CARROLLTON

# THE SUN:

"THE 'SUN' SHINES FOR ALL."

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

### A Vision of True Womanhood.

BY HELEN FRANCES MAY.

'Twas not a form of beauty's mold,
Which could the soul with rapture thrill,
As thought its presence here could hold,
Midst clouds of darkness, sunshine still.
Her brow was free from taint of sin,
Her hand in kindness stretched to all;
For, as her heart was pure within,
She dreamed not of another's fall!

Methought her face divinely shone;
A light from heaven gleamed in her eyes—
A living halo, not her own,
But brought to earth from paradise!
Methought the angels, bending low,
Mistook her for a child of light,
Sent, by their King, to lighten woe
Within a world of deepest night!

Her mission seemed a holy one!
She came to loose her brother's bands,
And bear to heaven the soul she'd won
By ministry of holy hands.
She raised aloft the drooping head,
And bound the broken spirit up;
She brought to life the living dead
By draining half their bitter cup!

Through fields of blood she wandered on
To where a soldier dying lay;
And, close beside, her own fair son,
Who, by his sword, was slain that day.
But, stooping not above her dead
To grieve her woman's soul away,
She raised the fainting foeman's head
And sought the tide of life to stay.

Fast, fast the warm life-blood gushed out,
The proud heart's pulse grew faint and weak;
And, as his soul passed gently out,
The dying soldier thus did speak:
"My mother! is it thy dear hand
That soothes my troubled heart to rest,
Or spirits from the viewless land
Who've come to bear me to the blest?

"I had a strange, wild dream this night;
I saw the gleam of battle spears;
And my own blood grew, to my sight,
A crimson flood; and life appears
As what hath been, but soon shall be
No more, till through the vault of heaven
The angel flies, the captive's free,
And death's strong links in twain are riven!

"I thought I laid me down to sleep,
The last, long sleep, in foreign lands;
And unknown eyes for me did weep,
While o'er my couch a stranger stands.
And then methought the features changed—
My mother bent above her child;
Her heart nor time nor wronges is ranged,
Though he was wayward, harsh and wild.

"Fold me within thy strong embrace,
O! my mother, changeless, pure!
For death's relentless hand shall trace
Words that make my passport sure.
Press your dear lips to my forehead,
Clasp my cold hands within your own;
For my soul, to-night, hath borrowed
Joy and hope from days long flown!

"Childhood's scenes are bright before me,
Youthful friends again I greet;
Native skies are bending o'er me,
With their look of love replete.
Take my praises, oh! my Savior,
That at length I rest at home;
Thou unheeding my behavior,
Whil'st me ne'er from hence to roam.

"I would sleep now; I am weary
With the labors of the day—
With the battle fierce and dreary;
Earthly visions fade away.
Give to me your nightly blessing;
Lay your soft hand on me now
With a tender, light caressing,
While before my God I bow."

She pressed her hand upon his brow,
And wiped the dews of death away;
She sees his soul is quivering now
Upon the shores of earthly day.
Her woman's heart forgot its dead;
He thought his mother's voice he heard,
As on her breast she laid his head
And breathed one sweet, endearing word!

She closed his sight'less eyes, at last,
And wrapped him in his warrior-dress,
And slight tears fell thick and fast—
She seemed his mother in distress!
She left him to his lonely sleep,
The living needed now her care.
He lies where none e'er come to weep,
But half her heart still lingers there!

She'd made the stranger youth a grave
Where winter snows shall never fall,
Nor stormy winds around it rave;
Here summer lives that comes to all!
The waves of ocean noiseless beat
Against the rifted rocks and shore;
The trees join hands in this retreat,
And silence dwells forevermore.

O, woman! let thy glory be
To give thy starving foeman bread;
Or, if a captive, set him free,
Or bind with cords of love instead!
Or, wandering o'er the burning sands,
If, parched with thirst, his needs be tell,
With eager haste and willing hands
Bring that which shall his fever quell.

Be thine the hand for haggard want
A board of plenty spreading wide;
Nor when the child of pride shall vaunt
His richer garb, the pom de ride,
To ease the body racked with pain,
To buoy the soul of sadness up,
And help the son of guilt attain
The realm where endless joys he'll sup.

And if thy brother, man, once err,
Then seek the right way to regain;
Receive once more the wanderer—
Remember not guilt's damning stain!
Show him repentant hearts receive,
From thee, what Heaven has ne'er denied
To fallen men who will believe
And trust the Christ that for them died.

And for thy sister need k plead
They who've long dwelt 'neath sins dark night?
Dost thou not know their hearts oft bleed
Again to feel no deathish blight
Is dark'ning o'er their once fair fame?
Stretch forth thy hand and bid them hope!
For they are human all the same,
Though not, like thee, with sin dare cope!

Or if thy soul hath never erred,
Then canst thou hold averted face;
But if thou'st failed in deed or word,
As thou dost hope God's pard'ning grace,
Show pity to the fallen one,
And though her deeds thou must deplore,
Though only wrong her hands have done,
Go bid her live and sin no more!

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**Old Love and New.**—BY EMILY M. MAY.

The saloon of the Ocean House at Newport was crowded. Beauty, wealth, and wit shone on every hand. It was the night of a grand ball, and every visitor of consequence on the island was present.

"What a beautiful creature Isabel Livingston is!" exclaimed Mr. Vernon.

"Beautiful!" replied the lady by whom he stood, tossing her head disdainfully, 'why, la,' and she raised her glass to her eye, "I think she's positively plain looking."

"Beautiful!" echoed her mamma, a fat, vulgar looking woman, the flaunting colors of whose dress betrayed her character at once. "why, now, I do say, Mr. Vernon, its astonishing—it is—how a gentleman of such tone as you should think that Miss Livingston beautiful. Look at her hair now, I'd be bound she done it up herself—and then her dress, why that dress," said she with a contemptuous curl of her lip, "could'nt have cost a dollar a yard. Do you think it could, *Araminta*, my dear?"

Mr. Vernon was decidedly the most fashionable man at Newport. With a fine person, a handsome countenance, courtly manners and the reputation of a very large [illegible] as the [illegible] villes, [illegible] converse [illegible] the atte[illegible] Belville [illegible] a distiller; [illegible] keeper, a greengrocer's shop; he had risen afterward into an obscure tavern-keeper, and from thence by slow gradations, he had become a wine merchant, a distiller, a usurer, and a millionaire. Latterly, his lady, discarding the shop, and affecting to despise tradesmen's wives, had set up for a woman of fashion, and nothing gave her, in her eyes, more importance than the attentions obviously paid by Mr. Vernon to her only child, Araminta Melvina Belville, a tall, lean, young lady of two-and-twenty, who affected the dress and manners of 'sweet sixteen." The devotion of Vernon to such a being did not surprise the few, who knew to what an extent his fortune was involved. Vernon's answer was cut short by the appearance of no less a personage than Mr. Belville.

"How are you, Vernon, fine girls here, eh?" said this gentleman, slapping the young man somewhat familiarly on the shoulder, "deuced handsome gal that, just come in, and has fell heiress to a cool hundred thousand. By Jove she's a lucky thing to get the hunk of money old Snarler made in the East India trade."

"Isabel Livingston heiress to Mr. Snarler!—you surprise me," said Vernon, "I thought he had sworn to cut off his sister's family with a shilling, for marrying Mr. Livingston."

"Aye, so he did—so he did, but he died at last—d'ye see?—without a will—and so Isabel Livingston the only daughter of his only sister, gets his fortune."

"It's singular—I never heard of this before, said Vernon, half musingly.

"Mamma, la! if I don't think Mr. Vernon has seen Miss Livingston before," whispered the daughter behind her fan; and then raising her voice and simpering and blushing as Vernon looked down on overhearing her, she continued, "Why, Mr. you have'n't been attending all the while have you? But do tell Mr. Vernon, who is that young man talking with her?"

"I believe it is Mr. Benson."

"Gad is he the fellow broke in Mr. Belville, "that published the poems so many people are cracking up. Why he isn't much after all, I guess. For my part I don't see why some people get praised for writing poetry—'tis nothing—I could do it myself if I'd try," said he, with a sneer. "I don't think this Mr. Benson a man of talent; no poet is." And finishing his sentence with a supercilious look at the subject of his remarks, the ci-devant green-grocer inflated with the consciousness of his wealth, thrust his fingers into his waistcoat pockets, and marched off to join another group.

"Why, my dear Miss Livingston, how d'ye do?" said the shrill voice of Mrs. Belville, at this moment, as Mr. Benson led his beautiful partner to a seat near the pretender to ton, "how have you been this age? Why, how well you are looking. Laws me, and so you know Mr. Vernon. Well now, I do say, how quiet you've all kept it."

It was as Mrs. Belville said. Isabel Livingston had scarcely replied to the vulgar address of her neighbor by a distant though polite inclination of her head, before she caught the eyes of Vernon fixed upon her with a look of inquiry and delight, and as he bowed and stepped forward, a slight blush passed over his beautiful cheek, and a scarcely perceptible tremor of the voice might have been detected in replying to his salutation.

That night mother and daughter held a long consultation, the result of which was, that Miss Livingston might prove a formidable rival and that therefore, no arts were to be emitted to detach the fashionable and wealthy Mr. Vernon from her suite.

Meanwhile, Mr. Vernon reached his room, and throwing himself abstractedly into a large arm-chair, sat for nearly an hour with his face leaning on his hand. At length he started up, and pacing the room rapidly, exclaimed, as if continuing a train of thought.

"Isabel Livingston is far more beautiful than I ever dreamed she could be. Yes! and I once loved her—at least I told her so. I wonder if she would refuse me now," and he paused before the glass. "Pshaw! it is idle to think so. True, she is not more than half as wealthy as this insufferable little fool, Miss Belville; but then, there is the vulgar mother, and coarse father of the latter. Isabel has none of these.

"I never saw their vulgarity so [illegible] did to night. Ah! I for[illegible] that coldness I showed to [illegible] her other uncle disappoint[illegible] the expectations in omitting [illegible] will. I'm cursedly afraid [illegible] forgotten it. But then, how [illegible] know she would ever become [illegible]? It's deucedly unlucky, [illegible] think of it, that I never called [illegible] New York, after my return [illegible] Europe. But faint heart never [illegible] fair lady; and, besides, if Isabel [illegible] loved me, as I really think she did, it's not so difficult a matter [illegible] Henry Vernon to re-kindle that [illegible] tion in her bosom. Besides, I'm really making a heroic sacrifice in giving up a fortune twice as large for my old flame."

From that time Vernon was almost always at the side of the beautiful Isabel Livingston. He rode with her, sang with her, danced with her, promenaded with her, and this too, without a rival, for her former suiter, Mr. Benson, had been compelled to return to New York by business, and few cared to enter the list against so resistless a beau as Vernon. Everybody declared that they were already affianced lovers, or they soon would be so, except the Belvilles, whose chagrin could not be concealed, and who sneered even at the propability of such a thing.

Vernon, however, was not so well satisfied with his progress as was the world at large. His knowledge of the sex told him that the conduct of Isabel toward him, was not exactly that of one whose affections he had anew engaged. She was too easy, too composed, possesed of too much quiet calmness at all times, not to awaken uneasy suspicion, lest her love was not gained. Still, however, she did nothing to show any distaste for Vernon's society, and his own vanity led him on in the pursuit.

Nor was his love any longer a mere matter of calculatitn to Vernon. It had become a necessity—it had grown into a passion. If ever he loved a woman, that woman had been Isabel Livingston, and when it had become known that she was not her uncle's heiress, it was not without a struggle that Vernon left her. Now, however, all his old feelings towards Isabel revived. He loved for the first time; loved with more than the fervor of which such a man might be thought capable. He could endure his suspense no longer, and determining to propose at once for Isabel, he chose for his purpose an afternoon when they rode out together.

Words cannot describe the eloquence with which the lover—for Vernon's talented, though selfish mind, was capable of the highest eloquence—poured forth his passion in the ear of his mistress. But it drew no answering emotions from Isabel. A slight blush perhaps tinged her cheek a moment, but her eyes calmly looked into his own, and her voice was firm and clear, as she replied—

"Listen to me, Vernon," she said, "I am young still, but I was once younger. You remember it well. Then I met you, and—need I disguise it?—you spoke to me of love. I know it was but once you did so, but it was after you had paid attentions to me which you knew as well as I were more eloquent than words. I had never seen one whom I thought your equal, and I loved you. Stay—hear me out. I loved you with all the ardor of a girl's first love. But how was it returned! While I thought only of you—while a word from you was my law—while the day seemed gloomy without your presence—while, in short, I gave to you freely every emotion of my heart, you were coolly calculating how much my fortune would be, and preparing, as you subsequently did, to discard me altogether in case I was not my uncle's heiress.——"

"Oh! Isabel, Isabel, hear me."

"Yes, Vernon, but listen first, and then I will hear you. You left me without cause when my uncle's will was opened, and I found to have been overlooked. I need not tell you the agony of my heart, on discovering your character. Reason conquered at last. They say a first love," continued the beautiful girl, looking at her companion until his eyes quailed before the calm dignity of her own, "can never be conquered; but believe me it is a mistake. When the object is that love is unworthy, it is not impossible. And now, Vernon, you understand me. You come to me as a stranger. I never could love you again. I am, moreover, affianced bride of Mr. Benson."

Vernon could not answer a word. Mortification and shame overpowered him, and he was glad when he saw that they were near the termination of their ride.

The first person they met on their arrival was M. Belville. Ashamed of himself and stung to the very quick, Vernon took advantage to propose to the millionaire for his daughter.

"Gad, are you the only man here ignorant of your loss of fortune?" said Mr. Belville, superciliously. "But I forgot the mail came in while you were riding with Miss Livington. Good morning, sir."

Vernon hurried to his room, opened his letters and found that the bank in which he was a large stockholder was broken. In two hours he had left Newport forever.—[Ladies' National Magazine.

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*Napoleon's Legitimacy, Again.*—The numerous stories that have been afloat, from time to time, as to the legitimacy of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, are thus reverted to by a writer in the New York Herald, who signs himself "A Friend of the Family:"

The last and most ridiculous of all is the statement that among the papers of Prince Jerome were found letters from Louis Bonaparte, late King of Holland, denying the legitimacy of Napoleon the Third, and that these papers were sent to England for safe keeping. If such statements were true, is Louis Napoleon a man to let them out of his clutches?

The father of Napoleon the Third, the late King of Holland, in his own writings and under his own signature, treats these unfounded statements as they deserve, with contempt. When he, Louis Bonaparte, was on his death bed, and his son, now on the throne of Grance, was in prison in the fortress of Ham, he wrote an appeal to the French Government to allow his son, Louis Napoleon, to visit him before he closed his eyes in death, or in his own words, "to hold him once more in his arms." This was a parental appeal—none to press a bastard to his bosom; this appeal was the cause of Louis Napoleon effecting his escape from his dark and dreary prison, if we can believe his own statements.

Those who are familiar with the portraits of Louis Bonaparte will readily discover the resemblance between him and his son, the Emperor of the French; the leady appearance of the eye especially attracts the attention of the beholder; the cheek bones and lips, as well as the general outline of the head and face, cannot well be mistaken. His walk, too, is much like his father before he became afflicted, paralysed.

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## CITY ORDINANCES.

*AN ORDINANCE*

**Concerning Tombs and Vaults in the Carrollton Cemetery.**

Passed July 25, 1860.

1. *Be it Ordained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Carrollton*, That the Mayor is authorized to grant permission in writing, on application to him in writing, for the temporary use of a Cemetery Vault for any period less than one year; provided, the applicant exhibits to him the Treasurers receipt for ten dollars paid for such use.

2. *Be it further Ordained*, That the Mayor is authorized to grant orders in writing to the Sexton for the gratuitous interment of the corpse of any indigent person whenever it shall be shown to him by a certificate signed by two or more citizens that the deceased was really poor and left nothing wherewith to pay the burial fees.

3. *Be it further Ordained*, That it shall be the duty of the Sexton to close and keep the Cemetery Vaults closed up with bricks and mortar and to preserve the numbers on the Vaults as much as possible and renew them when necessary.

4. *Be it further Ordained*. That the Mayor is authorized to grant permission in writing, on application in writing, to any properly interested person to open any Vault or Tomb in the Carrollton Cemetery for the purpose of burying a corpse or for the purpose of removing the remains of a corpse, or for any other proper purpose.

5. *Be it further Ordained*, That any person who shall place a corpse in any City Vault in the Cemetery without the proper authority shall be liable for a fine of $25, and any person who shall open without authority, or break or deface a Tomb or Vault in the Cemetery, shall be liable for a fine of $25—said fines to be recovered before any Court of competent jurisdiction one-half for the informer and the other half for the City.

6. *Be it further Ordained*, That in the absence or inability of the Mayor, the Comptroller is authorized to issue the orders and permits provided for in this Ordinance.

*AN ORDINANCE*

**To Provide for Recording Privileges and to Regulate Tax Suits.**

Passed July 17, 1860.

*Be it Ordained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Carrollton*, That it is the duty of the Attorney of this city and he is hereby directed, in accordance with Section 17 of the Act to Incorporate the City of Carrollton, to cause to be recorded in the Mortgage Office of the Parish of Jefferson, all tax bills which remain unpaid at the end of the delay of 20 days, for answering as fixed by section 16 of said act; and to that end and for that purpose, it is hereby made his duty to prepare a list showing the names of the debtors, the amount due by each, the year for which it is due and the description of the property, as found on the bill, on which the tax is due; which list shall be made and signed by him forthwith after the expiration of said delay of 20 days and filed with the Recorder in the least possible delay, to be entered on his Books according to law. The Attorney shall take Judgments by default against all persons who have not answered and then stay law proceedings, on all unanswered tax suits until further orders of the Council. In all answered suits he shall proceed according to law.

*Be it further Ordained*, That all bills for paving or other work done on the streets and sidewalks and for which the front owners are liable according to law, and all bills for work lawfully done on private property and for which the owner is liable, shall be recorded in the Mortgage Office by the Collector previous to being put in the hands of the Attorney for suit.

## PARISH ORDIDANCE.

*AN ORDINANCE*

**Concerning the Police of the Parish of Jefferson—Left Bank.**

Passed July 9th, 1860.

*Be it Ordained, etc.*, That all white male residents of the Left Bank of the Parish, above the age of twenty-one and under the age of forty-five years, shall be subject to patrol duty when ordered by the Police Committee, and notified by the Syndic, except in case of sickness or for some other plausible cause, provided, any person called upon to perform patrol duty shall be permitted to put another person in his place.

That the Police Jury shall annually at their first August meeting elect a night-police to be under the supervision and direction of the Syndic, who must obtain his orders and directions each week from the Police Committee, and make a weekly report to said Committee.

The Police shall consist of two good and trustworthy men at a salary of fifty dollars ($50) per month each, whose duty it shall be to patrol every night from sundown to sunrise, the public road or such parts in the jurisdiction of the Police Jury, as may be ordered by the Police Committee to the Syndic.

All orders of the Committee to be strictly secret.

The patrol shall consist of not less than three armed men, and as many as the danger may require.

And the said patrol are to be called out only in cases of necessity or to assist the police when public safety requires it, in such cases the Syndic must assume the command.

The police or patrols shall arrest all vagrants or suspicious white or free colored persons, that they may meet on the roads or other places and bring them before a committing magistrate, to be dealt with according to law.

They shall have power to arrest all and every slave they may meet without a pass or permit from their owner, overseer, or employer. They shall deliver such slaves to their owner, overseer, or employer if a resident, and be entitled to receive one dollar from the owner, etc., for the arrest and delivery of each.

And all slaves which they may arrest whose master, overseer or employer does not reside within the limits of the Police Jury; they shall deliver in the Parish Jail and shall be entitled to three dollars ($3.) for each and every such arrest and delivery.

That Articles 8, 9, 10, 11, 12 and 13, of the Ordinance concerning patrols shall be still in force, and all powers therein given to patrols shall be delegated to the police. And further, the police shall prevent as much as possible all unlawful traffic with slaves, within the jurisdiction of the Police Jury.

All dereliction of duty on the part of the officers to be reported by the Police Committee to the Police Jury. And on a vote of the majority of the Jury, the officer shall be discharged and the salary in such cases be paid according to a pro-rata.

All ordinances concerning patrol which are superceded by this ordinance, or in conflict with it, be and are hereby repealed.