

# The Sumter Banner.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, DEMOCRACY, NEWS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

W. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

TERMS—Two Dollars Per Annum In Advance.

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## AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Agriculturist.

### The Grape.

There is no fruit more easily cultivated than the grape. Of this, there are a great number of varieties, both foreign and native. From the ill success which has attended the cultivation of the former, their out-door cultivation cannot be recommended, unless as a matter of experiment. Several of the native varieties deserve especial attention. The Tenoir, the Isabella, the Catawba, and Bland's Madeira, all succeed with a little care. The Diana, a seedling of the Catawba, promises to be an acquisition. The Lincoln Grape, recently brought to notice by Dr. Batt, of Lincoln, N. Carolina, is said to be a most excellent wine and table grape. The Herbeumont Madeira, so extensively cultivated and distributed by the late Nicholas Herbeumont, esq. of Columbia, has long been a favorite. It is a very superior grape for wine and though subject to rot, usually matures a good crop. This grape is known also as the Warrenton, and was introduced as early as 1794 into South Carolina. It is of foreign origin, and is one of the few instances of successful acclimation. Mr. Herbeumont's name is worthy to be associated with it, as he distributed it extensively and urged its cultivation. We have growing a large native grape first brought to notice by my excellent and worthy friend, Dr. George B. Pearson, of Fairfield District. It has a slight taste of the common winter grape, but when at full maturity, of delightful flavor. It is an abundant bearer, almost entirely exempt from rot, and one of the latest coming to maturity just before the early frosts, and is therefore, highly prized. The Zinfandel is one of the few foreign grapes that promises to succeed without the aid of glass.

The grape is easily cultivated, and may be increased to any extent from cuttings, which is the easiest method of propagating the different varieties. Good, sound wood should be selected, and this should be cut into lengths of eighteen to twenty-two inches. These should be planted in a trench suitably prepared in a sandy or moist soil, one foot apart in the drill. They should be inserted somewhat sloping, with one bud out, the second eye just below the surface. Should the one above fail, the second one will, in many instances grow. The longer cuttings are intended to be planted after the French method, which is done by inserting both ends in the trench, taking care to have a good eye in the centre, from which the vine will start. A good location to strike cuttings is the east side of a board fence; in trenches prepared with charcoal dust, they usually strike freely. They should be well cultivated and kept free from weeds, and should the weather prove dry well watered until their growth is ensured. They will be fit to transplant after having grown one year. The soil best adapted to the growth of the grape, is that of a sandy or silicious soil; but almost any soil will grow the vine, provided the subsoil is dry, the right kind of manure is used, and the proper method observed in planting. Wet subsoils are in all instances injurious to their growth. Any location that is gently sloping, can be made suitable for the vineyard, provided the vines are planted by making trenches to the depth of three feet, and the bottom filled with stones and other rubbish to serve as an underdrain.

This should be filled up to within the proper distance of the surface to set the vines, with chips from the shoe-maker's shop, old shoes; leather and scraps from the tan yard incorporated with the soil which has been taken out. The vines then should be planted by spreading the roots carefully and filling up with a mixture of top soil, leached ashes, broken or ground bones, and a portion of well rotted leaves or twelve feet apart in the trenches, and if trained upright, the trenches may be made eight to ten feet apart.

The most expeditious way to obtain a supply of good fruit, is to graft these varieties which are found to succeed best, upon the old varieties, which are subject to rot, and which should be extirpated as rapidly as possible. The scions should be cut in January, before the sap begins to flow and buried in some cold exposure until wanted for use. They should be cut from two to three buds in leaving one inch or more below the eye to form the tongue. The best time to insert them is the last March or the first of April. The proper season for the operation is when the buds begin to swell and expand, and we have generally found it advantageous to defer it as late as possible, as it does not matter if the stock is putting forth leaves, so the scions are not pushing.

Common cleft grafting is generally adopted. Take away the earth from around the vine intended to be grafted; saw it off three or four inches below the surface, and with a strong knife or chisel and mallet, split the stock, insert a small iron wedge into the cleft to keep it open until the scion is inserted; then shape the scion wedge fashion and insert into the cleft so that the inner portion of the bark of the scion and stock come together; a bit of cloth is all that is necessary to keep the earth from falling into the cleft. If the vines are small, it is necessary to tie them with cotton thread to cause the stock to clamp until a union can take place; then fill up with earth until the last bud is left. When the stocks are too large to split, they can still be grafted by boring holes with a centre-bit into the face of the stock; the scions are prepared by cutting round the bark, just below an eye, and taking off the bark, insert them into the holes until the bark comes down to wood. When the face of the stock is large several grafts can be inserted in the same stock. As this manner of grafting generally succeeds very well, it shows that there is not the same necessity for making the bark of the stock and scion meet, as is the case in grafting fruit trees. The grafts should be protected from injury by stakes, and the stocks should be kept from all shoots that spring up.

All experiments made in attempting to naturalize the foreign grape, appear to have proved unsuccessful—little or no effect seems to have been produced by engrafting them on the hardy native varieties. The vines flourished for a few years, then die down to the point of union, in most cases. The only prospect seems to be in producing new varieties by hybridizing with the native kinds. These, in most instances, prove hardy, and in time we may succeed in obtaining some choice varieties. From crossing in this way, it is probable that the flavor of the native varieties would be greatly improved, and at the same time, they being natural to the climate, will retain all the hardy qualities requisite. Encouragement should be given through the fostering care of our Societies, for choice varieties thus produced. It would be the means of bringing them into notice and general cultivation.

The first year after planting nothing is necessary to support the vine, as they are to be cut off the second year within a few inches of the ground. They should be trellised, and a fine healthy shoot trained up to form the vine. The best mode of training in our climate, is the upright one. The posts should be twelve or fifteen feet high and good laths nailed against them along the rows, and the tops of the post covered with boards, as suggested in Mr. Van Buren's excellent article "on the prevention of rot." The vines should be trained against these in such a manner as to spread over the whole. To ensure productiveness

and good fruit, they should be pruned annually before the sap begins to ascend. This is effected by cutting out all the useless wood which has been produced, and arranging the number and length of the branches that are to remain, to the capacity of the vine for maturing the next crop. The necessity of the operation will appear evident when it is considered that the shoots which bear this year will never bear afterwards, and that a vine in a vigorous growth, and under good management, will annually produce a much greater number of buds and shoots than would bear fruit, and could possibly perfect should they be retained. From these considerations, it follows that a judicious pruning is one of the most important points of culture throughout the whole routine of management.—Having formed the vine, the shoots should be cut back, to within three or four buds of the preceding year's growth and the old or leading shoots occasionally cut out and their place supplied by training young shoots in their stead. They should be securely fastened to the trellis by means of ozers or suitable wire. Summer prunings is at times requisite. This is simply to regulate the young wood in such a manner as to give the sun and air free access to every part of the vine. This will be mostly effected by removing such shoots as have no fruit.

The white Scuppernon succeeds easily and bears large crops of fruit; it requires no pruning after the vines have been properly trained up. It is very difficult to grow from cuttings, but succeeds by grafting, and is readily propagated to almost any extent by layers.

The following list will embrace nearly all the varieties which are worthy of open culture:  
1. LENOIR—A black grape, bunches large and compact, sometimes shouldered; without pulp, berries small, black, sweet and palatable; a native of this State, and one of the best grapes for wine and the table.

2. BLANDS MADEIRA—A delicious table grape, bunches loose, berries large, and of a beautiful pale rose color, skin thin, slightly pulpy, pleasant and delicate.

3. CATAWBA—Bunches medium in size, shouldered, berries large, pale red, deeper in the sun, with a thin lilac bloom, flesh slightly pulpy, juicy, sweet, aromatic, rich, and slightly musky. There are several varieties produced from this grape, but the best of these is the Diana.

4. ISABELLA—See previous description.

5. HERBEUMONT MADEIRA—A good wine and very pleasant table grape, bunches long and shouldered, berries of medium size, black, and extremely juicy—free from pulp.

6. OTO, or CIGAR BOX—Is a fine table grape, bunches large and shouldered, berries small, black, sweet, and without pulp.

To these we would add the Early Chasselas, which was introduced by our German ancestors in the early settlement of the country. It does not appear to succeed as well as it did some twenty years since. This is perhaps owing to the want of careful garden culture. These, with such other choice native varieties as may be obtained, will furnish a good supply of this wholesome and delicious fruit, and we hope that every person who has a piece of ground, will take measures to sit under and enjoy the fruit of his own vine.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

### The Three Wives.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Mr. Jeduthan Spike was an eccentric bachelor of fifty. His mother died in giving him birth, and it would seem that the mother-heart died with her, for from that hour the hapless Jeduthan seemed to have no perception of feminine excellence, and diverted himself with ridiculing the foibles of the sex, whose true character was to him a despised enigma. As a babe, he was fed and tended by an invalid brother many years his senior; and he afterwards grew in stature, and a hard, ungenial kind of wisdom, without much matronizing from anybody. As years and possessions increased, he boarded at a fashionable hotel, where the cook and attendants were of his own sex, and ignored the address of his laundress. His predispositions against matrimony were confirmed and strengthened by the fate of the brother alluded to, who married somewhat late in life, and, after an unhappy connexion of seven years' duration, left his widow, a permanent inmate of an insane asylum, and his three boys to the guardianship of their uncle.—The recipient of this unexpected legacy, who had till then loved nothing in the whole of his miserable life, felt a strange pleasure in the duties of this new and unsolicited relation. The docility with which the little fellows accommodated themselves to the oddities of the eccentric humorist, their unquestioning faith in his most startling dogmas, and their artless exhibitions of personal attachment, won upon his isolated nature to a degree that surprised himself. It seemed that these helpless children were destined unconsciously to fulfill to the lonely old man that feminine mission without which human life is a failure, and happiness a myth. With a devotion and patience hardly to be expected of him, he reared the fragile boys to manhood, gave them all needful advantages of books, and schools and pocket-money, and at last saw them all established in business, and in a way to do credit to themselves and their connexions. Judge then of his painful astonishment when all three waited upon him in a body, to announce that they had jointly and severally formed the audacious resolution of committing matrimony. Neither would have dared approach the subject alone, and though countenanced by each other, they felt so much gratitude, reverence and compassion for the prejudiced old man, that they fairly trembled for the result.

When the confession was made to Mr. Jeduthan Spike, he turned his back on the agitated young men, and walked quickly to the window. After standing silently for some minutes, he turned and said very calmly:—"Well, boys, I have nursed you through the measles, and the scarlet fever, and the whooping cough, and I did my best to alleviate what I could not prevent. You are now the victims of a disease quite as general as the other, and for which there is no remedy but experience. Neither precept nor example—here his lips quivered slightly—"I have been of any avail in your case. Go then, and marry, if you will. I give my full consent, on one condition only.—It is that you all present yourselves in three years from this day and hour, and declare solemnly, upon the worth of your remaining manhood, whether you are unhappy, and why. The causes of misery in wedlock are very various, but the result is uniform. I will excuse you now, boys, as I have an appointment with my tailor."

It is needless to say that the three nephews availed themselves of the permission thus unwillingly given, and that any self-reproaches they might feel at defeating the cherished wishes of their kindest benefactor did not seriously embitter the honeymoon. The three years that followed stole a handful of grey hairs from the bald forehead of Jeduthan Spike, and, as if ashamed of the theft, secretly restored them hidden among the chestnut locks of his young relations. And, as a farther restitution, the same silent agents transferred unnoticed a portion of

the hopeful tenderness of the youthful Benedicts to refresh the withered heart of the disappointed bachelor. The time for the interview so long anticipated, arrived at last. In the luxurious rooms of the lonely uncle, Henry and Charles, the two elder nephews, waited impatiently the arrival of the younger.

"It is useless looking for Edward," said Charles, at last. "We shan't see him before evening. His wife is now looking for a needle to darn his stockings, and replace the missing buttons upon his coat."

Yet, as he spoke, a cheerful step was heard without, and the tardy brother entered the room, breathing quickly, and with a smiling apology for his delay. The two first arrived exchanged meaning glances; but the merciless uncle cut short their merriment, by saying gravely,

"Henry, my boy, you are the oldest. It is just that you should lead upon this occasion. Tell us frankly, how do you enjoy married life?"

The young man paused for a moment, then, with a comical grimace that but ill-concealed his reluctance, he replied:

"It is a bitter dose to swallow, I confess. Uncle, you are revenged."

There was a slight movement of surprise, for Mrs. Henry Spike was recognized as decidedly potable.

"I thought," said the uncle, drily, "that yours was a pattern wife."

"Only too much so," returned the nephew. "It is my belief that she was modelled upon the most approved patterns and made up to order. If ever there was a machine for performing mechanical every outward virtue, it is Mrs. Spike.—She never loses her temper; indeed, I doubt if she has any to lose. She never betrays any flutter of vanity or wounded feeling. To the calmness of a statue, she adds an instinctive perception of decorum, a rigid adherence to rectitude, which leaves nothing to hope or fear, and very little to enjoy. Nothing can disturb her. When our infant was dangerously ill, she moved about his cradle with the same unperturbed composure, and dropped his last cordial, as we thought, into the cup with an untrembling hand."

"I hardly see how you came to marry her," replied Edward, parenthetically.

"She was pretty, and I mistook her natural roses for blushes, and her silence for delicate reserve. I was much moved when she once left me in tears; I have since learned she had the toothache. I can never find in her deportment anything to forgive, and I am tired of praising where correctness seems inevitable. Besides, she don't care for praise. She was wound up at birth, and her heart pulsates with the regularity of a pendulum. If I should hang myself some morning of pure ennui, I know she would arrange everything for a respectable burial. My condition is desperate. In passing through New York last winter, I religiously avoided seeing Lola Montez, for I knew I should be smitten at a glance. The slightest touch of human frailty seems absolutely necessary. Speak, brother," he added; after a brief pause, "and in mercy point out some defect in Mrs. Charley Spike."

"Mrs. Charley Spike," responded the person addressed, "is not absolutely stupid, nor entirely indifferent in matters of meeting. She gives some variety to life in point of temper, and permits me to hope to please, as well as fear to offend. But like your Rectina, she has, alas! one paramount idea. Order is Heaven's first law, and it is not the less that of my immaculate Vesta. Especially does she insist upon the most spotless neatness, at the expense of all other considerations. I discovered soon after my marriage that the world was a little too good to live in. The parlors were shut up to exclude the flies; the chambers, to avoid the dust. The dining room furniture was robed in Holland covers, and ugly mats deformed every square yard of carpeting. Canaries were banished because they littered their cage, and my pet spaniel dismissed for neglecting to wipe his feet. Then pickles spoil the cutlery, and eggs corrode the silver; coffee is liable to stain the linen, and

even butter, if incautiously used, may be the parent of a grease-spot. Cigars I have long since abjured, because spittoons are an abomination. If I sit, it is, Mr. Spike, your chair marks the wall, or 'Charles, you are rocking upon the rug.' If I walk, it is, 'Pray leave your boots at the door, Mr. Spike, and let me bring your slippers.' I sometimes think I will remove to an hotel, and send home my compliments daily in a perfumed note. I shall expect soon after to see the whole establishment modelled in wax, and reposing under glass, like a collection of fanciful wonders. Come, Edward, your wife is no paragon, luckily. Confess your misery, and don't detain us long."

"Mine is not a pattern wife, certainly," was the response of the younger brother. "She is not distinguished for order, nor faultless in neatness, nor unerring in discretion. She is very far from being a piece of clock-work, and there is a great uncertainty, sometimes delightful, sometimes painful, as to what she will attempt, and whether the result will be success or failure. There is room for doubt as to particulars; none at all as to the general tendency of her conduct. She is as true-hearted a woman as lives, and that which she delights in must be happy. You may smile if you choose, but I do most frankly assure you that I am happy. I know not what Beatrice is doing at this moment, but I feel sure that, in aims and efforts, she is true to herself, to me, and to her Maker. I am sure that she loves me more than all the world beside, but not so much as she loves truth and duty and self-respect. Her errors are all mistakes. They are the redundancy of a loving, generous, richly-gifted nature. She is no model housewife; but she has made great improvement; and she has the strongest incentive to improvement; sincere and unselfish affection. It is true that I was delayed to-day by waiting for a few last stitches from her practised needle, not however upon my clothing, as I see you imagine, but upon a pair of slippers she has just wrought for uncle Jeduthan. Let me see them tried, my dear sir. I have an idea they will fit you."

"Why, yes, tolerably," said the good man, who seemed more gratified than he cared to acknowledge. "The truth is," he added, speaking with hesitation, as if he felt need of an apology. "The truth is, I am going to live with Edward, and give lessons to Beatrice in housekeeping."

WENDELL, Mass.

### Washing Clothes of all Kind Made Easy.

I have a small family—my wife, myself, and two women, two half-grown girls, and a negro fellow, to serve us as lot servants. Three days of the week used to be wasted by the women in washing; and the other three in ironing for our little family; and often when the service of the girls was needed; they were found drawing water or replenishing the fire for the washers. Judge then my joy, if you can, when a kind old friend instructed us how to have our washing done in six hours by one hand. I feel like proclaiming it to the world, and I want every paper in Georgia to copy this, and hope it may reach the ends of the earth. But here is the modus operandi:

1st. On the night preceding the day intended to be set apart as wash-day, have all your cloths, white and colored, coarse and fine, put in tubs of clear water (we have one made large enough to hold all the "washing") and let them remain there all night.

2d. Put on your boiling vessel, [we have one that holds sixty gallons, got for the express purpose of boiling all at once], fill it half full of water, and raise the water to boiling heat, after which put in a vessel of the size of the one we use, two tea-spoons of Sal Soda, one quart of Lime Water, made by pouring three gallons of water on one quart of lime the night previous, so that it may have had time to settle, and in proportion, if smaller vessels are used; stir the water and get the sal soda, soap, and lime water, well mixed up, then put in your clothes, boil rapidly one hour and the work is done. Take them out and rinse well, rub-

bing slightly as is usual in rinsing. Now pass no judgment; friends, until you have tried it. The same lime water may be kept until it is all putsumed.

The receipt would be worth of a thousand dollars in the hands of a selfish person, and the world would have to untie the purse string to get it; but here it is, free gratis for nothing, and I wait the world to understand distinctly, that I shall have no communication with any body who wears dirty clothes after this—see if I do.

FOR MAKING THE SOAPS.  
Take six pounds of Potash. 75  
Take four pounds of Lard. 50  
Take one fourth pound of Rosin 25

All amounting to. \$1 50  
Beat up the rosin, mix it together well, and set aside for five days, then yit the whole into a ten gallon cask of warm water, and stir twice a day for ten days, at the expiration of which time, or sooner, you will have one hundred pounds of excellent soap for \$1 50.  
OGLETHORPE COUNTY.

Mrs. ADOLPHUS SMITH SPORTING THE "BLUE STOCKING."—Well, I think I'll finish that story for the editor of the Dutchman. Let me see: where did I leave off? The betting sun was gliding with his last rays—"Ma, I want some bread and molasses," (yes, dear, giggling with his last the church spire.—"Wife, where's my Sunday pants?" (Under the bed, dear,—the church spire of Inverness, when a—There's nothing under the bed but your lace cap." Perhaps they are in the coal had in the closet; where a horseman was seen approaching—"Ma'am, the partridges are out; not one to boil for dinner. (Take some turnips)—approaching, colored with dust, and—"Wife, the baby has swallowed a button." ("Reverse him; dear take him by the heels)—and waving in his hand a banner on which was written—"Ma, I've torn my pantaloons; liberty or death! The inhabitants rushed en masse, ("Wife, will you leave off scribbling? (Don't be disagreeable, Smith, I'm just getting inspired)—to the public square, where the De Benis who had been secretly—"Butcher wants to see you, Ma'am, secretly informed of the traitor—"Forgot which you said Ma'am, sausages or matton chops"—movements, gave orders to fire; not less than twenty—"My gracious, Smith, you hav'nt been reversing that child all this time; he's as black as your coat—and that boy of yours has torn up the first sheet of my manuscript. There! it's no use for a married woman to cultivate her intellect. I must wait till I'm a widow. Smith, hand me those twins!"  
Fanny Fern.

ONE OF EM.—The Salem Press is our authority for the following "Bloomer" story:

"A farmer in this town hired last spring a young Irishman to work upon his farm. He labored faithfully and gave good satisfaction, when about a week ago, the discovery was made that his faithful hand was a lass! of the Emerald Isle. She could plough, hoe corn, swing a scythe, rake, load and pitch hay with the best of them; but, strange to say, she was not very good at the cradle."

SIXOISE.—A young countryman was told that if he pressed a certain bashful young lady she would sing.—The next evening he asked her to sing, and she excused herself. "Why Thar, don't you sing? you could thing if I thqueezed you a little?" he asked.

A Dutchman lately remarked—"Vonce a long vile before I vent out into mine abble orchard and climbed a bear tree to gut some bechensmit, make mine vrom blum pudden uch and ven I got to de toppermost prone I fell from the lowermost limb mit one one leg on both sides of de fence and liked to stove my outsides in very much."

The substance of the verdict of the recent coroner's jury on a man who had died in a state of inebriation, was "Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

"Sammy why dont you make the old mend that rip in your trousers?"  
"Oh, she's gone to the sewing circle to make clothes for poor African children!"

Mat Peel, of Campbell's Minstrels, it is said, has had a fortune of \$80,000 bequeathed him.