

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.

VOL. 1.

DARLINGTON C. H., S. C., WEDNESDAY MORNING APRIL 16, 1851.

NO. 7

THE DARLINGTON FLAG,
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
AT DARLINGTON, C. H., S. C.,
BY JOHN F. DE LOER.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
In advance, (per annum) - \$3 00
At the expiration of six months - 3 50
At the end of the year - 3 00

ADVERTISING:
ADVERTISEMENTS, inserted at 75 cents a square (fourteen lines or less.) for the first, and 37½ cts. for each subsequent insertion.
BUSINESS CARDS, not exceeding ten lines, inserted at \$5, a year.

All business connected with the FLAG, will be transacted with the Proprietor at his Office, one door above the Darlington Hotel, or with the Editor at his law Office.

POLITICAL.

From the Edgefield Advertiser.
SOUTH CAROLINA ALONE.

We have said that we would take a view of the hopes of South Carolina, in case she is left unaided by a single Southern State. It will be permitted us to premise, that it is with feelings of abhorrence we for a moment, indulge the probability of such an event. So utterly repugnant is it, to all the notions we have, throughout life, entertained of the nobility of the Southern character, that the mere admission, for the sake of argument, is loathsome. But grant it—and what then?

Does it follow that we are to be ruined! that our prosperity is to be blighted and our energies paralyzed? that our homes are to be given up to the owls and the bats, and that our population is to rush into strange lands, with the wild and terrified confusion of the condemned in the last great day?—Does this comport with any one trait in our national character? Is such a consummation consonant with one single item of our past history? What is required to give even the appearance of plausibility to these deductions? A preexisting condition of heartlessness, cowardice and selfishness on the part of our people—an absence of all the high emotions of patriotism, honor and local attachment. Can this be said of us? Is not every true son of Carolina ready to maintain the reverse of his life-blood? We believe it with a faith, that knows no wavering. And believing thus, we will never admit that our State is to be deserted at her hour of need, except by such men, as were born traitors. Of these, we would rejoice to be rid.

The great mass of our people would but become the more staunch and true, in proportion to the increase of the dangers that threatened "the home of their affections and the land of their allegiance." They would take up the language of David when speaking of Jerusalem, and say: "When I forget thee, oh Carolina, may my right hand forget its cunning and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

Should we be told that these are mere assertions which may be rebutted by contrary ones, we answer, ours are assertions based upon a knowledge of what our people have been and what they still are. The contrary opinion, however, confidently declared would be purely prospective and hypothetical.—Should we be pressed still further for the reasons upon which we ground this abiding faith, we would bid the sceptic go through the length and breadth of our State, and put the question plainly to every individual he might chance to meet, "will you not desert South Carolina in her day of trouble?" If he escaped, in the prosecution of this experiment, even for a single day, with an unbroken skull, it is more than we would expect. Add to this, that it is the proud boast of those who oppose the action of South Carolina, that, come what will, they will abide her decision and cleave to her with filial devotion to the last, and the conclusion is almost unavoidable that our State will be sustained "through evil as well as through good report, in weal and in woe" by the lives and the fortunes of her gallant children.

There is nothing then, to warrant the belief that discord, or even discontent will prevail in our ranks. There is every thing to keep alive the joyous expectation, that our people will present a solid front in defence of their State, whatever may betide her. This being granted, we are now to examine the extent of the evils and difficulties which are likely to arise to test the firmness of our population and the truth of their cause.

And first as to the evils of war. It is said by some of the political 'savans,' that the Federal Government will not

think of using coercive measures towards South Carolina, in the event of her seceding from the Union. Mr. Webster has indicated that the Executive department is of a different way of thinking. He has indeed almost declared that we will be dealt with as a rebellious Province, if that branch of the Government is to have the decision of the matter. The question then arises, will this dictatorial decision be sustained by the National Legislature, in which the sole power of declaring war resides. Even conceding the point that it will be the disposition of a majority of that branch to sustain the Executive, will there not be moral hindrances to the fulfillment of this policy, well calculated to stagger all but those who are laboring under the blindest fanaticism? Evidently so. Any act of war against South Carolina for the causes under consideration, will be a public proclamation that the American people have renounced the strongest feature of their Federal system, the only check upon the aggressions of the Central Government—the hitherto uncompromitted sovereignty of the separate members of the League. It will be canonizing the decrees of a majority in Congress, as infallible and supreme. It will be acknowledging to the world that our boasted government differs from a despotism only in name. It will be a retrograde movement that will call down upon the government the ridicule of monarchists—and which will afford them just grounds to boast of the superiority of their long cherished constitutions. It will be perpetrating in the enlightened era of 1851, an outrage worthy only of mediæval tyranny. It is no salvo to the consciences of those who perpetrate the deed, that it will commend itself to the support of transatlantic politicians, as according with the teaching of their schools. They will not regard it in this light alone. Their chief use of it will be, to point to it as a proof of the impotency of our political organization. While a deed like this, by the American Congress, would impart joy to the hearts of monarchs and despots everywhere, it would arm their parasites with a new and powerful argument against Republican innovations. It would weaken, perhaps destroy the moral influence of this Western Republic, over the affairs of mankind. Could such men as Webster and Clay, suffer themselves to be hurried by the demented shouts of a reckless party, into a measure that would reflect such disgrace upon the American name? It is scarcely probable.

Another barrier against the persecution of South Carolina by any act of war, will be found in the unprecedented strength of her political position.—She stands upon a moral Gibraltar, and from her commanding height, can survey the perplexity of her assailants, with a calm confidence in the purity of her cause and an unflinching trust in Him who has said, "that the battle is not to the strong alone." Among the revolting elements that may struggle to combine for her destruction, the still small voice of common sagacity will make itself heard, however unwelcome its suggestions. It will force our adversaries to see and to admit that they are entering upon a conflict in which the 'morale' will be altogether against them. The questions will present themselves to the sober, practical farmers of the North—for what purpose is this proceeding against South Carolina instituted? what injury or injustice have we ever sustained at her hands? what is to be the cost of this experiment?—when is it to end? if the extirpation of a few savages from Florida cost us several millions, what sum will be required to organize and keep up a force sufficient to subdue a hundred thousand freemen fighting for their very firesides? Their leaders would strive in vain to give satisfactory answers to these puzzling questions. There would thus arise distraction and division without end, even among the people of the Free-soil States. Fanaticism would advise to desperate measures—self-interest would pause to consider the pecuniary advantages to be gained—justice, through perhaps in a sad minority, would condemn the policy—even the violated Constitution might call around it a remnant, resolved to restore it to its original purity. Thus the very nature of the case, to say nothing of the lessons of their past history, will lead us to believe that the Northern States would split into factions and that their action through the National Congress would, as a consequence, be vacillating, weak and inefficient. We do not speak of our sister States of the South, having agreed to admit that they will remain neutral and indifferent spectators of this effort

to subjugate South Carolina. Should they be taken into the estimate, in making up an opinion of the wrangling and dissension which this measure of oppression will produce, the expectation of an armed attempt to force our State into submission, would dwindle down to the barest possibility. But leaving them out of the question, there are many reasons, some of which are indicated above, to strengthen the belief that no formidable party can be long held together for the destruction of our Commonwealth. If South Carolina, as we prayerfully hope she will, remain true to herself—if her people, uninfluenced by slavish fear and unseduced by the devilish misrepresentations of those who paint the "glories of the Union" in such disgustingly false colors, will stand up boldly to the line already marked out by an enlightened and a patriotic Legislature, we will command the issues of this conflict for peace or for war. We will have the control of our own free destiny, with no surveillance but that of the mighty Ruler of Nations. But if they even yield to the suggestions of that prudent patriotism, which claims for itself a spirit of determined resistance, while saying that "the time and the occasion" for beginning the all-important movement, "have not yet been, are not now," while, in effect, disclaiming the action of our Representatives taken at the last session, then we must fear that the "die is cast" and that the fates are against us. Then do we seriously apprehend that "a tale of submission" will begin to be unfolded, the last chapter of which will present a picture, more appalling than British emancipation ever stamped upon the unfortunate island of St. Domingo. Patriots of South Carolina! dampen not, with these temporising counsels, the enthusiasm of those, whose whole souls and fortunes stand pledged to the unflinching prosecution of the course, plainly marked out by our Legislature and joyfully recognized by our true sympathizers throughout the South! You may thus deal a death-blow to the great cause in which we are all engaged—a cause which must triumph, if guided by the spirit of '76. We have much ground to hope that this triumph will be achieved without the necessity of war; and to this view we have confined ourselves in the above. At another time, we will consider the probability of that triumph, should a resort to arms be necessary to secure it.

The following scene in a South Carolina Court Room, is said to have occurred on the Pee Dee circuit. The Telegraph credits it to the Yankee Blade, but our neighbor the Black River Watchman, says it was written and published in South Carolina. We think the latter is correct. We recollect to have heard some such tradition years ago. The memory of lawyer F., is still green with some of our old men. Here is the story:

Many years since, when Judge B— was one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, he was not unfrequently thrown into collision with Mr. F—, one of the most able and talented of the bar. The rivalry between them was no doubt heightened by the fact, that his Honor was a native of the Green Isle of Erin, while his equally able opponent claimed his paternity from the "land of the brown hearth and shaggy wood," with the natural prejudices of which, it is unnecessary to say, that he was deeply imbued. Judge B—, true to his national proclivity, hourly laid himself liable to the keen retorts and biting repartees of our worthy advocate F—, who never allowed an opportunity to escape him of exciting a laugh against the Judge B—. Often when Judge B— thought that he had fairly turned the tables against his rival, in a twinkling came a keen and killing retort from the invulnerable Scotchman, completely turning the fortune of the day; and it was indeed amusing to hear in how peculiarly broad a Scotch accent F— indulged on such occasions, as though anxious to pique the national vanity of his antagonist, and gratify his own, by bringing forward into public gaze every peculiarity that pointed to their national characteristics. F— felt the triumph, not for himself, but for Scotland. Judge B— patiently "bided his time," and at length F— seemed to him fairly caught and left without the hope of escape. During the session of the Court at Chesterfield Court House, F—, after a ride over his plantation, alighted at the door of the Court House, and made his appearance before the

Court in a full suit of twilled homespun. Unexpectedly to himself he was called upon to address the jury in a case of some importance. His home was some miles distant, and he had neglected to bring with him the black gown and coat which in those days seemed as necessary an appendage to a lawyer as its shell to an oyster. The occasion was urgent, and forgetful or heedless of his plight, he rose to address the jury.

Judge B— promptly and pointedly reminded him that it was necessary for him to don the black gown. As our readers are well aware the order of a South Carolina Judge in open Court is almost as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia. It is a part of our system of Democracy. It is the self-respect of the people exhibited in the praiseworthy deference which they yield to the guardians of the law who act in their behalf.

With a deferential bow to the presiding Judge, our worthy Scotchman turned to a brother lawyer and borrowed from him the prescribed garment, which in a moment he drew around his manly form.

"Mr. F—," said Judge B—, with the tone and air of a man who intends to be very precise and particular, "you will oblige me by a complete compliance with the rules and regulations of the Court. The regulations, sir, prescribe 'a black gown and coat.' You have but partially complied with the regulations."

"Your Honor will permit me," replied F—, in the broadest Scotch he could command, "to doot the correctness of your honor's decision about the coat and—"

"To doot it, Mr. F—!" exclaimed Judge B—, with an incredulous smile. "Mr. Clerk, you will please read for Mr. F—'s benefit, the regulation prescribing the dress for members of the bar."

In a voice half choked with laughter, the Clerk, who now considered F— fairly stumped, read aloud a regulation most clearly prescribing that any lawyer addressing the Judge or jury, should wear "a black gown and coat."

"That is sufficiently explicit, I should think, Mr. F—,"

"True you honor," replied F—, "a black gown and coat; I have on the black gown, and I have a coat; but I altogether deny, your honor, that the term black has any reference to the coat. I will put a case to your honor: it is expressly declared that the Sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword; and does your honor say that he shall wear a cocked hat and a cocked sword?"

The Judge was struck dumb, and effectually silenced. Before the explosion of laughter which followed his retort was silenced, F— turned to the jury, and in a bold and manly tone launched out into an argument of the merits of his case, leaving his discomfited antagonist no time to pass sentence in the case of black gowns and coats versus cocked hats and swords.

WHERE SHALL WE PLACE HIM?—The Yankee Blade tells a queer incident which once came off at a church in Boston. A clergyman was pronouncing a grandiloquent eulogium upon Howard, the philanthropist, comparing him with all the world's benefactors since Noah's day, and declaring that he could find no place honorable for him on the roll of those who brought blessings to their race, while ever and anon his paragraphs were wound off with the exclamation, "Where shall we place this great philanthropist?"

Just as he had reiterated the interrogatory for the dozenth time, a chap with a "brick in his hat," who had staggered in rose up, and steadying himself by clatching the pew railing with vice-like grasp, cried out, "S-s-since you are so—s-s—b-b-blamable puzzled, Mister, he he he can have a se-se-seat here in th-th-this pew. There's plenty of room!" It would require a Cruikshank's pencil to depict the scene that ensued. Suffice it to say, our bibulous friend was contentedly shown that there was room neither in the pew nor in the entire house for him.

VALUE OF NEWSPAPERS.—The department of newspaper literature has acquired a distinctness, a form and a moral influence, equal, if not superior to any other class of literature. And unless we take time to reflect upon the subject, we cannot at once understand or appreciate the importance and value of a newspaper. Let us suppose that there were not a single newspaper published in the United States. What should we know of the commerce of the country and the world? What should we know of the affairs of government? What of the proceedings of Congress? Of the Legislature of the

States? Of the prices of produce in market? Of the progress of religion and civilization? Of wars, families, or pestilence? Of improvements in the arts and the sciences? Of railroads and telegraphs? How many of the thousand things we have learned, which, taken together, make up the sum of our information—how many of these things have we learned from the newspaper? To be entirely without this great instrument—this medium of intelligence—would really seem like going back to semi-civilization. A well-conducted newspaper, advocating the right sort of principles, is the book for the people.

The freedom of the press is the terror of despots and tyrants. It is a great right arm of power. It is said that Napoleon Bonaparte, when he aspired to be Emperor of France, and to govern that nation by no other law than that of his own will, once remarked to a friend, he "dreaded one editor of a newspaper in Paris more than ten thousand bayonets!" Well he might! He dreaded him who had the means to inform the people of their rights, and to arouse them in their power and majesty to rally to their defence and preservation.—Spartan.

HOMES AND HUSBANDS.
The sultry summer day was past, and the cool air of evening was murmuring among the green leaves, and bending the tender stalks of the flowers as it swept onward to fan the heated brow of the husbandmen, who had toiled throughout the long day beneath the glowing sky.

But to none among the band of homeward bound laborers did the evening breeze seem more refreshing than to two, whose baskets of tools borne over their shoulders, denoted them carpenters. They had, in truth, passed the whole of the day on the top of a lofty house, preparing it for slates, and had suffered not a little from intense heat; and now, with wearied frames, they were pursuing their way home.

At the entrance to the village where they lived, Draper and Gale separated, each to seek his own dwelling.

There was not a neater or cleaner abode in the village than that awaiting the reception of Draper. Not a speck of dust dimmed the brilliancy of the windows, around which fluttered curtains as white as snow; every article of furniture was polished till it shone like a mirror; fresh flowers breathed forth their fragrance from the chimney piece, a spotless cloth covered the little supper table, and Mrs. Draper and her children were as neat as possible to be.

Far different the scene which awaited Gale: his house was in disorder, his children untidy, and his wife absent. The last named evil, however, was soon remedied, for one of the children despatched in quest of the mother, soon returned with her.

"You are here already, Tom," she exclaimed, rushing in breathlessly, in a gown that certainly had seen quite a week's hard service. "I had no thought it was so late. But supper will soon be ready. Light the fire, that's a good fellow, while I cut a rasher and wash the lettuce, and we'll soon have supper."

"I am so tired, Mary, that I would rather do without supper than light the fire," said Gale, throwing himself on a seat.

"Are you? Well, then, don't; I'll soon get it ready myself," said the wife, beginning to bustle about; in the course of which she broke more than one article of crockery, put for the time in unsuitable places.

"Where were you, Mary?" inquired Gale, after a pause.

"I had just stepped out to see how Mrs. Blain's baby was; poor little dear."

"Mother has been gone ever since tea," said the eldest child, a boy six years old.

"You abominable little story teller, how can you say so? I was gone no time at all!" exclaimed the mother, irritated into boxing the speaker's ears for his interference.

The child ran away crying, and Mrs. Gale went on preparing her husband's supper; more industriously than rapidly, since she had to clean most of the articles she required ere she could use them. Then, by that time, the children became cross and peevish, because they were sleepy; and when supper was at length ready, she had to go up stairs to put them to bed; then returning, she swallowed her own meal hastily, and putting aside the dirty plates, declared she must go and wash.

"Well, so I meant; but I was interrupted," she replied. "Mrs. Blain came in to-day, and Mrs. Strong yesterday, and to-day I had not time.—And now I must wash, for neither the children nor you have a clean thing to put on; and for that matter, neither have I."

"So it would appear," said Gale, glancing at the dark tint of her naturally light gown.

"So it would appear indeed!" she cried angrily. "I suppose you expect to see me as clean and neat, and everything as well done as if I were a lady and kept a couple of servants!"

"No, Mary," said her husband, gravely. "I form no such extravagant expectations; all I ask is, that the hours I am working hard to earn our daily bread might be spent by you in some occupation more profitable than gossiping, and so let me find a quiet and orderly house on my return, and a companion such as you used to be in the earlier days of our wedded life."

But the affectionate tone of the last words exercised no softening influence on the aroused spirit of the indignant wife, and a quarrel ensued, and it ended, as it had often done before, in Gale taking his hat, and finding at the public house the comfort he could not find in his own.

Meanwhile, Draper passed through his trim little garden, entered his pretty cottage home, and sitting down his basket, seated himself wearily by the window.

Oh, Draper, I am sure you never wiped your shoes when you came in!" was the wife's salutation as she entered the room.

"Well, my dear, and if I did not, there could be no mud on them this weather," he replied.

"No; but I'll be bound there was plenty of dust on them," she retorted crossly, "and you know how I hate dust. And here—I declare if here is not your dirty basket set down on the clean wax cloth."

"I was very tired, Susan, or I would not have done it," said her husband apologetically.

"And do you think I am never tired," she demanded, "working about all day as I do, and then sitting down to make and mend for the children? for I take pride in seeing all my children neat and clean."

"You are, indeed, a most industrious wife, Susan," said her husband in all sincerity; yet he sighed, for his home, though pleasant to look at, was very uncomfortable.

"I am glad you admit that," she said, shortly, "come, now, supper is ready."

ADVERTISING.
He is a shrewd man who advertises. This is proverbial, the world over. It is simply putting your goods wares, merits, plans, suggestions, bargains &c., into the eyes of the universal public. Every body reads the newspapers now-a-days. A good advertisement is like taking every man and woman in society by the vest, button-hole or arm, and privately whispering to them important matters.

Who are they that succeed in business? The one who stirs up the public or those who make no more noise than a church mouse? Of course the former. The man of enterprise and intelligence always puts himself and his merits straight before the public eye, and keeps them there. It's the only way to make money, get reputation or be anybody.

HANGING.—A Scotch parson, in his prayer, said—"Lord bless the great Council, the Parliament, and grant they may all hang together."

A country fellow standing by, replied.—"Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better. I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people."

"But friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis a strong cord."

A LADY WELL ADORNED.—The fashion of ladies adorning their persons with a superabundance of jewellery, is hit off by a contemporary, who says that he "met a lady a few days since, who had a farm on each wrist, a four story house around her neck, and at least six life-memberships to the Bible Society attached to each ear."

"My wife," said a critic, "is the most even tempered woman I ever saw. She is mad all the time."