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AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
**Jeffersonian Republican.**

[From Household Words.]  
**DR. CHILLINGWORTH'S PRESCRIPTION.**

Some years ago I read the Life of Gifford, and straightway determined to go to some college, and become a great scholar. In what way this was to be done, I did not know; nor, indeed, did it seem very easy, for my mother was a widow, and her property was small. But whatever scheme I might decide upon, to come to London, it seemed, most necessarily be the first step; so to London I came in my eighteenth year.

I wandered in grand squares and crowded streets. I loitered at print shops and book stalls. I idled in museums and galleries—profiting by nothing that I saw, because I was haunted with a bewildering feeling of how much there was to be seen. I delayed presenting letters of recommendation, and when I did present them, was treated so coldly that I never went again. I looked for Milton's house at Westminster, and could not find it.—I took a book sometimes and lounged all day in one of the Inns of Court, where there was a garden; and I felt more lonely than Robinson Crusoe. My faith in London was gone. I saw plainly enough what London was. A great family of rich and comfortable people, all leagued together against strangers; a community pretending to be open to all, but secretly agreed to dishearten intruders, by simply shunning them.

But while I had been thus staring about me, the very thing that I wanted had been lying at my feet. Opposite my window, in one of those quiet cross-streets in the city, that connect the narrow and comparatively unfrequented lanes running down to the river, was a little plot of ground, with a solitary sycamore tree, and a thin down of grass plot, shut in with a wall breast high, and a row of weather-eaten iron railings. Next to this was a large house, almost entitled to be called a mansion, for it had a flight of many stone steps, a heavy oak porch, profusely carved with fruits, and tangled ribbons and leaves, and cherubim; a massive iron-ring knocker, a link extinguisher, and a pear shaped bell-pull. I had settled in my own mind that this was the residence of the clergyman of the parish; but, one day, induced by that curiosity to know my neighbor's business that comes of idleness and sitting near a window, I made inquiries, and learned that this was known as Dr. Chillingworth's Library. Now, on reference to Maitland's History of London, I discovered that this Dr. Chillingworth was a relative of the great divine of that name, who died in Charles the Second's reign, and left large property for the founding of the theological library; for the re-publication to all time, of certain religious works written by himself, that I had never heard of; for the annual charitable relief of the widows of poor clergymen (who should be found to have studied those works); and lastly, for the sending yearly to a Scotch College three scholars who should have proved themselves, upon examination to have been the most studious and deserving amongst the competitors.

There was the library still, evidently—though nobody seemed to know it. I could see the ends of bookshelves near the upper windows. No doubt there were the scholars, too, if any poor student chanced to hear of them. I would just step over and ask.

I did step over and pulled the pear-shaped bell-handle, making such an incessant ringing in some distant part of the house—that if the trustees of Dr. Chillingworth had resolved to go into a long sleep (as to all appearances they had), they might have done so with a perfect assurance of being roused on the

first application. No trustees, however, came; but only an old man, who said Mr. Thaine, the librarian, was out, and so was Mrs. Thaine; but that Miss Thaine was in the library. I desired to see Miss Thaine—and the man bade me follow him up stairs.

There was a close smell of dust, but the great hall was extremely neat and clean; and the wide oaken stairs were all polished and bare, except a little rivulet of carpet, flowing down the centre. Portraits of old divines, in ugly skull caps, hung on the walls of the staircase, and at the bottom of a passage I found the bell that I had set in motion still swinging faintly in a corner. My guide pushed open a door, and then another door, covered with black cloth and studded with nails; and I found myself in a long room lined with books on shelves, and saw a young lady sitting writing at a table at the bottom.

"A blue stocking," thought I, for she dipped her pen into the great round pewter inkstand, and went on writing without seeing us; but my guide went forward, and she looked up.

"Mr. Thaine is not in, miss?" I said.

"No, sir. Is it anything about the library?"

"About the scholarships—"

"O yes. There will be no examination till next October; for the last examination has just taken place. You can send in your testimonials. You will be examined in the *Iliad*—first four books; the *Antigone* and the *Medea*; and generally in Horace, Virgil, Tacitus, and Terence.—In English, the authors are Paley, Locke, and Lardner. There are some other subjects which you will find in this paper."—She looked very serious, as if it was quite natural for a young lady to know all about such things; and then putting her hair behind her ears, she bent forward, and went on with her writing. I was awed. I had been taught to consider a learned woman as necessarily something old and ugly; a pretty young lady who could speak so familiarly of the classics deprived me of utterance. I could only stammer out "Good morning," and retreat.

I found by the paper she had given me that the successful competitors were allowed a bursary of forty pounds per annum, for their support during their studies—not a large sum, truly; but many great scholars that I could call to mind would, at one period of their lives, have thought themselves rich with such an income; and in Scotland perhaps it would be a fortune. I almost wished it had been less—for how noble it reads in the life of a scholar, that he nourished his body with bread and water, while his mind banqueted with the wisest and the mightiest. The following day I presented myself again at the library, and saw Mr. Thaine, the librarian. He was a man in the prime of life, tall, and dressed like a clergyman. There was a certain severity in his tone and manner, which struck me at first; but it wore off when I had explained to him the object of my ambition.

"Are you well versed in the authors in which you will be examined?" he asked.

"In some of them," I said.

"You must lose no time, then. There is rarely a great competition; indeed, we have had no applicants on some occasions. But the examiners will not appoint you unless you show considerable proficiency."

"If I have only health," I answered, "I doubt not of being ready."

My confidence seemed to please him. He offered me the use of the library; and promising to assist me in any way in his power, he bade me good morning.

And now behold me wandering no more in galleries and museums, loitering no more at shop windows, reading no more in Inns of Court. That feeling of vagabondage which pursues the idler in a bustling city was gone. I could sit in my solitary room, pouring over my beloved books all day, and feel no jealousy of the crowd who went about their own business and left me to myself. Whatever might be my ulterior object—whether I might become a college professor, a tutor, or a lawyer—I too was doing my part, with that individual perseverance, by which the great aggregate business of life is carried on. From early morning till night I pursued my studies near my window, looking out sometimes for a few moments upon the quiet street, and the great house opposite, which seemed to me now the only Temple of Fame. I rarely went out; unless it was to cross the road to refer to some book in the library. I did not often see there the young lady that I had spoken to the first time; but the librarian visited me, and chatted with me upon the authors I was reading, till by degrees, he grew more friendly with

me. One day he said, "Would to Heaven I had still a son who would devote himself as you do to the pursuit of a worthy object!"

"You have only daughters," I said, for I had seen several young ladies, younger than the first.

"I had once a son," he replied, "but—he paused a moment, and then added, 'he is dead.' His voice faltered and his agitation was so evident, that I thought his loss must have been recent, but he did not wear mourning. Such a display of tenderness in a man who had at first seemed to me naturally stern, surprised me; but I said nothing, and soon afterwards he left me abruptly. I read in the library for some time, but he did not come back. The next time I found his daughter there, and asked her if her father was at home, but she said that he had left London for a few days.

"Perhaps," I said, "you can direct me where to find an Euripides with the best notes; and then she smiled, and said, 'I think I can; our catalogue is very incomplete.' She went to a shelf and took down a book. 'There is the best edition, I believe.'"

She looked at me, and seeing me smiling in my turn, she divined my thoughts. "You think it very strange to find I know these books," she said. "But I am not such a blue stocking as I seem."

"A lady will never admit that she understands Greek," I said.

"But I don't understand Greek," she replied.

"A little," I said, pressing the charge. "Not a word. I know the books and the authors names, like a parrot. I have read most of the books of history and some of the old divines; but I have so often searched for interesting reading that I know where to find any book in the library."

"I own I thought you a great blue stocking," I said.

"Oh no. I hope not; the world is so prejudiced against them. However, if you will keep my secret, I will own that I know a little Latin."

She looked, to me, so interesting as she said this, slightly coloring, that I fell straightway in love with her. I saw her afterwards frequently and chatted with her, till my attachment to her became confirmed. This was a serious obstacle to my studies. I found that I could read whole pages, word by word, without attaching any meaning to them. I was continually tempted to rise from my seat and watch the house opposite. I ceased to be an early riser: I delayed lighting my lamp when it was getting dusk, to sit and watch the glowing embers on the fire. It was winter time; and one day when the rain was falling, making pools in the smoky little garden opposite, and the drops kept gathering in ledges and windowsills, and falling with a continued splash, I stood a long time at the window and felt as lonely as I had felt in the old times. But at last I made a solemn resolution to avoid the place, and apply myself wholly to my studies; not thinking thus, to come to love her less, but choosing this as the best means of winning her one day. For as yet I felt that I could not even speak to her of my affection.—I had nothing. Even if I won this scholarship, which I felt now I must do, my future was still uncertain. The growing kindness of her father towards me was another reason for my silence. I felt that to have spoken to her in secret of my feelings towards her would be a wrong done to him, and once when I saw her coming down the street I turned aside as if I had not seen her. Her father invited me to his house several times, but I excused myself each time, and he ceased at last to invite me.

The examination-day arrived at last; and I presented myself, and was one of the two chosen among four competitors. I was to start for the college in a few days. It seemed to me very hard to leave her for three years, trusting to the hope that she would form no attachment in all that time; but my mind was made up. (She will love me the better perhaps," thought I, "when she knows of this; and I felt almost a superstitious conviction that all would turn out well one day.—But, meeting her father in the library, the day before I started, the kindness of his words touched me so deeply that I was tempted to open my heart to him.—I delayed long, searching many pretexts for waiting a moment longer, till I saw he was about to leave me; and then I told him boldly of my affection, and how and why I had said nothing so long.

"It must not be yet," he said. "I am not one to make a money question of such things. You are both young, Kate is younger than you. You must make no engagements yet. Let me see, in two years' time, what progress you have made."

Two anxious years! but a strong hope sustained me. My patron received me, when I returned, with the affection of a father. "I have told Kate about it long ago," he said; "and she loves you, and is as proud of your honors as if they were her own." My measures of happiness was full that night. Kate told me her first impressions of me, and other little secrets, with the simplicity of a child;

and I related my own old hopes and doubts. My time was not yet completed. In a few days I started for Scotland again; but this time I had nothing to fear. Kate had promised me to write continually, and had pledged me her word not to forget me a day in her absence.

That day twelvemonth, I returned to London again. I came a little before the time I had mentioned, thinking to surprise them. It was on an afternoon in November, just as it was growing dark, that I turned again into the old street.—There was no one passing through it, but myself; I looked up at the window where I had sat at my studies, and saw that it was dark, but at the library there was a strong light upon the blinds, on the ground floor—a light so unsteady, that I knew it came from a blazing fire—and I could hear voices; though I tried in vain to distinguish Kate's. Lingered with that strange irresolution with which we delay sometimes to seize a pleasure within reach, I even shrank into a doorway opposite, when I saw the great door open. I could see that it was Mr. Thaine who stood on the threshold. He waited there a moment and held out his hand, for a fine snow was beginning to fall then went in again and shut the door. I crossed the road quickly; but as I passed the iron railing, I noticed some one in the enclosure. It was a man, and he stood quite near to the window of a little room at the side of the house, almost on a level with the ground. I had never seen any one in this enclosure; and to find a man there, at dark, in the winter-time, excited my curiosity. I heard him tap upon the glass; and a moment after the window was opened cautiously, then I could hear voices whispering indistinctly; till at last, they grew louder and I could catch the words. It was Kate's voice I heard first: I knew it too well to have any doubts.

"I dare not stay here any longer, Henry," she said. "My father would never forgive me for not telling him of this, if he knew my secret."

"No, no, Kate; you want to be gone," said the man. "You hate me. You haven't a spark of love for me."

"Indeed I have," said Kate. "I love you dearly, in spite of all. You are a good soul. Kiss me!"

I could see her in the dusky shade of the wall, leaning forward from the little window, while the stranger held her in his arms, and kissed her. They stood like this for a few moments; and then they parted; and I heard the window shut down. Drawing back, I saw the stranger look through the railings to see if the street was clear; and then he climbed over the high spikes, and dropping on the pavement, walked quickly away.

I walked after him, determined to ask him for a confirmation of my suspicions; and, if I found them true, to go away again without entering the house. He quickened his pace, hearing me behind him; but I kept pace up with him till, having accidentally turned up a street which I knew to have no outlet, he was compelled to turn back and meet me.

"Stay!" said I. "A moment ago you were in the garden of Chillingworth House. May I ask what you were doing there?"

"What busy body are you?" he asked, in a tone so coarse, that I shuddered to think I had just heard Kate confess her love for him.

"I have a great interest in knowing this," said I. "You shall not leave me till you tell me."

"Do you threaten me?" he asked in a bullying tone; but immediately changing his manner, he said, "But tell me who you are; and why do you ask this?"

"It does not matter who I am," I answered. "If you will tell me the truth, I will keep your secret. Was it not as the lover of Miss Thaine that you were there?"

"I wouldn't stand to be bullied thus," he said, "if you did not hold me at an advantage. I don't exactly want to be caught brawling in this neighborhood."

"Answer my question," said I, seizing him by the arm. "I will not trouble you again."

"Well, said he, 'I don't mind owning that it was as her lover that I was there. But mind, you promised to hold your tongue.'"

I let go his arm at this; and he hastened away, leaving me bewildered. I scarcely needed this confirmation, after what I had heard; and now the letters which I had lately received from Kate seemed to me to have been colder than usual. But how could I have believed that she could have loved such a man as this; or that she would consent to see him clandestinely? I remembered how long I had forbore to tell her of my affection; and blamed myself for not having seen that she was unworthy of my respect.—I had resolved not to enter the house any more. I would go home; back to Scotland, abroad; anywhere, rather than meet again a woman, who had so deceived me. My absence, I thought, will tell her that I have discovered her secret. But my old love for her struggled for mastery. I lingered about the street the next night, till the lights were out, scarcely knowing why. I could not resolve to depart. If I could only see her once, unobserved, I

thought, I would go away content. The next night I waited about there again, and saw her mother go out with a younger sister; but I did not see Kate. It was getting late; when passing the railings again I saw a faint light in the little room where the stranger had spoken with her. I thought it must be Kate there once more, perhaps expecting again the coming of her lover. My pride would have led me to depart at once; but the thought of the danger to which she was exposed in her unhappy attachment to such a man, made me shudder. My anger was changed to compassion. I knew how ignorant of life she was, having grown up from childhood in that place, with all about her simple, kind, and gentle! Where was she to learn save by bitter experience, that life was mostly evil? It seemed to me, that I must reproach myself for ever if I went away and left her in such peril.—"Yes," thought I, "it will be a sad shock to her to know that I have discovered this; but I must warn her."

I walked about, until looking up and down the street, from end to end, I could see no one. Then I clambered up the railings, and with difficulty let myself down into the garden.—The snow had been worn away by the tread of passers in the street, lay thinly on the ground, within the enclosure; I could see no footprints in it, and I knew that no one had been there that day. Creeping along by the wall till I came to the window, I listened and heard no voices; so that I thought only one person was there. The lower panes, were of ground glass; and I could see nothing through them but the weak glimmer of the light. I hesitated a moment, for it might not be Kate who was there; and my position would be embarrassing if any one else had seen me. I resolved to tap faintly, and draw aside, so that if any one but Kate appeared, I might escape, and leave them to think that they had been deceived by the wind shaking the window-frame.

The window opened slowly, as I drew up closely to the wall beside it. Then I heard Kate's voice say, "Henry!"

I came forward. "It is I, Miss Thaine," I said, "do not be alarmed."

"O heaven! how you terrified me.—How do you come here? We expected you yesterday."

"Kate," I said, "I know all, know now that you do not love me any longer; but I am not come to reproach you. I come only to entreat you to take warning, lest one day you repent it in vain. Kate, you do not know how bad the world is, and to what danger you expose yourself. I will not say any more now, lest you think me only selfish, but I implore you to think of my words when I am gone."

"No, no, do not go," she said, holding my arm. "You must hear me first.—What is it you accuse me of? But I know; how it has all happened," she added, bursting into tears.

"Two nights since," I said, "I came to London the happiest man on earth. I thought to take you by surprise; to make you as happy as myself. But as I passed this enclosure, I saw and heard that which has destroyed my happiness forever."

"I know what you mean," said Kate, sobbing. "I will tell you the truth. The stranger you saw was my brother."

"I cannot think you would deceive me," said I, catching at her words. "But he told me, himself, that he visited you as a lover."

"It was a wicked falsehood," said Kate; "a falsehood that might have ruined me; and this, though I have been the only one who forgave him, and was kind to him. But, thank God! I can tell you the truth; and you cannot be angry with me when you know."

"But your father has told me from his own lips," said I, "that he never had but one son; and that that son is dead."

"It is a secret," she replied. "My father would be much pained if he knew I had told you; but I cannot conceal it now. My brother has sinned, and my father has no forgiveness for evil. One day he cast him off for ever; and from that time he has always spoken of him as dead. He dreads my father; and dare not come here, save now and then, by stealth, to see me."

"Forgive me, Kate," said I, "for not having kept my faith in you spite of all. I ought to have known you better; I might have seen that your brother only told this falsehood because I drove him to it. I had judged you and condemned you in my mind already; and I would not let him go until he had confirmed me in my injustice. But you must pardon me all this, Kate, and think how wretched I have been these two days."

"Go now," she said. "We will talk of this by-and-by. It would be so strange if you were found here. Go and knock at the door as nothing had happened.—Stay. Give me five minutes to dry my eyes, and not to look embarrassed.—There!"

In a few minutes I was beside the fire in the great parlour, and we were a happy circle that night. Kate was a little thoughtful, and her father rallied her; but Mrs. Thaine begged him 'not to tease the young people,' and her little sister Ellen went and placed her hand in hers. When we parted that night, Kate said, "The

thought of Henry, and what he may become, will not let me rest." Therefore, I set before all other things the object of raising him, if possible, out of his condition. The next time he came into the street, I met him and talked to him with kindness, saying, that his father would be glad to pardon him, if he saw any signs in him of a real change for the better. Many months had passed before I succeeded, through my old introductions, in procuring his admission to a merchant's counting-house. Meanwhile, I had myself gained a footing in life. Then came a marriage-day—the beginning of long years of happiness for us. But, on the evening of our marriage—for we had no strangers there—the unforgiven son was brought in, and the story of his reformation, and the proofs of its sincerity, were told; and thus we were made happy that evening.

From the Daily News, 19th inst.

**Still Another Murder.**

Another shocking murder was committed about 5 o'clock on Sunday evening.—The circumstances, as we have heard them, are as follows:—Soley and O'Neal were acquaintances. On Sunday afternoon Soley called for the latter, at his home, and they proceeded together to Jennings' tavern, on Bristol street, a road leading from the Germantown road to the Frankford road, about five miles from the city.

At the tavern they drank freely, and both became intoxicated. Soley was the most under the influence of liquor. The parties got to high words, and became excited; in the course of the quarrel O'Neal struck Soley, and drew blood; the latter said that he would have satisfaction from any man who drew blood from him. They then left the house, and blows again passed between them before they reached the gate leading to the yard of the tavern. In this affray O'Neal drew a three cornered dirk knife, and stabbed Soley in the region of the heart, at the same time exclaiming, "is that enough?"—The wounded man replied that it was, and that the other would find it enough when he was on the gallows. Soley died in about three minutes.

O'Neal was immediately taken into custody by some citizens, who tied him, and took him before Nicholas Brouse, Esq., a justice of the peace for Oxford township. The murderer was kept in confinement until yesterday morning, when he was taken before Ald. Hayman, of Kensington, by whom he was finally committed to prison to await his trial.

The murderer is about twenty-three years of age; he is an Irishman by birth, and a weaver by trade; he was employed in Whittaker's Cotton Mills, on the Tacony Creek. He is married and has two children. Yesterday morning the wretched man was in great distress of mind.—He does not deny having committed the act, and attributes it to having been intoxicated at the time.

Soley was an American. He was also married and leaves three children to mourn his untimely end. The deceased was employed at Roland & Hunt's Rolling Mill, on the Tacony Creek.

The affair caused a good deal of excitement at Cedar Grove, where it occurred. Drunkenness was at the bottom of the whole matter, and it affords another proof of the evils of intemperance.

The body of the murdered man was suffered to lay out exposed upon the piazza of the tavern during the entire night, through the ignorance of the persons who were about the place. They were fearful of touching it until the Coroner should arrive. It is time such silly notions were exploded.

The prisoner is said to belong to a gang of rowdies known as the "Black Hawks," which have infested the upper part of the county for some time.

**Advice for the Girls.**

Girls, if a young fellow greets you in a loud, free, hearty voice, if he knows precisely where to put his hat or his hand—if he stares you straight in the eyes—with his own wide open, and if he turns his back to speak to another, if he tells you who made his coat, if he squeezes your hand, if he eats heartily in your presence, and if he fails to be very foolish in fifty ways every hour, then don't fall in love with him for the world; he only admires you, let him do and say as he will. But if he be merry with every one else but quiet with you, if he is anxious to see that your tea is sweetened, and your dear person well wrapped up when you go out in the cold, if he talks very low and never looks you in the eye, if he has red cheeks, or if he is pale and his nose bluish, it is enough, if he romps with your sister, sighs like a pair of bellows, looks solemn when you are addressed by another gentleman, and in fact is the most still, awkward, stupid of fellows, you may go ahead and invoke the shafts of Cupid with perfect safety, and make the poor fellow too happy for his skin to hold him.

"Ma, has your tongue got legs I,  
"Got what, child,  
"Got legs, ma I,  
"Certainly not; but why do you ask that silly question?  
"O, nothing; only I heard pa say your tongue was running from morning till night, and I was wondering how it could run without legs that's all, ma."