

The Weekly Comet

Thursday Morning, 11 Sep. 6, 1858.

Mr. James H. Johnston has been nominated by the Whigs of West Baton Rouge for the State Senate.—Mr. Johnston, is a very able and popular man, and if he consents to run will undoubtedly be elected.

Now, SAY IT AGAIN SIR.—The *True Delta*, gives a somewhat detailed account of the late cowhiding at Hot Springs, Ark., which goes to show that it is a warm place for slanderers. The case briefly is, as follows. A widow lady who keeps a respectable private boarding house at the Springs, was slandered by a man in "mouse colored pants," who called himself a "gentleman." A brother of the lady, together with a friend, armed themselves—sought the gentleman—took from him his arms, and marched him to the lady, who had prepared a new cow-hide for him. He was told to stand still and receive his dues, which the lady administered in broken doses of 200 lashes. After this his arms was given him, and he was told to decamp, which he willingly did.

We much commend this fashionable practice, and doubt not that cowardly Gents, who are afraid to cope with masculine bone and sinew, will in this manner be convinced that woman has some rights; among which may be classed foremost, her spotless reputation. We opine that the cowardly weak legged gents, in mouse colored breeches, who infest watering places, will tremble on their legs, after a few examples of this sort.

Two Russian frigates have joined Commodore Perry's squadron to Japan. Japan must either open her doors to enlightened civilized nations, or they will be knocked down, and the foundation of the house pulled up over their heads. Christianity has knocked often enough, "and it has not been opened unto them," and now the patience of Job himself is wearing out. Should the Japanese go to heaven the wrong way, Christianity will be charged with it, and why should there not be an anxious solicitude on this score as well as others.

On Monday evening last, a son of Wm. P. Coxe Esqr., aged about 12 years, was out hunting rabbits near his father's residence, a few miles distant from this place; whilst punching in some bushes with the "breach" of his gun, it went off, and the who's load lodged in his abdomen, inflicting a fatal wound. We learn that he died on Tuesday evening.

There is at present in the U. S. Treasury, nearly Twenty-eight millions of Dollars, subject to draft.

Saxe is a post—if he had never written other lines than the following, this should pass his name down the rank and file of generations "to come," as one of the "immortal." It is Byronically epigrammatic:
Men dying make their wills—but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had?

A lawyer on his death bed willed all his property to a lunatic asylum, stating as his reason for so doing, that he wished his property to return to the liberal class of people who had patronised him.

A most singular superstition exists in the department of the Indre in France, that after death the soul of the defunct, flits about the department in which it took its departure from the body, like a butterfly, seeking an aperture to escape to Heaven; and therefore when any one is considered in the last agonies, every vessel containing water, milk or any other liquid, is removed carefully for fear the passing spirit should fall into it, and thus be prevented from reaching its eternal place of rest.

Gov. Brigham Young has declared war against the Indians of Utah Territory.

A word to the Wise.

There are a great many fellows in this essentially great age, who take it for granted that when they send an article to the editor under an anonymous signature, that the whole world will be in a blaze of curiosity to know who it is, that writes so learnedly under the signature O. P. Q. in the *Trumpet Blast*. But if such individuals would only reflect how much genius is daily wasted in this manner, they would no doubt turn their attention to wood-sawing or some other honorable means of livelihood. No man—it matters not how eloquent—most expert in his discourse, to engage the attention of a promiscuous audience—more than fifteen minutes on any subject. We may perhaps except the subject of "political economy"—a new way to pay old debts, or a "faster way than the *fastest* to make money." On the other hand, a man who cannot say all he has to say at one time, in a half column of a great paper like this; should for ever hold his peace. The locomotive literature of the age, requires that the daring exploits of a single day, should be turned into an hour glass; we call the attention of our reporters and correspondents to this fact. Several very weighty articles are now on our table that sink under their own preponderosity.

The 'Comet' is essentially a napper up of trifles, and as we have a daily girdle to put about the earth we do not wish to be considered in any other light. Another thing which a short notice in the *Picayune* calls our attention to.

The person who sent us this morning four verses headed "To Miss B—," and beginning,

"Thine am I, my faithful fair," will find a copy of the same in Burns' poems, with one or two slight changes. Burns addresses his flattering lines to his "lovely Nancy," the "person" sings to his "lovely B—," "How strange!" said Mr. Jones. "Did Shakespeare say that before me? Really, now, I had no idea that he was so smart a fellow."

It is dangerous to steal from the modern poets. Besides verses dedicated to Miss B— will not apply to Miss C—, this should be borne in mind by the more modern versifiers. As a word to the wise, who are given to verse making, we would say it's no use." The fields of posy and sentiment have been thoroughly explored and every sentiment worth looking at has been dragged out by the heels.—"Tuppens proverbiale" has brought out the chaff itself, so there is positively nothing left. The field is turned out now, as a kind of pasturage for the verdant to graze on.

An exchange paper says that a society is about being formed in Boston, called the "Married Woman's Protective Society." The principal feature of this organization, is a plan to keep husbands straight while their wives are spending September out of town.

EDITING A NEWSPAPER.—The following notice, it is said is pasted on the door of one of the daily newspapers of Cincinnati: "Persons having business with this department will please call within before nine o'clock, A. M., and at any time after that hour at the nearest coffee-house, where the editor and his assistants are in punctual attendance."

COUNTERFEIT HALF DOLLARS.—Very recently, says the *Baltimore Sun*, a large number of half dollars, purporting to be the genuine issue of the U. S. Mint, have been in circulation. In reality they are mostly a common composite of the baser metals, such as copper, pewter and alloyed German silver.

OLD ORDNANCE.—The *Hartford Courant* describes a curious and very ancient piece of ordnance brought by Gov. Seymour from Mexico, where it had been kept in the Castle for an unknown antiquity. No tradition of its origin is preserved. It is welded iron, encircled with iron bands, and imbedded and riveted to a piece of oak. It is about eighteen inches long, and five inches in the bore.

MODERN BARBARISM.—We all complain of the barbarism of the ancient Romans in the Gladiator fights of the Arena; and the depraved state of morals that calls tens of thousands of the elite and fashionable Spaniards to witness bull fights; but modern depravity calls for a more exquisite refinement of the same brutal propensity. We see it stated that there is at present in New York city a company of Chinese theatricals—patronized by the fashionables in the "west end," who perform many marvellous fetes, among which the following attracts a great deal of attention and applause—when the fete is announced on the bills, it is certain to bring a crowded house:

"One fellow stands up and another taking a knife, (real) hurls it at him, striking with wonderful precision just near enough *not* to touch. An 1/4 of an inch one way or the other, and we would have a dead Celestial among us. Now, in the palmy days of Rome, they cultivated what moderns call their "barbarism," to a great extent. Bull fights—Gladiators combats—men in conflict with wild and famished animals, &c., &c., were common and witnessed by the women. We are taught that this is horrible. What great difference is there between those exhibitions and the ones now in our city? It will be answered, that people go to see the expertness of the Chinese, and not from the excitement of seeing a human being barely escape death. Suppose the subject thrown at was only a stuffed representation of a man? How many would go? Where would be the excitement?"

HANS YORKE.—That rich and racy New York correspondent of the *Commercial Bulletin*, gives the following picturesque view of "Things in Gotham."

The present is certainly an era of monstrosities. The city abounds with them. Not only are there alligators with soft hides, bulls with five legs, hairy horses, quadrupedal hens and chickens—but the human family are contending for the palm. We have a man who does nothing but sleep—his naps last several days, and have gone through several weeks. We have a fat woman, who weighs 707 pounds—the lady being much given to the reading of HAMLET. We have three dwarfs all in active competition.

The authorities have indicted the past week fifteen hundred persons for selling liquor without license. Most of them have been convicted. If a fine of twenty-five dollars should be imposed on each, what a fine fund there would be for the Treasury. I happened to be in Court when some hundred or so were arraigned. It was a meeting of spirits—white, black, blue and gray. The white with fright—the black with rage—the blue with drink—and the gray was represented by old "Cato"—town renowned restaurateur Cato, who, it seems, was a black man, and had been refused a license by his Alderman, who is a *Freesoiler*. Well might Cato say save me from my friends. Cato pleaded poverty, and said he only sold oysters with a little of spirits to take off their chill. Involuntarily I found myself paraphrasing—

"Cato thou earnest well,
Else whence this pleasing hope—this fond desire
This longing after—fried oysters."

TRUTH AND COMMON SENSE.—A writer in the Philadelphia *North American* gives utterance to the following truthful and common sense sentiments. The thought ought to be deeply impressed upon the mind of every teacher and parent in the country:

"Children now-a-days, carry to and from school loads of books, and recite from them daily, without understanding even the meaning of the subjects they are studying; the basis, the elements of knowledge, are overlooked, while high sounding names (all the *ologies*) are paraded before the minds of ambitious parents, thro' the medium of promising circulars—Mean while the good old-fashioned arts of *spelling and reading and understanding what you read*, are neglected as too common place for classes that have reached *geology, astronomy, and moral philosophy*."

The largest ox in the United States is now en route from Iowa to the World's Fair, in New York. He is six years old, 6 feet 8 inches high, 17 feet and 4 inches long, girth 10 feet 9 inches, and if fattened, it is believed, would weigh over 4000 lbs.

STRANGE FREAK OF A FRENCH LUNATIC.—The monopoly of the Plectra in Concord has been enhanced by the advent of a gentleman of respectable appearance, who armed himself with a large pair of shears, a few nights ago, and cut off people's coats-tails as they passed by. I do not find this set down as an offence in the penal code, but the man was arrested, and found to be a lunatic, escaped from the Hospital of St. Anne. He had been to see a pantomime, and was so charmed with the adroitness of the clown, who stripped off his master's skirts, that he felt the necessity of imitating him in the public streets.—*A Paris Letter to N. Y. Times*.

MORE FILLIBUSTERISM.—A late number of the *Diario de la Marina* a Havana paper, contains an article on the report that Lieut. Porter had obtained leave of absence for two years for the purpose of proceeding on an exploring expedition up the Amazon, and discovers this undertaking to be nothing more than a disguised filibustering enterprise against Brazil and Peru.

INTERESTING FROM VENEZUELA.—The brig Chief, Captain Smith, arrived at Baltimore on the 19th, with dates from Porto Cabello to the 3d instant, at which time the revolutions were quiet. A number of prisoners had been brought to Laguayra. The comet was seen at Porto Cabello on the 1st instant, and created a good deal of interest. Two earthquakes had occurred at Barcelona, attended with great loss of life and property. At Caracas the yellow fever was raging. Hides were scarce and had advanced in price, as had coffee.—*Delta*.

SWEDISH IMMIGRANT PROCESSION.—On Thursday afternoon, 22d ult., a band of Swedish immigrants, numbering about two hundred, who arrived at Boston the previous Tuesday, formed in procession and marched through several streets, to the Worcester depot. While passing the residence of Prof. W. C. Roback, the noted astrologer, in High street, the Swedes honored the Professor with three hearty cheers, as a testimonial of respect to their countryman. The procession was composed of men, women and children; the women and youngest children riding in the transportation wagons. They go to the West to locate as farmers.—*Delta*.

REBELLION IN THE WEST INDIES.—The Jamaica papers say "the rebellion in Tortola, one of the West India Islands, was caused by the Legislature passing an act increasing the tax on cattle twelve cents a head, making the tax thirty-four cents. The first of August last being the day for the law going into effect, the country people tendered the old rate of taxes, which was refused, and some of the parties were imprisoned. This created a great excitement, and the jail was opened by a mob, and the prisoners released. They sacked the Arsenal, and took possession of the town. The President of Tortola and other of the principal inhabitants fled, and took refuge in an English steamer. English troops were sent from St. Thomas to quell the rebellion.—*Delta*.

THE POSTAGE STAMPS AND ENVELOPES.—About one of the greatest humbugs of the day is the cohesive mixture attached to the U. S. postage stamps now furnished from the post offices. The stamps stick to almost everything that touches them, and where a person has a large quantity of them on hand, much embarrassment is occasioned by this affectionate quality.

The new letter envelopes, furnished already stamped, are equally deserving of censure. The paper, so far as we have seen, is no better than blotting paper, spreading the ink with almost the same facility, and we infinitely prefer, for writing purposes, the brown paper we use in our office as newspaper wrappers.—*Pic., 2d inst.*

"HE HAS NOT AN ENEMY IN THE WORLD!"—Hush! Well, we are sorry for him! For he has mighty little character who has no enemies. He is nobody who has not got pluck enough to get an enemy. Give us rather as our ideal of virtue and manliness—one who has many enemies—one who has made them by his manhood and downright sincerity, candor, and fearless love of the thing he sees to be right. The man of earnest purposes, strong will and love of principle for its own sake, must have enemies. But this, so far from being an ill, is to him a good. The strong tree is more deeply rooted and fastened in the soil by the blast than the summer breeze. A man never knows what there is of him till he has confronted bitter opposition.—*Fanny Fern*.

We can in the Philadelphia *North American* find that P. A. Woods is spoken of as a Senator for Iberville and West Baton Rouge.

In the Obituary notices of the *Natchez Courier*, for the 27th ult., we are pained to see the death of the Rev. JOHN S. CHADBOURNE, of Trinity Church. He died at Monmouth, the residence of John A. Quitman, a short distance from Natchez. Mr. CHADBOURNE has a large circle of friends and acquaintances in this place, where, for some time, he was stationed as pastor of St. James' Church.

The *Picayune* of the 2nd inst., says:

"A poor house-less wanderer came to the Recorder yesterday and requested to be sent to the Work-House, as she had no place to lay her head. The Recorder complied with the request and sent her down for thirty days."

What a sad condition of things, and yet of frequent occurrence in our great Metropolis. Here is a poor friendless female, with no place to lay her head, and she must per force be "sent down," for thirty days, to keep the company of law breakers and vagabonds at the work-house.

The *Richmond Enquirer*, it seems, like other "Journals," is not always correctly informed. That paper charges Mr. John A. Dix, with having made an Abolition speech in Congress, to which Mr. Dix replies in the following manner:

New York, Sep. 20, 1858.
Gentlemen.—In an editorial article in your paper of the 17th instant, I am charged—first, with making "furious abolition speeches in the Senate of the United States;" and, second, with the rhetorical "flourish," of "a Gordon of free States straddling the South, and compelling slavery, like a scorpion envenomed by fire, to sting it self to death."

These imputations are alike unfounded. I never made an abolition speech in the Senate or out of it—I never uttered or entertained the sentiment above attributed to me—and I call on you to produce the evidence on which your assertion were made.

Your own sense of propriety will ensure the insertion of this note in your paper, without a request to that effect from me.

I am, respectfully, yours,
JOHN A. DIX.

The *National Intelligencer* says it is rumored that France and England have joined in the protest against the act of Captain Ingraham, at Smyrna.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—An individual in one of the upper wards yesterday took home, nicely wrapt up, a bottle of simple brandy, but had no sooner set it down than his wife hurled it upon the back pavement below. The enraged husband was about to give her some demonstrations of his views upon the matter, when the temerary threw a plate from the table at his face and neatly demolished his right eye. Women's rights, say we. Go it, Miss Lucy Stone, Doctor Antoinette L. Brown, Mrs. Anthony and Mrs. Drott. Down with the men; if they will drink brandy knock their eyes out. These are the days of Maine laws and "strong minded women."—*Times*.

STATUE OF COLUMBUS.—The Norfolk papers are in raptures of praise over a marble statue of Columbus, just finished by Alexander Galt, a resident of that city. The great Genoese, as represented by the artist, is clad in a splendid suit of armour of the period when Spain excelled all other nations in that species of workmanship. His face is described as that of the great discoverer when he was about fifty years of age.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR STEREOTYPING. Pflimer & Co., of New York, have adopted, with success, a system of electrotyping moulds taken of type in wax, which is said to have a decided advantage over ordinary stereotyping. Their process is as follows: Having taken a mould of the type in wax, they put it into a solution of copper, and apply to it a powerful galvanic battery, which causes the copper to be deposited with such accuracy upon the mould as to make a perfect ordinary metal face, without casting any more. The process occupies about 12 hours.