The North Carolina Whig.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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MRS. T. J. HOLTON,
EDITRESS AND PROPRIETRESS.

TERMS:

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Advertisements inserted at One Dollar per square (16 lines or less, this sized type) for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each continuance. Court advertisements & Sheriff's Sales charged 25 per cent higher; a deduction of 33⅓ per cent. will be made from regular prices, for advertisers by the year. Advertisements inserted monthly or quarterly, at $1 per square for each time. Semi-monthly 75 cts per square for each time.

Persons when sending in their advertisements must mark the number of insertions desired or they will be inserted until forbid and charged accordingly.

☞Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

From the Richmond Dispatch.

VIRGINIA TO THE RESCUE.

BY [illegible].

"Virginia to the rescue," 'tis her children's battle cry;
Whose name it they join with hers as the echoes fill the sky?
"Virginia to the rescue," how it peals from hill to [illegible]
As they [illegible] to follow to the death the son of Harry Lee.

"Virginia to the rescue." As the sound went through the land,
How it [illegible] each drooping heart and nerved each [illegible] hand.
When they [illegible] to lead the rescue a hero they [illegible]—
The son of "Light Horse Harry," of gallant Harry Lee.

"Virginia to the rescue." How true the hearts [illegible]
Who [illegible] to the battle cry their fathers heard [illegible]
Before the [illegible] of heroes [illegible] turn and flee,
They [illegible] fail, who fight for right, with the [illegible] Harry Lee.

Where [illegible] that brave Virginia had lost her ancient [illegible]
When [illegible] like these have rallied to give her [illegible] renown?
For [illegible] leads the rescue, ten thousands [illegible]
As true in peace, as bold in war, as this son of Harry Lee.

[illegible] County, Va.

Miscellaneous.

CHRISTMAS FOR RICH AND POOR.

BY ANNIE FRAUST.

"A merry Christmas!" It echoed through the wide streets in a thousand different voices; it rang out in the clear sleigh-bells, it was shouted through the house by childish voices; it was whispered in loving tones by the invalid's couch; it was sighed forth, with bitter emphasis, in the prison cells; it was muttered, in hard voices, in the dark, dirty alleys, where merriment was a mockery, or the despairing mirth of overwrought misery. "A merry Christmas!"

"Anna!" said a low, feeble voice, from a poor, hard pallet—"Anna!"

"Yes, mother! I am here."

The child—for she had not seen more than twelve or thirteen summers—rose from a seat upon the floor, laid aside her sewing, and bent over the invalid. The room was a garret, poorly protected from the cold, snowy winds without. A small fire hardly served to take the bitterest chill from the air. The furniture consisted of two mattresses upon the floor, and a low wooden chest.

"Anna, dear child, put aside your work. It is Christmas Day. Where is Charley?"

"Gone to the store. Mr. Perkins promised him a new jacket for a Christmas gift; and he has gone for the order."

"And you, my poor child, will have no gift."

"I am as fortunate as you," said Anna, with assumed gayety; but, in spite of her efforts to restrain them, a large tear rolled down each cheek.

"It is very cold," said the invalid, shivering.

"Mother! dear mother!"—and now the tears flowed freely—"you are sick, shivering with cold on Christmas Day! and I cannot warm you! Others have fine gifts, large houses, warm fires, and plenty to eat; while we are starving and freezing. It is unjust. O Heaven! hast thou no pity for my mother?"

"Anna, it is just. Listen, my child, and you shall hear my story. Long years ago, I was the petted child of wealthy parents. I had brothers and sisters; but, of all, I was the favorite. I was beautiful and talented, and my father's idol. With every indulgence, every care, my path through life was strewn. And how did I repay it? With bitter, gross ingratitude. I was a spoilt, wilful child; but my parents were blind to all my defects, seeing only my fair face, and hearing only the praises of my various teachers.

"Among the visitors at my father's house, there was a Frenchman, a man who called himself Count de la Posta. He was handsome and graceful. I loved him.—My father, who saw his real worthlessness, tried, by gentleness and love, to win me from him. This was impossible. I fancied him a persecuted saint, and clung to him still more closely. At least, my father exacted from us a promise to separate, and hold no communion for a year. He hoped that in that time he could convince me of his unworthiness. Anna, you will despise your mother when she tells you that in six months she broke her promise, and eloped with Count de la Posta. I trusted to my father's great love for forgiveness. I was wrong. My ingratitude, disobedience, and deceit met their just punishment; my father refused to see his erring child; it was a bitter disappointment, I had so counted upon his love; but I turned to my husband for comfort. Now came the hardest blow of all. My husband coolly informed me that he was no count, that his name was Dugarde, and that he had been valet to a nobleman all his life. He had married me in hopes of sharing my dowry, and now quietly refused to support me. For ten years, we lived a life of utter unhappiness. You were born and Charley, and named for my favorite brother and sister. I earned something by selling the jewels I had brought from home, and by assisting my husband in giving French lessons. Had he but loved me, I could still have been happy; but he treated me with coldness, sometimes with cruelty, and continually reproached me with my poverty, and failure in winning pardon from my father. At last, he died. In all these long years, I had heard no word of love from his lips; but on his deathbed he spoke to me tenderly and gently. Anna, I have long forgiven him all his unkindness; do you the same. After he died, I again sought my father. In vain; he refused to see me.—For three years more I supported my children; then came this sickness. Two years have I lived in abject poverty, supported by charity and the little you could earn. Anna, my child, I will soon cease to be a burden upon your young hands."

"Mother, do not speak so. You break my heart."

"Anna, my dear child, who will care for you when I am gone! God bless and pity my children! It is Christmas Day. This very day, fifteen years ago, I left my father's house. We were having a gay party, for Christmas Day it is also my birthday; and I was on that evening seventeen years old. I left my home in a rich dress, glittering with jewels, and my hair decked with flowers; and now I die in a garret on a hard mattress, shivering with cold.—Then there were soft furs to envelop my thinly clad form, and cover my bare neck and arms; now, rags cover me, and I perish with the cold. Father in heaven, my punishment is just, but it is bitter! Anna, what o'clock is it?"

"It is after dark, mother. The firelight is all that makes the room light. Ah, here comes Charley!"

A lad, a year or two younger than Anna, came bounding into the room.

"Mother! Anna! a merry Christmas! I have a new jacket and five dollars in money; but I have better news than that.—There was an old gentleman in Mr. Perkins' store; and, when he heard my mother was sick, he told me to come to his house, and he would give me some fruit—fruit, dear mother, at Christmas!—and some wine and jelly. Anna, get your bonnet and the basket, and come. I know the house; he led me past it; it is not far from here."

"Shall I go, mother?" said Anna.

"Yes, dear; but come back soon; I feel very weak and ill to-night; and I long for jelly or wine; it will give me new strength. Good night, children."

They started on their errand. Anna, oppressed by the sad story her mother had related, and filled with dark forebodings, could scarcely keep pace with her merry hearted brother, who, filled with joy at his Christmas presents, and longing to carry the promised dainties to his mother, bounded along, unheeding the falling snow and the cold wind, which blew open his poor jacket, and nipped his fingers and toes. His precious new jacket and the five dollars had been left in his mother's hands.

"A merry Christmas!" was shouted in clear voices by all the children in Mr. Leclere's rich mansion. Toys lay scattered in careless profusion upon the velvet carpet; books were on the handsome tables; every luxury was in the room. Lola Leclere sat with her arms around her eldest child, looking at pictures; and little Nellie and Harry played about the room. Aunt Jenny, Mr. Leclere's sister, petted the only boy, encouraging him in his noisy glee; while Chloe came from the front door every few moments, bearing some new gift; now it was a doll for Nellie, now a rich cake, covered with white frosting, for all, now a drum for Harry; now a book for Miss Lola. There was joy and gladness, and truly a merry Christmas, in that house. The day flew by with joy and feasting; and in the evening the house stood dark and deserted. There was a large party at Lola's father's. The family, children and all, were to assemble; and thither this happy household had gone.

Now, reader, you and I are privileged persons; and we will step in before the other guests arrive. We find only two persons in the parlor; one an old gentleman, the other a lady between thirty and forty years of age, but still beautiful, with a sweet face and a low, sweet voice. The gentleman is pacing up and down the room, while the lady arranges some music upon the grand piano. Luxury can scarce devise a more superb apartment. It is long, very long, and wide. Velvet carpets, rich furniture, gilded frames containing costly pictures, velvet curtains, whose rich crimson is subdued by fine lace coverings, everything speaks of large wealth. The lady's dress is of rich silk; and costly jewels glitter in her hair and on her round white arm.—These, the occupants of the room, are Mr. Pomeroy and his daughter Anna, who is the hostess of the expected company, for Mrs. Pomeroy has lain in her quiet grave for ten years. Suddenly the gentleman paused in his walk, and spoke to his daughter: "My dear there was a child in a store, this morning, whose story interested me. He has an invalid mother; and I promised him some wine and fruit for her. He will be here soon. Will you attend to these things? It is Christmas; and we must remember the poor."

The lady left the room; and the old gentleman resumed his walk. "Christmas!" he muttered. "Fifteen years! fifteen years! O Hattie, my child! where are you this Christmas night?"

The large parlors soon filled with guests. Music, dancing, and merriment were at their height, when two children came upon the broad, snow covered step in front of the house.

"Oh, Anna!" said Charley, "isn't it fine in there!"—and he leaned over the railing to look in at the window. "Listen! you can hear the music; don't they look pretty, dancing! Oh, Anna, see the little boys and girls! See that little girl is just about as big as you! ain't she pretty, in her white dress, with gold rings on her sleeves! Don't she look like an angel! Oh, Anna! don't you wish you lived in a big house, and had white dresses, and dancing, and music!"

"They are coming to the door, Charley," said Anna.

The children were led into the wide hall, and stood over the furnace register, warming their cold fingers, while the servant went to find Miss Pomeroy. Soon they were surrounded by little children, dressed in gay, pretty clothes, who clustered, full of pity, around the children who had no Christmas presents. Miss Pomeroy herself brought out the basket. As she came near the group, she hastily placed the basket upon the hall-table, and came to Anna.—"Child! child!" she cried, while the tears poured down her cheeks, "who are you!"

"Anna Pomeroy Dugarde."

"My little namesake! my niece! O my child! my sister's little one! Father!"—The old gentleman came hastily at her call. "See!" she cried. "Is she not Harriet's image! Look, father! Oh, this is Christmas night! Once again, I pray you, forgive my sister!"

"Anna"—the old man's voice trembled—"is this not a forbidden subject?"

"But she is sick! poor! her children begging on Christmas night! Father, pity her—forgive her! Children, all of you, plead for your aunt—your little cousins! Nellie! Lola! oh, will you not all speak!"

A handsome man now came from the parlor and spoke to Charley.

"Your name, my man?"

"Charles Pomeroy Dugarde."

"What! my name! Why"——

"It is Harriet's child, Charley," said Anna Pomeroy. "Father! shall you keep, Father, may we go and bring Harriet here?"

"Yes, go; take the carriage and bring her here," said Mr. Pomeroy.

"She can't come," said Charley; "she's got no bonnet and shawl; she sold them for medicine, ever so long ago."

In a carriage piled with soft furs and cushions, Charlie and Anna went for their sister, while their little namesakes were taken by Lola and [illegible]—Anna in her white dress, to Charley's great delight, and the young man himself in a warm suit of his cousin's.

Harriet lay on the hard mattress, watching for her children. The fire was low, almost out, the room bitter cold, and the invalid longing, with intense desire, for the return of her children. The time passed slowly, the fire went out, and, in the dark, cold room, went up a prayer for pity and pardon for her children. She felt the cold creep through her limbs, and she fancied she should die without again seeing Anna or Charley.

"This way," said a voice on the stairs; and a moment later, her [illegible] turned, bearing aloft a candle, and followed by a lady and gentleman, laden with furs and shawls. The lady dropped her [illegible], and sprang to the bedside.

"Harriet! O my sister! to find you in this place!"

"Anna! is it indeed you! Is my father dead, that you can come to me?"

"Not dead, Harriet, but forgiving—Come, sister, you must come with us."

Her [illegible] hands wrapped her in warm clothes, and her brother's strong arms bore her to the carriage. A large, soft bed, a warm room, and [illegible], loving voices around her, [illegible] a dream of Paradise; but when her father, laying his hand upon her head, called down Heaven's blessing on her head, then was the cup of joy full.

The day that closed that night at Mr. Pomeroy's was, indeed, a "merry Christmas."

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—We learn through a letter from a young gentleman in Washington to one of our gallant soldiers of the 13th Regiment, that the following anecdote is currently related in the Federal Capital. It is said that the Devil recently met Stonewall Jackson and addressed him thus:

"Are you Stonewall Jackson?"

"Yes."

"Well, for God's sake don't kill any more Yankees, for hell is full of them."

Stonewall told him he must enlarge his realm, for it was his business to kill them.

All postmasters whose commissions exceeded one thousand dollars for the year ending 30th June, 1862, are appointed by the President, and are not subject to military duty [illegible] whose commission [illegible] amounts to that sum, are appointed by the Postmaster-General, and are subject to military duty, if they are not exempt by age.

THE ENFIELD RIFLE. An Abolition officer was [illegible] dead a few days ago, near Milliken's Bend, on the Mississippi. A Federal gunboat [illegible] with two [illegible] and an [illegible], but just as the officer was placing his foot on [illegible], a well aimed shot from a gun in the hands of some unknown person behind the levee killed him dead. The boat then steamed down, but without a [illegible].

A lady living [illegible] miles North of Ozark, Arkansas, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] furnished by Major [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] army purposes.

The new Federal [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Monday, Tuesday, etc.—a will for each day.

The radicals console themselves [illegible] perplexed to decide what to do with the negro. Suppose they let him alone.—[illegible] they never thought of that.

[illegible] in his message, calls the negroes "American citizens of African descent."—This is a refinement of expression quite unusual with the American [illegible].

A plot to burn the bridges of the State road has been detected in Georgia, and "nipped."

THE DREAM.

"Charlie, will you bring mamma a drink of water?"

The little boy thus addressed was an urchin of some ten summers, who was lazily lying on the piazza, one sultry afternoon in July, drumming the floor with his hands.

"Mamma, can't Bessie bring it?" he drawled out in a whining tone.

"No, dear, she is busy—be obliging, Charlie," said Mrs. Stanton.

The little boy did not move; his position was comfortable. He was selfish, and loved his own ease more than his mother's comfort.

"Charlie! are you going to bring the water?" His mother's tone was sterner than at first, but still Charlie did not move. Then his sister, two years younger, rose from the floor, strewing her doll's clothes at every step, and said, "I will bring it, dear mamma."

Mrs. Stanton drank, and handing the empty goblet to the child, she put her hand on the little head that looked golden in the sunshine, and kissed the rosy lips raised to hers.

Charlie was now decidedly angry; angry with himself, because he knew he was wrong, and with his sister for being more obliging. At length he muttered to himself, "Why can't mamma call one of the servants? There's Betty, and [illegible], and Nancy—they can wait on her. No, she will call but me—it's Charlie this and Charlie that; 'Charlie, bring me some water,' and 'Charlie, get me that book,' [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] a great deal, and never 'grumbles.'"

Charlie's ill temper was at its height. He was summoned to tea. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Several days elapsed, and his mother was too ill to see him. Once only was he permitted to enter her room, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], and then he was forbidden to speak. [illegible] he could only kiss her hand and leave the room. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] him—he resolved that "when mamma got well he would do every thing she wished him to do."

Returning from school one day, with his sister by the hand, he was thinking sadly of his mother's [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] mamma was dying, and wanted to see him. Dying! that word was a knell to all his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] when he was wrong? He flew rather than ran along the streets, and left his sister far behind. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] open, rushed into the room and up to the bedside. His mother's [illegible] turned her white face toward him, and held out her hand. He seized it, and cried in a voice of agony: "Mamma, oh mamma! you must not die. I will be a better boy if you will only live to love me! Mamma, my own dear mamma!"——

"Charlie," said a mild voice, gently [illegible] him, "are you dreaming? [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] if you want to go. [illegible] [illegible]"

Charlie sprang to his feet, and throwing his arms round his mother's neck, burst into tears, sobbing out, "I dreamed you were dead. O, mamma, I am so glad you are not dead—I will try never to be disobliging again. I thought I had no mamma, and I did not know what to do [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]"

"Charlie, dear," said his mother, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and you will have nothing to reproach yourself [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Charlie stopped to [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his father and sister [illegible] [illegible] the lawn.

Are there any little boys and girls like Charlie? Let them [illegible] [illegible] remembering how much their mothers have done for them! [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a reality and their [illegible] too late, as their kind, gentle [illegible] in Heaven.

The distress in [illegible] is growing to an alarming extent, [illegible] by the [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] lately published.

Right Rev Bishop Atkinson preached in St. James' Church, Wilmington, on Sunday last.

THE "BLACK BRIGADE."

We are pleased to see that the people throughout the district called for negroes to complete the fortifications around Savannah, are promptly responding to the action of the Legislature, without a resort to impressment. Hundreds of hands are coming in daily, and every morning the Barracks yard is dotted all over with their sable faces, ready to be reported at headquarters and assigned to their work, which they enter upon with the greatest alacrity. Their names, ages, value, and names of owners, are all first recorded in a book kept for the purpose, a work which keeps constantly employed a considerable number of officials.

Upon enquiry, we learn that in most of [illegible] counties the people, as soon as they were [illegible] of the [illegible] held meetings and set [illegible] [illegible] of negroes and made arrangements [illegible] their transportation to Savannah, without [illegible] for the arrival of an officer to [illegible] the law.

While this is the [illegible] we regret to add that there are [illegible] [illegible] exceptions. In very many counties few [illegible] [illegible] have [illegible] to respond to the law [illegible] even [illegible] a disposition to resist [illegible] such [illegible] improvement has been necessary. [illegible] should be recorded and made [illegible] part of the history of the invasion of [illegible] by an Abolition enemy and an effort [illegible] [illegible] to threaten them to [illegible].

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the call for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] has been taken [illegible] from the greater portion of the [illegible], all from [illegible] look robust and [illegible] are comfortably clothed with warm [illegible], and in many cases with overcoats and some good hats and strong substantial shoes. There is not a [illegible] among the hundreds that we have seen—[illegible]

[illegible] arriving from Chattanooga and [illegible] [illegible] the cheering intelligence that [illegible] is making a forward movement, with the intention of giving battle to [illegible] or [illegible] him to retire to his fortifications round Nashville. It seems that Gen. Johnston's programme is to offer the Abolition General battle in a fair field, and in the event he does not accept the challenge, but retires to his fortifications, he will invest Nashville with his army, and cut off the enemy's supplies and his communications with Louisville both by river and railroad.

THE BATTLE AT GOLDSBORO.—Authentic information received in this city yesterday, stated that the enemy had been driven back from Goldsboro across Neuse Bridge, and that our forces there were fully able to [illegible] any force that the Abolitionists could send against them. Gen. Gustavus W. Smith was in command, and everything was working well. The damage to the track below Goldsboro will be quickly repaired. The Yankees, it is thought, have retreated to their gun-boats.

THE [illegible] LIBRARY.—The suggestion that this valuable collection of books, instead of being confiscated to the Government and [illegible] sold under the hammer [illegible] should be kept for the [illegible] and profit of those for whom they were first gathered, has been acted upon by the Secretary, and instructions have been issued to the Collector to that effect. The books are to be carefully packed and stored, and in due time to be returned to [illegible]. We accept this testimony to the fact that we do live in a civilized community.—[illegible] Journal of Commerce.

The Secretary Smith is addressing notes [illegible] [illegible] position, asking [illegible] [illegible] the purpose of giving a Christmas dinner to [illegible] sick, and wounded soldiers in Washington and its vicinity. [illegible] the number is rising 20,000, and those of the loyal States are represented.

[illegible] [illegible]—[illegible] was held [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] upon the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible], belonging to the [illegible] [illegible] artillery, [illegible] [illegible] of the South [illegible] [illegible] passage [illegible] [illegible] in such a manner that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the light and support the other leg.

Hardware at Auction.

On [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

COCHRANE & SAMPLE.

D[illegible], 1862.