

THE SUMMER BANNER.

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THE SUMMER BANNER.

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BY WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the Temperance Advocate.

MR. EDITOR,—As corn is an article of the most extensive consumption amongst us—without which, we could not well live; and for the special benefit of those of your readers, who doubt the advantage of a careful selection of their seed, I would beg leave to state a fact or two, and refer them to the proof at hand. From the specimens shown me, in its growing state, as well as when gathered, I must say, *emphatically*, it yields more for the industrious and energetic Planter, than any grain of the kind I have seen or even dreamed of. On an exhausted plantation, near Monticello, on the red hills of Little River, in old worn-out Fairfield, Mr. J. R. D. (I trust he will excuse this liberty, in an old gray-headed man,) has succeeded this year in making corn, measuring from twelve to thirteen inches in circumference, and from twelve to fourteen inches in length, having from forty to forty-eight rows of grains on the ear.— This, however, is a yield of but one ear to the stalk—the ears from stalks, bearing five or six ears, or more are of course, smaller; though as three, generally, of the ears from those stalks, will each measure, when shelled nearly twice as much as the largest ear of the common corn.— It is mostly of the white gourd-seed corn. The question may naturally arise in the minds of many,—Whence did Mr. D. get his seed? I answer, that he made it by a careful and judicious selection from a variety of seed—the one is I learn, remarkable only for a grain an inch deep, or a cob the size of your fingers, another, for its thickness of cob, but provokingly short; and the other for its length of cob, provokingly slender, &c. &c.: either of which, being regarded in its single and separate capacity would have been looked upon by most planters, as hardly worth planting. I believe he obtained the most of these varieties when travelling through the Western Countries some four years past; the crop from which has yielded him corn which he might well challenge any of the Western States from whence it came, and our own State to beat. Thus it is, that Mr. D. has made a wonderful improvement in the great staff of life and the more credit is due the public benefactor, on account of his age and limited experience.— He is a man of untiring energy, good judgment, of an active, grasping and masterly mind, and of a high-toned spirit of independence, which, I sincerely hope, will soon gain him that reward he so richly merits.

LOWER COUNTRY.

From the American Agriculturist.

THE CORN CROP.

Indian corn will soon be among our largest exports; anything, therefore, which may tend to cheapen its production, and facilitate getting it either to a home or foreign market, will be adding so much to the wealth of the country. At present prices, all acknowledge it to be a very profitable crop to the Western farmer, when proper attention is bestowed upon the culture; we can show it to be equally so in New York, and even sterile New England.

No farmer should think of planting corn on land that is not in a condition to yield him at least thirty bushels to the acre, and fifty bushels would be still more profitable. If his land cannot produce this, he had better cultivate it in some other crop till it can. If it yields forty to fifty bushels per acre, under an ordinary rotation, the stalks in the Northern States will pay all expenses of cultivation, leaving the corn a clear profit, after deducting the interest of the money on the land. In this case we assume that the stalks are cut up close to the ground, with the corn—then properly cured—and that they are prepared by the cutting machine before feeding them out to the stock. Many sound, practical farmers, contend that, cured and prepared in this way, a good quality of corn stalks is as valuable for cattle fodder as hay. On an average, we do not think so, but will put them down at half the present value of hay here—say five dollars per ton. Admitting that they average four tons per acre, well dried, their value would be twenty dollars, which is certainly more

than the average cost of cultivating an acre of corn. Corn is now worth seventy-five cents per bushel in this market. Thirty bushels would be \$22 50; fifty bushels, \$37 50 per acre. Allowing \$5 for rent of land, a d a large profit would be left, unless one had been very extravagant in the purchase of manure; and even in this case, not more than one-third, or one-half, should be charged to the corn crop, as much of its fertility would be still remaining in the ground for the succeeding crops. The above is merely our calculation, and we admit that it is a favorable one for the corn, as nothing is allowed for injuries by the frost, worms, storms, &c. Still, we think thirty bushels per acre is easily attainable on an average of years, throughout the country. If any of our readers can make it out less or more, we shall be glad to be favored with their calculations, and put them on record in our pages.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WIFE'S APPEAL.

What though, my love! thy lip has lost
The early smile of youth
When every word it breathes for me
Is tenderness and truth!
And if none else a charm can see
Upon thy care-worn brow,
I loved thee in the flush of youth,
But oh! far better now!

And if at times a tear will fall,
Thy pallid cheek to see,
Oh! deem not that thine altered look
Has grown less dear to me;
But that to me it tells a tale
Of days of anxious care,
And grief and toil thou bear'st so well,
Which I so faint would share.

What if the ones who at my side,
Launched on life's fickle sea,
Have gained a higher lot on earth
Than I have shared with thee?
Nor stately homes nor silken slippers
Can win from me a sigh;
Thine heart, beloved! is wealth enough,
Far more than earth can buy!

Perchance had fickle fortune smiled,
Our hearts had learned to roam
And found a charm in wealth and power,
To win from Heaven and Home,
But now, when all around is dark,
Our souls at least are free,
And trust me, love! that mine is strong
To suffer all with thee?

[KNICKERBOCKER.]

A TIGHT SHOE.

The New-York "Commercial Advertiser" has recently published a series of letters from the metropolis, replete with humor and wit; and the following extract from a late number is selected with a view of illustrating the magnetic influence, which a woman's foot will exercise on bipeds of the sterner sex.

Did you ever observe, my dear uncle, how a trivial circumstance will always give rise to a train of serious thought, or how a single idea, awakened by desire, multiplies itself in the imagination and takes captive the sense—subduing the mind to a sweet abandonment to its varied charms, and chastening reality and cold fact with the serene yet glowing influences of hope and fancy, and love.

So it is; a look, a motion or a word, will in certain moods of the mind suffice to conjure up a halo of attributes delicate as emotions—with which it unconsciously surrounds the object that has awakened them, and the mind becomes itself moulded by their influence. I believe such a state is often precursor or the cause of love, which, after all, is perhaps more a homage paid to an imaginary excellence, than to an actual good. Men write sonnets to their mistresses; if a few of the more uxorious are afterward tempted to write domestic stanzas to their wives, they are, generally speaking, as dull and insipid as matrimony itself.

I felt something of this when the widow had left me alone. Perhaps it was the attitude of timid—I will call it interest—with which she had approached me at the window. Perhaps it was the tremulous glance which had sunk before my gaze as if afraid that it might expose too plainly the emotions of the mind. Perhaps it was—but no matter what it was—certain it is that in my mind the widow had become quite a different person. I regarded her no more as a merry, good-hearted soul in mourning, who kept a boarding house as a matter of necessity. She had suddenly become refined, rarified as it were—into a celestial little nixy, who laughed at her misfortunes, and was the only person ignorant of their extent. Alone in the world, single-handed to battle against the frowns of fortune and the vicissitudes of life, with no one to love, no one to sympathize with her and she so artless—so merry—so kind

and so uncomplaining. I rose from the chair, walked to the mirror, and hugged her in imagination.

I wish to heaven, I said, addressing my reflection in the glass, I wish to heaven that my uncle knew her.

The wish was suggestive, eminently prolific, for it led me off into a train of thought, which depicted the widow as seated at your fireside, diligently engaged in darning stockings, while you were looking on with a glance of almost fatherly affection and the white smoke that rose from the bowl of your meerschaum lingering around your benevolent face and made a halo around your head.

She would then, said I, continuing my soliloquy, be free from care and anxiety—she would have a sure friend, and be as happy as she deserves to be. I know my uncle would love her.

Here she was again—in a bustle as usual—her face flushed with running down stairs, and her merry smile and flashing eyes lighting up that prime cap and black close fitting bonnet, until they seemed actually charming. Her muff was in one hand, and a pair of rubber shoes in the other. She threw her muff upon the sofa, skipped to the mirror and dropped her rubber shoes on the hearth rug.

It is so long since I took a stroll, she said, looking in the glass and leaning her head a little one side, as she smoothed her hair under her cap. It is so long since I took a stroll! One does not like to walk out alone.

She smiled as she said it, and glanced at me from under her bonnet; so provokingly pretty that my heart leaped. She had been immured in the house for want of a companion. Here was a pretty state of things. I believe, I said to myself, as I watched every movement of her fingers, and wondered why she had not adjusted her cap and arranged her hair in her dressing room—though I was thankful she had not; I believe this poor little widow is as much isolated as if she lived in a wilderness; I believe there is not a soul on earth feels sympathy for her, and she so merry and unassuming, as if she was thankful for being permitted to live even in a precarious state; but it would be cruel to wake her from her delusion, and prove to her that she is exquisitely unhappy.

I was in a hurry, she said; and merely threw on my bonnet and shawl. I knew there would be no one here but you, and one does not mind trifles before you. Ah, if you could have seen the smile she cast towards me as she flung herself upon the rocking chair, you would have understood why I could hardly restrain myself from acting very foolishly upon the spot. I did restrain myself, however, and only drew my chair close to her's and intently watched her proceedings:

It was simply putting on a pair of over shoes, but I never felt such deep interest in so trivial an action before. I am afraid that it is the height of indelicacy for a lady to perform such an act before a young man, involving as it does the possibility of revealing the ankle by some hasty jerk or motion—but! it was only before me. With much ado, with many little feminine expostives and writhings of the foot and stamping of the heel—she succeeded in encasing one foot and commenced with the other.

There never was such an obstinate shoe. She no sooner inserted her pretty coquettish little toe in it, than it clasped it with a tenacity of affection which India rubber articles have in common with snapping turtles. If she put in her finger to pull up the sides; it was instantly caught as in a trap; if she succeeded in getting one side straight, the other went down; the heel was obstinate—the shoe in fact, was collapsed and resolved not to be worn. She was determined however, not to be conquered; and if you had seen how earnest she was, you would have said with the Scotchman, that it was a "gude sight for scotchmen." Her face was flushed and her eyes were sparkling with the exertion; she was biting her under lip, and every moment shaking her head and stamping her foot with the prettiest savageness imaginable. As for me, I was as much absorbed in the transaction as herself; I bent down, unconsciously held my breath, and said ah-h when she did. My fingers were hovering about the shoe, and itching to assist her, and now and then ejaculated short sentences of advice or encouragement.

But the very deed was in the shoe, and the widow at last lost all patience; she flung it on the floor and at the same time struck me in the eye with her elbow. This aroused us to a sense of the absurdity of our situation, and we laughed at the eagerness we had both exhibited over so trivial an affair; we laughed, but my right eye would not join in the merriment, but piped a little lachrymose overture on its own account.

Was anything ever so provoking? she exclaimed, becoming quite vexed, I shall be compelled to abandon my walk on account of that abominable shoe.

That said I, we must not be ruffled by such little difficulties. Shall we be conquered by a shoe?

I took up the mulish article as I spoke and bent down on one knee before the widow.

Gracious, said she, drawing back her foot

behind the curtain of her gown, etc. that enveloped it, what are you going to do?

To help you, to be sure; you cannot do it alone, and we are not going to be cheated out of anticipated pleasure.

For a lady to abandon her foot to masculine mercy, is, without doubt, an act of unparalleled rashness, in the surrendering of that member she virtually cuts off all chance of retreat and gives herself up entirely. The widow thought so too, and hesitated, but such a charming hesitation! It could have wished her to remain undecided for an hour at least. She bit her lips and opened her eyes with the pitiest affectation of amazement, by way of concealing the pleasure she really felt, and then she recollected that it was only I, and commenced with her merry ringing laugh.

At last she recovered, and taking the shoe in her hand, began to try again in sober earnest. I remained on my knee and watched her efforts; she was still unsuccessful, and I assisted her, but the obstinate shoe baffled our joint attempts, and she gave up the affair to me altogether.

It was the first time I ever had a woman's foot in my hand, and upon my life, I believe it possesses more powerful magnetic influences than the famed torpedo; its touch positively thrilled through me. I proceeded carefully handling the foot as if it were glass, and the widow bent over leaning on her elbows, to watch my progress. I pulled up the side of the shoe, raised the heel, pushed the toes, and took a long breath, and the widow did the same unwittingly.

Ah said I, as I put the foot upon the ground and leaned backward to survey it from another point of view.

Ah, said the widow sorrowfully, "we cannot do it."

Never give it up, said I, stooping once more to my task, for a bright idea had struck me. To it I went again with renewed vigor, biting my lip and jerking the hair from my eyes with a toss of my head now and then. It became warm work, but I was resolved on victory, and at last clasped the ankle with one hand, while I worked away at the refractory shoe with the other. This was a ticklish affair, I'll promise you, and many women in similar circumstances, would have screamed, or may be fainted a little, but she had none of that nonsense about her. To be sure, I heard a very little gasp, as if the snatch for a breath followed by a small tremulous respiration, as if a sigh was whispering to her. I felt a slight shudder also in her foot, as if the nerve had shrunk from my touch without her consent, but I took no notice of these trifles and hardly perceived that her hand was on my shoulder, keeping time by its light or heavy pressings with those I inflicted upon her ankle. But I did not perceive that when I was on the verge of triumph and my hair had fallen forward she passed her delicate fingers through it and softly removed it from my eyes. It was a simple action, but nothing that I ever experienced before gave me such sensations of vivid happiness; that touch turned my blood to fire—my heart went mad with joy, and I could have annihilated her foot with kisses, and eaten her upon the spot.

But the deed was achieved at last, and I wish some painter had been there to "take us off" as we surveyed it. She projected her foot beyond her envious gown for a full minute, for my special benefit, as I stood pointing down—yet looking in her eyes and laughing—I very believe—like a fool. Well there was some excuse for me—I was elated with my success—everything had conspired to please me, and her sparkling eyes, as they were bent upon me while she joined my hearty laugh, would have made Diogenes happy.

REQUISITION FOR A LADIES TOILET.—A late elegant writer, who always professed to be an admirer of the fair sex, has earnestly recommended the following, as a necessary requisition for a lady's toilet:—"A fine eyewater, benevolence; best white paint, innocence; a mixture, giving sweetness to the voice, mildness and truth; a wash to prevent wrinkles, contentment; best rouge, modesty; a pair of most valuable ear-rings, attention; an universal beautifier, good humor; a lip-salve, cheerfulness."

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

Accusing the times is but excusing ourselves.

A great fortune is a great slavery.

A bird is known by his note, and a man by his talk.

A fop of fashion is the mercer's friend, the tailor's fool, and his own foe.

A good presence is letters of recommendation.

A hog upon trust grunts till he is paid for.

A man in debt is stoned every year.

All covet, all lose.

Argus at home, but a mole abroad.

A spur in the head is worth two in your heel.

A mitted cat never was a good hunter.

A rich man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.

A young man idle, an old man needy.

A line finishes this column.

CURIOSITIES.

The following curiosities have been found, in addition to those already offered to the National Museum:

A piece of that string which determines the length of any thing.

Some of the hair of that dog which gives the color of any thing.

One of the rounds of the tabled chair of honor.

The chair used by a philosopher when comfortably seated in space.

A portion of the tail of that fox which was three hundred yards long.

The breeches and jacket of the rising sun.

A dish from the summit of Table Rock. Some of the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

The pith of the last joke.

Some down from a down Easter.

The "Hoo! Sir," owl which gave name to the "Hooiers" of Kentucky.

Some spirit of the Rio Grande.

The quadrature of the circle, as exhibited by squaring a fat man on the ground.

The suit of clothes that is more valued than a man.

Some of the nothings about which fashionable people talk.

A pound of mole feathers.

A small portion of the man who knows everything.

A book of "Forms" for an editor, containing puffs, obituaries, &c. &c.

The last resort of a hypochondriac.

Some of the hair frost brought to Carolina by Mr. Hoar of Massachusetts.

A few links of sentimental poetry penned by a lover to his mistress.

The hem of the garb of mortality.

A link from a chain of causes.

Some of the darkness of the night which succeeded the day of chivalry.

The knife with which Mrs. Caudle cut.

A pair of blankets from the bed of the sun.

Some of the brass of a *chapeau bras*.

The grindstone on which liars grind their teeth.

The key of a monk lock.

One of the paws of the last cat-astrophe.

The picture of an attorney dressed according to law—in "a black coat" only.

That hat which was "knocked into a cocked hat."

The female day of Sumterville.

Some of the teeth used in a mental chargin.

A smile from a "jolly Old Soul."

The stick which had no end to it, because it was cut off.

The bison (breast work) of a fortification at Point Isabel.

Some of the wax of a sherry-cobler.

A small quantity of water from the "sea of troubles."

A few bottles of the "Inklings of Adventure."

The lamp of experience,—very greasy by this time.

One of the side-bones from Job's turkey.

A weight from the scales of Justice.

One of the loose reins of the imagination—very strong.

Some drops from the overflowings of the cup of bliss.

A fly from a balance wheel.

The queer part of a querulous thing.

The tongue of Madam Rumor.

The whole of the maiden speech of a young lawyer.

Some blood from a bludgeon.

Some teeth and claws from the catacombs of Paris.

Some voluteery spirit ready bottled and corked for the Mexican war.

An arrow from the quiver of malice.

Some of the blood said to have been squeezed out of a stone; also, some of the milk squeezed out a milk-pot.

Some of Gen. Scott's "hasty plate of soup," and some of its soup-enumeraries.

THE LAST JOKE.—A few days since, a country gentleman stepped in a store in Columbia and asked—

"Have you any sugar?"

"We aint got any thing else," was the reply.

"Well, put me up 150 pounds, and make out your bill. I'll call and settle, and get the sugar, in an hour or so."

In an hour or two after this, the gentleman called, paid his bill, and got the sugar. As usual the storekeeper said—

"Want any thing else, sir?"

"I did want some two or three bags of coffee, some rice, spices, oil, &c., but I got them at some other store. You told me you aint had anything else in your store but sugar!"

PASSING AWAY TIME.—"There's a cheat in all trades but *hours*," exclaimed the clock-dial.

"You're a very hand-some punster," rejoined the bell.

"Strike away—it deserves *wringing*," sung out two weighty little fellows below.

"You be *hanged*!" interposed the pendulum, "while I have a swing in this affair,"—and thus they tickled each other for a full hour, when the key took hold and wound them all up at once.