

THE Carolina Flag, Every Tuesday Morning. J. W. GORMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CAROLINA FLAG.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, POLITICS, AGRICULTURE, ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING. One Square for the first insertion—thirteen lines... For each subsequent insertion... Advertisement not marked the number of lines...

POETRY. Southern Rights Song. Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her... While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her...

MISCELLANEOUS. For the Carolina Flag. Unconscious Influence. If we carefully examine and analyze a man's character, we will find that it has been formed by many and various little influences...

How much good may be done in this way, also, by the humble Sabbath School teacher; he meets the lovely youth from Sabbath to Sabbath, and instructs them in the first principles of christianity; he talks to them of their Savior, and the necessity of commencing the service of their God, now in their youth; he labors unceasingly, and apparently sees very little good resulting from his toils, his laudable engagement may appear dull and tedious to him, and especially to others, but he is only sowing the seed, and that seed may be neglected many years, but it will come forth, and manifest itself. And oh! what a glorious consolation, that after many years have passed away, that when they have become men and women, they will perhaps point with gratitude to the now aged Sabbath School teacher, as one that led them to Christ and to happiness. But sad must be the feelings and wretched the condition of him who is pointed at as the encourager, either directly or indirectly, of vice and immorality. And how powerful must it not be to us to learn that by our unregarded conduct, we have given full play to the malevolent feelings of others, unconsciously, we may have said, or done something which will encourage them in their evil ways, and that influence we may never be able to arrest or eradicate. And here we may be permitted to remark how many unconscious malefactions and crying evils have not the abominable union of the syphon and cork produced, and how desirable is it that men should finally abandon those abominable, hurtful and soul destroying practices, before ruining both body and soul. And who is to blame for the evils that exist, not only those who directly engage in this matter, but only the seller and the drinker, but all who wink at this abominable practice. And, likewise, the all and nearly universal useless and injurious habit of using that disgusting and noxious weed, called tobacco. Which, by investigation, is found to be equally abominable and hurtful, especially to the mind and early infirmities of posterity which have been ascertained by adequate authorities. There is no tiling what misery and degradation are following in the train of such evils. Influences exerted by man upon man are always crossing and recrossing each other. The mind of man is ever acting, and mind cannot come in contact with mind without being more or less influenced in one direction or another. Every man in his intercourse with the world is constantly sowing seeds, which are either good or bad, and in the moral, as in the natural world, the first must be similar to the seed. And unregarded expression, an impudent word, yea, even an improper look, may give rise to a train of influences that may extend themselves over hundreds and thousands of minds, and prove erroneous, and ultimately ruinous to many, while we are unconscious, perhaps, how much we have contributed to the evil. And, oh! how sad does retrospective reflection of our once prosperous and happy country, make us feel compared with the critical and gloomy aspect of the state of affairs at present, but how manifold does the density of gloom and fear increase if we dare to contemplate an idea for the future, or attempt to prognosticate an event or incident satisfactory to a single rational or intelligent mind. How fearfully does this impress that many unconscious words, acts, and malicious sentiments have been obviously expressed and heaped together to constitute this almost, or probably quite irremovable, mountain of national danger, which is now so threatening and fearfully overhangs us as a nation. How indisputable is the truth that no man is without influence. "That every one is shaping of some one else, that no act that is seen, no word that is heard, no look that is noticed is without bearing upon human destiny." A. E. H. Mt. Pleasant, N. C., May, 1861. A man never agrees to anything without deliberately turning it over, so that he may see its dirty side, and, if he can, sweating the coin he pays for it. If an archange should offer to save his soul for sixpence, he would try to find a sixpence with a hole in it.

From the Pen of FRED LINCOLN, OR THE REFORMED DRUNKARD. BY FRANCIS MARBLE, JR. Fred was sick. Poor fellow, he had dissipated by far too much for the last year; had spent nearly all his money, and now lay prostrated on his sick bed at the house of his grand-mother. He had been sick and confined to his bed some three weeks, and the frequenters of the tavern of the town were far from satisfied with this, and many the one, both landlord and visitor, expressed the wish that he might soon recover,—for what, reader? but that they might complete the work they had nearly done, viz: draw from him the last cent. Not for the enjoyment of his society altogether, did they wish him well, but for the few remaining dollars in his pocket. The 'setters' got many a dime from the same—fallen Fred Lincoln. Some two years previous to the present, he explained how the fearful rencontre with the ferycious beast came to pass. He had as we surmised, taken the hare from a trap, and was approaching the ship with it after about two hours absence, when he was seized in an instant by a large white bear which had crouched behind a piece of rock so he did not see it till he was within its terrible embrace. Being an exceedingly powerful man he fought desperately for life, but he could not release himself from the beast, which hugged him till he felt and even heard his ribs crack, one after the other, and the blood began to spurt from his ears nose and mouth. The bear never attempted to bite him but merely to squeeze him to death. When it first attacked him it did so by rearing upright on his hind feet, and he thought the struggle must have lasted full five minutes ere he fell to the ground and the bear a top of him without releasing its hold. By the fall he managed to disengage his right arm, and tried to untangle the axe from his belt, but could not do so in the position in which he lay.—He now felt his arm break in two places, and the hind claws of the brute were rending his thighs. Recollecting his clasp-knife he got it out of his pocket, and opening it with his teeth he stabbed the creature in both eyes, and the agony caused it to instantly let go its hold, and roll over with hideous howls. He sprang to his feet, seized his axe, and with an expiring effort drove it into the skull of his blinded foe. This done he staggered backwards, and falling on the snow became at once insensible, and continued so until brought to the fore-castle. On examination I found his wound truly frightful. Every rib on the left side was smashed. The four lower ribs on the right side were also fractured, and so was the left arm in two places. The muscular parts of his thighs were literally ploughed up by the bear's hind-claws. I was certain he could not survive, and he knew it perfectly well. All that we could do for him was done; but even had a first rate surgeon, with every medical appliance, been on the spot his life could not have been saved. The only marvel was that he had not died upon the field of conflict. He breathed with great difficulty and I have no doubt that his left ribs were pressed hard upon his lungs on that side. He bore his horrible sufferings with amazing fortitude—sternly repressing his groans, and even uttering some of his quaint jokes. Oriana wept over him as she supported his head and wiped the froth from his lips, for he was a great favorite of hers, and she justly deemed him one of the chief instruments, under God, of preserving her during the mutiny. Had he not acted as he did on that occasion I must have perished like my uncle and she would have met a fate a thousand fold worse than death.—My grief at beholding him expiring thus was as intense as hers. He asked for some rum, and drank it. Then he could speak more distinctly, and addressing Oriana, cried—'Ma'am, I can't go aloft, d'ye see, till you forgives me.' 'Forgive you! I have nothing to forgive.' 'Yes, you have, ma'am, split me. You're an angel, and I was a wicked, ungrateful brute, for I killed your little dog, and—' 'Don't talk of dat—I don't care for a thousand dogs,' sobbed she. 'Then you forgive me, ma'am?'

'Yes, dear Jim, yes. God bless you, ma'am, and— and God forgive me all my misdoings! Captain, I've tried to do my duty by you, as I swore I would, and I hopes you are satisfied with me in the long run?' 'Oh, yes, my dear fellow—my poor, dear messmate,' cried I, wringing his horny hand, 'you've acted nobly throughout—we owe our lives and everything to you.' 'Them's comfortable words to ring in a feller's ears, he trips his last anchor here, 'a'nd,' responded he, with a flash of satisfaction lighting up his features; 'and may hap they'll help me to gain a snug berth in the port of Heaven.' After a pause he muttered these characteristic expressions—'Split me! ain't it hard that a feller like me, as has gone through the mill ever since I was the height of a biscuit, should live to be grappled and brought to by a horrid ugly brute of a bear. I'd sooner the black nce—' 'You will not forgive me for that word, I see. But if you will not stay now, come and see me at some future time. Will you not my dear friend?' 'I will, sweet lady, if ever I can. Farewell.' And after raising the hand of Miss Stetson to his lips and pressing one kiss thereon, he turned from the spot, while she watched his form until it was lost from her view, when she entered the house to change her habit for a better and dryer one. Fred arrived on the ground when the pie nie was just breaking up and getting ready for returning home. That night he dreamed of nothing but the lady he parted with a few hours since. Time and time again he had been to the house of the lady Stetson, until the aristocratic and wealthy Mr. Stephen Stetson, began to suspect that an intimacy was springing up between them, that would ripen into love, and that he would be asked to bestow upon the poor man the hand of his daughter Julia. And now, he had openly told him to visit his house no more, and even ordered the plebeian as he called Fred, from his house. Poor Julia fell on her father's breast and besought him to forbear, but no; he was still stronger in his determination, for that proved conclusively to him that he had adopted the only course under the circumstances which would answer his purposes. Fred Lincoln then rushed madly from the house, and stopped not till he reached the house of his grandmother. Day after day Fred grew more and more gloomy, and finally, as the 'boys of the town' said he wanted nothing but a couple of 'leverages' per day, he drank; and continued to drink for a whole year at the expiration of which time, we find him as we stated at the commencement of this sketch, sick, on the bed at his grandmother's house. One evening, about nine o'clock, a carriage drew up at the door, and the next minute a light knock came upon the ears of Fred, who was getting better, and his grandmother went immediately to the door, when a voice asked—'Does Frederick Lincoln live here? Is he sick, that is within this house?' 'He is, poor Fred. Won't you come in and see him? He don't look much as he used to.' It was a young lady who entered, followed by a young man of much personal beauty. She advanced to the side of the bed, but when she saw that face, so haggard and pale, she started back and exclaimed—'Is this Fred?' But look at Fred. See! he half rises his head and cried—'Miss Stetson—you here?' 'Yes, Fred. Do you not know me? Do you not remember me?' she asked, taking his hand. 'Oh, God, do I? Do I? Yes; as one lost to me forever,' he cried. 'No! say not so, dear Fred,' said she, pillowing her head upon his bosom. Then raising her head she said—'This is my brother, whom we long since thought dead, but who has returned to witness the joy and happiness of his sister Julia and her reclaimed Fred. My poor father is dead, and when he died he told me if I could find you I might fulfill the vows we made one year ago. You will soon recover, and I trust will never visit the hells of the town again, will you?' 'No. Bless the Julia. So help

me, God, never.' In the mansion of the late lamentable Stephen Stetson, live the reclaimed Fred Lincoln, and his beautiful bride, Julia Stetson, and with them is her brother, who is soon to be the husband of the lady at his side, as the four stand on the piazza in front, thinking of the sudden death of the grandmother of Fred. From the Boston Transcript. Speech of Wendell Phillips. We publish the following communication from a correspondent at New Bedford, as it contains an expression of extreme abolitionists on the present aspect of political affairs: But I am sorry that a gun should be fired at Fort Sumter, or that a gun should be fired from it, for this reason: The administration at Washington does not know its time. Here are a series of states girdling the Gulf, who think that their peculiar institutions require that they should have a separate government. They have a right to decide that question without appealing to you or to me. A large body of people, sufficient to make a nation, have come to the conclusion that they will have a government of a certain form. Who denies them the right? Standing with the principles of '76 behind us, who can deny them the right? What is a matter of a few million dollars or a few forts? It is a mere drop in the bucket of the great national question. It is theirs just as much as ours. I maintain, on the principles of '76, that A. Lincoln has no right to a soldier in Fort Sumter. But the question comes secondly, "suppose we had a right to interfere, what is the good of it?" You may punish South Carolina for going out of the Union. This does not bring her in. You may subdue her by hundreds of thousands of thousands of armies. But that does not make her a State. There is no longer a Union. It is nothing but boy's play. Mr. Jefferson Davis is angry, and Abe Lincoln is mad, and they agree to fight. One, two, or three years hence, if the news of the afternoon is correct, we shall have gone through a war, spent millions, required the death of hundreds of thousands of men, and exactly then where they are—two nations; a little more angry, a little poorer, and a great deal wiser; and that will be the only difference. We may just as well settle it now as then. You cannot go through Massachusetts and recruit men to bombard Charleston and New Orleans. The Northern mind will not bear it. You never can make such a war popular. The first onset can be borne. The telegraph may bring us news that Anderson has been captured, and you may rejoice. But the sober second thought of Massachusetts will be "wasteful, unchristian, guilty!" The North will never endorse such a war. Instead of conquering Charleston, you create a Charleston in New England. You stir up sympathy for the South. Therefore it seems to me that the inauguration of war is not only a violation of principle, but it is a violation of expediency. To be for disunion in Boston is to be an abolitionist. To be against disunion is to be an abolitionist to day in the streets of Charleston. Now that very state of things shows that the civilization of the two is utterly antagonistic. What is the use of trying to join them? Is Abraham Lincoln capable of making fire and powder die down together in peace? If he can, let him send his army to Fort Sumter and occupy it. But understand me, I believe in the Union exactly as you do in the future. This is my proposition: "Go out, gentlemen; you are welcome to your empire—take it!" Let them try the experiment of cheating with one hand and idleness with the other. I know that God has written "bankruptcy" over such an experiment. If you canonade South Carolina, you canonade her into the sympathy of the world. I do not know now but what a majority here is on my side, but I know this, that if the telegraph speaks true to night, that the guns are echoing around Fort Sumter—that a majority is against us, for it will convert every man into a secessionist. Besides, there is another fearful element in the problem. There is another terri-

ble consideration. We can no longer extend to the black race at the South our best sympathy and our best aid. We stand to night at the beginning of an epoch which may have the peace or the ruin of a generation in its bosom. Inaugurate war, we know not where it will end. We are in no condition to fight. The South is poor and we are rich. The poor man can do twice the injury to the rich man that the rich can do the poor. Your wealth rides safely on the bosom of the ocean. All New England has millions afloat. The North whittens every sea with its wealth. The South has no commerce, but she can buy the privateers of every race to prey on yours. It is dangerous strife when wealth quarrels with poverty. Driven to despair, the Southern States may be poor and bankrupt; but the poorest man can be a pirate and as long as New England's tonnage is a third of that of the civilized world, the South can punish New England more than New England can punish her. We provoke a strife in which we are defenceless. If, on the contrary, we hold ourselves to the 'strife of ideas, if we manifest that strength which despises insult and bides its hour, we are sure to conquer in the end. I distrust those guns at Fort Sumter. I do not believe that Abraham Lincoln means war. I do not believe in the madness of the Cabinet. Nothing but madness can provoke war with the Gulf States. My suspicion is this: that the administration dares not compromise. It trembles before the five hundred thousand readers of the New York Tribune. But there is a safe way to compromise. It is this: seem to provoke war, cannonade the forts.—What will be the first result? New York commerce is pale with bankruptcy. The afflicted seaboard sees grass growing in its streets.—It will start up every man whose livelihood hangs upon trade, intensifying him into a compromise.—Those guns fired at Fort Sumter are only to frighten the North into a compromise. If the Administration provokes bloodshed, it is a trick—nothing else. It is the mastery cunning of the devil of compromise, the Secretary of State. He is not mad enough to let those States rush into battle. He knows that the age of bullets is over. If a gun is fired in water, it is fired at the wharves of New York, at the bank vaults of Boston, at the money of the North. It is meant to alarm. It is policy, not sincerity. It means concession, and in twelve months you will see this Union reconstructed with a Constitution like that of Montgomery. New England may indeed never be coerced into a slave confederacy. But when the battles of Abraham Lincoln are ended, and compromises worse than Crittenden's are adopted, New England may claim the right to secede. And as sure as a gun is fired to night at Fort Sumter, within three years from to day you will see these thirty States gathered under a Constitution twice as damnable as that of 1787. The only hope of liberty is in fidelity to the principle, fidelity to peace, fidelity to the slave. Out of that God gives us nothing but hope and brightness. In blood there is sure to be ruin!" HOME COURTESIES.—One of those whose lot in life has been to go into an unfriendly world at an early age, says: "Of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much in the lack of love, as lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence gives us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, and of sad faces and gloomy home circles. "Not so much lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark. Not over three or four happy home in twenty, and the cause so manifest and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides! In a look, a word, a tone, how much happiness or disquietude may be communicated.—Think of it reader, and take the lesson home with you. Why is it impossible for men born blind to be carpenters? They never saw.

Distinguished Arrival. The train on the Greenville Railroad yesterday brought down Prof. T. S. C. Lowe, the celebrated aeronaut, with his balloon. He attracted much attention, and his account of his rapid trip from Cincinnati was scarcely believed until he showed papers from that city of the 20th inst. We had the pleasure of a long conversation with Prof. L., whom we found to be a highly intelligent gentleman and a very pleasant companion. From him we obtained many interesting particulars concerning his voyage, which we would be glad to publish at length, but the crowded state of our columns prevents. He left Cincinnati Saturday morning, at 4 o'clock, passed up the valley of the Ohio river to Virginia, with the intention of landing near Petersburg, but after crossing the Alleghenies, a current bore him South between this range and the Blue Ridge. A little before one o'clock, he came down near the line between North and South Carolina; but finding himself at too great a distance from any railroad, he ascended again and next came down at Pea Ridge, in Union District at 1 o'clock p. m., having thus traveled, by the course he pursued, about 1,200 miles in nine hours.—This we think, is the fastest time yet made. From Pea Ridge Prof. Lowe was conveyed to Unionville, where he remained until yesterday morning, when he came down to this city, with the intention of going on immediately to Washington; but on learning that there was doubt of getting through, he changed his route, and will leave this morning for Louisville, Ky., where he has located his residence, via Augusta and Nashville. The balloon has a diameter of 42 feet, is 44 yards in circumference, 55 feet from top to valve and will hold 40,000 feet of gas. The result of this experimental trip goes to confirm the belief of Prof. L. in the entire practicability of carrying out his great enterprise, to which he has devoted so much time and money, that of crossing the Atlantic in a balloon. This he will probably attempt during the coming summer. Prof. Lowe kept a journal of incidents during his entire trip, and has promised us a detailed account of the same as soon as practicable after his arrival at Louisville, which we are sure will be of much interest to our readers.—Daily South Carolinian. "Grim-visaged War." In these troublous times, when the tramp of soldiery, the clam of the drum and all the paraphernalia of hostile array greet us every where, it is natural that WOMAN, of all others, should feel most deeply interested. It is not her province to join the embattled host and mingle in the sanguinary strife, but it is hers to nerve the arm and encourage the hearts of her fathers, husbands, sons and brothers, in their brave determination to repel the vile invader, and drive him back from the desecration of the Home idols and altars, which of all other loves, are held most dear and sacred. It is a sad spectacle upon which we now gaze; but it is no time to weep sentimental tears, or lament over the unnatural strife now forced upon us. Ours is not the blame. The brave sons of the South are engaged in a war for Home, and Home's holiest altars.—Ours is an honest war, waged with a sword that is taken from its resting place above the poor man's hearth, and the rich man's princely mansion—sanctified with the prayers and blessings of Mother, Wife and children. They are fighting for their native soil—a holy thing in the sight of Heaven, with the eyes of Angels watching all the while. But my readers must excuse me from editorializing for the present.—In common with the Ladies of this community, we are busily engaged making knapsacks and other articles for the brave-hearted volunteers who are responding with such patriotic alacrity to their country's call. It is the only part we can take in the conflict—the needle is our sword. Spirit of the Age. WHAT IT COSTS FOR PAPER.—According to the last United census, it takes 720 paper mills and 2,000 steam engines to supply book purchasers and newspaper establishments with printing paper, at a cost of \$27,000,000 per annum.