

# 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 NOVEMBER 27, 1851. NO. 39.

**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 37½ cts. for each subsequent insertion.  
BUSINESS CARDS, not exceeding ten lines, inserted at \$5, a year.

## AGRICULTURE.

### WHEAT SOWING, ETC.

There is, in my opinion, an error generally entertained in relation to wheat culture, and the sowing of wheat in a flat, level, prairie country. By some it is supposed that such land cannot be profitably employed in wheat culture, and it is employed at all that it must be thrown up into beds, or highlands by ploughing, to prevent the water from standing on the wheat in winter or spring. Strict observation of the different methods of sowing, results in the selection of the following, lands subject to heaving or thrown out roots during the alternate frosts and thaws of winter, or drowning during the wet season. Prepare the ground by ploughing, and leave it as level as possible. Late in August, or early in September, sow the grain broadcast and plough or harrow in, ploughing is generally considered best then, with a common two-horse roller, roll the field until it is quite compact. Note the best course for draining, and plough a furrow every two rods through the field. These should be cleared with the hoe, after which they will settle and remain clear and will answer every purpose for draining, without the evils consequent upon the long-practiced plan of throwing into high lands or ridges. I have seen fields where one-half the next to ten ditches had become so clayey by continual turning in the same direction, that nothing but weeds and chesw would grow, while on the ridges, wheat would lodge, so that the whole was almost entirely worthless. If the ground should be bare of snow, and dry on the surface at anytime during the winter, as is frequently the case in the west, the roller should be used without fail. It may be used at any time when the ground is dry; but the kind of lands of which I speak should never be tramped when wet. By following the above directions, wheat may be profitably raised on common prairie, or any land suitable for corn or other grain. An early variety, with a stiff straw, as the Kentucky red chaff, should be selected the Mediterranean and other varieties being liable to lodge before the grain is perfect on the prairie. These same rules will apply to late sowed wheat; but early sowing is preferable.—*Dollar Newspaper.*

### CHOICE OF MULES.

It is unquestionable that mules for some purposes is the most economical brute force that can be used. It would be ill-advised to put the heavy draft of a freight wagon, and it would be not less ill-advised to groom and train the mule for the race course. Each has been formed by nature for service of a particular character, and one cannot be made to bear the burdens of the other without a misapplication of power and consequently a loss to the owner. Much of the odium that has fallen upon the mule, as an economical motive power, has been in consequence of a neglect to consider what kind of service and physical structure is suited to. If he is wanted for heavy draft, he must have weight and bone. If for the plow, the purchaser should turn his eye to the peculiarities of the land to be worked. Stiff clay lands offer great resistance to plow and require great strength in the animal used for plowing. The mule for service in these should be selected for his power of endurance and strength. These qualities are generally found in the mule that most resembles in form and appearance the Jack. The guiding rule then, in a purchaser would seem to be, take those most unseemly to the eye, having large legs, a stout body, long heavy ears, a large and bony head, and sleepy eyes. These are best able to endure the hardships of severe and continued labor, also the abuse and neglect they have to receive from the negroes. If the land is light and sandy such as prevails to a great extent in the South quite different qualities are in requisition. Speed and more rapid

motion are in demand, and we should select those with limbs longer, less clumsy and to the eye more muscular, with eyes quick and bright, ears slender, body more rotund and smaller in size.—In a word more like the horse. We believe if planters were to select their mules when purchasing upon these principles they would be much the gainers.—*Farmer & Planter.*

**POTATO BREAD.**—Take potatoes, boil them until thoroughly done peel or skin them and then wash them up as fine as they can be made. Add a sufficient quantity to your yeast and flour, make into dough and bake.—This is not only more economical than the bread made of all flour, as it takes less flour but it makes superior bread, and one that continues soft much longer. The sweet potatoes makes a most delicious bread when thus used, and superior to that made by the common potato. The toast made from this bread is much softer, sweeter, and superior to that made from bread in the ordinary manner. Sweet potato biscuits are excellent; but not so healthy as bread.

**PLUM CAKE.**—Nine pounds of flour nine eggs, three pounds of sugar, one pint of yeast, one spoonful of rose water; to your taste, and as much milk as will wet it.

**RISK.**—One pint of milk, one tea-cupful of yeast mix it thin; when light, add twelve ounces of sugar, ten ounces of butter, four eggs flour sufficient to make it as stiff as bread; when risen again mould and sponge on tin.

Let no man be too proud to work.—Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a suburban countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty.—Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

**WASHING WOOLEN CLOTHES.**—Woolen goods should be washed in very hot suds, but never rinsed. Tepid water causes them to shrink.

**TAPIOCA JELLY.**—Take a quarter of a pound of tapioca, swell it thoroughly in a pint of water, then add a glass of wine—Port or Madeira—with sugar to the taste; or tapioca swelled in milk is a very light and nutritious food.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### LOVE IN A STAGE-COACH.

BY A BACHELOR.

How it pours! Rattle, rattle, against the casement, splash, splash on the ground underneath, all night; and now when I awoke, here it was raining away harder than ever, as if a second deluge was at hand. Confound the breakfast bell! I do wish there was no such thing as a breakfast on a rainy morning, for then one might lay abed all day, or until the storm cleared off. Philosophers tell us that rain is necessary for the economy of nature; it may be true, though I never trouble myself about such things; but if so, men ought to be made like dormice, to sleep on in a seminal state until the rain sees fit to cease. Nature never intended us to be out in a shower, or we should have been born with a patent oil-cloth, or India-rubber skins.

Down it poured! What on earth was I to do! The day before had been the brightest one in the bright month of May, and as I had a passion for walking in the country—more fool for it!—I had trudged away off here, eight miles or more from town to see a country wedding, “after the order used among friends.” I must say that the thing was very handsomely done, and that I was much edified; so much so, that one of these days I shall tell how the parties departed themselves, how many new hats there were in the wedding companies, who drove the finest horses, and all other matters so interesting to young misses and old bachelors like myself. The day passed off with a bright blue sky, until towards dusk, when a thunder shower came up, that lasted till bed-time; but I retired, fully resolved that the morning would see a clear sky over my head. But morning had come, and here it was pouring down, in one dark, splashy, continuous stream, for all the world like an old maid's objections when her tongue gets wagging!

Down I hurried to the breakfast table. I had just buttered my bread, and was swallowing the first mouthful of coffee, when the horn of the coach to town was heard, and looking out of the window, I saw the vehicle, its four smoking horses dash-

ing down the turnpike. It was my only chance to reach the city that day. I bolted my bread, gulped down my coffee till my throat was scalded, jammed my hat on my head, and bolted through the door. The driver did not see me, but cracked his whip with a flourish and went on. I shouted—still the old villain would not notice me, but with another flourish of his whip set his four-in-hand in a brisker trot, and rattled down the hill. Desperate with the fear of being left, I pushed after him, spattering the mud around at every step, and shouting at the top of my lungs. But I might have run on, and should till doomsday, had not a passenger seen me and stopped the deaf old sinner. Out of breath, wet to the skin, covered with mud from head to foot, and not in the best humor from the loss of my breakfast, I mounted into the coach; but the instant I placed my foot inside the vehicle, all my sulkiness vanished; for one of the loveliest angels that ever blessed an old rickety coach, or warmed the soul of a sour, breakfastless bachelor with her presence, sat upon the back seat.

Did you ever fall in love? Of course. And the lady was the loveliest of her sex? To be sure. Then this stage coach beauty was twice as handsome as your sweetheart, and if, after this, you don't think my fellow-passenger a cherub, then I give up all hope of making you appreciate her. Such eyes, such teeth, and then lips—egad, it almost makes me crazy to think of them. I put myself down for the luckiest dog in the world. She was dressed in a plain steeple-crowned bonnet with a green veil—just such a costume, said I, as a real lady wears when traveling—and then she gave me such a sweet, but half roguish smile, as I tumbled into the coach in the plight I have described, that I knew her at once to be a paragon, in the way of education, taste, fortune, and all that; and I resolved—what knowing one wouldnt—to make the agreeable off-hand, for there's nothing like meeting an heiress in a stage-coach, where she thinks she's unknown, and dreams that every attention paid to her springs from pure love—ahem—on your part.

I was in clover. What cared I for rain? Splash, splash, aye! rain away there like blazes! who cares! One doesn't get a tete-a-tete with a pretty girl every day of the week, so I determined to make the best of it.

And faith, what a few sly compliments and my extraordinary good looks, I soon got as cozy with my unknown beauty, and she with me, as if we had been acquainted since the days of Noah. We talked of the wedding, for she too had been there, of the scenery of the rain, and of whatever came uppermost; and there was such a charming frankness in all she said, that I really thought her the most winning little witch that I had ever seen, and I verily believe, if the floor had been softer, and I had known the accurate number of houses of which I would be tenant, in courtesy, I should have gone down on my knees to her at once. I hate showing one's learning off in public, so I avoided anything like literature, though I saw by the intelligent eye of the charmer, that she had a soul alive to all the finer sensibilities of nature. At length we got on the subject of house-keeping. Now, if there is anything I hate, it is a woman that can't keep house, and I trembled at every word, lest my angel should confess her ignorance of these matters. Shade of Auspices! how my heart leaped when she told me that barely a day passed in which she didn't make bread, pies, or sponge-cake, or some other of those shim-shaws that delight the heart of man, and in expatiating on such delicacies, she rose to a pitch of eloquence that I never heard surpassed. I couldn't resist my feelings, but snatched her hand to my lips and kissed it.

Yes! I felt that she was destined to be mine, for if there is anything a wife ought to know, it is this: I come of a race of eaters. My grandfather was lunched on half-a-dozen rabbits, and died at last of a surfeit produced by eating two young pigs. My father can break his fast on a couple of capons, or devour a pair of turkeys without picking his teeth; and a brother of mine can tuck in a hundred of pickled oysters and dishes of chicken salad, which does credit to the family. My own exploits in this line, modestly forbids me to mention. No wonder I loved this rosy little beauty who could get up such a choice fry, and bake such delicious cakes. Ah! what a life of domestic happiness rose before my vision, when I pictured to myself re-

turning home from a court at night to meet a beef-steak ready broiled, or a bowl of the richest turtle soup, served up by the fair hand of the angel at my side. I resolved, if there was virtue in a pair of whiskers, in an eloquent tongue, or in my new blue coat, to win this seraph of pie-bakers.

There is no place like a stage-coach for making love. It comes natural! You do it, egad, in a sort of easy, don't-care-for-any-thing style, that you can't for the life of you assume in any other place. What betwixt sitting on the same seat to talk more conveniently, and putting your arm around her waist to keep her from jolting off, you soon get to be wonderful cozy, and ten to one if you don't catch yourself squeezing her hand, or varying the entertainments in some other way before you are aware of it.

For my own part, as I have said, I was ready to surrender at discretion, and I already fancied myself lightening the dear creature beside me of the rents of her various fine houses. I was charmed to think of the progress I had made in her affections. What a delicately rosy cheek it was that I just then kissed, and she blushing the deeper at my warmth! And then her saucy, pouting lips, and her figure, just the very size for a man who hated your thin, weasel-shaped young misses as he hated epidemics. Ah, what a wife she would make! How I thanked my stars that I had hitherto set my face like a flint against every temptation to marry—for now firmness was to be rewarded by this beauty and heiress dropping into my mouth. And then I preached to myself a mental homily on the short-sightedness of man, as I ventured to steal another kiss from the conscious and blushing little angel at my side. I was just about to pop the question itself, when the coach stopped and the driver descended and opened the door. My charmer rose. I was taken all aback.

“Do you get out here?” said I in surprise.

“Yes,” said she, “I see Mr. Powell is waiting for me.”

“Mr. Powell?” said I, for that was the name of a friend of mine who lived up this very lane, not half a mile from the turnpike. “Do you then live with him?” Perhaps you're a relative? “Strange,” I muttered to myself, “I never heard him speak of this charming creature.”

Before I could answer, Powell approached, and while he hailed me, my fellow-passenger sprang to the ground as if by magic, and the next minute was in my friend's vehicle.

“For heaven's sake!” said I, half mad that the hearty gripe of Powell prevented me from hastening to his ward's assistance, “who is that angel? Is she a relative, a ward, or what?—I'm dying for love of her!”

Powell burst into a laugh, and laughed on till tears came into his eyes.—“Confound the fellow, what did he mean? I began to look angry.”

“Come, my dear boy,” he said, “don't get angry, but consider how odd it is that you, of all men, should fall in love with my cook!”

I never make acquaintance in a stage-coach now, until I have exchanged cards.

(From the Illustrated Family Friend.)

HON. J. H. MEANS.

GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

So familiar are a majority of the citizens of our State with the noble and manly proportions and commanding countenance of our popular Chief Magistrate, and so faithfully has the artist's skilful hand transferred these to paper, that he who but glances at the above excellent cut, will recognize it as an admirable likeness of the Hon. J. H. Means.

Yet, though a most graphic and creditable engraving, and capital portrait, it comes far short of doing Gov. Means full justice; for, let the outlines of the figure and the relative proportions of the face be copied ever so exact, it surpasses the power of the most potent engraver to mimic the features' magic play—the changeable eye's expressive glance, or brilliant flash—the pleasant tone or urbane manner; and, unless these all could be presented to the view, it is impossible to furnish a sketch that would come up to the remembrance of those familiar with the subject of this notice. For few men, endowed as is the Governor, with a clear, sound intellect to direct, and a powerful physical organization to carry out the dicta of the mind, are also blessed in such an eminent degree with the air and manners that captivate, and the courteous bearing that commands regard.

Though one of South Carolina's prominent sons, now occupying the highest office within the gift of her citizens, and having honorably filled various trusts of honor before, the life of Governor Means has been unchequered by striking vicissitudes; and his character must be judged of, not by the fallacious test of a few brilliant achievements, dazzling the eye of the beholder, and taking his judgment by storm—but by the more severe, though more just and correct method, of analyzing his entire life-work.

In an address delivered some time since, to the Cadets of the Citadel Academy at Charleston, Governor Means said: “That one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall a young man, was to be born the heir of wealth; for, as man was naturally an indolent being, averse to that severe and unrelaxed exertion which alone can ensure success and obtain eminence, the sharp spur of necessity was absolutely necessary to compel him up the rugged road that leads to fame.” The truth of this remark, though, mayhap, not appreciable by the indolent and the thoughtless, is acknowledged by all who properly weigh and correctly estimate cause and effect, and their manifestations. That man, no matter what the propelling power is, who attains high station, or who outstrips his fellows in any praiseworthy pursuit, deserves, and he ever obtains, great credit. But, whilst a due award is almost invariably accorded him, who, impelled by daily necessity to daily toil, reaches a lofty position, seldom is a proper meed of praise bestowed upon those, who, rising superior to the weaknesses of their nature, casting aside the blandishments and enervating influences of luxury, and divested of any positive motive for exertion, still strive manfully to do their duty to God, their fellows and themselves, by improving, to the utmost, the faculties with which they have been gifted—and who use the wealth which has been placed at their command, as a means of doing good to others, instead of abusing it, and degrading themselves, by applying it only to selfish gratifications.

Fortunate in many things—in the possession of an excellent and estimable father, the late Thomas Means, Esq., of Fairfield District, and in the companionship of six brothers, older than himself, Governor Means was unfortunate in being born the inheritor of an estate sufficient to supply his every want. And, though many may think “unfortunate” an odd term to use in the above connection, we feel assured that, possessing the determined will, the clear intellect, the kind heart and generous disposition that Governor Means does, nothing but the absence of opportunity, occasioned by the lack of compulsory necessities, has prevented his name—sufficiently known now to satisfy the ambition of most men—from being recorded upon even a much higher niche in the temple of renown.

During the period of the nullification excitement, Governor Means was a student in the South Carolina College. Having a natural taste for military affairs, and being warmly interested in the success of the nullifiers, immediately after his graduation, in 1832—then in his twentieth year—he was elected Lieutenant of a company of minute men in his native District.—Here his military talents were so apparent, and himself so popular, that very shortly afterwards he was made Captain—and, at brief intervals, was promoted from grade to grade, until, in 1835, we find him Brigadier-General of the 6th Brigade—having, in three years, passed through every office from Lieutenant to Brigadier.

An early marriage with a very amiable and gifted lady, the youngest daughter of the late Robert Stark, Esq., of Columbia—whose gallant deeds during the revolution will ever be remembered by those who love the brave and admire patriotism—caused Governor Means to abandon a design he had long entertained, of becoming a member of the legal profession. After his nuptials he devoted himself to the management of his large planting interests in Fairfield, where, with the exception of a tour of duty in the Legislature—to which he was elected in 1846—he remained in quiet, enjoying the comforts of an elegant home, and dispensing the liberal hospitality of a Carolina gentleman, until he was called from the tranquil walks of private life to the gubernatorial Chair, in '50.

His course, as Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth, is so well known, that it would be useless for us to refer to it; though we cannot refrain from

hoping that future Governors may be as fortunate in reaping golden opinions from all sorts of men, as was Governor Means in his late severe tour of duty to the various encampments throughout the State.

### THE CITY BOY MAN.

Boys of the present age; we congratulate you on your extraordinary precocity! We rejoice to see you so immeasurably above your degenerate forefathers. Pulling infants as they were engaged in the despicable and unmanly games of cricket and marbles, you with far sublimer ideas, look with disdain upon them, and stalking about with hat, cane and sgar, ape the manners, and adopt the conversation of maturity. How commendable! Boydom has passed away in the city—and forever. Never again shall we hear the merry laugh the shrill whistle, as engaged in some exciting sport, the boy gave vent to his joy. Not in boating not in squirrel hunting does boyhood takes delight but in an affected simper, and with tightly strapped pantaloons and kids ready to crack at the least muscular exertion, you behold him a gallant escorting some little delicate Miss to her French school; or with the most perfect nonchalance amuse his leisure hours in enveloping his head his head in tobacco smoke, or inbibing draughts of villainous fire water.

It is an unanswerable fact that youths at the age of fifteen from the misrule—or no rule—of parents or some other cause, labor under the singular delusion, that in experience, ability, and general attainments they far excel their fathers. As for their grand fathers—they were a set of ignoramus! So strongly is this idea impressed upon their minds, that no opportunity is allowed to escape without its being manifested. They give their opinions boldly upon every occasion and denounce the man whose judgment unfortunately happens to conflict with their own, as a fool. Their toilet is excessively elaborate, but in bad taste, and a swaggering air invariably assumed, which is easily subdued by any allusion to it. The City Boy Man talks long and loudly about his prowess in pugilistic encounters and is continually threatening to “punish” severely some man double his age and size.—A Sunday never passes without his being seen upon the steps of some church eave in hand, familiarly staring at evelady that passes. His conquests with the sex are innumerable. In fact, his fascinations are irresistible.

His presence—wherever he may be he invariably makes known by love demonstrations. He is the best critic of the Drama probably in the country.—Schlegel and Hazlit are nothing him.—His entire conversation consists in an interesting enumeration of the number of sherry cobbles he imbibed the preceding night the late hour at which he retired the headache which he is now laboring under and his firm determination to give up all dissipation.

He is the greatest bore in the world thrusting himself upon you at the most unseasonable time and place, and perseveringly adhering to you in spite of the strongest hints and insinuations.—

A scandalous story is a perfect god send to him, which he enthusiastically detained elaborately embellished, among his companions. He understands horses thoroughly, and knows the pedigree and “time” of the fast horses in the country. His taste in liquors is unimpeachable.

In fact, the City Boy-Man is “posted up” in everything and is fully entitled to our most profound—no, not detestation, but esteem and admiration.

Ladies should remember that a small piece of linen, just moistened with turpentine, and put into the wardrobe or drawers for a single day, two or three times a year, is a sufficient preservation against moths.

**TO TAKE INK OUT OF LINEN.**—Take a piece of tallow, melt it, and dip the spotted part into the melted tallow; the linen may be washed, and the spots will disappear without injuring the linen.

A writer says that women require more sleep than men, and farmers less than those engaged in almost any other occupation. Editors, and reporters and doctors need no sleep at all. Lawyers can sleep as much as they please, and thus keep out of mischief. Clergymen can sleep twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and can put the whole parish to sleep once a week.

**WANTED.**—A snare to catch brick-bats.