



THE HOUMA CERES

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SELECTED POETRY.

An Angel in the Way.

In the downward path is spread,
 Love and light thy coming greet,
 Fresh as blushing o'er thy head,
 Flowers are growing 'neath thy feet;
 With an air, with loving hands,
 Wave thee on, a willing prey;
 Yet an instant pause—there stands
 An angel in the way!

Had the heavenly warning—know
 Patiently they first may try;
 Fresh, that like the sunset glow,
 Turn to ashes on the lip.
 Though the joys be wild and free,
 (Hardly joy will soon decay,)
 Even a mortal eye can see
 An angel in the way!

Will thou dwell in worldly pleasure?
 With that lure, like him of old,
 Length of days and store of treasure,
 Wisdom, glory, power, and gold?
 Life and limb shall sickle waste,
 Woe shall grind thee three day by day,
 Still to win thee, God hath placed
 An angel in the way!

Treading all on things that perish,
 Shall I begin to be afraid?
 Earthly foes will thou cherish?
 How before an earthly shade!
 Meet rebuke to mortal love,
 Yearnings for a child of clay,
 Death shall cross thy path and prove
 An angel in the way!

When the prophet thought to sin,
 Tempted by his heathen guide;
 When a prince's grace to win,
 Prophet lips would fain have lied,
 Even the brain the same controlled,
 Found a human voice to cry,
 "Honor, and life, no more behold!
 An angel in the way!"

Oh, when vice to lure her slave,
 Woe him down the shag wreath,
 Death bands are stretched to save,
 Spirit voices warn him back,
 Heart of man! be ever prone,
 Chafe not at thy sin's delay;
 How true humbly down and own
 An angel in the way!

From Feteros's Magazine.

ONE.

BY W. S. CAPPER.

I met her in the Spring-time,
 When earth was bright and green,
 And flowers sprung in beauty
 To grace their floral queen;
 To grace a smile so holy,
 I dreamt her from on high—
 For love was in her countenance,
 And heaven in her eye!

I gazed upon her beauty,
 Yes, gazed, that her eyes;
 And melted the bowe's ray
 That gave to life new light;
 Oh, she was pure and lovely,
 As angels ever be!
 An Eden scene unfolding,
 From earthly center free.

I met her in the Spring-time,
 When flowers were newly bright,
 And little warbles fill the air
 With floating harmonies;
 And the vision faded,
 The hope was fifty years;
 With blinded eyes dwelling—
 My angel love is gone.

An Editor Dreaming on Wedding Cake.

A bachelor editor out West, who had received from the hands of a bride a piece of elegant wedding cake to dream on, thus gives the result of his experience: We put in under the head of our pillow, shuts our eyes sweetly as an infant, and, blessed with an easy conscience, soon snored prodigiously. The god of dreams gently, touched us, and lo! in fancy we were married! Never was a little editor so happy. It was "my love," "dearest," "sweetest," ringing in our ears every moment. Oh! that the dream had been broken off here. But no, some evil genius put into the head of our ducky to have pudding for dinner, just to please her head. In a hungry dream we sat down to dinner. Well, the pudding moment arrived, and a huge slice almost obscured from sight the plate before us.

"My dear," said we fondly, "did you make this?"
 "Yes, love—ain't it nice?"
 "Charms—the best bread pudding I ever tasted in my life."

"Plum pudding ducky," suggested my wife.

"O, no, dearest, bread pudding, I always was fond of it."

"Call this bread pudding?" exclaimed my wife, while her pretty lips curled slightly with contempt.

"Certainly, love—reckon I've had enough at the Sherwood house to know. Bread pudding my love by all means."

"Husband, this is really too bad—plum budding is twice as hard to make as bread pudding, and is more expensive and is a great deal better. I say that is plum pudding, sir," and my pretty wife's brow flushed with excitement.

"My love, my sweet, my dear love," exclaimed we soothingly, "do not get angry; I'm sure it is very good, if it is bread pudding."

"But sir, I say it ain't bread pudding."

"But my love, I'm sure it must be bread pudding."

"You mean, low wretch," fiercely replied my wife, "you know it is plum pudding."

"Then ma'am, it is so meanly put together, and so badly burned, that the devil himself wouldn't know it. I tell you madam, most distinctly and emphatically, and I will not be contradicted, that it is bread pudding, and the meanest kind at that."

"It is plum pudding," shrieked my wife, as she hurled a glass of claret in my face the glass itself tipping the claret from my nose.

"Bread pudding!" gasped we; pluck to the last, and grasping a roasted chicken by the left leg.

"Plum pudding!" rose above the din, as I had a distinctive perception of feeling two plates smash across my head.

"Bread pudding!" we groaned in rage as the chicken left our hand, and flying with swift wings across the table landed in madame's bosom.

"Plum pudding!" resounded the war cry from the enemy, as the gravy dish took us where he had been depositing the first of our dinner, and a plate of beets landed upon a white vest.

"Bread pudding, forever!" shouted we in defiance, dodging the soup tureen and falling beneath its contents.

"Plum pudding!" yelled the amiable spouse, as noticing our misfortune, she determined to keep us down by piling upon our head the dishes with no gentle hand. Then in rapid succession followed the war cries. "Plum pudding!" shrieked she with every dish.

"Bread pudding!" in smothered tones came up from the pile in reply. Then it was "plum pudding in rapid succession, the last cry growing feebler, till just as I can distinctly recollect, it had grown to a whisper. Plum pudding, resounded like thunder, followed by a tremendous crash as my wife leaped upon the pile with her delicate feet, and commenced jumping up and down—when, thank Heaven, we awoke, and thus saved our life. We shall never dream on wedding cake again—that's the moral.

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MURDERS IN THE U. STATES.—The Baltimore Patriot has an article on a topic which is attracting notice by the press in various sections of the United States, and is the subject of much comment abroad, the remarkable frequency of murders in the United States. This fearful condition of things is attributed by the Patriot partly to certain peculiarities in the American character and temperament, and partly to the partial and imperfect administration of our criminal code. We cannot assign as the cause of so many murders, social degradation, poverty and its attendant evils, or an inherent brutality. On the contrary, Americans are an intelligent and refined people, and extreme poverty of rare occurrence. In the opinion of the Patriot, it is demonstrably true, that "out of a high-toned and chivalrous sense of self-respect, has arisen this fearful criminality." It might be well to consider whether Americans have much more reason for a "high-toned and chivalrous sense of self-respect" than any other people, that they should adopt the method of vindicating it which is known to no other nation on the earth.

"In England," says the Patriot, "if you tell a man he lies, or otherwise call in question his personal character, he either promptly knocks you down with his fist, or more deliberately applies for protection to the arm of the law. If you return the blow, and he knocks you down again, a rude native spirit restrains him from striking you so long as you remain prostrate; but the moment you rise to your feet, he knocks you down again, if he can—and then quietly pauses until you confront him once more. When you consider yourself battered sufficiently, you cry out "Enough!" and the battle is over. He coolly puts on his coat and walks off, leaving you to bear your blushing honors in whatever direction you may think proper.

"In Ireland, the cudgel obtains a decided preference over the fist, and, as general rule, the preliminary insult is not all necessary to provoke its application.—Heads are broken and blood flows. In Germany, as in England, nature's weapons are the most prevalent. In the more serious duels of the Burschen or students, the rapier indeed is used; but it is guarded within an inch of the point, and therefore seldom punctures a vital organ.

"In France, an insult among the populace is succeeded by an almost interminable squabble, which is followed, as a last resort, by hugging, wrestling, and a vigorous, indiscriminate use of the feet without intermission, until the strongest gains the victory. Other nations have their various modes of settling their private disputes; but their antagonism mostly ends in a torrent of words, and only in rare instances closes with homicide.

With us Americans, a quarrel is a dangerous thing and an insult deadly. We neither resort to our fists for protection, nor to the law for damages. The offensive word is spoken, and a blow from a knife, or a bullet from a pistol promptly follows it. A false sentiment of honor; and a hyper sensitiveness to what the world may say; an imperfect appreciation of the value of human life, and a defiant disregard of the consequences—mingled, perhaps, with a vague expectation to escape unwhipped of justice—instigate them to take this barbarous mode of avenging an insult. An insult which attaches to us only the more, if the words we have thus boldly avenged were true; and which could never have radically injured us if they were false."

A true friend does sometimes venture to be offensive.

A man's best fortune or his worst is a wife.

A friend that you buy with presents will be bought from you.

An enemy to beauty is a foe to Nature.

Delays increase desires, and sometimes extinguish them.

Friends got without desert, will be lost without cause.

Friends tie their purse with a cob-web thread.

Death is the ultimate boundary of human matters.

The supercilious, however refined, are rude.

A wagger is a fool's argument.

Burn not your house to fright away the mice.

Business is the salt of life.

A young woman married to an old man, must behave like an old woman.

"I understood your father is dead?" said a little boy as he entered the house. You're right now, old boss," said he, "he's laid out in t'other room as cold as a wedge!"

A beautiful face is the finest of all spectacles, and the sweetest of all harmonies is the voice of her we love.

How to Judge a Horse.—If the color be light sorrel, or chestnut, his feet, legs and face white, these are marks of kindness.

If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended on as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to anything.

As respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them, the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of this description stand a whip if he is well fed.

If you want a safe horse, avoid one that has a dished face; he may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go ahead in him to be safe for every body.

If you want a fool, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay, with not a white hair about him; if his face is a little dished, so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse, who is not an adept in riding—they are always tricky and unslye.

If you want one that will never give out; never buy a large overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand heat, nor a white one cold.

If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about him—the more the better; Many suppose that the colored horses belonging to circusses, etc., are selected for their oddity. But the selections thus made are on account of great docility and gentleness.

A lazy, plodding, snail-paced chap, might have got along in the world fifty years ago, but he don't do for these times. We live in an age of quick ideas—men think quick—eat sleep, court, marry, and die quick—and slow coaches are not tolerated. "Go ahead, if you burst your boiler!" is the motto of the age—and he succeeds the best in every line of business, who has the most of "do or die" in him.

Strive, boys, to catch the spirit of the times—be up and dressed always, not gaped, and rubbing your eyes, as if half asleep; but wide awake for whatever may turn up, and you will be somebody before you die.

Think, plan, reflect as much as you please before you act—but think quickly and closely, and when you have fixed your eye upon an object, spring to the mark at once.

But above all things, be honest. If you intend to be an artist, carve it in the wood, chisel it in your ledger. Let honesty of purpose ever be your guardian star.

THE DEAD COME TO LIFE.—REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—A circumstance of a somewhat extraordinary character, occurred some time since in one of the flourishing towns of the Midland counties.

A clergyman died, and his mother and sisters, on the third day after his decease, recollecting that no likeness remained of the one cherished son a brother, it was agreed, ere the grave closed over him, that the body should be unshrouded and a portrait taken. A young lady of professional celebrity was engaged for the task.

She, with the assistance of the attendant, took off the shroud, and placed the body in the requisite posture; but other duties requiring the artist's attention, the sketch was deferred till noon. About 12 o'clock at the feet of the bed, the lady commenced and went through an hour's work on the image of death. At this stage of the proceedings, by some unaccountable motion the head of the death-like figure fell on the side. Nothing daunted, the artist carefully took the head to replace it when lo! the eyes opened, and staring her full in the face, "the dead inquired "Who are you?" The young "professional," without trepidation, took the bandage from the head and rubbed his neck. He immediately saw the shroud, and laughed immoderately. The artist quietly called the family; their joy may be imagined, but cannot be described. That evening, he who had lain three days in his shroud, bemoaned by mothers an sister with agonizing tears, begladdened their hearts by his accustomed place at their tea table, and at this moment is making an excursion to North Wales.—[Foreign Paper.

To enjoy to-day, stop thinking about tomorrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one, and why should it not? It will have seven days more experience.

"Are you in fun, or in earnest?" said a fellow to one who was giving some smart cuts with a cow-skin.

"I'm in earnest, replied the other, laying it on something harder.

"I'm glad of it," said the first one, for I don't like such fun."

Story of a Courtship.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Come—come," said Mrs Gray, "you have been moping there long enough, nephew, forgetting matters and everything else. Here are the apples waiting, and no one to hand them around, for when I once get settled in an easy chair"—here the good woman gave a smiling survey of her ample person, which certainly overflowed the chair at every point, leaving the back and curving arms quite visible—"it isn't a very easy thing to get up again. Now bustle about, and let old woman rest ourselves, you and Julia, there can try your luck with the apple seeds."

"I remember the first time I ever surmised that Mr. Gray had taken a notion to me was once when we were at an apple-cutting, down in Maine. Somehow, Mr. Gray had got into my neighborhood when we arranged around the great basket of apples. I felt my cheeks burn the moment he drew his chair so close to mine; and took out his jack-knife to begin work. He pared and I quatered. I never looked up but once—then his cheek was redder than mine, and he held the jack-knife terribly unsteady. By and by, he got a noble great apple, yellow as gold and smooth as a baby's cheek. I was looking at his hand sidewise from under my eye-lashes, and saw that he was darning it carefully, as if every round of the skin was a strip of gold. At last he cut it off at the seed end, and the soft rings fell down over his wrist, and I took the apple from his fingers.

"Now," said he, in a whisper, bending his head a little, and raising the apple-peel carefully with his right hand, "I'm just as sure that this will be the first letter of the name I love, as I am that we are alive." He began swiftly whirling the apple-peel round his head; the company were all busy with another, and I was the only person who saw the yellow links quivering round his head, once, twice, three times. Then he held it still a moment, and looked right into my eyes. I held my breath, and so did he.

"Now," said he, and his breath came out in a suiver, "what if it should be your name?"

I did not answer, and we both looked back at the same time. Sure enough it was the letter S. No pen ever made one more beautiful. "Just as I expected," said he, and his eyes grew bright as diamonds, "just as I expected!" that was all he said.

"And what answer did you make him aunt?" asked Robert Otir, who had been listening with a flushed face. "What did you say?"

"I didn't speak a word, but quatered on as fast as I could. As for Mr. Gray, he kept paring like one possessed. I thought he would never stop paring, or say a word more. By and by, he stuck the point of his knife into an apple, and unwinding the skin from around it, he handed it to me. It was a red skin, I remember, and cut as smooth as a ribbon."

"I shouldn't wonder a bit if that dropped into a letter G," says Mr. Pray. "Suppose you try it."

"Well, I took the red apple-skin, and whirled it three times round my head, and down it went on the floor, curled up into the nicest capital G. that you ever set your eyes on.

Mr. Gray, he looked at the letter, and then sort of side-wise into my face. "S. G." says he, taking up the apple skin and eating it, as if it had been the first mouthful of a thanksgiving dinner. "How would you like to see those two letters on a new set of silver tea-spoons?"

I really believe you could have lit a candle in my face, it burned so; but I couldn't speak more than if I'd been tongue-tied.

"But did you never answer about the spoons?" asked Julia.

"Well, yes, I believe I did the next Sunday night," said the old lady, demurely, smoothing her apron.

MODEL VERDICT.—The Rome (Georgia) Courier publishes the following verdict, delivered by a "high-minded, honorable and intelligent jury" of that State, in the case of Abe Johnson, vs. Thomas Cameron:

"We the jury choazen and sworn agree that tom karnyon must pay the going the full amount of 20 FIVE CENTS that the planetif pay over the won kwart of liker for the benefit of the gury and kosts will be rooled out.

The reason why man was made after everything else, was because if he had been created first he would have annoyed the Almighty by endless suggestions of improvement.

WANTED.—Some feathers from the "crow" that woman are always "pick-ing" with each other. Bring 'em on.