

The Weekly Comet

Friday Morning, July 1, 1869.
Spanish Expedition to Mexico.

In the telegraphic despatches from New York of the 28th inst., it is said that the Government at Washington is in possession of information which establishes the fact that a league has been entered into by Spain and Mexico, which unites the latter to the former. The same source informs us that a treaty has been established between Santa Anna and Canedo—agreed upon by the two Generals when Santa was in Havana, and ratified now by the two Governments of Spain and Mexico. An expedition is organizing on the shores of Cuba, the design of which is to land 6,000 troops at Vera Cruz—to support Santa Anna in a *Coup d'etat*, in imitation of Louis Napoleon.

To take so many troops from the regular force of Cuba, for such a purpose will afford an excellent opportunity to the Cubans to get up an insurrection, or rebellion against the power whereby they are kept in servitude. But whether any such thing will ever take place—even under the most favorable auspices, is exceedingly problematical.

It is not the nature of the Spaniard to rebel—the very worst and most oppressive policy on the part of their sovereign does not suffice to make them revolt. The whole history of the people is averse to any such supposition; but the close proximity of the Island to the United States, and the free access to this country, has caused them to imbibe prejudices against the servitude of monarchy, that must daily hourly gain strength. A great many of the most wealthy and influential citizens of the island, send their children to be educated in the universities of this country; and it cannot be expected that they will remain ignorant to our institutions. In regard to the league, which it is said has been entered into, it is the duty of our Government—neutral as it is, to enquire into it. The power of a mere woman—upheld by the powerful lever of the Catholic religion, and supported by the intelligent, for mere pecuniary benefit—we say the power of that frail feeblest of all feeble things—a mere woman—removed ten thousand miles from the southern extremity of this vast Continent, should not—and cannot in the nature of things, retain the feeble control now held by force of arms over the people of Cuba. A few brief years to come will prove the saying true.

The "Candidate" who made out the Enigma of 28 letters for the last Advocate, deserves a puff; and as a mere act of justice, we volunteer our services to do the duty for our neighbor—hoping that he will reciprocate by doing the same for us when occasion offers. He says: "my whole is the name of one of the best papers in the State." There are so many "best" papers, that the Enigma, we must confess was exceedingly difficult of solution. We guessed the Balloon, and the Bulletin, the Carrollton Star, and the Comet, the True Delta, and the Dutetung, the Vis-à-Vis, and the Vigilant, the Pine Woods man, and the Picayune—the Gazette not having letters enough—and after having racked our brain—not forgetting the Louisiana State Paper, we came right back to the BATON ROUGE DEMOCRATIC ADVOCATE and the riddle solved itself.

All we want to know in this connection is "Who is the candidate?" "What is he a candidate for?" When will he be this way, &c.? We will not only vote for him, but we will go around with him to our Democrat friends. We know that he is not only a Democrat, but a good Democrat—anybody denying it, can have the pleasure of making a few thrusts at us, with a small sword.

A very eloquent writer in the cause of "Liberty," who "does up" a communication for the last Advocate under the title of "Fillbuster" in a very creditable manner for a new hand, rather dims what he has pleased to call the "luminous" career of the Comet newspaper, by throwing the following damper upon us:

"It appears that the luminous writer who does up the editorials of the Comet, after having exhausted his mental and intellectual faculties in abusing the actions and doings of the last legislature, and in eking out his lucid dissertations upon the 'peculiar institutions of Louisiana,' has now, for the want of new materials to edify his numerous readers, commenced discharging his venom upon those unfortunate but patriotic Americans, who sacrificed their lives and means in an unsuccessful attempt to aid the Cubans in throwing off the yoke of vassalage, by which a corrupt and degraded government maintains her right over the island. He charges the leaders of those expeditions with being freebooters, and only actuated by desire of plunder, by parceling out that fair Island among themselves, if successful.—Those expeditions proved unsuccessful, and every writer of some puny 'eight by ten paper' decries them as 'plunderers' and 'robbers.'"

If we are rather more than usual dull for a day or so, our readers must be charitable, and quote for us this paragraph, as our apology for being stupid. We have never been unfortunate until now—and we think this will serve as a very wholesome lesson from which we cannot do otherwise than profit.

Up to this period in our career we have run a headlong course "unchecked, but not unheeded," and now that we come to a full front upon the Fillbuster democrat, who blows the fire of his wrath at us, we are per force brought to a full stop. The Fillbuster throws down the gauntlet, and as he cannot be heard through the Advocate more than once a week, we extend him a full column of this excellent paper, which shall be kept blank expressly for his effusions.

We have no objections to being abused in good language. 'Fillbuster' writes well, but we must differ with him in the main point, which involves Politics, Patriotism, Pecuniary benefit and other things—but let him distinctly understand—that is only for argument sake.

To despatch "Fillbuster" for the present, until we can have a little more leisure, we say most positively and unequivocally, without either mental reservation or self evasion in any manner whatever, that we "didn't do any such thing—now." We never wished to cast any stigma upon General Narciso Lopez, or the brave company of young gentlemen who followed his fortunes. The article alluded to by "Fillbuster" was directed against the patriotic liberty-loving gentlemen, who kept at home and worked the wires put the ball in motion by giving liberal donations of lands and other spoils, to all who would embark in the undertaking and steal it for them. This is our position; now what have you to say Mr. Fillbuster? Let us hear you. Give us your article for publication, and we will put you in the fairest type in our office.

The sum of \$10,000.00 has just been appropriated by the Police Jury of this parish to build a new Jail.

This has long been talked of and the liberal appropriation will be ample to erect such a house, as the growing wants of the Parish demands. We have no doubt it will have a sanative effect upon the morals of the community at least that portion of the "code" which from the force of circumstances comes under the immediate cognizance of the law. The Building will be at once commenced. The Jury also made an appropriation to build a good and substantial Bridge over the Comite river. Both these things are of importance to the Public at large. The official Proceedings of the Jury will appear in this paper in a day or two.

Special Correspondence.

PADUCAH, KY., June 20, '53.

Dear Comet:—I arrived here on yesterday, by the good Steamer Empress, after a delightful trip. I embarked at Natchez and shipped for Memphis, but found the journey so agreeable that I extended it this far.—While on the Wharf Boat at Natchez and watching my baggage, I heard an individual, with loud and lusty lungs call out, "hallo Guy, old fellow how are you? Come aboard, I am delighted to see you." On looking up among a sea of heads that were looking over the guard of the boat, I spied, who do you think? Why none other, but "Le Roi de Maringouin," a gentleman somewhat known to history, and very especially known to the "Benevolent Porcupine Association." I met him with much warmth of feeling and gave him the real grip of a Porcupine, for I really like the fellow, with a spirit that never flings and a heart that never falters; he is one of the best social, boon companions I ever saw. Mr. Comet, don't you like a glorious, good fellow whose heart is big, and hung in the right place? Who is always in a good humor, and has a kind word for every one he meets? Who tells you a rich and racy anecdote and never gets miffed at the pleasantries of his friends? Such a man is always beloved—his absence is ever regretted, and his presence hailed with delight. And then again, don't you hate one of those selfish, unsocial, cold-hearted devils, who think this world was made for them and them alone? Give me a man who has a soul as big as a meeting house, if you please, and I'll show you one: who is fond of a good bottle of wine, can tell good Sazerac from bad Brandy, and has no objection to a little game of draw.

Speaking of this matter, I am reminded, that pretty soon after I got on board the Steamer, my friend from Maringouin, introduced me to a distinguished politician from Iberville, Maj. Brandywine, at the same time remarking that he was very happy to introduce to Mr. Mannering so distinguished a gentleman, and one who was so well versed in the occult sciences. To all of which the Maj. made a low bow and thanked his friend for the gracious compliment and then turning to me, he said: "Mr. Mannering, I am truly more than glad to meet you. I have heard of you often before and have longed to take you by the hand, for sir believe me, your fame has extended even to the empire Parish of Iberville. Mr. Mannering replied, that he had not words to express his heartfelt gratitude for such enviable notoriety. All this while the Musketo King appeared exceedingly restless and uneasy. At last when the opportunity offered, he said: "Guy my dear fellow, can't we scare up a little amusement, a la Porcupine?" Soon the table was spread, and as the school master says, all went to books I found the Iberville Maj. "au fait" among the papers. The Great Mogul is considered to be the most learned among the Porcupines, but I verily believe that this Iberville Maj. has read more history than he. With smiling face and pleasing eye he would go his pace. If he won he would smile and if he lost he would laugh. The Maj. is a glorious good fellow, and would make a great accession to our "Benevolent Association." Two other gentlemen begged to participate in our benevolent amusements, and were admitted upon showing the proper vouchers. One of them was Capt. Macturk, an individual who had travelled extensively from Kamskatska to the China Seas, and who had played a game of whist at the Baden Springs with Prince Albert for his partner against King Leopold and Francis the Arch Duke of Austria. He had rode with the Begum of Bombay in her damask Palanquin, and had slept Don Juan like in the harem of the Sultan. Oh! this Capt. Macturk was a rare bird. He had won from Louis Napoleon 10,000f, on a single hand, and had on one occasion well nigh broke Santa Anna at his cock-pit. But I noticed that when our game closed he was pretty freely bled by the Iberville Maj. and the Porcupines. Our fifth man was an Arkansas Gentleman.—Although he lives among bears and bowie-knives, still he has a gentle heart—full to overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

Our trip went off delightfully—crowded with gay and lively passengers among whom were many beautiful young ladies. Col. F. of East Feliciana and his accomplished daughters, Maj. B. of Iberville and his accomplished daughter were on board.—There were Natchez girls, and Port Gibson girls—Vicksburg and Arkan-

sas Girls. Oh! I do love the pretty girls, every mother's daughter of them and if man, vile, erring, sinful man, ever gets to Heaven, it will be through the example, the prayers and intercession of lovely women.

Adieu Mr. Comet. I have not time to tell you of the Pic-nick at this place—the beautiful Lake in Illinois, where we fished, and the beautiful girls I saw there. I leave to day for St. Louis, from which place I will hasten home. If misfortune should overtake me or accident detain me, please say to my dearly beloved Porcupines, "That still on that evening when pleasure fills up, To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup, Where'er my path lies be it gloomy or bright, My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night." Yours as ever, GUY MANNERING.

GRAPES.—We are indebted to our friend Mr. L Sheppers, for a fine sample of large and delicious white Grapes (*Chasselas*.) raised in his garden in this city. Mr. Sheppers is the only gentleman in this place, we believe, who gives systematised and scientific attention to Horticulture. That he is successful, the beautiful gardens about his house on Florida street, bear ample testimony. Mr. Sheppers believes with a number of others, that the grape can be successfully and profitably cultivated in Louisiana.

The agricultural resources of this State are not known; as it is, the most substantial basis for the wealth of a nation, we think that if some means could be resorted to, in order to convert the rich land that lies fallow, into fertile and productive farms that our people would be better off in any, and every point of view. Look at the unproductive—idle capital in this State. We do not mean "money," when we speak of capital, but *labor*. Show us one white man who produces anything, and we will show you fifty that are constant consumers and produce nothing. Go out into the back part of this parish and into the "free state of Livingston" and the truth is apparent. Of office holders, Editors, Clerks, Coffee house keepers, Lawyers, Doctors and Divines, the State has always a full stock on hand; mix in gentleman of leisure amongst them and there is a very formidable phalanx of beauty and intelligence. But what does it stand upon? We cannot see and wonder much that it exists at all. The only true basis of wealth, is in the soil; the soil of Louisiana has it, but it will never be worked out, as long as it is only deemed respectable to work "an hundred hands."

Where is the money to come from to pay for the projected railroads that are to run every where? The notes, or rather bonds, which the generous officers of State are liberally disposing of, in obedience to the acts of the late "Democratic" legislature, must be paid, or the seven per cent. must be paid at any rate. Who is this generous individual called "the State?" And what are his bonds? Is it not your bonds, and my bonds, and every body's bonds united? Are they to go out into the hands of charitable "money lenders" and never return? Far from it—the interest is not only to be paid—but the day is to come when the principal too, must be paid. A whig convention made the present organic Law.—A Democratic Legislature put it into beautiful operation, and the result can be anticipated. It behooves the good people of this State—and we call on the "true Democracy" to look to their tickets for the next legislature—see that they have good substantial men upon them, who are interested more in the welfare of the people, than the party.

Goldmann has just returned from New Orleans bringing with him a splendid stock of Jewelry. Goldmann's taste, in selecting chains, pins, rings and other things, is not inferior to any man's alive. His patterns are all the latest and most fashionable, and what he says about his goods can most certainly be relied on—Lafayette street.

FLORIDA INDIANS.—"A writer in the Florida News recommends the immediate removal of the Florida Indians. The man declares he knows persons in South Carolina and Georgia, who are deterred from settling in Florida, merely on account of anticipated difficulties with the Indians."

Here is a good text for any Minister of Christ's religion. The Chief Magistrate of this great nation should at once issue a mandate to the land forces, to go to work and exterminate every poor barbarian in the country. The doctrine is "that the inferior must give place to the superior race." The law that governs the brute creation, must govern man in this instance; because the mercenary, selfish brute principal of his nature is to be gratified by it. Why talk of Justice and honor—and in the same breath claim for "this biped" relationship with Heaven, when the history of his savage cruelty is so close at hand. Look at the "Florida War," which has made so many great men for the nation. Enquire into the particulars of barbarous massacres that have taken place—the perfidious mock treaty at which Ocoola was betrayed. Then go over the creek, and enquire into the particulars of the slaughtering of the round headed people of China by the English, and then stop preaching for a while "Peace and good will to all mankind, and practice a little of it. The mockery of "Foreign missions to teach what we are pleased to term "Barbarians" the principle of the Holy Religion of Christ, with such acts of savage cruelty staring them in the face, is apparent.

The writer informs us that he knows persons in South Carolina and Georgia, owning millions of dollars of property who would go to Florida if they were not deterred—may we add—"by a prospect of losing their heads."

Should not this be cause for the mag-nanimous Government of the United States, to send down a company of reeling "regulars" or a pack of bull dogs or blood hounds "to exterminate the race, that the rapacity of the citizens of Georgia and South Carolina may be gratified? Of course it is. But in our dealings with others we should not forget that the time will come when war and rebellion will break out in our midst, and then like the killikerney cats, we will devour one other.

Attention is asked to the advertisement in another column in reference to building materials for the Louisiana Institute for the Deaf the Dumb and the Blind. 440,000 feet of Lumber, and 3,000,000 Bricks are wanted. We learn that the beautiful spot selected by the Board of Directors for the buildings, will be soon cleared off—and the work commenced. The plan adopted for the building is a beautiful one, and may be seen in the office of the Louisiana State Bank.

LaNoue has just received the Pictorial 4th July Brother Johnathan. A round dollars worth of pictures and good reading for a dime.

Mr. Robert Beal, proprietor of the East and West Baton Rouge Ferry, requests us to inform the Public, that his boat will ply regularly every fifteen minutes during the day on the 4th inst., and the charge for ferryage will be just half the usual rates.

From what we can learn, the gathering to take place on the Grosse Tete on the 4th inst., will exceed in interest any public meeting ever had in this section of country.

The Advocate learns that a writ of habeas corpus has been obtained for Mr. PRENDERGAST through his counsel, from Judge STERLING of the Seventh Judicial District. The case will be resumed on Tuesday next.

We notice the return of Col. A. Matta from his European tour.