JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

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

VOL. 13. STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1852. No 10.

Published by Theodore Schoch

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 papers by a carrier or stage drivers employed by the proprietor, will be charged 37 1-2 cents, per year, extra.

No papers ditcontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

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Flexible Powder.

The Japanese do not bury their dead in coffins, but place them in a tub two feet and a half diamter at the top, and two feet at the bottom. The flexibility of the usually rigid dead is produced by putting a powder' called Dosia, into the ears, mouth and nostrils of the corpse. The following is related by an eye-witness:

An expriment took place in the month of October, 1783, when the cold was very severe. A young Dutchman having died in our factory, at Desima, I directed the physician to cause the body fo be washed, and left all night exposed to the air, on a table placed near an open window, that it might become completely stiff. Next morning several Japanese, some of the factory, and myself, went to examine the corpse, which was as hard as a peice of wood. One of the interpreters, named Zeuby, drew from his bosom a *sautock*, or pocket-book, and took out an oblong paper, filled with a coarse powder resembling sand. This was the famous *Dosia* powder. He put a pinch into the ears, another pinch into the nostrils, and a third into the mouth, and presently, whether from the effect of this drug, or some trick which I could not detect, the the arms, which had before been crossed over the breast, dropped of themselves, and in less than twenty minutes by the watch the body recovered all its flexibility.

A Rat Story.

A neighbor, entitled to implicit credence, relates a story of the cunning and intelligence of a rat, more remarkable we think than any we have listened to. He says, being plauged with rats about his barn, he made various attempts to secure some of them with a trap, but without success. The trap used was made of wire, and was so constructed that on a rat entering and nibbling at the bait, the trap would spring and cage the intruder. The man, upon frequently finding the bait gone, concluded he would watch the trap. Soon half a dozen rats made their appearanc, and among them one that seemed to have more years than the others. He advanced slowly and cautiously towards the trap, and when the others would make a move as if intending to rush to the bait, the old fellow would wag his tail, and they would fall behind him.

After viewing the trap closely, the old fellow approached the back part of it and getteng on it, shook the raised part until the trap sprung and then put a paw through one of the openings between the wires, and taking the bait off, made his retreat with it. The same thing was repeated the second time the same afternoon. Our neighbor, determined not to be outgeneralled by a rat, set a common trap in a keg, and covered it with Indian meal. In due time the old culprit entered the keg and was secured.—Wilkesbarre Adcate.

A friend of ours, who possesses a quiet vein of humor, was recently on a visit to Maryland, and relates an amusing account of a 'colored chorus,' witnessed by the relator at one of the African churches.—The masculine darkies were arranged 'like four-and-twenty blackbirds all in a row,' on one side, and the females on the other. The latter commenced the chorus with 'Oh! for a man—oh! for a man—oh! for a mansion in the skies;' to which the former responded, 'Send down sal—send down sal—send down salvation to my soul.'

Salt for fits.—Perhaps it is not as generally known as it shauld be, that salt put in the mouth, will instantly relieve the convulsive movements in fits, either of children or animals.

Visit the Sick.

Yes, visit the sick, is a command uttered by Odd Fellowship, and binding upon every Odd Fellow, who should strictly and punctually attend to this highly important matter. We should not only be ever ready to take our turn, in rotation to sit up with him through the dark and silent hours of midnight, and render him all the assistance in our power; but as it is our right and our privilege to visit a brother in sickness or distress, we should never wait for an invitation to do so.—And when we make these visits of mercy, we should not make them merely a business matter, because we are bound to their performance by our laws; but we should do so from a cheerful disposition to do good—from a sympathetic feeling to mitigate the sorrows and woes of others, to bind up the broken hearted; well knowing that it will not only be gratifying to the brother, but equally so to his friends and relatives. When a brother is laid low with tormenting pains, oh! how pleasant and agreeable to receive the visit of some true and faithful brother—with what a thrill of delight does he receive the friendly, how consoling are these kind acts to his troubled spirit.

When the cold and icy sweat drops of death are standing upon the pale and wasted counteance of a worthy brother, who is about to sleep in the long and silent sleep of death—when he is about to bid a last and long farewell to all he holds near and dear on earth, oh! then above all other times we should be there, that his last look may be turned upon us, in feeling of gratitude and friendship, for this last kind and filial act of goodness.—Ah! when my time comes to "shuffle off this mortal coil"—when about to launch my frail bark upon the dark and mysterious ocean of eternity, may I have the inexpressible delight of seeing clustered around my dying couch the well known and familiar faces of my beloved bretheren, that they may wipe my pallid brow, cheer my weak spirit and bid me "trust in God." And when they have performed the last duty of depositing my cold, rigid remains in the house appointed for all, laid them low in the cold damp grave may they there shed over me the teardrop of affection; and after casting upon my coffin the evergreen, the emblem of immortality, may they, under its chasting influence, sacredly renew to each other the warm pledge of Friendship, Love and Truth.

When God in the plentitude of his wisdom and goodness takes away from his mundane world a worthy brother of the mystic tie, who leaves a widow and young orphans, see to it, brothers, that they receive your labors of love and mercy. Remember there is no cessation from labor so long as there is any of his family left, who may be in need of your charity and kind acts of benevolence. Call often to see his bereaved widow, and tender her those consolations which you may be able to offer; and make all needful inquiry concerning her prospects and her situation; and if she is in want, make it known to the Lodge, that it may make proper provisions to supply her need. Never let it be said, that Odd Fellows neglect those placed under their charge; but be always ready to wipe the falling tear from the weeping eyes of the disconsolate widow, and hush the cries of the mourning orphans. Let that heavenly grace, pure charity, predominate in all your proceedings, both public and private. Never let it be said in truth that the sorrowing child of humanity—the true Odd Fellew, has applied in vain at your doors for needed assistance. Never let it be said that a worthy Odd Fellow has taken up his abode in the poor house, or is dependent on the cold charity of the world for support.

☞ 'Sammy, my boy, what are breaches of trust?' said a father to his smartest boy.

'What a funny question, Pa.'

'Can't you answer it, Sammy?'

'Yes, Pa, but I don't like to.'

'What a silly boy, come, out with it.'

'Well, Pa, your Sunday trousers are breeches of trust, 'cause you got 'em on tick.'

A farmer in the neighborhood of Battle Swamp, Cecil County, Md., raised this year 115 bushels of corn to the acre.

A GIANT AND GIANTESS.—At Plaistown, in Essex County, England, there at present resides a woman aged twenty, who stands six feet four inches high, and the middle finger on either hand measures six inches; the length of her arm is twenty-eight inches. It is only within the three or four last years that she has attained her present extraordinary hight.—There is every indication that two or three inches will be added to her stature. The Kentish giant, Edward Crauser, is paying his addresses to this young woman, and they will probably be married. Crauser is only nineteen years of age, and stands seven feet six inches. His father and mother are below the middle stature, and his sisters are dwarfish.

There are persons in the world, who, in order to screen themselves from the charge of extravagance and folly, try to do it under the plea of decency. These persons will commit many acts, which if they had true ideas of decency, they would hesitate to perpetrate. We think the following are a few of the many practices that come under the cognemen of *not decent*:

It is not decent for a person to make a show above his or her means.

It is not decent for a person to run in debt when he does not intend to pay.

It is not decent for a person to be always talking about his neighbors.

It is not decent to ascribe improper motives to every one we may come in contact with.

It is not decent for one to appropriate another's pecuniary means for his own gratification.

It is not descent for young people to show no respect to the aged.

It is not decent to spend your money in foolishness, when you have debts that ought to be paid.

It is not decent to starve your family by spending your money for liquor.

It is not decent to say one thing and mean another.

It is not decent to cheat your neighbor because you happen to have a little more knowledge than he is possessed of.

A Clock.

Mr. J. H. Hawes, a resident of our village, has just received a patent for a new-invented "Calender Clock," which is beyond all doubt, a very ingenious and convenient article. The clock will run for one year without winding or setting, and in addition to its value as a correct time-piece, its calender exhibits the month, the day of the month, the day of the week, and the year. The machinery of the clock is simple, and its movements are strictly accurate. It's designations of the day of the month is surprising. For the months having but 30 days it denotes that number, and so for 31 days, while for February it points to only 28, "except for Leap Year 29," We understand the inventor and two other gentlemen of our village, intend immediately to enter upon the manufacture of these clocks upon a large scale. There is money in the invention, and we are glad our citizens are entering on the project.—*Ithica N. Y. Democrat.*

Be Comprehensive.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it. The faculty some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is not good for much. Be comprehensive in all you say or write. To fill a volume upon nothing is a credit to nobody; though Lord Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon nothing.

There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one and they make the most of it. You can see it and almost feel it when in their presence. On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind us of a twenty-four pounder discharged at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes.—Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father—"Dear Sir, I am going to be married;" and also to the old gentleman who replied—"Dear Son, go ahead."

Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose in life. Reader, be short; and we will be short with the advice.

From the New York Dutchman.

ADVENTURES OF AN ORPHAN BOY.

A Tale of Love and Politics.

BY YOUNG.

Towards the latter part of the summer of 1840, a lad of prepossessing appearance entered the beautiful town of G——, situated at the foot of Seneca Lake, near the centre of this State. He had traveled from the Western part of Ohio, where his father, a widower, had died from one of those malignant fevers so common in newly settled countries, while overseeing the cultivation of a large tract of land in order to regain a fortune lost during the disastrous speculations of 1836.

Being an only son, and left among strangers, after the death of his father, George Wentworth resolved to leave Ohio and remove to the State of New York, for the purpose of trying his fortune in any manner that chance might offer. He had passed through the several towns and villages on his route, without meeting anything to attract his attention, till reaching G———. This fine town, with its lovely lake and pleasant scenery, struck his fancy, so he determined to obtain employment, if possible, and make it his future home.

While walking along the principal street of the place—a shady avenue overlooking the lake and on which are located several fine churches and other public buildings—he saw a large crowd of people assembled around a newly erected liberty pole, in front of one of the principal hotels. On approaching the spot he found that it was a political meeting held for the purpose of raising the pole and making party speeches.

Our hero forced his way into the crowd just as they were raising the "Stars and Stripes," with the names of their favorite candidates, to the top of the flag-staff.—The flag had scarcely reached half way, the enthusiasm being at its height, when the cord twisted and caught in the little wheel at the top. They pulled and tried every way, but were unable to raise or lower the flag a single inch. The excitement and cheering ceased, and all eyes were raised to the half-masted flag. A portion of the opposition party, who were grouped together a little in the rear of the main body, began to jeer and joke about the apparently bad omen, to the evident discomfiture of their opponents.

At length JudgeS——, editor and publisher of the G—— Journal, then a candidate for Congress, offered fifty dollars to any person who would climb the staff and draw the cord through the wheel.—The utmost silence reigned for several minutes, but no one advanced to make the daring trial.

"Will nobody volunteer?" shouted the Judge, strongly excited, as a peal of laughter went up from the ranks of the opposition.

Their chuckle had scarcely died away, however, before George, with his cap and shoes off, stepped before the Judge, and with a confident look exclaimed—

'Yes sir; I'll climb it!'

'You, my lad; are you strong enough?'

'Oh yes, sir; I am used to climbing.'

'Then go ahead, my little Spartan,' said the Judge, at the same time giving him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

Steadily, hand over hand, his feet clutching the pole in a manner that proved him to be an expert climber, George made his way to the very top of the staff, which was so slender that it swayed to and fro with his weight. Nothing daunted, he wound his legs right and left around the pole, and with his right hand untwisted the cord. Shouting fearlessly to those below to hoist away, he clung on till the flag fairly reached the top, and then slowly descended.

The cheers that now rent the air were terrific—everybody, opposition and all, joining in with one universal shout.

After the excitement had somewhat subsided, Judge —— looked upon the boy with admiration, and took out his pocket book to pay the promised reward.

George noticed the action, and exclaimed—

'Keep your money, sir; I want no pay for helping to raise the American Flag.'

'Nobly said, my little man; what is your name?' inquired the Judge.

'George Wentworth sir; I am an orphan and have just arrived here in search of employment,' replied our hero, his bright eyes glistening with a tear.

'Well, you shall live with me,' exclaimed the Judge; 'I'll take care of you for the future.'

* * * * * *

Five years passed from the time George Wentworth became a member of his benefactor's family. In the meantime Judge S——— had been defeated by his political opponent, and George had been initiated into the mysteries of the 'Art of Arts.' He had become a general favorite with the citizens, and was looked upon asthe adopted son of the Judge. It was even whispered in private circles that he was to be the envied husband of the beautiful and accomplished Ida, the Judge's only child. But this George had not dared to dream of; 'tis true he never felt so happy as when in her presence, and it *did* make his muscle twitch to see the foppish students from the College, swarm around the unacknowledged idol of his heart. Poor youth! had he known the real state of Ida's feelings, the thought would have almost turned his brain; and could he have interpreted the gleam of joy that flashed from her eyes whenever he uttered a noble sentiment or sally of wit, it would have filled his soul with ecstacy and delight.

One fine day in the latter part of June, Ida, her father and George, were enjoying a sail on the lake in their trim little yacht—the 'Swan'—which had won the 'cup' at the last regatta, under the management of our hero, who was at present standing with his hand on the mast, gazing at the beautiful scenery on the opposite shore; the Judge held the tiller, and Ida was leaning over the side of the boat, trailing her pretty hand through the clear water of the lake, when a sudden gust of wind careened the yacht so that she lost her balance and fell into the water. George heard the splash made by Ida, and before the Judge could utter a cry, he had kicked off his light summer shoes, and plunged in to her rescue.—Being a skilful and vigorous swimmer, he came up with the struggling girl before her clothes allowed her to sink, and entwining her waist with his left arm, struck out with his right, and kept her above water till the Judge turned the boat and came to their relief. In a few moments they were safely in the boat again and Ida soon recovered from the effects of her unexpected bath. The old Judge embraced George, and exclaimed, with tears starting from his eyes—

'God bless you, my dear boy, you have saved my daughters's life, how can I evrepay you?'

'By saying nothing about it,' replied George; 'I owe you now a thousand fold more than I can ever repay, and I amtoo happy in being able to render even this slight service.'

The lovely Ida could say nothing, her heart was overflowing, but she gazed upon her preserver with an expression that told volumes. Her father observed her earnest, loving glance, and began to guess the true state of affairs. He was not prepared for it, and in silence turned the boat toward the shore. They soon reached home with feelings far different from those they had started with.

The following morning, George received a notice to receive the Judge in his library. His heart beat wildly—what could it mean?

The Judge had determined to put him to a severe test. As soon as George entered the library, he commenced—

'Since becoming an inmate of my family, George, you have conducted yourself in an honorable and worthy manner, performing every duty cheerfully and neglecting none. You are now of age, and capable of doing business for yourself. I have placed five thousand dollars in the bank, at your disposal; you can use this sum as you think proper, or let it remain on interest, and take charge of my office under a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year; in either case you must leave my house for the present. What do you say to my proposals?'

George was completely bewildered, and stammered forth a request to be allowed a few hours for consideration. This being granted, he retired to his room and threw himself on the bed in a paroxysm of grief. Could the Judge have guessed what he himself nad scarcely dared to hope? What right had he to his benefactor's daughter and fortune? None! He would smother his feelings, and earn an honorable living by his own exertions.

Various were the rumors set afloat by the scandal mongers of G———, as to the cause of young Wentworth's leaving his patron's mansion, but their innendoes were unheeded. George now devoted himself wholly to business and study. His brow wore a more thoughtful expression, and his cheeks grew a shade paler. The Judge acted towards him in a straightforward, frank manner, yet never address him in the kind, fatherly tones, as had been his wont before the incident that occurred on the lake. If he chanced to meet Ida in his walks, a friendly glance and nod were all that passed; still he felt that his looks betrayed him, for the warm blood gushed from his loving heart and tinted his cheeks with the tell-tale blush: and he cherished the pleasing thought that *her* look was beaming with love and hope.

A little more than a year passed from the time George had left the home of those he loved. It was the eve of another election, excitement ran high, and Judge S——— was again a candidate for Congress. For several weeks a series of ably written articles, had appeared in the Judge's paper. They were addressed to all classes—farmers, mechanics and laborers. The original and vigorous style, clear and convincing arguments, deep and profound reasoning of these articles invariably carried conviction to the parties to whom they were addressed. All the newspapers of the party in that Congressional District copied them, and curiosity was on tip-toe to discover their author, as they were simply signed by two little "stars." The election passed off and Judge S——— was elected by a large majority.

Late one night, while Ida and her father were returning from a party given in honor of his election, they observed a light in the printing office. As the establishment was usually closed at twilight, it appeared strange it should be lit up at that hour, so the Judge determined to learn the cause. Requesting his daughter to accompany him, they ascended the stairs and entered the office quietly. A sight met their gaze which caused the heart of *one* of them to beat violently. At the desk, a short distance from the door, sat George, fast asleep, with his head resting on his arm. As Ida's father stepped forward to awake the sleeper, he obsorved several political essays lying open on the desk, and a freshly written article, with the mysterious 'stars' attached. The truth flashed upon the Judge in a moment—he was indebted to George for his success! He beckoned to Ida, who come trembling to his side. Just then, they saw by the light of the flickering lamp, a smile pass over the slumberer's face and he muttered the words 'dear Ida,' in a tender tone.

'Oh father!' exclaimed the loving girl affectionately, throwing her arms around her parent's neck, 'do let George come *home* again; it is surely no sin for him to *love* me!'

Awakened by the sound of Ida's voice, George looked around confused, and as he saw Ida and her father, endeavored to hide the manuscript. But the Judge stopped him by saying, laughingly—

'It won't do, young rascal, you are fairly caught, found out—talk in your sleep, will ye—ha! ha! But come here, take Ida, and be happy. I know she loves you! ha! ha! ha!'

George was bewildered and transported—he had been awakened from a pleasant dream to a bright reality.

Matters were soon explained, and the warm-hearted Judge, after blessing them both, promised to see them married before he started for Washington.

Schools at Home.

Few persons realize how much may be done in a thousand pleasant ways at home. Let a parent make a companion of his child, converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, anwer inquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation, to awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things and the reason of things—and all this in an easy, playful manner, without seeming to impose a task, and he himself will be astonished at the progress which will be made. The experiment is so simple, that none need hesitate about its performance. The first important requisite is, that there be a mutual confidence between the parent and child, then, in every season and in every place, there may be such lessons and new recitations as shall benefit both; imparting new facts and principles to one, and elucidating new views and giving them new force to the other. If, at the barn, the boy may be required to give the principle of raising water by the pump, or some other questions in hydraulics; if teaming or plowing, why the work is performed easier when the team is near the load than whether removed; if in the morning when the grass is sparkling pearly drops, how dew is deposited; or, if in the silent and impressive evening hour, why he is chilled in passing the valley, and finds again the genial warmth on ascending the hill. When around the fireside, daughters may state the principle upon which the smoke assends the chimney, and why the air is warmest at the top of the room. At another time, why the pitcher sweats in the hot noon; or the "dough rises" in the pan.

By thus observing events as they pass, we are *always at school*, both old and young, teachers and pupil in turn. A new enthusiasm is kindled in the breast of each other, while new desires for improvement are awakened, and new sources for it are developed at each recitation.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS"—So it has been said of past ages. It may now be said that *there are* giants in *these* days in New Orleans. He arrived there from Louisville. His name is Angus McKackell; he is 19 years of age; is 7 feet 9 inches in height; is of robust proportions, especially in the feet; weighs 400 pounds, and is still growing. He is a native of Nova Scotia.

LARGE BUCK.—Mr. Gideon Bowman, of Allegheny township, Somerset county, Pa., a few days ago, shot the largest buck in the mountains. The deer has been known by the name of "Old Isaac" for many years; some hunters say sixteen; he had nine bullets in him in addition to the one that killed him. His weight was 242 pounds.

SAD TRAGEDY.—A dispatch from Louisville says that on the last trip from St. Louis of the steamboat James Millenger, the whife of Daniel Street, a deck passenger, leaped overboard with her infant in her arms. The husband leaped after her, and all three were drowned. They had three other children on board, who were provided for by the passengers and landed at New Albany, with their grandfather.