

# THE SUMTER BANNER.

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**THE SUMTER BANNER:**  
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WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

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### AGRICULTURAL.

From the *Camden Journal*.

#### CULTIVATION OF RICE.

There is no axiom more generally true, than that the prejudices of the planter, are strong and difficult to be removed. He will persevere in a settled course, although by it, his profits continually diminish. His prejudice to test a new project, to abandon a once lucrative staple, and launch out upon a new article of commerce, is a truth of daily observation; the recent history of the cotton market, with the train of evils resulting from its production, and in the absence of every prospect of alleviation, will prove this—and why this lethargy? When we appreciate the elevated station to which the agriculturists of South Carolina legitimately aspire, we are at a loss to find a reason; we cannot see the ground on which to rest his repugnance, to try a new project—you may convince him by argument, you may clearly illustrate your position by examples; he may see evils settling around him like an incubus upon the vital organs, still he persists; you cannot change him—he will not be convinced—he follows still the ignis fatuus, as long as one flickering spark remains, his lingering, though baffled hopes, are there—he cannot, yet, will not sever from the even tenor of his way.

An invariable then, in his agricultural habits, constitutes a trait in the character of the planter, it remains to be determined, whether it is a feature which adorns or obscures, the under standing.

But if we estimate the endearing ties which bind us to our off-pring—if we appreciate the free institutions of our beloved State, and would perpetuate them; if public interest and private considerations, invite us, we are constrained to question the soundness of the policy, and may we not say at a crisis too, in which Ceres seems to have awakened the ancient spirit of Cincinnati—a period in which the science of agriculture is pursued with so much zeal—where its votaries take so much pleasure in propagating its principles; but alas! as for your labor and investments, you have an inadequate return, while every change exhibits a feature still more and more oppressive—when all these fail to arouse this wanted spirit of enterprise, then must it remain a subject of unfeigned regret.

But will the torch which has been lit by the agricultural spirit of the age, fail to enlighten its votaries? Will not successful results in producing some of the many articles, besides cotton, that is adapted to consumption at home, and suitable to commerce abroad, elicit inquiry? Should the cries of the hungry and naked portions of the globe, not awaken the tillers of the soil from their delirium?

The diversity of culture affords a great relief to the mind.

The cultivation of bread stuffs, and the rearing of stock, would, independent of the relief afforded to the consumptive purse of the Southern cotton planter, tend to alleviate at this severe crisis, the wants of suffering millions.—This then, is the moment for action—it is the period pregnant with demand for successful results. Erroneous opinions should be corrected, freedom of intercourse should be encouraged, and freedom of sentiment by the spread of agricultural associations, would in a great degree tend to alleviate the present and impending evils. It would encourage individual enterprise by aiding it to reach untrammelled, the marked and general advantages to which acknowledged skill and assiduity entitles it.

In this attempt to direct your attention in a general point of view, we are induced more particularly, to call your attention to a branch of the subject, which we think deserves the notice of the Southern agriculturist. An impression seems to have gone abroad, and to exist almost universally, that rice cannot be cultivated here—that it is in the region of tides alone, where its growth and thorough maturity can be promoted to advantage.

Now, that this opinion is happily founded in error, will be clearly proved by the first experiment, methodically made—who has not seen the most wonderful results produced from the most imperfect trials? If perchance there is an unproductive spot in a field, one that will produce neither corn or cotton; if it is polluted with grass, if deluged at one season and cracked open by the effect of the sun at another, this is the spot set apart to produce a rice crop; now these trials if they deserve even that name; serves only to prove that the rice is a hardy grain, that it is peculiarly adapted to our soil and climate, and would thrive here under proper management, comparatively better than anything else. But then this is not the part of good husbandry, or of wisdom—all that scrutiny hath seen, or long experience has taught in relation to the production of this valuable grain, is that from the peculiar organization of the plant, it will adopt itself, to either the wet or dry culture, and that with proper management, it will thrive well, and yield abundantly in either condition—but that a surface which is slobbed and mucky, is unfriendly to its growth, and a succession of good crops cannot be made upon such land.

The point then to which we are led by method and experience, is that on all lands on which rice is intended to be grown, if it is subject to inundations, or is slobbed, should be ditched, and if necessary embanked, before a crop is attempted—occasional during the progress of its growth, is refreshing to the plant, and with judicious management would prove a wonderful auxiliary—but it is detrimental to attempt a system of flowing and draining, unless on lands that are favorably situated for it. A high alluvial soil is to be preferred to any other, and the ordinary succession of seasons, such as would produce a good crop of cotton crop, would also accelerate the growth, and produce on such lands a heavy harvest in rice.

This opinion will not be controverted when it is admitted on every hand, that these swamps which lie within the region of tides, are the best, the most productive, and the most inexhaustible, those which annually yield to the cultivator the richest harvest, was originally made, and continues to be sustained by deposits from your fields.

This vast body of alluvial earth which flows in your rivers throughout the whole extent of the middle country, seem to have been thrown there by nature, as a propitious reserve to await this crisis—and will these considerations not induce the river planter to make a fair experiment of this valuable grain, in strict accordance with all his usual methods in preparing the soil and of culture—a fair experiment would serve not only to prove the position that is here maintained, but in our opinion lead to most important results. It would speedily produce a radical change in domestic and commercial resources. It would diversify our culture, so as to meet every possible contingency, and when not even the wild spirit of speculation would frustrate the prospects of the planter, and spread dismay and bankruptcy throughout the land.—The policy of the agriculturist is to avoid every thing which leads to pecuniary embarrassment—nothing is so fatal to his prosperity, but latterly the delusive and unsettled state of the market—the tricks of trade and the plethora of cotton, has placed him in unavoidable embarrassments, which this change now promises to alleviate. Here then let him make the effort, see how simple, how easy, how devoid of every risk; then make the trial. Think seriously of the advantages resulting from a system which promises relief, and which invitingly spreads its riches at your feet; which seems to have presented itself at a crisis, when suffering millions of your fellow beings are crying for bread. Humanity claims it at your hands.—Think of it too in connection with an over production of your favorite staple, and at a time when every prospect in the future, is fraught with an increase of the evil, be impressed with the belief, it will have a strong tendency to the relief of the whole South a thralldom which to many, is almost insupportable; adopt it, and it will dissipate that mania which has fastened itself upon the agriculturists of the South—an idea which seems to pervade the whole region, and that single idea is cotton.

#### AMPHIBIOUS.

**THE CATERPILLAR AGAIN.**—The last number of the *Fort Geneva Whig* says: "We have been informed by several planters that the fly which generates the Caterpillar so destructive to cotton has been absent during the few days of warm weather we have had this spring—an alarming indication that the crop may again be cut short."

Spinning is now all the fashion among the Parisian ladies. It was introduced by the Duchess of Orleans, whose wheel is ivory ornamented with gold and ebony, and this year wheels have been offered as New Year's gifts to many elegant young ladies.

**A COSTLY WEDDING PRESENT.**—Among the Hottentots, if a widow marries again, she is obliged to cut off the joint of a finger for every husband she marries after

the first: this she presents to her new husband on her wedding-day, beginning at one of the little fingers.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### A YANKEE IN A CANE BRAKE

During a summer jaunt on the Chattanooga, last season, in one of the low down counties of Georgia, I fell in with a denizen from the land of steady habits who had wandered into this region for the purpose of disposing of a small cargo of wooden clocks. He had seen a great many curious things since he had left home, but none that surprised him more than the alligator. His ponderous jaws, "long as uncle John's hand sled," and riveted to his skull with hinges like those of a blacksmith's vice, received his unqualified approbation. He was very anxious to go a hunting, and thinking that there might be some fun in the expedition, a small party was made up. The company was divided, and it so happened that his course lay along the bank of a river in a narrow path, directly by the side of a dense cane brake. A little dog followed close to his heels, which before he had gone far, attracted the attention of a huge alligator. Next to a pig there is nothing that suits an alligator so well as a plump dog. The "varmint" swam swiftly up the stream, near the bank at every stroke of his huge paws, and was just preparing to make a pass at the dog when Jonathan spied him. With one "Oh gosh, I shall be killed," he started. It would have done Indian Dick or American Jackson good to have seen the race. With the dog close to his heels the Yankee flew along the path, looking like the genius of a hurricane. His but came off, he threw his gun into the thick- et, and dashed up the narrow path with the speed of a deer. The alligator could swim faster than Jonathan and his dog could run. As the animal neared the bank he made preparations for springing out of the river when he arrived near enough to seize the dog. Just at this moment the frightened hunter discovered a path that diverged from the one he was following, and led directly into the cane brake. Up this he turned with his dog after him, and close at their heels followed the alligator, which had such a prodigious momentum from the water, that he walked into the cane brake at a rate that promised soon to make him the victor. The Yankee saw his danger just in time to spring into a tree a small scrubby oak. The dog quickly saved himself; but, horrible to relate! a knot on the tree some six feet from the ground pierced the seat of the poor fellow's pantaloons, and held him fast. The efforts of the alligator were by this time rendered nearly useless in consequence of the narrowness of the path and the great difficulty of moving on land. Then came the exciting moment. The unlucky clock peddler not knowing that alligators could climb trees with the same facility that they could swim rivers, bawled out most lustily for help. "Stop the critter; kill the darned animal. I shall be beat up!"—and other cries for salvation made the cane brake ring again. At this juncture, one of the party who was within hearing came to the scene of action, and with the blow of an axe under the critter's fore leg stopped his career and relieved the unfortunate Yankee from his perilous situation. I have had many a hunting spree before and since that time, where alligators were the game but never but that once have I seen a Yankee in a cane brake.—*Boston Post*.

#### A LESSON FOR APPRENTICES.

We find in a Cincinnati paper an account of a young apprentice in that office, whose traits are so remarkable, and so worthy of imitation by our more youthful readers—especially those who are conscientious of the necessity of working their own way through life, that we have concluded to place the facts in a prominent place. It seems the youth in question was only about two years ago, a common "Carrier." While thus employed, he used his leisure moments in the procurement of the needful degree of education, for the part of a compositor. He has already acquired such proficiency, combined with and stimulated by the spirit of industry, that he has set up in a single week, 80,000 ems, commencing the week with empty cases, and distributing the whole of his letter. He receives the ordinary run of matter, made clean proofs and spared evenly. The regular week's work of journeyman is from 32,000 to 36,000 ems, and more fall short of the lesser amount than exceed it.

This exhibits extraordinary rapidity as a compositor, and it is worthy of notice for several reasons in the *Gazette*, viz: 1st; at journeyman's wages 80,000 ems amount to \$20; 2d, this apprentice has his weekly task, 26,000 ems, for all over which he is paid full price; 3d, he has had no opportunities beyond those of apprentices generally; no special favors were shown him in the distribution of copy, nor is he blessed with better health or a stronger constitution than those of the boys of his age. He has formed good habits for himself, works regular and with industry, is true to his employers, and faithful to a noble resolve he has made—to become in word and deed

a man. He is also making good use of his earnings. About a year ago he bought of one of the proprietors of the *Gazette*, a piece of real estate—a lot large enough to build a dwelling upon—which he has already half paid for by his own work; and that without depriving himself of rational recreation or injuring his health. Boys! do you hear that! Cheer up! amid whatever discouragement, keeping in view the proverb, which declares, that "when- ever there is a will there is a way!"

**A BITE.**—A silly coxcomb on a recent occasion to play off some of his fantastic airs before a sensible young lady who chanced to be his partner at a ball. He commenced by looking full in her face, with an expression of wonderful softness in his eyes—then wringed himself into various tender attitudes—and finally clapping his hand to his side, he hesitatingly said—"if it is not love I feel, pray what is it?" "Per-haps," replied the young lady, something bites you." The story got whispered about in the ball room, and the coxcomb was soon after numbered among the missing.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Do not believe, because a man smiles upon and seeks your society, that he is your friend. Smiles and professions, alas! are so abundant as to be of no value. He only is your friend whose heart is in his words, and whose actions illustrate them, who stands by you through all the vicissitudes of fortune, "in sunshine and shade." When you find such a being, make your second self; cling to him as to your very life, for the jewels of the earth are scarce, and therefore, precious; for the sand of life but glitters in the radiance of a high enjoyment, and even the golden bowl is broken at the fountain.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—"A little more animation, my dear," whispered Lady B. to the gentle Susan, who was walking languidly through a quadrille.

"Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the provident nymph. "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curl for a married man."

"Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

**Disatisfied with her Situation in life.**—A woman was brought before a police magistrate in Boston a short time since for being intoxicated; and the judge asked her if she had ever been in the House of Correction. "No sir," she replied, "but I have been married, and that's house of correction enough for me."

**PIETY.**—Doctor Lathrop was a man of genuine piety, but much opposed to the noisy zeal that seeketh "to be known of men." A young divine, who was much given to enthusiastic cant, one day said to him—

"Do you suppose you have any real religion?"

"None to speak of," was the excellent reply.

"What makes taters so high?" inquired an old lady of the market-man, as she was purchasing.

"Oh, the war, ma'm."

"But, do they fire taters at the Mexicans?" responded the old lad; "why, that is funny."

**SECRET.**—An habitual drunkard, having found in a dream a cup of excellent wine, set about warming it, to enjoy it with more gusto. But just as he was about to quaff the delicious and refreshing draught, he awoke. "What a fool I am!" said he, "why was I not content to drink it cold?"

**SWEDISH CHILDREN.**—Mr. McDonald, in his travels through Sweden, says: "Young children from the age of one to that of eighteen months, are wrapped up in bandages, like cylindrical wicker baskets, which are contrived so as to keep their bodies straight, without interfering much with their growth. They are suspended from pegs in the wall, or laid in any convenient part of the room, without much nicety, where they exist in great silence and good humor. I have not heard the cries of a child since I came to Sweden."

**SHREW YOUNG LADY.**—A young lady lately observed—"When I go to the theatre, I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church, I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbors dress and deport themselves." She is a sensible girl.

**BRUTALITY.**—On the 9th inst., two men, named Kelly and Cox, had a prize fight near New-Orleans, for \$300 a side. Cox was so badly beaten, that he died a few days after. A warrant for the arrest of Kelly was issued by Recorder Genois; but the "brute" fearing that Cox would die, had sailed in a ship bound for Liverpool, and thus escaped the vengeance of the offended laws. Of all the systems of gambling which the money-loving spirit of man has invented, we know of none that more nearly approaches to the character of the gladiatorial games that disgraced the Romans, than this inhuman sport of prize-fighting. Lately we have noticed several attempts at the North and West, to introduce it into our country. But we trust that there

is humanity enough, as well as refinement in the American bosom, to refuse the sanction of our people to any such mode of betting on the blood and lives of human beings.—*Char. Eve News*.

From the *N. O. Delta*, March 23.

### AMERICAN ARMS TRIUMPHANT! Mexican loss, 4000! American, 700!

**A Bloody Battle**—American valor triumphant—Santa Anna's army cut to pieces by Gen. Taylor.

Where now are the sceptics, who threw doubt and discredit upon our statements in the Delta of Sunday, respecting the victory of Gen. Taylor. Where are the unbelieving Thomases who would not credit the story that old "Rough and Ready" had, again, under the most unfavorable circumstances, and against a greatly superior force, commanded by their greatest general and president, gained another and most glorious of all his victories.

On the 9th of March, Dr. Turner, U.S.A. after many dangers and hair breath escapes, arrived in Matamoros. Previous to his arrival, the communications between Monterey and our lines on the Rio Grande, had been closed for several days. Dr. Turner communicated to one of our correspondents a hurried account of the severe battle of Buena Vista, fought between Gen. Santa Anna's forces, about 17000 strong, and Gen. Taylor's little army, between 4 and 5000, mostly volunteers. The battle began on the glorious anniversary of the birth of Washington; a fit day for the display of American patriotism and valor.—The scene of this bloody fight was at Buena Vista, the point upon which General Taylor had fallen back from Agua Nueva, and is about seven miles from Saltillo.

### MEMORANDA OF THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

Prepared for the Editors of the *Picayune*, by Lieut. J. J. C. Bibb, U. S. A.

Dr. Turner, U. S. A. who arrived at Matamoros on the 9th instant, from Monterey, brought the glorious intelligence of another brilliant victory over the Mexican army. The scene of action was at Buena Vista, a hacienda about six miles west of Saltillo. The fighting commenced on the 22d February and ended on the 23d. Santa Anna retired to Agua Nueva, a distance of ten miles, leaving four thousand killed and wounded upon the field! Santa's Anna's Adjutant General and many other officers and men are prisoners. The loss on our part was seven hundred killed and wounded. Santa Anna's force amounted to at least fifteen thousand men; that of Gen. Taylor to about five thousand, almost entirely volunteers. His army is composed of Washington's Bragg's and Thomas' batteries, one squadron of the 1st and 2d Dragoons, the Arkansas and Kentucky Cavalry, a brigade of Illinois and Indiana Volunteers, the 1st Mississippi and 2d Kentucky Regiments, and one company of Texas Volunteers.

Dr. T. brought a list of 63 officers killed and wounded. I left in such haste that I was unable to obtain a copy, but recollect among the killed Capt. Lincoln, Ass't Adjt General U. S. A.; Col. Yell, of the Arkansas cavalry; Capt. Moore, Adjt Vaughan and three others, (not named) of the Kentucky cavalry; Col. M'Kee, Lieut. Col. Clay, Capt. Willis, 2d Kentucky Infantry; Col. Hardin and Major Gorman, Illinois brig.; many of the Indiana brigade, several of the Mississippi reg't, and two Lieut's of Texas volunteers. Among the wounded I remember Gen. Lane, Col. Jefferson Davis, 1st Miss reg't; Capt. Stein, 1st U. S. Dragoon; Capt. Conner, Texas vol. Lieut. S. G. French and O'Brien, U. S. artillery; Lieut. Corwin, 1st Miss. reg't, and Lieut. Whiteside, of the Ind. brigade.

The official despatches of Gen. Taylor have been cut off. Col. Morgan's regiment Ohio volunteers, having been reinforced by a command from Monterey, had reached that place in safety.

From the *N. O. Delta*, March 23.

### ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

We have just received from our correspondent at Monterey, more authentic accounts of the great victory of our arms at Buena Vista, than have yet appeared, and knowing the intense anxiety of the public respecting this bloody fight, we hasten to lay them before our readers in an Extra.

On the 22d Santa Anna began the battle by various manœuvres, attempting to out-flank and terrify old Rough and Ready. On that day the battle was confined to skirmishing and cannonading, without much effect on either side. In the meantime Santa Anna had sent a large force to Taylor's rear, but our artillery opened upon them with great effect, and they were soon compelled to withdraw.

On the 23d the battle commenced in real earnest, and raged with great violence during the whole day. The Americans did not wait to be attacked, but with the most daring impetuosity charged on the enemy with loud huzzas, their officers leading them most gallantly. Gen. Taylor was everywhere in the thickest of the fight. He received a ball through his overcoat but was not injured. Adjt Bliss was slightly