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PURE SPOTS IN THE HEART.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

There is within the heart of man—
Corrupt as it may be—
A touch of that which Eden knew,
Ere Eve profaned the tree:

A love of guileless innocence,
Forever lost, yet dear,
Which makes the first words of a child
All music to his ear.

One time, in a far, sunny land,
And years long, long ago—
A land of love, and tale, and song—
I saw a scene of wo.

I stood within four noisome walls,
That formed a felon's cell;
I listened to his dark, cold words,
I marked his visage well.

Kind I bespoke him; for I ne'er
Could trample on a worm,
And fain would raise each flower again
That's broken by the storm.

After a sort, his bosom warmed:
He spoke of his past life;
And many an awful deed he owned,
Told tales of bloody strife.

He was a man without remorse,
Who feared nor God nor fiend;
Pleasure, not happiness, he'd found,
Companions, but no friend.

And there he was, next day to die
For his worst deed of all,
He'd murdered one who trusted him,
For pittance bare and small.

Yet no compunction he betrayed,
No hope, no fear, no grief;
He seemed a man without a soul,
And hard beyond belief.

Yet, as we talked, the sounds of life
Came upward from the street,
And merry laughs, and joyous tones,
And children's voices sweet.

At that last sound, a pleasant smile
Passed o'er his iron face,
Which seemed to give each haggard line
A strange redeeming grace.

"I love to hear a child's dear tongue,"
That man of horrors said;
"It brings back days when I was young,
And by my mother played,

"And gathered flowers and foolish things,
And chased the butterfly,
And little thought I thus should live—
Still less I thus should die."

He fell into a fit of thought—
His face grew cold and gray—
No farther converse would he bear;
I turned and went my way.

From the World of Fashion.

THE LADY CLARA.

BY J. H. DANA.

My friend Beaumont was the descendant of one of the oldest and proudest families of England, his forefathers having fought at Gressy, Poictiers, and for ought I know, at Hastings itself. He could trace his descent from one silk and ermine clad earl to another, and then, through a long succession of Steel clad barons, up to a certain Rolla Beaumont, of Normandy, who, in his turn, had a whole army of sea-kings for ancestors at his back. If blood therefore, could do anything for a man, Beaumont was charged to the brim with it. But alack-a-day! blood will not put meat in one's mouth; and so Dick knew to his cost. The earldom—never was very rich at the best—had been growing poorer and poorer through a long series of generations, like an old spinster becoming thinner and more angular with every year, and now the estates scarcely afforded a decent competence to the proud elder brother of Dick, while Dick himself, was left with a most "beggarly account of empty boxes." But if he was poor he was philosophic, and care never caught him with a wry mouth. His character, however, will develop itself in the course of my story. I will only premise that I was, at this time, in London, and that it was drawing towards the close of the season. We met at the door of my rooms, when Dick, linking his arm in mine, in his familiar way accepted my invitation to spend an hour over a flask of Sillery.

"Are you going down to Arlford Castle?" I said, "my invitation was so warmly given that I cannot resist it. I understand that you too were invited?"

"So I am, but I don't think I shall go.—I know Arlford Castle is the greatest bore of my life I have never been there and never intend to go."

"Not intend to go to Arlford Castle—why, I should think the fame of Lady Clara's beauty would carry you there at the first chance. Faith! my dear fellow, she is said to be a perfect Juno."

"Very possibly, but it is the Lady Clara who keeps me away. You seem surprised, and I will explain. You know the custom here—in your republican land it may be different—to trade birth for gold in matrimony. Well, my father and the father of Lady Clara were intimate at school. But Lord Seaforth's Peerage only dated back to the Revolution, while ours was as old as the Norman Conquest. The Seaforth estates, however, are very extensive, and the dower of the daughter greater than the whole wealth of our earldom. So when the Lady Clara first saw light, a few years after my birth, it was arranged that she and I should be married. Things went on very swimmingly, as the old folks thought, until a few years ago, when my parents died, and I began to think for myself.—Then it struck me that this being traded away like a horse was incompatible with my manhood, however compatible it might be with ancient blood, for you must know that I am on that subject a bit of a democrat. I foreswore Arlford Castle, and never could be coaxed or driven there.—When I grew up, however, and began to feel the value of money—that "*ad nobis cunt*" of civilized life—my resolution began to stagger, and would have, perhaps, given way, had not an incident occurred which put all thought of Lady Clara to flight.

"It was at a country ball, when I was just twenty, that I met the most beautiful of creatures, a dark haired, ebon-eyed, goddess-like woman. I call her woman, because though two years younger than myself, she was even then no longer a girl. If I live to the age of Methuselah I shall never forget those liquid eyes, that divine form, or the melodious music of her tongue. I sought and obtained an introduction. She was a Miss Cleveland—doubtless from the name the descendant of some honest burgher. My Lordly brother would have sneered at her, but what cared I for aristocratic ancestry?—for to tell the truth, our titled forefathers were no better than robbers, and deserved to be hung, while the same despised burghers were the only honest men in the land. I danced with her, promenaded with her, and hung round her the whole evening. In a word, I was entranced, and, to cut a long story short, experienced for the first time, what love really is. There is a world of romance in me—if one will go deep enough to find it, and therefore, you will not be surprised when I tell you that, from that hour to this, though I have never seen Miss Cleveland since, her image has been up permost in my thoughts. She passed away like a dream from that assembly, and no one knew whence she came or whither she was going. All I could learn was that she stopped in a raveling carriage at one of the hotels, and hearing of the ball took a whim to stay. Early the next morning she had recommenced her journey, with no travelling companions except the maid, and an old gentleman who had chaperoned her to the ball. Now there's romance in real life for you."

I had long suspected the existence of a secret passion for some unknown lady in Dick's breast, so I was not so much surprised as I otherwise would have been.

"But have you never found any clue to this mysterious lady-love?"

"Never—and there's the deuce of it. I have hunted high and low, and been in almost every county of England, but no Miss Cleveland can I find, who answers to my description. I begin to suspect she is an American, and you must not be surprised if, one of these days, I cross the Atlantic in search of her."

"I should give up the chase, especially with Lady Clara Arlford in the prospective. Come—go down to the Castle with me—you haven't seen her since you were both children, and from all that I hear, she has grown up a perfect goddess. Who knows but she may drive this plebian Miss Cleveland out of your head?"

"Her dower would be most comfortable" said Dick with a shrug. "I hate a profession, but must soon do something or starve. But then I dislike marrying an heiress?"

"But perhaps Lady Clara recollects you only two well for her own peace. They say she has rejected a score of suitors."

"I confess a wish to see her, tho' I don't want her to see me—but there's the bore."

"Ah! I have it," I said, after a minute's thought, "there is an inn in the village near the castle, where you can stay disguised—say as a travelling artist, for you sketch well, and the scenery about Arlford is celebrated for its picturesque character. Follow me down, and trust me to give you an opportunity to see the Lady Clara."

Dick paused for a minute in deep thought, and then looking up, exclaimed:

"Faith, I'll take your advice. There's a bit of romance about your plan that commends it to my imagination. When do you start?"

"On Monday."

"Then I'll precede you down, so as to prevent suspicion. I shall leave town tomorrow," he said, with his usual decision of character, when once aroused.

I heard no more of Dick until I reached Arlford Castle. The company was large and select, comprising some of the most beautiful women in England, but among them the fair Lady Clara shone preeminent. All that I heard of her loveliness was far surpassed by the reality. Her person was tall and queenly, perhaps too much inclined to *en bon point*, but still exquisitively graceful, and having a majesty that overawed the senses. And then her dark eyes! dark, full, and lustrous, they had in them the spell of sybil. Never had a woman approached so nigh to my standard of lordly beauty, and I wished a dozen times every half hour, that my friend Dick could see her. I felt convinced that he was more than mortal if he did not at once forget Miss Cleveland, and bow at the shrine of the Lady Clara.

"Confound the fellow," said I to myself, "here is a goddess with a fortune at his feet, and he goes whining through the country after some unknown and wandering damsel, who may for all he knows be married, ere this, to some dull, common-place fellow. But we'll see what can be done in the way of a cure."

Two days had elapsed before I thought it safe to visit the little inn, and there sure enough was Dick, tricked out in a disguise through which his own parents could not have detected him. I followed him up stairs into his room, and when the door was locked we mutually related our adventures. I spoke of the Lady Clara in enthusiastic terms.

"Can't we bring our farce to a close soon?" said Dick, yawning, "for I'm becoming deucedly tired of being cooped up here like a sheep for the slaughter, or trudging over the rocks and through copses, with a sketch book to keep up my character. The first of September will be here to-morrow; and there is prime shooting on my brother's preserves, but if I loiter here much longer I shall lose much of the sport. The landlady, too, begins to look suspicious, and has once or twice given me a look that said, as plainly as looks could say, that I was too fastidious for a travelling artist."

"Well," said I, "suppose we try it now Come with me to the Castle. We'll loiter about as if to pick out a good moonlight view, and who knows but we may catch a glimpse of the Lady Clara."

"Done," said Dick, and we started.

The Castle lay in a deep shadow as we approached it, and as the moonlight silvered the old gothic towers and tipped the abutting edges of the carved work that everywhere adorned the noble pile, the scene presented to the eye was one that reminded me of the enchanted palaces of the Arabian Nights. We stopped as if by common impulse, to gaze on the spectacle. Suddenly the figure of a lady appeared in an open gallery above us, where she stood for some minutes totally unconscious of our vicinity, for we were hidden under the shadow of huge oak that threw its thick foliage far and wide over us. The moon was shining high in the heavens, and on that luminary the lady gazed as if in rapt admiration. The first glance at the fair apparition assured me it was the Lady Clara, and never had she appeared more lovely. Attired in a magnificent robe of velvet, with her hair falling in luxurient tresses down her neck, and her snowy and rounded shoulders seeming whiter than the driven snow in the moonlight, she looked a divinity, holding communion with upturned eyes, with a sister divinity in the skies.—She wore a string of pearls around her neck, and a white rose nestling in her bosom—fit types of her maiden purity. I was so entranced by the sight that for a minute I had forgotten my companion, when I felt him nervously clutch my arm I looked around.

"Heavens! how magnificent—it is—it is—I have found her," said he agitatedly.

"Found who?"

"Miss Cleveland. Isn't she a superb creature? By George, the Lady Clara with dower, may go to the dogs."

I burst into an uncontrollable laughter, for if a world had been the price of restraint, I could not have refrained. The fair apparition disappeared in an instant.

"Confound you," said Dick, half angrily, "what makes you so merry? You have frightened away my Sultana."

"Merry," said I, "why here you've been avoiding the Lady Clara for years, and searching all England for Miss Cleveland, when they are but one and the same person," and again I laughed until the tears ran out of my eyes.

Dick gazed at me in blank wonderment. Never did a poor fellow look more like a fool. This only increased my mirth, and at length Dick joined in it as heartily as myself, capering about in his extravagant joy, until I almost began to think his wits were deranged.

The next day a post-chaise and four dashed through the park of Alford Castle, and my friend Dick paid his first visit since boyhood to Lady Clara. Some little surprise was felt, though not evinced at his visit; and the lady herself betrayed decided embarrassment. Dick prospered wonderfully in his wooing, and the next summer he led to the altar the Lady Clara.

It was not until after his marriage that his bride explained to him the little plot connected with her assumption of the name of Miss Cleveland. She was traveling with her father, from Arlford Castle to London, when she heard of the county ball, and of Dick's intended presence.—Piqued at the studied neglect of her, she resolved to visit the assembly under an assumed name. This was easily effected—The result is known. But alas! in striving to win Dick, the Lady Clara lost her own heart. Delicacy forbade her afterward to reveal her disguise, and so she was compelled to trust to accident. But years elapsed, as we have seen, before she again met her love.

The Lady Clara is now a matron of 30, and the last steamer informs me that Dick had fallen an heir to the earldom, his elder brother having died during the Queen's visit to Scotland. Lucky!—wasn't he?

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY—No. 5.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK.

Mica is a compound of oxydes, more compounded than either quartz or feldspar. It contains all the oxydes entering into both these minerals, with the addition of manganese, much used for bleaching salts, (chloride of lime.) Mica also contains traces of the silicate of magnesia—the article used in the manufacture of epsom salts and other chemicals. This silicate, as its name denotes, contains silex, or the oxyde of silicum. It has been found by the progress of geology in large quantities, both in Pennsylvania and Maryland. From it have been made various chemicals, and among them epsom salts, (sulphate of magnesia,) at so cheap a rate, in such quantities, and of so good a quality, as entirely to supersede the importation of this article, so extensively used for medicinal purposes. In connection with this silicate and other magnesian minerals, chrome ore (chromate of iron) has been found, and chrome yellow (chromate of lead) made from it, with such success as to reduce the price of that valuable paint from fifteen dollars to twenty-five cents a pound; thus bringing the benefits of geology and chemistry to every individual in the community—at least to every man and woman who rides in a carriage with yellow paint, and every child who uses an atlas with colored maps.

Mica is not an important element in soils, and in rocks is less abundant than either quartz or feldspar. Though not abundant in rocks, it is one of the three materials of granite, and has an important influence in modifying the character of rocks in fitting them both for agricultural and architectural purposes. It gives to gneiss and mica slate, both granite formations, a facility in being worked into slabs of greatly extended surface, fitting them for side-walks, bridges, floors, farm enclosures, and numerous other purposes. These two abundant rocks in granite formations can be readily formed into slabs of an extended and smooth surface, by the use of the hammer, chisel, and wedge; while most rocks, not containing mica, require the drill in addition to the other instruments named.

Good specimens of mica slate may be seen in the walks from the National Capitol leading to Pennsylvania and Maryland avenues. It is obtained from Bolton, Connecticut, twelve miles east of Hartford.—Gneiss is the common material used for side walks in Washington, as it is for the basements of all the public buildings now in progress in the national metropolis. It is obtained from the banks of the Potomac, from five to eight miles above Washington. In this exhaustless and valuable deposit, are interspersed extensively very brilliant cubical crystals of the sulphuret—not sulphate—of iron, known among miners as "*fools' gold*" and strikingly illustrates the old adage that "all is not gold that glitters."

Experiment.—Any person drawing a piece of feldspar across some quartz, and then the quartz across the feldspar, may ascertain which scratches the other, and of course the comparative hardness of these two essential elements of soils, the oldest friends and the strongest "unionists" upon our globe.

COUNTERFEIT TEN CENT PIECES.—The Boston Times states that a vast number of ten cent counterfeit coins have been issued from a secret mint in Connecticut. They bear the dates, respectively, of 1847 and 1848, are well executed, and are passed without any difficulty. The principal feature proving their spurious character is the absence of the circlet of stars around the figure of Liberty, which the genuine ten cent pieces have. These bogus coins have been tested, and found to be a mixture of metals easily fusible, with a plating of silver. In reference to this, however, the New York Journal of Commerce says:

A similar report was current a year or two since, when we ascertained, upon inquiry at the mint, that a portion of the genuine coin had been struck without the marks in question; the stars being afterwards restored to the dies by order of the Government. We caution our readers, therefore, not to be frightened into selling coin upon which they cannot "see the stars." If the *liberty* be genuine, it is just as valuable without the encircling halo.

EDITOR FROZEN TO DEATH.—Clinton Hubbard, editor of the Kane county (Illinois) Democrat, was found frozen to death near St Charles, some distance from Chicago, on the 22d ult. He had been at Chicago, and not getting upon the cars at St. Charles junction, probably undertook to walk over the prairie and perished in the cold. He was an exemplary young man, of 25 years. The Chicago Tribune says of him:

Like most printers his life has been marked by adventures and vicissitudes.—He was a member of Col. Stevenson's regiment, fought in the Mexican war, and afterwards became connected with the Alta California, of which he was one of the editors and proprietors. This enterprise, however he afterwards abandoned—dug gold for a time—come to his home in Chenango county, New York—and last fall came west to seek his fortune.

THE BOSTON BUSINESS.

We take the following chronicle of recent events in Massachusetts, from the Boston *Journal* of the 31st ult. It is a very curious commentary on the "higher law,'—as well as the lower one, of "honesty" between certain predatory persons. Read and reflect upon it, Southern Democrats.

FREE-SOIL CONSCIENCE AND VERACITY. The Commonwealth of yesterday, has an exposition over the signature of "H. W." of the negotiations at the State-house, between the Democrats and Free-soilers.—It appears from this article, which is entitled a "History of the Legislative *Collition*," that a very sharp trade was driven between the two parties, and that the Locofocos, from longer experience, were more shrewd, and overreached the Free-soilers. The stock in trade of both parties was a "governor, lieutenant governor, nine councillors, secretary of State, treasurer, auditor, sergeant-at-arms, and U. S. senators for both terms." A committee of twelve from each party was appointed to sit in solemn conclave, and trade off these offices. After some little delay, and dallying, as was becoming in shrewd traders,—spending in the words of the writer of the Commonwealth, "some little time in discussing the comparative importance of the offices of governor and senator," the committees finally made a mutual agreement that the Democrats should have the governor, and the Free-soilers the senator for six years; also that "the Free-soil party should have the lieutenant governor and three members of the council—and that the Democratic party should have the senator and six members of the council." Also; "that the Free-soil party could have the treasurer and the auditor, and the Democrat party the secretary of State.

The propositions were yet to be sanctioned by the respective caucuses and it seems the Free-soilers were not pleased with the trade effected by their committee, and asked for another conference which was granted. What passed at the further conference, we will relate in the words of the writer in the Commonwealth:

"The committees met. The Free soil committee proposed to concede to the Democrats the lieutenant governor, the three councellors, the treasurer and the auditor if they would concede to them the senator for the short term. The president of the senate also offered to resign his place, and thus place every branch of the goverment in hands of the Democratic party. The proposition was declined, although admitted to be most liberal"

But it seems the Democrats thought they might secure a better bargain, and their committee also under instructions, proposed another swop, "giving to the Democratic party the lieutenant governor, five councillors, the treasurer and the United States senator for the short term; and to the Free-soil party the secretary of State, four councillors, the auditor and the sergeant-at arms," [with the senator for the long term] This the Free-soil agreed to, and the bargain was sanctioned by both caucuses.

The committees then met to parcel out the councillor districts. "Suffolk, Essex, Plymouth and Franklin were assigned to the Free-soil party, and the other districts to the Democratic party."

At a subsequent conference the Democratic committees, doubtless with no litle hesitation and circumlocution, and feeling perhaps some compunctions of conscience for having driven so hard a bargain, "stated that they had a request to make, which was that the Free-soil party should concede to them the *councillor of the Suffolk district*—that the request was hardly just [how modest!] but that many persons in Boston desired that the councillor for Suffolk should be a Democrat—and that the concession would be regarded as a favor, and tend to harmony in the ranks of the Democratic party!" This request was acceded to by the Free soilers, who doubtless began to suspect that they had been dealing with sharpers, and thought it best to confer new obligations upon the Democrats, and then make it a point of honor for them to fulfil their part of the bargain.

Assurances were given and received by both caucuses that the arrangements should be fully carried out, and then the programme of action in the legislature was arranged. It was agreed between the two caucuses that Boutwell and Phillips should be sent to the senate as candidates for governor, and Cushing and Walker for lieutenant governor. The writer in the Commonwealth proceeds to state that "it was also agreed that the House should immediately, after sending to the Senate the candidates for governor and lieutenant governor, proceed to elect the senator for the term of six years, so that the senate might have both matters before it at the same time. *In accordance with this agreement*, a motion was made to assign a time for the choice of senator immediately after the election of candidates for governor and lieutenant governor." Thereby hangs a tale.

It will be recollected that John Milton Earle of Worcester, who assumes to be a leader and champion of the Free-soil party in the legislature made and pressed the motion for the house to go into the choice of a senator on the very day when the senate were to elect a governor. Upon that occasion, he was charged with acting under a bargain made between the party he represents, and the Democrats; he was told that nothing else could account for his indecent haste in pressing the matter so prematurely, to the neglect of other and really important business. But he denied that he was under any such influence—pretending total ignorance of any bargain, and declared that his only object was to expedite the public business, We could hardly believe a word that he said, at the time, though we had no tangible evidence to the contrary.

But here in this history, in which the Free-soil bell wether of the senate (we presume from the initials,) has thought it necessary to lay before the world the whole of the shameful bargain *for the division of the spoils*, we find it written down that just the motion which John Milton Earl did make on the occasion referred to, was to have been made *and carried*, just at that precise moment of time; and one of the great causes of complaint on the part of the writer in the Commonwealth against the Democratic party, is that *they broke their faith and forfeited their plighted honor by not sustaining the member from Worcester on that motion.* Which of these leaders has truth upon his side, we leave others to judge, but there is clearly a great want of veracity in one or the other. Perhaps the *editor of the Spy* will furnish one of his *poetical* explanations, and set the matter all right.

The written history we have referred to, is a political curiosity. The most remarkable thing about it, is, that men can be so lost to all sense of dignity, of honor and of shame, as to publish it to the world; and that too, for the purpose of compelling men who have held themselves aloof from the dirty work hitherto, to become partners in it now.—"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," and if madness, political, if no other insanity, is to be considered the precedent of destruction, the sign is visible enough in the Freesoil party.—The political morality of the people of Massachusetts must sink greatly below its present level before that people will sustain such gross huckstering for offices, such wholesale abandonment of *pledges, principles, and platforms* of political action.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH—*Great Excitement.*—The excitement in Fall River has run very high on account of the death of a young man under very singular circumstances. The story is thus told by a correspondent of the Boston Traveller:

"The 'Mysterious Rappings' and 'tippings' for the last two or three weeks, have produced so much excitement here that almost every street has its house where the 'spirits' most do congregate.—Last evening, (Sabbath) several persons were assembled at the house of a Mr. Gardner, on Anawan street, to witness the 'tippings' and movements of a table, among whom was a young man by the name of Baylies Staples. When he entered the room where the company were assembled, in a somewhat excited manner he said (using some awful oaths) to Mr. Gardner, 'I have broke two tables to-day, and now I have come to break yours.

He soon after commenced operating upon the table, and being a powerful "medium" he produced an unusual effect, and while in the act of producing the greatest movements in the table, he suddenly fell upon the floor and instantly expired, amid the greatest consternation of those present. Dr. Hooper was immediately called in and pronounced him dead. Mr. Staples was a healthy, robust man about 25 years of age, and his death can be attributed to no other cause but extreme excitement.

After all it turns out that there is nothing so very marvelous about this man's death. The post mortem examination disclosed the fact that he had long had a disease of the heart, and that (as has happened in thousands of such cases) when he became greatly excited, the effect was fatal. Cases of this kind happen from various kinds of excitement with like results.

CHEAP POSTAGE—*Coming to the Point.*—We understand fom Washington, that Barnabas Bates, the original advocate of cheap postage, in the United States, has made proposals to Congress, in consequence of their hesitation to pass the cheap postage bill, to transport the mails on all the existing routes in the U. States, and give for the privillege for ten years *one million of dollars* He proposes to charge on letters only two cents for each half ounce and fraction of an ounce prepaid, and deliver them to their address free of any additional charge in all the towns and cities containing ten thousand or more inhabitants. Newspspers, periodicals, handbills, and any printed matter, at half the present rates. To each member of Congress, for franking privilege, he will furnish twenty-five hundred stamps per annum.

Mr. Bates, in behalf of himself and associates, offers to give satisfactory security for the fulfilment of the conditions of this contract, which shall go into operation on the 1st of January, 1852. If this offer be refused, we cannot see how Congress can any longer hesitate to give the people the cheap postage they have petitioned for.—We understand that several enterprising capitalists of New York and New Jersey have united with Mr. Bates in this offer, and are willing and anxious to obtain the contract.—*Balt. Clipper.*

HONEST.—The Washington Union says that "the course of President Fillmore has, so far, been generally commended."

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