

# The Sumter Banner.

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

JAS. S. G. RICHARDSON, Editor.  
WM. J. FRANCIS, Proprietor.

"God—and our Native Land."

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## TERMS.

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Rev. Frederick Rustin, is a travelling Agent for this paper, and is authorized to receive subscriptions and receipt for the same.

## Miscellaneous.

[From Arthur's Home Gazette.]  
Recollections and Anecdotes of the Presidents of the United States.

BY ARTHUR JOS. STANSBURY.  
Washington his Address to Congress when Elected for the last time.

But I once had an opportunity far more favorable, of beholding this greatest of men, under circumstances the best possible, for exhibiting him to the fullest advantage. It was a privilege which could happen but once to any man; and I esteem the hour when I enjoyed it, as one of the brightest moments I was ever permitted to know. Its remembrance yet glows vividly on my mind; years have not dimmed it; the whole scene is yet before me: and I need not say with what fierce repeated pulses occasions of a like kind, have since recalled it to remembrance. Yes, it was my favored lot to see and hear President Washington address the Congress of the United States, when elected for the last time;—of men now living, how few can say the same.

I was but a school boy at the time, and had followed one of the many groups of people, who, from all quarters, were making their way to the Hall in Chesnut street, at the corner of Fifth, where the two Houses of Congress then held their sittings, and where they were that day to be addressed by the President, on the opening of his second term of office.

Boys can often manage to work their way through a crowd better than men can; at all events, it so happened that I succeeded in reaching the steps of the Hall, from which elevation looking in every direction, I could see nothing but human heads: a vast fluctuating sea, swaying to and fro, and filling every accessible place which commanded even a distinct view of the building. They had congregated, not with the hope of getting into the Hall, for that was physically impossible, but that they might see Washington. Many an anxious look was cast in the direction from which he was expected to come, till at length, true to the appointed hour, (he was the most punctual of men,) an agitation was observable on the outskirts of the crowd, which gradually opened and gave space for the approach of an elegant white coach, drawn by six superb white horses, having on its four sides, beautiful designs of the four seasons, painted by Cipriani. It slowly made its way, till it drew up immediately in front of the Hall.—The rush was now tremendous. But as the coach door opened, there issued from it two gentlemen, with long white wands, who, with some difficulty, parted the people, so as to open a passage for the carriage to the steps, on which the fortunate school-boy had achieved a footing, and whence the whole proceeding could be distinctly seen. As the person of the President emerged from the carriage, a universal shout rent the air, and continued, as he very deliberately ascended the steps. On reaching the platform, he paused, looking back on the carriage, thus affording to the anxiety of the people, the indulgence they desired, of feasting their eyes upon his person. Never did a more majestic personage present himself to the public gaze.—He was within two feet of me: I could have touched his clothes: but I should

as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. Boy, as I was, I felt as in the presence of a divinity. As he turned to enter the Hall, the gentlemen with the white wands, preceded him, and with still greater difficulty than before, repressed the people, and cleared a way to the great staircase. As he ascended I ascended with him, step by step, creeping close to the wall, and almost hidden by the skirts of his coat. Nobody looked at me: everybody was looking at him; and thus I was permitted, unnoticed, to glide along, and happily to make my way (where so many were vainly longing and struggling to enter.) into the lobby of the chamber of the House of Representatives. Once in, I was safe; for had I even been seen by the officers in attendance, it would have been impossible to get me out again. I saw near me a large pyramidal stove, which, fortunately, had but little fire in it, and on which, I forthwith clambered, until I had attained a secure perch, from which every part of the Hall could be deliberately and distinctly surveyed. Depend upon it, I made use of my eyes.

On either side of the broad aisle that was left vacant in the centre, were assembled the two Houses of Congress. As the President entered, all rose, and remained standing till he had ascended the steps at the upper end of the chamber, and taken his seat in the Speaker's chair. It was an impressive moment. Notwithstanding that the spacious apartment, floor, lobby, galleries and all approaches, were crowded to their utmost capacity, not a sound was heard; the silence of expectation was unbroken and profound; every breath seemed suspended. He was dressed in a full suit of the richest black velvet; his lower limbs in short clothes with diamond knee-buckles, and black silk stockings. His shoes, which were brightly japanned, were surmounted with large square silver buckles. His hair carefully displayed in the manner of the day, was richly powdered, and gathered behind into a black silk bag, on which was a bow of black ribbon. In his hand he carried a plain cocked hat, decorated with the American cockade. He wore by his side a light, slender sword, in a green sha-green scabbard, with a richly ornamented hilt. His gait was deliberate, his manner solemn but self-possessed, and he presented, altogether, the most august human figure I had then, or have since beheld.

At the head of the Senate stood Thomas Jefferson, in a blue coat, single breasted, with large bright basket buttons, his vest and small clothes of crimson. I remember being struck with his animated countenance, of a brick-red hue, his bright eye and foxy hair, as well as by his tall, gaunt, ungainly form and square shoulders. A perfect contrast was presented by the pale, reflective face and delicate figure of James Madison; and above all, by the short, burly, bustling form of Gen. Knox, with ruddy cheek, prominent eye, and still more prominent proportions of another kind. In the semi-circle which was formed behind the chair, and on either hand of the President, my boyish gaze was attracted by the splendid attire of the Chevalier D'Yrujo, the Spanish ambassador, then the only foreign minister near our infant government. His glittering star, his silk *chapeau bras*, edged with ostrich feathers, his foreign air and courtly bearing contrasted strongly with those nobility of nature's forming who stood around him. It was a very fair representation of the old world and the new.—How often has the same reflection occurred to me since, on witnessing the glittering, and now numerous, company of foreign dignitaries collected round our Presidents by an inauguration day, or the recurrence of our national anniversary.—True, the individuals who form that brilliant *colerie* are, for the most part, men eminent for general intelligence, as well as the virtues of private life, men who meet, and well deserve a cordial welcome on our shores, and often carry from it the sincerest regrets. But how do the personal attainments and characters of the men themselves put out the blaze of the gold and diamonds with which their governments had covered them? And if, even in the unadorned presence of his successors, these decorations seem puerile in republican eyes; how would they have faded away and been lost in the smiling grandeur of the public presence of Washington.

Having resumed his seat for a few moments while the members resumed their seats, the President rose, and taking from his breast a roll of manuscript, proceeded to read his address. His voice was full sonorous, deep and rich in its tones, free from that trumpet ring which it could assume amid the tumult of battle, (and which is said to have been distinctly heard above all its roar,) but sufficiently loud and clear to fill the chamber and be heard, with perfect ease, in its most remote recesses. The address was of considerable length; its topics, of course, I forget, for I was too young to understand them; I only remember, in its latter part, some reference to the Wabash River (then a new name to my ears) and to claims or disputes on the part of the Indian tribes. He read, as he did everything else, with a singular serenity and composure, with manly ease and dignity, but without the smallest attempt at display.

Having concluded, he laid the manuscript upon the table before him and resumed his seat; when, after a slight pause he rose and withdrew, the members rising and remaining on their feet until he left the chamber. The paper was then taken up by Mr. Beckley, the clerk of the House, and again read from beginning to end. Beckley's enunciation, by the by, admirably clear, giving every syllable of every word, and I may say, he was almost the only officer whose official duty it is to read, who I ever heard read well.

This form having been gone through, the members of the Senate retired, and I took advantage of the bustle to descend from my unenvied and presumptuous elevation, and mingle with the dissolving crowd.

**FEMALE DUELIST.**—The most celebrated female duelist was the actress Maupin, one of the performers at the Opera. Serane, the famous fencing master, was one of her lovers, and from him she received many valuable lessons. Being insulted one day by an actor by the name Dumény, she called him out; but as he refused to give her satisfaction, she carried away his watch and his snuff-box as trophies of her victory. Another performer having presumed to offend her, on his declining a meeting, was obliged to kneel down before her and implore forgiveness. One evening at a ball, having behaved in a very rude manner to a lady, she was requested to leave the room, which she did on the condition that those gentlemen who had warmly espoused the offended lady's cause, should accompany her. To this proposal they agreed; when, after a hard combat, she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room. Louis XIV granted her a pardon and she withdrew to Brussels, where she became the mistress of the Duc de Richelieu; and in modern times, so late, indeed, as 1828, a Madame B.—at St Rambert, received a challenge to fight with pistols; and about the same period, a lady of Chatcauroux, whose husband had received a slap in the face without resenting the insult, called out the offender, and fighting him with swords, severely wounded him.—*Blitz's History of Duelling.*

Mrs. Partington says that just before the last war with England, circumstances were seen around the moon nightly, shooting stars permeated the earth, the desk of sun was covered with black spots, like blots of ink, and comets swept the horizon with their operative tails. Every body said it was a prodigium war, and sure enough war did come. Its costiveness was felt through the land, but the bravery of General Jackson expatriated the American citizens, and foreign domineering soon became a by-word.

"This is really the smallest horse I ever saw," said a countryman, on viewing a Shetland pony.

"Indeed, now," replied his Irish companion, "but I've seen one as small as two of him."

## Curious Case of Somnambulism.

We find in Upland's 'Outline of disordered mental action,' a curious case of somnambulism, which was published in the newspapers at the time the case occurred. A farmer in one of the counties of Massachusetts, had employed himself for some weeks in winter, threshing his grain. One night as he was about closing his labors, he ascended a ladder, to the top of the great beams in the barn, where the rye he was threshing was deposited, to ascertain what number of bundles remained unthreshed, which he determined to finish the next day. The ensuing night, about two o'clock, he was heard, by one of the family, to arise and go out. He repaired to his barn being fast asleep, and unconscious of what he was doing, set open his barn doors, ascended the great beams of the barn where his rye was deposited, threw down a flooring, and commenced threshing it. When he had completed it, he raked off the straw, and shoved the rye to one side of the floor, and again ascended the ladder with the straw, and deposited it on some rails that lay across the great beams. He then threw down another flooring of rye which he threshed and finished as before. Thus he continued his labors, until he had threshed five floorings; and on returning from throwing down the sixth, and last in passing over part of the hay-mow, he fell off, where the hay had been cut down about six feet, on to the lower part of it, which awoke him. He at first imagined himself in his neighbor's barn: but after groping about in the dark a long time, ascertained that he was in his own, and at length found the ladder, on which he descended to the floor, closed his barn doors, which he found open, and returned to his bed. On coming to the light, he found himself in such a profuse perspiration that his clothes were literally wet through. The next morning, on going to his barn, he had threshed, during the night, five bushels of rye; had raked the straw off in good order, and deposited the grain to one side of the floor, without the least consciousness of what he was doing, until he fell from the hay!

*Boston Mer. Journal.*

**BLITZ OUTDONE.**—The London Spectator thus speaks of tricks performed by a celebrated juggler now in that metropolis:

Among other incomprehensible doings he boils four plucked pigeons in a kettle full of water suspended over a fire, and perfectly isolated, and out of four living birds from an empty vessel: he returns to their owners a score of handkerchiefs, washed and ironed, that a moment before lay soaking wet in a pail, and he produced no end of boquet, out of an old hat, that he stamps upon, and turns inside out, each pressure or squeeze of the hand being followed by a fresh supply of bunches of sweet smelling flowers from the old battered hat.

A young lady near us lent her straw bonnet, and was horrified at seeing it crushed up into a ball; but to her great relief, it appeared hanging at the top of the procenium, and being brought down by a pistol-shot, she found it quite undamaged. A handful of gold watches is flung to the back of the stage, and presently reappear hanging from the branches of a plant that had just been watered and placed under a heated cover for the producing of this sort of golden fruit; bunches of keys that seemed not to be out of sight, are found attached to the roots of a plant in a flower pot; and a head, with goggle eyes, at the summons of a pistol shot thrusts out a bunch of rings at the tip of its tongue, and stares with two gold watches for eyeballs, though one could have sworn both rings and watches were under certain covers.

But perhaps one of the completest puzzles is the pouring successively of black and red wine, and steaming champagne from the identical black bottle that we had just before seen filled with water; this, and the dipping for bouquets in the old hat, are done in the very faces of the spectators; and the bottle, when emptied of its contents, is broken, and a silk handkerchief is found in it. A couple of lemons are handed to the company, and one of them, on being cut, is found to contain an egg, which being broken, yields a walnut; that when cracked, discloses a ring belonging to one of the audience. If those

feats seem wondrous in telling, they are far more inexplicable in the doing; for you feel what cannot be indited sufficiently in a brief description, the seeming impossibility of them. The illusion is perfect; you see things vanish under your eyes, and behold them in another place, while yet they appear to be where they were before.

## Swimming Extraordinary.

We yesterday had the pleasure of witnessing an athletic feat, equal, we believe, to that performed by the loveliest youth of Abydos; for our Leander had, we presume, no armorous Yankee priestess to swim after. A young man named Clinton Jackson swam across the Niagara river under the Falls and back again, without landing to take breath, merely touching land on the other side. To those acquainted with Niagara Falls, and aware of the muscle required to get the ferry boat from side to side, it is unnecessary to explain; that though the river at this point is not more than a quarter of a mile broad, yet the most lusty swimmer, from the immense strength of the current, against which he has to struggle, is unable to gain the opposite shore, under three-quarters of a mile. It is, therefore, no small undertaking to swim a mile and a half in the most rapid river in the world, with the certain knowledge that a cramp or faint heartedness would in a few minutes carry you into the rapids below, where the river is supposed to travel at the rate of twenty-eight miles an hour—there to be dashed to pieces on the rocks, or to be "sucked in" the famous whirlpool. Jackson performed the feat without difficulty, keeping his head and neck above the water, during the whole time, and never turning on his back.—*St. Cath. Journal.*

**CURRAN'S INGENUITY.**—A farmer attending a fair with hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards he resorted to mine host for the payment, but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Randolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsel; "speak to the landlord privately, and tell him you must have left the money with some one else. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred pounds, in the presence of your friend, and then come to me."

We must imagine, and not commit to paper the vociferations of the honest Duke at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, and returned to the legal friend.

"And now, sir, I don't see I am to be any better for this, if I get my second hundred again. But now what is to be done?"

Go, and ask him for it when he is alone," said Curran.

"Ay, sir, but asking for it won't do—I've afraid without my witness at any rate," said the countryman.

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsel; "do as I bid you, and then return to me."

"The farmer returned with this hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession."

"Well," said the counsel, "now take your friend with you, ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

"The following is a copy *verbatim et literatim*, of a notice, nailed on a box on board a steambot, which runs on a lake not a thousand miles from Lake George.

"Rattle Snaxes."  
"In this box is a tin of Rattle snax won was 'kocked on blak mounting, tother on Kote' lil. 'won is ait yers old and won is fortune.'"

"Notice six cents A site  
Old Dik,  
'Goat.  
RSin ed Cap."

**A CIVIL REQUEST.**—An old woman observing a sailor going by her door and supposing it to be her son Billy, cried out to him, "Billy where is my cow gone?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "Gone to the d—l, for what I know." "Well as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

**AGRICULTURE.**  
**Benefits of Deep Ploughing.**  
From the American Farmer.  
We extract the following from a communication of Mr. Linus Com, in the *Genevee Farmer*, upon the benefits of deep ploughing:

"I had a field containing 4 acres and 100 rods of ground, which had been cleared nine years and had a grain crop on it every year—Wheat, corn and oats—the three last were oats. The field was considered nearly worn out, and would not have produced more than 15 bushels of wheat per acre. There were many large stumps and four green trees on the field. The soil was clay loam. I had only a single team—a powerful span of horses, and a single plow, (Wood's.) I raised the end of the beam 3 inches, and commenced plowing in June, when the ground was wet, turning up about 5 inches that had never been stirred before, plowing about three-fourths of an acre per day. The ground was dug up with a spade around the stumps, harrowed and plowed shallow twice afterwards, and sowed the 5th day of Oct. with 2 bushels of bearded wheat per acre. In the spring were sown 150 lbs. of plaster where the wheat looked the poorest. The result was, although much was wasted in gathering, for it shelled badly, I had by weight 190 1/2 bushels, besides one large load not threshed at the time, which would have increased the product to at least 212 bushels. Since that time I have plowed deep, and the result has been invariably the same, or at least doubling the crop. Deep plowing on a soil like mine will prevent the crop from suffering from wet or dry weather."

To deep plowing, Mr. Com ascribes the increase of the yield of his fields, from 15 bushels, per acre, to the product above, which, if his estimate of the "large load" of unmeasured grain be correct, and the yield was 212 bushels on the 4 acres 100 rods, is at the rate of 45 bushels 50 lbs. per acre—an increase that goes far to prove the efficacy of deep plowing, and deep pasturage for plants, it virtually made each acre of his lot more than equal to three before he abandoned the skinning plan, and took the resolution of going deep into the bowels of the earth, in search of the salts buried in the poisonous hard pan. We never had any faith that the subsoil contained matters deleterious to healthful vegetation that would not be neutralized by exposure to the action of the atmosphere and the application of lime or ashes, and each year's experience but serves to convince us that the hard pan is only a bug-bear of the imagination. If the poison so much dreaded in the subsoil really does exist there, why is it that its destructive action is not more apparent with deep than shallow plowing? The roots of wheat, corn, and other plants penetrate far deeper than the line of ordinary plowing—why is it then, that the injury should not be as manifest in the one case as in the other?

**Turning in Green Crops.**  
From the Germantown (Pa.) Telegraph.  
During the last ten years, the practice of turning in green crops has been extensively adopted; and, so far as my observation extends, it has been attended with the most flattering results. Old, worn-out fields, which had become so thoroughly emaciated as scarcely to repay the cost of cultivation, have, by this process, been thoroughly renovated, and at a less cost, probably, than they could have been in any other way. In passing through the country our attention is often drawn to farms which have been impoverished, by an enormous and emaciating system of cropping, to the state of barren karro fields. Nothing can be more forbidding than the appearance of barrenness which they exhibit; yet even those are not hopelessly barren. By plowing under the following vegetation they produce, and the plowing under the undertaking by a liberal application of lime, unless the soil is of a calcareous nature, and then sowing buckwheat, peas, or clover, to be turned in when in blossom, a degree of energy will be communicated which will secure the continuance of increased and increasing fertility, and under a judicious system of rotary cropping, insure good crops for a period of many years.

"The folly in the extreme to till extensive fields, and till them till they shed common sense side laughing by, and sure your horses abortive die. For more one fertile acre yields than the huge breadth of barren fields."

Some have recommended millet as an excellent article for turning in; but, of all cultivated crops, with the exception, perhaps, of red clover, I consider buckwheat the best. By commencing early, three crops of this grain may be turned in one season, a dressing of which will be found sufficient, under ordinary circumstances, for the most exhausted soil, and which is by no means objectionable on the score of expense or cost.

**A PRACTICAL FARMER.**  
*Bald Eagle Farm, May, 1850.*  
**Hints to Overseers.**  
Mr. Editor:—Some overseers think if they keep a tolerably clean crop they are doing well; the condition of the tools, horses, fences, gates, farming mules, horse lots and stables, and stock of all kinds, are left to shift for themselves, and are not taken into consideration. Overseers, if they do their duty, will have mules and horses well attended to—fed regularly with a given amount, salted once a week, and rubbed and curried; the stables and lots will also be kept clean, and the manure taken care of. Mules and horses will not fail to show their keeping. When once the hip bones of mules "stick out," no matter how much they have to plow, (for any sound horse or mule, if taken care of, can plow as much as any hand, without injury,) you may put it down at once that they are either irregularly and badly fed, or otherwise grossly neglected.

Overseers are also deficient, even if they attend to mules and horses, keep clean crops, and good gates and fences, and do not attend to other stock on the plantation.

Again, if overseers neglect to enforce the rules of morality on the plantation, they are in the highest degree unfit for their station.—This may be obnoxious to some—I am sorry to say it, even employers—but I trust the time may come when morality and virtue shall be looked upon as an essential qualification for any lawful avocation. Overseers, too, who are "dirty dogs" themselves, must not expect the negroes under their charge to be any thing else.

If we would raise the standard of our profession, let us act uprightly, and attend to our business closely, and be paid for our trouble.

**AN OVERSEER.**  
*Cedar Tone Ga., June, 1850.*  
**GRAPE CUTTINGS.**—The Michigan Farmer states that Elijah Buck, a successful cultivator, has met with uniform failure in raising grapes from cuttings in the usual way of placing them nearly perpendicular or obliquely in the soil, not one in ten thus treated ever showing signs of growth. A different mode was afterwards adopted, by placing the cuttings horizontally just beneath the surface. Not one in fifty failed.

**DESTROYING MICE IN NURSERIES.**—J. W. Hooker, of Rochester, completely effects this object by boring inch and a half holes into wooden blocks, running in a quantity of corn meal and arsenic, and distributing them, with the mouth inclined downwards, in the most exposed places.—The holes need filling each autumn.—*Farmer.*