

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.

[NORWOOD & DE LORNE, PUBLISHERS]

VOL. 1.

DARLINGTON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING OCTOBER 23 1851.

NO. 34.

THE DARLINGTON FLAG,
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
AT DARLINGTON, C. H., S. C., BY
NORWOOD & DE LORNE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
In advance, (per annum.) - - \$2 00
At the expiration of six months - 2 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 37 1/2 cts. for each subsequent insertion.
BUSINESS CARDS, not exceeding ten lines, inserted at \$5. a year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOOD FARMER.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

"Come children it is time for you to rise," said Mrs. Elliot to little Henry and Jane; "we are going into the country to-day."

"Where are we going?" said Henry rubbing his eyes very hard.

"We are going to see uncle Gaylord." "Oh! are we!" said Henry jumping out of bed and dancing around the room. "Sister we shall see the lambs, and the pigs and the cows and the chickens that uncle told us about."

"Shall we see the little colt that uncle is going to give me?" said Jane. "I presume you will," said Mrs. Elliot "but come and be dressed now—You cannot go before you are dressed, you know."

The children were at length dressed but not till they had been told a great many times to stand still, while their mother was fastening their clothes.

After breakfast Mr. and Mrs. E. and the children set out on their journey. They reached uncle Gaylord's in safety, about the middle of the afternoon.

Henry and James were the most anxious to see the animals above name than they were to see their uncle and aunt. Toward evening their father led them forth to gratify their curiosity.

They first went to a yard, in which there were about a dozen pigs. They were very small and very clean, and looked so much alike that you could not tell one from another. When the children leaned upon the fence and looked at them, they tossed up their noses and kicked up their heels, and scampered to the furthest part of the yard, and then came back to the place whence they started and stood facing their visitors. Then some of them put their noses together as though they were whispering and telling one another what they thought of Henry and Jane, and then they all ran away again and stopped in the other extremity of the yard.

"Oh! how I wish I had one of them!" said Henry.

"So do I," said Jane.

"You may have one if you will catch him," said uncle Gaylord.

"Will they not bite?" said Henry.

"No, they will not bite you."

"Papa may I catch one?"

"Yes."

"Henry climbed over the fence into the yard. The pigs stood and looked at him till he came near them and then away they ran to the other end of the yard. There they waited for him till he came very near them and then they ran back to the other end; and thus they kept running back and forth scampering to be well pleased with the sport—At last Henry was convinced that they were too nimble for him. He came out of the yard, comforting himself with the reflection that he could catch them if he could only run fast enough.

The next visit was to the sheep pasture. It contained a great many sheep. As soon as they saw uncle Gaylord, they set up a great baa-ing, and came running toward him. Henry was afraid and got behind his father, and Jane entreated her father to take her up in his arms. The sheep came up close to uncle Gaylord and licked his hands; and one little lamb came up to Henry, and licked his face. Both the sheep and the lambs were very fat and fine looking.

At sunset the cows come home. They stood near the kitchen door, chewing the cud and waiting to be milked. They were very smooth and fine looking cows and so gentle that a child might without fear take hold of their horns. One cow who had very long, crooked horns held down her head while Henry felt of them and patted her forehead.

"Papa," said Henry, "What makes all of uncle Gaylord's animals look so well?"

"Because he takes good care of them. He is an excellent farmer." When Henry and Jane went to bed it was a long time before they fell asleep; they had much to say about what they had seen. Henry was sure he would be a farmer when he came to be a man.

On the next morning their uncle took them to ride. There were two seats in the wagon. Mr. E. and uncle G. sat on one seat, and Henry and Jane on the other. The brothers were so busy talking that the children could not ask them any questions. By-and-by, they stopped at a farm-house where uncle Gaylord had some business to transact. The children went to see a flock of sheep that were in a field very near the house. They did not look like uncle Gaylord's sheep. They were lean and dirty and ran away when Henry came near them.

"I don't believe," said Henry, "that this man gives his sheep enough to eat. He cannot be a good farmer I know."

When they reached home, Henry asked his father if the owner of the sheep they saw a good farmer.

"Yes," said Mr. E. "your uncle says he is a very good farmer."

"Yes," said uncle Gaylord "he is the best farmer in the township."

"Why do not his sheep and lambs look better?" said Henry.

"He has a very unruly flock; they break out of the pasture very often and feed on a poisonous weed that grows in an adjoining field."

"Does it poison them to death?"

"No it does not kill them, but it makes them lean, and causes them to shed their wool and, in consequence, to look very shabby. Their owner takes great pains to keep them in their pasture which is a fine one, but they, by some means, often get out."

"Ought those sheep to blame their owner for being lean?" said Mr. E.

"No sir, for it is their own fault."

"There are a great many people in the world who are as unreasonable as the sheep would be if they were to blame their owner for their leanness."

"I do not know what papa means."

"There are a great many persons in the world who make themselves unhappy, and then blame the Lord for it. If that man's sheep had only done as their owner wanted them to do, would have been fat and healthy; and so if men will do as God wants to have them do, they will be happy. The unhappiness in the world is owing to the wickedness of man not to a lack of goodness on the part of God. Every good thing that you would enjoy comes from God's goodness; every evil thing which you suffer is the result of man's wickedness."

From the New-York Picayune.

PROF. JULIUS CÆSAR HANNIBAL'S SCIENTIFIC DISCOURSES.

BRUDDERS AND SISTERS.

My lecture dis ebenin in consequences ob several reasons will be on de obshobin' subject ob

MALGAMATION.

De word 'Malgamation,' eordin to de works ob Doekter Kobel, on de "Anamal Probosus ob de Elemfent," derived from a old Duch painter man, an' simply mean a mixin' up ob kullers. De fust instinck ob de mixin' up ob cullers 'mong men and wimin on record in g'ography was when old massa Moses marid a culler'd womin, jis to luff de Afriensin see dat he was not afeerd to mix wid dem in defullst sense ob de word and eber sence dat old Jew man marid dat black womin, all de mean, stingy ole wite fellers dat an too miserly to keep a wite 'omin as should be an tryin to inflame de heds ob de kuller'd people wid dere Malgamation doctrin, for ebery now and den we hear ob some sassy wite feller a run away wid some lubly eulered gal, an' puttin' off for Boston, where de folks like such tings, as fass as de raterode can carry 'em, an' my friends dis state ob things an looking more omnibus ebery day, for dar an not an Eastern paper dat I lay my han's on but wat contains a call for a meetin' ob de wite trash to consider de questum ob abolishin an' Malgama shan; but my delated friends dis an all gass an gammon about dese fellers, simfonsin' wid de kullered race. All dey want an to sassegefy der charcole appetites by foolin round de lubliest ob our fare see. Ef I had a darter, and she was as humble as a rinosinbos, before one of dese wite rascals should lay his purshah hands on her wolvst skin I'd do as de ole Roman, Warginus ob ole, did, when old King Kruse tried to lay his violate han's on de bussom ob her darter—I'd smash him chopps wid a Balaony sassinger. I 'member well wen I

seed de actor man in de playhouse play dis good Mr. Warginus. I recumlect now a young man dat was named Isilous who was a how to de doctur told 'im dat Warginus looked mity cross, and sed, "Dont you see dis arm bub? It is a Ruman's and has manured de side!"

De facum, my sleepy hearecs these wite abolitionists want to swashte wid de darkey population so dat dey will cum ebery kind ob queer game ober you to complish dere purpose.—Dey only want to pull de wool ober de eyes ob your blushin', blumin' damsel jis like de debil pullis de wool ober da eyes ob de sinner, and it am my private 'opinion dat dese wite peeples sint as far gettin' into heben as I am to hab my my salary raised to a lubbin pint and de Lord nose dat am fur 'nuff off; but my stingy friends, if dis state ob tings an loved to 'sist much longer, it will trow de cogw'el ob subilishin out ob jint, break off de axel trees which dis cirelombillar arth goes round, bust de bilter ob de nation upset de cars ob aristocrazy and spill all society which catastrophy wood, ob kose smash de ole constitution, an we hab to lib on de by-lay for eber afterwards which case any a fae derefore let it slide into your nolage-box, wid all de ese an grace dat you would swoller a fried clam.

De "Hannable Guards," de cullered soger company raised in honor ob vore pooily supported laborers an namerore him went on a shuttin'iron searction week afore lass. I had a invite to go 'long but not habin eby par ob boots in particular, I didn't go. Dey had de darkey hand 'pang an' one ob de abolitionists kaind de target, an' de hear dey had fass rate times. Dis an't hall wat de darkeys ob New-York can do. It am only a speccem ob wat dey git a chance. I undartad' from Bill 'Tiehp, da fier dat a new darkey company an' raisin', to be called de Breeccher Feneceables.

Bradder Julius Henry Sturgeon will do de congressum de honor ob passin' round de sasser, and he will keep his eye skinned for kountertit gold dollars I har dey an werry much in wogue jis now.

A BRAGG MAN IN CUBA.

The New Orleans Delta tells the following good story:—

A gentleman recently returned from Havana who whilst there visited the prisoners of the late expedition; in the Punta relates an anecdote illustrative of the sang froid which enters so largely into the American character. He says when he entered the room where the prisoners were and observed their forlorn appearance—suffering from the recent fatigues and deprivations of their extraordinary campaign—their heads shaved—their legs chafed and wearing the prison dress—he felt so grievously affected that he could with difficulty restrain his tears. Commencing conversation with the prisoners he soon discovered, however that though their appearance might be ever so forlorn their minds were far from prostrate, but with firmness which marks the American character they bore up not only with fortitude but with cheerfulness and apparent indifference to their physical sufferings. The sympathizing visitor, in words which were nearly choked with grief asked his afflicted countryman if they wanted anything.

"Yes," responded one of the prisoners "you would greatly oblige me if you would let me know how the election in Mobile."

"Bragg elected," was the reply.

"Hura for that!" exclaimed the unhappy prisoner; "Jim hand us over that dollar—the submissionists are ticked."

"During the war of 1812, it happened that invasion was expected in the town of Lynn, situated at the mouth of the Connecticut river. The 'spirit of the times' had previously manifested itself in militia gatherings and organizations, and the individual who had undertaken to discipline the rustics in the art of war was one Captain Tinker, who had advanced his company to a high state of 'theoretical practice,' by the aid of broom-sticks and corn-stalks interspersed here and there with a rusty old 'Queen's arm.' Well, several ferocious and determined 'barades' were executed, in anticipation of the enemy's advent. Balls were cast, guns scoured, flints picked, and the 'troops' were set to work in digging a trench which should command the entrance of the river, under the supervision of Col. S—who was a veteran of the revolution. It was not long before some gun-boats were seen approaching closely followed by two English frigates, and as they

came within range, a shot or two was fired. The troops were all duly entrenched; and thrust through their embankment, the muzzles of two culverins, fully charged with death dealing material, stoop 'grinning grim defiance' to foreign invasion, and awaiting the charge. But at this juncture our doughty captain was not to be found. The valiant colonel had ridden up and down the lines in vain in search of him but at length he espied in the distance a dirt covered head bobbing up and down occasionally from the ground, whose 'continuations' were evidently busily engaged in finding the bottom of a deep hole. In the summer-tide of passion, the colonel rode up to the spot and exclaimed; 'What the devil are you doing in that hole, Captain Tinker—Why are you not at the head of your troops?' 'Troops be d—d' replied the captain; 'it's their business to take care of themselves; this is my hole; I dug it last night, and the cursed Britishers can hit me if they kin—let 'em shute!' Let troops git under their sand banks, if they don't want to git; they got one! Wasn't this an exhibition of the 'better part of valor' in a commanding officer.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.—A youth seeking employment, went to one of our large cities, and on inquiring at a certain counting-room if they wished a clerk was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendation he had, one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them. In turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that," said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. "And what are going to do with that book in New York?" The lad looked seriously into the merchant's face, and replied, "I promised my mother I would read it every day, and I shall do it," and burst into tears. The merchant immediately engaged his services, and in due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

FIT FOR A LAWYER.—An old lady walked into a lawyer's office lately, when the following conversation took place:—

Lady.—Squire, I called to see if you would like to take this boy and make a lawyer of him.

Lawyer.—The boy appears rather young, madam. How old is he?

Lady.—Seven years, sir.

Lawyer.—He is too young—decidedly too young. Have you no boys older?

Lady.—Oh yes, sir, I have several; but we have concluded to make farmers of the others. I told you my man I thought this little feller would make a first rate lawyer, and so I called to see if you would take him.

Lawyer.—No man; he is too young yet to commence the study of the profession. But why do you think this boy so much better calculated for a lawyer than your other sons?

Lady.—Why, you see, sir, he is just seven years old to-day; when he was only five, he'd lie like all nature; and when he got to be six, he was saucy and impudent as any critter could be; and now he'll steal every thing he can lay his hands on.

HARD OF HEARING—A LOVE STORY.

A young Jonathan once courted the daughter of an old man that lived down East who professed to be deficient in hearing—but forsooth, was more capacious than limited in hearing as the sequel will tend to show.

It was a stormy night in the ideas of March if I mistake not amid lightning and loud peals of thunder that Jonathan sat by the old man's fireside discussing with the old lady (his intended mother-in-law) on the expediency of asking the old man's permission to marry Sal.—Jonathan resolved to pop it the old man th next day—"but," says he "as I think of the task, my heart shrinks, and resolution weakens—he's so dang'd hard to hear a body." In the meantime the old man, who was hypercritical so far as hearing was concerned feigned total indifference to the conversation between his wife and Jonathan but contrary to the anticipation of both he distinctly heard every word that passed by dawn of another day the man was to be found in his barn lot feeding his pigs. Jonathan also rose from bed early in the morning and spied the old man feeding his pigs, and resolved to ask him for Sal.

Scarce had minute elapsed after Jonathan made his last resolution ere he bid the old man good morning. Now Jonathan's heart beat—now he scratched his head and gave birth to pensive

yarns. Jonathan declared that he'd as leave "take thirty-nine stripes" as to ask the old man. "But says he aloud to himself, "however, here goes it—a faint heart never won a fair girl," and addressed the old man thus:—

"I say, old man, I want to marry your daughter?"

Old man—"You want to borrow my halter. I would lend it to you Jonathan but my son has taken it off to the mill."

Jonathan put his mouth close to the old man's ear and speaking in a deafening voice, said—"I have got forty-five pounds of money!"

The old man stepped back, as if greatly alarmed and exclaimed in a voice of surprise, "you have got five hundred pounds of honey! What in the mischief can I do with so much honey, Jonathan? Why its more than all the neighborhood has use for?"

Jonathan who was not yet the victim of despair put his mouth to the old man's ear and bawled out "I've got gold." To this the old man replied, so have I Jonathan; and it is the worst cold I ever had in my life." So saying the old man sneezed, wash-up.

By this time the old lady came out and having observed Jonathan's unfortunate luck, she put her mouth up to the old man's ear, and screamed like a wounded Zeno—"Daddy—I say, daddy, you don't understand him; he wants to marry our daughter."

Old man—"I told him my calf-halter was gone."

Old lady—"Why, daddy you cant understand; he's got gold; he's rich."

Old man—"He's got a cold and the itch eh? What's the devil are doing here with the itch eh?" So saying the old man aimed a blow at Jonathan's head his walking staff; happily for Jonathan he dodged it. Nor did the rage of our hero stop at this, but with an angry countenance he made after Jonathan who took to heels nor did Jonathan's luck stop here he had not gone out of the barn-yard nor far from the old man who run him a close race ere Jonathan stumbled his his toe and fell to the ground, and before the old man could stop he stumbled over, Jonathan sprang to his heels and with the speed of John Gilpin, cleared himself. And poor Sal! she died a nun. Never had a husband.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

"Lawyers are a grave sedate race when on duty," but out of court we know of no class who cultivate the humorous more assiduously, and we may add more effectively. Read the following, for example sent us by one of 'em:

"In one of the western counties of the down east state, there waved many years ago, and for many years an artillery company famous in all the country side for its parades and sham-fights. To see the Paris artillery of a 'train-day' was 'an aim and an achievement. In the time of the last war with England its meetings were frequent and exciting. Lieutenant J—n, remembered for his love of liquor hate of the federalists and habitual use and misuse of the word business,' was balmy beyond question when late in the afternoon of training-day, he was invited by the captain, in accordance with the usage of those days, to take command of the company for a short drill before breaking up. Bracing himself as well as he could against a large elm he commenced giving orders: 'Fellowsoegers p'se sword!' said he. After some little time he roused himself and repeated p'se sword! Why lieutenant we've been p'sed for five minutes,' exclaimed one of the sergeants. Well the his-bess is keep'p'sed! he coughed the lieutenant.

"I was in the same country in the time of the old Common Pleas Court that an elderly and garrulous female witness was called to give her testimony in case before the bench. Her answers to the counsel were so confused and unsatisfactory that at length the Court interfered and inquired who she had been talking about. Nancy Kneeland now in divine presence was the prompt reply.

"At a recent term of the court in an eastern country, J—sH—n or Uncle Jenny as he is familiarly called was a jurymen. Several actions of H—, a clock vendor came on for trial. All the cases, good and bad alike going against the plaintiff some one asked Uncle Jenny how it happened.—Why said he Most all of the jury had some of them clocks!" There was retribution, moral and legal.

The cultivation of the heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune and weed before we begin to plant.

SELECTIONS FOR NEWSPAPERS.

Most persons think the selection of suitable matter for a newspaper the easier part of the business. How great an error! It is by all means the most difficult. To look over and over hundreds of exchange papers every day, from which to select enough for one, especially when the question is not what shall, but what shall not be selected, is indeed "no easy task." If every person who reads a newspaper, could have edited it, we should hear less complaints. Not unfrequently it is the case that an editor looks over all his exchanges for something interesting, and can absolutely find nothing. Every paper is dryer than a contribution box; and yet something "must be had—his paper must have something in it, and he does the best he can. To an editor who has the least care about what selects, the writing he does is the easiest part of his labor. A paper when completed should be one the editor would be willing to read to his wife, his mother, or his daughter; and if he do that, if he gets such a paper, he will find his labor a most difficult one.

Every subscriber thinks the paper is printed for his especial benefit, and if there is nothing in it that suits him it must be stopped, it is good for nothing. Some people look over the deaths and marriages, and naturally complain of the editor, if but few people in the vicinity of have been so unfortunate as to die, or so fortunate as to get married the previous week. An editor should have such things in his paper whether they occur or not. Just as many subscribers as an editor may have, just as many tastes he has to consult. One wants stories and poetry; another abhors all this. The politician wants nothing but politics. One must have something sound. One likes anecdotes, fun and frolic, and a next door neighbor wonders that a man of sense will put such stuff in his paper. Something spicy comes out, and the editor is a blackguard. Next comes something argumentative, and the editor is a dull fool. And so between them all, you see the poor fellow gets roughly handled. And yet, to ninety-nine out of a hundred, these things never occur. They never reflect that what does not please them, may please the next man, but they insist that if the paper does not suit them, it is good for nothing.—Exchange Paper.

TAKING NOTICE.—A good many years ago when there were slaves in Massachusetts, a clergyman in Essex Co., had an old favorite servant by the name of Cuffee. Cuffee of course always went to church, and observing that other gentlemen took notes of the sermon, he took it into his head one Sunday to do so himself, and accordingly prepared himself with the requisite materials, and spread himself to the task.

When the minister reached home he sent for Cuffee to come into his study.

"Well, Cuffee," said he, "what were you doing in meeting, this afternoon?"

"Doing, Massa! Taking notes!" was his reply.

"You taking notes?" exclaimed the master.

"Sartin, Massa: all the gentlemen take notes."

"Well, let me see them," said the master.

Cuffee thereupon produced his sheet of paper, and his master found it scrawled all over with all sorts of marks and lines, as though a dozen of spiders dipped in ink, had marched over it.

"Why this is all nonsense," said the minister, as he looked at the "notes."

"Well, Massa," Cuffee replied, "I thought so all the time you was preaching."

A WIFE.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him, one who can reason and reflect and feel and judge and discriminate one who can assist him in affairs, lighten his sorrow, purify his Joy strengthen his principles and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother, and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing room, and attract admiration of the company but she is entirely unfit for a help mate to a man and to "train up a child in the way he should go."—Port Folio.

CUTTINGS.

Now is the time to put in cuttings; almost every tree or shrub will grow from a cutting, if proper care and attention be given them. We have grown pears, apples, peaches and cherries from cuttings, and nearly every variety of flowering bush grown from cuttings planted in October. The soil for cuttings should be mellow and rich; rich in vegetable matter, and as cool as possible. The great advantage of October planting is, in the roots forming in the fall and winter, thereby giving the plant a vigorous start in the spring, enabling it to brave the heat of summer. Cuttings should be placed in the ground horizontally, with but two buds above the surface, and the but end of the cuttings should always rest against the solid earth. The roots are surer to radiate from the base and once having taken hold, will be likely to live. Lovers of fruits and flowers, try cuttings in October—Soil of the South.

Honesty and industry are the only plain and unobstructed roads to endless fame and everlasting happiness.