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[WHOLE NO. 232.]

THE TIRED SOLDIER.

Tune—"SWEET HOME."

O, turn not the Soldier away from your door,
Though poor, sick, and ragged, he ask of your store;
He's a man, he's a brother, and oft you will find,
Beneath a rough visage, a generous mind.

No, no, turn not away,
O, turn not the Soldier away from your door.
O, turn not the Soldier away from your door,
Though many a poor one has asked you before;
He has fought for his country—fought bravely for you,
Where a hail-storm of bullets and shell fiercely flew.

O, pity the Soldier when him you shall see,
Weary, and footsore, and sick, it may be;
Invite him to enter—be courage—sustain—
For it may be you'll never see the Soldier again.

O, turn not the Soldier away from your door,
He may worship the same God that you now adore;
A poor, suffering stranger was Jesus, our Lord,
And the cup of cold water shall have its reward.

O ye, who have gotten enough and to spare,
Begrudge not the Soldier a bountiful share;
Let us all do our best, all his wants to supply,
For we all can do something, if we only try.

O, then, when the Soldier returns from the war,
Covered over with honor, and many a scar;
We'll shout, till the arches of heaven's great dome
Shall echo the words—"Welcome home," "Welcome home!"

And to God, the Almighty, we'll raise our glad songs,
And give Him the glory, to whom it belongs;
For peace, for freedom from war's cruel blast,
And ask Him to save us, for Christ's sake, at last.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

[When King David fled from Jerusalem, on the rebellion of his son, Absalom, and himself and army were destitute of provisions, the noble generosity of the Gileadite and of Machir, in furnishing him with supplies is worthy of all praise, and especially worthy of imitation by the people of the Southern Confederacy towards the gallant armies which stand between them and subjugation. We publish the narrative of the generous kindness of these ancient men, in the hope that their example may be imitated in these later times.]

"The rising sun," had just begun to tinge the top of the mountains of Gilead, when a venerable man, of fine personal appearance, walked forth from his dwelling to take his morning ride through his cultivated fields. He yet retained much bodily vigor, though his age bordered on fourscore. A little grandson, of nine years old, and two granddaughters, the one perhaps seven years of age and the other five, were playing around him, lively as morning larks, and courting his caresses before he mounted his horse.

Two visitors were about to accompany him. The one appeared an Israelitish prince of the first grade, and the other, though on terms of great intimacy, evidently belonged to some other nation. The mansion-house was large and commodious, though free from any aping of extravagant grandeur. The enclosure around it contained lofty shade trees, interspersed with every variety of shrubbery: delightful walks, laid out in the very best taste, added to its interest and its loveliness.

Before the party rose to their saddles, the eye of the stranger was caught by an extensive apiary, or range of bee-houses, at the one side of the enclosure. He drew near to view it; and already the little, lively busy insects were plying their labors, building their cells, carrying in their comb, and preparing their honey with all the nimble industry, hilarity, and briskness inspired by a beautiful summer morning. They hurried, buzzed, and dashed about as if the mightiest interests depended on the speedy accomplishment of the little enterprises in which they were so earnestly engaged.

The stranger inquired what was the annual produce of this establishment in honey and wax, and what its average value.

The patriarch replied by giving details and specifications, which showed how closely his personal attention was given to the diversified interests of his large establishment.

On the other side of the enclosure, a gushing spring poured forth its cool, transparent waters, and a little below was a large dairy, where cream, butter, cheese, and articles in that line, were found in rich abundance. Milkmaids, assisted by a number of boys, were bearing vessels of milk, brimming full and covered with snow-white foam, from the buildings where the cattle were kept, to the dairy. A question was asked by the nobleman of Israel—"How is the best method to secure the greatest

quantity of milk from a given number of cows?"

The stranger said, that large pasture fields, with frequent changes, would produce the best result.

The old patriarch said, "Where land is valuable, there is a fine profit in cutting the grass with scythes, and feeding it to the cattle in their stalls. It is more trouble," said he, "but the advantage is more than a compensation. The grass in that case is not injured by the treading of the cattle, and you save all the litter and manure—an important consideration with the farmer. The same quantity of land will sustain more than double the quantity of stock. Try it, friends, try it, said he. It is a maxim with me, that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well."

They now passed on to where barns of mammoth dimensions and large granaries arose; immense quantities of wheat, barley, rye, and the various grains for bread, together with beans, peas and such like articles, were here stored in vast profusion.

They then rode through extensive orchards and vineyards, and the conversation turned on the culture of fruit-trees and the vine; the best methods of grafting, budding, pruning, and improving the size, quantity and flavor of the fruit. On these topics the prince of Israel appeared to be especially his element, and expatiated with great fluency.

Next came the wide wheat field, bordered on the one side by the barley, and on the other by the rye. The patriarch now discoursed on grain, particularly the wheat; the red chaff variety, the white chaff, the blue chaff, the golden chaff, and the adaptation of the wheat from Egypt, rather than the seed brought from Assyria, to the soil and climate of the country where they resided.

The party next entered the broad meadows; and the variety of grasses was their theme, the manner and time of manuring the land, so as to produce the heaviest swath; also the period best for mowing, so as to secure the first quality of hay.

They now entered large pastures, where the land was richly set with grass. Here camels, horses, mules, asses, and such like animals were around them in great numbers and variety. Something was said of the characteristic distinction between the camel and the dromedary; but the principal discourse was engrossed by the qualities and value of the noble horse, which had recently become an object of more attention than formerly. A difference of opinion arose between the prince of Israel and the stranger respecting the comparative merits of the Arabian horse, and the great chariot horse of Egypt, each being mounted on a horse of the kind he preferred, and each maintaining his opinion with pertinacity and some animation; when the patriarch observed, that for the saddle the horse of Arabia was certainly admirable, and the Egyptian horse for the harness had great reputation. But, said he, patting the shoulder of the noble animal which he rode, here is a specimen of the horse, lately introduced from the country on the Tigris, that in a high degree unites the good qualities of both the races you have mentioned.

The party now rode leisurely along, and entered extensive fields, where vast herds of cattle were feeding. They were thrifty and in fine condition. Much was said of the various breeds of cattle, and the state of the market for beef, hides, and tallow; when the patriarch directed the attention of his guests to some large bulls of Bashan. These, said he, are some of my four-year olds, but they are full-blooded, and excellent samples of that kind of stock.

The stranger here turned to the old man, and observed, "The survey we have taken of your possessions, this morning, induces me to conclude that you have not devoted much of your life to politics, nor consumed much time in office-seeking or office-holding. Politics!" exclaimed the prince of Israel, starting as if a train of affecting recollections had suddenly been recalled to his mind—politics! office-hunting! I rarely hear the subject broached, but I think of that good old maxim which our ancestors have handed down from a remote period

"Blessed is the man that won't run crazy." Absolutely, were it not that I have great confidence in the patriarch Joseph as an interpreter of dreams, I should be of opinion that that lot of meagre, famished, miserable creatures, which Pharaoh saw in his dream, coming up from the river, "poor, and very ill-favored, and lean-fleshed, such," said the old king, "as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness," must have been a company of disappointed office-hunters.

"My ancestors," said the stranger with a good-humored glance toward the patriarch, have also handed down a maxim of which I have been reminded this morning. It is this: "Blessed is the man that has a comfortable home, and sense enough to stay at it."

The patriarch smiled, and said, "The giver of all good has certainly bestowed on me many tokens of his unmerited bounty. He has also given me cheerfulness of spirit to taste his gifts with joy, and I trust moreover, has inspired my heart with thankfulness for his goodness, and a readiness to impart of his bounty to others, as I see they have need. But come, let us go up on the rising grounds, and view the flocks of sheep and goats." They followed him accordingly, and saw, spread over many a fertile hill, the fleecy multitudes under the eye of the shepherds—sheep of various breeds—the skipping and bounding lambs, and with his long-descending beard, the patriarchal goat.

The venerable old man, who was particularly enthusiastic in this branch of husbandry, was in the midst of a dissertation, in which he maintained the decided superiority of the rams of the breed of Bashan over every other specimen and variety, he said "between the great Euphrates and the river of Egypt," when the attention of the company was suddenly arrested by the appearance of two persons approaching them at a rapid pace. The travellers had a youthful aspect, but there was something in their manner and bearing that effectually arrested the discussion that had been in progress.

"The blessings of the morning be upon you, my sons," said the patriarch, when they were near enough to be addressed: "you seem anxious and in haste."

"We are seeking," said the foremost, "Barzillai the Gileadite."

"That is my name and title," said the patriarch.

"Allow me then," said the young man, "to introduce to your acquaintance, Jonathan, the son of Abiathar, the high priest of Jerusalem."

"And my friend, here," said Jonathan, "is Ahimaaz, the son of Zadok."

"Happy to see you, my sons, happy to see you: let me make you acquainted with Machir, the prince of Lodebar. And this, turning to the stranger, 'is Shobi, the son of Nahash, the ruler of the children of Ammon. Can I be of service to you, this morning, my young friends?"

"We have come in behalf of King David," said Ahimaaz. "You have heard doubtless of Absalom's rebellion."

"Rebellion!" exclaimed Barzillai: "is it then so serious? Some vague rumors came last night of troubles existing or expected at Jerusalem. But I hoped it was either a fabrication, or some small matter exaggerated."

"It is a painful reality," said Ahimaaz. "The king fled from Jerusalem late in the afternoon, crossed Jordan in the night, and is now near the city of Mahanaim with some fifteen hundred followers."

"Then he is in need of provision," said Barzillai: "I must see to sending him supplies instantly."

"I will share that duty with you," said Machir, and at once put his horse in motion towards Lodebar.

"David was my father's friend," said the Ammonite: "he shall not lack my friendship now." And he bowed low to the company, with appropriate expressions of his best wishes, till the tall plume that streamed from his head-dress swept the arching neck of the beautiful animal which he rode. He then resumed an erect position, fixed himself firmly in the saddle, and wheeling his fine Arabian horse, shot, like an arrow, over hill and valley, in the direction of his

home, till lost from their view in the distant forest.

In the mean time, the noble Assyrian charger of Barzillai was bearing his master with swiftness and ease towards the large mansion-house, while Ahimaaz and Jonathan, rejoicing in their welcome reception, followed him on foot.

As soon as they were within call of the house, Daniel, said the old chief to one of the principal servants, "take four or five of the young men with you, and hurry down to the lower pasture; turn out three score and ten of the best beeves, the largest and the most thrifty, Daniel, and drive them, as fast as you can without injury to the cattle, to Mahanaim. King David is there, in want of provisions. And, Daniel see here: take two hundred of the best sheep; they will be wanted too; put them in the same drove and take them along."

"Benjamin," to another servant, "harness up, as quick as possible, all the beasts of burden and all the wagons and carts on the place; we must send them with supplies to King David."

All was now hurry and bustle about the large establishment of Barzillai. Beds and bedding, household, kitchen and table furniture in all variety and abundance, were packed into the wagons and on the beasts of burden. And then sacks of fine flour and wheat and barley, and parched corn, beans and peas, large jars of honey, kegs of butter, and casks of cheese, with all the variety of vegetables that the fruitful fields of the venerable old chief could furnish, loaded wagon after wagon and cart after cart; also a number of camels and asses.

The preparations were now complete, and the drivers had already mounted to their stations, when a fine-looking, motherly old lady put her head out at the door: Benjamin! don't start yet a minute. Presently out she came, followed by two stout serving women carrying a large basket between them. Just a few things for the king himself, she said to her husband.

The basket was then hoisted and fixed in a secure place on the wagon. Now Benjamin, said the old lady, be careful of the basket, and mind it is just for the king himself.

Away swept the train of carts, and wagons, and beasts of burden, Barzillai, on his superb Assyrian charger, leading the way; and soon the towers of Mahanaim rose in view.

The supplies sent by the generous Machir, from Lodebar, arrived not long afterwards. And nobly and in prince-like style did the Ammonite redeem his pledge. Sheep, and oxen, and fine flour, and other rich provisions, furnished, in the very best order, and in astonishing profusion, bore witness of the productiveness and the wealth of the land which God in his providence had bestowed on the children of East.

A friend has furnished the Raleigh Progress, with the following extracts from a letter written by an officer in the 14th Regiment N. C. T. The writer is a modest, unassuming gentleman; and what he states may be relied upon. Where all did well, none exceeded the 14th:

IN CAMP, May 9th, 1863.

You have no doubt heard the particulars of the fight ere this, and I will not attempt a description of it. It was far beyond any thing I had ever imagined. I wish you could go over the battle-field and see for yourself; you would then know something of the horrors of war. It is now over a week since the fighting commenced, and there are still hundreds of the dead and wounded lying on the field, that have not been touched. I suppose it would be almost impossible for any one to pass over the field now and breathe.

I have no idea what will be done with our regiment. I don't think we have more than 125 men left; but they have raised themselves so high in the estimation of Gen. Rhodes, who is now our Maj. General, that he will not let us go if he can help it. He told Col. Bennett, Sunday, after we came out of the fight, that it was certainly the best regiment he ever saw. The other regiments of the Brigade gave way soon after [See Fourth Page.]