

# The Sumter Banner.

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## AGRICULTURE.

(From the "Wool Grower.")

### Wool Growing.

Why not grow more wool?—It has been the aim of this journal to so awaken the attention of farmers as to enable them to adopt the most profitable system. We have, therefore, urged upon them, from time to time, an increase of their flocks of sheep. Our own experience and observation have satisfied us that there is no kind of farming that is so generally profitable as raising sheep and wool. It matters not whether you are upon the bleak mountains of Vermont or in the fertile plains of Texas, upon the prairies of the West or the low solitary hills and mountains of the South—everywhere and anywhere the sheep will live and thrive, and, with proper care, pay more for the labor and capital invested than useful and economical modes which have been given us to convert the vegetation of the farm to money. Were it for the first time now presented to us, we should consider the sheep one of the most wonderful animals nature has produced for the use of man. Its annual growth of wool, so admirably calculated for human clothing and use in every portion of the globe is skin and flesh, and, in many localities, its milk—all which there is so little waste or so little loss. For at least seven years of its life it will give an annual fleece each year to the value of the carcass, and the yearly increase will be nearly or quite equal to the cost of other animals, the cow comes nearest to the sheep in the profit it returns to the farmer if well cared for; it will pay for itself each year by the milk it yields, and defray also the cost of keeping.

Is there any branch of farming or any other kind of legitimate business that will yield for a series of years a profit of 10 per cent? We assume that there is none. The very idea that a profit of 50 per cent. could be realized in every branch of business would set the whole capital of the country in motion. Farms would be sold, merchants would sell off their stocks, bankers close their banks, and, indeed, everybody who had money to invest would rush into this gold mine.

We ever, without fear of contradiction in truth, that there is hardly a locality in the whole Union, where any kind of farm animals can subsist, that the sheep, if properly attended to, will not give a net profit on the investment of at least 50 per cent. and that, with the management of farms, it will give some 20 to 40 per cent.

That there is no danger of overdoing the business, we have shown repeatedly in previous numbers. The annual increase of population in the Union requires the wool from three millions of sheep; so that, to clothe the increased population, would require an annual increase of sheep of one to four millions. But when we come to consider that there is now an annual deficiency of over seventy millions of pounds, there can be no doubt that wool growing is the most stable pursuit that can be engaged in. We cannot glut the market, nor will there be any long time that the market will be depressed below a point of profitable production. On the contrary, it is certain that no farm product goes less below this point than wool. It has long been a source of constant wonder to us that so many farmers in the western States neglect the sheep for the very precarious business of grain-growing.—Every year will give them a crop of wool if they do but take care of their sheep. But there is no certainty for wheat, prepare the ground ever so well. If we have been rightly informed, the wheat raised in the West has cost the farmer more than he has obtained for it in market. Too much dependence has been placed upon this most uncertain and expensive crop.

We have tried wheat-growing upon probably as good a wheat farm as can be found in Western New York, and we have also tried sheep upon the same farm; and we are free to confess that, although we have a good market at our own door, yet we can raise a given amount of money quicker and much easier with a flock of sheep than with wheat. But we find it well to raise both sheep and wheat, as by that means we find we get a better profit than to be confined to

either alone. With us, and in this region, four years are as long as it proves profitable to leave land in grass. Very few now resort to naked fallows. Some mow their clover early, and then let it grow till August, when it is turned under, cultivated, and sown to wheat; others mow the first year, and pasture sheep the second, and then plough.

Every good farmer keeps a few good sheep at least. Very many who have been in the habit of putting up a large quantity of pork for summer use now select out a few wethers for mutton, decidedly the most healthful that can be used, and thus realize the money for their pork fresh. The inducements to grow more wool are: a sure market, less fluctuation from the point of profitable production than any farm product, a larger interest or profit on the capital invested than any other business, and therefore, the best business, as a general thing, that the farmer can follow.—We ask our subscribers to give us their views on the subject.

**Terra-culture.**  
This is the name given to a new and important discovery of improved cultivation, made by Mr. Russell Constock, a citizen of Western New York. The following articles on the subject will be read with interest:

(From the Oswego Times, Dec. 20.)  
**TERRA-CULTURE.**—An Important Discovery by RUSSELL CONSTOCK.—We have been not a little interested by the examination of a paper containing a mass of matter relative to a late discovery of a principle of natural law in vegetation, by Mr. Russell Constock, of Malbetsville, Dutchess Co., New York. It appears that the discovery of Mr. Constock's discovery has been for some time before the public, but owing to copyright laws, recognizing or securing reward for such discoveries, he has thus far only made limited and confidential communications of his new agricultural theory, sufficient to test and demonstrate its practicability and importance by actual experiment. As the only method by which he can disseminate and obtain any remuneration for his discovery, Mr. Constock gives private and confidential lectures all over the State, wherever a sufficient class or number of subscribers are obtained to justify his attendance, charging one dollar for admission, and five dollars at the end of the year to those who adopt and make practical application of his new theory.

For two years Mr. Constock has made his confidential disclosures to agriculturists, and as the result of the information thus communicated, he now presents certificates and letters from a large number of gentlemen of known intelligence, probity and honor, all tending to establish and prove from actual experiment the validity of his principle, and the most remarkable results of its practical application. The experiments prove a general law applicable to the whole vegetable kingdom. By the terra-culture all kinds of trees, forest, fruit and ornamental, bush, peach trees fifty to a hundred years old, partially decayed and barren, are restored to a healthy and thrifty condition, as when young, in a single season, so as to produce the most abundant and finest fruit. The same results are produced upon all fruit trees, and what seems scarcely less remarkable, it appears that the precise age of trees is ascertained and determined by Mr. Constock's theory.

The terra-culture has been applied to all kinds of garden vegetables, plants, fruits, and shrubs, as also, to all kinds of crops, with wonderful success. We cannot go into detail of what experiments have proved. Crops of grain and vegetables are, at a great saving of labor, more than doubled by terra-culture. One experiment shows the production of 135 bushels of shelled corn to the acre, and another the production of 1000 bushels of Mercer potatoes to the acre. It is also shown that the great crops which have commanded premiums at agricultural fairs have been produced accidentally, by terra-culture, of which we have an evidence in Oswego county.

On the 25th ult., Mr. Constock lectured to a large number of the farmers of Oswego county, at the village of Fulton, among whom Mr. William Ingell, of the town of Vohney, who for the two last years has received the first premium on Corn at the State Agricultural Fair. We learn from an intelligent agriculturist of this city, who was also present, that during the course of the lecture, which has the form of forty questions, propounded and answered by the lecturer, any person present being at liberty to put and answer questions, it was clearly ascertained that Mr. Ingell produced his 135 bushels of corn to the acre by his

terra-culture principle. From the evidence before us, which may be seen at our office, we cannot resist the conviction that Mr. Constock's discovery of a natural law of universal application is one of the most important of the age, a discovery that for the honor and prosperity of the country, and for the interest of mankind, should at once be made public by the parent aid of Government.

(From the Oswego Times, Dec. 20, 1852.)  
This subject is engaging much attention throughout the State. A terra-culture Convention is proposed to be held at the city of Rochester at an early day in March next, to which the county agricultural societies of the State are invited to send terra-culture delegates. The avowed purpose of the convention is consultation, for the purpose of placing the science of terra-culture properly before the public.

There is a growing desire in this region to hear Mr. Constock, the discoverer of the new science in agriculture, disclose its principles and the operation of a natural law of vegetation, hitherto veiled to human vision, although old as the creation. There is something wonderfully attractive in the idea of digging out of the mysterious economy of the physical world, a great and beneficent principle of inestimable value to the interests of mankind. If there is anything exciting man to the proud distinction of his race, it is certainly the discovery of such a principle.

**Effects of Feeding Cut and Uncut Hay to Milk Cows.**—From a communication made to the Agricultural Society of Worcester county, Massachusetts, by Mr. William S. Lincoln, we make the following extract. We copy from the New England Farmer.

"My milking stock consisted of one cow, which came in the 29th of last October, the two trial cows, and one other which calved last April, and is expected to calve again the first of next April.—Some time before commencing this experiment, I was feeding my stock—what would be called poor stock—with my hay with an allowance of roots. I commenced cutting this hay for all my stock, young and old (sixteen head), occupying me 1-2 hours daily. Almost simultaneously with feeding the cut hay was an increase of milk very perceptible as it was milked in the pail. An inquiry was made by my wife, who in person takes charge of the dairy, as to the cause of this increase. An evasive reply was made. From day to day the milk increased enough from the stock I have described, to require the substitution of 6 qt. for 4 qt. pails, which had been previously used. I think I am in bounds in saying the increase was over a pint daily, per cow, occasionally to the best of my knowledge, solely by the use of cut hay.

**Breaking Oxen.**—The editor of the "Massachusetts Farmer" recommends the following method of breaking oxen:

"When you first put a yoke on your two years old steers, coax them with an apple or a year of soft corn, (soft corn is allowable in this case) then they will hold up their heads and be glad to follow you. No whip will be needed at the first yoking. Let the yoke and the soft corn be associated in their minds, and they will never be shy of the yoke; but if you use force alone they will hold down their heads to avoid blows. After you learn them to follow you around with the yoke, and that it will not injure them to carry it, you can hitch them on before the older oxen, and make them take the lead.—The driver should go beside them occasionally, with a switch stick or a light and short whip, but he will not have any need to beat them except extreme cases."

**Wool Statistics.**—Six pounds of wool to every man, woman and child in the United States, is the estimate average amount required yearly for their comfort and use. From this it follows that the amount required for the present population is annually about 150,000,000 lbs. Of this amount 52,500,000 is grown in the United States, and we buy of foreign nations 100,000,000 lbs. One quarter of this imported in wool and the other three quarters in manufactured goods.

It is asserted that there is a falling off in numbers of sheep, notwithstanding the rapidly increasing population. New-York state in 1840 had 5,000,000, at the present

time only 3,500,000. Vermont in 1840 had 1,600,000, now only about 600,000. It is estimated that the annual increase of our population requires not less than the fleeces of 1,000,000 sheep.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Mrs. Morgan's Maine Law.

BY JOHN SMITH, JR.

Mrs. Morgan's husband was an excellent workman, and had the best wages, but he would drink, and like most men of his class when in liquor, generally beat his children, and sometimes his wife.

Mrs. Morgan was a noble woman, and loved her husband in spite of all, but after years of patient forbearance, she came to the conclusion that Jimmy Morgan, as she called him, should stop drinking, whether or no. In other words, she manufactured a private Maine Law of her own.

The occasion was one day when Jimmy came home to dinner, half tipsy, which always happened when he stopped at the tavern on his way, and he did this on an average about twice a week.

"Now you Morgan," said she, as soon as he entered, "you've been at the whiskey bottle again. You needn't deny it. I know it by your looks. And by your breath too—go away you nasty beast—how dare you try to kiss me when you have been drinking."

Jimmy had essayed this matrimonial caress hoping it would conciliate the good wife; but finding his purpose foiled, he set down his dignity.

"Put on airs; give us some dinner, and don't sulk."

Mrs. Morgan did not often get roused, but she was now. She put her arms akimbo and answered—

"Not a mouthful of dinner do you get in this house to-day, nor any other day, till you come home sober. So the sooner you are off the better."

The half tipsy husband looked at her in amazement. For a moment he thought of enforcing his will, as he had often done before, but whether he had not drunk quite enough to arouse his courage, or whether the blazing eyes of his helpmate frightened him, he turned, after a little hesitation, and left the house.

Of course he went straight to the tavern, as Mrs. Morgan rather expected he would. And of course when night came he was led home thoroughly inebriated, as she rather wished he would be.

He had just sufficient reason left to wonder at the extraordinary care with which his wife, assisting to undress him, tucked him in bed. But this, like everything else, was soon forgotten in a stupid sleep.

She waited until satisfied that he was entirely insensible, when she proceeded to sew the offending up in the sheets, exactly as if he had been a mummy. The stitches were not small, but she knew they were taken with treble thread, and they would hold, especially as he now could use neither hands nor arms. Once or twice he grunted, as if about to awake, but she stopped a moment at such a time.

At last the proceeding was completed.—And now she brought forth a cart whip, which she had borrowed that afternoon from a neighbor.

"Now Jimmy Morgan," said she, apostrophizing him, "I'll cure you of your beastly habits, or—please God, I'll whip you till you'll be sore for a month."

Down came the lash, as vigorously as her brawny arm could lay it on; again, and yet again, and it seemed as if she was never going to stop. And very soon, the offending rascal from his stupor, saw what it was, and began to beg for mercy.

"Not 'll you've promised to leave off drink," was the answer, and the blows descended more vigorously than ever.—"Swear to leave off drinking then."

"Oh, you'll kill me, you'll kill me." "No, it will do you good. To think how drunk you was ten minutes ago, and now to see you rolling about so lively—never tell me, Jimmy Morgan, that I'm killing you after that."

"Merely, merely, merely," roared the criminal. "How can you Polly, use your husband so?"

"I can and will," And another shower of blows descended. "Halloo as much as you like for it will do you good; only I can tell you one thing, it will not rouse the neighbors. I told them what I was going to do if you came home drunk again.—Have you had enough yet? Will you promise at once, or are you going to hold out still?"

"Oh, oh, oh," groaned the helpless husband, twisting and turning in every direction, but unable to escape the catarrh of blows, "oh, oh, oh."

"Will you promise? You'd better do it quick," resumed his inexorable spouse, "or I'll beat you to jelly. These six years I've borne your drunkenness, but I'll bear it no longer. I've tried coaxing, and I've tried everything, and now I'm trying whipping. You've beaten me often enough, and I'm paying you back. Promise at once, the quicker the better, for I'll not let you up till you do, even if it keep me here all night, and you are sick for a year afterwards."

It was a good while before the criminal gave in. He thought his wife would tire out at last, but when the chastigator had proceeded for some time, and he saw no symptoms of either fatigue or relenting, he was compelled to succumb.

"I'll swear, I'll swear," he said at last, "I'll do anything, only let me up. That's a dear good Polly. Oh, Lord don't whip me any more, for I've said I'd swear. Oh, oh!"

Mrs. Morgan gave him three or four sound cuts more, to "make assurance doubly sure," before she administered the oath, which she did, at last, with the Bible in her hands, completing the ceremony by making him kiss the book.

From that night Jimmy Morgan was never known to taste liquor. He told his neighbors he had been so sick since his last spree, that he had resolved to join the temperance society; but he did not tell them what had made him ill. Mrs. Morgan, too, kept the secret, nursing him through his bruises, which were neither few nor slight. However, as she said to herself, "desperate diseases require desperate remedies," and so she never rejected the medicine she had administered, even though her husband did not earn a dollar in three weeks.

A word more and our tale is told. Perhaps other wives might work cures as miraculous if they would try Mrs. Morgan's Maine Law.

### A New Orleans Bar Room.

The following graphic and interesting account of the St. Louis Bar Room (New Orleans,) is from the pen of N. P. Willis Esq., and is extracted from the *Howe Journal*. John Quincy Adams was want to say that the proper place to study the character of a city was the Market House; this is not applicable to New Orleans, there you must go to their Bar Rooms and Lunch Saloons.

"The panter" takes a drink, a dozen times in the forenoon—but he does not drink it. He seldom calls for it when alone. It is a matter of etiquette. Wherever he meets friend or acquaintance, there is a drinking saloon near by; and he would feel as much at a loss to exchange the compliments of the day without stepping in to do it over a glass as to bow to a lady without his hat or manage an interview without mention of health or weather. In the way he walks up, he signifies his wish to the bar keeper, sees that his friend is properly attended to, and dispose of his own glass—in the manner of all this—there is a certain absolute ease and sort of cotton bale solidity of suavity, that form a type of politeness which borrows nothing from intoxication.

It is the Westerner at home; perfectly self-trustful and ever ready for emergency, but boundlessly hospitable and courteous, and, withal, careful in his drink. The arrangements for the convenience of tobacco chawers receive the greater part of what he takes into his mouth for courtesy, and he modifies the mixture of his own glass with adroitness as not to make it a comment on the stronger drink of his companions. I was amused at the clever manner in which this was done, and the many instances of it that came under my observation. So many are the

strangers, that they are part of almost every coterie in a barroom; but whatever and whoever they were, the planter was the man of mark among them. He is a gentleman by every influence of education and climate.

With a slight touch of the tatrach in his manner perhaps, the constant habit of authority has made it sit gracefully upon him, and it impregnates his whole bearing with that indescribable air of conscious superiority which never can be assumed, but which is prized above all other traits by the highborn in Europe.

We shall be proud yet of our planter school of gentlemen. The early learnt self-possession as master, the climates lavishness of generosity, the habituation to personal risk and chivalric promptness, and the large amounts and elegant intermediary leisure with which plantation business is transacted, are the training for the peculiar as well as a very high spirited class of men. By the members of the professions and by those who have long resided at the west, the manners of this class are very much adopted. It is the secret of that gracefully cavalier tone pervading the upper classes of the valley and the southern tier—the more valuable, because the same thing is fast dying out in the lands where it has been historical.

The other drinking, at the bar of these fashionable saloons, is miscellaneous without being riotous or rude. The newly arrived northern man is the most conspicuous from being quite the earliest in the day to get "happy." He is used to having the worth of his money, and drinks all his liquor.

The bar keeper's flattering manner has made him feel appreciated for the first time in his life, and, with his hat on the back of his head, he shakes hands right and left with great vehemence, and is otherwise inconvenient with his cordialities. The next most eager customer exhausted business man who is new to the climate, and who rushes in from the hot street, for an iced drink, as cholera and yellow fever were behind him.

Then there are brokers negotiating gravely over a julep, and groups around the popular actors chancing to be in town, and half a dozen of those blandly resolute and keen eyed looking men whom you know at once to be steamboat captains, and a traveller or two exceedingly entertained with the novelty of the scene.

### The Marriage Alter.

Judge Charlton, in a recent eloquent address before the young Mens Library Association, at Augusta, Georgia, thus sketches the marriage scene:

"I have drawn for you many pictures of death; let me sketch for you a brief, but bright scene of beautiful life. It is the marriage alter. A lovely female, clothed in all the freshness of youth and surpassing beauty, leans upon the arm of him to whom she has just pledged her faith; to whom she has just given up herself forever. Look in her eyes, ye gloomy philosophers, and tell me if you dare, that there is no happiness on earth.

See the trusting, the heroic devotion which impels her to leave country and parents for a comparative stranger. She has launched her frail bark upon a wide and stormy sea; she has handed over her happiness and doom for this world, to another's keeping; but she has done it fearlessly, for love whispers to her that her chosen guardian and protector bears a manly and a noble heart. Oh, woe to him that forgets his oath and his manhood!

Her dark wing shall the raven flap,  
O'er the false-hearted,  
His warm blood the wolf shall lap,  
Ere life be parted.  
Shame and dishonor sit,  
On his grave ever;  
Blessings shall hallow it,  
Never! Oh, never!

"We have all read the story of the husband, who, in a moment of hasty wrath, said to her who had but a few months before united her faith to his, 'If you are not satisfied with my conduct, go, return to your friends and to your happiness.' And 'will you give me back what I brought to you?' asked the despairing wife. 'Yes,' he replied, 'all

your wealth shall go with you; I covet it not.' 'Alas,' she answered, 'I thought not of my wealth—I spoke of my devoted love; can you give these back to me?' 'No,' said the man, as he flung himself at her feet. 'No! I cannot restore these, but I will do more—I will keep them unsullied and untainted; I will cherish them through my life, and in my death; and never again will I forget that I have sworn to protect and to cherish her who gave up to me all she held most dear.

"Did I not tell you there was poetry in a woman's look—a woman's word? See it here! the mild, the gentle reproof of love, winning back from its harshness and rudeness, the stern and unyielding temper of an angry man. Ah, if creation's fairer sex only knew their strongest weapons, how much unhappiness and coldness would be avoided!

We copy the following from the Washington correspondence of the *Charleston Mercury*:

"Your townsman, Mr. Trescott, passed through here and spent a day; but receiving instructions from Mr. Everett forthwith to join the legation at London, has proceeded promptly to do so. His appointment was highly flattering, and well deserved, his merit being of that kind which does not often meet with recognition in these stirring days, being more theoretical than practical in his turns. The appointment is, under some circumstances, a highly responsible one. In the event of the death or absence of the minister, he has to perform his functions. Mr. Trescott's training and intelligence render him well fitted to acquit himself honorably under such circumstances. There has been, of late, a very perceptible change in the feeling towards South Carolina and her children. There seems now a disposition to do both justice, and make for previous uncharitableness. Several South Carolinians are spoken of in connection with the Cabinet, and other high positions. The delegation here, in both branches, sustains the character of the State, and it is a source of much regret to many of us that we are to lose the service of some of them after this term. Mr. DeSausure has sustained himself with signal ability, and it was a trying position which he was called on to assume at such short notice. Mr. Woodward's loss will also be felt, for his authority on all constitutional points is acknowledged. Mr. Burt, might, if he had been chosen, probably have been filling the Speaker's Chair—and to speak in just terms of praise of the head and heart of Wallace, would be utterly superfluous in South Carolina, where his private worth and public services are so well known. The succession, no doubt, will be worthy—but one shall miss those familiar faces. The old habit in South Carolina, of retaining in office those servants who have proved worthy of it, will give support and insure a return of the remainder of the delegation. It is but an act of simple justice to say thus much of the delegation for they deserve it. Whether you will retain Senator Butler in the service of the State beyond the Ides of March, many think will depend on himself—and more than one of the delegation are suspected to be in the same category. But of this it may not be delicate or expedient to say too much. But *non verborum*.

**RAILROAD SPEED.**—Speaking of speed, said a wag, the other day, 'I reckon they travel some on the Hudson River Railroad. I stepped in the car at Barlow, got fairly seated at Hudson, lighted my cigar at Poughkeepsie, spit out of the window at Peekskill, and hit a man at Sing Sing. The telegraph poles looked like a close picket fence, and on going to the end of the train, I found we had a ropewalk and ten pin alley in tow, each filled with brick—both stuck straight out like the tail of a kite without touching the track—and were used merely to steady the cars.'

A lady, who was very modest and submissive before marriage, was observed by her friend to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time when I almost imagined she had gone." "Yes," said her husband, with a sigh, "but it's very true since."

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