

# The Sumter Banner.

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

WM. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

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TERMS,

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## AGRICULTURAL.

### Hay Making.

[September and October are months in which economical planters will endeavor to make and save much hay, and we have selected the following articles, from the *Maine Farmer*, as acceptable to them.]—Ed.

**RANDOM THOUGHTS ABOUT HAYING.**—The season of haying is at hand, and perhaps a few thoughts with regard to this most important harvest, may not be amiss at this moment.

Although there are some sections in Maine, where the grass of the present season is not extra, perhaps not up to the usual point, yet, throughout the greater part of Maine, grass never promised better or was more forward than at this present time.—The grass crop is one of our most valuable crops. Upon the use of it during the summer and autumn, we are dependent for the support of our cattle and horses, and other farm stock; for our milk, butter, cheese, beef, mutton, wool, &c., and during the winter months, the hay derived from grass continues to us, though in a less degree, all the above advantages.

God has so created and adapted the animal and vegetable kingdoms, that there is a sort of mutual dependence; they support and sustain each other.

Your ox is an organized being, which organization, or frame, or body as it is more commonly called, is animated with that mysterious something which we call "life."

The body is made up of various materials, each of shape and ingredient peculiar to itself. The bones are composed of carbonate of lime, and held together in their particular form, by gelatine or glue. The hide or skin is made up of fibres and gelatine. The horns, and hoofs, and hair, are principally albuminous matter and lime, the muscles are fibres of albuminous and other matters, the fat is made up of carbonaceous particles, and the blood is composed, at certain points of course, of more or less of all these matters, and others peculiar to itself.

From whence does the ox get all these ingredients, and lay them up within his frame in different parts thereof, until from being a small calf which you can throw over your head, he becomes a large and stately animal, weighing thousands of pounds? from grass? The expression that all flesh is grass is not merely a figurative sentiment, it may be considered a literal truth. The great art of haying, therefore, consists in so preparing grass, that it will keep perfectly through the winter, and yet retain all the ingredients necessary to supply nutriment to cattle.

These ingredients though made up of the elements which under different combinations form the living organism of the ox; do not, however, exist in the grass or hay, in the same combinations as they do in the animal. They are separated and re-combined by the powers of digestion and other functions of the living organs.

The nutritive principles of grass exist in the form of sugar—mucilage, gluten, carbonaceous matter, &c. The more of these are found in the grass, the better fodder it makes. As these substances become changed, as the grass matures, and its seed becomes ripened, the whole being absorbed or nearly so by the seed, it is important that it should be cut, at a period when it contains the most of these substances diffused throughout the body of the plant, and this period is found to be, both by common observation, and by analysis, when the plant is in blossom.

If all the grass could be cut when it blossoms, the changes of these nutritive matters would be arrested, and the hay retaining them, would be in the best condition for nourishing stock. This cannot be done, and hence, farmers who have much hay to cut, find a part of the crop less valuable fodder, than that which is cut at the most suitable time.

The cutting of the hay, however, is a small part of the art of haying,

although the most laborious. The curing, or drying and housing is of great importance, and of this we will say more in our next.

**RANDOM THOUGHTS ABOUT HAYING.**—We stated in our last that grass should be cut when in blossom, as the greatest quantity of the matters necessary for the nutriment of cattle was then most generally throughout the plant.

By cutting it at this time, the changes which would have taken place at successive stages of its growth are arrested, and these matters preserved.

In order, however, to preserve them in the best manner, the grass should be dried, or in other words, the cut grass should be exposed to heat sufficiently long to expel the water from it and leave the other substances.

Hence it will appear very evident to every one that it should not be exposed to any moisture, such as dews or rains. Moisture will dissolve portions of the sugar, gum or mucilage, which is contained in the plant, and if soaked sufficiently long, nothing will be left behind in the hay but vegetable fibre.

It would probably be better if grass could be dried under cover, but as this is out of the question the greatest care should be taken to keep off dews or rains after it begins to dry.

Hence the hay-cocks, which are nothing but pieces of cotton sheeting placed upon the hay-cocks, answer an admirable purpose in case of storms coming on before the hay is sufficiently dry to put into the barn. Some have thought if, after the grass has been partially dried, it be coked up and these caps put on, they might be suffered to stand, and the hay be made in this way. Coarse grasses, like coarse clover, for instance, may be cured in this way; but when the grass is fine and disposed to lay compact, there will be danger of its heating and fermenting more or less, and thus be injured. In the ordinary way no better method can be adopted than the old rule, "make hay while the sun shines." A clear air and a bright sun will dry it very fast, especially if it be stirred up often so as to expose all parts to the influence of these agents.

Some farmers are disposed to hurry their hay into the barn as soon as it will any way do, and if it appears to be a little green, to sprinkle salt over it as they pack it away. The salt absorbs the surplus moisture and becomes dissolved, and thus prevents any fermentation. Others prefer to give their grass an ultra drying before they pack it away.

The late Joseph R. Abbot informed us that he used to dry his at least a day longer than most people before he put it into the barn, and that as a consequence he never had any dusty or smoky hay. How this may be we do not know. The proper way is to dry it just so long as it will require to be dried in order to expel the water to such a point as to prevent any fermentation when stowed away in the mow. When this is done, and there has been no exposure to moisture, the hay will be of good color, elastic and nutritious. Such hay is worth more than that cut late, after the sugar, gum, &c., has become changed, and the ripened seed has absorbed from the stalk most of it in order to supply it with the materials necessary to constitute a mature seed. Such hay, if judiciously fed out to cattle and other stock, will make them gain nearly as fast as they will at grass. We do not pay attention enough to these facts. We are apt to consider almost any dried grass as good hay; and, without paying any further attention to it, think we do our duty to our cattle if we tie them fast by the head, and throw over to them about such a quantity (as near as we can guess) of dried grass, "hit or miss."

Now, in nothing that we feed out to cattle is there so wide a difference as in hay, and it is a solemn duty for every farmer, in the first place, to cultivate those grasses which shall contain the greatest quantity of nutritive matter; in the next place to cut and cure and house it in such a manner as to preserve these ingredients in the best possible manner, and then to feed it out so as to supply the cattle with enough and have none wasted.

**MEADOW HAY.**—Meadow hay, if intended for winter food for stock of any kind, should never be allowed to stand until fully ripe. By remaining in the field till it becomes mature, it acquires a hard and waxy character, which ensures its being rejected by most animals when not actually compelled by hunger; and is, indeed, fit for little else besides litter, or bedding. By cutting—the period of inflorescence, perhaps, indicates with sufficient general accuracy, the most

suitable season for harvesting—making thoroughly and salting, with from one to two pecks of salt per ton (the quantity in all cases to be graduated in conformity to the use to which it is to be applied) a very excellent and salutary winter food will be secured.

Sheep do well, in most cases, much better on this than on any other hay. They partake eagerly, and are seldom sick. In marshes appended to most of the farms, or where salt-hay can be obtained in almost any quantity, and at a merely nominal price, the wild grass of meadow and fresh bog land, possess intrinsic value; but even then it is not by any means to be thrown away. Even if you have on use for it in your barn, it will be found an excellent article for manure. When used for this purpose, cart it into your yards green, or in a partially made condition, and spread over the surface, or else pack it away, after "making it," as hay, in some convenient and unoccupied out-building, to be thrown out occasionally during the winter, or to supply bedding for your horses, sheep, swine and other animals, and thus be mixed up with the manure for future use. But there are few places where a good crop of wild hay will not be valuable to the farmer for feeding. In the interior, it is eminently so, and there is generally a demand for a much larger quantity of it than most farmers find it practicable to obtain. In such places, the most imperfect of the wild grasses, if properly salted, will be found to possess a high value. It is an error to suppose that long standing improves the quality of this description of hay. The earlier it is cut, after the season of haying commences, the better.—*German town Telegraph.*

When I found that nothing would discourage him from making the effort, I went to the landlady to purchase a blanket or a quilt as a covering for her. She replied that she could not spare anything of the kind. "Madam," said I, "let me have this half worn blanket for the child; I will give you four dollars for it." "No, sir," said she, "you will all find before morning that I have no blanket to sell." Upon my return to the room, I found the poor boy still in tears, but preparing to go. The carrier who had arrived was still before the fire. "Sir," said I, "will you sell me your overcoat for this boy?" "Yes," said he, "if I can get cost for it."

"What is the cost?" said I. "Eight dollars," was the reply.

I handed the carrier the money for the overcoat, and gave it to the boy, who lost no time in trying it on. He was delighted with the gift, dried up his tears, appeared cheerful and started upon his journey with apparent joy.

"In a short time after this, I retired to my room, and here, for the first time, I was brought to reflect upon my own condition. I was then among strangers, in a country town, one hundred and thirty-five miles from home, and but 25 cents in my pocket. After reflecting a short time, I concluded to remain the next morning till after breakfast, then to call for my horse, place my saddle bags on my arm, then to shake hands, and bid farewell to every one about the house, in order to make my departure as notorious as possible, that if I should be reminded of my unpaid bill, I would make my situation known, and promise to send back the amount as soon as I arrived among my friends in Carolina.

"The next morning I carried out my previous plan to the letter. Nothing was said about my unpaid bill, and I rode slowly off. I had another cold day's ride of thirty-five miles, which brought me to the mansion of a farm, or that gave abundant evidences of comfort and plenty. Upon inquiry, I was told that I could stay all night.—I was very cold, and before I got comfortably warm, tea was announced.—Before the plates were turned, the gentleman asked a blessing. His manner of doing this, and other evidences, convinced me that I was among a religious family.

"Shortly after tea, a servant, (with- out previous orders) placed the stand with the Bible and hymn book before her master. "Sir," said he, "I presume that you are fatigued from your day's journey, and wish to retire early. I have been my practice for many years past, before retiring to rest, to call my family together and humbly beg forgiveness for past offences against our heavenly Father, and to implore his protection and care during the night, and I will be glad if you remain a few minutes."

"To this request I gave a cordial assent. My manner of doing this, or something else, caused him to ask if I would lead the prayer. I replied that I would. Whereupon his seat was kindly and politely tendered me. After prayer the old gentleman asked if I were a minister? I informed him that I was, and was then on my way home from—circumstances.

The next morning before breakfast, the old gentleman addressed me thus: "Friend," said he, "we do not belong to the same denomination of Christians. You are a Methodist, and I am a Presbyterian. It is, I day say, with the ministers of your denomination as with ours.—You, at times, stand in need of a little money. Will you accept of this, and if your present circumstances do not

require it, keep it until you have use for it," handing me a twenty dollar bank bill.

"Now," said the Bishop, "see how soon I got back my eight dollars with more than one hundred per cent. interest. And that was not all," said he. "When I got home, I enclosed to the tavern keeper where I met with John, \$1.50 for my bill. In a short time, I received an answer, with the money returned, saying they never charged preachers for staying all night, and begged that I would again call, if I ever passed that way. I have many times since made inquiry for John, but never could obtain the least trace of him."

**Kate Yale's Marriage.**  
"If ever I marry," Kate Yale used to say, half in earnest, "the happy man—the unhappy one, if you please, ha, ha—shall be a person possessed of these three qualifications:  
"First, a fortune;  
"Second, good looks;  
"Third, common sense."

"I mention the fortune first; because I think it the most needful and desirable, qualification of the three. Although I never could think of marrying a fool, a man whose ugliness I should be ashamed of, still think I should talk sense for one, and shine for the other with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscure with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Kate's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings, none ever doubted who have obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived when Kate was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly—when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all other except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If there were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between the two favored individuals. If I could have my own way, one should be a poor genius, and something of a hero; the other a wealthy fool; and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is—  
Our poor genius was not much of a genius—not very poor, either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably by the exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of every attainment to wealth. Moreover, Francis Minot possessed excellent qualities, which entitled him to be called by elderly people a "fine character," by his companions a "noble good fellow," and by the ladies generally, a "darling."

Kate could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the application of rival.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him "Duke,") was no idiot or lumphead, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, good looks, and fine manners, and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore, the only thing on which Frank had to depend was the power he possessed over Kate's sympathies and affections. The "Duke"—although just the man for her in every sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out, and the amiable, conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of the heart.

However, one day when he pressed her to decide his fate, she said to him with a sigh:  
"Oh, Frank! I am sorry we have ever met!"

"Sorry?"  
"Yes, for we must part now."  
"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale. It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Kate, casting down her head with another piteous sigh.  
Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice and talked to her, until she—proud Kate—wept, wept bitterly.

him, which consisted of a shirt, pantaloons, and round jacket, all half cotton goods, was all he had. I endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. I told him that it was then both raining and sleeting—besides, it was one of the coldest, if not the coldest night I had ever felt; and that if he attempted to perform the trip that night he would beyond all questions freeze to death before he got half way his journey.—That if he would not attempt to go, we would all present write to his employer, and state to him that it was by our advice and persuasion that he had remained. At this, the little fellow (still in tears) shook his head, and said, "I must go; if I do not, I shall lose my place, and then my mother and sister will starve; so don't tell me any more not to go."

"About this time, the carrier, who the lad was looking for, arrived. Upon entering the room he threw off a large bear skin overcoat, he drew near the fire, and swore he was froze through. Said I, "Friend, if you are froze through whilst warmly clad as you are, what will be the fate of this poor boy, thinly clad as he is, who has to ride twenty-one miles before day, and carry the mail you have brought with you?"

"He will not live to get over the swamp that is just ahead, and four miles wide," said he.

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Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice and talked to her, until she—proud Kate—wept, wept bitterly.

"Yes, I know it."  
"Well!"  
Mr. Wellington's brow gathered darkly—his eyes flashed with determination—his lips curled with scorn. "I have made up my mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will note in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked poor Kate, trembling.

"The world will admire you the same, and what more do you desire?" asked her husband bitterly. "This marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few understand the true meaning of the terms husband and wife; but do you know what they should mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this rummery—farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now—I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish she shrieked aloud: "Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry; her head lay peacefully on her arm, over which swept her dishevelled tresses—until with a start she cried out:

"Frank! oh, Frank—come back!"  
"Here I am," said a soft voice by her side. She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes; she was standing before her.

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"  
"And dreaming too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."  
"Dreaming?" murmured Kate, "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me away so cruelly, I knew. So I waited in your father's study; where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more, and found you here where I left you, asleep."

"Oh what a horrible dream!" murmured Kate, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it. I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope then you did not dream you were married to me?"

"No; I thought I gave my hand without my heart."  
"Then if you gave me your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Kate, her bright eyes beaming happily through her tears, "and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his— he kissed it in transport.

And soon there was a real marriage—not a splendid, but a happy one—followed by a life of love and contentment, and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Kate Yale.

**LEARN TO BE RELIGIOUS.**—There is a religion in every thing around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbearing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It comes it has no terror; no gloom in its approaches. It has to rouse up the passions; it is untrampled, led by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of man. It is fresh from the hands of the author; and glowing from the immediate presence of the Great Spirit which prevades and quickens it. It is written on the arches of the sky. It looks out from every star. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth; where the shrubless mountain top pierces the thin atmosphere of the winter—or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong winds with its dark waves of green foliage.—It is spread out like a legible language upon the face of the unsleeping ocean. It is this which uplifts the spirit within us until it is tall enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation; which breaks link after link, the chain that binds us to mortality; and which opens to imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.—J. G. Whittier.

Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy days as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah! the force of education. Now-a-days we would submit without shedding a tear and regard it a capital punishment.

Perserver in every thing that enlightened conscience tells you is honest and right, and you need not fear the result.