

THE WEEKLY COMET.

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A Hunt for a Governor.

This is part of a title to a spirited article in the last *Crescent*, relative to the newly elected clerks for the New Orleans courts. They have been elected by the honest suffrages of the people, and of course, it is natural that they should be looking after their commissions; because commissions are indispensably necessary to fees, and the fee is the office itself. A very funny clause in the last acts, requires all newly elected officers to furnish evidence that they have never swindled the State. It is certainly very strange, that such a legislature as the last—so utterly devoid of common honesty, should have had such a clause inserted in their acts. But it is there, and certificates of public honesty, if not private, are required before the will of even "King People himself" can be enforced. We are credibly informed, that when the act passed, there was a bare majority present.

It seems from the *Crescent's* article, that the New Orleans Clerks, had a meeting of clerks, and deputised somebody "about town" to get their commissions—to come up to the "enigma of architecture," as the *Crescent* writer calls the nondescript Capitol, and demand the commissions, in order that they might proceed at once to collect fees, as the law in its wisdom provides. The agent to get commissions—passed the residence of the Governor, somewhere by Bayou Goula, and came on up to the Capitol, thinking to find him here; scarcely had the agent for commissions landed here, ere the Governor departed from his place, for the Crescent city; the consequence was that the agent for commissions, came here, and after nearly starving to death, (as the writer says) embarked on the A Number one Gipsy, for some place on the coast, where he expects to have a bundle of commissions furnished him. In the mean time the clerks are not clerks, because there are no fees of office, and what must be done.—The certificates of honesty have not yet been forwarded, and the whole matter is in *statu quo*.

The China insurgents, not satisfied with revolutionizing the Imperial Government, have altered the Calander, so as to make the Celestial year consist of 366 days. It is a matter of very small moment. The Chinese, wipe out the record, and commence again, with every new Emperor; they have the example of "outside barbarians" for this.

The Chronicles, before the time of hooked nose Caesar, were so often altered, that it has mystified modern historians, and caused many books to be written, to shew that he who made the world, and revealed its date to Moses, "was mistaken in its age." Caesar abolished the lunar year, and established the solar. The Christian world has been counting from that period to this, 365 days to the year. This does well, but the Turks begin later, and date from the flight of Mahomet; and now the Celestials take our year, and add a day to it to make it theirs. It is a matter however, of little consequence: the world will go on its regular journey as it has, until it comes to its end, in spite of all prognostications, and altering of calendars, by either Christians, Turks, or Jews.

The San Antonio (Texas) Ledger, says that a cave has lately been discovered in the vicinity of New Braunfels. A number of persons explored it to the distance of two hundred feet from the entrance.

BURGLARIES.—On Saturday morning last, the Dry Good store of Alex. Nordhouse, was broken open, but before the thief got in, the clerk in the upper story, gave the alarm and he escaped. Marks on the door show that the scoundrel is well equipped with house-breaking implements. On the same night the Taylor shop of S. Ousette, was forcibly entered. Our police should exercise a little extra vigilance, to ferret out these house-breakers—for it is a thing of almost nightly occurrence. Country rogues, and city thieves, will begin now to pour in, and hunt out soft places to sleep. Some of them bring their own "paste-boards" with them, in fear of not being able to find the "right strips" in the market.

We do not mistake to say that fully one half of the money received "for legislating" in the past three legislatures, has changed hands over the card-table.

We advise newly elected members, to learn all the odd tricks, before they come to Baton Rouge, as this kind of schooling always has been very dear in this place.

Mr. Joseph Lobrana, arrived yesterday from New Orleans.—Another pupil for the La. Institution for the Deaf, the Dumb, and the Blind.—The Institution is now in a prosperous condition;—under the management of Mr. Brown and his assistant Mr. Hansen, the Institution, must soon be a rival to the best in the Union. Persons at a distance desiring copies of the Laws by which the institution is governed, can have them by addressing a letter to J. S. Brown, principal.

The "Screwmen's Benevolent Association" of New Orleans, celebrated their anniversary on the 20th inst. We had not known of the existence of such a Benevolent Association, if they did not turn out. Now the question is, what kind of Benevolence does the Screwmen's Benevolent practice?—Doubtless it is like all other ten thousand Benevolent societies. It acts upon the grinding principal—puts screws to all the balance of mankind, getting the best half of all the "wheat" that passes through their mill.

Since the organization of railroad schemes in Louisiana, we have always had a misgiving, as to the success of the New Orleans and Jackson affair—not altogether on account of its not coming up the coast, instead of going on piles through the Ponchertrain swamp, but our fears for it, have been principally on account of the word "Great" getting into the charter, so as to make it read thus; "The New Orleans and Jackson and Great Northern Railroad." It would have been better to say the New Orleans and Jackson railroad, for the present—and let it be so until after passing Jackson, on the way North. The word Great in the place it is, makes it savor strongly, of humbug, and puts it on a par with the Great Nashville—to which the State has not yet finished paying her part of the stock.

ABDICATION OF RUSSIAN EMPEROR.—In relation to this rumored event of great importance, it is said that Nesselrode and others of the Ministry, are earnestly in favor of the retiring of the Russian troops from the Principalities, and will not second the Czar's desire for war. It is understood they now admit that the hereditary insanity of the Romanoffs has fallen upon him. He has threatened to abdicate if the Cabinet and his family persist in opposition. Well informed parties believed that abdication will be forced upon him in order to get Russia out of the scrape.

ANOTHER CASE INVOLVING AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.—A letter from Rome to the London Daily News, gives an account of a difficulty, into which a certain Paperi has fallen; who during the political convulsions of 1848 and '49, took up arms against Austria, in defence of the liberal cause in the Papal States. Finding no security at home, from his own Government against Austria, and desiring to remain therein, as a peaceable citizen; he came to the United States and took upon himself American citizenship. He consequently returned to Ancona, where the local authorities took possession of him. In confinement he was requested to sign an obligation to leave the country, and never more return. The Governor of Ancona told him that he was acting under the influence of the Austrians, who regarded Paperi and his American citizenship with no friendly eye.

Paperi appeals to the American vice Consul at Ancona, and the vice Consul to the U. S. Legation at Rome. Here the matter stands. Paperi has either to accept the bond or go back to the prison at Macerata.

The newspaper correspondents can take the matter up at this stage, and make the most of it.

The news by the Canada, shews Europe, in a "volcanic eruption for power. The Emperor of Russia, has formed an alliance with Dost Mohammed (who is Dost Mohammed?) to proclaim war against the British in India, if Great Britain should continue to support Turkey against Russia. Austria was concentrating her forces on the borders of Servia, and the Servian Government has informed all three of the hostile powers that they must not fight there. The Turks have been victorious in two battles fought on the Russian side of the Danube. Gen. Donouenbear on the Russian side killed, and 639 men—the Russian army returned towards Bucharest.

The President has been ill—but is out again—the President's message is nearly ready—when it is, it will be handed about for the newspapers to make hash of. This is the news from Washington—and comes under the head of "Important—by Magnetic Telegraph."

LIGHT LITERATURE.—This phrase, of late, is becoming abused, and some other should be coined to come to its assistance, and take off the weight of matter it embraces. Under the head of "light literature" so much trash has been gathered, in the past few years, that the term is inexpressive. There should be three degrees to embrace all ketch-penny stuff. There should be "light, lighter, lightest."

MAN SHOT.—We learn from the Trinity Advocate that Dr. H. B. Herring shot Mr. Mathews, wounding him dangerously, in that town on the 18th. The quarrel originated from a trival dispute at a game of cards. Mathews who was under bonds for a previous assault upon Herring, is said to have been intoxicated.

The editor of the Rome (N. Y.) Farmer has established a peculiar tariff of charges for the publication of marriage notices. For a notice where the wife is a first rate one, he charges one dollar, and from that down to nothing just according to the estimate of the husband. In one week several notices were received accompanied by one dollar, and only one with less. One fellow only valued his wife at fifty cents.

Philanthropy in the 19th Century.

In a day like this—so full of charitable societies—relief committees and great missionary undertakings, it does the heart, if not the head, pleasure to contemplate their action.

It would be a vain attempt to endeavor to get the names of all the different Benevolent societies,—much less the endeavor to crowd them into so small a space as this sheet occupies.—They are to be found all over the country, from one end to the other.—Each town and village in the Union (if averaged) will be found to contain at least three all working antagonistical to each other, and all having—or pretending to have the same object in view. Indeed so far as the community at large is concerned they have the same effect; which is self-aggrandisement—a struggle for place and power." The history of any one is the life of the whole of them, and so threadbare has every moral principle been worn by such societies, that it is positively a burlesque on Benevolence, and christian principles, to attempt any organization for the good of mankind at large; so masked is every man to himself and the balance of the world. Look at the hidden springs of motion, whereby all societies are governed in these latter days; and nothing will be found at the bottom of them, but mercenary motives of self-aggrandisement. Whoever comes to any other conclusion views, but the surface of things.

Some of the names under which such societies work, are rather curious to contemplate. There is the "Young Men's Christian Benevolent," "The Old Women's Charitable Quilt Making," "The Screwmen's Benevolent," "The Benevolent for Orphan Boys," "The superannuated Widow's Benevolent" all working a vast amount of good—"on paper" taking care to provide for themselves out of the surplus revenue.

Mrs. Pardiggle's picture of her own charitable family is not over drawn—there is Egbert, her eldest, (12) who sent out his pocket money to the amount of five-and-three pence, to the Tockapoo Indians; Oswald, her second, (ten and a half) is the child who contributed two-and-nine pence to the Great National Smithers Testimonial; Francis her third (nine) one-and-six half penny; Felix, her fourth, (seven) eighteen pence to the superannuated widows; Alfred, (five) has voluntarily enrolled himself in the Infant Bonds of Joy, and pledged himself never to use tobacco in any form.

How many parental hearts, will palpitate over this picture! How many mothers will at once turn their thoughts to expanding the seeds of charity in their infant progeny!—Dicken's should have a vote of thanks for thus opening to view, a picture calculated to produce so much moral good on the young hearts of this expanding generation.

Each of the great modern charitable societies, has a certain amount of printing patronage to bestow, and therefore each one must have an "organ" to defend—as well as advocate its principles. Hence we have temperance advocates, moral reform journals, Trumpet Blasts of freedom and what not; all blowing, and puffing and racking their brains, to find arguments to sustain false positions. One tells us that brandy is melted lead from Plutonian fires—another says—we must do so and so, or be damned, (and where is their authority for saying so?) and each one of the ten

thousand sects and bigoted societies, has an organ to bleat forth one-sided views of things; and why marvel, that man is dishonest—false to man—false to himself, pretending to be what he is not, and wearing a mockery in his actions, that is too contemptible for the angels to smile at.

Society must change from its present collapsed state, or relapse to barbarism.

HAROLD SKIMPOL.—This already somewhat notorious individual, is destined to become still more world-wide in reputation.

It is a humiliating reflection, to think that the mere "air drawn" creature of the poet's imagination—the child of fancy; should live as a substantial reality, when a thousand of the "great" moving forked radishes of the panorama, have gone "down to dusty death," and are forgotten! Yet such is the fact. The shadows of Shakespeare, have more reality about them, than the substance from which they were taken! The delicate Ariel, and the Crooked Back Tyrant of the poet, are tangible realities, whilst the Richard of history, notwithstanding the efforts of Miss Stricklin to discover his true character, is positively a non entity. Who does not know Mr. Pickwick, and Sam. Weller? We are as satisfied that the antiquarian society did meet, as though we were there. "Bleak House," furnishes a few more characters, to the long list that Dickens' poetic mind, has produced, and we regard none of them as possessed of more originality than Harold Skimpole. One extract from him: Skimpole has said to the world, "Go your several ways in peace! Wear red coats, blue coats, lawn-sleeves, put pens behind your ears, wear aprons; go after glory, holiness, commerce, trade any objects you prefer; only—let Harold Skimpole live."

There are but few men in this thieving world who will be satisfied with merely living; and there are a very great many whose whole source of "happiness" is obtained relatively—by comparing their own sleek and prosperous condition, with the poverty and misery about them. This is a melancholy fact, if there be one in this working day existence. Society is not what it ought to be, and if it remains what it is, must be damned.

Professor Phillips, of the British Association for the advancement of science, has been taking photographs of the moon. The process is similar to that of taking daguerreotypes; paper being used instead of silvered plates. The moon is made to take itself, with its own light. The difficulty that Astronomers have met with, may be overcome in this way. The large reflectors of Herschel, and Lord Ross, seem to have taken the magnifying power of lenses, as far as they will go: and a difficulty has been met with in the atmosphere. If photographs can be taken of the moon, and lenses applied to them, something more may be learned of that satellite, than is now known. Certainly it must perform some other part in the history of the Universe, than merely serving as a light for night walkers and rogues on the earth.

A German publisher in Philadelphia has put Uncle Tom's Cabin into dutch. Mrs. Stowe, jealous of her honor as well as her pocket, has instituted a suit for a violation of her copy right. The question is, does a copy right extend any farther than the language in which the book was originally published?