

The Louisiana Democrat.

E. A. BLOSSAT

THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH.

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The Democrat.

TERMS:
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May 10, 1871-2f.

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Our Poet's Corner—Selected

THE DYING MOTHER.
BY IRENE.
My limbs are growing stiff and cold,
And shorter grows my breath;
A chill comes stealing o'er me now
Oh tell me, is this death?
An answer comes from Heaven above,
The angels beckon "come."
It seems so hard to leave you all,
To say "Thy will be done."

But there I'll see my father's face,
And with him ever dwell;
I soon shall reach that happy place,
And Heavenly angels swell.
Here, husband, take me by the hand,
I cannot see you now;
The chill comes closer to my heart,
It seems to freeze my brow.
Oh, do not grieve when I am gone,
But wait and soul prepare.
To meet me when God calls you hence;
There'll be no parting there.
Now, bring me here my hair, "Grace,"
And let me fondly press
Upon her lips the last cold kiss,
And give the last caress.

I hope that God a faithful watch,
Will o'er my darling keep;
'Tis hard to say "good-bye" to her,
She made my life so sweet.
I'm cold—so cold—now all is dark,
The angel, death, is nigh;
Farewell, my friends, meet me in Heaven,
To all a last good-bye.

Remarkable Disease.

A CASE OF NORTIFICATION IN AN APPARENTLY HEALTHY MAN.
In order to fully appreciate the horrible and utterly incomprehensible sufferings of the case which we are about to describe, it is necessary to premise some of the circumstances of the victim's life, as related in a recent German paper. Ezekiel Feldman was a young Saxon, who had determined to apply himself to the study of theology almost as soon as he began to comprehend that every man has some work to do in this world. It was not without finding great obstacles to overcome, nor without many trials and hardships, that he succeeded in gratifying his worthy ambition. Of poor parentage, and of impracticable habits himself, as is frequent among those given up to abstractions and pious thoughts from early boyhood, it was with great difficulty that he succeeded in taking the regular course at the university, through which alone he could attain the ministry in his country. He was not what you would call a brilliant young man, but he endeavored to make up in application and industry what he lacked in talent. So he plodded along until he had received his degrees.

As yet but half the work, and perhaps the least difficult portion of it, had been done. By means of the strictest economy, by avoiding all the associations of the students' corps which would lead him to the knieps, and by developing a commendable ingenuity in the way of providing physical sustenance out of moral platitude, he passed his course. But now came the long and tedious search for a position that would yield him a living.—This was rendered all the more harassing as he found himself sufficiently mortal to fall in love with a girl of his native town, and he could only look forward to a consummation of the marriage and his earthly happiness when he should be provided with a pastorate.

At last his patience and industry were rewarded with prospective success. He wrote an enthusiastic letter to his betrothed—quite as enthusiastic as old Dr. Brown when he said fervently "Let us pray" after his first kiss—in which he pictured the natural beauties of the little rural parsonage which had been promised him. "Let us thank God, dear Marie," he wrote to her, "that He has given us so much grace; and I hope before the quarter of another year shall have passed to lead you into the pastor's house at Hofleben as the pastor's wife, there to enjoy, God willing, a long, happy and easy life."

For once in his life Feldman was not destined to be disappointed. He received the position which he hoped for—a pastorate under the patronage of a country nobleman—and within eight days after his appointment he led his new wife into the new home. Both found the simple country life well suited to their tastes. Their circle of society was small but very select—consisting of the old baron, a retired colonel, the young baron and his wife and the schoolmaster. This company used to come together very frequently, amusing themselves with a game of whist or "skat," sometimes devoting themselves to musical entertainment and at others discussing the latest events in the literary world. Pastor Feldman was also an enthusiastic naturalist, in which he was the more encouraged as the young baron was likewise devoted to science, and both spent many pleasant hours among the plants and animals of the charming grounds and woods. These things are mentioned to make it duly appear how ter-

rible was the trial which still awaited this good man, and just after it seemed as though he had been comfortably settled for life.
It was one summer evening, after the intense heat of the sun had been somewhat modified, that Pastor Feldman made his way to the baron's house. But the holy man's eye was not quiet and friendly as usual, and a singular anxiety spread over his face. He met the old colonel on the steps, and his anxiety only increased as he noticed the latter turned away from him, quickly drawing his snuff-box from his pocket, and taking an enormous pinch into his nose. The pastor sighed and made his way into the drawing-room where he found the baron and his wife. He had scarcely spoken the words of customary salutation, however, before the baroness hastily withdrew toward the door, and the baron himself could not conceal a certain embarrassment.
"Your surprise and your disgust do not astonish me," said the poor pastor, sadly; "you notice it, too, don't you? There is the unmistakable and dreadful death-odor about me?"
"It is, indeed, a very remarkable smell," said the baron.
"I can explain it in no other way," replied the pastor, with sorrowful earnestness, "than by assuming that mortification has already set in. I had the first intimation of it to-day during a baptism which I was giving. My wife remarked it as soon as I came home, but I thought that a thorough washing would remedy the whole matter. But the action of the colonel, whom I just met, and your own, left me in no doubt that it is something deeper than all this. If my assumption be correct, I have but a few days to live."
The baron and his wife tried to console the poor man, but in vain.
"I am lost," he said, with a melancholy attempt at a smile. "God's will be done. All I ask is, that he will give me time to put my family matters in order, and then I will willingly die."
The pastor went home and threw himself upon the bed. The baron sent the stable boy to the nearest town to bring the doctor. The latter found his patient in a great sweat, with a steaming pot of herb tea by his side.
"Save him, doctor, for God's sake, save him," cried the young wife, as she burst into tears.
The doctor examined, inquired, felt, smelled, drummed, and listened at the patient's side, but then shook his head. He found it impossible to locate or account for the ominous odor.
"It is a very strange thing," said the medical man. "Continue drinking the herb tea, and take a purgative, for which I will give you a prescription.—In the morning, take a cold bath. Further than this, I cannot advise you for the present. In fact, I will acknowledge that, in all my extensive practice, no disease of this nature has ever been presented to me."
The poor pastor drained whole rivers of herb tea, gulped down the medicine which the doctor had prescribed, and, next morning, after a sound and refreshing night's sleep, he felt as well as usual. But in the afternoon, just as he was going to church to unite a young couple in marriage, the dreadful odor made itself painfully apparent again. The pastor went through the marriage service with a trembling voice, while the bridal pair and their friends looked anxiously about them to find the source of a smell which was simply unaccountable to them. At last the undivided attention of the company was directed upon the pastor. There could be no doubt about it—the horrible smell came from him.
The bridal pair and their followers withdrew from church as soon as possible, and the poor preacher crawled home and sent for the doctor again.—The latter came and found his patient in his dressing gown, stretched upon a sofa, but this time there were no evidences of the singular odor.
"I tell you something is wrong, Ezekiel," said his good wife; "you must go to Dr. Oppolyer in Leipsic—I shall die of fear if you do not."
"It's no use, Marie," was the poor husband's answer. "It is the warning of the deadly poison—mortification itself—and no physician can avail now. I hear the call from above, and am ready to yield to the supreme will.—You must be consoled, Marie; the Lord will not desert you. You will not suffer want, for, since I have had this good place, I have had my life insured for \$6,000, besides which you will receive the regular widow's pension. I had hoped, indeed, to spend many happy years with you yet, but man proposes and God disposes."
Then a few days passed without any apparent change, the dreadful odor manifesting itself from time to time. Yet the pastor ate, drank and slept like a healthy man. When at home and free the odor, he would gain new hope.
One day, a servant came from the baron's house, and said that the colo-

nel had sent him to invite the pastor to a game of "skat."
"I can't go, my dear Frederick," said the pastor. "I cannot make any visits in my present condition. You must tell the colonel so."
"I can't take any excuse, sir, said the servant; "colonel says that he will come for you himself if you do not go without. As far as the smell is concerned, don't give yourself any uneasiness. Large pinches of snuff and pipes of very strong tobacco have been provided, which will counteract every other smell. So you will be expected at 3 o'clock."

The good pastor had felt that the colonel had given him this invitation in order to afford him some distraction, and that it would be rude on his part to reject. He went, but he noticed in ascending the mansion steps that the odor had come back, and it was so much stronger now that there was no doubt as to the death smell. The baroness went away as soon as the odor manifested itself, and the colonel ordered the card-table to be brought to the open window, and the pipes to be lighted. The poor pastor played in very despair, for, in spite of the thick clouds of smoke, the dreadful smell rose into the nose of the poor players from time to time, as if it were a warning of the mortification of all flesh. The pastor happened to be very lucky in the game, and this caused his spirits to rise somewhat. He had just received a hand full of face cards, and was sure to win the game, when a servant made his appearance and asked the attention of the young baron for a moment.

"Well, what is it?" asked the baron, as he laid down his cards.
"The mole catcher has just come, and I wanted to ask if he should begin at once on the lower meadows, as the vermin have done more damage there than anywhere else?"
"Certainly. Let him set his trap there first, for the moles have nearly eaten us up there. Give him a groshen for every one he catches."
The servant left the room and the baron turned to the table to take up his cards. Here he found a most astonishing sight. The pastor sat there with open mouth and staring eyes, the five face cards spread out on the table before him, the fingers of his right hand stretched out like a falcon's claws, and unable to speak a single word.
"My God, pastor!" cried the colonel. "What in the devil is the matter with you?"
This scelerious mixture frightened the pastor out of his apparent trance.
"Moles!" he cried, "moles! What an immense sheep I have been." And then the good man began to dance around the card table like a maniac.
"But, great heaven, tell us what the matter is!" cried the colonel again, as he jumped up from his seat.
"He is crazy!" exclaimed the schoolmaster, as he placed his chair between himself and the dancing pastor.
"Moles!" cried the pastor again, as he stood almost breathless in front of the baron. Then, reaching his hand into the back pocket of his coat, he brought forth—in a manner that is simply indescribable—a dead mole. Then he dropped it as if it had been a hot coal, out of the window into the garden below.

The problem was solved. During a walk a couple of Sundays before, he had picked up a dead mole and placed it in his pocket, with the purpose of adding it to a collection of objects of nature, but had entirely forgotten it. Of course, this was the source of this horrible and inexplicable odor—mortification indeed—which had given everybody so much concern, and the pastor now remembered that it had only been perceptible on those occasions when he had put on his best coat, though he had not thought of it before.
He hurried back to his good wife, threw his arms about her neck, and burst into tears of joy, as he exclaimed: "God be thanked and praised forever, my dear Marie; I didn't 'smell at all, it was a mole."
Since that time, Pastor Feldman, less absent-minded than before, has lived a happy life with his wife and family, and there has been no serious "mortification" in his whole household.

MISCHIFF-MAKERS—How calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is, of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself; and contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, discension; having the thoughts distracted with sollicitous care, anxious suspicion and envious regret.

A bill is before the South Carolina legislature prohibiting the creation of any State debt in the future, unless approved by two-thirds of the people on a popular vote.