

COLUMBIA AND BLOOMSBURG GENERAL ADVERTISER.



LEVI L. TATE, Proprietor.

"To Hold and Trim the Torch of Truth and Wave it o'er the darkened Earth."

ALEM B. TATE, Publisher.

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BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1857.

VOL. XXI.

COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT
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If ordinary advertisements inserted and Job-work executed at the established prices.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Democrat.
TO A YOUNG LADY.
Previous to her departure for the "Far West."

You are going—you are going,
From your friends and home so dear,
You are going—you are going,
To meet a Brother, Sister dear.
You are going—you are going,
From a mother's kind embrace,
You are going—you are going,
To a far and distant place.
Oh! how happy will be the meeting,
When you with those friends do meet,
Brother loving, sister greeting,
With a kiss so fine, so sweet.
You are going—you are going,
With kind friends awhile to dwell,
The time has come, you must be moving,
Farewell, fair one, fare thee well.

Select Story.

THE GOLD CLASP.
BY PROF. J. H. INGRAM.

CHAPTER I.
A modest and exceedingly pretty young girl, plainly attired, entered one of the goldsmith's stores on ——— street, and seeing that a gentleman was engaged with the proprietor, she timidly shrank aside near the door until he should be at leisure. The assistants were also occupied with customers whose dress and appearance showed them to belong to the class of the rich, and so she was suffered to remain for some time, standing there, before she could be attended to.

The gentleman, who was a fine, noble looking person, with a remarkably polished address, seeing her waiting, courteously stood aside, and said to the goldsmith—
"Do not occupy yourself with me now, Mr. Broochard, I can examine these watches by myself, while you see what this young person wants, who has been waiting so long and patiently, to get an opportunity to speak to you."

"What do you want, Miss?" asked the goldsmith, with a look that conveyed a reproof to her for interrupting him while engaged with a customer of more value to him.
The girl hesitatingly approached the counter, and taking from her bosom a small gold clasp, bent over to him and said in a low, trembling voice—
"I wish you would be so kind as to keep this a few days, and let me have seven dollars on it."

Low as she spoke, her soft, trembling tones reached the ears of McHenry, the gentleman who was present, and he turned to observe her face, and hear the reply of the goldsmith to this timid and painfully uttered request. The goldsmith took the clasp scornfully, between his fingers, and throwing it down, said sharply to her—
"This is no pawnbroker's shop, girl—and if it was, that thing is not worth two dollars."

"It is of inestimable value to me, sir—indeed it is the only thing valuable I have," said she, earnestly, and her cheek slightly flushed at the rude manner of his reply.
"Ah, ah, Abraham Broochard, thou hast made a good evening's work of it!" he said exultingly to himself.
Then looking around among his shop boys to see if he was observed, he craftily, yet with a cheerful air, locked the clasp in his private drawer, and taking out the key placed it in his pocket. He had hardly done so, when Col. McHenry re-entered, and without speaking, or even looking at him, cast his eyes upon the show case for the clasp, which he recollected, after going up, the young girl had laid down, but did not take up again, and so he returned back for it. Abraham Broochard was very busily engaged in replacing the watches to their owners' drawers, and preserved silence and ignorance. At length Col. McHenry spoke:
"That young person bid her clasp on this case, sir, which I neglected to take up. It is a pity it should be lost, she valued it so highly."
"The clasp. Oh, oh, I have not seen it, sir. She took it up again."
"Did you see her?"
"Yes, oh, yes. I had my eyes upon her, and she said at the same time, you'd never see your ten dollars or the clasp again."

The gentleman eyed him steadily an instant, and then glancing around the show case again, as if in search of it, he quitted the shop.
CHAPTER II.
Several days elapsed, and Col. McHenry had quite forgotten the circumstance we have just narrated, when, as he was leisurely passing along the street, he felt his sleeve suddenly pulled by some one he heard nudge behind him, and looking around, he beheld, with a cheek glowing with the pursuit, the girl he had seen at the goldsmith's.
"Oh, sir, I am so happy to have found you," she said, at once addressing him as he stopped, and with pleasure listened to her. "I was at length enabled to get my pay, and by other work have earned enough to repay you the ten dollars you so kindly gave. You don't know the good you did—the suffering you relieved—the evil you timely averted. Here is the money, sir."

"Nay, my good girl, I do not want it. I made you a present of it at the time, and did not expect you to return it. I am, however, glad to find you have the disposition to do so, and that I was not deceived in my estimation of you."
"You must take it," she said, with ingenious earnestness. "I should be distressed to be longer under pecuniary obligation to an entire stranger. Besides, sir, I would be very glad to have my clasp, if you please."
"Did you not take it from the case where you laid it down?" he asked with much surprise and justly directed suspicion.
"No, sir—indeed, sir, I hope it is not lost. It is of countless value to me. It was given me by—"
"By a sweetheart," added he, smiling.
"He is now dead, sir," she answered with overflowing eyes.
"You do well to value it. I did not take it up. Are you sure you left it there?"
"Yes, sir, hoping you would take it and keep it till I paid you the money."
"Well, my child, I have not got it, but I believe the goldsmith has. Let us go to him."
On their arrival at the shop, Mr. Broochard denied ever having seen it since she went out, and said he saw her take it with her and place it in her bosom as she left the shop. The young lady turned pale and was inconceivably distressed.
"Come with me. I will find the clasp for you," said Col. McHenry, offering her his arm and leaving the goldsmith's with her.
I do hope I shall find it, sir," she said, as they walked along. "It was Robert's last gift. It was given him in Cuba by a rich lady whose life he saved by rescuing her from the water. He was a sailor, sir, and had little to leave me but his memory and my poor clasp. Oh, sir, if it is lost, I shall never forgive myself for offering to pledge it. But, sir, our extremity was very great."
Col. McHenry stopped with her at a justice's office, and briefly and clearly made his complaint, and in a very few minutes Mr. Broochard was brought into the presence of the magistrate. He appeared to be in great trepidation, and was pale as ashes; for he had been suddenly taken without warning from behind his counter, leaving his shop in charge of his assistants. Col. McHenry and the young lady being sworn, deposed that they had last seen the clasp on the show case, where each went out and left it. The former further deposed that he had not gone three steps from the door before he returned and found it missing, and no one in the vicinity but the defendant.
The goldsmith was then called up to be sworn as to his knowledge of the facts.—He approached the stand where the magistrate held the Bible, and laid his hands on it with a perceptible tremor of his whole body; but love of money was stronger than the fear of the law, and he took the oath. It appeared as if he would sink through the floor when he took it; but the moment he was done, he recovered his audacity.
At this moment an officer, who, at the suggestion of Col. McHenry, had been privately dispatched by the justice with a search warrant to the shop of the goldsmith, now entered and placed something in the magistrate's hand, after briefly whispering to him.
"Did you ever see this gold ornament before?" added the magistrate, holding up the gold clasp before the young lady's eyes.
"Oh, it is my clasp!" she cried, springing forward.
"Yes—it is the same," answered the Colonel.
"And did you ever see it before?" demanded the justice sternly, holding it in the direction of the goldsmith, who had seen it at the first, and was appalled with fear and consternation. Instead of replying he uttered a wild, hysterical laugh, and fell his length in convulsions on the floor.
He was, a few weeks afterwards, taken from his prison, and tried for perjury; but his reason forsook him, and instead of the prison, he is now raving in a mad house. Thus was avarice and parsimony, and indifference to the sufferings of the poor punished in this life. The acts of this selfish man show to all how that acquisitiveness, wrongly directed, is fatal to its possessors.
Col. McHenry proved to be a bachelor; and though a little turned of thirty, his heart was keenly alive to all the finer sensibilities of our nature. He could feel for the down-trodden poor, and sympathize with the unfortunate. To this truth some could more positively attest than the young friend of the golden clasp; for ere two moons had waned, she rejoiced in the euphonic title of Mrs. Col. McHenry, surrounded with all the appearance of wealth that a grateful heart could enjoy or even wish.
Her poor, afflicted mother was well provided for, when she soon recovered her health, and happiness and prosperity smiled upon all.

A singular legal case has just been concluded in Cincinnati. The defendant, fifteen years ago, found an infant upon the door steps, and left it at a humane institution. He is now made to pay \$150 per year for its support ever since.
Writers often multiply words in the vain attempt to make clear to others what is not so clear to themselves.
A man must possess fire in himself before he can kindle up electricity that thrills the great popular heart.

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"Indeed, sir, you must take it, for I shall feel in some degree under obligations to a stranger. Besides I wish to call and redeem it. Will you give me your address, sir?" and she spoke, he still declining the jewel she laid it in the show box.
"Oh, no matter—but if you insist, it is the United States Hotel."
"Thank you, sir, you can never know the blessing to others that will follow your kindness to me to-day," thus speaking, and looking upon him with an expression of gratitude in her tearful eye, she left the shop, forgetting the clasp, which she left upon the show case.
"Will you look at one of these watches, now, Col. McHenry?" superciliously asked the goldsmith, without lifting his condemned eyes.
"No, sir," answered the gentleman, sternly. And taking his gloves and cane, walked from the shop of the avaricious goldsmith, who, too close to risk a trifle to relieve the wants of a poor family, had probably lost a large amount by the purchases his wealthy customer might have made, as well as his own self-respect, such as it was; for avarice always sinks into its own shell before the broad sun of benevolence.
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"Yes, sir, I should not have been so urgent."
"None too much so. There is a ten dollar note; I have no smaller bills."
"Sir, you are too kind—"
"Not a word, I am happy to do you a service."
"Take the clasp, sir, though I am ashamed to offer it to you, since the gentleman says it is so valuable. But to me it is as valuable as life, and I foolishly thought it must be so to others."
"I do not want it, child, said McHenry, feelingly putting the hand aside, while she urged it upon him.
"Indeed, sir, you must take it, for I shall feel in some degree under obligations to a stranger. Besides I wish to call and redeem it. Will you give me your address, sir?" and she spoke, he still declining the jewel she laid it in the show box.
"Oh, no matter—but if you insist, it is the United States Hotel."
"Thank you, sir, you can never know the blessing to others that will follow your kindness to me to-day," thus speaking, and looking upon him with an expression of gratitude in her tearful eye, she left the shop, forgetting the clasp, which she left upon the show case.
"Will you look at one of these watches, now, Col. McHenry?" superciliously asked the goldsmith, without lifting his condemned eyes.
"No, sir," answered the gentleman, sternly. And taking his gloves and cane, walked from the shop of the avaricious goldsmith, who, too close to risk a trifle to relieve the wants of a poor family, had probably lost a large amount by the purchases his wealthy customer might have made, as well as his own self-respect, such as it was; for avarice always sinks into its own shell before the broad sun of benevolence.
"Now there goes a man who throws away his money upon vagrants, while I keep mine to support my family," said the goldsmith looking after him. "He thinks me a miser, and I think him a fool. O, here is that clasp after all! She left it for him on the show case, and he was too proud to take it away, if he saw it. Seven dollars! It is not worth more than five."
He opened it as he spoke, and taking up a sharp instrument, tried the firmness of the clasp.
"It is good old Mexican gold. It might have once cost twenty dollars. Ah! what a star of diamonds within it!" he exclaimed, as in working about with a point of steel he discovered a cavity. Twelve large diamonds of the purest water! This is indeed valuable. Let me see—they are worth at least five hundred dollars. What to ask so little! No, no, she could not, either, for she would not let it go for so small a sum, or else asked for bearer its value. I suppose she was ignorant of the cavity, which I detected only by an accident. She has stolen it, and never will return for it."
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Then looking around among his shop boys to see if he was observed, he craftily, yet with a cheerful air, locked the clasp in his private drawer, and taking out the key placed it in his pocket. He had hardly done so, when Col. McHenry re-entered, and without speaking, or even looking at him, cast his eyes upon the show case for the clasp, which he recollected, after going up, the young girl had laid down, but did not take up again, and so he returned back for it. Abraham Broochard was very busily engaged in replacing the watches to their owners' drawers, and preserved silence and ignorance. At length Col. McHenry spoke:
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