

POETRY.

[FOR THE DARLINGTON FLAG.] A STORY OF LOWDER'S LAKE.

Not long ago did we rehearse, In homely, unpretending verse, How Andrew Hunter foiled the foe, And won that noble prize, Red Doe, And now we will some notice take Of him, who rendered Lowder's Lake An honored and a sacred spot, Which must not, cannot be forgot: As long as that tall bluff shall stand, Will Gavin Witherspoon command The admiration and applause Of those who love their country's cause. When British troops, by Tories led, Plunder'd the living and the dead, Wherever richest booty lay, Thither they would bend their way. Our hero was so rich in swine, Also in cattle, large and fine, That they resolved to seize them all, And that their owner, too, should fall. A band were sent to do the deed, And take whatever they might need; They sought him long with skill and care, But could not find him, far or near; Then scoured the swamps, and e'en the bogs, Drove up and pounded all his hogs; The order was, that they should die Next day, the rations to supply. That night the tidings reached his ear, (Sad tidings, too, they were to hear) My beebes the enemy have fed, And now my hogs will soon be dead. But this, he said, shall never be, For I will die, or set them free; When he had well surveyed the ground, He found the guards so thick around, That death appeared in every place To stare directly in his face. The only hope that he could find Was in the darkness and the wind— 'Twas hard to see, and would they hear The sound of any little stir? And then, as Aligator goes, He softly crept between his foes, Till all the guards were passed, and then He stood and walked as other men. He made a gap in every pound, Facing the swamp—their native ground— Then to the other side we went, And, stooping down, as hogs are bent, To give them all a sudden fright, He cried out "boo!" with all his might. From pen to pen the panic flew, And every hog responded, boo! Then, through the gaps, and on they went, As though they were by demons sent. "The hogs are gone!" a soldier cried; "Head 'em!" another quick replied. The sleepers, now aroused, began To run and halloo, to a man; But all their cries and running failed, For Witherspoon at last prevailed. He followed on, still crying boo! Till all the band he had passed through; (A hundred soldiers saw him go, But took him for a hog, you know.) He drove them long, through swamp and lake, And hid them in a great cane-brake— A lovely and secluded spot, Where all their skill could find them not. The enemy would not essay To search the swamp, till break of day; For who could tell what dangers lay Along that dark and dismal way. As long as they could there remain, They sought the hogs, but sought in vain; And their descendants still are found, Rooting on that same swampy ground. His son possesses still the land Where brave old Gavin used to stand; And may that patriotic fire— That courage which we all admire— Pervade the hearts of all his race, And shine as bright in every case.

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REUBEN AND PHEBE.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.—BY K. K. BLIFKINS. In Manchester a maiden dwelt, Her name was Phebe Brown; Her cheeks were red, her hair was black, And she was considered by good judges, to be by all odds the best looking girl in town. Her age was nearly seventeen; Her eyes were sparkling bright— A very lovely girl she was, And for a year and a half there had been a young man paying attention to her, by the name of Reuben Wright. Now Reuben was a nice young man, As any in the town, And Phebe loved him very dear, But on account of his being obliged to work for a living, he could never make himself agreeable to old Mr. and Mrs. Brown. Her parents were resolved Another she should wed, A rich old miser in the place; And old Brown frequently declared that rather than have his daughter marry Reuben Wright, he'd knock her in the head. But Phebe's heart was brave and strong, She feared not parents' frowns; And as to Reuben Wright, so bold, I've heard him say more than fifty times, that, (with the exception of Phebe,) he didn't care for the whole race of Browns. So Phebe Brown and Reuben Wright Determined they would marry: Three weeks ago last Tuesday night, They started for old Parson Webster's, determined to be united in the holy bands of matrimony, although it was tremendously dark, and rained like Old Harry.

But Captain Brown was wide awake; He loaded up his gun, And then pursued the loving pair; He overtook 'em when they got about half way to the Parson's, and then Reuben and Phebe started off upon the run. Old Brown then took a deadly aim Towards young Reuben's head, But, oh! it was a bleeding shame, He made a mistake and shot his only daughter, and had the unpraiseworthy anguish of seeing her drop right down stone dead. The anguish filled young Reuben's heart, And vengeance crazed his brain; He drew an awful jack-knife out, And plunged into old Brown about fifty or sixty times, so that its very doubtful about his ever coming to again. The briny drops from Reuben's eyes In torrents poured down; He yielded up the ghost and died, And in this melancholy and heart-rending manner terminates the history of Reuben and Phebe, and likewise old Captain Brown. THE END.

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ing for the reins, "I am inside out on my horse, or face behind, I don't know which—something wrong, anyhow." "So you are," exclaimed one of the wags, "just get off, doctor, and we will put you on right." "Get off!" hiccuped the doctor, "no you don't. Just turn the horse around, and it will all come right—you must be drunk."

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.—One acre well cultivated will produce more than two only scratched at, and with far less trouble. What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Never sow your grain until the ground is well prepared, just because your neighbor has commenced sowing his. Prepare your land well, and the battle is half won. When you make a fence, make a good one. It may cost more at first, but will cost less in the end. Never plow in wet weather, if you can avoid it. Besides doing injury to the crop, it impoverishes the soil. It will not rain always.

'Mother,' said a girl of nineteen, "they say marriages are made in heaven—do you think they are? 'Why, my dear, it is a very general opinion.' 'If they are, mother, they seem a long time in coming down to some of us.'

A DOCTOR'S JOKE.—A well known physician, in a certain city, was very much annoyed by an old lady, who was always sure to accost him in the street for the purpose of telling over her ailments. Once she met him when he was in a great hurry: "Aha! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor, "shut your eyes and show me your tongue."

She obeyed and the doctor moved off, leaving her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

VIRTUE.—The creations of the sculptor may moulder into dust; the wreath of the bard may wither; the throne of the conqueror may be shivered into atoms by an imposing power; the fame of the warrior may no more be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope of youth may be disappointed; but that which hallows the cottage and sends glory around the place—Virtue—shall not decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God—it is written on the pillars of Heaven, and reflected down to earth.

THE FUTURE.—It has been beautifully said, that "the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of Mercy. Seek not to raise that veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles and gladness."

He that clothes the poor, clothes his own soul. He that sweetens the cup of affliction, sweetens his own heart. He that feeds the hungry, spreads out a banquet for himself, more sweet and refreshing than luxury can bestow.

Every day of a man's life is a sheet of white paper, on which he may write what he pleases but from which he can erase nothing afterwards. Happy he who, at the end of his days, can re-peruse the same without finding in it its own condemnation.

A western debating club submits the following questions: "If a man has a tiger by the tail, which would be the best for his personal safety—to hold on or let him go?"

A tall man, who was given to dissipation, was told by a medical friend that he was dying by inches. "Thank Heaven!" said he, "I measure six feet and seven inches."

"Hilloa there! what's your hurry?—where are you going?" "Going, I'm running for an office." "Running for an office! What office?" "The squire's office. Darn it, I'm sued."

"Landlord, said Jonathan, the other day, stepping up to the bar in a public house, "just give us a cent's worth of New England rum, and put it into two tumblers. Here Jim, take hold; darn the expense, I say, when a fellow is on a bust."

A FINE EAR FOR MUSIC.—Two Irishmen in crossing a field came in contact with a jackass, who was making "daylight hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat but surely he's got a wonderful bad cowl."

Head Quarters, 7th Reg't Cavalry. DARLINGTON, C. H. Feb. 25, 1852. In pursuance of orders from Genl. Nettles, an election will be held at the respective parade grounds of the several companies comprising the upper squadron of the 7th Regiment of Cavalry, on Saturday the 2d day of April next, for a Major to command that squadron. Officers in command of companies are charged with the execution of this order. The managers, or at least one from each poll, will meet at Society Hill on the following Monday, count the votes, and transmit the result to Brig. Genl. Nettles. By order of Col. BACOT: J. J. McIVER, Adjutant. March 4 2t

CANDIDATES.

FOR SHERIFF.—EDITOR DARLINGTON FLAG: Please announce Maj. WILLIAM H. WINGATE as a Candidate for SHERIFF, of Darlington District, and oblige the VOTERS of MT. ELON.

MR. EDITOR: Please announce HARRY M. PARROTT as a candidate for Sheriff of Darlington District, at the ensuing election, and oblige MANY VOTERS.

The friends of WM. R. HUNTER beg leave to announce him as a candidate for Sheriff of Darlington District, at the ensuing election.

FOR TAX COLLECTOR.—We are authorized to announce Capt. JAMES W. WARD, as a Candidate for Tax Collector of Darlington District at the ensuing election.

MR. EDITOR: You will please announce THOMAS ATKINSON, as a candidate for the suffrage of his fellow citizens, for the office of TAX COLLECTOR, of this District at the ensuing election, and oblige MANY VOTERS.

MR. EDITOR: Please announce JAMES W. OWENS as a candidate for the office of Tax Collector of Darlington District, and oblige MANY VOTERS.

MR. EDITOR: Please announce J. E. KIRVEN, as a candidate for re-election to the office of Tax Collector, for Darlington District, and oblige MANY VOTERS.

COTTON GIN MANUFACTORY.—THE subscriber begs leave to inform the public, that he has located himself at Darlington, C. H., and is now prepared to execute work, in a neat and workmanlike manner, and at the shortest notice, in the above line of business, both new work and repairing. He thinks it unnecessary to say anything concerning his ability, as to whether he can compete with any other Manufacturers in the above named business or not, as he never in one single instance, failed to give satisfaction to those who purchased new gins of him. He would respectfully solicit the attention of all whom it may concern, to give him a call when in need of Gins, or a gin, and try his before purchasing elsewhere, and if he fails to give satisfaction, no harm done, he will receive them back again. He would respectfully say to those who have heretofore so liberally patronized him, that he is indeed thankful for past favors, and hopes by his industry, promptness and personal attention to business, to merit a continuance of their patronage. All work warranted to give satisfaction. R. DICKINSON. Darlington, C. H., March 26. 4 1y

CO-PARTNERSHIP.—J. E. MUSE and T. W. BACOT, having this day formed a Co-Partnership in DENTISTRY, under the name of MUSE & BACOT, would respectfully offer their services to the citizens of Darlington, and the adjoining Districts. They feel themselves fully competent to practice in every department of Dental Surgery, and will spare no pains in giving satisfaction in all its departments. N. B.—One or both of them will be at their office, from 8 o'clock, A. M. to 6 P. M., to wait on any who may wish their services. July 1, 1851. 20 tf

Darlington Hotel. DARLINGTON COURT-HOUSE. THE above House having been purchased and fitted up anew by JOHN DOZENS, is again opened for the accommodation of the Public. Strict attention to the wants and comforts of guests will be given, and no effort, calculated to merit the patronage of all who may favor the establishment with a visit, shall be spared. All that the market and surrounding country afford will be found upon the table. Comfortable rooms, for families or individuals, are prepared. The Stables will be attended by careful and attentive hostlers. Doves can be well accommodated, as any number of horses and mules can be kept in the stables and lots expressly prepared for them. March 12, 1851. 1y

Bounty Land. THE Subscriber will act as the Agent and forward all applications for Bounty Land, for all persons entitled under the "Act of the 28th September, 1850. He will attend punctually to the whole business connected with the application. All persons who served in the war declared by the United States against Great Britain on the 18th June, 1812, or of any of the Indian wars since 1790, their surviving widows or minor children, are entitled to draw under the act. Those who have lost their certificate of discharge need not fear to apply. S. WILDS DeBOSE, Darlington, March 12, 1851. 2 tf

Fresh Drugs, Chemicals, &c. The undersigned is now receiving his Fall and Winter supply of Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, Soaps, Brushes and Fancy Articles. All of which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms, and to which he invites the attention of his friends and customers. Z. J. DEHAY.

Epping's Compound Fluid

Extract of Sarsaparilla and Queen's Delight. Recommended by the editors of the Southern Journal of Medicine and Pharmacy, and prescribed and recommended by most all respectable physicians of Charleston and the surrounding country. This preparation (by adding Queen's Delight, &c., to the Sarsaparilla) combines in a more perfect degree than any known remedy, tonic and alterative powers; and is highly recommended by eminent physicians. It is prepared in consequence of the recommendation given by Dr. H. R. Frost, Professor of Materia Medica, in the College of Charleston, S. C., in his work on Materia Medica, and concentrated by a process of the subscriber's, render