

THE STAR OF THE NORTH.

John B. ...

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THE STAR OF THE NORTH

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THE HUMANITARIAN SON.

By Mrs. Juliet H. L. Campbell.

The morning wakes on Shussum's hills, And over Shussum's plain Forth troop the stalwart husbandmen To gather in the grain...

From the London Morning Post.

Gigantic Fraud on the Great Northern Railway.

The Great Northern Railway Company have been defrauded of an immense amount of money in consequence of the dishonesty of one of its principal officers. Up to a late hour on Thursday night it had been proved that his defalcations amounted to £150,000.

Leopold Redpath, was, until a few days since, the registrar of shares and transfer of stock in the Great Northern Railway Company. Although his salary was not very extensive, amounting to something between £250 and £300 a year, he lived in a luxurious style in a fashionable house, had his own carriage, and was a member of the theatre, a governor of Christ's Hospital and of the Royal St. Ann's Society, and a subscriber and director of several of the most prominent metropolitan charitable institutions.

As principal registrar of stock Mr. Redpath had, of course, the entire control of that department of the company's business. The investigation of the books, since his disappearance—for he left the office in a somewhat hasty manner on Tuesday last, and has not since been heard of—has shown that the frauds have been perpetrated in the following manner: When Mr. Redpath who was the principal Registrar, had to issue £100 of stock, it appears that he added a '0' to the amount, thus making it £1000 in the company's books. This operation was not confined to £100, but extended to stock of £200, £500, and £500, so that out of every £100 of stock transferred he gained £900.

Soon after they met, Mr. Redpath entered their room, and said to the chief clerk, "What are you going to do?" The chief clerk replied, "To go through all the accounts, from the commencement of the Company." Mr. Redpath said, "This is a perfectly useless proceeding; you will find all the accounts right in the gross, and it is of no use entering into details." The chief clerk said, "We are bound to go into the whole of the accounts, as the directors have given us explicit directions to do so, and we will begin with the numerical register." Mr. Redpath took up one of the books, and then threw it down again, saying, "Well, if that is your intention, I will have nothing to do with it." He then said to one of the officers, "I am going out for a few minutes." He went, but he never returned.

Previous, however, to his departure, he sent one of the ticket porters of the railway to the Union Bank in Argyl place for the title deeds of his house in Chester Terrace, and for other securities which were lodged there in his name, directing him to meet him with the documents at Chester Terrace. The porter, misapprehending his instructions, took the parcel he received from the bank to the Great Northern Railway, and the officials of the company have taken possession of it, and notices had been given at the bank to withhold its balances until further inquiry.

The directors of the Great Northern Railway appear to have been acquainted with the excessive habits of their servant, and to have been aware that £300 a year could not have met his expenses. Singularly enough, a feeling prevailed that he filled his responsible office simply from a desire of having something to do, and this opinion was confirmed by the fact that he made large contributions to the many religious and charitable institutions with which the metropolis abounds.

CAPTIVE OF REDPATH.—Redpath was brought up to-day at the Clerkenwell police court. He was arrested this morning at the house of a friend in Ulster-place, New Road. He had been traced to Paris, and probably hearing that he was pursued, he returned to London. When captured, he expressed sorrow for what had occurred, and said his house in Chester-terrace would sell for £30,000. The barrister for the prosecution proved that Redpath had altered figures making transfers of £250 and £500 shares £1250 and £1500 respectively, prefixing the figure '1' to each of the amounts. The prisoner was remanded till Friday next, for further evidence.

Redpath's house in the Regent's Park and at Weybridge have been taken possession of—they were most splendidly furnished. He kept four houses, three or four vehicles, and a courier for continental travelling. His wife appears to have been entirely ignorant of his proceedings. Redpath and Robson were fellow clerks in the same office of the Great Northern, some years ago, and continued intimate friends. The report that other clerks had absented themselves is untrue.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

In England and America grain is generally rated by the bushel, though it is not the same measure; for here we use the Winchester bushel, which contains 2,150.42 cubic inches. There, since 1828, the legal measure is called the imperial bushel, which contains 2,218 cubic inches; so that 32 of their bushels are about equal to 33 of ours.

The following are its commercial weights of a bushel of different articles, viz: Wheat, beans, potatoes and cloverseed, 60 pounds. Corn, rye, flaxseed and onions, 56 pounds. Corn on the cob weight 70 pounds. Buckwheat 52, barley 48, hempseed 44, timothy seed 45, castor beans 46, oats 35, bean 20, blue grass seed 11, salt 10, according to one account, but according to another to one account, but according to another to one account, but according to another to one account.

Hopping Measures.—Potatoes, turnips, and excellent roots, apples and other fruits, meal and bran, and in some States oats, are sold by measure, which contains 2,815 cubic inches. The size of a Winchester bushel measure, is a circular ring with straight sides, 8 inches high, and 18 1/2 in diameter. A box 12 inches square, with sides 7 1/2-32 inches high, will hold half a bushel.

Comparative Grain Measures.—Besides the difference between the Winchester and Imperial and heaped bushels, before stated, there are a dozen or more local bushels. For instance, at Abington, Eng., a gallon at Barnthorpe, 16; at Carlisle, 24; at Chester, 32, etc. In France the setier is as 4,427 to 1,000 compared with the imperial bushel; that is, 44 2/3 to 1000 bushels. In Holland, the muid is as 2,137. In Prussia the scheffel, 1,479. In Poland the korze 1,451. In Spain, the fanega 1,599; that is, 99 1000 over a bushel and a half.

Barrel Measures.—Rice, 600 pounds; flour 184 pounds; powder, 25 pounds; cider and other liquids, 30 gallons; corn 5 bushels; shelled. By this latter measure crops are estimated, and corn bought and sold throughout most of the Southern and Western States. At New Orleans, a barrel of corn is a flour barrel full of ears. In some parts of the West it is common to count a hundred ears for a bushel.

Ton Weight and Tonnage.—A ton of hay or any coarse, bulky article usually sold by that measure, is twenty gross hundredweight, that is, 2,240 pounds; though in many places that ridiculous old fashion is being done away and 2,000 pounds only counted a ton.

A ton of timber, if round, consists of 40 cubic feet, if square, 54 feet. A ton of wine is 242 gallons. A Quarter of corn is the fourth of a ton, or eight imperial bushels. This is an English measure, not in use in this country; though very necessary to be known, so as to understand agricultural reports. So of several of the following weights and measures.

A last of soap, ash, herring, &c., 12 barrels; of corn, 10 quarters; of gunpowder, 24 barrels; of flax or leathers, 1700; of wool 12 sacks. A sack of wool is 22 stone; that is, 14 lbs. to the stone, 308 pounds. A Roll of wool is the same weight. A Pack of wool is 17 stone two pounds—340 pounds, a pack load for a horse. A Tod of wool is 2 stone; that is 28 pounds; 63 tons 1 way, and 2 ways a sack. A Clove of Wool is 7 pounds, or half a stone. Recollect a stone is 14 pounds, when talking of wool, feathers, &c., but when applied to beef, fish, and other meats, it is only 8 pounds. A Truss of hay, new, 60 pounds, old 66; of straw, 40. A load, 36 trusses. A Firkin of butter is 56 pounds, a tub 64. A Scotch pint contains 105 cubic inches, and is equal to 4 English pints. A Furlong of wheat is 213 Scotch pints. Troy Weight and Avoirdupois Weight.—One hundred and forty-four pounds avoirdupois are equal to 175 pounds Troy—175 ounces Troy are equal to 192 ounces avoirdupois. All precious metals are bought and sold by troy weight. The Kilogramme of France is 1000 grammes, and equal to 2 pounds 2 ounces, 4 grs. avoirdupois. A Chaldron of Coal is 58 3/8 cubic feet, generally estimated at 36 bushels. A bushel of anthracite coal weighs 80 pounds, which makes the weight of a chaldron 2880. Weights of a Cubic Foot.—Of sand or loose earth 95 pounds; compact soil 124, a strong or heavy soil 127, pure clay 135, mixture of stones and clay 160, masonry of stones 205, brick 125, cast iron 450, steel 489, copper 486, lead 709, silver 954, gold 1202, platinum 1218, glass 180, water 62, tallow 59, cork 15, oak timber 73, mahogany 65, air 0.753. In the above fractions are discarded. A Bale of Cotton, in Egypt, is 90 pounds; in America, a commercial bale is 400 pounds; but is put up in different States varying from 280 to 730 pounds. Sea Island cotton is put up in sacks of 900 pounds. A Bale of Hay is 200 pounds. A Cord of Wood is 128 solid feet, usually put up 6 feet long, 4 feet wide and 4 feet high. In France a cord of wood is 578 feet. A Stack of Wood is 108 solid feet, 12 feet long, 3 high and 3 wide. A kiln of wood is a round bundle of small sticks, 4 feet long, giving for a one-notch 25 inches, two notch 22 inches. A billet of wood is similar to a kiln, being 3 feet long, 7, 10 and 14 inches round. They are sold by the score or hundred.

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BY J. B. HETTINGER.

Man has a body, a soul, and sometimes a little property; and being overmuch inclined to do wrong, he needs doctors, clergymen, and lawyers. A physician to have the cure of his body, a priest for the cure of his soul, and a lawyer to cure his estate. Thus sin gives us doctors of medicine, doctors of divinity, and doctors of law. These are the learned professions. Which is the most learned, I cannot tell—but for some reason or other, medical men are all called 'doctors,' as soon as graduated, while D.D.'s and L.L.D.'s come only with grey hairs and many years, or many friends.

But if sin has made the professions learned, it too has made them odd. They came first of the ark with Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and if they did not exist in Eden, it was because of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste brought death into the world and all our woe; brought also 'Joel of Eden.' They and their origin in man's necessities, and as man is always, and everywhere, a needy creature, the types of the three professions are found among all nations, and in all ages. We put in this claim for physicians in a special sense, for though the clergyman was as soon needed as the doctor, he was not, judging from modern history, as soon wanted. Medicine, too, is older than law, for I suppose men took sick before they went to law, if not, it was very soon after.

Medicine dates back to the morning of life, the shadows of hoary antiquity gather about its cradle. The annals of history do not reach back of it, but only open the portals of fable, in whose shadowy domain it is supposed to dwell. Esculapius was grandson of Jupiter, whose father was Time himself. This is but putting the chronology of medicine into poetry, to show how venerable in years, and how honorable in descent, it is. It is as old as pain. Pain was the first instructor in medicine, and the instinct of self-preservation the first physician.

The first man that tied up a sore finger, or hung his wounded arm in a sling, practised medicine. The first mother whose maternal love made her assiduous to relieve her child, laid the foundation of Therapeutics. From these small beginnings which instigate, self-love, or benevolence made, it has grown into the splendid science of modern Medicine, a science which has rendered tributary to itself, the virtue which lies concealed in every other science. It has but one question, will this science part with the kind interrogatory, it accompanies the chemist into his laboratory, and watches patiently his retorts and crucibles, to see whether a specific will not distill from his alembic.

With this inquiry, it goes a-simpling with the botanist, over every hill, by every running stream, and through all dewy fields—if, perchance, in some curiously carved chalice, it may find "a drop of comfort" for the invalid lying at home. With these words, it inquires of the springs, which are attuned of God, in the bowels of the earth, for a draught to drink to its patient's health. With the same benevolent words, it interrogates the heavens for stellar or other virtues, and knowing that even brutes may be the depositories of healing powers, the physician does not hesitate to seek counsel of the broad-faced lowing kine. Medicine having to do with all "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," its votaries have been an accredited fraternity in all communities. While Plato considered it a disgrace that a city should have physicians and rulers, he was compelled to admit both into his model republic. The "New Atlantis" of Bacon, had its dispensatories, and doubtless its doctors too; and even More's Utopia was not considered perfect without hospitals. As long as men have souls, they will want ministers; as long as they love money, they must have lawyers; and so long as they have bodies, they will need doctors. Men could do without the former two, if they would, but not without the latter. Those are useful—but this is necessary. It may be that the physician is a necessary evil—but he is a necessity, and as such, I propose to examine his mission. What have to say on this subject will be contained in the answer to this question—What is the true idea of a physician? or, what is the physician to do, and what is he to be?

The first duty of the physician is to heal. All suffering presents a crisis for action, the physician is appointed to meet it, and whatever sacrifice of time, knowledge, or skill is demanded, belongs to the minister of health to make. As a member of the sanitary police, he must be always on duty. This vigilance, as will readily be inferred from the constant presence of pain, may suffer no intermission. Our world is at best but a poor one—a sickly patient, much afflicted, with many ills; some acute, some exceedingly chronic. There are ravages of plague and pestilence devastating some quarter of the globe every year; nor falling on London, now smiting Marseilles. When the pestilence thus walks abroad in darkness, and the destruction wastes at noonday; when a thousand fall by our side, and ten thousand at our right hand—in this high revelry of disease and death, what we want of the physician is that he should cure. In this carnival of the grave, we feel that the world is indeed sick. But even in health, times the momentoes of a diseased world are always about us. A more humane civilization has indeed removed our sick from the public streets and the public gaze; but if they do not solicit aid there,

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they seek it elsewhere. Every city has its infirmaries and asylums, its hospitals and dispensaries,—infirmaries for the eye and the ear; marine, founding, and lying-in hospitals; asylums for the deaf and dumb and the blind, for the insane and idiotic. Under these kind roofs are sheltered, screened, and nursed, those who in a harder age sought relief by the wayside, as in ancient Persia, or in the streets, as in old Thebes and Babylon. But our sick are not all in hospitals. Every house has its sick chamber, and its patient. Every day some one, unfortunate by field or flood, becomes an invalid. Thousands every day are done being sick, and get well; and thousands are done being sick, and die; but the couches from which the sick rise, are hardly made before "one more unfortunate" seeks them. Thus the infirm circle has no end; or if a link should fall out, it falls into the grave, and its vacant place is filled by another. Not many men make the journey of twenty-four hours without some incommodity of mind or body. To one looking for sickness, our earth seems a vast lazaret-house full of wards, and the wards full of patients. To seek out the healing potion and best it to these sufferers, is the physician's first duty. If he cannot do this, he is not wanted in a sick world. If the secret anodyne or antidote is not in his possession, and he cannot find it, the world has no need of him. He had better take himself away, with all his nostrums. His charlatan presence adds ten degrees to our already burning fever, and only mocks our madness into a yet wilder fury. A mirage in the desert to tantalize the weary traveler, is enough—a sick world cannot endure a mirage of mountebanks. This, then, is what the physician shall say when introduced into a world, in quarantine—"I have studied sickness, I know something of it, and I can do something for it. I can assuage pain in a measure; I can bring back something of bloom to the cheek; something of vigor to the frame; something of elasticity to the step; of buoyancy to the soul; of hope and happiness to the heart."

We say, then, the world is all before you where to choose. If you can do it, something of good, you are greatly needed. To fulfil this first duty—helping those who are now sick, the physician needs a great stretch of knowledge. Sickness has outgrown science, and while the physician has sought for remedies, disease has strengthened itself by feeding on its victims, and complicated itself amid varying circumstances of time, place, and temperament. Diagnosis delicate. It often brings under review the whole domain of pathology. Under the complications of symptoms, the judgment trembles in painful suspense. It requires the nicest discrimination first to weigh symptoms—and then to weigh competing modes of treatment. I do not wonder that Hippocrates penned this sad aphorism—"Art is long, life is short, opportunity fleeting, experience deceptive, and judgement difficult." This melancholy strain of "the old man of Cos," was struck out more than once, at the bedside of a dear patient, when from the reading of "the votive tablets," and his own observations, he sought the desiderated remedy. Anatomy and Chemistry have thrown much light on the path of the physician since then, but in the curious mechanism of man's frame, are avenues which the scalpel has never explored; abnormal conditions, which no analysis will ever detect. The variable composition of man's body hath made it an instrument easy to distemper; and therefore the poets did well to consign music and medicine, in Apollo; because the office of medicine is but to tune this curious harp of man's body, and to reduce it to harmony. It requires much skill to tune a violin or piano, but how much more to tune man's body. He that can do this best is the best physician, and comes nearest the true idea of his profession. Therapeutics, then, is the first qualification of the ideal physician.

But people not only get sick, and hurt, but when cured, are ever tending towards sickness. Their nature gravitates towards disease. Man's physical proclivity towards evil is as marked as his moral proclivity.—Men lean towards the grave, as uniformly as trees bow towards the East. Even the cradles of our little ones rock that way—Hence a second duty of the true physician is to keep people out of sickness, as well as get them out; prevention, as well as cure; prophylactic, not less than therapeutic. We will be excused for saying that physicians, like legislators, do more at cure, than at prevention. The proverb says—"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure;" but such is the preponderance of present over future demands, that all of us would rather spend "a pound" to-day, than "an ounce" on to-morrow—and doctors are very much like other people; yet I suppose it will not be denied that the same forecast, which enables every other duty, will enable the office of healing. To look into the future is one of man's prerogatives. Thither God has turned his feet, for this many years before; for this his hopes grow always onward. Let, therefore, the physician take pledges of the future; and while husbanding all present experiences, let him make the years to come his debtor. The more his science purges the after ages, the brighter is his conquest; the more does he fill the ideal of his mission. The warrior's monument, like Tamerlane's, rises in proportion to the number of his slain—it is built of skulls. The height of the physician's is in the inverse ratio—the fewer skulls, the greater glory. But if he who cures from sickness many, in great, he who keeps many from sickness, is greater. I

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would rather be Pericles than Alexander.—While the latter clothed Asia in mourning, the former took comfort on his death-bed, that no citizens of Athens had ever put on mourning through him. But I would rather be Jenner than either—since he gave man "the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." It is fulfilling this part of his mission, the physician acts no more on the defensive; he assumes the aggressive, and carries the war into the enemy's country. He delivers men from the fear of bondage, and increases their joys and efficiency, by exemption from softitude, as much as by rescue from suffering. He not only has plucked up pain, but keeps the ground of the heart clean for the planting of pleasure. He diffuses that bliss of ignorance which is better than the bliss of knowledge. He encloses the tree of the tree of life. This page of medical history is the brightest in the volume of its triumphs—such are the pages which will make it the book of life, and happy are they whose names are written in it; and honorable above their brethren as they who constantly seek to increase its pages.—Medical World.

Druggists and Apothecaries.—Their vocation has been singularly modified in the present century, in consequence of the numerous medical men that have sprung into notoriety. In good old times, when leeches were prescribed their was a legitimate trade, yielding a profit worth having. A gentleman's wife, being taken sick in the night, in the halcyon days of the Boston apothecaries, called in one of the Esculapian venerables. After a thorough anatomical series of questions, always, the same, whether the patient had a broken limb or the measles,—such as "How are your bowels? Any pain in the head? More thirst than usual? Appetite natural?" &c., to a prolonged tediousness, the grave considerate gentleman calmly seated himself, put on his glasses, sharpened a pencil, and wrote a prescription.

In the mean time the lady's symptoms underwent considerable change for the better during this protracted examination. But he was an old physician and therefore both sound and safe. At length the nervous husband ran to a corner shop with the mysterious scratches, which there is no certainty the man who made them could decipher. The apothecary weighed powder after powder; artistically tied each with red twine, and then commenced filling phials. "Sir," ejaculated the impatient spouse, astonished at the rising mound of packages,—"My wife, I fear, is dying,—I hope this is all." "All! friend; only about half," quietly remarked the dealer in scruples.

"No, sir,—I pride myself in being accurate;—a regular apothecary. The lady has had the advice of a physician which I respect, and you must follow his directions as I shall." The husband paid a round bill, and with his arms full of samples of pretty much all the drugs in the establishment, found madam so much improved that she concluded not to take any of them. This is a specimen of the way physicians formerly played into the till of the apothecaries, who were wrongfully accused by meddling gossips of paying a trifling percentage for prescriptions like the one just cited.

But with the advent of new theories, new medical aspirants, the death of a score of old ones, and the universal aversion to taking old-fashioned doses, the apothecaries have suffered immensely. Against their wishes, they have actually been compelled to embark in the sale of every imaginable nostrum,—articles of the toilet, &c.,—which is a wide departure from the former aristocratic notions entertained by them of what constituted the respectability of the dispensing druggist and apothecary.

As a distinct body of merchants, intimately associated with the medical profession, they possess at this epoch far higher qualifications than their ancient predecessors of the old school. It is honorable to them that they are associated throughout the United States, and hold annual conventions expressly for elevating the craft and establishing uniformity in all that pertains to their legitimate domain. Colleges of pharmacy, serial publications for diffusing chemical and pharmaceutical discoveries, and obliging those who propose to become members of the fraternity to attend public lectures, are calculated to advance them with the age, secure the respect of the community, and strengthen the confidence of the people in the integrity and usefulness of regularly educated druggists and apothecaries.—Medical World.

EDUCATION IN THE SOUTH.—Governor Bragg, in his annual message to the North Carolina Legislature, says the Common School system of that State is rapidly acquiring value and efficiency, and now gives instruction to 130,000 children. This is very good for North Carolina, whose entire population between five and twenty-one years old is 275,000. Yet we constantly hear in Northern papers of the ignorance of the people of North Carolina. They are certainly taking the proper course to get rid of that stigma.

The Masonic fraternity of New York are about to erect a magnificent temple at a cost of \$300,000.

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STUDIED AT TWO UNIVERSITIES.—A man who had studied something, but learned nothing, was boasting one day to a plain countryman of the sciences he did not possess, and when the latter made a somewhat incredulous face, assured him that he had studied at two Universities. The peasant answered drily, "I once had a calf, that sucked two cows, but for all that never made anything but an ox."

SLAVE MANUMISSION.—Mr. S. W. Stewart, of De Soto County, Mississippi, has recently set five negro slaves free. The papers were made out at Cincinnati. The Commercial says there are, on an average, between two and three hundred slaves manumitted in that city every year, by persons from the South.

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