The Pee Dee Herald.

"IDEA IS A SHADOW THAT DEPARTETH, SPEECH IS FLEETING AS THE WIND—READING IS AN UNREMEMBERED PASTIME; BUT A WRITING IS ETERNAL."—TUPPER.

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Selected Tales.

THE PERJURED GOLDSMITH.

BY PROF. J. H. INGRAHAM.

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 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 here so long and patiently to get an opportunity to speak to you.'

'What do you wish, 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, sir, 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 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 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 eyeing him: 'I would not like to give you six shillings for it.

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

'I tell you,' answered he, angrily, 'I keep no pawnbroker's shop. Go to the Jews.'

'They won't give me but two dollars, 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 thrilling tone of earnest entreaty, 'my mother is lying very ill; and our rent is due at 12 o'clock to-day, and the persons we saw for having disappointed us in our pay, I have no other resource 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, awaiting an answer, and as he wished him to think him a man of business, (which meant, in his notion, a man without 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 stand aside for customers. Well, Colonel what do you think of those? They are latest importation; full jewelled and warranted in all points. I will sell you the one 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 leaving the counter with a heavy drooping step, and approach the door. Her face had struck him for its sweet intelligent loveliness, and her modesty had for him an irresistable charm; but her plea of poverty 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 one and pity for the other.

Her hand was on the knob of the door when advancing toward her, he said:

'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 again brought the light of her eyes and the hue to her cheeks, as she diffidently answered:

'Yes, sir, I should not have been so urgent—'

'None too much so. There is a ten dollar note—and 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 as 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 under obligations to a stranger. Besides I wish to call and redeem it. Will you give 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—it is 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,' superstitiously 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, 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 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 gold.

'It is good old Mexican gold. It might once have cost twenty dollars. Ah! what a star of diamonds within it!' he exclaimed, and 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, so 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 never will return for it.'

'Ah, ah, Abraham Broochard, thou hast made a good evenings work of it!' he said exultingly to himself.

Then looking around among his shop boys to see if he was observed, he carefully, 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 reentered, 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 covering, and pretended deafness and ignorance. At length Col. McHenry spoke:

'That young person laid her clasp on this case, sir, which I neglected to take up. It is a pity it would 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 round the show case again, as if in search of it, he quitted the shop.

CHAPTER II.

Several days had 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 running behind him, and looking round beheld with a cheek glowing from 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 with pleasure and listened to her. 'I was at length enabled to get my pay, and by other work have earned enough to repay the ten dollars, you so kindly gave me. You don't know the good you did—the sufferings you relieved—the evil you timedly 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 ingenuous earnestness. 'I should be distressed to belonger 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 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—

'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 that 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 in 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 along. '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, 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 a 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 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 the knowledge of the facts. He approached the stand where the magistrate held the Bible, and laid his hand upon it with a perceptible tremor of his whole body, but love of money was stronger than the fear of law, and he took the oath. It appeared as if he would sink through the floor when he took 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 dispatched by the justice with a search warrant to the goldsmith, now entered and placed something in the magistrate's hand after briefly whispering to him.

'Did non ever see this gold ornament before?' asked the magistrate, holding up the clasp before the young lady's eyes.

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

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

'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 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 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.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

LITTLE CHARLIE'S WILL.

Walter and Charlie Harrison were very unlike each other. Walter was a boy with strong feelings and violent passions, and was by no means moderate in the expression of his feelings. He had many of the elements of a noble character; yet he was not at all a general favorite. Proud as well as retiring, his better qualities were all obscured by his rough, abrupt, and unamiable manners. As their father was an officer in the navy, and consequently often absent for a long time from his home; the boys were necessarily left much to their mother's management, and she being gentle and delicate, Walter's violence and strong feelings terrified her, and she felt herself drawn more toward Charlie, Walter, seeing this, was often jealous of poor little Charlie; while he affected to despise him.

Charlie was the very reverse of Walter; he was a quiet, sweet tempered, pleasant boy. He had very delicate health; and being his mother's constant companion, he became like her—gentle and mild to every one.

Mrs. Harrison's only brother arrived one day on a visit. As he was rich and unmarried, Walter, who was his namesake, had been generally considered his heir. Walter, however, displeased him by his rude manners, his disobedience to his mother, and the unkind spirit he showed toward his brother. On the contrary, he seemed much taken with Charlie, and lavished on him every mark of kindness and affection. Walter felt this acutely; for his uncle was a person whom he was obliged to respect and esteem, and whose friendship he would have valued, but he was too proud to make any concession, or to acknowledge that he was wrong. This, moreover, embittered his jealous feelings to his gentle brother.

One evening soon after their uncle had left them, as the two boys were sitting together in the parlor, the door-bell rang, and a noise was heard on the gravel. The children looked out of the window, and they saw a beautiful white pony, saddled and bridled, led to the front door by a groom.—In a few minutes Mrs. Harrison came in with an open letter in her hand, and told them that this pony was sent by Uncle Walter for his dear nephew Charlie, as he thought the delicate boy's health would be benefited by a daily ride. In Walter's mood at that moment—for he had been brooding over some fancied slight—such an announcement was like fuel to the flame. 'He had long desired to be the possessor of a pony.'

'Charlie, Charlie, always Charlie,' muttered he; 'everyone loves Charlie—no one loves me, I wish I were dead.'

So saying he rushed out of the room and out of the house.

'O, mamma, I am so sorry Walter is angry about the pony,' said Charlie; 'I wish Uncle Walter had sent it to him. Do let me go, mamma, and tell him that I will give it to him.'

Charlie immediately ran out to the grounds and found Walter leaning moodily against a tree near the pond. 'Dear Walter,' said he, with an anxious look of the pretty pony. 'I will give him to you and we shall both ride him. Do come and try him now, dear Walter.'

'Go away,' said Walter, rudely; 'I don't want your pony. You have won everybody's love away from me, and you may take the pony too.'

'My dear Walter,' said Charlie, 'mamma loves you, and I love you dearly too.'

'Don't be a little hypocrite, Charlie.—None of you care for me. Go away, I say' continued he, angrily, as the little boy tried to take his hand, and he pushed him from him. Walter was excited; he did not know how violently he pushed Charlie, who slipped, fell, and rolled into the pond. The gardener, who was working near, flew to the spot, and catching the boy's dress quickly rescued him; but the fright and sudden shock had been too much for the delicate boy, and he was carried in to the house insensible. Walter followed, almost paralyzed by terror. Charlie was carried at once to his room, followed by his mother, who had seen the whole from the window. Walter was not allowed to go into his brother's room, and in an agony of mind, he went to his own and shut himself in.

The miserable boy passed a wretched night; he did not dare to go to Charlie's room, and he sat listening intently, straining his ear to catch the slightest sound that might tell him his brother was still alive. There was a silence like death over the whole house. Sometimes he fancied that Charlie was dead, and that he was a murderer, and his anguish was almost more than he could bear. All his past conduct came up before his mind—his selfishness, his rebellion, his pride, his jealousy—all now appeared in a new light. After hours of agony and inward struggle, he threw himself on his knees, and prayed as he had never prayed before.

In the morning he heard that Charlie was better, though still weak and ill. Always delicate, he had suffered so severely from the shock that he was still considered in danger. Through the day he was able to sit up a little in bed, and had asked for a piece of paper to write, but still Walter was forbidden to go to his room. In the evening Mrs Harrison came into the parlor where Walter was sitting; her eyes were red, as if she had been weeping, and she gave Walter a folded paper.

'I found this under Charlie's pillow,' said she; 'you may read it if you please.'

Walter opened it, and read as follows:

'MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT'

'I leave to my dear mamma my gold-clasped Bible, my little desk, and all my letters. To my papa I leave my picture of 'Jesus Christ stilling the Tempest,' my 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and the 'Pictures of the Holy Land,' which uncle Walter gave me. To little Emily I leave my canaries, my love-birds, my flowers, and all my story-books. I hope my dear mama will give my clothes to the poor little boy in the town for whose schooling I have been accustomed to pay this for a little while for my sake. To my dear Walter I give every thing else I have—my books, my chess-board and men, my rabbits, my dog and my white pony; and when I am dead, I hope he will believe that I have loved him dearly. CHARLES HARRISON.'

Walter's heart was pierced and almost broken. 'O, mother, mother! may I now go to him?' said he; 'will you not trust me to watch by him to-night?'

'If you will promise not to disturb him, or excite him; he is now asleep, do not awake him.'

Walter went softly to his brother's room, and stationed himself beside the bed. For hours he watched the sleeping boy, and these were blessed hours to Walter's soul.—The spirit of God was at work convincing him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgement; and as there, at little Charlie's bedside, he became a child of God—'old things passed away, all things became new.' At length, overcome by fatigue and watching, he fell asleep with his head leaning on the side of the bed, and slept soundly for some time.—He was awake by the touch of a gentle hand on his head, and looking up, he saw Charlie, a deep blue eyes and sweet smile.

'O, Charlie, my dear Charlie,' said Walter, can you forgive me for all my hardness and cruelty to you?'

'I have nothing to forgive, dear Walter, said Charlie; I know you did not mean to push me into the water. I am such a weak little fellow, I fell with a touch; but you could not help that, only do believe that I love you—that we all love you.'

'And do believe it, Charlie, my kind, forgiving brother, said Walter; I will try always to be gentle to you in future.'

Walter kept his word. From that day his very nature seemed changed; and though he had often severe struggles with his violent temper, by God's grace which now dwelt in his heart, he succeeded in subduing it.

'Does the court understand you to say Mr. Jones, that you saw the editor of the Argus of Freedom intoxicated?'

'Not at all, sir; I merely said that I had seen him frequently so fuddled, in his mind that he would mistake to cut out copy with the shears—that's all.'

AMUSING PROPHECY.

During a recent trip to New Hampshire a grave citizen of that territore relieved the tedium of some twenty miles over the Eastern Railroad by the recital of a prophecy made many years ago by Lorenzo Dow, regarding Franklin Pierce, when representative in Congress. We cannot look to find that Lorenzo Dow didn't die some dozen years before the time on which his story was based. Our friend's twenty-mile story we condense as follows:

When Mr. Pierce was Representative in Congress from New Hampshire, he was called upon in Washington by the celebrated long-bearded preacher, Lorenzo Dow, who claimed to powers of prophecy, and went about the country with staff in hand, and girdled like John the Baptist. He was a remarkable man any how, and won many proselytes by his wonderful and mysterious power. He swayed men as trees are swayed by the wind, and his out-door sermons brought many a hardened sinner to repentance. Mr. Pierce was in his room at his inn, engaged in writing, when the waiter rapped upon the door, and informed him that a rough-and-tumble old man down stairs wanted to see him.

'Tell him I am engaged,' said Mr. Pierce.

'I've done so already, sir,' said the man 'but he won't budge. Indeed, he's the queerest old chap I've ever seen, yer honor.'

'Go down and find out his name, Jim,' said Mr. Pierce, 'and if the old fellow wants to see me very much tell him to come again—I'm very busy now.'

The man went down, and Mr. Pierce resumed his writing.

'Devil a bit he'll go yer honor,' said the waiter, again looking in prodigiously; 'he says his name is Dow, and must see you, because he's got a message for you.'

'Well, Jim,' said Mr. Pierce, with the good humor that always characterized him, 'show him up.'

In a few moments the gaunt and sunburnt 'Wandering Jew,' as he was called stood in the chamber, where he was cordially received by its occupant, who invited him to be seated until he should finish his writing. The strange man complied, Mr. Pierce informed him that official duties called him to the Capitol, and invited him to walk thither with him. They left the room together, and when about leaving the house, Mr. Dow remembered that he had left his staff behind, and coolly ordered Mr. Pierce to go back and bring it, which he good-humoredly did, and the two proceeded down Pennsylvania Avenue together, attracting much attention by the contrast—the one dressed in the elegance of fashion, the other in a garb not like anything else in the world, nor, it is hoped, in that which is to come. Mr. Pierce with the politeness of the true gentleman, made no sign by which it could be inferred that he felt ashamed of his companion, and walked on with him to the steps of the Capitol.

Here the prophet stopped. He had, up to this moment, said nothing of the mission of which he had informed the servant, but now he said:

'Friend Franklin, I have something to tell you that effects your coming life. You are now a Representative in Congress. You will be sent back to Congress, but not to this House. After this you will be sent back here again, but not as Congressman, and then you will be sent here no more. But a higher mission awaits you—you will become a minister of the Gospel of Christ!'

Saying this he turned away suddenly, without a further word of explanation, and and the President-to-be, walked up the steps and entered upon his duties, laughing at the prophecy so strangely made, which he regarded as the mere figment of a diseased brain. The sequel proved two thirds of the prophecy true, and whether the balance will be verified remains to be seen.

The story was told by one who firmly believed it was true, and we listened with the attention which it deserved, with the reflection that more unlikely things have come to pass.—*Boston Gazette.*

A GOOD ARGUMENT.—The following conversation was overheard among the volunteers of the Rio Grande:

Scene, night.—Two volunteers wrapped in blankets and half buried in wood.

Volunteer 1st—'Bob how come you to volunteer?'

Volunteer 2d—'Why, Bob, you see, I have no wife to care a red cent for me, and so I volunteered, and, besides, I love war. Now tell me how you come out here.'

Volunteer 1st—'Why, the fact is, you know, I—I—I have got a wife, and so I came out here because I like peace!'

Hereupon both the volunteers turned over in their blankets, got a new chunk of wood, and went to sleep.