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[From the Louisville Democrat.] "Poor General Scott."

Air—"Lucy Aul."

The whigs do rally forth en masse,
And shout for Scott and Graham,
But when the voting comes, alas!
There's many will betray 'em.
Chorus—Oh, poor General Scott!
Oh, poor General Scott!
That you're not fit for President
It seems you'd quite forgot.

Your loud huzzas are in vain,
Tho' now you heed it not;
For none who would their rights maintain
Will ever vote for Scott.

Oh, poor General Scott, &c.
I wish he would, to win the race,
Those "scruples" sacrifice,
When Hickory rebuked his grace,
He argued in so nice.

Oh, poor General Scott, &c.
Embrace a platform wide as earth—
Indeed, he'd more than this;
For tho' it were Greek to him,
He'd go it, "hit or miss."

Oh, poor General Scott, &c.
The station has a sing'lar charm
That blinds his wishful eyes,
But when he leaves it's not for him
He'll utter words of scorn.

Oh, poor General Scott, &c.
When he's beaten from the field
He'll grow most wildly fierce,
But then he'll have to doff his hat
And bow to Gen'l Pierce.

Oh, poor General Scott, &c.
He'll set at work his busy brain,
And cunning schemes invent;
Yet all will prove as poorly vain—
He can't be President.

THE ONLY SON.

One fine summer evening, as I was riding with a friend through a handsome village in the central part of New York, and admiring the beauties he pointed out to me with all the pride and precision of the "old-est inhabitant," my attention was attracted by an aged couple, dressed in deep mourning, who were walking slowly down a shaded avenue in front of one of the most beautiful residences in the place.

The feeble steps of the old lady, who leaned heavily on the arm of her companion, and the expression of deep and lasting sorrow which possessed her thin and pallid features contrasted with the firm tread, and stern solemn aspect of the old man, awoke my curiosity, and I enquired if there was not some domestic history of interest connected with this venerable couple.

"There is indeed," replied my friend. "You recall to my mind one of the most singular incidents—the most startling tragedy, in short—which our goodly village ever witnessed."

"That old and sorrow stricken couple," pursued my friend, "may be seen, twice or three a week; often when the weather is fine—walking down the avenue in just such a manner—never any faster—never any slower."

"You see them now getting into the carriage, which had just rolled up to the gate. They will ride a mile, when the carriage will stop, and they will walk through another gate, which is of iron, hanging between posts of iron, all black as ebony. They will enter a green field, where the birds sing sweetly these fine mornings; a lonely field, however, were there are no dwellings above ground, yet there are a great many inhabitants—the rich and the poor intermingled and resting on the same level, about four feet beneath the soil!"

This aged couple are going to visit the grave of their only child.

It was a son. I will tell the history if you will listen.

The old man was once the most enterprising, the boldest and most resolute man in the vicinity. His name is Col. H—. You have heard of him, for he distinguished himself in the last war. People used to say he was made of iron. Yet he has one of the most upright generous hearts in the world.

The old lady, I remember, as a lady of great beauty, not more than twenty years ago when she was about forty. Besides she was quite as celebrated for gentleness and benevolence, as the Col. for his iron will. She had a soft, affectionate heart, which she showed beneficially on all, until its warmth was concentrated in an only child.

He was a wild, handsome, passionate boy, generous at times, but often tyrannical and wilful. We were schoolmates, and we always played together until he was sent away to an academy, when our intimacy ceased. I saw him rarely afterwards, until having been expelled from college for striking a professor, in a fit of passion, he returned to his father's house.

Morgan, in his childhood, had been indulged and caressed by his fond mother, and his father treated him with undue severity. The Colonel loved his boy, but he believed in the necessity of discipline to curb his passions, while Mrs. H. weeping over the stern treatment of her darling, endeavored to make up to him in indulgence. Then the boy grew up to fear his father, and to feel a contempt for the authority of his mother.

Well, on Morgan's return from college in disgrace, he was changed to what you would hardly have known him, for he was so much in his personal appearance, for he was still handsome, but in his reputation of being the most reckless and dissipated fellow in college.

Col. H. was terribly enraged at the disgrace his wild son had brought on himself and family. He treated him with greater severity than ever, refusing to gratify his love of pleasure by furnishing him with funds, and subjecting him to the most rigid discipline. The result was, father and son had a terrible quarrel, in which the latter, boldly facing the thunders of the Colonel's wrath, proved himself to have inherited his iron

will if not his fearlessness of character. On that very day Morgan left his father's house, and took up his residence at the hotel, at the great distress of Mrs. H., who, from that time never saw a happy day. These events occurred twelve years ago.

I don't know that the young man ever entered the house but once afterwards, except to see his mother in the absence of the Colonel, and to obtain the funds she used to spare for him out of her own allowance.

Morgan wished to go abroad. But to travel very extensively required more money than Mrs. H. had at her command, and all her efforts to induce the Colonel to grant a supply for the purpose were in vain. She might as well have asked the sea to deliver up its riches. Enraged at the ill success of her application, Morgan determined to see his father himself, and by some means to procure the amount he so desperately resolved to have.

Learning one day that the Colonel had received a large sum of money, from the sale of some land, Morgan thought it a fine opportunity to descend on the parental purse, and he accordingly called on the old gentleman before he had time to use the money, or deposit it in the bank.

A domestic in the family, who admitted Morgan, relates that the Colonel was in his study, and there was a bundle of bills on the table when the young man entered.

The Colonel's countenance never changed as he looked up, and saw his son standing before him, and when he spoke, his words came forth cold and harsh, as if his throat had been marbled.

"What is your business, sir?" Morgan returned his father's stern look with an unflinching gaze and replied, "I come to prefer a claim."

At the word claim, the Colonel sneered, but said nothing.

"I desire to travel," pursued Morgan, as if he had been talking to an equal. "It can be no advantage to you to keep me within the sight of your door, which is shut against me, and within the odor of your gardens and orchards, which I cannot enjoy. You will not refuse, then I hope, to supply me with funds, that will enable me to see something of the world, and establish myself abroad."

"If this is all your business," said the Colonel, in a deeper tone, "the sooner you go the better," and taking the bundle of bills he looked them up in his desk with a firm hand.

"I thought you had more judgement than to come to me on such a fool's errand. So what you know, it was impossible to obtain by pleading you hoped to draw from me by the impudence of claim! Go, I say, boy! not a dollar of my money shall pass into your hands until you have submitted to my authority, which you have lately despised."

Morgan's eyes flashed fire. The domestic who watched him from the door, declared that she thought from the grinding of his teeth, and the clenching of his fists, that he was going to strike his father.

Without giving way to his passion, however, the young man turned upon his heel, passed out of the door, and never stopping to speak to his distressed mother, mounted his horse and rode off to the hotel.

Mrs. H. flew to her husband, and clasping her hands in agony, prayed that he would call the young man back, speak to him no longer in a stern and chilling tone, but kindly and fatherly, and effect a reconciliation.

"My God!" murmured the Colonel passionately, "am I to be trampled upon by my own son? Am I to stoop, and he to triumph? When he comes to me with an air of independence, which is insupportable, am I to bend to him and beg?"

"No! no!" sobbed the wretched woman, "not that! But to speak to him kindly. Use persuasion—gentleness—"

"With a patience—persuasion! You wrong my patience," exclaimed the Colonel in a husky voice, "Leave me."

No more words passed between the parents of the undutiful youth; but during the remainder of the day, the mother was keenly distressed, and the stern father was ill at ease.

The latter passed a sleepless night. He paced the floor until late, with his brow contracted and his lips compressed; then he retired, and lay for two hours, meditating on some subject that excited his brain. Mrs. H. who was likewise awake knew too well what the subject was.

Considerable past midnight the Colonel arose.

"Is there anything the matter?" asked his wife.

"I don't know," replied the Colonel. "I don't hear a sound in the lower part of the house, in the direction of the study. It may be only a Cat that has got in there. I will go and see."

"I heard something myself," said Mrs. H. "but I thought it was on the outside."

The Colonel had heard more, or had understood better than his wife. At all events he had no suspicion of cats—his allusion to them having been merely to avoid alarming her. He remembered that there was a stormy night in his desk, and probably suspected a robbery.

Going noiselessly down stairs, and opening the door of the study with a steady hand, he heard the same noise much louder than before. He stepped cautiously into the room.

It was a starlight night, and turning his eyes to the window from which the noise appeared to proceed, he discovered a dim shadow moving in the curtain.

At the moment the noise ceased. The Colonel stood motionless in the room, until he remembered, when reaching a heavy sword which hung against the wall, he slowly drew it from its scabbard.

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Fixed Facts in Agriculture.

These may be considered as fixed facts in agriculture—

1. All lands on which clover, or grasses are grown, must either have lime in them naturally, or that mineral must be artificially supplied. It matters but little, whether it be supplied in the form of stone-lime, oyster-shell-lime, or marl.

2. All permanent improvement of land must look to lime as its basis.
3. No land can be preserved in a high state of fertility, unless clover and the grasses are cultivated in the course of rotation.

4. Mold is indispensable in every soil, and a healthy supply can only be preserved by the cultivation of clover and the grasses, the turning in of green crops or by the application of composts rich in the elements of mold.

5. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by mixture with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.
6. All grain crops should be harvested 7 or 10 days before the grain is thoroughly ripe.

7. Clover as well as the grasses intended for hay should be mowed when in bloom.
8. Draining of wet lands, and marshes, adds to their value, by making them produce more, and better crops—by producing them earlier, and by improving the health of the neighborhood.

9. A bushel of plaster, per acre, sown broadcast over clover will add one hundred per cent. to its produce.
10. Periodical applications of ashes, tend to keep up the integrity of soils, by supplying most, if not all, of the inorganic substances.

11. Young stock should be moderately fed with grain, in winter, and receive generous supplies of long provender, it being as essential to keep them in fair condition, in order that the formation of muscle, bone, &c. may be encouraged and continuously carried on.

12. Full complements of tools, and implements of husbandry, are infinitely connected with the success of the husbandman.
13. Capital is not only necessary to agricultural success, but can be as profitably used in farming, as in any other occupation.

14. Punctuality in engagements, is as necessary to an agriculturist, as it is to a merchant.
15. Every husbandman should carefully read, and digest matters connected with his business; his success being as dependant upon a full knowledge of his principles and details, as is that of the lawyer, or physician, with a knowledge of the science of law, or physics.

16. Wheat, Rye, Oats and Barley, should never follow each other in a course of rotation; there should always be an intervening hoe-crop between them.
17. Time and labor, devoted to the collection of materials to be converted into manure, are the most fruitful sources of profit in the whole range of farm economy.

A model Lady.

Puts her children out to nurse, and tends lap-dogs, lies in bed till noon, wears papered shoes, and pinches her waist; gives the piano fits, and forgets to pay her milliner; cuts her poor relations, and goes to church when she has a new bonnet; turns a cold shoulder to her husband and flirts with his "friend," never saw a thimble, don't know a darning-needle from a crowbar, wonders where puddings grow; eats hams and eggs in private, and dines on pigeons in public; dotes on novels, adores any fool who grins behind a mousetrap, and when asked the age of her youngest child replies, "don't know indeed, ask Betty!"

A romantic and sentimental young gentleman, whose light colored moustache was somewhat ostentatiously "hang out," as sign of apartments to let in the upper story, while promenade Broad street the other afternoon, picked up a thimble. He stood awhile, meditating upon the probable beauty of the owner, when he pressed it to his lips, saying, "O that it were the cheek of the wearer!" Just as he had finished, a big negro wench looked out of the window and said, "Does this please to flow dat fimbile ob mine up in de entry—I jist now drop it."

The gallant youth immediately fainted and was carried home on a shutter.

The Louisville Examiner tells a story of a church member who had always been more remarkable for opening his mouth to say amen than for opening his purse. On one occasion, after a burst of eloquence from the preacher, he clasped his hands and cried out in a kind of ecstasy, "Yes, thank God! I have been a Methodist twenty-five years, and it never cost me twenty-five cents."

"God bless your stingy soul," cried the preacher.

Betting on a Mule.

A Georgian negro was riding a mule along, and came to a bridge, when the mule stopped, "I'll bet a quarter," said Jack "I'll make you go over dis bridge," and with that he struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet den," said the negro, and he contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge.

"I won dat quarter any how," said Jack. "But how will you get your money?" said a man who was close by unperceived.

"To-morrow," said Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I'll take quarter out."

An honest dutchman in training up his son in the way that he should go, frequently exercised him in the Bible lessons. On one of those occasions he asked him, "Who was dat vould not sleep mit Botifer's wife?"

"Shoseph," "Dat's a coot boy," Vell vat was de reason he vould not sleep mit her? Don't know—shoseph he vrasn't shleepy."

Miss Dubois says that the first time a coat sleeve encircled her waist, she felt as if she was in a pavilion built of rainbows, the window sills of which were composed of gemlike harps. That young woman should have her bare feet soaked.

A Good One.

Ludicrous blunders will occasionally occur in cases where ignorant persons attempt the use of language about which they know nothing. The following is a case in point:

Not long since while travelling from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, two rather verdant specimens of the female sex came on board the boat at one of the landings, who, for the sake of distinction, we will call Mary and Jane. Now Mary had cut her eye teeth, or, in other words, was acquainted with the rules and regulations which govern genteel society. Jane the younger, had never mixed to any great extent, and was therefore in blissful ignorance as to any of the rules which govern more refined persons. Her language, too, was only such as she heard among her rustic associates. Mary was aware of this fact, and had therefore cautioned her to observe how she (Mary) acted, and to govern herself accordingly. Jane promised implicit obedience. Shortly after, while seated at the dinner table, the waiter asked Mary what part of the fowl she would have. "She informed him, that it was, 'perfectly immaterial.' He accordingly gave her a piece, and then inquired of Jane what part she would choose. The simple minded girl replied, with all the self assurance imaginable,

"I believe I'll take a piece of the 'immaterial' too!" The scene that followed this declaration is beyond our pen to describe. The assembled company were compelled to give vent to their surcharged feelings in peals of boisterous laughter, whilst the poor girl, her face suffused with crimson blushes, led the table, declaring as she fled to the ladies' cabin, "they won't let me aboard of one of these peaty steamboats soon again."

6. All highly concentrated animal manures are increased in value, and their benefits prolonged by mixture with plaster, salt, or pulverized charcoal.

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The Sabbath.

ITS INFLUENCE ON PRODUCTIVE LABOR.

1. By affording a needed weekly rest, injurious exhaustion is prevented, and the refreshed and invigorated laborer can renew his work to accomplish more than he could have done without such a day of rest.

2. The honored Sabbath influences are hostile to those vicious indulgences which waste the strength of laboring men and diminish their power of endurance in their work.

3. The Sabbath most powerfully enforces all the principles of temperance and sobriety, and encourages all these virtues which animate the mind's cheerfulness and elasticity, invigorate and strengthen the body.

4. The well kept Sabbath produces that illumination of the conscience and strength of moral principle which secures faithfulness in laboring men, and therefore gives greater value to their labor.

5. Sabbath influences produce a public sentiment which makes idleness shameful and odious; and by diminishing its amount augments the quantity of productive labor.

6. One of the ablest medical gentlemen thus writes, "I have a firm belief that Sabbath-keeping people are able to do more work, and do it in a better manner in six days, than if they worked the whole seven. The breathing of the pure and sublime atmosphere of a religious Sabbath, refreshes and invigorates the Spirit. It forms an epoch in our existence from which we receive a new impulse, and thus constitutes the best preparation for the labors of the following week."

7. Nothing can be clearer, therefore, than that it is for the interest of all who employ the labor of others, to use their best influence to cause all employed by them to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it Holy.—Boston Traveler.

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.—When I was young, there lived in our neighborhood who was universally reported to be very liberal and uncomminally upright in his dealings.—When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather than there could be required of him. One of his friends observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it—told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his advantage. Now, my friends, mark the answer. "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this, friends only one journey through the world.

[Simpson.]

8. Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard, too, against those who confess as their weakness, all the cardinal virtues.

9. Suspicion is no less an enemy to virtue than to happiness. He that is already corrupt, is naturally suspicious, will quickly become corrupt.

10. To make a man a patriot all that is required is a pair of circumstances—a wife and a baby.

Pierce and Scott Contrasted.

All the honor that can rightfully attach to any office in the gift of the American people consists in the manner of obtaining it, and discharging its duties. Place or power obtained by intrigue, by management, or even by solicitation, does not commend itself with such approving grace as that suggested and rendered voluntary by the people. Nero who slaughtered his way to the chief tribune of Rome is remembered only to be execrated, while Cincinnatus, forced from his plough to the government of an empire, has an honorable niche in the world's memory.

Probably there never were two candidates before the American people more unlike in their ambition than Pierce and Scott. The one had occasion to refuse the highest honors in the gift of his own State, and one of the highest honors in the gift of a President of the United States. He has resigned offices and thrown up a commission which most men would consider worthy the ambition and pursuit of a whole life. Devoted to his family and his profession, he has preferred retirement to the allurements of office, and never has he departed from this rule, except under a deep sense of duty to his friends, his party, or his country. How is it with Gen. Scott? "Old tuss and fustlers," as his political friends have nicknamed him, has held an office all his life, and for the last quarter of a century has had a most unenviable itching to hold another.

Conceited beyond measure, and proud of his position, he has never failed to exhibit his caprices on all occasions, and to continually flourish his feathers in the faces of the people. A peacock never eyed his tail with more complacency than Scott his plumes. His vanity has become so notorious and intolerable, and is a constitutional weakness, become so incurable, that his political friends are obliged to blush and bow to it, knowing what can't be cured must be endured. Periodically he has been stuffed with the idea that he must be President, and as often has "set down in the parlor at the Astor House," or in "haste" from some other place, penned epistles to private individuals for the purpose of publication, containing his views on governing men and guiding the State. For the last twenty years, at least, he has been a standing candidate for the Presidency, and had not the Whigs up all their military stock but him and run it out the ground, he might have remained a standing candidate for twenty years to come. But Harrison being dead, and Taylor no more, and the Whigs never having succeeded but twice, and then with military men, they take Scott as a "forlorn hope."

They have no other military man to run. He is emphatically the last of the Mohicans, and the only hope of the Galphins. Fortunately for the universal Whig party, he is on hand, and not only willing but anxious to run. He writes a letter on the eve of the Convention, directing the delegates to say that, if one convention will nominate him, he will write just such a letter as they may want, but until they shall do so, he will write no letter at all—it will look so much like electioneering!

How is it with Gen. Pierce? Where is he, and what is he doing during all this wrangling for the Presidency? Is he hovering about Baltimore, writing letters to Bots & Co., declaring that he dare not write, and then after the nomination, telegraphing what he had written. Pierce is at home, doing what every good citizen sensible man should do, i. e. minding his own business. Without solicitation, running his own errands, and in the convention, or a secret letter in the breeches pocket of any delegate, he is nominated by the free impulses of the people through their representatives. He hears of his nomination with astonishment, not to say regret, and quietly keeps on about his business. Was there ever such a contrast between two such men? The one aspirant, the other an unwilling candidate; the one an office seeker, the other an office hater; the one thrusts himself upon the people, the other is thrust by the people into his position as a candidate. Let the people choose between them.—Plaindealer.

According to some Whig papers, Gen. Scott "never surrenders," and the refractory whigs are to be whipped—yes, "compelled to come back under the lash," according to the "Times" of this morning, not for thrash's sake, Sir, but for the "patriot of office," as Webb says, and he has a benefit of \$52,975. How much will the rank and file get, who are "compelled to come back under the lash"? Thank heaven, the day of compulsion is past, and men are not abject slaves to be driven to the support of military heroes, to make a "fuss" and raise the price of "feathers!"

But Gen. Scott has surrendered. He was captured by the British in Canada! He was rounded up to Old Hickory, after insulting him in the most shameful manner! He surrendered his sword to Gen. Gaines, Jessup and Z. Taylor, in Florida. He could not contend with the Indians. He surrendered in Mexico to Gen. Pierce, who achieved on the battle field, what Scott deemed utterly impracticable. He surrendered to Sec. Marcy, who left his plumes so deranged that he has been "fussing" over them ever since. And next March, he must surrender to Gen. Frank Pierce, as the Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy.—Argus.

General Cass says there are two things you cannot learn an Indian to do, or earn a living. While Cass could not improve their stoicism, all the tax-gatherers in the world, he says, could not add a particle to their industry.

An exchange paper says, in speaking of the hydropathic, the best cure known would be to get all the dogs together, and "out off their tails just behind the ears."

A young lady of Louisville was lately sent to a whole year's imprisonment, for stealing the daguerotype of her sweetheart.

A late one-hundred miles in circumference, heretofore unknown to the whites, has been discovered within fifteen miles of St. Anthony, Minnesota.

We care not how pious a man is, let him "loaf" for a week, and he will feel the devil in him bigger than a wood chuck.