

THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

PHILADELPHIA: SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 2, 1848.

GEN. TAYLOR'S CHARLESTON LETTER.

We received some days since, by Telegraph, the substance of the following letter from Gen. Taylor to a friend in Charleston, S. C. Many of our whig friends were doubted its authenticity because, we presume, "the ink was faded by the thought," and not for any good or valid reason. They can doubt no longer—it comes in too authentic a shape, and bears the impress of its distinguished author's style so plainly not to be genuine. The whole letter has not been published, but the following extract is copied into the Washington Union from the Charleston News, of the 16th of August.

Extract of a letter from Gen. Taylor to a friend in this city: "I never had any aspirations for the Presidency, nor have I now, farther than the wishes of my friends are concerned in the matter; nor would I have it on any other terms than I should when the subject was first agitated, which is that my acceptance must be without pledges or being trammelled in any way, so that I could be the President of the whole nation and not of a party."

"I have accepted the nomination of the Philadelphia Convention, as well as the nomination of many primary assemblies gotten up in various sections of the Union, in some instances irrespective of party; and would have accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention, had it been tendered on the same terms. I am now fully, if not fully, before the country as a candidate for the chief magistracy; and if it should be my good fortune to be elected, I trust that my course will be such, for the most part, as regards the management of our national affairs, as will merit the approbation of my fellow-citizens. Should they fail to do so, they will, I flatter myself, have the charity to attribute my errors to the head, and not to the heart."

"Very respectfully, your friend, Z. TAYLOR."

This is certainly the unkindest cut of all. First to tell his whig friends plainly that by accepting the nomination of their convention he does not consider himself pledged to their policy—placing them, the "great whig party," as they boastfully style it, upon precisely the same footing with the "baker's dozen" of any-party and no-party nominations—but would even have accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention—the "loco-foco" nomination—if it had been tendered to him! And this, we suppose, is what is meant by a "whig, but not an ultra whig." Truly, says the Washington Union, here is a candidate for the whigs to scheme for, and toil for, and spend their money for, and give up their principles for, and sacrifice their well-earned and faithful leaders for!—Gen. Taylor says he would have taken the Democratic nomination on the same terms. The country has learned, by this time, that the Democratic nomination is not to be secured by any man on such terms. The Democratic nomination, fortunately, is understood to mean something, and to pledge something, as to the political principles and course of the man who obtains it.

It will be seen that the General says he is "now fully, if not fully, before the country as a candidate for the chief magistracy," thus leaving it to be inferred that he has some doubts about the "fairness" of his nomination. Can this refer to the statement of Judge Saunders—the pledges made by that gentleman in the Convention—and which pledges it was believed were made without authority, though the General afterwards endorsed them in a card to Baile Peyton? Unquestionably that is what he refers to. In that statement Judge Saunders said:

"On behalf of the delegation of Louisiana, I will further state that Gen. Taylor desires it to be understood, that, in his opinion, his friends who come into this convention are bound to abide by its decisions, and to sustain its nominees heart and soul."—That Gen. Taylor recognizes in this convention those who have a right to withdraw his name, and will cheerfully acquiesce in such withdrawal.

"As was the choice of this convention shall fall on another than Gen. Taylor, and his friends in this convention withdraw him, it will be their act, and not his, in which he will cheerfully acquiesce; and by the act of withdrawing his name, his friends will withdraw his name from the canvass, unless he be the nominee of the convention."

And now, having obtained the whig nomination by this explicit avowal made in his behalf, that his name would be withdrawn from the canvass if he were not made the whig nominee, he turns round and tells the whigs that the nomination is just as good as any other that he has received, and no better—that it pledges him to nothing, and that he would have taken the Baltimore nomination on the same terms! Who can for a moment suppose that General Taylor could have obtained, or hoped to obtain, the Philadelphia nomination, if Judge Saunders, instead of saying what he did say there, had just set up and read this Charleston letter and then had taken his seat? Had this been done, the whigs at Philadelphia would in mass have scouted the idea of giving Gen. Taylor the nomination. And what can be said for the good faith of a candidate, who, after he is nominated, thus turns his back upon the pledges which, being made in his behalf, and obtained him the nomination, were afterwards sanctioned by him? What motive has the whig party to strive for his election? What ground has the country for believing that he can, as a politician, be safe-trusted? All show of consistency has, beyond a doubt, been abandoned in the series of Gen. Taylor's letters.—Has the substance of good faith with his party been preserved?

ANOTHER KICK FROM THE AVAILABLE.—Well may the whig exclaim with Martin Van Buren, "our sufferings are intolerable." Close upon the heels of the Lippard no-party letter, another makes its appearance, in which the "available" declares he would have accepted a Democratic nomination had it been tendered to him, and the ink of that is scarcely dry before the Telegraph announces that another has been ushered into this political world, in which the "available" accepts the nomination of a few Calhoun Democrats in South Carolina who have placed him on the ticket with Gen. Wm. O. Butler, the champion of the Democratic party! Oh, ho, such a prospect!

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—The best joke of the season is the assertion, gravely put forth by the Buffalo Express, that Kentucky was the Presidential ballot ground! Punch and John Donkey combined can't beat that!

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New Orleans Daily, has sent a letter from John Van Buren, in which he says "Gen. Taylor will most assuredly be next President."—Buff. Express.

OF course—the election of Taylor is just what Martin Van Buren and his son John have been and are striving for. They care so little about "free territory," and so much for revenge, that they would take the stump for Taylor to-day did they not think they were helping him more effectually by their present course. It remains to be seen whether Democrats—honest Democrats—will help them in this "crusade."

THE National Intelligencer says Taylor is "pledged to respect the legislative authority on all questions that may arise during his administration."—Gen. Taylor declares he is not and will not be pledged to any thing.

TWENTY-NINTH CONGRESS DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.—We are glad to perceive the nomination of the Hon. JAMES THOMPSON, of the Erie district of Pennsylvania, for a reelection. The election of this distinguished Democrat, who so ably represents his district in the present Congress, may be counted upon as a matter of course.—The Democracy of Pennsylvania, in all parts of that great Commonwealth, were never in a sounder or stronger condition.—Albany Argus.

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

THE LINDEN TREE:

Here's a song for thee—of the Linden tree! A song of the silken lime! There is no other tree so pleasurable— No other so fit for rhyme. When I was a boy, it was all my joy To rest in its shaded shade, When the sun was high, and the river high, A musical murmur it made: When, floating along like a winged song, The traveler would stop, And choose for his bow the lime-tree flower, And drink to the last sweet drop. When the evening star above forth found, And the gnats flew round and afar, I sought for a rhyme, beneath the time, Or dreamed on the grassy ground. Ah!—years have fled, and the linden, dead, Is a brand on the cotter's floor; And the river creeps through its sunny deeps, And youth—is a thought of yore! Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain: As deeds of love and wrong, Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die.

MEXICAN JEALOUSY.

A Sketch of the Late Campaign.

BY SCOTCH.

On the 15th of September, two days after the storming of Chapultepec, a small party of soldiers, in dark uniforms, were seen to issue from the great gate of that castle, and, winding down the Calzada, turn towards the City of Mexico. This occurred at 10 o'clock in the morning. The day was very hot, and the sun, glancing vertically upon the very rocks that paved the causeway, rendered the heat more oppressive than the sun's rays.

At the foot of the hill the party halted, taking advantage of the shade of a huge cypress tree, to set down a litter, which four men carried upon their shoulders. This they deposited under one of the arches of the aqueduct in order the better to protect its occupant from the hot rays of the sun.

The occupant of the litter was a wounded man, and the pale and bloodless cheek, and fevered eye showed that his wound was not a slight one. There was nothing around to denote his rank, but the camp cloak, of dark blue, and the crimson sash, which lay upon the litter, showed that the wounded man was an officer. The sash had evidently been saturated with blood, which was now dried upon it, leaving parts of it shrivelled like, and of a darker shade of crimson. It had stanching the life-blood of its wearer upon the 13th. The soldiers stood around the litter, their faces turned upon its occupant with apparently attentive and his requests. There was something in the gentle care with which these rude men seemed to wait upon the young officer, that bespoke the existence of a stronger feeling than mere humanity. There was that admiration which the brave soldiers feel for him who has led them in the field of battle, at their head. Had small groups were straggling about the city, and the muskets of the cannon upon the parapets of Chapultepec.

The wounded officer had led them to those parapets. The scene around exhibited the usual indications of a recent field of battle. There were batteries near, with dismounted cannon, broken carriages, fragments of shells, dead horses, whose riders lay by their dead, torn and still unburied. Parties were straggling about the city, and the muskets of the cannon upon the parapets of Chapultepec.

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THE FORTUNES OF A VOLUNTEER.

Nearly two years ago a young man, who was ploughing in a field by the side of a road that led to Lexington, saw a horseman passing by with rapid speed. He hailed him and inquired what was the news, and in return was told that the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma had been fought and won. The oxen were quietly chewing their food, and the farmer was half finished when he resolved that he too, would do something for his country. Pastry and poultry are very much like vinegar and oil, and will not readily combine, and we must therefore state that the young Kentuckian instead of calling out his vasals and leading them "casque on head and spear in hand" over the draw-bridge that crossed the moat near his castle walls, he very coolly unyoked his cattle, drove them up to the barn-yard and told his "laddy" that he was off.

He was determined that one of the family at least should get a glimpse of the Hills of the Montezumas. The old man took down a rifle from a pair of hooks that were fastened in the wall, and said to him, "Harry, I shouldered that at the river Basin—come back with it! I don't care how rusty, but don't flinch first! Here, wife! give me the stocking!" The mother of the young man, who had overheard the conversation, came slowly forward with tears in her eyes, put the barrel-armed arm of the soldier under her husband's hand. "Harry," said the old man, "here's \$20, go and list my boy—take the old white mare and spur her 'till you git a steamer—jump aboard and never stop 'till you git to New Orleans—then land yourself on another vessel and steer away for Mexico—give the yaller feller pills from the iron mouth of that rifle, but above all things Harry, come home like a man and not like a dog, or I'll give you the whifling that you ever give your life!"

The young man kissed his father's temple, and whilst the crystal tears gazed upon his sun-burnt cheeks, he grasped his aged parent's hand, and that unmistakable, unspoken, but true thrill of affection passed through the hearts of both. It was sadder still to part with the mother, even though when yet a girl she had made her home in the "Dark and Bloody Ground," Kentucky. She did not weep, but there was a moisture in her eyes, and a pallor on her brow, the faces, and only once the condemnation of his own judgment in consideration of the fact that he was never green enough to accept a seat in the State Legislature. In 1835 Wick changed his politics—his party did not leave him—he left it. [In this he differs from most great men.] In 1839 he was chosen a M. C. as a Democrat, and as successor to Col. Kinnard, who died from the blowing up of a steamboat when on his way to Washington. Kinnard had been in Congress for some years. In 1845 and 1847 Wick was nominated and elected to Congress. He was a candidate for Congress in 1831, and got beat. Right. He was once a Clay candidate for elector, and got beat. Right. In 1844 was a Democratic candidate for elector—successful.

The intervals of the above engagements, he practiced law, never made much at that; did not know how to scare and skin a client. In 1823 he married a wife who died in 1832. He has a son and daughter married, and five grand children living. His youngest boy (a third child and all) went last year to see the "Elephant" as a private in the Illinois Volunteer Regiment—then he was near 17 years of age. He went without money, but good by the way, he wrote for and got leave after he was gone. He has acquired Spanish enough to write a good Spanish letter, and unassisted by Wick's name, has worked his way. He is now clerk to the Depot Quartermaster at the city of Mexico. Says the climate in Mexico is better than in Indiana, and that the boys killed themselves drinking Spanish wine, eating Mexican fruits, and "eating" Wick has committed much folly in his time—the principal of which have been holding offices, writing rhymes, playing cards for money, and paying other people's debts—all which he abandoned about the time he became a Democrat.

At this present writing Wick is 52 years of age, a little fat, having increased since 1833 from 145 to 214 lbs. He is a stout, well-proportioned man, and has been called the "big looking man about town"—but that was ten years ago—not to be sneezed at now—a little grey—has had chills and fever, bilious attacks, and dyspepsia enough to kill a dozen common men, and has passed through misfortunes sufficient to humble a score of ordinary specimens of human nature. His system being sluggish, he takes a regular bitter, or some number 6, in the morning, and takes a glass or two of wine, (if good at dinner when he can get it). He has acquired a good deal of miscellaneous knowledge, loves fun, looks serious, rises early, works much and has a decided penchant for light diet, humor, reading, business, the drama, music, a fine horse, his gun, and the woods. Wick owes nothing, and were he to die to-day his estate would inventory eight or nine hundred dollars. He saves nothing of his per diem and mileage, and yet he never goes to run away with money. He "takes no thought for to-morrow," but relies upon the same good Providence to which he is a debtor for all.

Wick would advise young men to fear and trust God, to cheat rogues, and deceive intriguers by being perfectly honest, (this mode misleads such eatle effectually,) to touch the glass lightly, to eschew severity and intemperance, to be temperate, to be Federalist, to rather believe, or fall in with new philosophical and moral humbugs, and to love women too well to injure her. They will thus be happy now, and will secure serenity at fifty-two years of age, and thence onward.

A BIT OF ROMANCE. It is a trite, but at the same time, true remark, that the real incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following over true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration. Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada, and after the "patriots" were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished for a long term of years, to Australia. Most of these latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in far distant lands, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted every unwisely in proceeding to the extremes they did, but this point we will not stop to consider.—With one of these ex-patriated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight weary years he had born the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly signed on board a whaling vessel, which, at the end of two years more, landed him on his native shores.

Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed along—but his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her new found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate, indeed, and he determined to see, and if possible to reclaim his wife and children. After weary travel and many inquiries, he traced them to Knox county, Illinois, where they were bought and sold.

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WICK'S INTRODUCTION TO MR. PAYNE.

From the Texas Union.

We publish to-day a curious letter from W. W. Wick, M. C. from Indiana, addressed to C. Payne, Esq., of this place, under the following circumstances: Mr. Payne, after reading Mr. Wick's speech on a question of privilege, was so much pleased by the entire good sense, the quiet humor and unvaried wit which he displayed, that in a letter to a mutual acquaintance, Hon. D. S. Kauffman, he expressed a desire "to know all about him" (Wick). This letter was placed in Mr. Wick's hand by Mr. Kauffman, and called for by the following unique reply. It is proper for us to say that the writer did not intend it for publication:

June 13, 1848. William W. Wick is a full blooded Yankee, tho' born in Cannonsburg, Washington county, Pennsylvania, Feb. 23, 1796. In 1800, Wick's father, a Presbyterian Preacher, settled in the woods, in the poorest township in the Western Reserve of Ohio, adjoining the Pennsylvania State line. Here Wick lived, going to school, tilling at ordinary labor, and indulging in day dreams till the time of his father's death in 1814. He then renounced all interest in his father's estate, (which was only some \$3000), and took himself off. "Till spring 1816, he essayed "to teach the young idea how to shoot," in Washington county, Pennsylvania, when he descended the Monongahela into Ohio in the morning to Cincinnati. He taught school, and studied first medicine, and then law, 'till December, 1819: read chemistry principally by the light of log leaps in a clearing, and law o' nights and Sundays, (wrong so far as Sunday is concerned.) December, 1819, settled in Connersville, Indiana, as a lawyer, and made and sent his mother a deed for his interest in his father's real and personal estate. December, 1830, was chosen Clerk of the House of Representatives of Indiana, and 'till January, 1832, when he was chosen Judge of a new circuit, just formed, and removed to Indianapolis, where he has ever since resided. In three years he resigned the Judgeship, because it was starving him, and was chosen Sec'y of State—served four years—then chosen circuit prosecuting Attorney—then Judge again. He has also figured as Quartermaster General, and is now a Brigadier. He has committed much folly in holding office, and "serving" Wick has committed much judgment in consideration of the fact that he was never green enough to accept a seat in the State Legislature. In 1835 Wick changed his politics—his party did not leave him—he left it. [In this he differs from most great men.] In 1839 he was chosen a M. C. as a Democrat, and as successor to Col. Kinnard, who died from the blowing up of a steamboat when on his way to Washington. Kinnard had been in Congress for some years. In 1845 and 1847 Wick was nominated and elected to Congress. He was a candidate for Congress in 1831, and got beat. Right. He was once a Clay candidate for elector, and got beat. Right. In 1844 was a Democratic candidate for elector—successful.

The intervals of the above engagements, he practiced law, never made much at that; did not know how to scare and skin a client. In 1823 he married a wife who died in 1832. He has a son and daughter married, and five grand children living. His youngest boy (a third child and all) went last year to see the "Elephant" as a private in the Illinois Volunteer Regiment—then he was near 17 years of age. He went without money, but good by the way, he wrote for and got leave after he was gone. He has acquired Spanish enough to write a good Spanish letter, and unassisted by Wick's name, has worked his way. He is now clerk to the Depot Quartermaster at the city of Mexico. Says the climate in Mexico is better than in Indiana, and that the boys killed themselves drinking Spanish wine, eating Mexican fruits, and "eating" Wick has committed much folly in his time—the principal of which have been holding offices, writing rhymes, playing cards for money, and paying other people's debts—all which he abandoned about the time he became a Democrat.

At this present writing Wick is 52 years of age, a little fat, having increased since 1833 from 145 to 214 lbs. He is a stout, well-proportioned man, and has been called the "big looking man about town"—but that was ten years ago—not to be sneezed at now—a little grey—has had chills and fever, bilious attacks, and dyspepsia enough to kill a dozen common men, and has passed through misfortunes sufficient to humble a score of ordinary specimens of human nature. His system being sluggish, he takes a regular bitter, or some number 6, in the morning, and takes a glass or two of wine, (if good at dinner when he can get it). He has acquired a good deal of miscellaneous knowledge, loves fun, looks serious, rises early, works much and has a decided penchant for light diet, humor, reading, business, the drama, music, a fine horse, his gun, and the woods. Wick owes nothing, and were he to die to-day his estate would inventory eight or nine hundred dollars. He saves nothing of his per diem and mileage, and yet he never goes to run away with money. He "takes no thought for to-morrow," but relies upon the same good Providence to which he is a debtor for all.

Wick would advise young men to fear and trust God, to cheat rogues, and deceive intriguers by being perfectly honest, (this mode misleads such eatle effectually,) to touch the glass lightly, to eschew severity and intemperance, to be temperate, to be Federalist, to rather believe, or fall in with new philosophical and moral humbugs, and to love women too well to injure her. They will thus be happy now, and will secure serenity at fifty-two years of age, and thence onward.

A BIT OF ROMANCE. It is a trite, but at the same time, true remark, that the real incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following over true tale, told us in brief by the steward of the packet boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration. Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a "rebellion" in Canada, and after the "patriots" were subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished for a long term of years, to Australia. Most of these latter were men of families, from which they were torn without mercy, to expiate in far distant lands, by imprisonment and hard labor, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted every unwisely in proceeding to the extremes they did, but this point we will not stop to consider.—With one of these ex-patriated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight weary years he had born the hardships of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. But he had no means to pay his passage there, and he accordingly signed on board a whaling vessel, which, at the end of two years more, landed him on his native shores.

Wife, children, and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his old residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—friends and neighbors greeted him as he passed along—but his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and to learn that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the husband of her youth to be dead. She and her new found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate, indeed, and he determined to see,