

Institute Bot

Sept. 26,

The Woodstock Journal.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

VOLUME 8.

WOODSTOCK N. B. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1861.

NUMBER 11.

urniture.

would respectfully return sincere thanks
our customers, for their very liberal
d on him the last seven years be

ATURE TRADE.

respectfully invite the inhabitants of
urrounding country to call and examine
efore purchasing elsewhere, as my stock
ed and from a thorough knowledge of
elf feels safe in stating that I cannot
ly stock consists in part of

STAIRS, CHAIRS,
Chamber Setts,
urpassed by any in the province

Wash Stands, Sinks,
did looking glasses

Walnut, Gilt Inlaid, Gilt, Oval and
square frames.

ABLES,
oles, spanning Wheels,
Feb. 1st. R. B. DAVIS.

and for sale.

res on Coldstream, Beckingham,
nity of William Cooks. Will be ut
ut purchasers; one quarter down,
e in annual instalments extending

ood lot of 200 acres on the second
the farm of Thomas Edgar and
n the Iron Works. Same terms

information apply to David Munro,
rks, John Edgar or Journal Office
to the subscriber.

NATHANIEL SCOTT,
ntment, York County,
1861

BRITISH
OUSE!

REMOVED TO
EY'S NEW BRICK
LDING,

OPPOSITE
ard & Co's Store,

D NEXT BUILDING TO
RE HOUSE.

DOHERTY & McTAVISH,
ne, 13.

STRONG, of the City of Saint
er, having by deed bearing date
y of October last, assigned and transfer-
Real and Personal Estate in said Deed
for such of his Creditors as shall come
id Deed within two years from the date
by give notice that said Deed lies at the
Adams, Market Square, in this City
all persons interested as Creditors are
e thereunto within the time prescribed,
ill, according to the terms of said Deed,
all advantage thereof.

ERAS KLEMENSTON,
J. B. KRMP,
Nov. 14th, 1859.

Notice

Curney by his late Will and Testa-
ment upon the undersigned, (who is the Ex-
ecutor of said will), the duty of seeing that
said widow is decently maintained during
the term of her widowhood, and that her
estate has been left to her for that purpose,
as have been in at tempting to tamper with
said widow in order that they may get a
share of her. I notify and forbid
any person from doing as their peril.
day of April, 1861.

L. R. HARDING, Executor.

Canterbury Station of the St. An
drew's Railway Co. Sala.

foot square, together with the Be-ld-
improvements thereon, now occupied by
as a Hotel and Store at Canterbury, I
ck, and adjacent to the Railway sta-

particulars apply to John C. Winsow,
Woodstock; A. D. Allan, Esq., J. P.
Messrs Slason & Rainsford, St. Andrew's
Messrs at St. John.

J. H. AKERLY,
NE, } april 25
ter

Sheet Iron Ware

HAMILTON has removed
e gre to his new building, adjoining
Square T. L. Evans's, where he is pre-
in WARE in kinds and all descriptions
MANUFACTURES, including STOVE

chase any quantity of COTTON

Land for Sale.

offers for sale the Farm upon which he
six miles from Woodstock. It contains
s, of which forty are cleared, and has
The land is hardwood and of a good
sell the whole, or one half of it, to suit
premises to

EDWIN BEDELL.

Molasses, Sugar, &c.

avored American Alcohol,
ght Sugar;
ices.

for cash.

OWEN BELL

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO IRELAND.

Whenever the political enemies of Great Britain undertake to show how easily her power might be reduced, they always point to Ireland. They assume that, with the exception of a few Episcopalians and Presbyterians in the North, the whole people are ready to rebel the moment an opportunity offers; that they hate the Saxon now as inveterately as they did one hundred and seventy years ago; and that should England ever get into serious trouble, the Irish will do all that in them lies to agitate it, and, if possible, to render it fatal to the national greatness. In the United States, an allusion, however clumsily made, to "the woes of Ireland," and an insinuation that through her, English pride may yet be lowered, never fails to bring forth rapturous cheers. Thomas Francis Meagher assures his fellow-countrymen, natural and adopted, that if the Union be destroyed, "there is no hope for Ireland." The French papers, when they get a hint, as they frequently do, threaten to assist the Irish to rebel! Even the late King of Naples, Bomba of holy memory, thought he had given John Bull a remarkably heavy "yerk" under the ribs when, in reply to English remonstrance against his iron tyranny, he recommended that attention should rather be paid to Ireland than to the Neapolitan galls. In fact, outside of the "green isle" and beyond the shores of the United Kingdom, the belief is everywhere more or less prevalent that Ireland is a source of weakness to Great Britain, and that she may some day prove her ruin. We shall not enquire how it comes to pass that this delusion exists, further than to say that it owes much to the political ambition of some Irishmen in the United States, who, finding that denunciation of England, for her alleged wrong-doing towards Ireland, tickled the Yankee palate, have not been slow to take advantage of the discovery; while many emigrant Irish, upon hearing their eloquent countrymen delineate their woes, have found themselves similarly situated to Mrs. Bardell, who staid Mr. Pickwick for breach of promise; they have not known how badly they were used until told by their council, a Meagher, a Mitchell, or an O'Brien. Then they have burst into tears and joined the ranks of Britain's enemies. But to assert that these men represent Irish feeling towards the throne is a libel, the absurdity of which can only be fully realized by those who are practically acquainted with the true sentiment of the people. One or two noisy newspapers, we know, still vent their abuse of the Saxon, and are largely quoted by the foreign enemies of Britain; but they are obscure concerns, little known at home, and represent public opinion about as faithfully as their copyists in Montreal and Toronto. A brace of Irish members out of the whole one hundred and five who sit in the British Parliament still pant for "repeal," but Daniel O'Connell took his mantle with him to the grave. The O'Donoghue is a failure. Ireland is happy, prosperous and contented, and no more desires to rebel against the throne than do the people of Canada; the New York Herald upon the latter point to the contrary, notwithstanding.

The joyous demonstrations attending the visit of Her Majesty to Ireland; her triumphant passage over the green sod to the most beautiful spot in the whole of nature's domain, the lakes of Killarney, fully dispose of the charges of disloyalty perferred against the people. No man who knew anything about the Irish could doubt for a moment that the Queen would receive as cordial a reception from them as from any portion of her subjects. It was easy to assert that this would be the case. It was easy, in contradiction to the rabid outpourings of orators among our neighbours, and to the belief, to allege that Ireland was this side of the lakes, to allege that Ireland was loyal to the core. It was easy to allege that should necessity require it, the whole Irish people would spring to arms in defence of the throne and the national banner, as speedily and with as hearty good will as their brethren of Scotch or English origin. It was not easy, however, to obtain credence for the assertion. But if popular demonstrations mean anything at all; if a hearty, whole-souled welcome extended to a Sovereign by a people, such as that we gave to the Prince of Wales, and as the Irish have given to the Queen, proves the existence of loyal feeling—as it certainly does—it is high time for the most persevering and obdurate of British enemies to give up their cause. The time may have been given up their cause. The time may have been given up their cause. The time may have been given up their cause. The time may have been given up their cause.

England's danger was Ireland's opportunity. It is so no longer. She once was an element of weakness, she is now a tower of strength. Despite the wishes of her enemies, their efforts and prayers, the Irish problem has been solved, to the great benefit of the people themselves and to the glory of the empire at large.—[Toronto Globe.

Correspondence.

MR. HOVEY, vs. STEPHEN SMITH.

MR. EDITOR.—I have but few remarks to make on the letter of my somewhat rabid friend, Mr. Hovey which appeared in your paper of the 26th inst. He seems to take much delight in his literary gymnastics, and though he would gain no joy the exhibition at my expense, I have not the slightest objection to his performances, as they serve to amuse him and don't hurt me. I would not for a moment offer him such advice, as from his elevated literary pedestal, he condescends to tender me, viz "to strangle his productions at their birth," as I think that even such exhibitions as his may have their use, even if it be no more elevated than one to show, what grotesque absurdities, a man not naturally wanting in common sense may be guilty of, when he allows his conceit of the extent of his own abilities, and his rage at some fancied slight of one whom he considers an opponent, to have full sway over his actions. Nor shall I contend with Mr. Hovey for the last word in the contest. His opinion of my moral status, or my natural or acquired abilities, does not in the slightest degree affect me, as when I see him glorifying himself over a breach of trust, I do not think him a good judge of the former,—nor do I imagine that the extent of his acquisitions make him a competent authority on the latter.

I have, as I said before, no excuses to make to him, for my short comings. I do not like "a meddlesome, restless boy" cry that I "didn't mean to do it." I do not pretend to be immaculate.—I do not set up myself as an authority to all the world,—nor do I like my worthy friend, via my faith to authorities, who when they agree with me, I laud to the skies, and when the general tenor of their teachings, goes to rebuke my one idea notions, insinuate that they have lived a life of falsehood, taught what they did not believe to be true, and at last, in some unguarded moment, "let the cat out of the bag," so quietly, that but for my unworldly quickness of perception no one would have known that such an animal had been enclosed in that receptacle.

Leaving then altogether Mr. Hovey's tirade, concerning my ravings, my spasms, my quackery, my want of moral stamina, my small amount of intelligence, my position as a caged "writer," in full of the polite and singularly elegant expletives of my characteristics, which make me so loud and foolish a contrast to my grave, goodtempered, and charitable correspondent, let us again enquire "into the authorities."

And first, as to Mr. Erasmus Wilson. Mr. Hovey, gives a quotation amount my dual personalities, which makes Mr. Wilson's call drugs "filthy stuff," and cry out against a training which exalts the drugs, and decries the value of the education, which directs their use.

If the meaning of that passage is, that drugs are more useful than useful, I must indeed be singularly obtuse. To my mind it conveys the idea, that the "filthy stuff," the drugs are at least one of the agencies, which the wise "judgment directs," and if this be the true explanation of the passage, then Mr. Wilson does not like Mr. Hovey, throw "physic to the dogs," believing it to be worse than useless. What connection, to be worse than useless. What connection, to be worse than useless. What connection, to be worse than useless.

And here it is proper for me to make a remark about an insinuation several times repeated in Mr. Hovey's letter, that I had stated a falsehood in asserting that I had one of Mr. E. Wilson's books at hand. The insinuation is a covert one, but does not the less show the animus of the writer. I may not be able to compete with Mr. Hovey in the extent of my literary any more than in his opinion, I do, in my scientific and literary attainments, but still some books I have, and what I have, I read not for the purpose of wenching from them portions of sentences, which serve to bolster up my one idealism, but rather, with the hope, that even my limited ability may enable me to obtain some glimmering light, from the truths of nature, which their authors may more readily comprehend, than I, and transmit in such a state as better to suit my mental vision.

In a work of Mr. Erasmus Wilson, on Skin Diseases. I find him making in the preface to the fourth edition, written late in the year 1855, the following statements,

"I have endeavored to make this work as complete as possible—I have contributed largely my own investigations into the pathology, and my

personal experience in the treatment of the diseases

"Finally, I have appended to the volume, a collection of *Selecta Formulae*, for the most part consisting of prescriptions which I have found of value in the treatment of diseases of the skin." Turning to these formulae, I find then to comprise preparations of mercury, arsenic, iodine, soda, cod liver oil, quinine, iron, zinc, sulphur, cantharides, and a host of other unmistakable drugs, and I therefore, cannot, "in my simplicity" avoid thinking that Mr. Wilson must have had some faith in the use of drugs, and not a positive distrust of them, and a decided belief in Water Cure, as the only cure, as Mr. Hovey, by implication would make us believe. I certainly do in this case "make no bones, of telling the public," that in thus striving to make Mr. E. Wilson, an exclusive advocate of Hydropathic doctrines, Mr. Hovey "is misleading them."

As to Professor Draper's remark that "vitality once lost can never be regained," I have never seen it; but I will pay Mr. Hovey a courtesy he does not accord to me, and believe that either Professor Draper has so said, or at any rate, that some Hydropathic writer, hunting for authorities against drug, using, has reported him so to have said. And I will be guilty of the heresy, absurd as it may appear to my very sensible, authority reverencing friend Mr. Hovey, to say, that in the sense in which he takes it, I do not believe it. A minute of our lives past, is a minute gone, and can never be replaced.—but another minute fills its place, and equally answers our purpose. Just so, life force gone, is gone,—but while our bodies continue undecomposed, new life force must constantly be evolved, and it is only as its spring is dried up, that the fountain ceases. Nor can I see how the drug, or for that matter the hot or cold bath, which may have temporarily diminished the vital action, which had almost exhausted the stream of life force, until that life force could be replenished, is destroying that life force.

And now, as to the title of the School of Medicine, to which I profess to belong. I maintain that it is at once an error and a sneer, to call it "allopathic," spite of Mr. Hovey's "mild" assertion, that I am myself in error. The name is taken from two Greek words, meaning to cure by contraries, in opposition to the name given to the Homeopathic school, which professes to cure by "similars." Now, no dogma of what, for the sake of not being verbose, I shall call my school, asserts any such law of medication, and therefore its application is an error. It is a sneer because it is an attempt to debase to the rank of an ism, and place on a par with Homeopathy and Hydropathy, an all embracing system, which stands ready to admit all the truths of nature in their widest significance, and does not, at any rate in intention, whatever the fallibility incident to humanity may cause it to appear to do, accept as laws, any set of partial truths.

As to Mr. Hovey's question, whether I assert that the votaries of this all embracing system, do urge the remedial use of bathing, I assert that the most enlightened of them do, and if it be a fact, as I am willing to admit it is, that the members of the profession who occupy its humbler ranks, have not accepted that truth, as fully as they should do, they do not, at any rate debar themselves from its proper use, by decrying it everywhere and everywhere, as a humbug and a delusion, and as their knowledge of nature's laws, day by day, increases, through the aid of the teachings of their wiser and more deeply investigating brethren, they will find it at once their pleasure and their duty, to urge it more persistently, as one of the remedial agents powerful to cure.

Mr. Hovey objects to my remark as to his personal success,—at least he calls the allusion, "gentlemanly," and in his state of mind towards me, that adjective is evidently intended to be very ironical. Certainly, Mr. Hovey, has in this correspondence, shown an example, which makes a personal allusion from a man to him, no very grave offence. But even saying that defence, I do not conceive, that I stepped beyond the bonds of decency in my remark. I was speaking of the comparative applicability of his system, and the system of treating diseases by the agency of drugs to the state of the country, and having no other instance at hand, spoke of the difficulty, which even he, zealous disciple of his school as he is, had found, in indoctrinating his patients, with the true tenets of his school, and I drew from it the conclusion, that however beneficial such a course of treatment, might be in a Hydropathic Establishment, it was not suited to private practice, among comparatively poor people, who live by their daily labor. This fact, Mr. Hovey admits in his next paragraph, even more sweepingly than I stated it, and I cannot therefore see that there was anything ungentlemanly or to be apologized for, in my remark.

Mr. Hovey challenges me to name any class of diseases, curable by drugs, which are not curable by the Water Cure. This, though apparently a very fair test, is not by any means so in reality. There are but few diseases acute or chronic, which may not be benefitted by the application of water, in some one of its forms, and at a suitable temperature, and to the uniliated public, any use of water, as a curative agency, would seem to be Hydropathic treatment.

But the question between the Hydropathist, and the School of Medicine, which relies in part on drugs is not, whether the use of water is not beneficial, nor even whether by its aid, the powers of nature may not be enabled in most cases to recover from disease, but simply whether, disease may not be eradicated from the system, more safely, quickly and happily, by the wise administration of drugs, conjoined with whatever other means, experience may have taught to be useful, than by the application of hot or cold baths or packs only. Now, this is a question, which only the experience of ages can determine, and I, for my part can see sufficient evidence of the superiority of a system which uses all means which seem wise, in the fact, that tho' from the time of Galen downwards, there have been from period to period, occasional eruptions of quacks, who under one plea or another, have relied upon the use of water only as a remedial agent and like the followers of Preissnitz, sneered at the theories deduced from the experience of ages, and cried out that wisdom belonged only to them, and madmen were all who had gone before them; yet all of them have been found wanting when weighed in the balance.

If Mr. Hovey would instead of hugging to his breast the fond delusion, that all who do not believe exactly what he believes are fools, would read a little of what he calls "the musty pages of Allopathic lore," he would find that the farthing rush light of his deity Preissnitz, was simply fire stolen from the flame which had been kept burning on the altar of orthodox medicine from the earliest ages of medical literature.

Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Avicenna, and a host of others used and advised the use of water conjointly with other remedies. Many other bright constellations in the medical galaxy, might be enumerated, whose works might be adduced if at hand, to prove this assertion. But to come down to later times, in 1774, Robert Jackson, in 1786, Dr. Wright, and in 1787, Dr. Currie, all physicians who made use of drugs in the treatment of disease, urged very pointedly, upon the profession, the use of cold and warm bathing in febrile disorders.

It was not till about 1833, that the last great apostle of Hydropathy, Preissnitz, made his appearance in Silesia, a man utterly without medical education, and with very little of any kind. Of his early practice, we have it recorded, I think by Schedel, that "not a few cases of sudden death, were reported, following his original discipline; very many examples of insanity were among its consequences; organic diseases of the heart were attributed to it; and it was said habitually to depress the animal temperature, and after having been used for some time, to increase very much the susceptibility of taking cold." The symptoms exhibited by these patients, were, those of scurvy, viz., "pallor of the integuments, oedema of the face and ankles, a frequent pulse, palpitation of the heart, pale and foetid urine, ulcers of the mouth, and a disposition of all wounds to bleed profusely." These it is true, were the effects of the excessive and continued use of the cold applications, but they furnish a strong objection to the Hydropathic system, as opposed to orthodox medicine, as the difference between the application of this one remedy, by the two schools, is simply one of quantity and extent.

Mr. Hovey's assertion that it would be difficult to prove from the works of eminent physicians, that the use of bathing, as a remedial agency has been urged upon the general profession, is therefore simply a proof of ignorance, and presumption,—ignorance of what has been written, by any others than a few men who were bent on forcing their own idea upon the world, as the only truth,—presumption, in that he arrogates to himself the right to speak *ex-cathedra* on what he evidently knows little about.

One word more, and I have finished. I shall not in all probability trouble you with another letter on this subject, even though Mr. Hovey should again see fit to favor me with a shower-bath from his puddle, nor shall I be frightened into so doing, by his crowing over me, and crying out that I am trying a "Bull's Run" for it.

When I wrote the first editorial article, I had no idea that I had given Mr. Hovey cause of offence, one iota more than I had myself in my business capacity, nor in fact, at all, and his attack upon me was therefore quite unexpected.