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THE SUMTER BANNER:
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AGRICULTURAL.

From the American Agriculturist. NEW SEEDLING POTATOES.

In consequence of the degeneracy of the potatoe and its liability to run out, or at least to become comparatively worthless, I have been experimenting for six years in producing new varieties from seed. From the ravages of a small black bug, my efforts for the first two years proved entirely futile. The third year by protecting the very small, tender plants with thin bats of tow, for many days after they first sprang from the earth, I succeeded in growing about twenty, which I also protected from the autumnal frosts, as long as they would grow, by means of blankets and boards. From these plants I succeeded in gathering about three quarts of very small tubers, consisting of more than a dozen varieties, all sound and healthy, when dug, most of which remained so until the time of planting the next spring. In consequence of severe frosts and droughts, it was with some difficulty that I succeeded in cultivating them; but I can now say that I have on hand, in my cellar, in good and healthy condition, about 100 bushels of four-year-old seedlings, and about 10 bushels from seeds sown last spring; also a quantity of seed suitable for sowing, from my last summer's crop.

The distinct varieties in the four-year-old seedlings, are now fully developed, the four best of which bear among us the following names:—Buffalo Pinkeye, "Russeting," "Rose," and "American Producer." During the last two years, I have tested these varieties, and for beauty, solidity, quality, and productiveness, I have never seen nor heard of their equal. The Pinkeye resembles the old potatoe bearing that name but in every particular is superior. For this variety I was awarded, at the late State Fair at Auburn, the highest premium on seedling potatoes. The Russeting is so called from its resemblance, in color, to the russeting apple or pear. It is very hard and white in the interior, very early, and of the finest quality for the table. The Rose resembles, in appearance, at the seed end, very much the flower after which it is named. The American Producer is rather long, with a rough, though healthy skin, and is remarkably productive. This variety, as well as the rose potatoe, is of fine quality, both for the garden and the table, but is more particularly adapted for field culture and for feeding.

As to the productiveness of these four varieties, I think that ten bushels planted in good soil, with proper culture, will produce in a favorable season, 50 fold. I planted, in a drill, one pinkeye, last spring, making it, thirteen hills, along side a row of tomatoes, and as I thought, at a proper distance from it; but when both began to spread, the potatoes were badly shaded. The drought and tomato vines entirely destroyed two hills, and very materially injured the whole. Notwithstanding this, I gathered in the fall from the eleven remaining hills, a full half-bushel of beautiful Buffalo Pinkeyes.

Among the varieties from which I first gathered my first balls for seed was the long and round pinkeye, mercer, kidney potatoe, orange, large flesh-colored, peach-blow, and several others. The tubers from the seed of the pinkeye have been planted in regular succession three times, with a very perceptible improvement each year. Among these tubers are represented the old pinkeye, mercer, rough-skin, flesh-colored, and peach-blow. The first year from the seed, the tubers were very small; but, during the three succeeding years they have materially improved. The vines are very large at the roots and spread on the ground much like those of the tomato; and while in many fields of the old potatoe, not a seed-ball could be found, they were very large and abundant on my new varieties, bending the stalks to the ground. Among my common pinkeyes, mercers, flesh-colored, Englishwhites, and orange potatoes, not a single ball could be found, although planted in the same field, at the same time, and in the same drills with my

seedlings, with their subsequent culture in all respects alike.

The culture of my seedlings, from the commencement of the experiments, has been ordinary, yet they have produced abundantly. But the greatest improvement is seen in the seedlings of 1836. Last spring, I sowed in a bed six feet square, about a thimbleful of potatoe seeds which I gathered from my seedlings of the fall previous. When about as large as small cabbage plants, I transplanted into drills prepared for them with a light plow. I set them, one in a place, at a distance of about two feet, and paid particular attention to their culture. The vines were so small when they first sprang up from the soil that they could not be seen at any distance; but at the time of digging they covered the entire surface of the ground, were very bushy, perfectly green, and as large as the round of a common chair. On the roots of some of the plants, I counted from 500 to 1000 tubers, varying from the size of a goose-egg down to that of a squirrel shot. From the crop of the thimbleful of seeds, I gathered about twelve bushels of potatoes, to all appearances perfectly healthy. The greatest weight from one vine was 3 1/2 lbs. Among my seedlings I expect to find next fall a rich variety strongly marked with purple ground and with white eyes.

I take great pleasure, not only in these interesting experiments, accompanied as they are with entertaining and healthful employment, but in presenting to the public these new products, and at a time too when the whole world is so deeply interested in this subject. It is my intention to give this experiment particular attention for years to come; and should there be any farmers, city gardeners, and others, either at home or abroad, who would like to obtain, next fall, seed from my tubers of 1846, or the tubers themselves, for the purpose of planting or experiment, I shall be happy to supply them on reasonable terms, and thus contribute, not only to the pleasure and benefit of the purchasers in the delightful experiment in their own garden or field, but also in arresting the great calamity now realized in almost every nation on the globe.

N. S. SMITH.
Buffalo, Dec., 28th, 1846.

APPLICATION AND GOOD EFFECTS OF GUANO.—REV. ARSIEL DOWNS, of Baiting Hollow, Long Island, speaks in high terms of his success in the application of guano in the culture of Indian corn. In every case where he applied it in the hill or otherwise, the result was a double quantity of produce. He thinks that when the guano is used in an undiluted state at the time of planting, it should not be applied directly under the seed, but at a distance of two or three inches one side; for when the roots of the corn come in contact with the guano, the plant seems to droop, turn yellow, and in some instances die. This mode appears to be in perfect accordance with that practised by the Peruvians.—*Amer. Agriculturist.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Iris and Odd-Fellow's Magazine. JUSTICE AND OPPRESSION. A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY L. A. M.

AUTHOR OF "SAINT ROSABELLE," "AMBITION," &c.
"Good morning, Mr. Gruff—walk in and be seated," said Mr. Mildmay, handing his morning visitor a chair—at the same time casting an inquiring glance at him, that seemed to say, to what cause am I to attribute this unusual visit?
"No, sir—no, I have not time to sit," said the sturdy tradesman, pushing the chair from him with a smile that settled upon his coarse and hardy features, as if it were a stranger there—"I have called this morning, friend Mildmay, to say we have got our business pretty well under way; we only want your name now to make our list complete. Come, old friend, give it to us with us a willing hand, and my word for it, you will never regret it, or my name's not Peter Gruff."

"Indeed, sir," said Mr. Mildmay, "you have gone on to the point, without telling me what this great and important business is, that you have entered into heart and soul. Now, my friend, I am indeed a little surprised at your seeming forgetfulness."

"Important business it is," he said, shrugging up his shoulders; "aye, and it must be accomplished, too. This business, sir, I say, that I named to you a month or more ago respecting these women, sir, who are taking our business out of our hands. I have been taking a stroll around the city, sir, and there is not a street, with the exception of Broadway, but what is filled, sir, with those petty shops, millineries, cap-manufactories, and what else you may choose to call them; I care not what their names might be. The matter is, sir, they are carried on by women; and that is enough to put them down in the estimation of every man of common sense.—Come, sir, I am rather in a hurry this morning, and you will oblige me by giving me your name at once."

"Indeed, Mr. Gruff, you will excuse me, for I have not clearly understood what you would have me do."

"Not understood, Mildmay! Not understood? I am surprised, sir, utterly surprised, that you should be so ignorant on a subject that concerns you and every merchant in New York. The matter is this, sir: I have gotten up a petition, sir, to lay before the proper authorities, to prevent these women from carrying on these shops, stores, or whatever else they are; they will ruin our business, and must and shall be put down. They are allowed a license, sir, for just one half what we have to pay—they rent a fabric, for which they pay a mere nothing; added to which, they crowd some half dozen families into it, thereby, making, perhaps, a clear profit. By this means, sir, they can afford to sell goods cheaper than we can. We must have our handsome bow windows, and richly finished cases, our stores brilliantly illuminated with gas, for which, sir, we must pay an exorbitant price, and must have a profit on our goods to indemnify us, and the consequence is, customers go where they can buy the cheapest. One class, sir, we have put down—those who live by the needle; we have succeeded in grinding their prices down, until they cannot earn over from eight to twelve-and-a-half cents per day—plenty, sir, plenty, sir, plenty for these creatures, what can they want with more. I have given my wife and daughters orders long since, not to give more than half the value of the work they have done; and I assure you, sir, that my orders have been strictly complied with. If your American women will not do it for half price, there are plenty of foreigners who will. They have not been accustomed to such indulgences and luxuries as your would be ladies of this country—and they can afford to work for less. And now I think of it, our markets, too, our side-walks, our pavements are blocked up with some of this class. They do not even pay rent, sir, for a place in which to store their articles of traffic; but free from expenses, they offer their goods for a mere nothing—this must not, shall not be; we'll put them down, or my name's not Peter Gruff. Now give me your name, and we'll have the matter fixed without more delay."

"Indeed, neighbor," said Mildmay, "I should like much to oblige you; but really this seems a matter of conscience with me; a business I have no right to meddle with.—Live, and let live, has hitherto been my motto; and were I to lend a hand to oppress my fellow-creatures, how could I dare pray

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

"Conscience!" muttered Gruff. "You will give ear to conscience, until it will be your ruin."

"Yes, neighbor," resumed the merchant, "this is a free country. Here all men are or ought to be on an equality."

"Equality!" said Gruff, again interrupting Mr. Mildmay; "now this, sir, is the very root of the evil. Why, sir, in my opinion we ought to know of but two distinct classes—the rich and the poor. We should have no middle state of society. We have the poor to work for us, and we should be allowed to remunerate them as we please; and we will soon have it so, if you will aid us. But if you adhere to this principle of 'Conscience,' as you term it, you will bring yourself to beggary, or my name's not Peter Gruff."

"And what would you have these people do, Mr. Gruff? give up all exertions for the support of themselves, and those dependant on them, and throw themselves on the public for support? I rather think, sir, their industry and ambition should be encouraged."

"Oh no, sir; they should work—work for a mere maintenance; and that is all they require—all they should have."

"But from what you have remarked, they cannot gain a livelihood by their labor; consequently they must starve or beg. It were better Mr. Gruff, to pay every one—male or female, a fair price. I think sir the condition of our country would be benefited thereby. For instance many of these oppressed people are driven by necessity to endeavor to obtain credit, which if they are fortunate enough to gain, they are in all probability, never able to liquidate the debt; and the man who, for humanity's sake, trusted them, must be the loser thereby. A thousand other instances I could name, in which every good citizen would be benefitted, if ambition were encouraged, industry properly remunerated, and the respectable poor of our country placed more on an equality with those who, I am sorry to say, are unfortunately their oppressors."

"All a mistake, sir," and the chagrined tradesman rubbed his hands together, and bit his lip to suppress his rising anger. "What do they know of respectability? They shall and must be put down."

"Better place yourself and all men of like principles in their condition for awhile," said a strange voice, in an undertone, which caused the leader in this conversation to look around, when he perceived Mr. Mildmay's son—a youth of seventeen, seated at his writing desk, at the back part of his father's store.

"Command yourself, Frederick," said his father, calmly; "and while you speak your sentiments, have a care to respect age."

"I do, father," said the youth, encouraged by his father's approving smile. "I respect age—I respect all mankind; and from my heart, I respect the industrious, the upright, the ambitious people of my country, and young as I am I will stand in their defence against tyranny and injustice. The ruin you speak of, Mr. Gruff, let me tell you, with all the due respect to your age, comes from a quarter that you appear blind to. If men of your principles are let to go on, we shall indeed be ruined."

"You young scapegrace," interrupted Gruff, knitting his brows, "I suppose I may infer, that were you permitted to control the reins of government, you would place every man, whether of high or low degree, on an equality—distributing among the poor the possessions of the wealthy."

"You may infer no such thing, sir; I have said nothing to justify you in such a supposition," said Frederick, while his bright eyes sparkled with indignation. "Were I a statesman, I would vote that America remain, as she has ever been, 'the land of the Free and the home of the Brave.' I would have her extend her favors to every oppressed son and daughter of Adam—but, sir, I would have those who take advantage of such favors, share, not usurp our rights; I would have every man display a banner, on which should be inscribed, in flaming capitals—**EQUAL RIGHTS!**"

"You are quite eloquent for a stripling of your years," said Gruff, "and if your principles were of an entire opposite nature, our country might well boast of such a son; but," turning to Mr. Mildmay, he said, scornfully, "I fear, sir, he will prove a sorry chap in the end—and you will see, when too late to remedy the evil, your error in not restraining his notions."

"No danger," said Frederick; "with such a teacher as my father I cannot go wrong."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Trueman, with a paper in his hand, saying,

"Gentlemen, I am truly fortunate in meeting with you together. I am out this morning soliciting aid for the suffering poor of our city, and I cannot think either of you will harden your hearts to the cause of humanity; and, I assure you, there never has been a greater demand on the public than at present. The mechanics of our city have, of late years, been oppressed beyond measure, and I, as one of the Committee, and I am sorry, as an American citizen, to say it, but the truth must be told, I find objects of charity in a circle who have heretofore been comfortable living, and why? I think I hear you ask, has intemperance, extravagance or bad management brought about this change? No, gentlemen, but oppression! The honest, the industrious, the upright mechanic, who, in times past, could support his family genteelly, educate his children and enjoy ease and comfort, can now, by performing the same labors, scarcely obtain bread for his perishing children, and what makes the condition of this people more distressing, they smother, rather than make known their situation—they shrink from public scrutiny, and under a smiling brow, hide an aching heart—ay, and in many cases a starving stomach. To you, Mr. Mildmay, I can appeal, sure of success; this class of people must be dealt with kindly—they must have aid, sir, and it must be afforded with all the delicacy the case demands. They scorn to ask charity of those who are growing rich by oppressing them. I deeply deplore this state of things, gentlemen—but so it is,

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousand's mourn."

Oh, when shall communities learn to suppress tyranny? Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; give to every man, his due; let every honest, industrious, enterprising mechanic reap the just reward of his labor; give to the lonely and destitute female, who earns, by the glimmering light of a midnight lamp, her bread, a liberal, even a just compensation for her services; and place men more on equality. And now, gentlemen," said Mr. Trueman, "I have done my appeal, and await to receive your donations."

"I make it a point, my dear friend," said Mr. Mildmay, "never to turn my back upon the needy. I have no reason to doubt that you have satisfied yourself that the persons you have under your charge, have just claims on our humanity. Would to God I had more to bestow on such objects. For money thus deposited never fails to yield an ample interest. But as my means are small, you must receive this little gift, and take the will for the deed. Apply it as you may see fit. If a smiling Providence sheds his influence over my exertions as he has done, I shall be enabled to double it."

As he was speaking he slipped a \$50 bill into the hand of Mr. Trueman, without naming the amount, in a manner that said, 'let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

Mr. Gruff shewed clearly, by the workings of his countenance, that the scene before him was not at all in unison with his feelings, and when reminded by Mr. Trueman that he was waiting his decision, he answered, in a voice that corresponded precisely with his outward demeanor, "Not a dollar, sir, not a dollar from the purse of

Peter Gruff, to bestow on your pampered menials. Let those who are such strong advocates for equality, carry out their principles. Raise them to an equality with your sons and daughters. Aye, marry them to them, if you like; and see who you'll have to blame. If I were to give heed to every demand of the like, I should soon be a beggar. No, no; you may do as you please, my men; but I'll take care of number one;" and turning away abruptly, he walked off, without even the civility of a "Good morning, gentleman."

Time passed steadily in its onward course, and the preceding events had been nearly forgotten; when, one bleak chilly night, in the depth of winter, Mr. Mildmay was aroused from his quiet slumbers—for the rest of the good man is always quiet—by the appalling cry of "Fire!" in his immediate neighborhood. He arose hastily, and raising the wind w. found it proceeded from the extensive wholesale and retail establishment of Peter Gruff. He didn't pause to consider the claims the proprietor had in his services; but with feelings ever alive to the cause of distress, he hastened to the spot hoping to be able to render some assistance. But all efforts were rendered unavailing. The flames were already bursting forth with awful grandeur; and in a few moments, all would be a heap of ruins. The worthy man stood looking on the scene of destruction before him until startled by the appearance of Mr. Gruff, in his usual bustling manner. He turned to him, and in his kindness of heart, would have offered consolation. But Gruff broke out in a voice of thunder, "They have deceived themselves, Mr. Mildmay. Some incendiary—some midnight fiend, with a purpose more hellish than him who inhabits the regions below, has thought to deprive me of my earnings—the labor and toil of years. But they're disappointed, Peter Gruff defies any man to make a beggar of him.—No, sir,—and he stamped with the fury of a maniac—the insurance office, sir, will have to feel the blow. I am insured to the full value, and I'll have it, sir; there'll be no holding back—before to-morrow's sun shall set, I will be re-instated!" Thus he continued, until the bystanders supposing him bereft of his reason, forced him home and urged him to retire to rest.

In the morning, Mr. Gruff was found to be perfectly sane. His first business was to repair to the office, and demand his insurance. Suspensions were awakened—for Peter had but a few days before effected an insurance on his goods to an amount that astonished every one who was aware of the transaction. Enquiries were immediately set on foot—and the suspicions were corroborated beyond a doubt.

In the character which we have given of this man, self-interest and avarice have been the most prominent traits. A thirst for gold! Oh man, if it be not subdued by better judgment, to what end will it lead thee. Alas! to what did it lead him? Under cover of night, when there was no eye to see—save His, from whom no action can be hid—he planned, ay, and carried out his plans too; he robbed his own store of the goods obtained on credit, and sent them to a neighboring city; accomplices were in waiting to take charge, and dispose of them according to his directions. He was himself the incendiary, on whose head he was heaping curses the more effectually to ward off suspicion—but God in his wisdom willed it, that such a deed should not go unpunished—like other hypocrites, his virtues being overdone, the well-accustomed eye could trace the leadings of the heart. And tho' in the sober hour of midnight the deed was done; yet, to the sun's bright beams, he stood exposed. His creditors having recovered the goods, stopped all further proceedings, and left him to the working of his own conscience—if indeed, conscience could be supposed to dwell with such a man. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. Even the scanty subsistence he grudged to others, we see him glad to grasp at.

"Father," said Frederick Mildmay, as the worthy old gentleman entered his counting room; "Mr. Gruff has been here, and asks of you the privilege of placing a stand on your pavement, on the front of the store, to sell oranges. If I mistake not, he is the man who condemned such a proceeding, and voted for a license to be imposed on vendors of such things, which he knew they could not afford; and must as a consequence, be deprived of their living. I think, father, it would be but justice, to refuse him—not that I would bear malice against him—but that it might teach him a lesson stronger than any that has yet overtaken him."

Mr. Mildmay stood for some moments engaged in thought. At length, looking tenderly, but earnestly, at the young man, he said, "My son, let him who has never done wrong, be allowed the privilege of judging his fellow man. Common frailties are the strongest lessons of mutual forbearance.—This man has come among us with a desire to do us, as citizens, all the evil in his power. Could his voice have ruled us, as a people, we should indeed have groined beneath the yoke of tyranny; but as is usual, in such cases, the blow he struck at others, has descended with force