

# 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.

### PROFITS OF FARMING.

The New York State Agricultural Society are in the habit of awarding, at their annual meetings, premiums for the most successful management of farms. In 1850, the second of these premiums, a silver cup, valued at \$30, was taken by Daniel D. T. Moore, esq., of Waterleight, Albany county. The written statement of his operations, made under oath, is very full and interesting; and we wish we had room to present it to our readers without abridgement. His success is enough to make the old-fashioned farmers fairly open their eyes with astonishment, and shows what skill, and energy, and perseverance may accomplish. He is growing rich on the same land where others have become poor.

His farm consists of one hundred and eighty-five acres, situated upon the light sandy soil near Albany. For fifty years before it came into his possession, it had been under lease, and for a portion of that time in the market. The tenants held it only from year to year, and consequently had no incentives to make improvements. Each one worked it upon the principle of realizing the greatest profit at the least expense. Under this system of exhaustion, it became so reduced that the last tenant considered it no longer worth the rent of a hundred dollars, for the whole yearly sales of produce were only about four times that amount. The buildings and fences were in a ruinous condition; the fruit trees were old and diseased; and a good part of the premises were allowed to run to waste.

Mr. Moore purchased in opposition to the advice of his friends, and in November, 1845, he took possession. He was unprepared to pay down the whole of the purchase money, so that he has been obliged to pay as interest more than the former occupant had paid as rent. The dwelling-house he sold for fifty dollars, but the barn was worth so little that he tore it down. He then erected comfortable and substantial buildings, and commenced enclosing the tract with a post and board fence. In five years time he has succeeded in rendering the soil as fertile and productive as the very best in his vicinity, and, as we have seen above, has taken a premium from the State Society for his good management. The total receipts in 1850 over four thousand eight hundred dollars; and the profits, after deducting the farm and family expenses, exceed twenty-six hundred dollars!

Such an instance of success should be known over the whole country. Farming is too often looked upon as a poor business, not adapted to persons of intelligence and enterprise. Young men flock to the city in crowds, in the hope of bettering their condition; while those who remain under the paternal roof never take an interest in their occupation, and are content with a mere subsistence. Those who fail in farming would probably fail in other and more respectable pursuits; but many that make capital farmers would prove poor merchants. Commerce is a gigantic lottery, where at least ninety-five out of a hundred draw blanks; the prizes are magnificent, but they are few in number. The soil is a faithful servant, which will restore the five talents, with other five which they have gained. Its rewards are slow, but sure; it gives a living to all, and to skill, foresight, and iron-hearted industry, and unflinching perseverance, it offers a competence—moderate, yet sufficient. Let the farmer possess the secret of success—a good management—and he need never complain of ill-luck, or grumble at the caprices of fortune.—*American Courier.*

A Western editor, who is an old bachelor, says, "We never cared a farthing about getting married until we attended an old bachelor's funeral.—God grant that our latter end may not be like his."

### TO PROMOTE THE HEALTH OF CATTLE.

Mix, occasionally, one part of salt with five or six parts of wood ashes, and give the mixture to different kinds of stock, summer and winter. It promotes their appetite, and tends to keep them in a healthy condition. It is said to be good against bots in horses, murrain in cattle, and rot in sheep.

Feed all animals regularly. They not only look for their food at the usual time, but the stomach indicates the want at the usual period. Therefore feed morning, noon, and evening, as near the same times as possible.

Guard against the wide and injurious extremes of satiating with excess and starving with want. Food should be of suitable quality, and proportioned to the growth and fattening of animals, and to their exercise. Animals that labor need far more food and that which is more nutritious than those that are idle.

Guard all descriptions of stock against cold and exposure, especially against cold storms of rain, sleet, and damp snow, and lying out on the cold ground in cold nights, in the spring and fall.

In a dry time, see that animals have a good supply of pure water. When the fountains are low, they drink the drainings of fountains, streams and passages of water, which are unwholesome.

If barns and stables are very tight and warm, ventilate in mild weather, even in winter.

In feeding animals on apples or roots, begin with a small quantity, and gradually increase it. It would be better to have all changes in food made gradually, when there is a material difference in the nature of the food; as from hay to grass, and the reverse; from much fodder to much grass, and the reverse.—*American Veterinarian.*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE PRESS AND THE PEOPLE.

One of the most gratifying—because most certain—indications of the greatly increased interest felt by our people in everything appertaining to mental improvement and advancement, is the very perceptible difference manifested, during the last few years, in the style, tone and character of the country press of the South. The rural population, the dwellers amidst the fields, are the real conservators, the true governors of this country. They have the numerical majority, the actual capital and the effective strength—without which, nothing can be accomplished.

A city newspaper is not a certain indicator of the mental culture or moral tone of those who dwell in the place from whence it is published. If it has its circulation exclusively within the city—it is still merely the organ or medium of a moiety of the whole—of a single class or party; forming no criterion for any others than its own supporters. But it is often the case that those city journals which have the most extensive circulations, are scarcely to be met with in the places where their offices are located—their subscribers being scattered over the length and breadth of the land, therefore, they show nothing but the prevalence of a certain species of taste, in various isolated individuals. But, with the newspapers published in the Districts and Counties of the Southern States, the case is very different. Nearly every District and County now having its own, these publications must necessarily depend upon the subscriptions of the citizens of their own sections, in a great measure, for their sustenance.—To secure this—for without it they cannot hold up—the papers must be suited to the prevalent public opinion and moral tone of those whose countenance they seek. Consequently, we think we are correct in regarding a District or County journal, as a just index, a thermometer, as it were, by which to surely judge of the character of the people amidst whom it is published.

Judged of by this standard, gauged by their papers, a high position are our people entitled to in point of general intelligence, pure morals, and refined taste; and also great praise do they deserve for the enlightened liberality which causes them to furnish means for establishing so many useful and valuable monitors and disburers of information. For, taking them as a whole, we are certain that as regards the editorial ability displayed in their management, the style of their mechanical execution, and the salutary influence exercised by their contents, the country press of the Southern States is far

ahead of the provincial journals of any other part of the world.—*Family Friend.*

### THE WRONG JUG.

"I haint never told none on you about the time when the boys made sich a terrible mistake in the jugs, has I, boys?" asked old Uncle Billy Landers, to a crowd who had gathered around him during court week, in the town of L—, Ala., for Uncle Billy was a great story teller, and always 'had a crowd' when he was in town.

"No, let's hear it, Uncle Billy," said a dozen voices.

"Well, just hand that corn sperits over here a minit, first. This here weather's so demed hot that a white man of good rasion can't talk 'bout imbibing occasionally."

Here the old man took a drink of the 'sperits' that would have rendered almost any other man tight, but which only made him talkative. Then setting down the jug he drew an old greasy silk handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the perspiration from his face, and commenced:

"Well, you see, boys, I never likes to tell this here story, cause I ain't disposed to be hard on the poor fellows, but its raly too good to keep. Last spring a lot of us, Job Dowdy, the Sturdivent, Joe Dobbs, and some other boys in my deesticr, concluded we'd take a load of truck down to Wetumpky and sell it, and buy such little things as the wimmen folks wanted. We had a mighty pert time of it goin down, as it was a mighty lively crowd of us. Nothin curious or interestin, though, didn't happen, and we all arriv down to Wetumpky 'right side up,' as they say on the boxes of glass.

"Wetumpky is the derndest biggest place ever I hearn of, and I do believe they has eve-ry-thing thar, and a little more. Book-stores, printin offices, dreg stores, and licker-shops, where they have more different kind of sperits than we ever hear of, way here in the backwood—old Kogniak, bout a thousand year old, rot-gut, Tennessee, Monongahaly, and every other kind in the world, and more too. But I tell you, boys, if you aint usen'd to it, be keerful how you tech that truck what they call shampagne, for its the derndest stuff to fly inter a feller's head you ever hearn of. One of them thar store fellers what had bought my cotton, tuck me down to the bar-room (that's what they call the licker shops) an' called for some shampagne, and axed me to drink with him; and as that's somethin' yer old Uncle Billy never has no objections to, I jest takened a few drinks, and the way it set the old man's head a spinnin was curious.

"Well, arter we'd sold out our truck, and hid in what we wanted, we tuck up our march for home, which there was several of us, and a good long string of wagons. When we got to the camp the first night, I felt powerful tired, which I had walked a good deal and had takened a good deal of sperits with them Wetumpy fellers, the derndest chaps for 'treatin' ever this child started up, and I went to bed yearly, leavin the boys round the fire, talkin bout matters an things.

"Next mornin I got up, and found most all of 'em was gone off from the camp, and them that was thar looked mighty pale and sickly like. Thinks I, what kin be the matter with these here boys? You see I didn't suspicion nothin of them as wasn't thar, cause I thought they was walkin about lookin at the country. Presently they commenced stragglin in, but all of 'em looked pale and sick, like them at the fire. Thinks I somethin's wrong, we'll see what it is 'fore long. Like Sturdivent's old nigger, Tom, was the cook for the crowd, and purty soon the hoe-cake and ham was ready for us; but none of 'em didn't have no appetite. Thinks I, them there boys has been a speerin of it last night while I was asleep, and they feels bad this mornin. Every now and then one of 'em would shoot off like a rocket, and come back arter a little lookin worse than ever. Never mind, ses I, somethin's wrong.

"Arter breakfast I commenced hitchin up to start, but most of the boys looked like they was too sick to get off, and 'as I didn't want to leave 'em I unhitched agin and tuck a seat to watch. Some of 'em was lyn on the grass with their arms under their heads, some settin up against trees tryin to look like they didn't feel bad, while some were settin with their elbows on their knees, and their heads down, lookin for all the world like they had lost all their relations. Arter I had looked at 'em long enough, I got up to the wagon, where I had a jug of

mighty good Monongahaly, and tho' I'd give the boys a dram, as it might do 'em good. When I got thar, the whole thing was plain as daylight.—Thar sot two jugs, as like as two peas, one kinder stuck back in the wagon, whar I had put it, and the other settin in front with the cork out. You see the boys know'd I had good licker in my wagon, which I was a better judge of the article than any of 'em, so as soon as I was asleep they goes to the wagon to sample it; but the two jugs was so much alike they got hold of one what had in it—what do yer reckon?—not Monongahaly, but castor ole!—Mr. Dobbs was the first one sampled it, and he was determined the balance should be fooled as well as him, and thar they had drunk, amongst 'em, nigh on to a gallon of castor ole. And didn't I laugh when I found it out? I think you might a heerd me all that day, but it larnt 'em a lesson, I hope, not to be medlin with other people's jugs. Jest pass them sperits over this way, will you?—talkin makes a man mighty dry."

And the old fellow took another drink.

### SMALL DEBTS—OR WHAT FIVE DOLLARS PAID.

Mr. Herriot was sitting in his office, one day, when a lad entered, and handed him a small slip o' paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant I will settle this soon. It isn't just convenient to-day."

Now, Mr. Herriot had a five dollar bill in his pocket; but he felt as if he couldn't part with it. He didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man, and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still farther.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "It's Grant's money, and not mine; and what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as the boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Didn't get the money?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"Oh, dear! I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen, and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant. "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow, and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure, Herriot came in, and after some words of apology, paid the bill.

"Run and get this bill changed into silver for me," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as the silver was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee, and three to Mr. Weaver, across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this mornin, and sorry I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden. But, I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in.—But call in to-morrow, and you shall have the money to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I haven't a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much at the grocer's where I deal, that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled, and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this mornin," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't

the money when you sent for it awhile ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here's just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt due to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy colored woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting Mrs. Eldred's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus he able to provide an evening and morning's meal for herself and children. The other half dollar was paid to the baker when he called towards evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge four small debts, and, at the same time to reestablish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee.—On her arrival home, empty handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened up as she came in; but, there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said—

"I'm very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she forced into life instantly faded, and she succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half-choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"O, yes, ma'am very badly; I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully, from the cold air in the room."

"Hav'n't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, suppressed tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an exclamation of pain was about passing her lips when the door of her room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing wants at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar.—That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during the day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now had nearly given up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from shoemaker Grant.

"Half an hour later, and that pocket book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

**ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.**—Let the business of every one alone, and attend to your own. Don't buy what you don't want. Use every hour to advantage, and study to make even leisure hours useful. Think twice before you spend a shilling—remember you will have another to make for it. Buy low, sell fair and take care of the profits. Look over your books regularly, and

if you find an error, trace it out. Should a stroke of misfortune come upon you in trade, retrench—work harder, but never fly the track. Confront difficulties with unflinching perseverance, and they will disappear at last; though you should even fall in the struggle, you will be honored—but shrink, and you will be despised.

### DESCRIPTION OF A SUNSET.

The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of clouds through which he had travelled the livelong day; and which now assembled all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendor gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapors; forming out of their unsubstantial gloom, the show of pyramids and towers; some touched with gold, some with purple, some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still; reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and splendid coloring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that incessantly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side; whose recently offended dignity did not stoop to open any conversation. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point or headland after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rocks, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock Bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices a shelter for unnumbered sea-fowl in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of men. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging toward their nests with the shrill and discordant clamor which announces disquietude and fear.

The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon; and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard for some time; and its effects became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges, and sink in deeper furrows; forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Appalled by this sudden change of weather, Miss Wardour drew close to father, and held arm fast. "I wish," at length she said, but almost in a whisper, as if ashamed to express her increasing apprehension, "I wish we had kept the road we intended, or waited at Monkbarns for the carriage."

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

The purest altar of love is the heart of a mother.

Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let a parent make a companion of a child, converse with him familiarly, put to him questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts, the result of his reading or observation, awaken his curiosity, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, the reason of things—and all this in an easy playful manner, with out seeming to impose a task, and he himself will be astonished at the progress which will be made. The experiment is so simple that none need hesitate about its performance.

Nothing sits so gracefully upon children, and makes them so lovely, as habitual respect and dutiful deportment towards their parents and superiors.

Pleasure is sometimes only a change of pain. A man who has had the gout, thinks he feels first rate when he gets down to rheumatism again.