

the manner and tone of his wife,—something that melted him completely down. A choking sob followed when he arose hastily, and retired to his chamber. Mrs. Martin did not follow thither. She saw that his own affections were doing more for him than any thing that she could do or say; and therefore she deemed it the part of wisdom to let his own reflections be his companion, and do their own work.

When Mr. Martin entered his chamber he seated himself near the bed, and leaned his head down upon it. He was becoming more and more sobered every moment—more and more distinctly conscious of the true nature of the ground he occupied. Still his mind was good deal confused, for the physical action of the stimulus he had taken through the day, had not yet subsided; although there was a strong mental counteracting cause in operation, which was gradually subduing the effect of his passions. As he sat thus, leaning his head upon his hand, and half reclining upon the bed, a deep sigh, or half suppressed sob, caught his ear. It came from the adjoining chamber. He remembered his child in an instant. His only child—whom he most fondly loved. He remembered, too, her conduct but a short time before, and saw, with painful distinctness, that he was estraining from himself, and bringing sorrow upon one whose gentle nature had affected even his heart with feelings of peculiar tenderness.

"My dear child!" he murmured, as he arose to his feet and went quietly into her room. She had already retired to bed, and lay with her head almost buried beneath the clothes, as if shrinking away with a sensation akin to fear. But she heard him enter, and instantly rose up saying, as she saw him approach her bed—

"O, pa, indeed I do love you!"

"And I love you my child," Mr. Martin responded, bending over her and kissing her forehead, cheeks, and lips, with an earnest fondness.

"And don't you love me, too?" inquired Emma.

"Certainly I do, my dear! Why do you ask me?"

"Because I see her crying so often—almost every day. And she seems so troubled just before you come home every evening. She didn't use to be so. A good while ago, she used to be always talking about when pa would be home; and used to dress me up every afternoon to see you. But now she never says any thing about your coming home at night. Don't you know how we used to walk out and meet you sometimes? We never do it now!"

This innocent appeal was like an arrow. Simply striking her again, and sending her good night, he turned away, and left her chamber, feeling more wretched than he had every felt in his life.

It was about twelve years since the wife of Mr. Martin had united her hopes and affections with his. At that time he was esteemed by all—a strictly temperate man, although he would drink with a friend or at a convivial party, whenever circumstances led him to do so. From this kind of indulgence the appetite for liquor was formed. Two years after his marriage, Martin had become so fond of drinking that he took from two to three glasses every day, regularly. Brandy at dinner time was indispensable. The meal would have seemed to him wanting in a principal article without it. It was not until about five years after his marriage that Mrs. Martin was aroused to a distinct consciousness of danger. Her husband came home so much intoxicated as to be scarcely able to get up into his chamber. Then she remembered, but too visibly, the slow but sure progress he had been making towards intemperance, during the past two or three years, and her heart sunk trembling in her bosom with a new and awful fear. It seemed as if she had suddenly awakened from a delusive dream of happiness and security, to find herself standing at the brink of a fearful precipice.

"What can I do? What shall I do?" were questions repeated over and over again, but, alas! she could find no answer upon which her troubled heart could repose with confidence. How could she approach her husband upon such a subject? She felt that she could not allude to it.

Month after month, and year after year, she watched with an anguish of spirit that paled her cheek, and stole away the brightness from her eye, the slow but sure progress of the destroyer. Alas! how did hope fail—fail—fail, until it lived in her bosom but a faint, feeble, flickering ray. At last she ventured to remonstrate, and was met with anger and repulse. When this subsided, and her husband began to reflect more deeply upon his course, he was humbled in spirit, and sought to heal the wound his conduct and his words had made. Then came promises of amendment, and Mrs. Martin fondly hoped all would be well again. The fight again came back to her heart. But it did not long remain. Martin still permitted himself to indulge in wine, and that soon excited so strongly the desire for stronger stimulants that he again indulged and again fell.

Ten times had he thus fallen, each time repenting and each time restoring a degree of confidence to the heart of his wife, by promises of future abstinence. Gradually did hope continue to grow weaker and weaker, at each relapse, until it had nearly failed.

"There is no hope," she said to her, self mournfully, she sat in deep thought on the evening in which occurred the scene we have just described. He has tried so often, and fallen again at every effort. There is no hope—no hope!"

It was an hour after Mr. Martin had retired to his chamber, that his wife went up softly, and first went into Emma's room. The child was asleep, and there was on her innocent face a quiet smile, as if pleasant images were resting upon her mind. A soft kiss was imprinted on her fair forehead, and then Mrs. Martin went into her own chamber. She found that her husband had retired to bed and was asleep.

But a few hours of refreshing slumber visited the eyelids of the almost despairing wife. Towards morning, however, she sunk away into a deep sleep. When she awoke from this, it was an hour after daylight. Her husband was up and dressed, and sat beside the bed, looking into her face with an expression of subdued, but calm and tender affections.

"Emma," he said, taking her hand, as soon as she was fairly awakened, "can you again have confidence in me, or is hope failed altogether?"

Mrs. Martin did not reply, but looked at her husband steadily and enquiringly.

"I understand you," he said, "you have almost, if not altogether ceased to hope. I do not wonder at it. If I had not so often mocked your generous confidence, I would again assure you that all will be well. I see that what I say does not make the warm blood bound to your face, as once it did. I will not use idle words to convince you. But one thing I will say. I have been, for some time past, conscious that it was dangerous for me to touch wine, or ale, or any thing that stimulates, as they do. They only revive an appetite for stronger drinks, while they take away a measure of self-control. I have, therefore, most solemnly promised myself, that I will never again touch or taste any spirituous liquor, wine, malt, or cider. Nor will I again attend any convivial parties where these things are used. Hereafter I shall act on the total abstinence principle—for only in total abstinence, is there safety for one like me."

There was something so solemn and earnest in the manner of her husband, that Mrs. Martin's drooping spirits began to revive. Then came a gush of tears, attesting the power of a new impulse. The failing hope was renewed!

And day after day, week after week, and month after month, did that hope strengthen and gain confidence. Years have passed since that total abstinence resolution was taken, and not once during only in total abstinence from every thing that can intoxicate is there safety for him.

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#### WAR IN AFGHANISTAN.

The policy of England in making war on the Afghans is strongly censured, not only by other Christian nations, but by a large portion of her own population, as unjust, inhuman and tyrannical. We were much struck with the following remarks from a late number of the *Courier Journal*:—"But even setting aside the immutable laws of God—of which we bear the monitor in our hearts—what will be the result of our continued aggression? Not only will it raise hatred against us on all sides, frustrate our commerce, ruin still further our finances, but it will ultimately make good soldiers and enemies to be feared, even of the most pusillanimous of those nations who now fly before our soldiers like chaff before the wind. Of this—history offers us innumerable instances. The Russians, up to the battle of Pultawa, fled with no less precipitancy than the Chinese do now, before a handful of Swedes, led by that mad hero, Charles XII. But soon after Sweden began to succumb, and Russia is in possession of the best of its provinces. In our days the most inglorious of the wild tribes of the north shook 'the rime of their cloaks in the palace of Napoleon,' have conquered Persia and Turkey—in the latter country appearing at the very portals of Constantinople,—and in both lands retaining an immense extent of territory, now irrevocably theirs. Still does this very nation, which keeps Europe in constant fear,—and that at the present moment—furnish us with the necessary lesson, that in an unjust aggression, where national honor and the love of the fatherland are excited, the feeblest of enemies must not be despised. The Russian forces have just been defeated in the Caucasus with as much slaughter by the Circassians, as the chivalry of that wild tyrant, Charles of Burgundy, was by the Switzers in the valley of Morat. In Afghanistan alone there have been 15,000 men killed—50,000 camels lost—13 to 14 millions sterling expended—permanent charges of four millions and a half per annum incurred—and the hatred of Mussulmen, and the distaste and disaffection of Hindoo soldiers, have been excited."

It appears from the official statements that during the year ending on the 30th of September, 1841, there were built in the United States, 114 ships, 101 brigs, 311 schooners, 157 sloops, and 68 steamboats—the aggregate tonnage of which was 118,803 tons. Of the ships 85 were built in Maine, and 50 in Massachusetts. Maryland built 3, and there were no ships built south of Maryland. Of the steamboats, 82 were built in Ohio, and 19 in Kentucky.

#### I AM NOT RICH.

So Mr. Clay said in his letter, adding that his unincumbered farm was worth, \$100,000. What more should be coveted? The time was, and in our memory, when a man out of debt who was worth \$20,000 was called a rich man. Our ambition of riches is too boundless, hundreds in this city in high speculating times who could say 'I am really worth \$100,000,' were not contented, but went on head over heels in speculation, and now are not worth one dollar. Hold on to the little you have got and run no risks to acquire more, is a good maxim—it is a safe one. He always has enough who is content with his situation. 'How can I support a wife and seven children on \$2000 per annum, which is all I have secured,' said a merchant to us yesterday, while a person might him said, 'I live most comfortably and happily with nine children on half that sum, & we all make a good appearance.'

The certainty and security of a man's possessions, whatever they may be, is of more importance than the amount of what he is worth. Look at the whole rows of beautiful mansions, said to be owned by certain men, and they will tell you honestly that if the mortgages were foreclosed, and sales forced, they would be worth nothing, though now considered, to be worth hundreds of thousands, and living accordingly.

He is to be considered rich who is out of debt, and supports his family comfortably and creditably by his occupation. He is actually rich who owes nothing and is worth \$20,000. He is very rich, who free from debt, is worth \$100,000, and he is dangerously rich who is worth a million, and is not a prudent man. The possession of money is inconvenient, and too much is burdensome. Contentment is riches. Be satisfied—be contented—our lot may be worse.—N. E. Sun.

**The Ruins of Yucatan.**—The interesting problem of these ancient Ruins, the solution of which has so long baffled the ingenuity of the learned, and which has recently become the theme of very general attraction through the popular volumes of Mr. Stephens, on Central America, has, as might have been anticipated, tempted the investigation of another tourist to the almost classic site of these mysterious remains of former greatness. We refer to Mr. Norman, whose researches and explorations have, we learn, been extended in a direction not previously visited by former travellers, where he has discovered many stupendous and highly interesting vestiges of antiquity. His forthcoming work which is to appear in the 1st proximo,—comprising a graphic illustration by numerous effective drawings of the more important ruins, executed in a novel style from sketches made on the spot, and including a collection of Idols, &c. (the first ever discovered, and which are extremely curious and unique),—is to be entitled "*Rambles in Yucatan*." (J. & H. G. Langley, New York, Publishers.)

**The Condition and Fate of England.**—The above ominous terms from the title of a very extraordinary work to be issued immediately from the press of the Langley's New York, by Mr. Lester, the well known author of that popular work, "*The Glory and Shame of England*," published last year. This writer has developed in his forthcoming work the actual condition of the British commonwealth, with a fidelity and fearlessness that we look for in vain in any other writer. The overwhelming amount of evidence, of a fearfully interesting character, that he has accumulated in these new volumes, will fully prepare the reader for the terrible forebodings of the writer, as to the approaching destiny of that great nation. From what we hear of this production, indeed there can be no doubt but that "*The Condition and Fate of England*," will speedily form the all-engrossing topic among the reading and reflecting classes of the community, throughout the wide limits of our more glorious, because more happy country.

**Treaty with the Indians.**—A treaty has been concluded by the U. States with the Sac and Fox nations of Indians, the former purchasing of the latter all their country between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, (about twelve millions of acres.) The Indians are to remain in possession of the western portion for three years. The eastern portions will be given up by the first of May next. The United States are to provide a home for the Sacs and Foxes on the west side of the Missouri. The price paid is about \$1,050,000, of which \$800,000 is to be invested for the Indians, the United States guaranteeing an annual interest of five per cent.

This treaty is regarded as very favorable to the government, and no less so to the Indians. The lands will cost about 9 cents per acre.

In the procession at New York, on Friday, a Bible was carried by the Masonic fraternity, which was the identical one on which Washington took the oath of office, when first inaugurated President of the United States.

A gentleman at Red Hook, on the Hudson river, recently sold twenty-four hundred barrels of apples, all of his own raising, for \$9,800, and gave away the

#### DEMOGRAPHY.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR"

BLOOMSBURG.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1842.

FOR PRESIDENT.

**JAMES BUCHANAN.**

(Subject to the decision of a National Convention.)

WANTED.

A FEW BUSHELS OF WHEAT, CORN, OATS, BUCKWHEAT AND POTATOES;

In payment for papers at this Office.

HIGHLY IMPORTANT.

As cold weather is coming on, we have several jobs, advertising and newspaper bills, that we should be much pleased to exchange for something, that will assist in keeping soul and body together. Printers cannot live on air, nor can paper makers make paper without rags.

#### THE DANVILLE CELEBRATION.

In consequence of our time being almost wholly occupied with the election campaign we have hitherto neglected taking any notice of the Johnson celebration at Danville on the 5th, or of Col. Johnson's tour through the state. We rejoice at the cordial and we add, enthusiastic reception with which he has been met every where. It is but an act of justice to an old soldier, who has fought and bled in his country's defence. He is worthy of all the respect that has been paid him, without distinction of party. His conduct while in the tented field, and his political course in the legislative halls of the nation has been that of a true patriot and friend of his country. Ever foremost in defence of the rights of the people, it is but an act of justice that the hospitalities of the nation should be tendered him with an unsparing and. That they have been so in his tour through Pennsylvania, we repeat that we rejoice. But while we have extended to him the tokens of friendship, and rendered him that kind of respect which every true and honest patriot and statesman, we protest against its being considered by his immediate councillors, as an expression in favor of his elevation to the Presidency, over Pennsylvania's favorite son, James Buchanan. So far as Columbia county is concerned, we know it to be far otherwise.

The Danville celebration some fifteen hundred or two thousand, male and female, assembled to pay their tribute of respect to Col. Johnson, the hero of the Thames, and to see and be seen among the crowd, although all went away favorably impressed with feelings of respect and gratitude for the soldier and the man, yet but few were strengthened in the belief that he should be preferred for the Presidency to our own talented favorite statesman. The celebration, in fact, in a political point of view, was a complete failure—far from advancing Col. Johnson's prospects of support to the Presidency, in the North, and especially in Columbia county. And we again repeat, what we have often said before, that the Star of the North is strongly in favor of Buchanan and when the proper time comes, will speak in a voice, not to be misunderstood.

We have received substantial evidence, within the past two or three weeks, that our course during the recent election campaign, is approved by the friends of removal, by a large increase to our subscription list. A few more subscribers will enable us to enlarge our paper and render it as respectable in size and appearance, as those of Danville. If the same support is given to us by the friends of Removal, that they now give to those papers in the county, which are now and always have been fighting against their interest, we should be able to go ahead in the defence of their rights with three fold vigor. Sustain your friends, and your friends will sustain you. We hope then, that our friends will use some exertions to increase our subscription list to that extent that we may be able to give them as large and handsome well fitted sheets as any printed in the county, or in Northern Pennsylvania. All that is wanting is for our friends to do their duty towards us, and we assure them that no exertion on our part shall be wanting to do ours towards them.

#### CHINESE BARBARITY.

The cruelty of the Chinese to prisoners proves how semi-barbarous the subjects of 'The Emperor of the Sun and Moon' are. We lately described a cage in which they imprisoned and English lady, who had become their captive. Not long ago an unfortunate seaman of a British ship wandered into the hands of a party of Chinese villagers, who immediately cut off his knee-pans, made an incision round each wrist, and stripped the skin off the muscles, up to the elbows, and down off each hand to the fingers ends, leaving it dangling. In this condition the poor fellow was abandoned. On his being found, the village was destroyed by the boats of the ships. The man was alive, and slowly recovering. Such cruelty reminds us of the days when our own brutal ancestors tortured men to death with red hot pincers, or tore the heart out of the yet quivering body of the traitor. What Benefits has not civilization produced.

On Sunday night last, one of the city guards of Charleston, S. C. stationed in the vicinity of the Medical College, came to the Guard House in a very excited state, relating to his wondering companions that he had discovered a coffin from which the groans of a living being proceeded. A deputation was despatched immediately to examine into the matter. A large box, whence the sounds proceeded, was opened, and out popped an alligator nine feet long, that had been safely boxed up by some professor, for transmission to some learned friend in Philadelphia.

The last Tennessee Review states that the grand jury of Campbell county, Tenn. has found a true bill against George Smith, John H. Todd, Loftin Duke, James Pearce and Leroy Miller. They had all got into a drunken spree, and under the influence of liquor, enticed the negro into a loft and hung him for fun, intending to cut him down in a moment or two before life should be extinct. Their drunken frolic was carried too far—the negro died, and a similar death awaits the perpetrators of the act, and justly deserved it will be.

**More Mexican Cruelty.**—The Picayune of the 16th says: "We are pained to add that the noble-hearted young Van Ness (son of Gen. Van Ness, of Washington) who with our associate Mr. Kendall, had suffered all the punishments and privations of a Mexican captivity, was made prisoner by the Mexicans at San Antonio, where he had been adjusting the affairs of a deceased brother, and was with another man whose name we did not hear, taken out by order of Gen. Wall and shot down!"

Is there not retributive justice for such acts of unmitigated cruelty as this?

**Fire from Friction Matches.**—Last Thursday a freight car on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, caught fire from a box of friction matches. Before the conductor had time to open the car, a cask of spirits exploded, blowing the roof off, and spreading the fire among the whole of the goods in the car, and causing their almost total destruction.

**Result in New Jersey.**—If the Democrats had polled thirty votes more in Morris County, there would have been a tie, both in the Council and Assembly of the New Jersey Legislature. This would have caused a compromise, and probably a Democratic Governor or Senator to Congress.

**Gen. Jackson Ill.**—On Thursday, the 13th inst. the old hero received a painful injury in the forehead, by the upsetting of Major Donelson's carriage, near the Hotel, in which he was riding out to visit a sick neighbor. We hope he is not seriously hurt.

**Shocking.**—Two persons were killed last Monday, on the Potomac Railroad near Port Clinton. Some obstacle had been placed on the rails which threw all the cars off. The water-car was crushed, and its deceased in it.

Pulverized alum, mixed with salt moistened with water, and placed on cotton in the hollow tooth, stops the pain of the tooth ache.

The city debt of New York is \$13,049,766. The whole amount, with the exception of \$301,798, has been incurred by the introduction of the Croton Water.