



THE HOUMA CERES

Is published every THURSDAY MORNING. Price, Five Dollars per annum—payable at the time of subscription. Single Copies, 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 will be made to those who advertise by the year. The Editors will be charged for half a column of French Medicines 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. ADVERTISING CANDIDATES.—Ten Dollars will be charged for announcing Candidates for all offices, to be paid in advance. 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 all arrears 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 uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
5. The United States Courts have also repeatedly decided that a Postmaster, who neglects to give reasonable notice, as required by the Post Office Department, of 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.

From Peterson's Magazine.

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"So Ellen Hazlehurst is to marry Squire Newton's son?"
"Yes!"
"And to do it she has jilted George Brown?"
"It is too true."
"Young Newton's fortune, I suppose, is the reason."
"So they say."
"Well, I hope she may be happy."
"Does she deserve it?"
The speakers were two ladies, and the latter, who was the elder, looked up from her knitting and spoke.

"George is an excellent young man, and though poor, is certain to succeed in his profession at last," was the evasive response. "But, then, however prosperous he may be, he'll hardly become as rich as the Newtons. In point of fortune Ellen couldn't do better."
"Fortune is not everything. Even if the two suitors came before her now, for the first time, even if she was not already pledged to George, I should consider her preference of Newton a great error."
"You don't say so!"

"Oh, Young Newton has been bro't up to no profession, is extravagant in his habits, is not of the strictest principles, and has no great qualities, either of mind or heart, to render a wife happy. George, on the contrary, is loved by all who know him. Happy, indeed, will be the woman who becomes his."
"Well, Mrs. Jones, you may be right. But I've seen so much of poverty, that I can't blame Ellen. Many's the hard word I've known to pass between husband and wife, which would never have been said if the husband hadn't been worried for the want of money."

"Such persons, I fear," replied Mrs. Jones, "would have been querulous, even if surrounded with wealth. No station in life is exempt from annoyances, and even serious troubles. Things happen even to rich people to try their tempers. Where there is real affection, and common sense to back it, the married have little to fear. But without love, or without forbearance, the wealth of the Indies can't secure happiness."
"Do you think that young Newton will not make Ellen happy?"

"I know he will not. Ellen has a score of excellent qualities, but little patience. She is very sensitive, and he is coarse at heart. Her vanity has led her to sacrifice one eminently fitted for her, one who would have studied her every wish, and one who will find herself, as a great author has said, a living body tied to a foul corpse. It will be the story of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall' over again. God help her!"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entry of another visitor, nor did the two ladies meet again, until Ellen had commended her treachery by marrying young Newton. But one day, Mrs. Pow, all called on Mrs. Jones, and the late subject came up for discussion.

"They say George is almost crazy," was the remark of the visitor. "He and Ellen had been engaged for almost two years."
"It is a great blow. But he will get over it. What will assist him is the conviction that he has been worshipping an idol, for Ellen, if she had been what he

thought her, would never have broken her engagement."

"She looks unhappy already. I met her, the other night, at Mrs. Warren's, and I thought, more than once, that she actually shuddered when her husband drew near; and no wonder, for he looks like a brute alongside of her. I believe you were right in what you said, when we last talked of Ellen."

"Her husband was carried home, within a week after their marriage, intoxicated. Some of his backer friends, who had come up to the wedding, staid for a dinner he gave to them at the hotel; and such behavior, it is said, was never seen in the village before. Poor Ellen!"

The forebodings of Mrs. Jones were even more completely fulfilled within the lapse of years. Young Newton went from bad to worse, became a sot and a gambler, outraged his wife in the tenderest point, and finally after dissipating his entire fortune, perished miserably on the highway, during a snow-storm, and was found, the next day, dead in a drift, with an empty jug at his side. But, before this, happily for her, Ellen had broken her heart. Her children, two in number, would have had to go to the alms-house, had not George Brown, now eminent in his profession stepped forward and adopted them: For he never married. Some men recover easily from disappointments of the heart; but there are others who never do. The idol, once shattered, no fresh one can win worship. George Brown belonged to this class. He and a maiden sister lived together, and became, after Ellen's death, parents to the orphan children.

It is not always, reader, that marrying merely for fortune, ends in a tragedy so deep. But it never leads to happiness, where it does not break the heart, it degrades the character, so that the wife, who might have been a blessing to herself and to others, becomes of "the earth, earthy," utterly fails of her mission in life, and dies at last, having achieved no more than if she had been of "the brutes that perish."

SHALL I PRAY TO CHANCE.—An English lady, who had forsaken her God and the Bible, for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a pious sailor one morning how long they should be out.

"In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool, answered the sailor.
"If it be God's will," said the lady, "what a senseless expression, don't you know that all comes by chance!"

In a few days a terrible storm, and the lady stood clinging to the side of the cabin door, in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her.
"What do you think," said she; "will the storm soon be over?"

"It seems likely to last for some time, madam."
"Oh!" she cried, "pray that we may not be lost."
His only and calm reply was, "Shall I pray to chance?"

The following advertisement appeared in the New York Herald, under the head of "wants." We warrant it is more honest than three fourths of the advertisements that appear under the same caption:
"An infernal rascal having been on a spree for the last three weeks, has come to the conclusion to reform. Any one desiring his services in the dry-goods, wet-goods, or to do with any other kind of goods, will confer a favor by keeping me out of the penitentiary. Can make myself generally useful at anything, not afraid to work, aged 28, with good address. I stand 5 feet 8—long enough to fly round to the interest of my employers. Address E. P., Herald Office."

A FULL-BLOODED AMERICAN.—Tim Mallowney a jolly-looking tar, with the richest of brogues, applied at the Custom House the other day for a "purtectioin" as an American citizen. He was asked for his naturalization papers. "Me nateral papers, is it, yer honor wants," said Tim, with an insinuating grin, "an' me a full-blooded American!"
"You don't mean to say that you were not born in Ireland?"
"Born in Ireland," replied Tim shure I was. But thin, yer honor, I kem from Cork to New Orleans last summer, an' there the bloody-minded meskeeters run their bills into me, an' sucked out every drop of me Irish blood, good luck to 'em, an' now I'm a full-blooded American."

There was some philosophy as well as fun in this reasoning, but it had no effect, and the last that was seen of Tim he was on his way to the City Hall, to look for "the man that sells the nateral papers."—N. Y. Dutchman.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SANCTUARY.

BY GEORGE Q.

The chamber seemed
Like some dimly haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately been,
And left behind their odoriferous trace.—MOON.

It was as cozy a little room
As ever a bachelor saw,
And venture he could not into it,
Without some feeling of awe;
So softly lighting my hat from my head,
I followed after my candle with dread.

'Twas the sister's room I was given,
And show that night to sleep in;
And oh! 'twas a snuggerly spot only
Mary and Kate should peep in:
Nothing betrayed that such a guest
Had ever intruded the fairy nest.

I have stood beneath the cupola
Of cathedral old and vast,
When the stars were looking through the dome,
And moonlight from tall windows cast
Down on me such phantom-like gleams of light,
I felt quite appalled and solemn all night.

The same reverence and awe I caught
In that grand old minister pile,
While clanging echoes were following
My steps down its gloomy aisle,
Came o'er me again, as I stood alone,
By that bed whose lovely sleepers were gone.

There hung their old monitor mirror,
Which never their charms migrated,
Whose prompt decisions could never err
In matters concerning taste;
But it seemed to be taken quite by surprise,
Daguerotyping a whiskered phiz.

A goblet stood on the toilet stand,
Fresh filled for the girls to sip,
Which I gathered, and dissed from its trim
The dew of a rosy lip;
And a warm sweet breath seem'd lingering yet,
From the last little mouth the glass had wet.

Around, in many a brilliant fold,
Hung robes that I knew full well,
For each to me had a history
Of by-gone fun to tell.
Ah! many a flesh-filled garment expressed
Far less to me than those empty dresses.

I felt as I stood upon the spot
Where the sisters knelt in prayer,
That erring and wild as my ways were then,
I was nearer heaven there;
While spirit-watches appeared to hold
In their keeping every certain fold.

A delightful train of reveries
Awhile banished all repose,
And visions once dreamt and forgotten
Agnis o'er their pillows arose,
Tho' the window curtains the veiled moonbeams
Seemed lighting for me a world of dreams.

Dreams of wishing childhood were there,
How gloriously they beam—
And gay life-dreams, as much like life
As all life is like a dream;
And Love's wild, earnest dreams, that shows too well
What the heart may think, but can never tell.

I slept as sweetly that clear, still night,
In that white and downy bed,
As when a play-tired boy I napp'd,
With my hat beneath my head;
And years hereafter will memory resume
The story of the sisters' little room.

A Good One.

The New York Tribune is responsible for the following police report of the ex-amination of a man taken up under the new liquor law for being found drunk:
The Judge called the name of Perry Sappington.

"Here I am, wide awake and full of fleas responded an athletic six-footer, who had been looking with considerable interest upon the proceedings. Mr. Sappington was a young man of about 32 years, quite bronzed in the face. His features were partially hidden by a heavy beard of about a week's growth. He was dressed in a jeans coat, vest and pants of a brindle color, a red flannel shirt, and in cow-hide boots with soles fully an inch thick. In his hand he held the remains of an old slouched hat. He approached the railing.

"If any body wants me bad, jes trot 'em out," said Mr. Sappington.
"You are charge, Mr. Sappington, with having been found drunk in the street."
"Whar's the man that sez I haven't a right to get drunk if I want? I'm 'Merrican."

"It happens to be an offence against the law in New York to be found drunk."
"So much the wus for the law. We aint such fools as that wher I cum from, down in Kentucky."
"Then you are from Kentucky."
"I was born thar, but raised in Dunklin county."

"Wher is Dunklin county?"
"I reckon you haint traveled much in Missouri. Why its down in the southeast it was located on swamp land, because thar wasn't room for it eny whar else in the State. It's an almighty country Judge—that are southeast—snakes, fever and ague—lean niggers, yaller gals and Democrats is the principal products of the sile. You've never been thar, Judge, have you?"
"No; I have not."
"Well, I allowed you hadn't. I wouldn't advise you to go, if you should go thar by way of variety, don't make a

long stay. I staid so long that it took me twelve years to get strength enough to get out of the d—d swamps."

"Say, sir, swearing is not allowed in court. You must not indulge in profanity."

"Excuse me, Judge, but I can't never think of Dunklin county without wantin' to swear. I never was so glad of anything in my life as when I got into Ellenov."

The officer who arrested Mr. Sappington then gave his testimony. He stated that about 12 o'clock on Sunday night he saw Mr. Sappington walking down one of the principal streets in a very irregular manner. He suddenly sheered off and ran afoul of a barber's pole. Mr. Sappington then commenced abusing the pole, and used threatening language towards the pole for its unwarrantable assault on him while peaceably going along the streets. The officer then volunteered to take Mr. Sappington's part, and told him that if he would accompany him he would leave the assaulting party (the barber's pole) in the hands of an officer. After some persuasion Mr. S. acquiesced, and the officer brought him to the Station House, by which time he was so drunk that he was unable to stand.

"What is your business, Mr. Sappington?" asked the Judge.

"I come with a drove."

"What kind of a drove?"

"Thar was a right smart chance of oxen and a slight sprinklin' of cows."

"Did you come with the drove from Illinois?"

"Yes, Sir, I reckon I did; and I rode shanks mare all the way, except when I rode one of the oxen by way of variety. But the animals wasn't broke for ridin', so I didn't make a heap by the change. Judge, you didn't never footin' it twelve hundred miles, did you?"

"No, I never did."

"Well, by the time you've been over half the ground you'll allow that its rather tryin' to a man's underpinning."

"Mr. Sappington, wher did you purchase your liquor?"

"Thar's the only one place that I know of to get it."

"Wher's that?"

"At the whiskey shops and taverns, of course."

"What I wish to know is the particular shop or store or hotel wher you purchase the liquor?"

"You're too much for me thar, Judge. Thar's about as many barrooms in York as thar's customers."

"At how many places did you drink?"

"I drunk at a heap of 'em—but before that I drunk wunst or twice out of a bottle that I brought with me from Ellenov."

"Wher did you purchase the liquor that you had in your bottle?"

"In Jersey, Judge. When I squeezed all I could out of that I started among the barrooms."

"What kind of liquor did you drink?"

"Cane-juice, Judge; I never drink any other kind. I shouldn't have drunk that, but I was most powerful weak. I was right smart sick for a day or two after I got here; I thought a little rum would warm my stomach. But whar's the use of asking all these questions?"

"The reason is, that by law, a person found drunk is obliged to state wher he procured his liquor, if he knows."

"Well, I don't know; I reckon you've got through with me now."

"Not quite, Sir. You are fined ten dollars."

"Judge, do you call that 'ar doings' things on the squar' with strangers?"

"That, Mr. Sappington, is the present law."

"Then I must let loose an X, must I?"

"Yes, sir, or be imprisoned for ten days."

"Then I reckon I'll disgorge the X. I'm afraid that bein' behind the bars might be injurious to my constitooshun."

Mr. Sappington here handed the clerk an eagle.

"I s'pose that'll answer, won't it?"

"It is all right, sir. You are now free, and I hope this experience will be a salutary lesson to you."

"I reckon, Judge, the inducements for the population in the West to emigrate to York State isn't much."

"Possibly not, Mr. Sappington."

Mr. Sappington open the gate and passed outside the bar. He then suddenly stopped and said:
"Judge, if thar is any law against chawin' tobacco, I hope you won't fine me more than four bits a chaw."

Using a Whole Egg.—A friend told us a story, a few days since, illustrating the free, generous character of the Irish, which we consider too good to be lost, and therefore give it to our readers.

Our friend's wife being in delicate health it was resolved that a girl should be procured to do the house work, that the lady might have an opportunity to recover her health and spirits.

After visiting an intelligence office for two or three mornings, a fine buxom lass of about twenty years was selected and instructed as to the duties that would be expected of her.

"Now, then," says the lady, "pour the ground coffee into this pot, then pour in the hot water, and after a few minutes' boiling, put in one-half of an egg so; and the lady illustrated each description by demonstration. "You understand don't you?" said the lady.

"Indade I do, mum," was the response, "bile the coffee, grind in the wather, and drop in the half of an egg. Isn't that it mum?"

"All right," replied the lady. "Now, then, to-morrow morning we'll see how well you remember it."

To-morrow morning came, and the coffee was as good as could be expected. The third morning came and to the astonishment of our friend and his wife, the coffee was undrinkable and nauseating, even the odor of it was sickening. Bridget was called, and questioned as follows:

"Bridget, did you first put the ground coffee in the pot?"

"Indade I did, mum."

"Did you then pour in the hot water?"

"Sure I did."

"How long did you let it boil?"

"Five minutes, mum."

"What did you do then?"

"I put in the egg, mum."

"Just as I showed you the other morning?"

"Well to tell the truth mum," says Bridget, giving her garments a hitch with her brawny hands, "to tell ye their truth I would not put in the half of the egg, as ye told me, but the egg was a bad one, and I thought ye wouldn't mind about kappin' the half of it, and so I dropped in the critter as it was!"

LETTER HER BE!—A Detroit mercantile gentleman, who was traveling eastward a short time since, went to the clerk of one of the Ontario boats to be shown to his state room. The clerk handed the applicant a key, at the same time pointing to a door some little distance, marked B.

Our friend went in the direction indicated, but opened the door next to his own, marked A, wher he discovered a lady passenger making her toilet, who, upon the stranger's appearance, uttered a loud scream.

"Go away! go away!" screamed the lady.

"Letter B," yelled the clerk.

"I am not touching her at all!" shouted the indignant merchant.

A TRAIT OF THE MAGIC MOSE.—The gods do not bestow such a face as Mrs. Siddons's on the stage more than once in a century. I knew her very well, and she had the good taste to laugh at my jokes; she was an excellent person, but she was not remarkable out of her profession, and never got out of tragedy even in common life. She used to stab the potatoes.—Sidney Smith.

"GROWN" WHEAT FOR SEED.—The Albany Evening Journal says that Mr. Garbot, a well-known farmer and miller of Monroe county, N. Y., has proved, by careful experiments, that "grown" wheat retains all its vitality, and is as good as the best for seed. This was doubted; and farmers in Western New York were going to heavy expenses to procure wheat entirely free from the "sprout" for seed.

CONSCIENCE TROUBLED THEM.—An exchange paper says, "A man in a certain village, with whom we are acquainted having had sanded sugar sold to him, inserted in the weekly paper the following notice:

"I purchased of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand; and if the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar (scripture measure) I will be satisfied; if not I shall expose him."

On the following day, nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself to be the person intended!

The reason why many ladies dodge an offer of marriage is because the question is popped at them.

DRUNKNESS.—In Sweden a man who is seen four times drunk is deprived of his vote at elections, and the next Sunday after the fourth offence is exposed in the church-yard publicly.