

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Official Journal of St. Tammany Parish.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

J. E. SMITH PROPRIETOR.
W. G. KENTZEL EDITOR.

And Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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COVINGTON, LA. :

Saturday, February 1, 1879.

Notice to Candidates.

We will insert the announcement of any person desirous of representing our District or Parish in the Constitutional Convention, for the sum of

TEN DOLLARS,

Which must be paid

INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Senator Robertson's levee bill will probably be passed.

Sitting Bull is reported to have returned to the United States. He will probably be welcomed home by Flying Bullets.

The work of repairing the Mint in New Orleans has been vigorously pushed forward, and coining will probably be commenced to-day.

Senator Christiancy, of Michigan, has been confirmed by the Senate as United States Minister to Peru. Christiancy should make a good Minister. A Peruvian bark awaits him.

The committee appointed to investigate the affairs of the State Printer have completed their work, and presented a report fully exonerating him, and virtually pronounced the charges against him as baseless slanders.

Accounts from Egypt give heart-rending details of the famine there. This is indeed a world of change and uncertainty. A famine in Egypt! And yet some time ago they had abundant crops, and Jacob sent his sons there to buy corn.

The farmer who wishes to avoid an excess of labor, with unprofitable result, will not spread a small quantity of manure over a large surface of poor land, but will only plow as much as he can highly manure, when his income will be as large, and his labor nearly one-half saved.

WE RISE TO EXPLAIN.

One doesn't have to walk far out of his way to hear suggested the names of any number of gentlemen fitted for Representatives to the Constitutional Convention. We, too, know of several gentlemen who are well qualified, but we shall require TEN DOLLARS for the announcement of each "elsewhere in these columns."—*Morehouse Clarion.*

The above expresses our sentiments exactly, and we have unanimously adopted it as the first plank in our "new constitution." While we are extremely desirous that only good, able and worthy men should represent our district and parish in the approaching Constitutional Convention, it is not our intention to do "all in our power," gratuitously, to secure the election of any one.

Our advertising columns are open to all aspirants, subject to the condition set forth in our "notice to candidates," which appears in this issue. Many good men may seek the high and honorable position, to represent St. Tammany in the Constitutional Convention, and their patriotism will not permit them to shrink before the slight tax which, in justice to ourselves, we feel in duty bound to impose, as one of the great principles which actuates us in the conduct of this paper is that we hope to be enabled, through it, to make at least a respectable living for ourself and family.

While candidates may avail themselves of our offer, and insert their announcements in our columns, they must not expect that by so doing they secure our exclusive and unqualified support. The FARMER is not blindly pledged to champion the cause or advocate the claims of any individual for office. On the contrary, we claim the privilege and shall exercise our right to a free expression of our opinions, as to the merits or failings of any one seeking to represent the people of our parish, on this as on all future occasions.

The force and power of our widespread and growing influence can not be bought, especially upon such an important occasion as the present, by the leaders of any clique or clan, nor by the wily, intriguing tool of any ring or ruinous monopoly.

LOOK ABOUT YOU.

Now that Governor Nicholls has issued his proclamation, calling for an election on Tuesday, the 18th of March, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Constitutional Convention, which meets at the State House, New Orleans, on Monday, the 21st of April, it behooves our citizens to look about them, and ascertain who is the most suitable person to represent us on such an important and momentous occasion. We are entitled to one Senatorial and one Representative delegate.

This election is entirely different, in every respect, from any ordinary State or parish contest, in which politics and party interests are the prime factors, and in which voters generally have their political favorites. This is a matter of far more importance than the choice of persons to fill our parish offices, or to

represent us in the Legislature; it is of greater moment to our State and parish than the question of who shall or who shall not be Governor. The Convention which meets in April will prepare a Constitution and draft laws under which we will probably live for the remainder of our days. The wisdom and justice of those laws depends entirely upon the class of men whom we send there to make them for us. We repeat, therefore, that our citizens should "look about them," and when the proper time arrives, they should cast their votes only for persons whom they know to be possessed of the proper requirements, and who will go there prepared to do their whole duty in giving us wise and just organic laws, and a Constitution which may in all future years be the pride and boast of our State and people.

GENERAL NEWS.

The bill emancipating the Jews of Servia has been adopted.

Great distress is reported among the working classes all over Switzerland.

The rinderpest has again broken out to an alarming extent throughout Prussia.

Two murderers, Achey and Merrick, were hung Wednesday in Indianapolis.

The plague is reported to be rapidly spreading in the provinces bordering on the Caspian Sea.

The House passed the bill restraining the immigration of Chinese into the United States.

Harry Jennings will leave New York to-day for New Orleans with twenty-five of the choicest bull terriers of the Northern States, to settle several disputes in the Crescent City, some for \$1000 a side.

In consequence of the arrival at Liverpool of a cargo of cattle infected with incipient pleuro-pneumonia from Canada, the English government has prohibited the importation of cattle from America.

Paris is in a "whirl of political excitement." President MacMahon has tendered his resignation to the Cabinet, conditional, however, as it is understood, upon their refusal to withdraw the military changes bill, which he refuses to sign. The Imperialists are jubilant, doing all they can to increase the excitement. They claim that MacMahon's resignation will be followed by an attempt on the part of Gambetta to set up a temporary government, which would possess neither the confidence of the Conservatives nor the support of the Radicals. This would soon be followed by a Red Republican government; then a reaction would take place, resulting in the restoration of the Empire. The Assembly, however, declare that the Republic is now well founded, and that the resignation, death or enmity of no one could affect it. The Parisians are very much agitated on account of the threatening aspect of affairs, and advices from the provinces say that the news of the crisis has caused great excitement.

Four Paragraphs from a School Boy's Composition.

GUY FRANCIS.

Day Dreams.

This is a theme which can only receive full justice at the hands of one possessed of a dreamy, romantic temperament. It must be a natural out-pouring of the soul, as it were, else the essay necessarily can be but dull and insipid—be like some beautiful exotic, that is only pleasant to the eye—a mere surface show—an attractive flow of language, devoid of depth and signification.

Day-dreaming—yclept reverie—is scarcely ever indulged in but by those whose dispositions are languid and enervated—purposeless—or those who, overcome by the sultriness of some bright summer day, relax the tension upon their nerves, and, yielding to the seductive influence exercised by the too genial warmth, compose to rest in some cozy nook and abandon themselves to reverie.

How inexpressibly sweet to dream, e'en whilst yet awake, of things which were dear to us in the long ago; to awaken those recollections of the halcyon days buried in the phantom past, but which can never be obliterated, for memory's music is ever recalling them; to invest the veiled future with poetic fancies of what *should be*, in total disregard of what most probably *will be*, through the mystic medium of day dreams. How the soul becomes wrapt in the bliss of anticipation! How eagerly we await the dawn of each new day, hoping the joys promised us during our brief sojourn in dreamland will soon be realized!

Edgar A. Poe was a dreamer. His mildest, ablest strains were conceived in reverie, and according to the repose or strife of his spirits, so ran his verses. "The Raven," that masterly, if fanciful refrain, was born in a moment of utter despondency. Poe had fallen into a deep train of thought, which, to him, was twin-sister to dreaming; his soul was harrassed and filled with conflicting emotions by the sad feelings evolved through the loss of one dearer to him than the costliest treasures of earth—of the truly beloved, peerless Lenore. A raven settled upon the bust of Pallas, just above the poet's doorway; his dreamy gaze settled upon the sable form of this evil-omened bird, and his soul, traversing the realms of that wondrous fayland of the imagination, gave birth to the wild, weird verses which hath given his name unto immortality—which crowned his lofty brow with the evergreen laurels of fame. His spirit, intractable as the ocean billows lashed in furious turmoil by the might of a tropical cyclone, surged in wild unrest and conjured all manner of dark thoughts—the whole having for its refrain the mournful "Nevermore!"

A tornado passed over Iuka, Miss., last Tuesday, blowing down several buildings. Six persons were killed.

A FACE AND A MEMORY.

GUY FRANCIS.

[Reprinted by request, from the New Orleans Picayune, December, 1875.]

I saw a face lit up with joy,
Young and beautifully fair—
The pure, snowy brow encircled
With a wreath of golden hair.

I saw it in the sunny tide
Of childhood's joyous hour;
A pretty, delicate lily—
Sensitive human flower.

Her velvet eyes—those glorious orbs!
Were of Heaven's deepest blue,
And shone with intellectual light—
Soft as morning's limpid dew.

A pet, a winsome little elf,
A mere passing gleam of light
In the lives of a loving pair—
A "wee passion blossom" bright.

Time quickly fled, and I returned
From a distant Northern shore,
To find a change—a saddened home—
The sweet lily bloomed no more;
The youthful life had taken wing—
The bright passing gleam of light
Was shrouded in the pall of gloom
Following dread Asrael's blight.

In the corner where erst she sat
There stands a child's vacant chair;
'Neath the sod, in the old churchyard,
Lies the head of golden hair.

He called unto Him the sweet one,
Her earthly bonds He severed—
The beautiful "passion blossom"
Early faded and withered.

But in th' eternal realms of joy
An angel, Heavenly fair,
Smiles down upon a weeping twain,
And e'er guards the vacant chair.

The following, from an exchange, is so pertinent, that we reproduce it in our columns:

"A certain man got mad at the editor and stopped his paper. The next week he sold all his corn at four cents below the market price, then his property was sold to pay taxes, because he only heard of the convention three days after it adjourned; he lost ten dollars on Mollie McCarthy two weeks after Ten Broeck won the race; he was arrested and fined eight dollars for going hunting on Sunday, and he paid three dollars for a lot of forged notes that had been advertised two weeks and the public cautioned not to negotiate for them. He then paid a great big Irishman, with legs like a derrick, to kick him all the way to the newspaper office, where he paid four years subscription in advance, and made the editor sign and swear to a written agreement to knock him down if he ordered his paper stopped again."

A family tie—Twins.

Priam invented the crowbar.

A cultivated ear—An ear of corn.
Motto for the married—Never despair.

Easy lies the head that tells a good many of them.

He that hath no music in his soul is fit for usher, undertaker, table-waiter, or some such thing.

This is how they ask for a chew of tobacco in Arkansas: "Mister, give me a chew of terbacker, if you chew—but maybe you don't chew. Do you chew?"

A doctor's natural ability ceases when he goes hunting. On such occasions, whether among birds or animals, he can't kill any more than an ordinary man.