THE COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT.

"I have sworn upon the Alter of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson.

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AGRICULTURAL.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

When we consider the time required to renovate and render productive, land once exhausted by continual and improper cultivation, and the expense and difficulty of the operation; it seems clear that the wisest course for the farmer would be, to adopt a system that would keep his land in good heart, and prevent exhaustion, and the consequent necessity of renovation. This can be done without difficulty, if the farmer commences aright.

By the rotation of crops, by using root crops with grain crops, by alternating green crops with white ones, there is abundant evidence that a farm can be kept in a productive state, and instead of exhaustion, be growing more rich and fertile. Continual cropping will destroy the best soils. There must be change or rest; it is [illegible] to talk of not understanding the reason of land growing poorer, while the suicidal course adopted by many of our farmers is persisted in.

The intervention of a growth of clover for a single year between wheat crops, though far preferable to the system of wheat after wheat, will not prevent this wearing out of the farm, or a field becoming tired of any particular crops. There must be a succession of plants that draw their nourishment from greater or lesser depths of the soil; as the tap-rooted after the fibrious; or plants that require from the earth different materials as food, such as the leguminous followed by the farinaceous. Clover is perhaps one of the best renovators of the soil; and plastered and ploughed in as a green dressing, it is one of the most valuable kinds of manure that can be applied. Some experiments shewn that of well seeded clover of 2 years growth, the roots alone will weigh from nine to twelve tons to the acre, thus fully establishing its value, and the manner in which this plant enriches the soil. Farms properly treated from the first will never wear out, but their productive capacities will increase rather than diminish.

Those, therefore, who have farms which have not suffered from the evils of a course of cropping that has rendered much of the soil of the old settled states comparatively sterile, should be wise in time. The haste to be rich, which has led many of the farmers of Western New Yord, and other parts of the grain growing states, to grow a succession of white crops on the same field should be abandoned for a more rational course of proceeding; one which combines profits with permanent fertility, and shun alike the old fashioned notion that grass land should never be ploughed, or the modern injurious practice that condemns our fields to the plough whithout intermission.

Whilst a party of convicts were passing through the streets of Dublin, a woman struck at their hardened conduct, called out to them, "Ah! you wretched creatures, how can you be so merry in your dreadful situation." "Merry, mistress," replied one of them, "Why, bless your funny heart, if you were in our situation, you would not only be merry, but actually *transported*."

MISCELLANEOUS.

OUR COUNTRY.

BY JUDGE STORY.

When we recollect what has been & what is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibilities of this Republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty effort! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance and moderate our confidence!

The old world had already revealed to us, in its unsealed books, the beginnig and end of all its marvelous struggles in the cause of liberty. Greece! lovely Greece! the land of scholars and the nurse of arms, where sister republics, in fair procession, chanted the praise of liberty and the good where is she? Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruins! She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylae and Mrrathon, and the tide of her triumph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She fell not by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of her destruction. It was already done by her own corruptions, banishments and dissentions.

Rome! republican Rome! whose eagles glanced in the rising sun—where and what is she? The eternal city yet remains proud even in her desolation, noble in decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm in the composure of death.—The malaria has but travelled in the parts won by the destroyer.—More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of the empire. A [illegible] restore her health by the deep probings of the Senate Chamber. The Goths and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people paid the tribute-money.

And where are the republics of modern times, which clustered around immortal Italy? Venice and Greece exist but in name. The Alps indeed look down upon the brave and peaceful Swiss, in their native fastnesses; but the guaranty of their freedom is their weakness, and not their strength. The mountains are not easily retained. When the invader comes, he moves like an avalanche, carrying destruction in his path.—The peasantry sink before him.—The country, too, is too poor for plunder, and too rough for conquest. Nature presents her eternal barrier on every side, to check the wantonness of ambition. And Switzerland remains, with her simple institutions, a military road to climates scarcely worth a permanent possession, and protected by the jealousy of her neighbors.

We stand the latest, and, if we fail probably the last example of self-Government by the People.—We have begun it under circumstances of the most auspicious nature. We are in the vigor of youth. Our growth has never been checked by the oppression of tyranny. Our constitutions have never been enfeebled by the vices or luxuries of the world.

Such as we are, we have been from the beginning; simple, hardy, and intelligent, accustomed to selfgovernment and self respect. The Atlantic rolls between us and a formidable foe. Within our own territory, stretching through many degrees of latitude, we have the choice of many products, and many means of independence. The government is mild—the press free. Religion is free. Knowledge reaches, or may reach every home. What fairer prospect of success could be presented? What more is necessary than for the People to preserve what they themselves have created?

Already has the age caught the spirit of our institutions. It has ascended the Andes, and snuffed the breezes of Mexico. It has suffused itself in the life blood of Europe, and warmed the sunny plains of France, and the lowlands of Holland. It has touched the philosophy of Germany and the North, and moving onward to the South, has opened to Greece the lesson of better days.

Can it be that America, under such circumstances can betray herself? That she is to be added to the catalogue of republics, the inscription upon his ruin is, "they were, but they are not?" Forbid it my countrymen. Forbid it, Heaven.

I call upon you, Fathers by the shades of your ancestors, by the dear ashes which repose in this precious soil, by all you hope to be, resist every attempt to fetter your conscience, or smother your public schools, or extinguish your system of public instruction.

I call upon you, Mothers by that which never fails in woman, the love of your offspring, to teach them, as they climb your knees to lean on your bosom, the blessing of liberty.—Swear them at the alter, as with their baptismal vows, to be true their country and never forsake her.

I call upon you, young men, to remember whose sons you are, whose blood flows in your veins. Life can never be too short which brings nothing but disgrace and oppression.—Death can never come too soon, if necessary, in defence of the liberties of our country.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

The desperate struggles and floundering by which some endeavor to get out of their embarrassment are amusing enough. We remember to have been much delighted the first time we heard the history of wooing of a noble lord, now no more narrated. His lordship was a man of talents and enterprise, of stainless pedigree, and a fair rent-roll, but the veriest slave of [illegible] and a very [illegible] in the habit of seeing the object of his affections daily. He chanced at the beginning of an Edinburg winter, to loose his heart to Miss——; and as their families were in the habit of intimacy, he had frequent opportunities of meeting with her. He gazed and sighed incessantly—a very Dumbiedikes; but that he had a large allowance of brain; he followed her every where; he felt jealous, uncomfortable, savage, if she looked even civily at another; and yet notwithstanding his stoutest resolutions—notwithstanding the encouragement afforded him by the lady, a woman of sense, who saw what his lordship would be at, esteemed his character, was superior to girlish affections, and made every advance consistent with womanly delicacy—the winter was fast fading into spring, and he had not yet got his mouth opened. Mamma at last lost all patience; and one day when his lordship was taking his usual lounge in the drawing-room, silent or with an occasional monosyllable, the good lady abruptly left the room and locked the pair in alone. When his lordship on essaying to take his leave, discovered the predicament in which he stood a desperate fit of resolution seized him. Miss——sat bending most assiduously over her needle; a deep blush on her cheek. His lordship advanced towards her but loosing heart by the way, passed in silence to the other end of the room. He returned to the charge, but again without effect. At last nerving himself like one about to spring a powder mine, he stopped short before her—"Miss——will you marry me?" "With great pleasure, my lord," was the answer given, in a low, somewhat timid, but unaltering voice, while a deeper crimson suffused the face of the speaker. And a right good wife she made him.—*Edinburg Journal.*

From the Knickerbocker.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACTS.—"That was a beautiful picture which we recently heard painted by an eloquent clergyman, of the revelation of God in childhood. Look," said he in substance, "at the revelation, in the first opening of humanity; at that infant being—that child angel; all innocence, gladness, novelness. There it is, quite helpless and almost unconscious; and yet it fills the whole building, to roof-tree, with music and joy. No toy for children like that; no treasure for paternal affection—no treasure of wishes like that. There it lies, in the narrow space of an infant's cradle, and yet it filleth the whole house with its presence.—There is resort to it from time to time, as if it were something enshrined. Childhood, and age, and manly hope, and matronly beauty, bend over it. I could almost fancy,' added the speaker, 'it were in worship at that fair, pure shrine of the all creating goodness.'

We could not but think, as we heard these admirable and touching sentences, and saw the warm tear start in the eye of a bereaved young mother, sitting near us—of the Roman line, '*Quam Deus amat, moritur adolescens;*' and that kindred thought of Bulwer:—'Why mourn for the young? Better that the light should fade away in the morning's breath, than travel through the weary day to gather in darkness and end in storms.' Who should lament when 'child angels' are taken from the evil to come, and translated from their infant cradle to heaven?

'Where, with day beams round them playing,
They their Father's face shall see,
And hear him gently saying,
'Little children, come to me.'

The toils, the trials, the pains of a long life often find their end only in a larger coffin—that cradle in which our second childhood is rocked to sleep. How much truth is conveyed in that simple stanza, carved by a fond parent upon the humble headstone of his child's grave:

'He tasted of life's bitter cup,
Refused to drink the portion up,
But turned his little head aside,
Disgusted with the taste, and died.'

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quent biographer of Washington. It is not only that Mr. Weems wrote books, but that he peddled them also. In one of his excursion of this nature, he accidently fell in with a pair of young people who were about to get married. Mr. Weems having made himself known was immediately applied to, to perform the ceremony of uniting them in wedlock. After this important matter had been settled, the idea very naturally suggested itself to some of the company that a dance would be very proper on the occasion. Mr. Weems had no objection; and the only difficulty which appeared to render the proposal impracticable, was, that they had no *fiddler*. It was whispered that the difficulty could be overcome if certain arrangements could be made. Accordingly, a curtain was suspended from the ceiling, extending from one side of the room to the other, and presently behind it was heard the thumbing and tuning of a violin, and soon after the merry dance began. All things went gaily and merrily for a while, but suddenly the curtain was torn loose, when lo! who should the company behold but Rev. J. L. Weem, fiddling away as if for poor dear life itself, but really for the amusement of the dancers. It is certainly a happy faculty to be able to turn one's hand to any thing. Mr. Weem was one of the most eloquent preachers of his time—one of the chastest writers—*an honest peddler*—a first rate fiddler; and above all a good man.—*Balt. Sun.*

THE TOMB OF JEFFERSON.

At the recent Harvest Home celebration in Delaware county, Mr. George Leiper stated that he lately visited the grave of Mr. Jefferson, and found it in a forlorn condition. It is on the estate at Monticello, which, we believe, is owned by Lieutenant Levy, now in Europe. Mr. Leiper says—"The neglected and dilapidated home of the patriot and philosopher showed the ravages of time, and the whistling wind of a cold December morning piercing every crevice of this celebrated mansion gave a solemnity to the occasion, and a scope to reflection, not easily to be forgotten. The only person I met there was a polite old Irish lady, who, for a small fee, gratified the curiosity of the stranger and traveller, by throwing open the empty and cheerless rooms for their inspection. How changed every thing was from what it had been. Patriotism, philosophy, family fashions, friendship, all had fled and vanished with the master spirit who directed them. Alone I visited his grave. The gate of the garden was open, and on the right side, a short distance from the entrance, a few bricks laid on the flat side distinguished the grave of Jefferson from the others within the enclosure."

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—Female influence is deeply felt on all our religious and social charities. On these subjects, female susceptibilities are most lively. Many men, involved in business, leave these thing to their wives. They are willing to give, but cannot spend the time nor attention to inquire out the proper objects of charity, or canvass their claims. They trust this in the hands of their wives. They poor, therefore, look up to female charity for the bread of life, to hearts that are formed to feel. The charities which lay a claim to our contributions are of two kinds, systematic and occasional. Systematic charities, for the relief of the extreme poor, are provided by law, and every man, under that arrangement, willingly pays his assessment to the collector. But, besides these, there are objects of want in every community, whose claims cannot be innocently resisted by those who have the Lord's gold and silver in stewardship. There are many industrious poor, who are too virtuous to steal, who respect themselves too much to resort to public charity, and who are too modest to beg. They are some times sick in destress, when the hand of charity would be an excellent aid in [illegible] To find out and supply these occasional wants, is commonly the honoured care of female activity and sympathy. There are also systematic charities for the supply of spiritual wants. Neglected by legislators, christians, under the command of God, have instituted systematic charities for those who are perishing for lack of vision.—These charities, however, are as they ought to be, entirely voluntary; and it is here the pious female is able to do much, by her activity and influence. On these subjects, men of business, unless religious, are apt to be careless. But the pious and contemplative wife often presents them to his attention, in a manner which may call forth his liberal contributions, if it does not control the current of his affections. She may do much for her partner in life, for her family, for society, for the world. If she does what she can, she shall have the favour and approbation of God, the highest reward for the best deeds. She shall receive the blessings of her prosterity, and of many ready to perish.

YOUTH.—How delighted do we [illegible] in the full flow of nature's bounteous stream swelling to expected perfection! To the present feeling of enjoyment, and to the unbounded anticipation of future bliss, how open is youth! How full of delight and beauteous in infancy, although, like the early blossom of spring, it feels the chills that its nature is heir to. We press the elastic muscle, full and soft, of the healthful child, and pass our fingers through the glossy curls, and fondly pinch the rosy, dimpled cheek, and gaze in the laughing eyes, and express with enthusiasm our admiration of the promise nature gives of its future perfection—we know not what; but we intuitively know that we love youth even in its infancy. As it approaches to and attains maturity, how admirable, how lovely is youth in its pristine purity! Though man may not measure the power of God by his own weakness, he may, and must, love youth, beauty, and purity; and while such love is active in him, he must adore his indefinitely good Creator.

Why do tight boots lead to intemperance?—Because a man is likely to get corned after it.