

# THE WEEKLY COMET.

GEO. A. PIKE, EDITOR.

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## Sanative Movements.

It is very important at this juncture, that the attention of our citizens should be called to some facts in reference to the health of this city, which demand concentrated action on the part of all who are in health and strength. There must be a speedy organization of all available forces that can be made useful in stopping the progress of the epidemic which is undoubtedly in our midst.

So far, it has been confined almost exclusively to the unacclimated; and the reason why it has proved so fatal amongst them, is on account of their inability to obtain that kind of nursing which is so important in all sickness this season. Some provision must be made; and nothing can be effected without unity. It is for this reason that we call on our citizens one and all, to come together and devise ways and means, to protect themselves, at the same time to work the good work of charity and benevolence.

Where are our young men—the bold, daring and chivalrous! Where are the old ladies and the young? A relief society by them would be serviceable, without in the most remote degree endangering their own persons.

Let there be a meeting of the Gentlemen to night at the Town Hall, and let the ladies form themselves into a society to aid in relieving the distresses of their own sex. With the proper organization the health of the town will again be re-established in a very short time.

There is much distress amongst the poor people, of which we are satisfied that our well inclined and wealthy citizens are not aware of. When it is known, we feel satisfied that every man, woman, and child, will lend aid to relieve it, and the desired end cannot be accomplished without a good organization. This can be very speedily effected by a public meeting.—Let it be had at once—to night at the Town Hall. An airy and comfortable room must be had in which to place the affected, that a few nurses may be enabled to attend all of them—they should be moved from off the ground, on to airy and comfortable second floors.

It is a matter of impossibility for the sick to get well in murky and wet localities in the interior of squares where the houses are all jammed together in such a manner as to stagnate and poison the atmosphere. And be assured fellow citizens, each and every one of you, that the fever is not contagious—the very best medical intelligence of the age declares that it is not, and to fly away from one who is prostrated on a bed of sickness meets not the approbation of God nor man. There is sickness all over the land, from Maine to Louisiana, and it is impossible to fly from it.

From what we have already said about the condition of this place, we feel satisfied that our stranger population will not be augmented.—Public and private Boarding houses are closed and if we can manage to take care of our population, as it now stands, we will be doing well. We have strong and noble hearts in this place, and it pleases us to see many—prompted by their own feelings—alone, engaged in the christian mission. We must have a place to put the indigent sick—uncared for. It would be putting the christian churches to a good use, to convert them into hospitals, and the Town Hall would also serve a good purpose. Let his Honor, the Mayor, come up to represent the town, and let the remaining members of the Council come up to the deliberations. Much is to be done, and nothing can be effected without organization.

## Special Correspondence.

BLenheim Park, England, July 29th, 1853.

Dear Comet:—I have the pleasure of addressing you from one of the most celebrated and magnificent places in this kingdom, and perhaps in the whole world. The Palace of Blenheim, together with its noble Park and annexed demenses were conferred on the illustrious John, Duke of Marlborough, in the reign of Queen Anne, as a testimony of royal favor and national gratitude for his transcendent services, and more particularly for the signal victory he gained over the French and Bavarians, near the village of Blenheim on the banks of the Danube, from whence this noble Palace receives its name. The Park is twelve miles in circumference, is one continued succession of captivating prospects, and from the High Lodge, the prospect is not only one of the most extensive, but also one of the most enchanting in Great Britain; including, among a variety of other interesting and picturesque objects, a view of the University of Oxford, about eight miles distant. The usual entrance to the Park is from the town of Woodstock, a place celebrated for its gloves, and being the birth place of the poet Chaucer; the visitor enters on this side through a triumphal arch, or spacious portal, erected by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough to the memory of her husband the Duke; it bears an inscription on one side in Latin, on the other, the same in English—as follows:

This gate was built the year after the death of the most illustrious John Duke of Marlborough by order of Sarah his most beloved wife to whom he left the sole direction of the many things that remained unfinished of this fabric. The services of this great man to his country the pillar will tell you which the Duchess has erected for a lasting monument of his glory and her affection to him MDCCLXXIII.

The inscription is entirely of Roman letters, in the spelling the v is used instead of u, and it is without punctuation. Having passed through the Triumphal Gate, a scene of surpassing beauty bursts upon the sight. The Palace appears in front, exhibiting its turrets, minarets and loftier portion; to much advantage over the tops of intervening beeches, which have attained such luxuriance of growth and spread of branches, as in a great measure to exclude the lower portion of the castle; on the left is a part of the town of Woodstock with its fine Tower and Rectory, and on the right, a spacious shut of water, winding through a deep valley, skirted on either side with magnificent trees, and when its surface is undisturbed, pleasingly reflecting the various objects that adorn its banks. The obelisk referred to by the Duchess, over the gate way, stands on a fine eminence opposite the north front of the Palace, it is of very large dimensions of great height, and is surmounted by a colossal figure of the immortal John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough; on the pedestal are inscribed the great achievements of that eminent man and the acts of the British Parliament in his favor. From this eminence a fine view is obtained of the Palace, Gardens, River, Lake and Bridge, the centre arch of which has a span of 101 feet, near the Bridge is a fine clear spring called "Rosamond's Well," this well is supposed to have supplied the bath of Fair Rosamond, when she resided in the Park, and is the spot where Henry the II, is said to have contrived a labyrinth by which the Bower of his fair mistress communicated with the Palace, our carriage pulled up at this lovely retreat and a cup of pure clear water was handed by the Fair Rosamond, who now presides over the well, a poor, withered wrinkled, half starved, half clad old woman, who watches every opportunity to supply visitors with a drink of cold sparkling water from the well that once loved the beautiful limbs of the once lovely Rosamond. Oh what a contrast presented itself here, in more respects than one—the spot that once was the favorite resort of the fairest woman that ever lived, is now converted into a kind of

half penny show, by which a poor old woman, not very fair, expects to keep her poor old soul and body connected, by the few chance pence that are thrown her by visitors who come many miles to view the grandeur and beauty of this princely domain. At our feet lies a beautiful lake, on one side, probably watching our movements from the windows of his magnificent mansion is the present Duke, surrounded with every luxury that the ingenuity of man can devise or the whole world produce (peace of mind probably excepted) on the other, presiding over the well of Fair Rosamond, is the poor decrepit old woman, living amidst all these scenes of splendor, and doubtless often without the means of furnishing a comfortable meal. Leaving the well, and the substitute for fair Rosamond, we enjoyed a gentle drive round the Park, wending our way through delightful valleys and over gentle rising hills covered with majestic trees, groves and plantations; all these, animated by hundreds of bounding deer and thousand of smaller kinds of game, unite in giving this spot an indescribable charm. Having completed our drive round the Park, the gardens and pleasure grounds next claim our attention; they are laid off with extreme taste and contain a valuable collection of plants. The gardens are likewise adorned with Grottoes, a Fountain and Cascade, Statues, &c., and occupy more than two hundred acres of ground. In viewing the Pleasure grounds we pass the south front of the Palace: over its entrance, which is supported by corinthian columns, is the bust of Louis the 14th. King of France, adorned with military emblems taken from the gates of Furnay, under it is the following inscription:

EUROPE HÆC VINDEX GENIO DECORA ALTA BRITANNO.

When I commenced this brief description of Blenheim it was my intention to include the Palace, but when about to make the attempt, I must confess that my pen is quite inadequate to the task. The Palace has recently been repaired, painted, gilded, and decorated, and is now in most beautiful order, and without doubt superior in magnificence to any thing of the kind in the whole world: the antiquities of Oxford, and the beauties of Windsor Park sink into insignificance in comparison with it, and amidst the magnificent rooms furnished, decorated, and finished with unsurpassed splendor I found at every step something possessing the power of diverting my mind from what I had just seen, and in attempting to grasp the whole I fear that I have come off with little. The fact is, that to know Blenheim well, and describe its beauties, would, in addition to the study of months, require the Poet's gifted pen, to relate the delightfulness of situation, and the choicest designs of art, that improve the captivating natural charm, of this truly magnificent palace, which will ever be viewed as a perpetual monument of England's greatness.

Speaking of England's greatness reminds me of the great man that occupies this splendid Palace, he is a poor wretch unable to walk, and whenever he leaves his fine departments, has to be wheeled about like a child. He has been three times married, and his third wife has recently absconded from him; so you may perceive Mr. Comet that a Duke's life is not quite as smooth as the surface of his silver-like Lake. Yours, DRAKE.

A party of Fillibusters had a meeting at the Appollo Saloon, New York on the 1st inst. The object of the meeting was to commemorate the second anniversary of the death of Lopez. All the members of the Junta were present. Among others Donna Anna Josephine di Aguro, widow of the distinguished compatriot of Lopez was present. Speeches were made by the President of the meeting and J. S. Thrascher.

All persons in town who have servants—either male or female, to hire as nurses for the sick can find employment for them by making application to Wm. F. Tunnard.

## Agricultural Resources.

A country is only intrinsically valuable according to its agricultural resources. The substantial wealth of a nation lies in the richness of its soil.—These are safe axioms, and every man who is at all given to reflection and study, must feel their truth. There can be no commerce, no manufacturers, no art, no science—we had well nigh said—no civilization, in any country, where the soil is not tilled and the peaceful pursuits of agriculture followed. A great English critic has said that "Commerce is King." Admitting the truth; where pray, does King Commerce obtain his power, if it does not spring directly from the soil?—Tis here that his strength slumbers in the winter season, and bursts forth in the spring time to make the world feel his power and importance. It is not a little strange to us, that the animal called conventionally "man," with the force of these truths before him, and the dazzling light of the best intelligence of the age, will nevertheless persist in crowding one nother to death in large cities, where pestilence and poverty and vice in every phase, unite their forces to kill him. If it is strange that such a condition should exist in the Monarchies of the Old world, it is still more strange, that in the New, where every man is permitted to enjoy the full benefit of his own labor, without the interference of church for tithes; or State, for the support of royal parents, and idle shows.

We contend that it is not a little strange that in a government like this of the "Model Republic" that the same feeling of centralization, common to all animals, should bring a dozen families to live—or rather die together, in an eight by ten room, in a crowded, ill ventilated street, in preference to the health and wealth, and independence of the country—where lands can be had free of cost, and the axe of industry may with little labor and no other cost, construct comfortable dwellings. Yet in the very face of all the inducements held out for emigrants to till the soil, they will crowd themselves and huddle together, at a pestiferous season, in infested localities, and forego the substantial conveniences and pleasures of life, for disease and death which is as certain to follow as any other fixed fact.

The State of Louisiana labors under many social and political evils which it is in the power of the people alone to remove, and a liberal system of public education, will alone point them out. We are not progressing in our movements, on the contrary, we are retrograding as fast as it is possible for us to do, under unwise and blind systems.

We hold that Louisiana is not only the sugar bowl, but the very Eden itself of this Union. There is no one acquainted with our climate and soil who will gainsay this fact; and in the very face of our agricultural resources, the earth lies fallow—a wilderness as primitive, as it was in the days of De Soto and Lasalle. The peculiar institutions under which we live is the main cause of this condition. The dignity of labor is degraded, and it is more honorable for the bone and sinew of the State, to lounge about the city and the town, and steal a living, than it is to turn attention to agricultural pursuits.

A short visit east of this place, to the Amite river, and the Parish of Livingston, will convince any one of the facts we contend for. Look at the land. The people will tell you it is

barren in some places and worn out in others, but we venture to say that there is not a more fertile country on the Globe, than is contained in the ancient limits of West Florida! The term "worn out"—unless it be a desert of sand, is an obsolete phrase. With the light of science as applied to the chemistry of Agriculture, there is no meaning to the words "worn out." The term would apply better to the half starved sickly white population, for whom it is a great effort, to draw the breath of life.

Talk of Railroads through such a country, how are they to benefit an indolent, effeminate, weak—(mentally and physically) population? Not in the most remote degree! no, teach the people that there is a dignity in honest industry, and that the sun shines not to kill people, but to give health and strength,—that it was intended that the animal called man should live in it, and not fly from its rays, as though the vengeance of the Lord were in it.

JOHN HOWARD.—This celebrated English Philanthropist, was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. He made a voluntary sacrifice of time and fortune, to relieve as far as it was in his power to do so—the distress and suffering in the dungeons and prisons to which he gained admission by his affable and courteous deportment. The field of his labor was not limited. Whenever, and wherever, Howard could hear of sickness and distress, there he was to be found, in the midst of it. He was a practical Philanthropist, a worthy disciple of Jesus. He pled in person, to crowned heads to deal mercifully with their prisoners; and the result of his good work was seen and felt in the North and South—the East and the West. In 1789, he visited Russia for the last time. He learned that Crimea was being depopulated by a fearful epidemic and it was there that he contracted disease of which he died in 1790. A beautiful monument was erected to his memory at Cherson by the Russian Government.

CLOUDS, CLOUDS, CLOUDS.—We have had nothing but clouds and rain—fogs and mist, in this vicinity, for the past two weeks. We feel satisfied, that when the sun does show his face again a favorable reaction will take place in the public mind—people will resume their avocations, and the bustle of life will go on as usual. Our citizens cannot and must not expect to feel well, when every element of earth and air, conspires against us. To the sick we would say be of good cheer; when the god of day does put out again it will be to shine more brightly than he ever has before.

The citizens Bank is again in full blast—issuing their own, for other peoples notes, and performing the other beautiful banking operations to facilitate what is called "trade." The Citizens, has the advantage over other institutions, inasmuch as the "promise to pay" is translated into Gallic—thus, "La Bank des Citoyen promis de payer."—If it were in German it would be *an fait*. Thus each one of the several respected classes of citizens, would know what the are getting when a Citizen's Bank note is given them in exchange, for something more substantial.

The steamer Europa brought over from Liverpool to Boston, the talented American Actress, Miss Devonport. She is to play an engagement at the Howard Athenium.