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## HOUMA CERES.

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OFFICE IN FRONT OF THE COURT HOUSE.

### TERMS.

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. For the insertion of advertisements, and some of greater length will be charged on any terms.

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

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

### 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 newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all 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 their discontinuance.  
4. The Courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing them, is not a breach of contract, but a breach of the contract of the publisher.

### Cadieu Presumption vs. Yankee Credulity.

In the little town of P. resides a perfect specimen of the real genus Cadieu—a raw-boned and grim-visaged youth of premature growth. His intimation for epistolary correspondence knows no bounds. His pranks are invariably directed against keen Yankeeism. One would suppose in looking in the store where he has the honor of reigning supreme in his important character, as head salesman, (at the stipulated salary of 00 and found,) that his every thoughts are enwrap'd in the all-absorbing matter of dollars and cents. No one would suppose that his correspondence extended beyond the legitimate sphere of his employers business, except it be a few "tender lines," perhaps, indited to some silly school girl. This was our impression, when in our character of intruder, (which we sometime assume) we happened in fumbling over his drawer, to find the following correspondence, in which it appears that the editors of a certain Boston paper, were *done for*.

Providence, Dec. 26th, 1856.

My dear Sir—I beg pardon from this place and taking my residence in your city, and as I have a capital which I am anxious of investing in some lucrative business, I have concluded to write to you to ascertain what I can do for a quarter interest in your paper. Judging from your circulation in this place, I have been led to believe your circulation generally is quite extensive enough to render an investment in your sheet desirable. If you look favorably on my proposition, please, in your answer, to send me the amount about of your receipt per annum; and also amount of expenses for same time. Let me know the lowest amount you will take for either a half or quarter interest. As early reply will much oblige.

Yours truly,  
AUBREY GRIFFY.

It seems that previous to receiving a response to this apparently earnest letter, and abandoning all hopes of hearing from them, the editors of the paper in question, wrote suddenly denouncing articles to their subscribers, and at the same time bills for subscription. This excited the ire of their fair correspondents, which called forth the following racy effusion:

Providence, Feb. 20, 1856.

Each time I see the Boston Herald, I feel as if I were in your city, and as I have a capital which I am anxious of investing in some lucrative business, I have concluded to write to you to ascertain what I can do for a quarter interest in your paper. Judging from your circulation in this place, I have been led to believe your circulation generally is quite extensive enough to render an investment in your sheet desirable. If you look favorably on my proposition, please, in your answer, to send me the amount about of your receipt per annum; and also amount of expenses for same time. Let me know the lowest amount you will take for either a half or quarter interest. As early reply will much oblige.

Enclosed I send you a copy of Yankee Doodle, with variations. Write soon and often.  
Your enthusiastic admirer,  
AUBREY GRIFFY.

The next day after this letter was mailed, to his great astonishment, he received the following genuine letter, in answer to his first:

Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 1st, 1856.

AUBREY GRIFFY, Esq.—  
Dear Sir—I have before me a letter in which you speak of purchasing an interest in the Y. B. As I have an undivided half of the paper with which I am willing to part at a bargain, Mr. M. has referred the matter to me. I cannot reply to your inquiries regarding the regular amounts of expenses and receipts for the last year, as I have not the Books for reference, nor should I wish to enter into a statement of affairs until I ascertain that you were still inclined to such an investment. My interest in the B. cost me about \$3500. I am willing to dispose of it at a moderate rate of advance. As such a sale would include one half of our claims against a large number of subscribers, I cannot state the exact price until I ascertain the amount of said demands. I believe them to be in the neighborhood of \$4000. We are at present contemplating the publication of an edition for one of the Western cities or New Orleans. We have recently issued an especial edition for New York, and believe that it will prove profitable. By a proper application of capital, I believe that the B— may be made to pay even better than it ever has yet.

If you retain your inclination for the newspaper business, and will state as much in answer to this, and tell me when you will be likely to come North, I will endeavor to be more explicit. I would beg an answer at your earliest convenience, as another party has spoken of the same matter to me, and expressed a desire to become interested in the B—. In order to explain apparent negligence on my part, I will remark that your letter has but just been forwarded to me, at this place, how long it has remained in Mr. M's hands, I cannot say. I am at present on a tour for the B—, and am continually strengthening and increasing its subscription list in the Western Cities.—Should you reply to this, please address me, in a letter marked "private" to the care of the B— office, Boston.

Yours respectfully,  
J. W. P.

The last we heard of the Cadieu correspondent aforesaid, was that he was giving vent to his fears that his interesting correspondence would be at an end, as he supposed that on the receipt of his last letter the Yankee editors will commence to smell a rat, and come to the conclusion that they are sold.

A MAN OF BONES.—Here is a curious fact for you, the flesh of a living man once grew into bone. It seems hard to believe, but we suppose it was so; for, in the museum, at Dublin, Ireland, there is, or was, the skeleton, of one Clark, a native of the city of Cork, whom they call the ossified man, one of the greatest curiosities of nature. It is the carcass of a man, entirely ossified in his life time, living in that condition for several years. Those who knew him before this surprising alteration, affirm that he had been a man of great strength and agility. He felt the first symptoms of this surprising change some time after a debauch, till, by slow degrees, every part grew into a bony substance, except his skin, eyes and intestines; his joints settled in such a manner that no ligament had its proper operation; he could not lie down nor rise up without assistance. He had at last no bend in his body, yet, when he was placed upright, like a statue of stone, he could stand but could not move in the least. His teeth, were joined, and formed into entire bone; and therefore a hole was broken through them to convey the liquid substance for his nourishment. The tongue lost its use and his sight left him some time before he expired.

UPRIGHT MEN.—We love upright men. Pull them this way and the other, and they only bend—they never break. Trip them down, and in a trice they are on their feet again. Bury them in the mud, and in an hour they would be out and bright.—You cannot keep them down, you cannot destroy them. They are the salt of the earth. Who but they start any noble project? They build our cities, whiten the ocean with their sails; and blacken the heaven with the smoke of their cars. Look to them, young men, and catch the spark of their energy.

An account has been published of the attempt of a man named Williams, from New York, to commit suicide on New Year's night because a young woman in Hoboken whom he expected to marry that night had changed her mind. In view of this evidence of love and devotion on his part, the young woman remained, and has since been united to him in marriage. He feels better.

During a great storm on the Pacific ocean, a vessel was wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave, to another who was drifting by on a barrel, "Friend, dost thou call this Pacific?"

As I walk'd by myself, I talk'd to myself,  
And myself it said unto me,  
"Beware of thyself, take care of thyself,  
For nobody cares for thee."

### Negro Melodies.

The music under the above title is now becoming very popular among all classes wherever the English language is spoken, and their wailing and melancholy tone has not failed to attract the attention of the great Composers in Europe. Among foreign nations they are setting some of the airs to words in their own language, but their beauty must, thereby, be very much marred, as they are certainly much better suited to their original words, or to a corresponding style in the same language.

Bayard Taylor mentions that he heard them sung by the Arabs in the streets of Cairo; and on his way through Hindostan, one of the strolling minstrels of that country presented himself before him, though unable to speak English, and after having tuned his rude instrument, commenced, to his great astonishment, not to play the songs of his own native land, but a list of the so-styled negro melodies, all in the original words, and with an accuracy of pronunciation that was truly remarkable for one that could not speak the language. It was supposed that he had learned them from some young English officers of Madras.

Perhaps few persons, that now listen to them with so much pleasure, believe that many of these songs actually originated among the slaves of our Southern States—yet, such is a fact, and they are, of course, the originators of that style of music. In my boyhood I remember they were sung only by them; a white person to be heard singing one, would have been considered by all good and decent folks of that day, as a low rowdy fellow. I shall never forget the severe rebuke, I and two other school-boys got from our teacher, when he caught us singing in concert, one of their favorite melodies—and yet the same air has since been set to other lines equally pathetic and touching, the original chorus only retained; and it has, also, along with others, been set to hymns. They were originally called "Corn Songs," from the fact, I suppose, that they were sung by the negroes at corn huskings and other gatherings.

Such is the origin of a style of music that has, within a few years become so popular, even in distant lands, where the English language is perhaps seldom heard. For simplicity, sweetness and plaintive melody, they are unequalled. In many of them gayety and melancholy are strongly blended. They are now sung by both master and slave—in the mansions of the high-born and the cottage of the poor; and the gentle and refined lady, no longer hesitates to sing them to the accompaniment of the most elegant instruments that art and civilization can furnish.

THE CIRCLE OF COLD.—The range of cold is wider this year than in any year on record. They are putting up ice four inches thick, formed in the river, about Austin, Texas, in about latitude 10 1-2, or only about five degrees north of the tropics. The effect on vegetation, south, particular, is bad. In Florida, the orange trees, it is feared, are ruined. In the neighborhood of Louisville, Ky., the peach and other fruit trees have been killed by the frost. In North Carolina, thousands of dollars, it is said, have been lost by the injury done to the pine trees of that region, the wood of which is so valuable. In Virginia the apricots have been almost entirely destroyed. In Boston, the cold weather was so severe that the linden trees which adorn the side walks, split with the frost as if a wedge had been driven into them. But these will close up again in the spring. The phenomena of the life and growth of vegetation, under polar colds, is yet unexplained.

A case is now on trial in the Supreme Court in Boston, wherein John Kirby claims \$10,000 of the city for injuries alleged to have been received some years since, by falling upon the icy sidewalks in Boylston street.

There is living in Hardeman county, Tennessee, a man aged ninety-eight years, who has recently cut eight new teeth. He can walk a mile with the ease of a young man.

### What We All Do.

An amusing, and even instructive hour, may be spent if any one will search out from the confused figures of the census the number of persons following various occupations in the United States. Thus we rejoice as a nation in having two thousand persons who pronounce themselves artists, though there are probably not a score who will live in men's memories, and certainly not one who seems likely to dethrone Raphael. Of authors we have, according to the census, only eighty-two; that is, but eighty-two are willing to confess to "genius and a garret," though if publishers' advertisements are to be believed, every new month gives birth to a literary star, and one more brilliant than any that ever went before. To pass to bank officers and brokers is a very natural transition, and of the former we are favored with fourteen hundred; of the latter with six thousand exemplifying the old adage that "it never rains but it pours," and "blessings never come singly." Luckily, there are a hundred thousand honest, stout-hearted blacksmiths, as a make-weight against this Egyptian plague flies in the shape of brokers and bankers. Moreover, there are six thousand barbers to "shave" the six thousand brokers, and thus revenge the community, which is so essentially "shaved" by the latter.

We have two million and a half of farmers; seventy thousand mariners; one hundred thousand merchants; 64,000 masons, and nearly two hundred thousand carpenters. We have fourteen thousand bakers to make our bread; twenty-four thousand lawyers to set us by the ears; forty thousand doctors to "kill or cure," and fifteen hundred editors to keep this motley mass in order by the potent power of public opinion, controlled and manufactured through the press. We have eleven thousand hatters; ten thousand tobacconists, thirty-one thousand weavers. Against thirty thousand teachers, we can set off fifty thousand tailors, so that we care nearly twice as much for adorning the body as we do for decking out the mind. Only twenty-two thousand people have been willing to set themselves down as servants, though most of us serve others in some capacity or other, from the bootblack who polishes our shoes, to the bookseller who brightens the public intellect. Nobody, according to the census follows the trade of a politician; though there's enough, heavens knows, in this city alone, to have condemned a dozen Sodom or Gomorrah. The census fails to record, likewise, the existence of any patriots among us, though we have long thought that patriotism was especially a profession and nothing else.

The forty thousand physicians support five hundred undertakers, which gives the important statistical fact, that it takes eighty doctors to keep one undertaker in a brief business. We have fifteen hundred wagon makers; three thousand watchmakers; seventy-eight vinegar makers, including, we suppose, all the cross wives, crusty bachelors and verjuice, old maids; thirty thousand wheelwrights, and thirty-three showmen. We have four thousand cutlers; twenty-three thousand saddlers, and five thousand railroad men. We have one hundred and fifty-four opticians and ten oculists, but nearly four thousand confectioners, proving that we care infinitely more for eating than for eyesight. This reminds us that there are five thousand brewers and seven hundred wine dealers, but the census, strange to say, is silent as to the great number who drink beer and "quaff the rosy." In all, we have about five millions and a half above the age of fifteen years, who are busily employed at some trade, profession or other occupation, by which to earn a livelihood. It is plain we are not a nation of sluggards. We nearly all do something. Nay, to be an idle drone is happily no recommendation in America, as it is in the aristocratic and monarchical countries in Europe.—[Phil. Ledger.]

NO ACCOUNT FOR TASTES.—On the occasion of two opposition boats starting from Pittsburg, one employed a German band to attract passengers; the other being minus, and not desiring to be outdone, started the steam whistle, which completely drowned the music of the band. The mayor, being called upon, declined to interfere, saying that "one was a specimen of German music and the other genuine American."

One of the very best looking girls in Troy Seminary, is a red-headed girl from the State of Vermont. Out of compliment to her hair, they call her "the torch of love."

### Miscellaneous.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE RIDING MARE.—Poor Aggie! docile old friend, peace to thy manes! albeit unused to wield the writers pen, we would fain pay tribute to thy worth.

Thou shalt not speed unhonored to the grave. Long will thy memory be cherished; childhood's voice will oft chant thy praise; ever gentle, thou yieldedst quietly to its guiding hand, and lent a willing ear to its kindly admonitions. The invalid will recall with a sigh thy smooth and quiet pace; and when the days again laugh in sunshine, we'll remember the meek old servitor who needed no spur to urge her forward. Thou wert no Pegasus though thy sires boasted noble blood; yet didst thou submit tamely to be mounted by aspiring youngsters, who, now trudging where they once rode, oft exclaim, "Oh! why did Aggie die?"

Old Aggie's dead, that tough old mare,  
We ne'er can ride her more;  
She always went an ambling pace,  
And never failed before."

The Southside Democrat states that a day or two since a man named S. A. Kewson of Wilmington, N. C., on a bridal tour to Petersburg, went down to the River to skate, his wife standing on the bank watching him. He broke through, but got out safely; but his wife was so overcome by the accident that she became a maniac.

"RIGHT ON THE GOOSE QUESTION."—Somebody making use of this familiar quotation, the other day, a matter-of-fact gentleman present said, "I don't know what you mean by 'goose.'" "Ah! my friend," replied the "somebody," "not to know a goose 'argues yourself unknown!'" Witty, but not very complimentary.

THE PUZZLED INDIAN.—During our last conflict with Great Britain, a number of our troops were engaged in repairing the fortifications of Niagara; and whilst so engaged the enemy commenced a pretty sharp fire, so that it nearly occupied the whole of the time of our forces to keep on the lookout for the shots of the enemy.

Finding that they did not make much headway, they stationed a son of the Emerald Isle to give warning when a shot or a shell was coming.

This, the sentinel faithfully performed alternately singing out "shot," "shell," "shot," "shell," until finally the enemy started a Congreve rocket, which Pat had never seen before.

He hesitated, and seeing it elevated, he shouted, "Shot! and by Jabers, the gun with it."

THE BIRDS.—The cold weather (says the Richmond Enquirer) has proved quite fatal to birds of every kind. It is stated that at least five hundred dead birds have been found on a section of the railroad embracing a distance of nine miles below Charlottesville; and partridges and other birds have perished in considerable numbers.

SOME DEER.—It is estimated by a Michigan paper that one thousand deer have been slain in Van Buren Co., within the last three months, and, from the village of Paw Paw alone, during that time, six hundred venison have been shipped to the eastern and western markets.

Bradley, an Irishman, of Philadelphia, offers to fight any native American for \$3,000. The guntlet has been taken up by Rusk, an American, of the same city, and meetings have been held, but thus far ineffectually, for the settlement of preliminaries. Bradley's challenge was, it is said, intended to catch Tom Hyer.

MUTUAL ATTACHMENT.—A lady walking on Broadway a short time ago, a gentleman's button caught in the fringe of her shawl. Some moments elapsed before the parties were separated. "I am attached to you, madam," said the gentleman good-humoredly, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual, sir, was the good-humored reply.

A GAME OF POKER.—An Eastern paper mentions the case of an individual in Terra Haute, Ind., who attacked his wife with a poker, and was arrested by a gentleman attracted by the lady's screams. Ah, the gentleman passed, the lady saw him and called.

"LENGTHENED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT.—A pretty girl six feet high.

One hundred guns were fired at Chicago in honor of Mr. Bank's election.