

THE DARLINGTON FLAG.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN RIGHTS, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, AND MISCELLANEOUS NEWS.

To thine own self be true; And it must follow as the night the day; Thou canst not then be false to any man.—HAMLET.

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POLITICAL.

From the Edgefield Advertiser.

OUR TRUE POSITION.

It is thought by many of our "out-side advisers" that South Carolina is on the brink of a political precipice; and that another step will plunge her into a gulph of ruin. Many of her *inside* advisers also chime in with this prediction, and lift up their hands in holy horror, at the enormity of our proposed action. One would suppose, from their gloomy auguries, that we lived under a reign of Terror, more revolting than the world had ever known, or else, in a period of semi-civilization, where the strength of numbers overpowered the force of Justice and over-shadowed the beauty of Truth. A terrific picture of disaster, of poverty and of disgrace is held up by many as the familiar and fully recognized consequence of resistance to oppression. Even a few of the generous advocates of genuine Freedom, have been led to tremble before the dark coloring of these evil prospectives, and, like timid mariners when scowling clouds portend a storm, are eagerly crying aloud to their public sentinels,

"Watchmen, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are!"

As a reply to this anxious enquiry, we cannot perhaps express our sense of "the hope that is within us" more aptly, than by adopting the concluding lines of the stanza we have just quoted in part—

"Mariner, o'er yon dizzy height
See that brightly beaming star."

It is the star of South Carolina's destiny—watch it with unerring devotion—as long as it sparkles on high, with its present brilliancy, hope for the best and believe that it *will* come; but when you perceive that its lustre is dimmed and that it is sinking into the low, murky atmosphere, now far beneath it, then "fle to the mountains" or hide in the depths of some vast wilderness, if you would not witness the extinction of the only well-grounded hope of Southern Equality and Independence.

These are no high-flown expressions, addressed only to the ear—we design them as appeals to the hearts and understandings of our citizens. They shadow forth a truth, which each one of us should be proud to realize—a truth, which our real friends at the South will gladly admit, and which our enemies, everywhere, cannot gainsay. And it is this: That South Carolina is of all the sisterhood, the most zealous and disinterested defender of our Government as it now is. And we conscientiously believe, that upon the unshirk maintenance of this position on her part, hangs not only her honor, but the weal of her people and the prosperity of the whole slave-holding country.

Let us, for a moment, review the general grounds, upon which we have assumed this position, and which indicate the paramount importance of maintaining it to the last.

We hold it to be a fact, which does not admit of denial, that the Pseudo-philanthropy of the North, with all the influence it can bring to bear, is determined upon the destruction of the institution of slavery. This is their manifest policy, which, in the pride and insolence of their growing power, they do not pretend to disguise. We further believe that it can be said with perfect truth, that the politicians of the North, as a body, have given irrefragable proof of their disposition to pander to the wishes of this fanatical faction. For it is undisputed by Southern men, that the late Compromise measures were studiously represented to that faction as answering their designs, to all intents and purposes, if not, by special enactment, legislating their will. The gilded pill, which was administered to the South in the shape of the Fugitive Slave Bill, is already producing the nausea of disgust; for it

is almost demonstrated, that this bill is futile and nugatory. It is, in word, evident that the Abolitionists have gained by this system of measures, almost all that their heart can desire, while Southern slave-holders have lost every point in dispute.

We maintain, moreover, that this inveterate enmity to Southern Slavery is not a feeling of sudden and mushroom growth—but one which dates back many years, and which has become ramified through every grade of Northern society, high and low, law-abiding and law-contemning, until it has become inseparable from their social and political character. It is a feeling that owes its existence as much to the rapacity of Capitalists and the jealousy of white laborers, as to the frenzy of fanatics.

This enmity was progressing rapidly to the completion of its nefarious designs upon our institution of slavery once before, although by a different course from that now pursued. This progress was checked by the action of South Carolina in 1832. But the feeling of hostility only increased in rancor with this defeat, while it gathered up additional cunning for a renewed attack.

Seeing that the abolition party proper (for in one sense they are all so) was gaining strength with wonderful rapidity, our cool-headed opponents determined at once to conduct the game without seeming to participate in the strife. And even now with the fact of collusion proved by every prominent measure of the Compromise bills, they would have us blindly believe that they are influenced in their deeds solely by friendship to the South and devotion to the Union. Thus have they added duplicit to malignity in their opposition, thereby giving another evidence of their demoniac determination to annihilate our power and prosperity.

One other development there is to which we will briefly allude in this connexion. It is the manifest disposition of Northern politicians to run into consolidation. Here is another cause of distraction, which must tend most powerfully to complete the disruption of the few remaining ties that hold together this confederacy of States. The creeds of the two great divisions of the Union, are, upon this point, utterly antagonistic and as deeply rooted on either side as long cherished convictions ever became.

The right of peaceably dissolving the Copartnership, by the single action of any one of the States, is hooted at by the highest authority of the Northern Unionists, as an absurdity. Can there be a doubt in any rational man's mind, as to the determination of the Northern wing of the American Union, to reduce the States, as States, to comparative insignificance? He is a dol, who can believe otherwise. Almost every system of measures proposed in the National Legislature, from that quarter, evince the taint of this doctrine.

If there be any truth in the views above taken, it is clear that the hopes of the Union are gone forever gone. Dissolution or Consolidation is the only hope for the slave-holding States to be found. By consolidation the triumph of Free-Soilism and Abolition will be effectually secured, the inevitable consequence of which must be the overthrow and degradation of the Slaveholding portion of the Confederacy.

Believing that, as parties now stand in the Union, we will be compelled to succumb before the overpowering numbers of our opponents, assisted as they are by vile deserters, from our own ranks, and feeling convinced that the odds against us are rapidly increasing, the freemen of the independent State of South Carolina have determined to leave the Union, which has ever brought them more of evil than of good, and to hoist a new Flag, for the world to wonder at. Upon it should be represented the sovereignty of South Carolina in the shape of a goddess, trampling under foot a torn parchment on which could be traced the words "violated compact," and holding aloft in her right hand a banner, upon which should be emblazoned, "The South and her institutions against a world in arms!"

This is our true motto. The conflict is coming with speed and with certainty. Our oppressors have pursued and goaded us already beyond the point of reasonable endurance. South Carolina has turned upon them and holds them at bay. Will the rest of the herd desert her to her fate. A brat that "lacks discourse of reason" would teach them a noble lesson. But No—our Southern Sisters will not, by this ungenerous and unnatural conduct, call down upon themselves such eternal disgrace. Even should they not follow us out of the Union, they could not suffer us "to be victimized." The

thousand ties of identical interests and of consanguinity, forbid the horrible opposition. Victimized by the decree of our natural allies! Oppressed and ruined by the Government of the United States, with their consent and sanction! And that too, because we shall have dared to vindicate the rights of the South! Who can realize it?

Where is the dastard from Virginia to Texas who will dare, in the face of Honor and of Justice, to say "Let South Carolina be ruined—she deserves that fate." For each one, using such craven language, there will be ten thousand who will say "Carolina's cause is our cause—we must and will sustain her."

It will appear from the above, that we regard the fall of our State, unassisted and alone, as a moral impossibility. At an early day we will take a view of her chances of escape, granting as true what we hold to be an absurdity, that she will be left to fight the battle of the South alone.

From the *Soil of the South*.

SCIENCE AND PRACTICE.

Our correspondent, *Blackjack*, touches upon a subject in which the planters of the South are every day becoming more interested; we mean, the connection between the science and practice of Agriculture. That our system of culture should have attained to its present degree of perfection without the aid of science, is not to be wondered at, and that the fact, that it has thus attained it without such aid, should have opened to the prejudice of what is called *theory*, is not more to be wondered at. Our country is yet, comparatively, a new one. The virgin soil is yet undisturbed in many places, and it is known to be a fact, that almost all the cropping of the South, thus far, has relied upon the natural capacities of our land for productions. We have not been forced, consequently, as those less fortunately situated than ourselves have been, to draw on our ingenuity for contrivances for increasing the productiveness of our soils.

When we had cultivated a field until we had worn it out, we permitted the fences to rot down, or else removed the rails to enclose a new one, where we could crop to more advantage. Lands were abundant and cheap, and it has therefore been almost universally the custom with our planters, as soon as they had exhausted their fields, not to attempt to restore them to the original value, but to pull up stakes and seek a better place. In older and more densely populated districts, the case has been different. Every foot of land was appropriated, and the planter felt that when his fields were worn out, his all was gone; his source of income was lost. The consequence has been, that all sorts of expedients have been resorted to for the purpose of preserving the soil, or for its restoration when destroyed. The brain of man has been taxed, the laboratory of the chemist has been ransacked in search of mensa whereby the planter could impart to his soil, a fertility which nature had not bestowed upon it, or by which he might renovate it, when it had been exhausted. The result is before our eyes. In England and at the North, discoveries are consequently being made in the best mode of husbanding and applying measures, the best mode of drainage, the best kind of plows, and other agricultural implements. In short the wit of man is constantly on the *qui vive*, to supply the deficiencies of nature. Here we cut down or deaden the trees, break up the soil, deposit the seed, cultivate the land any way that will keep down the grass and weeds, and nature does the work for us. We have been content with this plan, because we have made money by it. But elsewhere, it has been far different. There the planter had not only to break the soil, deposit the seed, and keep down the grass; he had to do more. The land had to be enriched, and his own energies and ingenuity had to do the work, which nature does for us.

Well, this state of things is changing with us; we have robed our fields of their first value. They must be helped now, in order to do what they once did of themselves. How shall we do it? Common sense says, by a resort to those means which have proved effectual elsewhere. We must turn our attention to artificial fertilizers, and in this work, *practice* must lean upon *science*. *Science* never can make a cotton crop; that is very certain; but we are fast reaching that point at which *practice*, without the aid of *science*, will be equally at a loss. Depreciate as much as we will, the "folly of theory," it is nevertheless true, that on

all subjects relating to the elements of soils, manures and plants the analytical chemist knows much more than the practical planter.

Victimized by the sense of the truth, that we have now reached a point in Southern culture, at which we must begin to unite science with practice, we propose, perhaps in the next number, to commence a series of articles on the subject, in which it will be our endeavor to simplify as far as possible, the general outlines of scientific agriculture, so as to reduce to the comprehension of the most practical planter, the most important truths of the subject. Not with the view to make *scientific farmers*, but to possess our readers of those general ideas which we regard indispensable in the future progress of Southern culture, and leave to them their practical application, as their necessities may require.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BRADFORD THE INNKEEPER.

Jonathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford. He bore a respectable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and in conversation unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a considerable sum of money. In due time they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room, leaving as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in an adjoining chamber; and this being repeated, he softly awoke his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying in pain, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from which the groans had seemed to come. The door being ajar, they saw a light in the room. They entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation on perceiving a person writhing in his bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lantern in one hand and a knife in the other! The man seemed as much petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the appearance of guilt. The gentlemen soon discovered that the murdered person was the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host.

They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him by this time the air of innocence, possibly denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intentions as themselves; for that hearing a noise, which was succeeded by groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defense, and had but that minute entered the room before them. These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody till the morning, and then taken before a neighboring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but with such apparent indications of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression on writing his mittimus, "Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder."

This remarkable affair became a topic of conversation to the whole country. Bradford was condemned by the general voice of every company. In the midst of all this predetermined came on the assizes at Oxford. Bradford was brought to trial; he plead not guilty. Nothing could be stronger than the evidence of the two gentlemen. They testified to finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed, Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife, and the hand which held it bloody. They stated that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man: and that, but a few minutes preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

Bradford's defense on his trial was the same as before: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villainy was transacting; he struck a light, snatched up the knife, the only weapon at hand, to defend himself, and entered the room of the deceased. He averred that the terrors he betrayed were merely the feelings natural to innocence, as well as guilt, on beholding so horrid a scene. The defence, however, could not but be considered as weak contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence so strong, as far as it went. There was little need for comment from the judge in summing up the evidence; no room appeared for extenuation; and the prisoner was de-

clared guilty by the jury without their even leaving the box.

Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring that he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder, of Mr. Hayes; but died disbelieved by all.

Yet were these assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by the footman of Mr. Hayes; and the assassin, immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his pockets of his money, gold-watch, and snuff-box, and then escaped back to his own room. This could scarcely have been effected, as after-circumstances showed, more than two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber.

This world owes this information to remorse of conscience on the part of the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford) when laid on the bed of sickness. It was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

It were to be wished that this account could close here; but there is more to be told. Bradford, though the innocent of the murder, and not even privy to it, was nevertheless a murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to the having of a sum of money about him; and he went to the chamber of the deceased with the same dreadful intentions as the servant. He was struck with amazement on beholding himself anticipated in the crime. He could not believe his senses; and turning back the bed-clothes to assure himself of the fact, he in his agitation dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which means both his hands and the weapon became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after sentence, but who, it is extremely probable, would not believe them at the time.

Besides the graver lesson to be drawn from this extraordinary case, in which we behold the simple intention of crime so singularly and wonderfully punished, these events furnish a striking warning against the careless, and, it may be, vain display of money or other property in strange places. To heedlessness on this score the unfortunate Mr. Hayes fell a victim. The temptation, we have seen proved too strong for two persons out of the few who heard his ill-timed disclosure.

WHO ARE YOUR ARISTOCRATS.

Twenty years ago this one butchered that one made candles sold cheese and butter a fourth carried on distillery another was a contractor on canals others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquainted with both ends of society—as their children will be after them thoughts it will not do to say out loud. For often you shall find that those toiling worms hatch butterflies and they live a year Death brings division of property and it brings new financiers the old gent is discharged the young gentleman takes his revenues and begins to travel—towards poverty which he reaches before death—or his children do if he do not. So that in fact tho there is a sort of moneyed rank it is not hereditary it is accessible to all; three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up a score of years will bring them all down and send their children again to labor. The father grows rich his children inherit the pride and go to shiftless poverty their children reinvigorated by fresh plebian blood, and by the smell of the cloe come up again. Thus society like a tree, draws its sap from the earth changes it into leaves and blossoms, spread them abroad in great glory shed them off to fall back to the earth again to mingle with the soil and at length to reappear in new trees and fresh gar-

employed on that side of the case, if I could do so consistently with engagement—but you will have to go to some other counsel as I have a standing retainer from the opposite party! The itinerant was amazed, piqued and non-plussed,—and departed without attempting to suppress his laughter.

A friend travelling in Florida, says of the mosquitos; Let a man go to sleep with his head in a cast iron kettle, and their bills will make a watertight pot of it before morning.—B. Trans.

We could not credit this story if it was not confirmed by strong current testimony. We once heard of a Yankee clock pedlar, who being hard pressed by the mosquitos of Florida, took refuge in an old sugar house, under an immense sugar boiler. For a time he felt quite secure; but presently, to his utter astonishment, he discovered that they were penetrating the bottom and sides of the metal boiler in every direction. With the natural shrewdness of his class he drew from his coat pocket a small hammer, which he carried for the purpose of setting up his clocks and amused himself by clinching the protruding bills, as wrought nails are clinched. He had occupied himself in this way for some time, and had made fast the bills of some hundreds of his blood-thirsty assailants when he discovered that the immense cast iron kettle, weighing something in the neighborhood of a ton, began to move. The next moment, to his utter consternation, it rose from the ground and was borne off by the mosquitos in their efforts to release themselves from it. Our informant did not state whether or not the pedlar was devoured by the mosquitos that remained. The probability is that he perished, as no patent right has ever been taken out for a mosquito trap.—Savannah News.

THE HOME OF TASTE.

How easy it is to be neat to be clean? How easy to arrange the rooms with most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the true elegance! Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or the draper it is not in the mosaics the carpeting, the rosewood the mahogany the candelabra or the marble ornament it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful it sheds serenity over the scene of its abode; transforms a waste into the garden. The home lightened by these imitations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire but to its inhabitants it will be a palace far out-vying the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

DISSIPATION.

The world is not so barren of beauty and bliss that we must, to recreate our spirits drink of the foul sediment of corrupt pleasure. When every sunbeam is winged with glory, and every rain-drop falls as if it were a benediction from the skies—when in our daily walk so much gladness meets us at every turn—when even in our labors of hand and head there is often mingled so much of still, steady happiness—when in our homes the air is so full of love and enjoyment—when music, in books, in innocent sports and games, in the social festivity such ample and various means are provided for all reasonable exhilaration; who would in his better moments wish to plunge into the giddy world of fashionable dissipation.

THE SAXON BLOOD.

Wherever the descendant of the Saxon race have gone, have sailed or otherwise made their way even to the remotest regions of the world they have been patient persevering, never to be broken in spirit never to be turned aside from enterprises on which they have resolved. In Europe, Asia, Africa, America the whole world over; in the desert, in the forest, or the sea: scorched by a burning sun or frozen by ice that never melts: the Saxon blood remains unchanged. Wheresoever that race goes, there law and industry, and safety for life and property, and all the great results of steady perseverance are certain to arise.—Dickens Household Words.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.