

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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A FEDERAL FALSHOOD NAIED. The following communication to the Louisville Journal...

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OBSERVER. Sir—Your paper of the 29th instant has just been put to my hand with its editorial article headed, "Financial operation of Gen. Cass."

As I was the Agent of the Western Land Association, so called, whose operations are alluded to in the article of justice, not less to Gen. Cass than to myself, I should probably expose the falseness of the article, such I shall do by a very brief statement, not permitting myself to doubt that a regard to truth will ensure confidence into your columns.

In 1836, an association was formed in Washington, for the purchase and entry of Western Lands. Gen. Cass was one of the company, and upon his recommendation, he was appointed the agent for making the location of land held in a very heavy penalty for the faithful performance of his duties.

I was responsible to the officers of the association and upon my earnest recommendation, its affairs were closed at Washington, in Oct. 1837, at which time I was requested to appraise the property, which I did, and was paid into forty-two shares of the amount, the proceeds being drawn by the Hon. W. S. Fulton, of Arkansas, to each share-holder, and I have the receipts in my possession, showing the delivery of the deeds to all the parties except to the Hon. Daniel Webster, whose conveyance was delivered to me by the Treasurer, Hon. Henry Hubbard, who closed the business of the association under the articles of agreement. The property of each person, at his request, remained in my hands, for sale, till August, 1838, when the whole was surrendered up, and my responsibility ceased.

Gen. Cass, as I have stated, was all this time in France, and he did not receive his proceeds of the purchase till after his return, and then in property, at a loss of more than one half of the amount paid for the same. That the whole operation was unfortunate for all concerned, no one regrets more than I do; but will expect to surprise when the history of the purchase of land in the western country in 1836 and 1837 is published, together with the high prices given, and the small amount in the value of property which immediately afterwards was sold. At any rate, I alone am responsible for the purchase, and I have yet to learn that there is the first allegation I did not act in good faith.

When Gen. Cass's position as Secretary of War had so much interest in such a Company I am entirely at a loss to comprehend. Certainly the honorable man with whom was associated could have spared the aid of assistance with him in a Company, in order to the advancement of his office, and position, and our interest in fact his participation in such motives.

Poetry, Miscellany, Politics and News.

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

From the Dublin Journal. Black soil may be made below a crust, And erude below a crown; As good beans 'neath a fastion year, As under a sickle gown.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE.

By MARY L. GILLIES. "Shall you be very late to-night?" This question was asked in a soft low voice by a very pale, but very sweet young creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.

"I do not know that I shall," he replied, somewhat coldly, as he replaced his cigar between his lips, he turned away. There was a coldness in his manner, and she looked after him more in sorrow than reproach.

So far all was sweet; would it might he had all was calm; but the evening which was his first night in his new home, was not so calm, and not so sweet as he had hoped for.

When Susan put a first faint smile in the firm, trimmed her curls, and sat down with the lovely woman's companion, her work-basket. A deep sigh stole from her bosom. Still the careless needle was in her hand, and she was not to be wakened by the tears that would gather on her cheeks.

She was just two-and-twenty, and had been four years married, during all of which time, with the brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had thus spent her life.

AND REPAIRING, ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS OF HER MATE.

She was deemed delicate; medical advice was sought, and medicine and care assayed, while none guessed the quick feeling that flowed beneath the quiet bearing of that subdued, decaying woman; it wore the channel through which it made its secret way, but seemed to brighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

AN INTERESTING CASE.

On Thursday last, there arrived at New York, as a passenger from Havana, in the bark Rapid, a colored man named John Lytle, a native of Philadelphia, who returns to his country after an absence of 12 or 14 years, within which period his history has been a singular and interesting one.

Some short time ago a gentleman of this city, while travelling in the Island of Cuba, stopped at the ingenio, a sugar estate of a wealthy planter, named Don Gaspar Hernandez, about 20 miles from Matanzas.

Philip Morris recovered his health, and was restored to work, and full wages, as usual, and he talked of the country for Susan, and meditated on her trying a new doctor; he sought to tempt her appetite by such rarities as he could afford, but still he could not resign his own peculiar habits and enjoyments, and among the evils these entailed were late hours.

When, on opening the room door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed candle, and the pale, pale moonlight, he beheld Susan, who had been sitting on the floor, and he was so much surprised, that he was not a moment in undressing, and he was so much surprised, that he was not a moment in undressing, and he was so much surprised, that he was not a moment in undressing.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence was a singularly affecting memorial; it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, in the poor dungeon prison, who daily matches a sick man, who is unable to number the months, nor days of his captivity.

EDITH GRAY.

We publish, with some reluctance, the following, it gives so sad a picture of human nature—as the picture has too much truth in it to be despised, we give it to all who may be tempted to temptation. We wish the coloring was not quite so high—we give it, however, as it is.

"Oh mother! are these diamonds really for me?" said Edith Gray, as she flew to the mirror to admire their flashing light, and her dark ringlets, (and never surely did mirror reflect a lovelier face and figure with or without adornment.)

"You are right, mamma,—I confess I feel fascinated by what a noble air he has; what speaking eyes and—"

"Fair reader do you see that low-roofed cottage almost concealed by luxuriant elms—its sides covered with climbing roses and honeysuckles? You will look up at that small window, as you pass, and turn away, but to look again at that lovely picture.

"No, my dear girl, never let a soul in again after eight o'clock." The next night, the crowd was at work as usual, and Edith thought he would go and see how matters went on, accordingly he went down, and knocked at the door.

"Disputed Iniquity."—The Pittsburgh Dispatch publishes the following statement of a singular case of mistake or imposition.

"OUR COUNTY."—We take pleasure in announcing to our friends at home and abroad, that Clarion county is all right for the Democratic candidates.

A NEW AND IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE COPPER REGION—AMERICAN ANTIQUITY.

Yesterday shown some curiosities taken from the Minnesota Mines on Lake Superior, better known as location No. 98 on the Ontonagon. Last winter while the snow was on the ground, Mr. Knapp, the agent of the company, travelled the sinking of the ground for a great many miles.

"This piece of copper is as pure and as clean as a new cent, the upper surface has been pounded clear and smooth. It appears that this mass of copper was taken from the bottom of a shaft, at the depth of about thirty feet. In sinking this shaft from where the mass now lies, they followed the course of the vein, which pitches considerably; this enabled them to raise it as far as the hole came up with a slant.

"LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS. The New Orleans correspondent of the Concordia Intelligencer thus sketches matters and things in the Crescent City:

"A happy liberality of sentiment in all things, has essentially characterized this community. Conscience is essentially more free here than elsewhere in the United States. People worship as they please, or omit all external forms if they prefer it, without censure. Men live poorly or luxuriously, in a three-story house, or in a hired room, without being subjected, at every turn, to an inquisitorial eye and ill-natured tongue.

"A year passed. Two young men, medical students, were entering along one of our principal streets.

"A BEAUTIFUL EVENING.—As the volunteers were passing up the Bowers on Thursday, says the N. Y. Star, a little blue eyed, rose-cheeked golden-haired girl, ran from one of the houses, and singing out one of the brave spirits of the gallant 1st, handed him a bouquet of flowers with 'that's for you, God bless you all.' The tear started in the eyes of the young hero, but he caught her with one arm before she could get away, and expressed his gratitude in a hearty kiss. The sweetest of flowers will wither and decay, but the recollection of the gift of that girl will forever live on the bright page of the volunteer's memory.

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