ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Weekly Post.

THE LAND OF MY BIRTH.

FAREWELL to the land of my childhood,
Farewell to my cottage and vine;
I go to the land of the stranger,
Where pleasures alone will be mine.
When life's fleeting journey is over,
And earth again mingle with earth,
I can rest in the land of the stranger,
As well as in that of my birth.

Yes, these were my feelings at parting,
But absence soon altered their tone;
The cold hand of sickness came o'er me
And I wept over my sorrows alone.
No friend then came near me to cheer me,
No parent to soften my grief—
No brother nor sister came near me,
And strangers could give no relief.

'Tis true, that it matters but little;
Tho' living, the thought makes one pine,
Whatever befals the poor relic,
When the spirit has flown from its shrine.
But oh! when life's journey is over
And earth again mingle with earth;
Lamented or not, still my wish is,
To rest in the land of my birth.

E. D. S.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

From Merry's Museum.

THE SPIDER.

The Spider is perhaps the first animal in the order of insects that attracts the notice of naturalists, its manners being the most subtle, and its instincts the most various. Formed for life of rapacity, and incapable of living upon any other than insect food, all its habits are calculated to deceive and surprise. It spreads snares to entangle its prey: it is endued with patience to await its coming; and is possessed of arms and strength to destroy it when fallen into the trap. In northern countries, where all the insect tribes are kept under by human assiduity, spiders are small and harmless.—We are acquainted with few but the *House-Spider*, which weaves its web in neglected rooms; the *Garden-Spider*, that spreads its net from tree to tree and rests in the centre; and the *Field-Spider*, which is sometimes seen mounting, web and all, into the clouds. These, though reputed venomous, are entirely inoffensive. But they form a much more terrible tribe in Africa, the West Indies and South America. The Martinique spider's body is as large as a hen's egg, and covered with hair. its web is strong, and its bite dangerous.

Every spider has two divisions in its body. The fore-part, containing the head and breast, is separated from the hinder-part, or belly, by a very slender thread, through which, however, there is a communication from one part to the other. They have several eyes round the head, brilliant and acute.—They have all eight legs, joined like those of lobsters, and similar also in another respect; for if a leg be torn away, or a joint cut off, a new one will quickly grow in its place, and the animal will find itself fitted for combat as before. Besides these, they have two pincers in the fore-part of the head, rough, with strong points, toothed like a saw, and terminating in claws, like those of a cat.

The spider, though thus formidably equipped, would seldom prove successful in its forays, were it not equally furnished with other instruments to assist its depredations. It is a most experienced hunter, and spreads its nets to catch such animals as it is unable to pursue. The spider's web is usually laid in those places where flies are most apt to shelter. There the little animal remains for days and weeks together, seldom changing its situation, though ever so unsuccessful.

For the purpose of making its web, nature has supplied this creature with a large quantity of glutinous matter, and five nipples for spinning it into thread. It fixes the ends of the threads by applying the nipples to any substance, and the thread lengthens in proportion as the animal recedes from the place. By means of its claws it re-ascends the threads with great ease and rapidity, much in the same manner as sailors warp up a rope. After having spun a complete web, the insect doubles and trebles the threads that form the outer edge, and secures the ends so as to prevent the wind from blowing the web away. The edges being thus fortified, the retreat is next attended to; the bottom of the web is forgotten, and the little creature lies concealed. To this are two passages or outlets, one above, the other below, very artfully contrived, to give it an opportunity of making excursions at proper seasons, of prying into every corner, and cleaning those parts which are observed to be clogged or encumbered. Still attentive to its web, the spider from time to time cleans away the dust that gathers around it; for this purpose it gives the whole a shake with its paws, proportioning, however, the blow so as not to endanger the fabric. One great advantage which the spider reaps from the contrivance of a cell, is that it serves for a place where the creature can feast upon its game in security, and conceal the fragments of the carcasses it has picked, without exposing to public view the least trace of barbarity, which might create a suspicion in any insect that their enemy was near.

It often happens, however, that the wind, or the approach of some large animal, destroys in a minute the labor of an age. In this case, the spider is obliged to remain a patient spectator of the universal ruin; and when the danger has passed away, it sets about repairing the calamity. In general the animal is much fonder of mending than making, as it is furnished originally with but a certain quantity of glutinous matter, which, when exhausted, nothing can renew. The time seldom fails to come, when its reservoirs are entirely dried up, and the poor creature is left to all the chance of irretrievable necessity. An old spider is thus often reduced to the greatest extremity. Its web is destroyed, and it wants the materials to make a new one. But as it has been long accustomed to a life of depredation, it hunts about to find the web of another spider, younger and weaker than itself, with which it ventures a battle. The invader generally succeeds: the young one is driven out to spin a new web, and the old one remains in quiet possession.

The female spider usually lays from nine hundred to a thousand eggs in a season. These eggs are large or small in proportion to the size of the animal that produces them. In some they are as large as a grain of mustard seed: in others they are scarcely visible. These eggs, the spider prepares to shelter in a bag, where they are hatched, until they leave the shell. For this purpose, she spins a web four or five times as strong as that made for catching flies. Within this she deposits her eggs, and then sticks it by means of her glutinous fluid to the end of her body, so that the animal, when thus loaded appears as if she had one body placed behind another. If this bag be separated from her by any accident, she employs all her assiduity to stick it again in its former situation, and seldom abandons her treasure but with her life. When the young are hatched, the mother, instinctively knowing their maturity, bites open their prison and sets them free. She carries them about on her back for some time, until they are able to provide for themselves, when they leave her, never to return, and each begins a separate manufactory of its own. The young ones begin to spin when they can scarcely be discerned, and prepare for a life of plunder before they have strength to open their eyes.

Lewenhoek, the celebrated naturalist, found, by microscopic observation, that the threads of the minutest spiders, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that it would require four millions of them to make a strand as thick as a hair of his beard. In the early part of the last century, M. Bon, of Languedoc, in France, fabricated a pair of gloves and a pair of stockings from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful grey color. To test the ingenuity of the spider, a gentleman frequently placed one on a small upright stick and surrounded the base with water. After having reconnoitered and discovered that the ordinary means of escape were cut off, the animal ascended the stick, and standing nearly on its head, ejected a long thread, which the wind soon carried to some contiguous object; along this, the sagacious insect effected its escape; not however, till it had ascertained by several exertions of its own strength, that the web was securely attached at the end.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the W

EMERSON, WHIPPLE, WILLIS, DANA, POE AND MITCHEL CONSIDERED AS ESSAYISTS.

That America can produce as brilliant an array of talent on this field of literature, as in any other, none will deny: but that she has not, is equally true. The question is often asked, why is this? A little thought, will, we think, lead to a solution of the difficulty.

The American's impulses are, like the Prompter, in the Country Theatre, all for *action—action*; they make excellent historians and chroniclers—telling us just what has been and is being done—troubling us but little with their reflections, thinking them not germain to the matter—why people did thus and so, not being the question, but what they did, and how they did it. Let any one compare a page or two of Prescott, Sparks or Bancroft, with the writings of D'Aubigne or Macaulay, and our meaning can be gathered from half an hour's reading: the labors of the former bringing with them an assurance of reliablity, which, in the latter, we seek for in vain, notwithstanding the sensations of pleasure derived from their perusal.

Again, the American is in general a ready debater, both in the Forum and at the Bar. Why? Because, the object is tangible—there is a *quid pro quo*; not that we would be understood as saying, debaters never speak from the point—a glance towards the Extra Globe at our elbow, would show our mistake; but, that there is in *their* estimation an object to be gained—a client to be satisfied—the people to be humbugged—a speech to be made for Buncombe, and it is done.

Young America is a delightful travelling companion, journeying with a quick eye and ready observation through foreign countries, jotting down all he sees, viewing all subjects with the spirit of the true citizen of the world: he returns home, and throws his "Nile Notes," "Glimpses of Europe," and "Fresh Gleanings," to his publishers, with the same *nonchalance* with which he disencumbers himself of his travelling gear, and *presto*, a book is out before his friends have finished their congratulations on his safe return.

Now this is all very well in its way; but it is not the way to get a good essay. Other writers may, with advantage, sacrifice strict grammatical construction and polish of diction on the altar of strength; the essayist never—He is the finished painter of thought, not the draughtsman of impressions, and should ever remember that he is engaged in the highest order of word-painting. The definition of poetry, "the best words in the best order," can equally as well be applied to the essay. It may be called the poetry of prose, and should never convey to the reader the least sensation of halting, either in language or ideas. With all the correctness of construction and polish of the criticism and lecture, it should eschew their sharpness and coldness. The essayist, rightly considered, is not the expositor of new theories, or the advocate of strange doctrines; but the interpreter in the Palace Beautiful of the mind, ever standing ready to explain its mysteries and call to light its hidden stores of imagination and fancy; and the essay should, therefore, be rather suggestive than argumentative in its character; disposing the mind to repose and reflection, not rousing it to action nor arming it for conflict. The best test of its merit is its effect on the reader: if it leaves the [illegible] *mente* of thought, it has fulfilled its mission; if, on the other hand, there is experienced a far out-reaching of the mind, after the unobtained, it matters not what conventionalism or the author's fancy call it, to our appreciation, it becomes a lecture not an essay.

Neither can the essay be written as a glass of champagne is drunk; it must be brewed like a cup of good Bohea; must bear the marks of the intensest spirit of meditation—a meditation of the heart, as well as of the head: and it is the absence of this latter quality, which, while we may admire the writings of EMERSON, must forever forbid a warmer emotion. His subjects all bear the marks of the cold scalpel of Reason; never glow with the soft touches of Sentiment. We agree with him, (as far as his Transcendentalism will permit;) for a writer showing marks of such intense thought must be right—but we close the book without once having the deeper waters of sympathy stirred; and it is because every line evinces a want of feeling in the conception. There is in his writing none of that "bright precipitate of soul," which will, and will alone, give to another's thoughts the power "to possess us like a passion." He is evidently aware of this failing, and makes vigorous efforts to clear himself from the imputation of heartlessness; but it is in vain. When he would be warm, he is only brilliant, like summer lightning. There is the beauty of intellect, but none of the fire of sentiment, and his attempts to pourtray the higher emotions of the soul, are Lapland scenes by moonlight—beautiful, but cold as beautiful. We will give one extract in illustration:

"There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again—its overarching vault bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm loves and fears, that swept over us like clouds, must lose their finite character a[illegible] blend with God to attain their own perfection.'

Now, if this means any thing, it would seem to convey the idea, that, in the author's estimation, the affections are the diseases of the mind; consequently, that man is in a healthy state only when entirely free from all such influences; and the writer, advancing such a theory, while he may take a high stand with his admirers as a lecturer or debater, should not expect to rank as an essayist, by the side of the author of the "Essay on the Fear of Death."

With Emerson descanting on Kantism, or advocating the doctrines of the Socialist, we have naught to do, even if capable of understanding his philosophy, which we confess we are not, or of refuting his arguments; this is not the proper place to touch upon such subjects. We leave it to abler pens, nothing doubting that there will be found minds capable of detecting his fallacies, and that the common sense of the masses will, when the charm of novelty has worn off, winnow the chaff from the precious grain.

Just up from the perusal of a volume of WHIPPLE, it strikes us that he possesses, in a higher degree than any other American author, the suggestive faculty, and repose of style, which, we think, the essay imperatively calls for. His "Words" is admirably written—"The Crokers," true to nature; but the flutterings of his grey goose quill show it has soared into an atmosphere too highly rarified for its natural flight, and he, soon wearying of the task, drops the essayist's for the critic's pen.

Had he taken time, WIRT, in his "Old Bachelor" and "British Spy," would have rivalled Addison or Steele; but he staid not, and rushing into the outer world, left only three small volumes to show us what he might have done, could he have "learned to labor and to wait."

His biographer says: "The reader will not fail to perceive in these esssays, an agreeable foretaste of high literary accomplishment; but he must regard them rather as the earnest of the talent to achieve a distinction in letters, than the achievement itself:" and we have it on Wirt's own authority, that "they are too desultory; the topics are too lightly touched; while the style is sometimes careless and poor, and still more frequently, overloaded with epithets." The strongest feeling on rising from their perusal, must ever be one of regret, that an author so highly gifted by nature had not been more favored by fortune, and time had been powers. The wants of a[illegible] mind, the latent duties of his profession, the calls on his time consequent on his official station, all militated against those habits of quiet and reflection, indispensable to the requisite perfection of style, and depth of thought.

WILLIS, whatever he might have done, has spoiled himself as an essayist, by his labors as an editor. His ideas are too paragraph-sh, to use a word from his own mint; his pieces all read like clippings from the newspapers; however artistically woven by his graceful pen, the reader still see, or imagines he sees, the piecing. It will generally be found, that any great facility in rapidly striking off a pleasant article, for weekly readers, will fataly interfere with the mature conception of any more elaborate work: and he is no exception to the rule. Willis's matter is light, flimsey, trifling, (not trite, for he is original, even in his trifling;) the avowed worshipper of the artificial. Nature with him is clothed in silks and satins, not sunbeams and shadows; and his genius, as he sings of his love, is only

* * * at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes her ease;
* * * has an eye for a dinner;
And starves beneath shady trees.

The moment he leaves the busy haunts of men to commune with nature, he shows he is wandering in unfamiliar, if not unknown paths; he has good naturedly let us judge for ourselves, in publishing a parcel of namby pamby stuff about (not of) nature, in his "Letters from Under a Bridge;" the style of said letters being as stiff and unnatural as must have been his limbs and position when composing them—for we will mention, *en passant*, that the space in which he represents himself a being seated, could have afforded comfortable accommodations for no human being above the size of Tom Thumb; and even that diminutive gentleman must have been forced to have planted his feet in the water to have attained anything like ease of position. There is also in Willis a total absence of anything like intenseness; his plumline of appreciation never reaches the depths of our nature; every attempt he makes to show himself really in earnest, grates on our feelings as desecration; even where he has described a feeling well, he does it without feeling.

DANA and POE have both of them far too much of the Niagara in their style; their ideas flow too rapidly to their pens' ends, to be clothed with the garb of words befitting the quiescence of the essay. Their minds are much of the same order, with this difference: both loved the horrible; Dana, for the isolated pleasure it gave him to regard it; Poe, for its effects on others. Dana lingers over each revolting image with an evidently intense love for the subject; compelling his readers to follow him, only through that innate love of the horrible always to be found in our nature. Poe hurries his readers on, through paths beset with as many horrors as ever was Christian's through the dark valley; but he keeps the object of the journey ever before their eye, using such imagery as the means, while, with the former, it is the end. But both are utterly wanting in repose.

MITCHELL may give us a good essay when he has learned to fuse his ideas in the alembic of reflection, and fully realized his own individuality. When rejecting all aid from the properties of his predecessors, he brings his thoughts on the stage in a garb peculiarly his own, we shall be far better able to judge than now; when they only appear to us, disguised in the drapery of the older English assayists: and for this we must be content to wait.

When the spirit of unrest is laid, and *go-ahead* ceases to be our boasted motto, America will no doubt produce her Lamb and Coledge, her Hazlett and Blanchard; but until this time arrives, we must be content "to sit on the carpet of Resignation and smoke the pipe of Patience." To look for it in this age, would be as wise as to seek for retirement amid the whirl of a Lowell Factory; or, in the homely language of proverb, to expect a grey head on green shoulders.

We are fully aware that the definition of the word "essay," as given by both Johnson and Webster, will not bear us out in these our ideas, as to what its true scope and design are. We do not advance them as *opinions*, but merely give them as *fancies*; and in following our fancy, it is not required of us, that we adhere strictly to the letter of the law.

Z.

For the Weekly Post.

Mr. POST:

Will you permit me a few words, through you to your correspondent, whom I presume, from internal evidence to be gathered from his article, to belong to the sterner sex, though his signature throws but little light on the matter. I would not be considered as objecting to aught contained in that article; far from it—I agree with, and admire all the writer has advanced. In the main, it is good, tho' his sentences are, rather longer than even Johnson would consider allowable, and not the clearest, while some of his deductions are, to say the least, far-fetched.

He tells us, that our energies should be given to household cares, our powers to the education and training of our children.

But, in supplying the minds of these children with food, it seems to me, he has forgotten their bodies can also starve; and there are a large class of mothers, who, while longing to devote time and talents to nurturing the former, are forced to strain every nerve, to supply the wants of the latter.

Now, I would ask Franz, to give us his views, as to how this is to be accomplished. We would gladly do the one; but the other must not be left undone. It strikes me, that this was one of the objects, if not *the object*, of the Woman's Convention; and surely, it is but fair, to give them credit for this much of good. Let mankind discriminate; and, while casting aside the obviously evil, in that movement, condescend to open their eyes, to the good that may accrue, from giving at least, a patient hearing, to those who would enlarge woman's sphere—not of *action*, if that phrase grates on the fastidious ear of Franz, but *of labor*.

Cannot man, in his many and varied paths to competency find some which he will leave open to or even share with woman. Must she be forever condemned to

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band and gusset and seam,
Seam and gusset and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand!"

You will perhaps say "Teach," but for how few comparatively of those competent, can there be found an opening, and how many are there, who are totally incapable, from the very fact, that their mothers, before them, spent their lives in stitching, which stitching, barely served to put bread into their mouths, leaving no extra sum to devote to the culture of their minds. A little of reading, less of writing, a smattering of geography and enough of arithmetic to enable them to know how little is left for meat and bread, when a pair of shoes is paid for from mother's week's work, and they have reached the age when they "must stay at home to help mother sew up seams," henceforth their sole use is, to the dignity of making a whole garment, their only hope for a release from slavery the chance (and a slender one it is in this country) of a marriage with a mechanic, clever enough to support his family, without aid from his wife's needle.

Let me state my own case. The elder of five sisters, with somewhat better advantages, than generally falls to the lot of girls of my class, owing to the exertions of a kind father, who died ere the others were old enough to profit by his labor. early saw my duty, and prepared if possible to fit their young mouths. How I by my [illegible] such help as I could get from a feeble mother.—Tailors were applied to, and to work I went; pantaloons at seventy-five cents, vests at one dollar three of the former, one of the latter, were the most I could do a week; thus making seventeen dollars per month; no allowance made for sickness; &c. five dollars of this must go for house rent, leaving twelve dollars for fuel, lights, food, and clothing for a family of six.

It would not do, and with a heavy heart, did I consent, to see a younger sister at the age of fifteen forego all further advantages from schooling, and take her place by my side, to stitch life away, and thus it must be in succession. I shall see all those bright eyes dimmed as mine have been; all those minds as rich in intellect as the wealthiest of the land, left to waste, while they are earning a scanty livelihood by their needle.

Now let me appeal to you, "must *these* things be?" Think it not a matter beneath your notice; remember it is not a mere question of bread to the hungry, though methinks that is not wholly trivial; but it is food for the mind, for which your charity is implored. Will not Franz show us how our sisters and daughters may gain that knowledge, he would have them impart to their children, and yet while gaining it, keep the wolf from the door, and retain the powers, which nature has ordained, can only be secured by due attention to the wants of the body.

Will our gentlemen merchants take our daughters as clerks? Will you, Mr. Post, and your brother editors, let our sisters set type at your stands, or must the next generation still be doomed to

"Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
Sewing at once with a double thread,
A *Shroud* as well as a shirt."

Say Franz, what shall we do? Look to this matter and thousands will bless your efforts, and perhaps I, ere filling the grave, I see fast approaching for me, may know that some of those I love, are raised from the depths of ignorance and raised from that grave so often dug by the needle of the poor,

SEWING GIRL.

For the Weekly Post.

MORAL RESEMBLANCES BETWEEN CHILDREN AND PARENTS.

MR. EDITOR:

I send you the following remarks, because I wish to comply with your invitation to furnish an occasional article for your newly-started paper. I suppose you have given the same invitation to others, for there are many gentlemen, and ladies too perhaps, who, though they have not leisure for elaborate composition, could with ease, furnish an occasional communication, and thus give variety to your sheet, improve themselves, and perhaps improve others. I hope that after having the effrontery thus to introduce myself to your notice, I shall have sufficient industry to try again; and that, however feeble my efforts, the example may stimulate others to offer something more worthy of your notice—otherwise these prefatory remarks would have been waived.

I have been lately thinking a good deal on the similarity of the moral propensities of people belonging to the same family, and I beg leave to offer a few thoughts on this subject.

It has almost grown into a maxim, that opinions which are very common, are apt to be true. They, (at least those of a moral nature,) deserve consideration, for if true, they ought to be adopted; and if not true, their fallacy ought to be exposed. It has certainly been a very prevalent opinion that children are as apt to resemble their parents in temper and disposition, as in person. This opinion might form the basis of an amusing speculation. It might be enquired what curious counterpoise of moral and physical energies might be produced in children, by the intermarriage of parents possessing apposite peculiarities. And it might farther be observed, how wonderfully the counterpoise is provided for, by the affection between the sexes.

We find that attachments of this kind, when unbiased by motives of interest, are very seldom formed between persons varying very strikingly from others, in the same peculiarities of body or mind. Were it otherwise, a part of the human race might become giants, and another dwarfs—a part possess all the moral graces of the heart, and resemble angels; while another part, inheriting the united vicious propensities of many generations, might almost become demons incarnate.

But my object in this communication is, to attract attention, more particularly, to the obligation which rests on parents, to cultivate in their own hearts good moral feelings, if a probability can be shown that their offspring have, by the laws of nature, a tendency to resemble them. That this tendency prevails in relation to corporeal figure and powers cannot be doubted, for we daily see the most striking instances of its illustration. And we see no reason why such a tendency should not extend to the mental and moral powers.

We find the first generation of wild animals attempted to be domesticated, showing their slyness or ferocity in a remarkable degree. Gradually, however, they lose the natural characteristics of their species, and during the progress of domestication, undergo changes both in form, color and disposition; and after passing through some generations, they precisely resemble such as have been tamed from time immemorial. How can we account for this, but by supposing that each successive generation has inherited ameliorated qualities from the preceding? And may we not hence infer, analogically, that the moral and intellectual propensities of man, are subject to similar changes from similar causes? But we are not left here to the vague force of analogy. All who have become acquainted with man in the savage state, admit that he too has derived from his progenitors, ferocities which it might require ages of civilization to eradicate. And can we expect man in a civilized state to be exempt from parental similitudes?

That many members of the same family are destroyed by intemperance, is lamentably too well known in our country. The proofs that this may be accounted for, not only from the influence of habit and example, but also from an inordinate appetite inherited from the parent, are too manifest to my mind to be resisted. But when several causes combine to produce the same effect, it is difficult to assign to each its definite degree of agency. Those only, perhaps, will be inclined to agree with me in opinion, who have had opportunities of observing the descendants of drinking families removed, at an early age, from the influence of temptation and the contagion of evil example. Even this mammoth vice might, perhaps, in some measure be restrained, could its miserable victims be convinced that they are not only suffering its ever-burning thirst themselves, but entailing it on their unborn posterity! Surely the demon of intoxication, in its ravages on the moral faculties, would leave some place for relenting, on a subject so awful and so tender!

The declaration in the Decalogue, "that the iniquities of fathers shall be visited upon children to the third and fourth generation," has been treated by some with profane ridicule. But would I advance an error, in resolving its explanation into a consequent similarity of natural tendencies in the children of iniquitous parents for several generations? This explanation, while it presumes not to concern itself with the justice of the denunciation, places it more in human power to avoid its application, by abstaining from evil, and cherishing those good qualities, which we are led to hope may descend in blessings on our posterity. We find that many diseases of the body, contracted by the imprudence or wickedness of parents, are inherited by their descendants. This fact, while it may serve, by analogy, to prove the moral heritable, should lead us to pleasing hope that all these maladies may be averted from our offspring by our own efforts.

Many speculations have been indulged, of late years, in relation to the advance of man towards a state of moral perfection. While we believe this to be utterly unattainable in the present state of existence, we think we can discern, through the dark vista of human frailty, a possibility, that our posterity, may one day attain a state of moral improvement, far surpassing our own; and to effect a "consummation so devoutly to be wished," each one should labor with all his might, so far as it can be done, by the cultivation of his own intellectual and moral powers.

Y. Y.

A SKETCH OF GERMAN LIFE.

William Howitt gives the following graphic sketch of *Life in Germany*, which will, perhaps, both amuse and inform our readers:

Each German has his house, his orchard, his road-side trees, so laden with fruit, that if he did not carefully prop up, and tie together, and in many places hold the boughs together with wooden clamps, they would be torn asunder by their own weight. He has his cornplot, his plot for hanged wurzel or hay, for potatoes, for hemp, &c. He is his own master, and he therefore, and every branch of his family, have the strongest motives for constant exertion. You see the effect of this in his industry and his economy.

In Germany, nothing is lost. The produce of the trees and the cows is carried to market. Much fruit is dried for winter use. You see wooden trays of plums, cherries, and sliced apples, lying in the sun to dry. You see strings of them hanging from their chamber windows in the sun. The cows are kept up for the greater part of the year, and every green thing is collected for them. Every little nook where the grass grows by the road side, or river, and brook, is carefully cut with the sickle, and carried home, on the heads of women and children, in baskets, or tied in large cloths. Nothing of any kind that can possibly be made of any use is lost. Weeds, nettles, nay, the very goose-grass which covers waste places, is cut up and taken for the cows. You see the children standing in the streets of the villages in the streams which generally run down them, busy washing these weeds before they are given to the cattle. They carefully collect the leaves of the marsh grass, carefully cut their potato tops for them, and even, if other things fail, gather green leaves from the woodlands. One cannot help thinking continually of the enormous waste of such things in England and of the vast quantities of grass on banks, by roadsides, in the openings of plantations, in lanes, in church yards, where grass from year to year springs and dies, but which, if carefully cut, would maintain many thousand cows for the poor.

To pursue still further this object of German economy. The very cuttings of the vines are dried and preserved for winter fodder. The tops and refuse of the hemp serve as bedding for the cows; nay, even the rough stalks of the poppies, after the seeds have been gathered for oil, are saved, and all these are converted into manure for the land.—When these are not sufficient, the children are sent into the woods to gather moss; and all our readers who are familiar with Germany will remember have seen them coming homeward with large bundles of this on their heads. In autumn, the falling leaves are gathered and stocked for the same purpose. The fir-cones, which with us lie and rot in the woods, are carefully collected, and sold for lighting fires.

In short, the economy and care of the German peasant are an example to all Europe. He has for years—nay, ages—been doing that, as it regards agricultural management, to which the British public is but just now beginning to open its eyes.—Time, also, is as carefully economized as every thing else. They are early risers; as may well be conceived, when the children, many of whom come from considerable distances, are in school at six in the morning. As they tend their cattle, or their vine, the knitting never ceases, and hence the quantities of stockings, and other household things which they accumulate, are astonishing.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.—We are indebted to the Boston Traveller's correspondent at Berlin, for the following statistics of twenty-seven of the Universities in Germany, for the summer of 1851.—*N. Y. Observer.*

	No. of Students.	No. of Foreigners.*
1—Berlin	2199	315
2—Munich,	1817	196
3—Prague,	1204	31
4—Bonn,	1026	189
5—Leipsic,	846	233
6—Breslau,	831	19
7—Tubingen,	768	116
8—Gottingen,	691	322
9—Wurzburg,	648	173
10—Halle,	646	86
11—Heidelburg,	624	433
12—Gratz,	611	1
13—Jena,	434	176
14—Giepen,	409	77
15—Freiburg,	403	83
16—Erlangen,	402	51
17—Olmutz,	396	—
18—Konigsberg,	332	5
19—Munster,	323	47
20—Marburg,	272	27
21—Innsbruck,	357	2
22—Greifswald,	208	9
23—Zurich,	201	36
24—Berne,	184	11
25—Rostock,	122	12
26—Kiel,	119	—
27—Rasel,	65	—

Total number of students at 27 Universities, 16,074. Number of professors and teachers of same, 1,586.

The students are pursuing the following professions:

In 11 Universities,		Catholic Theology,	1735
18	"	Protestant Theology,	1697
25	"	Law,	5993
25	"	Medicine,	3154
26	"	Philosophy, German sense,	2449

* By "Foreigners" is meant persons from other States than the one in which the University is situated.

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OURSELVES.

We must be indulged while again saying a few words about ourselves.

Our dress, from top to toe, is all new, and bought at considerable expense; and our arrangements for making a neat, good and useful newspaper, are as extensive, complete and costly as such things ought to be, or can be in North Carolina.

We are not yet fully under way, however; we cannot get to our best at the first bound, nor the second, or third. Our machinery needs a little practice: our system, designed for a long trial, will improve as it goes on.

Our State Correspondence will soon begin; and among other things will be a series of letters to Old Rip Van Winkle from one of his youngest sons now on his travels to visit other plantations. At home, original Literature we will have some, not too much, we hope: and with regard to all the news of the day, we will try to keep in advance of everybody.

Our paper is not a *one-idea'd* paper, intended for enthusiasts of one class: it is designed to suit all tastes, and will, therefore, be as varied as the wants, interests, and tastes of North Carolina.

SOME HONEST ADVICE.

Will the North Carolinians permit us to tell them that they work harder, and live harder than any other people? They are sober enough—virtuous to a proverb—pious, honest and patriotic; but there are some smaller virtues which they sadly lack.

Their houses, for example, are not comfortable, and in their ways of living they have not improved on the examples of their ancestors.

How often do we see houses set on the brow of a sandy hill, with not a tree, or shrub, or patch of green grass to relieve the eye or refresh the imagination; and in summer, when the sun is in mid heaven, these houses look like places of penance, bake-ovens whose inmates are suffering all the tortures awarded to the martyred Saints in time gone by!

And yet hard-by, there will be thick woods and purling streams where the prudent brutes are luxuriating in the shade, while their owners are being broiled in the sun.

Then, in winter, go to one of these same houses, an immense chimney will be glaring with a fire large enough to burn a brick-kiln, and the family will be crowding round, scorching and sweating on one side, while the other is shivering with the keen blasts that sweep through open doors and a thousand yawning crevices.

Good friends why do you not build your houses in the shade; or if they are already built, why do you not plant trees that cost nothing, eat nothing, need not to be "worked," and will grow steadily on while you are sleeping?

And why do you not make them tight, and in winter close the doors, and keep the windows full of glass?

It is as easy and cheap to build a comfortable house as an uncomfortable one; and if the doors and windows are properly arranged, a house can be made cool in Summer and warm in Winter. The air-holes which make a house dreary in cold weather, are of no service in Summer; and if, instead of these, there were a few good, large windows on each side, a wholesome, refreshing ventilation could be kept up in Summer, and in Winter the nipping wind be effectually excluded.

It is hard to imagine a scene more absurd than one we most often witness in these cold days. Witness: A sensible man, with his family standing shivering and miserable close by a blazing fire, looking sad and wretched and complaining that he cannot keep warm, while the doors are all open and the North wind is whistling round his scorching garments! And to how much unnecessary suffering does this negligence give rise. The climate of North Carolina is undoubtedly one of the healthiest in the world; and yet how many malignant fevers and incurable liver complaints are engendered by unnecessary heat and exposure in Summer: while a vast amount of coughing, wheesing, tooth-ache, sore-throat and eyes might easily be avoided in Winter!

There is another great evil which we have observed here in North Carolina and other places. You will often find men who have not the slightest knowledge of medicine as applied to human wants and sufferings; who never know how to prescribe in their families, and whose children grow up with constitutional infirmities which a little watchfulness might have prevented. And yet these same men can tell you all about the diseases and their cures incident to horses, hogs, cattle, sheep and dogs; they closely watch all the habits of their brutes, quickly detect the infirmities or weaknesses of every colt, pig and puppy, and put them on a course of regimen suited to their natures. And is not man the lord of all the brute creation? Were they not given to minister to his comfort? And if the horse is permitted to grow up with a diseased liver, what will it avail him to have all the brutes delivered, in a sound condition, into his possession?

We will pursue this subject more at length when we have more leisure. Our friends must not take offence at our homely advice: it is intended for their good.