

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

family at every point, and over worked himself to a degree seriously injurious to his health.

There was little at home, however, to make him feel cheerful. His wife, not feeling able to hire a domestic, was worn down with the care and labor of her large family.

The children were, as a necessary consequence, neglected both in mind and body. Alas! there was no sunshine in the poor man's dwelling.

"Well, Alice," said Mr. Moore, "as his wife came and stood by the board upon which he sat at work, holding her babe in her arms."

"I wish all men were as honest in their intentions as you are."

"Sodo I, Alice. The world would be a much better one than it is, I am thinking."

"And yet, William," said his wife, "I sometimes think we do wrong to sacrifice so much to get out of debt."

"Alice!" spoke up the tailor quickly, "I would almost sell my body into slavery to get free from debt."

"I know how badly you feel about it, William; but your heart is honest, and should not that reflection bear you up?"

"What is an honest heart without an honest hand, Alice?" replied the tailor, bending still to his work.

"The honest heart is the main thing, William. God looks at that. Man judges only of the action, but God sees the heart and its purposes."

"But what is the purpose without the act?"

"It is all that is required, when no ability to act is given. William! God does not demand of any one impossibilities."

"Though man often does," said the tailor, bitterly.

There was a pause, broken at length, by the wife, who said—

"And you are really determined to put John and Henry out to trades? They are so young."

"I know they are, Alice, too young to leave home. But—"

The tailor's voice became unsteady. He broke off in the middle of a sentence.

"Necessity requires it to be done," he said, recovering himself. "And it is of no avail to give way to unmanly weakness. But for the old debt, we might have been comfortable enough, and able to keep out children around us until they were of a more fitting age to go from their parents' roof."

"Oh! what a curse is debt!"

"There is more, yet, to pay?"

"Yes. Several hundreds of dollars, but if I fail as I have for a year past, I will break down before I get through."

"Let us think of our family, William. They have the first claim upon us. Those to whom money is owed are better off than we are. They stand in no need of it."

"But is it not justly due, Alice?" inquired the tailor, in a rebuking voice.

"No more justly due than is food, and raiment, and a home to our children!" replied the tailor's wife, with more than her usual decision of tone.

"God has given us these children, and he will require an account of the souls committed to our charge. Is not a human soul of more importance than dollars? A few years, and it will be out of our power to do our children good. They will grow up and bear forever the marks of neglect and wrong!"

"Alice! Alice! For heaven's sake do not talk in this way!" exclaimed the tailor, much disturbed.

"William!" said the wife, "I am a mother, and a mother's heart can feel right; nature tells me that it is wrong for us to thrust out our children before they are old enough to go into the world. Let us keep them home longer."

The merchant's sleep was sweeter that night than it had been for some time, and so was the sleep of the poor debtor.

And the next day Mr. Moore called to see Mr. Petron, to whom, at the instance of the latter, he gave a full detail of his actual circumstances. The merchant was touched by his story, and prompted by true benevolence to aid him in his struggles.

And induced those who had not been paid in full, to voluntarily relinquish their claims, and some of those who had received money since the poor man's misfortune, to restore it as belonging of right to his family.

There was not one of those creditors who did not feel happier by their act of generosity; and no one can doubt that both the tailor and his family were also happier.

John and Henry were not compelled to leave their home until they were older and better prepared to endure the privations that usually attend the boy's first entrance into the world; and help for the mother in her arduous duties could now be afforded.

No one doubts that the creditor, whose money is paid to him, has rights. But too few think of the rights of the poor debtor, who sinks into obscurity, and often privations, while his heart is oppressed with a sense of obligations utterly beyond his power to cancel.

From the Spirit of the Times.

NINE CHEERS FOR OLD ZIM!

Breaking down the System.

In a remote county of Pennsylvania the scene is laid. The time was the year 1842, when party spirit rose to 102 degrees in the shade, in every hamlet the length and breadth of Uncle Sam's glorious domain.

The respective political parties met in convention at Bugaburg, (the county seat), and made their nominations for county officers.

As there were many aspirants for the nominations, it follows as a matter of course there were some disappointments—to no one more so than 'old Zim,' who was confident of getting a nomination for Sheriff.

Zimmerman, or 'old Zim,' as he was familiarly called, was a miserly old codger, who was well to do in the world, yet he had an almighty thirst for office, and he was up at every convention for a nomination for something, from 'time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.'

He was reputed wealthy—that is, he owned a farm, and had money, but he never showed the color of it, except he unfortunately got on a spree, then he would show it broad-cast—but that was only a biennial occurrence.

A few evenings after the nominations above noted, a knot of the dissatisfied and disaffected were congregated at the Black Horse Tavern, discussing the merits and demerits of the fortunate candidates.

'Gentlemen,' said old Zim, 'merit and long service to the party is no recommendation in this country. The wire-workers and schemers have it all their own way.'

'Aye,' responded one of the bar room loafers, 'they does the pickin' out, and they expects us to do the wotin'.'

'But, gentlemen,' continued Zim, 'they will fetch up against a snag or a sawyer one of these days. Yes, gentlemen, by the eternal, I'll upset their apple cart and spill their peaches. I'll see whether it's the people, or a set of broken down political hacks as makes the county nominations. By Judas, I'll break down the system. I'll run as a volunteer candidate for Sheriff, and if I don't lay 'em out, then my name ain't Zimmerman, that's all!'

This determination was received with favor by the crowd, and Zim sealed by sending a 'half' for red eye.

Full soon he was in the field, announced through a card in both papers to his fellow citizens, pledging himself to discharge the duties of the office with impartiality—in case he was elected.

Right lustily did old Zim go to work, and things appeared to go on swimmingly. He canvassed the county, and the people were profuse in their promises of doing their best for him. In one of his peregrinations he met Watles, the nominee of Zim's party, who was also on an electioneering tour.

'Ha, Watles,' said he, 'my fine fellow, I'm sorry to see you allow yourself to be the tool of the unholly and corrupt cabal; I say I am sorry to see you sacrificed, but your's bound to be beat. I'll show them that the freemen of this county will not bear dictation, so, my friend, if you wish to save yourself from the disgrace of a defeat, you had better resign in my favor.'

Watles expressed his conviction that he should feel very much used up in such an event—but at the same time he had made up his mind to stand the hazard of the die.

Election day at length came, and my worthy friend, armed with a hat full of tickets, stationed himself on the ground of his own precinct, and commenced dealing out his tickets, and urging his claims in the strongest kind of a way; miser as he was he made his friends swim in Monongahela long before the polls were closed.

The election over, evening came on apace and the eager expectants gathered in the bar rooms to await the counting of the votes, and the returns to come in from the different townships. Old Zim was flourishing about, treating the crowd, expressing his full confidence in the people, and the success of his efforts to break down the system.

Seated in a remote corner were a number of wage, in low but earnest conversation, and any one who might have chanced to see them would at once have concluded that something was to follow. The consultation soon broke up, and the plot began

in about fifteen minutes to develop itself. The clatter of horse's hoofs were heard on the frozen ground—a solitary horseman rode up to the door, and flinging the reins over a post, rushed into the bar-room, where he was soon raised on a table and stence commanded.

'Here,' said he, drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, 'are the returns from Lower Buffalo township—Watles 60, Tibbett 40, Zimmerman 160!—majority for Zimmerman. 110 P.'

'Nine cheers for Old Zim!' 'Hurra! hurra! hurra!' 'Gentlemen,' said old Zim, taking off his hat—'I'm obliged to you for this expression of your—that is to say, let us take a horn all round!'

'Of course the crowd acquiesced in this proposition, and the welkin rung with lead huzzas. But hark! scarcely had the eager crowd imbibed before another horseman came galloping up to the inn.

'Beegum township one hundred majority for Zimmerman!' 'Nine cheers for Old Zim?' 'Hip, hip, hurrah!'

Again did old Zim attempt to speak, but his feelings overcame him—and he ended by inviting the entire company to just call for what they wanted. Again the glasses jingled as the excited multitude wedged themselves towards the bar—and again was heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs.

'Dublin township, one hundred and thirty majority for Zimmerman!' 'Nine cheers for old Zim!' 'Hip, hip, hurrah!'

The excited candidate was wild with joy and excitement, and he again invited the party up to drink.

Another horseman came; another, and still another, each one bringing an overwhelming majority for old Zim from the township he represented. Alas! that it should be the same horse, who performed the feat of a quarter race every hour that night, and that it should be the same mad wag under various disguises that brought old Zim the glorious news. The column, as it footed up, gave Zim a cool thousand majority. Didn't he rave and pitch? Well he did! Didn't he spend a cool thirty?—the land-lords till groaned under the weight of old Zim's deposits.

'Gentlemen,' said old Zim, 'my heart is full (his head wasn't anything else,) and I can only say that the glory of this contest belongs to you; but I feel a brick in my hat that said a wag; pride that I have been the humble instrument in breaking down the system.' [Nine cheers.]

Thus matters progressed until those who were completely 'sowed up' were laid out, and the remainder found their way home; some charitable friends of the Sheriff elect touting him on a shutter to his domicile.

Early in the morning, the village wags, with throbbing temples, met at the tavern to take "a hair from the dog that bit them," as well as to laugh over the "saw" played on old Zim; but scarcely had they commenced worship before in stalks the old gentleman, still under the delusion that he had carried the day—nay, more, he insisted on spending a V, by way of a morning whet. The wags were determined to keep it up as long as possible, and again drank and congratulated him on his success. In the midst of the "noise and confusion," in bounded an inky printer's devil, who deposited an extra on the table, containing the returns. Eagerly did old Zim seize it, and lower over it but a minute. The conclusion of it is all sufficient for the reader. It read as follows:

"By the above it will be seen that Democracy has again triumphed, as Watles' (Dem.) majority over Tibbitts (Whig) is one hundred and fifty. Zimmerman volunteer, had three votes in Beegum, two in Dublin, one in Lower Buffalo, and one in this borough, (supposed to be cast by himself) making a total of seven votes."

The extra dropped from Zim's hand; he raised up his hands, moved towards the door, then looking around full at the gaping crowd, he said leisurely—

"Gentleman, you may all go to h—l!" and rushing from the bar-room, he was never again heard of in Bugaburg.

MISSISSIPPI.

The following is an extract from a letter dated "JACKSON (Miss) Jan. 26, 1850.

"The report of the Committee on State and Federal Relations is now before the Senate, in which it is recommended to place Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars at the disposal of the Governor to be used in Mississippi in showing upon her reserved rights in the North and the South on the great slavery question. A very animated discussion is now going on in the Senate on the adoption of the report, and I am pleased to see that it does not assumed a party cast. Judge Guion, one of the most prominent Whigs in the State, is the author of the report. Mississippi was the first State to move on mass on this great question, and although I sincerely hope, as a lover of our glorious Union, it may not be necessary for the Governor to use the amount proposed to be placed at his disposal, yet I am of opinion that he should as an earnest of what we have heretofore declared, hold ourselves in readiness to meet "any emergency."

TALLOW WANTED.

APPLY TO WM. M. HARRIS Agent.

FRESH FLOUR.

10 BBL'S. of Extra brand Canal.

GLUE.

GERMAN and American Glue, of prime quality for Distillers.

500 BBL'S. Lincolnville White Lumpy Also selected Plaster, Plastering Hair, and Fire Brick, Hydraulic Cement, 1000 bbls. Lime for sale by J. C. & R. B. WOOD.

BLAKE'S INDESTRUCTIBLE FIRE PROOF PATENT PAINT.

CROCKERY AND CUTLERY.

FRUIT TREES ON HAND.

PORK! PORK!!

500 BBL'S. Lincolnville White Lumpy Also selected Plaster, Plastering Hair, and Fire Brick, Hydraulic Cement, 1000 bbls. Lime for sale by J. C. & R. B. WOOD.

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CROCKERY AND CUTLERY.

FRUIT TREES ON HAND.

PORK! PORK!!

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GUNNY BAGS.

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PLANTING POTATOES.

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THE NORTH CAROLINA MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

NOW ON HAND AT THE OLD NORTH STATE CLOTHING STORE.

MAMMOTH STOCK.

DISTILLERY PROPERTY FOR SALE.

LIGHT! LIGHT!!

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DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.

DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.

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