

JAMES H. NORWOOD, EDITOR.]

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To thine ownself be true ; And it must follow as the night the day ; Thou canst not then be false to any man .- HANLET.

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AGRICULTURE.

THE BEST INHERITANCE.

It is frequently remarked, the education is of little use to the farmer; a very little science will do for him. Great knowledge is only beneficial in the professional man. Expressions of this sort are founded upon a false estimate of one of the most useful and elevated professions of life.

If the habitual business of the cultivator does not afford the mental powers a field for their most extended exercise. we know not where to look for such a field. The Study of agriculture unites to the theory of science the very essential material of its practical parts. It truly learned.

Nearly all that is useful in our pilgrimage through life is drawn from the earth. The main use of science is to yellow skin .- Bowen's N. A. Farmer. and it probably never would have been explore the minutiæ of nature, to fathom its secret caverns, and to bring forth the hidden possessions of the earth into comprehensible identity. Where, then, is the occupation that so richly furnishes a perpetual supply of mental food as that of agriculture. In the constant exercises and every day labor of the farmor, the business of the science is progressing, if his intellect had been set right in the education of his youth. The theory is all essential, for this conprosecute the study of human nature to

tance in that undicovered country beyond the land of death.

WHAT COWS SHOULD FARMERS KEEP .- What qualities are necessary to constitute a good cow? A good milker alone, does not, in our judgment make a good cow ; neither does a good breeder nor a feeder. It is the three qualities combined that make the cow. Give us a cow that is good for milk, quality as well as quantity considered : and one that when dried of her milk, will with proper care and attention, take on flesh rapidly, and for one, we rest for awhile, at least, satisfied. And advance in improvement until we can accomplish our object.

To posses the first of these qualities, a cow should have a fine head, a little wide above the eyes, but quite small below, and appear somewhat long.— Her nose should be of a rich yellow color, or at all events, not black. We do not know of any fullblooded stock of which it follows until finally it of any breed with black noses, but they frequently appear on stock as high bred as fifteen-sixteenths. Her neck should be very small where it joins the head but widening and deepening as it ap-proaches the shoulders and briskets.— Her udder should be of a good size and makes the study experimentally and not inclined to fieshiness; large milk traordinary in the appearance of the veins and small, delieate horns ; they may be long in some breeds, but they should be fine, and she should have a

THE FARMER'S HOME.

From an essay on this subject by Mr. Luke Derwin, we take these suggestions :

"There is no farmer too poor, in our free land-too poor to have a beautiful home of his own ; for it needs not or pond, which remains full, or nearly wealth to make it peaceful and happy. God has scattered the means all around us, and a pleasant labor will be sufficient to beautify and adorn it. Spare known as Indian Hole. stitutes the implement by which he is to a little ground around your dwelling "Here, scattered wild, the lily of the vale for a lawn, trees, and flowers. You Its balmy essence breathes ; here cowslips lant the trees. can find leisure to your daughters will, I trust gladly attend to the vines and flowers. It will take but little time, and once engaged in the work, you will reap a rich re-ward in the labor itself, and feel within you the happy feeling which can only be felt in adorning and making more pleasant your home. True the ground thus devoted might be more useful, in a mere dollars and cents point of view planted with corn; but if refinement of feeling and increased love of home are any recompense for a few paltry dollars and cents, then this little will pay most usurious interest upon all the capital invested. If keeping your child from vicious influence, and teaching them to love their birth place, and care for irs appearance, is anght gained; then rich will be the yearly, yea, and daily return from this small spot! Gladly as they grow older will they tend, and still more beautify it; 'Home, Sweet Home,' will ever in their after life exert its purifying influence on their feelings leading them to toil earnestly to make

ment, and prepare them for an inheri- from their physical organization, falling red tribes of the forest were scattered his tribe. There will be mourning in roves through the green woodlands in condensed drops from their fingers and face.

MISCELLANEOUS. THE LEGEND OF INDIAN HOLE.

A TALE OF HARRIS COUNTY, TEXAS. BY "ESPERANCE."

CHAPTER I.

Amidst the broad plain that the Rio San Jacinto bounds on the north, and the Brazos on the south, rises the small called Clear) Creek. Like all streams until we can raise up an entire herd of or bayous of its class, it presents no-cows, each one of which shall possess thing remarkable in its appearance.these excellencies, our aim shall be to During the Summer and Fall-the dry season-the bed near its source remains nearly destitute of water; but, as you descend, the waters increase, the banks become wider, and the timber, which was but small and scatterswells out to a large forest, and the creek enters Clear Lake; through the Lake the bayou forces its way on, winding along through prairie and woodland, until it empties its waters into the broad Bay of Galveston.

As I remarked, there is nothing excreek, either in its size or length, to distinguish it from many others similar, and in the same section of country; so but for a scene enacted on its banks

-the memory of which is still green in the recollection of many. Some six or eight miles from its source, the bayou swells out around a kind of extend from the forests and canebrakes point or projection of the bank, and of the Trinity to the surf-beaten shore then, contracting again, forms a basin of the Gulf of Mexico. so, of sweet clear water, during the entire summer. This is a lovely spot, and the one our tale refers to,-it is

lurk,

ed over the bones of your ancestorsthe golden grain of Ceres waves over their tombs! "Your day is o'er

Your fires are out from shore to shore: No more for you the wild deer bounds-The plough is on your hunting grounds. The pale man's axe rings through your woods,

The pale man's sail skims o'er the floods; Your pleasant springs are dry.

Your children-look, by power oppressed. Beyond the mountains of the West-Your children go-to die!"

Among the many hostile tribes with whom the white men were often engaged in deady strife, there were none they encountered more frequently, or who made more desperate resistance, than that of the Caronqueways. This as; and, from their number, bravery, and savage character, were more dreaded than all others. Numerous and deadly were the encounters they had with their white foes-defeat, instead of weakening their courage, served but to exasperate them the more-they fought long and well, and were among

At the time of our tale, but a few years had elapsed since this part of the country had been settled by emigrants; and the feud was at its height. Scarcely a twelve month would pass away without witnessing the blazing of some

Their dewy heads, and putple violets and fearul retribution that followed. Such was the state of affairs when a report came to the settlers, on and near the Brazos, that a large party of Caronqueway Indians had just returned from a successful foray against a

like leaves befove the whirlwind. . Ma- the lodges of the Caronqueways. Cos- and wide fields where she had so often ny were the bloody scenes enacted; hatte has fought by his white brothers; strayed, listening to the singing bird but, for every white man's scalp taken, a dozen aborigines bit the dust. The Indians fled-leaving their hills and drank their blood-it is good, but the indians fled-leaving their hills and drank their blood-it is good, but the plains, their homes and the graves of heart of Coshatte is not happy. White of Keleotuc! No more will she greet their forefathers in the possession of men, listen! But two moons have them living ! the conquerors. Unhappy race! Years passed since I accompanied the warhave passed away, and the places that riors and young braves of my tribe to around her. See! they are heaping once knew you know you no more!- the hig plains of the West to chase the up the fagots. Listen to the taunts The forest that once sheltered the wild-horse and to hunt the buffalo .- they cast upon their gentle victim ; lodges of your tribe, and echoed to Our old men, our women and children, but she answers not-she hears them the dance and war-whoop, is now we left behind us-for we were at not. Like the dying swan, she pours usurped by the rising city! The peace with the white man, and we her latest breath in touchang melody. but well-known stream of Clare (now ploughshare has again and again pass- dreamed no harm from our red brothers; but we were mistaken-the Caronqueway wolves had their spies upon solemn chant, she sings, "Green carth! us, and but a few days had we left when bright flowers! running waters! bear they attacked our village. They kill- hence, far away unto Coshatte, the ed our old men, they carried off our young brave, the last sigh of Keleotuc! women and children, and our tents are but a heap of ashes!

"White men, listen! Among the prisoners is our head chief's daughter, her kindred-let it burn in the hearts of Keleotuc-'the wild flower'-the pride her tribe. Companions of my childof our tribe, and the betrothed wife of hood, ye birds of sweet note, sing my Coshatte. His heart cannot be happy, requiem! Silvery stream of the mounnor will he rest while she remains a tain, murmur forth my name! And prisoner among the destroyers of his now, Great Father, listen to thy suffertribe. Coshatte has spoken. Will his ing child! Oh! sond forth thy wingwhite brothers aid him in taking the ed messengers-speed them quickly bird from the elutches of the hawk ?"

ment, his looks so appealing, and the flashing through the sky I see them ! tribe inhabited the entire coast of Tex. grief he felt evidently so sincere that, Their snowy pinions beat the air, and although the white men were worn songs of joy are floating round. Weldown by fatigue and excitement, they with one accord determined to pursue the robbers and rescue the prisoners, if robe! To your outstretched arms] alive, at all hazards. As soon as the come! I come!' dead were buried and the wound d properly attended to-a few being left to guard them-the company proceedlonely 'squatter's hut-the murder of where we will leave them for the pre- could gain a cover, the party of whites

Now are the warriors gathering Her soft, flute-like tone of voice comes floating through the midnight air. In spirit of the waving trees! whisper fourth through the air-let the fate of the 'wild flower' reach the home of on-let them shield and bear me to The Indian's gestures were so vehe- thy bosom! Hark! like meteors come, sweet shadows of the spirit land! Welcome, bright sisters of the starry

Thus sang Keleotuc, as a warrior seized a lighted torch and hurled it at her feet. Quickly the dry brush ignied at once on the track of the fugitives. ted, and a canopy of smoke, black as The Indian took the lead, showing all a volume from hell, rose flercely to the the eagerness and instinct of a blood- sable sky. One wild shriek of agony hound; and often, when every vestige burst from the dying girl as the flames. of the trail was lost, he would, by his wreathing round, blasted her with its unerring sagacity, find and pursue it fiery breath; a maddened howl of dewith a rapidity that left the others far rision from the infuriated savages anbehind. On the evening of the second swered her. A moment more, and a day, about sunset, the party reached crashing sound from the tramp of feet Clear Creek about four miles below, was heard, and, before the Indians his wife and children, and the quick sent, pursuing their course which led burst forth from the adjoining thicket, and poured out the contents of their rifles upon them. " Then arose so wild a vell Within that dark and narrow dell. As if the fiends from Heaven that fell Had pealed their banner-cry of Hell. The Indians, although losing several of their number, and taken entirely by surprise, maintained their ground for some time, fighting hand to hand with the courage of despair and the ferocity of tigers. The blow of the tomahawk, the thrust of the knife, the shricks of the wounded and dying, were now intermingled with the shouts of encouragement from one party and the yell of defiance from the other. None expected or asked for mercy, but fought desperately, like the wolf, to the last gasp. In the mean time, the flames rolled on, lighting up the scene of battle with all its horrors-bringing every combattant into full view. Foremost, from the commencement of the affray, was Coshatte, who, wielding his war-club, fought with the fury of a maniac, in the direction where he had discovered Keleotuc bound and enveloped with fire. None withstood him, for he struck down all who opposed, and made his way, through flame and smoke, to the side of the Indian girl. With one sweep of his knife he severed the bonds that held her, and springing back, bore her out of reach-but, alas, too late! No sooner did the blackenher heaving bosom. Now and then ed and charred remains of the young girl meet his gaze, as he bore her body off, than, with a cry like that of a wild beast, he dropped his burden and rushed amid the fight. Already was his arms, face, and breast deluged with blood, and now his knife at every thrust was deeply painted with its gory color. On he rushed to the very centre of the enemy, and, in despite of the wounds and blows he received from all sides. he grappled with the chief, and bore ed to be the prey of great emotion .- when winter's icy breath has touched him, writhing and struggling, to the blazing fire that still roared and hissed for its victim. With a bound like that of a panther, he sprang with his enemy full in the midst of the roaring column of flame that shot forth its forked trouble. The Indian drew himself up, and, dropping the buffalo robe which had covered his breast, so as to give man—a sacrifice to be offered on the scured the view; then thousands of bright sparks ascended and fell again knew that even now those chosen for like hail on the green sward around .-An instant more, and Coshatte-his whole person, even to his long scalped no prophet's warning voice as to the result of this encroachment on the hunting grounds of their forrefathers. seent his blood, and are whetting their hunting grounds of their forrefathers.

its practical utility.

A man can not go forth upon the land with any good degree of promise in scientific experiment, without the light of past experience upon his pathway, and this he can only obtain by a passage through the literary institutions of the country, where the results of the labors of the learned for ages are collected together, and made accessible to the student. To attempt a prosecution of the sciences independent of the past experience, as we sometimes incline to consider ourselves, would be vain .-There is scarcely a discovery of modern times, but has borrowed something of its proportions or utility from the mind of antiquity.

That the farmer, by a scientific cultivation of his land, can increase, to a very great extent its productions, there does not exist a rational doubt. And that the time is coming when there will be actual necessity for this increase of production, there is every appearance. It is, therefore, not only wise and expedient to commence or to carry on now. but it is a high duty which is owed to posterity, in consideration of all the blessings which past ages have bequeathed us.

Permit us therefore to impress upon the minds of the farmers the very great usefulness of education. Give your sons and daughters not the less education, because you design them for rural life and educate them-they will find abundant employment for all their science, though their farms be located in the deep wilderness of the west; though they be cast amid barren rocks every gardener and farmer. and sterile sand plains, science will aid them there.

Not a blade of grass nor a spear of grain but will grow better under the ultivation of intellectual care. Not a flower, but will show beauties to the ted hands superintend its growth. In short, all nature is beautified improved and bettered, where the cultivator is no stranger to its propeties and the science

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of its developments. Farmers, give your children educa-tion. It is the only earthly inheritance enduring companion of your children paper with emanations of mind, corus-through life, it will support them in all cations of genius, and gems of thought, the afflictions of Providential chastise. How will cover it with evaporations and, in the struggle that followed, the will be missed from the council fire of troth was plighted. Now her fancy them. His enemies—the few Caron-

for themselves in their second childhood such a sweet resting place as that in which their carlier years were passed.

SEED POTATOES .- Now is the time to select and look over your seed potatoes, Spread them out thin on the celerfloor, turn them frequently, do not allow them to sprout, the frequent tarning prevents it and reserves the energies of the tuber to make a healthful growth as soon as it is deposited in its destination in the soil. This is no theory. It is a solid pratical fact for

TEMPERATURE AND EDITORIALS .-The New York Commercial Advertiser tells the following pleasant story : It is told of some clergyman that, while laboring under embarrassment eye of science, which the yulgar world in the treatment of his subject, he obknows not of. Not a vine but rears served slight signs of weariness and finer, and produces more, where educa-dissatisfaction on the part of his audience, whereupon, leaning over the desk, and fixing his eye upon an individual whose lip was more openly curled in contempt, he said, "If any of you think you can do better than I am doing, you can come up and try." Now tion. It is the only earthly inheritance you can bequeath them, that is beyond the reach of accident. All other hu-man property is constantly changing and transitory. Science is not trans-ferable—not like the mutability of oth-er goods, negotiable. Firm and unsha-ken by human vicissitude, it will be the if any one thinks that writing editorienduring companion of your children paper with emanations of mind, corus-

With all the lowly children of the shade." Look around you whilst we are here, and behold this vast extended plain that spreads out before us in solemn grandeur, its unbroken view extending far away in the distant horizon, where the blue-arched sky seems to descend and meet it in gentle embrace! What author's pen can do justice to this like prairie fire, and very soon every boundless prairie ocean? Its magni-tude reminds one of the Atlantic, and its grassy ridges waving in long rolls. his gun and marched to a designated with the sunlight glistening in the vallevs, also call to mind the ocean's swell after the gale has passed. Who can paint the bright flowers of rainbow tint that stud its bosom, whose odorthe prairies breath-scents the air, transports the weary hunter into an elysium sweeter than that created by the fairy music, or the Musselman's vision of his future Paradise!

Let us dismount, and, whilst our horses are grazing the tender 5 oung grass, we will recline under the shade of this oak, and in the meantime, enjoying the soft air from the Gulf, and the warbling of birds overhead, I will relate to you the history of this place -the Legend of Indian Hole.

CHAPTER II.

For ages these green woodlands and plains were unknown and untenanted -the deep, oppressive silence which reigned over all, unbroken save by the war-whoop of the savage, the howling pet's note above the din of battleof beasts, and the tramp of wild horses and buffalo. But, anon, a change following the white men in every charge came over the spirit of the scene .--The fame of the country spread abroad had gave way-when the noise and -its rich lands, salabrious climate, confusion of the conflict had subsided and abundance of game were strong inducements to the emigrating portion of the western people. The white man appeared—his rifle rang through field and forest; the gigantic old trees -patriarchs! venerable in years, and gray headed with their mantles of moss-bowed beneath the sharp strokes of his axe .- Soon cabins arose, formsettlement was formed, and their foothold made good against the nations of the wilderness.

tribe friendly to the whites; and that they, flushed with their late victory, were now preparing to attack and exterminate the settlers. This news spread man and boy within fifty miles, capable of bearing arms, had shouldered point, where all were enrolled into a company. As soon as possible, they reached the encampment of Indians, and the memorable fight with the Caronqueways near the pass of that name took place soon after. Many of the combatents say the fight was well and ly gave way-not before, however, they had lost half their and made their

Clear Creek. With the white men engaged in this Indian warrior. He belonged to the tribe whose village had been lately sacked and destroyed by the same band. He it was who brought the inly supplicated their aid in chastising very-his war-cry ringing like a trumcutting down all who opposed him, and the following effect-

direct to this spot. CHAPTER III.

It was midnight. A large fire burned brightly in the bosom of this ravine. throwing a strong glare upon the forms of about forty warriors, who stood, with bows and war-clubs in their hands, in a circle around it. Many a head and limb bore frightful marks of a recent conflict; and every face wore an aspect as hideous as paint and rage could make it. Some few lay around wrapped in skins, and appeared, from their restless motions and the occasional groans that proceeded from them, to be desperately wounded. Some exciting topic had evidently been lately discussed and settled by the warriors in council; and, from the large heap of brush and dry wood that lay piled

bloodily contested. The Indians final- up close by, and from the angry gestures that were occasionally directed to a particular spot, it was not hard to escape with their prisoners towards divine what it was, nor that which was soon to follow. Close by the group of warriors, and in full view, fied hand fight, was a tall, finely-formed, young and foot to a tall stake, was an Indian girl. Her feet and arms were swollen and bloody, from many wounds inflicted by thorns and briars. An embroidered and highly dressed skin of some wild telligence to the whites, and had eager- animal hung in strips from her shrinking body, disclosing a form youthful them, and rescuing some of his tribe, and full of beauty. Her head was still prisoners in their hands. During bowed in deep dejection, from which the encounter he fought with great bra- the long dark hair flowed wildly over her eyes would wander restlessly over the painted faces of her captors, seeking, but in vain, to catch some ray of that was made. But after the enemy hope in their unpitying glances; but for this, she neither moved nor stirred, and, to all appearances, was as inani--and the whites were busily engaged mate as the trees that towered around in burying the dead and relieving the her. As well might she expect mercy wounded, Coshatte-for such was his as the young lamb when the jaws of name-retired to a short distance, and, the wolf have fastened upon him-or covering his head with his rohe, seem- her sweet namesake, "the wild flower," The captain of the company, seeing it. Her fate was sealed! Soon, very ing him evidently in distress, and fear- soon would her fragile body be given ing he was severely wounded, called to the fiery heat of the blazing fagot, ing the nucleus of a settlement. Hun-dreds of hardy pioneers poured in from the valley of the Mississippi, bringing with them their all. Settlement after full freedom to his gestures, spoke to altar of Indian superstition ! She The Red men soon sought the de-struction of the intruders, for it need-the red wolf been struck. The mence their infernal offices upon her.