

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.

TREES.

"Trees furnish us with fuel, timber, fruit; Yet, not for this alone I press their suit; They have their language, sympathies and voice— With hearts that leap for joy they can rejoice, And mourn with mourning hearts."

Reader, have you planted a tree, a bush or a vine—ready to bud and blossom on the balmy air of spring? If you have not, then have you neglected a great duty, and left unclosed a link that might bind you to home, country, and happiness. He who plants a tree, feels that there is a connecting link between animate and inanimate nature—that he has done something which is not entirely for self; and will feel an elevation of soul which the slave of Mammon can never know. It is gratifying to see the taste for trees extending over the country; and in large cities, where it is impossible to have them in life, the cemetery is the arbor which clothes death in beauty, and weeping trees "mourn with mourning hearts" over human dust. The weeping evergreens being introduced, are of great beauty; and as soon as they can be procured, should grace every homestead. It is a great relief for the eye in the cheerless, leafless winter, to rest on their bright green foliage. But as these are comparatively scarce, the fruit and flowering tree might have been planted. Who would be such a drone in the great hive of nature, as not to produce one useful fruit, or one single flower of beauty? Spring is now upon us. Look out upon its beauty, world, and say how much have you helped the smiles! With this annual return of spring, the habitual planter of trees can feel a patriotic and philanthropic joy in seeing others enjoy the shade, the bloom, fruit, and beauty of his planting. What a paradise this sunny South would be if every household would embellish the homestead with trees. There are thousands of homesteads yet to be settled within the circulation of this journal, that are thickly studded with majestic trees—trees the growth of centuries. And yet the sacrilegious axe goes at once to the roots, and the growth of centuries falls in an hour—not even leaving a memento that here once was a primeval forest! Oh! we could weep to see those patriarchs fall; for in our short life they've ear can rise again. Fathers, and husbands, in pursuit of new homes, if you would build up associations of pleasure for your family, save the venerable trees. If you would encourage virtue in your children, encourage the planting of trees; their development and beauty teach the unseen power of God, and make home the Mecca, which the pilgrim children will sigh to revisit, and will be loth to leave.—Soil of the South.

THE GRAPE.

This is one of the oldest fruits in existence, having been extensively cultivated by the earliest farmers for wine. It is found in almost every clime, and is indigenous here. Our native grapes are superior for the southern culture to any of the foreign varieties that have yet been introduced. It is easy of propagation, growing freely from cuttings and layers. In a deep rich soil, abounding in lime, the grape is a long-lived plant, but for some cause not yet explained, they are becoming a plant in Middle Georgia and Alabama; eight to ten years being their average life; but they are so easily propagated and produce fruit so quickly that it is almost like serving an annual crop. Most of the grapes strike freely from cuttings, and bear freely the second year, and the third are in their greatest perfection. Among the grapes which strike frequently from cuttings, the Catawba and Warrenton are found to suit our own locality better than most others; being fine table grapes, and excellent for wine. Grape cuttings may be put out either in the fall or spring; let there be from three to five buds on the cut-

ting; make a smooth, clean cut; place the cutting nearly horizontal in the ground, leaving out two buds—when the buds begin to swell, pinch off the weakest bud. The grape delights in a calcareous soil and where it is not found, lime should be freely used; no heating manures should be applied around the grape vines, but the mould from manure, ashes, gypsum, soap suds, and added to this the best manure I have ever found for grapes is shade. Shade to the roots, cover the ground with leaves or straw as far as the roots extend, which keeps the roots cool and moist. Grape vines with us, do not require the pruning that the Europeans give them. Any time between October and February, take out all the dead wood, and where the vine has become too scraggling and long jointed, cut to force new and thicker branches. The grape is sometimes affected with mildew or rot. This is caused by frequent changes in the weather, and will hardly ever occur, if the ground around the roots is properly mulched; for whatever changes may take place in the atmosphere, there is always an even temperature around the roots, which gives health to the fruit. The Scuppernon, a native white grape, of North Carolina, is better adapted to southern culture than any other grape, growing in any kind of soil and almost any situation; it however does not strike freely from cuttings, but must be layered or grafted: it is fully equal as a table, and superior as a wine grape, to any grape that I am acquainted with; it is superior for arbor and trellis work, growing rapidly and holding its foliage a long time. There are but few diseases that the grape is subjected to here.

The Aphis, or ant cow, is a troublesome insect, not so much from the actual damage that they do, as the unsightly appearance they give the ends of the vines. A sprinkling of Scotch snuff, when the dew is on the leaf, will soon exterminate them.

[From the Farmer and Planter.] GARDEN WORK FOR APRIL.

By the first of this month, a full crop of the early bush beans should be planted, if not done before. Those planted now will do as well as those planted in March, and be much less trouble, as the frost will be out of their way. Beets, carrots, parsnips and salsify will do yet, if they have been neglected.

The early bunch squash will do well now, though it should have been planted previously. There are many varieties. I do not know which is the best. Manure liberally and work well—take the fruit from the vine as soon as it is fit for use, and your vines will bear till frost. A few of the first should be saved for seed.

Plant okra, I prefer the long white. A soil that will produce good cotton will grow good okra. Keep the fruit from this plant also, or gather as soon as fit for use—'tis said to be very fine—cut in small pieces, and dry for winter use.

Transplant the early kinds of cabbage. A few late ones should be planted, but recollect, if you want fine winter cabbage, from the middle of May till the middle of July is the time to transplant them.

Plant limed beans. Give them good poles to run on—they will bear all summer—matters not how hot and dry—they require a good light dry soil.

Transplant tomatoes. Give them at least two feet each way—give them a frame to rest on—plant the small red kind—kill the worms, should they get on them, and look now and then for them.

Potatoe squash, kershaw and the late crook-necked squash, should not be overlooked—they should be planted about the last of this month or first of May. If you have not a large garden you will have to give them a place in the field—land that will grow good pumpkins will do them—plough deep and work well till the vines begin to run too much to work, and they will take care of themselves.

Water-melons and musk-melons.—As we have left the garden, permit me to say one word on the subject of these delightful fruits. Many plans are named—digging holes in the ground and filling them up with manure, covering the ground, &c., these all may do well enough, but it takes more labor than most persons will give. But to the point—select a spot of rich sandy bottom land; if it has been enriched by the overflow of branches and washings of hill-sides, and not injured by too much clay on it. It will do, or any rich sandy fresh or bottom land will do; plough well. Bed your land about five feet wide and plant about

the first of May, and you will make plenty of melons. I plant about five feet each way—the musk-melon will do about three feet each way. To raise good water-melons on high red stiff land requires more work than they are worth. I raised some last year weighing from twenty to thirty pounds. They were planted on 7th May, on high, loose, sandy bottom land bedded for corn. They were ploughed once and hoed twice.

Gourds. Whilst on the subject of vines, if you wish to raise gourds plant them so the vines will run—on the fence, a bush pile or any thing you wish, so that the gourds be far enough from the ground to give them good handles; you can give them any shape you wish, by turning them while tender.

Cucumbers for pickling do best planted about the first to 15th of May; give them a place in the water-melon patch, they will do best there. Remember also that if you want vines to bear, do not suffer the fruit to remain too long on them; if for pickling, take them off as soon as large enough.

Strawberries, raspberries, currants and other garden fruit. If you have not all these, it is because you will not but go to work and determine to have them. If you have attended to them well—you will be thrily paid for all labor and expense during May.

Now is the season to plant, not to reap. More on this subject again.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JEFFERSON'S OPINION OF THE DANGER OF NORTHERN EDUCATION.

An able editorial article on the new Constitution of Virginia, in the February number of the Southern Literary Messenger, gives the following striking views of the danger of educating Southern youth of both sexes at the North:

That far-seeing statesman, Thomas Jefferson, saw this cloud in the horizon when it was not bigger than a man's hand, and lifted up his warning voice in these prophetic words: "The reflection that the boys of this generation are to be the next—that in establishing an institution of wisdom for them, we bring home to our bosoms the sweet consolation of seeing our sons rising under a luminous tuition to destinies of high promise; these are considerations which occur to all, but all I fear do not see the speak in our horizon which is to burst on us as a tornado sooner or later. The line of division lately marked out between different portions of our confederacy, is such as I fear will not be obliterated, and we are now trusting to those who are against us in position and principle, to fashion to their own forms the minds and affections of our youth—If, as has been estimated, we send \$300,000 per annum to Northern seminaries, for the instruction of our sons, then we must have there 500 of our sons imbibing opinions and principles at discord with our own. This canker is eating on the vitals of our existence, and if not arrested at once, will be beyond remedy. We are now furnishing recruits to their school." This warning voice was heeded, and the result was the establishment of the University and other schools, which are now annually turning out young men worthy to take the reins of government from their sires, as they daily pass from the stage. In the language of one of her distinguished Alumni, "Although the University has just attained her majority according to the civil law, yet her sons are found in the highest offices in the country. They are seen in the Senate and House of Representatives; they throng in the Legislature; they govern sovereign States; they shine in the pulpits and at the bar; they are professors in our colleges, and teachers in our schools. These academics taught by them, will aid the University in turning out an army of teachers for primary schools, and thus will be a great system of popular education, on the plan consistent with the principles of free government, and the rights of private property." The same remarks might be applied to the Military Institute, and perhaps to other colleges in Virginia, which have received aid from the State.

In our judgment one thing more is wanted to perfect the system of popular education so happily begun, and that is, a competent provision for the instruction of females in Virginia, and particularly with reference to the supply of the existing demand for Southern Female Teachers.

The objections which are felt to the education of our young men at the North, have even greater force when applied to our young women. The minds of females are more ductile, and are more easily moulded into the forms of the society into which they are cast. That Southern people have distinctive traits of character, which they desire to transmit to their children, will be admitted by all—there are many among us who glory in them, and who grieve to see them passing away, as the venerable forms of "old Virginia gentlemen" and ladies sink into their graves. Assuming then that Southern men admire the structure of Southern society, and prefer that their daughters should be trained in the habits, manners, principles and tastes of the social sphere in which they are destined to move, we should offer them institutions upon our soil in which thorough instruction will be imparted, and where they will be surrounded with associations, from which they will receive daily impressions of the sound principles, the pure tone of morals, the modest manners—the simplicity and the delicacy, which are the glory of Southern women. Independently of the considerations of economy involved in the case, we ask is it wise, is it self-respectful to send our daughters, at a period when their imaginations are most vivid, and when their feelings are stronger than their reason, to be infected with that sickly sentimentalism, which seems to be epidemic at the North; and which generates such monsters as the Abby Kellys and the Fanny Wrights, who stand with the Douglasses and the Garisons upon the platforms of "Anti-Slavery Societies," and "Women's Rights Conventions," clamoring not merely for the dissolution of the Union of the States, but also of the holy bands of marriage; and praying for the advent of that millennium when the servant shall be free from his master—the wife from her husband—the child from the parent—the citizen from the Sovereign, and humanity that had been washed in the baptismal waters of christianity, shall return to its wallowing in the mire of barbarian licentiousness."

[From Balch's "Ringwood Discourse."] CHRISTIAN LAWYERS.

They have the same sins to be pardoned—the same guilt from which to be released—the same depravity to be reduced and conquered—the same habits to be corrected—the same kind of hearts to be cleansed—the same temptations with which to conflict—the same keen affections to endure—the same stings of conscience to soften—the same Bible to understand—the same death to meet—the same dark valley to travel—the same last day, at which, as voluntary agents, to be responsible. And why should we despair of seeing them brought into the church as humble, teachable christians? We have known many of them to attend to the concerns of the soul. We have known some of them distinguished for their opposition to the gospel, to become distinguished for their attachment to the Saviour.

The late professor of law in the University of Virginia was a meek and lowly Christian. Before he perished by the hand of one of the students of that university, we had enjoyed his society; and at one time, it is believed, he had been an unbeliever. The late Gov. Gilmer was, at one time, hostile to Christianity, at least as to the internal experience of its power; but he certainly became a most decided follower of the Lamb. The Secretary of State, who perished in the same catastrophe with Governor Gilmer, was a skeptic; but he told me that after reading M'Gee on Sacrifice and Atonement, he has never entertained a doubt. The celebrated Patrick Henry, of this State, published at his own expense, and that for gratuitous distribution, an edition of Soame Jenyns's Essay on the Truth of the New Testament. In the close of his life, William Wirt became a member of the church in Baltimore, of which Dr. Nevin was the pastor. He was a very consistent christian. Many of his papers, after his death, were published, and they all breathed the spirit of an ardent and child-like piety. It is, indeed, encouraging from these papers to find a man who had practiced with so high a reputation in many of the courts of his country—who had been sent for far and near—who had figured in the trial of Burr, in 1807—who had been Attorney General of the United States—who had sketched the blue mountains and green valleys of Virginia, occupied in reading Flavel's treatise on keeping the heart.

Why need we multiply examples, as scores could easily be produced. We will, therefore, be satisfied with but one addition; and the facts connected with

it are extremely interesting. In giving the following narrative, we feel bound to pledge ourself for the truth of the statement. We know the incidents to be authentic, having lived nine years in the neighborhood where they occurred.

There was a lawyer in Lewistown, on Delaware Bay, in the State of Delaware. His name was James Patriot Wilson. His father was the pastor of a church in that place, in which more than once we have officiated. He educated his son with great care for the bar, and the son took so high a rank that James A. Bayard was his only competitor. He was a man of powerful mind—of fine classical and large mathematical attainments. He made no pretensions to the rhetorical part of his profession. He used no gestures when he spoke, but stood, a tall, spare figure, with a countenance like snow. His animation was not in his limbs, but in his mind. In his pleading he was ever calm, that he might be more lucid—and dispassionate, that he might disentangle his subject from every thing extraneous. He was remarkable for the simplicity of his manners. All approached him with confidence, and yet with reverence. He kept a purse filled up with small pieces of money, in order to give change to his clients.

It was said that he did not believe the Bible, but he molested no one with his sentiments, for he was quiet, unobtrusive, and kind to his friends and poor relatives. He emphatically went his own gait and permitted no one to trouble him about his soul. All despaired of ever seeing him a christian. This man, however, under a placid exterior, carried very deep passions, when those passions were once aroused.

One day, as he was seated in his office, a messenger ran in and told him that, in a rencontre, his brother had been killed. "Then," said, "I'll put to death the man by whom he was slain;" and accordingly he got the same pistol by which his brother was shot, charged it, and went in a swift and sanguinary pursuit.

The man seeing him approach, stood still and opened his bosom, saying "You are welcome to my life;" "And I'll take it," said the exasperated brother. He then drew the trigger, but the weapon snapped, and Judge Hall, who stood near him, extricated the pistol from his hand and discharged it in the air. This incident became a subject of serious reflection. He began to study the Bible; and more than once have we heard him preach charming spiritual discourses, in the city of Philadelphia, where he was a pastor for 20 years. At the time of his death he was probably the most learned man in the Presbyterian church in this country, though he had not gone into the ministry until he was forty years of age. Once, if not oftener, while preaching to his people, he alluded to the above circumstance; and he stopped, while his fine, pallid countenance was dripping in tears. "But," said he, "these are tears of gratitude."

CURIOUS MODE OF GETTING A WIFE.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following sketch illustrates the fact.

A sailor roughly garbed, was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition, from recent rains and the rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented and narrow alley he observed a young lady standing in perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite side-walk, with no very satisfied countenance.

The sailor paused for he was a great admirer of beauty, and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under the chip hat, and the auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor, with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed, "that pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this hue; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the door way, and coming back to the smiling girl who was just coquetish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else would make him catch up and shoulder the plank,

and following the little witch through the streets to her home, she twice performing the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our hero saw the young lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear with in its rose-wood entrance; for a full minute he stood looking at the door, and then with a wonderful big sigh turned away, disposed of his drawbridge, and wended his path back to the ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amazement; he had not dreamed of being exalted to that dignity of a second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres and bowling alleys, on his return from sea, he had purchased books and had become quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes could be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency, and gave him many a fair opportunity to gather maritime knowledge; and in a year, the handsome gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the little smart black-eyed fellow with his neat tarpaquin, and tidy bundle, as his cabin boy.

One night the young man with all the other officers, was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went, and to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps that two years before, the brightest vision he had never forgotten. Thump, thump, went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor, and like a sledge hammer beat again, when Captain Hume brought forward his blue-eyed daughter, and with a pleasant smile said "the young lady once indebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home. His eyes were all a blaze and his own cheek flushed hotly, as the noble captain sauntered away, leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all the assembly was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was only a year from that time that the second mate trod the quarter deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain not only in his vessel, but in the affections of his daughter gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright eyed sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child had pleased the captain, and though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Henry Wells is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume in polite parlance, "Mrs. Captain Wells," in fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in his Crescent City, and he owes perhaps the greater part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.—Olive Branch.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.—The

cultivation of the sentimental, and of the social virtues, is solely dependant upon women. As the mother of man she is then the source of all human power and dignity. If she is weak, one who will yet be strong is nurtured in her lap. If she is prescribed to the possession of noble sentiments, and a sphere of household action, she can yet transfuse her sentiments into one who will bear them abroad to the world. What is the man of action, but the delegate of thoughtful woman? Where is barbarity most inveterate and debasing, but where woman is most debased? One trembles to contemplate the situation into which society has been wrested through the illegitimate assumptions of man, as the representative of brute force. He has deputed woman of her responsibility as an agent of progress, and had destroyed her moral grandeur, with her liberty and equality. Sent to be a companion and guide, she has been made a nonentity. Constituted with a mind equal in every respect, perhaps, superior in the gentler attributes, she has been hitherto treated as if the doctrine of the nusselmen were true.—Young men seldom attempt to engage in serious or instructive conversation in promiscuous assemblies; they seem to have studied inane twaddle and frivolous, disgusting repartee, that they might insult the intellect and perpetuate the subjugation of woman.—Mrs. Nichols.