

THE SUMTER BANNER.

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THE SUMTER BANNER:
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WILLIAM J. FRANCIS.

TERMS:

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AGRICULTURAL.

From the Camden Journal.

CULTIVATION OF RICE.

Mr. Editor:—Sir—I am of opinion, that your paper is eminently calculated to promote the agricultural interest of the south-eastern section of our Union.

Situated as we are in these States, so little removed from the tropical—favored with seasons so lengthened, we are enabled to cultivate any of the fruits, and most of the grains of that region. It is therefore of moment to the planter, to awaken his energies—to encourage enterprise, and to make experiments suited to our favored situation. In accordance with these feelings, I have read with much interest, the various improvements in progress in the arts of agriculture, so judiciously selected in your paper. There is one view however, which at this crisis, I think important to the consideration of the planter, which I have not seen expressed. Nor do I know of any experiments now in progress, likely to produce any favorable result.

To make experiments and to communicate the result, I conceive to be our duty.—To give them publicity is a task which you have promised to perform.

Formerly, when lands were fresh and yielded abundantly—when cotton bore a high price and the planter pocketed a heavy return from his crop, matters moved on with very little difficulty. Twenty cents a pound for cotton supplied the necessity of all experiments and an expedient was seldom thought of—indeed, the science of agriculture was entirely neglected. But, now these iron times—these worn out and sterile fields have prefixed another feature to the scene—in which the planter may portrayed on the one side, poverty and embarrassment, with all its concomitants collaterally connected. On the other, the only antidote, industry, economy and frugality. And since it has become one of the clearest axioms which can be deduced from the recent history of the cotton market, that labor, skill and industry even when applied by the best informed and most judicious cultivators of the soil, will very little more than clear incumbent expenses, (and indeed some planters fail in doing this much,) it is a loud and urgent call upon the community of cotton growers to abolish at least to a considerable extent, if not entirely, the culture of this valueless commodity, and adopt systematically, some other more profitable in its stead.

Here the question very naturally arises, what can supply the place of cotton? what will yield a better revenue? Let us then, inquire into the nature of the rice plant, and compare, from facts which accident has brought within our view, its relative value on upland culture. It is a well known fact, that the rice plant thrives well and will mature perfectly on any land that will produce cotton. The result will be, that the product of an acre of rice, is more than double that in cotton. That more can be cultivated to the land—that it will mature as soon and the harvest is over before that of cotton is fairly begun; and what is paramount to any other advantage in the scale is, that there cannot reasonably exist any apprehension of starving out the community even, if rice becomes a staple commodity in this region, no matter to what extent it may be cultivated. Nor is there any probability of glutting the market, with an article in such universal demand, and where the geographical limits in which it can be cultivated to any advantage are so clearly defined.

Objections may be offered to this change of culture from the fact, that rice is an aquatic plant, and can only be profitably cultivated on lands that are irrigated at will. To this objection, I would only remark, that it is not unusual for planters who are most favorably situated on tide lands even, to adopt a system of dry culture with some fields, resulting in an abundant harvest. Indeed, it is a long contested point with successful growers of rice, whether the

water or dry culture will yield the greatest product per acre. With the use of water more can be cultivated to the hand, and that the fertility of the soil is better preserved, are points along since yielded. These remarks are intended to illustrate the fact, from the peculiar organization of the rice plant, it will accommodate itself to either the wet or dry culture; then why should we for one moment doubt, that if we give it a trial, it will in like manner accommodate itself in a pecuniary point of view to all the necessities of the cotton planter? Few will hesitate to try the experiment, when it is stated will that land which produce only a bag of cotton to three acres, will yield under proper culture fifteen or twenty bushels of rice.

It may be proper here to remark, that the custom of planting rice in low damp spots in your corn or cotton fields is a bad one; the plant would thrive much better on a dry and loose soil; and although when water is skillfully applied to a field of rice from the planting to the harvest, a good product is usually the result, it is nevertheless true, demonstrated by a thousand experiments, that as much has been made upon the same field without irrigating it at all. Lands that are not dry should be ditched so as to drain two feet at least from the surface, before a good crop of rice can be expected from it. River swamp lands that are fresh and not much worn, will yield 50 or 60 bushels of rice per acre, and with less labor than the same land would require in the production of a cotton crop; good upland from 35 to 45 bushels. Rice that is so cultivated, will command the highest price in the Charleston market, if sold for seed; seed rice cultivated in this region will be greatly preferred for tide land plantations.

The encouragement which the Rail Road now in progress, holds out to the enterprising planter, the facility with which it promises to convey the rough rice of this and the adjoining districts to the emporium of our State, where it will find a ready and profitable sale of seed, destined to germinate and yield its future abundance on the long and justly reputed rice land that skirts our southern shores, is doubtless an object worthy the attention of the cotton planter, who will bear in mind that the practice of irrigation is used as an auxiliary, not an essential in the production of rice. It is in every respect, adapted to the wet or dry culture.

These remarks, which I deem merit some attention, I beg leave to submit to the consideration of your numerous readers, and am, sir, very respectfully yours,
&c. AMPHIBIOUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE YANKEE AND THE SUCKER.

Partly concealed within the borders of a wood, which skirts a scene where a prairie "stretched in boundless beauty lies," is situated a charming little cottage, nestled in shade and seclusion beneath the foliage of over-shadowing boughs. On the piazza in front of this dwelling, a venerable sucker (named Gordon) was seated, one summer afternoon, basking in the rays of the sun, and indulging in the pleasures of a pipe. He was a man of a good deal of thrift as he surveyed his plantation, gazed into heavy crops ripening into plenty. Now as our sweetest dreams are fleetest and quickest to close, it is not strange that his, although pleasant, were soon terminated by some one shouting—

"Hallo, old dad."

"Hallo yourself, and disker how it feels," he retorted, and turning simultaneously with his reply, his eye fell upon a young man, a stranger to him, leaning on the yard-fence.

"Excuse me," said the stranger; "may be you might be so clever as to tell a chap who owns that ere wheat field up aside the timber, won't you?"

"Dew say!" said the stranger. "But ain't it mighty cute that you allow four legged and sich e-tters to be in it."

"But I don't," said Gordon.

"I seen a hoss in it though, as I kum along," remarked the stranger, dryly.

"A hoss in my wheat!" exclaimed the Sucker. "Zangas and lightning! Here Blucher! Santa Anna, h-e-e-r-e—h-e-e-r-e."

His call had the effect to bring forth two dogs, one a hound, with his legs balfas long as an eastern school-master's, the other a bull, the peculiar quirk of whose under jaw might lead you to mistrust that he was over fond of what the knowing ones call the 'grab game.' Attended with these, he trotted off in 'hot haste,' the dogs wagging their tails as their old master wagged his tongue urging them to pursue.

The young stranger after wagging his chin a little awry and indulging in a light laugh that made him look suspiciously waggish, walked to the cottage door—and then, without ceremony into the parlor. Here finding himself alone, he commenced a survey of the apartment. Before he had much leisure, however, either to observe or admire the taste and elegance combined in every thing around him, he was entranced by a gush of rich, wild melody, succeeded by the sound of light footsteps, and instantly flitted a creature of beauty and comeliness into his presence. Oh! that fair rosy-cheeked damsel, the very personification of blitheness. She was started

though, when her soft blue eyes encountered the stranger; and was hastily withdrawing, in doing which, she chanced to cast another glance—her countenance changed from fright to gladness—she uttered the name, Henry Leslie, and then ran—not out of the door, but smack into the young stranger's arms. What an extraordinary act—infatuation. She let him—let him kiss her; and listened his impassioned language—why what did the girl mean? Their conversation will, perhaps, suffice to explain.

"Clarisse," said the stranger, "Clarisse, my beautiful idol, I have come to claim you for my own."

"O Henry, I fear that our hopes will never change to realities. I love you very, very much; but my father dis-likes you merely because you are a Yankee lawyer. He is obstinate and will not consent," and the rosy flush fled the young lady's cheek.

"Do not fear, Clarisse," said Henry Leslie. "I can and will remove his prejudice. I know how to work on a farm, and he does not know me. I will hire to him under an assumed name and by the merit of honest worth and virtue win a place in his affections."

Their hopes excited, and consequently their anxieties lulled by the reasonableness of this plan, the two seated themselves on the sofa and enjoyed those bright angel-plumed delights with which a reciprocal love inspires young hearts. When Gordon returned, however, the stranger alone, Clarisse having deemed it prudent to retire at the sound of her father's footsteps.

Gordon was glad that the stranger had tarried, he wished to give him a pealing, for he had searched the field all over and found no horse.

"Now don't blame me, old man," said the Yankee, "for surer than my name is Dick Quirk, I seen a hoss, a dead one, in that're very wheat as I kum along."

Oh! but old Gordon waxed wroth at thus learning that he had been sent to drive a mere skeleton from his field; yet the Yankee contrived to calm his ruffled feelings, and hire himself to the Sucker to 'dew-things,' closing the bargain with the impartial agreement, that they might 'hocus-pocus' one another as much as they pleased; whereupon Gordon ticked his inner-self with the conceit, that he would make our hero suffer all the wrongs he had endured from Yankee trickery, even from the time of his buying a clock from a Yankee pedlar, which he said kept time backwards, down to the period when the New York pettifogger wished to marry Clarisse.

Respecting Henry Leslie, he had been in early manhood, an enterprising young farmer, endowed with a broad and beautiful domain. But being moreover gifted with an excellent smack of intellectual powers, he had been induced to forsake the natural avocation for one, perhaps better but less brilliant, his ambition, taste and ability—law. In the village where he studied, and practiced, he became acquainted with Clarisse Gordon, who had accompanied an aunt from the west, with the design of completing her education at one of those meritorious institutions for female instruction, with which the eastern States abound. They loved. The aunt wrote to her brother, old Gordon, soliciting his consent for Clarisse to marry, explaining affairs, &c. Gordon answered, stating that he should ever regret his daughter's wish to marry any Yankee, who it appeared, was too lazy to work, and hence had resorted to pettifogging. He also instructed her to come home immediately, under the protection of an elderly lady and gentleman, friends of his, then about to return from there. Clarisse was obedient—went—obeyed her father.

Love, we all know, is like wine, a mocker, and sometimes prostrates its victims, by mysterious intoxications. Something of this kind effected Leslie. His noble up-heavings of desire and earnest ambition, were staid. The excitement of business—of practical life became charmless. And within the lapse of twelve months, we find him as presented to the reader, disguised under an assumed name, language, and demeanor, entering upon a plan to win his lady love, by the sweat of his brow. Here-in was centered the ordeal testing the purity of his affection and proving it as pure and clear and undaunted as the waters of a mountain. He was willing to labor for her like the patriarch on record, to endure the wrong and rack of bone and sinew. Gradually did he win his way into the old man's esteem. On good deeds he laid the base and building up of a good character. By his steady application and his practical skill and ability to labor, he substantiated a reputation for industry; and from experience combined with book knowledge, superiority in the pursuits of agriculture. In the latter, Gordon was particularly indebted to him, he acknowledged his worth; the plantation, too expressed it legibly. Nevertheless, I do not know what would have been the result, had not a circumstance occurred propitious to the lover. It was this:

Gordon was very unjustly prosecuted by a neighbor. Arriving at the court at the time summoned, (it was a justice's trial) he found every body there whom he wished to see but his own lawyer. He would not be beat for a hundred dollars; yet he knew he

could not conduct the suit successful himself.

To a man like him, independent to obstinacy, such a situation, without alternative, was mortifying in the extreme. As the Justice was declaring that the case must proceed forthwith, Dick Quirk, alias Leslie, whispered to Gordon:

"May be seen as how your lawyer aint cum, you'll let me try your side—I've did sich things afore."

Gordon opened his eyes wide, and stared at him.

"I dont think you need hang off, for I'll pay the cost and damage and give you a year's work if I don't beat."

Gordon complied partly from despair, partly because he never knew Dick to fail in anything he undertook.

Five minutes elapsed, and Leslie was in his element. He had rich sport that afternoon. The cornering up of some half a dozen suspicious witnesses; the putting to flight of half as many half-fledged lawyers, the astonishment which the audience evinced, as throwing off his assumed style of speaking, he merged into a chaste, clear and rapid stream of eloquence.

The plain exposition of facts and of the law woven into one glorious irresistible argument, finally resulting in a verdict favorable to his client, were both amusement and profit to Leslie.

Gordon, who during the whole affair had sat with his mouth so wide open that you could have tossed a potatoe sufficiently large for a breakfast down his throat, without his knowing it—said when they were riding home—

"Dick, if you are a Yankee, I don't care you are an all-jo-fired good teller."

"So I am," said Leslie, laughing, "indeed whether you take me in the field of labor, the court room, or in any other place of business you please, do you know any man superior me to hereabouts?"

"No I dont."

"Now what do you think of my poverty?" asked Leslie.

"I think you will exchange it for something better, as you did your blamed 'Taunton-to-day,' answered Gordon."

"Do you consider poverty a disgrace?" continued Leslie.

"Well now, I shouldn't think I did."

"Well sir," said Leslie stammering a little, "inasmuch as you seem to harbor no sentiment concerning me but what favors me, I will be so bold as to inform you there is a mutual attachment existing between your daughter and myself, and we solicit your consent to our marriage."

Gordon opened his eyes and mouth again wider than ever.

"She is yours by jingo," said the father after a short pause. "All I care about it is that she will have to take such a consarned ugly name, Quirk—Quirk—Quirk, it sounds so like a sick gobbler's soliloquy, but I s'pose we can petition the Legislature and have it altered."

"Clarisse," said Gordon in the evening, "Clarisse, Quirk has told me you loved one 'noth'r, so I have given you to him entirely. I am glad, girl, that you have this time made choice of a man who knows how to pettifog, jam up, without being too lazy to work on a farm."

Clarisse laughed in her sleeve.

Henry Leslie and Clarisse Gordon were married.

After the departure of the wedding guests on that sweet occasion, even after the ceremony which launched them into the inextricable, yelped matrimony, even after the cake, music, tea, kissing, wine, dancing, and coffee, after all were finished, after all their friends were gone, Clarisse found her self between her husband and her father. She turned her eyes to the latter and said beseechingly.

"Father, will you forgive us?"

"Forgive you! for what child?"

"Why you know I—I—loved and wished to wed Henry Leslie, my first flame, but you would not consent to our alliance."

"And recollect, too, perhaps," said the young husband, "that when I first came here, the mutual agreement was that we were to hocus-pocus each other as much as we pleased."

"Well, what I was about to say," continued the bride, "is that Dick Quirk and Henry Leslie are the same person."

"Zigs and lightning!" exclaimed Gordon springing to his feet; but he paused, and surveyed both the culprits attentively, and then continued without passion—

"What an old fool I have been to fancy that my girl didn't know enough to choose a fit and proper husband. Forgive you! yes! I will, and bless you in the bargain. Come to think of it, I am glad it has happened so, for we sha'n't have to petition the General Assembly in order to get rid of that blamed sick-gobbler soliloquizing Quirk—Quirk. Go to bed children."

A timed old lady forbid her dress maker to pad her frocks any more with cotton—"cos you see," said the old lady, "the papers ses as how the stuff will sartainly explode, and I might get blowed up!—who knows?"

"When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do," is somewhat elongated by saying, "When you are in Buffalo, do as the buffaloes do," or "when you are in Turkey, do as the turkies do."

From the N. O. Commercial Times.

March 8.

LATER FROM TAMPICO.

Departure of General Scott for the Island of Lobos on the 21st.—Proclamation of Santa Anna—Desertion in the Ranks of the Mexican Army, &c.

By the arrival here last evening of the schr. Abby Morton, Capt. Cornish, from Tampico, the 24th ult. we hear intelligence thence up to that date.

General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief, arrived off Tampico on Thursday evening, the 18th ult. but did not come ashore until Friday morning, previous to which he received a "thundering welcome." He seemed to be in fine health and spirits. After receiving the congratulations of a great number of the citizens, he proceeded to Gen. Patterson's head quarters. On the 21st he embarked with his suite on board the steamship Massachusetts, to proceed, no doubt, to the Island of Lobos. The four brigades under Generals Twigg, Pillow, Shields and Quitman, are embarking, probably, for the same destination, although nothing positive in relation thereto, was promulgated to the inhabitants of Tampico. The Sentinel says, "the destination of these troops is very properly left to the fruitful imagination of the public; for what is the value of a secret if it is in the possession of every one."

About 2000 troops had left Tampico for Lobos, and all the vessels were hauling in to take on board the remainder of the troops. The steamship Eudora was to leave on the 24th ult. for Lobos, and thence for this port.

GENERAL WORTH.—The brigade of General Worth had not reached Tampico on the 26th ult. but was hourly expected.

The scene in and about Tampico is stated to be stirring in the extreme. Reviews of troops, in regiments and brigades, were daily taking place, vessels were continually arriving with goods, merchandize, military stores, &c. &c.; the American population were all in intense excitement, regarding coming events. Every thing announced action in its utmost intensity. All quiet regard to the enemy in the interior.

MARCH FROM SAN LUIS.—It is also recorded that on the 27th the Mexican army was to leave San Luis, for Saltillo and Monterey, several brigades having been pushed forward in that direction. Gen. Valencia had resigned the command of the division at Tula; the officer now in charge is Brig. Gen. Don C. Vesquez.

VERA CRUZ.—There appears to be no truth in the report of the evacuation of Vera Cruz. On the contrary, the papers state that the authorities of the department, being convinced that it is the intention of the enemy to attack that city are actively employed in devising and perfecting measures for its defence. "Puenic National," and another salient point, called Chiquicuite, have been fortified. The legislative assembly of the department, sitting at Jalapa, have authorized the Governor of Vera Cruz to adopt every possible means for defence—clothing him, for the time, with extraordinary powers. The accounts of the situation and number of our troops are quite contradictory.

From the N. O. Picayune, March 10.

VERY LATE FROM MEXICO.

Return of Atocha—His reception in Mexico; Passed Midshipman Rogers sent to Perote; Arrival of Volunteers at Anton Lizardo; More of Santa Anna and his Plans—Later from Chihuahua—Further of the Battle of Brazito, &c. &c.

By the arrival of the U. S. revenue cutter Forward, Capt. Nones, a large mail was yesterday received from Anton Lizardo. Our own letters come down to the 28th February, on which day a northern prevented the Forward leaving before the 2d of March instant. The information which follows, we derive exclusively from our letters and papers.

It appears that Senor Atocha, whose arrival at Vera Cruz, with despatches, we announced yesterday, went over there on the Forward from this city direct. He reached there on the 9th ult., and proceeded immediately to Mexico. He returned from the capital on the 26th ult., and repaired again immediately on board the Forward, and is now, we presume, on his way to Washington. It is not supposed he has accomplished much by his mission. The Mexicans had personal objections to him, and his reception by the authorities of Vera Cruz, and the people and Government of Mexico, was anything but cordial.

Our readers will learn with infinite pain that Passed Midshipman Rogers has been ordered to Perote, and that he is now confined in that gloomy prison.

We learn that the blockade of Vera Cruz continues to be violated with almost impunity. This is attributed not more to the want of vessels of the proper description, than to the instructions by which the commandore enforces the law of blockade.

Two barks have arrived off Vera Cruz with volunteers from the North, and gone into Anton Lizardo. One of them is the St. Cloud. We cannot at this moment recollect from what port the St. Cloud sailed.

At the latest accounts from Santa Anna he was at Matehuala, where he arrived on