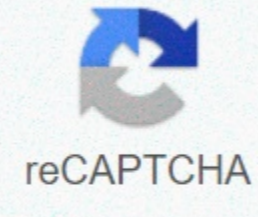




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Oak grove plantation louisiana

A sugar grower needs to grow a warm and humid climate, with periods of hot and dry weather, with little risk of frost. The soil is not very rich, contains lime, magnesium, and good drainage. And make use of the sea breeze and salt in the air being better for him than salt in the soil. Sugar plantations in Louisiana find these conditions in the alluvial soil of the Lower Mississippi Valley. When developing a property, drainage must be provided carefully, and in some countries irrigation is heavily used. From one to four scraps are set together in holes about two feet apart. As the cane grows it must be well obliged and perigee, ie, all dry, remove dead leaves. It begins to grow in Louisiana in February and is harvested from October to January. After the first pieces of new plants stolen or stool left sends up another growth of the cane, called ratoons, which with each cut grow smaller in size and closer in the joints, is said to yield sweeter juice and finer sugar. Single agriculture will last many years, but Louisiana's sugar farmers count only on a three-year product, and grow one third of the sugar land again each year. Mice, termites, lice, hemorrhoids and some micro-animals that produce rust and must, fight growing plants, as well as wind and frost. When the time comes cut, the cane is cut with the hatchet close to the stolen, the top is cut, the leaves are stripped; Louisiana farms, when the crop is in full force, are actually a beautiful sight, with a vast expanse of leafy cane. Some of them are largely the Magnolia Farm, now owned by the former governor of Davoum, which claims to be one of the flag farms in the state, after the number of acres in sugar cane last year. In 1883-4, more than 172,400 acres of sugar cane were harvested in the State, and the total sugar crop was 128,000 tons of sugar from the best produced in the State; The yield is estimated at 1885-6 at 110,000 tons. Some 20,000 detainees remain in the state. So much for statistics, and I've called them for science. {Source: Harper's Monthly Vol 73-1886} The Tree of the Dead by Charles Gaillard. [From the history of Louisiana (1866).] Charles Etienne Arthur Gayar, or Charles Gaillard, as his name is usually signed, was born in New Orleans, January 9, 1805. His family was acquainted with louisiana's history of the early colonial period. In youth, Gaillard studied at Orleans College. At the age of twenty, he put before the Louisiana Legislature a pamphlet in which he opposed some of the Penal Code that was prepared by Edward Livingstone at the request of the state. In 1826 he went to Philadelphia, reading the law for two years under William llawle, author of work on the Constitution of the United States. After being accepted to the Pennsylvania Bar, he returned to Louisiana, where he was granted a license to practice law in the merit season. In 1830, a Representative of New Orleans was elected to the state legislature. In 1832, the Governor of Kwans appointed him as the President of the New Orleans City Court. In 1835 he was elected to the United States Senate; However, after his doctors announced upon his arrival in Paris that an early return to his home country would endanger his life, he resigned from his seat in the United States Senate and remained in Europe for eight years, taking up his time studying and conducting historical investigations. In 1844. Shortly after returning to Louisiana, he was elected to the state legislature, and two years later he was re-elected to that body; but on the same day of its meeting, he accepted, instead, the appointment of the Secretary of State under Governor Johnson. When the None Party was organized in Louisiana, Gayarre was urged, after great hesitation, to join her. But his relationship with her ended when he learned that one of her canons was religious intolerance. During the Civil War, he was sympathetic to the Allies. Since the war it was for some time correspondence of the Supreme Court of its state. He writes French and English with equal skill. He has won his Louisiana history, and the standard work on the subject, for his title, Henry Martin of Louisiana. His style is serious, dignified, and pink. In the numbers of antitheses, it compares positively with that of the greatest historians. He is the author of The Lahstoire de la Louisiana (1847); Louisiana: Its colonial and romantic history (1851); Louisiana: Its history as a French colony (1852); A history of Spanish domination in Louisiana (1854). These works were revised and incorporated into three volumes in 1806 as the history of Louisiana, which was reissued in 1879 in four volumes, among his other works, Philip II. Spain (1866), Fernando de Lemos, novel (1872), with sequel, Obert Dupayt (1882), School of Politics, Drama, Dr. Belf, Comedy (1854.) In the lot located on the corner of Orleans and Dauphin Streets, in The City of New Orleans, there is a tree that no one looks at without curiosity and without wondering how it came there. For a long time he was the only known in the state, and from its isolated position it was always With infertility. He recalls one of the hot climates in Africa or Asia, and wears the side of a stranger of discrimination driven by his native country. Indeed, these winds look as sad as exile, with sharp and thin foliage, sighing wistfully under one of our northern winds in November. Its enormous trunk is only a pool of knots and bumps, which every year seems to have been deposited there as a sign of age, and as a protection against the blows of time and the world. inquiring about his origin, and every one will tell you that he has stood there from time immemorial. A kind of mysterious but impressive mystery attached to it, it is fabulously respectable like one of the old oaks in Dodona. Bold will be the axe that should strike the first blow in this foreign patriarch. And if the record on the ground by a desecrated hand, what the original of the city will not mourn its fall, and the brand act as an unnatural and criminal act so, live the history tree of Orleans Street - that ancient descendant of Asian ancestors! At the beginning of 1727, a French warship landed in New Orleans a man of masked mien, who wore turkish dress, and his entire presence was one servant. The Governor greeted him with the highest degree of distinction, and he had conducted it into a small but comfortable house with a beautiful garden, and then it was located at the corner of Orleans and Dauphine streets, which, from the circumstances of being very far from other dwellings, might have been called a rural retreat, although it was located within the city limits. There the stranger, who was understood to be a prisoner of state, lived in the greatest isolation. Although neither he nor his companion could be guilty of indiscretion, because no one understood their language, and although Governor Perrier strongly rebuked the slightest investigation, but the conviction seemed to have settled in Louisiana, the mysterious stranger was the sultan's brother, or some great figure of the Ottoman Empire, who escaped the wrath of deputy guardian Muhammad, and who took refuge in France. The Sultan had categorically demanded the fugitive, and the French Government had thought that it was degrading to comply with that request, but at the same time did not wish to expose its friendly relations with the Muslim king, and perhaps, for political purposes, to remain in the hostage of the important guest in her hand, had to resort to the desire to answer that he had fled to Louisiana, which was a country so far away that he might be seen as a grave, where, it was said, the fugitive might suffer in order to wait in peace until the actual death, without danger, or the Sultan. whether this story is true or not is now a matter of very little result that he will not pay of a strict historical investigation. The year 1727 was coming to an end, when on a dark night a storm observed the howling and barking of numerous dogs on the streets of New Orleans more ferocious than usual, and some of those groups of individuals pretending to know everything, announced that, through the flashes of live lightning, they saw, quickly and stealthily slipping towardthe residence of the unknown, a body of men who wore a roving appearance of masculinity and blood ministers. There was also a report that a Pirate-looking Turkish ship was hovering a few days earlier in the Bay of Parataria. All that might be, the next morning the stranger's house was deserted. There were no traces of the deadly struggle to be seen, but in the garden the ground had been dug, and there was a clear sign from the last grave. However, all doubts were soon removed by the discovery of an inscription in Arabic letters, engraved on a marble panel, which was later sent to France. It ran thus: satisfying the justice of heaven, and the history-tree should grow on the traitor's grave. The Supreme Emperor of the Believers, the Supporter of Faith, Mr. Cairo and the Sultan of the World, have faithfully delivered his vows. God is great, and Muhammad is his prophet. Allah! Some time after the event, a foreign-looking tree was seen to peek out of the place where a corpse must have been deposited that stormy night, when the anger of the elements succumbed to the unforgiving wrath of the man, and thus explained in some degree this part of the inscription, the tree of history must grow on the tomb of the traitor. Who is he, or what he did, who had provoked such a relentless and far-searched revenge ask Nemesis, or at that hour when evil spirits are allowed to roam the earth, and magical prayers are made - go and question the tree of death. Bore Farm was located on the left bank of Mississippi, about six miles above New Orleans, taking the lead of the cathedral, then downtown, and following the highway that ran along the river in all laps. Nelly was the main basic colony, but in late wormal which attacked the plant destroyed it, through successive years, was reduced to poverty and to the utmost despair of the entire population. Jean-Etienne de Boer is determined to conduct a bold experimnt to save himself and his compatriots, turning his indigo farm into one of the sugar cane. In these critical circumstances, he was determined to renew the attempt to manufacture sugar. He was immediately ready to go in all the expenses of this expensive project. His wife warned him that in previous years her father had made a similar attempt to no avail. She represented that he was a danger to the cast All the rest of its means of existence die, but that if it fails, as it was likely, it will reduce his family to hopeless poverty; much that can be terrorized, which is to fall into the grip of creditors. Friends and relatives joined her son, but they could not get rid of the strong resolve of his active mind. His plan had perfectly matured, and he was determined to sink or swim with it. Buying a quantity of cane from two men, who only cultivated it to sell as delicious in the New Orleans market and make coarse syrup, he began to plant in 1794, make all the other necessary preparations, and in 1795 made a sugar crop that sold for twelve thousand dollars, a large sum at the time. Burr's attempt was eager to arouse intense interest and many people visited him repeatedly during the year to see his preparations; Is he going to love the drink? Will it be converted into sugar? The crowd waited with eager impatience for a moment when the man who watched the coction of cane juice must determine whether he is ready to granulat. When the moment arrived, the stillness of death came among them, but each one held his breath, feeling that it was a matter of ruin or prosperity for them all. Suddenly the sugar-maker cried with rejoicing, it's granules! Inside and outside the building one could hear the wonderful paper that flew from mouth to mouth, dying in the distance, as if a hundred happy echoes were saying it to each other. Each of the passers-by pressed forward to ascertain the truth through the evidence of his own senses, and when doubt could no longer be doubted, there came a shout of joy, and everyone flocked around Etienne de Boer, overwhelming him with congratulations and almost hugging the man. This farm has developed tasteand taste for beauty and productivity. The gardens occupied a large area, and the eye was amazed at the splendor of its shady ways of orange trees. Unbroken retreats of Myrtle and Laurel defied the sunshine. Flowers from every description of the air scented. The vast orchards produce every fruit that the climate was prone to. Through the wise culture there was a remarkable success in producing an abundance of juicy grapes, each branch of which, however, they began to mature, and was wrapped in a bag of wire to protect him against the looting of birds. The fields were planted with so eager celebration of successive seasons, that there was nothing known as a short or half crop, or no crop at all. This was booked for several days later. But under the management of Etienne Bore, during a period of about twenty-five years from the first sugar kettle, in 1795, until the time of his death in 1820, each crop was the same regularly within a few pigs. It was a little self-contained, exporting a good deal and import but scanty, so that the balance was pretty much in its favor. It was supplied largely with sheep and wool, with geese, ducks, turkeys, guinea birds, and all kinds of poultry, without task. The eggs were collected by Bushel. The sun clouded the sun, and when the small black cherries were ripe, those featherepictures ate them lustily. Many cattle, under inspection of old Pompey and young black, flocked to luxury pastures and grew fat. What a quantity of fresh butter, rich cheese, milk, cream and clabber! Wide gorge sheds with corn, rice, benification, blast cells with honey, unmanaged vegetables, and very twisted. The variety and free supply of carts is always ready for use, horses for rogue or driving, all shiny and sleek, spirited mules, good nutrition and well curly, pride of the hands of the field. (Puri) made from his estate a farm and a farm every day before dawn a carriage that departs for New Orleans with various products, most of which were delivered, when it arrived at its destination, to two elderly women, Agath and Mary, who were the occupants and guardians of the Port town house. They admirably understood the art of selling and were well known to all the confident population. Going to the market with full baskets, they generally brought them back empty. Josephine, a handsome mulatress, with an assistant of darker color, sold milk and butter at a wonderful speed. They returned to the farm in the last half ten in the morning, with mail and daily papers, and anything else they had to attend. I've had round-the-clock work on everything on that farm from the old order. Magnolia Farm for fifty or sixty miles under New Orleans, the narrow strip that protects the Mississippi Canal on either side of the bay is crowded with farms. The soil there is all of the last alluvial composition, and therefore, it is very, magnolia farm. This section can be called, without the least exaggeration, the best land in the world. Rivers and Paius are furnished with fish and shellfish of the finest flavor; A profitable culture of sugar and rice. Negroes themselves are making money quickly in this section and show a lot of skill in managing their affairs. In many cases, their old masters helped them buy their land, and generally went to them for advice on speculation and crop-raising behaviour. The same negro who will bitterly oppose his old master politically, will implicitly follow his advice on the business and investment matters he personally cares about. At every turn, at every spot available along the beach, as one drifts slowly down lower Mississippi, one charms to observe the picturesque pool of sugar houses and quarters, palaces surrounded by magnificent orchards, and rich fields stretching miles towards a dark belt of timber. Each farm has its collection of white buildings, shining in the sun. All of the long horizons of the roads, bordered by orange trees, but for orange and sugar cane are friendly neighbors. When the steamer swings around at Lord's Farm Pier like the one from Woodlands of Johnson Pradesh, or that of Lawrence Effingham, negroes come troops out, men and women dancing, flip, and scream; And if there is music on board, no force can restrain the merry ness of the African. Mr. Lawrence Magnolia Farm is a fair type of larger and better class; Stepping from the pier, across a green garden, sugar house first greets the eye, a massive steel building, crammed with expensive machines. Not far from it are the neat, white houses occupied by workers, and there is a kitchen where field hands come to their meals; And, ranging in front of a cane field containing hundreds of acres, is a large orange grove, and the stench edited tree branches literally carry golden fruit. For, with little care, it yields an annual income of \$25,000. Huge oaks and graceful magnolia surrounding the planter's palace give a grateful shade; Roses and all the rare flowers of perfume in the air, the river hum the gentle monotonous current, which, mingled with the music of countless insect life, mysteriously heard on the grass and in the cool corridors of the house, seems to lament the greatness of the past and the prophecy of the future. Because it was a great life and my Lord, that of the owner of a sugar farm, but full of culture, pleasure, improvements in life, and - but now! Afield, on Mr. Lawrence's farm, and in some other countries, one might see a steam plow at work, tearing up the rich soil. Large fixed engines pull it quickly from end to end of the land; and dark, mounted on a machine rolling quickly, skillfully razorblades sharp and forcing them to cracks. Ere long, no doubt, the steam plow will generally be introduced on louisiana sugar estates. [Source: Harper Monthly] Louisiana Farmer (this is not a complete list) well-known Acadian Farm House - St. Martinville, not built in the Acadi house in 1765 by Mr. D'Autrive, Chevalier de St. Louis, on a Spanish land grant. On November 13, 1778 by law passed by Mr. DeClout, commander of the Attakapas Center in Oblosas, the farm was sold to the widow of Messeri Paul Augustinle Le Pelletier de la Hosai, also called Pierre Augustine. Many families have been in order to own the Acadian House over the years, Oliver de Vision, de finally Mr. De. C. T. Bienvenue bought the land from Mr. Frank Gregg. On February 14, 1931, Mr. Benfino worked for Long Philo - Evangeline Memorial State and Assn. On February 14, 1931, the Louisiana National Park Association donated the park. Acadia Plantation - Thibodaux, not originally named Acadia, was renamed Acadia in 1830. It was owned by Jim, Ritzin, and Stephen Bowie, the Champion of The Alamo, whose family owned it from 1827 to 1831. The house is integrated into one building of two Creole cottages and a gun house. The other owners were Philip Barton Key, nephew of Francis Scott Key and Andrew Donelson, nephew of Rachel Jackson, andrew jackson's wife. Federal forces camped here during the Civil War and the farm was owned by the descendants of Anne Blatter Key, the mother of Philip Barton Key. Today the farm grounds is home to Nichols State

