

THE DARLINGTON FLAG.

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

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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ANIMAL PHRENOLOGY.

The "American Phrenological Journal," published by Fowlers & Wells, contains the following hints on the selection of a horse.

The horse is the noblest and one of the most intelligent of the lower animals. Like the dog, he seems, fitted to be the companion as well as the servant of man. As men are unlike in disposition, the same is equally true of horses. While one exhibits great pride, another is dull, tame, and humble—one is kind, another savage—one is bright and intelligent, another stupid and comparatively unteachable—one is courageous, another is timid and shy, and therefore dangerous to drive. And these differences run through all the faculties common to the species. Nor is it true of the horse only, but is equally applicable to all animals.

Phrenology points out many of these differences, and is an important aid to those who deal in, or train and use horses. If we can learn to detect at a glance by the shape of a head, the vicious, intractable horse, or the mild, courageous, intelligent, teachable one, this single feature of knowledge would compensate for all the trouble and expense of learning the science.

Width between, and prominence of the eye, indicate intelligence the faculty to learn and understand our wants and the adaption to learn to work, and perform feats, tricks, and the like. All learned horses in the circus are of this description.

Roundness and elevation between and above the eyes indicate mildness and amiability, and a desire to be caressed and to reciprocate kindness. Width between the ears indicates courage, nobleness, and strength of character, patience and energy.

A timid, weak minded, and unteachable horse, is narrow between the eyes, which are not prominent, and flat and contracted above and back of the eyes. Temperament, of course, is just as influential in the horse as in man, and can be understood with little trouble.

DREAMS.

The incoherence, inconsistency, and essential absurdity of many of our thoughts in dreaming, brings that state into a resemblance to insanity, which has been remarked by more than one medical writer. Dr. G. B. Davey, of the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, says: "If we watch a lunatic patient, we shall perceive very much of what I would regard as a state of active dreaming; that is to say, a condition which would realize action with unconscious thought."

An insane person often reminds me of one asleep, and dreaming with his eyes open, and in the exercise of his motive powers. I will add, the dreamer, with one or two organs alone active, I should be disposed to consider a sleeping monomaniac. This is very striking, and appears to be true; and yet the mind often shows wonderful powers in sleep. A distinguished divine of the present day, who in his college days was devoted to mathematical studies, was once baffled for several days by a difficult problem, which he finally solved in his sleep. Condorcet often over came similar difficulties in his dreams. Dr. Gregory conceived thoughts in his sleep, many of which he afterwards employed in his lectures. An eminent Scottish lawyer of the last age had studied an important case for several days. One night his wife observed him rise and go to his desk, where he wrote a long paper, after which he returned to bed. In the morning he told her that he had a dream, in which he perceived himself to have delivered an opinion on a case which had exceedingly perplexed him, and he

would give anything to recover the train of thought which had then passed through his mind. She directed him to look in his desk, where he found the whole train of thought clearly written out. This paper proved efficacious in the subsequent conduct of the case. We must all remember, too, the fine romantic poem of Kuble Khan, composed by Coleridge, in a dream. "The greatest singularity observable in dreams," says Hazlitt, "is the faculty of holding a dialogue with ourselves, as if we were really and effectually two persons.

"We make a remark and then expect an answer, which we are to give to ourselves, and hear it with the same surprise, as if it were really spoken by another person. We are played upon by puppets of our moving. We are staggered in an argument by an unforeseen objection, or alarmed by a sudden piece of information, of which we have no apprehension, till it seems to proceed from the mouth of some one with whom we fancied ourselves conversing. We have, in fact no idea, of what the question will be that we put to ourselves, till the moment of its birth."

THE MISERIES OF THE RICH.

Should any poor person do me the honor to read this article, I appeal to his sympathies in behalf of a much abused and deeply-suffering portion of this community—the rich.

No class has more need of sympathy, or is more deserving of pity, than that which has inflicted upon it, or has voluntarily brought upon itself, the course of riches.

When a man has wilfully, and with his eyes open, made himself rich, we may think that he is scarcely deserving of our pity. This is uncharitable. We commiserate the condition of the sick when we know that they have ignorantly or even wilfully caused their own diseases. We pity the ruined gambler, the lost drunkard, the broken-down debauchee. Why then should we withhold our sympathy from the rich, who need it, and many of whom deserve it? Besides, there are many who do not bring the temptation, the snare, and all the misfortunes of wealth upon themselves. They are inflicted upon them by others. Like many diseases, wealth is often hereditary, and descends from father to son. Children who are born of rich parents cannot be blamed for their condition, and are much to be pitied, for that condition is often very deplorable. The child born of rich parents is likely to inherit a weakened frame, and a scrofulous or otherwise diseased constitution. Luxury, indolence, and excess—rich dinners, late hours, and all fashionable dissipation—take from men and women the power of having healthy offspring; and the child who is born with a heritage of disease, has of necessity a heritage of misery. Especially does the condition of the mother influence that of the child. If a mother is indolent, lying in bed or lounging on the sofa during the period of gestation—or if, as often happens, the family physician, pets, and coddles, and pampers, and bleeds, and drugs her through all this period, the child is sure to be born with no proper muscular development, no integrity of nerve, and too often has some bodily deformity. Every movement of the mother seems reflected upon the child. If she lives temperately, breathes pure air, and takes daily exercise, her child is almost sure to be strong and healthy.

The child of the rich is pretty certain to be badly treated in its infancy. The weakly mother, with a meddling physician and a fussy nurse, is confined to her bed for weeks, and the babe falls into the hands of careless, mercenary, and often intemperate hirelings. Either the weakly and enervated mother has no milk, or she thinks it vulgar to nurse her own child, and a wet nurse is sought for. She is taken out of the fifth of the Irish cabin. Her own child is left to die of swill-milk, gin, tobacco, and paragon. She goes to the home of the rich babe, and there gorges herself with the unaccustomed dainties of a luxurious table, stifes herself and the babe in a bed of down, drenches her nerves with strong tea and coffee, and keeps all the time intoxicated on beer or porter. Can the milk of a distillery-fed cow be worse than the milk of this pampered nurse?

Can we wonder that such a child is sick and suffering, cross and tormented? If quite, it is kept so on the porter drunk by the nurse, or on paragonic or Godfrey's cordial. If sick, as such a child must be, the family physician stands ready with his castor oil, his little dose of calomel, his opiate, his leeches—and while the hardy child of

the poor man is growing up in health and strength, with well rounded muscles, and rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, the child born to the course of riches is too often a pale, miserable decrepit thing, which, if not cut off in infancy, struggles through a series of terrible diseases to a nervous, hysterical, and suffering maturity.

Often, by this system of wet nursing the child has a double chance of a disease. There are cases in which nurses with salt rheum, or going through a course of mercury, have nursed children, when every drop of milk was poison, and the child has been saturated with disease, struggled for a few months and then died.

I have scarcely begun these miseries of wealth, which commence with existence and go on to its close. There is no period in the life of the rich in which their wealth is not a positive physical and moral disadvantage. To the poor boy all the world is before him, and he can choose his own career. To the rich there is no career but the rapid one of doing nothing gracefully—no employment but the care of his property, which is a continual vexation. The poor boy may be a farmer, a mechanic, an artist, a teacher, or follow any one of the professions. He has got a living to get—a position to make—competence to acquire. The rich boy has none of these to look forward to. He has no spur, no motive, no excitement, and his life is a burthen to himself, an annoyance to his friends, and utterly useless to the world.

HOW TO MAKE A FORTUNE.

Take early hold of life, as capacitated for and destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for a labor or profession. Adopt it early, and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turned furrow, but forward to the new ground that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and action are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune and fame by this eternal principle—a principle that can not fail to reward its votary, if it be resolutely pursued. To sigh or repine over lack of inheritance is humanity. Every man should strive to be a creator, instead of inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. The human race, in this respect, want dignity and discipline. It prefers to wield the sword of valorous forefathers, to forging its own weapons. This is a mean and ignoble spirit. Let every man be conscious of the God in him, and the providence over him, and fight his own battles with his own good lance. Let him feel that it is better to earn a crust, than to inherit coffers of gold. The spirit of self-nobility, once learned, and every man will discover within himself, under God, the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich, in self-resources, and can lift his face proudly to meet the noblest amongst them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

HAVE COURAGE.

Have the courage to confess ignorance whenever, or in regard to whatever subject, you really are uninformed.

Have the courage to treat difficulties as you would noxious weeds—attack them as soon as seen. Nothing grows so fast.

Have the courage to meet a creditor. You must be a gainer by the interview, even if you learn the worst. We are our own deceivers.

Have the courage to own that you are poor; and, if you can, laugh at your poverty. By so doing, you disarm enemies, and deceive nobody. You avoid many difficulties, bitterness; and besides, more are a people who will not believe you, especially those who make the same acknowledgment as a pretext for meanness.

Have the courage to be silent when a fool prates. He will cease the sooner. Besides, what can he or you gain by prolonging the conversation?

Have the courage to receive a poor relation openly and kindly. His shabby appearance—even his ignorance—will appear to your advantage; for the mind is prone to draw comparisons. We have nothing to ashamed of but our own errors.

Have the courage to carry a cheap umbrella; you will discover why when you loan it.

Have the courage to subscribe for a newspaper, and not depend upon borrowing your neighbor's; but, above all have the courage to PAY for it.

A GOOD ANECDOTE.

The following is said to have occurred at New Orleans, during the invasion of that quarter by the British. After the battle of the 23d December, 1814, in which both armies received nearly the same injury, a subaltern British officer was sent to the American line with a flag of truce. Being detained a little, he began to converse with a corporal in our service, respecting the probable issue of events there. He stated that "it was folly for the Americans to resist any longer, as they must eventually be beaten—that the troops opposed to them were the flower of the British army, who had repeatedly vanquished the best veterans on the continent of Europe, and were commanded by Lord Pakenham, Lord Picton, Lord Cochrane, Lord Kean, and many others of the ablest generals in Europe." To this the corporal replied indignantly: "On our side we have the Lord God Almighty, the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Hero Andrew Jackson, and I'll be d—d if we don't whip you."

INQUISITIVE PEOPLE.

Of all the intolerable manias, that of asking needless questions, and talking for the sake of a talk, is, perhaps, the worst. *Vox et pretere nihil!* A gentleman afflicted with this complaint, once passed almost under the very shadow of a large and wide-spreading guide-post, on which his way was painted in legible letters, and "inquired the road" of a keen-witted rustic, at work hard by. "Beg pardon, sir," was the reply, "but I can't tell you—the man wot tends the guide-post is just stepped out!"

CURIOUS CASE OF SOMNAMBULISM.

We find in the *Upham's Outline of disordered Mental Action*, a curious case of somnambulism, which was published in the newspapers at the time the case occurred. A farmer in one of the counties of Massachusetts, had employed himself for some weeks in winter, thrashing his grain. One night as he was closing his labors, he ascended a ladder to the top of the great beams in the barn, where the rye he was thrashing was deposited, to ascertain what number of bundles remained unthrashed, which he determined to finish the next day. The ensuing night about two o'clock, he was heard, by one of his family, to arise and go out. He repaired to his barn, being sound asleep and unconscious of what he was doing, set open his barn door ascended the great beams of the barn where the rye was deposited, threw down a flooring and commenced thrashing it. When he had completed it, he raked off the straw, and shoved the rye to one side of the floor, and again ascended the ladder with the straw, and deposited it on some rails that lay across the great beams. He then threw down another flooring of rye which he thrashed and finished as before. Thus he continued his labors until he had thrashed five floorings; and on returning from throwing down the sixth and last, in passing over part of the hay-mow, he fell off where the hay had been cut down six feet, on the lower part of it, which awoke him. He at first imagined himself in his neighbor's barn, but after groping about in the dark a long time, ascertained that he was in his own, and at length found the ladder, on which he descended to the floor, closed his barn doors, which he found open, and returned to his house. On coming to the light he found himself in such a profuse perspiration that his clothes were literally wet through. The next morning, on going to his barn, he found he had thrashed during the night, five bushels of rye, and had raked the straw off in good order, and deposited it on the great beams, etc., carefully shoved the grain to one side of the floor, without the least consciousness of what he was doing until he fell from the hay.—*Boston Mercantile Journal.*

THE DANDY AND THE ALARM WATCH.

A New England paper tells the following story of a travelling dandy who quartered at a tavern not long since on the Sabbath:

He prepared himself to attend Church, but not possessing the very important chattel, a watch, and being particularly desirous to cut a dash, he applied to the landlord for the loan of one. The landlord, possessing a very powerful alarm watch, readily complied with the request, but previously wound up the alarm, and set it at the hour when he supposed would be about the middle of the first prayer. The dandy repaired to the church, he arose with all the grace of a finished exquisite at the

commencement of the first prayer, and stood playing very gracefully with the borrowed seals, when suddenly he jumped as if he had discovered a den of rattlesnakes; the whizzing of the alarm had commenced. The people started—the dandy made a furious grab at the offending watch with both hands outside of the pocket, and attempted to squeeze it into silence, but in vain; it kept up its *tur-r-r-r*, and it seemed as if it never would stop! The sweat rolled off the poor fellow; he seized his hat and making one effort for the door hurried off, with his watch pocket in one hand and his hat in the other amid the suppressed laughter of the whole congregation.

EDUCATION AND CRIME.

The philosophers of some European countries have seriously discussed the question whether intelligent is favorable to morality—in other words, whether the diffusion of knowledge was not attended, as a consequence, by the increase of crime.

Were this so, the wisest man in the world would be the greatest scoundrel, and all men in proportion to their knowledge. Now, the rule is notoriously the reverse, whatever seeming exceptions there may be; and in this rule is the safety of society; for if men's disposition to commit crime increased with their capacity, there would be no safety. The fact is men are fools in proportion as they are knaves. Rascals are generally bunglers. Suppose all our smart lawyers should turn their energies and acuteness to schemes of fraud; suppose our most capable merchants should turn systematic swindlers; suppose our most skillful mechanist should take up the trade of burglars, society could not hold together a single year.

The general rule is, that the more capable a man is of committing crime successfully, the less disposition he has to do it. A skilful chemist could poison right and left, and make wholesale slaughter with little risk of detection, while the poisoner is almost sure to be detected and punished. A clever blacksmith could open half the stores in town, but a burglar is almost sure to be caught and sent to Sing. Oen of the heavyast dealers in counterfeit money in this State, now in Auburn State prison, cannot read or write. Nearly all criminals are illiterate.

The best security society can have live to every member a good education. It is the best as well as the cheapest inheritance a man can leave his children. *Messenger.*

THIS IS LIFE.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon your memories—"Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few as they pass to their pleasure or their work. But no one will miss us, except our immediate connections; and in a short time they will forget us and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them.—Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they shall soon be gone. In a few years not a single being can say, "I knew him." In another age we lived, and did business with those who have long since slumbered in the tomb. Thus is life—How rapid it passed! O, blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance.

[From the *San Francisco Public Balance.*]

DR. RABE IN TOWN.

Our humorous and good humored friend, Dr. Rabe, Councillor at Law and Notary Public, L. L. D., and Doctor Doctorum—is on hand once more with a new project for improving mankind, the State of California and the state of his own treasury. He has got a lot of printing material, which he must sell in three days after date, or in self defence he vows he will start a newspaper. We trust somebody will take the invoice off the Doctor's hands, and save him from committing the rash act.

PROSPECTUS.

To all whom it may concern, Greeting: Take notice, that the Printing Press and Type so long expected by me have arrived, and that the same are now for sale, and unless disposed of to a good advantage within three or four days, allowing three days of grace besides, I will, in self defence, start another newspaper, which I hope will tend to elevate the morals of this community.

It is usual to publish a prospectus. Our aim shall be to advance the welfare

of mankind, more especially that of man and womankind of California, and particularly that of the Editor. The politics of the paper will be, in the morning, when the editor rises, whig, (or some may say aristocratic,) during dinner hours, neutral, after a good dinner democratic, and at night they will strongly evince the principle of "Punon." Our aim shall be principally to get the printing of the State, the publishing of the United States Laws, the fattest office in the gift of the dear people, to run for Alderman as soon as the salary is fix at \$6,000, get subscribers and advertisements, and make the most money in the shortest possible time and to avoid all "empty honors." For that end we shall use any quantity of "soft soder" and let human nature work the rest.

The title of the paper shall be duly considered, since we have imbibed with our mother's milk strong superstitious prejudices and believe that there is "something even in a name."

WILLIAM RABE.

PREACHING TO THE POINT.

Passing along one Wednesday night for evening at the South is our afternoon—in Montgomery, Alabama I stepped into the Presbyterian lecture room, where a slave was preaching:

My Brethren," says he, "God bless your souls, lignion is like de Alabama river. In Spring comes fresh, an bring in all de ole logs, slabs an snicks, dat hab been lyn, on de bank, an carrying dem down in de current. Byneby de water go down—den a log catch here on dis island, den a slab kits cotted on de shore and de sticks on de bushes and dare dey lie, with' rin and dryin till comes 'nother fresh Jus' so dare come vival of 'ligion—dis ole sinner bro't in, dat ole backslider bro't back, an all de folk seek comin, an mighty good times. But, bredren, God bless your souls, hymeby vival's gone—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his ole sin den dat ole backslider is cotted where he was afore, on jus' such a rock, den one arther' nother dat had got' lignion lies all along de shore, an, dare day tie till nother vival. Beloved predren, God bless your souls deep in de current!"

I thought his illustrations beautiful enough for a more elegant dress and too true alas, of other than his own race. *Christian Herald.*

Good sense, never the product of a single mind, is the fruit of intercourse and collision. The cares and toils, and necessities the refreshments and delights of common life, are the great teachers of common sense; can there be any effective school of sober reason where these are excluded. Whoever either by elevation or rank, or peculiarity of habits, lives far removed from this kind of tuition, rarely make much proficiency in that excellent quality of the intellect. A man who has little or nothing to do with other men, on terms of open and free equality, needs the native sense of five to behave himself only with a fair average of propriety.

THE MODEL TOWN.

The following we find in the *Cayuga Telegraph*:

"Our town is without a pauper—not a man, woman or child within the limits of Springport, who is reduced to the necessity of looking to the town for bread, clothing or shelter! So we are informed by Peter B. Wood, overseer of the poor. And so effectually has he vetoed the liquor traffic, that none venture to bring it within his jurisdiction. So, though he yet has the office, 'his occupation's gone.' Another thing: our town collector, Samuel M. Smith, made his returns to the country treasurer and took his discharge a week before his warrant expired, without returning a solitary case as non-collectable."

That's nothing: you can find a dozen towns in South Carolina just like it.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

In a lesson in parsing, the sentence, "Man courting in capacity of bliss," &c. the word *courting* came to a young Miss to parse. She commenced hesitatingly, but got along well enough until she was to tell what it agreed with. Here she stopped short. But as the teacher said, "very well, what does courting agree with?" Ellen blushed, and held down her head.

"Ellen, don't you know what courting agrees with?"
"Ye—ye—yes, ma'am."
"Well, Ellen, why don't you parse that word? What does it agree with?"
"Blushing still more, and stammering, Ellen at last said,
"It agrees with me, ma'am."