

The Sumter Banner.

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

J. RICHARDSON LOGAN, } Proprietors.
WM. J. FRANCIS, }

"God—and our Native Land."

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AGRICULTURAL.

Culture of Corn and Peas.

Our old friend and correspondent, Dr. Phillips, of Mississippi, gives us the following directions for the cultivation of Corn and Peas, on pages 386-7-8 of Patent Office Report for 1851:

Corn.—The mode of culture I prefer, and therefore deem 'best' is to break up land deep—6 inches—and thorough, in large beds, say of 32 feet; run off rows with a shovel plow, 4 feet distant; this is invariably with me, giving fewer or more stalks in the row, according to poverty or richness of land. Drill corn at rate of about half a bushel per acre; cover with an iron-tooth harrow. When corn is fully up, run round with a narrow shovel-plow, (the bull-tongue, also called scooper-plow,) clean with the hoe very nicely, leaving no grass or weeds; thin out either at this working, or wait for a wet spell of weather. In a few days, run round again with a 6-inch shovel-plow. I prefer these plowings to be deep and near to corn. The latter plowing should mould the plant well. If, by this time, grass has begun to appear in the middles, I would use an iron-tooth harrow to tear up clods and destroy all grass, if it required running the harrow twice. In the course of some two weeks after last plowing, if time permitted, I would hoe the corn, levelling the ridge, cutting up grass, and cleansing around stumps and trees; and two weeks, or near it, after second plowing, I would run another furrow with the largest shovel, or use the sweep, which breaks out the row, if not broken out. I would do so early enough to keep the rows clean. When my corn is in bunch, I sow peas, and either use the harrow, or sweep, or shovel-plow, to cover, which cleans the row and 'lays by' the corn; though if not hoed previously, I now give a hoeing, so as to leave the corn-field clean for peas and corn.

Peas.—I use the cow-pea of the long variety upon all corn land, principally as a renovator, using 10 to 15 quarts per acre, being scattered as regularly as possible over the entire surface, before the last plowing. This has been a practice of some 15 to 18 years' standing; and so thoroughly am I convinced of the value of this pea as a renovator, that I intend to average hereafter one bushel per acre, even if I have to plant and cultivate peas merely for seed. I am not satisfied that I sow now enough.

I find that where the shade is most dense, and earliest, the land has improved most. I have corn now on land cleared and cultivated in corn in 1830, which will this year give me 40 bushels per acre to which there never has been applied any manure; no other aid used, save a rotation of two years in cotton, and one in corn and peas. The land being good, I did not deem it needful to make any greater change this year in corn; and to give a better growth of vine, &c., to turn under, I shall next year continue in corn, and thus bring it under my usual rotation—two years in corn and peas, and one in cotton, for all ordinary land.

I hope this corn and pea story will not be too tedious. I thus dwell on it because I am thought as discarding the pea; whereas, I know of not a solitary planter anywhere who bestows more labor to secure a growth of the pea-vine. I have 20 acres planted in peas, 8 feet apart, which have been plowed three times and hoed twice; but I do it as a renovating crop. Fifty head of hogs will feed my family abundantly; I have almost two acres per head.

[Southern Cultivator.]

[From the Newberry Sentinel.]
Guano as a Fertilizer.

We have been kindly permitted to publish the following extract from a letter written to the Hon. Chancellor Johnston, by the Hon. D. J. McCord. Its publication is especially intended for those to whom Col. McCord promised to detail his experiments and success in the use of guano as a fertilizer. It will however, prove interesting and useful to all who desire information respecting this valuable matter.

LANGSYNE, March 22, 1853.—My Dear Sir:—In the winter I reside entirely on the plantation here, and my post-office is Forte Motte.

Your letter, being directed to Columbia, was not forwarded to me until yesterday. I fear now that my answer will reach you too late, especially if you wish to apply guano to your corn. For many hereabouts have planted or nearly done; I am not half done. But to begin with my answer.

For two years I mixed four bushels of dry sand with one bushel of guano. This year to save trouble, I will mix two bushels of sand to one of guano. Fine charcoal taken from the rail road, a blacksmith shop, or coal kiln is excellent, because, like Gypsum, it will retain the ammonia—any dry fine dirt will do as well as sand. My object for mixing is to increase the quantity to be put into each row of cotton, so that it can be put down more accurately by dull and careless hands.

My mode of mixing is this. I take for the purpose some dry shed—free from the wind is better, for it may mix and blow away much of it. I then take a coarse iron sieve and sift a layer of sand, and, on that, a layer of guano, until I get it all mixed for the field. If the sand or earth is damp it will cause evaporation and loss.—When thus prepared you may put it into the ground just before you plant, or a month before—if put under the seed of corn or cotton, it should be covered by the plough or hoe two, three or four inches, so that when you put the seed in the ground over it, there may be two or four inches between the seed and guano; for if they come in contact it will kill the seed, but by the time the roots reach it, it will be diffused in the soil and nourish, and not destroy it.

I have only once tried it on an acre of corn—it was a very unfavorable year for corn, being dry—I put a tablespoonful (not heaping) of guano in each hill, and covered it with fresh earth, and the corn was then covered about two inches. The adjoining acre was manured as usual with stable manure and cotton seed mixed.

The acre manured with stable manure and cotton seed was 7 or 8 inches high, while that manured with guano was so small, and so wretched that I had some idea of cutting it up and replanting them. It rained, and in one week afterwards the guanoed corn was as large as the other, and soon became larger, and with much stouter stalks; and continued much the largest, yielding much better fodder—but the produce of corn was about the same, each acre producing between 16 and 17 bushels. I planted in 5 feet rows, the stalks two feet apart. A tablespoonful a hill will take from 180 to 200 lbs. But if I were intending to use guano on corn I would not put the guano to it until it was up, and at the first ploughing run a bull tongue near the corn, and sprinkle the guano opposite the corn—a tablespoonful on each side might do, or half a tablespoonful on each side. It must be followed by another plough and covered immediately. I have heard of much less doing. I have never made any other experiment with corn.

A bushel of guano weighs 38 lbs. Now for Cotton.

On Cotton I have used guano for 3 years.

The first year my experiment was a small one, but clearly showed the importance of guano.

In 1851, I manured twenty acres old worn out red lands with two hundred pounds guano to the acre. It yielded.

1st Picking 900 lbs.	24	1700
3d "	425	4250
4th "	403	4030
5th "	76	760
12,315 lbs.		
Average per acre 616 1-2 lbs.		
One acre adjoining, same quality exactly, unmanured, yielded.		
1st Picking 60 lbs.	24	60
3d "	60	60
4th "	108	108
5th "	76	76
244 lbs.		

Difference per acre, in favor of guano 372 1-2.

In 1852 I manured acres with 180 lbs. per acre. It produced 31, 540 lbs. seed cotton, or 876 lbs. to the acre. More than half of the land was very old, sandy land, never manured—the rest inferior old red land. Of the adjoining acres unmanured my overseer, by mistake, did not keep the weights, but I do

not believe that it averaged 450 lbs. At that rate, the difference was 426 lbs per acre.

For 1853 I intend to manure 34 acres with 174 lbs. which is 3 bushels of guano, and 10 acres with 100 lbs. to the acre. I am told that quantity produces well, and perhaps pays best, costing so much less. One of my neighbors last year used 1 bushel (58 lbs.) per acre. He kept no account of weights, his overseer told me that he thought it produced more than twice as much as that not manured.

Now for my mode of putting down. My acres are forty-two compasses square—60 rows to the acre.

To put down 174 lbs. to the acre requires 3 bushels guano, and if two bushels of sand or dirt is put to each bushel of guano, it will take of the mixture 4 quarts, I pint and 1 gill to each row.

To put down 100 lbs. to the acre of the same mixture requires 2 bushels of guano (less 1 gallon,) and takes 3 quarts of the mixture to the row.

If you mix 4 bushels of sand to 1 of guano,
17 1/2 bushels of mixture will give 200 lbs. to the acre,
15 1-2 " " 180 "
15 " " 174 "
13 1-2 " " 150 "

So you must make your calculation in proportion to the material you mix with the guano, and divide by the number of rows in your acre.

Let each hand have a small box to hold the quantity out of the bags for each row, and take care that it hold out as even it can be put. They soon learn; after trying one or two rows.

You must not attempt to put it down in windy weather, or it will be blown away. Take out what you want for the day only in bags to keep from wind, and covered if rain should come, for it would be injured by getting wet, before covered in the ground. I forgot to say why you should sift it. In the first place you mix it better by so doing and besides, the guano has many lumps, and by sifting you get them out, and should break them in a mortar or trough, so as to mix it with the earth, other wise these large lumps would burn up every thing.

I believe I have told you all I know. Gypsum is said to be excellent for mixing with the guano, and no doubt it would be so, as it would retain the ammonia.

This year I bought guano in New-York. It cost me delivered here at Fort Mott, \$50 for 2000 lbs. If many planters would unite and take a large quantity it can be got still cheaper. By the new charter to the Rail Road to Columbia they can only charge 12 1-2 cents per 106 lbs.

The fullest account that I have seen of the methods of using guano is an "Essay on Guano," by J. E. Teschemacher, Boston, 1845. It was distributed some years since to those who bought guano gratis. It was published by A. D. Phelps, 124 Washington-street, Boston, from whom it perhaps it can be had; and by Sexton & Huntington, 209 Broadway, N. Y.

I have been amused with some of the modes I have seen recommended by knowing ones in the newspapers, viz: rubbing the cotton seed with it, &c. It killed the seeds wherever they touched it the first year I used it—and in my regarding my cautions burnt up every thing.

Let me know how you succeed with your guano, hope you will receive this in time.

Truly yours as of old,
D. J. McCORD.

CURE FOR A FOUNDERED HORSE.—A correspondent of the Louisville Journal says, that if a horse is foundered over night, he may be cured in three hours if it is attended to in the morning. Take a pint of hog's lard and beat it boiling hot, and after cleansing his hoof well, and taking off his shoe, put his foot in the lard, and with a spoon apply it to all parts of the hoof, as near the hair as possible. This, he says, he has tried more than fifty years, and never knew it to fail. The application should be to the foot of each foundered limb.

TO TAKE MELDEW OUT OF LINEN.—Rub it well with soap; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also in the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries, wet it a little, and it will come out after twice doing.

FRUIT TREES.—Wise men sometimes advance strange opinions, the legitimate results of carelessness and inattention. Heresies are of daily occurrence, in every department, and in all societies. The organization of our thinking powers is such that we may embrace errors, and believe in them, merely for the inconsiderate suggestion of others. When men think calmly, and reason dispassionately, under the full influence of knowledge, they rarely err in judgment. Practice accords with the views we entertain, and if our views be erroneous, the results are a proof of the facts. But what has this to do with fruit trees? I will tell you.

I had an Irishman whose name was Michael, and a black man, called Tim. Decent fellows of the sort, and each conscious of superior skill. Michael told me that October was the time to transplant apple trees. Tim and I thought the spring season was the best period of the year for this purpose, but Michael knew better. Michael's argument was thus:

"I'll go to the nursery, 'Squire, and dig up two dozen trees in the month of October, and I will set them out in the home lot. I will dig them carefully, make great holes to put them in, feed the root with rotten chips, and set them out nicely, and when spring comes they will be ready to grow. The fall is the time to transplant trees."

Tim says to me: "Master, don't let Michael do it, for you will be old before the trees will begin to bear. Now, Master, let me talk a minute. When we dig up trees we always tear and bruise some of the shoots, and if we set them out in the fall the bruised roots will die before spring. I lived with the Doctor six years, and he always said that a fresh wound heals a great sight quicker than an old sore. So it is in trees. If we transplant trees in the fall, it is six months before the bruised shoots can begin to heal, and the fruits of winter make a little bruise a big one before spring. But if we set out trees in April, they begin to grow in a week, the wounds and bruises heal up very quick, and they have nothing to do but to grow."

Tim was a negro, but he had the power of thinking, and knew more than some Yankees. I thought Tim's reasoning was good, though his head was covered with long wool. But I contrived to please Michael and Tim. In the month of October these fellows went to the nursery and dug up and transplanted twenty-four trees, setting them four rods apart. They did the job nicely, and both of them saw that I was gratified. During the winter they worked together like brothers, and were faithful. In the next April Tim and Michael dug out of the same nursery twenty-four trees, and set out between those that were planted the fall before. After the job was done, Tim told me that the trees that were set out in the spring would grow as much in six years as the others would in ten. "Bedad," says Michael, "may you live to see me a fool, and live on clams."

Now for the fact. Eight years ago this orchard of forty-eight trees were planted. Those planted in the fall, with the exception of three, lived through the ensuing summer. The greatest growth of any of those trees was three inches upon the tips of the limbs, and the least one-half inch. Their growth is now annually but little. Last year I dug up one of them, of medium size; the ends of the bruised roots were decayed, and in places where the bark was started at the time of planting the roots were much rotten. Their bodies were covered with patches of moss, and they were unthrifty. My neighbors said a curse was withering them. But Tim's trees grew fast. The truth was, the wounds began to heal soon after the transplanting, and their removal from the nursery to the orchard did not apparently, delay their growth even one week. Tim's trees are three as large as Michael's, and begin to bear fruit, and Tim feels proud of his luck. Michael says, "Bedad, you have beat me, and I'll never plant another tree in the fall."

Now, what we want is knowledge. We want genuine experience as our guide. Beside this, many of us want common sense, or rather we want to know how to use it. We have counselors in abundance, but they differ widely in opinion. Baron Larry, Surgeon-General in Bonaparte's army, said that "wounds occurring towards evening, after the toils and marches of the day, were slow to assume the healing process. Such patients frequently died with the lock-jaw; and if not, they got well slowly. But if wounds occurred in the morning, when the frame was vigorous, they usually healed rapidly, unattended with constitutional disease." Vegetable and animal life agree in many particulars. In the fall the life of a tree is dormant—in a state of in-

action. In the spring, after the sleep of winter, it is renovated, it is ready to expand and grow; and if a tree has been wounded, it heals quickly, without rot or decay. This is common sense; it is just what we should expect. Let the fruit-raiser take heed to these facts, and, before he sets out a tree in the autumn, think of Tim.

ACTION OF LIME.—As to the question of how lime acts?—there is some diversity of opinion; but there seems to be a concurrence of sentiment among scientific men as to certain offices which it performs, and these are borne out by the observation of practical farmers. Among the offices said to be performed by lime and marl, are these: when applied in full quantity upon stiff clays, it serves to disintegrate the particles of clay and lighten the texture of the soil, while on sands it tends to give tenacity to them. It desolves hard inert fibrous substances in the soil and prepares them to become the food of plants. It neutralizes the acids of the soil, unites with them, and ultimately deals them out as the food of plants, thus rendering noxious bodies tributary to their healthful growth. Lime is found, by analysis, to form a part of the vegetable structure of most plants, and hence the inference is, that it is indispensable to their healthful existence. Lime, too, is said to possess the power of electricity; if such be the case, it must act as a stimulus, and like other stimulants, if not used to express, may exert highly friendly influence upon the constitution of plants. These are but a few of the properties assigned to lime; and experience teaches all sensible agriculturalists, that whenever judiciously applied to lands needing it, has produced the most ameliorating effects, that lands, chiefly through its means, aided by grass and clover cottage, which were worn out, have been brought to a state of fertility; seeing these things, it is no longer a matter of surprise that liming, and marling, which is virtually the same thing, has become the fashion; and as fashion gives tone to public and private sentiment, no one can longer doubt, that in a few years more most of the old friends which now so grate upon the feelings of the patriot will be covered with luxuriant crops. But we wish our agricultural readers to bear these truths in mind—that without one-fourth or one-fifth of the arable lands being kept in clover and grass, no progressive or permanent improvement can be effected—that though exhausted lands require lime, yet they require animal and vegetable manure also—that no system of culture can be either intelligent or profitable, that does not combine the culture of clover and the grasses in its elements—that it is useless to lime or marl wet lands before they are drained; and that when drained, deep and exact ploughing, and thorough pulverization, are indispensable to full and perfect success.

American Farmer.

Origin of Mules in the United States.

Mr. George Washington P. Curtis, in his last paper, under the title of "Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington," gives the following account of the introduction of mules into this country; which will be found very interesting:

Upon Washington's first retirement in 1773 he became convinced of the defective nature of the working animals employed in the agriculture of the southern States, and set about remedying the evil by the introduction of mules instead of horses, the mules being found to live longer, be less liable to diseases, requiring less food, and in every respect to be more serviceable and economical than the horse in the agricultural labor of the southern States. Up to 1783 scarcely any mules were to be found in the American confederation; a few had been imported from the West Indies, but they were of diminutive size and of little value. So soon as the views on this subject of the illustrious farmer of Mount Vernon were known abroad, he received a present from the King of Spain of a jack and two jennies, selected from the Royal stud at Madrid.—The jack, called the Royal Gift, was sixteen hands high, of a gray color, heavily made, and of a sluggish disposition.

At the same time the Marquis de Lafayette sent out a jack and jennies from the island of Malta. This jack, called the Knight of Malta, was a superb animal, black color, with the form of a stag and the ferocity of a tiger.—Washington availed himself of the best qualities of the two jacks by crossing the breeds, and hence obtained a favorite jack, called Compound, which animal united the size and strength of the Gift with the high courage and activity of the Knight. The jacks arrived at Mount Vernon, if we mistake not, early in 1788. The General bred some very superior mules from his

coach mares, sending them from Philadelphia for the purpose. In a few years the estate of Mount Vernon became stocked with mules of a very superior order, rising to the height of sixteen hands, and of great power and usefulness; one wagon-team of four mules selling, at the sale of the General's effects, for eight hundred dollars.

In no part of Washington's various labors and improvements in agriculture was he so particularly entitled to be hailed as a public benefactor, as in the introduction of mules in farming labor, those animals being at this time almost exclusively used for farming purposes in the Southern States.

SCOURS IN HORSES.—A neighbor has given us the following statement of his treatment of this disease. Having a valuable animal badly effected, he first parched to a brown color a quart of corn meal, to which he added a sufficient quantity of water and an ounce of laudanum, and drenched with the mixture.—This gave relief for some hours, but the disease returning, he boiled about a pound he thinks of blackberry roots with half the quantity of sweet gum twigs, in three pints of water and added an ounce phial of paregoric when cool enough, gave as drench, which effected a cure. In ordinary cases, he thinks the first tried remedy would be sufficient.

TO TAKE OUT SPOTS OF INK.—As soon as the accident happens, wet the place with juice of sorrel or lemon, or with vinegar, and the best hard white soap.

TO TAKE OUT STAINS OF CLOTH OR SILK.—Pound French chalk fine, mix with lavender-water to the thickness of mustard. Put on the stain; rub it soft with the finger or palm of the hand. Put a sheet of blotting and brown paper on the top, and smooth it with an iron milk-warm.

DO AS I DO.—This morning a celebrated fast man from the South End entered a refreshment saloon, where some fifteen or twenty of his friends are in the habit of congregating about 11 o'clock. He, with his usual heartiness and generosity, 'asked the crowd.'

They, nothing loth, stepped promptly up. You must all do as I do, said the liberal friend. Oh certainly, certainly, was the universal response, 'what is yours going to be?' 'I shall take brandy and water in mine.'

'Very well, we'll all take brandy and water, they cried.'

The party drank, and the waggish inviter laid down his fourpence upon the counter, and immediately retired, whispering in his softest tones, 'Do as I do, gentlemen.'

The party looked at each other for a moment with a most comic expression of face, when one who felt the full force of the idea creeping powerfully through his hair, exclaimed, 'Sold, by!' 'Here,' he added, turning to the bar-keeper, 'take my purse and treat freely for the next ten minutes.'

'I CAN'T.—Apollo! what a face! doleful as a hearse; folded hands; hollow chest; whining voice; the very picture of cowardly irresolution.—Spring to your feet, hold up your head, set your teeth together, draw that fine form of yours up to the height that God made it; draw a long breath, and look about you.—What do you see? Why, all creation taking care of number one—pushing ahead like the car of Juggernaut, over live victims. There it goes; and you can't stop it. Are you going to lay down and be crushed!'

By all that's manly, no! dash ahead! You've as good a right to mount the triumphal car as your neighbor. Snap your fingers at croakers; if you can't get round a stump, leap over it, high and dry.—Have nerves of steel, a will of iron; never mind sideaches, or heartaches; work away without stopping to repine, or to notice envy or malice. Set your target in the clouds and aim at it. If your arrow falls short of the mark, what of that? Pick it up and fire again. If you should never reach it, you'll shoot higher than if you only aim at a bush. Don't whine, if your friends fall off. At the first stroke of good luck, by Mammon! they'll swarm around you like a hive of bees.

'I can't.' Oh, pshaw! I throw my gloves in your face, if I am a woman! you are a disgrace to corduroys.—What! a man lack courage? A

man want independence? A man to be discouraged at obstacles? A man afraid to face anything save his Maker!—Why! I've! the most unmitigated contempt for you! you pusillanimous little pussy cat! There's nothing manly about you, except your whiskers.

FANNY FERN.

AN UNEASY PREDICAMENT.—We were the witness of a ludicrous incident which occurred in this city a few days since, for relating which we crave the indulgence of the gentleman directly concerned—deeming it too good a joke to be lost.

While sitting at our desk, and laboring assiduously, with pen, scissors and paste, to make out a readable paper for our patrons, we were suddenly "frightened from our propriety," by the hasty entrance of a gentleman, exclaiming, "For God's sake, help me to see what's the matter! I've got some dreadful thing—scorpion or tarantula—in the leg of my pantaloons! Quick—quick—quick—help me!"

We instantly rose from our chair, half tightened ourselves. Our friend had broken in so suddenly and unexpectedly upon us, and was so wonderfully agitated that we knew not whether he was indeed in his senses or not. We looked at him with a sort of surprise mixed with dread, and hardly knew whether to speak with, or seize and confine him for a madman. The latter we came near attempting. There he stood, quivering and pale, with one hand tightly grasped upon a part of his pantaloons just in the hollow of the knee.

"What's the matter?" asked we, at last.

"The matter!" he exclaimed; "oh, help me! I've got something here, which just ran up my leg! Some infernal scorpion or lizard, I expect! Oh, these pants without straps! I'll never wear another pair open at the bottom as long as I live. Ah! I feel it again."

"Feel what?" we inquired, standing at the same time, at a respectful distance from the gentleman; for we had just been reading our Corpus Christi correspondent's letter about snakes, lizards, and tarantulas, and began to imagine some deadly insect or reptile in the leg of our friend's unmentionables, as they are sometimes called.

"I don't know what it is," answered the gentleman; "help me to see what it is. I was just passing that pile of rubbish there, in front of your office, and felt it dart up my leg as quick as lightning!"—and he clenched his fist more tightly. If it had been the neck of an anaconda, he would have squeezed it to a jelly.

By this time two or three of the newsboys had come in; the clerks and packing boys hearing the outcry, stopped working, and editors all hands stood around the sufferer with looks of mingled sympathy and alarm.

"Bring a chair, Fritz," said we, "and let the gentleman be seated."

"Oh! I can't sit," said the gentleman; "I can't bend my knee—if I do it will bite or sting me; no, I can't sit." "Certainly you can sit," said we; "keep your leg straight out, and we'll see what it is you have got."

"Well, let me give it one more hard squeeze; I'll crush it to death," said he, and again he put the force of an iron vice upon the thing. If it had any life left, by this last effort must have killed it." He then cautiously seated himself, holding out his leg as stiff and straight as a poker. A sharp knife was procured; the pants were cut open carefully, making a hole large enough to admit a hand; the gentleman put on a thick glove, and slowly inserted his hand, but he discovered nothing. We were all looking on in almost breathless silence to see the monstrous thing—whatever it might be; each ready to scamper out of harm's way should it be alive; when suddenly the gentleman became, if possible, more agitated than ever.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, "it's inside my drawers. It's alive, too, I feel it—quick!—give me the knife again!" Another incision was made—in went the gentleman's gloved hand once more, and lo! out came—his wife's stocking!

How the stocking ever got there we are unable to say; but there it certainly was; and such a laugh as followed, we haven't heard for many a day. Our friend, we know, has told the joke himself, and must pardon us for doing so.—Though this is all about a stocking, we assure our readers it is no yarn.—N. O. Picayune.

TO TAKE OUT FRUIT SPOTS.—Let the spotted part of the cloth imbibe a little water without dipping, and hold the part over a lighted common brimstone match at a proper distance. The sulphurous gas which is discharged, soon causes the spot to disappear.