

There is so much truth in this speech that, although labor duelling, I must ask you to publish it.

SPEECH OF MR. WISE, In reply to Mr. GRAY, (of N. Y.) on the resolution of Mr. PENNINGTON, to expel Alexander Duncan, of Ohio from his seat.

MR. SPEAKER: I did not intend to enter into this debate. I have studiously avoided being drawn into it at all. But the gentleman from New York (Mr. GRAY) has addressed the House twice, and each time has gone out of his way, on purpose, it seems, to attack me. Why, I know not, I care not. This, I thought, was one occasion, at least, on which I was not involved in the strife, and I had determined not to be dragged in. But the gentleman seems to be equally determined that I shall not escape. He has first condemned, or disclaimed a justification of, the conduct of his friend (Dr. DOUGLASS) and then gone aside to allude to my conduct for its justification, or its parallel, or precedent. When the member from Ohio shall be put on his trial I will fully express my judgment upon him by my vote; but I do not mean to do so now. If, however, he has done wrong, how can any previous acts of mine justify him, and why am I thus unnecessarily and wantonly cited as an example to justify his wrongs by the gentleman from New York? The gentleman can say, and I pause for him to explain what his purpose was.

[Here Mr. GRAY interposed. He had confined himself to a simple statement of facts, without the least intention to offend or injure any one. If what he had stated was a fact, and if it was legitimately introduced as an illustration of any position which Mr. G. had taken, the gentleman from Virginia was not warranted to infer any improper intention on the part of Mr. G. in alluding to it.]

MR. WISE resumed. The gentleman said he was bound by his code of morals to condemn the member from Ohio, but then immediately quoted my acts to justify what, according to his principles, was unjustifiable. The gentleman alluded to the Cilley affair. Sir, how does that matter stand? Is it a case as yet to be cited until it is adjudged? Is it especially fit and proper, that a gentleman, who may be called immediately to sit upon it in judgment, shall pre-emptively, and decide the very issues of law and fact involved before a hearing?

Sir, this gives me an opportunity which has, up to this moment, been withheld— unjustly withheld from me—to say a word about that affair. Hitherto I have been silently awaiting a trial before my peers, whilst many of them have been circulating slander, with all the bitterness of malice, from one extreme of the country to the other. They have withheld from me a fair trial—any trial at all—and have, by the press, appealed to every passion and prejudice, to condemn me without a hearing, or the opportunity of defence. Such in part, is the attempt of the gentleman from New York now. If my case is first on the calendar, as he has said, he should not allude to it except to call it up for trial. I am ready to be tried. I have been waiting anxiously for a trial. Put me at your bar, and I will plead instantly. I am ready to say on the spot, I did on that occasion just what I will do again under similar circumstances. Let Puritans shudder as they may—I here proclaim that I belong to the class of the Cavaliers; not to the Round-heads! The parties met on a point of honor and veracity—they fought—fought fairly—one fell and his fate might have been that of my friend—it was a wonder it was not. I was present, and upon indictment, and am ready to submit to a trial by this House for a breach of its privileges. I have again and again demanded a trial. I desire it, I seek it. I court the sentence of this House. I repeat, that many of you have propagated the vilest slanders concerning my conduct in the affair. I have been vilified by every species of vituperation which malice here, among yourselves, could invent. I have been stigmatized as a murderer; and yet I challenge you, oh! just and righteous judges! who have thus demeaned in your high seats of justice, to try me for what many of you have condemned me already. The gentleman has himself named the horrid word—murder! Murder! Sir, there are two sorts of murder. There is one description of that offence which deserves the hangman's knot. There is another form of murder—murder by the law—which public sentiment—higher than the law, the great law-breaker—defines to be honorable. Which does the gentleman mean?

[Mr. GRAY subsequently said he meant that simply which was murder by the law, and did not impute any thing dishonorable in the Cilley duel.]

By the latter, life is taken by mutual consent—with notice—openly, fairly, by an equal mode prescribed, it happens in this case, by the party who fell—always prescribed, in a duel proper, by gentlemen. Now, sir, by the latter mode was Cilley murdered—fairly, honorably. Who here, can gain say it? None—no, not one of his own friends, who were the guardians of his life, will say he fell foully. He died on the field of honor; and here I say, in the face of Heaven, before the throne of the Almighty—His dead presence who sits thereon—that I can go on, and the filiest or most faithful friend, he left on earth, and touch the bleeding wounds of Cilley with as clear a conscience as any of them, the basest, or the best! Some of his pretended friends have never yet been assigned; they have never yet been called to account, though the most deeply involved in the guilt of his death, if there was guilt at all. I say it here openly—to the pretended friends of Cilley—they should be held responsible for his death. I did my awful duty to my friend, and thank a gracious Providence he lives, and my conscience is at ease. For my vindication it was enough, when the chairman of your committee declared on this floor that there was not a scintilla of proof that any thing dishonorable was done upon the field of that combat. When that was admitted, I was satisfied. And now, why any member of that committee be present to give and say there was a dishonorable act by either principal or second. Sinful, unlawful it was; and I am ready to submit to the laws, their

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I have been done great injustice. My friend from Kentucky (Mr. GRAVES) asked you not to print the testimony in the Cilley affair as you printed the reports of the committee, and you have up to this moment refused his request. On that testimony I take my stand before the world. I will transmit it to my children as a memorial of the fact that no dishonor can attach to me. If I am guilty of murder, arraign me—try me. I carried a challenge from one gentleman to another—not from one member of this House to another. The House had nothing to do with it. I thought, then, and think so still. On my oath I purged myself of all contempt to its privileges or authority. I was reported, however, guilty of a breach of privilege. Why do not you, then, proceed to give me a fair, open trial, like men, gentlemen, and judges, instead of taunting me, as the gentleman from New York has done, with oblique allusions? Is it not egregiously unjust, that my judge should pursue this course? I demand of him a trial. Come when it may, I will show you are the guilty. The most guilty were the very busiest in arraigning me—the most innocent in the hue and cry after me—the most bitter and unjust in their contumacious persecutions. Put me on trial, and I will then drag from their seats here and in your other House, the real culprits. The very wretches who instigated that duel—who wept crocodile tears over the bier of poor Cilley—and who got up, excitedly, the most loathsome, for no end whatever, of religion or morality—but for the vilest of political purposes; wretches who would have dragged the corpse of the victim of their machinations from Washington, to Maine, with his heels to a chariot, and his head upon the flinty rocks, if it would have served the sinister and infamous designs of a party.

And they may gild his grave.

But, sir, if I ever fall on the field of honor, or whilst a member of this House, I now beseech my friends whose tears, though few, will be "sincerely shed," not to permit a political parody to be made over my dead body, to gild my grave, as I should have buried my friend had he fallen, in becoming poverty, without the gilded Congressional coffin—the silk velvet—the arduous bearing—the escape—the honorable funeral—the mock mourning—with decency and without political effect, where no intruding hypocrite might, ever tread upon the grass of my grave! This much would be due to violated law, and would be consistent with an unfeigned abhorrence of duelling.

But try me, I repeat. Send me home, if you condemn. What then? I will tell you. If my constituents see nothing dishonorable in my conduct, they will not think of your precious privileges—they will take care that I shall be dealt with as all others have been. In six days after an election to fill the vacancy of my seat here, I will appear at that door again, make you myself, ready to take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States.

I do not mean to boast. I mean only to complain of your course. You, who dare not try, should not taunt me. You shall not.

The gentleman from New York says that, on one occasion, I refused to vote. This, also, is quoted as another example to justify his friend. I did refuse to vote. Why? Because you called on me to legislate where Congress itself had no constitutional power. It was a matter of conscience. I had sworn to support the Constitution. A regard to my oath forbade me to vote. Was this no excuse? Was a regard to my oath disorderly? How will this justify his friend, if he has been guilty, as charged?

He says the Speaker himself has been denounced as a supple tool of the Executive. This, too, is another example to justify his friend. Yes, the Speaker has been told to his face worse than that. You and I know (Mr. Speaker) what I said. A noble gentleman (Mr. Adams) in my eye, whenever I have been arraigned, I would have given the reasons why I took the Speaker by the arm as he was leaving that chair, and said to him, "You are the petty tool of a tyrant!" Did I mean merely to insult him? No, no. The Speaker was not my man. No, I discharged a high and solemn duty. I defended the freedom of debate, the forms intended to preserve it. When I found the Executive presiding every where—when I found the President sitting there, (pointing to the chair,) as well as upon the throne in the White House—overstepping the constitutional walls of partition between the executive departments of Government—encroaching, by silent corruption, upon the province of this House—I spoke, out, as I should do in Rome, or as Sydney would in England. "I will speak or die on such occasions. It is a duty, and lawful in a Republic."

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MURDER OF CAPTAIN HORTON.

The following letter gives the particulars of the murder of an unoffending citizen, at a disgraceful debauch of the Loco Focos in the town of Greene, Cienargo county, N. Y.

From the Albany Journal, March 20, 1839.

Capt. ARNOLD HORTON, attended our Town meeting on Tuesday last. After the Loco Focos ascertained that their ticket was elected they went into Calendar's Ball Room and set up a yelling and drinking which soon attracted a crowd. Capt. Horton, among others, went into the room. The cry was raised that there was a Whig in the room, and a motion was made and carried that the Whigs should be put out, whereupon a crowd gathered around Horton and forced him through the door and over the banisters and down stairs. They then returned and reported that they had pitched the damned Whig down stairs and hoped it had killed him. The revel was continued without inquiry about the fate of their victim!

Captain Horton was taken up for dead. Four bones of his neck were crushed. His back was broken. Indeed he was so shockingly mangled that Doctor Willard, in his testimony, expressed his astonishment that he survived an hour. He died, however, linger till the 9th instant, when he died.

The Loco Focos were soon informed that Horton could not live, but they continued their carousal. Indeed they soon after sallied into the streets, and with a violin and bagle, marched about, drinking, shouting and insulting peaceable citizens.

[Our correspondent bears hard upon a high Judicial Officer! who we regret to perceive, was conspicuous among the actors in this disgraceful and outrageous scene.]

A Coroner's Jury, after a long and patient investigation, have returned as their verdict that Arnold Horton came to his death by being violently, feloniously and wickedly forced out of the room over the banister and down stairs.

Capt. Horton has left a wife and eight children, who were in a great measure dependent upon him for support. The scene at Arnold's was heart-rending. The jury assembled, was heart-rending. They lay the lifeless, mangled corpse of him who was murdered, in the prime of life, in the same room that his broken-hearted and bereaved orphan children, weeping over the remains of him who supported and protected them!

Every effort was made by the wretches who were concerned in the outrage to suppress testimony and to overawe the Jury. But the facts were too clear. The Jurors, though unable to identify the persons who committed the murder, said in their oaths that the deceased came by his death feloniously and wickedly.