

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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MISCELLANEOUS.

SCENERY IN SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

The following is taken from an article in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, entitled "Scenes beyond the Western Border," by a "Captain of the U. S. Dragoons."

"We speed to Greenville, Spartanburg or Pendleton, points from which you may diverge to a thousand spots of scenery not surpassed in any of the sister States. On your route you pass at Glenn's Springs, one of the most fashionable of the watering places of South Carolina. These Springs belong to the same family, the members of which are scattered through out all the South, in parallel regions, from Virginia to Mississippi. They possess the same general characteristics, and are probably equally medicinal, being impregnated more or less with sulphur, magnesia and salts. At Glenn's Springs you will make the acquaintance of the middle and upper country generally, with a slight sprinkling of others from the seaboard. The former are here in considerable numbers throughout the season. You will find them equally courteous, intelligent and frank; easy in their manners, and prompt and graceful in their hospitalities. From this point the transition is easy to Spartanburg, a region of perfect health throughout, lying beautifully for farming, and remarkably well settled. Here you find other medicinal waters, the Cedar, the Pacolet, Limestone and Sulphur Springs each of which has its advocates, though their visitors are much less numerous than those of Glenn's. The Pacolet, and other falls and rapids, are objects of great curiosity; and the famous battle-field of the Cowpens affords a point of great attraction to him who loves to seek out the memorials of the Revolution. But, if the object be mountain scenery, the traveller will speed to Greenville, which lies adjoining, to the North and West. The village of this name is a beauty among villages, and its cascade of Reedy River, which skirts the settlement, affords numerous subjects for the painter. In the North-east angle of the District, however, you find the bolder pictures, where the beautiful blends with the sublime, and informs the imagination with images at once of the stupendous and the sweet. The Hogback Mountain, a cragged and perilous ascent, that might find a better name, in the first of a lordly brotherhood of heights, which enshrine a thousand scenes of the terrible and lovely. Adjoining it you have the Glassy Mountain, so named because of the glazed beauty of its rocky sides, trickling with perpetual water in the sunlight. The water which flows from these mountains form the sources of the Tyger and the Pacolet. Here, also, you have the Saluda and Panther Mountains, and, above all, the wonderful rocky cliff and precipice of Caesar's Head—a name given to it from a remarkable profile, which, at one view, the crag presents of a human, which might be a Roman face. Schem's Head would be much more appropriate to the aboriginal locality, as the profile is quite as proper to the Indian as the Roman type of face. As the name of the Indian priest in the Southern States was Jaws, this title would seem a not inappropriate one to the stern prophet-like image which this rock affords. The mountain itself is an entire mass of granite, rising abruptly from the valley, through which a turbulent river hurries upon its way. From the precipice, on this quarter, you have one of the most magnificent prospects that the world can show. Standing upon the edge of the cliff, your eye courses, without impediment, to the full extent of its vision, leaving still regions beyond which the fancy spreads limitably beyond your feet. Apart from the sublime emotions of such a scene, from such a spot, the sense of danger is enlivened when you discover that the mountain rises from a base seemingly quite too slender for its support, while

an awful fissure divides the mass from top to bottom, detaching an immense mass, that threatens momentarily to go down in thunder upon the unconscious valley. The Head of Caesar, or the Jaws, is in some peril of serious abrasion, if not demolition, in the progress of events.

But, Pendleton is the District of South Carolina, most affluent in curiosities of this description. The Table Rock is one of the Apalachian range. It rears its colossal front of granite—an isolated mass, perpendicular as a wall—more than eleven hundred feet in height, with a naked face of more than six hundred feet. The precipice is on the Eastern side. It is ascended on this side, by means of a ladder or steps of wood, fastened with iron chumps to the stone, and with several stagings compassing the perpendicular height. You literally hang in air. You look down, with a shudder, upon the awful chasm a thousand feet below. Your ladder shakes—its steps are in decay—occasionally one has disappeared—and your heart sinks momentarily, rendering necessary the encouragement of your guide. The great black wall glistens with the descending streams, which the sun coins into brilliant as fast as they scatter into spray. Go below—look up and your soul rises with the majesty of prayer. On the Western side, a stream darts away, headlong, with great speed—as a doe pursued by the hunters, whom you may fancy you see in the five cascades which bound off, from as many quarters, on a like course, all striving equally for the Oolenoe, one of the tributaries of the Saluda, in which they are all finally lost. But the chase is continued daily. There is still a doe to fly, and still as many hunters to pursue. The mountain, on this side, is well wooded, and is thus in remarkable contrast with the naked wall of rock, in the opposite quarter. You gain the top of the rock, and find a rude square or platform. The wonders increase around you. Here is another rock, which is the giant's stool, as the mountain is his table. You may fancy a dinner party of Gog and Magog, and if you sleep and dream, may conjure up images of a feast, where your chance is to be eaten last, unless, like Ulysses, you can succeed in couching the eye of your feeder. Your fancies will be greatly helped by the proof around you of unknown races. You are shown the tracks of gigantic feet, beasts, birds, men, which may be those of elephant tortoise—both are insisted upon—or the result of the natural attrition of water in the rock, which you may find it quite as pleasant to believe. Passing to the verge of the precipice, you feel, with Natty Bumppo, that you see creation. A cedar tree, for years, was the terminus, beyond which no foot was set. It grew in a crevice of the rock, and overhung the precipice. It was the ordinary trial of the adventurer's courage to grasp this tree in his embrace, and swing over the chasm. But the tree perished, finally, and the feat is performed no longer. You sit and gaze; but it will require sometime before the eye opens fully upon all its possessions. To the North and East your view is bounded by the Alleghanies, of which the rock upon which you recline is one of the barrier mountains. On all other sides, Nature seems happily to repose in the embrace of Beauty. Vale and field, and river and cascade, and lonely peaks of kindred granite, employ and persuade the satisfied glance from side to side. Your eye communes with the Glassy and Hogback Mountains, in Greenville; sweeping over Spartanburg, to the East, it rests on King's Mountain, famous for the defeat of Ferguson, in the Revolution; next, in quick succession, you range to the Saluda Mountains, the Panther, Caesar's Head, the Dismal, the Estato and Oolenoe, and with the eye thus traversing West, you grasp the castellated heights of the Carrahee, in Georgia.

We regret that our limits will allow us to make room for but one other quotation, the more so as this is all we can give of the mountain region of Georgia, a sister State that abounds in romantic and picturesque objects. The passage refers to the famous cataracts so highly eulogized by all who have visited them.

"Tuccoah is, indeed, a mountain beauty of rare loveliness. The cascade falls in a sheet most like a thin gauzy veil, through which sparkles a galaxy of little brilliants. It is the emblem of equal purity and beauty.—Its adjuncts are all of the same character. Beauty, rather than grandeur, is the word by which to describe it, though the latter element is not wanting to its charms. It is only held in subjection to the superior sweetness of

its fascination. Tuccoah is a lyric to the eye. It is a single out gushing of foud musical notes, with a sudden and sparkling overflow—wildly quick, but rarely temperate; eager and full of impulse, yet chastened by the exquisite method of grace and tenderness which prevail throughout the picture.

"A few miles from Tuccoah is another scene, in rich and absolute contrast with it. If Tuccoah is the beautiful, Tallaah is the terrible!

"If Tuccoah is the lyric of waterfalls, Tallaah is the grand five act drama, the sublime and awful tragedy, scene upon scene, accumulating with new interest, until the repose of death overspreads the catastrophe. It so happens that Tallaah is a series of cascades, five in number, with a pause between each, in which the waters, exhausted apparently by previous conflict rest themselves before resuming their fearful progress to new struggles.—These rests afford you glimpses of the sweetest repose. The stream seems momentarily to sleep, but in such lovely lakelets, that you almost look to see the naid Princess emerging from the surrounding caves, with loosened tresses, preparing for the bath. The next progress increases the action and the interest of the scene, until, at the close, you see only the convulsive forms below you, writhing as if in death, and hear the deep groans of their pining agony, sent up to you in an appeal that seems to ask for sympathy and vengeance."

THE RUIN.
"Why do you keep me so long at the door?" said Edward F.—passionately to his wife. The night had passed, but its cold winds entered the house, as Mrs. F.—with a sorrowful heart unbolted the door.
"It is late Edward and I could not keep from slumbering.
He said nothing in return to this but flung himself into a chair and gazed intently on the fire. His son climbed upon his knee and putting his little arms around his father's neck whispered—
"Papa, what has mother been crying for?"
Mr. F.—started and shook off his boy and said with violence—
"Go to bed, sir! what business has your mother to let you be up at this time of the night?"
The poor child's lower lips pouted, but he was at the time too much frightened to cry. His sister silently took him up and when he reached his bed his heart discharged itself in grief.
The mother heard his crying and went to him but she soon returned to the parlor. She leaned upon her husband and thus addressed him—
"Edward I will not upbraid you on account of your harshness to me; I do implore you not to act in this manner before your children. You are not, Edward what you used to be. Those heavy eyes of wretchedness as well as bad hours. You wrong me, you wrong yourself to let my hand show I am your wife but at the same time let your heart know singleness of matters of moment. I am aware of the kind of company in which you have lately indulged. Tell me, Edward, for heaven's sake tell me we are ruined is it not so?"
Edward had not a word to say to his wife; but a man's tears are more awful than his words.
"Well be it so Edward! our children may suffer from our fall but it will redouble my exertions for them.—And as for myself, you do not know me if you think that circumstances can lessen my feelings for them. A woman's love is like the plant which shows its strength the more it is trodden on. Arouse yourself my husband leave the course you have lately pursued. It is true your father has cast you off. It is true you are indebted to him in a serious sum; but, Edward, he is not all the world; only consider your wife in that light."
A slight tap was now heard at the door, and Mrs. F.—went to ascertain the cause. She returned to her husband.
"Mary is at the door, she says you always kissed her before she went to bed."
"My child," said the father, "God bless you and not well Mary. Nay, do not speak to me to-night. Go to rest now; give me one of your pretty smiles in the morning and then my dear child, your father will be happy again."
Mr. F.—was persuaded by his affectionate partner to retire; but sleep and rest were not for him his wife and children had once given happy smiles but now the ruin he had brought

them was awakening reality. When the light of the morn faintly appeared above the tops of the opposite houses, Mr. F.—arose.
"Where are you going, Edward?" said his watchful wife.
"I have been considering," he said calmly, and am determined to try my father. He loved me when I was a boy he was proud of me. It is true I have acted dishonorably to him, and should no doubt have ruined him. Yesterday I spoke harshly to him, but I did not then know myself. Your deep affection my dear wife, has completely altered me. I will make up for it. Now don't grieve me in this way; this is worse to than all. I will be back soon."

The children appeared in the breakfast room; Mary was ready with her smiles and the boy was anxious for the notice of his father. In a short time Mr. F.—returned
"We must sink, my love, he will not assist me. He upbraid me; I did not I could not answer him a word. He spoke kindly of you and our little ones but he cast us off forever."
The distressed man had scarcely said this when a person rudely came in. The purpose of this visit was soon perceived. In the name of F.—'s father he took possession of the property and had the power to make F.—a prisoner.

"You shall not take papa away," said the little son, at the same time kicking at the officer.
"Mamma," whispered little Mary, "mamma must my father go to prison? Won't they let us go too?"
"Here comes my authority said the deputy sheriff. The elder Mr. F.—doggedly placed himself in a chair.
"You shall not take my papa away cried out the little boy to his grandfather.
"Whatever may have been my conduct sir, said the miserable Edward; this is unkind in you. I have not a feeling for myself but my wife my children, you have no right to harass them with your presence."
"Nay, husband," responded Mrs. F.—"think not of me. Your father cannot distress me. I have not known you in childhood as he has done but you shall see how I cling to you in poverty. He has forgotten his youthful days he has lost sight of his own thoughtless years. The old gentleman directed his law agent to leave the room. He then slowly and nervously answered—
"Madam I have not forgotten my own thoughtless days, I have not forgotten that I once had a wife as amiable and noble-minded as yourself, and I have not forgotten that you husband was her favorite child. An old man hides his sorrows, but let not the world think him unfeeling as the world taught him to be so. The distress that that I have this moment caused was premeditated on my part. It has had its full effect. A mortal grieve vice by single steps, and many think the victim must return by degrees. I know Edward's disposition and with him a single leap was sufficient. The leap he has taken. He is again in my memory as the favorite of his poor mother; the merry laughing-eyed son of a pshaw of a—old fool! for what am I crying?"

Little Mary had insensibly drawn herself towards the old philosopher, and without uttering a word pressed his hand and put his handkerchief to her eyes. The boy also now left his parents and walking up said—
"Then you wont take papa away?"
"No, you imprudent little rascal; but I'll take you away when you mother comes for you I will treat her so well I will make your father follow after."
Thus came happiness at the heels of ruin. If husbands more often appreciate the exquisite and heaven-like affection of their wives how many happy firesides would be seen. One in love and one in mind, should be the motto of every married pair. And fathers would many a time check impudences, if they were to make use of reflection and kindness rather than prejudice and strictness.

CROSS EXAMINATION.—"Mr. Smith you said, you once officiated in a pulpit; do you mean by that you preached?"
"No, sir; I held the light for the man who did."
"Ah! the court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came from you."
"No, sir, I only throw'd a little light on it."
"No levity, Mr. Smith. Crier wipe your nose, and call the next witness."

THE HAPPY FAMILY IN HYDE PARK.
Showman (Albert Prince) Loquitor; Walk in, walk in ladies and gentlemen, and see the interestin' spectacle of the united and happy family, showing the wonderful power of human intelligence in subduin' the the ferocious and sanguinary dispositions of the hannimal creation. Here you behold 'em livin' together in peace and 'armony, like so many industrious bees in a glass 'ive; witch celebrity hedifice was designed a purpose for 'em, by that remarkable talented individgal, Mr. Joseph Paxton. Fast and fourmost, in a central situation, you see that magnanimous quadruped, the British lion, a lookin' around him with a complacent expression of countenance, him being on the best of terms both with hisself and every body else, and feelin' perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he is "monarch of all he surveys." Right over agin that noble hannimal, you observe the Gallie cock, between which creatures there has been supposed to exist a natural hennity; but this is a vulgar error.—The courageous bird has now quitted his position, and strutted right in between the pors of the lion, which, though naturally a carnivorous hannimal, is now, you perceive, a-eaten' a loaf of bread, made, I may remark, out of Freedre corn. The cock is pecking crumbs out of the lion's mouthe: which the generous quadruped no ways begrudges, seein' as how he is blest with an abundance, and can afford to bear the small trifles.

Not far from this humble exhibition of fraternity, you see the Loosian bear, fabulously reported to have no bowels—a circumstance disproved by his remarkable gentleness of disposition and appetite for plum pluddings; and there can be little doubt that 'tis the salutary change in his diet, he is indebted for the wonderful improvement of his temper. In the immediate neighborhood of the bear of Roosha, you behold the Haus-trian and Prooshan heagles, a-billin' like a pair of turtle-doves, and it is probable they would be cooin' too, but that owing to a natural impediment in the construction of the wind-pipe, they are unable to manage. Here is a remarkable specimen of a London terrier. The little hannimal under his nose is a Hanoverel. There you have a splendid Spanish bull; a good deal more at home where he is, I warrant you, than he would be in the hamptheynter at Madrid. There is also a Roman hannimal, of the same species, with a brace of British bull-dogs fast asleep alongside of him; may he never go further and fare wus! On the right is the royal Bengal tiger, whose native ferocity has been so completely canker'd that he is avin' a game of leaping with the Swiss shammy. On the left the great Indian elephant is amusin' himself by feedin' the Chinese pig with with gingerbread nuts. That large black-looking bird yonder, is the Danish-raven; he has got a Turkey pullet under his wig.

Yonder snug little friendly-party is composed of the rhinoceros and Hippopotamus from Baffrica, the Egyptian crocodile, the halligator from the New World, and the kangaroo from the Han-tipoles. To judge by their actions, they're engaged in cheerful conversation, arter their fashion, amongst themselves; and there's no doubt whatever but what they understand each other perfectly well. Eastwards is not an elevated situation, very conspicuous, you view a gigantic bird of a rapacious order, which is the famous American bald eagle, with a bag of breadstuffs in claws and a holive branch in his beak, which is the helmets of that peace and plenty which reigns among the members of this happy and united family. Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and see the happy and united family of all nations, under the immediate patronage of her Most Gracious Majesty and the royal family. Open every day, 'cept Sundays, from ten till seven. Admission, one shillin', Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and half-a-crown on Friday, and on Saturday, bob, for them as wants to be genteel.—Punch.

NATURAL RELIGION.—We have not been a little amused with the following definition of the religion of "nature," furnished by the *Yankee Blade*. It comes remarkably near the truth—
1. Look out for number one.
2. Use others all you can, and let them 'use' you as little as possible.
3. Get money; honestly if you can, but—get money.
4. Hold on to what you have got, and get as much more as you can.
5. Every one for himself and the d—l take the hindmost.
Here you have the whole thing in a nutshell. There is no use of inking

whole reams of paper with explanations of the subject, for here you have the exact doctrine in which the world believes and which is practiced upon by a vast majority of the people of every nation on the globe.

THE MOCK AUCTION AND THE GREAT WIZARD OF THE NORTH.
A CAPITAL JOKE.—Quite an interesting and laughable scene took place at one of the mock auction rooms yesterday between Peter Funk and Professor Anderson. The Professor it appears was attracted by the remarkably low prices that the auctioneer was selling gold watches (as is usual with strangers,) and after a little time, was induced to purchase one—then a second and a third. Peter, chuckling in his sleeve at having got hold of a green customer, seemed very desirous of extending inducements to the Professor, who, however, discovering that the watches had already purchased were not genuine. Unwilling, however, to say anything, he determined to turn the tables on the auctioneer, and after declining to purchase any more, the Professor tendered a fifty dollar bill in the payment of his account, which was thirty dollars; the three dollar watches and twenty dollars change were handed to the Wizard, who left the place with his friend and property. He had not proceeded far up Broadway, when he was tapped on the shoulder by the auctioneer, who wished the Professor to return, and appeared much agitated. Mr. Anderson returned with him, and it turned out that the fifty dollar note had vanished, and that Peter Funk charged the Wizard with having abstracted the note; the Wizard, of course, denied it, and quite a scene was cut up. Professor Anderson remonstrated in high terms at the injustice, and told him that his attempt to extort money from him by false pretenses was useless. At this the auctioneer grew exasperated, and was about to strike the Professor, when the Wizard said: "Sir, I will prove what I say, for you have at this moment one half of that note in your hat, and the other your assistant has instead the case of his watch." The auctioneer took off his hat and found it there, the watch contained the other half. Both were evidently alarmed at the affair, and wondered how they came there. They did not know Professor Anderson, and will not until they read this; but they may depend they are not safe while he is about. The affair made made the crowd scream again at Peter having been so taken in, and no doubt Professor A. will be benefitted by the amoyance they caused him.—N. Y. Herald.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.
"Married at Roseneth in Halifax county, on Sunday night 17th instansy by James Jones Esq., Mr. Richard Williamson, of Missouri, to Mrs. Martha, L. Savage."
The above may be regarded as one of those romantic matrimonial cases which of late appear to be of frequent occurrence; and perhaps it may not be amiss to give a few of the particulars attending it, as they have been related to us. Mr. Williamson is represented to be a very wealthy old gentleman, living in the extreme western part of Missouri. In travelling about for health and recreation accompanied by a nephew he stopped a few weeks since at the well known hospitality house of our old friend Moses Smith, Esq., who happening to be absent—a rare occurrence with him—Mrs. Savage a niece of his wife, came to the door to receive the new comers; she also waited upon them at the table, and won their good opinion so rapidly that the nephew declared himself enraptured with her and expressed a determination to carry her back with him to Missouri on their return if he could prevail upon her to accompany them. The uncle entertaining the same opinion, the nephew prudently gave way, and the old gentleman "proposed." The lady hesitated, and required time for deliberation.—They proceeded to the Virginia Springs and on their return the old gentleman with palpitating heart awaited the final decision of the lady. He was informed that she was a widow with four responsibilities, which was all she possessed. He said he was rich enough for them all and finally the marriage came off, and they have all started for the far West. May happiness and success attend them!

AND TO MEMORY.—When travelling, put your watch and wallet at night into one of your stockings under your head. It will then be impossible to leave them, unless you have been accustomed to go barefooted.