

# THE WEEKLY COMET.

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## The Weekly Comet

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**THE REFORM MOVEMENT.**—We are curious to know what kind of movement the "Reform Movement" is, of which the city press has had so many interesting leaders the past ten years. It must be a very slow coach—a movement in musical phraseology, which might be denominated *contralto* or *Soprano*; in which those who work the wires of city government slide with grace, ease and elegance from bad to worse, for the city itself; whilst they go from good to better, and at length retire from public life, with the profits, if not the honor of office, for their pains. Men seem now-a-days, in obedience to the dictates of co-stermonger times to get into office, merely to abuse power and fleece the public *legally*. To do this the honest industry of the State and Municipality, is ground down by taxation, and the energies of the nation prostrated.—When, may we ask, will the Reform (in favor of which a "movement" has so long been made) actually take place? When will the subject be dismissed from the editorial pen forever? Never, we fear, whilst the present lax condition—(morally as well as politically) exists. We have reforms; they are of annual occurrence—but the city, like the State, only falls out of the hands of one set of rogues, into the hands of another.

The True Delta, ever ahead of the hounds, in State affairs and under-current political movements; furnishes the following in its issue of the 8th inst., as nominations for State Officers by the "Know-Nothings," at a State Council which it says was held in the city of New Orleans the day before:

For Governor—C. Dobbigny, Jefferson.  
Lieut. Governor—Mark Boatner, Caldwell.  
Auditor—Frank Hardesty, K. Feliciana.  
Treasurer—Louis Bordelon, Avoyelles.  
Secretary of State—J. E. King, St. Landry.  
Attorney General—H. G. Beale, E. B. Houge, for Congress.

First District—H. J. Heard, St. Martin.  
Third District—G. B. N. Watten, Concordia.  
Fourth District

In summing up the political complexion of the ticket, the True Delta, makes the following statement:

The politics of these gentlemen, according to the old classification, would run thus:—For Governor, Auditor, Treasurer, Secretary of State, Attorney General, and Congressmen in the Second or Third Districts are, or were Whigs; those for Lieut. Governor and Attorney General are, or were Democrats.

Hon. James Booth, Chief Justice of the State of Delaware, died at his residence in New Castle on the 28th ult.

At Statham, N. H. a number of deluded persons are busily engaged in digging for gold which a pretender, witch of Portsmouth informed them they would find in a certain spot. She told them that if they dug deep enough they would come to a rock before, reaching the treasure and having encountered a rock they have commenced blasting it and are now quite sanguine of attaining the object of their search.

Never give counsel were it not asked of you, especially to those who are incapable of appreciating it. Men are sometimes accused of pride, more because their accusers would be proud themselves were they in their places. Hope paves the golden way to bliss, and cheerfulness is the lamp that lights the beautiful walk. Friendships which are born in misfortune, are more firm and lasting than those which are formed in happiness. Good order in society respects for the laws, the reformation of manners, our future repose and greatness, all depend upon a sincere reception of evangelic truth.

**THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.**—That this common expression signifies much; is evidenced in the fact, that it is often used; but it does not always express the poignant grief—the contrition of soul, when the "tender sensibilities" are wounded; "cut up" hashed, and dished out, to tickle the palate and satisfy the maw, of the slander loving multitude. "The unkindest cut of all!" Why, the expression is defective in more ways than one. Must we admit that the *last* is the first? Does it follow that the last and finishing stroke of the axe of malice, is the *kindest* cut? By no manner of means; because when wounds are inflicted—*mortal* wounds; on the very seat of vitality itself, it is but an act of common charity to give "one blow more" to put the wounded man out of existence. By this process of rateincination (a dictionary word) we conclude that the *last* cut, is not therefore the "unkindest cut of all." These prefatory remarks, are deemed necessary, in order to disarm that "fair hand" of its power to wound us, by enclosing a brief and personally pointed paragraph from our pious neighbor's paper in Church street. What would she think; suppose we should say she is known—positively discovered, through our bachelor-day book of autographs? We know full well, 'twould make her feel bad—Ay, worse than bad.

In short, we beg leave to state, for the benefit of the fair *Incoq*, as well as our pious friend in Church street; that all the "wants," "made manifest" in this immaculate paper, are not *our* wants. The truth of the poetical sentiment

"Man wants but little, &c. &c." is fully realized by the Comet; therefore it is, that we express the desire, uppermost in our mind and from the bottom of our bottomless soul, that both our fair *Incoq*, and pious neighbor, may have need for the small wares of the haberdasher and the services of the laundress, before we do.

**NEW STYLE.**—A man had as well be dead — as to be without a fashionable hat of the "Spring style." The he had has ever been deemed the seat of what is called human reason—therefore the head should be looked after and properly cared for. A better instance. A man is measured in the community, not by what others think of him, but of his own opinion—his own self conceit of himself. This is only to be ascertained, in the regard he has for his seat of reason; and the only outward evidence of this, is found in the shape, quality, and complexion of his hat. Some, have a vain and foolish pride for the foot, and spend all their surplus revenue with the "boot-maker," but this is simply contemptible. There is no reason why one should be proud of a foot, because there is no reason in it. We excuse the feminine vanity about "well turned ankles;" this is not only allowable, but proper. But to return to the original proposition. Whoever wants to be in the world—that is to say in the "fashion" should at once call on "LaNoue" or "Waddill & Phillips" and get one of the latest "spring style of hats."

That remarkable phenomenon in natural science, the coal mountain Pennsylvania, which has been on fire since 1837, will probably soon be extinguished, as the fire is approaching a point which can be submerged in water. A mass of coal has been consumed there—eights of a mile long, sixty feet deep, and equal to 1,420,000 tons of coal.

**The State Ticket.**

Since we are regularly out on a very powerful, potent and popular ticket, for the chief Executive office of State; it becomes necessary that we should give positive expression to our sentiments, and stand committed before the sovereign people, of an enlightened and Sovereign country. To this end, we should either select the less worn eaten planks from the "Baltimore" and other platforms, to stand on; or go to work to build a new one, out of the best seasoned lumber; using all the cross posts, beams, knees, joints, screws and pins, that have heretofore supported the popular establishment. We prefer this plan, as a pure matter of economy; for after all (as all human events hang on contingences) we may not be elected; and if not, all our pains and labor would be lost. To knuckle down to it, then, at once, and come to the point. We are in favor of unbounded, unconfined, unmeasured Liberty—Liberty that cannot be fathomed with a line, or hemmed in with a circle—even the one that confines the rising up, and going down sun of day. We are in favor of liberty, to that ultra extent, which allows a man at any time and place, to make an unqualified ass of himself.

Of all the *beasts* of the field, and birds of the air, we look upon the outspread "American Eagle" as the most grand, gloomy and peculiar—The noble animal, who volunteered to go out and look up a "dry place" when the antediluvians lay all scattered in the bottom of the deep, kicking up their heels and shaking their senseless heads at offended heaven! We have a soul absorbing—just now a burning—a consuming love for that animal; because he subsequently landed at Plymouth, split the rock of ages—flapped his wings, and soaring aloft, spread his quill-covered extremities over Arkansas, Nebraska, and Kansas—thence taking in Texas, and going on over, in advance even of the march of Empire, is now crowing at the cocks of Shanghai on the other side of Jordan. We love the Star Spangled Banner—believe it is the greatest stand of muslin delaine colors, ever invented by the ingenuity of man; and if ever an opportunity offers for us to show, that our military commission of Militia General, has been "well bestowed," we will show "how much" in the field; if there is a bare chance of coming off, with a whole skin, to reap the *glory* thereof.

So much for general politics. We are in favor of all manner of compromises—even that of honor itself, where profit comes in like an all healing balm, to repair the damage honor sustains.

As our popularity has no business now, beyond the borders of Louisiana, (we are *only* a candidate for Governor) we may as well say that we favor the Missouri and Nebraska compromises, and echo the sentiment contained in the "ninety seventh section of the Baltimore platform." We have been Whig. As an evidence of this fact, we need only say, that we held the responsible office of Post Master at this place, under the Taylor Administration. With that short intermission, we have been Democrat, the past thirty years: for no better reason that we know of, than because the majority of votes, are on this side, and it is as J. B. would "observe"—"popular." Now, we have an inkling we must confess, to Know Nothing principles; because the popular traditions, have set in this way: yet we

do not swallow the whole doctrine, because we think that a man is a man "for all that;" if he be forked like a radish, and *malible* like a cheese pairing. Our standard measure for an adult, is thirteen inches in a direct line, from the base of the proboscis, to the *os posterioris*. Whoever measures less—whether he be "round head, or flat head," is a *manifer* of the Ourang-Outang species, whether he be conceived on the Canaries, or cradled at Cat Island.

About office. About office and the "appointing power." We believe that the only legitimate way, for gentlemen to live, is on, or rather out of the Public Treasury. It is for this reason, that people have been required from the earliest ages to pay tithes and taxes. In this belief, all we have to say to the ambitious is, "ask, and you shall receive." "knock and the door shall fly open to you," that you may walk in and help yourselves.—There shall be an office of honor, ready for every man who has the modest temerity to ask it; when we shall be Governor.

In all matters of Gospel, we shall then consult the Rev. ———, and in Law, our estimable friend, in Laurel (who shall be in our cabinet as Att'y. General) S. S. HALL, Esq., will be advised with. We shall do this, not on account of any want of confidence in ourself, in matters of mere law and gospel; but because we have always eschewed, Coke, Chitty, Blackstone and others, as simply mystifiers of the naked truth. On the matter of "law," we may as well say to suffering humanity, that we regret nothing more, than the fact that Amos Clute, Esq., never (as he promised) enlightened the world with a new edition of that obsolete work, entitled "Sampson against the Philistines." We calculate on a host of votes for this acknowledgement.

Enough is enough. We have transcended our limit for a leader, altogether personal; and still our position is not as clearly defined as we should like to have it. Let us end, with that very true remark of Thales to the Philosopher Militus (for the English of which we refer to J. Griggs' Dictionary of quotations, page 235) "Quod caret initio et fine."

**A RECOVERY.**—The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror says that Mr. Gilmore has recovered the carpet bag containing \$63,000 in railroad bonds, which it was reported he had lost between New York and Norwich. The Mirror says that when he left the Astor House, the clerk handed him a carpet bag exactly resembling his own, and he did not discover his mistake until he arrived at Norwich, when he tried to open it, and found the key would not fit. He telegraphed to N. York and found that his carpet bag was safe, and it was forwarded to him by the next train.

The London Lancet comes to the conclusion that the use of chloroform must be measurably abandoned. There is no doubt (says the Lancet) that the novelty of the practice, the remarkable effects produced, and the freedom from risk, too unhesitatingly asserted, have led to very grave abuses. Had chloroform never been inhaled save when its use was necessary, lives would not have been sacrificed to the removal of a tooth, a toenail, or a little finger, in taping a hydrocele, or touching a sore with caustic. Its use should be reserved for those cases only in which the intensity or duration of the pain in an operation constitutes serious complications, or where insensibility is essential for the success of the surgeon's proceeding.

**STEAM FIRE ENGINE.**—A mechanic of Pittsburg has submitted a model of a steam fire engine, of his invention, which meets the favor of the Board of Underwriters of that city.—The inventor claims for it that it is lighter, cheaper, and will do more service. (i. e., throw more water, than the Cincinnati engine) It is calculated to weigh sixty hundred or three tons. It will be fifteen feet long by six feet wide; will throw 1338 gallons of water 400 feet in one minute, or a stream of 3½ inches or six streams of 1½ inches will be thrown up 25 feet. The engine will also answer to extinguish fires with steam, instead of water. The cost will be \$5000.

The gold mine, said to have been discovered in Worcester county, Md., has, according to the Snow Hill Herald, produced another lump of ore weighing six ounces, and seemingly richer than the first one.

Long speeches, before a jury that have become restive and jaded by a long trial, like long sermon on a summer afternoon before a sleepy congregation, don't set a cause forward much, sometimes. A Philadelphia lawyer, and of course not a Know-Nothing, once remarked on this subject: "I either have a good case or a bad one, it don't need a long speech—if a bad one, the less I say about it the better."

**ECHO.**—The shadow of a sound—a voice without a mouth, and words without a tongue. Echo though represented as a female—never speaks till she is spoken to, and at every repetition of what she has heard, continues to make it *less* instead of *more*, an example never mentioned to the special attention of tattlers and scandal mongers.

**THREE GREAT AMERICAN DISHES** IN PARIS.—A New York correspondent of the Boston Journal says:

"I was amused with an incident related by a gentleman connected with the Collins line of steamers. He brought home a card from Paris, which he obtained from a restaurant in that city. It announced that each day the citizens of Paris, and the Yankees in particular, could obtain at the said restaurant the three celebrated American dishes, viz: 'Pumpkin pie, codfish balls, and baked beans.' It seems that the keeper of this place of resort was in humble business. He showed some attention to an American lady; she introduced him into the mystery of 'pun in pie,' (as they spell it,) and by the singularity of his advertisement attracted the attention of the Americans in Paris. His business increased, and now he is on the high road to fortune, under the potent renown of 'the three great American dishes.'"

When we record our angry feelings let it be on the snow, that the first beam of sunshine may obliterate them forever.

The parent who would train up a child in the way he should go, must go the way he would train up his child in.

True prayer is not human, but a celestial gift; the fruit of the Holy Spirit praying in us and with us.

Be not easily exceptions, nor rudely familiar; the one will breed contention the other contempt.

The art of living easily as to money is to pitch your scale of living one degree below your means. Comfort and enjoyment are more dependant, upon easiness in the detail of expenditure than upon one degree's difference in the scale.

No situation is so exposed to perils and evil as that of one who has to conduct others, unless he himself has God for his guide.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—A singular accident, says the Hartford Times of the 29th ult., occurred this afternoon at the rifle factory in this town. As one of the workmen, an Englishman, named John Chester, was attempting to mend a belt with an awl, his hand slipped and the awl pierced his heart. He lived in East Hartford, and leaves a wife, two children and a sister, who depended upon him for their support.