

L. S. Zucker

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. ZIEBER, PRINCESS-LANE, SOMERSET COUNTY, MARYLAND.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1827.

Terms of Publication.

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AN ESSAY,

ON THE NATURE OF SOILS,

'The nature of soils, the best meth-

to know the elementary substances

different kind. Much land is left ha-

value of their land, than to double the

Chymistry is nearly allied to Ag

To a superficial observer there

sometimes intermixed with these,

of carils as clay, lime, sand, magnesia. These general observations and

It will be useful to analyze several easily procured, line may be use

by the mixture of the earths, it is

salts. These, therefore, are the true Peat, or bog, put upon sandy so

the air and earth to their organs, and

vegetables contain but a very small proportion of earthy substance. Hence

sis of the vegetable kingdom, rather than its nutriment. It follows, of course, that stiff clay-soils are naturally unfertile.

of food is prepared for vegetables. A quantity of discharging its drainage
for a soil, rather a poor soil, and sand easily intermixes with clay.

Meadow or boggy land is made up

land, for its improvement. So much

Lower soils are composed of the

Allylic C-H's are different from α -

Layer after layer is formed, till a con-

The improvement of land by the

to appropriate his fields to throw grain

or positive response.

The subject before us opens an

of Agricultural knowledge.

© 2006 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 260: 103–110

We have seen, says the Bal-

[illegible]

Letters from Meranban say

While British merchandise is

[illegible]

The normal amount of the

the entire asset in value

1000

The New York American

THE PARTERRE.

VARIETY insinuates into the mind a relish for the useful and the sweet.

FOR THE VILLAGE HERALD.

RELIGION'S SMILE.

When friend's desert and life appears
Sought but a vale of sorrow,
Religion's smile can dry thy tears,
And blissful make the morrow.

When lightning's gleam and thunders
roll,
And strike the heart with terror;
Religion's smile can calm the soul—
Can clear the mind from error.

When pleasure with her gaudy train
Invites to mirth and gladness;
Religion's smile can strew the vain—
The empty show of madness.

When death, the king of terrors, hies,
And earth and hope are riven;
Religion's smile can bid us rise
And seek a promise'd heaven.

JULIA.

Shakespeare combined, perhaps, more
than any man that ever lived, a thor-
ough knowledge of the world, with
a great poetical genius. Many pas-
sages from his works may be cited to
verify this opinion—but the extract
which follows is sufficient proof of
the assertion. This quotation from
Hamlet, might be written in the pocket-
book of every young man just enter-
ing the world, and be occasionally
referred to with advantage. There is
no condition of life to which the coun-
sel will not apply, and almost every
person may be confidently appealed to,
in some one instance or another,
for its justness and truth. It is the ad-
vice of a father to a son setting out on
his travels:

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means
vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their acquaintance
tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks
of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertain-
ment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged com-
rade.
Beware of entrance to a quarrel: be-
lieve in,
Hear it, that the opposer may beware
of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice:
Take each man's measure but reserve
thy judgment.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
bandry.
This, above all—to thine own self be
true,
And it must follow, as the night the
day,
Thou canst not then be false to any
other man."

SELECTED FOR THE HERALD.

THE RESURRECTION.

On Judah's plain the minstrel lyre
Is hushed, for north has wing'd its flight:
In Zion's courts the holy fire
Is quenched, and sorrow veils the night.

No sound disturbs thee, Solyma,
Save some disciple's lowly moan:
No lamp illumines yon vaulted way,
Save one pale orb that burns alone.

'Tis Bethlem's Star! the holy gem,
That hail'd the Godhead from the
skies—
'Tis Bethlem's Star—the diadem,
That tells the Conqueror shall rise!

He rises! and the golden choir
Of angel minstrels wakes the song,
He rises—mortals catch the fire,
And strains of ecstasy prolong.

STORY OF AMPATO SAPA.

This beautiful spot in the Missis-
sippi, (Falls of St. Anthony,) is not with-
out a tale to hallow its scenery and
heighten the interest which, of itself
it is calculated to produce. To
Waukegan, an old Indian, we are in-
debted for the narration of the fol-
lowing transaction, to which his mo-
ther was an eye-witness. An Indian of
the Dakota nation had united himself
in early life to a youthful female,
whose name was Ampato Sapa, which
signifies the *Dark Day*—with her he
lived happily for several years, appar-
ently enjoying every comfort which
the savage life can afford. Their union
had been blessed with two children;
on whom both parents doted with that
depth of feeling which is unknown
to such as have other treasures be-
sides those that spring from nature.

The man had acquired a reputation
as a hunter, which drew round him
many families, who were happy to
place themselves under his protection,
and avail themselves of such part of
his chase as he needed not for the
maintenance of his family. Desirous
of strengthening their interest with
him, some of them invited him to form
a connection with their families,
observing at the same time, that a man
of his talent and importance required
more than one to wait upon the nu-
merous guests whom his reputation
would induce to visit his lodge.

They assured him that he would soon
be acknowledged as a chief and that in
this case, a second wife was indispen-
sable. Fired with the ambition of ob-
taining high honors, he resolved to
increase his importance by an union
with the daughter of an influential
man of his tribe. He had accordingly
taken a second wife, without ever
mentioning the subject to his first
companion. Being desirous to intro-
duce his bride into his lodge, in the
manner which should be least offen-
sive to the mother of his children,
for whom he still retained much re-
gard: "You know, said he, that I can
love no woman so fondly as I do
upon you. With regret have I seen
you of late subjected to toils which
must be oppressive to you, and from
which I would gladly relieve you; yet
I know no other way of doing so,
than by associating with you in the
household duties one who shall relieve
you from the trouble of entertaining
the numerous guests, whom my grow-
ing importance in the nation collects
around me. I have therefore resolved
upon taking another wife, but she
shall always be subject to your control,
as she'll always rank in my affections
second to you." With the utmost
anxiety and the deepest concern, did
his companion listen to this unexpect-
ed proposal. She expostulated in the
kindest terms, entreated him with all
the arguments which undisguised love
and the purest conjugal affections
could suggest. She replied to all the
objections which his duplicity led him
to raise. Desirous of winning her
from opposition, the Indian still con-
cealed the secret of his union with
another, while she redoubled all her
care to convince him that she was
equal to the task imposed on her.

When he again spoke on the subject,
she pleaded all the endearments of
their past life—she spoke of his former
fondness for her, of his regard for her
happiness and that of their natu-
ral offspring, and bade him beware
of the consequences of this fatal pro-
posal. Finding her heart upon
withholding her consent to his plan,
he informed her that all opposition
on her part was unnecessary, as he
had already selected another part-
ner; and that if she could not see his
new wife as a friend, she must per-
ceive her as a necessary incumbrance,
for he had resolved that she should be an
inmate of his house. Distressed at
this information, she watched him
opportunity stole away from the cabin
with her infants, and fled to a distance
where her father was. With him she
remained until a party of Indians
with whom he lived went up the Mis-
sissippi on a winter hunt. In the Spring,
as they were returning with their cap-
sules, loaded with peltries, they encamp-
ed near the falls. In the morning as
they left it, she heard near the spot,
then hunched her light canoe, enter-
ed into it with her children, and pad-
dled down the stream singing her
death song. Too late did her friends
perceive it—their attempts to prevent
her from proceeding were of no avail;
she was heard to sing in a doleful
voice the past pleasures which she had
enjoyed, while she was the undivided
object of her husband's affection—
finally her voice was drowned in the
sound of the cataract—the current
carried down her frail bark with in-
conceivable rapidity—it came to the
edge of the precipice, was seen for a
moment enveloped with spray, but
never after was a trace of the canoe
or its passengers seen. Yet, it is stat-
ed by the Indians, that often in the
morning a voice had been heard to
sing a doleful ditty along the edge of
the fall, and that it dwells on the in-
constancy of her husband. Nay, some
assert that her spirit has been seen
wandering near the spot with her
children wrapped to her bosom. Such
are the tales or traditions that the
Indians treasure up, and which they
relate to the voyager, forcing a tear
from the eyes of the most relentless.

GENERAL LEE—A DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

Gen. Lee—in a slovenly dress.

Farmer—the farmer's daughter.

Officer—One who is devoted to ob-
tain possession of another, has lost
possession of himself.

Marriage—Taking a yokefellow who
may lighten the burden of existence if
you pull together, or render it insup-
portable if you drag different ways.

Rhyme—A substitute for poetry,
and an antithesis to reason.

Vanity—Another word for the whole
fleeting pageant of human existence.

Jealousy—Tormenting yourself for
fear you should be tormented by an-
other.

Learning—Too often a knowledge
of words and an ignorance of things;
a mere act of memory which may be
exercised without common sense.

Logic—Substituting sound for sense,
and perverting reason by reasoning.

Love—One who is devoted to ob-
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are dreadful days for a poor man to
be cast in.

Betsy—I'm sure father, when the
poor fellows are fighting for our lib-
erty, you can't begrudge 'em a hearty
dinner.

Farmer—No Betsy. I begrudge
'em nothing that I can give them, so
long as they march with Washington
at their head. I lost my right arm
fighting by his side—and if so be that
my poor body should be deemed wor-
thy to save his brave heart from a
British bullet—why Betsy, I would
risk it and trust you to the care of
God, and him who has proved the
father of his country and the poor
man's friend. God bless him and all
those who suffer for America. That
ever the tears should come to my eyes
when I think of laying down my un-
worthy life for his.

Farmer goes out and soon after, Gen.
Lee enters, looking like a man, du-
rably officer.

Gen. Lee—The top of the morning
to you, good woman. Can you give a
soldier a draught of milk?

Betsy—Where may you be bound
to-day?

Gen. Lee—Why truly, good woman
this is a Yankee answer to my ques-
tion—but if you let me have some of
the savory dimer which is cooking
over the fire, I will tell you where we
are going and many stories about the
Regulars beside.

Betsy—I'd give a draught of milk
to any body that followed the striped
flag; but for the matter of dimer,
I'm choosing to keep that warm for
General Lee.—They say he's like a
brother to Washington, and I can
tell you he shall take nobody's leav-
ings.

Gen. Lee—This is right my girl;
but if you give me a hot dimer, I
promise you General Lee shall give
you a hearty kiss for it.

Betsy—I should be sorry to have
Gen. Lee hear such indecent discourse
you'll answered soon. But if you
want a dipper of milk, go and draw
this pail of water.

Gen. Lee—It is light work to wait
upon such a rosy cheeked dimer.—
(Takes the pail and goes out.)

Officer enters up to the well.

Officer—Why General, you are
really at home, waiting upon the far-
mer.

Gen. Lee—Not quite so bad nei-
ther.—It is his pretty daughter that
makes me her servant. She is very
anxious to see Gen. Lee. She says I
shall not have one mouthful of dimer
until he is served; nor could I obtain
even a draught of milk, without earn-
ing it by drawing a pail of water.

(Laughter.)

Officer—Now you see what it is,
General, to wear a dirty threadbare
coat. Who could know a man if he
were covered with gold?

Gen. Lee—The girl is not to blame,
sure enough; but wait here, a few mi-
nutes until I have coax'd a dimer
from her without letting her know
that Gen. Lee is the beggar.

(Enters the cottage with a pail of
water.)

Betsy—This is a pretty sort
of work, sir, you have kept me wait-
ing long enough to get six pails of water.
Do you think I shall give you any
thing to eat, lazy bones?

(A soldier throwing himself off a
horse, enters almost breathless.)

Soldier, bowing—Gen. Lee, the
Regulars are laid a mile below.—
Hadn't the troops better be on horse?

Gen. Lee—Yes, yes,—to horse in-
stantly, I'll join you.

Betsy, (deeply blushing) Is it Gen.
Lee that I have been speaking such
under-sewing words before? I wasn't
no hussy, your honour; for nobody
could have guessed you'd been a gen-
eral.

Gen. Lee—Well, my pretty lass,
this mistake has done no harm. I can-
not stop to eat the dimer you have
been saving so nicely for me; but I'll
give you the kiss I promised, and
with it a word of advice: If ever you
are tempted to choose a husband for
the sake of his handsome coat, re-
member General Lee.

NEW DICTIONARY.

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CRITICAL OBSERVER.
[NO. 1.]

"Take care! You're in Danger."

In my uncle Bartholomew's garden
stood an old peach tree, which for sev-
eral years had shaded an antiquated
summer house in which he was wont
to screen himself from the rays of
the mid-day sun. I generally accom-
panied him, and while he was securely
shrouded in his retreat, I either amused
myself in the shade, or in clamber-
ing from branch to branch of the nu-
merous fruit trees which surrounded
it. In the course of these freaks, I
chanced to ascend the peach tree,
which was in full view of my uncle,
who happened not to notice my caper-
somer. "Dominic," exclaimed he in his
usual concise way, "take care! you're
in danger." but the advice was un-
heeded. I was young, and as is usually
the case, conceived myself infinitely
wiser than my uncle, but scarcely had
I ascended a foot higher, when the
limbs rotten by age, gave way and I
was precipitated to the bottom. Here,
with a bruised head was I left to re-
minate on my folly, as my uncle had
left my retreat, and returned to the
house. I soon however, rose, and made
my way from the garden, filled with
the most ineffable contempt for my
own prescience, and with veneration
to that of my uncle, whose advice I
resolved to follow in future. Although
my body was considerably the worse
of the fall, yet I soon recovered, but
firmly rooted in my breast was the
lesson which I had so dearly learned
and which even now, not only as it
respects myself, but likewise the in-
terests of others.

When I see a Politician, who has
been favored by his friends with a
lucrative and honorable office, and
who, by a proper check upon his am-
bition might have risen much higher,
utterly discard his friends, and by the
advice of corrupt and wicked coun-
sellors, vainly attempts by intrigue
and bribery, to advance himself to a
more honorable and profitable station
—then the catastrophe of the peach
tree immediately comes across my
mind, and I very good naturally wis-
per in his ear, "Take care, by ascer-
taining to climb a little higher, you're in
danger of catching a fall."

When I observe a young man, of a
good property, rushing into every vice
and silly driving tandem—frequent-
ing card tables—visiting race courses—bet-
ting, drinking and gambling—in short
running the whole course of folly and
dissipation; then in the very bitter-
ness of sorrow, I cry unto him—
"Hence! take my dear fellow, take care
you're in great danger."

When I see a man who has been
fortunate in made set up for a gentle-
man—buy a fine house, fine furniture,
and fine equipage—and look down upon
old acquaintances, because they
possess less of "the good things of the
world" than himself, then, mark in
sorrow than in anger, I cry unto him:
"Take care! pride and riches may not
always stand your friends, and then,
depend upon it, you're in danger of
being treated with the contempt you
deserve."

When I observe a young dandy, of
good figure, mind, and fortune, sur-
rounded by a host of beaux—drinking
in whole draughts of fulsome flattery—
and feeling themselves with the ex-
pectation of realizing at Hymen's al-
tar, the fair one's estate to sport upon
in after life—I whisper into her ear—
"Take care my pretty girl! rely upon it
you're in great danger."

From the S. School Visitant.

A CHILD'S NOTION OF IN-
SPIRATION.

Just after entering the school a few
sabbaths since, a little boy, about six
years of age, came and asked me for
the charity box. I asked him what he
wanted with it?

"I want to put a cent into it," said
the boy.

In order to examine his motives and
his knowledge of divine things, I
particularly, I asked him what good
he supposed it would do to put his mo-
ney into the charity box?

"I want to send it to the heathen,"
he replied.

"Do you know," said I, "who the
heathen are?"

"They are folks who have not got
any Bible and live a great way off."

"What is the Bible?"

"The word of God."

"What use would it be to the hea-
then if they had it?"

"It would tell them how to love God
and be good."

"Where did the Bible come from?"

"From heaven."

"Was it written in heaven?"

"No—the prophets and good men
wrote it."

"If good men wrote it, how then
is it the word of God and come from
heaven?"

"Why, the Holy Ghost told them
how to write it."

"Did they see the Holy Ghost, and
did he speak to them?"

"No—but he made them think it."

"This was enough. I presented him
the charity box—he dropped in his

money—a smile of joy glowed upon
his countenance—and he returned to
his seat, filled with the luxury of
doing good."

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

There is an admirable partition of
qualities between the sexes, which the
Great Author of being has distributed
to each, with a wisdom which calls
for all our admiration:

Man is strong—Woman is beauti-
ful. Man is daring and confident—
Woman is diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—Woman is
suffering. Man shines abroad—Wo-
man at home. Man talks to convince
—Woman to persuade and please.

Man prevents misery—Woman re-
lieves. Man has science—Woman has
taste. Man has judgment—Woman
sensitivity. Man is a being of justice—
Woman of mercy.