

The Louisiana Democrat.

EDWARD A. BOSSAT

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of \$1.50 PER SQUARE for the first insertion and 75 CENTS for each subsequent one. Eight lines or less, constitute a square. The following are our rates to yearly Advertisers:
One Column..... \$200 00
Half Column..... 175 00
Third of Column..... 130 00
Fourth of Column..... 100 00
Cards, (occupying space of eight lines, or less.)..... 20 00
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[Jan 20-6m E

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MOST ECONOMICAL!
LEAST COMPLICATED!
MOST EASILY MANAGED!**

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See 15-6m 1/2

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Our Poet's Corner—Selected

I KNOW.

BY NELLY MARSHALL.

I know I err in loving thee,
And yet I love thee still;
And e'er must give my heart to thee
Thro' all life's good and ill.
I know that thou art bound by ties
Which Death alone can sever—
And, tho' I feel that thou art lost,
I'll love thee on forever!

I know that other eyes are raised
To droop beneath thine own;
And other ears are tuned to catch
Thy every changing tone.
I know another heart than mine
Is throbbing wild and warm,
That e'en thy lightest touch or smile
Can thrill with magic charm!

I know there is no radiant bliss
In Heaven, or on Earth,
But thy sweet smile and sweeter kiss
Would brighter could give birth!
I know the sad and soulless tomb
Would be as Heaven to me,
Could its drear silence but be passed,
Beloved, in loving thee!

In vain! in vain this wealth of love
My fond heart holds for thee!
A form less fair, an eye less bright
Divides thy love from me!
And never may I hope to win
A smile or tender word,
Or feel the hair about my brow
By gentle whippers stir'd!

And yet there is a wild, sweet joy,
In all this hopeless pain;
For well I know that I, beloved,
By thee am loved again!
In every thy, bounding vein
I feel thy pure, bright flame,
And when the angels whisper "Love,"
I echo back thy name!

Let other eyes look into thine;
Let other lips go smiling on;
My eyes will flash, my lips will glow
When thine are past and gone.
Let other hearts thro' wild and warm,
And thro' alone for thee,
While I thus clasp this glorious charm—
Thy heart belongs to me!

O, most beloved, there is a bliss
Which Heaven can ne'er impart
In yielding thus to thy control
Each impulse of my heart!
And e'en tho' countless ages roll—
Thou' suns forget to shine—
Thou' space, tho' years, thine joy, and tears,
I'll know thy heart is mine!

And with this knowledge is a joy
So deep, 'tis kin to pain—
It guides my life, and in my soul
It claims a rich reward.
Which still will claim its echoes here
Within my happy heart—
Thou' every beam and radiant dream
And pleasant song depart!

[Mobile Register.]

THE FROZEN HEART.

A FRONTIER SKETCH.

In the western part of the State of Iowa, there is a ridge of sharp bluffs, which for some distance flanks the Missouri River. It was here the Indians met in treaty several years ago, and from the fact a city has taken its name—Council Bluffs.

Among the early settlers of this section of the country, there was a family by the name of Denver, consisting of father and mother, one son and two daughters, the eldest of some sixteen years of age. She was a lovely young creature—lovely in her innocent goodness, and she was beloved by a young man named Edwin Hobart.

Hobart had formed this attachment for the young creature while she resided in the East, and when her father removed to the West, the young man followed. But he had never been an especial favorite of the father, and now he appeared to be less so than ever.

Mary Denver had formerly received the addresses of the young man with some degree of favor, but she saw the dislike her father entertained toward the young man, and although she could not give any reason for it, she felt that it could not be without foundation. So she frankly informed Hobart that he must cease to address her, until her father should feel differently in the matter.

To this Hobart replied:
"Mary, I have loved you long and tenderly—even from my earliest recollection. I have left my home to follow you. I have carefully examined every act of my life, and I cannot find an intentional dishonest one. I believe your father's dislike to myself to be entirely without foundation. But you know your own feeling. If you will love me and consent to be mine, your father will soon learn that he has hated without cause. If you reject me, you will send me upon the world with a frozen heart; and God only knows what would become of me."

"This sounds something like a threat," returned the girl, proudly, and she turned away.

Two nights after this conversation, the alarm of Indians was given. Mothers sprang from their couches and clasped their little ones to their bosoms in terror. Strong men seized their weapons, and prepared to defend their homes to the last.

One dwelling was already in flames. A few shots had been heard, a shriek had arisen upon the still night air, and all was still save the crackling fire. No other house was molested, and the savages appeared to have withdrawn. In a short time the daylight dawned, and the neighbors began to assemble around the destroyed home, which

proved to be that belonging to Mr. Denver and his family.

A search for the inmates was at once instituted. The mother was found horribly mutilated and scalped. The son had died, nobly fighting, as his wounds attested, and the youngest daughter was mangled in an equally horrible manner.

A still further search resulted in the discovery of Mr. Denver. He had been scalped, but was still alive, and had crawled into a ditch for concealment. But he was insensible.

All search for Mary was vain—she was no where to be found.

Among those present was a young man who appeared to be deeply affected by this terrible deed, and he even wept. But drying his tears, he exclaimed:

"I must leave tears for women. Men must think of revenge. Where is Edwin Hobart?"

"He does not appear to be here."
"Not here! He must be found at once. He is a young man like myself, and must become one of the leaders in this matter. It shall be followed up to the bitter end."

Hobart was nowhere to be found; and Charles Barry, the weeping man, appeared somewhat uneasy. Then he hinted his suspicions; and at last declared openly that if Hobart did not soon return, he should believe that the deed was committed under his direction, by savages whom he had employed. Allusion was then made to the rejection of Hobart by Mary, and he was understood to have made a terrible threat at the time.

Mr. Denver was now able to speak a few words. He told them that savages had done the work; but that he believed them to be headed by a white man in disguise.

"Could that white man have been Edwin Hobart?" asked Barry.

Mr. Denver remained silent for a time. It appeared to be a difficult question to answer. But he finally said:

"If Hobart had any motive for doing this, and I could believe him capable of committing so terrible a deed, I might fix the guilt upon him; for certain it is that the white man was about the size of Hobart, and his movements were much the same."

"He is the guilty one!" said Barry; "and by Heavens, he shall suffer! I'll hunt him to the very ends of the earth, but I will bring him back."

The day passed, and the excitement increased in the little settlement. Hobart was still absent. Scouts had been sent out, however, in search of him, and just as night was coming on, he was brought back.

By this time the excitement had reached such a pitch that the infuriated people could scarcely be restrained from rushing upon him and tearing him to pieces. But Barry assumed the command and declared that everything must be done in order.

The trial was a brief one. Hobart could explain his absence no further than to declare that he had merely been away on a hunt. This was unsatisfactory.

Just before the decision was given, an Indian came forward and offered to give in his testimony: He was permitted to do so; and he declared that Hobart had tried to hire him some days before, to engage in that work; but that he had declined.

This was enough. The Indian was a drunken, worthless fellow; but his words were believed—more especially as the accused had been recently seen in earnest conversation with him. Hobart was condemned to be hanged at midnight.

Two hours were to elapse before the execution was to take place. During this time preparation for it must be made.

Barry had resolved that it should be a grand affair. An example must be made of Hobart for the benefit of all such as should be inclined to do wrong in the future.

The preparations were complete at half-past eleven. A gallows had been erected upon an open field. Around this, on every side, was heaped up quantities of brushwood, forming a circle. These were to be lighted, and the prisoner then marched to his doom.

There was no place where Hobart could be imprisoned with safety, and so he was firmly bound with ropes and placed prostrate upon the ground. In addition to this, heavy chains were placed upon him, and forked limbs cut from trees, the prongs sharpened, and driven down into the earth over his limbs. In this most painful position the poor accused was kept for two hours, unable to move, his face and form flat upon the frosty earth.

The citizens surrounded him, heaping their curses upon him, while some could not even refrain from inflicting blows upon him even though they felt sure that he would soon pay the penalty of his crimes with his life.

Everything in readiness, Hobart was taken to the fatal spot. The chains

clanked tearfully at every step and he staggered under their weight, but his bearing was that of a man resolved to suffer bravely, although in silence.

The fatal noose was placed around his neck, and then the fires were lighted. The flames shot up, showing their red glare all around. And that scene was a sickly one.

The doomed man stood erect. His eyes shone like stars and he gazed upon the burning masses near him and the crowd of angry citizens. His face was very pale, and wore a deathly hue in the light of the blazing log; but there were no marks of fear upon it.

"Have you anything to say before you die?" asked Barry.

"Only this," replied the doomed man, firmly. "If you ever see Mary alive, tell her I loved her to the last, and that I am innocent of this crime."

"Up with the wretch!" cried Barry. "Stay! Let the white man live!" exclaimed a commanding voice, and a huge Indian chief leaped within the circle.

"What wants the Chief?" asked Barry, evincing some fear.

"To speak with your people for a moment."

Then, turning to them, he continued:

"You are children. The guilty die not like that man. You should know this."

"Is he not guilty?" asked a hundred voices.

"No."
"Who is the guilty man?"

"Listen, for the chief speaks truly. A dog of a pale pace came to my warriors. He gave them fire water and made them mad. Then he bribed them to that deed of blood, and led them on. He told them that they should kill all in that wigwam but the pale maiden. She had refused to become his squaw; but he would take her to the mountains and make her his slave."

"Where is the pale maiden?" cried several voices.

"I have brought her back. I cannot give you back your murdered ones, but I will give you the dead bodies of those who murdered them, for I have slain the breakers of our treaty?"

Mary now entered the circle, and was received with the warmest greetings. But the men asked:

"Have you killed the white man with the other murderers?"

"There is the white-faced dog."
The Chief pointed to Barry, who attempted to escape, but he was secured, and in ten minutes was hanging in the place he had prepared for Hobart.

The blow was a severe one for all. Poor Hobart suffered an age of agony in the few short hours of that night, and he could not readily recover from the shock. His heart had been frozen; but Mary as his wife warned it into life again.

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.—Heavens! what a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips! What a change! Tell me, ye who are deep-seated in nature and in God, to what new world are we borne? What new being do we receive? Whither that spark, that unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled? Look upon the cold, livid ghastly corpse that lies before you. That was but a shell, a gross earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it—left it, to range, perhaps, through the illimitable space; to receive new capacities of delight; new powers of perception; new glories of beauty! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery, resolves all doubt, which removes contradiction and destroys error. Great God! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul! The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions, the pure existence of ethereal beings—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged; the immediate unity of the past, the present and the future; strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of unimpeachable beauty may then suddenly disclose themselves bursting upon the delighted sense, and bathing them in measureless bliss! The mind is lost in the excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the departure of the wicked! Human fancy shrinks back appalled, while hope and charity whisper to the bleeding heart that there, where all mercy is, there too will be forgiveness.

Nearly everybody was vaccinated in Paris last month—the ladies, of course, included. Many of them, however, disliked to disfigure their arms, and for this reason it became quite fashionable to be vaccinated in the leg.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR.—Life, at best, is of short duration; and all the