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AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Agriculturist.
Plants adapted to Soiling in the South.
A lack of green food is one of the evils of Southern husbandry. It causes miserable looking stock to abound from one end of the country to another. It is true, the seasons here are not adapted to the continuous production of an abundant supply of such desirable food, but where can we find the country in which the products of a virgin soil forever continue? Man must set his hands to work, to supply these wants, and if care and proper forethought be bestowed, the remedies are always to be found to supply these and similar defects. Grazing, for sheep and neat cattle, is practicable on those soils which produce grass well; but with our hot sunshine and arid hills, there are few spots in the planting portion of the South, which furnish a sufficient quantity of herbage for such purposes. It is never practicable, nor should it be, under any circumstances, to graze horses and mules which are daily engaged in the cultivation of the crop, as they should have an abundance of such food as their natures require, placed before them where they could eat to satiety, without toiling to gather it themselves. In point of economy, there have been many arguments upon the relative profit of the two systems; but when we look at the value of manure, the paucity of our grazing grounds plainly point out to the planter that soiling is the cheapest, because it is the most productive of those ingredients which keep up and increase the fertility of his cultivated fields. Rest and quiet, conducing to the rapid accumulation of muscle and fat, in most domestic animals, add other arguments on this score in the scale of the latter. Sheep, however, are an exception to this rule, and in our climate cannot be kept in a healthy condition, unless they have a wide range and plenty of exercise. This is owing more to a requirement of the climate than to anything else. As not one planter in one hundred has the proper means of furnishing good pasture for his cattle, a general recommendation in favor of soiling, would not be amiss; and as we believe it to be the true policy to be pursued, from more reasons than the limits of this article would permit us to set down, we shall proceed to enumerate such plants as we believe adapted to soiling, and which are generally not cultivated and appreciated in the South:

Barley is a crop highly productive of green forage, if properly manured. The common winter, or four rowed barley, has long been sown and appreciated in many parts of the country, and being fully acclimated, should form the basis of the body of it. There are, however, other varieties which may yet supplant this kind in the estimation of our planters. It is a safe rule with any crop, to hold fast to that which has always proved itself good. We are now experimenting with three new varieties of barley, viz: the *Barley Bigge*, the *Chevalier*, and the *Black Cheltenham*. With one year's trial, we have found the *Barley Bigge* very productive—the *Chevalier* being a spring variety, was improperly sown in the fall, and had to undergo the extreme freezing of 1851-52, and did not therefore do as well as it might have done under more favorable culture. The *Black Cheltenham* is a singular and, we believe, a valuable grain, withstanding the most severe cold and being highly productive. It grows fully four inches taller than the other kinds of barley, tillers well, and the leaves are broad and succulent, furnishing more green food to the acre than any other variety. The kernel of this variety is very large, of a deep blue color, and of heavy weight. We are not disposed to overrate novel products, but must say that we have high expectations respecting this variety of barley. An acre of barley, made very rich, will furnish several mowings of green fodder for soiling a large lot of animals, and it is not only better relished than any other green food available for one stock, but is extremely nutritive. It can be fed to horses and cattle until the beard begins to harden, when its use must be discontinued. To hogs it can be fed during

every stage. We regard barley as the most valuable grain which flourishes in our climate, as it always makes a good crop if properly put in, from the winter moisture in the earth. It is not liable to be cut off by spring droughts like wheat and oats, and its ripened grain fed, ground into barley meal, or simply swelled by steeping in water, is far better food than Indian Corn or oats, for all kinds of stock.

Guinea Grass is one of the most luxuriant of the grasses, growing on our ordinary pine land seven and eight feet high, in less than three months. The history of this grass is not well known, although it has been successfully cultivated by some of our best agriculturists, for a long time. It was first discovered on the coast of Guinea, from whence it was brought to Jamaica, where, in point of utility it ranks next to the sugar cane. The stock raising farms throughout the island were chiefly by means of Guinea Grass, and in that arid climate it bestows verdure and fertility on soils which otherwise would not deserve occupation. Cattle eat it both in a fresh and dry state, and it makes a coarse but most excellent hay. We first received information of Guinea Grass from our friends, the late Hon. J. R. Poinsett and Col. Perry E. Duncan, of Greenville, in this State. We planted it in a small wet corner, to keep it out of the way of spreading, and in the spring of 1852, we planted six rows six feet apart and fifty yards long, with a thin stocking of the roots. This ground would now furnish roots sufficient to plant out several acres. It has sent its long succulent roots in every direction, completely investing the ground; and we find that these roots are relished by all kinds of domestic animals. It grew upward of seven feet high before it flowered. We are not certain but it did perfect seed, although it is asserted that the climate here is too short for this plant to perpetuate itself in that way. It would furnish the very best pasture in summer, and as a winter pasture for swine and sheep, the roots are fine. For soiling, to our mind, it would furnish more food, by double, than any other production of the earth. Some might object to the perpetual occupation of the soil by this grass, when once it is planted in it, but to any one who wishes a good supply of herbage, this would be no bar to its culture. To ensure a heavy crop, the field should be plowed up in winter, and the roots fed off by hogs or sheep. These animals would add a good coat of manure in thus thinning out the roots, which is necessary, as it soon degenerates when allowed to get too thick in the ground. A deep plowing in the spring, with a liberal top dressing, will always convert the field into the best of meadows for mowing either hay or soiling food. This grass effectually prevents the land from washing, and as it delights in a dry, deep soil, would succeed in all parts of the State; for if the soil were not sufficiently dry and deep, it could be made so by draining and good plowing. It is as easily propagated as the Jerusalem Artichoke, and in a few years we hope to see it extensively cultivated, as a means of furnishing a bountiful supply of green food to stock during the summer months, as well as for hay grass.

Double Corn and the kindred varieties, Guinea Corn, (*Holcus Sorghum*) the Great Indian Millet, (*Sorghum*) *Valgore*, are extremely valuable annuals for fair production, and yield large quantities of green food, rich in saccharine matter. They also make good hay for stock. It is our opinion, tested by experience, that these gigantic grasses are indispensable to the planter, and their more extended cultivation should be encouraged. The seed of all these plants are valuable food for poultry, pigeons, &c. In another article we have given our experience with these grasses, in sustaining hogs during the summer months. The Indian Pea should not be overlooked, when we recommended products furnishing good material for soiling and forage. When planted on rich lands, it affords a large supply of nutritious green food, which, though not exceedingly relished by all stock, is extremely valuable. Dr. Geo. Batey, of Rome, Georgia, recommends the cultivation of the common English or garden pea, sown broadcast,

and highly manured with guano, as one of the best and most productive soiling crops for the early months. It thus may be made to supply vetches, so much used by the English farmers for such purposes. He says—"Put in one acre this spring in English peas, as a soiling crop for your mules, and next season you will put in ten." The English pea could be sown in our climate early in January, and would come off early enough to allow a fine after crop of corn to mature on the well prepared and manured soil, necessary to perfect this crop; or it might, with additional manuring, be followed by sweet potatoes, turnips, barley or wheat.

We must not omit to name, as perhaps the most valuable soiling crop for its season, the sowing of Indian corn, broadcast, upon soil highly manured. This is a crop which abounds in saccharine matter, the stalks invariably being richer in this substance when not allowed to go into ears. We feed largely of this food, and find that every animal thrives upon it. It is every way worthy of extensive trial.

Of all the clovers which have been tried in the South, Lucerne (*Medicago Sativa*) is the only one which has yielded any satisfactory results as a soiling crop. Upon soils deeply prepared and highly enriched, it affords for a number of years a succession of the very best food. It is a deep rooted plant, and we have traced its taproot of a single year's growth to a depth of five feet. This habit proves its value and hardihood—not being susceptible to the influence of droughts. It is the very best bordering for the beds of the kitchen garden—being profitable and not interfering with the growth of garden vegetables. We have frequently heard that Lucerne was killed out by the native grasses of the country. This is sure to result from two causes: First—when the land is not made sufficiently rich and deep. Secondly—when there is not a proper quantity of seed used to completely stock the soil immediately, so as to exclude all other occupation by other plants. Our rule is to sow sixteen pounds of seed to the acre, with spring barley, and the February is the period we prefer for putting it in. By doing a good part in planting Lucerne, it will certainly repay for the trouble. It will not succeed on soils with retentive subsoil.

We have thus given hastily our ideas upon this important system; and have only done so with the hope that we may induce some of our readers to indulge in experiments in soiling during the present season. Let them plant some crop—we care not what it may be—and feed it during a given period of time to these animals, noting the difference in their improvement and condition, from those periods when they are forced to glean a meagre subsistence from the poor pastures. If this is done, experiment will effect more than all the arguments we could pen during the year. It is to these results that we look for proof of our recommendations—and if proper examples are made by experiment, we are soiling over all other modes of feeding green food to stock.

From the Southern Agriculturist.
A Liquid Fertilizer for Choice Plants.
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BY AN AMATEUR.

DEAR SIR—I am confident that there are many of your lady readers, and perhaps many of the other sex, who are puzzled among the many new manures, and have failed with some, and injured their plants with others, they end by raising only sickly and meagre plants, when they might have them presenting a luxuriant and satisfactory appearance—with leaves of the darkest green and flowers or fruit of double the usual size. Having made a trial for three years past, with a perfectly safe and satisfactory liquid fertilizer, which appears to suit all kinds of vegetation, which is clean and easily applied, and procured without difficulty, in any town, I confidently recommend it to your readers, especially those who wish to give especial pains to, and get uncommon results from, certain favorite plants—either in pots or in the open garden—plants, whose roots are within such a moderate compass, that they can be reached two or three times a week, if not often, by the watering-pot. This liquid fertilizer is made by dis-

solving half an ounce of sulphate of ammonia in a gallon of water.

Nothing so good can be cheaper, and the substance may be obtained at almost any apothecary's.

Now for the mode of using it. I may say, at the outset, that weak as this solution appears to be, and is, if plants are watered with it daily, they will die—just as certainly as a man will who drinks nothing but pure brandy.

The right way to apply it is, to water the plant with this solution every sixth time, the other five times with plain water.

The proportion is so simple, and the mode of using it so easy to understand, that the most ignorant person cannot possibly blunder about it—if he can count six. If we prepare the solution occasionally, and water our plants in pots every Saturday, with this ammonia water, and all the rest of the time with plain water, we shall have a safe rule.

The result will, I am sure, both delight and surprise every person who will make a trial of it. It has become such an indispensable thing with me, that I regularly mix a barrel of it every Friday, and use it on Saturday, upon any plants that I particularly wish to invigorate and stimulate. I do not know that I have seen a single instance of its disagreeing with any plant—ammonia being, the universal food of vegetation. Of course, the more rapid growing plants—those with foliage that perspire a great deal—are most strikingly benefited by it. Of course, also, plants that are at rest, or not got in a growing state, should not be fed with it; but any plant that is about starting, or is actually in a growing state, will not fail to be wonderfully improved by it. Many plants that have fallen into a sickly state by reason of poor, or worn out soil, will, usually, in the course of a month, take quite another aspect, and begin to develop rich, dark green foliage. I will enumerate some of the things that I have had great success with.

Strawberries.—Beds of indifferent appearance at the opening of the spring, last season, after being watered four times with this solution, grew very luxuriantly, and bore a crop of remarkably fine fruit. This year I have repeated the experiment on half of every bed; both foliage and blossoms are as large again on the watered, as on the unwatered bed; and, by way of comparison, I have watered some with plain water also, and find, though rather benefited, (for the strawberry loves water,) they have none of the extra depth of verdure and luxuriance of those watered with ammonia.

Early Peas.—At least a week earlier than those not watered, and much stronger in leaf and pod.

Fuchsias.—A surprising effect is produced on this plant, which, with the aid of ammonia water, will grow in very small pots, with a depth of verdure, a luxuriance and a profusion and brilliancy of bloom, that I have never seen equalled. Old and stunted plants are directly invigorated by it.

Dwarf Peas.—Some sickly trees, that I have given the best attention for three years previously, without being able to get either good fruit or healthy foliage, after being watered four times with the solution—of course with the usual intermediate supply of common water—became perfectly healthy and luxuriant, and have ever since (two years) remained so.

Dahlia.—Which I have never succeeded well with before, have done beautifully with me since, flowering most abundantly and brilliantly, when watered in this way. In all out-of-door plants, if mulching is used, only half the quantity of plain water is needed. For plants in pots, I consider it invaluable; and gardeners who wish to raise specimen plants for exhibition, will find this mode of watering them every sixth time with the solution, to produce a perfection of growth not to be surpassed in any other way.

[From the Soil of the South.]
A Small Horse.

The arguments may all be in favor of great size, but the facts are all the other way. Large horses are more liable to stumble, and to be lame, than those of middle size.—They are clumsy, and cannot fill themselves so quick.

Overgrown animals, of all descriptions, are less useful in most kinds of business, and less hardy than those of smaller size. If theory is to be resorted to in order to determine such questions, we suggest to lovers of overgrown animals, the following: The largest of any class is an unnatural growth. They have risen above the usual mark, and it costs more to keep them in that position, than it would were they more on a level

with their species.

"Follow nature," is a rule not to be forgotten by farmers. Large men are not the best for business. Large cows are not the best for milk.—Large oxen are not the best for travelling. Large hogs are not the hogs that fatten best, and large hens are not the hens to lay eggs.

Extremes are to be avoided. We want well formed animals, rather than such as have large bones. Odd as it may seem to the theorist, short legged animals invariably prove to be better travellers than any. Short legged soldiers are better on a march, and the officers say they endure hardships longer than those of longer limbs.

On choosing a horse, take care by all means that his hind legs are short. If they are long, and split apart like a pair of dividers, never inquire the price of the horse desired; run for your life, and make no offer lest you be taken up.

Horses that are snug built are not always fast travellers. It is no easy matter to select a horse that is perfect in all points. Snug and tough horses are not fast on the road.—The fastest trotters are not always made for very hard service.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Yazoo (Miss.) Whig.
A Mississippi Editor in Washington.

Our old friend Mr. D. Walker, of the Vicksburg Sentinel, is being chaperoned through some of the gaities of the Federal capital. His primitive ideas of female propriety seem dreadfully shocked at the dressing and dancing of the fair daughters, wives and sisters of the Senators of this great and glorious Republic. The dance he speaks of we think is the same we saw elaborated last winter at the soirees at the St. Louis and Verandah hotels in New Orleans, so graphically described by Ben. Jonsing, called the *Red Wax Dance*—and in fashionable circles the *Redowa*. Dear, austere friend Walker, you should do as Jonathan Slick did at the opera, put your silk bandanna handkerchief before your eyes, and be sure not to peep between the fingers of your yellow gloves. We give an extract:

"There was only one thing in which all seemed to agree—that was, to leave uncovered as much of their busts as possible. It appeared to one just from the land of alligators, mosquitoes and sunshine, where ladies have kept up the old fashion of dressing all over, that they had put their dressing on in a great hurry, and had protruded their bodies six or eight inches too far through; and hence, as an old lady of good taste justly remarked, 'they come too low down, and didn't come high enough up; the milliners, too, careless creatures, forgot to put sleeves to the dresses, and the ladies all had the extreme mortification, poor things, of appearing in a very large crowd of gentlemen with their arms bare up to their shoulders! Horrid in those milliners! The gentlemen—kind, modest creatures as they are—blushed a little at first, and held their scented cambrics before their eyes, but they soon recovered from their embarrassment, and it all seemed to be nothing after they got used to it."

"Altogether, from the haste of the ladies in showing themselves through their dresses and the culpable neglect of the milliners in not putting in the sleeves, I would say that the bodies of the ladies were not over half covered; and what singular, and sustains my idea of their having crept a little too far through, in their haste to dress and be at the ball last, is, that the skirts of all the short ladies, and a few of the tall ones, were from eight to twelve inches long and swept the floor for yards behind the wearer. There was another thing which a backwoodsman like myself could not exactly understand. Some of the ladies while dancing would seize hold of the skirts of their dresses and raise them about eight inches, and stretch them out at arm's length, reminding one of a buzzard in wet weather, thus exposing to view a handsomely ornamented second skirt, and then swing around at an amazing rate.

"The only other peculiarity was a new dance called the 'Scottish Dance,' which I saw for the first time. I will give as near as words can, a description of it. The gentleman takes the lady's right hand in his left, places his hand and arm around her waist, drawing her close against his breast; she places her left hand and chin on his right shoulder, and leans her cheek gently against his whiskers, if he has any; they then pitch off in leap frog fashion, stop, and keep time by a sort of jig-a-jig, jig-a-jig motion; then leap frog again, and so alternately leap frog

and jig-a-jig, jig-a-jig. It is, by far, the most ungraceful, unbecoming and ridiculous dance I ever saw, or any body else."

Dodging A Dun.

Some know how to do it, and can scent a dun at any distance, and can dodge him effectively. It is a knack acquired by long experience. If the dun, however, by his experience be comes expert, the dunce stands small chance of escape. The dun becomes equally sensitive in detecting the debtor, and often are practiced between the two, manoeuvres that would pale the reputation of even Napoleon himself.

We heard a story, the other day, of old Dr. G., of Portsmouth, which, though not having any very great reverence to the preceding paragraph, is nevertheless to the point as regards the dunning. For there is a wide difference between the amateur and the professional.

Dr. G. was a man of great integrity and worth, and his business habits were on the square—exact everything that was his own, and paying every man his due. He held a note against a gentleman of Hampton for some considerable amount, and whenever he met him, the Dr. was ready, note in hand, for the payment of the instalment. It became at last an agonizing dread with the debtor about meeting the Doctor, particularly at a time when troubled with a disease known in financial parlance as "shorts." But whenever, he met him, the Doctor's dun would be anticipated by his debtor's movement for his pocket book, frequent payments were made without seeing the note at all, or enquiring as to the chances of its eventual payment. He knew that the Doctor was honest, and that it would be all right, and several payments were thus very liberally made.

A great dearth of funds made him more shy of meeting the Doctor, and as he passed through the town his eyes wandered in all directions to catch a glimpse of his dread creditor, and avoid him if possible. He succeeded admirably for a while, and outgeneraled the old man several times; but fate does not always favor the brave, and the doctor, from a distant position, saw his victim tie his horse to a post and enter a store.—He made all the haste he could, and entered the store, when his debtor dodged him behind a rice cask.

"Didn't I see Mr. — come in here?" asked the Doctor.

"He did come in here, sir," said the shopkeeper, "but has gone somewhere now."

The Doctor said he was not in a hurry, and could wait as well as not; he saw his horse at the door, and thought he would be back before long. The man remained hid and the old Doctor waited a long time. At last he went out, to the man's great relief, and after a while he himself went out, and was just stepping upon his wagon, when the Doctor darted at him from a doorway.

"Well, Mr. —," said the Doctor, "you need't dodge me anymore; that note has been paid up these six months, and I have been trying to see you, that I might pay you back twenty dollars that you overpaid me." The recollection of hiding behind a rice cask to avoid being paid twenty dollars, haunted the man as long as he lived, and among other advice which he gave his children was this, contained in a couplet of domestic poetry, written in chalk on the old dresser:

"Never run,
When you see a dun."

A REASON FOR NOISY PRAYING.

A worthy physician of Baltimore, a member of the Society of Friends, has a favorite negro coachman, who is as bright and shining a light in the church, as if possible for a piece of ebony to be. You know, I presume, how the blacks pursue their devotions. Well, Sam was in the habit of selecting his master's kitchen as the scene of devotions which he held; and these religious services were not conducted entirely on the plan which a Quaker would altogether approve.—The Doctor, however, is famous for his good nature, and he endured the boisterous piety of his servant and his friend with wonderful equanimity. One night, however, when they had been unusually 'powerful in prayer,' the Doctor thought proper to administer a gentle reproof. So, the meet-

ing over, the zealous servant was summoned before his master, 'Sam,' said the old gentleman, 'why does thee make so much noise in prayer? Doesn't thee know that the Almighty is not far off, but nigh unto thee; neither is his ear deaf that he cannot hear? He can hear thee as well when thee whispers as when thee roars.' 'Massa Doctor,' replied Sam, full of confidence in his superior theological lore, 'you isn't read the Scriptures wid no kind of 'tention.' 'How so Sam?' 'Why you done forgot,' pears to me, how it says dar, 'Holed be dy name!' The Doctor gave up in despair, for there was no answering that argument.

A Painful Scene.

The following scene occurred in the Mobile City Court on Saturday, March 5:

"Daniel Chase, convicted of murder, was called on: 'Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?' He answered, 'May it please your Honor, I have been well raised. But I have one fault, which I have yielded to, and is drinking too much. I came to this city to seek honorable employment. I had been on the St. Charles at work. I was engaged to work on a boat. On the night of the murder, I went ashore to a friend's house to write a letter. I wrote the letter, and wanted to carry it to the Post Office, but was advised it was late, and I had better go and take a game. I went and played my first game of dominoes. I drank and became intoxicated. My friends left me. I started, as well as my very imperfect memory of what occurred serves me, for my boat. I would to God some human eye could have seen me, and borne testimony here of what occurred. I cannot recollect it, or anything that occurred afterwards that night. When I first awoke in the morning, I thought I was on the boat, but I found I was in the Guard house. I never harbored malice. I could not be guilty of the offence of which I am convicted. Before God I am innocent of murder. I could kiss the corpse of that poor man now.'"

"The Judge then passed sentence on the prisoner—confinement in the Penitentiary at Wetumpka during his natural life."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The following beautiful language is from the lecture of Thomas F. Meagher, the Irish Patriot, on "Grattan and the Irish volunteers of 1782."

"The Parliament of Ireland is no more. The last of the volunteers has been borne to his grave. And so, too, their successors and their betters—the men of '88—the men who had a keener sagacity, sharper swords, a better style of action, though a less easy fortune than the soldiers Danganon.—The streets of Dublin are silent now. The hoofs that pawed the pavement on that day vex the stones no more.—The beauty that shone as the hues of the morning through the vision of freedom, has vanished in the night that came upon the land—the throbbing heart has grown still beneath the shroud—the whittar that bore those chains of crusted gold have withered like the leaves of the lilly, have been upon the earth, have become the sport of the wind and the spoil of the worm.

"In a silent hall, into the desolate seclusion of which no busy or inquisitive foot intrudes, and where the dust falling from the cornices might steal a languid sound from the marble slab beneath, so deep the repose that dwells there by night and day—in this silent hall stands the statue of Henry Grattan—erected, as the inscription in a foreign tongue with a plaintive modesty relates, 'by a country not ungrateful.'"

"Thus has passed away all that was perishable of that day. Yes! all that was perishable—all that had not been steeped in the living waters, and with their virtue made vital and invulnerable. Not so the lessons which made that day, more than the pageantry that illumined it, the brightest in our annals."

An "excited" young gentleman, to show his agility, jump from the express train going at the rate of forty miles an hour, on the Fitchburg road, a day or two ago, and the last seen of him he was doing "dip-flaps" at seven hundred revolutions in a minute, while the air was chock full of dicey strings, gaiter boots, hair and torn linen.—*Boston Mail.*

To discover how many idle men there are in a place, all that's necessary is to set two dogs fighting.