

THE WEEKLY COMET.

GEO. A. PIKE, EDITOR.

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The Weekly Comet

GEORGE A. PIKE,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
Official Journal of the Parish of East Baton Rouge, also of the Grand Terre and Baton Rouge, and of the Baton Rouge and Clinton Plank Road Companies. L. D.

Fine Arts.

Through the industry and perseverance of the Messrs. Wallers—during the existence of the American Art Union of New York, a number of persons in this city became members thereof; and although no prize was drawn by the members of the Union here, still it was the medium through which many superb engravings, and other works of art, were introduced, and has awakened a taste, that must per force grow, until the Capital of the State will assume a position in the Union, for her appreciation of the elegant productions of genius. It is needless waste of time, to endeavour to awaken in the mass of this people, a love for the Fine Arts; yet there are well educated and intelligent citizens among us, with whom it should be a pride, to foster and encourage the dormant taste that has been awakened.

It is needless at this day to urge the absolute necessity, of the existence of good taste, and correct appreciation of the Fine Arts. A taste for the Drama, for Painting, Sculpture and Music, is the legitimate offspring of intelligence, without which, no Republican form of Government can exist.

This is a safe conclusion—based upon fixed facts in the past history of mankind. Such being the case it is the duty of every citizen to encourage the Fine Arts, if not for the pleasure derived to themselves for the welfare and stability of the Republic. Any effort to encourage taste for the Fine Arts, should meet with encouragement; because the whole pleasure and happiness of rational existence, is connected—not with dollars of every day drudgery; but with the aspirations of genius, for the beautiful—the poetry of life, and very soul of existence.

The mawkish morality of the New York laws—that cannot be made to put a stop to beastly prize fights, and disgraceful riots; give a death blow to the American Art Union, because the distribution of prizes by lot, conflicted with the Puritanical "lottery laws," of that transcendently moral State. Shame upon all, say we, connected with the effort that brought the only institution that ever reared on this Continent, to foster and encourage art and Artists, to the ground! That blow has sent a chill to the new born genius of America, that will take years to remove.

In reference to the Capital of Louisiana—our own interesting town; we have again to say that we congratulate our citizens on the newly awakened taste for the Fine Arts. The Messrs. Wallers, we conceive, first awakened the new era; and the fine oil paintings brought out by W. D. Phillips, and J. C. Lanoue, have encouraged it. Now Messrs. McCormick & Co., by a large and beautiful stock of choice engravings, seem to be desirous of ascertaining to what extent such a business may be taken. They will, we hope meet the encouragement they so richly deserve. There is one thing however in this connection. McCormick & Co., should keep handsome frames for the large and finer engravings. If they do this, we venture to say that in a short time the disgusting daubs of

the 'Presidents in red white and blue,—the burlesque prints in the same style of "art" of Madonnas, and Christ on the cross, together with plaster of Paris flower-pots, of parti-colored "potatoes" and other vegetables will disappear from the mantle pieces of even the humblest citizen in the community. People will begin to think that on the selection of works of art to adorn their residences, that other people will judge of their education, taste and talent; then pride will be awakened and rivalry commence, to hasten a good result.

A few mornings since there was lodged in the Comet office, (very mysteriously) a large sack with weighty contents. In opening, it was discovered to be pine knots. As no note accompanied them, we are at a loss to know, upon what subject they are intended to enlighten us. Does the donor discover any waning in the light of Third street? (if not the town) does he mean to insinuate that we are in the dark, on any particular subject—that there is some secret wire working in the political machine that requires "more light"? If so he will oblige us to furnish a single hint, and we will call up our three hundred reporters, to trace out minutely all the ramifications of the conspiracy. One word is all we ask: will the donor of the pine knots furnish it?

Coming Events.

From indications now before us, it may be safely inferred that the next legislature to assemble here in January will be Whig. The Parish of East Baton Rouge, always Democratic, has given Mr. Poud—candidate for Congress a majority. And this election may be safely taken as an indication of the true position of parties in this parish. We attribute this change to the miserable impotency of the last self-styled Democratic legislature, and look upon it as a well merited reproof from the people. This change is not therefore a change of the people's but one of the party's. The last legislature was not democratic, in anything else than name; for this truth one has only to look into their volume of acts, and discover in every page of the book, some well established principle of the party, violated. The excuse offered is that it devolved upon that legislature "to carry into effect a whig constitution." But this is no apology for an ill-advised, and uncalled for "Free Banking system" and the unconditional manner in which the faith of the State has been pledged, and her bonds issued for internal improvements. The partisans of that body seem to have entirely forgotten, the old issues between the two political parties—thus they have driven the Whigs from their great platform, and now we must look for the Whigs to take up the strongholds abandoned by the democrat party, if for no other reason than because it will not do, to let the parties meet on the same ground and become confounded.

If the Whigs of the next legislature assume a position directly antagonistic to the so called Democratic party as it now stands, they will return to the position their forefathers occupied in the Revolutionary time—then we will be willing to shake hands with them, as belonging to the great Republican party, if our neighbor in Lafayette street has no objection; and will not charge us with being Whig. Of this fact our readers may be satisfied. We will "show up" the next General Assembly not only as it seems to be, but as it is.

DISGRACEFUL PROCEEDINGS.—At the Court House yesterday during the election, the usual beastly drunkenness was witnessed which disgraces the nation from Maine to Louisiana. One poor miserable, beast; we observed was raised from the ground, and went reeling up to the polls to deposit his vote. The thought occurred to us "should this man's vote decide the election?" What a chapter in the history of the Republic! Are these the men, to govern the country? Alas say we—and well may the sobriety of the nation, weep over such scenes. There can be no remedy for this condition, until the good sense of the community will unite its frowns, at such miserable politicians as stoop to raise a man dead drunk with liquor to cast an insane vote.

A paper from Louisville informs us that Van Amburg the Lion tamer, is on his way down the river with the largest and most complete menagerie afloat. Van Amburg must not be confounded with Van Orden (Dun Rice's particular friend). Van Amburg will be here on his way to the Crescent city, and we feel satisfied that he will have a good turn out—that even business men will relax their stiffened nerves for "trade" and visit the animals. Zoological and ornithological curiosities on exhibition produce a very healthy effect upon the community at large—they are not only edifying but instructive.

We learn by telegraph that Mathew F. Ward, author of "English Items," this morning shot Professor William Butler, the ball from Ward's pistol taking effect in the left breast of the Professor. The wound is pronounced dangerous.

The cause of the difficulty was the chastisement by Butler of a small brother of Ward, who was a pupil in the Professor's school.

Professor Butler died from wound inflicted by Ward. Application for bail was made by Ward, but it was refused by Judge Joyes, who remanded him to prison to await his trial. Robert, a young brother of Ward, has been arrested and committed as an accessory in the killing of Butler.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.—The Planters of Louisiana will be gratified to learn, that the vexed question in reference to the importation of foreign sugar into the United States has at length been disposed of. The Board of general appraisers have decided the real question at issue, in reference to the value of the article, and at the same time they exculpate the Messrs. Belcher & Bro. of St. Louis, they add twenty-five cents to the value of each barrel of the imported article, and have also decided that an export duty shall be charged on the molasses in their invoices although none is exacted in Cuba.

The Balloon says that some insane lady has fallen desperately in love with his vis-a-vis contemporary in Poydras street—the editor of the Delta. The result is that a shower of pateboulas perfumed billet doux, go into the post office daily, directed to the "handsome editor." The lady is not so intemperately insane as to pay the postage on her missels. Gaisford says that as the epistles are directed to the "handsome Editor," and not the handsomest; he will not dispute the Delta's claims to them.

It is stated that Miss Catherine Hayes has sent over \$50,000 to purchase an estate in Ireland.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Crescent City.—By Piecemeal.

Here they go, there they go, cross and recross, up this street and down that, "go lung" and away they rush one after another, up and down; the omnibusses roar and thunder in one eternal stream, as if to confound or run over you; unless you hurry your stumps and look four ways at once while you venture down St. Charles, or attempt to cross to the other side. And yet these interminable vehicles are just the thing for you of a wet day, or after a long and hard days work. You can jump into one at Canal, and be hurried down Royal, Marais, Rampart or Claiborne to Esplanade, the Lower Cotton Press or the Penchartrain Railroad, at any minute of every hour from 6 A. M. till 10 at night. If you live in Lafayette, two miles above Canal, they will put you down in the same manner, and in the same time, and all for a dime.

Slawson is a public benefactor—his omnibusses are a great convenience and they ought to be and are well patronized. The inside of New Orleans would be dull as death and twice as mournful were it not for Slawson, his omnibusses and the drivers. I say the inside of the city would be dull without them, and so it would—I mean of course all of the city off the Levee, for on that mighty theatre of activity, life and labor, pat and his dray, are the ruling spirits that move in the shifting scenes there enacted.

Slawson and his omnibusses are one of the "fixed features" of inside New Orleans; Pat and his dray are another "institution" fixed, prominent and noisy as the other. One thunders in every street and avenue of the city proper, the other roars along and upon the Levee where omnibusses seldom venture to appear. Omnibus and dray, roar and chatter meet and mingle pass and repass at almost every corner, yet they seldom come together or "lock hula" and of consequence there is very little fighting or quarrelling between Pat of the omnibus, and Pat of the dray. The former may feel a little more consequential as his seat is a little higher in the world, yet the latter is something more independent, for he is generally his own master, being proprietor of the animals and vehicle that he "rushes" on the Levee, or up Poydras. And these two conveyances mark more distinctly than almost everything else, the different parts of the city, the old and the new, the French and American, the ancient Faubourg, the old French and Spanish neighborhoods are very little disturbed by the omnibus or dray, except as they go out of their beaten tracks, to accommodate a belated up town gent on his way to a friend, or a picayune trader in meats and groceries. The fusion of races, the mixing up of interests and general amalgamation of casts and characteristics that is discernable above Canal and in its immediate neighborhood, has not yet reached Esplanade. It is said that New Orleans has "moved up the river" (within a very few years, and some even go so far as to assert, that as the business gradually widens and enlarges above Canal street, the city below it is deserted, or left "in stauo quo," and therefore of course the city proper does not grow. Such persons point to the dilapidated old buildings, warehouses, &c., going to ruin, and cotton presses no longer in use, as proofs of their assertions. To the casual observer, these evidences of decay on one hand, and the thrift and energy on the other may be deceptive, as to the actual growth of the city; but to one who studies carefully, the causes of the decay of the one part and the nature of the growth of the other, will not be misled as to the progress New Orleans is making towards her seat upon the Imperial Throne of the Southern Commercial world. Fever may declimate her inhabitants, croakers may cry down her credit, snivelling penny-a-liners may write out her epitaph and prophecy her early ruin and death, yet will she again clothe herself in the robes of health, go on in the good old way of paying her debts, build her railroads, and canals, and ere another half century goes by stand forth in all the pride and glory of one of the greatest

cities in population and wealth on the Western Continent. Cyrus.

We are pleased to notice the return from the West, of Maj. S. M. Hart and family. He arrived on Sunday morning last. The Maj. is in good health, and will resume his usual avocations as a citizen of Baton Rouge.

In Major S. M. Hart, our infant city may boast an enterprising and useful citizen—would that we had an hundred such men amongst us.

The Hon. A. S. Herron, Secretary of State, has returned to this city, from which he has been absent on a short visit to Jackson La.

GOLD IN LOUISIANA.—A Mr. R. W. Jones living on the head waters of the Amite River, writes to a gentleman at Springfield that he has discovered gold in the soft yellowish rock of that region.

In his search he found on an elevated hill, a vein six to eight inches wide with a dip of some 49 deg. He examined it closely, and satisfied himself that it would pay well for working. The precious metal is embedded in a soft yellowish rock easily crushed—a bushel of which will yield \$2 50 of pure gold. It is his design to return to the locality immediately and arrange for working the mines.

What next? We doubt not that there is as much of the precious metal in Louisiana, as any other State in the Union. Our geology is but little known, and this discovery will engage the attention of the scientific.

An exchange gives the following gratuitous advice. He says the lark moves upwards. Imitate the lark. When you cease to be an Honorable member of the general assembly, become a switch-tender to a suburban rail road, or a dog killer for a small corporation. It is not the profession that gives honor—"honor (as Pope says) like shame from no conditions rise.—Act well your part there all the honor lies."

DO DAB.—On Tuesday morning we noticed a small party of the "early larks" in one of CLINE'S carry-all Omnibusses and it afforded us pleasure to hear them strike up the ancient and always to be remembered song of the olden time "do dab." Although they were in very high "spirits"—most too much so, to turn tunes, with abrupt corners, yet we could gather a "snatch" from the verses, and recognize the beautiful lines from the opera of "Moses."

"They bro't three horses on the track. do dab."

PENITENTIARY LABOR.—Resolutions have been introduced into the Tennessee Legislature, declaring that it is the true policy of the State not to permit the labor of the convicts in the Penitentiary to be brought into competition with that of the mechanics of the State, and providing for a change in the present system, by which convicts shall be prevented from being taught the mechanic trades.

That much admired and universally favored company of Minstrels—the Campbells—commenced a series of concerts at Armory Hall New Orleans on the 7th inst. It will be but a short time we learn, before they will visit this city.

TENNESSEE SENATOR.—The Washington Union of the 30th ult., publishes the following:

"We have just received a telegraph dispatch from Nashville, stating that John Bell is re-elected Senator, having received fifty-one votes. As a Whig had to be elected, we will be excused for expressing our gratification at the result."