

## THE ST. TAMMANY FARMER.

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

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### National Democratic Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT:  
**W. S. HANCOCK,**  
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,  
**W. H. ENGLISH,**  
OF INDIANA.

The nomination of Hancock slaughters Garfield.

What has become of Grant and Blaine? And one John Sherman has not been heard of lately.

The *Southern Watchman* announces Hon. Henry Skipwith as a candidate for Congressional nomination in this District.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not. Garfield will know how it is with himself in November next.

Hon. E. W. Robertson has published an address to his constituents, which is too long for our columns, and which confirms us in our opinion that he ought to be renominated.

The editor of the *Morehouse Clarion* recently rode five miles in the country to attend church. He explains, however, that "curiosity and a desire to recreate" were the prompting motives. Wicked man.

Geo. M. Hoadley, of Ohio, was the temporary chairman of the Cincinnati Convention. He was conducted to the chair by a committee composed of Wm. L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, and John McEnery, of Louisiana.

At the Cincinnati Convention, when the Illinois delegation called at the Hancock headquarters, they were welcomed in a speech by Hon. E. John Ellis. We have no doubt that Mr. Ellis did full justice to the occasion, for he is an eloquent and attractive speaker.

The Republicans at the Chicago Convention gave Taylor Beattie such a rough deal that he has declined to run for Congress. The Grant delegation from this State, when it reached Congress, wasn't more than three inches high. It was very feeble.

The nomination of Hancock was a bombshell weighing about a thousand tons, as it dropped into the New Orleans Customhouse. It will explode about next fourth of March, and then all we can say to Hayes office-holders is, may the Lord have mercy on their souls.

The Administrator of Finance of the city of New Orleans makes a pathetic appeal to the tax-payers to walk up and settle their taxes, in order that the school teachers and police officers may be paid, and the inmates of the asylums fed. He says nothing about the salaries of the administrators. 'Cause why, there is generally a sufficient sum collected monthly to meet their demands.

The *New Orleans Daily States* announces the installment of Judge Hyman as Surveyor of the port, and the retirement, discomfiture and disgust of Gov. Wells. Now the truth is Wells has the same grip on the Customhouse and the administration that he always had. His recommendation secured the appointment of Hyman, and Hyman's first official act was to appoint Gov. Wells' son as his special deputy. Wells is not "busted." He has only changed his position, and Judge Hyman is simply his chief of staff.

## THE TICKET.

It is with sincere pleasure that we announce the Presidential ticket nominated by the Cincinnati Convention, headed by the honored name of General W. S. HANCOCK. The ticket brings no blush to the brow of an honest man, and we have no doubt of its triumphant success. To secure this desirable result, the FARMER will devote its best energies.

About the best pleased man we know of is Col. Harry Gould, the talented editor of the *Livingstonian*. For several months he has carried Gen. Hancock (or rather his name) at the head of his editorial column, as his candidate for President. Indeed, we believe he was the first editor in the State, and perhaps in the United States, to announce Hancock for the Presidency. The action of the Cincinnati Convention brought victory and smiles to the handsome editor, and we are glad of it. If Hancock fails to give Gould a postmastership, then we will be ready and willing to testify that republics are ungrateful.

The other day Gen. Garfield, while on his way home after the adjournment of Congress, made a short stop at Pittsburg, when he was called on for a speech. In a few words he excused himself, but he is reported as having made this statement:

"I have understood that Pittsburg is all right for the party, and that you are prospering here in your industries."

This was not becoming in a man occupying Garfield's position. "I have understood" was intended to convey the idea that the industries of Pittsburg are prospering, when the truth is they are not, and no one knows this fact better than Garfield. Less than a month ago the telegraph announced that in one day twenty-five thousand workers in iron in western Pennsylvania were turned out of employment. And at the very moment he told his audience of toadies that he "understood" that they were prospering, etc., a strike was going on involving the enforced idleness, for an indefinite period, of more than fifty thousand men who work in iron and its various manufactures. Twenty years of Republican misrule have made the laborer the slave of the capitalist and the tool of the monopolist. Mr. Garfield knows that when the men whose daily toil brings bread for themselves and children are thrown out of work, the industries are not prospering; and he dare not tell the truth, but says he "understood," etc., and thereby shows himself a demagogue, instead of a statesman, or even an honest man.

PROPHETIC.—When Gen. Hancock was a boy, attending school at Norristown, he was noted for his studious, thoughtful ways. One bright day the teacher, wishing to compliment and encourage his meritorious young pupil, assured him that if he continued in his exemplary, upright and industrious habits, he might "some day be President." The November election will surely confirm the truthful utterance of that "prophetic soul."

Morris Marks thinks "the people" of the Third Congressional District want him to run for Congress. He could as truthfully declare that when he gets the colic the man in the moon squirms and moans. Morris is a great man when you let him make the estimate, but the few people who are acquainted with him know his value, which is "0."

Major Harris, Commissioner of Agriculture and Immigration, has sent us a package of jute seed, which we propose to divide with any number of our friends who desire to experiment on the jute question. Any one calling at this office

will be supplied with a small quantity, as long as our supply lasts, with the understanding that they will give it a fair trial, and then report to us the result, for the benefit of our readers and the rest of mankind.

In the city of New Orleans there are say twenty thousand people who "do not feel very well." They are not sick, they are simply overworked, or perhaps over-confined is the better way to say it. God never intended men to be confined to an office ten to fifteen hours a day, and they violate nature's laws when they do it, and consequently they must suffer the penalty. One of the evils of our civilization is the sedentary habits of a large class of people who live in the great cities. The lawyers, bankers, brokers, factors, clergymen, editors, merchants, etc., all confine themselves entirely too closely to their business, and the result is that in a few years they become debilitated; they lose their natural appetites; they lack strength and muscle, and belong to the class above mentioned, who "do not feel very well." Such men need no medicine, though it is often taken, in the shape of tonics, bitters, stimulants, etc. This class of people would all find relief and restored health and spirits by a short residence in St. Tammany. The pure air of the piney woods affords the only stimulant necessary. It is nature's great remedy for people who are prematurely worn out by sedentary occupations. No drugs, nor pills, nor plasters, nor blisters can have the same effect on a system poisoned for want of air, or by inhaling the poisoned exhalations of the great cities. St. Tammany parish is Nature's great hospital, where her remedies are administered gratis, and where suffering humanity can regain the health that is denied them in the city. The annual migration from the city to this region is only beginning. Every one who spends a few weeks here is benefitted, and the merits of this region, as a health restorer, are becoming generally known and appreciated.

The nomination of Hancock marks a new departure in the politics of this country, and his election will mark a greater one. The people will rejoice, while there will be mourning in the camps of the plunderers, and the slysters who are trying to save their bacon by holding on to Garfield's coat tail will all find themselves in "outer darkness."

We are sorry to notice, by a special telegram from Clinton, La., to the *New Orleans Democrat*, that the wife of T. M. Green, one of the editors of the *Watchman*, met with a very serious accident last Monday, by stepping on a match, which ignited, setting her clothes on fire, and she is reported to be seriously burned. We sincerely hope her injuries are less extensive than reported to the *Democrat*.

The road to the "bad place" is said to be paved with good intentions. The Rev. Gen. James A. Garfield has doubtless often told this theological truth to his constituents on the Western Reserve; but the people will tell him, about November next, that the road that doesn't lead to the White House is paved with the DeGolyer pavement.

The nomination of Hancock for the Presidency was doubtless due to the action of the democracy of Louisiana, which was the first to endorse him for the position. The result is highly satisfactory to the people of this State, but they will be better pleased after the election.

Garfield, when he was a young man, drove a mule along the tow-path of a canal, and yet the Republican papers persist in telling the country how pure and innocent he is, and that he absolutely knows nothing about cussedness and sin. The idea that a boy who began life

on a canal boat, and as a man, served in Congress and voted for the salary grab, knows nothing of the cussedness of the age, is simply preposterous.

Bentley, of the Donaldsonville Chief, is an orderly sergeant in the artillery service of the State, and we give fair notice to all the enemies of the country that when Sergeant Bentley points his gun and pulls the string, something must drop—that is, if he proves to be as handy with a gun as Le is with a lead pencil.

If the *Ponchatoula Gazette* expects us to read it, we beg to say that it must be printed like other papers. We are too old to learn any new system of word spelling, merely to read the edifying articles in the *Gazette*. The *Gazette* has undertaken a big contract in trying to reform the spelling of the age, and has evidently forgotten that "little boats should keep near shore."

"Men wear clothing as a necessity; woman as an art," says the *Baltimore Gazette*, and the next day it remarked that it liked artless girls.

### NECESSITY OF LEGISLATIVE ACTION.

[New Orleans Daily States.]

Whether an extra session of the Legislature shall be called is not a question of choice and expediency, but one involving the maintenance of the government.

No tax on real and personal property can be imposed or collected unless it has been preceded by a valid and legal assessment. This rule is elementary and the prerequisite of listing and assessment cannot be dispensed with. By the fifth section of statute No. 77, of 1880, the assessment of 1879 has been superseded by that to be made in 1880, and we are therefore without assessment upon which to base the taxes of this year. True the assessors are busily engaged throughout the State in obtaining data to make up the rolls, but can they complete them, and, if completed under present legislation, can taxes be collected under them? Certainly not.

Article 203 of the Constitution of 1879 provides that taxation shall be equal and uniform, and directs that "in order to arrive at this equality and uniformity the General Assembly shall, at its first session after the adoption of this Constitution, provide a system of equality and uniformity in assessments, based upon the relative value of property in the different portions of the State." And that "the valuation put upon property for the purposes of State taxation shall be taken as the proper valuation for purposes of local taxation in every subdivision of the State." The consequence is that no valid assessment can be made until the system provided for by the Constitution has been adopted, and that no tax can be collected in any subdivision of the State because there is no assessment under which it can be imposed. In fact we are completely hampered and paralyzed in all our measures of revenue unless we can find the required enabling act, and yet search the statutes of 1880 from beginning to end and nowhere will it be found.

Twice does the legislature point to the necessity for such an act—sections 18 and 20 of act No. 77 of 1880—first by directing the assessors to estimate all property subject to taxation at its cash value "under such rules as may be established by a system of equalization of the property of the State, under Art. 203 of the constitution," and second, when prescribing the duties of the assessors for the parish of Orleans for the assessment of 1880, "to the end that the actual cash value may be ascertained, being governed by a proper system of equality and uniformity in assessments, based upon the relative value of property in the different portions of the State, under article 203 of the constitution;" but the needed, indispensable law to give vitality to the system is missing, and hence not a legal step can be taken in the direction of assessing and collecting taxes for the year 1880.

In view, then, of this deficiency in the legislation of the State and of the obstacles thrown in the way of the proper collection of the revenue, the necessity and importance of an extra session of the General Assembly must be generally admitted, if for no other purposes than to adjust these serious difficulties which have grown out of insufficient and defective legislation.

## SOUTHDOWN SHEEP.

Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, writes as follows to an exchange:

Southdown sheep are capable of doing more for the nation in sheep breeding than Shorthorns in cattle husbandry. The Shorthorn is adapted to only favorable localities, while the Southdown will flourish wherever native or scrub sheep can live. As soon as possible the poor natives should become extinct by crossing the ewes with bucks of pure breeds, and preferably the Southdown, at least for this region. After long experience with pure bred animals, and careful study, I lay down these general principles:

First—That only pure bloods reproduce their types with certainty.

Second—Pure breeds may be entirely lost by the continued infusion of a preponderance of foreign blood.

Third—How many crosses will make a pure type is unknown. The Shorthorn is a made-up breed, but its type is now fixed, and may be called pure. The Southdown is a pure breed from time immemorial.

Fourth—It is better to stand by pure types, and not to venture beyond first crosses. If certain normal types do well in certain habitats, stick to them and improve them by food and judicious selection; or take the natives to the manor born and improve them.

I venture to say that the Southdown is destined to be the sheep of this continent. Because it has a long antiquity of pure blood; it is hardy; the wool is fine, warm and strong; it is prolific; a good milker; it takes on fat well, the fat mixed with lean making the best of mutton.

It is true that the Cotswold and some other breeds have more wool; but I deny that it is of equal quality; and it yet remains a question whether the same expenditure will produce more wool in Cotswolds than in Southdowns. Wool aside, the other superior qualities of the Southdown to all other sheep remain unquestioned.

I now make a few suggestions in regard to some of the details of my first article. I give two gills or less of Indian corn a day to each sheep, and they have as much winter grass as they can eat. I do not object to oats, turnips and other feed, but deem a variety an advantage. A smaller quantity of corn is better than none, as it also acts as a tonic to the stomach and intestines, and always shows itself in the life of the sheep, and the compactness and oil of the coat.

The flock being under cover, it is advisable, perhaps, to catch the ewe that disowns her lambs and force it to suck; but where the sheep are at pasture, as in my system, to drive up the whole flock, which would be necessary to catch one, surely would do more injury to the flock than good. Hence the labor of hand raising must be substituted. It is not generally known that a ram out of the rutting season is as good mutton as a wether, when as fat.

Some years ago I bought a premium ram at the Bourbon county fair, and thoughtlessly turned him into a flock of rams, who fought him and broke him down in the fore legs. I at once butchered him, then four years old, and found him as fine mutton as I ever ate. My rule is to castrate only the very inferior lambs, as then I have all the best to select from as breeds and for sale; the remnant can go to the butcher when a year old and upward.

The Merino has been improved in the weight of the fleece; the same can be and has been done to a great extent with the Southdown. The buck "No. 17," which I imported, and bought of Lord Walsingham, of England, has wool almost as long as a Cotswold, yet fine and very compact. And his fine mutton qualities are of the first order. I regard bucks one and two years old as the best breeders, yet lambs dropped in March have at times impregnated a few of my ewes, before being taken out in October; but the use of buck or ewe lambs under one year old is not advisable.

For ten years I have used bells on my sheep—one bell to five sheep—and have lost none in that time by dogs. The sheep killers are timid, and the bells frighten them. The ordinary sheep bell is too small. I use cow bells, but hope to have an intermediate size manufactured. Different sizes and tones are pleasant to the ear—to the sheep cultivator, an agreeable band of music.

The guardian angels of the Republican party—Eliza Pickston, and the woman who patched the—knee of Garfield's breeches when he had only one pair.