Houma Ceres.

VOL. I. HOUMA, PARISH OF TERREBONNE. LA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1855. NO. 8.

THE HOUMA CERES

Is published every THURSDAY MORNING.

Price, Five Dollars per annum—payable at the time of subscription. Single Coppies, Ten Cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at the rate of One Dollar per square (of ten lines or less,) for the first, and Fifty Cents for every subsequent insertion A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. Thirty dollars a year will be charged for half a column of Patent Medicine advertising, and none of greater length will be admitted on any terms.

PERSONAL PUBLICATIONS.—Communications of a personal nature or such as are not deemed to be of public interest, may be inserted as advertisements (at the option of the editor,) by being paid for in advance.

ANNOUNCING CANDIDATES—Ten Dollars will be charged for announcing Candidates for all offices, to be paid in advance.

OBITUARY NOTICES, not exceeding three or four lines, will be cheerfully inserted without charge, but those of greater length, will be rated as advertisements.

CORRESPONDENTS are informed that no notice whatever will be taken of any communication intended for insertion, unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer—not necessary for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

E. W. BLAKE & CO., Publishers.

THE LAW ON NEWSPAPERS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their news papers, the publisher may continue to send them until al arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the office to which they are directed, they are responsible for them until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

5. The United States Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Postmaster, who neglects to give seasonable notice as required by the Post Office Department, of the the neglect or refusal of a person to take from the office newspapers addressed to him, renders the Postmaster liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

Shadows From an Old Church.

BY LYDIA A. CALDWELL.

O dear, old tender times! To-day, more precious, more tender, more dear, than ever before!

This morning, when I first opened my eyes upon this once familiar spot, (not seen till now for so many years.) when I saw the old church standing solemnly alone, the top of the spire a star-like, radiant point, in the sunrise of this sweet June morning—when I felt about me the deep calm, the sense of rest and repose and silence, which its own sanctity has gathered about it; the long quiet, which, for so many years, has lingered amid its shadows—its shadows as deep and serious as when years ago, a child, I worshiped among them—and yet, more, when between the trees I caught a gleam of white marble shafts, and the slow sway of rose trees, waving with their summer beauty and fragrance—when I saw all these things, I thought that it would be pleasant to make the bed of one's death here, in this most quiet place, amid this holy gloom, soothed by these sacred shadows, and surrounded by the continual Suppath which reigns here. Amic these sleepers, whom no disquiet ever disturbs or comes near; I think one might res long and well.

Come with me in hither, and rest amid these solemn aisles, until you feel how holy is the light which, descending from this radiant June heaven, falls upon these dark pews, like the last hymn or benediction. Then, speaking low and in a tendeo key, I will tell you of those who met no more with earthly congregations.

In the gallery, near where now stands the organ, stood Lucy B———, the sweetest voiced of the fair girls who sang in the choir. I remember how, from beneath my child's gipsey bonnet, I stole looks at her beautiful eyes, and how the pastor's voice was lost, (forgive me, oh! meek shades of unremembered sermons!) while my falsely prophetic brain wove her future life romance. Some prince. or some noble lord from a far-off country, should come hither and wonder at her eyes as I wondered until—oh! sweet Lucy B———! one came, but it was death; and thou wentest with him, not to a marriage pillow, but to a bed from which no tenderest, human love can ever win thee to rise up, or reopen those glorious eyes.

I saw her beauty pale, until, looking in her white face, I seemed to see only the veiled darkness of those wonderful eyes, and her wan smile, like the last light of a setting star flickering about it. Her life was like one of the beautiful psalms she used to sing, which would have been too solemn, but for the tenderness in her voice.

In one of the central pews below, the one which, standing here, you can just see, sat the mother of Lucy B———, from whom the daughter inherited her beautiful voice. A young wife now sits in her place; but, ah me! it must be a cold thing to be an old man's young wife, else why is she pale, while children with innocent lips name her mother? and why does the palsy of the old man, their father, increase, when he stands by the grave of his dead wife? and why is the path to that grave dug deep by constant feet, which journey thither, impatient for the earth beside that dearer clay to open once again? Oh, old man, sighing for death! and, oh, young wife, in thy cold and barren existence, sighing for life! I know not for which of you there is most pity in my heart.

Nearer the pulpit was the pew of an aged deacon, a venerable and holy man, who, in my childish visions of heaven, always stood highest among the saints.

To the left of him sat Charles L———. I remember how dark the church was when he died.

But, look again to the right. Near that pillar sat Dr. M——— and his wife, the tender matron and mother—how well I remember her. What a noble presence was that of Dr. M———, among these simple, generous, rough-handed, and coarse-garbed people. There was a stern music in his voice when he spoke, but his eyes were always kind. Beside them, a little in the shadow, (oh, my heart, be still!) sat their daughter, Mary M———, first and dearest of my girlish love. But, how can I tell my story, Mary?—the bitter, bitter story of thy brief, unhappy wedded life—how

"Thou worest no less a smiling face,
Because so broken-hearted."—

part, than with the mere, memory of his name and our childish love. I know of no tenderest caress which my cheek now knows, that it so dear as would be a single restored pressure of his lips. It was years ago that we parted, children, and there has been but one brief meeting since; but to-day his memory is the fairest picture in the haunted chambers of my heart. Time has only retouched it with diviner tints, and added to it a more immortal grace. And yet that picture is not of a child. As she has lived in my memory year by year, her beauty has ripened to the maiden's and the woman's. Remembering how dear and lovely she was when a child, my heart gradually and unawares invested her with all that is tenderest and most graceful in form and face, and that is purest in heart and soul; so that the day I knew that she was dead, I thought she could not be more fair in heaven than was that glorified memory which I have ever in my heart. Oh, Mary! Mary!

Grow yet deeper, oh shadows! Withdraw yet farther with the receding sun, sweet, pure light! Strange shapes walk among these aisles to-day; presences, for which aching human hearts have cried out in vain, sit even here among them. Death has to-day restored his elected ones. There sit here shapes bowed and reverend, with heads white for the great harvest, skins pale and wrinkled, like loooseely folded winding-sheets about their bodies, and limbs that tremble as if they walked among half-dug graves—others young, und with all the light of life and prime about them. But thers is no voice heard! Are these shapes forever silent? Nay, perchance in the choirs of the upper sanctuary they warble to-day the sweet old psalms they sing no longer here.

Oh, beautiful, immortal hope! fair morning of the Resurection! hasten thy divine dawning!

A SPIRITED WIFE.—The Thompson Carlisle publishes a card in a Kentucky paper forbidding any one to harbor or trust his wife, as he shall not pay her debts. The indignant spouse comes back at him in the following strain:

"It is false that I left my home without any cause or provocation. I had pork and bread for my breakfast, pork and bread for my dinner, and pork and bread for my supper: and because I wanted coffee for my breakfast, he raised a chair to knock my brains out. He said what was good for him was good for me. I took my oath of this before Esquire Owens some time ago. Through false pretences and lies he got me to sign away my dower, and the last time I went home he drove me out of the yard. One Sunday he drove me out of the house for telling that I saw him go early, before any one was up, and bring home boards on his back. He forbid my milk woman to bring but a pint—it was so extravagant—half of it was thrown into the swill. She told him I wanted mush. He said a pint was plenty. So for my pork and bread again, and sometimes a huge *cat-fish skinned alive*. Besides all this abuse, he sold the last thing I held dear on earth—a pet calf, that never cost him any thing. I am the wife of old Carlisle, and he shall support me.

"ANN CARLISLE."

A Yankee poet thus describes the excess of his devotion to his true love:

I sing her praise in poetry;
For her at morn and eve,
I cries whole pints of bitter tears,
And wipe them with my sleeve.

A man went into a printing office to beg y paper, "Because,', said he, "we like to read the newspapers vers much, but our neighbors don't take none."

....."Paddy, my jewel, why don't ye be gettin' your ears cropped—they are entirely too large for a man?" "And yours, ye spalpoen, are too short for an ass?"

SELECTED POETRY.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

DICKIE LEE.

Oh, Dickie Lee! Oh, Dickie Lee!
Of the sunny days gone by;
The bonny lad I calle I my love,
The bonny lad that loved no other,
No other lass but me!

Oh, we were in love when our years were few,
And our hearts were fresh as the morning dew—
Six years was I, and seven was he.
And since those days long years have passed—
Long years of blossom and of blas;
But in them all there never grew
A love more sweet, a love more true,
Than that of Dickie Lee.

I often think of Dickie Lee,
And the summers long ago—
Of the old school house and the little brook,
With is mossy banks in she shady nook,
Where we would fish till the bell would ring,
With our "home made line" of a bonnet string;
With a crooked pin that served for a hook,
And earned more joy than the spelling book.
But if it were late and the teacher cross,
The blow and rebuke I "counted as dross,"
And during it all I could only see
The sparkling dark eyes of my Dickie Lee!

I wonder now if Dickie Lee
Looks back across the years,
Smiling, perhaps, at the thought of me,
And the funny times we used to see,
In that old shool-house of yore!
On the little beach close by the door,
The little bench that would seat but four—
Jane, Lois, Dickie and me—
And the lambs of the flock were we.
I wonder now if he thinks
Of the dreadful time he stole the pinks
And the roses rare to give to me?
And what befell poor Dicked Lee?

They tell me that Dickie Lee
Is a man of wealth and pride:
That he has ships upon the sea;
Titles, too, to a high degree:
And that a lady became his bride,
Very well, so let it be,
Fickle have I been as he.

'Tis many a year since he was my love,
Loving me well, and loving no other;
'Tis many year since the bare-footed lad
Romped close by my side; making merry and glad;
'Tis many a year, 'tis many a year,
That seals up the past, and brings down a tear—
But I think of him yet as a laughing boy,
Knowing or dreaming of not but joy,
Unless he dreampt of me.

And I would not see the man of care
Who calls himself Richard Lee;
That has wasted cheeks, and thin gray hair,
For, oh! he would steal from me
Something I love and cherish well,
An image shrined in a secret cell,
And it is dear to me;
Though the face is freckled, pale and lean,
Yet memory calls it bright and serene,
And keepeth the spot of its dwelling green,
For the sake of Dickie Lee,
The little boy that long ago
Was really in love with me!

THE BOBOLINK.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The happiest bird of our spring, and one that rivals the European lark in my estimation, is the Boblincoln or Bobolink as he is commonly called. He arrives at that choice portion of our year which, in this latitude, answers to the description of the month of May, so often given by the poets. With us it begins about the middle of June. Earlier than this, winter is apt to turn on its traces, and to blight the opening beauties of the year; and latter than this, begin the parching and panting and dissolving heats of the summer. But in this genial interval, nature is in all her freshness and fragrance; "the rains are over and gone, the flowers appear upon the earth, the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." The trees are now in their fullest foliage and brightest verdure; the woods are gay with the clustered flowers of the laurel; the air is perfumed with the sweet brier and the wild rose; the meadows are enameled with clover blossoms; while the young apple, the peach, and the plum, begin to swell, and the cherry to glow among the green leaves.

This is the chosen season of revelry of the Bobolink. He comes amidst the pomp and fragrance of the season; his life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. He is to be found in the soft bosom of the freshest and sweetest meadows, and is most in song when the clover is in blossom. He perches on the topmost twig of a tree, or on some long flaunting weed, and as he rises and sinks with the breeze, pours forth a succession of rich, tinkling notes; crowding one upon another, like the outpouring melody of the skylark, and possessing a rapturous character. Sometimes he pitched from the summit of a tree, begins his song as he gets upon the wing and flutters tremulously down to the earth, as if overcome with ecstacy at his own music. Sometimes he is in pursuit of his paramour; always in full song, as if he would win her by his melody; and always with the same appearance of intoxication and delight.

Of all the birds of our groves and meadows, the Bobolink was the envy of my boyhood. He crossed my path in the sweetest weather, and the sweetest season of the year when all nature called to the fields, and the rural feeling throbbed in every bosom; but when I, luckless urchin! was doomed to be mewed up, during the livelong day, in that purgatory of boyhood, a school-room, it seemed as if the little varlet mocked at me, as he flew up in full song, and sought to taunt me with his happier lot. Oh, how I envied him! No lessons, no task, no hateful school; nothing but holiday frolic, green fields and fine weather. Had I been then more versed in poetry, I might have addressed myself to him in the words of Logan to the cuckoo;

"Sweet bird! thy power is evergreen,
Thy sky is ever clear:
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee,
We'd make one joyful wing,
Our annual visit round the globe,
Companions of the spring!"

Further observations and experience have given me a different idea of this little feathered voluptuary, which I will venture to impart for the benefit of my schoolboy readers, who may regard him with the same unxualified envy and admiration which I once indulged. I have shown him only as I saw him at first, in what I may call the poetical part of his career, when he in a manner devoted himself to elegant pursuits and enjoyments, and was a bird of music and song, and taste, and sensibility and refinement. While this lasted he was sacred from injury. The school-boy would net fling a stone at him, and the merest rustic would pause to listen to his strain. But mark the difference. As the year advances, as the clover blossoms disappear, and the spring fades into summer, he gradually gives up his elegant tastes and habits, doffs his poetical suit of black, assumes a russet, dust garb, and sinks to the gross enjoyments of common vulgar birds. His notes no longer vibrate on the ear; he is stuffing himself with the seeds of the tall weeds on which he lately swung and chanted so melodiously. He has become a "bon vivant," a "gourmand;' with him now there is nothing like the "joys of the table." In a little while he grows tired of plain, homely fare, and is off on a gastronomical tour in quest of foreign luxuries. We next hear of him with myriads of his kind banvueting among the reeds of the Delaware, and grown corpulent with good feeding. He is the Reed-bird now, the much sought-for titbit of Pensylvania epicures, the rival in unlucky fame of the ortolan? Wherever he goes, pop! pop! pop! every rusty firelock in the country is blazing away. He sees his companions fall by thousands around him.

Does he take warning and reform? Alas, not he! Incorrigible! Again he wings his flight. The rice swamps of the south invite him. He gorges himself among them almost to bursting; he can scarcely fly for corpulency. He has once more changed his name, and is now the famous Rice-bird of the Carolinas. Last stage of his career, behold him spitted with dozens of his corpuldnt companions, and served up; a vaunted dish, on the table of some Southern gastronome.

Such is the story of the Bobolink: once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring; finally, a gross little sensualist, who expiates his sensualisum in the larder. His story contains a moral worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep those refined and intellectual pursuits, which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his cnreer; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

THE TIMES IN CALIFORNIA.—Rents have fallen in California two-thirds in one year, and wages almost in portion. Servant woman can get $30 $50 per month, according to capacity and worth. $3 per dozen is now the standard price for washing. A good dwelling house, lathed and plastered, can now be had with every convenience tora family, at $50 per month. Food is cheaper in California than it is in Atlantic States.

At the last session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the following announcement of the arrival of his colleague was made by a member.

"Mr. Sperker—My kollecks come and I *ainк* he ought to be *schwore*."

....A few days since a boy belonging to one of the Boston school was quite tardy, and handed to his teacher what he called a 'scuse. The teacher opened and read thus: "Missus,—Whale the bearer for running away." The 'scuse was accepted and duly attended to.

A FANCIFUL PICTURE OF FORLORN OLD MEXICO.—"Who shall describe Mexico—the Mexico of that age? It ought to be one who had seen all the wonders of the world; and he should have for an audience those who had dwelt in Venice and Constantinople, who had looked down upon Granada from the Alhambra, and who had studied all that remains to be seen of the hundred-gated Thebes, of Babylon, and of Nineveh. The especial attributes of the most beautiful cities in the world were here conjoined; and that which was the sole boast of many a world-renowned name formed but one of the charms of this enchantress among cities. Well might the rude Spanish soldier find no paralell but in the imaginations of his favorite romance.

Like Granada, encircled but not frowned upon, by mountains; fondled and adorned by water, like Venice; as great in its buildings as Babylon of old; and rich with gardens, like Damascus;—the great city of Mexico was at that time the fairest in the world, and has never since been equalled. Like some rare woman of choicest parentage, the descendant of two royal houses for apart, who joins the soft, subtle graceful beauty of the South, to the fair, blue-eyed, blushing beauty of the North, and sits enthroned in the hearts of all beholders,—so sat Mexico upon the waters, with a diadem of gleaming towers, a fair exbanse of flowery meadows on her breast a circle of mountains as her zone; and, not unwomanlike, rejoicion in the reflection of her beautiful self from the inumerable mirorrs which were framed by her streets, her courts, her places, and her temples."—[*Helps' Spanish Conquest.*

SHARP PRACTICE.—We have heard of many instances of sharp practice on the part of "gentlemen of the bar," but none goes ahead of one we heard related the other day. When C., now a prominent member of the profession in Western New York, first went to Lockport, he had a case involving the title or possession of a house and lot. When he came into court he found that his whole dependence was on the testimony of the tenant who occupied the house—one Solomon Green. Green was called to the stand. The opposite counsel objected to him. The objection was argued and sustained, and C. was apparently floored. A bright idea struck him, however. He beckoned to his clerk, Lamonte, and whispered in his ear a few moments, when he and Green were seen to leave the court-room together Now for the next move. Time must be killed. C. commenced a speech. He spoke on. The Court frowned; the opposing counsel objected; the jury became indignant, and the audience impatient. All agreed that C. was making a fool of himself. An hour passed. Ever and anon the opposing counsel would pop up and object to his proceeding further. C. argued the points, which were invariably decided against him. The Court-house door opens. Lamonte and Green enter. C., with well expressed indignation at being constantly overruled, took his seat. The Court inquires: "have you any other witnesses to offer, Mr. C.?" "Yes, Sir." Solomon Green was called. Up jumps the opposite counsel. "May it please the Court, this is the witness that was rejected. It is almost a contempt to bring him on the stand again." Mr. C.: "Never mind; Mr. Green, do you reside in *that* house?" "No, Sir, I *have just removed*." A shout from the bar and audience rewarded the clever ruse of the counseller; the disqualification of the witness was removed; he gained his case, and it is recorded that the business of his office doubled in less than three months thereafter.—*Chicago Dem*

....A man with an enormously large sucker, called on a dentist to get a tooth drawn. After the dentist had prepared his instruments and was about to commence operations, the man began to strain and stretch his moth, till he got it to a frightful width. "Say, sir," said the dentist, "don't trouble yourself to stretch your mouth any wider, for I intend to stand outside of it to draw your tooth."

THE VEGETABLE TRADE.—On Wednesday last there were shipped from Norfolk to New York, by the Jamestown, 2,000 baskets tomatoes, and about 1,200 barrels apples and potatoes, about a third of which shipped by Mr. Paine. The ship could not take near the quanty offered and the gates to the wharf had to be closed at 11 o'clock.

TRUE POETRY FROM THE PERSIAN.—The heavens are a point from the pen of God's perfection; the world is a bud from the bower of his beauty; the sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom; and the sky is a bubble on sea of his power. His beauty is free from the spot of sin, hidden in the thick vale of darkness; he made mirrors of the atoms of the world, and threw a reflection from his own face on every atom.