

Those having claims against the Editor of the Watchman are requested to present them, so that he may know whether he can see through to the end of them. Don't be backward, gentlemen, for whenever you call he will be right off and damn some-body for money enough to pay you.

EBENEZER ACADEMY.

Another session of this deservedly popular and valuable Institution has just closed. The number of students having much increased, more time was required for the examination of the various classes; accordingly the whole of Monday and Tuesday, the 13th and 14th inst., was devoted to that purpose. The severity of the weather did not prevent more spectators to be present than is usual on such an occasion; among these we observed several Gentlemen of classic education, able to form an accurate judgment of the skill and proficiency of the pupils in their various studies. On all the branches of an English education, particularly the mathematics; as well as in the Latin and Greek languages, the pupils of both sexes acquitted themselves greatly to their credit, as well as to the honor, fidelity and diligence of their excellent instructors.

The whole of Wednesday, the 17th inst., was devoted to public speaking, and notwithstanding the intensity of the cold, the exercises were well attended. We heard but a few of the speeches in the morning, but heard the remainder with unmingled pleasure; for the severity of the cold compelled us, being glad to retire to the comfortable fire of a respectable neighbor. The exercises were diversified with some comic speeches which gave spice and zest to the occasion. During the past session this Institution has numbered sixty pupils, several of whom are now prepared to enter College. Over this Academy are placed the following instructors—Mr. HUGH R. HALL, Principal, whose established reputation as an accomplished and successful Teacher is deservedly and extensively known.

Mrs. E. T. McCUTCHEAN, who has under her care, in a separate building, the female part of the pupils, and who, it is believed by competent judges, possesses a remarkable talent in advancing the young committed to her charge.

Mr. W. CAMPBELL, of Randolph-Macon College, an excellent linguist and mathematician, who possesses the rare faculty of communicating with facility and success the knowledge he has acquired.

The easy access to this school, being within six miles north-east of Statesville, the sobriety of that region,—the religious morals of the community around,—the very moderate price of board, as well as the adjoining country being the present high prices of provisions,—all conspire to point to this Academy, as one to which parents may send their children with the entire confidence that their intellectual and moral training will be such as to secure their future usefulness and true happiness.

S. F.
From the Greensborough, Patriot.
Hicks—A friend at Mount Airy, Surry county, writes under date of Dec. 13th:—
"There have 10,756 hogs passed this place, and for the North Carolina market, within the last month and there are several large droves to pass. So, if the citizens of Guilford and the adjoining counties have had any apprehensions of starving for the want of pork, just tell them to keep in good spirits; for after the droves have all passed, we have some amongst us large and fine than any that have been driven here; and what is better than all, they are of our own raising. But you will hear more of them when they are killed."

HOGS, PORK AND SWINE.
Within the last eight or ten days our citizens have purchased and killed some ten hundred hogs, at an average price gross weight, of six cents per pound.—N. Argus.

MURDER.
We learn that on Saturday of last week, while Johnson & Co.'s Circus were performing at or in the neighborhood of Taylor's Bridge, in Sampson county, a difficulty occurred between persons attached to the concern and some of the citizens, which resulted in the death of Mr. Milton Mathis of that county, from injuries received on the occasion. It is also stated that several other persons were severely wounded.

We have hitherto forbore all allusion to the matter from the difficulty of obtaining any definite information in regard to the circumstances of the case, and because such allusion might be taken with reference to it. Mr. Mathis, the deceased, was a worthy and respectable citizen, and a peaceable young man.

We are further informed that some 15 members of the Circus company were arrested here yesterday on bench warrants issued by His Honor Judge Battle. In the afternoon, His Honor admitted those charged with actual participation in the murder of Milton Mathis, in the sum of five hundred dollars each.—Mr. Johnson, the Manager, and the others, were bailed in the sum of \$2,000 conditional for their appearance at the Court House on Friday, the 10th instant, (to-day) at 12 o'clock. Mr. R. H. Grant became their security on both bonds.—C. C. Battle, Esq. of Raleigh, appeared for the prisoners; D. K. McRae, Esq., and Mr. Solicitor Strange, for the State.

WIL. JOURNAL.

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In this County, on the 18th inst., by Wm. Walton, Esq., Mr. GEORGE SMITHDEAL to Miss REBECCA SMITH.

DIED.
In this County, on the 21st inst., Mrs MARY ROW, wife of Peter Row, aged 38 years.

Wm. Kelley, a fugitive slave claimed by Jacob Righter, of Carroll county, Maryland, had a hearing before Commissioner McAlister early this morning, and was remanded to his master.

FEMALE CONVICTS.
There is not a single white woman in the Virginia Penitentiary. The Lynchburg Express asks, "Can our Northern contemporaries, who are wont to sneer at Southern morals, say as much? Not one of them, we expect."

"HIGHER."
"Higher!" shouts the school boy proud,
Bursting from a merry crowd,
"I will yonder yrie gain!"
Beams his eyes with conscious pride
On the scene out-stretching wide;
And yet he sighs—his toil was vain
There is no higher point to gain.

"Higher!" breathes he with a sigh
As the student turns his eye,
Fret upon the glowing page—
Record of some bygone age—
Then where on the scroll of fame
Imagination paints his name,
Burns within Ambition's fire
"Future, ages write it higher!"

"Higher!" shouts the man whose brow
Beneath his laurels now,
On the highest step I'll stand,
Win it by this trusty hand,
Worthless would my spirit be,
If above me I could see
Another rise and honors claim
Which should cluster round my name!

"Higher!" breathes the Christian, too,
As he before his favored view,
Brightly comes the world above,
Angels, saints—the God of Love!
"Higher let my motives be,
Father keep me near to Thee;
"Neath the shadow of thy wings,
High above all earthly things."

CHRISTMAS.
The following lines are so good in themselves, and interest the little ones so much, that they will bear repeating every Christmas. They are from the pen of Clement C. Moore, an American writer:
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.
'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kitchen, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter:
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wonder and awe should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now! Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now,
Vixen!"
On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!
As leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes were like twinkling stars, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And his beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laugh'd, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump; a right jolly old elf;
And I laugh'd, when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And fill'd all the stockings; then turn'd with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a whistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

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