

# The Weekly Comet

Thursday Morning, 11:11 Sep. 4, 1858.

The contracts for building the Louisiana Institution for the Deaf, the Dumb, and the Blind, have been awarded by the commissioners to the following parties.

F. Arbour, for Lumber; McHatton, Ward & Co., for Brick; Burk & Collins, for Carpenter's work; Nelson Potts, for Brick work.

The foundation for the building will be laid about the 13th proximo. The location for the building is a very desirable one. It is the site of the old Baton Rouge College—a State institution that flourished some years ago. The location is elevated, and commands a view of the river, and is within the site of the State Capitol.

The Plans and specifications for the building were made out by Mr. J. W. Brown, Architect. A very pretty perspective view may be seen at the branch office of the La. State Bank.

We notice that the foundation of the new Jail, has been commenced. It is built at the expense of the Parish, and when finished will cost about \$15,000.00. This should suffice to construct a very large and commodious building; and we doubt not, will be sufficiently capacious to hold all the rogues that can ever be had at any one time, from the hands of the "Philistines." There is only one objection to the plan adopted, and that is a very obvious one; The height of the stories is not much more than half sufficient. No room in this climate can be a healthy—well ventilated room, with less than twelve feet from floor to floor. And no "public" building for comfort, should be less than fifteen.

We will not complain. The Parish has managed to keep a very excellent state of morality with a small Jail; and now that we are to have a larger one, we may reasonably expect that there will be less use for it. This is a correct inference, and we hope that the fear of low ceilings, thick walls with bars running through, and small windows to let in darkness, the heavy grates and iron doors will be sufficient to frighten the wicked into the path of rectitude.

From Thursday evening's Picayune we learn the gratifying intelligence that the epidemic is rapidly decreasing in New Orleans. The following is the list of interments for the 24 hours ending at 6 o'clock, A. M. on Tuesday 30th ult. Total number of interments from all the Cemeteries 139 of which 114 were of yellow fever.—Charity Hospital report for the 29 ult., gives admissions 47; discharges 40; death 15; yellow fever 14.

By Telegraph we learn that the total number of death during twenty-four hours ending six o'clock Wednesday morning, 31st ult., were 137.—Yellow fever 110—weather bad.

**THE BEST ONE YET.**—Mr. Onesefero Brehard is a candidate for Recorder of the Parish of West Baton Rouge. He has two competitors. The contest it is said will be close. Some wags discussing the claims and prospects of candidates generally, one remarked that he felt *Onesefero* Brehard. When one of the others added you need not express an *uneasiness* for Brehard, for he will certainly be elected.

**MONUMENT TO JOHN C. CALHOUN IN NEW YORK.**—A writer in the Journal of Commerce proposes that a monument be erected in the city of New York suitable to the commemoration of the abilities and genius of the late Mr. Calhoun, and offers his check for \$500, provided \$9,500 more be contributed for that purpose.

Power's Eve has created a great deal of sensation at the Crystal Palace. Many of these present pronounced it superior to the former production of the same artist, the Greek slave.

## Another Word to the Wise.

This community is often bored by machines that are kept working, and very wrongly denominated "the Press" because we suppose it requires a good deal of muscular power to get anything out of it. Generally the flexors and extensors of the arm, are more manifest in its workings, than the more delicate fibers and nerves that work into the sensorium of the brain. We have known different pieces of what is called "the Press" to get "crank-sided" and refuse to perform their duties to the public by chronicling "facts," to quarrel with other pieces of the same, machins for the honor and glory of being considered the most important part. This sort of warfare can never be spiced by either wit or fancy so as to make a palatable dish for the public, therefore we avoid it, and therefore when any branch of the machine, has "pitched into us" we have generally stepped to one side, in order that the furious combatant may turn "summersets" for the public amusement.

The warlike column arrayed at us in Wednesday's *Vis-a-Vis*, makes it imperative on us to answer him, which we do because the question involved is one of public interest, and every man in the community has his mind made up on the subject. Of all the savage cotemporaries the "Vis" is the most savage, and as we have always been good friends, and are still, we do not like such a punch at us as this:

"But that there is no limit to the arrogant presumption of some men who are ever ready to assume any responsibility, even that of life and death we have abundant evidences in the columns of the *Comet*."

Not satisfied with this, he slurs at us after this fashion: "It is too much the habit of *city papers* to conceal the existence of dangerous maladies." About "one single case," not meaning "a few," we grant the editor of the *Vis*, and leave him to enjoy the pun. What we have said in reference to the health of this place, we say again and will continue to say as long as we think the facts in reference to the matter, warrant us; and without any regard to what other people say, who have not any more information on the subject than we have.

There has not been one single well authenticated case of "yellow fever" yet in this place, to our certain knowledge, nor has there been "a few," either. To bear us out in this assertion we will bring as many of the faculty as the *Vis* will, to sustain us. And when he will get any three of them to agree about any case, then we will promise never to say a word more on the subject of life or death.

There are many old citizens here, who have lived in the country near half a century and are familiar with the diseases peculiar to it—they cannot be mistaken in the complexion of the genuine "king of the Febriles."

We cannot see what motive the *Vis* has, or our neighbor on Church street, in giving currency to a rumor based upon the opinion of one or two physicians, when the faculty of this great city is represented by the round number of fourteen, and nearly as many on the other side of the river who occasionally practice. The *Vis* furnishes strangers with the gratuitous advice, that if they have any business in this place they had better make short visits.

To this we may add, that no one need come here, expecting by the act not to die. We will insure death without premium. And if they will get drunk every morning before breakfast, and go down under the hill, and lay about in the sun, and get sober to sleep in the night air, or some little crowded room, with a dozen other beasts of similar calibre; we will insure the happy event to take place in a fortnight, and if it does not, we will agree to furnish a Physician to "attend" to them.

## Communicated.

**Mr. Editor.**—I know you have a tear of sympathy for the afflicted, and are ready to avenge the wrongs of all the persecuted—at least so far as "words" will serve them. It is to this end I address you. I shall plainly state my case, and leave you to judge it. It is the fortune of some men to be born rich, and some to be born poor; this, however, is not my fortune. My fortune, is to have been born "great." I have been great from the very hour I came crawling and squalling into this semi-barbarous existence. I was a great child, so the mid-wife said, and score of disinterested relatives endorsed the opinion. I was a great boy—great in so many things that it was next to an impossibility to discover in what particular thing I was greatest. Hence the difficulty my parents had to encounter. It is a common difficulty; they could not discover to which one of the learned professions my precocious genius naturally inclined. Hence—in the fear that my talents would not be directed into a congenial, and agreeable current; they left me alone to flounder in the great world, and take care of myself.

When the down on my upper lip called for the razor, and my chin wore the livery of manhood; I was called out during a canvass, first to serve the Young men's "Rough and Ready" club, in getting up Muslin banners, and tallow candle transparencies. Then to sing *Contralto* for the 'Glee club,' and from that, to the chair; and from the chair up, up, up, until my head ached, and I began to grow dizzy, with the very height into the very area of politics, into which I had been unconsciously led by my own native genius.

The people said I was "great," my friends told me the same, and I really felt that independent of all these considerations, that I was really a man of huge intellectual preponderosity.

Now commenced my troubles. Being a great man, with the title of *Honorable* attached to, an otherwise beautiful cognomen; of course my opinion was great correspondingly; and it was sought after, to head the "petition" the "recommendation." I became suddenly known to all the Great men in the nation, and received weekly batches, of Great desert looking Daily and Weekly papers—pamphlets on education—Statistics, general information for the People, speeches, and what not. As for letters they came in from all quarters; from smaller great men than myself, asking places. All of which were broken open—seasoned and thrown under the table as they should be. If a lady was travelling through the country with a "prospectus" of a "new book" some other great man at some other place, would be sure to give her a letter of introduction to me, all of which was very flattering and very proper. But enough, I shall never get at my greatest grievance. Here it is: If there is any mode of redress—as (I am an unavoidable great man still) you will oblige a great many who are in the same category with myself. I have the fortune—or I should say, rather in this case—the misfortune to be a "Democrat."

For this reason every thing in the way of a Democratic newspaper—is thrust upon me. There are fourteen, now coming to me, as varied in quality, as in size. And there is an iron rod hanging over my head, which threatens political extermination, if I do not take them, and pay the subscription punctually, without the three days grace. This is supportable. But some times my friends mention me in some honorable connection for office—something that I am peculiarly fitted for, on account of my talents. At the bare mention; every party paper in the State, catches at my beautiful name, and after sticking in the head of the paper; some such document, a the following accompanies the first number. "The Hon. — to the 'Eerald of Truth' Br., to announcement, \$10 00.

As a candidate *de facto*, it would not be so bad, but if a man's name is merely mentioned before the Convention, it is the same thing. The candidate who dare refuse the payment of the bill, had better take in his sign, and go at some other less dishonest method of obtaining a livelihood, than that of seeking office. For the "Herald of Truth," will publish him as a defaulter, and find out, and prove that he has picked somebodys pockets.

If you can point out any mode of relief from these grievances *Mr. Comet*, you will oblige a large and respectable body of Great Men. \*\*\*

**EARTHQUAKE AT CUMANA.**—The N. Y. Express learns, by private letters to the 22d ultimo, from Puerto Cabello, that the earthquake of the 15th, at Cumana, was one of the most disastrous that ever occurred in South America. The Express says:

The present unhappy state of civil war in Venezuela, is the cause of delay in communications, as the province of Cumana is the only one now holding out against the government the rebellion having been elsewhere suppressed. The news was brought to Puerto Cabello, by the crew of a national vessel, the Boliver, who had deserted and joined the rebels.

The first shock of the earthquake was so violent that although it continued its vibrations only two minutes it destroyed in that short space of time every house but one in that principal part of the city called Puente Arriba. Many of the inhabitants of the portion which contained the dwellings of the more opulent were buried in the ruins. There can be no doubt that some of the succeeding details are liable to be questioned, on account of the chance through which the news was brought to Puerto Cabello; but they generally receive credit among respectable men at that place, from several of whom the story has been received here.

This shocking catastrophe seems to have put a sudden and complete end to the war; for 600 soldiers in the barracks were among its victims, together with almost all the officers of the revolution. The utmost consternation naturally prevailed among the survivors, and it is said that a respectable ecclesiastic was sent to Gen. F. J. Monagas, who was preparing his troops to march against Cumana, offering to submit, and asking for assistance for the sufferers. It is added that these requests were assented to, and that he immediately sent one of his brothers with a supply of provisions and men. The earthquake was felt in Barcelona and destroyed three large buildings including the barracks, just after 700 soldiers had left them. All along the coast of Venezuela, shocks were felt, but no mischief was known.

It is said that the superstitions of the people led many of them to look upon the earthquake as an evidence of the Divine disapprobation of the revolution.

**A SERIOUS AFFAIR.**—We regret to state that a serious and probably fatal affray occurred last night between Mr. Hall one of the editors of the Crescent, and Mr. Houghton, a lawyer of this city, in which the latter was dangerously wounded. He was lying in a very critical situation at last accounts, but little hopes being entertained of his recovery.

The cause of the difficulty we understand, was a paragraph which appeared in the local columns of the Crescent, yesterday morning, and at which Mr. Houghton took offence. He, Houghton, as we have been informed, accompanied by a friend or friends, visited the Crescent office last night, and after ascertaining from Mr. Hall that he was responsible for the offensive paragraph, attacked him with a cane. The parties grappled with each other, when Hall drew a knife and inflicted the wound which is likely to prove serious.

Affrays of this kind are deeply to be deplored. One thing is certain however, that he who visits the domicile of another, and particularly the editorial domicile, for the purpose of committing an act of personal violence, must expect to hold his life by a very slight tenure. This we think is a well settled principal in this region.—*True Delta* 28th inst.

**THE NEW ROUTE TO EUROPE FROM ST. JOHN N. B.**—I wrote you a week or two ago that the keels of two steamers for a new route to England had been laid at Williamsburg. The St. John papers, in allusion to this route, state that it is the intention of the New Foundland and Telegraph Steamship Company, to build four steamers of the most powerful construction, and capable of making the passage between that port and Galway in six days. I am rather inclined to think the Company have considerably underrated the time which will be required by their steamers to make the trip, but there can be no doubt that it can be run in considerable less time than is occupied by the vessels running on the old routes.—*N. Y. Cor. Delta*.

The Secretary of War, Hon. Jefferson Davis, is in a feeble state of health. With a view of recruiting his health, he has left Washington, in company with Prof. A. D. Blache, for the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

In the last *Sentinel* (Plaquemine) we find an article from the pen, of a "Plain Talking Democrat," in the French and English; headed a "Homage to Truth," and dedicated to the Comet. The writer endorses our remarks in reference to Mr. Erwin, the Independent Candidate for the office of Sheriff of Iberville.

We have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with Mr. Erwin but know him in his position before the people of Iberville, and we highly commend his course. We are glad to meet now and then, a man who is willing to disregard the dictates of a paltry caucus, and stand before the people as a "true Democrat," upon his own merit and qualification for office. We like to hear the "barking" that follows, from all the troupe of capitalists, who have investments in the stock market of politics. With a few such men to set the independent course of Mr. Erwin, and Louisiana would be wrested from the hands of demagogues, and its destinies placed where they should be—with the people.

In the *Piny Woodsman* of the 20th inst., Mr. F. H. Hatch is informed by letter from Greensburg, "that by action of the Democratic party to-day (6th inst) he was unanimously nominated as a Democratic candidate for the Lower House of the next Legislature. Mr. Hatch replies, and his letter is in the same paper.—Mr. Hatch says:

"Experience having proved beyond cavil that Railroads, wherever constructed, have tended to enhance the value of property, and to stimulate the agricultural and industrial pursuits of the people, I shall give my zealous cooperation to that Road projected from Clinton through this parish, to connect with the New Orleans and Jackson Railroad."

He says again in another place: "I am in favor of an untrammelled commerce, and of all those measures which are calculated to extend agriculture, to foster manufactures and the mechanical arts, and to promote education, and the highest aspirations of the people."

What more than this could be asked for?

The Louisiana Manufacturing Company, just organized in New Orleans with a capital of \$250,000, for the purpose of preparing dress hemp, and making bale rope, by the use of T. & J. W. Slaughter's—of Petersburg, Virginia—patent cordage machine. Some of the wealthiest men of New Orleans and Mobile are engaged in the enterprise. David Hadden Esq., of New Orleans, is the President of the company, and J. D. Converse President of the Bank of New Orleans, R. W. Millbank, of New Orleans, and J. Warren Slaughter, of Fredricksburg, Virginia, are among the directors. This company will be in operation in November, the machine being now in course of construction in Patterson, New Jersey, and Fredricksburg, Virginia. The product will be about 20,000 pounds per day.—*Delta*.

**THE FOURTH OF JULY AT SMYRNA.** At Smyrna, on the 4th of July, it is said the United States ship St. Louis was dressed with her colors, and, strange to say, the Austrian brig and schooner (with which the St. Louis a few days before came near having an engagement) hoisted and saluted the American flag with twenty-one guns, which, as a matter of course, were immediately returned by the St. Louis. All the consulates, including the Austrian, hoisted their flags in honor of the day.

**A PILL FOR THE DOCTORS.**—The celebrated Dr. James Johnson, editor of the *London Medico Chirurgical Review*, thus unobscures himself:

"I declare as my conscientious opinion, founded on long experience and reflection, that if there were not a single physician, surgeon, apothecary, man-midwife, chemist, druggist nor drug, on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness and less mortality than now prevail."

The amount donated by public and private generosity to aid the sufferers in New Orleans, amounts to \$27,473 00 from the City of New York alone.