

The Journal Ceres.

E. W. BLAKE & CO.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS—NEUTRAL IN NONE.

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

HOUMA:

THURSDAY, November 8, 1855.

Is Criticism the Bane of Literature?

Criticism, it is often said, is the bane of our latest literature. Quite frequently we hear the lamentation that the intellect of the age is broken up into eddies and whirlpools, and manifests its greatest energy in sucking the products of more creative times and positive minds into the vortex of analysis, devouring that it may understand. It is easy to see that there are aspects of the age which provoke this judgment, and which explain, though they hardly justify, such fear. It might be shown, without much difficulty, that even now, that there is no frightful act of original or constructive thought, and that criticism need not starve on the charities of the modern press.

But, not to dwell on the last point, however deplorable may be the excess of criticism, no one will imagine that literature is endangered by an excess of good critics. Many of the gentlemen who assume the title, men distinguished by no sympathies and no breadth of taste, and who endeavor to avenge themselves for conscious poverty of invention by sly smartness in the tone both of their patronage of the genius which they dare not challenge, and for their contempt for the mediocrity which they think it safe to spare, might be spared without detriment to the dignity or interest of letters. Neither are those who work well after their kind in detecting the defects and flaws, the false quantities and inharmonious lines which often soils the finest works of genius entitled to more respect, either for the nobility of their works, or for the powers of mind that are requisite to their performance. We know that opposition to evil, and absorbing love of goodness, suggest widely different spiritual states, and so a man may be a capital connoisseur of trivial blemishes, without possessing a large measure of appreciative taste. A literary weasel, on however large a scale of development, who has the surest intellect and the sharpest teeth for mice, although a useful, is by no means a venerable personage.

But a true critic is as rare and as serviceable as a good writer. We but feebly symbolize his office when we say that he is as necessary as the assayer who tests, purifies, and coins the gold. If we do not have some men whose taste and judgment may be trusted as a true scale and accurate weights, genuine genius cannot receive the proper stamp, nor be honored for what it is. Most persons who assume the critical function, are unfitted for their work, because they have the bad scale of sectarian or conventional taste, and the false weights of caprice, partialities, friendship, and prejudice. When, therefore, a man who is a born critic appears, and assumes, as by instinct, the judicial robe—a man whose eye is sharp and healthy, and whose brain is capable of receiving deep and clear impressions from various quarters of the literary world, let him be welcomed with joy, and installed upon the bench. "I respect the man," said Plato, "who knows how to distinguish accurately, and tell the differences in things."

And we repeat, that whatever be the perils which at present beset literature, an excess of such minds is not one of them. Not only are such men more needed now than they have ever been, owing to the contempt of rules and innovations in taste, and the Babel babble of dialects that characterize the world of letters, but their office harmonizes with what is most prominent and praiseworthy in the spirit and mission of the age. We respect science, now. The intellect of the world is fired with an ambition for discovery, which is harnessed and curbed by severe rules. To study physical facts until the mind can discover the relations that band them, and the laws upon which they are strong, is the aim to which the most powerful intellects pledge their efforts and strength. By common consent, it is far more profitable to be employed in analyzing a gas, or cross-questioning a pe-

ble, than in constructing from the imagination the most comprehensive and consistent hypothesis of creation. Great intellectual philosophers, too—those who have displayed acuteness of vision, and patience of research in sounding the depth of consciousness, untwisting the beam of thought, and disclosing the warp of human experience, are honored as benefactors of learning, and by many are accounted worthy of the highest dignity in the domain of literature. The men to whom the greatest merit is awarded, are patient and successful students and critics of facts. And surely we must hunt keenly for the reason why a literary critic should be excluded from this honored brotherhood of constructive minds. Is not a book a truly a fact as a paving-stone, or the fossil jaw of a grizzly bear? Is not the physiology of the soul as important a study as its anatomy? Shall we as deliberately deem it of less importance to cast and demonstrate the orbit of a genius, than the orbit of a planet?—to detect a law of art than a law of mineralogy? No body anticipates such a danger, and we may safely banish any fears that the genius of great thinkers, or the principles that underlie literary excellence, will be too closely studied or too clearly understood. Is it apprehended that the study of the past, or the products of other minds, may be perilous to the creative faculties? Is it that is nobler to construct than to analyze? But the astronomer and the geologist, whom we honor as benefactors of civilization, are the students of the past, and analysts of published thought. Sirius is older than Milton; Shakspeare is a more recent subject than Uranus; and the uppermost stratum of rocks date considerably earlier than the lines of Homer. And if it be retorted that the scientific student is an explorer of the works of God, we may suggest that the mind of a poet and the genius of an artist belong, also, to the category.

Yellow Jack, who has till now been busily engaged in his great work of destruction among the Plaquemians, has in consequence of the appearance of his dire enemy, Jack Frost, been compelled to take Dutch leave. We beheld his departure without even a sigh of regret. May his absence be a long and contracted one—will add a continuous one.

On Thursday last, while taking proofs, preparatory to getting out the last side of our paper, we broke a screw which holds up the "platen" of our press, and as we could not get it fixed until Friday evening, we concluded it were better not to publish a paper until to-day, as its publication on Saturday, must necessarily have kept us back this week to the same day. We hope this is sufficient excuse for our non-appearance on Thursday last.

We are in receipt regularly of the re-print of Blackwood's Magazine, published by L. SCOTT & Co., 54 Gold Street, New York. The subscription price of Blackwood is \$3 a year. Mess. Scott & Co., also publish the four Reviews, viz: the Edinburgh, North British, Westminster, and London Quarterlies.—The terms for the Reviews is \$3; any one of the Reviews and Blackwood, for \$5; the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$10; four copies to one address, \$30.

A TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.—Oh! the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious! Titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. In our darkest moments, when disappointment and ingratitude, with corroding care, gather thick around, and even gaunt Poverty menaces with his skeleton finger, it gleams around the soul with an angel's smile. Times cannot mar its brilliancy, distance but strengthens its influence, bolts and bars cannot limit its progress, it follows the prisoner into his dark cell, and sweetens the homely morsel that appeases his hunger; and in the silence of midnight, it plays around his heart, and in his dreams he folds to his bosom the form of her who loves on still, through the world has turned coldly from him. The couch made by the hand of a loved one, is soft to the weary limbs of a sick sufferer, and the portion administered by the same hand, loses half its bitterness. The pillow carefully adjusted by her brings repose to the fevered brain, and her words of kind encouragement, revive the sinking heart. Her heaven-like influence seems if designed to cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, whose perennial flowers forever bloom, and crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

A THOUGHT WHILE SMOKING.—Love is like a cigar—the longer it burns the less it becomes.

The Election.

The election which came off in this parish on Monday last, resulted in the success of the American State ticket, by majorities ranging from five to twelve. We give below the number of votes received by each candidate:

FOR GOVERNOR,	
Berthigny, K. N.	379
Wickliffe, Anti,	369
K. N. majority,	
10	
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,	
Louis Texada, k. n.	380
Mouton, anti,	370
FOR SECRETARY OF STATE,	
Beale, kn	377
Herron, anti	371
FOR TREASURER,	
Duralde, kn	377
Greneau,	369
FOR AUDITOR,	
Rossmann, kn	375
Marks, anti	370
FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,	
Hunt, kn	378
Moise,	366
FOR SUPERINTENDENT,	
Stillman, kn	376
Bard,	371
FOR CONGRESS,	
T. G. Hunt,	365
Taylor,	379
Anti majority,	
14	
FOR SENATOR,	
Thibodaux, kn	884
Beatty,	864
FOR REPRESENTATIVE,	
Robinson,	391
No opposition,	
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,	
Belcher,	240
Roman,	398
FOR SHERIFF,	
Bourg,	441
Fuqua,	317
FOR CLERK,	
Newell,	436
Engerran,	316
FOR ASSESSOR,	
Hymel,	316
Joseph Toups,	347
Chauvin,	84
FOR CORONER,	
Florestan Toups,	269
L. Lajaunie,	41
R. Sale,	137
E. Hotard, Jr,	119
Abraham Wright,	27

A. J. Delaporte, was elected Justice of Peace, for the 6th Ward, and Frank Gringo was elected Constable. It will be seen that the Know Nothings carried every office for which they had a single candidate, in the parish. We shall not be able to give further returns this week, but against our next issue, we shall probably have sufficient data from which to determine pretty correctly who are the successful candidates throughout the State.

Arthur's Home Magazine for November is on our table. It still maintains its well deserved reputation of being the best and cheapest magazine in the country.

Thorough Drainage.

ITS IMPORTANCE TO SOUTHERN AGRICULTURE.—It was a matter of general remark among the planters this spring, that they had never known better stands of corn and cotton. The explanation of this fact may inculcate a lesson in practical agriculture which we are slow to learn, but which, when once appreciated and acted upon, will prove of incalculable benefit to Southern husbandry. We attribute the excellency of the stands of corn and cotton, and the favorable growth of those crops in the early part of the spring, to the fact that the last winter was the driest which we have ever known, and that consequently the earth, which generally at seed-time is filled with water from winter rains, which ordinarily fall so heavily in our winter was warm, and, though dry, yet moist enough to vegetate the seed, and give them a rapid growth from the start. It is a fact which practical men are beginning to heed, but which seems yet almost unknown, that one of the chief obstacles in the way of successful cropping, even on our most favorably situated fields is the presence of an excess of moisture in the soil. Most frequently, the indications on the surface are sufficient to point out those places where this excess exists; but in many instances this difficulty occurs, where a casual examination of their surface discovers no evidence of the fact. Our best lands are those which most commonly suffer from this cause; those which lie level, and which have frequently been enriched from the operation of the very cause which renders them unproductive—low places where the water has been accustomed to settle, carrying with it the vegetable and saline substances which have been washed from other parts of the surface, where they have been decomposed and incorporated with the soil, and are now in a condition to be appropriated by

growing crops, possessing all the elements of fertility, and yet being so damp and cold, that seed deposited in them either do not vegetate, or if they do, produce sickly or unproductive crops. How frequently is it the case that the planter is deceived in his estimate of the yield of a field which contains his best land, and ought he thinks, to make his largest crops? The corn or cotton, however, is spotted. In some places the growth is luxuriant; in others, where the soil is just as good, the crop looks small and yellow. It is these wet spots which reduce the average of the field, and disappoint his estimates; and they will continue to do so, until the difficulty is removed by thorough drainage.

To recur to the illustration with which we set out: there are a great many such places which this year are producing fine crops, and heretofore have had scarcely half a stand upon them. The preceding dry winter had drained them, and thus removed the only obstacle to their productiveness. We are throwing away a great deal of labor every year, in attempting to make crops upon such spots. No amount of manure, and no amount of labor with the plow and hoe, no matter how judiciously expended, can make good crops on such places. There is too much water in the soil; and until it is relieved of that difficulty, it is folly to expend manure or labor upon them. Examine the roots of the crop which feebly struggles for an existence upon those wet places, and the little fibrous rootlets which shoot out in every direction in search of food for the plant, will be found to have rotted, and cannot therefore perform their office.

We cannot, of course, afford such an expensive system of thorough drainings as is practised in Europe, and some of the densely populated districts of our own country. Where land, for instance, is worth \$100 per acre, its owner would be justifiable in going to an expensive in reclaiming it, that would be altogether inadmissible in a country where land is sold for \$10 per acre. It would be simply folly for an agricultural journal to recommend a system of thorough drainage to its readers which would cost more than the land would be worth after it was reclaimed; while at the same time precisely the same system may be profitably adopted in a different section of the country. We do not, therefore, recommend thorough drainage, as that term would be understood in England; for as a question of economy, it would be folly to undertake it here; but at the same time, we do recommend a system of drainage, more thorough than we practice in this country, and we recommend it because we believe that it will pay well, even on our cotton plantations which sell at \$10 per acre. The most casual observer of our southern plantations, must be forcibly impressed with the inattention with which this subject is treated, almost everywhere. And we believe, to-day, that southern agriculture would be more improved by strict attention to the wants of the soil in this respect, than by any other single step in the right direction. If ever half acre within our cultivated fields which is to damp to produce a good crop were thoroughly dried, the increase which he added to our crop would be astonishing.—[Soil of the South.]

Gems of Thoughts.

There is nothing on earth so beautiful as the house-hold on which Christian love forever smiles, and where religion walks a counsellor and a friend. No cloud can darken it, for its twin stars are centred in the soul. No storm can make it tremble, for it has a heavenly support and a heavenly anchor. The home circle surrounded by such influences, has an ante-past of the joys of a heavenly home.

He is but half prepared for the journey of life who takes not with him that friend who will forsake him in no emergency, who will divide his sorrows, increase his joys, lift the veil from his heart, and throw sunshine around the darkest scenes.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is rapid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasant echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly to yourself.

"Don't tell me of to-morrow.
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past that comes too late!"

Absence is the tomb of slight passions, but it fans the sparks of a real affection into a flame.

THE QUEEN OF TERRORS.—An old Scotchman, who had been awfully hem-pocked all his life, was visited on his death bed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson tried to rouse him by talking of the King of Terrors. "Hout, tout, mon," exclaimed the Scotchman, "I'm not scared. I've been living sax and forty years with the queen o' them and the king canna be nuckle wour."

THE WAY TO CONVINCe.—When we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject—for his view of it is generally right so far. He will be satisfied with this acknowledgement, but he is not wrong in his judgement, but only inadvertent in not looking at the whole of the case.—[Passal.]

RELIGIOUS.

THIBODAUX, Oct. 24th, 1855.

Dear Sir: Please announce in the columns of your valuable paper, that the Fourth Quarterly Meeting, for Donaldsonville and Bayou Black Circuit and Mission, will be held in Houma, at the Methodist Church, November 10th and 11th, including the second Saturday and Sunday in the month. The Presiding Elder of the District, Rev. J. C. KENNER, D. D., will be present, no preventing providence. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered on Sabbath morning, (the 11th.)

Yours Truly,
LEWIS A. REED, P. C.

C. B. LINDSEY, Esq., Houma.

DEED.

At Plaquemine, October 13th, JOHN M. GPIGER, in the 25th year of his age.

The unexpected and untimely demise of this young man, cast a melancholy gloom over the large circle of his friends and acquaintances. Mr. G., a native of Indiana, emigrated in our midst but a few years since, and owing to the urbanity of his manners, and the many virtues of his character, endeared to himself many a warm and generous heart. His was a mind well endowed by nature—he was a good scholar—his taste was correct and his sensibilities keen. He was the life and tea soul of the social circle—a true and steadfast friend: With a future before him bright with hope and promise—death claimed its victim. He has gone to an early grave, loved and wept.

Estate of George Roddy.

STATE OF LOUISIANA—Fifth Judicial District Court, Parish of Terrebonne. WHEREAS, HENRY F. COLLINS, of the Parish of Terrebonne, has filed his application with the Clerk of said Court, praying to be appointed Administrator of said estate.

Succession of George Roddy. ETAT DE LA LOUISIANE—Cour de Cinquieme District, parisse de Terrebonne. Attendu que HENRY F. COLLINS, de la paroisse de Terrebonne, a fait son application au Greffier de la dite Cour, pour etre nomme Administrateur de l'etat de GEORGE RODDY, de la paroisse de Terrebonne.

Plough! Plough!

THE SUBSCRIBER has on hand about one hundred Ploughs, A. J. Young & McLaughlin's Manufacture, of Mississippi, &c. &c. from No. 1 to No. 4, which for the sake of clearness and comparison, he will sell for sale on March credit, from \$6 to \$12 per piece, less than he has ever before sold in this market. Prices from \$5.00 to \$11.00. A few Bull Ploughs or Spade Ploughs at \$7.00. Ploughs would do well to embrace this opportunity to supply themselves with good and cheap ploughs. Respectfully,
B. F. HOLDEN,
Thibodaux, November 2d, 1855.—11-9.

WAGONS, CANE CARTS, TRIP.

WAGONS, CANE CARTS, TRIP-PLUG CARTS, BARGASS CARTS, Small Bargass CARTS, &c. &c. Carts, Wheelbarrows, &c. &c. and arriving from the manufactory of J. B. HODGSON, of Thibodaux, November 1st, 1855.—11-6.

Little Giant.

CONSTANTLY on hand and for sale, the best celebrated LITTLE GIANT Corn and Cob Mills, for one horse power, \$50; for two horse power, \$75. Every stock feeder, should have one of these mills, as the amount saved in quantity of feed is fully one third, beside the great advantage to the health of stock.
Thibodaux, Nov. 1, '55. B. F. HOLDEN.

TEAMING! TEAMING!!

IT IS NOT, PERHAPS, GENERAL- LY KNOWN that I am prepared to convey any quantity of merchandise of every description, to or from the interior, at short notice—freight and storage here free on all consignments to my warehouse, which are to be conveyed to the interior by my teams.
Patronsage respectfully solicited,
Thibodaux, Nov. 1, '55. B. F. HOLDEN.

SCOTT'S "LITTLE GIANT" CORN AND COB MILL

Patented May 16th, 1854.

THE attention of Planters, Farmers, and Stock-feeders in general is respectfully called to this mill as the most important article of the kind now in use; not only well adapted for grinding cob meal for stock, but for the sale, and especially Bread Meal four corn not fully ripe or dry in the fall.

From the Clermont Daily Times. "The Little Giant" is by invitation, we called at the manufactory of Scott & Hedges, yesterday, to witness the operation of what the inventor has designated the "Little Giant" Corn and Cob Mill. It is a simple machine, well applied, it is in the present instance, the mill will grind only about three hundred pounds, and with a single horse attached to a ten foot shaft, it takes up corn and cob with the best of them, and it is an improvement on the best patent of this kind ever attained, and is so simple in its construction that it can be put together and set in motion in twenty minutes, and afterwards be adjusted and used with ease by anybody. It will grind with ease from 12 to 14 bushels per hour. To the farmer, this mill, so simple in its construction, occupying so little space, propelled by power always at hand, and furnished at the exceedingly low price of \$50, affords one of the greatest conveniences we have ever seen. Wherever they have been introduced, they have met with universal favor. Let every one interested in agriculture, call in at Scott & Hedges, No. 9 Water Street, and see it in operation. For sale in Thibodaux by the undersigned, who has one in operation, which he will be pleased to exhibit.
B. F. HOLDEN, Nov. 2—11-6