

THE DARLINGTON FLAG.

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

JAMES H. NORWOOD, EDITOR.]

To thine ownself 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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AGRICULTURE.

[From the Farmer and Planter.]

SALE OF THE NEXT CROP OF COTTON.

Messrs. Editors:—I presume I might as well write off this for publication, for you editors and publishers will print just what suits you.

Yours of the 7th inst. was received on the 23d, I now reply—not that I have anything worthy the attention of your readers, nor that I am in the spirit of writing, but that it is a duty. This, like all other matters with which I have had any experience, is the only true way—all men who do their duty and the spirit of the thing will soon be acting; I make no doubt, that ere I write a page, I will find it more difficult to stop at two pages than to begin.

I am certainly greatly pleased to see what you say about the planting interest, in that my native land. I hope and trust that the planting interest, as well as all other interests of South Carolina, may grow and flourish like the tree planted by the waters, which knoweth no drought. You say well, that we all agree that manuring, good plowing, and hill-side ditching, "form the basis of good farming," and if planters will look well to their interests, they will practice these in a manner that will not only prove to the world that they do it as intelligent men should—understandingly—but that they know their own interests, and dare to pursue the course necessary to advance them.

How planters can "place themselves out of the power of English buyers and American speculators," is a question not easily to be disposed of. I have heard a lawyer in this State, who was getting some \$8,000 per year, for acting as a trustee to a bank, make the matter as plain as the middle of a mill stone, every body could see through it. But unfortunately, it would not work by itself. Now, sirs, as to the very first idea you threw out, getting information as to the state of the crop, and acting thereon. Last year, I had statements, from every State, except Tennessee, and from gentlemen in whom I could rely. I suppose my correspondence with planters is more extended than any other private man South. And I believe I have as many honorable men to correspond with, as are to be found of the same number on the continent. It has cost me in 1850 over \$1,000. I believed we ought not to sell, until it was known what our crop would be. I advised others, and acting thereon, I have thus lost nearly one year's work. I blame no man. This is the result of all such transactions—has been and will ever be. It is true there are exceptions. I have a friend in this country, Dr. W. S. Jones, but he is wealthy—poor men never get into such streaks of luck—he held his crop of 1849 and 1849, and sure enough, he has made almost 55 per cent. interest.

Co-operation will do among negroes. It will never do in a business where men intend to act honestly and wisely too. Understand me, I do not intend any converse proposition should be drawn, and I hope my lawyer friends will bear with my loose impenetrable expressions. Honest men, and righteous men do cooperate, and do it too with the most decided advantages. I am not wise, nor do I know as much as a great many of my associates. Yet I hazard all in saying no man has yet devised a better scheme than the old way, upon it I will hazard all; and upon it I will place my hopes of the independence of American cotton grower. It is, take good care of horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, hounds, geese, land, and plant not too much—be certain to make an abundance to provide for all the above, and sell cotton when ready. To this latter I would suggest an improvement, send all the crop forward, unless a safe way to keep it can be ensured, but order the commission merchant to sell only one-fourth per month. The plan will give us about two millions of bales we will then realize at least \$40 per bale, clear of all expense—as the above plan will pay all expenses. I have paid planta-

tion expenses for the last eleven years, without touching cotton crop. Give us five crops in succession of two million of bales, we will all be out of debt—we will contract the cotton crop—we will have merchants and manufacturers at our doors. I am aware that there are thousands in our country who would give \$1,000 to \$1,200 for negro fellows, \$500 for a riding horse, and so on, but five years would break them, and the commission merchants, who could not eat a ham without boiling it in a champagne wine. What! Yes, sir, this thing has been done in New Orleans, by a thing yelet a man, and probably ten or fifteen years before he had not a whole shirt on his back. I do not know who these were, I believe from good authority it was done: and speak thus from seeing how men do, who get money without labor. We must change our policy. The Yankee nation universal, are rather more cute than other people, because they have to keep their eyes open. And thus the Yankees of the East, North and North-west, are much cuter than we of the South, they are ever setting traps, and we, poor gudgeons, are ever biting. Let us provide at home—let us stay at home, and let us resolve, each one, never to move out of our own land, and thus we become a part of the soil, we will take care of it.

Yours with respect, &c.,
M. W. PHILLIPS.

CAUSE AND CURE OF SMUT IN WHEAT.

A correspondent of the Genesee Farmer writes as follows, respecting the cause and cure of smut in wheat:—

I am an old farmer have been in the business of cultivating wheat for more than thirty years and I have heretofore raised a large quantity of smut. I have tried all the preventives I have seen recommended in the Farmer without an entire cure but for the last ten years have raised no smut. I will now state my former practice when I did raise smut and my present practice, and hope other farmers will try the experiment and I think they will give up the practice of steeping their seed wheat in any solution whatever; neither will they need a sieve to separate the large seed from the small: if it is ripe and sound it will not bring smut.

I will now say that I formerly harvested my wheat very green or in other words before it was fully ripe, and made use of the same seed, and from that seed I always raised plenty of smut. At length my "bump of causality" whispered to me, "You cut your seed wheat too green;" and from that time I have selected the part of my wheat field that ripens the earliest and let it stand in the field until it is dead ripe, and until the heads are weather-beaten and I have raised no smut since I followed the above rule.

Some seasons my wheat does not ripen even and if I find a green head when I am cutting my seed wheat I throw it out for I am fully of the opinion that a small unripe grain of wheat if it vegetates at all will bring smut. Such a grain contains but a very small particle of vitality; and solutions of salt, vitriol, or lime, will sometimes destroy that vitality so that the grain does not vegetate and here is where farmers are mistaken—they suppose they destroy the smut when in fact it is the unripe sickly grain which produces smut that they destroy.—I say again to my brother farmers, try it and my word for it you will not be sorry.

MUTTON.—We mean to repeat at least a thousand times, or till what we say has some effect on our countrymen that a pound of lean tender mutton can be raised for half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season is more agreeable to the palate when one gets accustomed to it and that those who eat it become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicate than smoked mutton hams of the South-down breed of sheep—venison itself is not superior. Sheep can be kept in fine growing order where other domestic animals will scarcely exist, and thousands of acres in the State under an enlightened system of sheep husbandry may be made to pay a good interest where now they are nearly dead property in the hands of their present owners.—*American Agriculturist*

The Grand Jury in the Circuit Court of Philadelphia have returned thirty seven true bills against the Christiana prisoners. Each indictment contains seven counts.

WINTER IS COMING.

Winter is coming say the papers: the time for social fireside chat, big fires, and roasted potatoes. Yes, many a precious opportunity does winter afford for happy converse and social enjoyment. But these are blessings that only a part of the human family may claim. There are those to whom the winter is a season of dread. Search through the Country and you will find many a cabin whose rough walls and elphoard roof admit the howling night winds that chill the frames of unhappy inmates. The storm storm from which the wealthy are secure, to them brings terror, aching and death.

There is too another class to whom winter brings no joy. It is the lonely, solitary being, who, disregarding the voice of nature, reason and religion, has settled down in the determination to sleep alone. Ah! you may pile on the blankets and quilts but it won't do. There is not warmth enough in all your icy bed. Mend your ways and get married; and enjoy the winter like a rational being.

To all, we would say take a newspaper. You, who have not tried it cannot imagine how it helps out the enjoyment of a winter's fireside, and the consciousness of having paid for it will add to the pleasantness of your dreams when you retire.—*Warrenton News*.

COURTSHIP BY ADVERTISEMENT.

Some time ago a shoemaker in Harris, being in want of a wife, advertised for one, and at the time and place was appointed was met by a female. Both were in earnest. The shoemaker, however, unluckily seemed to be of the same opinion that King Pedro was with regard to his wife, Mary of Arragon, that she was not so handsome as she might be good, so their meeting ended in mutual disappointment. The man advertised a second time appointed a different place for meeting and varying the words of the advertisement. He met the same lady, they recognized each other, could not choose but smile at the recognition, and, perhaps neither of them could choose but sigh. The persevering bachelor tried his lot a third time, and at the third place of appointment met the equally persevering spinster. At this meeting, neither could help laughing. They began to converse in good humor; and the conversation became so agreeable on both sides, and the circumstance so remarkable that this third interview led to a marriage.—*Inverness Courier*.

DECIDEDLY A GOOD ANECDOTE.

An old lady, resident of a neighboring place, kept a large family of turkeys perhaps sixty. She like a great many other people thought a great deal of her turkeys, consequently valued them very highly. Opposite her door was a West India goods store; the man who kept it one day emptied his casks of cherries intending to replace them with new. This old lady being economical thought it a great pity to have all these cherries wasted, and in order to have them saved she would just drive over her turkeys and let them eat them. In the course of the day the old lady thought she would look after them and see they were no mischief. She approached the yard and lo! in one corner laid her turkeys in one large pile dead! Yes they were "stone dead." What was to be done; Surely the old madron could not lose all the feathers. She must pick them. She called her daughters and picked them intending to have them buried in the morning. Morning came and behold there were her turkeys stalking, about the yard featherless enough, as may be supposed crying out "quit, quit;" feeling no doubt mortified that their drunken fit had been the means of losing their coats. Poor things if these had said "quit," before they had begun they would not have been in this bad fix. We would advise all young men, who are in the habit of drinking to leave off before they get picked; and to those who do not let every young lady say "quit."

THE MAGIC POWER OF A NAME.

The immortal bard of Avon asks, "what's in a name." There is more perhaps than was ever dreamed of in the philosophy of the poet. He did not live in times of high political excitement when men lose their reason in search of *ignea fatui*—vain shadows of the mind's own creation, that forever entice and still elude the grasp of the pursuer. It has been sufficiently demonstrated by the result of the late election that there is a potency in the name of Union that disarms every opposing influence, of whatever purpose, and however praiseworthy in its intrinsic

merits. It matters not how little entitled a party may be to a monopoly in the use of the name, or to what base uses in their hands it may be applied; it loses none of its charms it is still the magic trident, by which the Neptunes of the political ocean sway at will turbulent waters. Our opponents have managed well to secure this miraculous key to the hearts of men. They have held it up to the world as a divinity, deserving that reverence which a Hindoo pays to the image of his God; and thousands have bowed and worshipped it, as though the sun was setting for the last time on its glorious perfections.

It has been our first, last and only desire, in this contest to defend Southern honor and Southern institutions against the machinations of those who, we believe before God, are seeking their destruction and overthrow. We have witnessed the unprecedented growth of the abolition party at the North for the last few years—we have seen with the most poignant regret the feelings of hostility to slavery nurtured in our midst by a set of plotting and ambitious politicians whose patriotism is bounded by the horizon of their selfish aspirations; and we have exhorted the people of Georgia to awake from their slumbers ere the cursed chains of vassalage bound them forever—no danger—the Union is perpetual though slavery be annihilated.—We have conscientiously done our duty as a sentinel on the watch-tower of Liberty; let those into whose hands the destinies of the State have been confided use or abuse their trust; the eye of vigilance will not be removed.—*Milledgeville (Ga.) Union*.

A NEGLECTED WIFE.

Maria Louisa never loved Napoleon. How could she love him! He had grown old in camps, and amidst the toils of ambition; she was only nineteen. His soldier's heart was cold and inflexible as the spirit of calculation which accomplished his greatness. That of the fair German princess was gentle, timid, and pensive as the poetic dreams of her native land. She had fallen from the steps of an ancient throne; he had mounted upon his by the force of arms, and by trampling hereditary rights under foot. Her early prejudices and education had taught her to consider Napoleon as the scourge of God, the Atla of modern kingdoms, the oppressor of Germany, the murderer of princes, the ravager of nations, the incendiary of capitals; in a word, the enemy against whom her prayers had been raised to heaven from her cradle, in the palace of her ancestors. She regarded herself as a hostage conceded through fear to the conqueror, after the ungrateful and tolerated repudiation of a wife who had been the very instrument of her fortune. She felt that she had been sold, not given. She looked upon herself as the cruel ransom of her father and her country. She had resigned to her fate as an immolation. The splendors of an imperial throne were to her as the flowers decking a victim to sacrifice.—Cast alone and without a friend, into a court composed of parvenu soldiers, revolutionary courtiers, and bantering women, whose names, manners, and language were unknown to her, her youth was consumed in silent etiquette. Even her husband's first addresses were not calculated to inspire confidence.—There was something disrespectful and violent in his affection, he wounded even when he sought to please. His very love was rough and imperious; terror interposed between him and the heart of his young wife, and even the birth of an ardently desired son could not unite such opposite natures. Maria Louisa felt that to Napoleon she was only a medium of posterity—not a wife and a mother, but merely the root of an hereditary dynasty. The master of the world could not boast even the inherent virtue of love, faith and constancy to the one woman; his attachments were transient and numerous. He respected not the jealousies natural to the bosom of a wife; and though he did not openly proclaim his amours like Louis XIV., neither did he possess that monarch's courtesy and refinement. The most noted beauties of his own and of foreign courts were not to him objects of passionate love, but of irresistible transient desire; thus even mingling his contempt with his love. Napoleon's long and frequent absences, his severe and minute orders so strictly observed by a household of spies instead of friends, chosen rather to control than to execute the will of the Empress; his pettishness of temper on his frequent abrupt returns, morose and melancholy after experiencing reverses (he only recreations being ostentatious, tiresome, and frivolous cer-

emonies;) nothing of such a life, of such a character, of such a man, was calculated to inspire Maria Louisa with love. Her heart and her imagination expatriated in France, and remained beyond the Rhine! The splendors of the Empire might have consoled another; but Maria Louisa was better formed for the tender attachment of private life, and the simple pleasures of a German home.

EDUCATE THE PEOPLE.

Men of wealth, men of learning, pour instructions upon the heads of the people—you owe them that baptism. Look at the boy in the gutter! hatless, shoeless, and part of our sovereignty.—Should he not receive a sovereign education? Should he not be prepared for the throne our institutions have given him? There is a gem in every human form; let the diamond be polished, and it will shine in truth and beauty. There is still in the most debased "a beam still divine." And our motto should be—Teach and habituate the people to make a right use of the faculties which God hath given them, and then trust them fearlessly to themselves. Give democracies education, and freedom of action, and then "let them alone."

"Uneducated mind is decided vice," for God made man to know. He is the creature of instruction; for in a right education there is a divine alchymy which turns all the baser parts of man's nature into gold. We are told by the ancients that as soon as the first rays of the morning sun fell upon the statues of Memnon, it sent up music. It is after the first rays of knowledge fell upon man that his nature discourses harmony—all before is the darkness of barbarism.

All can see that wickedness leads to misery, yet very few find out that which is equally certain, that ignorance leads to misery, and misery to wickedness.—Dr. Johnson was once asked: "Who is the most miserable man?" and the reply of the sage was: "that man who cannot read on a rainy day." The writer was once passing through a park, and saw nailed to one of the trees this warning:—"All dogs found in this park will be shot." A friend who was with us remarked: "unless dogs can read they are pretty bad off here." Now God has not only written his laws upon the trees, but in the stars and to the flowers; his laws are above us and beneath us, on our right and on our left, and if man is not able to read, he is pretty bad off here—worse off than the dog, but the dog has a master to read for him; but man has no master between him and his God.

A maxim, of more truth and force than any I remember ever to have seen, was thrown off by a British statesman by a man who was in learning varied and philosophical, and who in conversation threw out more gems, sparkling and brilliant as they came, than any other man of his age. His profound apothegm was that "Education is the cheap defence of nations." And if I might put a truism by the side of this, I would say, it is cheaper to educate the infant mind than to support the aged criminal. Yes, bestow the *perice* on common schools, and save the *potands* on prisons. Man was not made to be sent to prison, but to be educated; and "the very worst use you can put a man to is to hang him." Neither is a man a Human Poor Box into whose mouth we are to drop a few cents daily. "The ignorant child left to grow up darkening into deeper ignorance of manhood, with all his jealousies, and its narrow mindedness and its superstitions, and its enjoyments: poor amid the intellectual and moral riches of the universe; blind in this splendid temple which God has lighted up, and famishing amid the profusions of omnipotence."

"O, woe for those who trample on the mind,
That fearful thing! They know not what they do
For what they deal with—
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there."

DARK HOURS.

There are hours, dark hours, that mark the history of the bright-year. For not a whole month in any of the millions of the past, perhaps, the sun shown brilliantly all the time. And there have been cold and stormy days in every year and yet the mists and shadows of the darkest hours were dissipated, and flitted heedlessly away.—The cruellest of the ice fetters have been broken and dissolved and the most furious storm loses its power to harm.

And what a parable is all this of human life—of our inside world where

the heart works at its destined labors. Here too we have the overshadowings of dark hours, and many a cold blast chills the heart to its core. But what matters it? Man is born a hero, it is only by darkness and storm that heroism gains its greatest and best development and illustrated then it kindles the black cloud into a blaze of glory and the storm bears it more rapidly to its destiny. Despair not then. Never give up while one good power is yours use it. Disappointment will be realized. Mortifying failure may attend this effort and that one; but only be honest and struggle on and it will work well.

NEWSPAPERS.

Newspapers are things that can be dispensed with—as costing money that might be saved. So is the schooling of our children—so indeed, are nine tenths of what it costs us to live. Almost any man might lay up money every year if he would live on bread and water and clothe himself in the cheapest manner he could;—but what of that! Who would live like a brute and die like a beggar, for the mere pleasure of *saving money*, which he cannot carry hence with him—though like a dead weight it may hang upon his soul at the last moment of his mortal existence! There are few such; five or ten in a million; and what wretched creatures are they? Most men, sensible that they must die are disposed to enjoy a little of the fruit of their toils; and nothing is perhaps more necessary to the enjoyment of society or self satisfaction in retirement, than a well-informed mind. It gives a zest to all things in prosperity and is the best resource in adversity. Newspapers, though not always conducted with talents and respectability are the best possible channels for an acquaintance with the affairs of the world, and to implant desires in the hearts of youth for more solid reading, as he goes on to maturity. In truth they are the great engine that moves the moral and political world, and are infinitely powerful to establish the character of a people, as well as to preserve their liberties and cannot be so easily dispensed with as some persons believe—unless indeed we think the trouble of self government is too great and agree to transfer the power of the state to the few that are ready to use it for their own advantage. But this cannot be the will of the people of the United States yet observing however the too general repugnance to reading, (though it prevails less with us than in any other country,) it is the duty of those who feel the pleasure and profit of it, to smooth the way to it and afford every facility that light and knowledge may be diffused. "An armed people and an unarmed magistracy," said Dickerson, "is the best guarantee of freedom." And while the body of the people read, and reflect—while the press is free and liberally supported, the sword of the magistracy is pointless, except as it is directed to execute the will of the people. How important, then, is it that that will should result from an enlightened mind!

LAW ANECDOTE.

The following is a literal extract of a deposition in the Irish Court of Common Pleas:

And this deponent further saith that on arriving at the house of said defendant, situated in the county of Galway aforesaid for the purpose of personally serving him with said writ, he said deponent knocked three several times at the outer commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock the fourth time when a man to this deponent unknown, holding in his hand a musket or blunderbuss loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent has since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of said house and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, said "that if said deponent did not instantly retire he would send his this deponent's soul to hell," which the deponent verily believes he would have done had not this deponent precipitately escaped.

If a man would not be dry, let him drink, drink, drink. If a man would be wise he must think, think, think. If a man would be rich, he must work, work, work. And if he would be fat he must eat pork, pork, pork.

But if a man with ease would study, he must eat, eat, eat little at his dinner of his meat, meat, meat. A youth to be distinguished in his art, art, art, must keep away the girls from his heart, heart, heart.