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TERMS:

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Agriculturist.
MANURES.

Every species of matter capable of promoting the growth of vegetables, may be considered as a manure. Decaying animal and vegetable substances constitute by far the most important class of manures, or vegetable food. Vegetable and animal substances deposited in the soil, are consumed during the process of vegetation; and they can only nourish the plant by affording solid matters capable of being dissolved in water, or gaseous substances capable of being absorbed by the fluids in the leaves of vegetables. The great object, therefore, in the application of manure, should be to make it afford as much soluble matter as possible to the roots of the plants, and that in a slow and gradual manner, so that it may be entirely consumed in forming its sap and organized parts.

Mucilaginous, gelatinous, saccharine, oily, and extractive fluids, are substances that in their unchanged states contain almost all the principles necessary for the life of plants; but there are few cases where they can be applied as manures in their pure forms. All green succulent plants contain saccharine, or mucilaginous matter, with woody fibre, and readily ferment. They cannot, therefore, if intended for manure, be used too soon after their death. Hence the advantage of plowing in green crops, whether natural or sown for the purpose; they must not, however, be turned in too deep, otherwise fermentation will be prevented by compression and exclusion of air. Green crops should be dug in, if it be possible, when in flower, or at the time the flower begins to appear; for it is at this period that they contain the largest quantity of easily soluble matter, and that their leaves are most active in forming nutritive matter. Yeast is one of the most powerful and durable of all manures. Unfortunately the article is too expensive to be much used for this purpose, but it will well pay for a trial on fine plants.

Fish forms a powerful manure, in whatever state it is applied; but it cannot be used too fresh, though the quantity should be limited. The skin of the fish is principally gelatine, which, from its slight state of cohesion, is readily soluble in water; they contain also fat or oil, either under the skin or in some of the viscera, and their fibrous matter contains all the essential elements of vegetable substances.

Bones are also much used. These are ground in a mill and applied to the land in the form of powder or dust.

Sea-weed is much used on the sea-coast as a manure. It is very transient in its effects; but is nevertheless of much value in situations where it can be obtained. The most common method of using it, is to convey it directly to the land, and apply it fresh as a top-dressing to the growing crops. If not applied in its recent state, it should be formed into a compost with dung, or with a mixture of that and earth.

Peat is a substance which may be used as a manure; but unless freed of its acid principle it may remain for years exposed to water and air without undergoing decomposition, in which state it can afford no nourishment to plants. It should, therefore, be made to undergo decomposition before it is applied to the soil. This may be done by long exposure to the air, or by mixing it with newly-made and completely slacked lime, which decomposes the woody fibres, and forms a kind of compost which is of some value. Amongst excrementitious solid substances used as manures, one of the most powerful is the dung of birds that feed on animal food, particularly that of sea-birds. This guano which is used to a great extent in South America, and which has attracted much attention in this country for a few years past, is the manure that fertilizes the sterile plains of Peru. It exists abundantly in the small islands in the South Sea; and appears as a fine brown powder.

Liquid manure, being the drainings of the stables, is a strong fertilizer. If applied to corn when sprouting or just before rain, it has an effect which no other manure has. It destroys insects, and throws a surprising degree of vigor into the crops. The dung of horses, oxen, and cows, is

found to contain matter soluble in water, and that it gives in fermentation nearly the same products as vegetable substances, absorbing oxygen and producing carbonic acid gas. This should always be made to ferment in the soil, or should be formed into a compost by the addition of one-half leafy mould.

L. T. TALK T.

HOW TO INCREASE THE FRUITFULNESS OF ORCHARDS.—Alkaline, or ammoniacal preparations, have been applied to young trees, as well as to old ones, for the purpose of stimulating their growth, and accelerating their fruitfulness, such as white-washing their trunks and branches, rubbing them with soap-suds, and spreading round their roots lime, gypsum, charcoal, soot, ashes, &c.; and "human urine," says Columella, "which you have let grow old for six months, is well fitted for the shoots of young trees. If you apply it to vines, or to young apple-trees, there is nothing that contributes more to make them bear an abundance of fruit; nor does this only produce a greater increase, but it also improves both the taste and flavor of the wine and of the apples."—*Ibid.*

THE PROPER TIME FOR CUTTING TIMBER.—Nine-tenths of the community think winter the time for this purpose, but the reason assigned, "that the sap is then in the roots," shows its fallacy, as it is evident to the most superficial observer that there is nearly the same quantity of sap in the tree at all seasons. It is less active in winter, and like all other moisture, is congealed during the coldest weather; yet when not absolutely frozen, circulation is never entirely stopped in the living tree. Reason or philosophy would seem to indicate that the period of the maturity of the leaf, or from the last of June to the first of November, is the season for cutting timber in its perfection. Certain it is, that we have numerous examples of timber cut within this period, which has exhibited a durability twice or three times as great as that cut in winter, when placed under precisely the same circumstances. After it is felled, it should at once be peeled, drawn from the woods, and elevated from the ground to facilitate drying; and if it is intended to be used under cover, the sooner it is put there the better. Wood designed for fuel, will spend much better when cut as above mentioned and immediately housed, but as this is generally inconvenient from the labor of the firm being then required for the harvesting of the crops, it may be more economical to cut it whenever there is most leisure.

Allen's American Agriculturist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DYING GIRL TO HER SISTER.

The dream is past! I'm dying now,
There is a dampness on my brow;
The pang is o'er; without a sigh
I'll pass away and sweetly die:
But, oh! that part cost many a tear!
'Twas hard to yield up friends so dear.
But that is passed—I'll weep no more,
With me the dream of life is o'er.
And now, sweet sister, nearer come,
And tell me of that happy home;
Shall I its pearly gates behold,
Its streets all paved with burnished gold,
And in that clime so strangely fair,
Say, shall I feel a stranger there?
Or will their harp-strings sweetly blend,
To welcome me, a child and friend!
But softly, sister, softly speak,
And say—these tears upon thy cheek!
Weep not for me—oh, do not pain!
I would not to wake earth again.
Thy hand—so often clasped of old—
Thy soft warm hand, for mine grows cold,
And now, dear sister, let me rest
My wearied head upon thy breast,
And fold thy arms about my form,
Its shivers' death death's dark, cold storm,
Butsing me, sister, ere I go.
Our song—our childhood's song, you know—
And let its gentle numbers flow,
As last you sang, soft, sweet and low—
And when its last faint echoes die,
And the bright tears steal from thine eye—
I shall not heed them as they stray,
I shall be gone—far, far away!

CONSECS.—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu gives a very effective bit at corset-wearing in her writings on the East. She says:—"One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you go to their baths. When I was introduced to one, the lady of the house came to undress me—another high compliment they pay to strangers.—After she had slipped off my gown, and saw my stays, she was very much struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the ladies in the bath,—"Come hither and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands. You need not

boast, indeed, of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you up thus in a box!"

THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.

BY J. R. PERKINS.

When a few centuries shall have thrown their shadows upon the strange fortunes of Napoleon, and give to every thing about him the tinge of romance, the story of his first wife will seem to the student rather a fable than a fact; he will look upon her as we look upon Mary of Scotland, but with a deeper interest; for she, far more truly than her lord, was from first to last, "the child of destiny."

Told, while yet unmarried, that she would be a wife, a widow, and then Queen of France, the entire fulfilment of the first part of the prophecy gave her courage to believe in the last part also when under the sentence of death. When her bed was taken from under her because she was to die the next morning, she told her weeping friends that it was not so, that she would sit upon the throne, on the ruins of which Robespierre stood triumphant; and when asked in mockery to choose her maids of honor since she was to be Queen, she did choose them, and they were her maids of honor when half of Europe looked upon her. On that night which was to have been her last upon earth Robespierre fell. Had he fallen a few days earlier her husband would have lived; and had he fell one day later, Josephine herself would have been among the ten thousand victims, whose name we have never heard. But he fell that night, and her destiny was accomplished.

She married Napoleon. He was appointed to the army of Italy; step by step they rose, till at last the crown rested on her head; the second part of the prophecy was proved true; and she began to look forward to that loss of power and rank which had also been foretold, and which was to close the strange drama of her life. And he that had wedded the child of destiny grew every day more strong and grasping. In vain did Josephine attempt to rule his ambition; and chasten his arms; he was an emperor; he wished to found an empire; and by slow degrees he made himself familiar with the thought of putting her away.

When the campaign of 1800 was at an end, hardened and narrowed, the General came back to his wife; his former kindness was gone; his playfulness was checked; he consulted her but seldom; seldom stole upon her private hours with that familiar love that had made her heart leap. She saw her hour draw nigh.

It was on the evening of the 20th of November, the court was at Paris in honor of the King of Saxony. Josephine sat at the window looking down the river, and musing on the dark fate before her, when she heard Napoleon's step at the door. She sprang to open it. Using the exclamation "mon ami!" he embraced her so affectionately that for an instant all fears and woes seemed vain. She led him to a chair, placed herself at his feet and looking up into his face smiling through her tears.

"You are unhappy Josephine," said the Emperor.

"Not with you, sire."

"Bah!" said he quickly, "why call me sire? These shows of state steal all true joys from me."

"Then why seek them?" answered Josephine.

"The Emperor made no reply."

"You are now the first of men," she continued, "why not quit war, turn ambition out of your councils, bend your thoughts on the good of France; and live at home among those that love you?"

"Josephine," said he, turning his head from her, "it is not I; it is France that demands it."

"Are you sure of that my lord?" said his wife, "have you probed your heart to the bottom? Is it not ambition which prompts you to seek reasons for repudiating me, for think not, Napoleon, I misunderstand you; are you sure it is the love of France?"

Every word that she spoke touched him to the quick, and arising hastily, he replied, "Madam, I have my reasons, and now good evening."

"Sire, sire," said she, taking hold of his arm, "we must not part in anger, I submit cheerfully. It is not my nature to oppose you; will I love you too deeply. No, shall I cease to love you, Napoleon, because I am to leave your throne and your side. If still you go on victorious, I shall rejoice with you. If reverse comes, I will lay down my life to comfort you. I will pray for you morning and night, in the hope that sometimes you will think of me."

Hardened as he was, Napoleon had loved his wife dearly and long; and her submission to his stern resolve, her calm but mournful dignity; her unshaken love moved even him, and for a moment his affectionate struggle with ambition. He turned to embrace her again. But in that moment her face and form had changed. Her eyes lit like that of insanity, and her whole person seemed inspired. He felt himself in the presence of a superior being. She led him to the window and threw it open. A thick mist hung over the Seine, and over the garden of the palace, all around there was silence, among the stars shining

between them, there was one far brighter than the rest; she pointed to it.

"Bonaparte," she said, "that star is mine; to that, and not to yours was promised an empire; through me and my destinies you have risen part from me and you fall. The spirit of her who foresaw my rise to royalty even now tells me that your fate hangs upon mine. Believe me or not; if we henceforth walk asunder, you will leave no empire behind you, and will die yourself in shame and sorrow with a broken spirit."

He turned away, sick at heart and over-awed by the words of one whose destiny had been so strangely accomplished. Ten days were passed away in resolves and counter resolves; and then the link that bound him to fortune was broken. Josephine was divorced, and as he said himself when at St. Helena, from that very hour his fall commenced.

Josephine was divorced, but her love did not cease, in her retirement she enjoyed in his successes, and prayed that he might be saved from the fruits of his wild ambition. When the son was born, she only regretted that she was not near in his happiness; and when he went a prisoner to Elba, she begged that she might share his prison and his woes. Every article that he had used at her residence, remained as he left it; she would not let a chair be moved. The book in which he had been last reading there, with the last page doubled down and the pen which he last used by it, with the ink dried on the point. When her death drew near, she wished to sell her jewels and send the fallen emperor money; and her will was submitted on his discretion. She died before his return from Elba; but her last thoughts were of him in France; and her last words expressed a hope and belief, "that she had never caused a single tear to flow." She was buried in the village church of Ruel, and her body was followed to the grave not only by princes and generals, but by two thousand poor, whose hearts had been glad with the news of her bounty.

Her marble monument only bears this inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE.

What a fund for fortune writers in her character and fate, and what a lesson to all of us, whether in prosperity or adversity!

A DOWN EAST DUEL.

BY G. W. BRADBURY.

In a small country town in the eastern section of the Union, there resided, some years since, a pair of rare harum-scarum fellows, who were the champions of their respective home factions in any and every game that could be started, from "pitching coppers" up to the celebrating Fourth of July. If there was a game of ball, or a "squirrel hunt," or a "wrestling match," or any other affair where strength, skill or agility could be brought into requisition, they were sure to have a prominent part in it, and to be pitted against each other generally. Things had passed on this way for many years, and neither was acknowledged to be the "big dog of the tanyard." Innumerable had been the trials of skill between them in almost every imaginable manner—sometimes one was victorious, sometimes the other. However, the honors were just divided, for it was generally considered a settled point that while SANDY MAT, as he was called, could pitch quoits a little the best, was rather the superior of his antagonist at "arm's length" wrestling, and could catch more and better trout than any one in the region; JOHN SHORT was unquestionably ahead when it came to ball-playing, gunning, and running a foot-race.

Thus stood matters when one annual "June training" day arrived. The spirit was running pretty high, and John Short commenced boasting of his success in a shooting excursion the day previous.—Sandy Mat was a little nettled by the indiscreet exultation of his rival, and at last exclaimed:

"You're 'trnally jawing about your great shooting, John, but darn my skin if I don't think I could give you pretty fair chase myself."

"Oh, no doubt—you'd make a great show," replied John, with a broad laugh.

"Bag is a mighty good dog, but Holdfast is better," said Sandy, "perhaps, you wouldn't mind betting your double barrel again mine that you can take more game between sun-rise and sun-set to-morrow than I can."

"Perhaps I wouldn't—just try it."

"Wal, it's a bet then."

"Just as you say."

"I should like to put in a condition," said John Short—"that we carry each other's game."

"Haint no objection on air to that," said the other—put it down in writing, so that there can be no mistake, or chance to back out."

This was all agreed to, the requisite writings were made, and due preparations for the next day's work completed. At the first "break of the morn," the two hunters, fully equipped for their labors, made their appearance at the appointed rendezvous, and after taking a social dram together, started off in fine spirits. They had

travelled about three miles without firing a shot, and were a considerable distance from any habitation, when they came across a fine calf, some three or four months old. When within a half a rod of this innocent wanderer, John Short raised his gun to his shoulder, and before his companion could suspect or imagine his intention, discharged its contents into the head of the poor beast, its maternal ancestor probably not being aware that it was out; it gave one bleat, tumbled over, kicked away for an instant with its hind legs in a peculiar and extremely significant manner, and weakly gave up the ghost.

"That's a d—d smart trick," exclaimed Sandy Mat; "what on air did you want to do that for—Hutchinson will kick up all sorts of a fuss about it—he wouldn't have taken ten dollars cash for that calf."

"Time enough to settle that when we get home," said John, very quietly loading the barrel which he had discharged. "Bag that game and let's go on."

"Bag what game?"

"That calf there."

"You don't mean—"

"I don't mean any thing but the agreement, Sandy; just look at the paper; you'll find that you're bound to carry home all I kill."

"But it ain't fair."

"That's to be agreed on by others—but, according to that paper, if you don't carry home all I kill, you lose the gun; you know."

"Wal, this a great business—however, you shall never have a chance to say that I gave in—so here goes."

"So swinging the carcass across his shoulder, poor Sandy again started very demurely upon the excursion. After trudging along for half a mile or so, John took off towards the edge of the woods ostensibly for the purpose of looking for game, but really to take a hearty guffaw over the predicament of his worthy antagonist. It was scarcely five minutes after he had left his companion, still intending to keep in sight, when he heard the discharge of both barrels in quick succession and his name called in rather triumphant tones.

"John! Ho, John!"

John quickly cleared the bit of knell between him and Sandy, and found the latter reloading his gun, and surveying with singular complacency the body of an old grey horse, just in his last agonies.

"I've put an end to this old fellow's existence, John, much, I guess to his satisfaction—just naturally took him on the wing; he must have been tired of life about a dozen years ago—pretty fair shooting, wasn't it? Wal's he's done kicking," said Sandy, again quietly shouldering the calf; pick up my game, and let's go ahead."

"You don't imagine that I'm going to undertake to carry that old horse, do ye?"

"Sartin—you'll find it in all the paper you've got—you carry my game, I carry yours."

"Yes, but—"

"There's no *but* about this business, John Short; this calf was your game, and I've stuck to my part of the agreement—this horse is my game, and you got to stick to your part of the agreement."

"But I can't carry him."

"But you must," answered Sandy.

"Oh, look here," said John, soothingly, "let's quit and call it even, and say nothing more about it."

"If you don't shoulder that heap of bones in double quick time," said Sandy, "I'll just serve you as I served him—d'yo think I have to carry this carcass a mile for nothing?"

"Oh, if you want to fight, let's have a far 'tigh, Sandy," said John, doggedly.

"Certainly, if you say so, let it be a fair fight. I never wanted any thing else with you—I'll fight a regular out and out duel, if you say."

"Enough said."

"But there's no witnesses; spose I should happen to kill you, or you me—I guess we'd better have some writings about it."

"Very well."

So the two belligerents, surrounded by their "game," sat down on the grass, and by the aid of a bit of red chalk, they drew up the following articles of regulation:—

"This agreement, made this 20th day of June, between me, John Short on the one side, and me Matthew Wilson on the other, is to be a witness: That we have agreed to fight a duel with shot guns, at thirty steps apart, to throw the copper for the first shot, to fire both barrels close together, and if either one is hurt or killed, the one that is not hurt or killed, is to be allowed to go free.

Witness our hands and seals.

JOHN SHORT.

MATTHEW WILSON.

"Now, throw up the copper, John, the best two in three—throw up high."

"Heads or tails," asked John, casting the copper whirling in the air.

"Heads," exclaimed Sandy, as the coin ascended.

"Just look at that—that's tails."

"Well, throw again, John."

John threw again and won, and they each marched off fifteen paces and took their positions.

"Now, when I say *take aim*, John, you can raise your gun, and when I say one, two, three, you can just blaze away."