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From the Home Journal.

OUR FRIEND.

BY PHŒBE CAREY.

We tried to win her from her grief,
To soothe her great despair;
We showed her how the starry flowers
Were growing everywhere,
The starry flowers she used to braid
At evening in her hair.

We told her how our hearts, for her,
Beat mournfully and low;
How lines were deepening, day by day,
Across her father's brow;
And how her little brother drooped—
He had no playmate now.

And then she spoke of weary nights
Of dull and sleepless pain,
And how she grieved that loving friends
Should plead with her in in vain;
And hoped that when the summer came
She should be well again.

Still softly singing to herself
Sad words of plaintive rhyme,
She always watched the sun's soft glow
Fade off at eventime,
As one who nursed a pleasant dream
Of some delicious clime.

Thus, sweetly as the flowers that once
She wore at even-tide,
Faded and drooped the gentle girl,
A blossom by our side,
And her young light of life went out
With sunset, when she died!

THE GOLDEN CLASP.

PART I.

A MODEST looking 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, 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.'

And thus speaking the gentleman stood aside from the show case, on which he had been leaning, to give the young girl an opportunity of advancing.

'What do you wish, miss?' asked the goldsmith, with a look which 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 tremulous tones reached the ears of Col. MacHenry, 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 then throwing it down, said sharply to her—

'This is no pawn-broker's shop, girl; and if it was, that thing is not worth more than 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. MacHenry, whom he thought 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 certainly will come back and take it up again.'

'I tell you,' answered Mr Broochard, angrily, 'I keep no pawn broker's shop.—Go 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 argument 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 twelve o'clock to-day, and the persons we sew for having disappointed us in our pay, I have no resource but this! Oh, sir, will you take the clasp, only for a few days, and I will then repay you?'

Mr. Broochard felt that Col. MacHenry'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 simpleton's here to throw away money in this place. If you have nothing more to say, please to stand aside for other customers. Well, Colonel what do you think of those watches? Latest importation—full jewelled, 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 upon the knob of the door, when advancing towards her—

'You asked, I believe, for seven dollars?' he said with a gentle interest in his tones that at once awakened hope in her heart, and bro't the light to her eyes and hue to her cheek, as she diffidently answered—

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

'None too much so. There is a ten dollar note—I have no smaller bills,' and he placed it in her hand.

'Sir, you are too kind——'

'Not a word I am happy to do you a service.'

'Take this 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. MacHenry, feelingly, putting the hand aside which 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 declining the jewel, she laid it upon the show case.

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

'I hank 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 had left upon the show case.

'Will you look at one of those watches now, Colonel MacHenry?' superciliously asked the goldsmith, without lifting his condemned eyes.

'No, sir;' answered the gentleman sternly. And taking his gloves and cane from the counter, he left the shop of the avaricious and unfeeling 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 shrinks into its shell before the broad sun of benevolence.

'Now there goes a man who throws away money upon vagrants, and thinks me beneath him, because I kept 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 once cost twenty dollars. Ah, what! a star of diamonds within it!' he exclaimed, as, in working about it with the point of the steel, he discovered a cavity. 'Twelve large diamonds of the purest white! This is indeed valuable! Let me see—they are worth at least five hundred dollars! What a fortunate discovery! The girl knew the value to ask so much! no, no, she could not, either, for she would not have let it gone for so small a sum, or else asked for nearer its value. I suspect she was ignorant of this cavity, which I detected only by accident She has probably stolen it, and will never come for it. Ah, ah, Abraham Broochard, thou hast made a good morning's work, of it!' he said exultingly, to himself.

Then looking round among his boys to see if he were unobserved, he carefully, yet with a careless 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. MacHenry 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 lain down but did not take it 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. MacHenry spoke:—

'That young person laid her clasp on the case, sir, which I neglected to take up. It were a pity, she valued it so highly, it should be lost.'

'The clasp! 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 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 quit the shop.

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PART II.

Several days elapsed, and Col. MacHenry had quite forgotten the circumstance just narrated, when, as he was passing down Arch-st, he felt his sleeve suddenly pulled by some one whom he had heard running behind him, and looking round he beheld, with a cheek glowing from the pursuit, the young girl he had seen in 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 re-pay the ten dollars you so kindly gave me. You don't know the good you did, sir—the suffering you relieved—the evil your timely aid 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 stanger. 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—'

'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 that 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 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. MacHenry, 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 Rupert's last dying 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. MacHenry stopped with her at a Justice office, and briefly and clearly made his complaint and in a very few minutes Mr. Abraham Broochard was brought by an officer into the presence of a 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. MacHenry and the young lady being sworn, deposed that they both had last seen the clasp on the showcase, 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 preceptible 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 have sunk 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. MacHenry, 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 Colonel MacHenry.

'And did you ever see it before, sir?" 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 prison, and tried and condemned for *perjury;* but his reason forsook him, and instead of the gallows, he is now raving in the mad house. This was avarice and parsimony, and indifference to the sufferings of others punished in this life; the acts of this selfish man showing to all how that acquisitiveness wrongly directed is fatal to its possessor.

Whether Colonel MacHenry was a bachelor and married his young friend of "the clasp;" or whether he did better and adopted her is not known to the writer, otherwise it would afford him gratification to communicate either of the pleasing facts to the reader.—[Am. Banner.

THE ANCIENT MOUNDS IN OHIO.—In the American Scientific Convention, now sitting at Albany, New York, Professor J. W. Foster, U. S. Geologist, has read a paper descriptive of samples of ancient cloth, from the mounds of Ohio.

Mr. Foster said that as far back as 1837, specimens of the same cloth had been presented to him, but he questioned the reality of it, and feared to make it public, lest he should be the means of propagating an error. The specimens are of a different texture. One may have been made by the ordinary means of weaving, but the other is evidently the result of some handicraft. There seems to be some connection between the Peruvians and the mound-builders. The present specimens were taken from a mound about two miles from Middletown, Ohio. It is evident the Indians never made this cloth, for they did not understand weaving, and they did not obtain it from Europe, for it is not such as would have been made for their trade. This cloth goes far towards authorizing a distinction between the North American Indians and the mound-builders. It is composed of a material closely allied to hemp Dr. Goadby said that it was easy to distinguish between the fibre of flax and that of cotton. The former is round and solid, while the other presents the appearance of a vegetable tube. Professor Agassiz suggested that this cloth might be made of nettles. He said he had seen such in Switzerland, and on the first view it was his impression that the cloth in question was made of the North American nettle.—Professor Renwick, of Newark, then inquired *if this was not spoken of by Columbus in his discovery? It was his impression* that it was.

THE TRIBUNE AND INDIANA NEGRO EXCLUSION.—The New York Tribune expresses "its abhorence of such unjust enactments" as Indiana has been "guilty of," and adds:

"But the fact of its passage is none the less a fact because we don't like it. The immense majority forbids the presumption that any resistance could have been effected. And, although there are said to be peculiar reasons for the magnitude of this vote in Indiana, we cannot doubt that the same proposition, in like manner submitted to a direct and naked popular vote, *would prevail in nearly every free State in the Union.*"

What an admission from Abolitionism! So, ho, then, after a twenty years' war every free State is brought to this! The fact should serve as an effective admonition to the free colored people. It shows them what they are to expect, and would seem to indicate their destiny. To Liberia, then, let African emigration take its way. There they will be secure from further degradation—that degradation which, while they remain here seems inevitable. —*Balt. Sun.*

THE RELIGION OF PAYING DEBTS.—One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail into the head and clinch it:

"Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts.—There is a sin in this neglect as clear and as deserving church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man 'deal justly,' it is not worth having.

DEATH OF FIVE MEN IN A WELL!—The Kingston Journal of the 13th says that on the morning of that day a number of men were engaged in deepening a well dug last year for R. Gosman.

One of them went down, he did not return, and soon another followed, and passed out of sight; then a third, fourth, and fifth went down, and the last was seen to reel and fall. The truth became known, the whole five had perished by inhaling the fatal gas so often found in wells. Just before the paper went to press, two of the unfortunate men had been taken out insensible.

Without *so* much as pausing to *weigh* the consequences, we often *sow* the seeds of trouble in our own *way*.

It would be a *damp* arrangement were you *tied* at low water mark to be drowned by the rising *tide*, if not a *damper*.

IMPORTANT FROM HAVANA.

FIFTY PATRIOTS SHOT!

THEIR BODIES DRAGGED THROUGH THE STREETS BY NEGROES.

The subjoined thrilling news from Havana, received by the Cherokee at New York, was issued in an extra "Clipper" yesterday at noon, and produced a profound sensation throughout the city. It details one of the most horrible executions ever witnessed in a civilized country. The following is the news, as narrated by the Purser of the Cherokee, which left Havana the day after the bloody tragedy was enacted:

The steamboat Habanero, while cruising off a place called Bahia Honda, 40 miles west of Havana, captured a party of 50 patriots, who were in four boats and unarmed, and were supposed to be steering for New Orleans. They were brought to Havana by the Habanero on Saturday at 1 A M., placed on board a Spanish frigate lying in port, and were executed at 15 minutes past 11 in the morning. They were shot on the public road to Havana, at the least calculation, in the presence of 20,000 spectators.

After they were shot they were dragged by the feet by negroes, and stripping them of their clothes and carrying them on sticks through the streets, yelling like demons just escaped from the bottomless pit, wreaking their vengeance on they knew not what.

Many passengers of the Cherokee who were on the ship and witnessed the executions, were sneered and pointed at—and threatened with the same fate. An American cannot appear in the streets without being most shamefully insulted, and it is dangerous for any of them to walk out at night.

The following is a list of the names of persons executed:—Col. W. S. Crittenden, Capt. F. S. Sedler, Capt. Victor Kerr, Capt. F. B. Vecey, Lieut. James Brandt, Lt. J. O. Brice, Lieut. Thos. C. James, Dr. John Fisher, Dr. K. A. Toquegnet, Sergt. Whitesides, Sergt. A. M. Colchett, Adjt. R. C. Standford. Privates, W. H. Howes, Samuel Mills, Edw. Rollman, Geo. A. Arnold, B. J. Wregy, Wm. Wiseman, Anselmo, Toires Hernandez, Patrick Dillon, Thos. Hearsey, Sam'l C. Reed, H. T. Fine, M. Phillips, J. L. Manville, G. M. Green, J. Salmon, Napoleon Collins, N. H. Fisher, W. Chilling, G. A. Cook, S. O. Jones, M. H. Hall, Jas. Buxet, R W Caldwell, C. C. Wm. Smith, B. B. Ronke, Jno. Christolls, *Wm. B. Lisle, Robt. Cantley, Jno. Sanka,* Jas. Staunton, Thos. Harnot, Alex. Mcllier, Jno. Stubbs, Jas. Ellis, Wm. Hogan, A. Ross and Chas. A. Robinson.

The U. S. sloop-of war Albany was at Havana. We learn by passengers of the Falcon from Chagres and Havana, that on the morning of the 10th, off Bahia Honda, the Falcon discovered a large steam frigate in chase of her. When first seen she was standing directly across her bows, with the evident intention of cutting her off—The Falcon, however, kept on her course, and soon left the frigate eight or ten miles astern. This vessel was the Isabella Catholicia, formerly the Cunard steamer Caledonia. While she was in chase another hove in sight, and also giving chase, succeeded in heading off the Falcon. She first fired two starboard guns to the leward, of which the Falcon took no notice. She then ran across the Falcon's bows, though she had American colors flying.

The Falcon then heaved to, when the officers of the Spanish vessel gave three cheers, and prepared to board. The boarding officer behaved in an exceedingly insolent manner while on the Falcon, inquiring particularly for the Spanish passengers. He soon left, however, and the Falcon proceeded on her course to Havana.

The men who were shot were a part of the Lopez Expedition, which had landed a few days previous. This news had created tremendous excitement at Havana.—All the Americans are beset with spies and none of them feel safe from one day to another.

Very few of the various statements as to the position of the Government and the Revolutionists can be relied on. The Captain General had sent a force of 800 men to meet Lopez, who, when they ascertained that he had landed, advanced to a certain position and refused to go farther without a reinforcement of 700 men. This was sent to them 2 days before the Falcon arrived, and the report on Saturday was that Lopez had cut off all communication between Havana and the Government troops, which is confirmed by the fact of the Government having received no despatches from the General in command. The steamers cruising along the coast have met with no further success. On the evening of the 16th, the Captain General despatched a steam ferry boat to Bahia Honda which returned the same night without obtaining any news.

The Habanero came in the next morning, bringing the captured patriots already mentioned. These men were taken among the Cayes, and it is supposed that they were proceeding along the coast near Havana and ran in to hide from cruisers — Whether they were armed or not could not be ascertained. Some fishermen who first saw them gave the Government information, and the Habanero was despatched in pursuit. It is said she sent boats down and thus picked up the men, but nothing particular can be learned, as no intercourse was allowed with the prisoners, and the Government discloses nothing but what answers its purpose.

The prisoners, after being brought to Havana, were led out and shot ten at a time from behind. Not a sign of fear or a murmer escaped from one of them.—Their bodies were thrown into hearses 6 and 8 at a time, and carried off and buried. Many of the spectators possessed themselves of their hats and clothing, and placing them on sticks, paraded through the streets of Havana with savage joy, uttering most utter curses against the fillibusters, accompanied by savage shouts and *vivas* for the Captain General. We learn from a gentleman passenger in the Cherokee, that a report was circulating in Havana a few hours before her sailing, to the effect that Lopez had been attacked by bodies of troops and after a bloody and hard fought battle, had been totally routed. Lopez, and a few followers, had escaped to the mountains, and it was supposed that the party executed at Havana, got separated from their companions, and took refuge in boats. There is however, no reliable information of these facts, and they may be only reports set afloat by the Spanish authorities to deceive.

FURTHER ACCOUNTS RECEIVED BY THE CHEROKEE

THE LATEST CUBA NEWS.

Reported Shooting of One Hundred and Forty Patriots.

The New York Express learns from the Special Messenger who arrived in the steamship Cherokee, from New Orleans, with Adams & Co.'s New Orleans Express freight, that he was present at the execution of the fifty persons, alleged to be Americans, who were shot at Havana, on the 16th inst.

He says that the reports current here, of the maltreatment of their bodies after death, are entirely untrue. They were conveyed in handsome hearses to the grave, and decently buried. Some vagabonds amused themselves by kicking about the streets some of the discarded clothing of the prisoners. One of the passengers of the Cherokee was seized by the Spanish authorities, while ashore, and charged as being a sympathizer, but after stripping him of his money they let him go.

This statement is confirmed by others we have from other persons on board the Cherokee.

The New York Tribune has the following late and intesting letter, dated—

HAVANA, Aug. 17.

The rumors of the last evening and this morning, from the field, give out that General Enna is surrounded by Lopez, and also that he is prisoner. I give this as I find it—it is feared, I know, by the Government, and it is believed very generally that this, or some other disaster, has occurred to him. The government have received no news from the field for 24 hours.

Since writing the above (the steamer Almendarus, just up from Bahia Honda) reports 40 Americans shot there—and that on this boat, there are from 30 to 50 wounded prisoners, that they kindly propose to cure and send home. Fifteen, it is said, were shot in cold blood on the deck of the Spanish War Steamer Pizarro, I presume included in the above count.—Of Lopez, or the field operations, we learn nothing, but these results do not show that General Enna is in any difficulty or danger with his forces, although his losses have been large. No time for more.

The American Consul was called upon three hours before the execution of the fifty Americans, and requested to ask of the Captain General an order to visit the prisoners, that he might know what to communicate to their friends and *to whom*—but he declined this act of humanity upon the plea that it was not his *duty*. He, however, consented to write a note, which of course was unattended to, when a personal demand would have been respected.

The sentiment of the American residents is at this moment opposed to the Consul—believing that he has omitted the performance of his duty to the cause of humanity, no matter how far. The admiral, a noble Spaniard, *Bustillo*, let it be remembered by all good men, advised, with all his influence, against the shooting, recommending imprisonment until those difficulties were over and then to "return them to their country."

The Patriot Accounts.—The N. York Sun contains the following letter:

HAVANA, Aug. 16.

In the midst of the joy in which the glorious state of our cause is situated, an event has taken place which has filled *my* heart with sadness.

Havana has been the theatre of most execrable atrocities. The infamous Commandant of Marine (Gen. Bustillos) has succeeded in taking prisoners fifty Americans, in four launches, at Key Levisa.—We do not know if these pertained to another expedition. They were brought to the Castle of Atares, where they were this morning shot. Not a grocery boy nor shop boy (all natives of Spain) but was present at the execution. After a thousand insults they were shot kneeling, with their backs to their executioners, and afterwards their bodies were delivered up to the ferocity of the Spanish troops and rabble.—Some of the corpses were pierced through and through with bayonets and sabres; some were mangled with the butts of muskets in the hands of the brutal human tigers; some were disfigured by being jumped upon, and, not content with this, the rabble tore their bodies with their teeth, like man-wolves. After these hyenas had satisfied their thirst, they dragged the bodies by the feet.

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