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Select Poetry.

EVENING SOLACE.

BY CURRER BELL.

[illegible] human heart has hidden treasures,
[illegible] kept in silence sealed;
[illegible] thoughts, the hopes, the dreams, the pleasures,
[illegible] whose charms were broken, if revealed.
[illegible] days may pass in gay confusion,
[illegible] joyous in noisy revelry,
[illegible] Fame's or Wealth's allusion,
[illegible] memory of the past will die.
[illegible] are hours of lonely musing,
[illegible] has in the evening silence come,
[illegible] as birds their pinions closing,
[illegible] best feelings gather home.
[illegible] there seems to languish
[illegible] grief that is not woe,
[illegible] that once wrung groans of anguish,
[illegible] but some mild tears to flow
[illegible] as strong as passion,
[illegible] back—a faded dream.
[illegible] sharp griefs and wild sensations,
[illegible] of other's suffering seem
[illegible] the heart is freshly bleeding,
[illegible] wrong it for that time to be,
[illegible] through the mist of years receding,
[illegible] we live in reverie

[illegible] moonlight glimmer,
[illegible] and not distress,
[illegible] sky grows dim and dimmer,
[illegible] and distress—
[illegible] impulse given
[illegible] darkened room,
[illegible] thoughts that soar to heaven,
[illegible] and world to come

Choice Miscellany.

From Household Words

[M]OTHER AND STEP-MOTHER.

[illegible] CHAPTERS

CHAPTER I

[illegible] after all, I suppose it is not very much [illegible] ordered at." Your disconsolate widowers [illegible] always the first to take comfort. Poor dear [illegible] had two years till September, and married again. The doctors ought to be [illegible] for their medicines, putting it into one's head [illegible] wasting into a decline. I am sure I [illegible] first day or night for thinking of him." [illegible] congratulate you on the relief this news [illegible] you, Fanny. Thomson says your [illegible] looking better than he ever did in his life, and he tells me his wife is a decided beauty." [illegible] keep thinking that he might have [illegible] warning of his intentions earlier. It [illegible] awkward to know nothing of one's own [illegible] affairs. I talked so much about his [illegible] that I could get finely laughed at when he [illegible] me with a young wife."

"I must endure with your usual patience, [illegible] I do not think he has used us particularly well, but it seems she was furious for him, [illegible] a beauty of eighteen falls violently in [illegible] a man of six-and-thirty, it must be allowed that it is sufficient to turn his head."

"Oh! you men always attach so much importance to youth. For my part, I should have [illegible] Edward would have had too much sense [illegible] caught by a miss in her teens; besides, what [illegible] a girl know about the management of [illegible]?"

"I suppose she cannot know very much at present, but that comes by instinct. I do not think [illegible] likely to make the worst step-mother before she is young, and Frank is such a pretty [illegible] that the danger will be of her spoiling [illegible]."

"It will be well enough till she has children [illegible]. Poor little Frank's good looks will [illegible] much service then; and you may take [illegible] for it, Wilton, that it was a bad day for [illegible] when his father saw this Helen [illegible]."

Edward Irwin, the subject of the foregoing [illegible], was a baronet descended from a [illegible] family, and possessed of very considerable [illegible] in the North of England. He had [illegible] early in life, a lady of a sweet and amiable temper, and eschewing fashionable gaieties, [illegible] his happiness in domestic enjoyment, literary and scientific pursuits. The premature death of his wife startled him from the [illegible] of his life. It was the first sorrow that befallen him, and he was overwhelmed. His wife had been so constantly his companion, she had met all his requirements with a [illegible] ready and so intelligent, that he felt as though the dearer half of his soul were [illegible] away, and as it were impossible for the [illegible] of him to linger behind. The caresses and [illegible] of his son, a child of some three years, were powerless to rouse him. He was unconscious of having nothing to force him from his [illegible]. His simple means, his obsequious tenantry, his anxious friends, all administered to [illegible] the kind but sweet necessity of the sorrowing [illegible], brought no aid to him: he [illegible] his wife and fled it, till his bodily strength [illegible] way. Friends interfered; doctors were consulted; affection for his child was appealed [illegible]; he submitted passively to be sent to Italy [illegible] change of scene and change of climate [illegible] tried. He went with out hope—with [illegible] of recovery. Italy or England—what [illegible] to him? The world was one grave [illegible] with one barren mound of earth beneath which [illegible] sat and wept. So he said, and so he [illegible] his child with him; for, though it [illegible] the sight of the pretty boy [illegible] what his sorrow, he clung to him as [illegible] claimed it for her he had lost, and watched [illegible] with a nervous solicitude grievous to [illegible]. The contrast between the healthy child [illegible] sorrow-stricken father could hardly fail [illegible] the most careless observer; every quick [illegible] quickened the attention of Mrs and Miss Macfarlane, who happened to occupy an adjoining [illegible] in Florence, whither Sir Edward had been [illegible] in search by the direction of his physicians. [illegible] pathetic story of his bereavement roused the [illegible] of both ladies—an interest which, in the [illegible], quickly assumed the character of passion.

[illegible] young, beautiful, and undisciplined, Helen had revelled in wild notions of an all-commanding and imperious love. Her ardent temperament had been exaggerated by the loose morality of the unprincipled South, and she easily [illegible] the handsome stranger as the incarnation of an ideal, which already at eighteen she [illegible] despaired of meeting. Sir Edward's sunken cheeks, his tall, worn person, and [illegible] and sorrowful smile, moved her as the perfection of health and manly vigor might have [illegible] to move her. What was not the love worth which could set such a mark on the bereaved [illegible]? She sympathised with, she admired his [illegible] and to soften it, to pour balm into the [illegible] which he loved to keep open, became the [illegible]—the object of her life.

[illegible] occasion is rarely wanting to those who hearkenly seek it. In the present instance the child [illegible] naturally opened the way to the father. The [illegible] boy's heart was easily won by the smiles and caresses of the beautiful stranger, who spoke [illegible] him in the language of his mother, and folded [illegible] in her arms almost as tenderly. The name [illegible] Helen Macdonald was constantly on his lips, until it became familiar and grateful to his father's ears. Courtesy required that Sir Edward should rouse himself to show some sense of the kindness lavished on his child. The first step taken, the rest followed naturally. Secure in his grief, Sir Edward submitted to the attentions of his neighbor. Her profound admiration, her sympathy unuttered, but spoken in every look, in every gesture, were a flattery which he accepted without suspicion. The meeting with her became the event of the day, until the sweet pale image of his lost love passed from his mind like breath from the face of a mirror, and the living passionate Helen reigned supreme. One bitter struggle he endured—one sick heart-sickening recoil to his past state of feeling; but the flesh overcame the spirit, and with a sigh, half of sorrow at his insensibility, half of relief, he yielded himself to the intoxicating rapture of his new passion.

Helen was so very beautiful; so tender, yet withal so jealous, so imperious, that she kindled for a time his more placid temper into a semblance of her own. She was his tyrant and his slave; but in her moods, so full of witchery, that she left him no time for backward thought, but filled him heart and soul with her own image.

No obstacle stood in the way of their union except such imaginary difficulties as the restlessness of Helen created. Her mother, who in many respects resembled her daughter, was still in the meridian of her beauty, and was not displeased to be considered of a child whom she could not govern, and who had become a rival and to have her credit fully established as the wife of one of the oldest families in England. Sir Edward, on his side, had no relations but his sister, who he had been solicitous in the hour of consulting her, that it was only on the eve of his marriage that he wrote to her. And the same letter announced to her his complete recovery and approaching marriage, informed her of his intention of bringing his wife immediately to England.

CHAPTER II.

In spite of the dissatisfaction with which Mrs Walton Brook had expressed at her brother's marriage, she was by no means the person anxious to see her new sister-in-law, and she approved in her brother's letter the happy [illegible] and one so ingratiating herself with a wife who she felt would exercise a strong influence over [illegible]. Accordingly dressed her pretty person in approved fashion, and prepared her lips [illegible] and compliments, as she drove to visit the [illegible] at Mivart's Hotel.

If her prejudice had been stronger than [illegible] it must have yielded to the grace and beauty of the stranger. Mrs. Brook, [illegible] be struck by the improvement in her brother's appearance, and she was grateful to her who had effected it; for, though a worldly woman, she was not defective in natural affection. Sir Edward was her only brother, the head of her family, and she almost forgot poor Ann when she gazed upon his renovated form, and saw the tender pride with which he watched the movements and hearkened to the words of his young wife.

The appearance of the child awoke the train of old recollections in the mind of his aunt, and when she had admired the growth and caressed his fair long hair, she should not refrain from whispering to his father:

"How like poor Ann!"

Lady Irwin caught the whisper; her lip quivered, and the color deepened on her cheek; she drew the child closer within the circle of her arm, and said softly—"I think him so like Edward."

"To be sure he is," returned Mrs Brook. "He is like Edward about the nose and mouth, but he has his mother's eyes."

It did not please Lady Irwin that the child's eyes were so large and dark.

"They are very beautiful," she said, with an anxious, half fearful look at her husband; but there was no sorrowful recollection in his countenance—nothing but present love and happiness.

"You can form no idea, Fanny, of what a mother Frank has in this dear little child I have brought you. I cannot understand it, such a child as she is. Well might the poet say

"'[illegible] fairest creature is woman's [illegible]'

"What! you haven't cured him yet of his abominable habit of quoting what nobody can understand, Helen?"

"Oh! I don't wish to do it, either. You will laugh at us, I dare say, when I tell you that he is to give me regular lessons when we get home. I know a little Latin already, but not enough to be of any use. We have arranged our occupations for the winter. Edward's wife ought not to be a smatterer, you know."

"But I hope you are not going to let him bury you and him [illegible] at Swallowfield. I was bad enough before, but to hide you in the country would be a crying sin [illegible]."

"O, we have not the [illegible] anything of the sort—we are [illegible] dear Mrs. Brook, I am quite afraid of seeing you [illegible] [illegible] of the highest intellectual attainments in town, and when at Swallowfield she was rarely without visitors whose names were known and honored.

But though Lady Irwin had many admirers she had no friends; she asked no sympathy, and had none to give—none at least, for the sorrows and joys of daily life—she was self-conceited. In a man such a character is hard and sad—how much harder, how much sadder, in a woman, whose vocation it is to temper the stern realities of life, who, to be strong, must have some touch of weakness, who, if by too easy credulity she opened the way to sin and death, should also point the road to pardon by faith perfected in the sense of her infirmity.

Aware of the violence of her passions, and tacitly believing that unsubdued vigor of natural instinct was a proof of greatness of character, there was nothing of which Lady Irwin stood in such dread as the compassion of people of a tame temperament. She, therefore, learnt, not indeed to govern her feelings, but to repress all outward manifestation of them, and to hide the turmoil of her bosom under a cold and stately bearing. She became silent and inclined to solitude, and to the [illegible] of her husband's young wife, who had followed her from Italy, and to [illegible] than to any other creature she was in the habit of unveiling her emotions.

It seems to be an imperative law of our nature that we should unburthen itself to some one. We to whom we trust is indeed a friend faithful in counsel and strong in comfort, object to this vow is the sweetest solace of our earthly pilgrimage; but who are we, hide the ugly portions of our character from those who love us, and expose them only to those of whose judgment we stand in no awe, who, our inferiors in intellect and station, pander to our passions and foster our evil tendencies, there is no prevented blessing which may be turned to more deadly account.

Agnese Pistorella was the natural daughter of a Venetian nobleman, who had been assassinated by her mother in a fit of jealous despair. Having accomplished her crime, the murderess was overwhelmed with remorse, and, far from attempting to make her escape, herself sent to summon the officers of justice, and lay with her loosened hair falling like a pall over her victim till they arrived. Her youth, her beauty, and the violence of her passions, drew much attention to her case, but she was executed—submitting to her fate with the constancy of one who knew it to be the natural consequence of her deed, the compensation due to the Manes of her lover.—The child she left was completely abandoned by its father's friends, and became dependent on its maternal grandmother—a woman of infamous character. Taking advantage of the interest excited by her daughter, this woman made a loathsome traffic by exhibiting her child; but curiosity soon died away—the sooner, as the grand-mother thought, that the girl inherited the swarthy countenance and beetling brows of her father.—Nursed early and often with the terrible story of her parents, and tutored to assume a look of melancholy, Agnese gradually acquired that low cunning with which Nature arms the oppressed, passing from infancy to womanhood subject to the caprices of the abandoned old woman, who, even in her dotage, meditated crime.

A deep lying love for her mother was the poetry of Agnese's life; whatever was sweet or soft in her memories gathered round the image of the beautiful, sumptuously-apparelled woman, dwelling in luxurious chambers, who had fondled and caressed her; of those sunny, far-off times she had a vague recollection, but well did she remember the last time her mother's arms were folded about her—well did she remember the bare dungeon walls, the darkness, the bloodshot eyes, the pale, haggard cheeks, and the long, lingering kiss of the white tremulous lips.

On her grandmother's death she was forced to seek the means of living, and accident placed her in the family of Mrs. Macdonald, where she filled one of the lowest grades in the household.—Here her haughty silence, while it made her unpopular among the servants, but excited the interest of Helen, who, in the loneliness of spirit engendered by the absence of confidence between herself and her mother, readily turned her thoughts to the outcast, and made it her earnest request that the girl might be given to her as her special attendant—a request which her mother, ever careless of her true interests, and blameably lax where her discipline should have been the strictest, never thought of denying her. The kindness thus unexpectedly shown to her, Agnese repaid with blind devotion. To Helen, in the dark twilight of a winter night, she told the story of her parents, lingering with fond minuteness over all the details with which her memory was stored. It was a story Helen well loved to hear; she never pointed out the heinous sin, and how the last evil was the fruit of the first,—neither for herself nor for the poor orphan did she read this lesson.

Through Helen's courtship, Agnese had watched, for jealous care, for the smallest sign of faithlessness in Sir Edward, resolved, if need were, to prove her devotion to her mistress by sacrificing herself to avenge her; but the need did not arise. He had loved before—dearly loved, it was said; but she and Helen were both persuaded that true passion was new, for the first time, awakened in his bosom. When they were married, and Sir Edward gradually relapsed into his old habits, the ascendancy which his wife exercised over him left no room for jealousy, however much she might fret at the evenness and placidity of his temper.

How mutually injurious these two women were, may easily be conjectured. Neither acted as corrective to the other; but each strengthened and confirmed the other's evil tendencies.

CHAPTER IV

Little Frank Irwin would have been sadly starved for affection and sympathy if he had been entirely dependent for both on his stepmother; for, though at times she oppressed him with her caresses, and indulged him even beyond what was wholesome for him, she grew so capricious in her treatment of him, after the death of her infant, that his naturally sweet and trustful temper must have been injured. But when they were in the country, which was generally for nine months in the year, Frank found a playfellow and friend in the little daughter of the clergyman, a blue-eyed child, something less than a year his junior.

The rectory was not a quarter of a mile from the gates of Sir Edward's park; and Mr. Birkby, the rector, was a distant relative of the Irwins. So the intimacy of the children was quite natural; and whenever his mamma was busy—whenever Agnese was cross—whenever, in short, anything happened to disquiet him at home—away ran little Frank, to forget his trouble in the company of Kitty Birkby; and many a sunny afternoon did they sit together, under the large apple-tree, in the orchard, or in the shadow of the old cedar, making daisy garlands, and mingling their hearts in innocent prattle.

Frank was a great hero to Kitty. Frank went to London and to all kinds of places with long names, which he knew quite well, and could repeat as easily as she could repeat the names of the field and hedge flowers. Frank went to the theatres where he saw all sorts of wonderful things, which he described to her with indefatigable patience. There was not a marvellous feat of harlequin that she was not familiar with; and she even dreamt of the fairy—in pink, with silver wings—who always came down in a chariot, drawn by peacocks, just in time to save the prince and princess from the deeplaid plots of the cruel ogre with green hair, a bulbous nose, and a cavernous mouth; who had announced to be his intention to dine off the prince, and promote the little trembling princess to the honour of Mrs. Ogress. O, with what eloquence did he describe, to the round eyed, eager auditress, the final scene of the drama, when the fairy, having made the prince and princess happy, and consigned their wicked aunts and uncles to well-merited punishment, ascended out of moral kindness seated on a many coloured cloud, which seem so heavily charged with electricity,—a mode of travelling highly unpleasant to any one but a fairy, but which of course, afforded her unalloyed delight! as she took care to communicate to the prince and princess that they must expect nothing farther from her, it being her intention to retire into private life, among the stars, where she (very rationally, as the world goes), did not wish to be disturbed.

By the time he had related the story six or seven times to Kitty, Frank became so enamoured of it, that he conceived the bold idea of acting it; he was to be the prince, Kitty the princess, and Sarah, her nurse, a particularly solid young woman, the fairy; the other dramatic pesonæ might be imagined.

Kitty took very kindly to being the princess; she stuck a flower in her hair; sat herself down on a bank, and pretended it was a throne; but when Frank tried to induce her to personate the agony of the princess when her lover was torn away from her by the savage ogre, here represented by a crabbed old tree, he was almost discomfited. Very much urged, Kitty rushed fiercely up to the tree, and beating its knotty stem with her chubby hands, cried, "Naughty ogre, take away my prince!" It was in vain that Frank explained the truculent nature of the ogre, and the timid character of the princess. This, however, was nothing in comparison to the trouble he had with Sarah, who was always deeply engaged in reading a dilapidated copy of the Old English Baron, in devouring sour apples, or darning stockings, when she was required to make her graceful descent upon earth.

But there were other things which Frank delighted to impart to Kitty; the grand mystery of the hatchet, hoe, in which he was, at an early age, indoctrinated; yet Kitty was no prodigy, at five years old she hardly knew her letters; and if any one had told her that the earth was like an orange, flattened at the poles, she would have opened her blue eyes in most profound astonishment. Like Frank, she had lost her mother in her infancy, and was in great measure dependent on a maiden sister of her father, who resided with him, and who loved her dearly. But Miss Selina Birkby was now in the winter of her days, and having spent the prime of her life in the dreary state called, in derision, single blessedness, she knew no more of the rearing and training of children than a day-labourer, accustomed to no sort of horticulture but the sowing of turnips, might be supposed to know of the rearing of delicate exotics.

Kitty, nevertheless, had a most charming little countenance, which changed from smiles to tears with the rapidity of an April day. She was a great favourite with Sir Edward Irwin, who liked to take her on his knee, and to play with her soft curls; but she never pleased Lady Irwin—perhaps because the sight of her wakened the memories of her own lost little girl—perhaps from the increasing jealousy of her disposition, which nothing seemed too small, nothing too innocent, to excite. She wondered what Sir Edward and Frank could see to interest them in a little creature neither remarkable for beauty, nor distinguished for intelligence; and Kitty, for her part, had an instinctive dread of Lady Irwin; she was almost completely silent in her presence, and approached her only with effort and unwillingness.

But if her instinct led her to avoid Lady Irwin, it operated yet more strongly in the case of Agnese. The child absolutely trembled if Agnese touched her; and once, when she insisted on kissing her, she was almost convulsed with terror. Agnese, as may be imagined, was not slow to repay dislike with dislike. She chose to believe, that, being the child of an ecclesiastic, Kitty was peculiarly under the ban of Heaven, for, though destitute of anything like true religion, she clung with pertinacity to the superstitions which she had been taught in childhood, and especially delighted to believe that the marriage of a priest was a sacrilegious thing, and that, therefore, little Kitty was nothing but a foredoomed child of Satan.

CHAPTER V.

Frank was just nine years old, and in the middle of the veritable history of Pyramus and Thisbe, which he read with Mr. Birkby, and duly performed with Kitty, when Lady Irwin again became a mother, the mother of a son of singular promise and beauty. Her heart swelled with joyful pride, but it seemed as if happiness for her was never to be without alloy. A conversation which she overheard between the nurse and Agnese completely damped her pleasure, and awaked discontended thoughts in her bosom.

They were speaking of the child, admiring his beauty, and commenting on the joy of his parents.

"Ah!" cried the old nurse, "Sir Edward's well pleased enough now; but, Lord love ye, if you'd seen the fuss there was when Master Frank was born—he warn't nothing to compare to this here lamb, but then he was the heir—Lord, the ringing of bells and the driving up of carriages! I made nigh twenty pound at the christening—and all the village was invited to dine; there was an ox rosted whole—and, as to the ale, it was quite a sin to see it flowing about everywhere like water.

Nothing could exceed the tenderness of Sir Edward; he could not have shown more joy if the birth of his eldest son; the inquiries were numerous, the christening splendid; but the old nurse's words rankled in Lady Irwin's heart.—She still loved Frank, but she could not at all times bear to see him caress his half brother, though, if he showed the least indifference, she tortured herself by thinking how much the child's fate depended on his affection. As soon as the baby began to take notice, he showed a very decided affection for Frank; there was only one person whom he preferred, and that person was Kitty Birkby.

With all her passionate affection, Lady Irwin wanted the art to accommodate herself to the weaknesses of a little child; she could not talk the fond nonsense which the ordinary mother makes the vehicle of her tenderness, and by which she wakes the dimples in her infant's cheek. Kitty, on the other hand, was distinguished by an extraordinary power of sympathy; she seemed to know intuitively what was wanted of her, and with happy and unconscious grace to meet the requirement. She loved all children, so it was very natural that she should feel especial delight in the beautiful child who crowed and clapped his little hands at her appearance.

In spite of her dissatisfaction that her son was not his father's heir, Lady Irwin was made much happier by his birth; the boy was all her own—he had her fitful eyes, her square brow, the shape of his mouth was like hers, with a shadow of his father's smile; and before long it became evident that he inherited her temper. He was wilful and impatient, he never let his mother fret herself for want of excitement; it was never possible to tell in what mood the young autocrat might choose to show himself; he was like a mountain girdled lake, now laughing to the summer sun, now lashing its crested billows into fury. Kitty Birkby was the only person whose influence with him never failed; his mother might waste her strength in the attempt to storm him down; she never gained her point; he screamed till she was terrified for his health, but he could not yield; yet Kitty, without violence, by some subtle charm in her touch or in her voice, brought back the smile in five minutes, and won him to obedience.

For two years longer Frank Irwin pursued his studies at home, under the direction of Mr Birkby; he was then sent to Rugby, at that time under the wise government of Dr. Arnold. His departure caused Kitty great sorrow, but it made little interruption in her visits to the hall; for Edward, as the boy was named from his father, was growing fast, and became daily more imperious in his demands upon her time. It was not in the nature of things, that Lady Irwin should not feel some touch of tenderness to the sweet child to whom she owed so much; perhaps she regretted that she could not love her, and strove by the lavish profusion of her gifts to atone for the want of real affection. In one respect only did the little girl and the woman sympathize.—Lady Irwin possessed a musical genius of a high order; her knowledge of the art was profound, and the harp or piano under her hand produced thrilling or stirring harmonies, the transcript of her state of feeling; she was a poet of sound, and the pulsations of her passionate temperament thus found immediate and ample expression.

Now, Kitty Birkby early evinced great taste for music; her voice was peculiarly clear and sweet; she owed much to the careful instruction of Lady Irwin, who was pleased to have a pupil so docile and so apt in her favourite science.—In other respects, Kitty's education was not systematized; her aunt taught her needlework and what she knew of French; while her father instructed her arithmetic, and formed her taste in literature. His eyes failing him he was often glad to use her younger sight, and thus she learned to read with expression and without fatigue, while she imbibed a fund of general knowledge, which lay in her mind like seed destined to bring forth a rich harvest in future years. And thus her childhood passed in ever-recurring works of tenderness and love. She was so gentle and so modest that it was only by her absence that her friends know how much they needed her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WHEN I SAW SWEET NELLY HOME.

BY MARY FRANCIS KYLE.

I.

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the grass the moonlight fell,
Hushed the sound of daylight's bustle,
Closed the "Pink-eyed pimpernell,"
As adown the moss-grown wood-path—
Where the cattle love to roam—
From aunt Pattie's quilting party
I was seeing Nelly home.

II.

Jetty ringlets softly fluttered,
O'er a brow as white as snow,
And her cheek!—the crimson sunset
Scarcely had a warmer glow;
'Mid her parted lips' vermilion,
White teeth flashed like ocean foam,
All I marked, with pulses throbbing,
While I saw sweet sweet Nelly home.

III.

When the Autumn tinged the greenwood,
Turning all its leaves to gold,
In the lawn by alders shaded
I my love to Nelly told;
As we stood together gazing
On the star-bespangled dome,
How I blessed the August evening
When I saw sweet Nelly home.

IV.

White hairs mingle with my tresses,
Furrows steal upon my brow,
But a love-smile cheers and blesses
Life's declining moments now;
Matron in the snowy 'kerchief,
Closer to my bosom come—
Tell me, dost thou still remember
When I saw sweet Nelly home?

Horrid Case of Hydrophobia.

We were witness yesterday to the sufferings of a victim of this most awful of maladies, in its worst form, in the person of a German named Henry Uthof, a hard-working man, aged twenty-nine years, who resided at No. 44 Geist street on the plank road. The particulars are as follows: About six weeks since the unfortunate man had occasion to generally clean out the stable of Mr George Gorge, when he was attacked by a large and ferocious dog belonging to that gentleman, which bit him through the hand and held him so tight that it required the efforts of three or four men, who were attracted by the cries of the spot, to loosen the hold of the infuriated animal which was immediately afterwards destroyed.

The wound healed without little inconvenience, and Uthof, who two weeks ago entered the employ of Mr George, has forgotten the circumstance. On Sunday night last his wife says that he was very restless, frequently starting as if under the influence of some strong nervous affection. He arose in the morning as usual, and she placed a wash basin of water before him, which, however, every time he approached he drew back from with a shudder. It was then that the remembrance of the wound he had received from the dog and the horrible idea of hydrophobia, flashed across his mind, and he burst into an agony of grief. Since that time the symptoms have gradually increased, it being impossible to prevail upon him to attempt swallowing any liquid. Yesterday afternoon, when we visited him, no lay perfectly quiet, with the exception of now and then some convulsive twitchings agitating his frame, but the glassy and bloodshot eyes, their unnatural and horrid expression, the flush and contracted cheeks and swollen throat, whose every muscle and nerve parched and feverish lips foaming with the unnatural saliva, was a picture of horror such as we would again not look for the preservation of all the curs in creation.

The poor wretch, as we before said, lay perfectly passive at the time we saw him, but those in attendance informed us that a short time previous his convulsions assumed a more frantic character, and they were only the impression that before morning they would be compelled to secure him with cords. Two physicians, who have attended him, pronounced it at once a hopeless case. Last night some half dozen others of the faculty called upon him. His poor wife, who is a young and very pretty woman, appeared to bear with fortitude the dreadful calamity, which will leave her with two young children—one an infant but a few weeks old, alone in this selfish world. May the winds be tempered to the shorn lamb.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Pleasant Country for a Nervous Man.

A Texas correspondent of the New York Herald, describes the domestic pleasures of that favored land in glowing terms. If the half of his account is true, it must be a pleasant place for a nervous man, or a delicate lady, to whom the sight of a spider or a toad is the cause of a fit of "conniptions."

The cattle, however, are not the sole occupants of the prairie by any means. Droves of wild horses are not unfrequent, and deer are in countless numbers. The small brown wolf or prairie dog is quite common, and you occasionally get a glimpse of his large brother. But Texas is the paradise of reptiles and creeping things—Rattle and moccasin snakes are too numerous even to shake a stick at; the bite of the former is easy cured by drinking raw whiskey till it produces complete intoxication, but in the latter there is no cure.

The tarantula is a pleasant insect to get into a quarrel with. He is a spider with a body about the size of a hen's egg, and legs five or six inches long, and covered with long coarse black hair. He lies in the cattle tracks, and if you see him, move out of his path, as he hits so decidedly certain death, and he never goes out of any one's way, but can jump eight or ten feet to inflict his deadly bite.

Then there is the centipede, furnished with an unlimited number of legs, each leg armed with a claw, and each claw inflicting a separate wound. If he walks over you at night, you will have cause to remember him for many months to come, as the wound is of a particularly poisonous nature, and it is also a very difficult matter to heal it.

The stinging lizard is a less fiend, the sensation of its wound being likened to the application of a red hot iron to the person; but one is too thankful to escape with one to consider these lesser evils any great annoyance.

But the insects! Flying, creeping, jumping, running, digging, buzzing, humming, stinging, they are everywhere. Ask for a cup of water, and the rejoinder in our camp invariably is—"Will you have it with a bug or without?" The horned frog is one of the greatest curiosities here, and is perfectly harmless. It has none of the cold, slimy qualities of his northern brother, and is often made a pet of.

Chamelons are innumerable, darting over the prairie in every direction with inconceivable swiftness, and exercising their peculiar faculty of changing their color, in order to correspond with the color of the object under which they may happen to be.

The woods on the banks of the bayous are perfectly alive with mocking birds, ringing most beautifully, and the feathered game is abundant, and very tame, as it is scarcely ever sought after. The only varieties that I have seen are the quail, partridge, snipe, mallard, plover and prairie hen.

MONEY is well spent in purchasing tranquillity of mind.

The Wild Man of the Woods.

The Chicago *Press* publishes a communication from Belvidere, Ill., dated June 20th which says:

The man running wild in the woods near this place has not, up to the present writing, been captured. I have taken some pains to inquire of those who have seen him, and his description answers so nearly to that of Mr. Mellen, that there seems scarcely a doubt that he is the man. He has been round here about a week, and scarcely a day has passed that he has not been seen by some one. He is naked or nearly so, and appears to be afraid of men, as as he always makes off rapidly through the bush when seen by them. He has upon one or two occasions, however, chased children who were in the woods gathering berries. On Sunday last, about fifty men were after him, and on Monday and yesterday more than this number, but he has eluded, thus far, all pursuit.

Yesterday he was seen by some Dutchmen. He sprang up from the cover of an old hollow stump, and made off through the brush so rapidly that they could not catch him. The woodsmen so thick here, with so many hollow trees and hiding places, that it is very doubtful if he is taken in any other way than by stratagem, as he is very cunning, like all crazy men. His beard is long, hair over his eyes, start naked, scratched and tanned, and, as you may suppose, he is a pitiable looking object. Some have been near enough to speak to him, but got no answer. One man met him, who had a gun, and told him to stop, or he would fire on him. He merely turned his head back, but kept on. What he lives on would be hard to say.

A BLACK HEARTED VILLIAN.—The Chester (Ill.) Masons have passed resolutions expelling one Dr. Wm A Gordon, for gross, immoral, unmasonic, unprofessional and ungentlemanly conduct. The history of the case presents one of the most diabolical acts of villainy ever perpetrated in a civilized community. The following particulars are derived from a gentleman who has long been intimate with the parties.

This Gordon graduated in one of the medical schools of this city, and removed to Chester with Dr. Ferris. He has an amiable wife and several children. From some cause, the son of Dr Ferris disliked Gordon and they remained enemies until the death of Dr Ferris. Gordon then made friends with young Ferris, and became intimate with a beautiful young lady to whom he was engaged to be married. Ferris removed to Cincinnati, and during his absence Gordon used every art in his power to seduce the young girl; but failing in his hellish designs, he administered certain drugs and thus triumphed over her virtue. By threats of exposure he forced her to continue the criminal connection, and received from her letters acknowledging her guilt. A short time ago, Ferris returned to Chester, and thinking his betrayed and innocent, married her. Gordon—who had never really forgiven Ferris the injuries of the past—placed a package of his wife's letters in his way, which told the whole story of her crime. His first thought was to take the life of the destroyer of his peace, but not meeting him, and reflecting that his wife might be equally guilty, he left the village and has never returned. The excitement growing out of the affair was intense, and the Masons promptly expelled Gordon from their Lodge. The case is one in which the severest penalties of Lynch law would be justifiable and we sincerely hope that the brutal fiend will get his deserts. There is no other law to reach him, and he should be hung, without judge or jury, to the highest limb on Chester Bluff. The ruined wife and her destroyer remain in the same town—she an object of pity and commiseration, he hated and condemned by all who know him. He is known in this city, but we advise him to keep away—he may not fare so well here. There is no punishment too severe for such a black-hearted miscreant.—*St Louis Herald.*

An Apt Comparison.

In drawing a comparison between the Salem Witchcraft Judges and the Philadelphia Know Nothing Convention, the Albany *Knickerbocker* aptly observes:

There is a striking similarity in the proceedings of the Philadelphia Hindoo Convention committing the Roman Catholic delegates from Louisiana and the Council of our Protestant forefathers at Salem in 1692, who sat in judgment on poor harmless women charged with witchcraft. The Hindoos would not admit Roman Catholics into the convention, notwithstanding they gave the strongest possible assurance that they did not recognise the authority of the Pope, or of any other spiritual functionary, to interfere in any way, or to any extent, with the performance of their civil duties. These assurances, however, were not considered satisfactory, and they were ordered to stand aside.

At the Salem Church, Martha Cory, on her examination, with nine others before a throng, denied the presence of witchcraft. Rebecca Nurse, whom Bancroft represents as a woman of purest life, also denied the presence of witchcraft, and Sarah Good and half a dozen others. They would not be believed, and were strangled to death by three *immaculate hangmen*. The Roman Catholics of Louisiana used the power of the Pope over the members of their church, but the Hindoos would not believe them. The poor women of Salem denied the presence of witchcraft, and the Ultimus, Barkers, Brackets, &c., of those days would not believe them. The only difference between the council of Barker and the council of Cotton Mather and Parris is in the fact that the former suspended the Roman Catholics; and the latter suspended the poor women by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead.

"FREE SPEECH"—AN INCIDENT—A friend relates the particulars of an affair that happened a few days ago in St. Louis, and the story is worth repeating:

An itinerant street preacher was holding forth one day in the vicinity of the Court House, and as it is usual with the genus, was inveighing in strong language against foreigners. A policeman in the vicinity suffered to speaker to go ahead until a crowd had collected around him, and some symptoms of disturbance were manifested, when he interposed with:

"Look here, old fellow, that can't be permitted here. You must come down from there."

The officer laid hands on the speaker, and was about to dismount him from the box on which he stood—a demonstration that produced a sensation in the auditors, and they cried out as they felt—some "shame! shame! free speech!" and others—"down with him! [illegible] him up!" At this moment a representative of Virginia chivalry, in passing, saw the mob, and rushed up, inquiring—

"Is that some d—— abolitionist? Down with him! Tar and feather the scoundrel!"

"Oh no," said a friend, "its only a friend preaching agin the Catholics and foreigners!"

"Is that all?" said our Virginian, "then let him go ahead, I'm for free speech."

HARD TIMES IN CINCINNATI.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* says that there are more stores and houses for rent in that city at present than at any previous period for the last ten years. A large number of citizens have been compelled to go to the country and elsewhere in consequence of the hard times.