

Terms of the Watchman.
For subscription, per year, Two Dollars—payable in advance. But if not paid in advance, Two Dollars and fifty cents will be charged.
Advertisements inserted at \$1 for the first, and 25 cts. per square of 16 lines, for each subsequent insertion. Court notices charged 25 per cent higher than these rates. A liberal deduction to those who advertise by the year.
Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

THE POOR MAN.

What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is bathed in Heaven's own light—
Whose knee to God alone must bow,
At morning and at night—
Whose arm is nerve by healthful toil—
Who sits beneath the tree,
Or treads upon the fruitful soil,
With spirit calm and free.
—Let the proud his gems behold,
And view their sparkling ray;
No silver vase or sparkling gold,
Can banish care away;
He cannot know the thrilling dream,
Which smiles within the cot,
Where sunny locks and faces gleam
To cheer the poor man's lot.
What man is poor? Not he whose brow
Is bathed in Heaven's own dew—
Who breathes to God the heartfelt vow,
Whose pledge is deed and true.
The morning calls his active feet,
To no enchanting dome;
But evening and the twilight sweet,
Shall light his pathway home.
And there is music to his ear,
In the glad voice of his child—
His wife, with hurried step, draws near,
With spirit undefiled.
Then turn not from the humble heart,
Nér scorn his humble tone;
For deeper feelings there may start,
Than the proud have ever known.

HAPPY DAYS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.
Come back—come back—thou youthful time!
Is wet with joy and innocence were ours,
When life was in its vernal prime,
And redolent of sweets and flowers.
Come back! and let us roam once more,
Free-hearted through life's pleasant ways,
And gather garlands as of yore.
Come back—come back—ye happy days!
Come back—come back!—'twas pleasant then
To cherish faith in Love and Truth,
For nothing in disparage of men
Had soured the temper of our youth;
Come back!—and let us still believe
The gorgeous dream romance displays,
Ner trust the tale that men deceive.
Come back—come back—ye happy days.
Come back, oh freshness of the past!
When every face seemed fair and kind,
When upward, every eye was cast,
And all the shadows fell behind.
Come back! 'twill come: true hearts can turn
Their own Decembers into Mays;
The secret be it ours to learn,
They come—they come—those happy days!

THE BARGAIN.

“What have you there, husband?”
said Mrs. Courtland to her careful
and thrifty spouse, as the latter paused
in the open door to give some di-
rections to a couple of porters who
had just set something on the pave-
ment in front of the house.
“Just wait a moment, and I will tell
you. Henry! John! bring it in here!”
the two porters entered with a beau-
tiful sofa, nearly new.
“Why, that is a beauty, husband?
How kind you are?”
“It's second hand, you perceive;
but it's hardly soiled—no one would
know the difference.”
“It's just as good as new. What
did you give for it?”
“That's the best part of it. It is a
splendid bargain. It didn't cost a
cent less than two hundred dollars.—
Now what do you think I got it for?”
“Sixty dollars?”
“Guess again.”
“Fifty?”
“Guess again.”
“Forty-five?”
“No. Try again.”
“But what did you give for it, dear?”
“Why, only \$20.”
“Well, now, that is a bargain.”
“Ain't it, though? It takes me to get
the things cheap,” continued the prudent
Courtland, chuckling with de-
light.
“Why, how in the world did you
get it so low?”
“I managed that. It ain't every one
that understands how to do these
things.”
“But how did you manage it, dear?
I should like to know.”
“Why, you see, there were a great
many other things there, and among
the rest some dirty carpets. Before
the sale I pulled over these carpets and
threw them upon the sofa; and a good
deal of dust fell from them, and made
the sofa look 50 per cent worse than
it really was. When the sale com-
menced, there happened to be but few
persons there, and I asked the auc-
tioneer to sell the sofa first, as I wanted
to go, and would bid for it if it were
sold then. Few persons bid freely at
the opening of a sale.
“What's bid for a splendid sofa?
he began.
“I'll give you fifteen dollars for it,”
said I; “it's not worth more than that,
for it's dreadfully abused.”
“Fifteen dollars! fifteen dollars! on-
ly fifteen dollars for this beautiful so-

CHRISTMAS SHEET,

OR CAROLINA WATCHMAN IN DISGUISE.

VOL. VII.]

SALISBURY, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1850.

[NO. XXXIII.]

fa! he went on, and a man next to
me bid \$17. I let the auctioneer cry
the last bid for a few moments, until
I saw he was likely to knock it down.
“Twenty dollars!” said I; “and that's
as much as I'll go for it.”

“The other bidder was deceived by
this as to the real value of the sofa,
for it did look dreadfully disfigured by
the dust and dirt, and consequently
the sofa was knocked off to me.”
“That was admirably done, indeed,”
said Mrs. Courtland, with a bland
smile of satisfaction at having obtain-
ed the elegant piece of furniture at
so cheap a rate. “And it's so neat a
match, too, for the sofa in our front
parlor.”

This scene occurred at the resi-
dence of a merchant in this city who
was beginning to count his fifty thou-
sands. Let us look on the other side
of the picture.

On the day previous to the sale, a
widow lady with one daughter, a
beautiful and interesting girl about
17, was seated on a sofa in a neatly
furnished parlor in Hudson st. The
mother held in her hand a small piece
of paper, on which her eyes were in-
tently fixed; but it could be readily
perceived that she saw not the char-
acters that were written upon it.

“What is to be done ma?” at length
asked the daughter.

“Indeed, my child, I cannot tell.—
The bill is \$50, and has been due, you
know for several days. I haven't \$5,
and your bill for teaching the Miss
Leonards cannot be presented for two
weeks, and then it will not amount to
this sum.”

“Can't we sell something more ma?”
suggested the daughter.

“We have sold all our plate and
jewelry, and now I'm sure I don't
know what we can dispose of, unless
it be something that we really want.”

“What do you say to selling the so-
fa, ma?”

“Well, I don't know, Florence. It
don't seem right to part with it. But
perhaps we can do without it.”

“It will readily bring fifty dollars, I
suppose?”

“Certainly. It is the best wood and
workmanship, and cost one hundred
and forty dollars. Your father bought
it a short time before he died, and
that is not more than two years past,
you know.”

“I should think it would bring near-
ly one hundred dollars,” said Florence,
who knew nothing of auction sacrifices;
“and that would give us enough,
besides paying the quarter's rent, to
keep us comfortably until some of
my bills become due.”

That afternoon, the sofa was sent,
and on the next afternoon Florence
went to the auctioneer's to receive the
money for it.

“Have you sold that sofa yet?” asked
the timid girl, in a low, hesitating
voice.

“What sofa, Miss?” asked the clerk,
looking steadily in her face with a bold
stare.

“The sofa sent by Mrs. —, sir?”

“When was it to have been sold?”

“Yesterday, sir.”

“Oh, we haven't got the bill made out
yet. You can call the day after to-
morrow, and we'll settle it for you.”

“Can't you settle it to-day, sir? We
want the money, particularly.”

Without replying to the timid girl's
request, the clerk commenced throw-
ing over the leaves of the account
book, and in a few minutes had taken
off the bill of the sofa.

“Here it is—eighteen dollars and
sixty cents. See if it's right and then
sign this receipt.”

“Ain't you mistaken, sir? It was
a beautiful sofa, and cost one hundred
and forty dollars.”

“That's all it brought, Miss, I assure
you. Furniture sells very badly,
now.”

Florence rolled up the bills that
were given her and turned home with
a heavy heart.

“It only brought eighteen dollars
and sixty cents, ma,” she said, throw-
ing the notes into her mother's lap
and bursting into tears.

“Heaven only knows, then, what we
shall do,” said the widow, clasping her
hands together and looking upwards.

There are always two parties in the
case of bargains—the gainer and loser;
and while the one is delighted

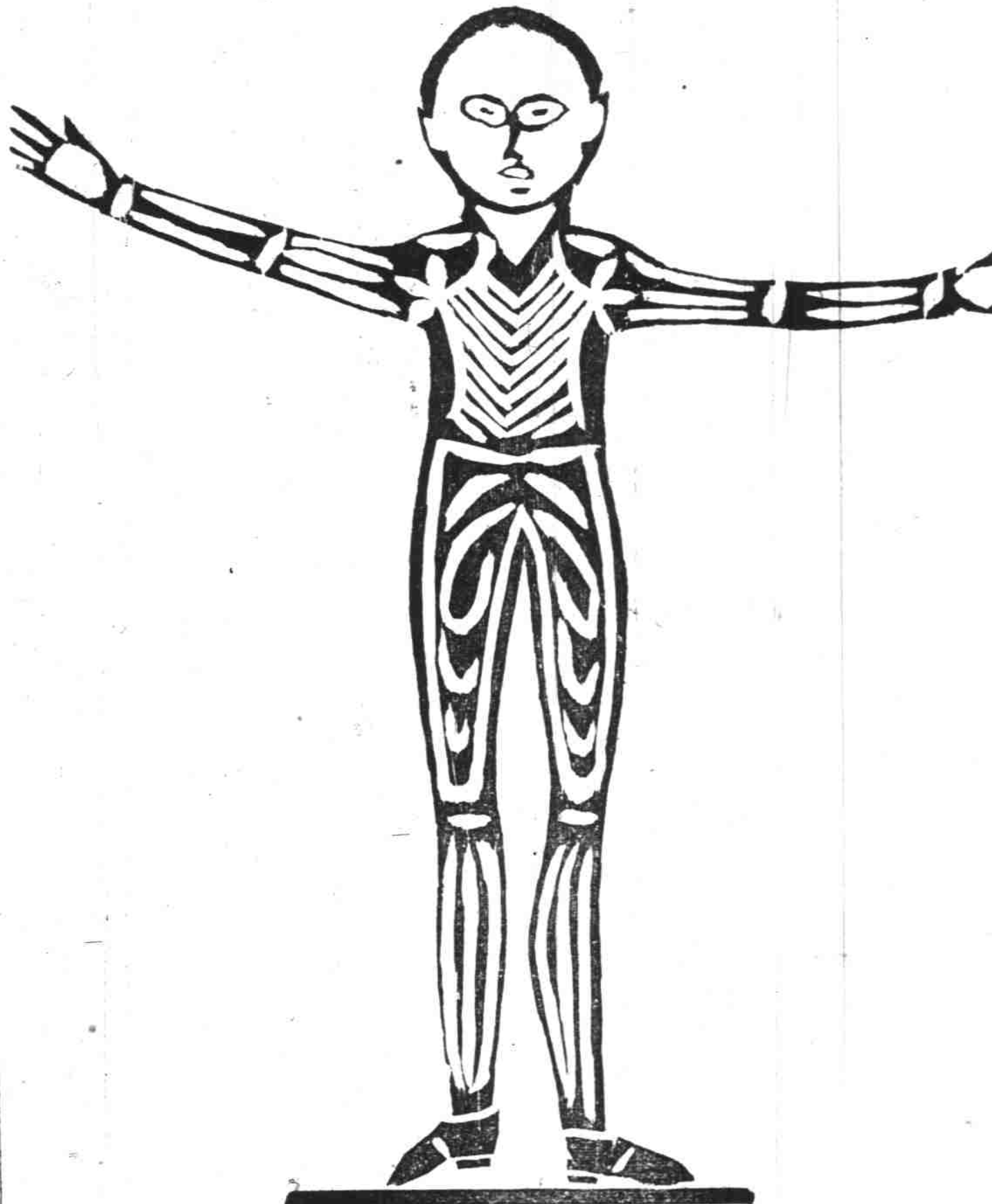
with the advantage he has obtained,
he thinks nothing of the necessities
which have forced the other party to
accept the highest offer. But few
buyers of bargains think or care
about taking this view of the subject.
Phila. Dollar Weekly News.

Why is a restless man in bed like a lawyer?
Because he lies on all sides.
A client once burst into a flood of tears after
he had heard the statement of his counsel, ex-
claiming, “I did not think I had suffered half
so much till I heard it this day.”

Our Portrait Gallery.



We have the pleasure of presenting to our subscribers, this week, an ex-
act likeness of ROBERT B. RHETT, of South Carolina, just as he
bore himself on the occasion of his late celebrated Disunion speech in
the city of Charleston. Our artist has sketched him in one of his most
interesting attitudes whilst delivering that address.



We present here, the full length likeness of the Rev. THEODORE
PARKER, of Boston. This picture was got up at a heavy expense, ex-
pressly for our Christmas paper! The Daguerrean likeness from which it
was at last copied, was taken by a celebrated artist, and is undoubtedly
correct! We have to regret the mutilation of the right hand of this pic-
ture in order to get it within the space assigned it.

Mr. Parker is taken in the act of delivering his late disunion and re-
bellious sermon.

The most careless observer must discover the remarkable family like-
ness between Mr. Parker and Mr. Rhett. A close observer, however, will see
some difference in the eyes and nose: Mr. R.'s eye-brows are heavier, and
his nose sharper, than those of Mr. P., who in fact appears to have brows
completely encircling the eye. A small difference is also discoverable in
the shape of the heads: Here again we think Mr. Rhett has it: his is the
best formed; and, as well as our knowledge of phrenology enables us to
determine, is the best balanced head of the two. But Parker is undoubt-
edly an extraordinary man. No one can look upon that noble counten-
ance of his, and go away unimpressed with the fact that he is fully equal
in many important particulars to the chivalrous South Carolinian.

SCENE AT BETHLEHEM.

BY CHARLES REECHER.

December's blasts are sweeping across
the lofty heights of Bethlehem. To the
north we behold, against the wintry sky,
the towers of Jerusalem. Far to the
southeast the eye traverses successive de-
scents, slope after slope, till in the dis-
tance we espy the leaden gleam of the
waves of Asphalites, and beyond them
the jagged, conical, sparkling, almost
transparent peaks of the mountains of the
Arabian desert.

Along the northern road, we behold,
slowly approaching on foot, the figure of
a sturdy traveler, staff in hand, closely
wrapped in his thick gabardine, and lead-
ing by the bridle a pained mule, and
another bearing a muffled figure.

Enveloped in her large winter veil, and
in various skins and coarse fabrics, rides
a young female, apparently in suffering,
and shrinking from the cutting northern
blasts, which now begin to come loaded
with snow, as they drive relentlessly along
the rocky road. She seems weak, and
weary, and scarcely capable of maintain-
ing her seat without the support from her
companion, who supports her with his
ready arm from time to time, while all
their apparel, and the shaggy hide of their
brute companions, are soon coated with
the fine driving snow and sleet, and the
road becomes so slippery, that with many
a slide they slowly urge their painful way.

And is this, alas! the daughter of an
ancient line of kings! Is this the moth-
er of a universal conqueror? Young,
delicate, never exposed to many hardships,
how, in this dreary journey, do the pitiless
forces of wintry war, the gloom of frow-
ning Nature, spread a pall over thy spirit
in thine hour of anguish!

Soon they stand before the door of the
hospitable inn, confident at last of priv-
acy and rest. With what chagrin does
Joseph learn that not a corner of the spa-
cious edifice is unoccupied! The great
census has gathered here unprecedented
crowds, and they are come too late from
far Galilee. Thus they stand benumbed
with cold in the open high way, poor,
friendless, and unknown. In despair, he
looks for some friendly face to guide him,
but all are cowering around the fire. He
looks here and there for some temporary
shelter, if it be no better than a hut, a
shed, or a hovel, but all in vain.

At length a door presents itself to his
view in the neighboring hill side, afford-
ing entrance to a species of cave or grot,
such as are common in those mountain
regions, and which, when additionally ex-
cavated by art, as in the present instance,
are frequently fitted with a few rude ar-
ticles of stable furniture. In fact, it is a
stable in the rock; and thither, as a last
resort, he bends his steps.

They enter; and in the farthest recess
of the cave, which, though tenanted by
several steeds, proves at least dry and
warm, Joseph hastens to scatter straw,
and spread the matting he carries in his
panniers. Upon this trembling virgin
sinks, grateful for so mean a shelter, while
having cared for the mules, her husband
kindles a fire, and dries their drenched
garments, and makes such other arrange-
ments for her comfort as the tenderest
anxiety can suggest.

Thus it is that at last the hour approach-
es for the entrance upon earth of that Je-
hovah who made it. Can we stand be-
neath the rugged rocks of that low-browed
cave, now wreathed in the stifling
smoke, listen to the stamping of the steeds,
and the sound of their teeth as they grind
their food; can we see in yon dim corner
the figure of the sighing and exhausted
young maiden, the kneeling form of Jo-
seph by her side; can we hear the fierce
December gale howling without, and the
rushing of the rain and sleet; can we call
all these circumstances about us, be fully
possessed of the scene, ourselves a part of
it, and then reflect that here, in this ob-
scure retreat—this cavern, fit to be the
den of fierce banditti—this sombre ful-
gurous vault, is about to happen the great-
est event in the whole annals of time!—
Can we stand thus at the very crisis of
the mighty spiritual drama, for the enact-
ment of which the world itself was made,
and yet feel no deep and solemn adora-
tion, no profound awe?

How often have we all, doubtless, with
wondering curiosity, brooded over those
hidden years of the incarnation, preced-
ing the public ministry of the Being now
approaching to view. As a star here and
there in a dark night looks kindly out from
the gloom of the overcast heavens, speak-
ing of the universe beyond, and assisting
our faith to realize its glories, though
shrouded in darkness, so, from the canopy
of those thirty years, look kindly forth to
meet our gaze a few dispersed star-beams
of the heaven inspired Gospel.

What, then, is the first personal danc-
ing upon us of this Being whose name is
“Wonderful?” What attitude does he
assume? Where do we first behold him?
The answer is in those simple, remarkable
words,
“WRAPPED IN SWADDLING CLOTHES, AND
LYING IN A MANGER.”

The careless mental of the haughty Ro-
man plies his evening toil, and passing
from charger to charger, providing for the
wants of the warlike steeds, glances oc-

asionally, with transient curiosity, upon
Thy sleeping form. No rays of heavenly
effulgence circling round thy brow reveal
the presence of a God. The distant songs
of angel choirs reach not his ear. There
thou liest in thy first earthly slumber,
weak, helpless, and visibly the mere off-
spring of a despicable Jew. So he thinks.
Let him pass on with his thoughts and la-
bors, little wotting that before the name
of that child the throne of Cæsar must go
down, the Eternal City sink in fire.

But near thy side, vigilant of thy slum-
ber, reclines now a maiden, young, and
pale, and of a deep heart. Who shall fa-
thom the thoughts of her breast, who di-
vine its emotions, as now, a virgin moth-
er, Mary gazes on thee, thou sleeping
babe!—Are not the voices of angel mes-
sengers yet ringing in her ears? Feels
she not the overwhelming influence of the
Almighty Father? and, as the silent foun-
tains of a mother's love are first unloosed,
how do their waters gush forth, only to
mingle with the ocean of love that rolls
shoreless through the bosom of the Eter-
nal!

There, too, lies buried in sleep the over-
weary artisan, seizing at length the first
hour of quiet for repose, his manly visage,
in the ruddy light of the flickering fire,
marked with calm and resolute integrity.

Doubtless an infant's feeble wail oft
smites upon the ear of night in that rever-
berating cell, and there, like angel war-
bling, rises in the night-watches the soft
cradle hymn of the wakeful Mary, sooth-
ing that artless voice, that wild and an-
cient language, the slumbers of a God.

Night at length wanes over the inmates
of this humble cave. The hum of busi-
ness has not yet commenced, the raging
blast has died into silence, and, in the
east, pale Phosphorus alone declares the
orient day, his tremulous beams sparkling
every where upon the snow, which lies
like a silvery mantle upon the gloomy
pines and evergreens that crest the slum-
bering mountains.

Yet, in this hour, when deep sleep fall-
eth upon men, the tramp of feet is heard,
and voices break the stillness of the night.
Mary, roused from a moment's oblivion,
starts towards her child, and looks forth
with sudden alarm, while Joseph cautio-
usly removes from the mouth of the cave
the rude and heavy door.

A flood of torch-light streams in upon
the dazzled eye of Mary, now used to the
darkness, and with increased tremor she
beholds her unexpected visitors. A nomad
shepherd, in red tunic and white turban,
stalks forward, poniard and sword at his
belt, quiver and bow upon his shoulder,
and in his hand a torch and a long spear.
After him troop a horde of rugged follow-
ers in pastoral garb, some armed, some
bearing only shepherds' crooks, and some
with torches.

Before Mary can find courage to utter
a word, lo! every knee is bent, and every
forehead bowed to the ground; when, ris-
ing from this posture of adoration before
the sleeping infant, the aged shepherd
with a sneaky beard thus speaks:

“We were abiding in the fields, keep-
ing watch over our flocks by night, and
lo! the angel of the Lord came upon us,
and the glory of the Lord shone round
about us, and we were sore afraid! And
the angel said unto us, ‘Fear not, for be-
hold I bring you good tidings of great joy,
which shall be to all people; for unto
you is born this day, in the city of David,
a Savior, which is Christ the Lord; and
this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find
the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes,
and lying in a manger.’ And suddenly
there was with the angel a multitude of
the heavenly host, praising God, and say-
ing,

“Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
Good will toward men!”

And it came to pass that, when the angel
was gone away from us into heaven, we
said one to another, ‘Let us now go even
unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which
the Lord hath now made known unto us.’
Now, therefore, will we return, glorifying
and praising God for all the things we
have seen, even as they were told unto
us.”

So saying, they reverently depart, and
the cave is dark once more, and its in-
mates see outside, upon the snow, the
star-light, now growing wan before the
luster of the dawn.

Can not we all see with what emotion
the youthful Mary looks first upon her si-
lent husband, and next upon the now a-
wakening boy?

“Is this helpless infant,” thinks she,
“now lying in my arms, one day to sit up-
on a golden throne, blazing with jewels,
with a scepter in his hand, and a crown
of diamonds on his head? Shall this weak
and wailing voice ever be heard above
the din of battle, louder than the clangor
of the trumpets, and the shouting of the
captains? Shall these tiny fingers one
day grasp a cimeter red with carnage?”

“Ah, woman! that tiny hand shall bear
no curved cimeter, but thou shalt see it
mangled by the driven nail! that head
shall indeed wear a crown, but—of
thorns!”

Arrival of Signor Blitz.—A wag in a
country bar-room, where each man was
reciting the wonderful tricks they had
seen performed by Signor Blitz and the
rest of the conjuring family, expressed
his contempt for the whole tribe, declar-
ing that he could perform any of the tricks
especially that of beating a watch in
pieces and restoring it whole. It being
doubted, he demanded a trial. Several
watches were at once produced for the
experiment. “There,” said he, “there
are the pieces.” “Yes,” all exclaimed,
“now let's see the watch.” He used
mysterious words, shook up the fragments,
and at length put down the pestle and
mortar, observing, “well, I thought I
could do it, but by George, I can't!”