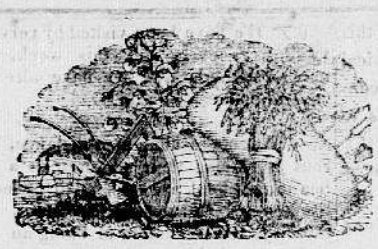
Houma  Ceres.

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Eloquence of a Country Lawyer.

The following bit of humor from an old and well known correspondent of the Thibodaux Minerva, we lay with pleasure before our readers. It has gone the rounds of all of the papers; and we now copy from the Spirit of the Times. Can't we induce the gentleman to become an occasional correspondent of the Ceres?

Mr. Editor: Our town of H—— sported once upon a time, a MSS. journal, issued weekly. Every Saturday evening welcomed the "A····" to every lady's center table. Poetry, literature, morals, &c., were the themes that ornamented its pages, and sometimes

"——Lively and gossiping,
Stored with the treasures of the tattling world;
And with a spice of mirth too."

But my object being to give you a specimen of what the "A····" was made of, I will proceed at once with the "Eloquence of a Country Lawyer," which was reported for the journal by friend G.

It would be proper, however, to imform you that the case in which our country lawyer was employed, was one for damages. The plaintiff required damages of the defendant, for having gagged a certain *old Rosinante, his* property, that was proven by the defence had not the least idea of the right of property, and had unscrupulously insinuated herself in the neighboring field, and played the devil in the *pertater patch.*

The suit was brought before 'Squire A., who is fond of the sublime and the ridiculous, though a *leetle* more of the latter.

Here it is *verbatim et literatim.* If it suits you give it a place in your columns:

"Please this most honorable court!—With due deference for your honor, and with the greatest reluctance and the most oppressed feeling of outraged nature, sir, I appear to defend the defendant; and were it not that I conceive myself called upon by the voice of my country—the voice of justice—in this innocent woman's case, I should remain forever silent upon this eventful occasion, and hurl back to nonentity, the Mirabeau-like spirit that I now feel within me. But, please your honor, as I *do* come now, as does the ministering angel, to defend and protect the innocent—to assert the claims of justice—to unfold the omnipotency and sovreignty of the law, the law, sir, before which the potentates of the earth bow their heads with awful reverence. You, even your honor! myself! my tender client!—all must bend the knee before the imperative dictates of the law! Yes, I have come, please your honor, to claim the protection of the law against the "despotic oppression of malice-afore-thought," conceived and begotten in the dark abyss of evil-hearted and degenerate man, as much born to wickedness as (according to the laws of gravitation, please your honor) the spark to fly upwards, instigated by the diabolical devil, roaring about at the dead hour of the night, like the voracious hyena, seeking whom he may devour. I am overwhelmed with the grandeur of the idea that just now has so forcibly struck me. O! the malice of wicked men! [At this point, the gentleman for the plaintiff remarked that his learned friend's idea was a *racroe!*] I call upon your honor for protection against the slanderous assertion of the gentleman. A *racroe*, indeed! I will let the gentleman *know*, please your honor, that 'I never make racroes!' My ideas are naught but the 'spontaneous combustion of a highly wrought mind,' and my motto is ever *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*

"But, as I said, please your honor, 'O! the malice of wicked men!' Has it come to this pitch, sir, that a poor woman with a helpless husband and numerous orphans must be reined up before such a jurisdiction, before such a tribunal as this to be *tried*—mark the idea, to be *tried*—I say for so contemptible, so diabolical a crime, as the gagging of a wicked, bloody, old fence-breaking, corn-eating animal of a roan mare? The shades of Nero rises at this unparalelled monstrosity! Tell it not in Terrebonne—publish it not in the streets of Houma! The milk of human kindness which is coursing through your honor's veins, would as soon turn to butter without the natural process of churning, as for your honor to give judgment against my client. Please your honor, I have done!"

This last eloquent appeal to his honor, decided the plaintiff's fate. The suit was dismissed, and he (the plaintiff) was condemned to pay costs.

The Value of a Vote.

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INCIDENT OF ARKANSAS LIFE.

The following anecdote, incident of life in Arkansas, is copied from the Spirit of the Times, for which paper it was written by one of its numerous facetious correspondents. It is, as the newspapers say, "too good to be lost:"

About the year 1840 politics ran very high in Arkansas. Col. A. H. Sevier was a candidate for the office of delegate to Congress, and Ben Desha was his opponent.

Judge Andrew Scott was a warm friend of Desha, and bitterly hostile to Sevier.—He had a neighbor living about fifteen miles from him, on the far side of Galley Creek, named Logan, commonly called "stuttering Jim Logan," who was exactly "wice wersey" in his politics; and so frequent had been his encounters, that the two neighbors had come to cordially hate each other.

One pleasant morning in Spring, when the sun shone out warmly, and all nature was green and fresh after a heavy rain of two or three days' duration, Logan went down from his house, the little strip of bottom, to the bank of the creek, and sat himself down on a "lick log," musing as Col. Jack McCarthy once said, "on the evanethenthe of all these thubludary things."

The creek was about twenty yards wide, and the rain had raised it so that it was swimming, covered with foam, and running like a mill race with a full head of water. Where the road crossed, at the edge of which Logan was sitting, was the only opening in the woods, which fringed the stream on each side. Above and below the trees leaned over and their branches hung gracefully in the water, and swung to and fro in the swift current.

After Logan had sat there a little while Judge Scott came riding down the road on the other side, but halted when he reached the water's edge, and looked across without saying anything, but looked as if he thought "Dern you, if it's swimming, why don't you say so?" Logan took out his jack-knife, split a piece off from the lick log, and commenced whittling it, looking steadily across towards Scott all the while.

Logan was a large, stout, heavy-looking man; Scott small, wiry, passionate, petulant, and as brave as a bull-dog.

After waiting a moment—for each hated the other too much to speak—Scott tightened the reins and rode into the water. His horse had not taken more that six steps before he plunged in *kerchung* over head and ears. In a moment more Scott was washed from his back; the rider went one way, the horse another, and the saddlebags a third. The horse turned towards the side on which he went in, and got ashore some little way below; the saddlebags floated on down-stream and Scott managed to reach Logan's side of the creek, and caught hold of the swinging branch of sycamore which dipped into the water.

"Help, Logan!" cried Scott. "I shall be drowned! Help!"

"S-s-s-say you'll v-v-vote for Sevier!" bawled Logan.

"Help, Logan, help! I shall drown!"

"S-s-s-say you'll v-v-vote for Sevier!" again bawled Logan, not rising from the lick log.

Just then the sycamore limb snapped, and the same moment Scott sung out—

"I'll see you d——d first, you infernal old rascal!" and away he swept round the tree and out of sight below, eddying round in the concavity at the upper edge of a sand bar, upon which Scott was flung and scrambled out. He walked up the bank and towards Logan, sputtering with rage and streaming with water. Luckily, he had no weapon but a pistol, and that was, of course, unfit for service; and Logan was too big to be whipped by him in a fair fist fight.

"You old villain!" cried Scott, as he got pretty near him, "do you stop to ask a man how he's going to vote before you save him from drowning?"

Logan never stopped whittling, but looking composedly up, slowly said:

"Every gentleman has a right to v-v-vote as he likes, and d-d-drown when he likes; and I don't suppose anybody's bound to dive into the creek to f-fish out a v-v-vote to k-kill his own."

Cotton in the Climate of the United States

Climate of a very large portion of the United States, embracing all south of the 35th parallel in the Atlantic States, of the 37th in those bordering the Mississippi, and to the Rio Grande, is singularly well adapted to the most extensive field cultivation of this indispensable staple. There is no area of similiar extent which combines all the requisite conditions of climate; and the magnitude of the interests depending, and to depend for an indefinite period upon it, should induce great care that this cultivation is not permitted to exhaust its capacities in any manner.—Those of climate are constant, and cannot so far as we are enabled to compare climates of either hemisphere, be reproduced, and may not be found repeated.

The special comparisons of temperature which illustrate this position may be found in the table given in connexion with the sugar-cane, and in the tropical selections from climates of the Eastern continent.—The summer temperatures are all equal to those of tropical districts, and are, probably, so far, of less importance than the amount of rain. To compare in this respect, we have but to refer to the amount given for localities in the cotton region of the United States, and to the known rule of distribution in tropical countries generally. In these the rainy season is almost always in summer; and where this season attains its maximun of humidity, as in the *tierras calientes* of Mexico, the annual plant is not cultivated. In nothern Mexico, were the elevation is such as to render the rainy season little more than the actual summer rains of the United States, a growth of cotton exists similar to ours, though the area permitting this is extremely limited.

The Table connected with the climate range of the sugar-cane exhibits some of the more striking contrasts in distribution of rain affecting this staple.

The positions briefly indicated in the foregoing remarks may be further illustrated by a sketch of the varied range of the several species of cotton at differant periods, and from the earlier dates of its cultivation. It is difficult to do more than give a general sketch, however, as the precise facts are not easily attained. Its relations to climatology are all we can determine, or would undertake here, and something may, perhaps, be done in this direction.

Some degree of cultivation and use of cotton has existed from time immemarial yet the general character of this use in the arts was much more peculiarly local than that of any other class of manufactures.—It entered very little, if at all, into commerce; and there are scarcely any historical evidence of commercial use of cotton until the activity of England began to gather raw material for fabrics of every sort in the seventeenth century. Some local or limited commerce in raw cotton undoubtedly existed, for some centuries previous, between small States in the south of Europe and Asia; but it had no general importance. Fabrics, generally, of silk and wool and the raw material for these, were the subject of extensive commerce many centuries earlier; and the point to be observed is, that with all this activity in the commerce of fabrics and raw material, scarcely anything was done in cotton until a more favorable climate permitted the great expansion which has taken place in this production in the United States.

Under the stimulus of the new demand arising in English manufactures, there seems also to have been no increase of production in the orignal cotton growing regions. The best tables of the amount produced at different dates, whether entering directly into commerce or reported as the entire amount produced; give decreasing rather than increasing amounts for all these older countries. The restriction cannot, therefore, have been in the inactivity of commerce nor of manufactures, and it is very clear that it shonld be referred to those of cultivation merely—to the inadequate climate and soil for the production of raw cotton beyond the local demand.

That this limitation was mainly in climate, is still more evident by reference to the particular districts. In India, the localities of its greatest success are so purely tropical as to be adapted to the perennial species almost exclusively. The specific characters are but imperfectly determined, but it appears that the herbaceous species of temperate climates are nearly idential in these characters with the woody or tree cottons of India, and are probably, offshoots of these perennial originals. This point is unimportant in the present case; but the reverse change if change has taken place from the Indian species at all, of introducting herbaceous and annual varieties into Indian from the United States or other countries, is one of the greatest questions connected with cotton cultivation in its present immense expansion. The transition from our climate to that of Lower India are so abrupt, that the herbaceous forms can scarcely be retained; and when the limits of this more purely tropical region are passed, the mountainous character of that continent soon shut off the cultivation altogether. The upland districts of India, in which the plant will retain its herbaceous character, are too limited to supply any important measure of the damand now created in the commerce of the world.

Of Persia, Egypt, and Italy, the same remark may be made. Mexico has also but a limited area adapted to field culture of herbaceous cotton; and though all these districts may produce it for local supply, they are in no condition to furnish those surplus amounts of the raw material so imperatively necessary in the commercial States. With the demand rapidly and constantly extended as it has been for the half ceutury, the capacity of these older districts of its cultivation would have exhibited some expansion if such had been possible; but we note a steady, and sometimes large, decrease in the produce of Mexico Africa generally, and part of Asia, except India, for the three-fourths of a century.

The capacities of India have been more fully tried than any part of United States within this period, in persistent and well directed efforts to extend this cultivation. The wants of English government, and the interest of their rule in India, have pressed them to make every exertion in cultivation, and in the initiation of new modes. It has been attempted to make the American adaptation available there, and the well-established success of certain species of the plant, and certain modes of cultivation here, have been, as far as could be done, transplanted together to India, in the hope of attaining similar success there. But the American adaptation was itself a spontaneous result, rather than a conflict with climatogical difficulties and it appears wholly impossible to transplant its peculiar success. For the most of India the biennial or perannial species are best adapted, and its tropical climate either destroys the produce of the annual plant or changes it to the perennial form. Most of the American plants fail there to produce good cotton at all, and the recent faithful and expensive efforts to introduce it, point only to this result, and must be regarded as failures.

Whether the species peculiar or well adapted to tropical climates may be modified so far as to compete with the cotton of temperate latitudes remains undetermined, except as the present want of any success and adaptation may have determined it. There is no positive evidence that the purely tropical cotton may ever supply the want of civilized nations; nor does the Old World appear to offer field for the cultivation of any species in any considerable degree of expansion beyond their present amount, and that which they have produced for an indefinite period.

From this comparaison of the more general results, there are stronger motives suggested for such an analysis of or peculiar adaptation as shall show what the best resultare that can be reached here. Very little affort to extension has been made here in fact, the great advantages we clearly posess may be improved, perhaps, in a large measure. As said before also, the climate advantage is a positive and permanent one, and cannot, at any time, fail to the limit we have proved it.

The importance of the peculiar climatology of the cotton-plant as grown in America deserves some attention of the statitiscal matter given in connexion with the remarks upon the growth of the cane. There are also some misapprehensions, it would appear, respecting the atmospheric humidity of the cotton districts of the seacoast, and the real causes of excellence of the Sea Island cotton. This is attributed, in some instances, to the greater humidity of this sea climate, and to measures of this humidity which certainly prove destructive in other localties. There is not, in reality, so large a share of relative humidity, nor so great a positive amount of moisture contained in the air, on the immediate coast and islands of the Southern Atlantic States, as is often found in the interior, and as quite uniformly prevails at New Orleans in the summer months. There distributions of the amount is more equal at all times on the coast, however, and the atmosphere is neither so dry nor so highly saturated as in the interior. The consequence of this equable distribution is found in fine staple of the cotton there growing, and it is believed to be a difference belonging exclusively to climatology, which separates this variety from those cultivated in the interior.

The coasts of India are also the best localities for the produce of a good cotton staple; and whenever the coast position is such as to give a low amount of aqueous precipitation, comparatively, and an equable distribution of atmospheric humidity, these results may be expected. But coast climates of little higher temperature may differ widely in this respect, as in the eastern coast of Mexico, and of most parts of South America. These are excessively humid, and their extreme atmospheric saturation quite precludes the cultivation of these varieties of cotton, or of any indeed, except the coarser perennial species.

Legal.

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The othe day, a lady, the owner of a grocery in Natchez, was on trial charged with selling whisky to a slave without the written permit of his owner. The spy, who had been sent to smell out such offenses, stood near the door, and testified that he saw the negro take a gallon jug from his wagon, without a cork, and empty because he turned it bottom upwards; carry it into the store, give it to the lady who carried it into a back room, stay a short time, brought it out and gave it to the negro, also giving him some money at the same time, although the said witness had not seen the negro give the lady any money. The jug was full and the liquid was whisky, because the witness took the jug from the negro and drank of it. The learned District Attorney, Merwin, contended that it was plain that the money handed the negro was *change* for the money paid by the negro; but the adroit counsel for the lady, Judge Thacher, gravely appealed to the Court, if the circumstances of the case did not bear him out in the very probable supposition that the benevolent lady finding herself, by some foul means, in possession of some villainous red eye, "gave the negro the money to pay him for removing it from her premises!"

THE JEWS.—The modern history of this nation is a strange and melancholy one. Persecuted through all the centuries since Charlemagne, kicked and cuffed and spat on by all the Norman Princes, they have still believed in the Jehovah whom they outraged eighteen hundred and fifty-five years ago, and held firmly to the tradition of their race. Having lost force, they substituted for it cunning, and reversed the policy of the Gaul, for instead of weighing the gold, they threw in gold against the sword. This money-getting habit was not the result of avarice, but of policy—a fact which few men except William Shakspear have understood.

And so they grubbed along until every city in the world from London to New Orleans respected them, because they were rich. The game was a skillful one and boldly played; in others words, it was a game of the world, more dexterously managed than usual. In every department of life their influence began to be felt, and even in the House of Commons and the Senate of the United States their "representative men" can be found.—The gifts of their ancestors—the subtlety of Moses—the courage of Joshua—the poetic fervor of Isaiah; are still retained by them, and intellectually they are inferior to no people on earth. The very man who leads the party which opposes their emancipation from political disabilities in Europe is a Jew himself. Of course he undersiands his part, for Benjamin D'Israeli is never untrue to his race. In vain a political opponent, the most bitter and eloquent of Parliamentary orators, calls him "the last descendant of the impenitent thief," for he holds to his purpose and fulfills his mission in spite of fate, or rather in accordance with fate.—[*Ex.*

SHERIDAN AND HIS SON TOM.—Sheridan had a great distaste for any thing like metaphysical discussions, whereas Tom had taken a liking for them. Tom one day tried to discuss with his father the doctrine of necessity.

"Pray, my good father," said he, "did you ever do any thing in a state of perfect indifference—without motive, I mean, of some kind or other?"

Sheridan, who saw what was coming, and by no means relishing such subjects, even from Tom, or any one else, said;

"Yes, certainly."

"Indeed!"

"What, total indifference—total, entire thorough indifference?"

"Yes, total, entire thorough indifference.

"My dear farther, tell me what is it that you can do with—mind—total, entire, thorough indifference."

"Why, listen to you, Tom!" said Sheridan.

This rebuff, as Tom told me, so disconcerted him that he had never forgotten it, nor had he ever again troubled his father with any of his metaphysics.

Time is gold; throw not one [illegible] away but place each one to acco[illegible]