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THE Carolina Flag.

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BY J. W. GORMAN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, POSITIVELY IN ADVANCE.

Awake! to arms in Dixie!
Hear ye not the sounds of battle,
Sabre's clash and musket's rattle?
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!
Hostile footsteps on your border—
Hostile columns tread in order;

CHORUS.
Oh fly to arms in Dixie,
To arms! to arms!
From Dixie's land we rout the band
That comes to conquer Dixie!
Awake! awake!
And rout the foe from Dixie!

See the red smoke hanging o'er us!
Hear the cannon's booming chorus!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!
See our steady columns forming!
Hear the shouting! hear the storming!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!

Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.
All the Northern forces coming!
Hark! the distant rapid drumming!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!
Prouder ranks than theirs were driven
When our English ties were riven!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!

Oh fly to arms in Dixie, &c.
Gird your loins with sword and sabre!
Give your lives to freedom's labor!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!
What though your hearts be saddened?
What though all the land be reddened?
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!

Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.
Shall this boasting mad invader,
Trample Dixie and degrade her?
Awake, awake in Dixie!
By our fathers' proud example
Southern soil they shall not trample!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!

Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.
Southrons meet them on the border!
Charge them into wild disorder!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!
Hew the Vandals down before you,
Till the last inch they restore you!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!

Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.
At the Northern threatened halter,
Southern seamen scorn to falter!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!
Southern heart-strings sternly tightened,
At such shadows are not frightened!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!

Oh, fly to arms in Dixie! &c.
Through the echoing hills rebounding,
Hear the Southern bugles sounding!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!
Arise from every hill and valley,
List the bugle! rally! rally!
Awake, awake, awake in Dixie!

Oh, fly to arms in Dixie, &c.

A Fiend Incarnate.

The *Pioneer* of the 24th August, published at Napoleonville, Assumption Parish, La., details the particulars of an unparalleled case of atrocity. "There are some crimes," says the *Pioneer*, "which are so revolting and odious that, in respect for human nature, we would desire to throw the mantle of secrecy over them. Such is the one we are obliged to chronicle in this issue."

A few months ago Mr. Joseph F. Aucoin purchased the negro woman Aspasia, at the sale of Mr. J. Astugueville's slaves. She exhibited much dissatisfaction at first on account of this change, but speedily assumed an exterior of calm contentment under the kind and considerate treatment of her new master. Under this placid surface, however, were cherished designs so inhuman as to place her far below the level of the brute creation.—Several days after the domestication of Aspasia, the eldest son of Mr. Aucoin, a boy of eight years, disappeared. After a long search he was found, drowned in a well.

A few days after this another child was discovered, plunged head foremost in a large water jar. He was rescued barely in time to save his life, and when reconstrated with his father, that so nearly proved fatal, the child replied that he had been thrown into the jar by Aspasia. This assertion was obstinately discredited by his parents, who did not for a moment consider the possibility of its truth. But on the following day this child was found lying dead in the corn bin, with his face horribly mutilated. A dog, with his mouth bloody, was chained beside the body of the little boy, and supposing it to have killed his son, Mr. Aucoin had it immediately shot.—Had the mutilation of the child's face been more carefully examined, it would have been apparent that its mortal wounds could not have been made by the dog's teeth.—The death of these children in so horrible a manner, attributed to accident, plunged the parents into the depths of grief, and they lamented what seemed to them a strangely terrible fatality.

On Thursday morning, while Mr. Aucoin was absent from the house, and his good wife was walking in the garden, she was startled by piercing cries from the house, which she recognized as the voice of her little babe, now the only child left to her. At the first cry, the mother, rendered painfully sensitive by her recent afflictions, rushed back to the house. At the door of the bed chamber she passed Aspasia, who was coming out. Daring past her, without stopping to exchange a word, she was soon at the side of the bed in which, but a minute before, she had laid her sleeping infant. The spectacle that met her eyes was a horrible one. There lay the babe, who so shortly previous was returning its mother's caresses, bathed in its own blood, with its throat literally cut from ear to ear. Near to the bed, on a table, was a large kitchen knife, covered with blood, that had just been made the instrument of that fearful tragedy.

In an instant, the mother's mind, rendered clearer by the tornado of anguish that swept over it, comprehended the full villainy of the incarnate fiend who had made her childless. It was Aspasia who had just quitted the room and who alone could have entered it during her brief absence; it was Aspasia whom her other child accused of attempting to drown him, and whose life was the sacrifice of his words being unheeded.

Incidents, trifling in themselves, but links of an iron chain of damning evidence, crowded thick upon the mother's mind, and the whole extent of Aspasia's villainy was apparent to her. Attracted by her shrieks of anguish, the neighbors ran to the house, and after learning the facts, at once arrested Aspasia and subjected her to a close cross examination. At first she denied every thing, but finding the proof against her incontestable, she admitted with revolting cynicism, the three murders, and confessed every particular. It is believed that Aspasia was the criminal who burned down the house of her former master, Mr. Astugueville, and the barns of several of his neighbors at Chevreteville, and she made but a feeble defence against this accusation. This hideous monster of iniquity is in jail, waiting the retribution of the outraged law.

It is said that the work on the public buildings is going with considerable activity, in Washington. The White House is undergoing a thorough repair. Is it for the reception of Mrs. Lincoln from Long Branch, or is it done for the reception of Beaugard and Johnston from Manassas.

The Sequestration Law.

The news of the passage of the sequestration law by the Confederate Congress, (says the Richmond *Examiner*) has fallen like a bomb-shell in the midst of the Yankees. It has produced a panic second only to that which hurled their heroic soldiery from Bull Run. For a few days terror, perhaps, will completely paralyze their energies, but they will soon bring the whole battery of their cunning and ingenuity to bear upon the act for the purpose of defeating it. All sorts of attempts to evade the stringency of the law will be made by that nation of slippery eels with which we are at war. Already we hear of attempts at fraudulent transfers of stocks and other species of property. Fraudulent conveyances, false in date and in fact, will be attempted by our enemies.

Fortunately, the sequestration law is full and complete in its provisions against these attempts. It imposes such penalties that few, if any, of such attempts can prove successful. But we nevertheless caution the public against the thousand and one efforts which will be made to protect the property of our enemies. We admonish all clerks, bank officers, railroad officials and others, who are cognizant of the existence of any and every species of Yankee property, either real or personal, in Virginia, to hold on to it until the Courts issue their sequestrating processes. Concealment of the knowledge of the existence of such property is now a crime which the law most severely punishes. All the Yankee property at the South is now a vast fund, out of which the losses of our people from Yankee rapine and pillage must be paid; and he who aids in the withdrawal of any portion of this fund by helping the Yankees to evade the provisions of the sequestration act, is a traitor to the South.

No clerk or other official should now record any transfer of Yankee real or personal property; for every transfer which is attempted since the passage of the sequestration act, wears the badges of fraud, whatever date the transfer may bear. Fraudulent dates will not save any portion of the sequestration fund, and the parties to all such attempts should be arrested and prosecuted as criminals. The burdens of taxation upon the Southern people will depend very much upon the extent of the funds which may be accumulated by an honest and faithful enforcement of the sequestration law.

Starving the Federals Out.

A member of company "D," Third Regiment, writing from Fort McHenry, to his parents at Syracuse, New York, says:

We received our pay the day before we left Fortress Monroe for this place, so we have had a little something to eat since we arrived here. We are treated here very badly—get nothing to eat only what we buy from our own money. Our officers do not care whether we have anything or not. Our Colonel is under arrest. Several charges are against him. He is drunk all the time. This is what you call "fighting for your country"—working for a \$11 a month, and buying your own food and clothes. They talk of "starving the rebels out," but they are only starving us out instead of the rebels. Forty of our men have deserted our ranks within three days.—out of 900 men in the regiment we cannot now muster 600. I want to leave the regiment, but I never shall desert. Our regiment is as good as any that have left New York, but our officers are not fit to command us. I hope our regiment will disband, or else secure officers who will not get drunk, and not drill us four hours at a time in this hot climate.

WHEN THE WAR IS TO END.—Seward, in the following, tells his people when the war is to end—leaving them about as wise as he found them:

"On Thursday evening the Willard Guards, of Auburn, paid a marching salute to Secretary Seward, at his private residence, in Auburn, New York. A vast crowd of people had gathered, and in the course of a few remarks Mr. S. said:

"You will ask, tell us when the war will end? It may terminate next week, next month, next year. That depends upon you. If you are brave, if you are loyal, if you are noble, the war will soon be brought to a successful issue. If you have the strength it is for you to compel a peace. The United States possesses twenty million free citizens, the disloyal States eight million. If you are equally as brave, as devoted to the cause of your country as they are to their cause, the war must soon terminate; but if they are more courageous, more active; if they are the strongest—then the duration of the war is indeed an uncertainty. It amounts to just this—an appeal has been made by the minority from the verdict of the majority at the ballot box to the cannon's mouth; if the majority now submit, it is only because they are less brave, true and courageous."

WATER-PROOF CLOTH FOR SOLDIERS' OVERCOATS.—We published the following recipe, says the Fayetteville *Observer*, three months ago. Having tried it, and many of the volunteers at Yorktown having realized the comfort and advantage of coats made of such cloth, we are prepared to endorse what it said:

Take 2 lbs, 4 oz. of alum, and dissolve it in 10 gallons of water; in like manner dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in a similar quantity of water, and mix the two together. They form a precipitate of the sulphate of lead.—The clear liquid is now withdrawn, and the cloth immersed for one hour in the solution, when it is taken out, dried in the shade, washed in clear water and then dried again.

This preparation enables the cloth to repel water like the feathers of a duck's back, and yet allows the perspiration to pass somewhat freely through it, which is not the case with gutta percha or India rubber cloth.

More Rifled Cannon.

The following extract we make from the Rome, (Ga.) *Courier*:

"Messrs. Nobles, Bros. & Co., shipped four more of their splendid rifled cannon to Richmond on Saturday last. This makes a full battery they have shipped. They have a number already cast which they are rapidly finishing up. They are also making a new patent breech-loading brass gun, which, it is said, will be effective about a mile, a greater distance than we believe it will. We, however, believe that the idea is good, and that it will prove an effective arm.

"Since the above was in type, we learn they shipped four more yesterday, and will ship two more today, making three full batteries."

A friend of ours has a little fairheaded youngster theologian of four summers, who, after being the other day, for sometime lost in thought, broke out thus: "Pa, can God do everything?" "Could he make a two year old colt in two minutes?" "Why, he would not wish to do that Freddy." "But if he did wish to, could he?" "Yes, certainly, if he wished to." "What, in two minutes?" "Yes, in two minutes." "Well, then, he would not be two years old, would he?"

The Blockade Broken.

A British ship, called the *Alliance*, entered the Beaufort harbor with goods contraband of war, and broke the blockade, a short time ago, which we think is a sufficient proof to the British Government, that the blockade is ineffectual and should not exist as it now does, a barrier to the regular course of trade.

The Richmond *Examiner*, speaking in regard to this matter, says:

"When the news that the *Alliance* has safely entered the port of Beaufort, in North Carolina, reaches the British Government, it can scarcely do otherwise than give public notice of the inefficiency and invalidity of the blockade, and declare it to be raised, *de facto* and *de jure*. British merchants will immediately send to the Southern ports vessels laden with such stores as they may suppose most saleable in the country, and commissioned to bring back cargoes of tobacco and cotton. Should the Government of the United States be mad enough to interfere with any one of them, either going or returning. It will violate a principle of international right so clearly established and admitted by all nations, that the event will bring upon it the maritime force of the civilized world. Nor will it be possible for that Government to re-assert and re-establish another blockade of that coast during the war; for that would be child's play, and nations cannot be so trifled with.

In a couple of months more we may, therefore, reasonably anticipate the re-opening of European commerce; and the consequences of that event to ourselves and its effects upon the war can scarcely be too highly stated. It will forthwith give us all the material and arms we want for the equipment of illimitable armies, and it will fill the Treasury with the proceeds of the cotton crop. It will end the deprivation of the thousand and one comforts and utilities under which we have all silently suffered, and would suffer silently for years, if the public welfare rendered that proper. It will make the further prosecution of hostilities by the North so clearly insensate and suicidal, that we may suppose even the Government of Lincoln and the Abolitionists of Boston will perceive the necessity of an immediate peace at any price."

Canvas Shoes for the Army.

The Quartermaster General's Department in Richmond has received 5000 pair of a new kind of shoes, of a rather curious description, that promises to answer well in the great scarcity of shoe leather. The upper portions of the shoe are made of canvas instead of leather. The canvas is prepared so as to make it impervious to the weather, and is said to be equal in comfort, durability, and all respects of wear, the best of shoe leather.

The War and the Newspapers.

—What sad havoc the war has made among the newspapers! The *Suffolk* (Va.) Sun in commenting upon the subject, says:

When the war commenced we had 44 exchanges on our mail book. Of that number, 20 have been discontinued, 10 were cut off by the blockade, 6 come to us printed on a half-sheet, and only 8 of the number appear as before. Of our religious exchanges only two come to us filled as before the war.

Change of Policy.

—It is a noticeable fact that at Hatteras, for the first time since the war began, a U. S. general officer guaranteed to our prisoners treatment "as prisoners of war."