

# The Weekly Comet

Friday Morning, Sept. 20, 1853.

**THE GARRISON GROUNDS.**—The last Advocate has an interesting article on this subject. It suggests that as the grounds are comparatively untenanted, that the State, or the town ought to purchase them, and put the beautiful site to some practical use. It says they would make a good site for a University, or they would do well for a public promenade. It is said—looking way down into the shadowy perspective of the time to come, "that the town may in time become an overgrown city"—absorbing eventually the Garrison grounds and leaping across the Bayou Grassie and squatting down on the hills beyond."

We favor the Advocate's suggestions, in reference to the Garrison grounds, but think that they should belong to Louisiana. If they did, the magnificent "sugar bowl State" could put them to a very useful purpose. The town often feels cramped; and cannot find room to manifest its hospitality on extraordinary occasions. For instance: a high state functionary occasionally comes to town and the Garrison is the only place where room can be found for him to breathe in.

Every body knows; where the concentrated wisdom in "general assembly convenes," that murmurs are sometimes heard—like the "grumbings of distant thunder," about elbow, and airing room. What a splendid place the Garrison grounds would be for this purpose! There the grounds might be laid off into gravel walks and shell roads, and proper arrangements made for the manly amusement of "leap-frog" and other gymnastic exercises—there the Hon. member might throw off his coat, and the care of State affairs, and in the umbrageous if not ambrosial recesses of that lovely nook of the woods—fanned by the gentle Zephyrs that float over the mighty Mississippi—take a snooze; whilst some other Hon. member, expands his chest by making a *discours* speech in the Halls of the Iusane asylum—that is to be. Think of these benefits, and weep to think they are not all our own; but a small fragment of the unoccupied domain of Uncle Sam. What a *delightful* place that might be made for patriotic politicians of both parties to meet and play 'Kino' and high-die, for office. And then think of a Menagerie in the center of the quadrangular buildings! Not a "four bit" show, but a regular ring streaked and striped—complete in all its details; why it would be the very thing, and we really hope that the next general assembly will take it into "committee of the whole," and discuss it rationally, over a demijon of "Sewell Taylor's best."

**DOES ANY MAN KNOW.**—On Thursday night last, Justice F. B. SANS, in his semi-clerical robes, was on the floor with a "couple" to be united in the "silken bonds, that bind two willing hearts." The company was there, the wine and cake was ready, and all the appointments necessary to a wedding. Indeed the imposing ceremony had passed the point where a modest blush of approval takes the place of an affirmative answer, and our friend Sans had said with the "hymn book" before him, in a clear and distinct voice. "If any man here present knows cause, why this couple should not be united"—here he was interrupted, by a gentleman stepping forward with the words "I do." This was a poser—a blockade—a mill dam, to any further proceedings. The book was closed—the parties were seated—the wedding arrangements disposed of, and the matter stands just where it was before; without a word of explanation.

We are obliged to the gentlemanly officers of that fine steamer the James Robb for St. Louis papers.

In noticing the other day the suspension of all kinds of mechanical labor for the past month, we designed saying something in reference to the establishment of our estimable fellow-citizen, W. F. TUNNARD.

Mr. Tunnard came South, after meeting with a heavy loss by fire of a large carriage manufactory, in New Ark, N. J. He located in Baton Rouge—here he went to work, nothing daunted by his misfortunes, and by uniting his business habits with untiring industry, has established in our midst, as large a manufactory of carriages and other vehicles, as can be met with any where in the Southern country.

He is daily turning out from his shops—work of the very finest character, uniting durability with beauty—which northern and western work does not, when intended for this market. When the frightful epidemic made its first appearance amongst us, Capt. Tunnard was the first to lay down his own business affairs, and take the van lead in measures to stay its progress, and truly is he entitled to be noted as the "Chief Samaritan" in marshalling all the available forces to relieve the sick and distressed and take care of the bodies of stranger victims to the pestilence.

With five of the band of seven—staunch, bold and fearless hearts, that kind of service to mortality has been performed, under the direction of Capt. Tunnard, which brands the military hero "locked up in steel," with cowardice.

In sacrificing his own time and running the imminent danger of his life, Capt. Tunnard has displayed that kind of courage united with philanthropy, which is not often met with.

If Tunnard should not be able to comply with his engagements to the planters this season, we feel satisfied that when they come to know the reason, they will unite their voices with his, in saying: The exercise of charity and benevolence first; for the profit of such work is in Heaven.

**GAVAZZI RIOTS.**—The excitement in Montreal about father Gavazzi, does not seem to have abated. Since Mr. Wilson, the Mayor was arrested, nine other persons have been taken in custody, for wilful murder, in firing from the church, and causing the death of one Welch and Donally. Several influential and respected citizens have been held to bail in the sum of £2,000 each, to answer the charge.

So far, we have said nothing in reference to father Gavazzi and "his mission," as it is termed. We hate apostates, and place no credit in their statements.

Profound indeed is the ignorance that cannot see, that apostasy and the slanderous abuse to which the renegade's tongue becomes wedded; proceeds from a mercenary self interest, and a desire for the pecuniary benefit that is to follow the publication of a "book" to catch the half pennies of the gaping multitude.

We have "reformed gamblers"—"reformed drunkards"—Vile calumniators of Masonry and Odd Fellowship, with occasionally a "Rigdon" from the Host of the Latter day Saints, to expose the mystic crimes of Mormonism. And why? Because some unworthy disciple has not been able to approach as near the "imperial purple," as his ambition would lead him. In this category do we place father Gavazzi. There is no objection to a man's changing his opinion—there can be no consistency without change, for life is a pilgrimage, and we advance on its road, to learn things; but when a man like Mr. Gavazzi, gets up in the market place to excite the prejudices of the ignorant mob, we feel—that though, this be a land of liberty of speech and conscience; yet some check should be put to a career, the evident desire of which is pecuniary benefit, and notoriety.

Mr. Lawrence of New Orleans, has succeeded in grafting the tomato on the egg plant.

In the True Delta of the 27th inst., we see a card from a subscriber to that paper in the Parish of Point Coupee, headed Brutal murder." It gives an account of an atrocious act committed at, or near Atchafalaya by a man calling himself Thomas J. Brown from Baton Rouge. The card says:

He was accompanied by a woman he called his wife, but to whom, it appears, he never was married. This woman had some valuable negroes. It seems Brown has been trying for sometime to get possession of the negroes, by threats and otherwise. This she would not consent to. On the night of the 18th inst., while lying in bed asleep, with her two little daughters—one nine or ten years of age, the other younger—she was shot, tearing the whole of her face off from the brow down—nose, jaw, teeth, and all. She still survives, a most pitiable object, but evidently cannot last much longer. Brown is now in jail at Point Coupee, to stand his trial for the crime.

We can find no one in this place acquainted with Thomas J. Brown. If he ever resided here any length of time it must have been under some other name.

**TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO CLAY AND WEBSTER.**—In the Greek House of Representatives December 17th 1852 Mr. Charmonizos, Deputy of Lania, delivered an Eulogy on Clay and Webster in which the following beautiful passage occurs.

"Gratitude, sire, is a cardinal virtue of man; and the Greek nation was ever of old distinguished for this virtue. Our immortal ancestors erected temples in honor of their benefactors. Among our benefactors, then, are numbered since 1822 the ever-memorable D. Webster and H. Clay, whose death a whole nation—the people of the United States—this day lament. Let us, therefore, honorable representatives of the Greek nation, unite our tears with those of our noble brothers, the citizens of the United States, for this loss; and as proof of our gratitude, let us inscribe on the walls of this perilous the glorious names of the Philhellens, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay."

A foreign Missionary says of the natives of the Sandwich Islands, that they have become very tractable and work in harness as gently as jackasses.

Several attempts have lately been made to fire the premises of the British consul G. P. R. James at Norfolk. The petty spite of some lawless vagabond seeks this method to manifest itself and it is to be hoped that he may be detected.

From a card in the Advocate we learn that Judge Robinson has returned to his residence in West Baton Rouge in good health. The October court for that Parish is postponed.

**THE HON. ROBT. J. WALKER.**—Scarce a day passes over, that there is not some new suggestion from the press in reference to the probable movements of the Hon., Robt. J. Walker. Mr. Walker certainly deserves credit for being a good chess player—for after all, he is very certain to do something, or make a motion to do something, which at once flounders all speculation about him. One paper informs us that Mr. Walker will go to China—another published at the same hour and in the same place, tells us that he will not go to China, because there is no boat in the service large enough—another paper says Mr. Walker has accepted appointment of President to the projected Pacific railroad—this is contradicted, and in the same breath we are informed Mr. Walker will settle in Illinois. Is there any man in America about whom more has been said, and unsaid, and said over again, than this same Mr. Walker.

A number of the stone-masons about Liverpool have recently adopted the *moustache* as a protection against the fatal effects of dust, in the exercise of their craft, and with salutary effect. It is undoubtedly an important provision of nature for the protection of the lungs.

**A VERY INTERESTING PICTURE.**—The True Delta furnishes us with a graphic sketch of the doings of the Gauls, Celts and Trojans assembled at the St. Louis Hotel the other night, to hold a Democrat Parish Convention for Orleans. It will be remembered that the usual harmonious wire-workers of Orleans, are just now at daggers points of discord, and they are not pulling a long pull, a strong pull, and a-pull altogether. The difficulty at first was to clear the room—that the president of the meeting might see himself, and hear his own voice call the meeting "to order." The thing was done by a small man in big whiskers, who afterwards with all the glory of a brilliant *coup d'etat*, declared the meeting ready for business. In clearing the house they had forgotten the "reporters" who had all to vamous with the rabble. A motion was made to call them back, which was lost, but notwithstanding the True Delta's man got in, to furnish the world with the following picturesque description of the proceedings.

At 7 o'clock, last evening, we directed our course towards the Petite Brouse, at the corner of Chartres and St. Louis streets, where the Democratic Parish Convention was to assemble to decide the fate of the numerous candidates for Parish offices. The banquetts were crowded with hundreds of anxious constituents, and scores of still more anxious candidates. The spacious bar room at the St. Louis Hotel was crammed to overflowing, and we shall not be surprised to-day, to find that brandy has "ris," although it was going down pretty fast last night. The candidates were there, in tolerable full force, electioneering, and the delegates were caucusing; and a few whigs were mixed up with the crowd, enjoying the sport. Each candidate was sanguine of the nomination, and each delegate was ready to swear that his favorite would be the man. Leaving the hotel—after waiting full three quarters of an hour, good election time, to get a punch, (though we had received five hundred external applications of that sort)—we edged our way out of this composite crowd of Saxons, Gauls, Celts, Teutons and Iberians—hards and softs, adamantines and puttyheads, terrified and unterrified,—and made our way toward another crowd on the other side of the street, and, wading through this living wall, we struggled up a staircase, into the room where the august body, which was to decide the fate of Cato and of Rome, were assembled.

The convention had been called to order but did not obey the call. The hard fisted of the third were there, to see their Representatives did their duty. A motion was made to exclude all but delegates, and then the trouble was to find who the delegates were. Of course the Louisiana Hotel Delegates, and Fasnachts Delegates were not far behind them. The "third" in her generosity had sent two sets of delegates—now, a committee had to be appointed to examine credentials, 9 of the committee were in favor of the Fasnachts, and 7 for the Louisiana Hotels. There were minority, as well as majority reports. At length the majority, as is usual in such cases got possession of the meeting—called the house to order, drove the malcontents down the back stairs—closed the doors and went to business in a business like manner.

The Convention regularly organized by appointing Gen. Lacoste President, Mr. P. Seauzenou Vice President, and A. Boudousquie Secretary. A motion was then made to proceed to make the nominations, and that the *viva voce* system of voting and the majority rule, were adopted. The first nomination was for Senators, Messrs. S. F. Wilson and J. A. Braud were nominated by acclamation, there being no opposition.

Harmonious way of doing things, and a quick way to despatch business, is this.

**Notice.**—The publication of the *Capitolian Vis-a-Vis*, will be renewed so soon as I can get a printer.

Should this meet the eye of a printer in want of work for a few weeks, he can find employment, by applying at my office. I shall "face the music" and stand at my post. PHIL WINFREY, jr. Sept. 30th 1853.

**THE AMERICAN TIMES.**—This morning sheet comes to us regularly; each succeeding number rivalling its predecessor in interest. The Times is published at Baltimore, Md. daily \$5, tri-weekly \$3, semi-weekly \$2, and weekly \$1 per annum. It is devoted to southern interest, and is an eloquent exponent thereof. Every planter and merchant in this section of the Union should take the "Times," and drop some of the mammoth Philadelphia and New York papers, most of which are the receptacles of maudlin love stories, based upon the baseless scraps of sentimental morality that have been worn thread-bare since Captain Noah circumnavigated the dead sea. The country is flooded with such trash—stories published and republished and stereotyped and republished again, and illustrated with the "cuts" that were made for other stories; and rest assured "my fellow countrymen" as the patriotic politician would say, this is not the kind of mental food, to make substantial men and women of your sons and daughters.

**GOLD.**—It is said that \$300,000 in Gold has already been taken from the gold mines in Virginia, located about twelve miles from Fredricksburg. Where is it, that gold cannot be found? We read in every paper and magazine, that falls on our table; all kinds of accounts from new *El Dorados* that eclipse in richness and brilliancy, all previous details. Is it not time, for the united intelligence of the nineteenth century to turn its energies into some other current than that in which it now flows? Nothing is talked of but gold mines—and the probable yield of silver regions newly discovered. Does the world get any richer from these discoveries?—Does the grovelling poverty and distress in large cities diminish? Is the human family benefitted in its social conduct—is it enriched in the true gold of christian virtue and happiness, by the opening of a fresh bed in Australia, or California? These are questions that demand an occasional thought from the locomotive "progression" of this emphatically fast age. Is there not gold every where—where the soil is rich and honest industry more dignified than highway robbery?

The New Orleans Picayune of the 25th inst., contains a letter from numerous citizens of Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas, from Cooper's Wells to the effect, that there is no yellow fever at that place.

## New Advertisements.

**OYSTER SALOON,**  
Corner of Repentance & North Boulevard St.  
BY LAMIS.  
LAMIS has re-opened his Oyster Saloon, for the season. He will be there himself during "Oyster Hours" to see that the animals are baked, fried, stewed and frigateed in the most approved manner.—LAMIS offers a reward of \$5,000 to any man in Christiandom who can do up oysters browner than he does. Oct. 2. 11

**Succession Sale.**  
WILL be sold at Auction on Monday, the 10th day of October next, '53, at the late residence of J. S. Conby, corner Church and Sixth streets, all the personal effects belonging to the above succession, consisting of Household and Kitchen furniture, wearing apparel, &c.  
oct1-ts. W. F. TUNNARD, Ad'or.

**NOTICE.**  
Sixth Judicial Dist. Court—Parish of East Baton Rouge.  
WHEREAS Francis B. Sans of said Parish, has applied to said Court to be appointed administrator of the estate of Doctor Lorin Very, late of said parish dec'd. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested, to show cause within ten days from the first publication of this notice, why the said application should not be granted. sep28-w3t M. MORRIS, Clerk.

**NOTICE.**  
Sixth Judicial Dist. Court—Parish of East Baton Rouge.  
WHEREAS George A. Pike, of said Parish, has applied to said Court to be appointed administrator of the estate of Alphonse Bazin, late of said parish dec'd. Notice is hereby given to all persons interested to show cause within ten days from the first publication of this notice why the said application should not be granted. sep28-w3t M. MORRIS, Clerk.

**Coopers Wanted.**  
TWO Coopers can find employment for two or three months at liberal wages by applying immediately to the undersigned, four miles East of Baton Rouge. sept-25-2w S. G. & L. L. LATOUCHE.