



BY M. G. DAVIS:

"THE 'SUN' SHINES FOR ALL."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Tides.—BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The moon is at her full, and, riding high,  
Floods the calm fields with light,  
The air that hovers in the summer sky  
Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodlands  
round  
That murmured all the day;  
Beneath the shadow of their boughs, the ground  
Is not more still than they.

But ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;  
His rising tides I hear,  
Afar I see the glimmering billows leap;  
I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing towards the  
fair  
Pure light that sits on high—  
Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks to where  
The mother waters lie.

Upward again it swells; the moonbeams show,  
Again, its glimmering crest;  
Again it feels the fatal weight below,  
And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again; until the Deep  
Recalls his brood of waves;  
And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep  
Back to his inner caves.

Brief respite! they shall rush from that recess  
With noise and tumult soon,  
And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,  
Up toward the placid moon.

Oh, restless Sea, that in thy prison here  
Dost struggle and complain!  
Through the slow centuries yearning to be near  
To that fair orb in vain.

The glorious source of light and heat must warm  
Thy bosom with his glow,  
And on those mounting waves a nobler form  
And freer life bestow.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine  
In which they welter here,  
And rise above the hills of earth, and shine  
In a serene sphere.

The Glorious Uncertainty of the Law.

In a certain town in Normandy, the authorities, ("for divers good reasons them thereunto moving") thought proper to issue a proclamation to the effect, that none of the worthy inhabitants, under a severe penalty, should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern. Well, it chanced that on the very same evening, a man was seized and taken incontinently before the dispenser of justice, to be summarily dealt with, according to the new law.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said the chief officer, recognizing the individual, "that a citizen of your respectability and station, should be the first to infringe the new regulation."

"I would not willingly do so," said the man coolly.

"Have you not read it?"

"Certainly," replied the captured party—"but I may have unfortunately misunderstood it. Will Monsieur oblige me by reading it, that I may learn of what I am guilty?"

The officer graciously complied, and after glibly running over the verbose preamble, came to the point—"That no inhabitant should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern," which he certainly delivered with peculiar emphasis, to the administration of the man who had taken the man into custody, and was twiddling his fingers impatiently to receive his moiety of the fine.

"I have a lantern, Monsieur," firmly contended the man, holding it up to view.

"Yes—but there is no candle in it," replied the officer, with a smile.

"The proclamation does not mention a candle, I believe, Monsieur," replied the cunning fellow, most respectfully.

"A candle—but of course——" began the informer, trembling lest he should lose the fish he had hooked.

"It does not mention a candle; and I contend, Monsieur, I have not infringed the law," persisted the quibbler. "The words are 'without a lantern,' and here it is!"

"Hem!" cried the officer, endeavoring to conceal the confusion occasioned by his defeat, by poring over the copy of the proclamation. "I must—yes, I must confess that there is an omission, and I am too happy to give you the benefit thereof. The case is dismissed."

The informer was not only completely defeated, but rather alarmed, when the prisoner called to his mind a certain act which rendered him, the aforesaid informer, liable to heavy damages, for false imprisonment, etc.; and the poor devil was fain to avert the infliction of an action of law, by disbursing a certain sum in hard cash to the accused.

But, lo! on the next evening he again encountered his "dear" acquaintance, and to his infinite delight, he beheld the same unilluminated lantern in his hand; for an amended proclamation had been issued that morning, with the words—"That no inhabitant should stir abroad after sunset, without a lantern, and a candle therein."

The informer chuckled at the ignorance of the man who had coolly victimized him on the preceding night, and with a heart beating with the desire of revenge, and the certain prospect of the restitution of the mulet which he had suffered—he with a sneering politeness,

requested the honor of his company to the justice room.

"Really, it is impossible to resist the amiable importunities of a gentleman who pays such delicate compliments, and such good coin!" replied the man—and away he walked, chatting good humoredly, and joking with his delighted captor.

"What, again?" cried the officer.

"I hope Monsieur will do me the honor to remember that my former appearance here was not only against my inclination, but against the law," said the prisoner. "Really, the proceedings are very vexatious, and——"

"Have you read the proclamation?" interrupted the officer.

"Monsieur did me the honor to read it only last night, and——"

"Will you read it?"

"I will read it," replied the man, and he read it. "I have read it, and I find it perfectly correct," said the man, and he read it. "I have read it, and I find it perfectly correct," said the man, and he read it.

The amended proclamation was read. The accused stood placidly, smiling at the rigmarole verbiage—when the officer deliberately dealt out the concluding words, "That no inhabitant should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern and candle," he started.

"How very—very fortunate!" cried the delinquent; and quickly opening his lantern continued—"Lo! here is a candle! How fortunate!"

"But it is not lighted!" exclaimed the informer, with uncontrollable agitation. "It is not lighted, nor has it been, as the wick itself proves."

"Lantern and candle! a lantern and a candle," repeated the man. "I appeal to the proclamation—I appeal to the justice of Monsieur—there are no such words as lighted candle in any part of that respected document!"

"This was a clencher! The parties were completely outwitted; while to abate the fever of the informer's extraordinary excitement, the man charitably repeated the "bleeding," which he had so effectually performed on the former occasion. Of course, the lawyers lost no time in amending the amended proclamation, and inserted "lighted" before the word "candle."

A Liar Caught in His own Net.

"You come late, my friend!"

These words conveying something of tender reproach, were uttered by a young and beautiful woman, seated in an elegant saloon in one of the streets of Paris. He to whom this flattering reproach was addressed, just then entering the room, was a young man of genteel appearance, elegantly dressed, and judging from his manner profoundly impressed with a high sense of his own importance.

"True," replied the gentleman, with an air of careless freedom, "I regret, indeed; but an affair of importance—I have been detained by my friend Tussac."

In spite of their rights and prerogatives, though clearly established, Parisian husbands, and without doubt husbands everywhere else, are obliged, alike for the security of peace and liberty, to have recourse to some mysterious allies. Every one who desires to enjoy pleasant times away from home, invents some trick according to the weight of his chain, that is, according to the character of his wife. In this way no mean efforts of genius are often displayed in the shades of private life.

The greater part of these happy husbands who from time to time look back on their pleasant days of single blessedness, emancipate themselves by the aid of some imaginary affair which is made to occupy their time; or a phantom is conjured up which complacently charges itself with all the little sins of its creator. There are also clubs and circles which are excellent places of resort for husbands whose conjugal felicity stands in the domestic market below par. When a husband comes home late, he comes from the circle; when he does not dine at home, he has been at the club; when his finances are impaired, he has lost his money at the circle; and excellent reasons are never wanting to attach the husband to some establishment which his better half desires him to abandon. But whatever the resources of the club or circle, they do not always render a resort to imaginary affairs unnecessary, nor do away with the necessity of a phantom which may be invoked on all important occasions.

Tussac is one of these accommodating, discreet friends, who takes up all your time; causes all failures in your appointments; appoints your rendezvous, and borrows the money which you pay to conceal your culpable extravagance—an imaginary being created to help one out of momentary and pressing difficulties.

These preliminaries stated, we proceed with our story.

The young man whom we have introduced, was not the husband of the charming woman who said so graciously, "You come late, my friend!" Mme. de Sareuil was a widow, and Leopold Derneville her husband in prospect. Their marriage would already taken place, but for the testament of M. de Sareuil, who in his wrath at quitting the world while there was anything to be enjoyed, inserted the following clause in his last will and testament:

"I give to my beloved wife all my property, moveable and immovable, on condition that for five years she lays aside her mourning, abjures all parties of pleasure, and remains unmarried. After this she may remount the go to balls, and take a second husband, if it seems good in her own mind."

This was a terrible sacrifice, but the fifty thousand pounds left her on such conditions were not to be lost by non-compliance therewith. Mme. de Sareuil armed herself with patience, and Leopold, who had been her lover previous to her first marriage, having pressed his claim on the ground of his ancient passion, was received in quality of pretender to the hand of the beautiful and rich widow. All other rivals were distanced, and he alone remained master of the field. He had only to wait the completion of the time fixed by the defunct husband. He was young, vain, and felt it difficult to accommodate himself to a sentimental *let-a-lete* prolonged through five consecutive years. The house of Mme. de Sareuil was always open to him from morning till night. Great assiduity was expected of him, and the manner in which he employed his time was often inquired into. His cares were numerous, and his position not unlike that of a real husband—at least he was subjected to most, if not all its embarrassments. Wishing to place to good account the last days of his celibacy, and on the other hand desiring to retain his credit unimpaired with the widow, his career placed him at length in a position somewhat ambiguous. He became enveloped in profound dissimulation, and in order to extricate himself from accumulating difficulties, invented his friend Tussac.

On the occasion referred to at the commencement, instead of going at six o'clock to the house of Mme. de Sareuil, who expected him to dine with her, he did not make his appearance till half past nine.

"Detained by your friend Tussac," said the beautiful widow with an air of discontent; "this is what you always say to me!"

"You must know I have been connected with Tussac ever since our college days, and that his friendship is very useful to me."

"I know all your friends but this Tussac. Why have you not presented him to me?"

"Tussac is an original," replied Leopold, "a bean who fears to show him self. He will not endure any restraint. He dresses very negligently, says everything that comes into his head, and smokes continually. Three faults which render him unfit for the society of ladies. I have attempted to improve him in these particulars, but my efforts have been in vain."

"I am very curious to see him," observed the widow.

"Perhaps in our walk some day we shall meet him," replied Leopold; "then we shall take him by surprise."

The next day Mme. de Sareuil said to Leopold—

"Explain to me, my friend, the disorder that reigns in your affairs?"

"How?"

"In conversing this morning with my notary, who is yours also, I learned by chance, and without desiring it, some very curious particulars. You are embarrassed for the want of fifteen thousand francs."

"It is true; that sum is necessary to me—indispensable."

"And will it be indiscreet to ask you for what use?"

"Oh! not in the least; and besides you know I have nothing to conceal from you. Mr. friend Tussac made a bad speculation at the exchange and desired that amount of me."

"Tussac again! And to render your friend a service you strip yourself of fortune! Have you sold your farm in Normandy?"

"True friendship shrinks at no sacrifice," replied Leopold.

"But are you sure your confidence is well placed?" replied Mme. de Sareuil. "Even now Tussac has very much deranged your affairs. If he should ruin you, it would be a singular abuse of the rights of that friendship which you so generously practise."

"I know the delicate and scrupulous probity of Tussac—I shall lose nothing by him."

Some days after this conversation, Mme. de Sareuil received Leopold very coldly.

"Whence this sombre and severe air?" inquired the lover, on entering the saloon.

"Do you doubt me?"

"Not in the least."

"Will you tell me how and where you employed yourself last evening?" asked the widow.

"Last evening! but—yes—nothing more readily. I was at the show."

"At the Gynasæum, in a front seat, on the ground floor, the first on the left! You had a lady with you. You see I am well informed, sir. Who was that woman?"

"I was along with no lady," replied Leopold. "On the back seat of the box was my friend Tussac, and in front of him at my side sat his sister."

"Ah! has M. Tussac a sister?"

"He has two."

"You have never spoken to me of them."

"They are married in the province; I scarcely know them; they very rarely come to Paris."

"Hold, Leopold!" said the widow, "will you do one thing that will make me infinitely happy?"

"You have only to demand it."

"Well, break off at once this intimate liaison with Tussac and his family."

"That will be very difficult," replied Leopold. "I am just on the point of associating him with myself in a great industrial enterprise—an exploration of certain mines, the privilege to do which has been granted us by the minister, who is full of good will towards Tussac, his cousin; for Tussac is cousin to the minister; and that minister, through my friend Tussac, has already been very serviceable to my family."

A slight shade of jealousy, which had obscured the countenance of the beautiful widow, disappeared before the justification of Leopold, who never in vain invoked to his aid his friend Tussac. But suddenly the carelessness of the young dandy exposed his reputation for fidelity to peril much more grave. He was seated at the side of Mme. de Sareuil, entertaining her familiarly with his approaching happiness.

"Only four months," said he, "and we shall be united!"

"Yes," replied the widow, "in four months the interdiction will be raised."

"You will quit your weeds," continued Leopold, "which long since left your heart; you will return to that world, of which for a long time you will be a brilliant ornament."

"Your gallantry is charming to day!" said the widow. "Have you retained the box at the opera which I spoke of yesterday?"

"Yes; here are the tickets."

Leopold opened his wallet to exhibit the tickets, but did not observe the fall from it of a small perfumed billet. Mme. de Sareuil took it up, opened and read.

"To-morrow noon I shall be alone, and I desire to pass the whole day with him whom I love more than all else in the world. EMILE."

The indignant widow presented the open billet to Leopold. "Hold, Monsieur," said she, in a voice altered by emotion, "replace the paper in your wallet."

"Hortense!" cried Leopold, "you are very prompt to accuse me."

"In effect," said the widow, "this letter is very innocent!"

"I said not that," replied Leopold. "It is neither a letter from a lady, neither a love letter, nor a letter of assignation!" continued the widow, sarcastically.

"All this proves but one thing," said Leopold, "and that is, that I have lost a breakfast at the *Rocher de Cancale*."

"What signifies this pleasantry?" said the widow. "Unfortunately for me nothing could be more serious."

In uttering these words Leopold reopened his wallet with a meaning slowness, in order, apparently, to gain time for reflection. Among a dozen letters he took adroitly an envelope which he presented to Mme. de Sareuil with an air of triumph.

"Here is my justification," he exclaimed.

"That envelope?" enquiringly said the widow.

"Addressed to me. The billet was within."

"Explain."

"Look at the hand writing of the billet," said Leopold; "a woman's hand, fine and irregular; look at the hand writing of the envelope—a man's hand, large and firm! Is it clear?"

"Not enough for me," replied the widow.

"How! Do you not see a difference in the hand writings of the two?"

"Very great," replied Mme. de Sareuil, "but I see not in any way that goes to your justification."

"Nothing can be more easily demon-

strated," replied Leopold, "the billet was written by Mademoiselle Emile, and the envelope by my friend Tussac; Mlle Emile is a flame of Tussac; I would not believe in his success, and I bet with him that he could not triumph. In order to prove to me that I have lost and now owe him a breakfast, he sent me the billet under this envelope. Comprehend you now?"

"Perhaps," replied the widow.

As Mme. de Sareuil saw approach the epoch of her liberty, she manifested towards Leopold an air of defiance and coldness which took from day to day a more determined character.

"Does she begin to suspect that my friend Tussac is but a climber, a phanton?" said Leopold, soliloquizing.

But suddenly the veil was torn away. One day—eight days after the expiration of the fatal delay—Leopold entered the house of Mme. de Sareuil agitated and pale.

"What do you wish?" demanded the widow in a tone of cool indifference.

"What I—— yesterday, I was here, but did not find you," replied Leopold.

"I was out."

"Alone?" enquired Leopold.

"No, I had a gallant."

"And you avow it?"

"Why not?" replied the widow. "You will know it, and I am not in the habit of lying."

"In the evening I returned; your door was shut against me. Were you not in?"

"I was," replied the widow.

"Alone?"

"No."

"With your gallant, I presume?"

"A young man, perhaps?" observed Leopold.

"Twenty-eight years of age, sir."

"May I know his name?"

"Why should I conceal it? It is a friend of yours," replied the widow.

"One of my friends? Which, if you please?"

"Can't you guess?"

"His name, madam; your pardon, I am unable to guess it."

"Well, it is your friend Tussac!" replied the widow.

Leopold remained dumb for an instant. He did not expect his phantom friend Tussac thus to return upon him, but his anger suddenly opened his mouth.

"No Madam," said he, "it was not Tussac."

"A hazardous assertion, that," replied Mme. de Sareuil. "But why was it not Tussac?"

"Why? Because Tussac does not and never did exist."

"You acknowledged the trick, then," said the widow, "and yet you dare to complain! But, sir, you will now learn the price of an odious lie, which has so long covered up your real character. The name of Tussac, which you took at hazard, to conceal your baseness, is really the name of the young man with whom I spent the day yesterday. Justly alarmed at an attachment which I thought real, and which appeared to be dragging you into innumerable difficulties, I became desirous of knowing something more than you seemed disposed to tell me about your friend Tussac. I made inquiry, and at length met a young man, elegant, amiable, spiritual and full of good qualities, who is not cousin to the minister, who has no sisters, and who has never seen you! It is about two months since the veritable Tussac was introduced to me; his merit made a lively impression on me, and when he declared his love and attachment, I gave him my hand."

"But it is rank treason, after five years of constancy," exclaimed Leopold.

"You should have known, Monsieur," replied Mme. de Sareuil, "that your friend Tussac would finish by playing you a trick!"

"Still, I will have my revenge!"

Leopold received from his friend Tussac *un coup de pec* in his right arm. Two days after he broke the seal of a letter announcing the marriage of Mme. de Sareuil.

STEAM—"Talk about your northern steamboats," said a Mississippi boatman, the other day, "you ain't had a biler burst for five years. Don't require no spunk to navigate them waters—any fool can do it. But it takes a man, stranger, to ride one of these ere alligator boat's head on to a sawyer, high pressure and the valve soldered down, six hundred passengers on board, and every soul endangered."

The steamship Fulton sailed from New York on the 21st for Southampton and Havre, with 120 passengers and \$666,593 in specie. The Glasgow also sailed the same day for Liverpool, with 150 passengers and \$159,988 in specie, making a total of 270 passengers and \$826,581.