to emerge from her cell; three she remains in the egg; when hatched, she continues feeding five more; when covered in she begins to spin her cocoon, which occupies another day. As if exhausted by this labour, she remains perfectly still for two days and sixteen hours, and then assumes the pupa, in which state she remains exactly four days and eight hours—making, in all, the period just named. A longer time, by four days, is required to bring the workers to perfection. So that the peculiar circumstances which change the form and functions of the bee, accelerate its appearance as a perfect insect; and by choosing a grub three days old, when the bees want a queen, they actually gain six days: for in this case, she is ready to come forth in ten days, instead of sixteen, which would be required were a recently-laid egg fixed upon.”—*Dagster.*

**WOMAN’S FRIENDSHIP.**—It has been objected, that although friendships among women are, from their spirit of constancy, more permanent when made, yet that there is no natural tendency in that sex towards mutual friendship. This may be true, and when I see it proved, I shall believe it. To say, however, that woman’s love for the other sex interferes with her love for her own, goes but a very little way in advancing this proof—for is not man in an exactly similar predicament? We are told, men after marriage, frequently preserve their friendships close as before; women generally, after the same ceremony sacrifice theirs. Granting the fact, what does it prove? That women are more inconstant than men? Certainly not; but that their domestic duties, prevent them from cultivating friendship as sedulously as before, and that this noble feeling declines, and, perhaps, gradually dies—us all feelings will, which are thus cut off from exercise. Besides, I have Shakspeare on my side, whose

“—name is a tower of strength  
Which they upon the adverse faction want.”

We cannot surely forget Helena’s address to Hermin, when Oberon had thrown his enchantments around them:

“Is all the counsel that we two have shared,  
The sister’s vows, the hours that we have spent,  
When we have chid the hasty footed time  
For parting us—oh, and is all forgot?  
All school day’s friendships, childhood’s innocence:  
We, Hermin, like two artificial gods,  
Have with our needles created both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,  
Both warbling of one song, both in one key:  
As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds,  
Had been incorporate. So we grow together,  
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;  
But yet a union in partition,  
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.”

Here is Shakspeare, who seems to have made for himself a window in every human breast; here is the grand inquisitor, who penetrates, with an intuition almost supernatural, the mysteries of this “little world of man;” here is the infallible interpreter of nature, Shakspeare himself delineating, a picture of friendship the most perfect—and who compose the group on the foreground? *Women!* Now we put it to the candor of the reader, would Shakspeare have drawn such a vivid picture of female friendship, had not the propriety of it suggested itself to him from his previous observation of human nature? Why did he never think of depicting two boys in such an attitude?

**A MOTHER’S INFLUENCE.**—In what Christian country can we deny the influence which a mother exerts over the whole life of her children? The roughest and hardest wanderer, while he is tossed on the ocean, or while he scorches his feet on the desert sands, recurs in his loneliness and suffering to the smiles which maternal affection shed over his infancy; the reckless sinner, even in his hardened career, occasionally hears the whisperings of those holy precepts instilled by a virtuous mother, and, although they may, in the fulness of guilt, be neglected, there are many instances of their having so stung the conscience, that they have led to a deep and lasting repentance; the erring child

of either sex will then, if a mother yet exists, turn to her for that consolation which the laws of society deny, and in the lasting purity of a mother’s love will find the way to heaven. How cheerfully does a virtuous son labor for a poverty-stricken mother! How alive is he to her honor and high standing in the world! And should that mother be deserted—be left in “worse than widowhood,” how proudly does he stand forth her comfort and protector! Indeed, the more we reflect upon the subject, the more entirely are we convinced, that no influence is so lasting, or of such wide extent; and the more intensely do we feel the necessity of guiding this sacred affection, and perfecting that being from whom it emanates.

## SONG OF THE SUN.

In the glorious East  
Is my matin feast,  
For I drink the rosy cloud!  
With my dazzling beam  
I rejoice, I ween,  
To lift from earth its shroud.  
The smallest flowers  
Have eye their dowers  
To give each wandering ray;  
Drops of poorly dew  
Are the gifts they owe  
To strengthen me on my way.  
No barrier strong  
Ere opposes long  
The course I love to take!  
The mist may arise,  
But with radiant eyes  
Through its envious gloom I break.  
When I sink to rest  
In the welcome West,  
Ev’ry parting glance I bend,  
Ev’ry fading hue  
Is a token true  
Of my toilsome journey’s end.

“VATES.”

**RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.**—Immediately on our arrival at Odessa, the portmanteau containing our books, sealed up at Liouva, was delivered in due form at the *chancellerie* of the Governor-General. The volumes were thence conveyed to the censor’s office, and we were informed that they would be detained till we should quit the country. Two days before sailing for Constantinople, we applied for their restitution; and they were all returned with the exception of three. These were “*Voyage en Orient, par Fontanier*,” “*Mrs. Clarke’s Travels in Europe*,” and “*Auldjo’s Visit to Constantinople*.” The first is prohibited in Russia; the other two are not in the list of those permitted; therefore they are forbidden. It seems scarcely credible that so great a power should maintain a system so illiberal. In Petersburg a chief censor reads, or professes to read, all books published in Europe; what he disapproves, are excluded from the country, and what he does not approve, including what he does not read, are not tolerated. Consequently, the whole intellectual appetite of this prodigious empire is gauged by one man’s capacity, and the supply limited by his caprice.

We saw a charming girl at a dinner-party the other day. Her figure, face, mind and manners were equally agreeable; and yet she had destroyed their effect by the un-artist-like manner in which she had sprinkled her neck and shoulders with pearl powder. Just listen to us, ladies; don’t use it at all. Cleanliness is the only true cosmetic. Wash yourselves; that is all. As soon as that is done, you are as beautiful, precisely as nature, and your sweet tempers choose, and all the else is hopeless toil; hopeless as bleaching a blackamoor, though you were to labour on all the milk and powder and soaps that have been created from the days of Judith down to those of Del-Croix.

These are sad, vulgar truths; yet, alas! no less true. The thing is impossible. Be content! and as you can, a little add one tint to your complexion as one inch to your stature, without paint or without high heels, do what you can to apply cosmetics to your mind—as you have often been told how. That is the true art of beauty. A gentle soul and a sweet temper—intellect and virtue—these are cosmetics that will take out all your freckles and smooth all your wrinkles; which will render you beautiful even above your beauty; and beautiful even above your plainness.

**WOMAN’S LOVE.**—It has long been a favorite opinion of mine that in purity, (where love is the passion,) in tenderness of heart, and strength of attachment to the object preferred, women are, generally speaking, far nobler beings than men. There is a spirit of peculiar devotedness to the object of her love in the breast of a woman—a certain fortitude of affection, which no changes or chances of life can discourage—which increases with adversity, which unkindness itself cannot subdue, but which, like the April flower, seems to bloom most sweetly in tears. To her Love is a second nature—the business of her life—the motive of her actions—the theme of her waking thoughts—the shadow which her fancy pursues even in slumber; it is the innate principle of her constitution; it is born with her, it grows with her heart-strings, and she rarely parts with it, but with her life.