

# Jeffersonian Republican.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—Jefferson.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1844.

No. 14

VOL 5.

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly.—and if not paid before the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. Those who receive their copies by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietors, will be charged 25 cts. per year, extra.  
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.  
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar; twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion; larger ones in proportion. A liberal discount will be made to yearly advertisers.  
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

## JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large elegant plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

## FANCY PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts,

JUSTICES, LEGAL AND OTHER

## BLANKS,

PAMPHLETS, &c.

Printed with neatness and despatch, on reasonable terms AT THE OFFICE OF THE

Jeffersonian Republican.

From the N. Y. Tribune

## The Martyr Cilley—Mr. Clay.

In the Albany Argus, (in accordance with the habitual tone and teachings of that paper,) we find the following extracts from a speech at Granville, by the Hon. Jo. S. Bosworth of this City:

"What was the course of Henry Clay when this nomination came before the United States Senate? Did he doubt the capacity of Martin Van Buren to fill this mission with credit to the country? No man can believe it. Had he any thing to allege against his moral character? No. Federalism, and all its ferocious detraction, made no such charge. Mr. Van Buren had never challenged his fellow-man to mortal combat, nor been instrumental in sending a human being to an untimely grave. The ghost of no murdered Cilley haunted his reputation; no widowed wife, nor orphan children, in the fitful dreams of broken and melancholy slumbers, call for murderer. . . . Poor Cilley was murdered in cold blood to vindicate the character of James Watson Webb to be called a gentleman."

Now this attack on Mr. Clay because of his vote against confirming Mr. Van Buren as Minister to England might just as well have been directed against Mr. Calhoun, or any one of the eminent Loco-Focos who voted to reject him. Mr. Bosworth knows very well that Mr. V. B. was rejected on account of the unpatriotic and unstatesmanlike instructions he gave to Louis McLane, a former Minister to England, to urge upon the British Government that the Administration (of Adams and Clay) which set up such high pretensions with regard to the West India Trade was out of power, and that its assumptions ought not to be remembered to the prejudice of the new Administration. To repudiate this most extraordinary and un-National sentiment, Messrs. Clay, Webster, Frelinghuysen and other Whigs, voted to reject Mr. Van Buren, as did Mr. Calhoun and several Locos. It became Mr. Bosworth, then, to meet their objection, and not pretend ignorance of its existence.

And now to the Cilley Duel, so magnanimously thrust into the discussion as a matter of reproach to Mr. Clay by this Loco-Foco li-beler and blackguard. What had Mr. Clay to do with it? Let us recall the history:

Jonathan Cilley of Maine and Wm. J. Graves of Kentucky entered Congress together on the opening of the session in December, 1837.—Mr. Graves was a Whig, Mr. Cilley a Loco-Foco. They had no acquaintance nor intercourse with each other—of course, no difference. Mr. Cilley was an ardent, ambitious, aspiring young man; Mr. Graves constitutionally reserved and retiring. On the 12th of February, 1838, Mr. Cilley made a speech reflecting very severely on J. W. Webb of the Courier and Enquirer. Mr. Webb promptly repaired to Washington and wrote a perfectly courteous and pacific note, asking an explanation of the offensive language. This note he asked Mr. Graves to hand to Mr. Cilley, and Graves (who had recently been in this city, and been treated with signal attention and hospitality by the Whigs here, and by Col. Webb among the number) complied with the request. Cilley declined to receive the note; Mr. Graves inquired the grounds of this refusal. Cilley replied (so Mr. Graves distinctly understood him) that he did not choose to be drawn into controversy with Editors for what he might see fit to say as a Representative on the floor of Congress—and that he did not rest his non-reception of the letter on any personal objection to Col. Webb as a gentleman. Mr. Graves considered himself in duty bound to be satisfied with these reasons, received back the letter, and considered the affair at an end. He asked, to avoid any future misrepresentation from other parties, that Mr. Cilley should reduce his reasons to writing, to which he understood Mr. C. to assent, and they parted in perfect kindness and mutual regard.

Most unfortunately, Mr. Cilley now fell into the hands of bad advisers, and was induced to refuse a statement in writing of the reasons he had given verbally. The expected note did not reach Mr. Graves. He wrote one stating the

substance of the conversation, as he had understood it, and asking Cilley if this was correct. Mr. Cilley denied that he had said any thing of the sort. He had only, he said, refused Webb's note because he chose to be drawn into no controversy with him, adding that he meant no disrespect to Mr. Graves.

Here was Mr. Graves at once involved in a dilemma by a want of candor on the part of his opponent. Webb was good enough for Cilley to abuse, but not good enough to receive any explanation of that abuse!—and this, not because of Mr. Cilley's position as a Member of Congress, but because the man who had wantonly assailed him "did not choose to be drawn into a controversy with him!" Obviously, the man should have thought of this before he made the first attack. If it had been a black waiter at an oyster-cellar whom he had thus assailed, he ought to have been willing to answer a civil note of inquiry from him.

But the unexpected response of Cilley to Graves had (according to the least absurd portion of the laws of honor, so called) now inextricably involved Mr. Graves. It was idle for Cilley to disdain in empty words intentional disrespect to Mr. Graves. Ever since there were any 'laws of honor,' so termed, the party who says, 'I will not receive your principal's note, because he is not a gentleman,' puts the second in the place of that principal. Mr. Graves now wrote a brief note, asking explicitly whether he declined to receive the note of which he (G.) was the bearer on the ground of personal objection to him as a gentleman or man of honor. Mr. Cilley, in reply, denied Graves's right to ask any such question and refused to answer it. The next step was a challenge from Graves to Cilley.

But what had Mr. Clay to do with all this? Nothing in the world, up to this point. He did not know that any such difficulty had occurred. But, when Graves deemed himself compelled to challenge Cilley, and had already written the challenge, he called on Mr. Clay, his friend and fellow-boarder, and stated to him in confidence the whole matter. Mr. Clay was astonished and distressed—told Mr. Graves (G.) ought not have been involved in this affair, and that it might and should be settled without bloodshed. He asked to see the challenge, and, on reading it, remarked that it was a naked and unqualified summons to the field—that this must not be sent, but one that would admit of and invite a peaceful adjustment. Accordingly, he tore up the challenge and wrote the following:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 23, 1838.

"As you have declined accepting a communication which I bore to you from Col. Webb, and as by your note of yesterday you have refused to decline on grounds which would exonerate me from all responsibility growing out of the affair, I am left no other alternative but to ask that satisfaction which is recognized among gentlemen. My friend, Hon. Henry A. Wise, is authorized by me to make the arrangements suitable to the occasion.

Your obedient servant,  
W. J. GRAVES.

"Hon. J. Cilley."

Mr. Graves concurred with Mr. Clay in the hope that the affair would be settled without a combat, and left him. He despatched the above challenge by Mr. Wise, and it was promptly accepted. Mr. Cilley, (having, as the challenged party, the choice of weapons,) proposed rifles—distance eighty yards—but as we have given the challenge, let us have the acceptance:

WASHINGTON, Feb. 23, 1838.

Sir—Mr. Cilley proposes to meet Mr. Graves at such place as may be agreed upon between us to-morrow at 12 o'clock. The weapons to be used on the occasion shall be rifles; the parties placed side to side at eighty yards distance from each other; to hold the rifles horizontally at arm's length downwards; the rifles to be cocked and triggers set; the words to be 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' After which neither answering 'No,' the words to be 'Fire—one, two, three, four.' Neither party shall fire before the word 'fire' nor after the word 'four.' The positions of the parties at the ends of the line to be determined by lot. The second of the party losing the position shall have the giving of the word. The dress to be ordinary winter clothing and subject to the examination of both parties. Each party may have on the ground, besides his second, a surgeon and two other friends. The seconds for the execution of their respective trusts are allowed to have a pair of pistols each on the ground; but no other person shall have any weapon. The rifles to be loaded in the presence of the seconds.—Should Mr. Graves not be able to procure a rifle by the time prescribed, time shall be allowed for that purpose.

Your very obedient servant,  
GEO. W. JONES.

Hon. HENRY A. WISE.

Such were the conditions of extraordinary ferocity given to this combat—not by Mr. Graves, nor by any friend of Mr. Graves. It wrote, through Mr. Wise, that the terms were "unusual and objectionable," but it was not his right to change them. He had rarely fired a pistol, scarcely ever a rifle, and never excep-

from a rest. He had no rifle, and could not obtain one in season for the early meeting appointed on the other side; but when Mr. Graves gave notice of this as a reason why the combat must be postponed, he was promptly informed that Mr. Jones had an excellent rifle, (Dr. Donnan's,) which was entirely at his service! The rifle accompanied the note. This was declined, but an imperfect rifle procured and a gunsmith set to work to repair it, which he did by a little after 12 of the next day. Meantime, Mr. Cilley was practicing in firing at a mark, in preparation for the combat. Mr. Wise gave notice that Mr. Graves would be ready between 1 1-2 and 2 1-2 o'clock; the rifle was finished about 12; Graves fired it once or twice to test it, (the lock having been taken off and replaced and the breech unscrewed and taken to pieces,) then proceeded to the place designated; the duel took place, and at the third fire Mr. Cilley fell dead.

Such is a true though brief history of 'the Martyr Cilley'—martyr to what?

Let facts be stated: When it was whispered about the Capitol that Graves and Cilley had gone out to fight, the friends of both parties, knowing that Cilley was a good shot and Graves none at all, supposed that Graves would be killed. One of Cilley's party took out his watch, and noting the hour, said to all around him, "Graves is now a dead man!" A few days afterwards, a son of Hon. Reuel Williams, Loco Senator from Maine, received in Augusta a letter from his father in Washington dated at 12 o'clock on the day of the duel. A Whig was present when he opened it in the Post Office and read, "Cilley has gone out to fight Graves, who is by this time a dead man." In a postscript it was added, "The body of Cilley has just been brought in." Such is the vanity of human expectations.

—But what of Mr. Clay? He knew not that the parties had agreed to fight—he trusted that the difficulty would be settled, until the wife of Mr. Graves called in alarm at the absence of her husband, suspecting the cause.—He then started to seek the parties and induce a reconciliation. He was met at the door by Messrs. Graves and Wise with the tidings of the fatal termination of the combat. He took the hand of Mr. Graves, burst into tears, and was for some time unable to utter a word. No man deplored the catastrophe more bitterly than he did. Some of the eavesdroppers have indeed reported that he said, in view of the excitement which this tragedy would create, "It will only be a nine days' bubble!" but this is stated on no authority, and if Mr. Clay did say any thing which came to mind calculated to alleviate the mental agony and horror of Graves, who could have the heart to reproach him?

Yet this is the man whom Jo. Bosworth falsely and meanly accuses of causing the death of Cilley! and whom the Albany Argus charges with having "notoriously instigated to its fatal termination the duel between Cilley and Graves." There is no duelist alive who is not an innocent man compared with the author of that atrocious and malignant falsehood! Can it be possible that a great and generous Statesman, a wise and benignant National Policy, are thus to be lied down?

## General Markle—His Prospects and Qualifications.

It affords us much pleasure to learn from recent unmistakable demonstrations, that the prospects of the Whig Candidate for Governor, are of the most cheering character in every part of the State, and that his election by a handsome majority is no longer a matter of doubt. We say this in no spirit of bravado, but in perfect confidence and from an honest conviction that the prediction will be fully verified. We are fully aware that the friends of Mr. Muhlenberg are making every exertion to ensure his success. We know, too, that the principal efforts of the Loco-focos are directed to the gubernatorial contest. They know that to elect Polk is out of the question—that to give him the electoral vote of Pennsylvania even, is an impossibility—and they presume, from the fact of their having at every previous gubernatorial contest succeeded when united, that they can by a vigorous effort do so again. So far as Mr. Muhlenberg is concerned, therefore, they still hope—and that hope as we before intimated, is a sufficient incentive for them to strain every nerve to maintain the ascendancy in the State, if they cannot in the Nation.

But despite all their efforts they will fail—their defeat is destined to prove a Waterloo affair. Mr. Muhlenberg, valiantly as he has fought for the nomination—successfully as he has managed to procure it, can never reach the Executive Chair. The time when a Loco-foco nomination was equivalent to an election, has gone by. The people have some queer notions of their own about measures as well as about men, that will materially conflict with the prospects of the Loco-foco party, and the ambitious notions of its candidate. Muhlenberg will be supported alone by the ultra Loco-focos—that class of politicians who would vote for any man however unqualified, and sustain any principles however ruinous to the interests of the country, provided the man was their party candidate, and

the principles were held by the party to which they had sworn allegiance.

In opposition to Mr. Muhlenberg, who is notoriously objectionable to a large division of his own party, as well as to the people, the Whigs have brought forward and will rally around and support, to a man, Gen. JOSEPH MARKLE. His claims to public consideration and support are of the most unobjectionable character. He is a Whig, in principle and practice, a man after Mr. CLAY's own heart, and worthy of being placed upon the same ticket with the distinguished Statesman of Kentucky. His views of State policy are sound and true, and such as suit the exigencies of the times. He has avowed himself to be in favor of maintaining the character and credit of the State inviolate—of imposing the most rigid economy and circumspection in the administration of the affairs of the government. He is warmly in favor of the Distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the Public Lands, by which Pennsylvania may be materially relieved of her great burden of debt, and is an uncompromising friend of a Tariff, the revenue from which alone shall be sufficient to meet the exigencies of the General Government, without an appropriation of one cent of the LAND FUND, which justly belongs to the States, and of which most of them, particularly our own, stand in so much need. Besides all this, his character for honesty and probity is beyond suspicion; so much so, indeed, that although he has been some time before the people of Pennsylvania for the highest office in their gift, even Loco-focism has not yet discovered an assailable point to justify an attack—His patriotism, too, has been manifested, not merely in high-sounding words and beautiful sentences to committees of his "democratic fellow citizens," appointed to invite him to public dinners or political gatherings, but in deeds of liberality, noble daring and chivalrous courage, that stamp him at once as one of Nature's Noblemen.

The brief and simple record of his life, holds him up to the admiration of his fellow citizens as a man worthy of the proudest station in their gift. His claims to consideration rest not upon aristocratic pretensions, based upon a distinguished line of illustrious ancestors. For his present distinguished position, he is indebted alone to God and his own exertions. Family influence, and wealth, and chicanery, and over reaching, and under-strapping, have had nothing to do in placing JOSEPH MARKLE before the people for the highest office known to our State.

We have said that his enemies could not find an assailable point in his character so far as honesty and probity is concerned, but it seems that certain wiseacres, who are totally unacquainted with General Markle, have taken upon themselves to declare him incompetent. Our neighbors of the Union, we believe, first made the discovery that the General could not write his name! Now, although our contemporary knows no more of the qualifications of General Markle than he may be supposed to do of those of the man in the moon, nevertheless as a statement of this kind was printed and published in the "Democratic Union," the great "State paper" of the great Loco-foco party, the cue was sufficient! Upon this hint, out spake every Loco-foco Editor in the Commonwealth, and the anomaly was gravely announced in glaring capitals, that the most intelligent political convention that ever assembled in Pennsylvania, had placed in nomination, for the highest office in the State, a man who could not write his own name properly—who could not spell—who had not even made his acquaintance with the twenty-six letters of the Alphabet! Loco-focism pretended to be astounded at such a result!

Every body has the organ of credulity more or less developed, but still when a statement amounts to a palpable absurdity, none but a fool will believe. Our Loco-foco friends, in the plenitude of their zeal for the cause of democracy, overdone the matter, and as might have been expected, the story soon recoiled upon themselves. The people began to inquire among themselves why Gen. Markle was thus assailed. Upon what grounds did individuals, who knew nothing whatever of the Whig nominee, presume to circulate such reports? The answer was plain. Gen. Markle was a farmer, and according to Loco-foco Logic, it was because he was a farmer that he was pronounced unfit.—Had Gen. M. been a recreant Parson, or a miserable pettifogger, or a Gentleman of Leisure, or an Ex-Minister, or an Ex-member of Congress, no one would have presumed to question his ability. But a Farmer was quite another sort of personage in the eyes of these "democratic Loco-focos." The public saw through it at a glance, and numbers of them have already resented it. The Locos would now gladly repent in sack cloth and ashes for the foolish deception they attempted to practice upon the people, if the evil could be averted.

General MARKLE is a Farmer. His friends do not deny it. They are proud of it. It may even be that his hand-writing is cramped and stiff and not so good as it might be. If the Loco-focos can make out their case that he is therefore unfit to be elected Governor, they are welcome to do it. But every man of common

observation must know to the contrary. We verily believe that every one of our readers can pick out or point out among the circle of his agricultural acquaintance—in a single county—it may be in a single township—a dozen or more of Farmers like Gen. Markle, who would do honor to the station of Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth. We protest that the officers of our Government shall be monopolized by gentlemen of the learned professions. The great majority of the people of Pennsylvania are Farmers, and we hold it to be perfectly consonant with every principle of democracy, that they should be represented occasionally in the highest places of the Government, by one of their own calling and after their own pattern.  
Harrisburg Intelligencer.

## Mr. Clay Vindicated by Mr. Polk.

"Old documents are ugly things."—POLK.

The U. S. Gazette, presents us with another short extract from Polk's Address to the people of Tennessee, April 3d, 1839, printed at Columbia, Tennessee, Mr. P.'s own residence, by J. H. Thompson.

On page 7 occurs the following paragraph—  
"Gen. Jackson, like Jefferson, brought the ship of State back to the Republican tack. On the coming in of his administration all the odious doctrines and principles, and the ultra-federal tendencies of the administration which preceded it, were suddenly arrested and reversed. The great results of Gen. Jackson's administration belong to the history of the country, and can be but briefly sketched or alluded to in an address like this. In repeated instances he recommended modifications and reductions of the tariff, with a view to the final abandonment of the odious and unjust system. So effectual were these recommendations, and so rapid the change of public opinion, that the friends of the tariff, and even Mr. Clay, its imputed father, seized on a favorable moment to save the whole from destruction by a timely compromise. It was the defence of Mr. Clay with his friends at the north, that by yielding a part, he prevented the destruction of the whole, and in their continued and devoted support of him, the northern capitalists have shown that they are grateful for the fortunate rescue."

Here we have Polk's opinion of the tariff policy undisguised. "In repeated instances he (Gen. Jackson) recommended modifications and reductions of the tariff, with a view to the final abandonment of that odious and unjust system." Again: "So effectual were these recommendations, and so rapid the change of public opinion, that the friends of the tariff, and even Mr. Clay its imputed father, seized on a favorable moment to save the whole from destruction by a timely compromise!"

We thank Polk, most heartily thank him for thus, unintentionally doing Clay justice, and contradicting the assertion of his own friends in the tariff States, that he had abandoned the protective system—basely surrendered it. In attempting to prejudice Clay with the people of Tennessee, Mr. P. has put the stamp of "slander" upon the charge, even now made in this State, by the Loco-focos, that he had proved recreant to the cause of "protection to American Industry"—which it has been the great object of his life to establish as a national policy. Truly, Polk, "old documents are ugly things." "Out of thine own mouth, we condemn thee," as a most uncompromising and bitter enemy to the protective system."—Newark Daily Advertiser.

## Riding to Texas on a Stolen Horse.

That ably edited and racy Whig paper, the Troy Daily Whig, speaking of the large and enthusiastic meeting of the Whigs of the city of New York, held at Croton Hall on Wednesday evening last, at which Senator Miller, of New Jersey, made an eloquent and well-timed address, says: "After proving that the Loco-foco party had but two principles which they dare acknowledge, he remarked: And here is a party to contend with—wish only two measures—Free Trade and Texas; and this last a stolen one, for it was John Tyler's hobby, all saddled and bridled, and ready to be mounted, when Polk stepped in and poked him from his seat, and sat off for Texas on the hobby himself—not the first man by a good many, who had gone to Texas on a stolen horse."

A Western farmer suggests, that the best way to avoid being troubled by the depredations of birds on cherries is to raise cherries enough for ourselves and them too.

## White Slaves.

'Stop Mister,' said a Loco to one of his leaders, 'Have you got anything new in the way of politics—anything more against Clay?' 'Did you circulate the White Slave Story?' says the leader. 'Yes, but it won't go down.' 'Why?' 'The people think it is the same old White Slave lie we had against Harrison! Buying and selling white slaves, they say, means selling our party to Polk and Texas, and trading off Van Buren, Cass and Johnson for southern votes.' The leader pushed ahead as if afraid of being caught.—Tuscarawas Advocate.