

Jeffersonian Republican.

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

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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 proprietors, will be charged 37 1/2 cts. per year, extra.
No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editors.
Advertisements not exceeding one square (sixteen lines) will be inserted three weeks for one dollar: twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion: larger ones in proportion. A special discount will be made to yearly advertisers.
All letters addressed to the Editors must be post paid.

To all Concerned.

We would call the attention of some of our subscribers, and especially certain Post Masters, to the following reasonable, and well settled rules of Law in relation to publishers, to the patrons of newspapers.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publishers may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the officers to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The court's have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is "prima facie" evidence of intentional fraud.

From the New-York Express.

Mary Howitt's use of Flowers.

Here is another of those beautiful gems which can never be brought to the light too often.— And when more appropriately than now, in the middle of our spring-time, while bursting buds and fragrant blossoms are delighting every sense?

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small;
The oak tree and the cedar tree
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow,
Nor does it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Up-springing day and night—
Springing in valleys green and low
And on the mountain high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by?

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man—
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, to whisper hope
When e'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him.

Why don't You Begin?

Young man—ever impress on thy mind the truism, that procrastination is the thief of Time. If you possess one bad habit—one harmful practice—be it as dear as thy right hand, or the apple of thine eye, cast the leprous excrescence off—now! now!! NOW!!! Wait not till the tainture of its moral corruption hath spread itself throughout thy entire system; till it hath spread pollution to those around thy path; for, with every moment's delay, thou art becoming tenfold more deeply implicated as the foe of the human race.

Remember that as the oak strengthens itself in the tempest so the harmful habits which darken and disgrace our nature, are empowered and stimulated, not deadened, by delay.

Look ahea Dinah does you see dat masp ober ou de wall dere?

'Yes I does, what ob ji.'
'Well dat contain de whole state ob London.'
'Am it, I thought em was samples ob calico.'

The Golden Clasp; Or, the Perjured Goldsmith.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

PART 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 shrunk 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 of addressing you.'

'What do you wish, Miss?' asked the goldsmith, with a look which conveyed 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 sir, you would be so kind as to keep this a few days and let me have 7 dollars on it.'

Low as she spoke, her soft trembling tones reached the ears of Col. 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 that I have,' answered she earnestly, and her cheek slightly flushed at the rude manner of his reply.

'I don't know what you may value it at,' he answered with a cold laugh, glancing at Col. McHenry, whom he saw severely observing him: 'I would not like to give you six shillings for it.'

'But sir,' plead the girl, unconscious of being overheard, 'I must have seven dollars to-day, and I have no other way of getting it, and I was in hopes sir, that you might let me have that sum on it; for I will certainly come back and take it up again.'

'I tell you,' answered Mr. Broochard angrily, 'I keep no pawn broker's shop. Go to the Jews!'

'They won't give me but two dollars, sir, and I want seven.'

'And so you think to get it out of me.'

The young girl was about to speak again, but as if not knowing what further arguments to urge, hesitated, and was turning slowly away, when she checked herself and again spoke to him—

'Sir,' she said, in a low thrilling voice of earnest entreaty, 'my mother is lying very ill, and our rent is due at 12 o'clock to-day and the persons we sew for having disappointed us in our pay, I have no other resources but this! Oh sir, will you take this clasp only for a few days, and I will then repay you?'

Mr. Broochard felt that Col. McHenry's eyes were upon him, waiting an answer and as he wished him to think him a man of business, (which meant in his notion a man without a heart,) he answered promptly and sternly, 'No. Do you think we are simpletons here to throw away money in this way? If you have nothing more to say, please to stand aside for customers. Well Col., what do you think of those? Latest importation—full jewel'd and warranted in all points. I will sell you the one you just laid down, for one hundred and ninety-five dollars.'

The gentleman, however, was not heeding him, but watching the young girl whom he saw leave the counter and with a heavy drooping step approached the door. Her face had struck him for its sweet intelligent loveliness, and her modesty had for him an irresistible charm; but her plea of poverty and her eloquent appeal to the tradesman, deeply interested his feelings

and enlisted his sympathies in her behalf. He had silently observed the progress of her interview with him, with emotions of contempt for the one, and pity for the other.

Her hand was on the knob of the door when, advancing towards her—

'You asked, I believe, for seven dollars?' he said with a gentle interest in his tone that at once awakened hope in her heart, and brought the light to her eyes and the hue to her cheeks, as she diffidently answered—

'Yes sir. I should not have been so bold and urgent but—'

'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 valueless. But to me it is valuable as life, and I foolishly thought it must be so to others.'

'I do not want it, child,' answered Col. 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 less under obligation to a stranger. Besides, I wish to call and redeem it.—Will you give me your address sir?' and as she spoke, he still declined the jewel, she laid it on the show box.

'Oh no matter—but if you insist—the United States Hotel.'

'Thank you sir, you can never know the blessings 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 eyes, she left the shop, forgetting the golden 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 he walked from the shop of the avaricious goldsmith, who too close to risk a trifle to relieve the wants of a poor family, 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 shell before the broad sun of benevolence.

'Now there goes a man who throws away money upon vagrants; because I keep mine to support my family,' said the goldsmith looking after him. 'He thinks me a miser, and I think him a fool. Oh, 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 fineness of the gold.

'It is good old Mexican gold. It might have cost once 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 value to ask so much! No, no, she could not either, for she would not let it go for so small a sum, or else asked for nearer its value. I suspect she was ignorant of the cavity, which I detected only by accident, she has stolen it, and will never return for it. Ah, ah, Abraham Broochard, thou hast made a good evening's work of it!' he said exultingly to himself.

Then looking round among his shop boys, to see if he were observed, he carefully yet with a cheerless 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 out, the young girl had laid down but did not take up again, and so he turned back for it. Abraham Broochard was very busily engaged in replacing the watches in their doe-skin coverings, and preserved silence and ignorance. At length Col. McHenry spoke:

'That young person laid her clasp on the case, sir, which I neglected to take up. It were 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 on her, and said at the time, you'd never see your ten dol-

lars or the clasp again?'

The gentleman eyed him steadily an instant, and then glancing round the show-case again, as if in search of it, he quit the shop.

CHAPTER II.

Several days had elapsed, and Col. McHenry had quite forgotten the circumstances just narrated, when, as he was passing down Arch street, he felt his sleeve suddenly pulled by some one he heard running behind him, and looking round he beheld, with a check glowing from the pursuit, the young 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 me. You don't know the good you did sir,—the sufferings 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, sir,' she said with ingenious earnestness. 'I should be distressed to be longer under pecuniary obligation to an entire stranger. Besides, sir, I would like my clasp, if you please.'

'Did you not take it from the case where you laid it down?' he asked with 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?' he added 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.'

'Well, my child, I have not got it; but I believe the goldsmith has. Let us go to him.'

On their arrival, Mr. Broochard denied ever having seen it since she went out, and that 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. 'It was Rubert's last gift. It was given him in Cuba by a rich lady whose life he had 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 astonished assistants. Col. McHenry and the young lady being sworn, deposed that they both had last seen the clasp on the show-case, where each went out and left it, the former further deposing 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 upon 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 did it; but the moment it was done he recovered his audacity. At this moment an officer, who at the suggestion of Col. McHenry, had been privately despatched 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?' asked the magistrate, holding up the clasp before the young girl.

'Oh, it is my clasp—it is my clasp!' she cried springing forward.

'Yes—it is the same,' answered Col. McHenry.

'And did you ever see it before, sir?' demanded the justice sternly, holding 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 afterward taken from prison, and tried for perjury; but his reason forsok him, and instead of the gallows 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 showing to all how that acquisitiveness wrongly directed is fatal to its possessor.

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 none 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 appearances of wealth that a grateful heart could enjoy or even desire. Her poor afflicted mother was well provided for, when she soon recovered her health and happiness, and prosperity smiled upon all.

Letter Postage.

A nice calculation has been made as to what may be sent under the new law, as a single or half ounce letter. The Philadelphia Saturday Courier gives the following as the results:—

1. One and a half sheets of letter paper, sealed with wax or wafer.
2. One sheet of do., with large or small envelope, sealed with wafer.
3. One sheet of foolscap, with small envelope, sealed with wafer.
4. One sheet of letter paper, with a quarter eagle (\$2 50) enclosed, and secured with wax, and the letter sealed with wax.
5. Half a sheet of letter paper or light foolscap, with a half eagle enclosed, secured and sealed with wafers.
6. A sheet of letter paper may contain a dime and a half, or a half sheet may contain a quarter dollar.
7. A sheet of letter paper may enclose seven bank notes and be sealed with wax; or three bank notes, and the whole in an envelope.

A SINGULAR VERDICT.—A suit was brought in our village last week, (says the Wyoming Republican,) for the collection of a note payable when Henry Clay was elected President. The jury found—

First, That the defendant should pay the jury fees.

Second, That the defendant should pay the plaintiff ten dollars.

Third, That the defendant should kick the plaintiff out of the court room.

The parties were from Gainesville, and the verdict was given in writing.

'Oh dear, mother, I've got the cramp in my toe,' said a girl of ten years, tripping into a house the other day.

'My darling, how vulgar you talk,' said the exemplary matron; 'why could you not as well have said, I have a muscular contraction in one of my pedal extremities.'

We know of a man who always travels provided with ladies night caps, so that if any of the hotels at which he may be stopping catch fire, he can in an emergency put the cap on, thrust his head out of the window, and make the people believe him to be a 'lady in distress. News.

'John,' said a pedagogue the other day, 'what's detained you? How came you so late to school?'

'Well, sir, I had soup for dinner, and had to wait for it to cool.'

'Take your seat, your excuse is sufficient.'

A fellow who was seen hurrying along the streets the other day, was asked what office he was running for. He said, 'Squire Sharp's, by Jupiter I'm sued.'