

GLASGOW WEEKLY TIMES.

GREEN & SHIRLEY,

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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GEN. TAYLOR AT PASS CHRISTIAN COMPLIMENTARY TOAST.

5th. Gen. Zachary Taylor, our honored guest. Great in his incorruptible honesty; strong in his inflexible firmness; invincible in his steady independence; as a soldier, deliberate and cool in action, wise in council, and a successful conqueror; a man who has done his whole duty as a citizen and as a soldier.

A sentiment by the ladies of Pass Christian:

Gen. Taylor—Husband, father, friend; gentleman, warrior, Christian. The free women of our land will bear him on their hearts to the highest seats of honor, giving to the world their appreciation of a man.

HIS SPEECH.

It is with emotions of no ordinary embarrassment, Mr. Speaker, that I find myself called upon to respond to the cordial reception with which I have just been met by the authorities of Pass Christian, and the citizens of Harrison county. I cannot indeed expect to do justice to the occasion, and feel especially less able to offer in adequate terms my acknowledgments for the very flattering language in which this greeting has been tendered by the talented citizen who has just addressed me. I can only, therefore, offer you my warmest thanks, and assure you that the style of my reception here is particularly grateful to my feelings. This simple and republican manner of meeting my fellow-citizens carries me back to the pleasant scenes of my early life. I was reared from infancy to early manhood in the West—among men of the most primitive tastes and republican simplicity. We there frequently met on occasions like this, to exchange freely our opinions on National and State affairs, and to devise measures for the defence of our borders, which at that day the General government was sometimes unable to protect. On these occasions were often collected, too, those men of lion hearts and iron nerves who had not only aided the Father of our Country in achieving our independence, and stood by his side in many of his hard-fought battles, but who afterwards filled, with honor to our country, conspicuous places in our legislative bodies, both National and State. I have been educated in the simple and republican habits so happily illustrated in this scene, and do not expect to change them in my old days. You will then understand me when I assure you again, that the manner of my reception here is more agreeable to my feelings and tastes than could be all the pomp and pageantry of a reception at the most splendid Court of Europe.

The complimentary language in which you have been pleased to allude to my military services, which now embrace a period of more than forty years, and especially to the actions in which I have been engaged during that time, commencing with the defence of Fort Harrison, in 1812, and ending with the battle of Buena Vista, has awakened within me the most grateful emotions, I feel particularly gratified at the just tribute of praise which you have paid, in speaking of these services, to the gallant men whom I commanded on those occasions and to whom I feel deeply indebted for our success. I claim nothing save the good fortune of being the leader of such men on the occasions referred to; and to their zeal in sustaining me, and to their bold hearts and strong arms, are we indebted for our victories. The manner in which you have alluded to my being stripped of my troops on the Rio Grande, and to my being left, as it might seem, at the mercy of the enemy, just before the battle of Buena Vista, renders it proper, probably, that I should make a few remarks in relation to that matter. I received at Victoria, while on my way to Tampico—a movement which I had advised the War Department, I should make for certain reasons—an order from the General-in-Chief of the army, stripping me of the greater portion of my command, and particularly of regular troops and volunteers well instructed. This order was received by me with much surprise, and, I must confess, produced the strongest feelings of regret, mortification and disappointment, as I knew that Gen. Santa Anna was within striking distance of my line, with an army of 25,000, probably the best appointed men ever collected in Mexico. After putting most of the troops then with me at Victoria en route for Tampico—the larger portion of the commands at Monterey and Saltillo, having been already withdrawn for the same ultimate destination—I was instructed to return to the former place, where it was expected I would remain on the defensive, with the small force then under my orders. A few days after reaching that point I learned that the greatest alarm prevailed among the advance at Encarnacion of Majors Borland and Gaines, with their par-

ty of about eighty picked men from the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry—followed a few days afterwards by the capture of a detachment of picked men under Capt. Heady also of the Kentucky cavalry.

About the same time I received a communication from Gen. Wool, then commanding at Saltillo, urging me to join him with all the troops at my disposal, stating that Gen. Santa Anna was at least preparing, if he was not already en route, to strike a blow at Saltillo! I immediately joined Gen. Wool with 700 or 800 men, and a few days afterwards concentrated all the troops which were generally encamped by regiments, and took my position at Agua Nueva, in order that all the officers might become better acquainted with each other and their duty, and that generally a more thorough system of discipline and instruction could be adopted to prepare all hands for service. While here I was advised by the War Department and the General-in-Chief to occupy Monterey. This advice I believed then, as I do now, was given at hazard, and in ignorance of my situation, of that of the enemy, and of the country. I declined to adopt it, and determined to fight the Mexican General immediately after he crossed the desert country which lay just in my front, and before he could have time to refresh and reorganize his army, which I knew would be much worn out and disordered by a march of 150 miles across this desert without sufficient provisions and supplies, and with a great scarcity of water. In this determination, so far as I know, I was most cordially sustained by the officers of my command. About two weeks after taking my position at Agua Nueva, it was ascertained by my advanced parties that Santa Anna was at hand with his army. We then fell back to Buena Vista to a ranch some six miles in front of Saltillo, where we took up a strong position, and where we could easily communicate with our depot in the latter place. Upon this ground I determined to give battle. The enemy arrived in our front on the morning of the 22d, and summoned me to surrender at discretion about 1 o'clock of the same day. The summons was declined, and about 4 o'clock on that day the battle of Buena Vista commenced. The result of that affair is known to you all, and I shall not, therefore, trouble you with its details. All tried to discharge their duty to their country on that occasion, and some even did more than their duty. It would then, perhaps, be invidious to draw comparisons, but I must be permitted to say that, led on by their distinguished commander, the gallant Mississippi Volunteers, of whom you have just spoken so highly and justly, performed well their part. They were the only volunteers with me who had met the enemy before—having acted as would become veteran troops in the conflicts about Monterey. I therefore calculated much upon their assistance on that eventful day, and I am happy here to say that my expectations were fully realized. Their ranks thinned by the enemy's bullets are much more conclusive as to their good conduct than anything that I could now say.

The battle of Buena Vista, under the circumstances under which it was fought, was one of the most trying occasions in which a soldier can be placed. I may say indeed that I fought the battle with a halter about my neck. I had been advised to fall back and occupy Monterey, which as I before stated, I declined, and had I been unsuccessful this advice would have brought up in judgment against me. I declined, that advice because I believed the result would have been as disastrous as a defeat. Had I fallen back to Monterey, the whole country about me, upon which I was greatly dependent for forage, would have flown to arms. Once confined in Monterey, the volunteers, to say nothing of the effects of the retreat upon them, would have become sickly and dispirited, and deprived of all means of obtaining supplies, and particularly forage. I should not have had a dragoon or artillery horse in my command, and would therefore have been compelled ultimately to surrender, unless the siege could have been raised by the return of Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz with the troops, under his command.

The battle of Buena Vista was fought on our side by about 450 regular troops and something upwards of 4000 volunteers, while they were opposed by at least 20,000 of the enemy; and had we lost the day, I feel that the whole responsibility of the misfortune would have fallen upon my shoulders. Yet I do not wish here to censure those who placed us in that critical situation: whether they deserve blame or not, I leave for others to determine.—Those who had control over my fate in this transaction may have friends here present, in whose good opinion I would

not harm them. For my own part, I am satisfied to believe that it was all the result of accident rather than design on their part.

In conclusion, I beg to return to you, to my fellow-citizens of Harrison county, and particularly to my fair countrywomen here assembled, my heartfelt thanks for the cordial reception which they have this day extended to me.

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thou art bearing hence thy roses,
Glad Summer, fare thee well!
Thou'rt singing thy last melodies,
In every wood and dell.
But in the golden sunset
Of their latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me o'er this chequered earth
How thou hast passed away.
Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky:
And brightly in the forests
To the wild deer bounding free;
And brightly midst the garden flowers,
To the happy murmuring bee.
But how to human bosoms
With all their hopes and fears;
And thoughts that made them eagle wings
To pierce the unborn years?
Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with their hopes and leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams;
To the wasted and the weary,
On the bed of sickness bound;
In sweet, delicious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;
To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the home of earth again.
And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footsteps nought have kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.
Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er a sunny pathway shed;—
In brief and sudden strivings,
To fling a weight aside:
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died!
But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again thy buoyancy,
Wherewith my soul should soar!
Give me to hail thy sunshine
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer land than this
May our next meeting be!

For the Glasgow Weekly Times.

TAYLOR AND FILLMORE.

Seventy-two years ago, in a then quiet and obscure city of one of our Provinces, there was assembled a body of Whigs, charged with deliberating on subjects involving issues of no less magnitude, than the destiny of a Nation. Deeply imbued with the spirit of liberty, and smarting under the wrongs and insults to which a cruel and heartless Sovereign had subjected them, these Patriots of '76, resolved "to know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them." Embodying in themselves the sentiments of the Whigs of the different colonies, they determined faithfully to reflect these sentiments, even though their avowal should cost them their lives, and accordingly, with a prayer upon their lips invoking the God of justice and of battles to sanctify the deed, they boldly burst the fetters which the tyrant had forged for them, and proclaimed their country "free and independent" of his crown! The moral sublimity and beneficent results of this Declaration of Independence find no parallel in the history of Nations.

And yet not unlike the Whig Convention of 1776 in many respects, was the Whig Convention of 1848. Called together in the same city, by the same love of liberty which swelled the bosoms of their patriotic predecessors; groaning like them under the mal-administration of a government, professedly instituted for the good of all, but wantonly prostituted to subvert the interests of party; beholding the fountains of justice corrupted, the constitution broken, the public treasure squandered, the will of the people contemned, the rights of the private citizen infringed; after rallying like their fathers, in the sternness of patriotism to correct these abuses, but like them also in the moment of their keenest anguish, beholding their efforts in the unequal struggle utterly hopeless; and, when the last ray of hope seemed to have gone out, falling back on that indomitable Whig spirit of '76, which defeat cannot crush nor despair overwhelm, this patriotic body respon-

ded to the will of the Nation by proclaiming a second Declaration of Independence scarcely less glorious than the former, and in selecting a Captain who has never known defeat, to lead the mighty hosts of freedom to victory and to glory! The shrill tones of the Whig Clarion went forth from Philadelphia announcing the name of the great and good Taylor, as the standard-bearer of EXECUTIVE REFORM in the approaching contest. This announcement carried joy to the hearts of the free and liberal of all parties, sections and factions.

It is needless for us to say anything here in praise of Zachary Taylor. His brilliant achievements in Mexico, which, while they shed additional lustre on the American arms, are the least of his praises; his unaffected modesty, which is always the accompaniment of true greatness; his acknowledged bravery, which is only equalled by the gentleness of his nature; his indefatigable zeal in the service of his country in whatever situation he has been placed; his great common sense, his patience in the most trying scenes, his jealous obedience to law, his inflexible honesty and the soundness of his political views, have already stamped him as one "on whom every good heart hath set his seal to give the world assurance of a man." These qualities have rendered him in the hearts of his countrymen second only to Washington, whom in the simplicity of his character, as well as in important services he so much resembles.

As a suitable aid to the gallant old hero of the Rio Grande, the Whigs presented the name of MILLARD FILLMORE, of New York, a candidate for Vice President. The name of Fillmore, the man who has arisen from the humble but honorable station of a wool-carder to that of a great man, is familiar to every one. His father being too poor to educate him, placed him whilst quite young as an apprentice with a wool-carder, during which time he availed himself of his leisure hours, he devoted to study, and by that means obtained education. At the age of nineteen he bought the time which he had yet to serve as an apprentice, studied law, afterwards served his State in the legislature, was sent to Congress and now fills the office of Comptroller of the state of New York. He is a jurist of extensive acquirements; a scholar of great erudition; a gentleman of exalted character; and a statesman of sound elevated views. In every station which he has filled, he has proven himself to be "honest, capable and faithful." Struggling from his earliest boy-hood with so many difficulties he has arisen by his own exertions to the pinnacle of true greatness, and now enjoys the esteem, the confidence and the love of all who know him. Truly may he be called the 'Peoples' Candidate.'

Such are the candidates selected to bear aloft that banner on whose ample folds are inscribed the well known principles of a party seeking, as a primary object, to increase EXECUTIVE RESPONSIBILITY and to diminish EXECUTIVE POWER, "already increased and increasing to an alarming extent;" and, as secondary to that, to secure to the people a guaranty that their will shall be faithfully reflected and carried out by Congress and the Executive on all questions relating to the currency, the tariff, internal improvements, &c. On the other hand our Democratic friends have presented a candidate in the person of Gen. Cass, who may be supposed to embody the views of his party, which claims "to the victors belong the spoils," and which advocates a policy subversive of our best and dearest interests and tending to strengthen the power of the President as the will of the people is crippled. The principles of the two candidates are wholly dissimilar. The one is a conservative, whilst the other is a radical democrat; the one holds the veto as a "high conservative power, to be exercised only in cases of clear violation of the constitution or manifest haste and want of consideration by Congress," the other claims its exercise whenever the Executive may choose to interpose it to thwart the will of the people; the one thinks the personal opinions of the Executive ought not to control the action of Congress, the other, to judge from party associations, would have bills framed specially to meet the views of the Executive; the one is opposed to the subjugation of other nations and the dismemberment of other countries by conquest, the other would fight for "fifty-four forty" and "swallow up" the whole of Mexico; the one is a south-western man, entirely sound on the question of slavery, the other a northern man with opinions suited to "circumstances;" the one in short would be the President of the People, the other of a Party. The antithesis might be extended to any desired length, for in no two things are they alike. Choose ye, then, people of

Missouri, under whose banner you will rally.

Whigs of Missouri! the time is once more approaching when you will have an opportunity of asserting your principles. To you has been presented a ticket on which all may unite. Many of you may have preferred Henry Clay—a name around which the fondest associations cluster, and on which memory loves to linger;—but a majority of our brethren to whom we committed this selection, have thought it best to present the name of another no less worthy and true. Let no individual preferences then, or disappointment, deter you from doing your duty, your whole duty. There is no better Taylor man than Henry Clay himself, for he would cease to be Henry Clay as soon as he should lose the magnanimity of his nature, or his devotion to the cause of which he has so long been an ornament. Rally then, around the standard of Taylor and Fillmore! Unfurl your banners and let their folds waver in the breeze! Complete your organization by forming clubs in every neighborhood. Recall the enthusiasm you felt for the lamented Harrison and if you will, you can give them another Waterloo defeat. You have a great and glorious cause—the enfranchisement of a nation from Executive misrule and corruption—worthy of a great and united effort. In view of the magnitude of the issues involved then, let us once more exhort you to buckle on your armor and march to battle and to victory under a General WHO NEVER SURRENDERS. CLOFTON.

Fayette, Missouri, Oct. 2, 1848.

A HUSBAND'S REVENGE.

BY W. T. ROGERS, JR.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-nine!—'Twas a cheerless evening in October; the sun had already set, and a young man was struggling with the dark clouds that at intervals obscured her bright disc, as they were borne along by the resistless fury of the angry wind which howled dismally among the naked branches of the leafless forest trees. Now it came in fitful gusts scattering the fallen leaves, and whining piteously at its lack of power. Now it increased in strength, snapping the decayed branches, and bending the boughs of the sturdy oak.

Anon it swelled into an overwhelming blast, twisting the gnarled trunks, and with a deafening crash uprooting and overthrowing the mighty lords of the soil; then sinking into a sullen moan it howled a mournful requiem over its spent and departed strength. Dark indeed, and dismal was the night, and furious the warring of the elements, but darker and more dismal were the reflections, and more fierce the conflict that raged within the breast of the injured patriot, who forms the subject of our narrative.

Mr. Charles Forman was a young farmer residing within a few miles of Hackensack. At the first outbreaking of our revolutionary troubles, he had shouldered his musket, and tearing himself from his young and lovely wife, had fought, aye, and bled in Freedom's cause.

He was with the army at Morristown, when having received intelligence of the illness of his wife, he asked and obtained leave to visit his home.

He had travelled on foot and alone for two days—had crossed the rugged "Blue Ridge," and on the evening of the second day had reached his humble dwelling. As he neared the house, the evidences of a Tory visit were—even at night—plainly discernible.

With a beating heart he crossed the little court yard, and stood upon the door step. His heart sunk within him, as he lifted the latch, and found the door was fastened. Gently he knocked, fearing to disturb his suffering wife; again he knocked, and again, but knocked in vain. There was no cheerful light, as of late was wont to beam from his little window, to comfort those within, and direct the weary, way-worn wanderer to a shelter. No curling smoke issued from the chimney; no blazing hearth was there; and save the flapping of the shutters, and the rustling of the vines that overhung the porch, all else was silent.

He could endure suspense no longer; and forcing the door he stood within the house. All was darkness there. He groped his way to the bed side, but it stood tenantless. He called upon his wife by name—no answer came! "Sarah!" he cried; and the winds howled the louder, as if in mockery of his agony. With a trembling hand he produced his tinder-box, and lighted the little lamp that stood in its accustomed place, upon the mantel!

Great Heaven! what a sight did its pale

rays reveal to him. Extended upon the floor lay the body of his wife, with her infant child clasped to her breast—both cold in death! Blood, too, was there—the life-blood of his guileless wife, and innocent babe—a cold, coagulated pool!

"Oh, God! my wife, my child!" he shrieked—his brain reeled, and tottering a few paces, he fell at her side. Soon he recovered himself, and lifting them gently from the floor, he placed them side by side upon the bed, and stood silently gazing upon the placid countenance of the young wife, beautiful even in death.

There is an eloquence in silence, when the heart is too full for utterance, and a solemn voice in silent grief.—Vain were our attempt to describe the tumult of feeling, the crush of emotion that filled the heart of poor Charles, as he bent over the body of his murdered wife. No word escaped him, no sign, no tear drop started, but his bosom heaved quickly, his lip quivered, and his eye rolled wildly, and with a demoniac glare. He seemed as though his every faculty of mind was intent upon one word, which should speak the fulness of his misery and desperation, and his lip struggled to give it utterance! At length it came: "Vengeance!" and he started at the coarse, unearthly tone of his own voice. "Vengeance!" and the dark winds swept away the echoes it formed. "Vengeance!" and his wild and solemn vow stood eternal-ly recorded.

All that night he watched by the bodies of his wife and child—and the next morning buried them with his own hands, swearing over their graves to avenge them.

As he was returning from his melancholy task, he found lying upon the grass near the door a large hunting knife still red with blood. Upon the haft was carved in rude characters the name "Charles Smith."

This Smith was a violent and cruel partisan (a companion of the notorious *Fan-bushkirk*) who, with a company of outcasts like himself, and a few negroes, made frequent incursions into the upper counties of New Jersey, and were notorious for their cruel and barbarous treatment of the patriotic females.

Years ago, when the wife of Forman was quite young, he had professed an attachment for her, which she by no means encouraged, and the offer of his hand was, as might have been expected, refused.—Even then he swore she should have cause to repent it, and still nourishing a deadly hatred, he had taken advantage of the absence of her husband, and paying a visit with his troop, to Hackensack, with his own hand had dealt the blows which deprived both mother and child of life.

"This knife," exclaimed Charles as he glared upon its reeking blade, "this knife which has rendered my life a blank, and utterly darkened my future, shall yet drink thine hearts blood, inhuman monster!"—And after carefully wiping the blade he placed it in his belt, and entered his desolate home.

For more than an hour he sat in silent agony, the big drops coursing down his haggard cheeks, as he brooded over his wrongs and dreamed of vengeance. Then, starting suddenly to his feet he cast one last, long, lingering look upon each familiar object, and rushed from the house, vowing, as he shut the bolt, never to return while Smith lived to murder and destroy.

A week had passed; 'twas midnight, and from a small house, situated on the verge of a wood, about a mile to the eastward of White Plains, there issued shouts of boisterous revelry, interrupted only by occasional snatches of some rude bacchanalian song.

Smith and his men were indulging in their accustomed nightly debauch, after having returned from a successful expedition. Near the house stood Charles Forman, leaning upon a fence, carefully marking the progress of this drunken party; his dark eye flashing fearfully, as the constant clanking of glasses was heard, and the teeth gnashing with rage, as the dying cadence of a drinking song came to his ear.

Suddenly he aroused himself, and clutching the fatal knife, he moved towards the house. Pausing at the threshold, to collect his strength, he burst in the door, and stood confronted with his foe.

"Vengeance!" he shouted, and ere the half drunken wretches could stay his hand, he seized the Tory leader, and dashed him to the floor. "This!" cried he, plunging the knife in his bosom, "for my murdered wife, and this!" plunging it still deeper, "for my innocent babe! Haste with your guilty soul to the father of lies, and tell him that a widowed husband, made childless by thine hand, has sent thee to the deserved torments!"

Then rushing upon the affrighted Tories, he plunged his knife indiscriminately into those who were nearest him, until overpowered by numbers, he fell dead upon the floor, muttering between his clenched teeth, "Sarah!" and "Vengeance."