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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, September 11, 1880.

From *We The People*, we get the melancholy news that the Hancock boom is dead.

If Professor Tice knows what he is talking about, the rainy weather is to continue during September.

The influence of the country press is apparent in the result of the scheme for an extra session of the Legislature.

The party which talks so much about an "honest count" had better see to it that it has an honest man, and not a salary grabber, for its candidate.

The Governor has refused to call an extra session of the Legislature. This is gratifying to us, as also the reflection that the FARMER was one of the pioneers against the proposed extra session.

New Orleans has had no yellow fever lately. Its troubles have partly consisted of mad-dogs, hoodlums, highway robbers, burglars, murderers and sneak thieves. Now it has "strikes."

There is some uneasiness in Republican circles about the absence from the State of Don Augustus Pardee, the custodian of the "poker fund" collected from the employees of the Customhouse, ostensibly to carry this State for Garfield.

Gen. Garfield's regiment contained sixty-five officers. Of these four died—three of disease and one was killed in battle. This is a glorious record, that is if keeping away from the "rebels" for three years can be called "glory."

Now comes the startling rumor that Morris Marks is to be removed. We do not believe it. His place in Hayes' administration could not be filled, except, perhaps, with a wooden Indian tobacco sign, and that would not accord with the civil service rules.

We are glad to note that several gentlemen who draw salaries from the State Treasury quarterly, and who were compelled, on account of the hardships attending the earning of the aforesaid salaries, to absent themselves from this sickly climate, have returned in time to draw their warrants for their last quarter's salary.

The committee of the Democratic State Central Committee that waited on Gov. Wiltz to ask him to call an extra session for the benefit of the hoodlums of New Orleans,

must have felt "cheap" when, after exhausting their arguments, the Governor pulled a paper out of his breeches pocket and read his written reasons for refusing.

Taylor Beattie comes down "like a wolf in the fold" on the "sycophants," "lirelings," "traitors," "false leaders" and "treacherous guides" of the Customhouse wing of the Republican party.

The people of Louisiana are willing to pay their taxes when they are levied in strict accordance with the laws and the Constitution, but we do not believe they are anxious to pay when they are illegally assessed.

Of course every Christian who reads the last issue of the *St. Charles Herald* will readily overlook its shortcomings, when they read the excuse of the editor. "A nice little girl" is enough to upset any printing office.

Taylor Beattie's recent address to the Republican party must be interesting reading to the two peas, Pardee and Pitkin, and such fellows, who claim to concentrate in their own corpses all the respectability of the party.

The *Ponchartrou Gazette* is just now engaged in a very interesting religious controversy with Rev. Father Scollard. In this week's issue it has a very creditable article apologizing for the lies it told about him last week.

There are some people who believe the first great duty of a good government is to collect all the taxes possible, and that every good citizen ought to pay, without quibbling, all that he is asked to pay. We are of the opinion that the aforesaid people are wrong-headed.

The unsophisticated editor of the *Sugar Planter* innocently gives his opinion that his Baton Rouge cobbler can not make us a pair of whisky-proof boots. What do you take us for? Do you think we don't know any better than to believe whisky was made to put our feet in?

The Republicans of the Second Congressional District have nominated ex-Governor Hahn for Congress. In the convention he received 17 votes, and Peter Joseph, who was a candidate, because he is black received 7 votes. A "nigger" stands no chance for even a nomination in the Radical party.

The *New Orleans Democrat* publishes a paragraph from the FARMER, without credit, in regard to the amount of cotton shipped from Covington in the year ending September 1, 1880. This time we will permit our readers to say whether this crime comes under the head of manslaughter or petit larceny.

We are glad to see that our handsome friend Hyams, of the *Sugar Planter*, has taken hold of the Press Convention problem with a vigor that means business. He has our full authority to proceed, for we have confidence that he will do those things that ought to be done, and leave undone those things that ought not to be done.

The last issue of the *New Orleans Ledger* contains one good article, copied from the FARMER. That paper does not speak well of our "classic eloquence," and it may be well for us to say that the FARMER is not much in that line, and does not pretend to compete with the *Ledger*, with its six editorials of "classic eloquence" covering seven columns.

The building of locks to connect Harvey's canal with the Mississippi river may seem an unimportant work, yet we are greatly mistaken if the completion of these locks does not begin a revolution in the commerce of the Mississippi Valley. The Government surveys show that in less than ten years the jetties will

be worthless, owing to the bar that is forming in the Gulf. This valley must have a permanent outlet to the sea, and the Barataria route is the only one proposed that will meet the demand. Col. Harvey is not working at random. He is eminently clear-headed and practical, and the completion of his locks will partially open a route that is destined to be the great commercial pathway for all the kingdoms of the earth.

If we were called on to produce a genuine carpet-bagger, and could lay our hand on "Judge" John P. Southworth, we should say "here he is, look at him." The first time the people of Louisiana heard of this fellow, he was appointed United States Commissioner by Judge Woods, of the United States Circuit Court, and came here from Mobile to accept the appointment. He was the Commissioner who, in 1876, issued the famous sewing machine warrants, which was such a fraudulent proceeding that we believe a Republican administration never paid him for his services. He has never done anything in the South except hold office. He has no interest here except his chances for a place under Garfield. He is a proper specimen of the Radical party in this State, and we are not surprised that he has been "sent for" to stump Indiana for Garfield; but we are somewhat surprised to read in the *Chicago Inter Ocean*, of a recent date, his interview with a reporter of that paper. We always thought Kellogg was the champion liar of Louisiana, but "Judge" John P. Southworth must now be awarded the medal that Kellogg has so long worn. This interview is too long for our paper, and we therefore select a few of the lies which the *Inter Ocean* has no more sense than to publish. He says that in Louisiana two classes of registration papers are issued, one for the whites and one for the blacks, called "nigger papers," which were "devised to shut out the niggers" at the polls, and that this "has been going on for fifteen years." That "not a school has been opened in any country parish in two years." "The schools are all private." That the Constitution of the State requires a negro to pay a tax of \$7 before he can bring a civil suit for the collection of wages. That he knows a white man, sentenced to the Penitentiary for murder, whose friends pay the State twenty-five cents a day for his "time," while "he dresses in fine clothes, lives at home and drives about town with his friends." The biggest lie of all is perhaps the statement that at one time he was for forty days guarded wherever he went by two armed men, ostensibly reporters, and paid by Southern Democrats in the interest of the cause.

The foregoing are specimens of the cheekiest lying we ever read. Baron Munchausen and Kellogg ought to feel ashamed of their feeble efforts in the presence of the great Southworth, who, under Republican auspices, is to make political speeches in Indiana for Garfield, the pious saint of the party. We do not mention these lies of Southworth in any complaining spirit. The truth is we do not care how much such asses lie about us. The South is able to take care of itself and protect its own interests, and there is no disposition to whine because a carpet-bagger like Southworth has such a pre-eminent capacity for lying about us. We allude to him as a curiosity in whom we have some pride, in this, that he overtops Kellogg in the only accomplishment that ever distinguished him.

The Greenbackers always seem to be very busy, but there are no results. They remind one of the fellow turning the handle of the peanut roaster. A granger, who had been looking on for half an hour, at last got out of patience, and bawled out: "Hullo! you feller, why don't you play something?"—*Capitolian*.

When Taylor Beattie gets through with his work, the political midgets that are opposing him can not be found with Lord Rosse's telescope. This is an age when cheek and brass against brains will fail to win the fight.

We have stated that the Radical politicians who are fighting Taylor Beattie will be hard to find after he is through with them, but we forgot to say that about that time it might also be some trouble to find Taylor Beattie.

We say to the Democratic party, make good the words of your platform and candidate in regard to the ballot, and if you beat us, we will accept the event without a particle of complaint. Both parties can't win, but all parties are deeply concerned in a square and honest election.—*St. Charles Herald*.

We are sorry we can not say as much in case the Republican candidate is successful. We do not believe we could sleep well if a man who voted for the salary grab was President of the United States.

"Judge" John P. Southworth told the *Chicago Inter Ocean* that the Democrats of Louisiana wanted to kill him. It is our opinion that if the Democrats of this State made it their business to kill Republicans, it would be a long time before they would cut off the "Judge's" wind; but if the "fool killer" should come along, then look out.

The Republican papers ordain that Hancock can not succeed, because the "Boys in Blue" are going to vote for Garfield, and that hundreds of Democrats are "scared" at the Solid South, and will therefore vote for Garfield. Now, how many Democrats who voted for Tilden will refuse to vote for Hancock, on account of the Solid South? Did anybody ever refuse to vote for his party candidate because too many other people voted for him? The "Boys in Blue" did not vote for Tilden, but for Hayes. Of course they will vote for Garfield, for nobody can become a member of the order unless he pledges himself to do so. The Radicals do not expect to carry Louisiana, and as Hancock will carry all the States that voted for Tilden, we do not see how the Radicals can hope to succeed in electing the great salary grab advocate Garfield.

The campaign in Pointe Coupee will be opened on Monday next, 6th inst. Hon. K. A. Cross, of this (East Feliciana) Parish, Presidential Elector, and Hon. E. W. Robertson, Democratic nominee for Congress from this District, have been called upon and will address the people.—*Patriot Democrat*.

A New Jersey farmer heard a strang noise among his hens one night seventeen years ago, and fired a shotgun from his bedroom window. The other day he received \$500 from an unknown man, who stated that having his legs filled with birdshot had made an honest man of him, and now, being about to die, he desired to reward the shooter.

A negro family near Montgomery, Ala., were taken ill, and a voodoo doctor was called in. He said that snakes were the cause of the trouble, that their eggs were in the air and water about the place, and that he would destroy them for \$100. His price was deemed too high. Then the doctor made a pass in the air with his hand, and showed two toy "Egyptian snake eggs," of the kind familiar to children at the North. These had been floating imperceptibly in the air he said. He touched a match to them and uttered some gibberish, while the "snakes" were rapidly extending themselves. This was satisfactory proof of his knowledge and power, and he was paid the \$100.

ALL SORTS.

The man who hanged himself died of his own free will and a cord.

A society belle's motto is, "Face the swells and keep your powder dry."

A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eyes and the purgatory of the purse.

A poet says: "Oh, she was fair, but sorrow left his traces there." What became of the balance of the harness, he don't state.

The waves of the mighty deep may break for centuries upon the rocky reef, but they will never get any flatter broke than we are right now.—*Houston Post*.

The editor of a country paper, having received a bank note detector, returns thanks and modestly asks for some bank notes upon which to test its accuracy.

Smith: "I once possessed a splendid dog, who could always distinguish between a vagabond and respectable person." Jones: "Well, what became of him?" Smith: "Oh, I was obliged to give him away. He bit me."

A little boy of four years was sleeping with his brother, when his mother said: "Why, Tommy, you are lying right in the middle of the bed; what will poor Harry do?" "Well, ma," he replied, "Harry's got both sides."

"Smoke in any room you please," said she. This was three months before marriage. "You've been smoking that nasty, disgusting old pipe in here again, and I declare if the room doesn't smell loud enough to knock a person down!" This was six months after marriage.

The Western lady who read in a newspaper that baking powder was a good thing, thought she'd bake some, and her old man, on arriving where the cabin had stood, said he wouldn't mind the affair so much if she'd have let the dog out before blowing herself and the property to glory in that style.

Not long since a young man devoted four solid hours of his time to writing a poem entitled "The Princess of the Rose," which he respectfully dedicated to his sweetheart. He sent it to a paper for publication, and the printer set it up "The Pimples on her Nose." He never recovered from the shock, and at present is selling patent medicines in Leadville.

YOUNG MEN OF THE PERIOD.

"Priscilla, the Puritan maiden," has the following to say, in the *Chicago Tribune*, about the young men of the day, and maybe, after all, she is not far wrong. At any rate, there is so much said about "the girls of the period," and old maids, a strike at the other sex is not out of place.

At 15 years of age a boy is awkward and extremely likely to be dull at his books; at 17 he sneers at the girls; at 18 he is usually out of school and in some business. He practices twirling a cane, wears a tight overcoat, cultivates a deep cough, and thinks he is manly. At 19 he is so very wise, above the common herd of mankind, and fondly imagines that he has a mustache. At 20 Young America makes love to the girls, calls them "daisies," admires their style (at least, of a certain few, whom in after years he criticises severely for lack of brains.)

When he is 21 there is no house large enough for him; and, for six months or more his friends are made miserable by a contemptible swell. Probably he has been engaged a number of times, and really thought each chosen one a divinity. He stares at the pretty faces, flirts with young ladies who never even see him and lives in a fool's paradise, until he suddenly awakens to discover the remarkable truth, the cruel fact, that he is only an ordinary man after all, and not one of nature's nobleman. He then becomes melancholy and acrimonious, and lashes his tongue and pen against the ladies, blaming them for deceiving him.

They know that to indulge man's vanity makes him good-natured, and an ill-natured man is much worse than a cross-grained old maid, for the flattery and airy nothings which are whispered into willing ears are repaid tenfold in better coin. 'Such' are the young men who think they understand the demands of public opinion."

Oats are the best feed for working horses, as they furnish more nourishment and flesh-making material than any other food.