

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. 2.

DARLINGTON C. H., S. C., THURSDAY MORNING MARCH 25, 1852.

NO. 4.

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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ACT, TO FIX THE TIME FOR THE Meeting of the Convention, elected under the authority of an Act, entitled "An Act to provide for the Appointment of Deputies to a Southern Congress; and to Call a Convention of the people of the State," passed in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That the fourth Monday in April next, be, and the same is hereby fixed, as the time for the assembling of the Convention of the people of this State, provided for and elected under the authority of an Act, entitled "An Act to provide for the appointment of Deputies to a Southern Congress, and to call a Convention of the people of this State," passed on the twentieth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty.

In the Senate House, the sixteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty one, and in the seventy-sixth year of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America.
R. F. W. ALLSTON, Pres't. of the Senate.
J. SIMONS, Speaker House of Rep'tives.

AN ACT TO RAISE SUPPLIES FOR THE year commencing in October, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, now met and sitting in General Assembly, and by the authority of the same, That a tax for the sums and in the manner hereinafter mentioned, shall be raised and paid into the Public Treasury of this State, for the use and service thereof, that is to say: thirty-five per cent ad valorem on every hundred dollars of all lands granted in this State, according to existing classification heretofore established; one-half cent per acre on all lands lying within the Catawba Indian boundary, to be paid by each grantee or lessee of said Indian lands, until otherwise directed by law; fifty six cents per head on all slaves; two dollars on each Free Negro, Mullatto and Mustizo, between the ages of fifteen and fifty years; except such as shall be clearly proved to the satisfaction of the Collector to be incapable, from maim or otherwise, of procuring a livelihood; twenty-five cents ad valorem on every hundred dollars of the value of all lots, lands and buildings within any city, town, village, or borough in this State; sixty cents per hundred dollars on factories, employments, faculties and professions (whether in the profession of the law, the profits to be derived from costs of suit, fees or other sources of professional income), and on the amount of commissions received by Vendor Masters and Commission Merchants, (clergymen, schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, and mechanics excepted); sixty cents upon every hundred dollars worth of goods, wares, and merchandise, embracing all the articles of trade for sale, barter or exchange, (the products of this State, and the unmanufactured products of any of the United States or Territories thereof, excepted), which any person shall use or employ as articles of trade, sale, barter or exchange, or have in his, her or their possessions on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, either on his, her or their capital or on account of any person or persons, as agent, attorney or consignee; sixty cents upon every hundred dollars worth of goods, wares and merchandise, whatever, which any transient person, not resident in this State, shall sell or expose for sale, in any house, stall or public place; ten dollars per day for representing, for gain and reward, any play, comedy, tragedy, interlude or farce, or other employment of the stage, or any part therein, or for exhibiting wax figures, or other shows of any kind whatsoever, to be paid into the hands of the Clerks of the Courts respective-

ly who shall be bound to pay the same into the public treasury, except in cases where the same is now required by law to be paid to corporations, or otherwise.

In the Senate House, the sixteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one, and in the seventy-sixth year of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America.
R. F. W. ALLSTON, Pres't. of the Senate.
J. SIMONS, Speaker House of Rep'tives.

[From the National Police Gazette.] AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF KOS- SUTH.

The cannon thundered before the valley of Buda, and vomited its iron messengers into the heart of the city. The banner of Austria still waved on the ramparts; the proud double eagle hovered above the followers of the house of Hapsburg. Within the walls, all was desolation, ruin, and misery; devoted to the cause of liberty, the citizens dared not share the dangers of their brethren without, nor dared they show their true sympathy, or disavow their sympathy for the Imperialists, for the gibbet was erected in the public square, and from its grim arms were already suspended the best and bravest of the land. Without the walls, although the scythe of death had mowed down many of the glorious defenders of the holy cause, all was bustle and excitement—war had become familiar to these stern men: cannon, sword, and musket were their playthings, and every countenance indicated sanguine hope of success. Here might be seen a motley throng of Magyars listening attentively to an aged chief, who, in the musical tones of their tongue, promised early delivery from the yoke of tyranny; there you might see a group of foreigners—Poles by their looks and dress—whose stern features, unmoved by smile or passion, betokened grave meditation on the topic of the day—the promised fall of Buda. They listened, too, to the address of one of their number, a gray warrior, whose scarred face bespoke his valor on many fields of battle; he spoke energetically, reminded them of their own country, which, if Hungary were but free, would follow its glorious example, freed by the valiant sons of that nation which they now endeavored to liberate. The name of Kosciusko, that name, revered by all Poles, elicited from his hearers a shout of approbation. "Kosciusko, Kosciusko," they cried, clenching their hands, and grasping the hilts of their swords; then they became silent again, and listened to their chief.

Those men formed part of the "forlorn hope," which was ordered to lead the assault upon Buda, the following morning.

There was still another group, consisting of staff officers, several of whom had just returned from a breast-work, which had caused great havoc among the ranks of the besieged.—They were discussing the practicability of throwing up another work closer to the walls of the fortress, and many glasses were directed towards the walls to pick out a suitable plan. Presently an exclamation of surprise escaped the lips of a young Colonel, and once more adjusting his glass, he took another look, then sprang up, and hastening towards his horse which stood nearby, held by a soldier, he cried, "A scry, gentlemen, a scry." The cry, which under other circumstances and among other men, would have caused the greatest excitement, failed to do so in this case. The officers moved quickly to their horses, and rode off in different directions to their respective divisions. Columns began to form, squadrons of horse galloped across the plain; the gay hussar, the heavy dragoon, the undisciplined hordes of mounted peasantry moved quickly over the turf, and took up their stations. Aid-de-camps were hurrying from post to post, the roar of artillery became hushed, and the hostile demonstrations on the part of the besieged had, as it were, for a moment caused hostilities to cease.

The officer had not been mistaken, for the besieged had indeed ventured upon a sortie. By the time the Hungarians had taken up a position, without withdrawing the necessary protection corps of their batteries, the enemy had displayed a strong force, and were fast advancing towards the foremost fortification. The Legion Polonaise met them, and breaking through the ranks of the tall grenadiers, sabred hundreds in their fearful charge.—Brought to a halt by the sudden unmasking of a formidable battery, they wheeled round, trampling to death the

followers of Austria, and carrying off one of its proud banners. This withdrawal was the sign for the *Honveds* to complete the work of death. "Kossuth and Hungary," was the spontaneous shout, and the rush of the devoted peasantry was the signal for death to many an Austrian. The hostile commander fell mortally wounded, another banner was grasped by the iron hand of a *Honved*, whilst its bearer sank lifeless to the ground. The flying artillery of the Hungarians now reached the scene of strife, and before an hour had elapsed the Austrians were beaten back within the walls of their strongholds, leaving hundreds of their comrades on the field of battle and in the hands of their conquerors.

On the evening of that day Kossuth received a despatch from Gen. Klopka, informing him that a plot had been formed to assassinate him.

Two days had passed. Buda still held out, although each hour hastened its fall. It was night: Kossuth had taken up his quarters at a farmhouse situated at a distance of two leagues from the theatre of war. The day had been productive of various important events, and the noble Magyar was completely exhausted by the onerous duties which he had undergone. He inhabited the ground floor, and sat near a table in the midst of the room, his brow resting on his right hand. In two rooms adjoining the one where the Hungarian chief now sat, were three secretaries engaged in writing out despatches, but the doors were shut, and no communication existed between them and the governor. The night was dark and silent; through the open windows might now and then be heard the roar of a solitary piece of cannon from the walls of Buda. The tramp of horses feet, coming toward the house at a fearful pace, interrupted the thoughts of Kossuth. He rose and paced the room, nervously looking towards the door which led to the hall. It was thrown open and a young officer tendered a despatch in breathless haste. Kossuth tore it open, glanced over its contents, and as if relieved of great anxiety, sat down again, and with a smile lighting up his features, said:

"To-morrow, then?"

"Yes, your excellency, to-morrow," answered the young man, and retired with a low bow. In another moment the sound of his horse's feet was heard galloping up the road, and once more quiet was restored.

The despatch promised the fall of Buda on the morrow.

Again Kossuth sat at the table, resting his head, and lost in profound thought. A solitary sentinel was stationed in front of the house—the only guard of Hungary's only hope.—

While Kossuth thus sat weighing in his mind the chances of his country's welfare, a human face, distorted with passion, suddenly appeared before the open window; it rose above the sill, the arms and figure of a man became visible, and stealthily, like a cat, he climbed up, and without noise concealed himself behind the light drapery of the window. The table was between him and his victim, and he waited only for the approach of the hero to complete the dreadful task which he had thus successfully commenced.—

Kossuth had not seen him, but an instinctive apprehension of danger made him scan the room. The assassin drew his dagger, prepared for momentary use, but in so doing moved the drapery. "Art thou friend or foe?" asked Kossuth, in German, the slight movement not having escaped his eagle glance. There was no answer. "Come forth, whoever thou art, thy life is safe," continued the hero. The curtain again moved; it was slowly withdrawn, and revealed the figure of the assassin.

"What wouldst thou?" Demanded Kossuth, having discovered the German origin of the intruder.

"I would kill you," was the brief rejoinder.

"And what have I done that thou wouldst harm me?" asked the Hungarian.

"I am a Bohemian; my brother was captured by your men, and they tell me that you have hanged him. A reward was offered for your head, and I offered to kill you—not to get the reward, but to avenge my brother."

"You have been misinformed," replied Kossuth, "I hang no prisoners of war, and those who have been captured will be released when Buda is ours.—That will be to-morrow. Go, now; I would ask thy name, but will spare thee the fear that he who thou wouldst murder should ever be able to hold thee up to infamy. When I speak to the sentinel outside, flee from this place,

and I will cover thy retreat. Fear nothing.

The Bohemian knelt before the noble chief and prayed his forgiveness. Kossuth moved away, called the sentinel and spoke to him familiarly for several minutes. When he again returned to the room, the Bohemian had disappeared.

On the following day the tri-color of Hungary floated on the ramparts of Buda. The prisoners of war were liberated under the customary conditions.

Months had passed. The star of Hungary was visited by a cloud of misfortunes; Georgey had proved a traitor, and Kossuth was an exile: the fortune of war had gone against him, chief and his followers were confined in Shumla, undergoing the most rigorous treatment. They were guests *par excellence*, but in reality close prisoners. No courtesy was extended to them, no alleviation of their wretched condition they experienced.

Kossuth was fast declining under this load of misery, when one morning it was announced to him that in lieu of the soldier who had before attended him, a foreigner, who spoke his language, would be his servant. "Another spy," thought Kossuth, "come to report the conversation between me and my friends," but he did not object, firmly determined to do without the aid of an attendant. The door opened, and the servant came in—one look was sufficient to prove him the midnight visitor previous to the fall of Buda.

"Thou here?" asked Kossuth, in surprise.

"I am, to follow you to death. I left home and friends to see you again—do not cast me off."

"Stay, then," replied Kossuth.

From that day the condition of the exiled chief improved. Fritz, for thus he was called by Kossuth, who never would ask his real name, procured, whilst feigning bitter enmity towards the prisoners, every comfort, including books, which the chief so much desired. Fritz followed him to Kutayah, spending the wages he received as a spy of the Austrian government, in appliances for the happiness of its victims. Of the past, he would not speak, but on the future he dwelt with rapture. He prognosticated the early release of his master, and his brilliant reception in all parts of the world.—

But when at last the order for the release arrived, Fritz became sad and depressed. They came to Constantinople, and under the proud flag of America, he kissed once more the hand of the chief, and said, "You go to a happy land now; Fritz has done his duty. Forgive what he did to you. Farewell!"

Kossuth brushed away a tear which moistened his eye, and shook the hand of the Bohemian. "Farewell!" he said, and they parted.

SUCCESS IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

The Mirror, a cleverly-conducted folio of four, published at Bath, in the State of Maine, furnishes the following illustration of that perseverance and industry which is generally pretty sure to command success:

"There is nothing more true than that success in life is sure to follow any well-directed efforts, which do not clash with the immutable laws of nature. 'Luck' is a word that has no place in the vocabulary of the successful man, and is used only by those who are so blind or ignorant as to be unable to trace effects back to causes.—

We do not propose an argument from this text to-day, but merely wish to present the idea to our readers for them to discuss. There are feelings of despondency prevalent among mankind, which the consideration of the subject will dissipate, and many who believe themselves doomed to poverty and toil, by giving earnest heed to the faith which this truth will create, will find themselves rising at once from the misery they so much fear. Fear of bad luck operates as a continual check on many, crushes enterprises and prostrates energies. It is the "conscience that doth make cowards of us all," and only by taking a rational and common-sense view of the opening causes that change our position and affect our well-being, are we enabled to profit by them, and shake off the chains that our weakness and irresolution have permitted us to become enslaved with.

The luck doctrine places an estimate on exertion, and consigns success to the

"Divinity that shapes our ends,"

and makes a machine of man's immortal nature. We have seen many a poor

devil, resigned to the hopelessness of his poverty, sit for hours with his pipe, cursing the tardy divinity that should enrich him, and wasting the moments which alone could do it. 'As ye sow, so shall ye reap,' is as true to-day as it ever was, and he who would succeed in becoming wealthy, learned or moral, must labor, study, watch.

"We are every day reminded by the forcible illustrations of the power of exertion. In this city (Bath) there are many examples of proof. We have before us one remarkable case, where, unaided save by their own hands and the friends their own energies naturally drew around them as their business increased, two poor men in a very few years amassed one of the largest fortunes in the city. Their ships are in every sea, and at home their houses and stores line every street, and the busy hum of scores of mechanics speak their increasing wealth. Unable to obtain a liberal education, and with talents no more than ordinary, they had nothing to boast but the determination to succeed. It was not luck, but common sense which told them that a dollar put at interest would be worth more at the end of the year than it would be if expended for rum and segars, military parades or dancing. It was not luck, but natural accumulation of the investment, that in a few years made the one dollar two dollars, the first hundred two hundred, and the first ten thousand twenty thousand.—

It was as natural for the 'pile' to grow as it is for grain to take root. There was no chance about it—it must be so. Industry and economy were their only aids to obtain the first few thousands; the last few were obtained by the first. There is nothing marvellous in all this, nor anything which any person of common sense might not avail himself of. It is a plain matter of fact business, and no god of fortune can rub it out; and no god of ill-fortune can overstep proper guards erected to secure you in possession of what you have thus got your hand upon.

"We might give innumerable instances, but leave that labor to the reader, contenting myself with having called his attention to the subject."

THE GLASS RAILROAD.

"THERE WAS A MORAL IN THAT DREAM."

The "Millford Bard," during one of his fits of *mania a potu*, said:

"It seemed to me as though I had been suddenly aroused from my slumbers. I looked around and found myself in the centre of a gay and happy crowd. The first sensation I experienced was that of being borne along with a peculiar, gentle motion. I looked around and found that I was in a long train of cars, which were gliding over a railway, and seemed to be many miles in length. It was composed of a great many cars. Every car, open at the top, was filled with men and women, all gayly attired, all happy, laughing, talking, and singing. The peculiarly gentle motion of the cars interested me. There was no grating, such as we hear on a railroad. They moved on without the least jar or sound. This, I say, interested me. I looked over the side, and to my astonishment, found the railroad and cars were made of glass. The glass wheels moved over the glass rails without the least noise or oscillation. The soft gliding motion produced a feeling of exquisite happiness. I was so happy! It seemed as if everything was at rest within—I was full of peace.

"While I was wondering over this circumstance, a new sight attracted my gaze. All along the railroad, on either side, within a foot of the track, were laid long lines of coffins, one on either side of the railroad, and every one contained a corpse, dressed for burial, with its cold white face turned upward to the light. The sight filled me with unutterable horror. I yelled in agony, but could make no sound. The gay throng that were around me only redoubled their singing and laughter at the sight of my agony, and we swept on, gliding with glass wheels over the glass railroad, every moment coming nearer to the bend of the road which formed an angle with the road, far, far in the distance.

"Who are those?" I cried at last, pointing to the dead in their coffins.

"These are the people who made the trip before us," was the reply of one of the gayest persons near me.

"What trip?" I asked.

"Why, the trip we are now making. The trip on these glass cars over this glass railway," was the answer.

"Why do they lie along the road, each one in his coffin?" I was answered with a whisper and half laugh, which froze my blood:

"They were dashed to death at the end of the railroad," said the person whom I addressed.

"You know the railroad terminates at an abyss, which is without bottom or measure. It is lined with pointed rocks. As each car arrives at the end, it precipitates its passengers into an abyss. They are dashed to pieces against the rocks, and their bodies are brought up here, and placed in coffins, as a warning to other passengers, but no one minds it, we are so happy on the glass railroad."

I can never describe the horror with which these words inspired me.

"What is the name of the railroad?" I asked.

The person whom I addressed, replied in the same strain:

"It is the railroad of habit. It is easy to get into these cars, but very hard to get out. For, once in these cars, every one is delighted with the soft, gliding motion. The cars move gently! Yes, it is a railroad of habit, and with glass wheels we are whirled over a glass railroad toward a fathomless abyss. In a few moments we'll be there, and then they'll bring our bodies and put them in coffins as a warning to others, but nobody will mind it, will they?"

"I was choked with horror. I struggled to breathe, made frantic efforts to leap from the cars, and in the struggle awoke. I knew it was only a dream; and yet, whenever I think of it, I can see that long train of cars move gently over the glass railroad. I can see cars far ahead, as they are turning the bend of the road. I can see the dead bodies in the coffins, clear and distinct—on either side of the road—while the laughing and singing of the gay and happy passengers resound in my ears. I only see those cold faces of the dead with their glassy eyes uplifted, and their frozen hands upon their shrouds.

"It was a horrible dream!"

And the bard's changing features and brightening eye attested the emotions which had been aroused by the very memory of the dream.

It was, indeed, a horrible dream. A long train of glass cars, gliding over a glass railway, freighted with youth, beauty and music, while on either hand stretched victims of yesterday—gliding over the railway of habit, toward the fathomless abyss.

"There was a moral in that dream."

Reader, are you addicted to any sinful habit? Break it off ere you dash against the rocks.—Lippard.

"First class in philosophy, step out—close your books. John Jones, how many kingdoms in nature?"

"Four."

"Name them."

"England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales."

"Pass to the next—Smith."

"Four—the animal, vegetable, mineral and kingdom come."

"Good—Go up head."

"Hobbs, what is meant by the animal kingdom?"

"Lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, alligators, monkeys, jackasses, hack drivers, and school-masters."

"Very well, but you'll take a licking for your last remark."

"Giles, what is the mineral kingdom?"

"The hull of California."

"Johnson, what is the vegetable kingdom?"

"Garden sars, potatoes, carrots, ingons, and all kinds of greens that's good for cooking."

"And what are pines, and hemlocks, and elms—ain't they vegetables?"

"No; sir rec—you can't cook 'em—them's saw logs and framing timber!"

"Boys, give me a piece of apple, and you can have an hour's intermission, except Hobbs."

A WORD ABOUT GARDENING.—No one can be truly said to live who has not a garden. None but those who have enjoyed it can appreciate the satisfaction—the luxury—of sitting down to a table spread with the fruits of one's own planting and culture. A bunch of radishes, or a few heads of lettuce taken from the garden on a summer's morning for breakfast, or a mess of green peas or sweet corn, is quite a different affair from that brought from market in a dying condition. How many in the smaller cities and villages of our country, possessing every facility for a good garden, either through indolence or ignorance are deprived of this source of comfort. And how many farmers, with most of the luxuries of life, are content to plod on in the even tenor of their way, never raising their taste a hove the "pork and beans" of their fathers.