

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.

[JOHN F. DE LORME, PROPRIETOR.]

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POLITICAL.

STATE SOVEREIGNTY—THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

Nothing can be more manifest from the journals of the Convention that framed the federal constitution, than that the States which were parties to it, never designed to yield the right of secession, nor to confer upon the federal government the right to coerce a State that should attempt to withdraw from the confederacy. The same truths are taught, by the manner in which several of the States ratified the constitution.

Below are the acts of ratification by the States of New York, Virginia, and Rhode Island:

NEW YORK.—We, the delegates of the people of the State of New York, duly elected and met in Convention, having maturely considered the constitution of the United States of America, agreed to on the 17th day of September, in the year 1787, by the (General) Convention, then assembled at Philadelphia, (a copy whereof precedes these presents) do declare and make known:

"That all power is originally vested in, and consequently derived from the people; and that government is instituted by them for their common interest, protection, and security.

"That the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, are essential rights, which every government ought to respect and preserve.

"That the powers of Government may be re-assumed by the people whenever it may become necessary to their happiness, that every power, jurisdiction and right, which is not by the said constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States, or the departments of the Government thereof, remains to the people of the several States, or to their respective State Governments, to whom they (the people) may have granted the same. And that these clauses in said Constitution, which declare that Congress shall not have or exercise certain powers, do not imply that Congress is entitled to any powers not given by the said Constitution; but such clauses are to be construed either as exceptions to certain specified powers, or as inserted merely for greater caution, &c.

"Done in Convention at Poughkeepsie, in the county of Dutchess, in the State of New York, on the 26th day of July, 1788.

By order of the Convention.
Attested—**GEO. CLINTON, Pres.**
J. M'Kesson, A. B. Banker, Sec'y's.

VIRGINIA.—We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, duly elected in pursuance of a recommendation from the General Assembly, and now met in Convention, having fully and freely investigated and discussed the proceedings of the Federal Convention, and being prepared as well as the most mature deliberation hath enabled us to decide thereon—Do in the name and behalf of the people of Virginia, declare and make known, that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be re-assumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression; and that every power not granted thereby, remains with them and at their will; that, therefore, no right of any denomination can be cancelled, abridged, restrained or modified by the Congress, by the Senate, or House of Representatives, acting in any capacity; by the President or any Department, or officer of the United States, except in those instances in which power is given by the Constitution, for those purposes, &c., &c.

"We, the Delegates, in the name and in behalf of the people of Virginia, do, by these presents, assent to

and ratify the Constitution recommended on the 17th day of September, 1787, by the Federal Convention for the Government of the United States, &c., &c.

Done in Convention, this 27th day of June, 1789. By order of the Convention.
DDM. PENDLETON, Pres.

RHODE ISLAND.—We, the delegates of the people of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, duly elected and met in Convention, having maturely considered the Constitution for the United States of America, agreed to on the 17th day of September, 1787, by the (Federal) Convention, then assembled at Philadelphia, &c., &c., do declare and make known:

"1st. That there are certain natural rights, of which men, when they form a social compact, cannot deprive or divest their posterity; among which are enjoyment of life and liberty, with the means of acquiring, possessing and protecting property, and pursuing and obtaining happiness and safety.

"2d. That all power is naturally vested in and consequently derived from the people; that Magistrates, therefore, are their Trustees and Agents at all times amenable to them.

"3d. That the powers of government may be re-assumed by the people, whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness. That the rights of the States, respectively, to nominate and appoint all State officers, and every other power, jurisdiction and right, which is not by the said constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States, or to the Departments of the Government thereof, remain to the people of the several States, or their respective State Governments.

"Done at Newport, in the county of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, 29th of May, 1790. By order of the Convention.
DANIEL OWEN, President.
Attest—**Daniel Urdike, Sec'y.**

From the New Orleans Courier.

THE RIGHT TO SECEDE.

One of the most ridiculous humbugs put forth by the presses on the side of consolidation, is the humbug that a sovereign State has not the right to secede that secession would be rebellion. Rebellion! indeed. As if sovereigns could not decline any longer association with fellow-sovereigns, but it would be rebellion forthwith. The great mind which framed the Declaration of Independence, knew as well as any other man that ever lived in the tide of time, what are the rights of men, individually as citizens or collectively as States. In his declaration he says that "all men are endowed with certain inalienable rights—that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right—may it is the duty of such people to throw off such government. Again, in the resolutions of the Kentucky legislature, in 1798 drafted by him, he says that "the several States composing the United States of America—are not united on the principles of unlimited submission to their general government but that by compact, under the style and title of a Constitution of the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes—delegated to that government certain definite powers, reserving each State to itself the residuary mass of right to their own self-government; and that whenever the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force; what belongs to this compact each State acceded as a State, and is an integral part, its co-States forming as to itself the other party. That the government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the power delegated to itself since that would have made its discretion, and not the Constitution the measures of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge each party has an equal right to judge for itself as well of infraction, as of the mode and measure of redress."

And further on, he says that "to take from the States all powers of self government, and transfer them to a general and consolidated government, without regard to the special obligation and reservation solemnly agreed in that compact, is not for the peace and happiness or prosperity of the States; (for which object the Union was formed) and that therefore this commonwealth is determined, as it doubts not its co-States are, not tamely to submit to undelimited and consequently unlimited

powers, in no man or body of men on earth. That it would be dangerous delusion, were a confidence in the men of our choice to silence our fears for the safety of our rights: that confidence is everywhere the parent of despotism, free government is founded in jealousy and not in confidence, which prescribes limited constitutions to bind down those we are obliged to trust with power. In question of power then, let no more be heard of confidence in man but bind him down from mischief by the chains of the Constitution."

Modern secessionists claim no more nor less than the rights here defined by Jefferson, and hence they are no more traitors than he was and only as he was, desirous of preserving State right in the Union if possible, but to preserve that at all hazards, out or in. In the language of Jackson—the doctrine of State rights men is, to contend for nothing but what is right, and to submit to nothing that is wrong.

AGRICULTURE.

How blest the farmer's simple life.
How pure the joy it yields!
Far from the world's tempestuous strife,
Free 'mid the scented fields.—*Everett.*

(From the Working Farmer.)

POTATOES AND TOMATOES.

It is so generally known as it deserves to be that the tomato, when grown among corn, is far superior in flavor to those produced in the common way.—They must of course have a fair chance of room to grow and not get too much crowded by the corn. Those who can appreciate the good qualities of this vegetable when in perfection will find that mode of growing them to secure all they can ask; at least such has been my experience.

It is maintained by some respectable experimenters, that potatoes planted among corn are not so liable to rot; and this opinion has been confirmed by a sufficient number of trials to render it worthy of attention.

The soundness of potatoes in these cases and the superior flavor of the tomatoes mentioned above, are probably owing to the same cause, which in that corn its superior power of attraction and assimilation, appropriates to itself the soluble nitrogenous matter contained in the soil, and thus prevents the less energetic plants in its neighborhood from absorbing those compounds of nitrogen which experience has shown to be injurious to the quality of their products.—The best potatoes are those which contain the largest proportion of starch, and this is but carbon and the constituents of water in another shape. Agotized manures which are found so essential in the cultivation of grain, are on the contrary, detrimental when absorbed in the circulation of a plant which does not require them for the perfection of its product, and which is in fact unable to digest such, concentrated nutriment. Every one knows how much inferior the sweet potatoes becomes when grown on clay soil; and Liebig speaks of a peculiar kind of turnip, which under the same circumstances, loses all the good qualities for which it is noted when cultivated in sandy land.

Those plants in which compounds of carbon predominate may be said to form a lower grade, in the scale of vegetable life than that occupied by those containing more nitrogen. The former are unassisted products of nature—the forest and the wild grasses with which a fertile country is covered, before the busy hand of man has entered upon its labor; and the later are golden harvest which his skill and industry secures to increase his comforts or add to his wealth.

A portion of nitrogen is undoubtedly necessary to all vegetables, but it is equally certain that we sometimes apply more of the substance than is required to produce the best results. If we admit, with Liebig, that plants absorb all the soluble matter present in the soil, as a sponge absorbs water, with all that it contains in solution indiscriminately, we must be impressed with the importance of adapting the supplies of food to the necessities of the plant, and withholding as far as possible that which is useless or detrimental.

It is said of the Chinese that they manure the plant more than the soil; and certainly to do this understandingly and effectually, implies the perfection of the highest accomplishment within the ambition of a scientific farmer.

An exchange paper says:
"A friend informs us that he would send a marriage notice, but the young gentleman does not take the paper, and he does not consider editors under any

obligations to publish his marriage. 'That's to the point; but the mystery of it is, how any young lady, in this age, can afford to marry a fellow who takes no paper.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, FROM REAL LIFE IN NEW ORLEANS.

SCENE—Three-story brick residence, in central part of the city.

Middle-aged gentleman to his better half, who looks cloudy and threatening: "Well, my dear, I have eaten a good dinner, and now, to assist digestion and refresh my wearied system, I'll order a buggy and take a ride down the Shell Road."

Lady—(with more than usual emphasis)—"Do, my precious,—you look worn, and require a little recreation,—recreation." The latter word was given with great emphasis.

"By-by, dearest," and the middle-aged gentleman kissed his hand to his Penelope, and departed with an air of some haste and impatience.

As the door closed, the affectionate matron threw herself in a red velvet rocking-chair, and clutching her fingers, and pressing her lips closely together, with an expression of great determination, she exclaimed:

"Oh, the traitor!—the wretch!—I will detect, and expose him, in the very arms of his—. Dear Mrs.—, I can never sufficiently thank her for her timely cautions. I'll go immediately."

The worthy husband had hardly turned the corner of the next street, before his amiable wife might have been seen leaving the house, and proceeding in an opposite direction. The scene now shifts to the

Suburbs of the City—A pretty little Cottage for a single person or small family.

The middle-aged gentleman's wife knocked at the door. The knock is immediately answered—"Wait, my dear," exclaimed a soft voice within, "I shall be ready in a minute." There was a rustling of silk, the door opened, and there stood, already dressed, bonneted, and jockeyed for a ride, an interesting young woman, as beautiful as Hebe and graceful as a Sylph. At the sight of her visitor, the Sylph colored up, and, in a state of delightful confusion, muttered something about expecting some one, and then invited her visitor to take a seat.

It was a small parlor, and the two females sat opposite, looking intently at each other's face. At length the matron broke the pause which followed, with this inquiry—

"Miss, do you know who I am?"

"I have not the pleasure," softly rejoined the Sylph.

"Well, then, I'll let you know!"—Here there was an awful pause, the matron turned red as a carnation-rose, the Sylph chose the opposite color of the lily.

The contrast was a beautiful one. "I am," continued the matron, "the wife of the man, who"—

Before the rest of the sentence was over, the Sylph faded away, the matron advanced towards her, and putting her hand to her forehead, instead of a bottle of volatile salts, under the beautifully chiselled nose of the fainting maiden, proceeded, in spite of her senseless condition, to pour upon her such a flood of reproaches, taunts, and revilings, as an injured woman can conjure up. In the midst of this impassioned display of declamation, there was a sudden knock at the door,—a quick knock, a loud knock, a decided knock. The matron proceeded to the door opened it, and there stood, whip in hand, with his splendid top out drawn up before the door, the poor, dear, wearied, jaded husband, who required a little air and recreation!

In the approved style of itemizers, the scene that followed can better be imagined than described. The torrent of the denunciation, and the lightning of the wrath of the indignant matron, were now turned from the fainting Sylph to the middle-aged gentleman. His courage yielded to one single volley, and turning his back upon his persecutor, he threw himself rashly into the buggy, gave his spirited bay a tremendous rap, and rushed wildly down the street, violating, in a most atrocious manner, the ordinance against fast driving.

LAST SCENE—Several days afterwards—Three-story brick building—Husband at home reading the Delta—Wife eyes him closely.

Husband—My dear, this Delta is a very sensible paper; I wonder any man should want better amusement or employment than reading it.

Wife—Yes, it is better recreation than riding on the Shell Road—Husband—No more of that, my

dear. The buggy and horse are sold at a great sacrifice. A man's follies shouldn't be forever thrown up to him.

A scene of domestic reconciliation and endearment follows, upon which the curtain drops.—*N. O. Delta.*

PAT AND HIS OYSTERS.

Pat, who had just been transplanted, had been sent by his master to purchase half a bushel of oysters at the quay but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety.

He returned at last, however puffing under his load in the most musical style.

"Where have you been exclaimed his master.

"Where have I been? Why where should I be but to fetch the isters.

"And what in the name of St Patrick kept you so long?"

"Long! By me sowl, I think I have been purthy quick considerin all things."

Considering what things? Considerin the dressin of the fish to be sure."

"Dressing what fish.

"What fish? Why blur-an-owas the isters."

"What do you mean.

"What do I mane? Why, I mane as I was restin down forment the Pickled Herring, and havin a dhrop to comfort me, a jintleman axed me what I'd got in my sack. 'Isters,' said I. 'Let's look at 'em,' says he, and he opens the bag. 'Och, thinder and praties says he who sowl you these? 'It was Mick Carney, the thaf; of the world? 'What a blackguard he must be to give them to you with out dressing. 'Ain't they dressed?' says I. 'Divil a one of them says he. 'Musha, then says I, 'what'll I do? Do says he 'I'd sooner do it myself than have you so abused.' And so he takes 'em in doors, and dresses 'em nate and clane, as you'll see," opening at the same time his bag of oyster-shells that were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.

FIRST MEETING OF A NEGRO WITH A BEAR.

Reading an interesting article respecting the habits of the bear, a pretty good story floated up to the surface related to me some time since, by my friend the Colonel, who had spent the most of his fortune and life in the woods of Florida, now years gone by which I will attempt to relate—the truth of which you may depend upon, as I heard it direct from his own lips.

The Colonel had a black fellow, Dick, a good natured happy creature, who one morning was strolling through the woods, whistling and roaring as he went, when suddenly he spied an individual as black as himself, with much more wool.

Dick looked at his new friend, and the bear (on his rump) at him. Dick's eyes began to stick out a foot. "Who's dat?" cried Dick. "Who's dat?" again cried Dick, shaking all over. Bruin began to approach. Dick pulled for the first time and the bear after him.—Dick was soon up the cypress and the bear screeching close after him. Dick moved out on a limb, the bear followed—fill the limb began to bend. "Now see here, Mister, if you come any further dis limb broke. Dere! dere! I tell you so." As Dick had said, the limb broke and down came bear and nigger.—Dere, you brack debil, I tole yer so; dis is all your fault. Yer broke yer neck, and I jiss take yer to Massa Colonel."

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IN AND AFTER THE HONEY-MOON. When Hon. Truman Smith, Senator from Connecticut, returned to Washington with his youthful accomplished and handsome Alabama wife, some-body asked him how many slaves she had. Only one," said Truman, bowing low, and placing his hand upon his heart; only one who is proud to be her slave.—That was very good. A correspondent of the N. Y. Herald gives a supplementary anecdote a month later.—On the the night the platform gave way at the Washington circus Mr. Smith was present with his young wife, and it is said when the crash came he ran for the door, leaving the lady to shift for herself. Another lady, observing it, remarked, pointing at the honorable Senator from Connecticut. "Look look there goes a fugitive slave!"

SAM SLICK'S LAST.—Judge Haliburton, the witty author of Sam Slick, was holding Court the other day, and in the commencement of the proceedings it became necessary to empanel a Jury. One worthy burgher, on being called, requested of the Court to excuse him, on the ground that he was afflicted with

the itch—at the same time holding out his hands to the Judge, and displaying the visible evidence of his cutaneous affliction. The Judge, after closely inspecting the hands of the Juror directed the clerk as follows:

"The Court decides that the Juror's excuse is a valid one, and therefore directs that he be s-e-r-a-t-e-d off."

A tremendous roar of laughter signified the unanimous verdict of the audience that his honor was guilty of a pun.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Somebody has, under the above caption, thrown together some striking facts in the history of our country and the world:

A hundred years ago, a stupid German monarch reigned over these United States—then colonies of Great Britain—and on the whole earth, with the exception of Switzerland, there was not a single republic of any pretensions. A hundred years ago the French lilies floated over Quebec, Pittsburg and New Orleans. A hundred years ago, the old French monarchy existed, the bastille reared its towers, and Louis the XV dallied with infamous wantons, squandered his subject's money, and blasphemed in his own person the name of man. Fifty years ago cotton mills had, as it were, just been invented; and railroads, locomotives, and telegraphs practically unknown; Fifty years ago there were scarcely five millions of people in the United States, and Ohio was almost as much of a wilderness as Oregon is now. Fifty years ago Washington had just died Jefferson was still living and Clay, Webster and Calhoun were names as yet unknown to fame.

CHEAP BOARDING.

A thousand and one stories are told of the extreme cheapness of living in the Far West, but as to the way in which it is occasionally done, we were never aware until the matter was explained by the late Dan Marble.

"You keep boarders here ma'am?" said an individual addressing the landlady of a house, upon the door of which he saw "cheap boarding painted.

"We do," was the response.

"What do you charge a week?"

"For boarding without lodging, do you mean?" inquired the lady.

"Yes, ma'am.

"Fifty cents is our regular price."

"Well," rejoined the inquirer, "that's cheap enough at any rate. Do you give your boarders much of a variety."

"Yes, sir, something of a variety.—We give them dried apples for breakfast warm water for dinner, and let swell for supper."

The editors in Iowa have a quiet way of saying very hard things of each other. The last bit of the "Reporter" is a little too hard.

Four story shirt collars are the rage. We saw one the other day with a steeple on it. This increase in building has proved very profitable to the linen and starch trades. Short necked people, in order to keep pace with the spirit of improvement, should have their necks moved up a little higher.—Reporter.

Long eared people, though short necked, need not comply with the Reporter's requirement to "move them up. The major merely erects his!—They answer in place of a steeple.—Republican.

All right Jeeems! But would it not be well for you to "erect" your eyes? People who meet you can't make up their minds now whether their down-cast look is the result of stealing sheep or sucking eggs!—Reporter.

THE NEWSPAPER.—The definition of this cheapest of all earthly luxuries is thus given by BULWER, the novelist:

The newspaper is the chronicle of civilization, the common reservoir into which every stream pours its living waters, and at which every man may come and drink. It is the newspaper which gives to liberty its practical life, perpetual vigilance, its unwavering activity. The newspaper is a daily and sleepless watchman, which reports to you every danger which menaces the institutions of our country, and its interest at home and abroad. The newspaper informs legislators of the public opinion and it informs the people of the acts of the legislators—thus keeping up that constant sympathy and good understanding between the people and legislators, which conduces to the maintenance of order, and prevents the stern necessity of revolution. The newspaper is a law book for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor.