

**THE ST. TAMMANY FARMER**

**Official Journal of the Parish of St. Tammany.**

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

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.

COVINGTON, LA.:

Saturday, July 10, 1880.

The Grant men are waiting until 1881 to get even with their enemies.

The Baton Rouge *Capitolian* endorses Congressman Robertson for renomination.

If reports are true, the cotton worm is preparing to advance the price of cotton.

In this neighborhood, the people are about in the middle of a magnificent fig harvest.

Complete census returns show that Chicago has a population of 501,979 inhabitants.

On the 8th of August, the delegates from the Sixth Congressional District will meet in Baton Rouge, to nominate a candidate for Congress.

The *Texas Farmer and Orchardist* in its last issue has twenty-eight announcements of candidates. The Texas crop of office hunters is evidently a promising one.

At the Sunday picnics in New Orleans, the first thing on the programme is to thrash the police. When this duty is performed, the regular exercises can begin.

The Republican papers have found out—so they say—that Hancock wears corsets. This is a terrible discovery, but, in our opinion, not quite as serious as if he had been proved a liar and a perjurer.

When we read in a paper the statement that Hancock wears corsets, we are reminded that the editor who first wrote the paragraph had better keep shady when the fool-killer is about his neighborhood.

Hon. E. John Ellis is a candidate for re-nomination in the Second District. As the same reasons apply that we gave a week or two ago why our own Congressman should be renominated, we earnestly hope he may succeed.

Don Cameron was a stalwart Grant man. When his idol was cracked at Chicago, he was taken sick, and says he is not able to work for the election of Garfield. How many of the three hundred and six Grant men at Chicago have the same complaint?

Harry Gould, of the *Livingstonian*, denies that he was the first man to announce Hancock for the Presidency, and asserts that Col. McGranie, of the *Ouachita Telegraph*, was about a week ahead of him. This action, on the part of Gould, is another evidence that honesty and modesty are not obsolete virtues among editors.

**OUR MAILS.**

Covington has a daily mail from New Orleans. That is, the Government has a contractor for carrying a daily mail, and we get our mail when we can, or when it comes. This week, Tuesday's New Orleans papers were received Tuesday evening. The mail contractor regularly delivered the mail bags, but no more daily papers arrived until Thursday evening. On Wednesday the mail bag was empty, except a few letters and a package for Key West, Fla. Now this is not an unusual thing. At no time since the establishment of our daily mail has this been different. This fact shows the mismanagement of the New Orleans postoffice. Under Hayes' civil service regulations, everybody about the office, from the postmaster to the porter, are so much afraid of losing their places that they devote twice as much time laying plans to hold on, as they do to their official duties. And in the meantime, the mail bags on a daily line go out empty, and people who subscribe for and should receive the daily papers do without them, while the Government pays for their delivery every day. Thus because the postoffice employees in New Orleans are too worthless or inefficient to do their duty, the Government and people are both robbed. Now we submit that a people who know their rights are not going to quietly stand such an outrage, and we beg to say to the postoffice authorities and employees in New Orleans, that if our daily mail is hereafter properly attended to, it will save trouble.

The New Orleans papers have recently had a great deal to say about the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad, and its immediate construction by a company that has plenty of money and wants no subsidies or favors from anybody. This road, which is projected to cross Lake Ponchartrain to Lewisburg, would, if built, be of advantage to St. Tammany parish, and the road would doubtless be a paying one, as it would shorten the distance to the Eastern cities nearly a hundred miles. While the road should be built, we fail to see any immediate prospect in that direction. There is nobody in New Orleans, that we can hear of, interested in it. The reputed managers, directors, etc., go to the city to hold their meetings, when they might as well hold them at some other point nearer their own places of business. There is an air of mystery about their movements that does not look business-like, to say the least. Without a charter or some other authority from Congress, a railroad can not be built across Lake Ponchartrain, and we do not believe Congress has ever taken any action on the subject. This important point has apparently been overlooked by the city papers in discussing this subject. We are in favor of the railroad, but we have little faith in the parties who are talking about building it.

Hayes removed Arthur from the office of Collector of the Port of New York, because of his villainy. Now Arthur ornaments the Republican ticket as a candidate for the Vice Presidency. Thus it would appear that Hayes is a fool, or the Republican party made a mistake in nominating Arthur. It is not unlikely that both these propositions are true.

The removal of Lewis from the Naval Office in New Orleans shows the determination of the Warmoth clique to break the political head of every Grant man in the State. Warmoth personally hates Grant, and as he cannot reach "the boss," he goes for his friends who are in office. Lewis is a trickster, and nothing more, and there is no sorrow except his own over his suspension. Dumont, his successor, is no better. During the war he was a

registered enemy, and as extremes follow each other, he is now a stalwart radical.

Several contributions crowded out this week.

While the contest between Garfield and Hancock is going on, the people are nearly forgetting that the Greenbackers have a Presidential ticket in the field. We may be mistaken, but it is our opinion that this Greenback party is of more importance than it gets credit for.

Seeing that Executive lightning from Washington hit Naval Officer Lewis between the eyes, it is not surprising that the daily mail bag for Covington should contain nothing of any account except a package for Key West. When postoffice employees have the "horrors," they cannot attend to business.

People in New Orleans who want a nice, cheap trip to the country, without any dust, do not buy a railroad ticket, but take passage on one of the Lake steamers for Covington, where they can enjoy one of the pleasantest trips in the South, and at the same time get a sniff of the pure piney woods air.

The Fourth of July was a very quiet day in our quiet town. So far as we know, nobody got drunk because it was the anniversary of the birthday of Freedom. We had no cannon to fire a salute, and therefore there were no premature discharges and nobody crippled—and no doctor's services required.

The contract for furnishing the Louisiana soldiers who lost a leg or an arm during the late war, has been awarded to Mr. A. McDermott, No. 153 Camp street, a gentleman noted for his remarkable skill in the manufacturing of artificial limbs, and his high sense of honor. Parties interested can get all the necessary information by applying to him.

If the Angel Gabriel waits until after Hancock is elected, and then places one foot on the land and the other on the sea, and sounds a great reveille, he will have hard work to find a large number of the heavy Republican politicians in this State. They will crawl so far into their holes that they will never hear the Archangel's final trump. And in our opinion that is the only wise thing they can do.

This summer a large number of invalids are located in Covington and vicinity, and so far Miss Reese, who died last Sunday morning at the Martindale House, is the only death that has occurred. A couple of months ago she was brought here from New Orleans, in the hope that the pure air of St. Tammany would arrest the ravages of consumption and restore her health; but she was beyond the reach of any earthly aid. Her remains were taken to New Orleans.

THE MRS. SURRAT CASE.—The Republican papers are very anxious to attack Gen. Hancock on the subject of the hanging of the unfortunate Mrs. Surrat. But they dare not hold him to any accountability for the act, the deed of a Republican military commission which was ordered by a Republican administration, conducted under Republican auspices. This is a pitiable plight indeed for the Republican organs to find themselves in. With them "I would" waits cringing on "I dare not." The heirs of the cruel regime that made possible the execution of Mrs. Surrat now find the record of the past confronting them, and it is doubtless a sorrowful reflection for them that the only man immediately connected with that crime who occupied the attitude of an unwilling participant in the tragedy is now the Democratic candidate for the presidency. General Hancock alone of all those whose official destiny associated them with the execution of Mrs. Surrat stands out boldly in the light of a reflected

charity and mercy. He would have saved her, could he have done so. But the determined malice of the many proved too much for the charitable sympathies of the man whose lot it was merely to carry out what his Republican superiors had ordered.—*Washington Gazette.*

**COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.**

COUNCIL HALL,  
Covington, July 7, 1880.

The Council met on the above date, at 8 P. M.

Present—E. R. Randolph, Mayor; H. J. Smith, Jas. O. Poole, W. H. Davenport, F. A. Guyol and Wm. Brenan.

Absent—Jus. Taylor.  
The Council proceeded to organize by electing the following officers: Secretary—W. G. Kentzel. Treasurer—J. Cahier. Marshal—Wm. Reagan.

The following committees were then appointed:

Finance Committee—W. Brenan, J. O. Poole, F. A. Guyol.  
Committee on Streets—H. J. Smith, Jas. Taylor, W. H. Davenport.

Guardian of Cemetery—F. Dusse. The salary of the Secretary was fixed at five dollars per month.

A resolution was adopted, that the members receive one dollar per meeting for their services.

A motion to reconsider the above resolution was postponed until next meeting.

The Secretary was authorized to purchase an Ordinance book.

A resolution was then adopted, that the regular meetings of the Council be held on the first Tuesday in every month.

The Council then adjourned.

E. R. RANDOLPH, Mayor.  
W. G. KENTZEL, Secretary.

**DIED:**

BAND—in Mandeville, St. Tammany parish, La., on Wednesday, July 7, 1880, ALEXANDER, son of Alexander and Adeline T. Band, aged two years and twenty-four days.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

Every woman has the prettiest baby and the best looking husband.

Four thousand beeves per day are consumed by the people of New York.

They are leaving "hell" and "damnation" out of the new English version of the Bible.

How singular that woman travels anywhere without a pistol, when boys must have one for fear of danger.

The Houston and New Orleans railroad proposes putting a fast train between the two cities August 1st.

The Kingston Freeman tells a story of a man in that place who swallowed a hoptoad and was cured of the chills and fever.

Mrs. Lock McBride, Atlanta, Ga., gave birth to the largest healthy baby ever born. Weight, twenty pounds and ten ounces.

It costs more to clothe and feed a man in prison, try, and hang him than it does to teach him his duties and responsibilities as an American citizen.

The Mexican Central railroad is said to have been commenced on the 25th of May, near the city of Mexico, and is to extend to the American frontier on the Rio Grande. Howard Schuyler is the chief engineer.

Every farmer knows that exposing potatoes too long to the rays of the sun, or exposing to plenty of light and air, will soon ruin them. A good farmer will dig and dry potatoes at the proper time, as quick as convenient, and take them to his dark cellar without delay, being careful not to have too many in one bin. Potatoes which are fine and mealy when dug, treated in this manner, will remain good until new early potatoes are ripe.

The Clinton (La.) journals announce Hon. Henry Skipwith, of East Feliciana, as a candidate, before the nominating convention, for Congress from this, the Sixth Congressional District.

While we willingly acknowledge that the gentleman has ever used strenuous exertions in behalf of the Florida Parishes, while we admit that he is amply possessed of all the requisites to advocate the wants

and ably represent the entire District, while we fully believe that our people here, as well as our representatives at Washington, would find in him an earnest worker and a staunch ally, we would not advise a change, we would not urge the claims of another so long as the "tried and true"—the gallant, veteran Robertson stands before the people. There may be as able, but his superior is yet to be found.

Yet, the choice of the Convention will command our efforts.—*Livingstonian.*

[Communicated.]

The author of the following beautiful lines was born and spent his boyhood days in Covington. He wrote the lines while spending a summer here among the pines, with the hope of recovering his health. He was soon after "laid gently down to rest."

TO THE PINES.

A Reverie.

Oh! ye grave and stately pines, bend down your verdant crests, and let your branches, each a well-strung harp, sing to earth's sad child the low, sweet, solemn song he loves so well to hear. Your fragrance, wafted so gently upon the summer zephyrs, lulls tired brain and jaded heart to rest, and your shadows, shimmering in the sun's bright rays, fall like a benediction around my frail and languid frame. Long ere my feet had trod this, my natal soil, your lofty boughs danced in the golden light of the morning sun; your cones shed down on countless living things a dainty feast; and your forests, in those peaceful glades when scarce an echo the stillness broke, chanted in sweet and mournful measure, the praise which Nature in her majesty eternally pours into the ear of God. How peacefully the hours slumber away their brief life within your charmed circle! How drowsily even silence itself reposes under the spell of thy sad haunting refrain, the chords of whose music steal through our hearts like tender memories of the past! O! friends of my boyhood, rife with fond reminiscences, redolent of glorious scenes and happy recollections of the bygone, what heart can calmly view your ruin by the woodman's ungenerous blow! Nay, let man, for the base use of his necessity, seek the destruction of your less favored brethren of the forests, and leave you, my majestic pines, still to bend your buovent tops to the passing breeze and brave the frenzy of the storm. Reclining within your grassy shade, I am again the happy, dreamy boy of twelve years ago. Gone are the heartaches, the crimes, the remorse, the unavailing tears of the later time. O! Oblivion, enfold me within thy mystic robes, press me closely to thy shadowy breast, softly kiss away the sense which maketh me the immortal I am, and lay me gently down, to rest on the broad river whose waters are nepenthe.

c. w. c.

DRIVING HORSES.—Driving horses begins with the colt, and as he is broken, that is the kind of a horse he will make. If he is broke as a slouch, that is the kind of a horse he will be. It is just as easy to break a colt right as any other way. Some are in too big a hurry. My idea is to have the colt thoroughly broke before you attempt to hitch him up; that is, get him so he is not afraid of the harness; so he will stop when you tell him to. Teach him to back, go ahead, and not to be afraid of the tugs, even if they are drawn between his hind legs. Do not whip him unless it is actually necessary. Better caress than whip, especially if he is of a nervous temperament. Add all the style you can, for that is what sells for money. If your horse is broke as he should be, you know when and where you can trust him without being kicked or run away with, and if broken in a slouchy way you can never trust him. Some like to see nice horses, but are too "shiftless" to have any of their own. They are either too lazy to take care of them, or too big slouches to hitch them up as they should be, to drive well. Some yell at their horses as though they were deaf. This does no good, as it only aggravates them and makes them worse. Be gentle with your horse and he will be gentle with you. Do not jerk him as though he had no feeling. Imagine yourself in his place, with an iron bit in your mouth and somebody jerking at the rate of five hundred pounds a minute, as some of them do when they get mad, and swear because the horse has got out of his place. Stop and think—is it the horse or you that is to blame?—*Practical Farmer.*