

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government. Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike upon the Rich and the Poor."

Vol. 7.

COVINGTON, ST. TAMMANY PARISH, LA. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1881.

NO. 4.

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VENIRE.

The State of Louisiana, Parish of St. Tammany—Eighteenth Judicial District Court.

I hereby certify that on the 15th day of January, 1881, the Jury Commissioners for the parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, drew the following list to serve as Grand and Petit Jurors, for the first week of the March term, A. D. 1881, of the above-said court, to-wit:

| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 E. R. Doyle | 26 J. H. Magee |
| 2 Hiram Thompson | 27 B. E. Williams |
| 3 Paul Dutton | 28 A. F. Parker |
| 4 Paul Quave | 29 J. L. Phillips |
| 5 H. C. Rogers | 30 J. C. Bridges |
| 6 C. R. Heiser | 31 Armand Cousin |
| 7 Wm Jenkins | 32 E. B. Thomas |
| 8 A. L. Cousin | 33 Wm McKenney |
| 9 Steptoe Blackwell | 34 John Theobald |
| 10 L. Lacroix | 35 Emile Cooper |
| 11 Sam'l Wilson | 36 J. R. Hosmer |
| 12 Jos Daniels | 37 Wm Phillips |
| 13 W. A. Downs | 38 N. Levy |
| 14 T. J. Goodbee | 39 Nor'n Fendleson |
| 15 Max Cousin | 40 T. J. Davis |
| 16 Fred Ganse | 41 J. M. Allison |
| 17 Isom Mizell | 42 John Day |
| 18 J. M. Yates | 43 A. J. Core |
| 19 W. E. Parker | 44 Paeston Burns |
| 20 J. A. Ernest | 45 J. S. Evans |
| 21 W. C. Pharris | 46 B. H. McKee |
| 22 H. H. Smith | 47 Wm Kennedy |
| 23 H. O. Alexander | 48 Wm Core |
| 24 Fritz Buchme | 49 J. M. Core |
| 25 T. G. D. Richardson | 50 Henry Brennan |

Witness my hand and seal officially, this 19th day of January, 1881.

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Covington, Sept. 15, 1877.

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JULES BRADY,
Medicine

A FEW SUPERSTITIONS.

THEIR INFLUENCE UPON THE WEAK PERSONS WHO ARE INDUCED BY "OMENS" TO DO FOOLISH THINGS.

Walking down Chestnut street recently in a pouring rain a handsomely-dressed lady was seen to step and leany, and stooping on the wet pavement pick up carefully a common pin.

Accidents sometimes occur to the feminine toilet which render a pin, for the instant, one of the most valuable of possessions, and the natural supposition was that such a one had befriended the lady in question. But no, she merely dropped the pin into her purse and quietly went her way, while we recalled the rhyme from Mother Goose, more trite than practical:

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all day.

The superstition is a common one, shared by all classes, and doubtless originated in past ages when pins were scarce and valuable. We often hear it quoted as an instance of Stephen Girard's economy that he was never known to pass a pin without picking it up, but the question is an open one whether the fact was due to motives of thrift or simply to the old superstition.

This is the season of building, and it is curious to observe how, when a ladder is erected against a wall, many persons—in fact, the majority of passers-by—go round it, out into the street, rather than pass under, although danger to life or limb from so doing there is absolutely none. And of those who sturdily walk under probably more than one remembers uncomfortably the ill luck which is said to attend the act.

The evil repute which attaches to Friday is well-nigh world-wide. Among sailors the prejudice against this day is especially prevalent.

In order to disprove and counteract it in some measure a wealthy English ship-builder once built a vessel which was begun on Friday and finished Friday, christened "The Friday," and launched on Friday. It was with much difficulty that men were found to man her, but tempted by high wages a crew was at last obtained and she set sail on Friday. Unfortunately for the success of the experiment she was never heard of again.

Besides the prominence which Friday has attained every day of the week has its superstitions attached and is of good or evil omen. With most of them the reader is probably familiar, yet an article of this kind would hardly be complete without some enumeration of the most common:

Sunday's child never lacks in place;
Monday's child is fair in face;
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe;
Thursday's child is full of joy;
Friday's child is loving and giving;
And Saturday's child will work for its living.

Sneeze on a Monday, you sneeze for danger;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, you kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, you sneeze for a letter;
Sneeze on a Thursday, for something better;
Sneeze on a Friday, you sneeze to your sorrow;
Sneeze on a Saturday, your sweetheart to-morrow;
Sneeze on a Sunday, your safety seek,
The devil will chase you the whole of the week.

Cut your nails on Monday, you cut them for news;
Cut them on Tuesday, a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Wednesday, you cut them for health;
Cut them on Thursday, 'twill all to your weat;
Cut them on Friday, you cut them for woe;
Cut them on Saturday, a journey you'll go;
Cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil,
For all the week long you'll be ruled by the devil.

The last two omens regarding Sunday must have originated in the days when it was a penal off use for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, and when Melchisedec Jones was put in the stocks for calling on his sweetheart one Sabbath evening.

There are intelligent and well-edu-

cated people whom nothing can induce to try on a mourning garment when not in black themselves.

Every one knows the origin of the custom of burying the dead with their feet to the east, a custom universal among Christian nations, and adopted first that as the Lord is to come in the east the dead may rise and stand with their faces to Him in the resurrection. The usage of centuries has rooted this custom so deeply that it is departed from the superstitions shake their heads and prophesy that no good will come of it. Some of us, indeed, who do not in such case actually expect another death in the family must confess the feeling as though our dead could not rest quietly if laid otherwise than in this time honored position.

Probably insurance agents are the only people who have any idea how many men, sensible in other respects, are kept from insuring their lives by the fear, either on their own part or on that of some member of their families, that the act might shorten their lives, and there are sober business men who die and leave estates to endless litigation, rather than make a will, because of the vague fear lest thus "setting their house in order" hasten the day of death.

From the same fear many men refrain from altering or adding to an old house, and we have known a man prominent in his neighborhood, wealthy and otherwise liberal to his family, who year after year lived on in a dwelling which was a continual mortification to his wife and daughters, resisting all their entreaties to rebuild, so fully was he convinced that if he were so to do his death would soon follow. This superstition is not an uncommon one among old people.

"Say your prayers, child; you'll have seven years' trouble," one said a lady to the writer, when the latter had broken her doll's looking glass. The augury was fulfilled, but as four of the seven were the dark years of the late civil war, the trouble was by no means confined to the unlucky looking-glass shatterer.

Country folks—some in jest, some in earnest—translate the voice of a chicken cock crowing at the door into "Stranger coming to-day," and we remember an old lady who in variably made preparation for company when the warning note was sounded upon her premises. In thirty years, she declared, the sign had never failed her.

The same old lady had as a pet a cat as black as any which ever figured in tale of necromancy. "Keep a black cat," she used to say, when the hue of her favorite was commented on, "keep a black cat and you'll never lack for money." She was wealthy, but a few miles off lived an old negro crone, mistress of a cat as black as her own, who (the negro, not the cat) had the credit of witchcraft, and who, in spite of her reputed connection with the devil and the ownership of the cat, had hard work to keep soul and body together.

There are a thousand and one superstitions strung upon the thread of our every-day lives and which meet us at every turn. Few of us are weak enough to let them influence our actions, yet most of us remember them unpleasantly now and then, while very many of us, did we own the truth, have one or more omens which we would prefer not to encounter.

"I can not bear to have my left eyeid quiver," said a lady of cultivation and average intelligence. "Of course I know there is nothing in it, but then I can't help feeling, when it does so, as if trouble were coming."

Pretty of people who ought to know better are firm believers in the superstition that it is un lucky to place the shoes which one has worn during the day otherwise at night than with the toes pointing to the door, and cannot sleep in peace unless they have done so.

Years ago the belief in the evil omen of spilling salt was so prevalent that it was ridiculed by Addison in the *Spectator*; but the superstition still holds us own. The evil may be averted by throwing a pinch

of salt over the left shoulder, a charm which is clearly a relic of the old heathen ceremonial of casting rice in the air and pouring libations on the ground as a propitiatory offering to unseen spirits. Among the charms which are supposed to foretell death are the ringing in the ear, known as the death-bell; the death-watch (a peculiar ticking noise caused by a small insect cutting its way through wood,) or a portrait falling from its place on the wall; and each of them has more than once given nervous persons a fit of the blues.

When the eyes of a corpse refuse to shut they are ghastly enough, in old conscience, to give color to the superstition that they are watching for some one who is soon to follow, and if a horse chances to stumble near a grave-yard its rider may be excused if his sensations there are none of the most pleasant, even though he is not so foolish as to consider it an actual death-warning.

If a door opens without apparent cause, the Germans have a saying, which has come across the water to their American descendants, that a spirit has entered; and the cold, nervous shiver which most persons have felt more or less often, is held to result from footfalls over the future grave of him who experiences it.

There are sick-nurses who, at the bedside of the dying, never fail to open a door or window, so that the putting soul may pass out. The superstition is, I think, of Scotch origin, and the reader will remember Meg Merrilies at the dying bed of the gypsy, ch. 40.

Open lock—enl strife—
Come death and pass life.

Tragic stories are related in various parts of the country, at home and abroad, of evil resulting to the unlucky guests at dinner parties of thirteen. Many intelligent and educated people harbor this superstition. Bismarck, it is said, refuses, under any circumstances, to sit down to table with the fatal number, and a prominent business man of New York is reported to owe his start in life to the ready tact with which he suddenly remembered a pressing engagement, when the failure of two invited guests to appear at a dinner given by A. T. Stewart reduced the number present to thirteen, to Mr. Stewart's evident annoyance. All of us number among our acquaintances wives who never remove their wedding ring, and who, would it to slip off accidentally, would surely expect some dire misfortune.

"I should think his ears would burn," is a common remark when a person is made the subject of continued conversation; and "so many stitches you take upon you, so many lies will be told about you," is as frequently quoted when a rent is hastily sewn up without changing the torn garment.

In nearly every land the moon is the subject of numerous superstitions. She regulates the changes of the weather—phases must be consulted in soap making, in killing meat, in planting, in dozens of the common pursuits of life; and to see the new moon through trees over the left shoulder, with no money in the pocket, is thought to be terribly unlucky.

Should a coal pop out from a wood fire and burn a lady's dress, the event foretells a suitor for her heart and hand; and if two spoons come together in the sugar dish a wedding in the family is to be expected with equal certainty.

"Sing before breakfast, you'll cry before supper," and "Blessed be the bride that the sun shines on," have passed into familiar adages.

Swallows building in a chimney bring good luck to the house, but not to the dwellers therein if the birds be molested.

Killing a cat is thought by many to be a dire misfortune, and he who does it is doomed through life to failure in everything he undertakes.

If a strange cat accepts a house voluntarily as her home she is believed to bring good luck to the household.

Numbers of intelligent people keep a pocket-piece of gold or silver "for good luck." The devil dances in an empty pocket. Philadelphia Times.