

THE ST. TAMMANY FARMER

J. E. SMITH, PROPRIETOR
W. G. KENTZEL, EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER.

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New Orleans is flooded with genuine hoodlums and counterfeit money.

The State elections in Iowa and Ohio, this week, both went Republican, as usual.

There has been no improvement this week in the condition of Gov. Wiltz. He is very low, and his death is hourly expected.

The movements of capital are usually governed by sound sense. As a general thing, eight or ten per cent. sounds about right.

The United States Senate, now in session, is politically divided as follows: Democrats, 37; Republicans, 37; Independents, 2.

The dome of the West Point Observatory is to be made of paper. It will be the largest "legal cap" in this country. No foolscap will be used.

The only currency now in circulation in New Orleans, that the counterfeiters cannot imitate, is the "acent." It is coined in the alleys and gutters.

A young lady now goes out walking, With one red and one yellow stocking. It makes people amuse, But as that is the style, She don't care a cent for their talking.

The favorite schooner, F. M. Pippo, got away this week with 62 bales of cotton, 650 barrels of sand, 21 barrels of tar, 7 hides and sundries.

Charles S. Parnell, the Irish Land Leaguer, was arrested and imprisoned in Dublin, last Thursday, on the charge of intimidating tenants from taking the benefit of the land act.

Last Sunday morning Mrs. Sam Porter's buggy was accidentally overturned, near the big bridge. Nobody hurt except the buggy, which was sent to Dr. Losset for treatment.

The corporation of Covington is out of debt, and has money in the Treasury. The credit of the town is at par—its paper is worth precisely 1000 mills on the dollar. We hope to be able to say as much for the parish in a short time.

By the report of the Census Bureau, it is discovered that Louisiana has 4074 square miles, or 2,607,360 acres of land more than are accredited to the State by the United States Land Office.

There was a young lady named Blaque, Who thought that she knew how to maque Her complexion much litre, With sweet sprits of nitre, But there's where she made a mistake.

If the doctor tells you that your child is probably suffering from a painful sensation in the "right external auditory meatus," you needn't be at all alarmed. It's nothing but the ear-ache.

Jack McCann, colored, fell from a cotton wagon, one day this week and broke his knee cap. Dr. Randolph, who attended him, informs us that the injury is a very bad one, and will probably confine him to the house for several weeks.

Many of the ancient phrases will not do for the present age. For instance, there is an old Spanish proverb which says, "a lie has short legs." But that was written when there were not so many people in the world, and the lie didn't have to travel so fast in order to go the rounds.

Senator David Davis, of Illinois, has been elected President pro tem. of the United States Senate, and Senator Bayard, of Delaware, "ousted." Mr. Davis is an Independent, and says that his acceptance of the position involves no obligation to either party.

We learn that all the locks were broken from the doors of the house occupied by Mrs. Walker, one evening this week, during the absence of the family. Chief of Police Reagan should be on the lookout for burglars. They are liable to come here from New Orleans at any time.

Last Tuesday evening, while Mrs. Judge Thompson and her niece, Miss Conley, were out riding, one of the wheels of their buggy came off, and they were thrown to the ground. Fortunately the horse stopped, as soon as the accident occurred, and with the exception of a few slight bruises, they both escaped unhurt.

It appears that the spirit of hoodlumism in New Orleans is not altogether confined to the rank and file of the police force. Several of the leading officers of the force are now on trial for "unofficer-like conduct in houses of ill-fame, drunkenness, oppression in office, insubordination, absence without leave, etc.

The town authorities cannot possibly invest some of the surplus funds in the treasury to better advantage than by having all the gutters cleaned, and the weeds and grass removed, before the rainy season sets in, so that the water can run off, and not stand in the streets or form "wash-outs." Now is a good time to have this work done.

Those very fortunate gentlemen who have received printed invitations to participate in the deliberations of the court, next week, in the capacity of jurymen, will find it greatly to their advantage to be promptly on hand at roll call, as Judge Thompson is in the habit of making a very "fine" discrimination against those who fail to respond.

Bastrop is a queer place. There the papers, in Clarion notes, speak of the condition of the Cotton Plant, and you can get all the comforts of home at a hotel kept by Mrs. Cook. There they have a Gray physician, a Dunn lawyer and a Brown livery-stable man. Peterkin sell you all the dry goods you want, and if you desire any lumber, they'll tell you to go to Heller & Turner.

The Panola Star says that recently, near Sardis, Miss. "the cows were observed to be very much excited, and to act strangely. On observation, it was ascertained that they were digging up a grave. It turned out to be the grave of a butcher." The butcher had doubtless slaughtered some of their antiquated and tough old relatives, and passed it off at the market for choice young veal. This was adding insult to injury. But at last they had their revenge. This should serve as a "grave" warning to all surviving butchers.

Guiteau says that his only motive in "removing" President Garfield was to keep the Republic from falling into the hands of "rebels and Democrats." As that is the very essence of Stalwartism—the fountain from which they derive their political inspiration—his good Republican friends and admirers can scarcely concede that he is insane, without virtually admitting that they are all just as crazy as he is. And if the fact of his entertaining the same political views as themselves is no proof of his insanity, then he must be perfectly sane. In that case, Guiteau simply becomes an ordinary Republican assassin, and as such, deserves to meet the fate of the calm and deliberate murderer that he confesses himself to be.

DEVEREAUX KILLED. — A fatal shooting affray occurred in New Orleans last Thursday, between Thos. Devereaux, Chief Aid of Detectives, and Dave and Mike Hennessy, two members of the force. Devereaux was shot through the head, by Dave Hennessy, and died in a few minutes. Mike Hennessy was shot by Devereaux, and is said to be mortally wounded. The shooting took place at the brokerage office of J. W. Fairfax, on Gravier street. The difficulty was the result of an old feud between the parties, which was intensified by recent charges preferred against each other before the Board of Police Commissioners.

Capt. Rhodes, the oysterman, arrived at the wharf last Wednesday, which probably portends that we are to have an early winter. Last season he didn't appear until February. Like the gentle zephyrs from balmly Southland, cooling the heated brow of the weary toiler in the mid-day sun, the arrival of the oyster boat was hailed with gratitude and delight—also with tin buckets, pitchers, jars, cans, and anything that would hold a good supply of the delicious morsels. The demand was so great that Capt. Rhodes soon sold out, and went on his way rejoicing—vanished like a pleasant dream! We hope he will return before many days, when he will be received a bras ouverts!

The Committee on Improvements of the Town Council will receive sealed bids, until twelve o'clock today, for the position of Cemetery Warden. The contract will be given to the lowest and best bidder, the Council reserving the right to reject any and all bids. We hope some competent and responsible man will receive the position. The Cemetery is in a very bad condition at present, and considerable work will be required to put it in proper condition for All Saints' Day.

"What does it signify?" There is an article now going the rounds of the press, headed with the above question, announcing that a new comet appeared at the same hour when President Garfield was breathing his last. Taking the discovery of this new comet into consideration, together with the fact that a certain patent pill man in New York is offering \$200 for the discovery of new comets, it simply "signifies" that he (the patent pill man) is getting an enormous amount of free advertising from our gullible brethren of the press.

Prof. Huxley says that "the living body is a synthesis of innumerable physiological elements, each of which may be described in Wolf's language as a fluid possessed of a vis essentialis and a solid escibilitas, or in modern phrase, as protoplasm susceptible of structural metamorphosis and functional metabolism." Much obliged to the Professor for the information. We have heretofore labored under the impression that the living body was composed of nothing but flesh and blood, muscles and nerves, bones and sinews, with a fair sprinkling of brass for the cheek.

A steamer from New York will arrive at New Orleans to-day with the first instalment of farm hands for the Louisiana planters. We believe there is no scarcity of labor in this parish, at present. But if any of those farm hands desire to do so, they can come over here and go to farming for themselves, which is much better than working for others.

An eminent scientist says that putting sugar in coffee "is not only a pleasant practice, but one contributing to digestion." In our opinion, it also improves the taste of the coffee. We advise our readers to try it that way, just to satisfy their curiosity, if for nothing else.

There are about 500 worthless, sheep-killing dogs in this parish, to every good and useful dog. In some instances dogs are considered beneficial and necessary, provided they have owners, and are the right kind of dogs. We think the dog crop of St. Tammany ought to be utilized for the public good. About the best way to do this would be to levy a tax on all dogs, for the benefit of the public schools. This would increase the funds for school purposes, in two ways. Make the dog come under the head of "taxable property," and it will greatly increase the number of taxpayers in the parish. The names of all owners of dogs will then appear upon the assessment rolls, whether they own any other property or not. As the law stands at present, a great many persons who own no taxable property escape the payment of the one dollar tax assessed for school purposes. But if dogs were taxed, then every owner of a dog would have to pay his tax, and at the same time the tax collector could collect the school tax. There appears to be no better or surer way of getting at that class of people who continually shirk the payment of the school tax, and yet at the same time own a number of hungry and worthless curs, whose only object in life appears to be to make night hideous with their howling, and who sustain and fatten themselves at the expense of some honest farmer's sheep fold. A slight tax would soon put a period to the existence of many of these mangy mutton marauders, while the owners of valuable dogs, a large number of whom are also sheep-raisers, would certainly not object. We think the experiment is worth trying, and hope this subject will receive the serious attention of the members of the Police Jury.

Mr. Milton Burns, of Chubby Hill Plantation, paid us a visit last Thursday. He informs us rain is much needed in his neighborhood: Cotton is nearly all picked. Mr. Burns contemplates working his large sugar house on the "central mill" system next year, and will be prepared to purchase all the cane he can get. There is no better way for the "small farmer" to replenish his cash box than by raising sugar cane and selling it to the manufacturers at a fair price per ton. Plenty of good sugar land can be had in the vicinity of Chubby Hill at very moderate prices, and with a small amount of capital, any one can commence raising cane for sale, and do a good paying business from the start. We know of no better way for a young man to make a beginning in life, and lay the foundation for a future fortune, than to settle down on some of the fine sugar lands of St. Tammany and go to "raising cane." It is generally a sure crop, a comparatively easy crop to make, and a good cash crop. Immigrants seeking homes in Louisiana cannot possibly do better than to locate near a large sugar mill, and embark in the business at once. Good land for this purpose can be had in St. Tammany parish, on as favorable terms as any where else, and they will find here a good market for all the cane or other crops which they may choose to cultivate. What more can be desired than this?

The New York State Democratic Convention assembled at New Albany last Wednesday. The delegates from the Tammany and Irving Hall Democracy were refused admittance, and they departed for home. The New York county delegates were admitted. This split between the Tammany and anti-Tammany Democrats will result in another Republican victory at the State election, provided the two factions in that party can be reunited, and they will probably compromise their little differences before the day of election.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

COUNCIL HALL, Covington, Oct. 13, 1881. The Council met on the above date.

Present—E. R. Randolph, Mayor; W. C. Warren, Wm. Brennan, P. J. Dulion and Jas. Taylor. Absent—H. W. S. Lund and R. Badon.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The Secretary reported a balance in the Treasury of \$60 32, and one warrant outstanding, amounting to \$14, for hall rent.

The Committee on Improvements were instructed to receive sealed proposals for the position of Cemetery Warden, and report the result to the Council.

The Council then adjourned. E. R. RANDOLPH, Mayor. W. G. KENTZEL, Secretary.

The two "Independents" in the United States Senate, David Davis, of Illinois, and W. Mahone, of Virginia, now hold the balance of power. They were both elected as Independent Democrats.

Jas. A. Bickham, son of Mr. S. Bickham, of Pike county, Miss., was shot and killed by Thomas B. Rogers, at Marianna, Ark., last week, while resenting an insult to a young lady.

The Tay-Payers' Organ, of New Orleans, asks:

Shall we have an extra session? Will the popular demand be granted? Is not the exigency sufficient to warrant it? Would it not set the city ahead with a leap and a bound, by clearing away financial difficulties, settling doubts and putting things upon a firm, practical and well understood basis? Will the Executive respond to the popular call. We shall see.

No, we shall not have an extra session. Yes, the popular demand will be granted. No, the exigency is not sufficient to warrant an extra session. Yes, it might possibly set the city ahead with a "leap and a bound," by clearing away financial difficulties," but this can be done much cheaper and to better advantage by having all the taxable property in the city assessed at something approaching what it ought to be, instead of about one fourth of the proper amount, and then compelling the tax resisters to pay their taxes. Then the city would boom right along. Yes, the Executive will respond to the popular call, and kindly permit the Legislators to remain quietly at their homes. That is about what you will certainly see.

Written for the FARMER.] A THOUGHT OF THE PAST.

Blossoms of Spring bloom in beauty, Nell, Where the daisies sweet nod o'er thy grave; And the green slopes, with their golden sands, Are kissed by the same silvery waves; My spirit roams afar, wild and free, Like a billow o' the surging sea; And, tho' thou dwellest apart from me, In memory sacred, I'm nearer thee! Gay-hued flowers carpet the cool glen, Where you and I, in that olden time, Gathered violets and primroses dear—Danced to the sounds of the tuneful rhyme. Thro' the pretty glen the mur'rous brook Winding flows amid shadowy nooks, Where flow'rets bloom as in t' olden time, But silent the voice that sang that rhyme! Eventide, as in the dreamy past, Gilds the waters with its after-glow; And silent and grim the towering cliff, Where we watched the ocean's ebb and flow. I stand e'en now on the stretch of sands, List'ning for a voice from fairer lands; But hushed that voice forever and aye—My Nellie's home is beyond the sky! GUY FRANCIS. Covington, La., Oct. 10, 1881.

A Troy lawyer asked a woman on the witness stand her age, and she promptly replied: "Old enough to have sold milk for you to drink when a baby, and I haven't got my pay yet."