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ders prevalent on this continent, to fl
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transparent surface regained by the action
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etics and other toilet appliances in
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e face.

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ing qualities will be found to be thoroug
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ula,	Sore Heads,
t,	Sore Throats,
nbago,	Sores of all kinds,
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nts in every disorder are affixed to each p

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Agent for Woodstock.

Woodstock Journal.

"He is a Freeman whom the Truth makes Free, And all are Slaves beside."

VOLUME 6. WOODSTOCK, N. B., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1859. NUMBER 21.

OUR PAPER.

The Woodstock Journal is a large eight-
weekly, devoted to the advancement of
industrial, commercial, social and moral
rests of New Brunswick.

The objects at which it particularly aims in
present circumstances of the country are
promotion of immigration, the settlement
the wild lands, the opening of the country
means of railroads, &c., an increase of the
esentation in the Assembly, and Free Edu-
on, schools of all grades, from the lowest
the highest being open to all without money
without price, and supported by Direct
ation.

The Journal is published every Thursday
Woodstock, N. B., by Wm. R. Melville for
. Edgar, Proprietor.

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ADDRESS

Editor of the Journal, Woodstock, N. B

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ce the length of time which it is to be
ted should be marked upon it. When
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ed out.

☞ *Advertisements should be sent in not late*
n 3 *P.M. on Wednesday.*

BELMONT, SUNBURY, Nov. 5, 1859.

the Editor of the Woodstock Journal.

DEAR SIR,—I was absent from home
hen your letter of the 27th ultimo
rived, and having only returned last
ght I take the first opportunity of
swering it.

You were quite right in supposing
at it was with a sincere desire to fur-
er your interests connected with the
OURNAL that I wrote you on the 21st
aving had much more experience in
e varied affairs of life than a young
an could have, I hoped that my opin-
n on a subject so important might
ave had some weight with you. From
e ability with which the "Journal"
s been conducted, I have on all oc-
sions recommended its circulation,
erefore as a public man I felt a de-
ee of responsibility for the opinions
t forth by it. While fully appreciat-
ng the motives that influence you in
esiring to have all subjects freely dis-
ussed in its columns, and after having
gain carefully read your editorial of
e 13th ultimo (that of the following
eek I cannot find) I have no hesita-
on in repeating that I consider the
sertion of such a communication as
Mr. Peabody's, in a paper circulating
mong families, as quite unjustifiable,
nd which I think those believing in
e truths of Christianity will most de-
idedly and unequivocally condemn.

I need scarcely say anything to you
ith regard to the great responsibility
hat rests upon the conductor of a pub-
e journal, and the effect that the
ublic press must have in forming the
pinions of the rising generation. If
articles were only read by those
whose general reading, and experience in the world, had matured their judgments, each would be approved or disapproved accordingly, and no great evil could arise. But upon the minds of the young it is otherwise, for it is much easier to deny a principle or a doctrine than to prove it, and ridicule will often have a greater influence on their minds than argument; therefore the circulation of infidel and heterodox opinions, contrary to those which are considered fundamental among Christians, through the newspapers of the day, can in my judgment only result in evil.

Liberty to be enjoyed must be under restraint. Man is more prone to do evil than to do right, hence the necessity of laws to restrain wrong-doers.—Laws are restrictions upon liberty, not required for the just but the unjust—to the spurious and free thinking liberty that was disseminated by the writings of the school of Voltaire and Rousseau, may be ascribed in a great degree the anarchy and horrors of the first French revolution—the truths of revealed religion were ridiculed and treated with contempt, murder and rapine deluged France with blood, while honors and worship were paid to the Goddess of Reason, and a military despotism alone could rescue the people from the more unbearable despotism of unrestrained liberty.

Holding such views I have merely to add that if you are determined to open your columns to communications of the nature alluded to, I must withdraw my name from your subscription list, and at the same time request you to publish this correspondence. Hoping upon reflection and consultation with those friendly to your paper you may decide otherwise, I remain,

Yours very truly,
R. D. WILMOT.

STEPHENSON AND BRUNEL.

The coincidence of their deaths is the trivial circumstances which induces us to consider the lives of Stephenson and Brunel in their relations to each other as well as to the world, but the comparison is suggestive in itself. Starting in life with names that had already been made widely known, they soon distanced all competitors in the pursuit of fame, and the professional career of each has ended in the full blaze of celebrity. Because they were both engineers, and famous, it has been thought they must necessarily be rivals; and injudicious attempts have been made to establish the pre-eminence now of one now of the other, though their paths in life were so distinct that only during "the battle of the gauges" were their interests in any way opposed. The circumstances under which the professional life of each was begun are curiously suggestive of the careers opening before them.

Brunel was engaged in actively superintending the construction of an engineering work, the difficulties of which would have been impossibilities to any man but his father and himself; and after a prolonged struggle against obstacles all but insurmountable in the Thames Tunnel, he associated his name with an achievement of world wide fame, which remained as a monument to science but a warning to capitalists. Stephenson at the same time was steadily working in his father's factory at Newcastle, and fairly engaged in his great life-long task of perfecting locomotive engines. Each man was imbibing the peculiar genius of his father, Brunel moulding his own character upon that of the gifted and versatile Sir Isambard, Stephenson insensibly acquiring that patient, unwearying disposition, that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which had raised the humble pitman to "use, and name, and fame."

Mining and dockbuilding, and many other branches of engineering, have at different times occupied Stephenson's attention; but the real energies of his mind were devoted to the one subject which had filled his brain from youth upwards—the great system of railways whose future existence he foresaw. With a single minded perseverance which excites the deepest admiration, father and son labored incessantly at the realization of this dream.—The Patent Indexes show us a long list of inventions, the work of both George and Robert Stephenson, every one of which tends to this result. The first patent taken out by the younger is for "Axletrees to remedy the extra friction on curves, applicable to wagons, carts, cars and carriages, used on railroads, tramways, and other public roads." This is dated 23d January, 1826, and from this time until 1841 mention is made of a succession of patents, many of them for inventions sufficiently trifling and little likely to make a noise in the world, but all helping on the great work to which hand and brain were alike devoted. No patents seem to have been taken out after the last-named date; not because the fertile mind was in any way exhausted, but because the great and famous engineer could then dispense with such aid as they afforded.

Scarcely any patents were taken out by the younger Brunel, but the erratic genius of his father is curiosly shown by the list of his inventions. They relate to all kinds of subjects. We find an invention for cutting mortices in blocks, another for some process relation to the manufacture of muslin, then one for sawing machinery, and others for making boots and shoes, "constructing tunnels underground," making stereoscopic plates, and many more purposes. The same restless genius seems to have actuated both the Brunels. In the younger it was perhaps more fully developed than in the elder. The power of vividly conceiving some new idea and rapidly filling in its details may in his case have been even dangerously great. Suddenly grasping the idea of some grand undertaking, seizing in a moment of inspiration on some bold means of accomplishing the desired object, he would labor on, undaunted by difficulties, rising with circumstances, and eventually achieve some scientific wonder, which should collect gazers from all parts of the world, and but too frequently ruin all financially concerned in it. We would not, however, fall into the error of supposing, because an engineering triumph may be a commercial failure, that the community has necessarily lost by it. In some such cases the capitalists who have followed their daring leader to ruin are like the devoted band which rushes first into a breach, and which though itself meeting death, make the way easy for the thousands who will follow.

From the reckless daring of the one not less than the untiring perseverance of the other the community has gained. Both have brought honor to the country of their birth, and the benefits they have wrought for it will not only endure, but grow, through ages yet to come. To attempt to set the two great men in invidious rivalry to one another is futile. They were not rivals but fellow workers; they were not in opposition but in harmony, and their life work tended to the one object, before which, both would have sunk all considerations of individual fame, to the good of mankind.—*Spectator.*

MAN'S DAILY OCCUPATIONS.—The employments of mankind—what weary, insane, monotonous things they are. I might descant upon the innumerable loathsome employments which must exist upon the earth. But I abhor extremes, and my argument will be stronger if I keep to the more favored occupations in which men employ themselves. Let us begin with the learned professions. Year after year the lawyer proceeds in his wearisome round of nice cavilling, dextrous sophistry-weaving, or dull verbiage spinning. The greater part of his knowledge has no basis in nature, and would be swept away at once if men were wiser and more reasonable than they are. The divine has a wider and deeper career; but it always comprehended within narrow limits, and it is very dangerous for him to think out any thing of his own. The man of medicine, whose doings, I must admit, have, or ought to have, some basis in nature, is also, for the most part, a slave to routine, and the sneers of Voltaire is not without some truth, even in this age, that the physician is one "who pours drugs of which he knows little, into a body of which he knows less." Then take the soldier and the sailor. Their professions seem to the young and the thoughtless very glorious, but to the rest of the world they appear a hideous necessity. And any thing more dull, formal, and uninteresting than the greater part of their career, cannot well be imagined. At least, so they are pleased to tell us themselves, and I see no reason whatever for doubting their word. The trader, the artizan, the laborer, the clerk, have each a very narrow sphere to act in. For the most part they soon learn to do the best they can in their respective occupations, and ever afterwards it is mere mill-work for them. I had forgotten to name the artist and the man of letters. They seem to have a very wide field, but it does not turn out to be so wide as we should have expected. Soon they find out their speciality, and ever afterward they go droning on at the same thing which they can do a little better than some one else, and so they repeat themselves indefinitely, until their generous patron, the world, becomes tired of their doings and of them. Over all these various kinds of work there comes weariness, numbness, and a sense of its insanity; the wheels of life drag heavily, and the man, as he lies down to rest, thinks with a sigh that he has done nothing to-day better, or more to the purpose, than he did yesterday, and that tomorrow's occupation will be even as today's. There is quite as much vanity and folly in men's most serious work as in their lightest play and most trivial pleasures.—And as for these pleasures, they may be disposed of in a single sentence, by saying, as we can with truth, that even in the most civilized nation, men contrive to make their pleasures as dull, longsome, and laborious, as any part of their daily task work.—*Friends in Council. New Series.*

JACK ASHORE.—The sailors of a British fleet of six-line-of-battle ships, and many smaller vessels, have lately been ashore in Malta, with plenty of money in their pockets, in search of fun. A writer from Malta thus describes them:

"They are to be seen in all directions, in all sorts of grotesque costumes, as if it was carnival time—many in 'long togs,' Jim Crow hats, others in Bell toppers, with holes cut in them, or wreaths round them; in short, anything different to other people. Many have been driving about in the very best carriages that could be hired, aping the ladies in driving to shop doors and having goods sent out to their carriages to choose from; driving to the garden of the Cafe de la Reine, having ice creams and wafers sent to their carriage, making the waiter take one himself, and pelting him with the change, and then driving off fanning themselves in the most lackadaisical style. At the opera it was their acting, not that of the performers, that the audience had to attend to. Most had some extraordinary pets—young pigs with spectacles on, little dogs dressed up, rabbits, monkeys, &c.; these occasionally escaped, and Jack very unceremoniously gave chase, climbing in the most extraordinary manner in what appeared to be impossible places. Pigeons, fowls and cats that escaped were comparatively harmless; it was the concert arising from the pigs and dogs—varied occasionally with the crowing of some of the cocks that had escaped into the upper boxes—that prevented the possibility of attending to the music. The sailors do not understand Italian, nor are they restrained by any false modesty in letting that fact be known.—The demand for an English song was loud and vociferous; many of Russell's were named, and many staves from Dibdin's were volunteered by the sailors themselves.

"It was possibly fortunate that the prima donna did not understand English, for some of the remarks and criticisms were not very complimentary. An old Italian gentleman in the pit took some trouble to translate one of the songs as it was sung. To show the sailor's gratitude, half a dozen bottles of rum were passed to him to drink from. He thought to escape by saying he could not drink out of a bottle. In an instant a dozen shoes were off, and he had willy nilly to drink out of the heel raw spirits, which nearly took his breath away and by way of restoring him the sailors gave him some hearty slaps with their brawny hands on his back, which shook him fearfully. The old gentleman at last made his escape from his friends, who, as he left, pressed upon him a bottle of rum for his old woman at home. These scenes are pleasingly varied in the theatre with battles between the sailors and their natural foes, the police, who have a long and standing hatred to each other. If Jack gets the upper hand the main guard is called in, the result of which is generally that those who have been fighting escape, and some dozen sailors who cannot move, and are totally unconscious from the effect of drink, are pounced upon by the police, who carry them unresisting to the police office. The next morning the sailors, with empty pockets, are brought before a Maltese magistrate, who has about the same feeling for Jack that a cat has for a mouse. The ceremony before the magistrate is very short; neither party understands a word the other says, and it saves much trouble to at once condemn the sailor.—Jack accordingly gets a number of days' imprisonment, or is taken to his ship by the police, who receive a pound from Jack's forthcoming pay."

SIR JAMES CLARK.—The retirement of Sir James Clark from his office of personal physician in daily attendance on the Queen, is an event of sufficient importance in the court circle to demand a passing notice. Sir James was appointed Physician in Ordinary to the Duchess of Kent on the death of Dr. Matou, some twenty-seven years ago, and has therefore had charge of the health of the Queen ever since her girlhood. Since Her Majesty's accession Sir James has been in daily attendance, accompanying the Court to Windsor, Osborne and Balmoral, and regularly travelling with Her Majesty in her trips to Ireland, Belgium, France and Prussia, and also when taking her marine excursions in the royal yacht. Although at the births of the royal children the professional assistance of Dr. Locock was called in, yet the Queen was always considered to be in the care of her own personal physician up to the moment Dr. Locock's professional services were indispensable, and Sir James always signed the official bulletins first. In addition to his post in the household of the Queen, Sir James was also attached to that of the Prince Consort and the Duchess of Kent, and has had the sole medical directon of of the health of the royal children. The loss, therefore, of so old and confidential a family medical adviser is much felt by the Royal Family; but some few years ago Sir James had a severe attack of illness, and advancing age has induced him to retire from his constant daily attendance at the Palace. Sir James Clark is succeeded in his important duties by Dr. Baly, who has been gradually initiated in the routine of his duties by the retiring baronet. For this purpose Dr. Baly was in attendance at Osborne this summer, and again joined the suite of Her Majesty at Balmoral, where Sir James was also on duty, and the new Physician in Ordinary may be considered to have entered on the duties and responsibilities of his office in attending her Majesty on her return journey from Balmoral to Holyrood, Penrhyn Castle, and Windsor Castle.—*Court Journal.*

VENICE.—A letter from Venice of Oct. 12 in the *Opinion Nationale* gives the following startling account of the deplorable state to which the Austrian rule has reduced the city: The number of destitute people inscribed upon the registers of public charity amounts to the frightful figure of 45,000! It was only 27,000 in 1849. Add to this that there are many poor who are ashamed to register themselves. Then remember that the entire population of Venice is now reduced to 105,000 souls and you will form some idea of the abyss of misery into which we have fallen.