

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

R. W. Weaver Proprietor.]

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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R. W. WEAVER,

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From the Medical Reformer.

On the use and abuse of Cathartics.

In the whole "Materia Medica" there is not to be found a more useful class of remedies than these; and none are so often unnecessarily administered.

We most decidedly object to the use of these agents with the view of depletion. The extent to which we consider them applicable is indeed quite limited; but this is no reason why we should reject them altogether. It is true that depletion does result from hypercathartics, as it does from hyperphoreics or hyper anything, but this does not prove that these effects are deleterious when not carried to excess. Defecation is clearly a necessary physiological action, quite as much so as Emesis, or Diuresis, and if such an action is necessary for the maintenance of health—and we cannot believe that any sane man can be found who will say that the retention of great quantities of feces does not produce irritation, and become the cause of disease—it must be quite as necessary for its restoration. Cathartics then become necessary when the retained feces are liable to excite undue irritation. Under some circumstances, this class of remedies may also become useful as revulsive agents.

While among some classes of Reformers there is too much prejudice against the use of these agents, our Allopathic friends by the excessive administration of them have entitled themselves to the appellation of purging doctors. With them it is a purge for every thing, and if the patient does not immediately recover, it is repeated again and again until the great debility that ensues warns them that it cannot be carried any further. They purge with the view of depletion. Disease, they say consists in an excess of action and to reduce this they resort to depletion by bleeding, purging and poisoning. It is now becoming so unpopular to bleed for the cure of disease, that our Allopathic friends are compelled to do most of their depletion—reducing of life—by the use of purgative medicine; hence the foolish extent to which it is carried.

As in ancient times, when bleeding was fashionable the people themselves became bleeders, so in these purging times, they, learning error from the doctors, resort to the use of cathartics for the purpose of preventing and curing all the forms of disease to which men are subject. The prime reason rendered by the purging doctors for the administration of these remedies—though not the true one—is that, "the stomach is foul and must be cleansed." Now every physician who is worthy this honorable title, knows full well, that *purges will not cleanse the stomach*; but that their administration, by interfering with the natural function of that organ, rather tends to derange and foul it. In what condition is this viscous when it is said to be foul? I never knew it to be in but one, and cannot even imagine it to be fouled in any other. From indigestion, produced by overloading it, the secretions of that organ become of a morbid character, and a tough phlegm or slime is formed which persistently adheres to its walls and which not only interferes with the digestive process, but also produces that loathing of food which is characteristic of this state. Now in this condition of the stomach, how can purgative medicines cleanse it? They enter the organ and in consequence of the irritation produced upon its delicate lining, more of this unnatural secretion is excited which the weak occupant of our esteem and bounty, bring a palping horror over the soul, that thickens the blood in the veins, making the whole head sick, and the whole heart faint.

Upon a man of fine feeling, a noble generous soul, the combined diseases that flesh is heir to—let death snatch his loved ones from him—strip him of his earthly goods—let him be assailed by keen adversity and pinching wants; let prison gates confine his body on the lonely cell—the poisoned arrows of malice and revenge be hurled, and pierce him with many wounds—these, all these are a panacea to his bleeding heart, compared with the deadly pang inflicted by base ingratitude.

THE MOTHER.—A writer beautifully remarks that a man's mother is the representative of his Maker. Misfortune, and even crime, set up no barrier between her son. While his mother lives he has one friend on earth who will not listen when he suffers, who will soothe him in his sorrows, and speak to him of hope when he is in despair. Her affections know no ebbing tide. They flow on from a pure fountain, and speak happiness through this vale of tears, and cease only at the ocean of sterility.

What is not for the interest of the whole swarm is not for the essential interest of a single bee.

Refusing to pay your printer's bills and robbing a hen roost, are the same thing in Dutch.

A RAIN DREAM.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

These strifes, these tumults of dire noise world,
Where Fraud, the coward, tracks his prey by stealth;

And Strength, the ruffian, glories in his guilt,
Oppress the heart with sadness. Oh, my friend,

When serener mood we look upon
The gloomiest aspects of the elements

Among the woods and fields! Let us awhile,



IVAN FEODOROVITCH PASKEVITCH.

For the "Star of the North,"
EUROPE IN 1855.

BY R. W. WEAVER.

(CONTINUED.)

One of the very last editions of the Czar Nicholas did more for the cause of human freedom than all the morbid sentimentality of such mock philanthropy as generates negro novels like Uncle Tom's Cabin, or which makes flaming speeches in Congress—*—on Benevolence.* The Czar opened the way for every Russian serf to make himself a freeman by entering the ranks of the army now engaged in the Crimea. This was wisely passing the candidate for freedom through a probationary state, in which he could prepare himself for citizenship—where he could cultivate his mind by observation, sore experience and intercourse with men—and where his sentiments would be elevated to inspire him with a feeling of manliness and patriotism.

It was a bold movement, and only a great man would have ventured it. It is

perhaps in such incidents as these that we see the hand of Providence even in such sad dispensations as war. No human ken

could have devised a way to make freemen

of the Russian serfs, but the war has worked out the problem. An unseen hand has thus accomplished what even a hundred Czars could never have done.

And who shall say that we may not in a like seeming mysterious manner once work

out the strange problem of American slavery?

Two years ago the abolition of serfdom in Russia did not seem nearer than it now does

in the United States. The tide of circumstances and events opened the gate of freedom to the great nation of Europe: how easily may it not divide the sea for an oppressed race to go out of the great nation of America!

This edict of emancipation was the work of the Emperor alone. Paskevitch, the veteran representative of the rich old Russian nobility took the responsibility of protesting against the act; and his was the only voice that dared to openly differ from Nicholas.

This old Prince of Warsaw is the representative

of that class of statesmen who fear hu-

man nature; and whose creed is only selfishness and envy. He fears instead of loving his brother, and his mind for many years influenced the despotic policy of Russia. But under Nicholas there was no room for another ruling mind, and Paskevitch was seldom called to the council of the Czar.

The Prince is a remarkable man, and the greatest of Russian military commanders.

He entered the Russian army at an early age, served with distinction in the war of his country, and rose rapidly through the different military grades to the rank of general officer in 1812. In the campaign of that year he also distinguished himself more especially at Smolensk and Borodino.

He took part in the battle of Leipzig, and led a division of the Russian army in the cam-

paign of 1814 in France. In 1826 he held command under Gen. Yermolov, in the war

between Russia and Persia. He succeeded to the chief command of the army the following year; and by his repeated victories, especially by the capture of the fortress of Erivan (by which exploit he won one of his titles,) he was soon enabled to impose his own terms upon the shah.

In 1828—29 he commanded with ability and success the Russian forces that penetrated into Asia Minor, and for his services was elevated to the rank of Field Marshall. He took command of the army acting against the Poles in 1831; and on the subjection of that country, was nominated Governor General of the Kingdom of Poland, with the title of Prince of Warsaw. At the age of 67, he commanded the Russian forces that entered Hungary, to suppress the insurrection in that country in 1849, and as well as his bright one.

I grant Russia has been very aggressive,

and what nation with power has not been

so? A century ago England, by the most

unjustifiable capacity through Lord Clive and Warren Hastings seized upon empires in India with not one jot or tittle more of right

than that by which Nicholas grasped Moldo-

via and Wallachia—his will. True, the

first wrong does not justify the second; but

as well as his bright one.

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swarm is not for the essential interest of a single bee.

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By what right does England now become the champion of virtue and set up a barrier against the Czar's rapacity? Men ask, is it not merely to protect her own stolen dominions in the East? and there is no answer.

It has now become a record of history that already in 1834 the Czar of Russia proposed to Lord Aberdeen, then the Foreign Minister in Sir Robert Peel's government, the partition, on a certain contingency, of the Ottoman Empire. A memorandum was drawn up recording the final results of the deliberations of the Emperor and three members of the British Cabinet. It made provision for disposing of Turkey, if it should be foreseen that she were likely to fall to pieces. This extraordinary memorandum unaccompanied by any explanatory documents, unsigned, and without any apparent mark of authenticity, was preserved as a state secret of the most vital importance, and was handed from one British minister to another, in a separate box, as a political legacy too potent to be ever placed in the archives of the Foreign Office. In 1853 the fruit in Turkey seemed to be ripe, and the Czar renewed negotiation on the subject. England feared that Russia would get the largest portion in the dismemberment of Turkey, and become a dangerous neighbor to the British East India possessions. So the British minister was very much shocked when Nicholas again broached the subject, but the Czar told him very plainly and bluntly that if he could have ten minutes conference with Lord Aberdeen he could dispose of the whole subject, and it was late in the day for the British government to talk about conciliation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HAVE YOU GOT ANY NAILS.

A tall, gawky looking countryman, during the height of the business season last fall, walked into one of the wholesale dry goods houses on Broadway, and entirely disregarding the invitations of the numerous salesmen to inspect their latest patterns, he strode into the counting room where the heads of the establishment were sitting in solemn conclave. After taking a hasty glance of the room, and surveying attentively the faces of its occupants, he asked with an anxious Yankee nasal twang:

"Say, yeow—got any nails?"

"Nails, sir! nails!" repeated the most dignified Domby of the lot. "No, sir, what should we do wi' nails?"

"Wal, I danno—though may be you might. Hain't got no nails eh?"

"No, sir," replied Domby again, with an emphasis, and pointing to the door.

The individual in search for nails took his time about it, but left the counting room. In turn he asked every clerk the same question, and received the information from all, that "nails formed no part of the stock of the establishment."

"Well," said he, going toward the door, "don't keep nails here nohow?"

The principal salesman, whose dignity was hurt by the idea that any one should suppose that an establishment where he held a prominent place, should keep nails, headed the countryman off as he was proceeding toward the entrance, and asked him what he wanted there.

"Want," said the countryman, as cool as a cucumber, "I want to know if you've got any nails?"

"Nails, no, Sir. You've been told again and again that we've got no nails—so you'd better go."

"Yes—but you really ain't got no nails?"

"No, Sir. We've got no nails," thundered the principal salesman.

"Ain't got no nails, eh? Well, then, just look a' here, Mister, if you ain't got no nails, what an awful fix you'd be in, if you'd happen to have the itch!"

In Russia there is a traditional policy which stretches outward for empire like the "manifest destiny" of the United States; and does so as naturally as the sapling stretches itself into a tree, or the young sapling its frame into ripe manhood. The uncle and namesake of the present Czar was sent to call Constantinople "the key of my Empire," and proposed to Napoleon the equal partition of Europe into two great pieces. For several generations a son of the reigning family has been called Constantine to await the call of destiny in the Southern Empire.

Those who inquired whether the Russian

policy would be changed when Nicholas

died might as well ask whether republican

will cease in this country when a new

President is inaugurated. There is a spirit

of the American nation which even under

such conduct as that of Nicholas, will

not be extinguished. The spirit of the

people of the United States is as strong as

ever, and will not be easily extinguished.

It is a striking fact that since the days of Peter the Great not more than one half the men who have gained distinction in the

command of Russian armies were Russians

Langeron was a French emigrant; Diebisch

was of German extraction, born in Silesia;

both a German of Alsace; Paskevitch, a Lithuanian; Luders was a Swede of Finland;

Aurep a German; Audronoff, Bebbott,

Orbelian, who have been successful

in Asia, are Georgians; and Schilders, one

of the boldest and bravest spirits of the

army, was a German by extraction and

education.

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Though the first Empress Catherine died

at a very short reign, and the

second Catherine arose from a peasants

but public prostitution to be Empress;

and to hire the assassination of her husband;

the royal calendar of all courts is full of such plots.

The first Alexander admitted Benignen,

the murderer of his father Paul, to

commands of great trust and importance;

and Faheen, an English adventurer who had

been a member of the conspiracy, became

the young Czar's chief adviser. Lord Hol-

land also assured us, that Alexander I. sent

for and consulted a woman of the Pyrenees,

past fifty