

# NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.

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WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1862.

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 Wednesday, discount day.

From the Richmond Whig.

**BATTLE SONG OF THE INVADERS.**  
 The foe, the foe! they come, they come!  
 Light up the beacon-pyre,  
 Let every hill and mountain home  
 Give back the signal fire;  
 And wave the red-cross in the night,  
 The blood-red cross of war—  
 What though we perish in the fight,  
 Our fathers died before!

Up, meet the foe—on to the strife!  
 For freedom's blades we hold,  
 And hands that fight for land and life  
 Fight not like those for gold!  
 Give shout and banners to the gale,  
 The trumpet—peal it forth,  
 Till our sons pour down from every vale  
 Like snow flakes from the North.

**THE POOR MAN'S BUSHEL OF CORN.**  
 As an illustration of a theme so full of painful interest just now, when the granaries of the land are granaries beneath their burdens of corn, and wheat and rice and sugar, &c., when each succeeding price-current notes an advancing tendency in most of these articles we append the following anecdote, which is said to have occurred about the time of the first revolution:  
 Two farmers were chosen deacons of a church, and their obituaries have since asserted that they "adorned their profession." Just at the close of the war, the district in which they lived was visited by a grievous famine, and the farmers were generally keeping their corn for the contingencies of the future. They who could offer no other excuse for refusing to sell, were "keeping it for seed." A poor man in the vicinity went to one of these deacons, and said:  
 "I have to buy a bushel of corn. I got no money; it is about all I can gather."  
 The good deacon told him he could not spare a bushel for love or money. He was even straining his own family in order to have a large supply of seed! The poor man insisted—urging that his family were even then suffering from want of bread, but in vain. At last he said, "Deacon, if you do not let me have the corn I shall curse

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the deacon; "there is no such thing in the Bible."  
 "Yes there is," replied the poor man.

"Well," said the deacon, "if you can find such a text I will give you a bushel of corn."  
 They went to the house and taking down the family Bible, the poor man turned to Proverbs, 11th c. and 26th v. and read, "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him; but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it."

The deacon was fairly caught, and taking the man to the corner, gave him a full bushel. As he helped to put it on his shoulder, he told his poor neighbor to "go over to Deacon Clark, and curse him out of a bushel!"  
 Will not somebody take the Bible in hand and visit the Speculators in various staples of army and domestic necessity on a similar mission?

**AN OLD COMPANY.**—The Richmond Va., Light Infantry Blues, which shared in the late fight on Roanoke Island date their organization as far back as 1793. They formed part of the Wise Legion, and were commanded by a son of Gen. Wise, Capt. O. J. Wise who was wounded in the fight.

The first accounts represented this company as cut to pieces, all killed or wounded except 7 or 8. The news this morning is that Capt. Wise only was killed, and but 8 or 10 wounded.

From the Richmond Whig.  
**VOLUNTEERS, OFFICERS, &c.**

Looking over some old papers the other day, I met with the subjoined extract from a letter of Lieut. Gen. Sir Charles Napier, addressed a few years since, to the British public on the defence of England. It is worthy of reproduction now, and contains suggestions, especially valuable to such officers as will soon have to train new recruits for service, in a period limited to six or eight weeks at farthest. And here let me ask, how, under the sage plan of military organization, proposed by the committee of the House of Delegates, by which raw militia men are to elect raw company officers from their own numbers, and these latter (who will almost invariably choose from their own numbers) are to elect field officers, we can have any earthly prospect of obtaining such regimental officers as will have the capacity and experience requisite to drill their companies, even in the simple, elementary manner proposed by the great British General? No more fatal blow could be struck at the efficiency of the army, than by the introduction of the general elective system; worthy only of the demagogue and the charlatan; and from which, in civil affairs, we are trying to escape by the proposed amended Constitution.

Sir Charles Napier says:  
 "With regard to your volunteer corps, \* \* \* let each man carry two small cartridge-boxes, made to slide on a girdle round the waist, so that one may be carried before and one behind, each holding thirty rounds of ammunition: thus the weight would be divided, and consequently more easily carried."  
 Get some old soldier to teach you, not a long course of drill, but just seven things, namely:

1. To face right and left by word of command.
2. To march in line and in column.
3. To extend and close files as light infantry, with "supports."
4. To change front in extended and in close order.
5. To relieve the skirmishers.
6. To form solid squares and oblique squares.
7. To form an advanced guard.

These seven things are all that you require; do not let any one persuade you to learn more. Habituate your corps to take long marches, from fifteen to twenty miles, with your arms and ammunition on; and also in running, or what is called "double quick time." These must be arrived at by gradually increasing from small distances. No single man, much less a body of men, can make these evolutions without training.

The fifth point that I would speak of, is, not to forget that enthusiasm, though good if under command, is mischievous if it run riotous. Enthusiasm is good when it opposes selfishness, and makes men devote themselves to the service of their country, but if it gets into a heavy fire, it generally runs away. It is a sort of Dutch courage. When it arises under a heavy fire, upon an order to charge bayonets, it is not so very injurious; but if it begins with a "Mule rifle," at two miles distance from the enemy, it will get out of the head and into the heels as he approaches. Drill and discipline are dull things, but they beat enthusiasm to its in a campaign. He enthusiasm and courage unite in one man, he jumps over a wall and gets shot; if he is not enthusiastic, but is well drilled, he kneels down behind a wall deliberately, and with comparative safety fires over

And now, Mr. Editors, let our legislators learn something from these suggestions of one of the greatest military men of the age. Especially let them avoid plunging into a "system," in which there will be no prospect and scarcely a chance of getting competent field officers. Let them do just three things:

1. Have immediate returns of the number of volunteers who will re-enlist for twelve months service.
2. Embolden, instantly, all unmarried men between the ages of 20 and 45, and all others between the ages of 20 and 30, who have not heretofore volunteered and let these be detailed for two years' service.
3. If the fifty or seventy thousand men required are not obtained in this way, let the deficiency be supplied by a draft from the whole remainder of the militia, between the ages of 20 and 45, including the returned volunteers. But give any volunteers who may be drafted credit for their previous service.

Surely no volunteer can object to this plan, which puts them on a fair and just footing of equality with the rest of their fellow-citizens; and certainly they cannot claim, on account of one year's service, to be exempted for the remainder of the war. We need the very best men we have, and for the longest time compatible with justice and fairness. We have to meet Lincoln's troops trained for six or eight months, and enlisted for three years. Any plan which presupposes a short war, is awfully hazardous. Any plan which gives us striplings, elderly men and "raw hands," affords no match for the "drilled and disciplined" bands of the Northern despot. But whatever the General Assembly may do let it be done quickly.

The army appropriation bill reported from the Committee on Ways and Means of the Lincoln Congress foots up the very moderate sum of \$443,333,738 98. War is rather an expensive luxury.

The following extract from the Richmond Whig—a memorial to the Legislature of that State, relative to a tax on dogs, &c., will commend itself to the reader, and to members of Convention.

Your memorialist respectfully represents to your honorable bodies, that, in common with his brother farmers in Va., he desires that we should be able not only to clothe our own brave soldiers, exposed, as too many of them now are, with scanty covering, to the peltings of a winter's storm, but, besides our own families, to furnish a surplus of wool to others of our own sister States of the South. Va.; from soil, climate and extent of domain, has the capacity to do all this, and more, provided her Legislature has the foresight to encourage and the firmness to protect this interest. Various laws have already passed touching sheep-killing dogs, yet the evil has not been reached. The vast number of worthless and useless dogs, which infest the country, is the fruitful source of the great losses sustained by those who are disposed to invest in this branch of stock-raising. There is an absolute passion existing in all ranks of life to keep thrice as many dogs as are necessary for any useful purpose. It is but proper that all such should pay for such costly luxuries. 'Tis impossible to estimate the loss sustained by Va., in the aggregate of sheep killed by dogs; but in Ohio, which, by the late census, had but few more sheep than Va., the loss was estimated at \$80,000 in a single year. This is not the only loss; the amount of food consumed by the worthless dogs of the State would feed 50,000 hogs. Now, that the prejudices of our citizens be not too suddenly assailed, by causing a tax to be laid on all dogs, pass a law securing to every free pale citizen, and none other, one dog exempt from taxation. For a second, kept in the same family, a tax of \$—; and every additional dog, let the tax be doubled or trebled. Let the fund so raised be put under the control of the county courts, to be applied to remunerate those sustaining losses by the depredation of dogs. If it is objected that foxes will increase to an alarming extent—if all fox-hunters are to be taxed—try the experiment of exempting them, but under the express provision of their being strictly kennelled. This would be a sufficient tax to the owner, without other imposition. Exempt from taxation all genuine Scotch or Spanish shepherd's dogs and encourage their importation. For some years, at least, limit the number of sheep furnished to the shambles. 'Tis a crying evil that such numbers should now be slaughtered; there is a deficiency in the South of eight million of pounds of wool to meet the wants of the Confederacy. From Augusta, within a few days past, 500 sheep have been driven to Richmond. Encourage, by every means in your power, the erection of factories, and reduce thereby, to a reasonable standard in price, comfortable clothing, not only for our brave defenders, but for the million. Bring the plow, the loom and the anvil along side of each other.