

The Houma Ceres.

E. W. BLAKE & CO.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS—NEUTRAL IN NONE.

E. W. BLAKE, } EDITORS.
C. B. LINDSEY, }

HOUMA:

THURSDAY, October 14, 1855.

GREAT TORNADO.

On the morning of the 5th inst., a horrible tornado passed over the plantation of Mrs. Pierce, on the Bayou Terrebonne, in this Parish, sweeping every thing before it, devastating the plantation, leaving it a dreary waste. We are pained to learn that some lives were lost, and among them, the only child of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Dr. W. JENNINGS, who, with his lady and child, a son of about two years of age, were on a visit to Mrs. P. at the time of the dreadful disaster. We sincerely condole with Dr. J. and lady, in this, their sad bereavement. To have an object of attachment taken from us at any time, by the natural course of sickness, is a grief—terrible in itself; but to have such an object as a wildly worshipped and only son—an infant, upon which is centred all of the heart's best and purest affections, is a grief, too poignant for utterance. Good God! what anguish and bitter grief must have chilled the heart of that fond mother, as she gazed upon that ruined home, under which was buried her heart's dearest idol. Deep, poignant, and bitter must have been the grief of that devoted father, as he contemplated the ruined mass which covered the object of his tenderest affection—unable to render the assistance which might have saved his beloved boy from a death so awful. The child made no noise, and it is supposed to have died rather from suffocation, than from any injury sustained from the fall of the building; as but slight bruises were perceptible on its body, when found. Had it made an outcry, so as to have been heard by those who were in search, in all probability it might have been saved.

Mrs. Pierce's family all sustained more was thought to be in a very critical situation. One of her sons had his collar bone broken and all the rest of the family are badly bruised. A female servant, about 14 years of age, belonging to Mrs. P., was killed by the fall of the house.

It appears that those who occupied the second story of the house, were less injured than those who occupied the first, or ground floor. Dr. Jennings and lady were occupying a room up-stairs, and when the roof fell in, it crushed the head-posts of the bedstead on which they were sleeping, and rested on the foot-posts which shielded them from any injury. It is a wonder to us how any one on the place escaped being killed.

Mrs. P.'s dwelling-house, sugar-house, out-houses, fences, cane, &c., were all prostrated, or so badly injured as to leave her plantation in awful condition. We did not learn the amount of her loss, but suppose it must be considerable, as her buildings were mostly new, and her plantation generally in fine repair. The beautiful grove around her dwelling, was entirely destroyed, and shabby which had taken years to bring to perfection, were torn up, or twisted off, and scattered to the four winds. Some orange trees were taken up by the roots, and lodged in the tops of the neighboring trees. Such havoc as was made of everything belonging to Mrs. P., is indeed deplorable. She seems to very unfortunate. Not quite a year ago, she had her sugar-house destroyed, together with a large amount of sugar, by fire. Just about the time she gets a new one, built on a more extensive scale, and is about ready to gather her new crop, a hurricane takes both house and crop, and not yet content, takes her dwelling, and, nearly, takes her life.

We also learn that Joseph Toupe, of Little Caillon, had his house blown down and two of his children killed, and his wife so severely injured that she has since died. One child was found about to aris from the house, and when found, it was not yet dead, but died in the arms of the person who found it before he could reach the house. An infant was found about one hundred yards from the house, and, strange to say, it was entirely uninjured. This awful calamity has left Mr.

T.'s possessions in a perfectly wrecked condition.

Altogether this has been one of the most awful occurrences that it has ever been our lot to chronicle, and may a long period elapse before we are called upon to record another such melancholy disaster.

LITTLE TIGER & THE LITTLE BULL.

We heard of an amusing scene the other day which transpired sometime since, at or near Tigerville. It seems that Tigerville, or some one of its citizens, is possessed of a little bull, which, like all other little animals, (not excepting little men), is very *spunky*, and is in for a quarrel or fight, at a moment's warning. It appears that the Little Bull was in the habit of going, in the heat of the day, to the Bayou near Tigerville, to quench his thirst and cut up such other *rustics* as his wayward disposition prompted him to do. About the time the cars first made their appearance in T., the little Bull was making his daily visit, and was *boo-hoo-hoo-ing* around, trying to kick up a muss with something, when at last he espied the locomotive "Little Tiger," coming in at the rate of fifteen knots to the hour, and mistaking it for one of the animal creation, was in for a fight with the stranger. So *boo-hoo-hoo-ing* a challenge, the Creole commenced pawing the track and shaking his head, as to say, "Come on, you darned cooking stove on wheels, and I'll butt you inside out." But "Little Tiger" showed a bold front, and whistled back defiance at the little Creole, and came up snorting at a great rate. Little Bull squared himself on the track, pawed the earth, and appeared afraid of nothing. When the locomotive came within a suitable distance for action, he backed a few paces, made ready for the engagement. Up comes the little Bull, and up comes the Locomotive, and *bang* they come together. The last that was seen of Little Bull, he was going down the bank of the Bayou, *minus* both horns and both fore legs, and his voice so changed as to bear a strong resemblance to the bleat of a dying calf.

We would invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mess. BLAHE & WRIGHT, selected stock of Fall and Winter Goods, which they offer at rates as advantageous as the same quality of goods can be had anywhere out of the city. We can't see the necessity of going out of Houma to make purchases, when goods can be had here as cheap as elsewhere. We have merchants in our town who sell goods as cheap as the same quality can be had in Thibodaux, yet some of our parishoners will ride through Houma, to make their purchases in T., forgetting their own interest, and failing to bestow that encouragement upon home enterprise which is their reasonable duty.

Call on Blahut & Wright, and examine the price and quality of their stock, and, our word for it, you spend neither time or trouble in going elsewhere to make your purchases, in future.

The weather is most beautiful—clear, cool, pleasant—it is just such as makes printers and editors wish both professions at the d—l; so they could have a chance to enjoy themselves a few days, without the fear of having their enjoyment interrupted by their subscribers' cry of punctuality, and 'lack' of editorial. We would give our best hat for two days of uninterrupted leisure, that we might go to the woods, fling dull care to the dogs, and kick up our heels to our heart's satisfaction.

To cure cholic in horses, burn cotton rags, and hold them to the nose of the horse, so that the smoke may enter the nostrils. This is said to be a certain remedy.

We direct attention to the advertisement of the "Thibodaux Female Institute" in another column of to-days issue. This school and its worthy principal, Mr. Tenney, are too well known and appreciated in this community to need a word of recommendation from us.

Person wishing to purchase good building sites, are referred to the advertisement of the Sheriff Sale of Messrs. Berger & Brown's Property. A rare chance is offered to those wishing to spend money in town lots, as those offered are splendid, and will increase in value, ten fold in the space of ten years.

The Two Nephews.

At the parlor window of a pretty village near Watten-on-Thames, sat one evening at dusk, an old man and a young woman. The age of the man might be about seventy, whilst his companion had certainly not reached nineteen. Her beautiful blooming face, and active light and upright figure, were in strong contrast with the worn countenance and bent frame of the old man, but in his eye, and in the corners of his mouth, were indications of a gay self-confidence, which age and suffering had damped, but not extinguished.

"No use looking any more, Mary," said he "neither John Mead nor Peter Finch will be here before dark. Very hard that when a sick uncle asks his two nephews to come and see him they can't come at once. The duty is simple in the extreme—only to help me to die, and take what I choose to leave them in my will! Pooh! when I was a young man, I'd have done it for my uncle with the utmost celerity. But the world's getting quite heartless!"

"Oh sir!" said Mary. "And what does, 'Oh sir!' mean?" "D'ye think I shan't die? I know better. A little more and there'll be an end of old Billy Collet. He'll have left this dirty world for a cleaner—to the great sorrow (and advantage) of his affectionate relatives! Ugh! Give me a glass of the doctors' stuff!"

The girl poured some medicine into a glass and Collet, after having contemplated it for a moment with infinite disgust, managed to get it down.

"I tell you what Miss Mary Sutton," said he, "I don't by any means approve of your 'O sir!' and 'Dear sir,' and the rest of it, when I've told you how I hate to be called 'sir,' at all. Why you couldn't be more respectful if you were a charity-girl and I a beadle in a gold-laced hat. None of your nonsense, Mary Sutton, if you please. I've been your lawful guardian now for six months, and you ought to know my likings and dislikings. 'My poor father often told me how you disliked ceremony' said Mary.

"Your poor father told you quite right," said Mr. Collet. "Fred Sutton was a man of talent—a capital fellow. His only fault was a natural inability to keep a farthing in his pocket. Poor Fred! he loved me—I'm sure he did. He bequeathed me his only child—and it isn't every friend would do that!"

"A kind and generous protector you have been!" "Well I don't know, I've tried not to be a brute, but I dare say I have been. Don't I speak roughly to you sometimes! Haven't I given you good, prudent, world advice about John Mead, and made myself quite disagreeable, and like a guardless nephew of mine?"

"Pennyless indeed!" said Mary. "Ah, there it is!" said Mr. Collet,—"and what business has a poor devil of an artist to fall in love with my ward! And what business has my ward to fall in love with a poor devil of an artist? But that's Fred Sutton's daughter all over! Haven't I two nephews? Why couldn't you fall in love with the discreet one—the thriving one? Peter Finch—considering he's an attorney—is a worthy man. He is industrious in the extreme, and attends to other people's business, only when he's paid for it. He despises sentiment, and always looks to the main chance. But John Mead, my dear Mary, may spoil canvas forever, and not grow rich. He's all for art, and truth, and social reform, and spiritual elevation, and the Lord knows what. Peter Finch will ride in his carriage, splash poor John Mead as he trudges on foot!"

The harangue was here interrupted by a ring at the gate, and Mr. Peter Finch was announced. He had scarcely taken his seat when another pull at the bell was heard, and Mr. John Mead was announced.

Mr. Collet eyed his two nephews with a queer sort smile, whilst they made speeches expressive of sorrow at the nature of their visit. At last stopping them: "Enough, boys, enough!" said he. "Let us find something better to discuss than the state of an old man's health. I want to know a little more about you both. I haven't seen much of you up to the present time, and for anything I know, you may be rouges or fool."

John Mead seemed rather to wince under this address, but Peter Finch sat calm and confident.

"To put a case now," said Mr. Collet "this morning a poor wretch of a gardener came begging here. He could get no work, it seems, and said he was starving. Well, I knew something about the fellow and I believe he only told the truth, so I gave him a shilling, to get rid of him. Now, I'm afraid I did wrong. What reason had I for giving him a shilling? What claim had he on me? What claim has he on anybody? The value of his labor in the market is all that a working man has a right to, and when his labor is of no value, why then he must go to the devil, or wherever else he can." Ab, Peter! That's my philosophy—what do you think?"

"I quite agree with you, sir," said Mr. Finch "perfectly agree with you. The value of the laborer in the market is all that laborers can pretend to—all they should have. Nothing acts more perniciously than the absurd extraneous support called charity."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Collet. "You're a clever fellow, Peter. Go on my dear boy, go on!"

"What result from charitable aid?" continued he. "The value of labor is kept at an unnatural level, State charity is state robbery, private charity is public wrong."

"That's it, Peter!" said Mr. Collet. "What do you think of our philosophy, John?" "I don't like it! I don't believe it!" said John. "You were quite right to give the man a shilling, I'd have gave him a shilling myself!"

"Oh, you would—would you?" said Mr. Collet. "You are very generous with your shillings. Would you fly in the face of all orthodox political economy, you Vandal?"

"Yes," said John, "as the vandals flew in the face of Rome, and destroyed what had become a falsehood and a nuisance. 'Poor John' said Mr. Collet. "We shall never make anything of him, Peter. Really, we'd better talk of something else. John, tell us all about the last new novel."

They conversed on various topics until the arrival of the invalid's early bedtime parted uncle and nephews for the night.

Mary Sutton seized an opportunity the next morning, after breakfast, to speak with John Mead alone.

"John," said she, "do think more of your own interest—of our interest. What occasion was there for you to be so violent last night, and contradict Mr. Collet so shockingly? I saw Peter Finch laughing to himself. John you must be more careful or we shall never be married."

"Well, Mary, dear, I'll do my best," said John. "It was that confounded Peter, with his chain of iron maxims, that made me fly out. I'm not an iceberg, Mary."

"Thank heaven you're not!" said Mary "but an iceberg floats—think of that, John. Remember—every time you offend Mr. Collet, you please Mr. Finch."

"So I do!" said John. "Yes I'll remember that." "If you would only try to be a little mean and hard-hearted," said Mary, "just a little to begin with. You would only stoop to conquer, John,—and you deserve to conquer."

"May I gain my deserts, then," said John. "Are you not to be my loving wife, Mary? And are you not to sit at needle work in my studio, whilst I paint my great historical picture! How can this come to pass if Mr. Collet will do nothing for us?"

"Ah how indeed?" said Mary. "But here's our friend Peter Finch, coming through the gate from his walk. I leave you together. And so saying, she withdrew. "What Mead!" said Peter Finch, as he entered. "Sulking in-doors of a fine morning like this! I've been all thro' the village. Not an ugly place—but taking after sadly. Road shamefully muddy! Pigs allowed to walk on the foot-path!"

"Dreadful!" exclaimed John. "I say—you came out pretty strong last night, said Peter. "Quite defied the old man! But I like your spirit!"

"I have no doubt you do," thought John. "Oh when I was a youth, I was a little that way myself," said Peter. "But the world—the world, my dear sir—soon cures us of all romantic notions. I regret, of course, to see poor people miserable, but what's the use of regretting? It's no part of the business of the superior classes to interfere with the laws of supply and demand, poor people must be miserable! What can't be cured must be endured."

"That is to say," returned John, "what we can't cure, they must endure?" "Exactly so," said Peter.

Mr. Collet this day was too ill to leave his bed. About noon he requested to see his nephews in his bedroom. They found him propped up by pillows, looking very weak, but in good spirits, as usual.

"Well, boys," said he, "here I am, you see, propped up to anchor at last! The doctor will be here soon, I suppose to shake his head and write recipes. Humbug, me boys! Patients can do as much for themselves, I believe, as doctors can do for them, they'll all in the dark together—the only difference is that the patients grope in English, and the doctors grope in Latin!"

"You are too skeptical, sir," said John Mead. "Pooh!" said Mr. Collet. "Let us change the subject. I want your advice Peter and John, on a matter that concerns your interests I'm going to make my will to-day and I don't know how to act about your cousin, Emma Briggs. Emma disgraced us by marrying an oil man."

"An oilman!" exclaimed John. "A vulgar shocking oilman!" said Mr. Collet. "A wretch who not only sold oil, but soap, candles, turpentine, black lead and Birch-brooms. Her poor grandmother never got over it, and a maiden aunt turned Methodist in despair. Well! Briggs, the oilman, died last week it seems, and his widow has written to me, asking for assistance. Now, I have thought of leaving her a hundred a year my will. What do you think of it? I'm afraid she don't deserve it. What right she had to marry against the advice of her friends? What have I to do with her misfortunes?"

"My mind is quite made up," said Peter Finch, "no notice ought to be taken of her. She made an obstinate and unworthy match—and let her abide the consequences!"

"Now your opinion, John," said Mr. Collet. "Upon my word, I think I must say the same," said John Mead bracing himself up boldly for the part of the worldly man. "What right had she to marry

—as you observed with great justice, sir. Let her abide the consequences—very properly remarked, Peter. Can't she carry on the oilman's business? I dare say it will support her very well."

"Why, no," said Mr. Collet. "Briggs died a bankrupt, and his widow and children are destitute."

"That does not alter the question," said Peter Finch. "Let Briggs's family do something for her."

"To be sure!" said Mr. Collet. "Briggs's family are the people to do something for her. She mustn't expect anything from us—must she John?"

"Destitute, is she?" said John. "With children, too! Why this is another case, sir! Confound it, I'm for letting her have the hundred a-year."

"Oh, John, John! What a break-down!" said Mr. Collet. "So you are trying to follow Peter Finch through Stony Arabia, and turned back at the second step! Here's a brave traveler for you, Peter! John John, keep to your Arabia Felix, and leave sterner ways for very different men. Good-bye, both of you. I've no voice to talk any more. I'll think over all you have said!"

He pressed their hands, and they left the room. The old man was too weak to speak next day, and in three days after that, he calmly breathed his last.

As soon as the funeral was over, the will was read by the confidential man of business who had always attended to Mr. Collet's affairs. The group that sat around him preserved a decorous appearance of disinterestedness, and the usual preamble to the will having been listened to with breathless attention, the man of business read the following in a clear voice:

"I bequeath to my niece, Emma Briggs notwithstanding that she shocked her family by marrying an oilman, the sum of four thousand pounds, being fully persuaded that her lost dignity, if she could even find it again, would do nothing to provide her with food, or clothing, or shelter."

"John Mead smiled and Peter Finch ground his teeth—but in a quite, respectable manner. The man of business went on with his reading:

"Having always held the opinion that woman should be rendered a rational and independent being,—and having duly considered the fact that society practically denies her the right of earning her own living—I hereby bequeath to Mary Sutton the only child of my old friend, Frederick Sutton, the sum of ten thousand pounds, which will enable her to marry, or to remain single, as she may prefer."

John Mead gave a prodigious start upon hearing this, and Peter Finch ground his teeth again—now in a manner hardly respectable. Both, however, by a violent effort, kept silent. The man of business went on reading: "I have paid some attention to the character of my nephew, John Mead, and have been grieved to find him much possessed with a feeling of philanthropy and with a general preference for whatever is noble and true over whatever is base and false. As these tendencies are by no means such as advance him in the world, I bequeath him the sum of ten thousand pounds—hoping that he will thus be kept out of the workhouse, and be enabled to paint his great historical picture—

which, as yet, he has only talked about.

"As for my other nephew, Peter Finch he views all things in so sagacious and selfish a way, and so certain to get on in life, that I should only insult him by offering an aid which he does not require, yet, from his affectionate uncle, and entirely as a testimony of admiration for his mental acuteness, I venture to hope that he will accept a bequest of five hundred pounds towards the completion of his extensive library of law book."

How Peter Finch Stormed, and called names, how John Mead broke into a delirium of joy—how Mary Sutton cried and laughed, and then cried and laughed together, all these matters I shall not attempt to describe. Mary Sutton is now Mrs. John Mead, and her husband has actually begun the great historical picture. Peter Finch has taken no discounting bills, and bringing actions on them, and drives about in his brougham already.

BAYOU BLACK PACKET!
The New Steamer, T. S. ARCHER, will commence her regular trips about the 25th inst., and will continue to run from Terrebonne to the Upper Waters of Bayou Black, throughout the entire season. Freight to and from the Opelousas Railroad, as the most satisfactory terms.
For further particulars apply on board or to GEORGE L. LESTER, Houma, or J. J. SHAFER & CO., October 13, 1855—12-11

Succession of Jerome Dupre.
ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE.—Parish of Terrebonne.—5th District Court.
ATTENDU QUE JEAN CHARLES DUPRE, de la Paroisse de Lafourche administrateur de la succession de son oncle, a deposes au bureau du sous-signé Greffier de la dite Cour un compte final de son administration de la dite succession demandant qu'il soit approuvé et homologué.
En conséquence toutes personnes qui pourraient avoir des objections à l'homologation de ce compte sont respectueusement invitées à les faire connaitre au Greffier de la dite Cour, avant le jour de la séance de la dite Cour, le Mercredi 15 Octobre, 1855.
Temoins ma main ce 13 Octobre, 1855.
J. AYCOCK, Greffier de la dite Cour.

Succession of Jerome Duré.
STATE OF LOUISIANA.—Parish of Terrebonne.—5th District Court.
WHEREAS JEAN CHARLES DUPRE, of the Parish of Lafourche, administrator of said succession, having filed with the undersigned, Clerk of said Court, a final account of his administration of said succession, praying that the same be approved and homologated.
THHEREFORE all persons having any objections to the homologation of said account are hereby notified to make them known within thirty days from the date hereof, otherwise they will be deemed to have waived their right.
Witness my hand this 13th day of October, 1855.
J. AYCOCK, Clerk of said Court.

Dr. T. E. VICK OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the citizens of the Parish of Terrebonne. Office in Houma.