THE ST. TAMMANY FARMER

Official Journal of the Parish of St. Tammany.

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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.

FOR CONGRESS,
Col. E. W. ROBERTSON
OF EAST BATON ROUGE.

COVINGTON, LA.:
Saturday, August 14, 1880.

"He stretcheth out the North over the empty place, and hangeth the Earth upon nothing."—Job, xxvi, 7.

In New Orleans mad dogs continue to bite people.

Gen. King has been renominated for Congress in the Fifth District.

The railroad from New Orleans to Houston will be open for business next Friday.

As was expected, Hon. E. W. Robertson has been renominated for Congress in this District.

Hayes is the first man to serve as President who was not elected. If Garfield can get in the White House he will be the first perjurer and salary grabber.

Morris Marks won a glorious victory in the Third Congressional District, when Darrel was nominated and he was defeated. Marks' proper place is at the small end of the horn.

The recent Congressional Convention at Baton Rouge organized a Central Executive Committee, consisting of one member from each parish. Mr. J. R. Hosmer is the member from this parish.

The really great men in the Republican party in this State, have all pegged out but about three, say Pitkin, Pardee and Morris Marks. This Triumvirate is beautiful to look upon, but it is not of much account.

The Jona of the Gretna *Courier* says his "namesake was the first of the male species who wore crinoline," but he says nothing and evidently knows nothing about the time the "female species" began the same thing."

The Gretna *Courier* advertises for sale for taxes a large slice of the city of Kenner. This bankrupt frog-pond should be wiped off the face of the earth. It has been a public nuisance since the day it was organized.

The New Orleans *City Item* has an illustrated article descriptive of last Sunday's fight at the Old Landing. There must be a great lack of news in the city when a couple of little piney woods boys can get up such an article by merely rolling one another over once or twice in the sand.

THE PRESS CONVENTION.

We sincerely hope the movement in favor of a Press Convention will not be permitted to stop until it has succeeded. As to where it shall meet, we submit that it ought not to meet in New Orleans. That city is so full of rings and its daily press so corrupt that the good people of this State would no longer submit to the Capitol remaining there, and by a large vote established it at Baton Rouge. Such a place is unfit to entertain the gentlemen who will compose the coming Press Convention of this State, a large majority of whom will be from the country. Outside of the city we have little preference. Covington is not without superior inducements. All from the Attakapas region would find this place of easy and pleasant access. After this place comes Baton Rouge, the beautiful capital city of the State, and a meeting of the convention there would be entirely acceptable to us. Taking it for granted that the convention will meet either in Covington or Baton Rouge, we drop that part of the subject. Let the convention be called about the first of October, and the editor of every weekly paper in the State should make it his duty to attend. The editors of the State want to be better acquainted. We want to see Jona, of the Gretna *Courier*. We want to shake hands with the veteran Hyams, of the *Sugar Planter*, and in truth, to greet all the lead pencil brigade in the State. Then we want them to see us, our muscular tissue, and admire the new suit of clothes that we shall wear on that occasion—if we can get credit for it.

The other day, at Chatauqua, N. Y., Garfield did a very sensible thing. He attended a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and when called on for a speech, said: "This is not, in my judgment, a proper time or place for me to make a speech." Garfield making a speech to a Young Men's Christian Association would make a horse quit his oats to laugh.

In 1876 the pious fraud that now occupies the President's chair could not get there unless the vote of Louisiana was counted for him. Now this State is conceded to Hancock by the official Republican address, signed by Pardee and Pitkin. Now where have the Republicans gained, since 1876, enough to do without the vote of this State and yet elect Garfield? The Republican party is like the little boy who whistled as he walked through a graveyard at midnight, not because he was scared, but to keep his courage up.

Did St. John have in his prophetic eye the Republican party of Louisiana when, on the Isle of Patmos, nearly two thousand years ago, he recorded his visions and sent them to the Seven churches in Asia? Here is what he saw:

"And I beheld another beast coming up out of the earth; and he had two horns like a lamb, and he spake like a dragon."

Is it not probable that St. John saw in this vision the Republican party, with its two State committees, (or horns,) and when the beast "spake as a dragon," Pardee's address to the beneficiaries of the Government in the Customhouse, begging for money, was alluded to? Thus are the ancient prophecies being fulfilled and understood.

The last lingering relic in this State of the Kellogg and Durell partnership, except Kellogg himself, was the Second Judicial District Court for the Sixth and Seventh Judicial Districts of New Orleans. If there ever was a regular "sweat box," in which the tax-payers had to suffer, it was this court. By some hocus pocus, known only in the mysteries of Radical legislation, this court was continued long after everybody but its officers and a few toadies desired it abolished. The hand of Destiny was against it, as also the new constitution, and it died at last a lingering and painful death on the last day of July. The ex-judge of this court is now engaged in collecting two per cent. a month of the salaries of the Customhouse employees for Garfield campaign purposes, and candor compels us to acknowledge that in our opinion this broad State contains no man more competent for that important duty.

Have the people who were going to begin work on the Northeastern Railroad on the 1st of August all died? We fail to hear the voice of the New Orleans papers crying "Woolliffe! Woolliffe!"—perhaps because there is none.

Gen. Sypher, now of Washington, is credited with saying that the Republican party had forever lost its grip on the colored vote of the South. It is a great truth, that with the defeat of Grant the colored voter has lost his faith in the Republican party.

In order that the city papers may all feel easy about the Sunday fights at Old Landing, we remark that hereafter, as long as any danger exists, we will each Sabbath morning send our d—l to the Landing, with instructions to read the riot act in case any more little boys come up from Madissonville. We are certain this precaution will keep things peaceful.

The *Daily States* says Tom Scott and Jay Gould have secured a "controlling interest in the New Orleans and Pacific Railroad, in order to secure an outlet to New Orleans for six thousand miles of railroad now under their control." This pair of New York gamblers build the New Orleans and Texas Road in order to get the cotton of the Red River Valley to New York. They don't care a nickel for an outlet to New Orleans—they go the other way.

About half the papers in the State have, in some shape or other, appropriated our paragraph of a couple of weeks ago, about the successful bear hunt on Pearl River, but very few gave us any credit. This omission, we suppose, is due to the fact that some of the city papers stole that item, and our country brethren found it without credit. It always strengthens our faith in the doctrine of "total depravity" to find from one to a dozen of our paragraphs in the city dailies without credit. A daily paper ought to be above cabbaging items from a little fellow like the FARMER, and we shall try and break it up, by hereafter pointing our lead pencil at the head of the transgressor.

It has sometimes occurred, when copy was scarce, that we have clipped an item from one of the city papers, which was always properly credited. So far as we know, the country press universally respects the customary courtesies of the profession in this matter, and always give proper credit. How is it with the city papers? The most of them mercilessly steal items from the country papers and publish them without any credit or remorse. We appeal to our country friends of the press to help us break up this nefarious, selfish practice. Some of us may be little and poor, and live in the country, and may not have many items to steal, but we have our rights, and for one, the FARMER will maintain them. Will anybody help?

We notice that the *Daily States*, the youngest and in some respects the best of the New Orleans dailies, is soon to be enlarged and otherwise improved. We are glad to see the *Daily States* in so flourishing a condition. The great want of New Orleans is a cheap, independent, courageous newspaper, that will not join the first ring that will promise it the city or State printing. The bane of an independent daily paper in a city like New Orleans is public printing. No paper can justly claim to be independent, and at the same time be an "official journal" for either city or State. We hope the *Daily States* will be able to maintain its present enviable position as an independent, plucky paper.

The "best friends" of the darkie in Louisiana want his vote, but they do not want him to have office. Of the eight Presidential electors in this State, two are free-born colored Creoles, so white that no trace of African blood is visible—and only one freedman, and he is not black. The balance of the ticket are generally broken down white office hunters, who could not get the Republican vote in their wards for constable.

Dr. Tanner has completed his forty days' fast without any serious results, and now he is amusing himself by eating about twenty times a day, and increasing his avoirdupois three or four pounds every twenty-four hours. This is rather a sockdologer on the "scientific" men who declared he could not succeed. Dr. Tanner's fast has well established one proposition, and that is that the "scientific" men of this country do not know everything about matters they pretend to fully understand.

What is the reason that the *States* and *Item* of last Saturday were not received here until Tuesday night? A daily mail from New Orleans is not of much use to Covington, if our New Orleans daily papers are three days old when we get them. This thing will doubtless continue as long as the employees of the New Orleans Postoffice are struggling to keep their places, and trying to dodge Pardee's two per cent. per month assessment on their salaries. We cannot expect them to do so many things at a time.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

[J. G. Holland, in Scribner's Magazine.]

Mr. Curtis once asked Mr. Greeley, in response to a similar question put to him by the great editor, "How do you know, Mr. Greeley, when you have succeeded in a public address?" Mr. Greeley, not averse to the perpetration of a mere joke at his own expense, replied: "When more stay in than go out.' Mr. Mallock's famous question, answered by himself in a weak way, and repeated by Professor Mivart, and answered in a stronger way, is practically voted on every day, by the entire human race, and decided in the affirmative. "More stay in than go out," for reasons very much less important than those considered by Mr. Mallock and Professor Mivart. There are great multitudes of men who possess neither the Roman Catholic faith nor rightness of life nor love, who yet live out their lives—men who are open to no high consideration, such as would have weight with the Mallocks and Mivarts.

There is a great pleasure in conscious being. So universal is this that, when a man occasionally takes his life, it is considered by those whom he leaves behind him as presumptive proof that he is insane. We say of a man who designedly ends his life that he is not in his right mind. One of the most pathetic things about death is the bidding good-bye to a body that has been the nursery and home of the spirit which it has charmed through the ministry of so many senses.

Men find their pay for living in various ways. Hope may lie to them, but they always believe her, nevertheless. The better things to come of which she tells all men, become indeed, the substance of the things desired; that is, expectation is a constant joy and inspiration. The pay for this day's trouble and toil is in the reward which is expected to-morrow. That reward may never come, but the hope remains; and so long as that lives, it pays to live. It pays some men to live, that they may make money, and command the power that money brings. To what enormous toils and sacrifices the love of money urge a great multitude of men! The judgment of these men as to whether life is worth living is not to be taken at life's close, when they sum up their possession and what they have cost, but while they are living and acting. A man whose life is exhausted may well conclude that what he has won is vanity; but it was not vanity to him while he was winning it, and, in the full possession of his powers, he believed that life was worth living. * * If this be true—that character and duty and love are better than any success without them—then there is no need to say that life is not worth living. But the people who do not succeed, who are unloved, who live lives of pain and want and weakness—what is there for these? A chance for conscious nobility of character and life; and if this be not enough, as it rarely is, a faith, not in a great church, but in a good God, and an immortality that will right the wrongs and heal the evils of the present life, and round into completeness and symmetry its imperfections and deformities. It is not foolish, after all, to raise the question of success or failure in treating a life that is only germinal or fractional.

Written for the FARMER.]

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

TO MISS H. F. S.

I need not write to prove my love,
I need not pen my thoughts with care,
I need not try your heart to move,
My name and love are written there.

But here's a page so spotless now,
I almost fear my pen to touch,
Lest I should mar its purity,
By burning words that tell too much.

That tell too much, to some, perchance,
And seem to them an idle tale;
But not to thee, ah! no, for then
Would paper, pen and language fail.

So I will just record a prayer,
Upon this leaf so fair and white:
May your "pure heart" a leaflet be,
Where Jesus "Blessed" there may write.

West Pearl River, La., Aug. 9, 1880.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

There are hundreds of young men who should be married who are not. To marry early is discreet and wise. And when men and women are of marriageble age, it is wholesome for them to be married. It is not necessary that they should remain single because they stand in poverty, for two can live cheaper than one, if they live with discretion—if they live as they ought to live. If the young man is willing to seem poor when he is poor; if the young woman, being poor, is willing to live poorly; if they are willing to plant their lives together like two seeds, and wait for their growth, and look for their abundance, by and by, and when they have fairly earned it, then it is a good thing for them to come early into this partnership. For characters adapt themselves to each other in early periods of life far more easily than they do afterwards. They who marry early are like vines growing together, and twining round and round each other; whereas, multitudes of those who marry late in life stand side by side like two iron columns, which being separated at the beginning, never come any nearer to each other.

There is no school which God ever opened, or permitted to be opened, which young people can so ill afford, as the school of care and reponsibility and labor in the house-hold; and a young man and young woman marrying, no matter from what scource they come together, no matter how high their fathers have stood, one of the most wholesome things they can do, having married for love, and with discretion, is to be willing to begin at the bottom and bear the burdens of household life, so that they shall have its education.—*Exchange.*