

THOS. W. ATKIN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF THE MESSENGER: Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum...

The Golden Clasp.

OR THE FETTERED GOLDSMITH.

BY PROFESSOR TORRELLA.

PART I.

A modest and exceedingly pretty young lady, plainly attired, entered one of the goldsmith's shops...

Mr. Broochard. I am examining these watches myself, while your young person wants, who has been waiting...

What do you wish, Miss? asked the goldsmith, with a look which conveyed a request for interrupting him...

The girl hesitatingly approached the counter, and taking from her bosom a small gold ring, and bent over to him...

I wish, sir, you would be so kind as to appraise this a few days, and let me have seven dollars on it.

As she spoke, her soft trembling fingers directed the ears of Col. McHenry...

Now, there goes a man who throws away his money upon vagrants; because I keep mine to support my family...

What a star of diamonds would it be! he exclaimed, as he worked about with the point of the steel...

It is good old Mexican gold. It might have cost twenty dollars once. Ah! what a star of diamonds would it be!

He opened it as he spoke, and taking up a sharp instrument, tried the fineness of the gold.

It is inestimable value to me, sir—in it is the only valuable thing that I have, and I need it, earnestly, and here, check slightly...

What a star of diamonds would it be! he exclaimed, as he worked about with the point of the steel, he discovered a cavity.

Seven days elapsed, and Col. McHenry had quite forgotten the circumstances just narrated, when, as he was passing down Arch street...

of his interview with her, with emotions of surprise for the young girl...

He said, with gentle interest in his tone, that he never awakened hope in her heart...

Not a word, I am happy do you a service. "Not a word, I am happy do you a service."

I do not want it, child, answered Col. McHenry, feelingly putting aside the hand which urged it upon him.

Linked, sir, you must take it, for I shall feel in some degree less under obligation to a stranger.

Thank you, sir; you can never know the blessing to others that will follow your kindness to me to-day.

Will you look at one of these watches now, Col. McHenry?

No, sir, answered the gentleman, sternly; and taking his gloves and cane, went from the shop...

Now, there goes a man who throws away his money upon vagrants; because I keep mine to support my family.

What a star of diamonds would it be! he exclaimed, as he worked about with the point of the steel, he discovered a cavity.

It is good old Mexican gold. It might have cost twenty dollars once. Ah! what a star of diamonds would it be!

He opened it as he spoke, and taking up a sharp instrument, tried the fineness of the gold.

It is inestimable value to me, sir—in it is the only valuable thing that I have, and I need it, earnestly, and here, check slightly...

What a star of diamonds would it be! he exclaimed, as he worked about with the point of the steel, he discovered a cavity.

It is good old Mexican gold. It might have cost twenty dollars once. Ah! what a star of diamonds would it be!

He opened it as he spoke, and taking up a sharp instrument, tried the fineness of the gold.

It is inestimable value to me, sir—in it is the only valuable thing that I have, and I need it, earnestly, and here, check slightly...

Seven days elapsed, and Col. McHenry had quite forgotten the circumstances just narrated, when, as he was passing down Arch street...

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From Arthur's Magazine. THE STAR OF HOPE. "HOPE ON, HOPE EVER."

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fine woods, cotton, indigo, collier, sugar, cocoa, cloves...

The South Sea. The Cape of Good Hope...

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1842; and the sanguine editor, with that propensity to jump to conclusions...

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