

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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POLITICAL.

"THE GLORIOUS UNION," OR, WHAT IT MEANS.

One of the most powerful champions of Southern Rights and State Sovereignty, is JOHN M. DANIEL, editor of the *Richmond Examiner*. The following remarks from his able pen lift the veil and display in their truly hideous light, the secret designs and policy of the grand Union Consolidation party of this country:

The National Festival was celebrated on last Friday throughout the length and breadth of this vast land, with more than ordinary enthusiasm, but with less than the usual purity of purpose. Prone as the writer is to indulge in the glowing visions of the future which are reflected in the mirror of a past like ours, he cannot at this time add his mite to the mass of laudation which the press and the stump is now pouring upon "OUR GLORIOUS UNION." We cannot join in it—because we know what those words mean at the present time.—They signify CONSOLIDATION.

The Whig party has, from its entrance into the world, been the party of disguises, and chance has thrown upon their shoulders the warmest cloak beneath which have ever been concealed the keys of the burglar and the knife of the assassin. By their own ambitious usurpations, and by their own incompetency for affairs, a sectional strife has been kindled between the Northern and Southern States, which has driven every sentiment of community or kindness from the hearts of her inhabitants, and brought the council of the nation to the precipice of separation. In such a condition of public affairs, the masses have been forced to consider deeply the vast benefits which they have undoubtedly derived from the Federal Union, and to weigh against them the evils and the injustice of which it has sometimes been the tool. Their verdict is undoubtedly for the maintenance of the institution, and the old Federal element in the Whig party has been enabled thereby to rear its head with more boldness, less caution, and more hope than it has shown for the last thirty years. It has adopted the word on which the people have been reflecting to be their slogan against the rights of the States. All their other watchwords are lost in that of "Union." That contains them all. It does not require much perversion in etymology, however it may be changed from popular use, to signify the very essence, the inner principle, the soul of all their theories and measures. They have adopted it quickly—they cry it loudly—but it means no longer what it meant at our National Festivals in the times that are past. THE UNION NOW MEANS CONSOLIDATION—FEDERALISM—the grand project of Hamilton—a monarchy under a republican nomenclature. This is what the Whig party mean when they bawl this word as they now begin to do. Funding Systems, National Banks, Tariffs, Protections—all these were mere roundabout roads, obscure paths, concealed tunnels, by which they travelled to the point they now can drive directly to. Art, genius, and consummate statesmanship were not able to furnish them with that which chance has thrown in their faces—a good name—an easy way to get at all they desired from the first, to wit: the complete supremacy of the Federal Government, with the humiliation, the ruin, and the future oblivion of the State sovereignties who created it.

This is the meaning of the word Union as it is at present used by the

Federal Party, and echoed by the ignorant and unthinking of our own organization. Federalism has stolen from the altar of patriotism the fire which kindles their own unhallowed sacrifice to the Moloch of disguised Monarchy. They have turned the National Festival into a celebration of Federalism's triumph. They have turned the National name into the title of Consolidation. Hence we cannot, hence we will not, join in the chorus of knaves and fools. We caution the Democrats and the People of Virginia against the manoeuvre. The "Union Party" is a wolf in sheep's clothing. It is the party of Consolidation. It is the party of Abolition also. The Abolitionists are the most clamorous in their eulogies of the Union. Who talks more of it than Fillmore,—than Seward? Who talks more of it now than the New York Tribune? Who is more eager to keep up the insane shout than the whole anti-slavery clique of the Northern States? None know better than those Northern Federalists, that if they can only make the Federal Government strong enough, the Institution of Domestic Servitude will not exist a day.

We propose to illustrate the meaning of the affectionate regard for the Union and the Federal Government, of which the people now hear so much.—We shall give an example which will bring it within the grasp of the meanest capacity. The public has been duly informed that Charles Sumner, the leader of the Whig and Abolition party in Massachusetts, was a few months ago elected to the Senate of the United States. The public has also been informed [by the Whig press] that Charles Sumner, Abolitionist though he be, is a staunch Union man.—Charles Sumner himself wrote a letter to that effect, which has been published in every quarter of the country.—We shall not contradict him. We can readily believe that he is the most staunch of all Union men. But we propose to show what he means by that title—what all who use it mean by it. And the needed translation we have ready to our hands—made by himself—published by himself in his "ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS ON THE FREE SOIL MOVEMENT"—re-published among the "ORATIONS AND SPEECHES OF CHARLES SUMNER," vol. II., p. 312:

"The Federal Government must be on the side of Freedom. In accomplishing these specific changes, a new tone would be given to the Republic. The Slave Power would be broken, and Slavery driven from its intrenchments. * * * Then let it never be forgotten, as the pole star of our policy, that the Federal Government must be placed, openly, actively, perpetually, on the side of Freedom."

"It must be openly on the side of Freedom. There must be no equivocation, concealment or reserve in its opinions. It must not, like the witches of Macbeth, 'patter in a double sense.' Let it avow itself, distinctly and firmly, to be the enemy of slavery, and thus give the friends of Freedom, now struggling throughout the Slave States, the advantages of its countenance."

"It must be actively on the side of Freedom. It must not be content with bearing its testimony openly. It must act. Within the constitutional sphere of its influence, it must be felt as the enemy of Slavery."

"It must be perpetually on the side of Freedom. It must not be uncertain, vacillating or temporary in this beneficent policy. Let it be fixed and constant in its hostility to Slavery, so that it shall hereafter have no chance."

Such is the object for which Mr. Sumner and his Federalist confederates are attached to the "Union."—When the Union is to do these things, it is not surprising that they are strongly enamored of it. If the people of the South are deluded by the new name which the old organization of Federalists and Abolitionists has taken to itself, their ends will be accomplished. Custom shall not induce us to join the stupid cry, and we have here fulfilled our duty by warning the reader of its meaning.

The predictions of 1825 are realities in 1851. That firm and distinguished Southern patriot, George M. Troup, spoke as with the inspiration of prophecy, when he gave utterance to the following language, through his message to the people of Georgia, twenty-six years ago, then Governor of that State:

"Soon, very soon, the United States Government, disregarding the mask,

will openly lend itself to a combination of Fanatics for the destruction of everything that is valuable in the Southern country. ONE MOVE OF THE CONGRESS, UNRESISTED BY YOU, AND ALL IS LOST. TEMPORIZE NO LONGER. Make known your resolution, that this subject shall not be touched by them but at their peril. But for its sacred guarantee by the constitution, we never would have become parties to that instrument. At this moment you would not make yourselves parties to any constitution without it. Of course you will not be a party to it from the moment the general government shall make that movement. If this matter be an evil, it is our own. If it be a sin, we can implore the forgiveness of it. To remove it we ask not either their sympathy or assistance. It may be our physical weakness—it is our moral strength. If, like the Greeks and Romans, the moment we cease to be the master, we are slaves—we therefore minister, like the modern Italians, to the luxury and pleasure of our masters. Poets, painters, musicians, and sculptors we may be—the moral qualities, however, which would make us the fair partakers of the grandeur of a great empire would be gone. We would stand stripped and desolate, under a fervid sun and upon a generous soil, a mockery to ourselves, and the very contrast of what, with a little firmness and foresight, we might have been. I entreat you therefore, most earnestly, now that it is not too late, to step forth, and having exhausted the argument, to stand by your arms."

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.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.

1 There shall be a place for every thing and every thing shall be kept in place.

2 On the first day of January and July, there shall be an account taken of the number and condition of all the negroes, stock and farming utensils of every description on the premises, and the same shall be entered in the plantation book;

3 It shall be the duty of the overseer to call up the stock-minder once every day, to know if the cattle, sheep and hogs have been seen and counted and to find out if any are dead, missing or lost.

4 It shall be the duty of the overseer, at least once in every week, to see and count the stock himself, and to inspect the fences, gates and water-gaps on the plantations and see they are in good order.

The wagons, carts, and all other implements, are to be kept under the sheds and in the houses where they belong, except when in use.

6 Each negro man will be permitted to keep his own axe, and shall have it forth coming when required by the overseer. No other tool shall be taken or used by any negro without the permission of the overseer.

7 Humanity on the part of the overseer, and unqualified obedience on the part of negroes are under all circumstances, indispensable.

8 Whipping, when necessary shall be in moderation and never done in a passion and the driver shall in no instance inflict punishment except in the presence of the overseer, and when from sickness he is unable to do it himself.

9 The overseer shall see that the negroes are properly clothed and well fed. He shall lay off a garden of at least six acres, and cultivate it as a part of his crop and give the negroes as many vegetables as may be necessary.

10 It shall be the duty of the overseer to select a sufficient number of the women each week to wash for all. The clothes shall be well washed ironed and mended, and distributed to the negroes on Sunday morning; when every negro is expected to wash himself, comb his head, and put on clean clothes. No washing or other labor will be tolerated on the Sabbath.

11 The negroes shall not be worked in rain or kept out after night except in weighing or putting away cotton.

12 It shall be the duty of the driver at such hours of the night as the overseer may designate to blow his horn and go around and see that every negro is at his proper place, and to report to the overseer any that may be absent and it shall be the duty of the overseer at some hour between that time and

daybreak, to patrol the quarters himself and see that every negro is where he should be.

13. The negro children are to be taken every morning by their mothers and carried to the houses of the nurses and every cabin shall be kept locked during the day

14. Sick negroes are to receive particular attention. When they are first reported sick, they are to be examined by the overseer and prescribed for and put under the care of the nurse, and not put to work until the disease is broken and the patient beyond the danger of a relapse.

15. When the overseer shall consider it necessary to send for a physician, he shall enter in the plantation book the number of visits and to what negro they are made.

16. When any negro shall die an hour shall be set apart by the overseer for his burial; and at that hour all business shall cease and every negro on the plantation, who is able to do so shall attend the burial.

17. The overseer shall keep a plantation book in which he shall register the birth and name of each negro that is born; the name of each negro that die, and specify the disease that killed him. He shall also keep in it the weight of the daily picking of each hand the mark and weight of each bale of cotton and the time of sending the same to market and all other such occurrences, relating to the crop the weathers and all other matters pertaining to the plantation, that he may deem advisable.

18 The overseer shall pitch the crops and work them according to his own judgment with the distinct understanding that a failure to make a bountiful supply of corn and meat for the use of the plantation will be considered as notice that his services will not be required for the succeeding year.

19. The negroes, terms and tools are to be considered as under the overseer's exclusive management and are not to be interfered with by the employer only so far as to see that the foregoing rules are strictly observed.

20. The overseer shall under no circumstances create an account against his employer, except in the employment of a physician or in the purchase of medicines but whenever anything is wanted about the plantation he shall apply to his employer for it.

21. Whenever the overseer or his employer shall become dissatisfied they shall in a frank and friendly manner express the same and if either party desire it he shall have the right to settle and separate.—[De Bow's Review.]

ELECTIONEERING OUT WEST.

This story of Judge Douglass has suggested to Field of St. Louis *Reveille* the following humorous adventure of a Missouri politician;

The gentleman of Illinois is not the only gentleman whose legs have led him into embarrassment. A political friend of ours equally happy in his manners if not in his party with the Missouri constituency, found himself while canvassing the State last summer for Congress in even a more peculiarly perplexing predicament than the Illinois Judge.

There is a spot in the South western part of the State known as the Fiery Fork of Honey Run—a delicious locality no doubt as the run of honey" is of course accompanied with a corresponding flow of milk and a mixture of milk and honey, or at any rate honey and "peach," is a great evidence of sublimity contentment in every where they enjoy preaching.

"Honey Run," further christened by the presence of an extremely hospitable family whose mansion—comprising one apartment neither more nor less—is renowned for never being shut against the traveller at the expense of a rheumatism in his shoulder, its numerous unaffected cracks and spaces clearly showing that dropping the latch was a useless formality. The venerable host and hostess in their one apartment usually enjoy the society of two sons four daughters, sundry dogs and niggers, and as many lodgers as they may deem it prudent to risk the somewhat equivocal allotment of sleeping partners.—On the night in question our friend after a hearty supper of ham and eggs and a canvass of the Fiery Forkers the old lady having pointed out his bed, felt very weary and looked for an opportunity to turn in though the mosquitoes were trumping all sorts of wrath and no net appeared to bar them. The dogs flung themselves along the floor or again rose restlessly and sought the door-step; the niggers stuck their feet in the wet warm ashes the old man stripped unscrupulously and sought his

share of one of the collapsed looking pillows; and the sons cavalierly followed his example leaving the old woman the gals and the stranger to settle any question of delicacy which might arise.

The candidate yawned looked at the bed went to door and looked at the daughters finally in downright recklessness seated himself on the downy, and commenced to pull off his coat. Well he pulled off his coat and then he yawned and then he whistled then he called the old ladies' attention to the fact that it would never do to sleep in his muddy trousers and then he unbuttoned his vest and then he whistled again and then suddenly an idea of her lodger's possible embarrassment seemed to flash upon the old woman and she said:

"Gals, just turn your backs round until the stranger gets into bed."

The backs were turned and the stranger did get into bed in less than no time when the hostess again spoke:

"Reckon stranger, as you ain't used to us you better kiver up till the gals undress, hadn't you?"

By this time our friend's sleepy fit was over and though he did kiver up as was desired some how or other the countenance was equally kind in hiding his blushes and favoring his sly glances. The nymphs were soon stowed away for there was neither bustle to unlatch nor corsets to unlace when their mamma, evidently anxious not to smother her guest, considerably relieved him.

You can unriver now stranger I'm married folks and you han't feared of me as I reckon.

The "stranger" happened to be married folks himself—he unrivered and turned his back with true connubial indifference as far as the old lady was concerned but with regard to the gals, he declared that his half raised curiosity inspired the most tormenting dreams of mermaids that he ever experienced.

TWO DUELISTS!—The Chronicle of Western Literature tells the following story of a Col. Wheatley. It may be old, but it is good:

The Colonel during a short sojourn in Vicksburg met there some hot blooded Southerners with a spirit as fiery as his own. They quarreled—a challenge was passed and accepted and the next rising sun was to witness one if not both of their dead bodies drenched in blood to wash out wounded honor. During the night the Col. said he heard a boat coming up the river, and it struck him as he heard the boat puffing and blowing that prudence was the better part of valor. So he took trunk upon his shoulder, and stepped in the dead of the night very quietly out of the Hotel as he neared the boat who should he see but his antagonist at the boat before him just going aboard.

He returned as he had gone out and was on the ground next morning with his second waiting with disappointed wrath for his antagonist and published him as an absconding scoundrel

A little traveling Frenchman chanced to breakfast at a tavern in company with a tall bony Jonathan whose appetite was in proportion to the magnitude of his form and who ate more at a meal than little monsieur would in a week. The Frenchman was astonished at his gastronomic performance and after restraining his curiosity for some time asked with a flourishing bow:

"Sare vil you be so polite as to tell me is dat your breakfast or your dinner vat you make?"

The Yankee at first made no reply but Monsieur, not satisfied again asked:

"Do sare ave de politeness to tell me is dat your breakfast or your dinner vat you make?"

"Go to the devil says Jonathan feeling himself insulted.

A challenge ensued, and the Kentucky rifle proved too much for the little Frenchman's vitality. While he was writing in his last agonies, Jonathan's compassion was awakened, and he entreated the little Frenchman if there was anything he could do for him, though it cost him years to perform it, to let him know it and it should be done.

"O, Monsieur," replied the little dying man, "tell me is dat your dinner or your breakfast vat you did make, and I will die happy."

DUEL.—Two gentlemen of Pottsville, were disputing last week, whereupon the one in a heat of passion challenged the other to fight a duel. The challenged person accepted, and as he had the choice of weapons, named the

A friend tells us a story of a Yankee clock-pedar down south, which among other things, may perhaps account for the peculiar favor with which that class of chevaliers are regarded in that region. He took with him, in a long Connecticut covered wagon, forty clocks, and sold "put 'em up" along the country, in one direction, warranting them to keep "fast rate time." He exhausted his supply, with but a single exception; and then, with unparalleled assurance, he turned about and retraced his course. The last person to whom he had sold a clock hailed him as he was going by:

"Look o' here, stranger, that clock you sold me ain't worth a continental cuss. It won't go at all!"

"You don't say so! Then you must ha' got it, Square! See, the fact is, I and by my numbers that there was one 'o my clocks—I had forty on 'em when I first set out—that I am a leetle afraid on; it was condemned to hum 'fore I come away; but some how or nuther it got put into the wagon.—' What's the number o' your clock Square?"

"Fourteen thousand and one," replied the victim.

"That's jist the blasted thing," exclaimed the pedlar. "I'll change with you; you take my last one, and I'll take this hum. The works is good, I guess; on'y want fixin' a leetle."

The exchange was made; and all along the road the pedlar was similarly arrested by his dupes, who were similarly duped in return. He took every successive bad clock to his next customer, and received another bad clock for the next.

In olden times there was a distinct class of itinerants in New England, who were called "cider beggars." One of them, on a Sunday morning, called at a farm-house, and finding only the "woman of the house" at home, was quite importunate in his demands for "old orchard." He was firmly and perseveringly denied. As a last resort, he reminded the pious lady that she should remember the Scripture injunction to entertain strangers, "for thereby many had entertained angels unaware."

"I will risk that," said she, for whoever heard of an angel going about on Sunday morning begging for cider?"

A GREAT CHIEF.

The Franklin (Indiana) Examiner, and many other papers out west, are loud in praise of a wandering Indian chief, who is quite the lion of the day. The papers say:

"Last evening we had the pleasure of listening to the musical performance of the celebrated Indian chief, Okah Tubbee, on a variety of instruments, which upon the flute, flageolet, and other instruments of that class, far surpassed any thing of the sort we ever heard—producing such volubility and variety of intonation as we could not have believed possible had we not heard them. He is operating among the American people with a view to the ultimate admission of his people to the rights of citizenship in the United States, for which he considers many of them now qualified. He speaks the English language with singular facility and appropriateness, when we consider that he has never learned letters; and what is still more remarkable, can speak in fifteen living tongues and claims considerable knowledge of three or four dead languages."

But the Louisville Courier tells us that this Okah Tubbee is none other than Carey, a negro, or rather mulatto, who lived in that city some ten or twelve years since! He was an excellent performer on the fife, flute, and other musical instruments, and belonged to the old Louisville Guards, and when this fine company paraded he discoursed his music to the infinite delight of the crowds of urchins who "followed the sogers!" Carey thought it would prove more profitable to turn Indian, and for several years has been "starring" it through the country as Dr. Okah Tubbee, giving concerts, &c. Carey, the Courier remarks, has shown himself to be a worthy rival of Barnum in the humbugging line. He claims to be an Indian chief, and that his wife, who assists at his concerts, is an Indian princess.

A windy orator in the New York Legislature, after a lengthy effort, stopped for a drink of water. "I rise," said Bloss, "for a point of order." Every body stared and wondered what the point of order was. "I thank, sir," said Bloss, "it is out of order for a wind-mill to go by water."

DUEL.—Two gentlemen of Pottsville, were disputing last week, whereupon the one in a heat of passion challenged the other to fight a duel. The challenged person accepted, and as he had the choice of weapons, named the