

VOLUME 19.

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848.

DEMOCRATIC CLUB MEETING.

Parasitic to notice given, a large, enthusiastic, and spirited meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Club...

A few solitary whigs were present, scattered through the crowd, and their elongated risings, and the irregular aspect which their countenances wore...

The following resolution was then offered by Wm. A. Galbraith, Esq., and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the nomination of MORRIS LOKESTEEN by the recent State Democratic Convention, for the office of Governor of this Commonwealth...

Signed by the officers.

Wm. Locust.—The Keystone says the whigs opposed to the prohibition of slavery in the territories...

It is thought the whigs say Gen. Taylor is opposed to the prohibition of slavery in the territories...

The whigs, generally maintain that Gen. Taylor was right in recommending the employment of household articles in the Florida war...

Whig Logic demonstrates that the following extracts from Gen. Taylor's letters are perfectly consistent...

"To the points cited in your letter I do not feel myself at liberty to express my frank opinion."

"I hold no opinion which I would not readily proclaim to my non-Union countrymen."

Andrew Stewart and his brother whigs bring forward Gen. Cass individually, all his official expenditures...

Mr. Van Buren is the associate editor of the Courier and Enquirer, and it is said by Taylor, that his refusal to pay \$70...

Mr. Van Buren was an exceeding good man, but he would not go for him; but he would go for Taylor, as the vilest man of the lot, and urged every one who appreciated the action of the Philadelphia Convention...

THOMAS M. MICHIGAN.—We have heard of whigs who claimed Michigan for Taylor—the same man would claim Pennsylvania, also—and the prospect of carrying the State is just about as promising as the above...

As to Taylorism in Michigan, our accounts are that it will not poll as many votes as the Free Soilers...

Springing of the desertions from the whig ranks in that State the Detroit Free Press says, there appears to have been a concerted plan to desert Taylor all over the State...

Mr. Van Buren, and next, the Jackson Gazette, and the whigs of Jackson county, cast him off and adopted Van Buren. We understand there are soon to be repudiations. The following distinguished whigs, however, have entirely repudiated Taylor, since the Baltimore Convention:

- Hon. J. M. Lamb. Hon. J. W. Gordon. Hon. Henry W. Taylor. Austin Blair. Joseph H. Williams.

The names were lately the whig candidate for Lieut. Governor, the second whig Lieut. Governor and whig congressional candidate for U. S. Senator; the third, whig representative in the Legislature, and the former, whig member of Congress from the Cambridge district in New York; the fourth, the whig leader in the House of Representatives in 1847, and the fifth, a whig candidate for Congress, and delegate to the late Philadelphia Convention. In addition to the above, there are hundreds of whigs and supporters of the party who have withdrawn, and who support Taylor. There will also soon be a desertion of the whigs of a neighboring township, at which Taylor will be formally abandoned.

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

NIGHT WATCHING.

Dark night, good night, asculla uacree, Dark is the night that is setting for me, And my tears that are falling so quietly Will gush in a torrent soon.

HOME AND POLITICS.

BY L. MARIA CHILDS.

At the bend of a pleasant winding road, under the shade of a large elm, stood a small school-house. It was a hind building, and the little entry on the top seemed hardly large enough for the motions of the cow-bell suspended there. But it was a picturesque feature in the landscape.

Birds and Flowers.

White written in it. On all blank spaces were fastened delicate young fern leaves, and small bits of richly tinted moss. He glanced at the low ceiling, and the rudo benches.

TRANSCRIPT OF IT WHICH I SAW IN THE VINES AND THE FLOWERS ATTRACTED ME FIRST.

TRANSCRIPT OF IT WHICH I SAW IN THE VINES AND THE FLOWERS ATTRACTED ME FIRST: then a revelation of it from the marked book, the mosses and the ferns, I imagined you must be beautiful; and when I saw you were no, I did not suppose I should ever think of you more.

SMILED UPON HIM AND ASKED.

SMILED UPON HIM AND ASKED, "Are there any like me in the troubled path you have now chosen?" With these retrospections came some self-reproaches concerning little kind attentions forgotten, and professional duties neglected, under the influence of political excitement.

HER ONLY FOR ONE MISSION IN THIS WORLD.

HER ONLY FOR ONE MISSION IN THIS WORLD, that was, to make and adorn a home. Through hard and lonely years she had longed for it. She had gained it, and thanked God with the joyfulness of a happy heart.

OLD ZACH IN LOUISIANA.

Great Meeting at Bayou Goula.—The New Orleans Courier of the 14th inst., says—"We have seen a gentleman of the first respectability, who was at the Bayou Goula meeting on Saturday last, and who informs us of the clear change in the interior, it was the largest ever witnessed in Louisiana.

Col. W. E. G. Butler, who commanded the 8d U. S. Dragoons in the Mexican war, was called to the chair, amid shouts of applause—a well-merited tribute from the hearts of his neighbors and fellow citizens to that gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman.

The meeting was opened with a speech from Mr. Sigour.

It was followed by Mr. P. Soule, of this city, in a discourse full of that glowing and heart-stirring eloquence, for which that eminent and patriotic gentleman is distinguished.

The speaking was concluded by Mr. Lacy, of Baton Rouge.

Some short time ago, our Whig brethren tried a mass meeting at Bayou Goula, but it was no good—they could not come it.

The following from the New O. Delta shows that the Democrats are all taking the stump.—John C. Larue is somewhere on the Texas line, stirring up the Whigs in that remote region, and booting some of their orators with his Book of Quotations, and tables of statistics, &c.

Pierre Soule, the Senator elect, and great orator of the Democrats, left yesterday for Shreveport, where he will commence a political tour, which is to extend into Opelousas and Attakapas, the strongholds of the Whigs.

Mr. Prentiss, the incomparable wit, orator and jurist, will leave in a few days on a tour, partly professional and partly political, through the Florida territory. He will address the Whigs at Clinton, where he will be warmly received by his old confidante and friend of his youth, the gallant and able Gen. Felix Huston.

The Democrats, on the other hand, have a host of young orators, who begin to clamp their bits with impatience and eagerness for the fight.—There is Col. Preston—he may not be correctly styled young in years, but he is in the ardor, zeal and enthusiasm of his eloquence. He is bright, full of vigor and democracy, and is ready in any moment on any emergency, to shiver lances with any Whig knight. There, too, is the learned and accomplished Secretary of State, and the invincible Col. Reynolds, ever in the front of battle, where the Democratic flag is borne. And the District Attorney—sharp and angular, but vigorous and effective.

INGENUITY OF SCIENCE.—Who would have imagined, when gun-cotton was produced by Mr. Schonbein, and the world was threatened with being blown up by this terrible explosive material, that within a few months it should be discovered to be an excellent styptic for dressing cuts and wounds? Dissolved in either and applied to the severest cut, it forms an adhesive covering of singular closeness and adhesiveness, protects the wound and excludes atmospheric air, or any irritating matter, so that the process of healing is carried on speedily and effectually, and when all is well, the "protectionism" having done its duty, is removed. So also has Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, who was informed, similarly apply chloroform and gutta serena. This mixture, in a liquid condition, at once the constancy of fine-needle, is kept in a phial or bottle, and when an accident of the kind to which we have referred occurs, it is simply poured upon the wound; the chloroform instantly evaporates, and the gutta serena remains a perfectly flexible like skin over the injured part, preserving it for weeks if necessary, without the need of dressing, bandages, or any other apparatus, which is no more occasion for this admirable agent. When we call to mind the much human pain that will thus be alleviated, how many cases effected where hitherto there has been danger and uncertainty, and how a number of surgical operations will be simplified, it may not be considered too much to rank such inventions among the most valuable that could be discovered and applied for the benefit of mankind.—London Literary Gazette.

WHY OF LIFE.—In a letter dated Trenton Falls, Aug. 14, Mr. N. P. Willis relates the following curious anecdote.

Among our fellow passengers up the Mohawk we had in two adjoining cars, a very impressive contrast—an insane young man on his way to an asylum, and the man that has achieved the greatest triumph of intellect in our time, Morao of the electric telegraph, on an errand connected with the conveyance of thought by lightning.

In the course of a brief argument on the expediency of some provisions for putting an end to a defeated and hopeless existence, Mr. Morse said that ten years ago, under ill-health and discouragement, he would gladly have availed himself of any divine authorization for terminating a life of which the possessor was weary. The sermon that lay in this chance remark—the loss of a priceless discovery to the world, and the loss of a name and fortune to himself, which would have followed a death thus prematurely self-chosen—was valuable enough, I think to justify the invasion of the privacy of private conversation which I commit by thus giving it to print. May some one weary of the world, read it to his profit.

NEWS PAPERS.—A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed anew; but the information he gets from newspapers; that is, there is no reason occasion or inclination call for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one or two men; it is the wisdom of the age, and of the past age too.

A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information, besides, they never think much, or find much to think about. And there are the little ones, growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading.

Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who when her work is done, has to sit down, with hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who then would be without a newspaper?—Ben.—Franklin.