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

THE CAROLINA FLAG.

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

VOL. 13 CONCORD, N. C., TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1861. [NO. 21.]

POETRY.

Parson Gray—A Pastor-al. A quiet home had Parson Gray, Secluded in a vale;

long, long time since we parted last? "Two whole endless years!" said Mary, laughing and crying together;

his own daughter instead of the young man, which should be a warning sad to all old gentlemen, either not to attempt shooting, or else practice before trying it.

sky; and now we saw it, one dense, inky pall, from which gleamed a blinding sheet of light. At the same moment, two great, heavy drops plashed on the stone at our feet.

they were carried, and it was long before they could be restored to consciousness. They had heard that unearthly cry, and its effects on their overstrung nerves may be better imagined than described, they had faintly.

Offered by Rev. Dr. Deems, at the Opening of the Convention of North Carolina, on the day of the signing of the Ordinance of Secession.

A Gentleman. First, his costume. He must not be dirty, negligent, or slovenly, in his person. He must neither be neatly nor magnificently dressed.

SEEING A GHOST.

Reader, do you believe in ghosts? Do you think disembodied spirits, troubled in their graves, can re-visit this earth, haunt in the "dead waste, and middle of the night,"

"How should we know? A sleeping-beauty in the woods," said I. "No—we had no such good luck. We came to an old ruined cottage, barred away in the loneliest corner of the loneliest old woods—

"And what's more, perfectly true, said Julia, who came up with her sister Polly at the moment. "True? Poh! I thought you had more sense than to believe in ghosts, Julia," said I.

Oh, the grave! Oh, the grave! It buries every error, every defect, every extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring hope and fond regrets and tender recollections.

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Almighty and most merciful God, the high and mighty Ruler of the Universe, who from Thy throne dost behold all the dwellers upon earth, we most humbly beseech Thee, with thy great grace to visit and bless thy servant the President of the Confederate States.

The Eve of Battle. It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feelings which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle.

In the autumn of last year, a gay party from the town of—were going to spend a week or two in a hospitable old farm house in one of the prettiest villages in the world. I was invited to accompany them, but the town of—was gayer than the country just then; and besides, I had other engagement; but my friends would not take 'no' for an answer.

"Well, the story—the legend? demanded Mary and I, our curiosity strongly excited. "Oh, the legend! Well, let's see. You needn't expect it so dramatically and elaborately told as Julia related it; but the substance of the whole thing was—

The arrival of the rest of the party now changed the discourse; but all the rest of the afternoon my thoughts ran on the dark tragedy so fitly related by Tom, and I felt intensely curious to see the scene of it. Old houses always had an interest for me; but one with a story connected had a perfect fascination; and when, after dinner, the whole party dispersed in various directions through the various grounds surrounding the old farm-house, and I found myself alone with Jennie and Mary, I said, "Jennie, I want to see that old haunted-house. Suppose we three go off by ourselves and look at it!"

It must now have been after midnight—looking back, now, I am sure it was—when came a sudden lull in the storm, and an appalling sound rent the night air. It was a shriek—a cry so full of horror and unutterable anguish, that the very air seemed shuddering with its burden of despair. No earthly voice could have uttered that cry—that blood-chilling, awful cry that rings in my ears even as I write. And reader, ere the last horrible echo had died away, I heard a rustling tread, and as plainly as you see this now, I beheld a woman's form flitting past me—a woman's face turned towards me—a face that on this earth I will never forget. Such a face—such a white, rigid, corpse-like face, with hollow, sunken eyes glaring at me out of their rayless depths like balls of living fire. I did not faint or scream in that awful moment. I never fainted in all my life—but I stood up as stark, cold, and rigid as the ghost apparition before me, but I made a step towards it, and held out my arms to clasp the awful spectre. I clasped the air; it was gone—I knew not how, nor when, nor where; and I stood with outstretched arms, frozen in the middle of the floor, gazing with fixed, motionless eyes straight out into the darkness before me.

By thou arta child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent. If thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms; to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth. If thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang; to that true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet; then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dote fully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear,—more bitter because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy clasp of flowers, and strew the banners of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet fragile tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

The weather may be dark and rainy; very well—hush between the drops, and think cheerfully of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow.

"Ah, those were the days!" said I, half laughing and half sighing. "I wish, with all my heart, I was a happy school girl again, with Mary Dismore, and—

"Don't put me out, Miss Dismore. Well, the young woman did have a beau, and the old man flared up to an awful extent about it. The daughter cried and took on as young women always do in these cases, as I am given to understand but the hard hearted parent was inflexible. So she wrote to her lover to come and bid her an everlasting farewell, and then take his last leap into the arms of some other crinoline, while she would consider the advisability of dying of a broken heart. How her father came to find out about the proposed meeting, Julia and tradition saith not—but find it out he did; that he saw them buried in affliction in the garden; and what do you suppose the oldascal did?"

"But it is three miles distant," said Jennie; "and it will be nearly dark when we get there. Let us wait until to-morrow." "To-morrow—no nonsense! I can walk three miles, and we shall have light enough to see it. What do you say, Mary?" "I say yes. I want to see it too." Jennie looked grave. "Well, we cannot go alone. Let us get some of the gentlemen to go with us."

How long I stood in that position without moving, I do not know; it must have been some time; and then came the sounds of many footsteps, the murmur of many voices, the flashing of many lights, and a crowd of people entered the room. I turned slowly around, and I believe they took me for a ghost; for all recoiled for a moment in terror. But the next moment, the voice of Tom—cousin Tom—fell on my ear as he sprang forward and caught me, crying out in alarm, "My dear cousin, what is it? What has happened? Have you gone crazy? Good heavens! do not look so!—One would think you had gone mad!"

Did you call me a beast, sir?" "No sir; I said you were a liar and a scoundrel." "Ah, I misunderstood. Your apology is quite sufficient, sir."

In the window of a drug store in a village of this State, is conspicuously displayed the following sign: "Orders received here for the Court of Death."

The most beautiful may be the most admired and caressed, but they are not always the most esteemed and loved.

"Why, Mary—dear Mary," I exclaimed, "is this really you? Ah, I am so glad to see you! What a

"No. He took a shorter way of settling the matter. He deliberately loaded his pistol, took aim, and fired at the young man. "The old monster!" "Such a scream arose from the bushes! It frightened even the old viper, and he went out to look at his handiwork; and what do you think, but he found he had shot

Keeping close together, we silently passed from the house and stood in the porch. And there we stood appalled. Coming along we had not observed the darkening

As I turned my eyes from his face, they fell on the still forms of Mary and Jennie, and that sight restored me completely to myself. I bent over them; both had fainted. I scarcely remember how I got home that night; but I know they

God, the Father, have mercy upon us! God, the Son, pardon and forgive us! God, the Holy Ghost, cleanse and sanctify us! Our Father, who art in Heaven &c.

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