



JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN

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FOR PRESIDENT
HENRY CLAY,
OF KENTUCKY.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
THEO. FRELINGHUSEN,
OF NEW JERSEY.

FOR GOVERNOR,
GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE,
OF WESTMORELAND COUNTY.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
SIMEON GUILFORD,
OF LEBANON COUNTY.

SENATORIAL ELECTORS.
CHESTER BUTLER, of Luzerne.
TOWNSEND HAINES, of Chester.

Districts.

- 1 Joseph G. Clarkon, Philadelphia.
- 2 John Price Wetherill, do.
- 3 John D. Neinstel, do.
- 4 John S. Little, Germantown, Phila. co.
- 5 Eleazer T. McDowell, Doylestown, Bucks co.
- 6 Benj. Frick, Limerick, P. O. Montgomery co.
- 7 Samuel Shafer, Chester county.
- 8 William Heister, New Holland, Lancaster co.
- 9 John S. Heister, Reading, Berks co.
- 10 John Kiltner, Anville, Lebanon co.
- 11 Alex. E. Brown, Easton, Northampton co.
- 12 Jonathan J. Slocum, Wilkesbarre, Luzerne co.
- 13 Henry Drinker, Montrose, Susquehanna co.
- 14 James Pollock, Milton, Northumberland co.
- 15 Frederick Watts, Carlisle, Cumberland co.
- 16 Daniel M. Smyser, Gettysburg, Adams co.
- 17 James Mathers, Mifflintown, Juniata co.
- 18 Andrew J. Ogle, Somerset, Somerset co.
- 19 Daniel Washbaugh, Bedford, Bedford co.
- 20 John L. Gow, Washington, Washington co.
- 21 Andrew W. Loomis, Pittsburg, Allegheny co.
- 22 James M. Power, Greenfield, Mercer co.
- 23 William A. Irvine, Irvine, Warren co.
- 24 Benj. Hartshorn, Curwensville, Clearfield co.

The Loco National Convention.

This Convention, met at the *Odd Fellows Hall* in Baltimore, on the 27th of May, and contrary to all expectation, did not nominate Martin Van Buren for the Presidency. Although Martin had a decided majority of the Delegates, the drill-sergeants of the party, from the South, by means of intrigue, bargain, and sale, managed to defeat him, and nominate in his stead, a man of their own, who is opposed to the Tariff, and in favor of kindling a war between the United States, and Mexico, by the immediate annexation of Texas to this country.

The manner in which this master-piece of political juggling was brought about, was simply this. Ever since Mr. Van Buren published his manly letter, in opposition to the annexation of Texas, a conspiracy has been on foot to defeat his nomination, and make his party endorse the utter condemnation he received at the hands of the sovereign people, in 1840. In carrying out this conspiracy, it became necessary, as Mr. Van Buren had a large majority of Delegates pledged to his support, to work upon some of them, and induce them, either directly or indirectly, to oppose the man they were, according to every principle of honour, bound to uphold.

Mr. Ritchie, Editor of the *Richmond Enquirer*, who appears to have absolute control over the party in Virginia, published an article to his paper, in which he freed the Delegates from that State from their pledge to support Mr. Van Buren. Similar absolutions were also given to the Delegates from most of the other Southern States,—but still when the Convention, met at Baltimore on the 27th of May, Martin had yet a majority of Delegates in his favor who were pledged and dare not openly vote against him. In this extremity, the drill-sergeants hit upon a scheme, which enabled his friends to cut his throat, and wash their hands from the guilt whilst they did it.

This was nothing less than the anti-democratic measure, that a vote of two-thirds of the Delegates should be required to nominate a candidate. To carry this resolution, a bargain was entered into with a portion of the Pennsylvania Delegates, to the effect, that *Hendrick B. Wright*, of Luzerne county, should be made President of the Convention, and if possible,

the Vice President should be given to Pennsylvania, in consideration that a sufficient number of the Delegates from this State should vote for the two-thirds rule to carry it by a handsome majority. The bargain was completed—H. B. Wright was made President of the Convention—Twelve Delegates from Pennsylvania voted for the two-thirds Rule, and it was adopted—and as will be seen, by the sequel, Pennsylvania got the Vice President.

The two-thirds Rule being adopted, the Convention proceeded to vote for a candidate for the Presidency, and on the first ballot *Martin Van Buren* received ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX VOTES, a clear majority of TWELVE, of the whole number. He should, therefore, according to every principle of Democracy, have been declared nominated. But the presiding officer announced that no one had received two thirds of the votes, and the Convention, during the 28th and 29th of May, continued to ballot eight times. On the ninth ballot, Mr. Van Buren's name was withdrawn, and to the surprise of the whole country, *James K. Polk*, of Tennessee, a third rate politician, who was defeated for Governor of his own State last fall, by a Whig majority of 5389!!! votes, and who nobody dreamed of for President, received the requisite number of votes, and was declared duly nominated. Mr. Van Buren, Gen. Cass, Col. Johnson, Mr. Calhoun, Commodore Siewari, Mr. Buchanan, and all the other prominent men of the party were thus sacrificed at the altar of Southern ambition, and this insignificant personage was made to supercede them, in order that the flame of War may be lighted in our land, and the limits of the wicked and inhuman practice of selling human beings to bondage, may be enlarged. But we are confident that the patriotic yeomanry of our land will never give countenance to this shameful fraud upon right and justice.

This much being effected, the Convention nominated the Hon. *Silas Wright, Jr.*, of New-York, a warm, personal friend of Mr. Van Buren, for Vice President—but he indignantly refused to permit his name to be placed on the same ticket with that of such a man as *Polk*. The Convention then offered the nomination to ex-Governor *Morton*, of Massachusetts, but he declined it. This was sham work enough for the drill-sergeants. They thought the eyes of the country would be blinded by it, and Mr. Walker, therefore, in pursuance of the bargain and sale we have alluded to, nominated his uncle, *George M. Dallas*, of Philadelphia, and the distinction of being defeated for Vice President, was accorded to him. The Convention then adjourned.

Capt. Tyler's National Convention.

This grand national farce began at Baltimore on the 27th of May, and continued two days. As was supposed, Mr. Tyler was nominated, almost unanimously, for the Presidency—only two persons voting against him. His convention adjourned without nominating a candidate for Vice President. The Tyler Central Committee are delegated to procure some person to occupy that position. Captain Tyler has written a letter, in which he accepts the nomination; and it is rumoured that Col. R. M. Johnson, has consented to run with him for Vice President.

Polk and the Tariff.

James K. Polk, the loco loco candidate for President, is a staunch free trade man, and goes all lengths in opposing protection to American Industry and Labour. In a speech, which he delivered last year, when he was stumping it for Governor, in Tennessee, he said, "The Whig party are the advocates of Distribution and a Protective Tariff, measures which I consider ruinous to the interests of the country, and especially to the interests of the planting States. I have steadily, and at all times, opposed both." In the face of such a declaration, who can doubt, but that Pennsylvania, Tariff Pennsylvania, will give Henry Clay, the father of the Protective system, at least 10,000 majority.

New Jersey Convention.

The Whig State Convention, held at Trenton, on Wednesday last, was by far the largest political assemblage ever convened within the borders of New Jersey. The number of persons in attendance exceeded ten thousand, hundreds of whom have always heretofore acted with the loco loco party, but have now come out to "Join the throng of the nation rising, For Harry Clay and Frelinghuyesen." Admirable speeches were made by *Tnos. Butler King*, of Georgia, and *Edward Stanley*, of North Carolina. The Hon. *Daniel Webster*, then addressed the Convention, in a speech which is hardly surpassed by the most famous efforts of the distinguished author. An Electoral Ticket, was also nominated. Jersey is all right. O. K.

New Names.

The division in the loco loco ranks, occasioned by the nominations of *James K. Polk* and *John Tyler*, has made it necessary for them to hunt up new names, by which to distinguish the several factions. Hence they call the *Polkites*, *Polko facos*, and the *Tylerites*, *Tyler focos*. Bets were freely offered in Philadelphia, it is said, but not taken, that Tyler would get more votes than Polk. Oh!

"In what a sad predicament, The Locos are for President."

The Whig Tariff.

We learn from the *New-York Tribune*, that the receipts of Customs, at the Port of New-York, alone, for the first five months of 1844 (just closed) somewhat exceed NINE AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, against some Four Millions in each of the two preceding years. The total collections at the Port of New-York alone, during the year 1844, will pretty certainly exceed Twenty Millions of Dollars, being considerably more than the entire Revenue of the Government for either of the last four years. The collections at the other Ports will at least amount to Twenty Millions more, so that the entire Revenue of this year, will almost certainly exceed Forty Millions of Dollars; of which over Fifteen Millions (if we keep out of trouble with foreign nations) may be devoted to the reduction of the Public Debt, contracted during Van Buren's administration, and which amounts to Twenty-five Millions of Dollars. If the Whig Tariff is sustained, and Mexico and Texas left to themselves, our Government will be entirely out of debt again on the 1st of January 1846. Think of this, freemen of Monroe and Pike, and say whether you will vote for *James K. Polk*, an enemy to the Tariff, or for *Henry Clay*, its firm and consistent friend.

How they Take It.

Never was a party or set of men more completely discomfited, than are the loco focos by the recent nominations at Baltimore—*Polk* and *Dallas*. Why two weeks ago, who of all the twenty millions of persons in the country, dreamt that they would be nominated. The Locos try to pretend to like them, and endeavor to get up some enthusiasm in their favor. But it is forced work. They feel that it is impossible to elect them.

Polk is a Duellist.

Among the other recommendations of *James K. Polk*, for President, we may mention that he is a duellist, and has already smelled powder. What will the Monroe "Lyre," say to this. Will it be as much shocked by this truth, as it affected to be by the falsehood that *Henry Clay* is a murderer. This is retributive justice upon the loco focos for their false cant.

Advantage of Whig Songs.

The Rev. Mr. Brownlow, of the *Jonesborough Whig*, in defending Whig songs from the attack made upon them by the Locos, says: "In the Second Book of Samuel, and 16th chapter, our Locofoco song haters will learn that Saul, King of Israel, when he lay stretched upon his couch, with a devil in him as large as a modern 'Democrat,' called for 'a man who was a cunning player on the harp' to play him out; and David went with his harp, an ass laden with bread, and a bottle of wine, and a kid, and as soon as the 'carousal' began the devil departed! Now, if the soft melody of David's harp could chase the Devil from the couch of Saul, and lull his spirit into sweet repose, as we are taught it did, why may not the music of Whig Songs drive the devil out of the Locofocos?"

"What does this mean, pa? after they nominated *Polk* and *Dallas*, the Convention adjourned sine die?" "It means, by boy, that with such nominations, it's a sure sign the party will die."

We give the following from the *Brooklyn Star* an insertion, gratis:

WANTED.—A little red fox, with his tail "driv in," his eyes knocked out, and his teeth filed down. Such an animal was seen sneaking out of Baltimore, on Monday, and is supposed to be concealed somewhere in this State. Apply at Tammany Hall, New York, or at the Locofoco Committee Room in this city.

A large quantity of confidence for immediate use. It must be of the strongest kind; the advertisers having already enough of the weak and damaged article. Apply as above.

Several long poles, to *Polk* up a little enthusiasm with Hickory poles will not answer. They are too old and rotten, and will break the first time they are used. Apply as above.

Three linen pocket handkerchiefs, and a copy of the best work for the comfort of mourners. Apply to *Benj. F. Butler, Esq.*, New York.

A number of honest men, who will *Polk* Texas into the Union and the North out. A high price will be given for all such, in Treasury Notes, payable when *Polk* is elected. Apply at Tammany Hall.

FOR SALE.—To close the accounts of a firm just dissolved, a large quantity of "vain regrets." Apply to *Benj. F. Butler, Esq.*

A lot of consistency, devotion, integrity, &c., &c. The lot has been used a good deal by loco loco speakers, and is nearly thread bare, but must be disposed of. Apply as above.

GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE.

Honorable Testimonial of the Patriotic Services of Gen. Markle by one of his Brave Compatriots.

The Philadelphia Forum of the 3d ult., contains the following honorable testimonial in relation to the military services of Captain MARKLE during the last war, from a gentleman who served at the same time under Gen. HARRISON, and who consequently possesses a thorough knowledge of the services rendered by Gen. MARKLE, and his high standing in the army as an officer and a gentleman.

GEN. JOSEPH MARKLE.

In these times of political excitement, the claims or merits of a candidate for office are either undervalued or denied by those who are opposed to him. An instance of this occurred a few days since in Market street. A strong partizan of Mr. Muhlenberg, positively asserted before several persons, that Gen. Markle had never fought for his country, or pledged his farm to obtain funds necessary to march his troops to their destination; that it was an electioneering trick to gull the democrats.

Upon enquiry, I found that the facts connected with General Markle's services were not generally known in the city and county of Philadelphia. It needs but a reference to the public documents (which are in most libraries) of 1812-13, to prove his services to his country in hard fought battles. The books of the bank in Pittsburgh, will show that by endorses secured by mortgage on his farm, the sum of \$1,250 was obtained, to enable him to march his troops to the frontier of Ohio. Now, it is not alone because Gen. Markle risked his life and pledged his property, that he is supported for Governor. Integrity, intelligence, and systematic habits of business, afford all the requisites necessary for the executive office; but there are other claims—the reason may be convinced, the judgment may be approved, but when the best feelings of the heart are enlisted, we become identified with the result, and all our energies are brought to bear.

Serving at the same time under Gen. Harrison, although separated by different duties, I have a knowledge of the services rendered by Gen. Markle, and his high standing in the army as an officer and a gentleman; but to appreciate the services rendered by the detachment, of which Capt. Markle's troop was a part, it is necessary to refer to the history of our country, to August 16, 1812, the day on which General Hull surrendered his command and a large amount of munitions of war, among which were brass cannon, taken from the British by our revolutionary fathers, that day thirty-five years before; but were retaken by General Harrison at the battle of the Thames. This surrender exposed a frontier settlement, extending from Lake Erie, up the Maumee, St. Joseph's, St. Mary, and continuing on west along the Illinois rivers. At that time, the lands between Urbana, Ohio, and where Fort Meigs was afterwards built, a distance of 120 miles, belonged to the Indians; there were hostile Kickapoo on the Illinois, Pottowatomies, Wyandots, Chippewas, Ottowas, Miamies, and Delawares, from St. Joseph's to Lake Erie. These, armed by the British, with a promise of a silver dollar for every scalp taken from an American, spread themselves on our defenceless frontier inhabitants. Panic seized whole neighborhoods—terror dwelt in the lone farm house—the midnight bark of the house dog caused the mother to clasp her babe still closer to her bosom, the father to leap from his humble couch to his rifle. Vain effort! A war-whoop yell, a tomahawk for each victim, banished a few moments in the air, then cleft the skulls of father, mother and child. Between those merciless savages and their victims did Gen. Markle throw himself, and that with a promptitude worthy of all praise—thirty-six hours after the order to march reached Westmoreland county, Captain Markle gave the command to his troops, "to horse, to horse."

The emergency of the times induced some to volunteer for three months, others for six, but Capt. Markle and his brave associates fixed a time that insured their usefulness, and volunteered for twelve months. Arrived in Pittsburgh, unexpected difficulties met them. The supplies for transportation and other expenses were not provided by Government. What was to be done? Wait for supplies, or because the Government had not done their part, return and disband! Never. Capt. Markle felt that like our revolutionary fathers, he could not only pledge his life and honor, but his property for his country. Upon the mortgage of his farm he obtained funds, led his troop to their post, which proved to be one of privation and danger.

On the 18th December, 1812, after the hard fought battle of Mississinewa, the detachment were one hundred miles from a white settlement, in an enemy's country, without provisions, more than forty men extended on litters or bleeding on their horses, and most of the officers and men maimed by the frost.

The effects of this victory were important, not only to the frontier inhabitants, but to the northwest army. It was the first successful blow struck to relieve our disgrace by the surrender of Hull. Micclemacanac had been taken, and the stores given up by the British to the Indians, who had every reason to believe that we were the weaker party, but when they found themselves attacked in their own strong holds, in the recesses of their forests, their villages burnt, from forty to fifty of their number slain, eighteen made prisoners, and the remainder houseless wanderers, they had no other resource but sue to Gen. Harrison for peace, or abandon the graves of their fathers. Lieut. Walz, (a relation of Capt. Markle,) and three others of his company were killed, and thirteen wounded, but each loss seemed to add to energy, and when Lieut. Walz fell—heavy, fast and bloody were the cuts from Capt. Markle's sword. The Indians were now intimidated,—

Gen. Harrison could use means to wean them from the enemy before any attempt to conciliate was construed by them into conscious weakness. On the 13th of the following month, Gen. Harrison held a council with the Chiefs of the several tribes in the camp. He told them that the sun, then about three hours past meridian, would sooner retrace its path in the heavens, than the English ever conquer America; he reminded them of his long knives, (the name given to the troopers by the Indians) that he had in his army, that other wigwags could be reached as well as those on the Mississinewa. When the last sentence was conveyed by the interpreter, one guttural *wha*, broke from the Indian circle, and it did seem to me, as one of the chiefs expressed it, "That sooner would the sun go back in its trail, than their tribes raise the Tomahawk against their white brethren." Thus, Gen. Harrison sends Capt. Markle and his brave associates to carry war into the very homes of the hostile Indians, burning their towns and bringing in prisoners, and when he had made them feel the power of our arms, he assembles the Chiefs in his camp, where the security of peace and the terrors and consequences of war are laid before them; he chastises the refractory, even in their own strong holds, but offers the protecting arms of his country to all that will be at peace.

This is but a leaf in the history of General Markle. But three of the twelve months he was in service; he was the tried friend of the country in the darkest hour of the last war, and I put to any honest man of ANY PARTY—*is not the man that perils his life and pledges his property for the rescue of his country, the very man to trust with her destinies?* I am not, as I before observed, disposed to make military service alone, the road to office, but when those claims are united with sound sense, incorruptible honesty, and systematic habits of business, which I know him to possess, I go for him (if I may be allowed the expression,) lock, stock, and barrel. Now, should our efforts be successful, and a patriotic Governor rule the destinies of this great State, may we not apply the beautiful sentiment of Robert Burns—the genius of Pennsylvania found MARKLE "as Elijah found Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him."

JOSHUA LOGAN.

Philadelphia, May 1, 1844.

From the National Intelligencer.

Ex-Speaker White.

The Kentucky "Commonwealth" has thought it proper to vindicate the reputation of the Hon. JOHN WHITE, of Kentucky, as a person of most gentlemanly and amiable character. No such vindication can be necessary where Mr. WHITE is known and appreciated as he deserves to be; but, as the false gloss attempted to be given by his political adversaries to a recent occurrence in the House of Representatives may possibly have some effect where he is not known, we think it due to Mr. WHITE to transfer the following remarks to our columns, with the expression of our entire concurrence, both in the spirit and the letter of those which refer to Mr. WHITE's personal character and qualities:

From the Kentucky Commonwealth.

JOHN WHITE.—The Loco press are endeavoring to transform this gentleman into a bully. We know John White intimately, and we can most conscientiously declare that in the characteristics of a well-bred gentleman—in politeness, suavity, forbearance, prudence, good feeling, and genuine amiability, all the qualities that make up the character we both respect and love, he is unsurpassed by any mortal man. He is peculiarly distinguished in Kentucky for coolness of temper and respectfulness of bearing. But, like every true Kentuckian, he would be as prompt to resent affront as slow to offer it. We certainly regret, as he has himself publicly regretted, the late occurrence in Congress. But what could the meekest man on earth do, when struck in the face, but return the blow? Had he not repelled his assailant, while, as a Christian we should have applauded his meek forbearance, there is not a woman in the land who would not have whipped him with her garters.

In eleven sessions of service, through the most exciting periods, Mr. White, though a most decided and firm man, has never had before the slightest collision with any one; he has made himself a great personal favorite with all gentlemen of both parties. The miserable vipers of Kentucky cannot blur his name.

True Verdict.

If a Coroner's inquest is held after the November Election, upon the Locofoco party, the verdict will be "Political Suicide, by poking (Polking) itself to death."—Old Warrior.

The Muhlenberg editors say Joseph Markle, the Whig candidate for Governor, writes his name thus: "joseph markle." They lie! His autograph has been shown us, and we have no hesitation in saying that he can write more correct and more legible than two-thirds of those scoundrels who thus libel him.—Delaware Co. Republican.

Eggs.—The Cincinnati Chronicle says that there have been shipped from that port to New Orleans, since the 1st of January last, three hundred and sixty thousand dozen eggs.

Weight of Bushels of Grain.

An English farmer has given the following as the result of an experiment to ascertain the weight and number of a Winchester bushel of each of the under-mentioned sorts of grain:—Wheat 62 lbs., 550,000 grains; Barley 52 1/2 lbs., 520,000 grains; Oats 32 lbs., 1,260,000 grains; Poplar Peas, 64 lbs., 110,000 grains; Horse Beans, 64 lbs., 27,000 grains.