

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.

LA POLA.

The Columbian, generally, will long remember La Pola. With the history of their struggle for freedom, her story is deeply associated, and the tragical destiny which followed her love of country, is linked with all the interest of the most romantic adventure. Her spirit seemed made of the finest materials, while her patriotism and courage, to the last, furnish a model which it would have been well for her country, had it been more generally adopted and followed by its sons.

Donna Apolinaria Zalabrita, better known as La Pola, was a young lady of good family in Bogota, distinguished not less by her personal accomplishments than her rich and attractive beauty. She was but a child when Bolivar commenced his struggles with the ostensible object of freeing his country from the trammels of its oppressors. Her father, a gentleman of considerable acquirements as well as wealth, warmly seconded the design of the Liberator, though from circumstances compelled to forbear any active agency, himself, in his promotion.—He was a republican of considerable resources and sleepless perseverance and without taking up arms himself, he probably contributed quite as much to the success of the experiment of liberty as those who did. In this he was warmly seconded by his daughter, who, with that ingenuity of contrivance, commonly ascribed to her sex, was, perhaps, the most valuable auxiliary that Bolivar had in Bogota.

She was but fourteen years of age, when accident gave her the first glance of the man afterwards the president of her country. At this time, with but few resources, and fewer friends and coadjutors, Bolivar occasioned little distrust, and, perhaps, commanded as little attention. Still, he was known, and generally recognized as an enemy to the existing authorities. Prudence was necessary therefore, and it was at midnight and during a severe thunder storm, that he entered the city, and made his way, by arrangement, into the inner apartment of Zalabrita.—A meeting of the conspirators—for such they were—had been contemplated on this occasion, and many of them were in attendance. The circumstances could not be altogether concealed from the family, and La Pola, who had heard something of Bolivar, which had excited her curiosity, contrived to be present; though partially concealed by her habit, and by a recess situation which she had chosen. The Liberator explained his projects to the assembly. He was something more than eloquent—he was impassioned; and the warmth of a southern sun seemed burning in his words and upon his lips.—La Pola heard him with ill concealed admiration. Not so her countrymen. Accustomed to usurpation and overthrow; they were slow to adventure life and property upon the predictions of one, who, as yet, had given so few assurances of success for the game which he had in hand. They hesitated, they scrupled, and opposed to his animated exhortations a thousand suggestions of prudence—a thousand calculations of fear. The Liberator grew warmer and more vehement. He denounced in broad language the pusillanimity, which as much as the tyranny under which they groaned, was the curse of his country.

"Am I to go alone?" he exclaimed, passionately—"am I to breast the enemy singly—will none of you come forward and join with me in procuring the liberation of our people? I ask you not, my countrymen, to any grievous risk—to any rash adventure.—There is little peril, be assured, in the strife before us. We are more than a match, united among ourselves and with determined spirits, for twice—ay thrice the power which they can bring into the field. But even were this not the case—were it that the chances were all decidedly against us, I cannot see still, how you can, or why you

should, hesitate to draw the sword in such a strife. You daily and hourly feel the exactions, and witness the murders and cruelties of your masters.—Thousands of your friends and relatives lie rotting in the common prisons, denied the most common attentions and necessities, and left to perish under innumerable privations. Thousands have perished in torture; and over the gateway of your city, but now as I entered, hanging in chains, the bleaching bones of old Hermano, one of our best citizens, destroyed because he dared to speak freely his thoughts of these doings, attest the uncompromising and bloody tyranny under which you must momentarily look for a like fate. If you be men—if you have hearts or hopes—if you have affections to lose and live for—you surely will not hesitate as to the choice—the only choice which a freeman, one worthy and desirous of the name—should be allowed to make."

The Liberator paused, as much through exhaustion, as from a desire to enable his hearers to reply. But, with this latter object, his pause seemed made entirely in vain. The faces of all around him were blank and speechless. They were generally quiet, well meaning citizens, unaccustomed to any enterprises save those of trade, and they were slow to risk the wealth which many of them possessed in abundance, to the certain confiscation which would follow any overt exhibition against the existing authorities. While in this state of hopeless and speechless indecision, the emotions of the chief were scarcely controllable. His whole frame trembled with the excitement of his spirit. He paced their ranks hurriedly—now pausing with this and that personage—appealing to them singly as he had done collectively, and suggesting a thousand arguments of weight for the effecting of his purposes. He became impatient at length, and again addressed them:

"Men of Bogota, you are not worthy to be free if you can hesitate longer. Your chains and insecurity will have been merited, and be assured, when they become necessary to the wants of your enemy, your present acquiescence to his power will not avail for the protection of your lives or property. They are both at his mercy, and he will not pause as you have done to make use of them. To save them from him, you must risk them for yourselves. To suppose that his mercies will keep them for your benefit is to think madly. There is no security against power, but in power; and to check the innovating terrors of the one, you must exhibit, at the threshold, the strong armed vengeance of the other. A day—an hour—and it may be too late. To-morrow, unless I am betrayed to-night—looking with a sarcastic smile around him as he spoke—"I shall unfold the banner of the republic, and if there be no other name arrayed in arms against the oppressor, the more glory to that of Bolivar."

While the chief spoke, the emotions of the youthful La Pola could not be concealed. The color came to, and went from, her cheeks—the tears started to her eyes—she rose hurriedly from her seat which she unconsciously again resumed, and, as the Liberator concluded his address, rushed across the narrow space which separated her from her father, and seizing him by the hand, with an action the most passionate, yet the most dignified and graceful, she led him to the spot where Bolivar still held his position; then for the first time giving utterance to her lips, she exclaimed inquiringly:

"He must not stand alone, my father. You have a name, and you will give it—you will not withhold it from your country—and I, too—I will do what I can, if"—and her eye sunk before that of the chief as she spoke—while her voice trembled with a tone of modest doubt, the most winning and expressive—"if you will let me."

The eloquence of the woman did more than all that had been uttered by way of reason or patriotic impulse and exhortation—from the lips of the chief. The men, touched with a sense of shame, at once came forward, and entered into the required pledges. There was no more hesitation—no new scruple—and the Liberator, pressing the hand of the bright-eyed girl to his lips, called her a spirit worthy of her country, and such as if possessed generally by its sons, could not fail, in a short time, most effectually to recover its liberties.

In another day and the standard of the republic was raised. The republicans assembled numerous beneath it, and but little foresight was necessary to perceive that in the end, the cause

must eventually triumph. Still the successes were various. The Spaniards had too strong a foothold, easily to be driven from their possessions, and the conflict, as we know, was for a long time of the most indecisive and various character. What the Columbians wanted, however, in the material for carrying on a protracted warfare, was more than made up in the patriotism, the talent, and the vigilance of their leaders generally; and however delayed may have been the event which they desired and had in view, its certainty of attainment seems never for a moment to have been questioned, except by those who vainly continued to keep up an ineffectual and hopeless conflict against them.

For two years, that the war had been carried on, no material change had been effected in the position of the combatants. The Spaniards still maintained their ground in most respects, except where the Columbians had been unanimous in their rising; but the resources were hourly undergoing diminution, and the great lessening of the productions of the country incident to its unsettled condition, had subtracted largely from the inducements held out, individually, to their officers, for the further prosecution of the war. In the meantime the patriots were invigorated with hope in due proportion with the depression of their opponents; and the increase of numbers, not to speak of the added skill and capacity of their arms, following their long and continuous warfare, not a little contributed to their further encouragement. But how, in all this time, had La Pola redeemed her pledge to the Liberator? It may be supposed that a promise of the girl of fifteen was not of such a nature as to warrant a reasonable hope or prospect of its fulfillment. It certainly was not regarded by Bolivar himself as anything more than the hasty utterance of her emotion, under particular excitement, having no other object, if it had any, than to provoke, by a sense of shame and self-rebuke, the unpatriotic inactivity of her countrymen. The girl herself did not think so, however. From that moment she became a woman—a strong-minded, highly persevering, and most attractive woman. All her soul was bent to the achievement of some plan of co-operation with the republican chief, and circumstances largely contributed to the desire entertained. She resided in Bogota—the hold of the royalist forces, under the control of Zamano, a military despot, who, in process of time, in that country, acquired by his cruelties, a parallel notoriety with some of the foulest governors of the Roman dependencies. Her family was wealthy, and though favoring Bolivar's enterprise, as we have seen, had so conducted, as to remain entirely unsuspected by the existing powers. This enviable security the management of La Pola herself had principally effected; and under its cover, she perfected a scheme of communication with the patriots by which she put into their possession all the plans of the Spaniards. She was the princess of the Tertulias—a mode of evening entertainment common to the Spaniards.—She presided at these parties with a grace and influence which brought all their officers to her house. They listened with delight to the power and delicacy with which she accommodated her voice—one of singular compass and melody—to the notes of her guitar, in the performance upon which she was uncommonly successful. Unsuspected of any connection with politics, and regarded only as a fine woman, more solicitous of a long train of admirers, than of any thing else, she contrived to collect from the officers themselves most of their plans in the prosecution of the war. She soon learned the force of their several armaments, their disposition and destination, and indeed, in timely advance, all the projected operations of the Spanish army. She knew all the officers, and from those present obtained a knowledge of their absent companions. In this way, she knew the station of each advanced post—who was in command, and most of those particulars, the knowledge of which tended as frequently to the success of Bolivar, as his own conduct and the courage of his men. All these particulars were regularly transmitted to him, as soon as obtained, by a trusty messenger; and the frequent disappointments of the royalist arms attested the closeness and general correctness of the information thus obtained.

Unfortunately, one of her communications was intercepted, and the cowardly bearer, intimidated by the terror of impending death, was persuaded to

betray his employer. She was arrested in the midst of an assembled throng, to whom her voice and guitar were imparting a mingled melody of most attractive romance. She was nothing alarmed at this event, but was hurried before a military court—martial law then prevailing in the capital—with a rapidity corresponding with the supposed enormity of the offence. Her lover—a noble youth, named Gomero though perfectly innocent of any connection with her acts on this occasion, was tried along with her and both condemned—for, at this time, condemnation and trial were words of synonymous import—to be shot. Zamano, the viceroy, desirous of more victims, and hoping to discover her accomplices, granted them a respite of twelve hours before execution, sparing no effort in all this time to bring about a confession. The friar sent to confess her, threatened her, if she ventured upon any concealment from him, with eternal punishment hereafter; while promises of pardon and reward assailed both herself and her betrothed, in the hope of effecting the same object—but all equally in vain. She resolutely denied having any other accomplice than the messenger she had employed, and prayed a release from the persecution of all further inquiries. Perceiving that Gomero, her intended husband, was about to speak, and probably confess, through a very natural dread of the death he saw so near—she seized his arm impressively, and fixing her dark eyes reproachfully upon him, she exclaimed—

"Gomero, did I love you for this? Beware, lest I hate and curse you as I die. What! is life so dear to you that you would dishonor us both to live? Is there no consolation in the thought that we shall die together?"

"But we shall both be saved!" rejoined her lover.

"It is false! the tyrant Zamano spares none; our lives are forfeited, and all that you could say would be unavailing to avert either your fate or mine. He only desires new victims, and will not release his grasp upon those in his doom. If you have ever loved me, Gomero, speak no more after this fashion. Show yourself worthy of the choice which I have made, in the manner of your death."

The lover persevered in silence, and they were led forth to execution. The friars retired from the hapless pair, and the firing party made ready. Then, for the first time, did the spirit of this noble woman shrink impulsively from the approach of death.

"Butcher!" she exclaimed, to the viceroy, who stood in his balcony, overlooking the scene of execution—"Butcher—you have then the heart to kill a woman!"—and as she spoke, she covered her face with the saya or veil which she wore, and on drawing it aside for the purpose, the words, "Vive la Patria," embroidered in gold were discovered on the *basquina*. As the signal for execution was given, a distant hum, as of an advancing army, was heard upon the ear.

"It is he—he comes—it is Bolivar—it is the Liberator!" she exclaimed with a tone of triumph, which found its echo in the bosom of thousands who looked with horror on the scene of blood before them. Bolivar it was—he came with all speed to the work of deliverance—the city was stormed sword in hand—a summary atonement was taken in the blood of the cruel viceroy and his flying partisans. But the Deliverer came too late for the rescue of the beautiful La Pola. The fatal bullet had penetrated her heart, but a few moments before the appearance of the liberating army upon the works, and in sight of the place of execution.—Thus perished a woman, worthy to be remembered with the purest and the proudest: who have elevated and done honor to nature and her sex—one who with all the feelings and affections of the woman, possessed of all the patriotism, the pride, the courage, and the daring of the man!

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.—Women have a much nicer sense of the beautiful than men. They are, by far the safer umpires in matters of propriety and grace. A mere school girl will be thinking and writing about the beauty of birds and flowers, while her brother is robbing the nests and destroying the flowers. Herein is a great natural law, that the sexes have each their relative excellencies and deficiencies, in the harmonious union of which lies all the wealth of domestic happiness. There is no better test of moral excellence, ordinarily, than the keenness of one's sense, and the depth of one's love, of all that is beautiful.

THE LIFE OF AN EDITOR.

A cotemporary remarks that but few employments are so unfavorable to careful reading, mature reflection, and elegant composition, as those of an editor, especially an editor of a daily paper. This fact, even where understood, is but rarely acknowledged by the reader. The public has no mercy for the shortcomings of an editor. He is expected to be wise, yet witty; learned, yet eloquent; profound, yet brilliant. He must be accurate, yet never delay his judgment. If a bill is laid before Congress, he is looked to for an opinion before the telegraph has finished reporting the provisions. If a railroad is projected, he must immediately point out its advantages, its cost, and its demerits. If a revolution breaks out abroad, he is questioned as to its probable consequences, and condemned, in the end, if he has not foreseen every contingency. When he is right, he scarcely receives credit; when he is wrong, he is censured without end. The pulpit orator prepares his sermon in the quiet of his closet. He may refer to his library for a doubtful fact, and revise his composition in after hours. Even the lawyer has usually the respite of a night, in which to collect his thoughts and arrange his arguments. But the editor must speak on the moment.—He cannot stop either to fortify his memory, or digest his opinions, or to polish his style. He flings off his sheets of manuscript as the news comes in or the clamors of the compositor increase, and like a thorough bred in a desperate race, he is under whip and spur from the starting point to the goal.

But this is not the whole. The editor must write not merely before he has maturely reflected, but often when anguish or sorrow prevent his reflecting at all. His bones may be racked with cold, his head may throb with pain, he may be unnerved by excessive labor, yet he must write, write, write.—He is, as it were, chained to a wheel that whirls and whirls forever. He must leave the wife of his bosom on a sick bed, even when uncertain whether or not he shall find her alive on his return. He must come from the coffin of his child, from the tears and agony of the bereaved mother, and while his heart is almost breaking, and his brain reeling in the effort to think, he must write, write, write. Oh! if the public but knew with what suffering he is often served, of the secrets of but a single day of newspaper life in one of our great cities, could blaze out in letters of fire behind the ordinary type, what revelations there would be; revelations of mental torture and physical pain, of failing nerves and wearied eye-sight, of pecuniary distress and even positive want. For the editorial profession, alas! does not always require its followers. There is no time, perhaps, when our great cities do not contain one or more editors who do not struggle, with unflinching hopes, and empty purses, to establish a newspaper for themselves, or who are compelled by savage necessity, to write for a meagre salary that cannot always be paid.

The life of an editor is comparatively short. He wears out before his time. The exacting toil he pursues, which is rarely or never broken by a solitary day of relaxation, shatters his nerves, exhausts his vital energies, and makes him grey-haired almost in middle age. To him the course of nature is reversed, and night is turned into day. He labors when other men sleep. Nothing tells sooner on the constitution than this. The close room in which he usually sits, the stifling odors of damp newspapers from the mails, and the blinding glare of the gas lights increase the wear and tear upon his system, so that he is a fortunate member of his profession if he does not give out entirely before he is fifty years old. Nothing but distinguished success, and the consequent ability to lighten his toil by employing substitutes, can save him from this irresistible doom. Some live, indeed, to drag on a miserable old age in poverty and mental labor; some become decrepit in intellect, and some, God knows too many, by seeking in stimulants aids to labor, go down to drunkard's graves, or live degenerated menials.

Happy the editor who, by strict economy in the noon of life, or brilliant talents in his profession, secures for himself a comfortable old age. But from what we know of our brethren in the craft, we fear that a majority fall a sacrifice either to their own errors, to their want of ability, or to misfortunes beyond their control. It is a hard life—there is none harder.—*Phil. Bulletin.*

VALUE OF READING AND WRITING.

The man, who cannot read, what is his sense of hearing worth? The communications of business, the gossip of the household, the clink of guineas, and the whirl of spindles he can hear; but to the high and highest voices which God has fashioned to edify him and all men, he is deaf. The man who cannot write beyond some little temporary scribble, he is dumb. While he who can read has an ear-trumpet that conveys to him the uttered thought of the remotest past and distance, he who can write has a speaking trumpet that carries his messages over all the continents, and through the loudest storms of the ever noisy sea of time. This is true indeed of all ages in which the art of writing, has been practised; but of no age is it so widely true as of ours.—While the eighteenth century antiquaries were collecting their ancient relics and the like, a Scottish ploughboy, with the fiery and susceptible heart of an old minstrel in him, was driving his team afield. Had the lot of Robert Burns been cast in an unreading and unwriting age, the dumb ploughboy might have died a dumb ploughman; his melody might have fallen like rain upon the dry ground, refreshing it, but disappearing for ever. But Robert had been taught both to read and write, and a book or two lay in his pocket as he drove his team afield: so instead of an anonymous minstrel, like one of the cattle on a thousand hills, he became a song writer for Britain and the world. William Shakspeare's father, it is pretty certain, could not write; luckily there was a free grammar school in Stratford; and now we have Shakspeare's works. Were it only for the sake of few Shakspeare and the few Brindleys, let schools everywhere be built, and the sounds of young instruction blend everywhere with those of labor, which rise without ceasing, up to the cope of heaven.

THE FATE OF A LEARNED MAN

—A HARD CASE.—There is in Boston, an old man of sixty, who graduated at the University of Dublin, Ireland, at the age of twenty-two was admitted as a surgeon in the British army, and in that capacity visited this country with the English; was present at the destruction of the public buildings, stores, &c., at Washington city; has been in India with the British army; has been present during his services as a surgeon at over 4000 amputations, and fifteen severe battles; was shot twice, performed surgical operations on three hundred wounded generals, seven colonels, twenty captains, and over eleven thousand officers of smaller grade, &c. He has dined with two kings, an empress, one emperor, the sultan, a pope, innumerable great generals, &c. He held the largest diamond in his hand known in the world, except one. He had the British crown in his hand. Has been married three times, father to eleven children, all of whom he has survived. Broken down by disease he could no longer practice his profession; too poor to live without employment, and too proud to become a pauper, he sailed in an emigrant ship to this country three years ago; and this man of remarkable adventures, classic education, master of four languages, sixty years of age, poor, old and decaying, is now peddling oranges and apples in the streets of Boston! "We know what we are—verily we know not what we may be."

A backwoods Judge thus clearly defines the crime of murder:

"Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case is a murderer. Murder by poison is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the murdering which constitutes murder in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing and manslaughter another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter it must be murder. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. One man cannot commit *felo de se* on another; that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty.—Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a father is fratricide: but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not. I repeat that murder is murder. You may retire upon it if you like."

When a Kentucky Judge, some years since, was asked by an attorney, upon some strange ruling, "Is that law, your honor?" he replied: "If the Court understand herself, and we think she do, it are!"

Death is the wish of some, the relief of many, and the end of all.