

THE SUMMER BANNER.

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Agricultural.

From the National Intelligencer. THE SEVEN WONDERS OF NEW ENGLAND, IN THE EYES OF A SOUTHERN TRAVELER.

FROM "THE PLOUGH, THE LOOM, AND THE ANVIL."

1. Every man living in a "bran spanking" new house, or one that looks as if it had been painted as white as snow within the past week.
2. All the houses of wood, where all the fences are of stone, which in some places lie so thick as to require to be removed at the rate of a ton from six feet square.
3. Wood for house and kitchen all sawed and split up into one uniform length and size, and snugly piled away under cover of an open shed, so that the work of house and kitchen may suffer the least interruption; in a word, he sees a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.
4. The care obviously bestowed in the sowing and preparation of manure by accumulation and composting.
5. Universal attention to a good supply of fruit adapted to the climate.
6. Not a poor or superfluous ox, cow, horse, hog, or sheep, the proportion of the short lived expensive horse being on every farm wisely and economically small.
7. The seventh wonder is, after a day's ride, (twenty-five years ago, with great uniformity in their stages, at the rate of 7 1/2 miles an hour, now on railroads at the rate of thirty,) where, in the name of all that is mysterious and inexplicable, are these people's staple crops? What do they make for sale? Where are their stack-yards of wheat, straw and fodder, and oats and rye?—Where are their tobacco-houses, and their gin-houses, their great herds of cattle and swine, rooting in the swamps, browsing in the fields, or resting in the shade? How is it that these people contrive to keep out of debt, and yet never repudiate? How do they go on improving their rocky land, carrying tons of stone from their hills above to under-drain the meadows below? building school houses in sight of each other, and expending millions on education, while buying for themselves, one a little bank stock, and a little stock in a neighboring factory, at which he sells his milk and his apples, his carrots and potatoes, once in a while giving \$100 an acre for a small farm in his neighborhood? Dear reader, to explain all these wonders of New England thrift and go-aheadiveness in full would make a long story, but if you will turn back to the first page of the cover of this journal you will see at once the key to the riddle! There you see the secret by which alone poor land throughout a country can be prudently and economically made rich—for there you see the plough, the loom, and the anvil, all close to each other the first being the most prominent.

It is there, and there only, where the cultivators of the soil have the wisdom to encourage all other branches of American industry, that you will ever see or hear of ninety tons of milk and strawberries going by one road, in a single day, to be consumed before the milk can sour, and and before the strawberries can sour, by weavers, and blacksmiths, and shoemakers, and tailors, and churchmen, and laymen, and printers and printer's devils; and what is more, some of these perishable articles going in one night probably at least one hundred miles, to be eaten fresh next morning for breakfast! So much for easy and expeditious channels of communication that concentration lays over the ground, to provide for the transportation of that food that concentration only can bring out of the ground.

It is in this that we find the secret for "making poor land rich." It is not all the premiums that can be offered, nor prize essays, though they be spun out as long as the mainstay bowline, that can convert a poor exhausted country into a rich one, and cause a flourishing agriculture and a dense population to take the place of barrenness and dispersion. With good seed, good implements, abundant capital to buy manure, or time and skill to accumulate it, all accompanied with good tillage and good seasons, any one may make poor land productive; but that is not the know-

ledge that is needed; we have had that illustrated in practice and told on paper in a thousand instances. Neither do we want militia musterings, nor martial music, nor rare shows of any sort, to attract gaping crowds of thoughtless spectators. What the agriculturist of the old States needs, with their thousands of acres of undrained and uncultivated land, or lands exhausted of their fertility, and stationary in population, is, not the knowledge of how to make, but where he can find a market for what he could make, if there were people near, with money in their pockets and mouths to be fed.

Where is the farm, in Maryland or Virginia, that might not produce its bushels of strawberries and tons of butter and cheese, beets and carrots, and potatoes, and cabbages, if there, as in New-England, the plough, the loom, and the anvil, the tanner, the shoemaker, and the butcher, were all at work in the sight and sound of each other? Nor does any thing conduce so much to general happiness as steady and habitual labor—where labor is sure of its reward. All these results we should have throughout the country, if we could have uniform, permanent, and just encouragement of American labor, as the fruit of a general national conviction that American labor has a right to be protected against the overtasked and under paid and badly-fed labor of Europe; and this is eminently due to the farmer; for it is he who wants prosperous, well paid, laborious consumers close at hand, tempting and rewarding him for bringing the food out of the richest lands. It is the farmer who is interested in carrying out the opinion of Mr. Jefferson, that "now we must place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist."

When that is done, and not until then, fruits of the soil will pay for the highest improvement the soil is susceptible of. Then will the farmer's rich lands, which now he cannot afford to ditch and drain, be brought under the plough, and afford the means of reviving the hills that have been exhausted; then, in short, these old Southern States, with their vastly superior soil and climate, would rival and surpass Connecticut, Vermont, and Massachusetts, and we should cease to hear complaint of want of capital for agricultural improvement, for they would spin their own improvement out of their own bowels, as the spider spins his web.

Then might we find in these Southern States what Southern men would scarcely credit, were it not related on authority so unquestionable as Mr. Colman, who tells us, in his Agricultural Survey in Massachusetts, that in one county, to which was apportioned by the Legislature of the State \$2,000 of the surplus money distributed by the General Government, the country commissioners that it should be loaned out at interest, on good security to the farmers; but, Southern reader, would you believe it? not a borrower could be found in the county. In what community would such a phenomenon occur except where there is concentration?—where the plough, the loom, and the anvil are working close together and prosperously; where tons of strawberries are accompanied by tons of milk, and tons of carrots and potatoes are all borne along on the same road to fill the bellies and bring back the money of industrious and thriving customers—non-producers of agricultural produce?

Miscellaneous.

ADVANTAGES OF RAILROADS.

We have as yet hardly begun to appreciate the manifold forms in which railroad facilities contribute to individual and public advantage. The increased comfort, rapidity, and cheapness of the modern railroad will readily occur to every one; but there are very many collateral benefits which we are not so much impressed with, except as reflection and experience bring them within our view.

Among these benefits we may, no doubt, reckon a great saving of health to persons obliged to travel considerably. The exposure to all changes of weather during the long and dreary stage rides of the olden time, was extremely formidable, often, to the most robust, and to the feeble and sickly it was almost certainly followed by serious illness, and a tedious confinement to the bed of disease. But the luxurious car, furnished with soft-cushioned seats and comfortable fires within, and protected as effectually as our parlors at home from the storm and cold without affords to the traveller, however delicate and weakly, all that he could enjoy at home of safety from exposure, while the easy and rapid movement of the car permits him to doze or read, converse, and thus to pass the time pleasantly, till he reaches the journey's end unconscious of weariness or discomfort.

Is there any reason to doubt that one effect of this grand improvement in travelling is a vast saving of health and strength? It is also a fact demonstrable by figures, that there is a great saving of human life resulting from the substitution of railways from old fashioned roads, contrary to the expectations of most persons, when railroads were first introduced; it is shown by accurate statistics of casualties in travelling, that fatal accidents were much more numerous under the old stage coach system than now by railway, and this notwithstanding the vast increase of travellers. In England, and if we mistake not, in Massachusetts all accidents affecting

life or limb on railroads have been regularly reported, and these returns evince clearly the superior safety of this system.

The immense economy of time effected by railroad communication is another consideration of prime importance in a business view, for in the business world time is money. If we should make the low estimate that the business of a country requires a daily average of 100,000 travellers in connection with it, and supposing that the railroad gives a saving of time of only half over the old mode, it would follow that the gain of time of this number of railroad travellers over an equal number by stage coach would be nearly a hundred years daily, or three hundred and fifty years per annum. This, as any reflecting person can see, is not mere fancy, but a palpable statistical fact, and it shows a prodigious advantage in favor of a business community with railroad facilities over one destitute of them. When we think of the immense consumption of time which attended the pursuit of business under the old, slow system, we rather wonder how men of extended connexions in trade could possibly accumulate property.

But the circumstance which we had in mind in commencing this article, as illustrating with special force the great convenience of railroads, was this, viz: the saving, by the people or large cities, in receiving their provisions from distant parts of the country, in a much more perfect condition and without the usual loss attendant upon the old modes of getting them to market.

That excellent work, the American Railroad Journal, has called attention to some interesting English Railroad statistics, in a British periodical. It is there stated that the saving on the cattle, sheep and swine, in 1840, by transporting them on railways, instead of driving them as formerly, was 41,800,000 pounds! and that the feed saved by the same change was 43,800,000 pounds! which alone would sustain a population of over 50,000 people.

These interesting and surprising facts, appear to be well authenticated, and they are worthy of thoughtful consideration in this country. It has not unfrequently been questioned by the farming interest whether railroads were ultimately of much advantage to them, although when they have farms to dispose of they are sure to mention the fact if a railroad passes through or near them, and to enlarge upon that fact as increasing the value of what they offer.

The loss of driving live stock will be of course in proportion to the distance between the cattle markets and the regions where they were raised. The distance from the English grazing fields to the market is trifling compared with the long and wearisome route over the Western drover comes to Philadelphia, New York, &c. The loss of flesh and the consumption of feed in consequence of the lack of railroad conveyance is, of course, vastly greater here than it could be in England. Consequently railroad facilities are worth so much the more to the American than to the English grazier.

But even when we have railroad communication, we believe it is not customary for drovers to avail themselves of it for the conveyance of cattle. They must remember that cattle driven six, seven, or eight hundred miles must lose much of their weight and value, and cost a large sum for feed by the way, and to fit them for butchering. Whether they decline employing the railroad from motives of economy, and if so, whether that is not a mistaken economy, may perhaps be better determined in the light of the English statistics on the subject to which we have referred above.

WELLINGTON AFTER THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

It was late, it was midnight, when the Duke of Wellington lay down. He had not found time so much as to wash his face or his hands; but overcome with fatigue, threw himself, after finishing his despatches, on his bed. He had seen Dr. Hume, and desired him to come punctually at seven in the morning with his report; and the latter who took no rest, but spent the night beside the wounded, came at the hour appointed. He knocked at the duke's door, but received no answer; he lifted the latch and looked in, but seeing him in a sound sleep, could not find it in his heart to awaken him; by and by, however, reflecting on the importance of time to a man in the duke's high situation, he being well aware that it formed no article in his grace's code to prefer personal indulgence of any sort to public duty, he proceeded to the bedside and aroused the sleeper. The duke sat up in his bed, his face unshaven, and covered with the dust and smoke of yesterday's battle, presented a rather strange appearance; yet his senses were collected, and in a moment he desired Hume to make his statement. The latter produced his list, and began to read; but when, as he proceeded, name after name—as if of one dead, the other as of one dying—his voice failed him, and looking up he saw that the duke was in an agony of grief; the tears chased one after another from his grace's eyes, making deep visible furrows in the soldiers blackened cheeks, and at last he threw himself upon his pillow, and groaned aloud. "It has been my good fortune never to lose a battle yet all this glory can by no means compensate for so great a loss of friends,"

he cried. "What victory is not too dearly purchased at such a cost?"

APRIL FOOLS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Banvard tells the following good joke of fooling a Mississippi steambot:
He was lying to wind-bound, with a small trading boat at the head of the "chute" of Propet's island, and it being the first of April, his hands were determined to have a "lark" of some kind. During the day they had observed a sawyer close in shore, about half a mile above where the "flat" lay. This sawyer had been constantly bobbing his head up and down, all day long; from this, taking the hint, they procured some of their old clothes, and stuffed them with the Spanish moss, which they drew from a neighboring tree; then making a paper face, and surmounting the whole with a palmetto hat, they made quite a respectable-looking back-woodsman.

After sundown, near dark, they took this imitation of humanity up the river, to where this industrious sawyer was working. (As probably many of our readers do not exactly understand what a Mississippi sawyer is, we will say, for their information, that it is merely a loose snag, which is kept in motion, swinging up and down, by the force of the current, not unlike a person sawing.) When opposite the sawyer, they drove two upright stakes into the earth, and drew the pantaloons of the figure over them, so as to make it stand perpendicular; then tying an unlighted torch in its hand, and placing a couple of empty boxes and a keg near, to give the appearance of "plunder," they had quite a respectable passenger. All things prepared, they sat down to wait for a steamer. It was not long before they heard one "scaping" round the point, and coming into the "chute." They then hastily kindled a fire near by, lit the torch in the figure's hand, conveyed a small cord from the hand that held it, over a light limb, out to the snag or sawyer, and made it fast. The motion of the snag kept the torch in the figure's hand waving up and down; exactly like a person hailing a steamer. The waggish boatmen then jumped into their skiff, and pulled off into the shade of an adjacent cove, to watch the result.

Soon the steamer came in sight. The captain, seeing the light, supposing of course it was a hail, (as the projectors intended he should,) at once commenced ringing his bell to answer, and gave orders to "lay over" towards where Mr. Stuffy, as the boatmen had named him, was busy shaking his torch. "Stop her!" shouted the captain. Ding-a-jing, went the bell, and the engines ceased their motion. "Open the fire-doors!" shouted the engineer, and away streaked the light from the fiery furnaces, lighting up the surrounding gloom, and hiss went the escaping steam, reverberating through the everlasting cotton-wood forests; and there was as much bustle and noise on board of the "Clipper" for that proved to be her name, as if she was going to take on twenty cabin passengers. "Stand by the yawl, there!" the captain ordered. "Soon the yawl was off, with two deck hands pulling, and the mate, as is usual, standing up in the stern, steering, making for Mr. Stuffy. "Stop shaking your light—don't you think we see you?" shouted the mate from the yawl. "Get your 'plunder' down under the bank there, if you want to come aboard," sung out the captain, from the deck of the steamer, "or we will put off again and leave you!"

But Stuffy heard not. There he stood, waving up and down the fire-brand he held in his hand. "The fellow's cross," said the captain. "He's a fool," muttered the mate, with an oath between his teeth. "No he aint," said one of the hands; "but he is drunk—see, he has tumbled down the bank there." Just at this time the yawl was run in near the shore, and, passed between the snag under the line attached to the figure, the line caught under the mate's chin, throwing him back in the boat, at the same time jerking Mr. Stuffy over the bank, and he rolled into the river. "Man overboard" was then the cry, and the passengers rushed from the cabin to the deck to behold the sad catastrophe. "Catch him, quick!" shouted several voices at once, "or he will drown!" A few hurried strokes brought the yawl to the drowning man. The mate seized him, and drew him aboard the steamer, and then pulled for the shore. When raising the drowning man on board, he split in two, and the moss falling out, they all discovered that he was neither crazy, drunk nor drowned; but that he was a regular sucker for he had sucked in the captain, mate, and all hands, of the steamer Clipper, handsomely. Then such a laugh went up from the passengers, and all hands, as to drown the escaped steam of the boat as she was put under way again, by the captain's hearty "Go-ahead." Banvard and his men joined in the laugh, and returned to their boat to laugh over again the success of their joke.

DEATH OF MRS. MAFFITT.—Readers will probably remember the marriage of Rev. J. N. Maffitt, some two years and a half ago, as the circumstances created some excitement at the time. The parties soon separated and have since lived apart, Mr. Maffitt being at present in Arkansas. Mrs. Maffitt died on Friday night, aged only eighteen years and seven months, of bilious fever after ten days illness.—N. Y. Courier.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, 23rd Inst. A MAN OVER THE FALLS.

Neither fiction nor fact furnished an incident of more thrilling interest than one which occurred last evening at the Falls, and is detailed below by our correspondent. There is something terribly appalling, almost sublime, in the struggle for life of a strong, self-possessed man, when drawn into the torrent that with the speed of a race-horse, sweeps him onward to certain destruction. A moment scarcely elapses between entire safety, and a most fearful death, yet in that moment what a wealth of life may be compressed. How like lightning must flash through the mind, all the pleasant recollections of childhood, the firm resolves of vigorous manhood, the hopes of the future, the endearments of home and friends, repentance for past errors, and prayers for forgiveness in that dread presence to which he is so awfully summoned!

NIAGARA FALLS, Oct. 2, 1848.

At about sundown last evening a man was carried over the Falls. Who he was is not known. From his management of the boat in which he came down the river, I think he was not well acquainted with the current or the rapids. His dress and appearance indicated respectability, and after he got into the rapids, his self-possession was most extraordinary. His boat was a very good one—decked over on the bow, and I should think would carry three or four tons. From what I heard of a sail-boat having been below Black Rock, coming down, I think it is from there or Buffalo. No other than a person unacquainted with the current above the rapids would venture so near them.

I was on the head of Goat Island when I first discovered the boat—then near half a mile below the foot of Navy Island, and nearly two above the Falls. There seemed to be two in the boat. It was directed towards the American shore—the wind blowing from this shore, and still the sail was standing. Being well acquainted with the river, I regarded the position of the boat as extraordinary and hazardous, and watched it with intense anxiety. Soon I discovered the motion of an oar, and from the changing direction of the boat, concluded it had but one. While constantly approaching nearer and nearer the rapids, I could discover it was gaining the American shore, and by the time it had got near the first fall in the rapids, about half a mile above Goat Island, it was directly above the Island. There it was turned up the river, and for some time the wind kept it nearly stationary. The only hope seemed to be to come directly to Goat Island, and whether I should run half a mile to give alarm, or remain to assist, in the event the boat attempted to make the Island, was a question of painful doubt. But soon the boat was again turned to the American shore. Then it was certain it must go down the American rapids. I ran for the bridge—saw and informed a gentleman and lady just leaving the Island, but they seemed unable to reply or move. I rallied a man at the toll gate—we ran to the main bridge in time to see the boat before it had got to the first large fall in the rapids. Then I saw but one man—he standing at the stern with his oar, changing the course of the boat down the current, and as it plunged over, the man sat down.

I was astonished to see the boat rise with the mast and sail standing, and the man, again erect, directing the boat towards shore. As he came to the next, and each succeeding fall he sat down, and then would rise and apply his oar in the intermediate current.

Still there was hope that he would come near enough to the pier to jump, but in a moment he was gone. Another that he might jump upon the rock near the bridge, but the current dashed him from it under the bridge, breaking the mast. Again he rose on the opposite side. Taking his oar and pointing his boat towards the main shore, he cried, "Had better jump from the boat." We could not answer, for either seemed certain destruction. Within a few of the falls the boat struck on a rock—turned over and lodged. He appeared to crawl from under it, and swam with the oar in his hand till he went over the precipice.

Without the power to render any assistance—for half an hour watching a strong man struggling with every nerve for life, yet doomed with almost the certainty to an immediate and awful death, still hoping with every effort for his deliverance—caused an intensity of excitement I pray God never again to experience.

From the Milton Chronicle. SHOCKING DEATH.

Mr Wm. M. Evans, (brother of the Editor of this paper,) met his death on the 2nd inst., in a most horrid manner. He had been on a visit to his brother, in Georgia, and on his return to the West Indies (Havana where he had resided for the last eighteen or twenty years,) he took passage at Montgomery, Ala., on board the Steamer Olive, Miller, Captain, and when about sixty miles below Montgomery, near King's Island, and unfortunately, while promeneading the second deck, in conversation with a gentleman, the Boiler burst and the upper or hurricane deck passed over the head of his companion and striking Mr. Evans precipitated him in the midst of the red-hot boilers, from which horrid situation, blinded as he was by the smoke and steam, he succeeded in extri-

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