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The Weekly Comet

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BULLDOGISM.—Another of those beastly bull dog contentions between the fugalists of New York city took place a few days ago, in Broadway.—On Sunday morning the 25th ultimo, a party of ruffians for whom New York city is known far and wide, met and a bloody encounter ensued.

The papers are full of the disgusting particulars, disgraceful alike to common humanity. Two bands of these villains, headed by Pat Morrissey, Tom Hyer, Lewis Baker, Tim Turner *et al.*, a banter to fight was made; and a man by the name of Poole, seized a villain of the name of Pargone by the collar and insisted that he should fight him. California Jim—another scape-gallows interfered and the mêlée became general. Turner took part and fired, but his hand was thrown down, by one of the party, and the load entered his own person.

Turner fell on the floor on being wounded, and commenced firing his weapon at Poole while in that position; one of the balls taking effect in Poole's leg, he was brought to the ground. Baker, it is alleged, then ran to where Poole was lying bleeding, and placing the muzzle of a revolver against his breast, and saying, "I will put you out of the way now," pulled the trigger, and the pistol discharging, the ball entered Poole's left side, just below the heart.

The scene that took place at this time baffles description. Turner, who was lying on the ground wounded by himself, fired his weapon at all around him, and succeeded at last in hitting his own friend Baker. Charles Lozier ran to the assistance of Poole, who was in a dying condition, and while endeavoring to lift him from the ground was fired at three or four times but one ball alone took effect, and that struck him in the head, producing a scalp wound, which looked very much as if cut with a knife—a round piece of his scalp, about the size of a dollar, being entirely cut away.—Seeing that the work of execution had been done, the whole party left the house by the side door; but it seems that even here they turned back, and discharged a few more barrels at the body of Poole, as he lay bleeding on the floor.

NELLY BRACKEN.—A tale of *Forty years ago.*—McCormick & Co. have our thanks for a copy of this charming little story, of the olden time, by Annie Chambers Bradford, from the Philadelphia press of Lippencott Gambo & Co.

In the chivalrous land of old Kentucky—the land of romance poetry, and song, did the events transpire, which have, under the hand of the talented authoress, been woven into the attractive romance before us.—We make now a hasty glance at the work, which we shall take early occasion to give a careful perusal, and shall then notice at length. "Nelly Bracken," is having a good run, and we advise those who desire to read it, early, call immediately on McCormick & Co., and get a copy.

AN EXTRA SESSION.—Although there has been some talk of an extra session of the Legislature, it is not at all probable. There has been nothing done the past few weeks, and what could possibly engage the attention of an extra session, we know not, unless it would be the "Revised Statutes" the work on which was commenced, but has come to a dead stand still.

The Senate of Indiana have passed a bill to punish railroad operators in cases of negligence, and persons leaving gates and fences open on the line of railroads.

DIRECT TRADE.—Much is now being said on this subject, and in order to have a careful perusal of what we are about to say, on this subject, it would be well to preface this epistle with the assurance to our people that we have no direct designs upon the Liverpool market this morning, and have no effort to make now, to break up that much talked of monopoly.—The object is to call the attention of all right thinking people in this community to a fact which actually exists, and bears onerously on the shoulders of our merchants. We have it within our power to correct the evil or we would not speak of it.

It is well known that most of our citizens purchase their groceries during the summer season, of our own dealers, and we are very sorry to say, they make very long accounts and allow them (sometimes) to remain unpaid a very long time. This is a private matter. But what seems to us to be a very great injustice to this class of our fellow-citizens, is; that when the winter season comes and brings with it the time to pay; that these very consumers take their cash and go to the flat boat landing, and spend it. As far as being able to buy cheaper is concerned, it is all right; but should we not have a protective tariff—not on Whig principles, but on principles of interest; to break up this state of things? It will occur thus to every man who reflects calmly on the subject—whether he be a consumer or a producer. Our own merchants are our own people; they pay taxes to keep up the respectability of the place, and many of them are whole-souled liberal fellows who contribute to every charitable object, worthy of support.

The tax on flat boats, is entirely too light and should be raised immediately. We would say nothing of the matter, were it not for the fact, that all our dealers are complaining bitterly.

The Bayou Sara Ledger has changed its head. This is a bad omen in the present shifting times. The Ledger has lived a long time under the motto "Democracy is always right—We are right let's go ahead," and we do not see why it is, that now when good men and true are called for to stand by the American Eagle, and the Star Spangled Banner, that such staid, staunch Journals on the side of the country for the country's sake, should be shifting about, by putting on new heads and faces.

The Ledger bears rather heavily in its strictures upon the Governor, and calls on the Advocate to know why certain things are so. The Ledger appeals touchingly to the old line Democrats, and says:

Let not the Democratic press be "mealy-mouthed" in these matters; if traitors are in our camp let us ferret them out and expose them; and, then, whether victory or defeat crown the exertions of the Democratic party we shall have no repentings to indulge in.

Just what we would say ourselves on the same subject. But the fact is Mr. Ledger, that the wind charts and the current charts have now and then to be corrected, or the ship of State runs aground on the reefs, and the wreckers, fleece her. That the Democratic party in Louisiana has fallen to pieces, is a cause of continued lamentation on our part; since we have always been willing to abandon any single plank in the platform, in order to keep up that harmony in the ranks, without which the "army of occupation," cannot march up to victory—and the spoils.

The latest Paris fashion decrees, that bracelets shall be worn on the arms—the more bracelets the greater the *ton*. A lady in full toilet, must have bracelets from her elbow down: the larger and more clumsy, the greater the grace, ease, and elegance. A very chaste pattern, is considered to be one inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and paste imitations of stones from Corinth. In weight it should look to be as heavy as a ship's cable, and it should be clasped with such a looking padlock, as might fasten a barn door. Take them not, ye gaping multitude, for "hollow;" they are solid—*full*. They are as much whitt they seem to be, as the fair arms, that bow at fashions shrine, turning common sense and reason to the "clemency of the weather."—Marvel not ye gentle feminines who rule the world, with "Prospero's wand," at the folly and intemperate flippancy of masculine humanity;—it is your fault; you are to blame for it. Well might we exclaim in the language of an obsolete poet, "Oh Woman! Thou should'st have no sin's of thine own to answer for. Thou art guilty of such a multitude in man."

The Antedeluvian World, is now on exhibition in the building of Mr. John Huguet, opposite the Harney house, on Lafayette street. It is "Alexander's Grand Moving Dioramic Phantoscope," as the small bills signify. What next? Since Banvard took the Mississippi to Europe, and made a fortune out of it, we have had panoramas, moving Dioramas, and Phantoscopes of everything dead as well as living, past as well as present. The artist of the Antedeluvian World, has stretched his imagination so as to take in Chaos, and that *gentlemen* has actually "come again." May we not, now reasonably expect to see the world to come? Certainly, some artist should attempt to take it, and such a panorama would be popular. To satisfy curiosity we know a number of gentlemen who would make an investment of "four bits" in this way. If this idea of the "next world" is seized and bodied forth on canvass in red, white, and blue, we want it distinctively understood that the artist is to divide the profits, as we are going to have the idea entered on the books of the "Eastern District" according to act of Congress.

The Rev. T. Hamberg, a Swiss Missionary, has published an account of the Chinese rebel chief, which has been translated in English by Mr. G. Pearse, of the Chinese Evangelization Society. According to the account the rebel is a kind of second Mahomet, having visions, and believing in himself and his mission. But this creed is not Christian.

THE LATE JOHN McDONOUGH.—A monument has just been completed and placed over the remains of the late John McDonogh, at McDonoghville, where all that is left of the great millionaire, lies smouldering. The design for the monument was given by Newton Richards, and contains an inscription written by McDonogh himself.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, is still at that capital, and what is more, is continually dining with the Emperor, his Ministers and the aristocracy. Count Esterhazy, the Austrian Ambassador to Prussia, who had left Berlin somewhat hastily has been ordered to return immediately to his post.

MORE INDIGNATION.—Wednesday morning's Gazette, expresses astonishment at finding in the Comet, a short paragraph in reference to the last indignation meeting held at the Court house, in this city, in which the Senator from this district, was so completely hashed up, in indignation speeches, and resolutions; withering in their scorn, and soul stabbing in their eloquence. We do not blame the Senator for finding "business of State" to attend to in New Orleans, at that time; and all we regret about it, is, that the committee; could not find him, so as to present him with a copy of the indignation resolutions before they became cold. However, we presume the gentleman has seen them ere this, as also the committee's public apology to the public for not being able to find him.

As Dickens says: it is the highth of every man's ambition in the universal Yankee Nation, to make a speech. This fact coupled with another kindred to it; gives rise to all manner of meetings, for all manner of purposes; and eloquent gentlemen get up voluntarily to show the "dear public" what is right and what is wrong. It is a matter of exultation with us, and we thank the stars, that Baton Rouge comes up to the full measure of other places in the number of its orators and speech makers, and it is to them alone we feel indebted for many demonstrations of what is denominated "public opinion." In reference to sectional meetings to give instructions to representatives of the people, there is no objection; yet such bodies should not take upon themselves too much; and affect to represent others than themselves, and here is the danger to a well regulated Democracy. The representative is the creature of the people; to represent them all, he must have a thousand lives and ten thousand different principles within him; he must act untrue to his own judgment—untrue to the separate interest, of his constituents and consequently untrue to all. The people make the laws—therefore are the people superior to the laws—and may abuse and break them.

We have nothing to say in apology for Mr. Lacey; in changing his domicile to New Orleans, and making a public demonstration of the fact, he should have resigned his seat in the Senate, and this should have been done before the session commenced; so as to have given time for an election to be held to fill the place. But it was not done; and nothing would have been said about it, had not Mr. Lacey incurred the displeasure of some of his constituents. However this is no justification for what was done at the indignation meeting, at which the paragraph the Gazette notices, was leveled. We say, that meeting did not body forth the sober sense of this community, in the resolutions adopted by them, which have already by silence on the part of the Senator, gone down to the tomb of the Capulets. In this, whether we "directly or indirectly by implication misrepresent the views of the citizens of this place and parish," (as the Gazette changes us) we leave the people themselves to decide. And whilst on this subject we beg leave to say respectfully again for the one hundred and fiftieth time, that we do not set ourselves up as the exponent of public opinion, nor as the organ of any clique or party; for we belong to none, not having yet had a proper appreciation of our talent, we are still unpurchased; but like other humanity are "on sale," and can be had "low for cash," or good city ac-

ceptances. For the honesty of what we say; our readers are collectively appealed to. We do not believe in the exploded Latin axiom *Vox populi, vox Dei*. No "vox populi" is the voice of the flesh, and the flesh is according to "Holy Writ," "the Devil." We have the inalienable right in virtue of what the Gazette is pleased to call eccentricity, to run against—not only the "wind mill" but against the giant knight in armour himself. Let us finish this, with a Latin quotation from our dictionary in order that this may attract the attention of the learned. "*Ex vitio alterius, sapiens emendat suum.*"

WHY IS IT SO?—At the Concert the other night, (owing to the delay in preparing the room for the audience) a large crowd assembled, and blocked up the stairway, the hall and the entry. There was a jam, in which all were huddled together in a consolidated mass.

We are pained to see, that that peculiarly American feature of nationality, which prompts—or rather has prompted gentlemen to make way and stand back for the ladies, is fast disappearing. When the doors were opened and the crowd poured into the hall, a contention for seats arose, which would have disgraced a country school. As the Advocate says: "The gentlemen who were fortunate enough to obtain seats, gave every assurance of appreciating the advantages they enjoyed; and retained them with a pertinacity that nothing seemed to affect—not even the appalling look of some ladies, who seemed unable to find even a convenient place to stand."

And this is not half so severe in its bearing upon gentlemen, *par excellence*, as it should be. The day was, when it was considered impolite, for a gentleman to sit, and have a lady stand by; but now it is quite otherwise. We blame no gentleman for the desire to sit near the lady he escorts to the entertainment, when the room is sufficient; but when it is not, it is a species of barbarism to do so.—Owing to the trouble in getting the room ready—the Peak Family appeared to bad advantage, and there was so much noise, consequent upon the moving about of the unseated audience, that we did not fairly see and hear the performance. However, our ears were pricked and our eyes wide open, and we must confess that we have listened to worse, and better entertainments.

WHOSE HEADS ARE THESE?—In digging the foundation for a house in St. Hypolite St. yesterday, three human heads were found in close proximity. Fragments of an earthen vessel were found, leading to the belief that they were deposited together.—What is strange about it, is that no other bones, could be found—though search was made by digging up a space of about ten feet square. From arrow heads, and other implements of war, also exhumed, the conclusion is that the heads are of the early Aborigines. They were taken to "Puckett's on Church street, where they may be seen.

The amount of cotton burnt at Troy Miss., about two weeks since, was over 3,000 bales, estimated at about \$100,000. Within a month, over 10,000 bales of cotton were burnt in Mississippi, all believed to be the work of incendiaries.

The Collins Steamship Company are about to lay the keel of a new steamship to be called the *Adriatic*, which it is said will be as "magnificent a craft as ever kissed the briny deep."