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THE SUMTER BANNER:
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AGRICULTURAL.

THE COTTON MOTH.

The following observations were suggested by the very interesting article in the November No. of the Agriculturist, on the Destruction of the Cotton Crop by Insects. I now beg leave to offer them, hoping that they may throw some light on that part of the history of the insect of which the author professes himself ignorant.

Of the peculiar species to which he alludes, I know little more than is to be gained from dried specimens in my cabinet, but on referring to my journal, I find from observations made during the last ten years, that the development of moths and butterflies from the pupa always depends on atmospheric influences; those, for instance, preserved in the pupa state during the winter, will be developed earlier or later in the spring, according to the warmth or coldness of the situation in which they may be placed; and those that become pupae during the early part of the summer, do not require more than five days to pass through the change, if the weather be hot and moist (dry heat is extremely unfavorable to the expansion of their limbs after their escape from the cocoon), while a second brood from eggs of these flies will remain in the pupa all winter should the weather be cold, but if warm, some will be developed even in mid-winter; those, of course, do no injury, as there is then no vegetation on which to deposit their eggs, and a moth seldom lives to the winged state more than from five to twelve days. In warm climates where vegetation is abundant and in a fit state to feed the young worms, they may be found in succession all the year. Should the summer be long, there will be two or three broods of these worms that feed on plants retaining their leaves for a long time, such as the willow trees, while there will be but one of those that feed on short-lived plants, such as the potato.

In June, 1840, I fed some of the larvae of the butterfly (*Papilio asterias*), which I found on the wild carrot, changed to pupae on the 12th of July, and on the 16th, the perfect flies were developed; from these another brood was raised, which remained in the pupa state until the following spring. In 1843 I raised three broods of the bee-moth (*Galleria cerynea*), the larva of the first were procured from a hive. I placed a piece of the comb on which they were feeding under a bell-glass, these soon became pupae, and in fourteen days changed to the moth; these in a short time deposited their eggs on the remaining wax, which in five or six days were hatched, and attained their full growth in three weeks; went through their changes and deposited their eggs on the fragments of wax that lay scattered around; the larvae from these fed for a short time, but perished for want of food, having devoured not only all the wax that remained, but the bodies of the mother moths. A variety of the hairy caterpillar which Harris calls the yellow bear (*Arctia virginica*), perfects two broods in the Middle and Southern states, and sometimes attempts a third, but the summer being too short, most of them perish, though many hibernate during the winter. I have found the full-grown caterpillars alive and in search of food, during the mild weather of January, 1842, and February, '43, and yesterday (Nov. 12th) I gathered several from the field, intending, if possible, to keep them until spring, to ascertain their future history. Judging, therefore, from analogy, and the minute description given by Mr. Afleck, the history of the cotton moth (*Noctua yzina*) may be briefly this: The moth appears in the spring, when the cotton plant is in a fit state to receive the eggs. She places these on the leaves of the plant to the number of from two to six hundred; these hatch in from two to five days, according to the weather. The young larvae are very minute, but grow rapidly, attaining their full size of one and a half inches in from fourteen to twenty days, during which time, like their congeners, they moult every eight days. The difference in the color of the worms is owing to their moulting, as a slight change

takes place after each skin is cast off. Their duration in the larva state is six weeks, in which time they feed voraciously; they then spin their cocoons, and remain in the pupa state a longer or shorter time, according to the season of the year.—The moths that remain in the pupa until the following spring, will be those whose larvae will destroy the summer's crop. Should the fall and winter be favorable to the premature development of the moth, the planters may be grateful, as it will be their greatest safeguard, unless they will gather and destroy the pupa.

Mr. Afleck states that the caterpillars frequently spin on the old plants. Would it not be well to gather and burn all this insected? In Harris' book on Insects, you find that in some parts of France and Belgium, the people are required by law to *echeniller* or un-caterpillar their gardens and orchards, and are punished by fine if they neglect the duty. Although we have not been so prudent and public spirited as to enact similar regulations, we might find it to our advantage to offer a bounty for their destruction, and though we should pay for them by the quart as we do our berries, we should be gainers in the end.

Now, suppose we calculate by the rule of proportion, if the moth from one pupa will produce six hundred eggs, how many will those from a quart?

Turkeys are voracious eaters, and feed and fatten well on the tobacco worm, why not on those of the cotton plant? M.

American Agriculturalist.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONUMENT OF BYRON'S DOG.

ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.
"NEAR THIS SPOT
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS OF ONE
WHO POSSESSED BEAUTY WITHOUT VANITY,
STRENGTH WITHOUT INSOLENT,
AND ALL THE VIRTUES OF MAN WITHOUT HIS VICES.
THIS PRAISE, WHICH WOULD BE UNMEANING
FLATTERY IF INSCRIBED OVER HUMAN ASHES,
IS BUT A JUST TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF BOATSWAIN,
A DOG.

HE WAS BORN AT NEWFOUNDLAND, MAY 1803,
AND DIED AT NEWCASTLE ABBEY, NOV. 18, 1808.
When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptors art exhausts the pomp of wo,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been;
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Whose labors, fights, lives, breathe for him alone,
Unhonored falls, unmourned all his worth,
Decried in Heaven the soul he held on earth;
While man, vain most of losses to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive Heaven.
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Deceit by slavery, or corruptly power,
Who knows thee? 'till a unit split thee with dis-
grace
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is just, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
Thy nature vile, enabled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for
Shame!

Yet who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on—it honors none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains the stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies.

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 30, 1808.

For the Banner.

RECEIPTS.

The following have been handed us by a lady; and we can testify to their excellence.
SALLY LENA, A KIND OF BREAD.—Mix in a pint of milk, a table-spoonful of butter, one egg, a yeast biscuit, and a pint and a half of flour. Cover it, set it in a warm place, and when it is quite light, bake it in a moderate oven.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Butter some slices of light bread, and lay them in the bottom of a dish; then put a layer of apples, one of currants, one of sugar, some slices of citron, a wine-glass full of brandy, and some cinnamon, until the dish is filled, and then bake it.

MACCARONI.—Boil a double handful of macaroni in water until it becomes soft; drain off the water, and put in salt to your taste, a heaping table-spoonful of mustard, a table-spoonful of butter, and six table-spoonfuls of grated cheese. Stir the ingredients well together, put them in a baking dish, and, after sprinkling the top thickly with grated cheese, bake it.

PRONUNCIATION OF MEXICAN NAMES.—Chihuahua is pronounced *Chay-wah-wah*, equal accent on the two last syllables. Monterey, *Mon-te-ray*, accent on the last syllable. Saltillo, *Sal-teel-yo*, accent on the second syllable. San Louis Potosi, *Sauu Louis P6-to-see*, accent on the second syllable of Potosi. Guanajuato, *Guan-a-w6-to*, half accent on the first, and full accent on the third syllable.

Miss Julia Long of Indiana, went recently before the 'Squire, to get married. He is rather an absent-minded man, and in going through the ceremony, he said, "July Long—is your name Julia Long?" "Well 'Squire," said the amiable Julia, in reply, "it aint any thing shorter."

From the Western Continent. RU' BELL, THE "STRIKER;" A SOUTH WESTERN SKETCH.

BY BILL WHIPPLE.

Two years ago we were at the little town of Columbia, on the bank of the Mississippi, at the time a place of some local interest, from the fact of a ruffian being imprisoned there previous to his trial for murdering a poor laboring man. The victim of this ferocious murder had called at Stewart's house after sunset, and begged a lodging for the night, which was granted; but after the man had sought the resting place pointed out to him, Stewart, in a spirit of brutal sport, set his dogs upon him, and urged them until the poor fellow, after vainly attempting to defend himself from their attacks, was literally torn to pieces, and then flung out of doors to die.

The circumstances of this horrible murder may still be fresh in the memory of many, but the details of the capture of the murderer have never, we believe, been made public. And as the personages concerned in the arrest, together with the mode in which it was performed, afford a fine opportunity for exemplifying some of the peculiarities of South-western character, we shall give the relation as we heard it from the mouth of one of the actors, indeed the principal in the affair. But to begin at the beginning.

About two weeks after leaving Columbia, we were standing at the door of a small house in the little town of Jonesboro, on the Washita, consisting of five or six log dwellings, and a cotton shed of the same primitive architecture. Near where we stood were two Arkansawyers, as they call themselves, in earnest conversation, in the course of which one of them used a phrase which, though common at the South, was at least new to us. It was—"Ah! he's a striker."

Now, although curiosity is said to be the peculiar prerogative of woman, we must confess that man likewise has no small share of the same ticklish propensity; at least we felt it on that occasion, and stepping forward, said—

"My friend, what do you mean by a striker?"

The man eyed us for moment, and then replied—

"Why you see, stranger—but stop a-bit, till I take a Virginia feast."

"A Virginia feast," thought we; 'what is that?'

We soon knew, for after diving into the recesses of his capacious pockets, he drew forth a large piece of chewing tobacco, and after offering it to us, with "Have a chew!" he bit off sufficient to poison a horse, and rolling it to the side of his cheek, commenced his explanation afresh.

"Why you see, stranger—Moses and Aaron war strikers; George Washington war a striker; and that man thar, (pointing to an individual at a short distance off) 'he's a striker, and no mistake. He aint felt his 'rats for nothin' I tell ye."

This definition puzzled us a little, but we made out enough of it to understand that all persons who perform deeds of prowess are 'strikers.'

The 'man thar,' indicated as a striker, was a short, lean, muscular man, dressed in a white blanket coat, with stripes round the skirt and over the shoulders, so common to the South. He bore in the bend of his arm a long rifle, and at his side a stained and greasy leather pouch for bullets, from which also depended a long hunting knife in its sheath.

After taking this survey, we turned to our new acquaintance, and said—

"What has he done, to have that tide given him?"

"Done—what Ru' Bell? Didn't he captivate Dick Stewart?"

"This then is the man that performed that exploit," thought we, looking at him with still more interest, for the fame of the deed spread far and wide through those primitive regions, and we inwardly wished we could hear him relate the manner in which it was achieved. A few days afterwards we were gratified.

"You see," said he to a knot of auditors on board a steamboat going to Ecere Fabre, "you see there was a reward offered to any body who would take Dick Stewart, and so I thought I might as well have it as not."

"But were you not anxious about the result? This Stewart was, by all accounts, a desperate character, and I heard a man say, if Dick Stewart told him to swim the Mississippi, he would have to do it."

"I know, stranger, but that was the best of it. I said to myself: Ru' Bell, you ain't had a tearin' down fight for a mighty long time, and here's a smart chance to wake you up. But I'll get somebody to go along jest to see fair play like. So I called on Giner'd Plummer, and ses he, 'as I ain't got nothin' to do jest now, I don't care if I jine you,'—and then I knocked up Rafe Morgan, and he said as how though he had the agur rather tall, he reckoned he could see the fun 'twixt the shakins.' So we got our plunder and put it in a dug-out, and started for the Bio Bartholomee, as I hear tell Stewart was in the swamp up that way. When we got to the swamp we bruck thro' the cane, makin' a bee-line for the nigger but whar I more'n 'spected Dick Stewart

arthed. I know'd all them diggins well, and thar warn't a trail I hadn't follered from the Missisippi to the Washitaw; for many a time I'd hunted bar and sich like varmin from Bio Mason right across to the Bio Bartholomee, campin' out o' nights and staitin' fresh next mornin'.

"But were you not afraid of the wolves?"

"Well I warn't thoss! Wolves can't skear me, nor panthers nuther. The 'bars is woss nor all the other varmin put together—they've got a mighty nasty hug, I tell ye."

"Then you have been scared by the bears?"

"Well, stranger, I do confess that corn—once—a few. But as I was sayin', we struck a bee-line through the cane, and bimeby we came in sight of the little log-house, then ses I to the General: 'Giner'd, ses I, 'you go one side, and Rafe the other; and don't you two do nothin', unless Dick tries to make tracks for the swamp!'

"Well, we won't, Ru," ses the General.

"When I seed 'em stand well off, I edges myself to a big cotton-wood tree, at a good shootin' distance, and hollers out:

"Hullo 'house! and bimeby I seed the door open a leetle—jest a leetle, and then Dick Stewart put his head round the corner of the door-post. As soon as he seed me, he ses—

"What the h—ll do you want here, Ru?"

"I want you, Dick," ses I.

"You aint come to take me?" ses he, lookin' as black as thunder.

"Well, I am, hoss," ses I, sort o' quiet like; and here's Giner'd Plummer and Rafe Morgan come to see fair play."

"You'da d—n sight better clear out while you can," ses he, 'for I'm not gwine to be taken alive, I tell ye."

"I dar say," ses I; 'spected as muck, and told the General so; but I'm the man what's gwine to take you, Dick—the Giner'd and Rafe wont do nothin', jest to oblige me, unless you try to streak it."

"Go 'way, Ru," I don't want to hurt you," ses he; 'look here, you see I'm not unprepared."

"That's a fact," ses I; 'you've got two rifles, a double-barrelled shot-gun, two pistols and a bowie-knife; it ain't no use, hoss—you must come."

"Must come!" ses he, gripping his rifle and gettin' audaciously savage. 'Must come look here, Ru' Bell, tain't five men can take me, nor ten nuther, and you know it; so you'd better make tracks for the Bio mighty quick, or I'll blow my rifle through you."

"That's all c'rect enough, Dick," ses I, lookin' right into his eye all the time, for I seen he was a gettin' catawampus.

"That's all c'rect enough, Dick, but I didn't paddle all the way up the Bio for nothin', and it wouldn't look well for me to go home without you. Besides," ses I, 'what would the General and Rafe say—I promised 'em a fight, and it would be ontair to disappoint 'em, it would."

"Well," ses he, lookin' as savage as a she bar what has cubs, 'if you will have it, blaze away, then."

"No, Dick," ses I, 'I'm made up my mind to captivate you; but it's again the laws for me to fire afore you've made any resistance, so shoot at once, or else surrender—itain't no use talkin' so much about it, for you must come."

"Stranger, you should have hearn him rip and cuss, when I said that; he stomp'd and he swore, and called me all manner o' names, until he churned himself up into a froth; but it wasn't no use—he couldn't skear me, nor yit put me in a passion and make me forgit what I war doin'—I've fit the Ingins too much for that. So all once 'e hev a shriek, and blazed right away. I seed what war comin', and so I dodged behind the cotton-wood tree. I war jest in time, for the bullet ploughed along the bark and tuck off a splinter right agin my mouth, and the wind of it tuck away my breath, so as to make me stagger o' one side a leetle, when crack! comes another bullet and rips my hat right off my head."

"Hoorry!" ses Stewart: "that's twice I've hit you, Ru; go home now, like a good boy—you can't take me."

"I didn't say nothin', but I drops quietly down behind the tree, and curlin' my rifle round it, blazes away at him, and hit him in the side, and when I seed him fall back, I crawls to the end of a big gum what laid on the ground a rottin', and turns my back and loads my rifle agin in double quick time, and then I peeps the leastest mite through a crook of the limb to see for Stewart. Thar he was in the door-way, with his lips tight clinched and his eyes a flashin', and lookin' all about arter me with a kinder snort. His face was a leetle pale, and the blood was oozin' out from his side. Well, we waited jest so for a good while—he a watchin' for me, and I peepin' for a chance at him; for he kep himself covered pretty much by the door-post, and it warn't no use in me to sling away a shot. At last I got tired, and thought I'd a better draw him out. So I lifted my hair on my head till it stood straight up like, and then showed it above the log. Crack! went his rifle again, and I felt the bullet scalp me; but I didn't care for that, but up I jumps and fires right into him. I know'd I hit him, for he hev a queer sort o' screw to his mouth, and fell back behind the door-post agin."

"Well, arter this, we wasted a good deal

o' time watchin' for one another; but at last I cotched his eye a shinin' between the logs, and then I thought I would try a trick on him; what I had practised on the Ingins afore. So I wobbled along on my belly like a serpent, till I reached the cotton-wood tree, and then clingin' with my left hand to the tree, I swung myself suddenly right round it, and as he fired I jumped away up with a shriek, and then fell ker-thump right flat on the arth. 'The moment I did so, he sprung out all bleedin' and struck for the cane-brake; but Rafe Morgan dashed for'ard, and ketchin' him in his arms, flung him down, and thar they rasted, fast one up and then 'other, till Stewart got Rafe undermost; and then I seed him fumble at his side, for somethin', and presently General Plummer calls to me, quick—

"Look out, Ru! look out! Shout Stewart, the scoundrel," ses he. "See; see! he's gwine to knife Rafe."

"And sure enough, the bowie knife was about to make a plunge when I fired. Well, I allers said Dick was a real roarer—what d'ye think he did? Why, he dropped his knife and flung Rafe uppermost, in time for my bullet to perforate him through and through!"

"What, Morgan—your friend?"

"True as Gospel, stranger. It was a clean hole, in at the shoulder and out at 'other side. Well, it made me mad to see Rafe turn over on his back, so I sprang for'ard, and afore Stewart could use his knife agin, I pinn'd him to the ground."

"S'render!" ses I.

"I'll see you—d' fust," ses he, and then he turned all sorts o' colors and fainted."

"Well the General and I stanch'd the blood both of Rafe and Dick, and then carried 'em to the dug-out, and I paddled down the Bio, making the nearest tracks for Columby. Arter I had left Rafe at home, and got a doctor for Stewart—

"But Rafe, did he recover?"

"Recover! To be sure he did. Bullet holes aint gwine to hurt him."

"And Stewart, what became of him?"

"Well, he stood his trial, and got off for want of white evidence. Thar was niggers enough seed the thing, but they aint legal witnesses."

"You had better take care, now Stewart's out again."

"Take care what!—It war a fair fight. I shot him twice—tuk him down the Bio in my dug-out—got a doctor and dressed his wounds, and put him in Columby jail insess. That's all right enough. Dick loves me like a brother—he does!"

THE ORDINANCE OF 1847.

This celebrated enactment which is so often quoted in speeches within and without the walls of congress, is viewed in the speech of Mr. Burt, one of our representatives in Congress, in the spirit of true statesmanship. He disputes, very justly, the constitutional right of Congress, to pass the ordinance. He shows that it was contrary in its purpose and intent to the act of cession by Virginia in 1784, of the North-western territory out of which the States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and the Territory of Wisconsin have been formed.—"This is established on the authority of Mr. Madison. One of the conditions of this cession was that the territory so ceded shall be formed into distinct Republican States, and admitted members of the Federal Union, having the rights of sovereignty, freedom and independence as the other States." Now how can the formation of States having the right of sovereignty, freedom and independence, take place consistently with the restriction contained in the sixth article of the ordinance,—"that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territories!"—What species of sovereignty and independence is it that would control the action of a member of the confederacy as to the character of their domestic institutions? What color of right was there in Congress to impose a condition of admission into the Union that violated an antecedent condition, an essential feature of the grant itself, and conferring the right at all to legislate on the subject? Why should this ordinance be so officiated as of paramount authority—as an enactment controlling and regulating the whole matter? As a standard of legislation and the sole criterion to which American statesmen are compelled to conform? Why is it that this character of infallibility should be given to a mere act of Congress?

It is impossible to say why this ordinance should have become so sanctified—so unalterable, as if it were part of the Constitution itself. It was in fact a naked usurpation. If the question of constitutionality were made before the Supreme Court, the decision must be in favor of leaving to the States which had been formed or may be formed out of the North-western Territory that entire sovereignty, freedom, and independence, which were in contemplation of the framers of the act of cession by Virginia. The acquiescence of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, does not make that constitutional which is in itself adverse to the constitution, and subversive of the purposes of an important grant. It suited the domestic circumstances and condition of these States, that slavery should not exist within their limits. They did not view the ordinance, therefore, as re-