

ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

Official Journal of St. Tammany Parish.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

J. E. SMITH PROPRIETOR.
W. G. KENTZEL EDITOR.
And Business Manager.

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COVINGTON, LA.:

Saturday, March 29, 1879.

Major A. A. Singeltary, who was a prominent candidate for delegate to the Constitutional Convention from this district, at the nominating convention which met in Amite City, on the 1st inst., died at his home in Port Vincent, Livingston parish, on Tuesday, the 18th inst.

Says the Key West Dispatch: The Potter Committee, charged with the great task of cleansing the dirty linen of the last Presidential campaign, has, after a surfeit of junketings and travel North and South, dismissed its last perambulating witness, and is ready to adjudge one of the candidates washed whiter than snow, at the moderate expense of \$50,000, which bill the dear people are expected to pay, and shout hosannas, and cry, great is Potter and his committee.

SHOOTING AFFRAY.—A difficulty on Maurepas Island, in Livingston parish, near Catfish Bluff, on March 6th, resulted in the shooting, with fatal effect, of Dr. Bromfield, by Harry Northrup. There are several reports in circulation concerning the tragedy, and until something definite can be ascertained, through a preliminary examination or otherwise, we forbear making public the uncertain rumors. Harry Northrup was arrested and taken to Port Vincent.—Livingstonian.

The medieval drama has been revived in San Francisco. A passion play was performed there last week, the play being taken from the last scenes in the life of the Savior, including the beheading of John the Baptist, the last supper, and finally the crucifixion. Among the characters in the play were Jesus Christ, Pontius Pilate, Herod, the Disciples, the Virgin Mary, and a number of minor characters. The play has caused great excitement. San Francisco has another theatrical novelty, a Chinese play, which is to continue every night for a number of months, and is something like a continued story published in a weekly paper. It is said that the play includes three thousand characters.

ONLY A DREAM.—It is said that dreams go by contraries, and we believe, as a general rule, this is occasionally true. At least such proved to be the case with a dream we had last night. The scene was located in one of the beautiful groves in the vicinity of Covington. The entire population of our town were present. It was a grand occasion, in celebration of some important event, the exact nature of which is not quite clear to us now—probably the adoption of our new constitution. However, it was an old-fashioned barbecue. Long trenches were dug in the ground. These were filled with glowing coals, over which the carcasses of several luscious heaves and "fatted calves" were being slowly roasted, sending forth a savory aroma calculated to create a voracious appetite in the heart (or stomach) of the most confirmed dyspeptic. A number of long rustic tables were spread, on which delicious, juicy roasts, chops, etc., were arranged in tempting confusion, and all were invited to partake of the royal feast. It was a very enjoyable event. The long and well filled tables were lined with happy, familiar faces, and amidst the merry voices of guileless childhood, and the tender tones of smitten youths and charming maidens, while the more mature in years were discussing various topics of interest, and all were doing full justice to the barbecued subject. We had succeeded in locating ourselves on the outside of several pounds of tender, luscious bovine, and were feeling very comfortable and happy. Suddenly we thought a fine band, which was in attendance, began discoursing the most delightful music we had ever heard; it was none of your common pieces, such as "The Tune the Old Cow Died On," but genuine operatic airs. The music was soft and low at first, growing gradually louder and louder, until it became almost deafening. At this point we awoke, to find that it was all a dream—only this, and nothing more. The music of the band was displaced by the crowing of several loud-mouthed roosters in the yard, and our visions of fresh beef were succeeded by the realization of the painful fact that such a very desirable article of food can not be had in Covington for love or money. Our meat markets are closed and have been for about two weeks, and our people are pining for fresh meat.

Oh! for a lodge in some vast slaughter-house, where fresh, tender beef is ever present—where suffering for the want of it never comes, and where the charmingly deceitful, intangible vision, becomes a substantial reality.

A woman cured her husband of staying out late at night, by going to the door when he came home, and whispering through the key-hole: "Is that you, Willie?" Her husband's name is John, and he stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open and a revolver under his pillow.

Subscribe for the FARMER.

Married:

McMAHON—SADLER.—At Logtown, Miss., Feb. 16, 1879, by the Rev. C. W. Calhoun, Mr. CHARLES F. McMAHON and Miss KATIE J. SADLER.

[Lines to Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. McMahon, on the occasion of their marriage. Published by request.]

By Mrs. L. CRARY SADLER.

In Heaven's cerulean blue, a cloud
Lay basking in the sun.
Another rose and came so near,
They blended into one.

I watched it float away, away,
And thought it soon would sever;
But no! it floated on and on,
As if 'twas joined forever.

'Twas all the cloud that I could see,
That February day;
A thing of beauty, light it soared,
Nor seemed to fade away.

Charmed at the sight, I watched it still,
As higher and higher it soared.
It seemed aspiring to the height,
Where angels God adored.

Anon, 'twas gone; I thought it was
Like a departing soul—
Glad to be freed from all beneath;
Glad it had reached the goal.

My happy friends, accept the wish,
That like those clouds, you may
Together cling, and as you go,
Be happy as to-day;

And like those clouds, aspire to reach
The clime beyond the sky—
The "sun's bright clime" and golden
shore,

Where love can never die.

West Pearl River, Feb. 25, 1879.

A tramp met Presiding Elder James A. Godfrey, of Amite county, Mississippi, on horseback in the road, a few days since, and demanded of him his watch and his money, which were turned over to him. He then made an effort to dispossess him of his horse, when the divine, becoming enraged, struck him a blow, felling him to the ground, and forcing a pistol from him, demanded a surrender of the money and watch; having secured which, he marched him to Liberty and turned him over to the officers of the law, who immediately ushered him into more appropriate quarters—the jail.

Mr. Godfrey is well known to the citizens of St. Tammany parish, having recently been the Presiding Elder of this District, where his many virtues and kindly disposition secured to him a large circle of friends, who will be pleased to learn of the successful manner in which he demonstrated, to a road agent, the full significance of that ancient text: "Catching a Tartar."

The Morehouse Clarion remarks as follows concerning the State debt: "The Clarion is flatly, firmly and solidly opposed to the repudiation of a single dollar of the honest indebtedness of the State, and all members of the Constitutional Convention, to assemble in New Orleans on April 21st, who are not of the same way of thinking regarding the question of repudiation, are not honest, and will refuse to pay their private debts, no matter how just they may be, if there is any possible way by which they can swindle their creditors. But we are in favor of forcing the holders of all just and valid State bonds, if compulsion should become necessary, to accept a lower rate of interest than that which the State now pays."

Contributors' Column.

[Wishing to give the spice of variety to this department, we invite contributions from our readers in all portions of the parish, on all subjects ranging from grave to gay, useful or humorous. We can not return rejected manuscript. The real name of the author must invariably accompany contributions. Address: Editor FARMER, Covington, La.]

CHILDHOOD DAYS.

Childhood hours are the happiest of our existence; for then, and then only, are we free from the corroding cares of this world. Whenever I hear the gay and happy laugh of a child, it always gives me pleasure. It is the sweetest of music to my ear—the outgoings of a merry, childish heart. Little, innocent children! How wrong it is to be harsh to them; to cause their eyes to fill with tears, their tender lips to quiver with wounded feelings, is very unkind. No. Instead of harshness, children should be treated with gentleness and kindness; for when, in after years, they come to battle with the world and struggle with adversity, they can look back with pleasure to the days of their childhood, as the sunny time of their life. Our good Savior took little children in His arms and blessed them, and when the disciples would have repulsed them, He said, "Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Little children have their griefs and sorrows, which to them are as heavy and hard to bear as greater and more real sorrow is to us. I think their little troubles should be soothed and their little griefs sympathized with, remembering that

"The sunny hours of childhood,
How soon they pass away;
Like flowers in the wildwood,
That once bloomed fresh and gay.
But the perfume of the flowers,
And the freshness of the heart,
Live but a few short hours,
And then for aye depart."

M.

Covington, March 25, 1879.

HISTORICAL EVACUATIONS.—Niagara Falls were very much honored by the visit of Princess Louise and Mr. Lorne. It was only the second time that the waters had flashed with delight in the smile of royalty. Her Royal Highness said: "How quite too lovely; don't speak, let me drink in the whole scene." She subsequently remarked: "I never have nor never shall see such a grand sight again. What I would have missed had I not seen it!" An English tourist at the falls of the Rhine said, in the hearing of Coleridge, that it was "a majestic waterfall." The poet was pleased with the phrase, and said so. This encouraged the tourist so much that he went on to say that it was "one of the majestickest things of the kind he ever see"—which spoilt it all. If Princess Louise, when she stood in view of the Falls, had simply said "Don't speak," and kept silence herself, the effect would have been better. When Grant was gazing on the ruins of the Coliseum, he showed more reticence. He merely rolled his cigar over in his mouth, and feelingly remarked to his companion: "Let's take something to drink."—Baltimore Gazette.

A colored preacher, a short time ago, gave out the following announcement: "Brothers and sisters, next Sunday, the Lord willing, there will be a baptizing in this place, the candidates being four adults and three adultresses."

PLEASE, GOD, SEND ME THREE COPECKS.—A Government functionary in St. Petersburg, living in the outskirts of that city, died a few weeks ago in utter destitution, leaving behind him, motherless and without friends or relations, two little children—one a boy of seven and the other a girl of three. Left in the house alone, without money or food, the boy did not know what to do to get bread for his sister. At last, urged by the little one's tears, he wrote on a piece of paper: "Please, God, send me three topecks (a penny) to buy my little sister a roll," and went to the nearest church to slip it into an alms-box, believing, in his simplicity, that the prayer would reach heaven through this medium. A priest, passing by, observed the child on tiptoe, trying to thrust the paper in, and, taking it from him, read the message. Returning home with the child, he took the little ones to his house and gave them the food and clothing they so much needed. The following Sunday he preached a sermon on charity, in which he referred to the incident, and afterward went round with the plate. When the offerings were counted it was found that the congregation had given 150 roubles, or nearly \$1000.

New Advertisements.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the

Washington and St. Tammany Transportation Company,

Held on next TUESDAY, April 2d, 1879, at the Courthouse, in Covington.

Punctual attendance is requested, as important business will be transacted.

J. F. CHAMBERS, President.

SUCCESSION OF J. SCHUSTER.

Probate Court for the Parish of St. Tammany—State of Louisiana—No. 119.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of this estate, and to all other persons herein interested, to show cause within ten days from the present notification, if any they have or can, why the account presented by the administrator of this estate should not be approved and homologated, and the funds distributed in accordance therewith.

By order of the court.

WM. C. MORGAN, Clerk.

Covington, La., March 29, 1879.

SUCCESSION OF A. KIRKLAND.

Parish Court for the parish of St. Tammany—State of Louisiana—No. 117.

By virtue of an order of sale to me directed from the honorable the Parish Court of the Parish of St. Tammany, La., bearing date March 6, 1879, I will proceed to sell at public auction, at the door of the Courthouse, town of Covington, St. Tammany parish, La., at 12 o'clock M., on SATURDAY, the 12th day of April, 1879, the following described property, to-wit:

All the right, title and interest of the above succession in and to all that portion of section 43, T. 4, and that portion of section 37, T. 5, south range 9 east, lying west of Tchoufunct river, in the parish of Tangipahoa, Louisiana.

Terms of sale—Cash.

WM. C. MORGAN, Administrator.

Covington, March 8, 1879.

MRS. MARY STRATTMAN, WIFE OF CHAS. STRATTMAN, vs. PATRICK CORCORAN.

Sixth Justice's Court, Parish of St. Tammany—State of Louisiana.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias from the honorable the aforesaid court, dated December 11, 1878, and to me directed, I will proceed to sell at public auction at the door of the Courthouse, in the town of Covington, parish and State aforesaid, on SATURDAY, the 5th day of April, 1879, between legal sale hours, the following described property, to-wit:

A BLACK HORSE MULE AND A ONE HORSE WAGON.

Seized in the above entitled suit.

Terms of sale—Cash.

S. B. STAPLES, Constable.

Covington, La., March 22, 1879.