

WESTERN PLANET:

A PAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICAL, LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AND AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOL. 1.

CHATHAM, CANADA WEST, TUESDAY, APRIL 27, 1852.

NO. 52.

D. R. VAN ALLEN'S COLUMN.

Definition of Quackery.

J. FORBES, M.D., F.R.S., Editor of *The British and Foreign Medical Review* &c., after a frank acknowledgment of the danger and inefficiency of the ordinary treatment by drugs, which he thinks no better, if as good, as unassisted Nature, says: "The now fashionable system of Hydrotherapy is not inert, and furnishes, perhaps, the best evidence we have of the curative powers of art; it is, when rationally regulated, a most effective mode of treatment of diseases and shows the facility with which drugs may be dispensed with."

He strongly urges a trial of it, and reminds the reader, that "the distinction between quacks and respectable practitioners, is one, not so much of remedies used, as of skill and honesty in using them."

Modern Hydrotherapy took its origin "at a time when it would really seem as if the science of medicine was rapidly sinking into a confirmed decline—not to say dying of its own drugs and poisons." And now to prove that I do not write "without book," I will quote, in support of this observation, the language of some of the most distinguished members of the medical profession. Dr. Paris says: "The file of every apothecary would furnish a volume of instances where the ingredients of the prescription were fighting together in the dark."

Dr. James Johnson says: "I declare it to be my most conscientious opinion that if there were not a single physician, or surgeon, or apothecary, or man midwife, or chemist, or druggist, or drug in the world, there would be less mortality among mankind than there is now." *Fraser* says: "Thousands are slaughtered in the quiet sick room." *Reid* says: "More infantile subjects are perhaps annually destroyed by the mortar and pestle than in the ancient Bethlehem fell victims in one day to the Herodian massacre."

Speaking of the plague, Dr. Madden says: "In all our cases we did as other practitioners did—we continued to bleed, and the patients continued to die."

And who does not remember Sir Astley Cooper's famous declaration, that "the science of medicine was founded on conjecture and improved by murder?" Dr. Brown said that he "wasted more than twenty years in learning, teaching, and scrutinizing every part of medicine." Sir William Knighton said: "Medicine seems one of those ill-fated arts whose improvement bears no proportion to its antiquity." *Gregory* declared that "medical doctrines are little better than stark, staring absurdities." *Abernethy* said: "There has been a great increase of medical men of late years, but, upon my life, diseases have increased in proportion." "The ancients," says Dr. Dickson, of London, "endeavored to elevate physic to the dignity of a science, but failed; the moderns, with more success, have endeavored to reduce it to the level of a trade." Says the celebrated French physiologist, Magendie: "It is not a little remarkable that, at a period when the positive is sought in every quarter, the study of a science so important to humanity as medicine should be almost the only one characterized by uncertainty and chance." Professor Chapman of Philadelphia says: "The use of that noxious drug calomel is a disgraceful reproach to the profession of medicine; it is quackery—horrid, unvarnished, murderous quackery." He asks: "Can not the veriest fool in Christendom salivate—give calomel?" "But" says he "I will ask another question: who can stop his career at will, after it has taken the reins in its own destructive and ungovernable hand?"

Whoever heard of the Water Cure emanating the patient to a skeleton, perforating both tables of the skull in many places, destroying the nose, rotting the jaws, ulcerating the throat, and causing many other grievous burdens and deformities which are very common results of drug medication?

Now where is the Quackery? Is it not among those whose remedial agents produce all and far more than all the train of evils above enumerated? Or are you still prepared to say that the Hydropaths are Quacks? One of whom treated 7,500 cases, only 99 of whom terminated fatally. I think I am justified in saying that no other human being in the whole wide world has ever achieved, in medical practice a triumph like this. And yet great as this triumph is, it has been achieved by a Practitioner of Hydrotherapy—one of those persons who, the gentlemen of the drug school are pleased to term "bores" and "quacks."

O tempora, O mores.

CHATHAM WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

D. R. VAN ALLEN, HYDROPATHIST, begs to announce that he will some time in May next, open a Water Cure Establishment in the Town of Chatham.

He asks the question:—Is there in all this broad land, a sick, bedridden sufferer, quite beyond the reach of all the combined medical professions? Bring him to the Establishment and if his recovery is among the possibilities, he may yet "wake up his bed and walk."

To ensure early reception, applications should be made immediately. More than 100,000 cases might in a very short time be recorded, to prove that Hydrotherapy is sufficient for any and every disease, which is capable of being reached by any known remedy.

New Hydrotherapy establishments are springing up everywhere. In the East, in the West, in the North, and in the South, wherever the Water Cure has been tried, it has met with almost miraculous success.

Patients are requested to bring two heavy comforters; also two blankets, two coarse cotton and one heavy linen sheet, six towels, and a quantity of old linen for bandages.

Terms:—The fee for Treatment and Board will be \$8 for the first week, \$6 for

the second week, and \$4 for each successive week. Parties in Town wishing to live Hydrotherapeutically in order to avoid disease, will be boarded at the Establishment for \$2.50 per week.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

SALTER & JONES, PROVINCIAL SURVEYORS.

Land & General Agents. King-Street, Chatham, 1851. 32.

DR. ROBERTSON & ASKIN.

CAN be consulted Professionally at all times. OFFICE—over the Store of Messrs. Eberts & Robertson, King Street, Chatham.

DR. E. B. DONNELLY.

Will give SPECIAL ATTENTION to diseases, incident to WOMEN and CHILDREN.

OFFICE—Residence, King Street, Chatham.

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AUCTIONEERS AND APPRAISERS, KING-STREET, CHATHAM, C. W.

A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited in Town and Country.

GEORGE TURNBULL.

MERCHANT TAILOR, between Messrs. Dolsen & Burns, King Street, Chatham, keep constantly on hand a full assortment of Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Doeskins, Tweeds, Vestings, &c.

May, 19, 1851.

ROYAL EXCHANGE HOTEL

AND GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.

CHATHAM, CANADA WEST.

E. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

MR. R. S. WOODS,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.

OFFICE—Over the Drug Store of Messrs. Eberts & Robertson, King Street, Chatham, April, 22nd. 1.

WALTER MCCREA,

BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCER.

Chatham, C. W. 1.

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FOR SALE.

ONE of ADAMS' best Fanning Mills for sale cheap, enquire at this Office.

SAVE YOUR ASHES!!

R. & W. DUFF will pay the highest price for 20,000 bushels of good Ashes, delivered at their Ashery on McGregor's Creek, next to Holme's Distillery.

Chatham, 9th June, 1851. 7-11.

E. B. DONNELLY, M. D.

Office at the Chatham Medical Hall, King Street, C. W.

RESIDENCE on King Street, first door above Mr. McDowell's Foundry.

Chatham, C. W.

NOTICE.

WANTED immediately, a Male Teacher for the United School Sections No. 2 & 3 in the Township of Tilbury West. All letters to be Post-paid, addressed to THOS. L. FARR, Secretary.

Tilbury West, 6th Feb. 1852. 42-11.

TO RENT.

THE SUBSCRIBER has Two rooms to let over Mr. GRIFFIN'S BRICK STORE, and one over PEGLEY & CROSS' DRUG STORE. For price apply to him at his office over Pegley & Cross.

R. S. WOODS, Chatham, March 13, 1852. 46-11.

POETRY.

The following lines were written by a young clergyman of the Church of England. He is settled in Nova Scotia. On the urgent request of some of his friends, who considered the violin inconsistent with the gravity due to the ministerial office, he gave up his. How reluctantly he did so may be seen by the poem. That a friend so dearly loved should have been sacrificed at the request of any party but conscience, would hardly be contended; and if the writer of these verses was fully convinced that separation was required by duty, he must find a consolation in its remembrance, which we think we should look for in vain under similar circumstances.

A Lament.

AT PARTING WITH MY VIOLIN.

By J. A. *****

Farewell, my friend, a long farewell!

For we are doomed to part:

Thy mellow tones no more shall wake

The echoes in my heart;

For there are those who call me still

The harbinger of sin,

And now at length they separate

Me and my Violin.

They value not the tender tones,

The merry or the mild

That many a long and lonely hour

Have oft from me beguiled,

Awakening tender sympathies

Partaking not of sin—

An angel's voice was thine to me

My sweet old Violin.

How often when thy tender cords

Were floating o'er my brain,

Have I beheld departed friends

A long and silent train!

Thy voice had waken'd memories

Deep in the heart within,

That bound me with the silent dead—

Me and my Violin.

How many deep, deep mysteries

Lie hidden in the soul,

Which prove that it is but a part

Of an harmonious whole!

The principle which separates

Must not partake of sin,

But discord never came from thee,

My sweet old Violin.

In this cold selfish world of ours,

How little do we find

Congential to the noble traits

And feelings of the mind!

But music ever calls them forth—

It cannot then be sin—

Then why condemn the humble strains

Of my old Violin.

How often when temptations come

And evil thoughts assail,

Does music prove a remedy

That scarce is known to fail;

Then why should't thou be ever called

The harbinger of sin?

It is because they know thee not,

My sweet old Violin!

Thou rend'st inexcusable

Their excitement of the bow,

The noxious weed, and many things

Injurious to the soul

We need not pleasures voice without

When music is within;

My wife and family wert thou,

My sweet old Violin!

But now farewell, a long farewell!

"The best of friends must part!"

And every day that tears away

Some tendrils from the heart.

Thy voice that called me back

From error and from sin,

Shall never more be wak'd by me,

My sweet old Violin.

Master. No pen less gifted than that of a Dickens or a Lever, could adequately describe the grotesque appearance of the amorous Pedagogue. An ample quantum of butter milk and whiskey, was the distinguishing characteristic of his physiognomy, which bore all the inflammatory appearance of a Lantern in a Light-House! The nasal organ of this "gay Lothario" prominently protruded, and its longitude, threatened to come into hostile collision with his chin! It was gemmed over with a profusion of rubies, which afforded ample evidence, that he sacrificed freely at the shrine of the "Jolly God;" at the same time, that his whole contour was indicative of fun, frolic, and inexhaustible drollery. Being sworn and examined, he gave his evidence as follows:

I am a Preceptor by Profession—the defendant agreed to pay me at the rate of £20 a year, with board, washing and lodging, for teaching the young ideas of her children to shoot." I accordingly magnified their intellects, exalted their ideas, extended their faculties, elevated their minds; and they made such astounding and prodigious progress, under my preceptorship, in Greek and Latin, as to be able to demonstrate, with mathematical precision, the age of the Grecian Helen the day she eloped with the Trojan Paris.

Mr. Gurnett.—You are a very learned man Mr. O'Sullivan!

Witness.—That is not all your Worship. I have also illuminated their sentiments, clarified their brains, irradiated their understandings, and crystallized their conceptions! (roars of laughter); and as for Geometry, I taught them to construct an equilateral triangle on the point of a needle! The fact is, your Worship, my lamented Mother—rest her soul in glory; and may the heavens be her bed, and the clouds her blankets!—told me, that the first day I was ushered into this world of care and trouble, Apollo and the nine Muses descended from Mount Parnassus, and smiled on my cradle, and ever since I have been a genius. (Renewed laughter.) After all this, the defendant told me to *comptate my cane*, or in vulgar phraseology, to "cut my stick," and never again to let my ugly phiz be seen within her domicile! And all this too, your Worship, was done at a time when *Lola Montes* could dance an Irish Reel in my pocket, without the slightest fear of stumbling on a bank note, or knocking her toe against an old ten penny bit! You know, your Worships, that the perfidious sex have been doing mischief from the commencement of the world! Eve brought vice and misery on mankind—the faithless Helen caused a ten years' war, which laid old Troy in ashes—Cleopatra ruined Mark Anthony—and even the Holy Bible tells us, that Herodias's Daughter induced King Herod to behead John the Baptist!

Mr. Gurnett.—It appears, Mr. O'Sullivan, that you entertain a different opinion of the sex, when you were making love to the defendant.

Witness.—Yet! but after pulverising my heart, she jilted and exterminated me! The poet was right when he said—

"Woman! that fair and fond deceiver,
How prompt are strifings to believe her!"

(Laughter.)

Cross-examined by Mr. Dempsey.—I never courted Mrs. Whiteside, till I saw she was anxious for the sport herself—sure I would be no Irishman, if I did not reciprocate the celestial feeling. I have a love-token here that she gave me, and a remarkable one it is too. (At this stage of the proceedings, the witness produced a handkerchief, having on one side a representation of Cardinal Wiseman and *Lola Montes*, walking together at Drury Lane Theatre; while the other side represented Bishop McHale and *Peggy Gregg*, dancing a hornpipe, at Donnybrook Fair, for a wager. The production of this strange article in open Court, caused great laughter.)

I never refuse to augment the capacity of my pupils in Greek and Latin, but I would not descend so low as to demonstrate vulgar fractions. Oh no! Mr. Dempsey, that would be *infra dig.*, quite beneath me; *paulo majora canamus*. I soar higher. It was not for that I read Horace and Virgil, Homer and Lucian. I must support the dignity of my profession, and leave common cyphering to hedge school-masters, who are ignorant of the sublime beauties of the Meonian bard. I was never to say drunk, but was a little mellow on St. Patrick's Day. Shure I would be no true Milesian, unless I sprinkled the shamrock with a little of the "mountain dew" on Paddy's own day—every flower and plant requires to be moistened in spring—it promotes vegetation. (Laughter.) Was it not with whiskey St. Patrick banished all the serpents from the country? Everybody—even my countryman, Squire Lewis, at the Sign of the Big-Tree, on King-street—knows the Saint's mother kept a "shebeen" in the County of Tipperary; and all the poets, from Hesiod down to Bolly Burns, were loud in their laudations of the "barley bree." Tom Moore tells us to

"Fill the bumper fair,
Every drop we sprinkle,
On the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle."

(Loud Laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey having handed witness a letter, asked him if it was not his production?

Mr. O'Sullivan having answered in the affirmative, Mr. Dempsey read its contents as follows:

Most adored idol of my Soul!

When I view these lines of thine,

Their ruby hue, invites my fervent note!

The sparkling brilliancy and fiery lustre of your eyes, have turned my melting heart to a cinder! Your jet black ringlets have bewitched my seven senses! I wish you would throw off that widow's cap, and amancipate your coal-black locks from the bondage of its narrow borders!

How altered you air,

With that close cap you wear,

'Tis destroying your hair,

Which should be flowing free.

Be no longer a churl,

Of your black silk cap, cut!

But that banner unfurl!

Oh hoo! Widow Macree.

Most peerless divinity of my inmost heart,

whose beauty super-exceeds the June's and Dido's, the Helen's and Venus's of antiquity,

in the same geometrical proportion as the moon out-splendours the minor constellations,

take pity on me, and allow me to ease my bleeding heart, by reclining on your snow white bosom.

'Tis true, my head is bleached with the frost of fifty winters, but Cupid has kindled such a fire in my heart, that, like Mount Etna, whose top is constantly covered with snow, at the same time that it discharges burning lava from its centre, so my poor heart, red as the embers from the bowels of Hecla, is now sending forth its heaving sighs, to pay the homage of my white locks to those charming black curls of thine.

I have the super-adoring joy to subscribe myself, your burning-hearted worshipping lover,

PATRIC MCCARTHY O'SULLIVAN.

(Roars of Laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey.—Are you not ashamed for having written such an insulting letter to the mother of your pupils?

Witness.—No! What should I be ashamed of? I can truly say, with my poetical friend, Horace—

Vixi super idoneis puelis,
Et nullius non sine gloria.

which if you wish translated, I will do it to oblige you, as you know Irishmen are always good-natured. (Laughter.) In the dirty Sax- on tongue, then it means

I was lately called upon duty,

And bravely fought as the champion of beauty.

Here the witness turned to the Bench, made three most obsequious bows, and retired from the box, amid roars of laughter.

Mr. Dempsey.—I am prepared to prove, your Worships, by the testimony of the Defendant's servants, that the Plaintiff was repeatedly drunk while engaged in teaching Mrs. Whiteside's children, and otherwise misconducted himself in such a manner as to disentitle him to his salary.

Court.—Very well Mr. Dempsey. Bring forward your witness.

Kitty Doherty, Sworn and examined by Mr. Dempsey. I am living in the service of Mrs. Whiteside. I know Paddy O'Sullivan the Schoolmaster, and shure good right I have! Many's the time I had a scalded heart from him, striving to put him to bed when he was drunk. If the big Bay furnace the City there was whiskey, Paddy would drain it in a week. (Laughter.) On Patrick's Day, he went to Polly Kelly's shebeen shop, at the corner of Nelson Street, where he got lots of native from Poll, as he lets on to be curtin her. Paddy was drunk all the live long day, St. Patrick's Day, and for two days after. The Mistress sent me and Biddy Burke to Polly Kelly's, to bring him home. We found him steeled along the side of the hearth dead drunk, with the side of his hat and one of his whiskers burned clean off; and he was snoring so loud that you'd think it was Tim Cauley the huntsman, who had come over from ould Ireland, and was blowing the horn to gather the hounds. (Roars of Laughter.)

Mr. Dempsey. Did you disturb his repose.

Witness. Yes we put him in a wheelchair, but he was mighty cross entirely; he kicked at us and cursed very badly; so that I was obliged to leave Biddy Burke with him, to keep him engaged, while I whipped out to the back yard, and made a *seagun*, to tie him to the wheelbarrow. When I got back Biddy got her shawl and fastened one of his hands with it; I tied the other with Polly Kelly's garter, and we rolled the sot home to the Mistress's in the dead of the night, in that way. When we got home, he was as sheet and as cold as a stone. The Mistress thought he was dying and sent off for Doctor King. When the Doctor cum he put some long pipe down his throat, and then the whiskey came galloping up for all the world like the pump in the yard. He used to be always troubling the Mistress with talk, and vexing her with love letters. One day he asked her to let him kindle his *doodeen* with the fire of her eyes.

Cross-Examined by Mr. Collins. "Tisn't that I say it myself, I came of a decent stock of people—my grandfather was cousin Garmine to old Father Tim Lotus, Parish Priest of Doonbeg; and from my mother's side, who came across the broad Shannon from Kerry, there was an O'Sullivan or an O'Connell, from Talice to Derrylane, that were not her blood relations. You would like to look at my mother, your Worship, when she was dressed off on a Sunday, going to Bawnogue Chapel. She wore a speck and span new gown with five flounces to it; a muslin cap with four dainty borders to it; a pair of elegant calfskin pumps which she never soiled till she got within half a mile of the chapel; and her arms were purtier than any Indian's face, the sun had polished them nicely. That dirty Attorney who wanted to throw a slur on my karacter, what had his mother, the dirty mouthed dog? she had'n't as much laffity in her cap as would make a breeches for the knave of spades. (Laughter.) Me father too, he was the largest and finest looking man in the parish; he was six feet six inches without stockings; and if he only had a pair, he would be half an inch higher; his shoulders were so broad that Murty Delancy, the lame tailor, and Polly Kelly, could dance a *mancan jig* on them, and leave room for the fiddler. (Laughter.) The Attorney needn't think my Mistress would marry either him or his old schoolmaster. I won't answer any more of his nifty questions.

Mr. Collins. I won't ask the witness any more questions—she is a regular tartar, who has brass enough in her face to make a knocker for a hall door. I thank my stars that I have been saved from matrimony, and with it the violent tongues of the opposite sex.

The Magistrate dismissed the complaint by reason of the Plaintiff's misconduct. Poor Dominic left the Court much crest fallen, and vowing eternal vengeance against woman kind in general.

Extraordinary Cheese Mill.

Willy, whenever he comes along, is sure to be found in possession of some good thing. His last is an extensive cheese manufactory, and its extent may be judged from the following conversation:

Two men were seated at a table, in Nash ville, drinking ale and eating crackers and cheese; their conversation at length turned upon large cheeses.

"That was a very large cheese