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BY M. G. DAVIS:

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Terms of the Paper.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Burning the Will.
A Tale of Real Life.

It was dusk as Algernon opened the door of a sumptuous apartment in which was a nurse, now murmuring a prayer, and now falling back, half asleep, in her arm chair, and the bed was so arranged, that any one entering the room could perceive the livid face of the old man who a few hours before had breathed his last. The noise made by Algernon, awoke the nurse from her slumbers. She shook her head.

'Good morning, sir; you come to look once more at your poor uncle? See! one would think he slept; a smile is on his countenance. Alas; those eyes are closed for evermore.'

'Yes, Margaret,' answered Algernon, 'but you had better go and rest yourself. I will watch over the corpse.'

'But, sir—'

'Go to the dining room, nurse, your breakfast is ready—go.'

And under this benevolent clause he gently pushed her out of the room, and sat down on the chair she had occupied, after which, casting a glance at his dead uncle, he opened the curtains, and got up.

'He is dead at last! I shall be rich now.'

No sooner had he pronounced these words, than he withdrew a bunch of keys from under the pillow, ran to the desk in which the will was contained, opened it and began reading—

'I constitute my nephew, Algernon Sloper, sole executor.'

'It was time,' exclaimed the heir. 'I am entitled to what the law and society acknowledge my right.'

And Algernon, who, for more than two years had feared that his uncle would forget him, continued thus:

'I will, &c., to Margaret and Joseph, the sum of £2,000 each, for the care bestowed on me by them during thirty years.'

'Two thousand pounds each to these people, who are rich enough with what they have stolen? What folly! Come, this is but an old man's madness. However, I will pay the £4,000, as it is impossible to do otherwise.'

'I bequeath to Pierror, my valet, the sum of £5,000!'

'What to Pierror, who should have been expelled long before now—*Quelle diable l'emporte!*'

'To Mr. Martin, my notary, £2,500. I wish this sum to be added to the fortune of Marianna, his daughter and my grand-daughter.'

'Two thousand five hundred pounds to that fellow Martin! an old notary retired from business, who has a handsome house at Kensington! What can be the meaning of this? It is a loss at cards, perhaps, to Martin, which my uncle has been ashamed to name. Oh,

uncle, the story was true. This I will certainly not pay, I will see Martin, and make him understand the disgrace that would infallably befall him were he to accept such a legacy; and if he persists, we will go to law. 'More still!' exclaimed the heir, turning the leaf over.

'I bequeath £3,000 to Miss Chesterfield, daughter of a brave officer, killed on the field of battle, whom I do not wish to know want.'

'To her? Why the cross-grained flirt has rejected me! She shall not touch a penny of it. Ah! here's another protegee.'

'There is now living in London, a young barrister, whom my nephew Algernon knows perfectly well.—He is poor, but virtuous and talented—I bequeath to the said Edward Ingestrie the sum of £5,000.'

'Five thousand pounds!' exclaimed Algernon, throwing the will on the floor. 'Five thousand to Ingestrie, my rival, my successful rival in the affections of Isabel Chesterfield. Never.'

Algernon got up, approached the window, opened it notwithstanding the cold, overlooked a landscape of beautiful meadows, on which innumerable flocks were resting. The Thames rolled its waves through the estate, and further on were forests, forming part of the succession he was entitled to.

'All this is mine now; the wool of these flocks—these forests—the produce of the fields—all belong to me by right. I am the heir, and almost the only relation, to the late possessor. Shall I defraud myself by paying frivolous legacies? Suppose now,' said he, after he had shut the window and resumed his seat near the fire, 'suppose my uncle had not made a will at all; to whom would all these riches come? To me, only to me they lawfully belong; and all abstracted therefrom, is theft at my expense.'

And the evil spirits of avarice, cupidity and selfishness, took possession of this ungrateful nephew. He forgot that he never had been loving and dutiful to his uncle, but the reverse. His disgraceful conduct had, indeed, frequently irritated his rich relative. Interested views alone had caused him to approach for two years past; and now, without any moral consideration whatever—just listening to ascertain whether any one was coming—he threw the will into the fire.

In the meantime I must introduce the reader to the young barrister, who, by the nefarious act just described, is left in a state closely allied to destitution. Edward Ingestrie was denizen of an apartment on the second floor, in a street not far removed from the locality of Scotland yard. There, in the agony of defeated hopes, heightened by the impulses of an affection ever increasing he paced to and fro, glancing ever and anon at the last note from his beloved, his own Isabel. 'At length,' he ejaculated, 'my soul is made up for the worst; we cannot be united. I will write to that effect. The sweet dream of years is annihilated! All is now a blank—a curse—darkness! This night will I quit England for ever.'

To return to the chamber of death. There was a knock. Algernon hastily shut up the desk, replaced the key under his uncle's pillow, and opened the door. It was Mr. Martin, who came to give some instructions to his heir.

'I am very sorrow to see you here alone, Mr. Algernon; but to be sure you are one of the parties most interested.'

'One of the parties?' said Algernon eagerly.

'Yes, one of the parties, answered the notary, with a piercing look. 'You will find a will.'

'Quite possible,' answered Algernon.

'It is certain, for Mr. Sloper told me so last night, a few hours before his death.'

'Then it will be found,' added the heir.

'It is in that desk,' said the notary, pointing, 'and your duty, Mr. Algernon is to enforce its being looked for directly. All the servants must be present.'

'Do as you think proper,' rejoined the nephew.

The people of the house were called; the keys were withdrawn from under the pillow; the desk was opened, and the search, of course, was of no avail whatever. The old notary, ordering every body out, remained alone with Algernon.

'It is impossible!' said he, 'that there should be no will, for your uncle engaged before me to make one, and he assured me yesterday that he had kept his word.'

'Do you suspect my honor, sir?'

'It is very strange that you should be found here alone; but I do not suspect any body's honor,' said the notary; 'nevertheless, listen to me. Your youth has been dissipated; your uncle deemed it vicious. Many a time have I deserved the wrath of one, to whom, though you expected a fortune, your conduct was such two years ago, that you were expelled from his house; he would have disinherited you, but I remonstrated that you were the only son of a brother dearly beloved, and of a sister-in-law to whom he had promised to think of your prospects. I was but too happy to restore you to his esteem. Since that you have behaved better, or at least you have appeared so to do. God knows whether your conversion has been sincere. Your uncle doubted it much.'

'Was my uncle so unjust?' exclaimed Algernon.

'I have had the greatest trouble to institute you his heir.'

'The old fox has forgotten himself thought Algernon.

The notary continued, 'another person was also mainly instrumental in promoting your favor with your uncle—your friend Edward Ingestrie.'

'Umph!' observed the heir, surlily, 'I think not!'

'Now let us suppose that this testament is not found, what will you do?'

'What shall I do?' answered the young man. 'I will enjoy my uncle's fortune.'

'Of course; but you cannot think your uncle would forget such persons as his servants, whom he always said he would provide for.'

'If he had wished that he would have made the necessary provision.'

'I must now tell you a secret, which in all probability is news to you. Your uncle has a child.'

'Come, sir,' rejoined Algernon, jokingly, 'you calumniate my uncle, and your friend. How is this?'

'I am in earnest,' replied Mr. Martin, angrily. 'By a private and unfortunate marriage, he became the father of Edward Ingestrie, as he had been named; he is an excellent young man; though, by his mother's fault, banished the parental roof of late. Do you not mean to fulfill this portion of your uncle's intentions?'

'Let that alone; my uncle never would have committed himself so far; I have too much veneration for his memory to believe it.'

'It is a fact, and I can assure you that many a time he has thought of instituting this son his absolute heir.'

'Nonsense! I will hear no more, sir.'

The notary insisted upon the will being produced.

'The will,' exclaimed he, 'the will! Where is the will? Perhaps you are expecting a legacy.'

The notary coolly replied, 'No; you are well aware that I am satisfied with what I have and do not covet more, but for the sake of your uncle's old servants, of Edward, conduct yourself honorably; separate some fragments of your rich legacy. Be just my friend, and approaching the death bed—'

'don't make me repent of what I promised your uncle. His intention was

to leave to others the fortune which he was at liberty to dispose of as he pleased; I have calmed him—I have restored you to the favor which you had lost; now, if the will be not found, do for others what they would have done for you, or else I shall be obliged to exact justice.'

Affecting to obey the notary, Algernon opened all the drawers of the desk, in which Martin suggested that the will ought to be found.

'You see, sir,' exclaimed Algernon, 'you must have misunderstood the meaning of my uncle's words, or he could not have been conscious at the time.'

'You are certain, then, that your uncle left no will.'

'So it seems; and you must now be of the same opinion.'

'We shall see,' said Mr. Martin, opening the door to call all the persons in the adjoining room. 'Two years ago, Mr. Sloper made a will, which he deposited in my hands; therein disinherits his nephew, and acknowledges a young man of the name of Edward Ingestrie as his heir; I have directions to enforce the execution of this will, unless one of a later date be found.'

By a mere accident the nurse opened the window through which Algernon had viewed his flocks, and Mr. Martin perceived near it a small bit of paper, half burnt, on which he distinguished Mr. Sloper's hand writing.

'Ah!' remarked the good notary 'tis plain enough. Let some one instantly post to town, and apprise Edward Ingestrie of his good fortune. Are you going, Jephson? 'Tis well! you are an honest fellow, and to you I will confide also another charge. Here is my card; call at—and present it; and bring with you, at the same time, a young lady, named Isabel Chesterfield. Edward, if I conjecture aright, would have no objection to her as a companion on a much longer journey than this.'

TRUST.—BY E. H. CLEMENTS.

Trust not the one you love,
Trust not the one that loves you,
But trust the One above,
From whom that love you first drew.

Trust not to friendship's guile,
'Tis heart-bait to deceive you;
When born in love's best smile
The chances are 'twill grieve you.

Trust not to words but deeds,
They tell their proper story,
And in the soul's high needs,
Are histories of its glory.

Trust not to sighs or tears,
Passion is oft the weeper—
The anguish that endears
Runs purer, deeper.

As lightning melts the chain,
Yet frees by death the captive,
The hours of grief and pain,
Shall make thy trust more active.

Trust what inspires the breast,
With truth and beauty's splendor,
Bringing the sacred rest,
Their golden bond may render.

Trust that which ought to be,
Not that which is forever;
Success in wrong's decree
Gives strength to right's endeavor.

The guise of falsehood lives,
Not always in false speeches;
Of double action gives,
A pang that naught else teaches.

Trust tongues that plead and speak,
Without a voice, or seeing—
Heart-aches that oft break,
In music to thy being.

Trust Him, who rightly made,
Each human soul a dial,
On which God counts in light and shade,
The hours and years of trial.

George Wilson.

A few years since, as Mr. Gallaudet was walking in the streets of Hartford there came running up to him a poor boy of very ordinary appearance, but whose fine intelligent eye fixed the attention of the gentleman, as the boy inquired—

'Sir, can you tell me of a man who would like a boy to work for him and learn him to read?'

'Whose boy are you, and where do you live?'

'I have no parents,' was the reply, 'and have just run away from the work-house, because they would not teach me to read.'

The gentleman made arrangements with the authorities of the town, and took the boy into his own family. There he learned to read. Nor was this all. He soon acquired the confidence of his new associates by faithfulness and honesty. He was allowed to his friend's library and made rapid progress in the acquisition of knowledge. It became necessary after a while that George should leave Mr. Gallaudet, and he became apprentice to a cabinet maker in the neighborhood. There the same integrity won for him the favor of his new associates. To gratify his inclination for study, his master had a little room furnished for him in the upper part of the shop, where he devoted his leisure time to his favorite pursuits. He made large attainments in mathematics, in the French language, and other branches. After being in this situation a few years, sitting at tea with the family one evening, he all at once remarked that he wanted to go to France.

'Go to France!' said his master, surprised that the apparently contented and happy youth should thus suddenly become dissatisfied with his situation; 'for what?'

'Ask Mr. Gallaudet to tea to-morrow evening,' continued George, 'and I will explain.'

His kind friend was invited accordingly. At tea time the apprentice presented himself with his manuscripts in English and French, and explained his singular intention to go to France.

'In the time of Napoleon,' said he, 'a prize was offered by the French government for the simplest rule of measuring plane surfaces, of whatever outline. The prize has never been awarded, and that method I have discovered.'

He then demonstrated his problem, to the surprise and gratification of his friends, who immediately furnished him with the means of defraying his expenses, with letters of introduction to the Hon. Lewis Cass, then our minister to the court of France. He was introduced to Louis Philippe, and in the presence of the king, nobles and plenipotentiaries, this American youth demonstrated his problem, and received the plaudits of the court. He received the prize, which he had clearly won, besides several presents from the king.

He then took letters of introduction, and proceeded to the Court of St. James, and took up a similar prize, offered by the Royal Society, and returned to the United States.

He was preparing to secure the benefits of his discovery by patent, when he received a letter from the Emperor Nicholas himself, one of whose ministers had witnessed his demonstrations at London, inviting him to make his residence at the Russian Court, and furnishing him with ample means for his outfit.

He complied with the invitation, repaired to St. Petersburg, and is now Professor of Mathematics in the Royal College, under the special protection of the autocrat of all the Russias! *N. Y. Jour. of Commerce.*

Unexpected Information.—The other day while a monitor was hearing a boy recite his lesson, the following passage occurred:

'The wages of sin is death, arr, monitor, wishing to get the EVE by deduction, asked quiting, the your father get arr, etc. up 20-17'

Coal!!!
An IRON
a long time COAL YARD,
parish CARROLLTON.
versat always be supplied with the best
Pittsburg Coal,
rec At Market Prices,
ly FARBOT & WANKEL.