

THE DARLINGTON FLAG.

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

JAMES H. NORWOOD, EDITOR.]

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

[JOHN F. DE LORNE, PROPRIETOR.

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POLITICAL.

(From the Richmond Examiner.)

TO THE PEOPLE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Though not a citizen of South Carolina, I feel that I have some right to converse with you in regard to your own, and the common interests of the South. The Convention which is to assemble in Charleston on the 5th of May, will probably attempt to shape the course of the State for the future; and as, in this, the interests of the entire South are deeply involved, I make no apology for the liberty I am about to take.

If I understand the main question correctly, it is—What course is it best to adopt in order to secure the co-operation of the States of the South? I assume (and I am sure that in this, at least, I do not mistake your purpose,) that, in no event, do you mean ingloriously to submit to the wanton insults and outrages of the so-called National Government. I know enough of your spirit and intelligence to say this much. But when and how you will vindicate your just rights, remain to be considered. On these points permit me to say a few words.

You have endeavored, through the Convention at Nashville, to procure a consultation with your sister States, with a view to arrest the fearful and fatal encroachments of a reckless and corrupt Government. You have solicited them to meet you in council for this high and sacred purpose. They, with you, solemnly engaged, under the highest and most sacred obligations, that they would defend the common Constitution against all assaults, foreign and domestic. They have repeatedly declared, in the gravest forms of legislation, that the National Government has deliberately and dangerously violated that instrument; but instead of fulfilling their solemn engagements to you and to each other, they have, or rather their respective Governments have, declared their willingness to submit, regardless of their honor, their oaths, and the interests of posterity.

Such are the facts; and you are advised by some, whom you heretofore trusted, to follow their bad example;—with a promise, the most extraordinary ever made by sane men, that oppression will increase, that tyranny will grow stronger and stronger, until you and they will be forced, absolutely compelled, to re-win your lost liberties by the sword! Strange madness! astounding delusion! Wait until your enemy is doubly armed, and yourselves stripped naked, before you attempt to preserve that which is more precious than life itself! Is not this the counsel of Messrs. Hamilton, Barnwell, Pinckney, Cheves, and others? It seems to me so. Past outrage and aggression, they admit, have proved impotent to rouse the People of the South to a sense of their danger; but they promise us that still greater evils are yet to come! This prompts me to inquire what is our present condition? I refer not to the thousand acts of gross and wanton abuse of power on the part of the National Government. I will not point you to the pages of the Journals, stamped with the indelible marks of corruption, in almost every conceivable form. I pass by these, and ask attention only to that infamous system of measures called "the Compromise." What is the condition in which that base act has left you? It assumes, in respect to power, that you can be taxed at pleasure, against your consent, and in despite of the votes of your representatives;—that by those, in no way responsible to you, you can be compelled to enter into the battle-field, and shed your blood, for any designated purpose;—that you can be, as you have been, compelled to acquire territory by conquest or purchase, while it is distinctly declared to you that, though all

other people may, you alone shall not, be permitted to enjoy any part of it;—that, as a punishment for the supposed sins of your fathers, no institutions like yours shall ever be recognized as Republican, and no people tolerating them shall ever be permitted to enter into this Union;—that, in case you, and you only, shall violate an arbitrary act, creating a new and arbitrary offense, the punishment shall not be fine and imprisonment, as in ordinary cases, but that your slaves shall have their freedom, and be placed on an equal footing with yourselves;—that looking to your own debasement and degradation, you shall be made the instruments for debasing and degrading others, by furnishing the means of purchasing the soil and sovereignty of your sister States, to be transferred to your insatiable and hostile rulers;—and in the end, that any resistance on your part to these principles and provisions, shall be construed and punished as high treason! Do I exaggerate? Have I not faithfully and truly presented the substance of the several acts referred to? And if so, do you wait for grosser outrage, or deeper debasement? I protest, before God, I cannot conceive of a state of greater degradation than yours and ours, if we quietly submit to this. Even that of the Russian serf—of your own slaves—is more honorable; for in neither case is it voluntary. Necessity, stern compulsion, pleads their excuses before Earth and Heaven.—Will it also plead yours? No. Your submission will be a voluntary self-abasement, unequalled in its turpitude, save in its fatuity.

But it is said by your advisers—I mean those who have addressed themselves to you through the public prints—that ultimate submission is not to be thought of;—that they only recommend temporary submission. It would be as well to advise a chaste female to adopt a similar policy in a case of violence offered to her person, as a means of preserving her virtue. Are these men blind to the history of the past, to the experience of the present, to the very nature of things? What have twenty years of tame submission effected? Is the virtue, is the power of the South greater now than then? Could any man, twenty years since, have believed it possible that, at this day, the Representatives of the Southern States would have gone up to Washington city, and deliberately bartered the honor, rights and interests of their constituents for place and plunder? Would it, could it have been believed that, in open day, in the face of high Heaven, without the covering of a fig-leaf to conceal the base transaction, men in the South would be found to perpetrate such an iniquity? And yet it is so.—Every intelligent and impartial man in this country believes the whole act, in its inception and consummation, a deliberate and infamous political and pecuniary swindle. Again: would it have been believed by any living man, two years ago, that a Legislature of Virginia would have been found to sanction this unprecedented enormity—in the very teeth of its repeated and solemn declarations? And yet such is the fact. Wait you, then, for co-operation from such men?

Rusticus expectat dum defuat annis.—
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Permit me to say to you, in all sincerity and frankness, unless you present such an issue to the Southern people, as shall startle their corrupt party politicians, you will never secure co-operation. The people of Virginia, and of the South generally, are, in the main, honest and faithful to the principles of their forefathers. An ignorant batch of small caucus politicians, as they call themselves, speak only the behests of their leaders, and labor for them only. The late disgraceful scenes in the Virginia Legislature find no countenance amongst the people. I have not met a man in the State who does not denounce them as contemptible and dastardly.—Such is the universal judgment. You will ask why the people do not rise and vindicate their rights and character. I answer—they have so long submitted, so long yielded their judgments to the control of small partisan hacks, that they have nearly sunk down into hopeless imbecility. For twenty five years they have been taught to believe that the election of President and other popinjays, was the only matter of interest to them. Party struggles for place and plunder, have been the only engrossing questions; and as these have given birth to legions of small caucuses and conventions, charged with the management of party concerns, they have almost ceased to think for themselves, much less to act. Some issue of overwhelming importance is necessary to rouse

them from their torpor, and force them from the shameful trammels of their leaders. Eight months since and this might have been easily done;—but procrastination has given time to the managers to re-adjust their machinery—to fix their saddles, and with bit and bridle-reins to ride booted and spurred as usual. The extraordinary Resolutions of the late Legislature show the principle and the policy agreed upon. First, to surrender the South unconditionally, and secondly, to win the Presidency as best they may. Both cliques agreed on this, though they never yet could agree on anything else. Both preferred to yield up the rights, honor, and interests of the South, rather than to furnish their antagonists with a word to alarm the people they intended to betray. State Rights were liable to be mistaken for disunionism,—and those patriots thought it wiser to put principles in danger than plunder.

But, notwithstanding these developments,—the fungus outbirths of contemptible partizanship,—the people are, in the main, honest and patriotic. They will not consent to surrender their inalienable rights, or sacrifice their honor and interests without a struggle.—Could the question be now fairly before them, I doubt whether a solitary member who voted for the resolutions of the last session would ever again be returned to dishonor the State.

Putting aside, however, these considerations, it seems to me that you have but one question to determine. Are you prepared to surrender your rights, to yield up your political equality, and to put in peril your peace, your property, and your lives, for the mere purpose of securing place and plunder for a few corrupt and ambitious individuals? If so, speak openly,—practice no disguise,—shelter not under the poor pretext of securing future co-operation. Procrastination is destruction. They who advise you to this course deceive you, deceive themselves and others.—There is no hope from this line of policy. The rights which you claim belong to yourselves exclusively. You need no co-operation in order to assert them. If they do not belong to you exclusively, they do not belong to you at all. When the devouring element has seized on your own dwellings will you hesitate to extinguish it, because your neighbors, in their consternation, are incapable of lending you a helping hand? I tell you, if you wait for the co-operation of other States, bound down by the trammels of party, you will wait in vain. Your liberties will be irretrievably lost, and with them all that is sacred in our once free institutions.—Strike one decisive blow, raise the banner, and give out the trumpet call, and the friends of Constitutional Liberty will rush forward and rally by your side. Let your motto be, "EQUALITY IN THE UNION, OR LIBERTY OUT OF IT." Less you cannot demand, and be free. Now is the time to secure yourselves and your posterity that inappreciable blessing, won by the blood, and bequeathed to you by the patriots of your brave ancestors. Falter now, and all is lost, and lost forever. Stripped of your equal rights, deprived of your just portion of the public property, surrounded by Abolition States, wired out of your own blood and treasure, assaulted on all sides, insulted by your oppressors, and basely betrayed, sold out in the political market by your own Representatives, you will become,—you must become,—the most degraded and oppressed people that ever existed on the globe.

I see that Gen. Hamilton (Oh! how fallen! how fallen!) has assured you that Mr. Calhoun, your great and good statesman, was opposed to separate State action. If this be so it is unknown to his most intimate and confidential friends. More than this—it is utterly opposed to his well known principles, and the whole tenor of his life. Did he teach ever that it was the true policy of South Carolina, to pass quietly under the yoke of an arbitrary government? Does anything ever done or said by him authorize such a conclusion? There must be some mistake. Gen. Hamilton has surely confounded inferences with facts, and substituted the former in place of the latter. There is now before me a well considered opinion of Mr. Calhoun, bearing on the whole subject, which I submit to you in his own words. After showing that each State has an unquestionable right to secede from the Union, he proceeds to examine into the causes which must lead to this result, and says:—

"They consist chiefly of two; the one arising from the great extent of the country; the other, from its division into separate States, having local institutions and interests. The former,

under the operation of the numerical majority, has necessarily given to the two great parties, in their contests for the honors and emoluments of the government, a geographical character, for reasons which have been fully stated. This contest must finally settle down in a struggle on the part of the stronger section to obtain the permanent control; and on the part of the weaker to preserve its independence and equality, as members of the Union. The contest will thus become one between the States occupying the different sections; that is, between organized bodies on both sides; each, in the event of separation, having the means of avoiding the confusion and anarchy to which the parts would be subject without such organization. This would increase the power of resistance on the part of the weaker section against the stronger in possession of the government. With these great advantages and resources, it is hardly possible that the parties occupying the weaker section, would consent, under any circumstances, to sink down from independent and equal sovereignties, into a dependent and colonial condition;—and still less so under circumstances that would revolutionize them internally, and put their very existence, as a people, at stake. Never was there an issue between independent States that involved greater calamity to the conquered, than is involved in that between the States which compose the two sections of this Union.—The condition of the weaker, should it sink from a state of independence and equality to one of dependence and subjection, would be more calamitous than ever before befel a civilized people. It is vain to think that, with such consequences before them, they will not resist; especially when resistance may save them, and cannot render their condition worse," &c.

Now, is this the language of a man who would advise submission, for any purpose whatever? The very calamity which he apprehended, and on which his views are based, has occurred.—The Southern States have been stripped of all participation in the common territory—the equilibrium of the system has been permanently destroyed—all power is centered in the hands of one section—and more and worse than this, the soil of a sovereign State has been dismembered at the point of the bayonet, and sold out to raise the means of rewarding the basest treason ever committed against any people.—The Texas Bribe was designed for this purpose, and for this purpose only.—And shall we still be told of procrastination? What additional degradation is demanded? Are you not told that all that has been done must be submitted to. Is not this the voice of the politicians of the States whose cooperation you seek? Is not the question closed against you, if you place your reliance on them? And if you look to the people, think you to reach them by quiet submission? It is madness to expect it. Be quiet for twelve months, and the national Government will play its patronage so successfully on your prominent men, that they themselves will betray you, as those of Virginia, Georgia, and the other Southern States have done their respective constituents. This is the hope of the Compromisers here and elsewhere. If they can seduce you to submit for twelve months, they feel assured that, through your own leaders, struggling for Federal honors, you will become as debased and degraded as they suppose the rest of the Southern States to be. Such is the calculation here. And hence the admonitions and threats which you hear. Remember 1832—and how quickly, under the blandishments of the Federal treasury, did the politicians of Virginia and other States repudiate the once sacred principles of the Fathers of the Republic. Think you that, under the same influences, they will not, in twelve months, repudiate the right of secession? They will. Mutterings of this I hear already. Act now, or be forever lost. Wait, daily, falter, and you and your children, and we and ours, are hopelessly ruined.

Such are the views of one who has labored in defence of your honor and your rights for more than twenty years, and under the most trying circumstances. They are offered with deference and profound respect. If they agree not with those of others, they proceed, at least, from a calm survey of the whole question, and are submitted to your consideration with a sincere wish that they may be of use.

CITIZEN OF VIRGINIA.

What kind of essence does a young man like when he pops the question?—

SOUTHERN ABOLITIONISTS.

There is a class of men at the South, who, ranging themselves under the banner of the Union under all circumstances, are doing more to effect the abolition of slavery than fanatics of the North. These characters are really and truly abolitionists, and ought to be called the Southern abolitionist party. The reason is plain. The abolition party at the North is now powerful and formidable. They set out with the avowed and sworn purpose to effect the extinction of slavery. The party has been growing ever since the year 1818, is growing now, and will continue to grow. It is composed of materials reckless, wild, and enthusiastic, that will not be foiled or discouraged. They have sworn to succeed. Their numbers are increasing. Their influence is becoming a matter of importance to the government. Constant dropping will wear away a stone. Unwearied and unremitting exertions will overcome all obstacles. Have they ever disavowed their purpose? Is there any evidence that they have suspended their efforts? Southern men cry out that they go for the Union at all hazards and under all circumstances, even at the sacrifice of slavery, that the States have no right to secede. That the Union is bound to hang together, come weal or come woe. Who has not sense enough to see, that if this doctrine is established, the abolitionists will be emboldened, and that the institution of slavery is doomed to fall before their incessant aggressions? These are the men, fellow citizens, who, under the disguise of Union, Union men, Union party, would set your negroes free, would place them upon an equality with yourselves, to involve your country in bloodshed and ruin, to burn your dwellings at night, to violate and butcher your wives, to intermarry with your sons and daughters. Beware of such, they come before you always as Union men. By this mark you may know them.—*Choctaw Standard.*

AGRICULTURE.

How blest the farmer's simple life.
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
Free 'mid the scented fields.—*Everett.*

(From the Palmetto Standard)

COTTON CULTURE TOPPING.

Mr. Editor: As the season for working cotton is approaching ever thing connected with that subject will be of immediate interest to your readers. I have therefore, sent you herewith a scrap which I cut from a communication under the signature of E. Jenkins, Choctaw county, Miss which appeared in the Southern Cultivator. One object which I had in sending the article for publication, is to draw out some of your correspondents on the subject of topping cotton. My own observation is that it is an operation requiring the most judicious attention to the circumstances of the crop. I have seen it done with great good and again, with great injury to the plant.

Very respectfully yours,
UCHEE.

I will now give my mode of preparing land and cultivating cotton which I have tried for several years. After pursuing different plans I have fallen back on the old one as the best. About the middle of January or 1st of February I commence throwing four furrows together with a turning plow—rows of course laid off agreeably to the strength of land about the last of March I commence turning out the middle which makes the ridge complete and nearly to the top from the 5th to the 10. of April I plant, by opening the ridges with a very small seeder covering with a wooden harrow which leaves the whole ridge clear of clods. About the time half the seed make their appearance above ground, I put every hand to scraping it out with the hoes. I generally finish in ten days or two weeks at furthest. Meanwhile I work out my corn and then return to my cotton with turning plows and bar it off, follow with the hoes chop through, leaving about two stalks in a place and take all the grass from the drills, the plows covering up all in the middles. I then return to my corn and work it out. By this time my cotton is large enough to receive dirt. I put the mould to the cotton, and throw the dirt back and plow out the middles, following the hoes then it is very nearly to a stand and cover up what grass there may be left in the drill by the plows. Thenceforward I manage it according to the season. If dry I run sweeps until laid by if wet, I endeavor to keep my ridges well up with turning plows so as to keep the water drained from the cotton. About the

first of August I top it wet or dry which I consider a great advantage, checking the growth of the stalk causing the forms to stick better, and bolls to mature sooner.

BUTTER MAKING

Those of our readers who visited the Fair of the Mucogee and Russell Agricultural Society, last fall will no doubt remember the many beautiful specimens of butter exhibited of home manufacture. We have never seen better butter made any where than we saw there in point of flavor color and solidity. No country can beat it and why should it? It is a fact that Southern milk is richer than Northern our cows do not eat as much watery food as those of the North and in truth we should make better butter than they do. And we can do it if we will; but those who expect to make good butter without labor will be mistaken. The whole process requires the most scrupulous care and attention. The grand secret of making yellow butter is to slightly scald the milk as soon as taken from the cow or turn it into vessels that have just been scalded; either will answer. But where servants are trusted to scald it, they frequently boil it, which is an injury. If the pans are well scalded it answers every purpose. Churn the milk just before it turns sour, and never allow the churn to stand in the sun during the churning nor add hot water to the milk, to hasten the coming of the butter. Either will give the butter a lard appearance. As soon as the butter has well come take it up and with a wooden spatula work out all the butter milk, and salt it with ground rock salt. The common Liverpool salt should never be used about butter. We once heard a man remark that a quart of butter would dissolve a ship load of Liverpool salt, and we are half inclined to believe it. Certain it is that it has a tendency to soften whatever it is put upon, whilst the rock salt hardens. After the butter milk has been well worked out and the butter salted to taste put the butter away in a cool place for twelve hours then work it until globules of pure water appear and it will be butter indeed. Housewives try it.
Soil of the South.

TO RAISE CABBAGE, &c.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer has the following remarks in regard to the raising of cabbage, &c.:—
"Every spring I am called on for cabbage and other plants; when I inquire of my neighbors, why they do not raise plants themselves, I always hear some excuse like; 'the bugs eat them up.' 'The seed was good for nothing,' or 'The frost killed them,' or 'You cannot raise cabbage plants on old lands' &c.; and may be it is so with neighborhoods where the Prairie Farmer circulates, and for that reason, I will describe my way; and I have never met with a failure. I have boxes prepared, about twelve inches deep, and set them up in a sheltered place, high enough to be out of jumping distance of the bugs, and fill them with a good rich soil. Before planting the seeds, I prepare a kettle full of boiling water, and pour it as hot as possible over the boxes. This kills the vermin and seeds in weeds in soil, and when cooled down some, promotes the germination of the seeds planted which came up a great deal quicker than when planted in cold soil. The seeds are sown on top, and pressed in the warm mud with a board, and are, afterwards, covered with about the eighth of an inch of loose soil. The plants will come up quick and thrifty, and no bugs will trouble them. Last year, I raised, in a box about thirty-six feet square, about 3000 cabbage plants, which would be at the rate of \$6,075 per acre. Who can beat it?"

SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.—Professor Mapes editor of the *Working Farmer*, has raised 1500 bushels of parsnips per acre 900 bushels of carrots per acre and 800 bushels turnips per acre by proper preparation of the soil. He also instances a farmer in Freehold N. J. who raised last season about 5000 cabbages on half an acre the sales of which were at the rate of \$500 per acre. Perhaps there is not a more thoroughly scientific and practical farmer in the United States than Professor Mapes. He seems to be a magician in the cultivation of the soil. There are yet to be reforms and discoveries in agriculture as great and important as in any other branch of industry.

"I'm glad this coffee don't owe me anything said a financier at his breakfast. 'Why, so?' inquired his wife 'because I don't believe it would ever settle he replied.'"