

# Jeffersonian Republican.

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

VOL 5.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1844.

No. 10.

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**The Game of Polk.**  
**TUNE—Dandy Jim of Caroline.**  
Oh! the little Fox was made a fool—  
He was "killed off" by the "two-third rule,"  
And Cass was sent, with frogs to croak—  
They were not the men for playing poke.  
Oh! Oh! they're bound to choke,  
For they must wear a sapling yoke;  
Ha, ha, ha—the coons all grin,  
And the way we'll poke them is a sin.

Old Ironsides ne'er whipped before,  
Was by land-lubbers run on shore;  
And old Tecumseh, with a heart of oak,  
Had not the hands for playing poke.  
Oh! Oh! &c.  
The Connestoga of the Federal clan  
Who'd put wages down to a shilling a man;  
And democrats would bleed and smoke,  
Was not expert at playing poke.  
Oh! Oh! &c.

The Ex-Governor of the Empire State,  
Where the Fox had been, came much too late;  
Not cabbages, could their love invoke;  
He was not the man for playing poke.  
Oh! Oh! &c.  
They used up John, the Nullifier,  
They left him sticking in the mire;  
His State Rights notions raised a smoke,  
But he couldn't play the game of poke.  
Oh! Oh! &c.

New Hampshire's 'Bury would not thrive—  
He was not the man for the mongrel hive;  
Although hitched in the loco yoke,  
He wouldn't do for playing poke.  
Oh! Oh! &c.  
His Accidency, last and least,  
Was neither fish nor yet a beast;  
Though he for Texas loud did croak,  
He wasn't the man for playing poke.  
Oh! Oh! &c.

"O, what a row!"—cried old Blue light,  
"Tis worse than war's impending stroke;  
We'll see if we can't make it wright,  
And gull them with a little poke."  
Oh! Oh! &c.  
Now an old friend to the Bank and Biddle,  
To Polk is playing "second fiddle,"  
The locos would our Tariff cloak,  
But the coons are up to playing poke.  
Oh! Oh! locos must choke, &c.

We'll go to work and win the day,  
For the locos fear our Harry Clay;  
The Jersey coons are lively folk—  
They "can't be beat" at playing polk.  
Oh! Oh! the locos must choke, &c.  
J. L. jr.

**Giants.**  
The most ancient and respectable of all histories, the Holy Bible, establishes to us distinctly several races of giants, as the Rephaim, the Anakims, the Enims, the Zozouims, &c.  
The Anakims, or descendants of Anak, were the inhabitants of the promised Land, to which Moses would lead the Jews. It was those Anakims, who being seen by the spies sent by the Hebrew general, were reported to be men of that size, that the Hebrews were but as grasshoppers to them. The giant Og, king of Bashan, overcome by Moses, was of that race, whose headstead of brass measured fifteen feet and a half, and the Rabbits sustain that that was not even his bed, but only his cradle when a child  
When Joshua entered the land of Canaan, he detected the descendants of Anak, who inhabited the cities of Hebron, Gath, and Anab, and only spared those of Gaza, Gath and Azoth, where, for many ages, the tombs of these giants were seen; and Josephus informs us that,

in his time, their bones of a monstrous and incredible size were yet shewn.

The Rephaim descended from Rapha, and continued below the time of David; Goliath of Gath, who was slain by that king of the Israelites, was ten feet seven inches high, and was one of the last branches of that family; and the Scripture hath mentioned four others, one of which was brother to Goliath, and was slain by David and his soldiers.

Profane historians have not been less fruitful on this subject. They gave seven feet of height to Hercules their first hero, which is nothing surprising, as that is the smallest of the gigantic size; and, in our days, we have seen men eight feet high. The emperor Maximus is reported to have been of that size.

The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; The giant Galaria, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Cæsar, was near ten feet; and the bones of Secundilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Sallust, were but six inches shorter.

Funnam, a Scotsman, who lived in the time of Eugene the second, king of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob le Maire, in his Voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports, that the 17th of December, 1615, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones; and, having the curiosity to move the stones, they discovered several human skeletons of ten and eleven feet long.

The Chevalier Scory, in his Voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe, relates that they found, in one of the sepulchral caverns of that mountain, the head of a Gauche, which had eighty teeth, and that the body (which was in the burial-place of the kings of Guimar, and of whose race it was said to be) was not less than fifteen feet high.

The giant Ferragus, slain by Orlando, nephew to Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Rioland, a celebrated Anatomist, who wrote in the year 1614, says, that some years before there was to be seen, in the suburbs of St. Germaine at Paris, near St. Peter's Chapel, the tomb of the giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high.

In the City of Rouen, in 1509, some persons employed in digging in the ditches near the Jacobins, found a stone tomb, which contained a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shinbone reached up to the girdle of the tallest man there, it being about four feet long, and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high.—Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved, "In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont, and his bones." Platerus, a famous physician, and who certainly knew human bones from others, declares, that he saw at Lucerae, the true human bones of a subject, which must have been at least nineteen feet high.

Valence in Dauphine, boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivariens, who was slain by an arrow, by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal. The Dominicans had a part of the shin-bone, with the articulation of the knee, and his figure painted in Fresco, with an inscription, shewing that this giant was twenty two feet and a half high, and that his bones were found in 1765, near the banks of the Merderi, a little river at the foot of the mountain of Crussol, upon which (tradition says) the giant dwelt. This river overflowing its banks, discovered a very long and wide brick tomb, in which were these bones, and an arrow, which they supposed to be the same which slew him.

**Oriental Anecdote.**  
A certain man went to a Dervish, and proposed three questions:—First—"Why do they say God is omnipotent? I do not see him in any place; show me where he is. Second—Why is man punished for crimes, since whatever he does proceeds from God? Man has no free will, for he can do no thing contrary to the will of God; and if he had power, he would do every thing for his own good." Third—How can God punish Satan in hell fire, since he is formed of that element; and what impression can fire make on itself? The Dervish took up a large clod of earth and struck him on the head with it. The man went to the Cazy and said:—  
"I proposed three questions to such a Dervish, who flung a clod of earth at my head, which made my head ache."  
The Cazy, having sent for the Dervish, asked—  
"Why did you throw a clod of earth at his head, instead of answering his questions?"  
The Dervish replied—  
"The clod of earth was an answer to his speech. He says he has a pain in his head; let him show me where it is, and I will make God visible to him. And why does he exhibit a complaint against me? whatever I did was the act of God, and I did not strike him without the will of God: what power do I possess? And as he is compounded of earth, how can he suffer from that element?"  
The man was confounded, and the Cazy highly pleased with the Dervish's answer.

**The Late William Beckford.**  
We find the following very interesting sketch of Mr. BECKFORD, author of 'Vathek,' &c. in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Tuesday evening. It is the production of a polished and eloquent pen:

Among the items of English news brought by the Caledonia was the announcement of the death of Mr. BECKFORD, author of 'Caliph Vathek.' The richest gifts of fortune and talent were lavished upon him in the most prodigal profusion, as if to show that even these, desirable and almost enviable as many will deem them, are insufficient alone to make the possessor happy. His life, though not eventful, was a strange one. On attaining his majority nearly seventy years ago, he came into the enjoyment of a colossal fortune, his yearly income being about half a million of dollars. His connections and associates were among the noblest of his land. His person was good, and his talents, which were of the first order, were cultivated to the highest degree. His taste was exquisite, he was devoid of ambition, and as he had almost unlimited means of indulging every fancy that whim or caprice could dictate, life seemed to promise but one untroubled scene of happiness; but we believe few men except those suffering from actual penury ever experienced less.

The curse of satiety was upon him in his early years, and never deserted him to the close of his long life. In his comparative youth he wrote and published 'Caliph Vathek.' It was written in the purest French, and gave evidence of powers that, if cultivated and exercised, might have won for the author a place among the most distinguished writers of an age renowned for its intellectual achievements. But, like Solomon of old, Mr. BECKFORD seemed to think all was vanity, and apparently disdaining a distinction he had shown he could so easily win, suffered his pen to be idle for more than a quarter of a century. Some twelve or fourteen years ago he published his journal of travels in Portugal, Spain and Italy, made nearly fifty years before when the ancien regime was as yet undisturbed by the rude shock of the French Revolution, when noble, priest and king fell as if they were not made of the same clay with the common people. Mr. BECKFORD travelled en prince. His wealth and aristocratic associations gave him the *entree* to the highest and most exclusive circles, and his journal and descriptions of the world as it was before the influence of revolutionary ideas had been felt, constitute one of the most striking books of travel of our day.

It was while on this tour he visited Cintra in Portugal, and was so much pleased with its beauty that he built a magnificent residence there to which BYRON makes allusion in *Childe Harold*. Tired at last of living in solitary grandeur in this luxuriant retirement he returned to England, but the egotism and satiety which afflicted him did not permit the enjoyments of society, and he undertook again to gratify his taste for art and solitary life by the erection of Fonthill Abbey. This work was pressed with all the zeal that unlimited means could command. Gangs of many hundred workmen were employed upon it night and day for months, and at last the stately pile was completed, a miracle of architectural beauty. The spacious and lovely domain in which it was placed was enclosed by a high and close wall forbidding the impertinent intrusion of eyes and feet—and here, surrounded by all the luxuries that inexhaustible wealth, directed by the most refined and delicate taste, could command, Mr. BECKFORD for many years led a solitary, indolent and unhappy life.

None save a choice select few, were admitted to his luxuriant retirement, and many stories, we have not now time to relate, are told of the adventures of those whose curiosity induced them to scale the walls which shut out the world. At last the gorgeous magnificence of this abode palled. The gates were thrown open for inspection, and the place was offered for sale. Descriptive volumes were written concerning it, the papers not only of England, but of Europe and America, vie with each other in their account of its wonders, and thousands from the most remote parts of Europe, and even from this country, went to England to scan with eager, curious eye, a place of which they had heard so much. It was bought, we believe, for something like two millions of dollars by a Mr. FARQUHAR, a Scotchman who had gone to India a poor boy and returned loaded with wealth and a burned up liver.

Mr. BECKFORD then went to Bath, where, faithful to his principle of seclusion, he took two houses on opposite sides of a street, which he connected by a curved arch or bridge like the Rialto over the Grand Canal of Venice, he occupying one of the houses fitted up in a style of gorgeous luxury, and his servants the other. Thus he lived and died in his 84th year, unhappy with all his wealth and talents, for he had no steady defined purpose in life, and with all his luxury knew not the luxury of doing good. There is a moral in the history of such a man that is worth knowing.

**Henry Clay and his Revilers.**

We extract the following sketch from the Lexington Observer. Its truth and force will be felt by every Whig, and must be acknowledged by every political opponent whose opinions are not warped by party prejudices. The most vindictive assaults have been made upon Mr. Clay's private character, and this triumphant refutation, coming from his immediate neighbors, is but the expression of the general feeling, which men of all parties entertain towards him at home, where he is known. But to the extract, which will speak for itself. The Observer says:—

"There is no example, in the records of detraction and calumny, of such persevering, rancorous and malignant attacks, as those which have been constantly directed towards Mr. CLAY, during the last twenty years. They arose out of the fact that he did not deem it his duty, acting either upon his own judgment, or in conformity with the wishes of his constituents, whom he represented in the House of Representatives, to cast a vote for Gen. JACKSON as President of the United States. His assailants, including the General himself, seem resolved to persist in these attacks, during the General's life. Nor are they confined to his public character and conduct; but, with a fiendish spirit, watching and pursuing him, wherever he goes, in retirement and in private and social intercourse, his unguarded expressions, his habits, and all his movements are seized for purposes of misrepresentation and malevolent abuse. It is not now our intention to deal with the revived calumny of bargain, &c., so often denied, disproved and triumphantly refuted.—We would as soon handle a putrid carcass.—During the canvass in Tennessee, last year, Mr. POLK, on several occasions, attempted to use that stale charge; but it was met, and repelled with such indignant spirit, by his able, eloquent and intrepid competitor (Gov. JONES) that he was entirely silenced, and we hardly imagine will ever again attempt to propagate such a calumny, in the gallant and patriotic State of Tennessee.

But our present object relates to Mr. CLAY's private conduct and character, so indecently attempted by his enemies to be exposed to the gaze of the world. Being his neighbor, having known him all our lives, and having received from those who are older than we are, full information about him, prior to the commencement of our knowledge of him, we can speak of him, as witnesses who know, and believe the truth of that to which they testify. Forty-one years ago, Mr. CLAY, without his knowledge, was brought forward by his friends, and elected to the General Assembly of Kentucky. From that day to this, there is no office of trust or honor, within the gift of the people of Lexington or Fayette County, that they would not have readily bestowed on him, if he desired it. And after he became known, as he did to the whole State by his professional fame, and his services in the Legislature, there is no office, at the disposal of either the people, or the Legislature of Kentucky, which he might have sought, that would not have been readily conferred on him. He never lost a popular election when he was a candidate. The attachment of the people of Kentucky to Mr. CLAY, has not been one of cold, personal respect, or mere admiration of his talents; but it has been warm, constant and enthusiastic. They have borne towards him the affection of a friend and brother and father.

There is not a more moral and enlightened community in the world, to the extent of the population, than that of the city of Lexington and Fayette county. Is it possible to believe that Mr. Clay, if he were the immoral, dissolute and debauched character which his bitter and malignant enemies represent him, could have lived in the midst of such a community, for nearly fifty years, and enjoyed throughout that whole time, in an unexampled degree, its constant friendship and confidence? This confidence has been displayed in every variety of form. No man has ever been more attentive and punctual in his private engagements than Mr. CLAY. He has suffered sometimes, as others have suffered, by responsibilities for his friends. He is not rich, his public service has prevented his becoming wealthy; but no man could ever reproach him for violation of any pecuniary obligation or promise. Accordingly his credit has always stood, as it yet stands, at the highest point of elevation. And by the way, we may remark, that millions of dollars passed through his hands, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and as Secretary of State, and the tongue of malice has never dared to charge him with the misapplication of a single dollar. On one occasion, after settling his account, as Speaker, at the Treasury, which he invariably did upon the termination of every session, it appeared that there stood to his credit in the bank, where he transacted his business, a sum of fifty thousand dollars. He stated to the Secretary of the Treasury that there must be some mistake, but he was confidently assured that there was none. He said that he was equally confident that he had no such amount of money and requested a further and more careful examination, upon which the fact

was discovered that the Treasury had neglected to charge him with a warrant of fifty thousand dollars. How admirably does this honorable and upright course contrast with the speculation, frauds, and delinquency which have characterized the conduct of so many public servants during the last fifteen years! Perhaps, no man ever lived, who has been so often appointed an Executor of deceased persons, as Mr. CLAY has been, and that by persons in various conditions of life; and such has been the confidence reposed in his judgment, honor, probity and capacity for business, that the testators who appointed him, almost always dispensed with the surety which, without such dispensation, the law exacts.

He has been charged with being addicted to gambling, and foul and opprobrious epithets have been applied to him. Mr. CLAY as no period of his life, ever so far forgot the respect due to himself, as to associate with professional gamblers or attend their public tables. For upwards of thirty years he has played at no game of hazard whatever. When fatigued and oppressed by care and business, if he has sought any recreation, it has been at chess, or whist, which, of late years, he more rarely than ever indulges in. He has resided a period of upwards of thirty-five years at Ashland, and we have it from the most undoubted sources, that a game of cards was never played, and a pack of cards was never in his house, with his knowledge.

He has the highest respect and greatest deference for religion, and its ministers; and we believe that there is not a clergyman who knows him, that does not cherish towards him cordial esteem and regard. On the memorable occasion last fall, of the great discussion between the Rev. Messrs. Campbell and Rice, Mr. CLAY, by common consent, was selected to preside at the public meeting. He has contributed with as much liberality as he could, to the building, we believe, of every church or house of divine worship, that has been erected during his abode in or near Lexington, of which there have been many. He has always held a pew in the Episcopal church in this city, of which his lady is a communicant, and he generally attends divine service on the Sabbath, when at home. No man in the community displays more public spirit, or is more ready to second and succor all objects of public improvement and enterprise. As a farmer, he is conspicuous in all the departments of his vocation, but especially in the improvement of the breeds of all domestic animals. Nor is there any one whose heart is more afflicted by cases of affliction or misfortune, or whose purse is more open to relieve the distressed.

Such is the individual upon whose head bitter, malignant, and vindictive enemies are constantly pouring out torrents of vile abuse and calumny! But to use his own emphatic language, "truth is omnipotent, and public justice is certain." The universal shouts of his countrymen have already proclaimed in tones of thunder, his innocence and his vindication, and if it shall please God to spare his valuable life, a glorious triumph awaits him in November next, as honorable to their hearts as it is justly merited by long, faithful, and signal services to his country."

*From the Morris-Town Jerseyman, June 26.*

The following was received last week, but mislaid, and not discovered until too late for the paper. In addition, we will mention that Maj. BEACH is now making a casual exploration of the route, and from what we learn, no difficulty is apprehended between this and the Delaware at the Water Gap. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has chartered a company to construct a Rail Road from the Water Gap to the immense Coal beds in the Northern part of the state, which are now of but little value, and by an extension of a few miles it can be connected with the Erie Road, which will reduce the distance eighty four miles to New York, thereby avoiding the dangers of the winter season which must arise from transhipment of freight and passengers at the present terminus on the North River. We cannot doubt that the New Yorkers will look into this, as it is a matter of vast importance to them to have their coal brought to their door in a cheap and expeditious manner, as also diverting the trade to them direct from Lake Erie instead of by the river and canal.

A meeting was held last week at Jacob Hard's, at Dover, of the Commissioners of the Morris, Sussex and Warren Rail Road, preparatory to opening the books of subscription to the stock of this company. We understand that it is in contemplation to make this road an extension or continuation of the Morris and Essex Rail Road. It is a fact well known that long Rail Roads pay better than short ones, and those persons who have investigated the matter assert with much confidence, that this contemplated Road will, if finished to the Delaware River, become a good and productive investment. The Commissioners meet again on the 25th inst. and the probability is, that Books will shortly be opened for subscription for the stock.