

# THE WEEKLY COMET.

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## The Weekly Comet

GEO. A. FINE, Editor.

**ROBE. L. KNOX.**—The nomination of this gentleman, by the meeting of "The Democrats of East Baton Rouge," on Monday last, to fill the vacancy in the legislature, presents a strong ticket to the party; and we believe, meets with a general approval. Mr. Knox, has long resided in the parish, and is generally known to its citizens. He is an intelligent and courteous gentleman, an industrious and thrifty planter, and esteemed for his social qualities, by all who know him. He has never indulged in speculating in the political stock market; and for this reason, will develop the full strength of the party, if there is a good turn out.

**THE FEMALE ORPHAN ASSOCIATION.**—The Charitable and Christian ladies of this Benevolent Institution, have just given out a contract to R. H. BRACK, Architect and Builder, for an addition to the building which will, when finished, make the establishment the largest and most commodious, in the State—out of New Orleans. The ladies of this institution above all others, deserve the highest meed of praise for their untiring zeal and industry, in the good cause of providing a home for the homeless of their sex, without regard to denomination. Such institutions are generally under the control of some religious sect, and too often the care for the orphan, is mixed in, with speculations on the charity of the community.

The Orphan Association of which we speak, is composed of ladies from all denominations, who are united by one object, and the one purpose, of "doing good." From a very small beginning, they have reared up an institution at the Capital, that must remain a perpetual monument of their charity, and a lasting honor to the State.

**OBITUARIES.**—So common has become the practice of giving lengthy obituaries in the newspapers at every new triumph of the venerable old Sythesman, that a book of "forms" is now in press at a New York publishing house, which should be extensively patronized by the editorial fraternity. Now and then, some ludicrous attempts are made to mix in a spicing of originality with notices obituary. The following strikes us. The *Standard* says, in noticing the demise of Mr. Jonah Moore, from home. "An honest man's the noblest work of God. In the death of Mr. Moore, we have lost an old inhabitant of this country, and there is one loss of our valuable citizens: "We have received no particulars of the circumstances of his death, only that he died from home and leaves a Wife and family to mourn his loss."

Another paper says: On the death of a child of Mr. Rose. "Thus fades the budding rose—of such is the kingdom of heaven."

**THE LAFAYETTE SEGAR STORE.**—We have on our "table editorial" a box of the genuine Habanas from the Lafayette street segar store, that we make a venture to say, cannot be surpassed. The bluest imaginable smoke is now enveloping the sanctum sanctorum, and we advise amateurs to call round and get a box or so, of them before the small stock is closed out.

Nearly 11,000 live hogs were taken to New York by the Erie Railroad last week.

**THE CLINTON PLANK ROAD.**—It will be seen by notice, that another installment on stock in this road is called for in February next, an election for directors will be held on the 10th of January. We think that it is high time that a lively feeling of interest, had awakened the community on this subject. In the last *Felician Whig*, published at Clinton, the whole paper is taken up, in reference to a lateral road, projected from that place to the Great Northern Road the cost of which is set down at something short of \$500,000—which work if completed, in advance of our movements, must make Port Hudson the place, it has been struggling to be, this last half century.

**WASHINGTON R. A. CHAPTER No. 5.**—At a meeting of Washington Royal Arch Chapter No. 5, on Monday night the 4th inst, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

W. S. FINE, H. Priest; S. L. BERT, King; AMOS ADAMS, Scribe; E. LAMOUR, Capt. of the Host; M. HERRIS, P. Sojourner; ED. BOOLE, R. A. Capt.; A. BRADFORD, Treasurer; J. W. SYCAMORE, Sec'y.; T. GOLDMAN, G. M. (3rd year); A. M. DUNN, G. M. (2nd year); W. D. MANS, G. M. (1st year).

According to the last published edicts of the Millerite leaders, the world was to have positively come to its end; (which it has been running after for the past six thousand years) on the 14th of November last. This event was to have been presaged by the second coming of Christ, which was to have been on the 13th. Yet was not. So it is; figures will not always tell the truth—the whole truth and nothing but the truth; if they did, the circle might be squared; and the hour of the world's end be fixed beyond the shadow of a doubt.

**WEEKLY COMET.**—Depuis deux mois nous n'avons pas reçu un seul numéro du *Comet* de Baton Rouge. Nous n'avons donc pu répondre aux observations que ce journal nous a adressées, dit-on, sur notre feuilleton la *Femme d'un Knox*. Nothing.

Can't help it sir. *Cet malheureux* Post et la faute de cela. Tonnerre! Cela aussi, et la cause d'une administration, *Know Nothing*. We send you our paper regularly; if it does not come to hand regularly, some body is regularly to blame for it. The English has been ransacked for new forms foraleditions to provoke those in authority to do better things, and we hope the *Coast Journal* will fire off some of the most forcible French adjectives at the careless heads of delinquent officials; to see what effect that language will have in bringing about a reform of abuses.

**SYMPATHY MEETING.**—One of this fashionable kind of meetings was held in New York, at the Tabernacle on the 27th ult., for the benefit of widowers Harrison and Smith, whose husbands were killed in the Williamsburg riots. This is the worlds way. The people are ever willing to ask pardon and pay the damages of folly. The child tears the sawdust out of its doll, and then cries its eyes out because it cannot be put back. A man is kicked out of the back door of the "Ball," and when he picks himself up, and gets round to the front door, he meets the master of ceremonies, who asks his pardon, and informs him that it was a mistake.

**RACING STOCK ARRIVED.**—We are reminded this morning of the near approach of the regular fall races, by the arrival of the stables of Gen. Wells and Col. Bingham. The former includes *Old Hawk Lecomte*, *Hornpipe*, and the latter *Joe Blackburn*, and several others.—*Z. Delta*.

**HAVE YOU ANY THANKSGIVING TO OFFER?**—This question has been asked, and still remains unanswered. The conclusion is, that if we have any thanks to offer, a more leisure hour than the present must be found. Each State in the Union, has upon "Proclamation," unbosomed itself, on this interesting subject; and Louisiana—poor Louisiana—office ridden, tax ridden, overburdened extremity of the Union that she is, has no cause (it would seem) to rejoice. That is to say—such is the general impression; but we who are ever pleased most, when most displeased, and only in sorts when out of sorts; beg leave respectfully to differ with our fellow citizens at large, on this subject. We think, that we have not only good reason to give thanks, that we have something still left whereon to pay taxes, but also to unburden our grateful bosoms, that we are not all dead—that we have travelled safely through another *simoon*, and that the summer of our discontent, is made glorious winter, by another frost. We think that this living people, have each separate cause to rejoice that they do not sleep in "Abraham's bosom," that they have outlived another year, and "thus much" more has been made out of the mundane barber shop. In consideration of these and other things, it is agreed between ourselves on one part, and our neighbor in Lafayette St. on the other. First: that we shall issue the Proclamation (which we are impatient to do, for the lack of a smooth piece of parchment) and secondly, that the Gazette shall proclaim it to the world in his most flaming characters.

We make no doubt, that it will be universally observed, on all hands—Monday the 25th inst., is the time fixed upon. We hope our sugar planters will all have finished grinding by that time, in order that they may be able to join us, in the *costless* amount of thanks we are preparing at great expense to offer.

The Great Southern Convention of great men which met at Baltimore, in 1851, at Memphis in '52 and at Charleston, in '53, adjourned to meet for the fourth time in New Orleans, on the second Monday in January next. So says the *Cressent*. We must confess that we had entirely lost sight of that great body. Now, that it is about to turn up again, we suggest to our friend DAN RICE, that he tender them\* his amphitheatre to meet in. If Dan, will do this, and get the loan of some of Baruum's rarest animals from Baltimore; and give timely notice in the papers that, he will hold at the same time a *Womans rights, Main Law, Anti-Nebraska, Horse and Baby show*, all for the republican price of "four bits" admission, "children half price," he will make an ever-lasting fortune; and forever remove the possibility of having to come out this way again, with a "one horse show."

The Concordia Intelligencer of the 1st inst., informs us, that the supposed murderer of Mr. J. G. Young, in the Parish of Catahoula a short time since has been killed. The murderer's name was Hawthorne. A Mr. William Hootsell of Black River pursued him shortly after Hawthorne committed the deed, and in an effort to take him, gave a mortal wound, which caused almost instant death.

The total amount of coin on hand in the Banks and the Sub-Treasury of New York last Sunday week, was \$17,373,800.

**DIEDRICH.**—Some clever fellow writes a letter now and then, from this expanding vicinity, to that Politico-religious newspaper the *Southern Journal*, published every Sunday morning in New Orleans; in which epistiles the "Comet" is abused in poetry and prose, without either rhyme, or reason. We do not make mention of the fact "to complain" because, as Mr. *Toots* would say "It's of no consequence; but we call attention to it, in order that the readers of that readable newspaper, will not pass them over unread. It is a most fortunate thing for us, that the Comet's light is of that peculiar kind—untangible immaterial, unbottled and semi-transparent. It is owing to this fact, that when such fellows as Diedrich, makes a *Don Quixotic* thrust at us, with his well drawn rapier, that he passes through, and wounds his own shadow on the other side. Diedrich need not waste his wits in endeavoring to prove us "an ass," we confess judgement, and if he can sell the judgement to any one for banking capital, he is at liberty to do so.

**SUNDAY NIGHT.**—It has been so long, since we have been called on to notice any disorderly conduct on the part of soldiers at the Barracks, that it is with reluctance, we are now called on through our "Police Reporter," to notice disorderly, and disgraceful proceedings on Sunday night last. A party of men went to G. Castinell's sugar store, on Church street, Sunday night, and there—for some real or imaginary cause, drew pistols, and threatened to take the life of Castinell. On being remonstrated, with by citizens called to the spot, a *melee* ensued in which sticks and fists were freely used, but without any serious consequences. At a coffee house under the hill, a soldier, on the same night, was arrested for riding his horse into the bar room. This man with two engaged in the difficulty at Castinell's, were arrested and lodged in jail. As there are many strangers now in town, and much walking about at night, and grog drinking, the Board of Selectmen should provide additional police to aid that efficient officer in the discharge of his duty—Constable Conisnard.

That clever fellow of the Orleansian, who does the "complementary part" has our heartfelt thanks, and our most accomplished and most difficult of imitation, "Nesselrode bow," for the flattering notice he takes of us. If we were not excessively modest, we should republish his very pretty little notice. It is however cut out and filed away, and we shall take early occasions to return the *quid pro quo*.

**A LEARNED WRITER, DENDY.**—Perhaps the most satisfactory recommendation of the "German Bitters" that has yet been published to astonish mankind at large, is the one which runs thus, and meets the eye "first thing" in every country exchange:

"A learned writer, Dendy, says: "Dryden, to ensure his brilliant visions of poetry ate raw flesh; and Mrs. Radcliffe adopted the same plan. Green tea and coffee, if we do sleep, induce dreaming. Baptista Porta for procuring quiet rest and pleasing dreams, swallowed *horse tongue* after supper."

Yes Sir. "Use Hoffland's German Bitters." We make no doubt that the German Bitters are decidedly the best thing now out, for producing pleasant dreams—better than raw beef, Green tea or horse tongue; but pray let us know who the "learned writer, Dendy" is?

## Sevastopol Positively Taken.

The war is now at an end. It seems that all the fuss heretofore made in reference to Sevastopol, grows out of a misunderstanding about a wood cut, originally designed to adorn the columns of the Delta, but through some kind of financial diplomacy, first made its appearance in the *Pickyune*. This caused a civil suit before the second justice of the peace, and the usual amount of citations, summonses, mandamus, and writs of *habeas*, issued—The result of the suit it seems, was the peaceable delivery of Sevastopol ports, forts, docks, locks, barrels and ramrods, into the hands of the enemy. The following notice of the event is from the Delta:

**"SEVASTOPOL TAKEN.**—On the heel of the intelligence per telegraph on Monday, which gave so encouraging an aspect to the Russian cause at Sevastopol, we are compelled this morning to announce a great disaster to that beleaguered city, and the "unkindest cut" which the veteran Menschikoff has yet received. We refer, of course, to the terrible blow inflicted on the Russian strong hold by one of our cotemporaries who has effected such *braches* in its walls and forts, as must render the capture a very easy exploit. The ships which were greatly relied upon by the Russians have been rendered useless by large mountains that have been piled on them. Instead of the army of Menschikoff, as first reported, having gone down to the bottom of the bay, the sad sheet of water has submerged the famous forts and arsenals of this well protected town. The quarantine fort, by some convulsion of nature, has also been projected to a very dangerous altitude in the air, for so solid and weighty a structure. We trust that it may be returned to its position, which is one of great peril to the inhabitants. All these grand results have been produced at great expense, it is true, but by a very simple combination of Saxon means and Gallic art. Camp street has justified its name by producing this miracle of modern military art."

**TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.**—The Intelligence at Vidali, gives an extract from a letter, of a Doct. E. M. Blackburn, a young gentleman from Natchez, Miss., now at Paris, in which the writer is speaking of the magnificence of the funeral obsequies, of Field Marshall de St. Arnaud. The writer is made to say: "This took place at the Church of the Invalides, and was attended with extraordinary insignificance."

We make no doubt of it. The world is every ready to pour out all its umbrage over the bier of the defunct fighting man, whereas, the patient student—the ingenious mechanic, the toiling philanthropist, who spends his life in contributing a valuable thought to the world's knowledge, lies down in an obscure garret to die, and his ashes are uncareed for. The typographical error of our cotemporary contains a very wholesome lesson. There is an insignificance about the adulation of man, that gives peculiar force to the exclamation of the learned Cardinal "Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!"

**FIRE AT FLAQUEMINE.**—On Saturday the 2d inst., the Gazette says: a fire broke out in Peter Kelley's carpenter shop, which, in the short space of half an hour, completely consumed the building. Mr. Philp Heelin's dwelling house caught fire, but the fire was finally extinguished. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

**QUICK PASSAGE.**—The clipper ship Comet, coal laden, has made the passage from Liverpool to Hong Kong 85 days, the quickest passage ever.